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Campus Comment

VOL. XIV, NO. 8

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AT BRIDGEWATER, MASSACHUSETTS

FEBRUARY 7, 1941

Hoopmen to Meet Acid Test In Becker Engagement

Bridgewater hoop team faces its stiffest test of the season tomorrow night when it meets the powerful Becker College five of Worcester at the local gym.

The Becker quintet has one of the highest scoring combinations in the state and boasts a fine record as well. Included among the list of victims of the Becker team are Lowell Textile, Newark University, and Arnold College.

Flynn Is The Man To Stop

Outstanding in the visitor's lineup is Bill Flynn, six foot six inch center, who is the high scorer of the aggregation. The Becker five has many other stars besides Flynn and a flock of capable substitutes.

The Maroon and White have been looking forward to this tilt for some time and appear ready to meet their big test. If the Meiermen are in form, the visitors will be in for a busy night. The great strides in which they have improved indicate that the Costigan-captained five may spring one of the biggest upsets in the current hoop season.

The opening B. T. C. lineup will probably find Polloni and Sparkes at the forward posts, Martin center, and Costigan and Buckley at the guard positions.

Cupid Accepts Invitation To Appear at M. A. A. Dance

Well, the men have certainly hit the right date for their much talked of semi-formal. Cupid himself may be present. So get the gang together and plan for a night of fun on February fourteenth. There will be dancing from nine to one to the music of Bob Decknes' orchestra. Charles Haley is the general chairman assisted by the following committees: advertising and decorations: Wilbor Parkinson. Edward Cheromcha, William Costello, Frederick Martin, James Costigan and John Fitzgerald. Tickets: Mike Antone and Richard Durnin. Clean-up: Robert Bruni, Arthur Toole, David Barnum and George Pothier. Remember now, everybody, bring your valentine to the M. A. A. Semi-formal in the gym on February fourteenth.

B. C. Greats' "Independents" To Engage Varsity

A large crowd is expected to attend the Bridgewater-Boston College Independents hoop tussle at the Boyden Gym either February 19 or 20 at 8 o'clock. At publication date, the exact day was uncertain, according to Coach Meier who is arranging the engagement with Woronicz.

The Boston College club is well-known to all football fans for their activities on the gridiron but the players are just as well at home on the basketball court. Included in the roster of the Eagles are Chet Gladchuck, Bridgewater's own Henry Woronicz, Charlie O'Rourke, the Zibilski brothers and many others. Gladchuck and Woronicz are the stars of the quintet.

Further Chapel Schedule Information Released

The chapel programs have been arranged for the month of February as follows: on Friday, February 7th, entertainment will be furnished by the String Quartet of Fall River; the following Tuesday, February 11th, there will be a lecture by Dr. Paul J. Alexander, archeologist, who has been working with Harvard anthropologists and archeologists lately; his topic will be "Ancient Records of the Orient". On Friday, the 14th, Mr. Belisle, Superintendent of Schools in Fall River, will speak. February the 18th is not yet taken up, but then, day of all days—on February the 21st will be shown the celebrated and long awaited pageant movies! They will, without doubt, guarantee a chapel attendance of one hundred per cent.

More news about future plans will be divulged later. So goodbye until then.

Ingenious Freshman Boys Discover Hobby-Business



HARRY AVERILL

A brand new use for alphabet macaroni has been discovered by two ingenious men of the freshman class. Harry Averill of Taunton and Robert Bruni of Gloucester are making the very popular "name pins" so prevalent on the campus right now.

These attractive pins, equally popular with the men and women students, are made from mahogany, walnut, cedar, oak, and gum-wood. Both young men declare that the process is a somewhat delicate but fascinating one.

Interesting Process

After the shape of the pin has been decided upon and cut, the "macaroni" letters are applied to the wood with glue. A coating of shellac fills and smooths the wood of the pin. In order to bring out the attractive color of the wood, varnish is applied.

By gluing a safety pin into a groove on the back of the wood, the pin is ready to enhance the grandeur of any campus costume.

(continued on page 4)

Miss Packard, '29, Assumes Position As Training School Principal



MISS KATHERINE PACKARD

Appointed principal of the Training School, Katherine Packard, Bridgewater '29, former fourth-grade critic teacher, assumed her new post last Monday morning as successor to Ruth E. Davis, present supervisor of training at Boyden.

After receiving her bachelor's degree from Bridgewater, Miss Packard studied at Columbia. For three years she taught in Haverhill, Massachusetts, before returning to Bridgewater to serve on the Training School faculty.

Day Student Association Sponsors Unique Social

Tonight commuters and dorm students alike will be out having fun at the gym from 8 to 11:30 P. M. The occasion is the eagerly awaited day student social, the "Jalopy Hop". The central idea of the whole thing will be the expression of the most common methods of commuting to and from school. Everything will be in keeping with this theme. A novel roadside stand will serve refreshments. Smooth music and an interesting evening are promised to all who attend. Florence Kamanulis is the general chairman. The committee heads are as follows: refreshments, Ruth Carlisle; hospitality, Elaine Kamanulis; decorations, Ann King; tickets, Loretta Kennedy; publicity, Mary Starkey; and music, Claire Longergan. So if you haven't already purchased your ticket, you'd better rush and do it right now!

S. C. A. SAYS

S. C. A. has requested that we start thinking about September through June 1941-1942. During this February the nominating committee to select candidates for the S. C. A. offices of next year will be elected. Start thinking of the importance and responsibilities of these offices and choose possibilities for the new S. C. A. president, first and second vice-presidents, and assistants to secretary and treasurer positions.

No Changes Planned As Yet

No changes are being prepared for the school by the new principal who expects to conduct the Training School following its customary program.

Early in January Miss Packard was asked to consider acceptance of the post by President Kelly on behalf of the Massachusetts State Department of Education and the Bridgewater School Committee. As the approval of both groups had to be secured the story could not be published in our last issue.

Miss Packard is particularly interested in the middle grades and is at present on one of the committees which is conducting research on elementary school curriculum changes under the State Department's sponsorship.

Was Prominent In Student Activities

While at Bridgewater, then the Normal School, Miss Packard was prominent in the sports field and engaged in hockey, baseball, bowling, basketball and tennis. She was W. A. A. sports editor of NORMAL OFFERING in 1928-29. From a class project conducted by her junior composition class with Miss Lovett, CAMPUS COMMENT emerged and later became the college's official newspaper. Miss Packard was prominent in the paper's early life—in fact, she originated the name.

Active in alumni circles, the new principal was editor of the last two issues of the ALUMNI BULLETIN. During the past two years she has been treasurer of the town teacher association.

Jalopy Girls Redecorate Commuters' Lounge

The commuter's room has been a beehive of activity for the past few weeks. Girls have been sandpapering tables and chairs; cans of red, yellow and blue paint have been opened and tested. The Day Student Council, the group responsible for this activity, has decided to redecorate the room.

Red, Yellow and Blue!

The tables, after being sanded, are to be varnished. The chairs are to be painted red, yellow, and blue. More than adding to the beauty of the room by paint, the council is adding to commuter girls' comfort by eliminating the dangers of ruining their stockings on rough edges. Curtains are being made from material which repeats the furniture colors. Plans for painting the walls and the floors are underway.

Barbara Moore is chairman of the committee. She is assisted by Mary Drummey, Ruth Carlisle, and Virginia Bourne. To speed up the work, the N. Y. A. workers are lending their assistance.

CAMPUS COMMENT

State Teachers College, Bridgewater Massachusetts

Executive Editor.....	Dorothy Giddings	Headline Editor.....	Richard Roche
Associate Editor.....	Mary McGuire	Women's Sports.....	Eva Kaye
Technical Editor.....	Carolyn Turner	Men's Sports.....	David Dix
Feature Editor.....	Gertrude Twohig	Business Manager.....	Eleanor Fulton
News Editor.....	Mary Casey	Circulation Mgr.....	Charlotte James
Make-up Editor.....	Norma Hurley	Faculty Adviser.....	Olive H. Lovett

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SPORT SPIRIT

Are you one of those people who go to the college basketball games and watch with a cynical, bored expression, disdaining to show any sign of emotion at the activities of the team?

If you go to the games at all, you probably belong to this group which unfortunately is in the majority here at Bridgewater. This group is a little better than the people who see no reason at all for giving their support to the team and so stay away, but not much better.

Would you like to take part in a contest before such an audience? Would and could you do your best before such an indifferent crowd? Nevertheless, this is the position in which the team is being placed by the students.

We have good reason to be proud of our team, especially this year when they have an almost undefeated record. Still, it isn't the final score which is especially important in the long run, but the spirit of comradeship, cooperation, and the good, clean fun which is so much a part of Bridgewater's games.

So, win or lose, let's back the team—they deserve it.

OUR GOAL

"First, get an aim," were the most emphasized words Bridgewater graduate, Edward Landy, advised us recently in an address on "Vocational Guidance".

We all had an aim once. Are we going to allow it to be swallowed permanently because defense duties have intervened? War duties and a reconstruction period may temporarily draw us away from our goal.

War—why should we keep on slaving toward that goal that our defense program seems to be destroying all possibilities of reaching. This "war" which, according to all pessimistic rumors we are practically engaged in, is disrupting youthful enthusiasm and ambition. The resigned attitude—why work, we haven't anything to look forward to—is becoming more and more prevalent.

For our young men, what's the use of training for anything that isn't of a military nature? Military training and military rank such as that of captains, lieutenants, majors, radio operators, and artillery experts are now "white collar" raters. Teaching, bookkeeping, photography, and sciences which are unrelated to war wear a black future for both men and women. Ambulance driving; flying, we already have three hopefuls; and, as always, nursing mark the achievement possibilities for young women.

But not permanently. We won't always be at war or in the throes of an intense defense program. We need to make a place for ourselves in peace time because it is essential that we remember there can be peace and brotherhood bringing about advance in sciences other than that of making war.

Former Senior Trainee Tells of Her Adjustment

Never a dull moment—well, hardly ever. "Miss M—— is absent today. Will you take her fourth grade room, please?"

So I stepped from my sixth grade dignity into the realm of those too-sweet-for-words little fourth graders. How thrilling to sit at the teacher's desk, looking over the lesson plans for the day, imagining all sorts of lovely things that I could do with the children. What wonderful things I could teach them today! At last I had a class of my very own, if only for a day. Let's see—they would be about nine years old, wouldn't they? Such a darling age—so sweet and naive.

Bell For Round 1

The quarter of nine bell rang. A confusion in the hall announced the arrival of the fourth grade. "Oo! We've got a substitute!" and "Oh boy! Won't we have fun!" Funny I should get a queer feeling at that moment. I could hardly wait to see the angels come in.

It didn't take long. A violently red-haired boy, with green eyes, enormous freckles, (and I'm sure his ears were pointed) grinned at me, well, one might say, maliciously. I found out later that his name was McCluskey, and it reminded me of a song—"She fell in love with a charcoal man, McCluskey was his name." I smiled sweetly, sort of dewy—and he said, "Hi ya, Toots! Where's Miss M——?"

Round 2 Coming Up

And in the same school, I spent some time, after I had become very wise and experienced, substituting in a ninth grade. There I received what might be called a tribute to the profession. During a study period of a vocational division, one big brute passed a note to a friend, equally a big brute. From the various reactions, I surmised that the message referred to the young substitute, but nevertheless, duty told me that I must confiscate the note.

From away back in my mind came a voice from the past, specifically from a methods course, to give credit where credit is due, saying that a teacher must sacrifice her curiosity for the trust of her pupils and never read a note, however tempting it might be. So, striding down the aisle very officiously, I demanded the note. The look of utter horror and mortification confirmed my suspicions. I promised the child who was towering above me, terrified (he, not I), that I would not read his note, I merely was going to put it in the wastebasket. He reluctantly surrendered, and I put the crumpled epistle in the basket. Then I turned around to see the reaction which was, "Gee! I never knew you could trust a school-teacher!"

K. O.

But the most dampening experience was poured upon me by a sixth grade girl, who asked me, "Are you going to be a schoolteacher when you grow up?"

Snoop and Scoop Make Rounds Despite Weather

Dire tragedy! Scoop and Snoop aren't speaking. And all over a question of ethics. Tsk! Tsk! Coldly they set out for the rounds of the day. As if the weather wasn't frigid enough these two went about all day speaking as though their words were frozen icicles. Woe!

Doc pulled up his coat collar after the two came in at REXALL's, for they chilled the atmosphere considerably. Not even the hot soup the Rexall's waiters placed before them broke the ice. Cosmetics and magazines were Snoop's chief purchases and while she was thus busily engaged Scoop hung dejectedly over the counter and aired his views on women with a contemptuous attitude not lost upon Snoop. Scoop did, however, relax long enough to buy a first aid kit to replenish his medicine box. Then, with ice still coating their smiles and words, they walked haughtily up to Snow's.

Scoop Purchases Jacket

What with all the skating and skiing going on and around New England, Scoop felt he had to have one of these kippy new jackets that Fred Snow is featuring. Even parading up and down before admiring females didn't break down Snoop's resistance.

So on to BRADY'S DINER for some hot java and pie. There were definite signs of thawing by this time because dissension coupled with the extreme cold was proving to be too much for Scoop. Scoop with a sudden attack of shyness, presented Snoop with a huge valentine chocolate box. Resistance went flying and a relieved, contented smile covered Snoopy's face. Shakespeare wasn't far wrong for "All is well that ends well".

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

Senior class meetings will be frequent and feverish for the remainder of the year. The graduating class is already deep in thought selecting committees for such June events as the Senior Picnic, the Senior Promenade, and such joint committees as: program, place, favor, and orchestra.

Normal Curve

Oh we must limit the "A"'s
And limit the "B"'s
And provide for just
The right number of "D"'s.

Then everything will follow
A nice normal curve
And nobody'll get just
What they deserve.

For in this system
There's no recompense;
When you should get more
You always get less.
But if you should get lower
You're still in distress.

RUTH CARLISLE

You Said It, Kaintuck . . .

(The sentiment expressed in the following poem borrowed from Western Kentucky State Teachers College's publication is not entirely unlike CAMPUS COMMENT's feeling at times.)

The school paper is a strange invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff — oh, yes, the staff gets all the blame.

—THE ANCHOR



Here's Hoping



Here's hoping that you will feel this way when first semester report cards are issued.

The editors may sweat and toil
Through half a year turmoil;
Some sap will read these things
And say, "I've read those jokes
before".

Daffynitions:

Marriage—a harness for a pair.
A book—brains preserved in ink.
Water—a clear fluid once used for
a drink.

Imaginary number—one you think
you know something about but don't.
In other words it is an hallucination.
It is something you concentrate upon
until your mind is in a whirl and you
give up and decide you don't know
anything about it at all.

Chaperones—contribution of the Mid-
dle Ages to modern social life.

Trott—a hard ridden horse.

DOUGLAS MACDONALD—Why are you
trying to read with your book that far
in front of you? Far-sighted?

JOHN STELLA—Nope, been practising
for exams.

... Seen roller-skating at the Win-
ter Garden—Frank MacDougal and
Ellen Roberts.

JUNE W.—It's a pity all handsome
men are so conceited.

BILL E.—Not always. I am not.

Senior Proverbs:

A senior is known by the dates she
keeps.

Man proposes—the diamond discloses.
Exams are like the poor—we always
have them with us.

Great bluffs from little study grow.

Many seniors believe in making head-
way while the moon shines.

Early to bed and early to rise—and
you will stay off the dean's list.

If brevity is the soul of wit, there's
nothing funny about certain Chapel
lectures.

Beulah Downs, freshman, when bid-
ding farewell to her father at the sta-
tion, flung her arms around him and
kissed him. Looking at him, she was
surprised to find herself talking to a
strange, unknown man.

Why should Alice Bubriski break
two chairs at one basketball game?
Perhaps the famous Woronicz, using

Smooth Susan Takes an Exam

by nell giles

(ED. NOTE: nell giles is the author of *SUSAN, be SMOOTH*, that best-selling handbook of good grooming now in its fourth printing. Listen to her broad-
casts over WBZ and WBZA every Wed-
nesday and Friday, 4:15 to 4:45, be-
ginning January fifteenth.)

The only exam we ever liked was
our final oral, given by the entire Eng-
lish department. We sat on our hands
before seven profs and answered ques-
tions about Beowulf, Chaucer, Shake-
speare, and Tennyson; we counted the
floor boards while we thought out the
beginning of the English novel; we
played a mental "Tit Tat Toe" with
the profs' ties to help us concentrate
on Restoration Drama.

And does this mental squirming sound
unhappy? Anything BUT. You see,
we were romantically attached to the
English department, but our special
attachment was in the field of modern
American poetry. All this dead litera-
ture must be brushed away with the ut-
most concentration before we arrived,
flushed and breathless, at the period
beginning in 1912. At that point we
entered, in the company of Harriet
Monroe, T. S. Eliot, Edna St. Vincent
Millay and all the angels, the Elysian
Fields of our Favorite Subject.

What did this have to do with tak-
ing an exam? Nothing at all. This we
could do with our eyes shut except
that the blackness would have cut us
off from the sight of The Perfect Per-
son. Neither did it matter that the Per-
fect Person was unaware that this was

her back as a desk on which to sign
autographs, gave her the jitters.

Editorial on discipline in the library:
heartfelt suggestion by every female in
Bridgewater—stop running around so
expensively and sandpaper those chairs
and tables. Men, don't you ever get a
three-cornered tear in that rough place?

Phyllis Jenness attaches no sentiment-
al value to the pink wash cloth she's
been caressing. It's the tooth she had
pulled that she cherishes, not the wash
cloth full of ice.

"Too darn many fire alarms!" argue
dorm students caught in the bath tub
during the last tintinnabulation of the
bells, bells, bells.

Dr. Maxwell to Tony Perry in Soc.
class, "You're a man of few words—
but you use them too much." ... Eleanor
Benson being so-o-o-o faithful to
her high-school heart-beat now at Ithaca
U. ... We hope Mal doesn't "Clouter"
up the sixth grade at the T. S. ... It
was left in such good condition. ...
Doesn't Kay Quirk look appealing in
her Lana Turner sweaters? ... J.
Stella has finally given his Tilly
pursuer the brush-off. Or has he?
about transferring passengers. ...
Members of B1 looking like super-
droopers after nine hectic T. S. weeks
... Ask Maizie Larkin to tell you a-
bout her Jr. High admirers. ...

Listening in the library—"She's a
nerve specialist—get's on everybody's."
... "He got his earache from his girl
friend and his eyestrain from other
women."

Have you seen Lysbeth Lawrence's
results of experimenting in Revelon's
newest shades? ... B. T. C. sub-debs
are practising the subdebese vernacul-
ar as set forth in Life.

Heard in Mr. Tyndall's geog class:
and now we'll hear from one who
should know all about wool. Miss
Lamb?

C. A. A. Considers
B. T. C. Application

Have patience, you students with a
yen for wings! It seems that the ap-
plication for the C. A. A. pilot train-
ing at Bridgewater is yet unapproved.
Undoubtedly the request is deep in a
pile of national defense bills on some
desk in Washington.

It is particularly difficult to get any
news regarding the problem because the
flight instructor at Hanover has been
sworn to secrecy until the application
has been approved. He assures us, how-
ever, that the moment the go ahead
signal is given he will give us all the
information that he has.

Rumored plans have it that the
ground school course would be given
right here in Bridgewater, and the ac-
tual flight training would be given at
the Hanover airport. The number of
applicants interested is thirty-two, there
being three girls and twenty-nine boys.
Many of the students are deeply in-
terested in aviation and are anxious to
find out who will be the lucky ones
to receive this training. One freshman
was heard to say that he has had some
flight training already but confessed
that it was only fifteen minutes. Who
knows, we may turn out another Lin-
dbergh about exam time in June.

not a normal examination of a girl who
wanted a degree.

Looking back now, over a modest
stretch of time, we see only a pallid
young man, trying very hard to make
good in the English department, and
we can't for the life of us stir up a
single reason for calling him The Per-
fect Person.

But what he represents is still alive
and redeemable for cash any day. You
have the same problem. And EVERY
DAY is examination day, is it not?

We were talking, of course, about
HOW YOU LOOK to somebody else.
Suppose you come upon yourself sud-
denly in a mirror. That's how it is.
Quite a surprise, isn't it? Especially if
you're leaving the movies, with the
warm remembrance of yourself as the
girl you just saw on the screen. Quite
a shock to find that you AREN'T
Claudette Colbert, after all, but just
that very average girl named Susan.

This is the very time to give your-
self an oral examination. The cold, dis-
illusioned point when you realize that
you aren't as smooth as a movie star,
after all.

We've prepared a little game in the
form of an examination. Here it is. Do
you pass?

Do you take a warm soapy bath
every day? (If the answer is yes, your
score is a big "S". Write it down).

Do you use a deodorant every day?
(If the answer is yes, your score is a
big "M". Write it down.)

Do you use cologne as a body rub—
but lightly? (If the answer is yes, your
score is "O"—not zero, but OH!)

Do you keep your face free from
blackheads with a complexion brush
and a mild complexion soap? (If the
answer is yes, you rate another "O")

Do you brush your hair from the
scalp UP, night and morning? (If the
answer is yes, your score is "T". Write
it down.)

Do you keep your face "well groomed"
—eyebrows neatly arched and brushed,
hairline smooth, nose powdered light-
ly, lipstick freshly and meticulously
applied? (If the answer is yes, your
score is "H"—by this time you are
SMOOTH.)

Sixth Graders Try Hands
At Functional Art

Members of the sixth grade under
Miss Lindquist's direction have been
producing pieces of design and handi-
craft which are not only exceptionally
attractive but also really useful. The
material was supplied by the children
themselves and consisted of articles
which ordinarily would have gone to
waste—cigar boxes, shaving-soap bowls,
and scraps of wood.

The pupils scraped, washed, and sand-
papered these things to such a fine,
smooth finish that it was difficult to
say what their previous identity had
been. Original designs, done by the
children in their art classes, were paint-
ed on the finished surfaces. Arnold
Torrance directed the processing of the
cigar boxes and shaving-soap bowls and
put the small brass hinges on the boxes.
Extra box tops were sized down and
equipped with a pad of paper and a
pencil, making an attractive writing pad.

Parents Aid In Project

Shuffleboard discs and pushers were
made from larger pieces of board.
Fathers helped at home in the shaping
process, and at school the boards were
sandpapered and painted under Frank
Fahnlley's direction.

The result of these activities was a
highly successful sale of decorated boxes
and bowls, writing pads, shuffleboard
equipment, and plants donated by Mr.
Stearns. The attractiveness and useful-
ness of these articles is shown by the
results of the sale—orders for more as
soon as they can be done and approx-
imately twenty-six dollars profit. The
money is going to be used to make pic-
tures to be a permanent record of ac-
tivities in the sixth grade and to buy
what they want for enjoyment and cul-
tural advancement.

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FROM THE BENCH

BY DAPPER

On To Victory!

Our basketball representatives have started both experts and amateurs by upsetting pre-season predictions. Few, if any, followers of the Maroon and White hoop crews had hopes for a successful year. We remember the moaning and regrets at the outset of this present season. Most fans pitied the team for its lack of height. Some fans wailed over the apparent absence of superior skill. The most loyal and hot-blooded Bridgewater supporter dared not boast or glow. Remember the classical Caesarian quotation in regard to coming, seeing, conquering? Well, sports fiends, your Marines have landed, and they are right in the groove. A dismal evening at Hyannis seemed to lend credit to pessimism and disinterest. That catastrophe was the turning point for the sphere-pushers from B. T. C. Ironically, disastrous defeat proved to be the antidote for Costiganitis. Meaning what? Precisely this: before defeat Jimmy and Company had no pep. After a thorough mathematical and physical shellacking down near the dunes of the Cape, the lads went haywire. Want any specific proof? Peek gently at the results of the past few hardwood encounters in which our men have engaged. Eureka!

Glorious Remembrances:

James the Meek became the exact image of the formerly brilliant Brockton satellite we saw perform in two past years. Another delightful memory is the mental picture of titanic Big Fred trading shot-for-shot with the smooth Drews, the potent Butler, the malevolent Mills. Gallery inhabitants had been anxiously awaiting the vitally important Hyannis tilt. Martin enthusiasm proved contagious, as we all saw Pete Felch and Larry Folloni suddenly become whirlwinds of action. Peter played the most aggressive type of basketball he has ever produced for the alma mater. Two freshmen proved their right to be classed as varsity competitors. Buckley, the altitudinous newcomer, blocked and jumped with relentless efficiency. Slim Bud Farrell passed the leather with amazing accuracy. But, most exotic of all memories, is the one which brings back the picture of that score-board at half time. Bridgewater led by twenty big points, something unheard of for decades in these ivied halls.

Environment Hues:

That boisterous gathering of victorious athletes which invades and conquers the local diner after a satisfactory game. Due to snow quality, the absence of snowball battles on the upper campus. Hockey sticks protruding from underneath lockers. Lively new basketballs and dead ping pong balls. Jack and Joe contemplating strenuous exercise rather dubiously, but resigned to their fates. The crowded gym for every dance; the crowded gym for basketball games, sometimes. Alice and pals instigating vociferous acclaim, greatly appreciated by the boys below. Absence of athletes from the men's smoking areas.

Semi-Annual Boost:

A million bravos to the basketeers; they take the top prize for that old college spirit. But, they have spirit plus do-or-die! Keep going gang, we're all with you.

Intra-Mural Basketball
Draws Large Male Group

The intra-mural league made up of six strong teams is in the midst of the most successful season in the history of the hoop circuit.

At present the outstanding teams are Fordham, Nichols and Minnesota. Bill Costello and Bob Deknes have led the Fordham combine to the leadership while Dzenowagis and Staknis have been the big guns in the Nichols attack. Although the graduate quintet, Boston College, is not high in the standings, it has one of the highest scorers on its roster in Charlie Gordon.

Most of the tilts have been low-scoring affairs but this tends to make the games fast and interesting. At times the teams show skillful ball-handling and good teamwork. The only thing that detracts is the marked tendency of the players to shoot erratically. After the players have played as a unit for a short time they soon begin to show plenty of ability. Once the Nichols and Fordham quintets start to roll they look like real, capable hoop outfits.

The schedule will be divided into two halves with play-off games at the season's end, if necessary. The intra-mural contests are worthwhile attending and those who venture to the Gym to witness the tussles will be well-rewarded.

Scoop Number One:

Thanks to local footballer, Hank Woronicz, the hoop aggregation working under the title of The Sugar Bowl Stars will appear at the Boyden emporium soon. Yes, lads and lassies, you'll be seeing those nationally acclaimed gridiron greats right here at our gym. Imagine such big boys as O'Rourke, Zabinski, Connolly cavorting over the Bridgewater floorboards. It seems that Woronicz watched our gang whip a superb Hyannis team, and went away much enthused as to the quality of their game. Hank has asked Coach Meier for an engagement, and it has been granted.

The entire populace of this town should turn out to witness the spectacle. We don't know what brand of ball the footballers possess, but at least they will be a great drawing card. Visualize Freddie Martin opposing towering Chet Gladchuck. Quoting Cap Costigan, "Imagine the coach asking me which I preferred to cover, Woronicz or Connolly".

But, slipping into the vernacular, don't kid yourself. Our team will not only enter the fray all hepped up to win, but also the favorites so far as your columnist is concerned. Naturally, the date for the game falls upon a night after the season has ended. Rumors have it that the 19th of next month is the day.

Survey of Setups:

In comparison with the basketball arenas of our fellow teachers colleges the Boyden is tops. We have seen Salem's, Fitchburg's, and the Cape Codder's. All these are small, poorly planned setups so far as seating capacity is concerned. When our teams visit Worcester, they play in an excellent high school gym. This is also the case at Providence, and usually at Hyannis. The recent R. I. C. E. debacle was played in their renovated and much improved area, a vastly different setup than previously. Of all the teams which we play, not one has an ideal basketball court. It's either the floor, the backboards, or the stands that are

SIGNPOSTS from W. A. A.

Draft Edict:

1. DRAFTED—All fine looking, healthy and fast-playing females to help in the renovated basketball program for expedient defense.

2. SPECIFIED QUALIFICATIONS—Tall, short, thin, stout, versed in basketball practice or technique, and otherwise—all are suited to this category.

3. TIME—Tuesdays and Thursdays—3:30 to 4:30 P. M. weekly.

4. LEADER—Natalie Keyes.

5. COMPENSATION—Satiation both practically and aesthetically, replete knowledge of the sport, W. A. A. credits, Salem Play Day, and Hyannis Sports Day opportunities.

Enlist now—Demur no longer—Visit your nearest recruiting station—the gym—Maneuvers are in action.

THE MODERN DANCE CLANS are gathering again at the gym for mastery of the not-so-sporadic-art. And unless we are mistaken many are the maestros with implicit confidence in form development derived from innocuous "banging about". And when the reluctant discover their deficiencies or oversufficiencies they can do so with a conscience cleansed with the knowledge that a while ago we advised all to partake in modern dancing.

YES, SIR, we had a brand new W. A. A. bulletin the other day. The contributors deserve great praise because they have put forth just about the best report these parts have ever seen. That's an extravagant statement, but take a look at the personnel—Winifred Sweeney, editor, Marie Gargan, Magda Larson, Ruth Sinclair, Lea Hearn, Shirley Goldsmith, Sybil Pilshaw, Helen Winslow. . . . We are looking forward to another on this same prototype!!

Ice Capers:

Lea Hearn took over the reins again—and the W. A. A. skating party at the Boston Arena was sensational. Probably the most popular thoroughbred fancy skaters were the flash leader of the Invincibles—Grace Hayes, and the starry Brocktonian, Natalie Taylor. Rumor has it that the faculty members, Miss Mahoney, Miss Packard, and Miss Nutter successfully held their place on the ice and caught many an eye with their "chic" skating togs.

Before saying "finis" let us hope that this term will be productive in bringing to our access many of the smart sports it has already introduced to us in the past.

poor. Right here at home, in spite of insufficient audience accommodations, there exists the most practical and useable court of the entire lineup. Chalk another point up for us.

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HOBBY-BUSINESS

(continued from page 1)

He Wasn't Whistling Dixie

"Sorting out the letters contained in a pound of macaroni is the only part of the job that isn't fun," declare Bob and Harry.

Harry, who specializes in the pins you have seen with phone numbers, has his own shop in back of his house. Many evenings and almost every weekend his friends can find him making a name pin, heart, or any other kind of wooden gadget for a Bridgewater student or Taunton friend. His orders are increasing daily and already he has found this hobby to be a fascinating one. Besides his variety of pins, Bob has made and is ready to sell hand-carved plaques. The figures are of pine wood mounted on black walnut and finished with shellac. Some of these he has cut down to pin-size.

They Sell Fast

The pins are very attractive and are selling, as Bruni says, "like hot cakes". A simple hobby — think that it all started with alphabet macaroni!

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