1977

**Crossroads [Yearbook] 1977**

Bridgewater State College

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Friends are always together, even if they are miles apart.

M. Serena
We felt that CROSSROADS is synonomous with Bridgewater; for crossroads is defined as a central meeting place or a crucial point, especially where a decision must be made.

We ARRIVED at this crossroad with expectations of a new experience, We CONVERGED into a community of students who shared interests, hopes, ideas . . .

And we DEPARTED, realizing that B.S.C. was only meant to be a preparation — a preparation for the future, for finding a new direction.

Jo-Ann Ryan
The summer is over,
So here we are again.
Another beginning,
What will it bring?
Smiling Faces
mocking faces
A sudden awareness
that this was our year

The knowledge
that time would soon separate us,
Making the coming year
even more precious
Canterbury Tales
BLOOD MOBILE
Search For The Memories Of Homecoming

TRADITIONPY
OFRIENDSOHX
GAALAUTHING
ENTHUSIASMO
TTBWHPMREUO
HICLOIZNDSDECEBEERVQIF
RINRLISESCONPFYKTALHNO
EALOPSYCHESTOSPRIDEUA
SIALUMNIMQN
COTCONCERTC
UNSYGWINEXI
TOZPREUNION
WIOVISITING
Smile

Come on and smile!
Is there a better way to start your day?
Than with a smile?
Lift up your head
And throw your cares away for awhile.
So you had a bad day yesterday,
Give yourself a break today;
Come on and smile!
Ralph Graham

"So let tomorrow take care of tomorrow.
You live for today."

Tower of Power

"You Ought to Be Having Fun!"
Rat — “a lot of people and a band . . . that always makes the Rat good!”

P.G.

Tilly — “people had a lot of laughs . . . and were dancing on tables, so you know it was a good time.”

T.M.

Spruce — “it must have taken the janitors days to clean up that mess.”

J.K.

D.J. — “I can’t remember much of it, but they say I had a good time . . . I was the Kazoo King!”

K.B.
HALLOWEEN

PARTY
Two roads diverged in a
And sorry I could not
And be one traveler, long I
And looked down one as far
To where it bent in the
yellow wood,
travel both
stood
as I could
undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling
Somewhere ages and
Two roads diverged
I took the one less
And that has made
this with a sigh
ages hence:
in a wood, and I —
traveled by,
all the difference.

Robert Frost
COMMUTERS
PEPSI

M ROOM SOU
BUDDY BOY
SHIT & ERH CFEF
ACAR NI &
CHEESE U

SPERMONI
ITALIAN N
SPECIAL
The Greeks
PHI PI DELTA
Orphanage Christmas Party
"And visions of sugar plums danced in their heads . . ."
Gus Giodano
A smile is the whisper of friendship
Here comes Santa Claus,
Here comes Santa Claus,
Right down Santa Claus Lane;
If Santa finds out what I did tonight,
Christmas will never be the same.
class 1977 presents a
Sadie Hawkins

Christmas Ball

December 2, 1976
8-12 pm
Canoe Club — West Bridgewater
featuring: "What Next"
Jacket Required
UNCLE SID COMES BACK!!
only 125 days to go!
"The universe is immense, there's room enough for all of us. Young, old, man, woman — But it's what you do with that room that counts —"

Timothy Leary
Dating Game
Valentine's Day Disco
Irish Night
Eleanor
Once I was a dream.
It was fun being a dream.
I liked being undefined and having no responsibilities.
Proceeding aimlessly, undetermined, I drifted around,
Feeling nothing, seeing nothing, and experiencing
Nothing.
Doing this, I had no hassles bogging down my mind.
It was a carefree existence, but I needed something more.
Now I am a reality.
It was fun being a dream, but I needed a purpose, a place,
And a name.
True, now I have cares and worries, but I also have joys.
So now I have something better.
Instead of just existing, I live.
I play a part now, before, there was no part to play.
I didn’t know what it would be like, but I’m glad I found it
Because now I am fullfilled.

C. Clausen
STARTING POINT: All freshmen wait here while letters of admission are being mailed out.

FOUL-UP: Your college board scores were lost in the mail. Lose one turn while you take them again.

SETBACK: Your scholarship application was turned down. Try again incognito.

FIRST DAY OF CLASS: You must study 3 hrs. a day for each class which amounts to 15 hrs. for 5 courses. Add 5 hrs. for the time you spend in class, 2 hrs. in the rat, and you have 2 hrs. left to eat and sleep.

REGISTRATION: The requirement course you really needed is full. Sign up for the only class available — what a choice! Internship at M.C.I. or Library Orientation.

WEIRD: Meet your roommates — one real neurotic, a plant freak and a Beach Boys groupie.

RIP-OFF! Go to the student "discount" book store and pay twice the publisher's price for your textbooks.

ORIENTATION: Always for a good laugh, you'll receive your orientation booklet and campus map at graduation.

SURPRISE: On your first trip to the cafeteria, you realize that Salisbury steak is another name for hamburger.

THE RAT: You know you've been at school too long when you've memorized all the songs on the jukebox.

WEEKENDS: Pack your suitcase or take a trip to the "packie."

DORMS: To-let: A spacious-10 X 10 cinderblock cell with a view of the vacant parking lot and broken bottles. Inquire: Director of Residence Housing.
The Bridgewater Battle

PHILOSOPHY DEPT.: In the words of the great philosopher, "If I am, and you are, then what on earth are we doing here?"
DEAD END.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPT.: Basket! Too bad it was the coach's mouth and not the hoop. No score!

MISS ONE TURN! There is an epidemic of the flu — the whole dorm is wiped out.

EDUCATION DEPT.: You may flunk! Your crayons are broken; your glue dried up and your scissors are rusty.

MIDTERM: Go ahead 2 spaces if you studied. You must go back 2 spaces if you crammed during breakfast.

ENGISH DEPT.: Escape to the nearest exit when you find out all English majors must read thirty-two books during the first three weeks of the semester.

FINAL EXAMS: After 20 cups of coffee, and pulling an "all-nighter," you find you studied for the wrong exam.

DEPRESSION: You find out that you have to write five-term papers, and your typewriter is missing the letters e, a, i, and s.

GRADES: Too bad you don't get marked for social achievement, with a ratio of 10:1, it ain't easy!

GRADUATION: The battle is over, and you've won? You deserve the degree! (for what it's worth.)

HORRORS! You owe $350 in parking tickets, you never took library orientation, you didn't order a cap and gown and you forgot to send in a degree card!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
Senior Send-Off at the Commercial Club
ERGENCE CONVERGENCE CONVERGENCE CONVERGENCE
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today,  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick
With what a feeling, thou great man, must thou
Receive the people's honest veneration!
How lucky he, whose gifts his station
With such advantages endow!
Thou'rt shown to all the younger generation:
Each asks, and presses near to gaze;
The fiddle stops, the dance delays.
Thou goest, they stand in rows to see,
And all the caps are lifted high;
A little more, and they would bend the knee
As if the Holy Host came by.

Faust
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

You Make Me So Very Happy . . .
The Great Cross-Country Race
Paul Winter Consort
SPORTS
At Bridgewater we believe sports and recreational activities are vital in giving us balance through the discipline of our bodies and minds on the athletic fields as we learn to discipline ourselves in our academic classes.

We believe that the lessons learned in the classrooms, in the gymnasium, and the athletic fields combine to produce capable and productive human beings.

We strive to achieve these objectives through an intercollegiate and intramural program constructed to benefit all students, no matter what the interest or skill might be.

In intercollegiate competition the more highly skilled performer is given the opportunity to compete, to gain the satisfaction and spirit of unity which comes through teamwork and victory. Espirit de corps and morale within the student body is an objective of the intercollegiate program.

For the person less motivated toward competition, there is an intramural program, parallel in structure to the intercollegiate program. There are also intramural and non-competitive activities for which there is not intercollegiate competition.
MEN'S ATHLETICS
The End of an Era
Mr. Edward Swenson

"a man for all seasons"
ERNIE BRANCO... ADDED HIS EXTRA POINTERS THIS YEAR.

COACH MAZZAFERRO

HARD WORK BROUGHT B.S.C. IT'S 3RD WINNING SEASON IN A ROW IN FOOTBALL COACHED BY PETER MAZZAFERRO.

MY BOYS DID A SWELL JOB THIS YEAR.

CO- CAPTAINS

CO-CAPTAIN STEVE WASHKEVICH COLLECTED 11 TDS THIS YEAR & 1 CONVERSION, ADDING 25 IN 2 YRS.

QB. PAUL BRENNAN HAD A GOOD YEAR!
RUSHING FOR 466 YDS,
PASSING FOR 935 YDS,
TOTALD 1401 YDS.
HE RAN FOR 4 TDS
AND CARRIED FOR 199 YDS.

STEVE WASHKEVICH
MIKE FALCON
"I sometimes wonder whether those of us who love football fully appreciate its great lesson: that dedication, discipline, and teamwork are necessary. We take it for granted that the players will spare us no sacrifice to become alert, strong, and skilled, that they will give their best on the field. This is as it should be, and we must never expect less, but I am extremely anxious that its implications not be lost upon us."
— John F. Kennedy
"It is in games that men discover their paradise."
"Everyone of us, at least some of the time, accepts his body as himself. He is what his body does."
"SQUEAK" HANLON
"In athletics, a man makes a commitment to his school and to his teammates, but above all, to himself."
B.S.C. Tennis Undefeated!!

Coach Mogilnickv, Mike Cobb & crew performed an extraordinary job this fall season with a 9-0 record.

The Netmen were coached by Dr. Robert Mogilnickv.
"Athletes are excellence in the guise of men."
"One cannot live a life solely of the mind for very long."
In only two years, the wrestling program has grown from a bare-bones operation with little recognition to a strong part of the athletic program at BSC.

3-1

John Angelini & Brunelle

BSC Wrestling 4-3

Mark Cassidy

Mark went 7-0 and placed first in the Neiwa J.V. tournament!
"The spirit of playful competition is, as a social impulse, older than culture itself and pervades all life like a veritable ferment."
WOMEN'S ATHLETICS
Women's Basketball '77
Afro-AM Talent Show
The Real Inspector Hound and Black Comedy
Schlitz Night
Test Prayer

Now I lay me down to study,
I pray the Lord I won’t go nutty.
And if I fail to learn this junk,
I pray the Lord that I won’t flunk.
But if I do, don’t pity me at all
Just lay my bones in the study hall.
Tell my teacher I’ve done my best,
Then pile my books upon my chest.
Now I lay me down to rest
To pray I’ll pass tomorrow’s test.
If I should die before I wake,
That’s one less test I’ll have to take.
Q. What can you do on a sunny day?
A. Ohh yaah!
High Flying

Red Sox
D. J. Sullivan
"O"
COUNTDOWN
PARTY
They are free who do not fear to go to the end of their thought.
Make Way for the New Alumni
Speakers: Shana Alexander and Rick Tonner
That Ole’ B.S.C. Ratio
But man must light for man
The fires no other can,
And find in his own eye
Where the strange crossroads lie.

Communion (1950)
F is for the friends we’ve made here during our stay,
A is for the absences in the boring classes every day.
R is for the “Riv”; Joe and Joan were always so kind.
E is for exams; we’re leaving them behind.
W is for the wine that was sold each night at the “Rat”
E is for the excedrin we had to take after drinking that.
L is for the lovely courses which we all pulled through
and L is for our leaving; Bridgewater, we’ll miss you!

C. Clausen
CROSSROAD’S STAFF
The purpose of this yearbook is to act as a record of our senior year at Bridgewater. The pictures and commentaries are recollections in a concrete form (in case our memory ever faltered from time to time). The CROSSROADS is dedicated to you, Class of 1977 because without you, the “greatest story” could not have been told!

I would like to extend my sincere thanks to all my editors and staff for a job well-done; without your ideas and hours of hard work, this book would have been an impossible task. Also, the knowledge and guidance from Arnie Lohmann and Pat Connolly was a tremendous asset to us. To my managing-editor, Tom Conley — your loyal support, cooperation and the battles we shared will always be remembered as major factors in benefitting the construction of this yearbook. To all of you and to the Class of 1977, I wish you the best of luck in any goal you venture to obtain.

Yours — Barbara Tobin — Editor