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Bridgewater State Normal School

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HOW TO BECOME A GREAT MAN

It is the easiest thing in the world to become famous. It is with the intention of helping you to become as famous as Lindberg, Volney, Walker, or Wrigley that I write this classical essay. I give this advice to them free, that posterity may read the story of their lives in the country's histories or perhaps in the country's most comfortable fails, and also that their sons may see their footsteps in the sand of the seashore, if they happen to walk there.

To read my formula with profit you must first broadcast to the world that you were born in a log cabin. Great men were born in log cabins. You must not say that you were educated at Harvard, but that you were educated from grandfather's dusty books by the light of the candle. This was also a habit among famous men.

If you can remember a foolish trick which you used to perform in your boyhood it will help. If you cannot remember any, choose one of the following:
1. I had the custom of stealing doughnuts.
2. I robbed eggs from bird's nests.
3. I went fishing at least three times a day.
4. I loved to read Dickens.

Now that you are well acquainted with the fundamentals of my course let's get down to business.

1. How to become a famous writer:
   Write a fat book about the most obscure thing you can think about, and write it in such a way that your readers cannot understand it. Thus you are a genius. Use as many foreign expressions as you can, they can be bought at any bookstore.
2. How to become a famous aviologist:
   Fly from Bridgewater to Rockland, travel incognito on the earliest train, and tell the press you negotiated the distance in twenty minutes, but lost your airplane. Your theme will be the subject at every breakfast table the next morning.
3. How to be a great poet:
   First of all you must look sick. Move with slow motions, and get a haircut at least once a year. Go into the open, listen to the chirping of the birds, and you will have a poem.

THE UNDOING OF SIR LOIN STAKE OR ONE KNIGHT IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

Sir Loin Stake was awakened by the hot rays of an August sun. His head was muddled, and he could not but wonder from whence he came. No, and how he had fallen asleep by the roadside. He looked about him, and saw his horse tied to a tree, and his spear and sword nearby where he thought he had dropped them. His horse was a magnificent animal with long legs denoting great speed and a well-knitted body, a symbol of great endurance.

There squatted a little to the left of the horse, and had saved him from danger more than once, when he thought it was safer to have a handy weapon than to stand and fight. In fact, Sir Loin Stake was a fighter of the poorest calibre.

One thought was uppermost in his mind. He was on the road which led to King Arthur's court. After travelling an hour he came to the gateway of the town. He sat gazing at this beautiful entrance which was known throughout the civilized world as a gift of the gods.

Sir Loin, feeling that someone was watching him, looked down and saw an old man leaning on his staff. From the description he had heard of this man he knew at once to be Merlin.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Merlin.

"I am a knight from Bridgewater," replied Sir Loin. "I have come to join forces with King Arthur and I bring proof that I hail from that famous town." He then brought forth a copy of the famous "Campus Comment." When Merlin saw the paper, he waved his staff. The gates opened and he brought Stake to Arthur. In presenting Loin to Arthur, Merlin suggested that he would be just the person to be professor of languages. Incidentally the other professor had been killed in a joust with his students. King Arthur readily agreed and introduced Sir Loin as the new teacher.

School opened the next morning. Sir Loin entered, dressed in his new cap and gown. He brought his sword down upon the desk with a resounding "Bang!"

THE RECORDS OF THE GATE

This little piece of literature is not for those with an undeveloped sense of humor. In case a normal sense of humor fails at the crucial moment, however, and the desire to see becomes the dominant stimulus please exert the responses in the direction of the author's maternal parent, as said lady has control of the royal treasury.

To begin with I died a natural death to the disappointment of many people. At the time there was a lovely little clipping in the paper: "Tragic Accident Ends Result in Death" Miss Flannelfeet, well known equis­trian, who was thrown from her horse while attempting to renew her riding companion, died at her home here today. She is survived by her parents - a noble and the other person.

When I gave the clipping to Saint Peter, he smiled and said, "Let her troop the Records of the Gate. The divine right of kings has no place here." Thus you see it was possible for me to be present at the conquests and defeats of my friends.

Now it seems that after the time when I rode on and off at the "Institution of Culture and Confines" there was a Biennial at said place. Unfortunately the "chef de la cuisine" was ill, so Chappie in all his big-heartedness came to the rescue. He would be chef. Not to be outdone Mr. Moynihan and Mr. Moore went out to direct the procedure. All went well until Mr. Moynihan tasted some of Chappie's concoctions. Needless to say Bob was admitted to heaven, but before I had time to record Bob's success Mary Jackson came floating up. Mary almost missed the gates, she was rather astonished at the lib­rar's presence.

"What is your opinion of the social life in this school?" I asked.

She tapped the desk with a highly tinted set of nails and smoothing her boyish bob, deftly began a most interesting comment.

"I think the great majority of girls here are grubs and coarse crabs. They seem to live for nothing but pulling A's and to get that 'Professional Attitude' that seems to be the rage, that I fail to understand just what it is. They don't like to enjoy the ordinary pleasures that absorb their contemporaries, and I have literally to fight them to get any attendance at a social or at meets. And since they won't do that, I'm trying to encourage the boys to bring their cars and take the girls out occasionally. A supper-club is such a stimulating atmosphere, you know." I was rather astonished at the liberal views of this woman and was even more surprised when she showed me a flash-light picture of herself and a party of chorus girls from the Folleses.

"What is your opinion on the late permission question?"

"Oh, that old joke! Say, if I could only get this gang out I'd lock every door till two A. M. Do you know I can't make them stay out after ten-thirty and if they do they get up at 4 P. G. to study. That's not the kind of life they should lead. I think the young girls are being too conscience-stricken over the little things and I'm
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Editorial

PROGRAM FOR THE EXTINCTION OF CUTFWORMS

Now that spring is coming the freshman gardening garden等方式 will be starting on the "Down With the Cutfworm" campaign. Each year the dear little green things start having a banquet on Mr. Stearns' tomato plants. Now Mr. Stearns is a generous man, but he does resent feeding the cutfworm army, so he gives his classes the task of finding them and ending their lives.

Being a modern teacher Mr. Stearnes accomplishes his aim by the play method. The object of the game is to beat your neighbor at finding cutfworms. A final tally at the green-house at the end of the class declares the winner. Proud is she who can show the largest number of the squirming green things.

The following method ought to be a good solution to the problem. If it should be used, it will greatly relieve the minds of some timid freshmen.

1. Dig a tunnel under the entire garden.
2. Start at lower end of garden and roof said tunnel with sheet zinc. It will greatly protect the eggs from the sun. Now Mr. Stearns' garden will be the envy of the others. (Surely such an utilitarian method will suit the aim of some timid freshmen.)

GROU P I. HABITS AND ATTITUDES

1. Did you ever wish you were a fly on the wall at faculty meetings?
2. Do you daydream about reports with all A's?
3. Do you play ping pong or other gambling games?
4. Do the campus dogs attach themselves to your person?

GROUP II. PRINCIPLES OF DRESS

1. Were your clothing up to date for the whole term?
2. Did you wear your clothing in style?
3. Were your clothing always clean?
4. Do you go out to "See America First.

GROUP III. GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

1. Would you put water in milk for good measure?
2. Would you steal another fellow's girl if you got the chance?
3. Would you kill yourself long ago if you had not felt that the teaching profession needed another really good man?
4. Do you intend to return things you borrow?

GROUP IV. PRINCIPAL DUTIES

1. Have you a suppressed desire to descend stairs by the bannister? Yes or no?
2. Do you know your omons, or your group?
3. Are you ever told to sit on a fence?
4. Do you know what next?

KEY:
1. You are a dumb dora and never should have attempted so difficult a test.
2. You need an alarm clock to awaken you. You show great promise (probably of expulsion). Dogs attach themselves only to transparencies. Judge yourself accordingly!
3. We are all out of this size.
4. You hate to waste time walking downstairs. You would be a success as an elevator (not as a school teacher). Buy a pair of runners and go out to "See America First."
5. No.
6. You're all these! Oh, well you don't belong here in Bridgewater.

How to Become a Great Man

(Continued from page 1)

The birds, or the ham of the bees, then write a poem about them. Be excited at everything. When you see the rising sun, faint. When you see a blooming flower, faint. Then write poems about them in hexameters, pantometers, or in basic ameters. Inspiration is for sale anywhere today.

4. How to become a great inventor: Construct a shed and tell the world you are going to invent some sort of a contraption. Go inside that shed with some Fuel parts and don't come out for at least two months. Refuse to eat food from the outside. After that you are generally considered an inventor.

I do not guarantee that if you follow my advice you will become great, for all who have tried have failed. I almost became great, but I erred in telling people that I was educated at Harvard. If you broadcast the news that your education was received from grandfather's books you will become the topic of conversation in the best of homes.

Leo Ash.

FIG LEAVES AND FURNACES

Oh, blessed were the ages when The fig-leaf was in style, And Eden was a paradise Where dresses grew. The fig-leaf was in style, Fig leaves and furnaces were a drooping novel, faint. Them write stories. The fig-leaf was in style, The fig-leaf was in style.
Eliot, Algermon C.—Entered this state institution at the age of twenty-one because he was just crazy to go to school. His mental age at that time was two months, twenty-nine days, and thirty and seven eighth minutes. He quickly saw that this would be a great handicap to him, so he started to study. Unlike most of us he did not study Shakespeare, Ciceren, etc. but a dictionary: "What’s the use of buying all that stuff? Aren’t all the words in the dictionary?"

Floyd, Joshua—Worked his way through kindergarten by testing germs. Before entering normal school Joshler polished his education by studying at the Saratoga in Paris and the Caubro.

Genetique, Chills—This master of synopsization and asphyxiation got a warm reception when he first came to our school. He walked into the barber room by mistake. We came near losing him years ago when he went looking for a heel in a gas pipe with a lighted match. As a result he lost the use of 4,065,909 neurons. Up to the present time he has recovered the use of two-thirds of them.

Le’s hope he doesn’t get any more. He’s too smart now.

Hill, Benchman—Ben’s ancestors were sailors and he hopes to be slightly more himself. He is very amiable and is as strong as Atlas. If you don’t believe it ask him about the time he went shopping.

He earns his spending money by selling tents to geysery moths. This boy is bound to get ahead. He needs one.

Jameos, Waymond—He thinks the "House of Hanover" mentioned in English History is his home sweet home. In Hanover he was known as a religious boy and in school as a holy tomcat.

Kane, Grass—He was born on Monday, so they call him Wash. This man came from Salem Normal, but some people say he has made himself abnormal. He has the degree of P. M. which he got at night school. His home is in Abington and he maintains a summer resident at Titicute.

Kilgrew, Frank A.—He was named after that famous French coin and is worth nineteen cents. His middle name is written on all his report cards. We all expect to see his wandered a jail in the future—to be so fond of the police. He is also fond of birds and has seventeen cuckoo clocks in his home.

Longmore, Billy—Blew into town about two and a half years ago with a trumpet under his arm. All the girls hate him; you can tell by the way they talk about him that he is safe but to say that he holds the world’s record for walks around Campus Pond.

Manypa, Lovley—He wants everyone to know that he is working towards a degree for his hypermetropia and not for any other perversities. He comes from Halfway where men are men and women still wear veases. He is making a name for himself at Bridgewater as he has just shaved off one of his two hairs.

Martin, Ralph Abercrombie—Called the biggest man from the Stanley Iron Works. He can tease a violin very well. One of the freshmen asked him if he played by ear. He answered, "No, I have only been taking lessons three years."

He goes out for track and studies better than Bridgewater and Stanley. We suspect also this is where he gets his assortment of lies.

O’Connel, Emmey—He’s so Irish he wouldn’t laugh at a Scotch joke. His favorite holiday is the seventeenth of March and his hobby is decorating Easter eggs. He would like to be an artist in order to draw attention, but unfortunately he is color blind.

Purdin, Alce—Scotland in miniatures. He wishes he had been born in America in order to have saved the expense of coming over. It is said that when he first saw a vacuum cleaner he tried to play music on it, thinking that it was a kazoo. In bowling circles he is known as "Kid Sweep," possibly because he is always lying on the floor.

Sweeney, Josephus—He knows his geometry better than anyone else in the school. He, too, is an Irishman and his favorite fruit is the potato. He is a mathematics shark and has been known to study those lower heights of figures for hours at a time. He is a lover of curiosities and in delights watching the students file into chapel every morning.

Twelte, Edward—"Pallace"—He should have been born in Indiana, for the Indian is his weakness now. He is writing a book on "Indianology" in his own language, chiefly for the reason that no one can criticize it. He has omitted from his language those words: woman, firewater, and music.

What is your part in the Student Activities?"

Well, it’s a combination information and odd High Executive. I wish to goodness this place would lend me things once in awhile without running to see with every peepy little detail and expecting me to learn everything that’s going on! I’m just about ready to give up and go to the Y. W. C. A. for some real life. Rather neat idea that. But it honestly                        2
horribly bores me to hear all these silly schemes and I have no desire to be included in their confidences. Yet like Jimmy Gallagher—you know                3
Jimmy?—they still hang on.”

What do you think is the future of this School?

"Say, like this town its future’s behind it. If they ever wake up to what other schools are doing more, they may pull thru as an ‘also ran’, but unless they do, it will soon be a State Museum instead of a Normal School. What place needs bigger and better Whoopee—you know life, liberty, and lots of happiness. I can’t have enough. One week here to keep me from pining away—so what can those poor starved souls be doing? However, I can’t be sociable and I know, or at least suspect, that there are a few of my very students who would wake this place up if they only were wiser.”

Say, I nearly was bowed over and feeling all my surplus reserve and unknown strength ebbing I thanked her and departed to the tune of a Jolly—“drop in again of top.”

Signed: April Fool.

PROGRAM FOR THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF CUTWORMS

(Continued from page 2)

present freshman class to exterminate those already in the garden, a very unpleasant part of the gardening curriculum will be eliminated for the incoming freshman class.

Having spent seven months trying to exterminate the only minute, a comic number which will show that school teachers have a sense of humor.

This issue was supposed to have been in the hands of the subscribers on April First, better known as April Fool’s Day, but the printer played a fool on us and said he could not possibly get it here any sooner than he did.
The boy that blows a horn never blows a safe—and a girl who can handle a bow is never troubled with divorce.

Definitions:
Courtship is a bow knot that matri­mony pulls into a knot hard.
Education is the sum total of all the things that we happen to have taught.
Flattery is a sort of moral porcupine—it turns many a woman’s head.
A nightmare is a millman’s horse.
A prophet is a man that says from a Scotchman and sells to a Jew at a profit.
Love is that insane desire on the part of man to become a woman’s meat ticket for life.
Brocken Fair is a weather report.
An evocationalist is a man who ages Darwin.
Daylight saving is a bank.
An optimist, in the Bridgewater sense, is a girl who thinks everything is the best, and that she is the best.
A pessimist, in the same sense is the roommate of the above.

Maybe if some of those ambitious students who would die for their dear Alma Mater-

Professor—There is someone in this room nursing a weakness of himself. When he has finished I will commence.

Miss Lovett, recommending reference books: “There are two Nuts in the library.” Now who did she mean?
Mr. Arnold in sociology: “Miss S—— do you consider that the manufacturing of intoxicating liquors is a valuable occupation?”
M. S——: “Why ask me?”
Famous remarks:
—“Well that hasn’t anything to do with the present subject.”
—“Now is that geography?”
—“And next day.
—“Now turn—quietly—to page 227.
—“Shush.
—“Say, did you check that?”
—“I will take some notes and you will be responsible for the following points.”
—“Let us commence our work.”
—“May we have all the talking stopped?”
—“Cooperative bank.”

M. T — in Civic Biology class: “Children used to pick wildflowers and grovemsp go too.”

Howard Nielsen has another ear. We never knew they had such a large junk heap in Cocheset.

Old proverb modernized:
People who live in glass houses should dress in the cellar.
All that shines is not gold.
All men are not that they seem.
A rug on the hand is worth two on the phone.
A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.
Two is company—three is a witness.
Day it with candy—flowers fails.

One predicts a future for the little boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

“T h e r e w a s a m a n n a i m e d E l i j a h . H e h a d s o m e t h i n g b a n a n e a t l i v e d i n h i s b e d . H e s a id , "I f y o u k e e p t h r o w i n g s t o n e s a t m e I’ l l t u r n t h e b e a r s o n y o u a n d t h e y ’ l l e t y o u u p . " A n d t h e y d i d a n d h e d i d t h e b e a r s a n d d i d . ”

THE UNDOING OF SIR LION STAKE OR ONE KNIGHT IN KING ARTHUR’S COURT

(Continued from page 1)

The day was a beautiful one. The Agam Launcelot charged, and again Sir Loin Stake raised his shield, All!

The undoing of Sir LION STAKE or One Knight in King Arthur’s Court

LAUNCET

The roommate of the above. was that a knight by the name of Launcelot of the Shires, Launcelot. Sir Launcelot was with the present subject.

And next day—"

A profiteer is a kind of moral perfumist. By nature, Man, in the general class, is a kind of moral perfumist. Flattery is a kind of moral perfumist.

—"I am told that Smith was not too well.

Sir Launcelot made his heels into his big grey mare and came charging at Sir Loin. On he came with increasing speed. His lance was raised and he By nature, Man, in the general class, is a kind of moral perfumist.

—Sir Loin Stake raised his shield, All!

Sir Launcelot charged, and again Sir Loin Stake with the aid of his dazzling shield dealt Sir Launcelot a terrific buffet upon the head. Blood flowed profusely from Sir Launcelot’s mouth and nose. The spectators were dumbfounded. The flower of King Arthur’s knights was being defeated.

—Sir Loin Stake rode to the other end of the field. Suddenly his horse whirled and he came dashing madly to Sir Launcelot. Onward and everlastingly he galloped the furiously ridden creature until it seemed both riders would be crushed by the impact of the horses, Sir Loin Stake raised his shield, All cruel fate. The sun was hidden be

Days of a RAVEN

Can you imagine a normal boy who can drive nine different cars to school on three different days. The cars all being personal property? The freshman class boasts of just such a boy, and all who know who he is, you girls have missed something.

Costello, the city man, is learning a bit about the country under the heritage of Sir Sternau.

Members of Class B4 have had to sell their old hats and buy new ones. The story goes that the old ones were too small.

Have you noticed that Leo Chavkin and his Pontiac journeyed every morning? The train from Randolph arrives at 8:50. True pleas.

Edmund Radakovich appears to be the only man in Class A who gets paid for going into the office. How does he work this magic influence? Most of us had rather take a dose of castor oil than enter through that office door. He is said to be that Smith was not too well.

Edward Knowles would make a very efficient postmaster-general.

Edward Tool provided the B4 class dropped a penny in Campus Pond last week. Now Mr. Tool is trying to get Mr. Sternau to further his program of draining and dredging the pond. Of course you will wonder why Edward is so interested. We will re.

Sir Launcelot dug his heels into his big grey mare and came charging at Sir Loin. On he came with increasing speed. His lance was raised and he was prepared to amuse Sir Loin from his horse. Ah! what happened? Sir Loin Stake raised his shield and as the dazzling sun played upon it the reflection temporarily blinded Launcelot. Sir Loin, in desperation, threw his lance. The effect of the blow and the shock of the charging horses unseated Sir Loin. If he had unheated his sword quickly he might have won the fight before Sir Launcelot re­mo"