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BIENNAI.

More than three hundred graduates of the Bridgewater Normal School met for their biennial Boston meeting at the Hotel Diplomat, Newbury Street, Saturday, March 24, 1928. After a delicious luncheon capably served by Bridgewater undergraduates, Mr. W. A. Jackson, president of the B. N. S. Alumni Association, made a short address. He said, in opening, that the oldest graduate present was Miss G. I. Young of Wollaston, class of 1868. Mr. Jackson also announced the receipt of several letters of regret. Miss Caroline E. Wiss of Wellesley graduated with the class of 1858, 70 years ago. The next two oldest graduates were Mrs. Mary C. Reynolds, formerly Miss Babcock, and Miss Sarah E. Pratt of Ayer, both of the class of 1869.

Dr. Boyden gave a short address in which he stated that the profession of teaching had reached one of its big milestones. "It is now widely accepted that a teacher must be trained. The teaching profession is now nearing its second milestone—one, that every teacher should have a richer culture than she now has; and, second, that every teacher should have a social efficiency." These characteristics are being developed at Bridgewater.

Mr. Frank W. Wright was appointed as deputy commissioner for Payson Smith, noted the interest that prominent men of history have taken in the Bridgewater Normal School.

The next speaker was Superintendent Scully of Brockton, who told of the interesting work of social efforts being done at the Normal School. He explained the significance of the building and introduced several of the artists who are students at the Massachusetts School of Art.

The chief address of the afternoon was delivered by Prof. J. W. Coombs of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He stressed the importance of historical study and urged the teachers to exercise their powers as citizens and as teachers to impress the importance of citizenship upon the students. He made a strong charge against the American people. It was pointed out that the American people are more interested in baseball than in Presidential elections.

Room 87—Misses Harris and Etonson.

Throughout the afternoon an entertainment was given in the hall on the first floor. The program was as follows:

- Selections by the orchestra.
- Piano solos by Leonce Lamarre.
- Vocal solos by Alice Crossley.
- Trio: Miss Anderson, Dorothy Beesley, Jeanette Whiry, accompanied by Evelyn Blanire.
- Piano solos by Evelyn Blanire.
- Vocal solos by Alice Eteson.
- Duet by Una Hillyer and Josephine Buck.

AN AUTUMN AZURE SKY
not a ripple in the deep sea of blues
Huge disk of gold, casting a sheet of warmth and brightsome glow.

Keen eyes, crisp, invigorating,
Sending fiery burn thru the dulling veils.

Leave of golden, pale green, glints of russet shade,
Some bright, dying in a ray of beauteous splendor.

Others—dull, drab tawny, passion for display.

Trees—
tall, lithe swaying rhythmically dancing to the strains played by the orchestra of wind.

Slender ruggedness revealing subtle perfection of blue
as their garments float to their earthly grave.

Becas Snow.

CHAPEL

Into our auditorium
Each morning we do stray,
And seat ourselves by classes before to start to pray.

At nine-fifteen the bell does ring;
And lo! a bush does fall;
We students then arise and shun,
The choir leading all.

The morning text to us is read;
Drew our hands and pray.
By Dr. Boyden we are led.
How well we start the day!

There follows an announcement Of events that are to come.
Activities and clubs present Programs just full of fun.

Some mornings we all sing with glee
Mondays and Fridays, too.
With voices raised in melody—
Now how could one be blue?

Each Wednesday we receive a treat,
Our principal does talk.
About the things that we will meet
In what 6' of our work.

With program so diversified Our day is well begun.
We recognize with joy and pride An exercise well done.

W. S.

ROOM PLANS

By Dr. Boyden we are led.
Of events that are to come;
With voices raised in melody—
Now how could one be blue?

What do chapel exercises do for the student? Is there a greatest unifying force in the school? Those who were here after the fire realize what is the close bond of chapel. There, lefty "A" and lowly freshman all gather to listen to the words of Scripture and ask God's blessing for the day. There each class has its place, and other classes are doing, and the clubs show phases of their work. There all are privileged to listen to such inspiring lectures as that of Dr. Winship.

In one of his talks to the school, Dr. Boyden gave some very interesting questions for which he would like to receive some written answers. If he receives enough worthy answers, he will discuss them at a future date. Dr. Boyden is trying to reach us and our school, so let us co-operate with him and answer the questions the best of our ability. The answers need not be signed. All questions need not be answered; take the ones that interest you. The questions are as follows:

1. What should be the movements of the school in the coming year?
2. What is the general effect of the chapel programs on the student body?
3. What is the general impression that a speaker would get from the student body?
4. What is the difference between "A" and freshman?
5. Is the class representative plan justifying itself?
6. What is the result of class work?
7. What is the difference between those who have had training and those who have not?
8. How does individual growth manifest itself?
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor-in-Chief ............Alice Taylor
Literary Editor............Margaret Archibald
Society Editor............Bundie Moulton
Business Manager............Helen Fox
Athletic Editor............Lucile Benson
Art Editor............Lylian Echo
Joke Editor............Elise Bunker

A new venture! The school needs a newspaper, or perhaps we can modify that term and say a literary newspaper. After having made unsatisfactory attempts to produce this necessity, the staff finally presents its efforts in this, their first publication. Discouragement was ever so near a number of times, but through determination and co-operation, the staff finally "came through." They only ask that you not be too critical, but help with your praise suggestions on the next publication.

When other schools are viewed, we see how far behind we are with no newspaper. Journalism is the latest study to be added to the curriculum in many schools. Let us all co-operate to bring our school into the rank of those who publish thriving newspapers and magazines. We, who are planning to be teachers, especially think of us who intend to teach English, may have to manage or supervise a junior high school or senior high school newspaper when you— or we—are training.

REQUISITES IN PACE
Mary had a neurone-path
That never had been blocked,
And everywhere that Mary went,
There is not a student in school
despite all apparent neglect.
There is not a student in school
That never had been blocked,
Though it is not.

Red ink may also masquerade for something else. I have known a teacher to be sympathetic over a cut finger which was really a finger swathed in a bandage daubed with just a little red ink to give a good effect. "If you are, perchance, addicted to the use of red ink, remember that you are not the only one who has a knowledge of its values." Helen Barry.

A WILD WEST RODEO
Most of us nourish a secret longing for adventure. A few native individuals openly acknowledge their thirst for thrills; they read current fiction and visit cinema houses to satiate their desire. But the great majority rather cloak this purely human craving as though it were a skeleton in the family closet. As a dispenser of literature in a hickmg town, I keep track of what my pupils read. It brings me that Sunday afternoon, as I am in a position to know just about how many individuals in my community peruse Zane Grey, Wm. McLeod Raine, and Stewart Edward White. I had always felt the dignity of my position demanded a great deal from me. I considered myself a sort of female guardian of reading. Still I clandestinely liked Western fiction. I sternly forbade myself to unravel these exciting yarns. I warned myself that they were a waste of valuable time. I repeated, parrot-like, that they were plebeian in taste, far below my notions. Endlessly, I commanded myself to have nothing to do with such trashy literature. Ink, without doubt, the ink significant of the teacher's trade, both in school and after graduation. This red ink bottle is a very faithful friend just about the time notebook books are due. A little rouge, in the form of red ink, does much to liven up an otherwise dull and lean notebook. Red ink has come to us as well as decorative powers. A project hurriedly done at the last moment may be attractively trimmed with red ink. It would seem as though the red ink, being brighter than the blue, directs the eye away from the faults of the student and causes mistakes to be overlooked.

The red ink blufl is like the measles which almost everyone has had. A "book dressed up" in red ink does look neat and carefully done, although it is not.

Red ink has other uses not so attractive to the student, however. These are the uses the normal school student makes of it when teaching, and the uses other teachers make of it. Teachers always seem to have bottomless red ink bottles. They seem to think it makes attractive trimming. Of course the student is supposed to believe these little red ink marks are for his own good. Red ink is also the obvious ink to use in writing remarks, as they seem so much more caustic in red.

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The rodeo was held on a private ranch opened for that great event. The long, low ranch-house sprawled beneath the protecting hills. The sun glittered on its grey stucco walls tingling its drabness until it seemed a fairy palace. To the right, backed against the hills, a grandstand had been erected. This was filled with spectators. I had no desire to watch from my seat as yet. Time enough for that later when the exhibitions started. I must walk among the crowds and drink in all this excitement. I never expect to see so many cowboys. One could not turn her head without seeing a huge cowpuncher. They were superb actors, dressed for their part, in their "ten-sallon" hats, ga! kerchiefs, brilliant shirts, waistcoats, and bare legs. Someone has said, "Cowpunchers live hard and die young." This may or may not be true, but they at least live their lifetime. I observed a rollicking happiness among them. They stroiled in groups of two or three. They laughed and smoked heartily and were a waste of valuable time. I repeated, parrot-like, that they were plebeian in taste, far below my notions. Endlessly, I commanded myself to have nothing to do with such trashy literature. Ink, without doubt, the ink significant of the teacher's trade, both in school and after graduation. This red ink bottle is a very faithful friend just about the time notebook books are due. A little rouge, in the form of red ink, does much to liven up an otherwise dull and lean notebook. Red ink has come to us as well as decorative powers. A project hurriedly done at the last moment may be attractively trimmed with red ink. It would seem as though the red ink, being brighter than the blue, directs the eye away from the faults of the student and causes mistakes to be overlooked.

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THE MEADOWLARK
His real name is Top-o-the-morning. We call him Tony for short; he sings us awake every morning. Out in the green meadow lot.
Way out in the highest tree-tops, he sings us his cheery song. His yellow breast has a patch of black. And his bill is sharp and long.
His wife has a nest in the grasses. To her he is singing his song. He's here, now he's there, now he's way over there, he flitters around his mid day long. Barbara Nash, Grade VI.

THE FRIGHTENED CHILD
One very fine day in spring little Bobby Brown went over to the old vacant lot to see what he could discover. As he was walking along he saw a dragon-fly on a log. Bobby thought that such a fly did not do any good in the world, so he killed it with a stone. The father of the child drag-on-fly saw Bobby kill him. He went to Bobby and stung him on the back. Bobby started to cry and his mother heard him.

"Come here, Bobby dear, and let me see what is the matter," said his mother. Bobby went to his mother and replied, "Mother dear, I killed a dragon-fly and another one came and stung me."

"Well, I hope this will teach you to leave dumb animals alone next time," said Mr. Nash. Albert Rodgson, Grade VI.

"LOST"
The collie dogs Jack and Bob were sensing a blizzard. The shepherd set his tent, made a fire and let the dogs watch the sheep. The wind raged and raged. In the morning it was still snowing hard. The shepherd got up from his sleep and made a fresh fire and cooked his breakfast. He put a fur-lined coat on his back and put on a pair of snowshoes. He hunted a day to find the sheep, but could not find them. Pretty soon he heard a dog's bark and found Bob running toward him. He followed Bob and found the sheep safe and sound in a valley. Homer Talley, Grade VI.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES
Gr. I. (Miss Stuart) — Miss Peterson fixed some little logs. We built a log cabin. Would you like to build it?

Gr. II. (Miss Allen) — We have begun to study about Holland. Eleanor Hackwell brought two pictures about Holland. Her mother got them when she was visiting there. We have pot of tulips. They make us think of the Dutch people. — Richard.

Gr. III. (Miss Brayle) — We are trying to have a hot cereal every morning. If we have a hot cereal we get a star. If we get twenty-four stars we belong to the H. C. B. Club. — Betty.

Gr. IV. (Miss Borchers) — We have a bulletin board about spring. On it we have hung two poems and a picture. We are making poems about spring. — Virginia.

Gr. IV. (Miss Sleeper) — We are studying about Japan and like it very much. We have a real picture drawn by a Japanese man. He walks very fast. We are working for self control and courtesy. The Japanese people show both of these. — Bronislaw.

Gr. V. (Miss Bennett) — Our Out-of-Doors Club is watching where the sun rises and where it sets because and calmer. This last was terminated by a sharp "click," and then the sound began again. I tried to calm myself by using Cooze. "Every minute in every way I am getting calmer and calmer." It seemed to work until that dreadful "click," which each time sent me into spasms of fear.

Suddenly, just as I was beginning to feel more composed, the door opened with a jerk, and a woman slowly and majestically walked out, put on her hat and coat, and departed, leaving me to my doom without even a glance of pity.

"Next?" howled a masculine voice from the inner sanctum, and, trembling all over, I arose and went into that room to have my graduation picture taken. — Marjorie Shaw.

AN APPEAL
"This is my own, my native land," says the son of the forest. "Save the forests," is the Red Man's appeal. How little we Americans realize how the Red Man loves his forests; yes, his forests. We white people may have a document stating that a certain piece of land is ours, but it is the Red Man who really owns it. He loves the remaining forests and in his heart he thinks, "This is my own, my native land." Every Indian alive today appeals to the white men of America to save his inheritance, the forests.

It is up to us, the future teachers, to answer the Red Man's appeal and help save the forests which every next has loved and has written about. Did not Joyce Kilmer tell what he thinks of a tree? It is the responsibility of normal teachers who will soon be teachers to make the coming genera-
tions realize that "Only God can make a tree." If Longfellow were living today, I wonder if he would write, "This is the forest primeval!"

Have not the roaring waters of the Mississippi alone given warning enough to great America to wake up and listen to the Red Man's appeal? Cooperation is needed to solve this big problem of forest conservation and reforestation. We have procrastinated too long now; it is time that every man, woman and child be alert and eager to save his country from further destruction.

Have not the black stumps issued their warning? The red oak and maple stand out, money or power. Theirs is a lesson to us. The Japanese poets have an appeal in their haiku. It was written by the Red Man, which the poets, which the Mississippi River, and which the black stumps try to impress upon us, "Save the forests of America!"

Madoi Cogswell.

"JALNA"
Mazo de la Roche

"Jalna" was written by Mazo de la Roche and published in 1927. It is a novel chosen from eleven hundred manuscripts entered by writers in all parts of the world, that won the Atlantic Monthly prize of $10,000. It is an excellent family study with its setting in Canada. Phillip Whiitook and his wife Adeline (who in the story are California born) go to Canada from India, where they had found the life of a British military station impossible for them any longer. They purchased an estate in the wilderness, they built a red brick house in the midst of an imitation English park. They named it Jalna in sentimental memory of the station in India where they met and fell in love. At the time of this story, Adeline, her husband long dead, is an indomitable old woman who sways her household over every detail.

Carolyn has brought us in a large pair of snows. -. Lena, five days. - Armand, teachers to make the coming generation appreciative of their forests, to appreciate the Red Man who really owns it.

We will not be satisfied until every man, woman and child is interested in the Red Man who really owns it. We will not be satisfied until every man, woman and child is happy about the Red Man who really owns it. We will not be satisfied until every man, woman and child is willing to do their part in saving the forests of America.

We are working for self control and courtesy. The Japanese people show both of these. — Bronislaw.
thief, and a bad boy at times, but he certainly has a line of talk and is very brilliant.

During the story Eden makes love to Pier's wife, Pheasant, and is discovered. He leaves Alayne alone, but she and Renny have fallen desperately in love; so she is as happy as ever. The story of Pier's adventures is made happy again and the book ends with the celebration of Gran's hundredth birthday. Set against a background of mixed civilization and wilderness, the members of the family are painted in a very good, clear picture by Miss de la Roche with strokes of much vigor and clearness.

One critic says, "It is a narrative of conflicting eccentricities, Where these strange personalities exaggerate their characteristics like European weeds let loose in virgin soil. Jalta is not a pleasant book—dealing with the passionate vigor of a strong race set free and blasting like machinery uncontrolled—but it is a vivid and vigorous one, in which instincts, prejudices, and passions break through a thin surface and there are no tame concealments."

Another critic says, "The members of this family—from little Wakefield, precocious in the instinctive wiles and appetites of childhood, through Renny, the present master of its ouarrelsome but cohesive clan, to the old grandmother, dotting, tyrannizing, and ambitious to round out a full century of avid life—are painted in delightfully clear, exact, and vigorous pictures by Miss de la Roche. The author's mastery of the psychology, the conflict, the instincts of the little clan, has resulted in a fascinating book. Miss de la Roche is relentless in her portrayal of all of the personae of her book; some are engaging, some ugly, and some eccentric. The author's sense of humor is at all times alert, and her most intense scenes are triumphantly founded upon the substantial basis of humor and vitality."

A. T.

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" Richard Halliburton

I enjoyed "The Royal Road to Romance" by Richard Halliburton so much that I eagerly awaited his second book, and I was not disappointed when it came.

"The Glorious Adventure" (a wholly appropriate title) is the story of Ulysses, revised and retold in the modern manner. Richard Halliburton was graduated from college in 1926, and with a friend decided to visit the world in a vagabond sort of way. His account of his journey gained immediate success, and so he has written a second book which already rivals the first in popularity. This second volume tells of Halliburton's adventures in attempting to follow the route set by Ulysses, thousands of years ago. He succeeded in going everywhere but to "Hall" where, as you no doubt remember, Ulysses was entertained. Halliburton is a romantic and adventurous fellow and he writes in a most interesting manner. One of the best parts of the book is his account of his swim across the Hellespont, that treacherous river where, nightly, Leander swam to his love, Helen. Mr. Halliburton tells us whimsically of his "almost" love-affair with a girl who turned out to be married and, although we like the girl, we are rather glad that he is still free to go on living more "glorious adventures". In "The Glorious Adventure" there is a little more ego and a little less of geography and description than in his first book, but if one is at all romantic or interested in foreign lands and strange things he would certainly enjoy it.

Halliburton opens with a quotation from the Iliad which is in itself an inspiration, and makes one feel that he too would like to have a "glorious adventure". "Come, my friends, let's not too late to see a newer world. Push off and sitting well in order, smile!

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset—"I die To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." L. B.

THE GRADUATES' POINT OF VIEW

On all sides now a graduate is hearing the envious cries of the freshman. "Oh, what wouldn't I give to be a senior, and "How do you feel now that you are graduating?" For the supreme ambition of the freshman is to become a member of the so-called privileged class; to be able to sit in front in chapel; to attend meetings in chapel (making the class period shorter); to be first in events. But when one attains the position of graduate, how different it is from the freshman's condition! The graduate does not sit on a throne and smile down at the freshman. No, the graduate has notebooks, themes, projects, references, and committee meetings to think of.

When she does think of herself as a graduate, she does not think of herself as privileged. What she thinks of are the wonderful years she has had at Normal and how she would like to be at the beginning once more. Take warning, freshmen; take each day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the hand can grasp. Even then your days at Normal will be over too soon and you will join the ranks of those who are leaving.

Sophie Marentz.

"Only fools are certain, James, wise men hesitate." Halliburton tells us. "Are you sure, teacher?" "Yes, certain of it." (Borrowed.)

TWO DELEGATES GO TO PRESS CONFERENCE AT COLUMBIA

Miss Margaret Archibald, literary editor of this publication, and Miss Alice Taylor, editor-in-chief of this publication and assistant editor of Normal Offering, enjoyed a very pleasant and beneficial trip to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association conference, held in New York City at Columbia University, March 9 and 10. The delegates heard Mr. Hawkes, the dean of Columbia; Dr. Finley of the "New York Times"; Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, associate editor of the "New Statesman," London; Professor Donald Clark, Dr. Frostwoll, and many other notable men, as well as our beloved Mr. "Joe" Murphy, a former graduate of this school, who told tales of foreign lands as our beloved Mr. "Joe" Murphy, a former graduate of this school, who told tales of foreign lands, to "Hell" where, as you no longer bored Bill.


"Thaarrite." (Borrowed.)

"Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill. So that Bill sold the billboard. To pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard. To pay his board bill. The board bill. No longer bored Bill."

Naturally

She stepped out boldly into the street, No rubber covered her tiny feet, No umbrella had she—nor a coat, Her new spring hat—well, you just note, For be it from her to start complaining, She didn't get wet—It wasn't raining.