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Bridgewater State Normal School

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ALUMNI WEEK-END

The Annual Alumni Week-end of the Bridgewater Normal School is to be held during the week-end of November 16 and every member of the alumni group is urged to attend.

An interesting and extensive program has been planned. On Friday evening, November 16, the Dramatic Club presents, "A Prince There Was," a very amusing and well-directed comedy.

On Saturday morning Miss Beal will conduct a teacher's conference to help those who graduated last June to solve any problems that they may have encountered.

Later, sectional conferences for various grades will be held, and the teaching of different subjects in the Training School will be demonstrated. Many interesting factors concerning classroom activities will be discussed.

In the afternoon, there will be a hockey game between the All-Senior team and the Alumnae. This should be intensely interesting to everyone as the Alumnae were victorious last year. This game will give the athletes of the alumnae a chance to show Bridgewater Normal School girls that their skill in playing hockey has not deteriorated since their advent into the professional world.

The hockey game will be followed by an informal dance and tea in the gymnasium.

We most sincerely hope that all alumni will be present at this conference which is to be held for their advantage.

AN ACCOUNT OF BOOK WEEK IN THE MANNER OF SAMUEL PEPEYS

November 13

On this day to the library to see this much discussed Book Week exhibition. On attractive display did there many volumes new and old, plain and handsome, gay and dull, thick and thin, erudite and light, and all most interesting. Because grown-ups and little tots must ever live in unfamiliar worlds the books most wisely were separated. In the center of the library proper were placed the

grown-up books and in the room to the left I did find that for both folk and those a weet bit older. How then to divide my time? I fell to thinking long and seriously. With the New Library transformed into a Book Shop for four days; made into a Book Shop especially to browse in, how best plans to see everything? After much contemplation this presented itself as the finest itinerary for exploration. On this day, the first of the exhibit, to devote an hour at least to "doing" the children's books. On the morrow I resolved to see the fiction and the remaining two days to divide among the fields of biography, history, poetry, drama, and travel.

And so for the children's books. What a find for small persons! All the old, old friends—"Mother Goose", "Child's Garden of Verses", "The Lonesome Doll", "Little Women", "Heidi", and "Robin Hood". And not to forget all the new books written for the children themselves—"The Wonderful Locomotive", "Abe Lincoln Grows Up", "The Picture Book of Travel", and "Maggie Lane".

Solitude and the display of so many choice books stimulates meditation on the frequency that great minds pay tribute to the spiritual value of the best in very modern. She wanted a career great many guests took advantage of the dormitory. They were welcomed alumni will be present at this conference were VIC onous as grown-up books and in the room to notable work in his illustrations of this classic. For the poem "Land of Counterpane" he has done a vivid picture of the pale thin child patient, sending his fleets up and down the precious waves of his snow-white sheet.

An hour then in the children's room is the best plan to see everything. And so to dip between covers, to see the atmosphere of children's books.

November 12

Looking today to view fiction old and new. A novel is a treasure—fresh and blood people living within the covers of a book, ink, their blood and an author's projection. Such an attractive array of books. To start with I found "Pride and Prejudice", an exquisite edition, small, convenient, bound in gray linen tinted with purple. "Bambi", the idyll of a deer was there; the book which has aroused much discussion. And also I did find "Swan Song", the last of the Forsyte Saga. The Saga series are bound in a uniform edition, purple with gold lettering, making an attractive set for any library. "Harness" by A. Hamilton Gibbs proved to be a most stimulating book. In these days, with women pushing to the fore in politics and industry, the matter of a career for married women is a grave question. Michael and Pat, the hero and heroine, were very modern. She wanted a career and a husband and what she did with both is an entertaining and interesting story.

The learned Bacon again hath said, "He who has children has given hostages to fortune". The family is the pillar of the intimate circle, of the city, of the state, of life itself. And so many books hath been written on the family theme. Especially of late we have had "Julia", "The Grandmothers", and "A President Is Born". Perhaps one of the best of this type of book, a story of contrast in family characters is Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives Tale".

And so did pass a pleasant time in looking over the new and old novels. Great is the achievement of a man who by a well-told tale transports the ideal spirit of a man to a happier sphere.

November 15-16—Aimless ramblings on the last days of Book Week Exhibit.

In these final hours to look at the travel and biography, the poetry, and the drama. That Halliburton person, young, adventurous, and daring hath spun a goodly yarn in its "Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure". In each book there is information, pure, healthy enjoyment, and a seasonable smattering of humor. "Back in the Snow" is the last bit of poetry from the inimitable Edna St. Vincent Millay. It is a small volume, slyly grave, and lovely. O'Neill is represented by his "Anna Christie" and "Desire under the Elms".

And the last pep is taken, tables pushed back in place, all traces of Book Week removed. So the past claims Book Week. And home to think of books and men who write them! Dorcas Snow, Class A.
with their shaded lamps and colorful decorations on such a dreary afternoon. All guests expressed pride and pleasure in the varieties of arrangement in the building, although so nearly alike in contour, showed a wide range in decoration, thus exhibiting the personalities of their possessors.

The school building was opened for the visitors by Mr. Kelly, who was assisted by some of the girls of the school. Inspection of the library and classrooms was aided by the Misses Madelyn French, Marjorie Shaw, Esther Mechiovsky, and Lucy Bowen.

This was one of the most successful events that Woodward has held. In spite of the many guests in the building, an air of quietness and intense interest prevailed. The benefits, both to the guests and to the girls, make this an event well worth having each year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT NORMAL SCHOOL FIRE

The fourth anniversary of the Normal School fire is fast approaching. The present A class, soon to graduate, is the only class now in school to have memories of that memorable year among the so-called CATA-COMBS of Woodward Hall. Even the F class has no recollection of the fire itself, and to the underclassmen the story of the great fire is becoming a tradition. As I had the relative good fortune and misfortune to be present at this great event, I am often urged to "tell us what it really was like".

On a cold bitter morning in January 1925, dormitory students and townpeople were awakened by the violent blowing of the fire alarm, as well as by the ghastly glow in the sky, and the crackling of flying particles as they hit against the houses.

As fires were usually a forbidden form of entertainment to me, I was one of the first to arrive at the scene, for this time there was no one to keep me home, because everyone was going. As we made our way down the street, walking backwards most of the way to keep the smoke out of our eyes, I recall seeing one of the town's most dignified citizens, clad in a raincoat, perched on top of his roof with a bucketful of water which he was using in no sparing quantity upon every spark which came his way. As we crossed the campus, we had great difficulty in dodging sparks and flying cinders. The wind was west, and the campus was a bed of burning and smouldering material.

Later, cinders and charcoal were found more than half a mile from the school such a crowd as gathered in the first half hour was standing silent and terrified. There was no need for police to keep the crowd back. It was so hot that even the windows in Woodward Hall were uncomfortable to look at, against fire apparatus from neighboring towns arrived continuously. I was much elated at seeing an engine pumping water from the pond. I had always thought that the pond was bottomless, but I had my secret suspicions and thought if they pumped very many gallons of water out of that pond, the fire would soon be out.

For many hours it was just one excitement after another. I shall never forget seeing the little cut-out rabbits and flowers pasted on the windows of the kindergarten room disappear as if by magic, or the terrific excitement caused by the bombardment issuing from Mr. Shaw's lab as the chemicals blew up. We knew from the beginning that the teacher's cottage, made of wood, would have to go, but when it actually flared up and was gone in what seemed a minute, I, for one, felt extremely sad when I thought of Miss Rand's precious piano. When word came that Chief Daly of Brockton had fallen from the roof of the pinery and had suffered a broken leg, the crowd mourned as earnestly as if he had been a personal friend of all.

From time to time rumors started: "Mr. Bayley is in there. He went after the school records," or "The firemen think someone is trapped." After a while, all effort was directed toward saving Tilligiac Hall; fortunately, but the roof was red hot and soon all hope was given up. The girls who had been ordered out were allowed to go to "do their last bit of work" or "do their first bit of work" or "do their..." The fire was majestically just before dawn, throwing its relentless tongues of flame up into the blackness, raging and roaring. With the growing light it died down and there were only gaunt pieces of walls, a tall chimney, twisted pieces of iron, and smouldering white ashes to mark the site of the three buildings.

Even after the worst part of the fire was over there was much to fascinate us of high school age. Newspaper reporters arrived, taking pictures of the ruins, the crowd, and individuals who were supposedly Normal School girls. Many high school girls very obligingly posed as anyone, the crowd knew, the pictures are being published, but the number who the papers arrived, taking pictures of the ruins, the crowd, and individuals who were supposedly Normal School girls. Many high school girls very obligingly posed as anyone, the crowd knew, the pictures are being published, but the number who

MY TRIP ABROAD

An Interview

On June 29, 1928, Miss Frill Beckwith, with a group of art students, sailed from Montreal on the Camurad to study at the celebrated art school of Munich, through several European countries.

"From the very beginning we encountered one thrill after another," said Miss Beckwith. "To begin with, we were forced to stop for forty-eight hours in the river because of huge ice-bargs which made the way impassable. Such beautifications of the sun reflecting on the ice made indeed, it was exciting to be surrounded by huge bargs that made progress impossible.

"On the way across, we heard a series of art lectures by four men, which were given to us by Mr. George L. Vesper, Mr. Otis Ege, Dr. Arthur Clark, and Mr. Henry T. Bailey. None of these lectures interested us as much as the others, so we were able to attend all of them. Some of the subjects discussed by these men were mural, interior decorating, furnishing, elements of beauty, Renaissance architecture, paintings of pre-modern periods, and, also, modern movements in painting. In other words, we got the vocabulary for things we were about to see.

"The first place we visited was Paris, and here we got the reality behind the vocabulary we had acquired.

"We began our first study of cathedrals at Notre Dame, and later at Louvre and Luxembourg, Notre Dame is by no means the most perfect, but to me it is most outstanding because it was the first I saw. The cathedrals at Cologne and Amiens are truly wonderful and much more complete.

"When we entered a cathedral or museum, we were given one-half to three-fourths of an hour to look at things ourselves, afterward we were led to the finest things, such as the altar, choir stalls, and beautiful rose windows, superb in color and design.

"Miss Beckwith then went on to tell us the various countries which she visited affected or rather impressed her most.

"Of France all I can say," said Miss Beckwith, "is that it made me absolutely happy. "Germany impressed me as being strong, powerful, and calculating. Berlin seemed to have such strength and power that it was almost inclined to hate the whole country for it. However, at Hildersheim, my feeling of hate was replaced by one of love and admiration. Hildersheim is a quaint, lovely little city with a spirit of loveliness which is really prevalent throughout the whole of Germany."

"I was slightly disappointed in Holland because it has become so modernized. Except for the canals, it does not speak of Holland in the way I had pictured it.

"Belgium's farms and villages have picked up more than those of France since the war. "In England I was absolutely thrilled with the dignity, refinement, and strength of the English. It was all I had ever dreamed it to be.

"The International Art Congress held at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, was the great goal of the trip. Here we were welcomed by the city authorities and feted by the American ambassador.

"In each meeting of the Congress there were representatives from every country on the platform. They spoke in their own language on a common topic, and their words were translated for us by an interpreter. We were thrilled to hear words of welcome by an eighty-five year old Frenchman, followed by our own calm and lovely Mr. Farnum. "During the entire trip there was absolute happiness among the one hundred and twenty-five members of our party. I think this was due to our leader, Dr. Bailey, a true master of all arts, especially the art of living."

Dorothy Tribou, Class A. 言

"CAMPUS COMMENT" BOARD

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WILL THE SCHOOL SUPPORT A PAPER?

When the project of CAMPUS COMMENT was started, there seemed to be enough enthusiasm in the student body to warrant a continuation of our plans. Was this just noisy enthusiasm and not of the co-operative sort? It would seem so. The staff, with the untiring help of our faculty adviser, Miss Lovett, has worked hard to get out a paper worthy of Bridgewater standards.

So far there has been little aid from the students. The subscription campaign fell far below our expectations, and when the call went out for material there was practically none passed in by students at large. Now, I know, and you know that there is talent in this school. Surely Bridgewater Normal is not below other schools in this respect. Get busy, save up your pennies for sub-
scriptions, and also try your hand at writing. Do not wait for your teachers to assign stories, poems, and articles, but write freely and voluntarily. That is the spirit we want, and I feel sure we will get it for the next issue. It is up to you personally.

The faculty and students of Bridgewater Normal School certainly take great pleasure in welcoming our three new additions to the faculty. We hope Miss Cowdell, Miss Dennis- ton, and Miss McCearhan like Bridgewater, and will stay with us for a long time.

ALUMNI NOTES

The following are the students of Class A '28 who have let us know where they are situated this year.

Robert Francis Shea, North Brookfield, Mass.
Clara Mary Almstead, Medford, Mass.
Mary Dorothy Bair, Quincy, Mass.
Ruth Parker Boehner, North Brookfield, Mass.
Marion Bottomley, Quincy, Mass.
Marion Louise Brine, Greenwich Village, New York.
Frances May Bryant, Medford, Mass.
Beatrice Elena Cooke, Marion, Mass.
Blanche Carrington Cotler, Quincy, Mass.
Wilma Claire Dwyer, Fall River, Mass.
Margaret Estelle Dunham, Fairhaven, Mass.
Mildred Wilhelmina Flynn, Shee's Preparatory School, Fall River, Mass.
Alice May Fogg, Haverhill, Mass.
Veronica Lillian Freeman, Bridgewater, Mass.
Eleanor Wilson Gomley, Quincy, Mass.
Kathleen Rose Kelleher, North Easton, Mass.
Helen Stella Leyland, Malden, Mass.
Marion Morse, Framingham, Mass.
Lyla Gertrude Nims, Morristown, N. J.
Mabel Frances Pratt, Framingham, Mass.
Alfreda Gertrude Mawhiney Ritchie, Fall River, Mass.
Alice Gorman Roach, Emerson College.
Josephine Shaw, Medford, Mass.
Elnore Franklin Spencer, Berkshire, Mass.
Helena Lawton Stanley, Fairhaven, Mass.
Mary Katherine Teoney, Bridgewater, Mass.
Edith Alice Turner, Columbia Teacher's College.
Natalie Mabel Turner, Medford, Mass.
Cora May Vining, State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

TO CHINESE POETRY

There is an exquisiteness to Chinese poetry which makes one lost to read any other, lest he spoil the unrivalled beauty of the first. The delicate harmony of thought and expression, the simplicity of diction, and the idealistic subjects combined, produce writings which cannot be compared with those of other nations.

China, land of sun and, snow, Little known to me, Through your poems I have learned to love you; Know your thoughts: All your pictures, clearly painted, Tell your life; Draw your joys and your friendships, Love of life.

Clouds, land of ageless story Let me know you more. Marjorie Burdett, Class A.

CLOUDS

Clouds at sunset—glowing and red How my heart thrills at the wonderful sight! Clouds before a thunder-storm—dark and threatening How mighty and powerful they seem! Clouds on a summer's day—florey and white How carefree they seem gliding along silently through the blue dome of heaven! Clouds on a winter's day—swift and fleet How they seem to reflect the whiteness of the snow beneath! Esther Rydgren, Junior I.

LIFE

At the casement window Stands Chi Lu, Her eyes vainly search the winding road

For her loved one, Su Li. Lo! a footprint is heard, Wearily, she turns her head To greet Su Lu, her father. His eyes show pity only For he knows that Chi Lu Will in the future be ever alone. Madelyn French, Class A.

DIALECTIC METHOD AS USED IN CLASS "A"

A's, where is your recreation? In our imagination— A's, what's your avocation? Research and excavation— A's, why are you lazy, And your work a little lazy? A's, why don't you analyze and use your dictionary? Not those one by one, But those that weigh a ton. A's, what is your projection on this school? A's, do you get the point in Schorling and Clark? A's, do you know how to lower the pressure? With all these questions thrown at her— A asks herself one further, A's—why don't you take your ten o'clock permission every week?

I HAVE A GENTLE SIGH

"Lovely were the flowers, the tranquil breeze. Extended far, down to the swaying trees, With breath luxuriant. The orioles Fluttered around, and in those swaying trees, In happiness collected,—until their pleasant notes Came to me in richest melody—"

Then back along the road, my lonely hurt Once more, I seek. The door, to wel- come you, Is always open now. Yet my beloved You do not come this way, I watch, and strain my eyes. When, dear heart, will you come?straight way ask— Sad and lonely I have a gentle sigh.

A Wood, Class A.

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

I've hugged around a lot Of old-fashioned superstitions, I've believed things that were not helpful to my ambitions. Favor has made me speak. Words I never should have spoken. Bigotry has kept me weak In bonds I might have broken.

Many prejudices I've Clung to, in and out of season, Proudly keeping them alive For no profitable reason. I've wilfully been blind To my rival's merit. My delusions are the kind That many men inherit.

I have hated other men For the luck that brought them pleasure, And withheld my friendship when It's been earned in fullest measure. Maybe I'll be wise enough, Some day, to judge others fairly. Casting from my mind such stuff As men cast away too rarely.

Sports

Hockey

The freshmen of Bridgewater Normal School had the opportunity of watching "the grand old seniors", for members of Class A, in an exhibition hockey game against the C Class when the hockey season officially opened on the campus September 24. The purpose of the exhibition game was to give the freshmen an insight of the game, and to see in actual demonstration the meaning of teamwork. Credit should be reflected on both teams, considering that this was their first attempt at hockey this season. The game ended in a scoreless tie, but every one who saw the game witnessed a fast, clean game, replete with thrills, and was satisfied with the outcome of the game.

The schedule for practices and games was arranged by Helen Law, head of hockey, who is in the training school, and is being carried out by the assistant-head of hockey, Sarah Leary. It is interesting to note that this year there are upper-class division hockey teams as well as freshmen teams. There are 12 division teams, which means there are approximately 125 girls participating in this sport. This is in accordance with the aim of W. A. A.—to have as many as possible participate in athletics and develop an interest that will last. By having a full and varied program it is hoped that each girl will find one sport to her liking and participate in this sport.

Archery

At a recent W. A. A. Board meeting Dorothy Dinegan was elected to take charge of archery. Archery is fast becoming very popular, and daily, groups of girls may be seen on the campus trying their "William Tell" skill. Plans are underway for an archery tournament. If the plans
The soccer season for girls will soon be in full swing. Eleanor Bates is to have charge of soccer this season and is planning to begin work immediately on the schedule. Perhaps the highpoint of the season will be the faculty and Class A game. The faculty accepted the challenge of Class A, and the game is scheduled for Wednesday, November 14, at 3:45. There is “much mystery” concerning the faculty line-up so we leave it to you to find out who the athletes of the faculty are. Come down and cheer your favorites to victory.

SOCIAL NEWS

The real social life of the school year began with the party to the freshmen. And what a party it was! The freshmen in great numbers, a receiving line of almost fifty of our faculty and friends, flags, and flags were there, and many alumni were there. There was an honest-to-goodness orchestra, refreshments, novelty dances, and favors. Who could ask for more? Another dance? So soon after the freshmen party? That’s what rumors told, and for once, rumors were correct. Social Activities decided to have a Friday night dance and bridge. They, after much labor obtained an orchestra, equally as fine as that which played at the first social. Bridge was a great attraction to those who did not dance. The party was declared a great success by all who attended.

Who but Class “A” could take us all as sailors to a zip-roaring dance on board ship? Nothing was amiss. There we had the ship, the gang-plank, the flags, the ship’s clock, and even the parrot! Did they have an entertainment of which we were not aware? You might ask Miss Pope or Mr. Hunt, or possibly Margaret Archibald or George Moore could tell you. To top it all, we danced without clocks—how the “A”’s did it is a secret no one knows.

The men of the school would not be left out so they held a card party in Normal Hall the night before the big soccer game of the season. What big game? Why, the one with Fitchburg which Bridgewater won 6-0. Everyone who went declared the boys fine hosts, and here’s hoping they keep up the good work!

Wednesday night dances are going well this year. No doubt you have noticed our new records. There are going to be more good records so all you dancing dancers and sons of E. N. S come to the gym—on Wednesday night days, right after dinner, to enjoy an hour of fun.

OUR BELOVED ENGINE ROOM

As one traverses any of the streets from which he may view the various buildings connected with Bridgewater Normal School, he cannot fail to notice a low, brick, one-story structure that quite offensively attaches itself to Normal Hall and just as offensively projects its hideousness out into the broad expanse of green lawn that stretches its beautiful shrubbery-dotted and velveted surface to the limits of the grounds. Above this structure there projects a black and smudged chimney support, by strands of wire that are attached at the corners of the structure.

Every day the chimney sends out clouds of vari-colored, but nevertheless, dirty, smoke that hovers in a continual threatening tumult, often casting an irrefutable blot of shadow upon the sun lovers, who, having been fortunate enough to obtain rooms on the most healthful side of the dormitory, pause momentarily, as their time permits, to snatch an occasional sun sponge in an almost vain endeavor to prolong the tan time that results from so many painful hours of summertime’s ease. Perhaps these clouds will change their pursuery from that of encircling the flag that flutters from the bronze-knobbed piers to that of completing a companionship with the more fair, but less lively co-eds of the higher rooms of the dormitories near by. However, in our short-sighted interest in the smoke, let us not overlook other facts.

The sun-screening clouds in their merry play have close rivals. On one side of the brick structure there is placed a green iron fixture and two heavy, formidible valves. I will venture to say that not one-fourth of the students that pass daily from the school building to Normal Hall know what it is that causes them to hasten their steps when they cross that part of the campus. The former is a condenser; the latter are steam control valves. At irregular intervals these heavy, formidable valves, I will venture to say, throw out clouds of gray steam that gather and form in fog-like dampness over the walks close beside them. There is no one who does not know that an observer watches the fair students hurrying by this spot with their heads to one side in order that their morning curl may not be demolished, or that the steam may be prevented from condensed in numerous dewlike globules upon their slicked coiffures, while others, more fortunate than the rest, daintily tosse their permanent wave into the cloud of fog, knowing that dampness is quite conductive to the longevity of that electified beauty. In spite of the vital importance of the annoyance of smoke and steam, these in no way eclipse another noteworthy property of our beloved engine room.

From the depths of this interesting structure there come most peculiar noises which coincided with the abject fluctuations of the steam valves and the perpetual com-tom of the boiler, which is formidable, makes for the sum total of disturbance of the Normal Hall residents and the complete mystification of unsophisticated visitors. While many of these visitors have made inquiries concerning the noises, I know that the hospitality of the boiler has not been large enough, and that many have despised the complete ignorance of the real source of the noises, thinking the while that the innocent inhabitants of Normal Hall must be a noisy lot. I have often wondered how the students survived the study hour with such racket prevailing. Upon inquiry I found that to them it is really not worse than the elevated railway in Boston, and after a few months they are so used to it that they can study as unmolested as if they were in the Boston Public Library.

Rumor has it that there is a movement among the authorities to raise an appropriation with which to move the engine room to a less favorable locality. I know that the students of the other school will be quite pleased when the time comes, do all in their power to put into the hands of the proper authorities such information as will prove as efficacious and perhaps a little less dramatic, and unnecessary to the complete enjoyment of normal school life. J. Beckwith.

REVIEW OF "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY"

By Thornton Miller

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is one of the best novels I have ever read. In no instance is the plot hackneyed or old. The book was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of 1928, and is considered one of the outstanding pieces of literature of the year.

The entire story is based on the question of death by a plan, or in other words, accident. The author then treats death in general, giving his views on the matter. His subsequent chapters are merely stories of the lives of five people who were killed when the suspension bridge of San Luis Rey broke and let them into the chasm. His last chapter is, "Is it an accident?" and while it does not settle the question of these five, it does give the fact that the author believes death is planned by a supreme being. Enough speculation is left to the reader to make the book interesting and a little awesome.

The keynote of the book, death, is something we all wonder about, some of us fear, and all of us expect. This book, written in a most remarkable manner, will make one ponder the questions daily. Wilder put a new angle on the question by his treatment of it. In one single second five lives, some apparently useless, and others needed very much, are smuffed out by what the world calls an accident. Was it a plan of God, or was it really an accident?

The very background of the story gives it an awesome aspect. It is laid in little-known, romantic Peru. Towering, snow-capped mountains serve as the stage for this scene of life. The author's English is excellent, and the entire work has a dignity which many modern books lack.

The book seems to have a queer attraction for some people, while others can see nothing in it. One is either overcome by the beauty of the story or else he cares nothing about it and can not see its value.

To me "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is the outstanding story among the fiction of 1928.

UNE DESCRIPTION

Que c'est adorable, ce petit bébé! Il va à l'école avec tous son caractère heureux et charmant. Tout le monde dit qu'il est le meilleur garçon de l'école. Il est le portrait parfait de la santé et de la grâce. Tout le monde salue ce petit bébé.

Mr. Arnold: "Why is it that sometimes when you ask a man on the back seat to take it all right, and at another time the answer is, 'I'm sorry?'

Voice up back: "Sunburn!"

Mr. Arnold: "Well, we've said prestige is hard to define. It has to do with B.A., and with a secret society, etc. Just what do you think prestige is?"

Moor: "It's a secret."

Mr. Arnold: "Speak gently so you won't wake Mr. Doll."

Miss French: "Much laughter."

Mr. Hunt: "It is a shame to disturb a man's sleep!"

So Class "A" has a Doll that will close its eyes and go to sleep.

CLASS "A" JOKES

In Sociology—

Mr. Arnold: "Why is it that sometimes when you slap a man on the back seat he takes it all right, and at another time he becomes very angry?"

Voice up back: "Sunburn!"

Mr. Arnold: "Well, we've said prestige is hard to define. It has to do with B.A., and with a secret society, etc. Just what do you think prestige is?"

Moor: "It's a secret."

In Psychology—

Mr. Hunt: "Speak gently so you won't wake Mr. Doll."

Miss French: "Much laughter."

Mr. Hunt: "It is a shame to disturb a man's sleep!"

So Class "A" has a Doll that will close its eyes and go to sleep.

In Modern Problems—

Miss Beal, assigning dates for special topics: "The mentally deficient group will report on November 8. Miss French, Miss Shaw, and Miss Barry please!"