5-25-1945

Campus Comment, May 25, 1945

Bridgewater State Teachers College

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Volume 18
Number 8

Recommended Citation

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Miss Nutter Retires
Engagement Announced

One of our popular faculty members, Miss Dorothy D. Nutter, recently announced her engagement. We shared her happiness on this occasion, but were saddened at the thought of her leaving Bridgewater. In her five years here, an attractive personality and eager generosity have won her many friends.

Miss Nutter was born in Winchester and began her education in their public schools, later obtaining a Bachelor of Science in Education degree at the Massachusetts School of Art in Boston. She first taught in Groton, Maine, then was art teacher and supervisor of public schools in Northbridge, Mass. In 1940 she joined the faculty at B.T.C. She did graduate work in art education at Pennsylvania State College, and earned a Master’s degree at George Peabody College in Nashville, Tenn. Her travels include southern United States and a 1935 tour of Europe.

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ELECTION RETURNS

S. C. A.

President .......................... Elizabeth Sheehan
First Vice-president ............. Arlene Linton
Second Vice-president ........... Lenore Kelly
Treasurer ........................... Virginia Godfrey
Secretary ........................... Grace Sweeney
Dormitory Council

President ......................... Barbara Kane
First Vice-president .......... Edith Matthews
Secretary ..................... Grace Sweeney
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SCA SPRING FORMAL

Twenty-five sailors from the South Weymouth Naval Base and forty soldiers from Camp Edwards were guests of SCA at the annual Spring Formal on May 4, at eight o’clock in the gym. The gym was decorated around a spring motif, and Carole David played the dancing numbers from eight to twelve. Each of the twelve sets of dances was dedicated.

(continued on page 7)

GRADUATION NEARS

Banquet Opens Commencement Weekend Faculty and Students Honor Class of ’45 Baccalaureate, Graduation Exercises June 3

Seventeen Seniors Enter Profession

At present seventeen seniors are placed, with many others merely awaiting a final affirmation.

Those who are definitely placed are: Mary Wegley and Meredith White in Lexington; Hilda Berger, Ann Houghton and Hana Lovett in East Hartford, Connecticut; Jane Cass and Jean Nickell in West Bridgewater; Gertrude Chatterton in Athol; Theda Dutts in Lakeville; Constance Hartwell, Mary Kemp, and Lorraine Porter in Oregon; Louise Lambert in Mashpee; Helen Moir and Anne Reynolds in Attleboro; and Bettina Breene and Shirley Joy in Acushnet.

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(continued on page 8)
Against Compulsory Military Training

One of the most controversial issues of the present is compulsory military training for American youth. We have not as yet been convinced of its virtues.

Compulsory military training is based on a feeling of distrust. If suspicion is universally prevalent how will we ever accomplish anything lasting and worthwhile? If we anticipate and prepare for another war we are certain to have one. It is impossible to keep a shiny new gun placidly on the shelf and not want to pop it off at someone. It will be equally impossible to muster the military strength of a powerful nation and not desire it to prove its mettle against an opponent.

Some educators feel that a military program for youth can be successfully complemented by an extra-forceful curriculum of peace. However, the cohabitation of war and peace is impossible; they are inherently incompatible. How can we teach children the necessity for peace and simultaneously inculcate in them a military spirit? Compulsory military training is diametrically opposed to our-constitutional theory of education. We have never desired federal control or regulation of education; in the guise of national security against foreign aggression. Why not put our hope, our energy and our financial support into educational training for statesmen and diplomats?

Can the ideals of democracy be fostered only in the army? The Springfield plan which has not adopted militarism apparently has made a good start. If the army has originated good teaching procedures why not carry them over into civilian education?

A Farewell Message

As is the custom, this last issue of Campus Comment has been dedicated to the members of the senior class. The graduating class of this year, the class of '45— with some of its members now serving in the Armed Forces of our country— has much to look back on in regard to its four years here in Bridgewater. There have been many crucial moments, rising perhaps from the chaotic world situation around us, yet not once has the hopeful spirit which is Bridgewater's been daunted by those moments. Life has gone on the same. Probably this fact more than any other is what our in-service classmates have been counting on. When they return, they want to return to the Bridgewater they knew; when they see their old classmates, they want to see them as they knew them, and most important of all when they return, they want to resume life in Bridgewater from the very point where they left off.

The seniors of this year are greatly responsible for the spirit which is Bridgewater's, for they as entering freshmen in 1941 caught this spirit and magnified it through their four years here— until it became part of them.

Bequeathing this spirit to the underclassmen, the present seniors leave us to offer to the world a service for which they have trained so diligently and faithfully. May the underclassmen accept this challenge and carry on, in a similar manner, the traditions of the college.

M. E. G.

So Long, Kids!

We hope that our sincerity will compensate for our triteness. It is just an old refrain but Campus Comment wishes the graduates of 1945 the very best of everything—always. We will certainly miss you all, but we know how anxious you are to try your wings. Anyway, it will be just that much more fun to slap you on the back when you return to visit your Alma Mater.

At the same time we would like to thank the Campus Comment staff for their loyalty and efforts throughout the past year. Eleanor Geary has been a grand "boss". We, as her successors, hope to maintain her high standards and tactful leadership.

Our sincere thanks also to Miss Olive Lovett, our faculty advisor, who has helped us over so many of the tough spots, at practically every hour of the day and night.

We will be looking forward to seeing you all next fall. So long! Good luck to our graduates!
Feature Section

INSTITUTION LIFE

Dorm life is one long orgy of eating completely surrounded by women and girls. This theory of continual nourishment is based upon the Epicurean philosophy, that is: Eat, drink and be merry today, for every tomorrow is jeopardized by the possibility of a violent end, caused either by an explosion in the ironing room or by a fire in the smoking room.

Easier to live Alone!

The selection of an appropriate room-mate is vital to the durability of every individual. The ideal room-mate should be generous, tactful, altruistic, industrious, domestic, intelligent, loyal, courageous, and well-stocked with sewing equipment, stamps, Kleenex, food, and a good sense of humor.

In the Arms of Morpheus

Mornings in the dormitory are varied. If you desire to sleep late, you are certain to be awakened at the crack of dawn by considerate friends who insist that brisk morning air, frigid rays of refracted sunlight, and an over turned bed are just what Miss Haggart has ordered. If you would like to rise early you will inevitably snore thru the entire bedlam.

Accidents do Happen

The dormitory is noted for its most infamous features. At the very time you feel like luxuriating in the bath tub for hours, the hot water is sure to be turned off for the evening. When you discover that unlike yest from something triste de suite you will have to wear pajamas to class tomorrow, the irons are all mysteriously out of order. At the very hour of "The Hit Parade" the fuse blows out. When you are desperately hungry, all the food in the dorm will have been consumed—and, to boot, the coke machine will be empty. Just when you are dejected, and aching to fall into your huge, comfortable bed, you will positively find turtles, maggots, grasshoppers, cracker-crumbs and dried vegetation between the sheets.

But who's an Introvert?

When you choose to live in the dorm you irreversibly relinquish all privacy for four long years. Your room is treated to periodical unannounced visits at the very times that it is in its most disgraceful condition. Articles of clothing have a way of suddenly disappearing and later turning up on the persons of your best friends.

(continued on page 4)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Or Didn't You Mind?

When Miss Henderson opened the front door before your date was over... When President Kelly took the "long way home"... When Professor Tyndall "X-rayed" a former student in front of a Sophomore Class... When the nite watchman forgot to whistle before entering the rec room... When Dr. Maxwell saw you as a classic illustration at Mass Meeting... When your garter broke while you were on the stage in chapel... When some soldiers were following you down Grove Street and, trying to act haughty, you fell flat on your face... When the kids on the first floor didn't wake up when you threw stones at their windows, and it kept getting later, and darker, and colder... When Dr. Maxwell broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were caught at the same time you were camped on the same time you were camped... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist... When your housemother flew up the stairs and, trying to act haughty, you were about to be awakened at the crack of dawn... When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade after midafternoon... When "group action" put you on President Kelly's blacklist...

LITTLE THINGS

Although we hear and say it many times, just what is really meant by little things? Could it be the smell of the pine wood forest, or the sound of a brook as it sings?

Or watching the tree's buds bloom forth into flowers.

Or the fresh, salt-tanged breeze on a hot day.

The thrill inside you when you hear yourself sing. Unmindful of the cheer you radiate.

Or the satisfaction of knowing that in some way, regardless of how slight, you have brought joy, or helped a person. Without his having asked your help.

The class sweetness of the air after a summer storm.

The emotional surge sweeping through you.

A certain sentimental song.

There are probably many things that suddenly come to your mind; but, watch for the ones you have mentioned. They are nice little things you will find.

By JANET ALLEN

BRADY'S DINER

for Lunches and Dinners
worth eating

— TRY US —
from the tower

Well, after slogging around this month's verbal garbage, we expect to be handed a one-way ticket to Iceland—last month's reporter is still recovering from a bout with Dr. Maxwell.

Surprise! Surprise! Not Van Johnson, not Dennis Morgan, but Bug Bunny has pulled the votes from our consciousness of cinematic fame. And "Mac", in her efforts to outdo the "Look", almost dissolved a big joint.

Trail in, throw sweet— and all that sort of thing, this month's nominat-
tions for:  
Queen of the May  
Lois Porter, who blows (no, not with Pond's) after each Friday night telephone call.
Marion Moore whose G.I. haircut is guaranteed to floor Kenny.
Whitey and company who are inaugur-
ating a Camp Howe's paper entitled the "Fiddler". Competition, huh?
Russell and Slim Sweeney whose nursing has caused Miss Haggart to fear for her job.
Virginia Shipman who is engaged.
New Campus Society!  
There is a freshman who, we tremble to tell—defines our illustrious Dean and—actually eats her ice-cream by the "push and pull" method. These Frosh are really ingenious people though. One plans to launch a "Kappa Dumba Dance" for all those of below C average. Candidate for president of this new sorority is Sydney, who, after she had read a few lines aloud in class, was asked to explain the paragraph. "Sorry I can't", was the chagrined re-
ply. "I wasn't listening!"
Walking List  
Mothers Day was spent in mourning by Pat Bigelow, whose precious poly-
ways passed away despite the most per-
ate plea for a vic ann extension—look like heaven. Perhaps, after all, You sneak him into the reception

Every year Campus Comment's Board nominates and votes for those members of the senior class who are best quali-
fied to answer to the following superlatives:  

MOST SCHOLARLY . . . CLYDE BEZANSON  
MOST ARTISTIC . . . MARTHA VICKERY  
MOST MUSICAL . . . MARY KREMP  
MOST ATHLETIC . . . DOROTHY MORTON  
MOST DRAMATIC . . . ROSE BATES  
MOST VERSATILE . . . MARY SULLIVAN  
MOST DEPENDABLE . . . HELEN MOIR  
MOST LITERARY . . . DOROTHY WELLS

Torch Bearers  
Oulette and Hummell have been ap-
pointed official candle lighters for Senior Serenade.

As we come to the end of this column—to accept apologies for the lack of literary lucubrations and poly-
nykalic profundities, and after all aren't we a little perspicacious in think-
ing that all you want anyway is a hooping platter of gossip, warmed up and spiced to taste? See you next year—in Iceland.

The RAMBLIN' WRECK  
Last Minute Flashes  
Leo Rowell has just put in a des-
pense for an official candle lighters for Senior Serenade.

So you can't decide where to go 
Eventually, it seems that he'll pick you up 
and you can't be sure whether he's 
saying that he'll be down townie or that 
he's just married a Pii Islander. Eventu-
ally, it seems that he'll pick you up 
at eight. You can't decide where to go 
because you're not sure that Miss Pope 
will give you a late permission. So, in 
anguished uncertainty you hang up, and 
in a fury of excitement try to 
track down the Dean of Women. 
After an hour of excavation thru vari-
ous layers of worried students you 
finally contact Miss Pope and secure the 
right to stay out until the unheard of 
hour of 1:30.

Not Curiosity  
Eight o'clock arrives. Then it's 8:15. And then, 8:30. By this time the mob in front of the dormitory is begin-
ning to mutter unpleasantly. Your you-
selves have just smoked thru your last 
pack of Ramesses. At last the moment 
arrives, There he is in all of his uni-
formed splendor, gallantly fighting off 
the wolverines! You rush to the door 
and call out cheers of encouragement.

Dormitory life is awful! Is it a de-
liberate cramming of the style of youth; 
it promotes feelings of frustration, mel-
ancholy, and desperation; It makes home 
look like heaven. Perhaps, after all, 
though, it does have a few compensating 
features—cause we'll be coming back!

A Typical BTC Date  
(If You're Lucky Enough To Have One)  
They tell you that HE has called. 
Since you were in class, and no one, 
apparently, has bothered to take the 
message, you spend the rest of the 
afternoon hunched in the telephone 
booth, nervously chewing the phone-
book. After countless false alarms, HIS voice finally croons its goose-flesh 
greeting. It's a rotten connection, tho, 
and you can't be sure whether he's 
saying that he'll be down townie or that 
he's just married a Pii Islander. Eventu-
ally, it seems that he'll pick you up 
at eight. You can't decide where to go 
because you're not sure that Miss Pope 
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in a fury of excitement try to 
track down the Dean of Women. 
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ous layers of worried students you 
finally contact Miss Pope and secure the 
right to stay out until the unheard of 
hour of 1:30.

As Time Goes By  
It seems to you that you made a 
permission slip out hours ago, so you 
finally rush out the front door, and 
run smack into a basket with a woman. 
Introductions concluded, you discover 
that it is exactly 10:30. You are very 
sure of this because you have already 
synchronized your alarm clock with 
your housemother's infallible time-
piece. You now find that you have 
exactly one hour to rush down to the 
Nip and start to analyze the political 
status of the world . . .

(continued on page 5)
FLIGHT INTO FANTASY

New England Conservatism Evident at Opera

"You don't mean to tell me that you're goin' to sit thru three hours of that kind of music?" said the gal sprawled next to me down in the "Rec" room.

"Well it's not just music but acting and dancing—there's lots to look at you know!" I defended.

"Yes, but three hours—I'd rather listen to a baseball game or hear Tommy Dorsey or somethin'!"

Don't Show Your Ignorance!

I checked my half-muttered addictions and decided that hers was a fate to be determined by the Music Appreciation course—if she elected it.

People such as these can be temporarily excused; they know little about music but there is another group who take classical music in small doses like medicine, and consider themselves cultured when, in reality, they are little more than blotting paper, absorbing a concert here, a Symphony there, and never really assimilating any musical fare. One must listen and listen and listen, and suddenly latent receptiveness metamorphses into the realization that one has a soul whose doors are just beginning to open.

A Justification For Culture

I suppose we were accursed of taking an overdose of culture, when the four of us paid out four dollars just to see and hear the opera but oh—such delightful dividends!

We were caught up in a wave of open goers and lurched up flights of stairs which seemed to be winding their way through heaven, and all about was an atmosphere of rush—rush to get to one's seats on time. We could hear the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" but we stopped long enough to enter the lobby, grab a libretto from a student of the conservatory. When finally we reached the top of the stairs; we looked around and saw a sea of expectancy. We stumbled down a red-carpeted aisle and collapsed into hard seats literally and figuratively out of this world!

Applied Knowledge

"Lee," I whispered, "Did you remember the binoculars?"

"No," but shhh—the music's started.

"I'm glad we bring them. And it was so clear and lifting and everything. As you vainly try to sleep (that pink ether is REALLY annoying) you vaguely wonder what your housemother meant when she said something about NOT having signed out... you're sure that you made out that slip... and what in the world will you ever tell the kids tomorrow when they ask you about that POLITICAL discussion?"

SOLITAIRE

Remember how we'd play at cards each day?
You felt so grand because you always won,
And said 'twas but an hour or so of fun;
Then I'd forget the time and let you stay
To gamble all Eternity away.

While I'd lose all before we had begun...

The way I have in everything we've done,
Because I thought I wouldn't have to stay
But later on... you tired... and left the game.
To look about for other kinds of sport;
And, trying with those cards we used to share,
I now can only hope, but never blame;
Too easily you won—the game too short,
And all that's left for me is solitaire.
W.A.A. ACTIVITIES
By HELEN KAZANOVICZ

The annual May W. A. A. playdate and banquet was held on Wednesday afternoon and May 16, 1945. Traditional afternoon activities from 4:15 to 6:00 consisted of a softball game between faculty and students during which the faculty displayed its prowess by trouncing students with a score of 7-1. Early arrivers participated or enjoyed watching several sets of tennis.

Dinner was served in Tillinghast Hall at 6 o'clock. Present W. A. A. members and future board members were distinguished by their white dresses and seating arrangement at special tables.

An informal after-dinner atmosphere was created by singing led by Constance Hartwell, accompanied by Dot Morton. President Louise Reilly began proceedings with a short speech, "Off We Go" in which she reviewed the activities of W. A. A. and expressed her confidence and the ability of the incoming board.

Following President Kelly's speech in which he strongly stated that "Bridgewater Teachers College would have its place in physical education second to none to any school in New England," Miss Lois Decker assisted in the very impressive installation of new officers. These included: Virginia Godfrey, President; Dorothy Brooks, first vice-president; Rita Cossette, second vice-president; Lenore Kelly, Treasurer; Cynthia Jones, assistant treasurer; Marjorie Saxon, corresponding secretary; Mary Kennedy, recording secretary. Last year's officers who also participated in the ceremony were: Helen Whiting, secretary; Dorothy Morton, President; Louise Reilly, President; Lorraine Porter, first vice-president; Dorothy Wells, second vice-president; Constance Kennefick, Financial secretary; Eileen Linton, Hospitality chair; and Constance Hartwell, Decorations chair. The club's annual banquet was held in Tillinghast on May 2. The entertainment consisted of a speech by President Kelly, singing led by Patricia Shorthall, a duet by Agnes Ellison and Helen Sanford, and a talk by Miss Mildred Marsh, president of Massachusetts Association for Childhood Education and principal of Ward School, Newton. The club has applied for membership as a local affiliate of the National Education Association of Massachusetts, Newton. The club has applied for membership as a local affiliate of the National Education Association of Massachusetts, Newton.

From the Bench

By RITA COSSETTE

The weatherman has done his darndest to keep our energetic sports lovers out of practice with his invasion of the doldrums. But, hardy veterans, our sportstes have survived it all.

Field Hockey has held quite an interest between the Taklas and the S. S. S. There were times when our players displayed commendable tendencies, especially when a certain player decided to lie right across the goal line to stop the ball. Another time, in the midst of the game, one of the gals sat down on the field and decided she didn't wish to play. Such fun! Such variety! It is the sport that has everything, including the sun in your eyes. There are certainly some very promising freshmen who seem already to take the cover off the ball—are careful upperclassmen. Also among things of interest are our newly self-imposed bat boys and ball chasers.

Tennis has become increasingly popular. There are very few days that the courts are not occupied—with the exception of rainy ones. The girls have been practicing; some of them mastering skills that have been taught in the Tuesday and Thursday classes. I am also to understand that they have in particular mastered the term "rally"! Thanks to—Robin Hood is well represented on lower campus. Such form, such arm, such finesse, such shots!

The latest fad on Campus is badminton. This roving reporter has spotted many a player having a fast relay with the birdie. With the round-up of these sports, the program for this year will come to an end. From all reports it has been a successful and most enjoyable year. Let's make the next one better! Everyone can help.

The guest speaker, Mr. Joseph McKinney, Director of physical education in Boston public schools, stressed the importance of organized recreation in the development of wholesome personalities and the elimination of juvenile delinquency.

The program was closed by the presentation by Miss Decker of the 4S, S. S. S. S. S. to those few girls who had proved their qualities of service scholarship, stability and sportsmanship for this cherished award. Deserving members were: Helen Moir, Dorothy Morton, Helen Whiting, and Louise Reilly.

The general committee responsible for the success of our banquet were: Chairman, Lorraine Porter; Hospitality, Dorothy Mackinn; Sports Day, Rita Cossette; Programs, Dorothy Brooks; Deconation, Constance Kennefick; Tabley, Dorothy Wells; Tickets, Arleen Linton; and Publicity, Helen Kazanoicz.

SCA SPRING FORMAL

(continued from page 1)

The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. John K. Kelly, Miss Pope, and Mr. and Mrs. Rucker.

Helen Moir was general chairman of the dance with the following committee chairmen:

Advertising, Marie Paul; Entertainment, Dot Morton; Equipment, Marie Henry; Refreshments, Arlene Linton; Clean-up, Virginia MacPherson; Hospitality, Leonore Kelly; Admission, Jane Russell; Decorations, Martha Vickers; Programs, Madeleine Reed; Transportation, Meredith White.

Camp Howes, Hyannis

Host to W.A.A. Board

Thirty-four girls and three faculty members, Miss Decker, Miss Caldwell, and Miss Moriarty, spent the weekend of May 18 at Camp Howes in Hyannis. The purpose of the occasion was to give new and old members of the W. A. A. board, the seniors, and the faculty a chance to relax and enjoy a short time after their splendid work of the year.

The General Chairman of the weekend was Rita Cossette, who was very ably assisted by the faculty members and the W. A. A. president, Louise Reilly. Other chairmen were: Helen Whiting, food (points); Dorothy Morton, entertainment; Regina Murray and Constance Kennefick, Finances; Maude Pratt, papers; Saturday afternoon picnic, Marion Radcliffe; Louise Reilly was responsible for opening the camp.

A varied program of activities was planned, including: games, folk dances, swimming, hiking, softball, track, archery, campfires, and cooking. Not included: 11!

STENGEL'S Inc.
Bridgewater Delicatessen
S. S. PIERCE CO.
PRODUCTS

FRENCH CLUB

As representatives of the club, Laetitia and Gloria Olson attended a meeting on May 5, at Harvard on "Methods for Teaching French." Elections for next year's officers were held on May 7. The installation of them took place at the May 17th meeting.

STUDENT FELLOWSHIP

Officers recently elected for next year include: Mildred Hacking, President, Altona Mann, Vice-President, and Jeanne Pech, Secretary-Treasurer. A cookout was held on May 13, at Mr. Coe's house.

NEWMAN CLUB

Father George Gray of Franklin spoke and showed slides on Dante's "Divine Comedy" at the April 25 meeting.

MINORAH CLUB

Officers for the coming year: President, Jack Herman; Vice-President, Phyllis Claryman; Secretary, Phyllis Werlin; Treasurer, David Weinstein; Program Chairman, Bunny Novick. On Friday evening, May 18, the club had a dinner at the Hi-Da-Way, and then attended Pops.

KINDEGARTEN-PRIMARY CLUB

Miss Ethel Ray, professor at Western Teachers College, Illinois spoke on the "Association for Childhood Education" on April 4. At the April 25 meeting officers were elected as follows: President, Vivian Chaffin, first vice-president, Phyllis Schmidt; second vice-president, Phyllis Claryman; recording secretary, Marion Shapiro, corresponding secretary, Estelle Pottern; and treasurer, Margaret Boffett.

The club's annual banquet was held in Tillinghast on May 2. The entertainment consisted of a speech by President Kelly, singing led by Patricia Shorthall, a duet by Agnes Ellison and Helen Sanford, and a talk by Miss Mildred Marsh, president of Massachusetts Association for Childhood Education and principal of Ward School, Newton.

LIBRARY CLUB

Miss Hill played records of the first volume of "Othello" at the May 3 meeting. Refreshments were served under the direction of Betty McCoy.

CAPITOL THEATRE

Bridgewater Delicatessen Telephone 475-
CAPITOL THEATRE

Whitehall Daily

6:05 - 11 P.M.

ADULTS - 25c

KIDDIES - 12c

ADULTS - 42c

KIDDIES - 12c

At 2 P. M.
HONOR ROLL

In memory of the men of BTC who have given their lives for their country.

Ensign Victor Lewis
Arthur S. Appelbaum
1st Lt. Theodore E. Hansen
Lt. (jg) Milton Paine
Capt. Donald Ross
Raymond Boudreau
Lt. (jg) John A. McNeelander
Lt. (jg) Conrad S. Connor
Fie. Quentin Dunn (missing)
Sgt. Robert E. Connolly

Sgt. Robert Fox, '43, is with Battery A of the Coast Artillery.

1st Lt. Joseph Dzenowagis, '44, recently received the new commission. Serving with the 8th Air Force in the European area. At last report he had completed thirty combat missions and is the holder of the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters.

Ensign Richard B. McMurray, '46, has been assigned to LST-1105 on receiving his commission.

Sgt. James M. Lynch, '43, who has been in No. Africa for the last year and more has been invalided home with a form of arthritis affecting his knee joints particularly. He is receiving treatment at the Camp Edwards General Hospital. His address can be obtained at the Office.

The following V-Mail letter was received by Dr. Arnold:

Lt. S. E. Solmon
O-1144001
U. S. Navy
Italy

Dear Doctor,

I've been writing to those who may have written to me and had their letters returned as "Missing in Action." Well, I do like to make people feel better because I'm now an ex-prisoner-of-war, and on my way home.

I was able to make a break and hike east to the Russians who helped me (and others) on our way. Will try to visit Bridgewater when I'm home and renew acquaintances.

A day after last wrote you I took the opportunity of joining some combat engineers. I really stepped into something.

SAM

This is a letter written to Mr. Huffman:

Sgt. Donald Schupp
31237342: Lt. Col. 3rd Bn
413th Inf. APO 184
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Somewhere in Germany
14 February 1945

Dear Paul:

At present I'm with the Infantry division that is deeper into Germany than any other unit on the Western Front. This German stationery was picked up in the bomb wrecked factory of a German manufacturer on our way through.

I've been thoroughly converted from the American to the Metric Grid system since arriving over here. Since we use a lot of captured German maps or copies made from them, I've had to become proficient in the use of the metric system. German signs and symbols are different from ours in many ways, which is another headache.

Money has been a problem over here. As you move from one country to another your pay is issued in the currency of that particular country. You feel like a paperhanger with an armful of French or Belgian francs or German marks. You really appreciate the quality of American paper money when you are placed in this situation. I've sampled both the wines, cognacs, and brandies. It is held at 11 o'clock in the Horace Mann four oak leaf clusters.

I've been in No. Africa for the last year and more has been invalided home with an armful of French or Belgian francs or German marks. You really appreciate the quality of American paper money when you are placed in this situation. I've sampled both the wines, cognacs, and brandies. It is held at 11 o'clock in the Horace Mann four oak leaf clusters.

This is from a letter received by Vivian Chaffin:

Lt. Robert Clemence - 11067584
A.A.P Weather Service POA
APO 959 c/o PM San Francisco, California

Dear Viv,

I am doing the same work over here that I did in the States. The weather is slightly different in that we have many rain showers all the time...

In my spare time I work on dance committees, correspondence courses, and marionettes. That is the secret of success here... when you are busy time passes rapidly.

Thanks a million for sending me the Campus Comments because they are extremely interesting, especially the letters from the fellows everywhere. By the way, I met Capt. William Foley over here. He is working in the orderly room at APO 953. I believe he is in charge of education (U.S.A.F.) and entertainment for the weather squadron. I see him very often. He sends his regards to all...

Sincerely,

BOB

GRADUATION NEARS--(continued from page 1)

Church of St. Thomas Aquinas with all the senior attending. Reverend Father James Joyce will deliver the sermon. Baccalaureate exercises will be held at 11 o'clock in the Heaven of the Auditorium with Major J. J. Duggan giving the address. The Glee Club will sing "The King of Love My Shepherd Is", "Ave Maria" (Gounod's), "Like As A Hart", "Come, O Creator", "Panis Angelicus" and "Sevenfold Amen". A soprano solo, "The Lord is My Shepherd", will be sung by Constance Hartwell.

Graduation exercises will be held at 2:30. President Kelly will give the oration and the Woodward Saxon will sing "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and "A Celtic Lullaby". After the speaker has addressed the group, the Sextet will sing "Away, Thou Shalt Not Love Me", and "Now Is The Month of Maying". The degrees will be presented by Russell M. Ackerman, Supervisor of Secondary Education in the State of Massachusetts.

At the close of graduation exercises, the whole college will participate in the planting of the Ivy. The freshmen and sophomores will begin the Ivy March, carrying oak branches. They will be followed by the juniores with the dairy chain. All the underclassmen will be dressed in white. After the seniors have taken their places on the steps the Ivy will be planted and the Senior class president, Ann Reynolds, will present the towel to the president of the junior class, Esther Rosenblatt. The exercises will come to an end when the members of the college sing the Alma Mater.

Lt. M. J. Antone 02072613
740 Bann Sqd; USS Bomb Grp.
APO 520; c/o PM, NY, NY

You all remember Mike Antone? Here's bringing a bit of his personality back on campus:

ONE WEEK

Vacation's like a good cigar:
The leaf is long; the end is far.
You settle down beneath an awning.
Smoking thoughtfully and yawning,
Plan the reading long projected,
Correspondence long neglected.
Count the wrongs to be amended,
Dream of great deeds, still intended.
Then, ere inspiration flashes,
Time is up. The rest is ashes.

This is from a letter to Mr. Wood:

Lt. Everett B. Britton O-832780
2038 E. Main St.
Madison, Wisconsin

I'm now working at Trux Field.
Again, I'm in the business of instructing only this time it is officers and not cadets. . . We have an apartment in town which is close to the field and close to the heart of the city itself. This is really a beautiful part of the country.

Well, another graduation is almost here. Gosh, the time goes quick. In 3 more months I'll be drawing longevity pay for 3 years service. It doesn't seem that long.

EVERETT

MISS NUTTER RETIRES--
(continued from page 1)

Miss Nutter and her fiancé, Mr. Frederick W. Cole, plans to be married sometime in the fall and make their home near Boston. We extend every wish for happiness to Miss Nutter, an excellent teacher and a loyal friend.

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