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ALUMNI WEEK-END

The Annual Alumni Week-end of the Bridgewater Normal School is to be held during the week-end of November 16 and every member of the alumni group is urged to attend.

An interesting and extensive program has been planned. On Friday evening, November 16, the Dramatic Club presents, "A Prince There Was," a very amusing and well-directed comedy.

On Saturday morning Miss Beal will conduct a teacher's conference to help those who graduated last June to solve any problems that they may have encountered.

Later, sectional conferences for various grades will be held, and the teaching of different subjects in the Training School will be demonstrated.

Many interesting factors concerning classroom activities will be discussed. The afternoon, there will be a hockey game between the All-Senior and the Alumnae. The students will be intensely interested in everyone the Alumnae were victorious last year. This game will give the athletes of the alumnae a chance to show how Bridgewater Normal School girls that their skill in playing hockey has not deteriorated since their advent into the professional world.

The hockey game will be followed by an informal dance and tea in the gymnasium.

We most sincerely hope that all alumni will be present at this conference which is to be held for their advantage.

AN ACCOUNT OF BOOK WEEK IN THE MANNER OF SAMUEL PEPYS

November 12

On this day to the library to see this much discussed Book Week exhibition. On attractive display did find many volumes new and old, plain and handsome, gay and dull, thick and thin, erudite and light, and all most interesting. Because grown-ups and little tots must ever live in unfamiliar worlds the books most wisely were separated. In the center of the library proper were placed the

grown-up books and in the room to the right did find them by book shelf and those a wee bit older. How then to divide my time? I fell to thinking long and seriously. With the New Library transformed into a Book Shop for four days; made into a Book Shop especially to browse in, how best plan to see everything? After much contemplation this presented itself as the finest itinerary for exploration. On this day, the first of the exhibits, to devote an hour at least to "doing" the children's books. On the morrow I resolved to see the fiction and the remaining two days to divide among the fields of biography, history, poetry, drama, and travel.

And so for the children's books. What a find for small persons! All the old, old friends—"Mother Goose", "Child's Garden of Verses", "The Lonesome Doll", "Little Women", "Heidi", and "Robin Hood". And not to forget all the new books written for the children themselves—"The Wonderful Locomotive", "As I Lay Dying", "The Picture Book of Travel", and "Magpie Lane".

Solitude and the display of so many choice books stimulates meditation on the literature of which, many of the finest in man is moulded by his reading associations. Wherefore this true is seen in the frequency that great minds pay tribute to the spiritual value of the best in writing. Sire Bacon learnedly put it, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be analysed, others to be digested".

What then of the book with which we doth labor the child? What giveth it eternal appeal? How is it that we can reread at ripe old age a few children's books and still respond to them? The lasting qualities of literary merit, human appeal, real children or real persons in a real situation, a charm of style, the joy of well-executed illustrations, determine the longevity of a juvenile book.

Little persons like poetry. I do believe nothing can be more delightful than "A Child's Garden of Verses". Tour children can never dull these verses spellbinding the joys and sorrows of all childhood. A beautiful edition of this was found in The Elms of The Bridge did achieve a

notable work in his illustrations of this classic. For the poem "Land of Counterpane" he has done a vivid picture of the pale thin child patient, sending his fleets up and down the precipices of his snow-white sheet.

An hour then in the children's room to view fiction old and new. A novel is a treasure—flash and blood people living within the covers of a book, ink, their blood and an author's projection. Such an attractive array of books. To start with I found "Pride and Prejudice", an exquisite edition, small, convenient, bound in gray linen tinted with purple. "Bambi", was published there; the book which has aroused much discussion. And also I was present "Swan Song", the last of the Forsyte Saga. The Saga series are bound in a uniform edition, purple with gilt lettering, making an attractive set for any library. "Hansel" by A. Hamilton Gibbs proved to be a most stimulating book. In these days, with women pushing to the fore in politics and industry, the matter of a career for married women is a grave question. Katherine, Mary Mitchell, Margaret Griffin, and Dorothy Dinegan.

And the last peep is taken, tables pushed back in place, all traces of Book Week removed. So the past claims Book Week. And home to think of books and men who write them! Dorcas Snow, Class A.

WOODBARD DORMITORY HOLDS OPEN HOUSE

The girls of Woodward dormitory entertained their parents and friends Sunday afternoon, November 14. It has become an annual fall event to have the rooms open for inspection.

In spite of the lowering weather a great many guests took advantage of the opportunity to visit the rooms in the dormitory. They were welcomed by Miss S. Elizabeth Tate, Dean of Women, who was assisted by the hostesses, who were the Misses Ruth Mitchell, Katherine Packard, Sue Phillips, Margaret Griffin, Mary Anderson, Evelyn Blaisdile, Evelyn Lindquist, and Dorothy Dinegan.

The entrance to the dormitory was artistically arranged with ferns and gay-colored plants. The decoration committee, working with Miss Uma Hilliker, consisted of the Misses Helen Nelson, Ruth Fall, Rita Hook- emberry, and Catherine Wilson.

All guests were urged to register in the book provided for that purpose. The permanent copies of the house guest-book have not been completed, but will be the worthwhile project of an advanced art student.

The rooms looked most inviting...
with their shaded lamps and colorful decorations on such a dreary afternoon. All guests expressed pride and pleasure in the varieties of arrangement in the buildings, though so nearly alike in contour, showed a wide range in decoration, thus exhibiting the personalities of their possessors.

The school building was opened for the visitors by Mr. Kelly, who was assisted by some of the girls of the school. Inspection of the library and classrooms was aided by the Misses Madeley French, Marjorie Shaw, Esther Mechlovsky, and Lucy Brown.

This was one of the most successful events that Woodward has held. In spite of the many guests in the building an air of quietness and intense interest prevailed. The benefits, both to the guests and to the girls, make this an event well worth having each year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT NORMAL SCHOOL FIRE

The fourth anniversary of the Normal School fire is fast approaching. The present A class, soon to graduate, is the only class now in school to have memories of that memorable year among the so-called CAT-A-COMBS of Woodward Hall. Even the A class has no idea of the fire itself, and to the underclassmen the story of the great fire is becoming a tradition. As I had the good fortune and misfortune to be present at this great event, I am often urged to "tell us what it was really like."

On a cold bitter morning in January 1925, dormitory students and townspeople were awakened by the violent blowing of the fire alarm, as well as by the ghtly glow in the sky, and the cracking of flying particles as they hit against the houses. As fires were usually a forbidden form of entertainment to me, I was one of the first to arrive at the scene, for this time there was no one to keep me home, because everyone was going. As we made our way down the street, walking backwards most of the way to keep the smoke out of our eyes, I recall seeing one of the town's most dignified citizens, clad in a raincoat, perched on top of his roof with a bucketfull of water which he was using in no sparing quantity upon every spark which came his way. As we crossed the campus, we had great difficulty in dodging sparks and flying cinders. The wind was west, and the campus was a bed of burning and smoldering material. Later, cinders and charcoal were found more than half a mile from the school.

Such a crowd as gathered in the first half hour was standing silent and terrified. There was no need for police to keep the crowd back. It was so hot that even the windows in Woodward Hall were uncomfortable to touch against.

Lucille Benson, Class A.

MY TRIP ABROAD

An Interview

On June 29, 1928, Miss Frill Beckwith, with a group of art students, sailed from Montreal on the Cunard "Paris", the centennial art congress through several European countries.

"From the very beginning we encountered one thrill after another," said Miss Beckwith. "To begin with, we were forced to stop for forty-eight hours in the river because of large ice-bergs which made the way impassable. Such beautiful scenes as the sun reflecting on the ice made it even more exciting to be surrounded by huge hags that made progress impossible.

"On the way across, we heard a series of art lectures by four men. One of them was an officer of the Royal Air Force. He explained that the war had been a personal friend of all."

"However, at Hildersheim, my own paper reporters arrived, and we got the realization that we were welcomed by the city authorities and feted by the American ambassador.

"At each meeting of the Congress there were representatives from every country on the platform. They spoke in their own language on a common topic, and their words were translated for us by an interpreter.

We were thrilled to hear words of welcome by an eighty-five year old Frenchman, followed by our own calm and lovely Mr. Farnum.

"During the entire trip there was absolute happiness among the one hundred and eighty-five members of our party. I think this was due to our leader, Dr. Bailey, a true master of all arts, especially the art of living."

Dorothy Tribou, Class A.

"CAMPUS COMMENT" BOARD

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WILL THE SCHOOL SUPPORT A PAPER?

When the project of CAMPUS COMMENT was first started this year, there seemed to be enough enthusiasm in the student body to warrant a continuation of our plans.

Was this just noisy enthusiasm and not of the co-operative sort? It would seem so. The staff, with the untiring help of our faculty adviser, Miss Lovett, has worked hard to get out a paper worthy of Bridgewater standards.

So far there has been little aid from the students. The subscription campaign fell far below our expectations, and when the call was made for material there was practically none passed in by students at large.

Now, I know, and you know that there is talent in this school. Surely Bridgewater Normal is not below other schools in this respect. Get busy, save up your pennies for sub-

CAMPUS COMMENT
scriptions, and also try your hand at writing. Do not wait for your teachers to assign stories, poems, and articles, but write freely and voluntarily. That is the spirit we want, and I feel sure we will get it for the next issue. It is up to you personally.

The faculty and students of Bridgewater Normal School certainly take great pleasure in welcoming our three new additions to the faculty. We hope Miss Cowdell, Miss Dennis-ton, and Miss McEachran like Bridgewater, and will stay with us for a long time.

ALUMNI NOTES

The following are the students of Class A '28 who have let us know where they are situated this year.

- Helen Sellar Leyland, Framingham, Mass.
- Lyta Gertrude Nims, Morristown, N. J.
- Mabel Frances Pratt, Framingham, Mass.
- Alfreda Osborne Mashinyn Ritchie, Fallhaven, Mass.
- Blanche Carrington Cutler, Berkshire, Mass.
- Mary Dorothy Bail', Cambridge, Mass.
- Albert Gerald Kelley, Brookfield, Mass.
- Clara Mary Almstead, Medford, Mass.
- Mary Dorothy Bair, Quincy, Mass.
- Ruth Parker Boehmer, North Brookfield, Mass.
- Marion Bottomley, Quincy, Mass.
- Marion Louise Brine, Greenwich Village, Mass.
- Frances May Bryant, Medford, Mass.
- Beatrice Elena Cooke, Marion, Mass.
- Blanche Carrington Cotter, Quincy, Mass.
- Wilma Claire Dey, Fall River, Mass.
- Margaret Estelle Dunham, Fairhaven, Mass.
- Mildred Wilhelmina Flynn, She's Preparatory School, Fall River, Mass.
- Alice May Fogg, Haverhill, Mass.
- Veronica Lillian Freeman, Bridgewater, Mass.
- Eleanor Wilson Gomeley, Quincy, Mass.
- Kathaleen Rose Kelleher, North Easton, Mass.
- Helen Stellay Leyland, Malden, Mass.
- Marion Morse, Framingham, Mass.

FOR her loved one, Su Li. Lot's footstep is heard, Wearily, she turns her head. To greet Sen Lu, her father. His eyes show pity only. For he knows that Chi Lu. Will in the future be ever alone. Madelyn French, Class A.

DIALECTIC METHOD AS USED IN CLASS "A"

A's, where is your recreation? In our imagination—
A's, what's your avocation? Research and excavation—
A's, why are you lazy, And your work a little hazy? A's, why don't you analyze and use your dictionary?
Not those one by one, But those that weigh a ton.
A's, what is your projection on this school?
A's, do you get the point in Schorling and Clark?
A's, do you know how to lower the pressure?
With all these questions thrown at her—
A asks herself one further, Why don't you take your ten o'clock permission every week?

I HAVE A GENTLE SIGH

"Lovely were the flowers, the tranquil breeze. Extended far, down to the swaying trees, With breath luxuriant. The orioles fluttered around, and in those swaying trees, In happiness collected—until their pleasant notes Came to me in richest melody—"

Then back along the road, my lonely but Once more, I seek. The door, to welcome you, Is always open now. Yet my beloved You do not come this way, I watch, and strain my eyes. When, dear heart, will you come? Straightway ask—
Sad and lonely I have a gentle sigh. A Wood, Class A.

CLOUDS

Clouds at sunset—glowing and red How my heart thrills at the wonderful sight!
Clouds before a thunder-storm—dark and threatening How mighty and powerful they seem?
Clouds on a summer's day—sleazy and white How carefree they seem gliding along silently through the blue dome of heaven!
Clouds on a winter's day—swift and fleet. How they seem to reflect the whiteness of the snow beneath! Esther Rydgren, Junior I.

LIFE

At the casement window Stands Chi Lu, Her eyes vainly search the windsing road

For her loved one, Su Li. Lot's footstep is heard, Wearily, she turns her head. To greet Sen Lu, her father. His eyes show pity only. For he knows that Chi Lu. Will in the future be ever alone. Madelyn French, Class A.

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

I've toggled around a lot
Of old-fashioned superstitions, I've believed things that were not
Helpful to my ambitions. Feeling has made me speak
Words I never should have spoken large
Bigotry has kept me weak
In bonds I might have broken.

Many prejudices I've Clung to, and out of season, Proudly keeping them: alive For so profitable a reason, I've wilfully been blind
To my rival's merit. My delusions are the kind
That many men inherit.

Helen Sellar Leyland, Framingham, Mass.
Lya Gertrude Nims, Morristown, N. J.
Mabel Frances Pratt, Framingham, Mass.
Alfreda Osborne Mashinyn Ritchie, Fallhaven, Mass.
Alice Gorman Roach, Emerson College, Josephine Shaw, Medford, Mass.
Blanche Carrington Cutler, Berkshire, Mass.
Mary Dorothy Bail', Cambridge, Mass.
Albert Gerald Kelley, Brookfield, Mass.
Robert Francis Shea, North Brookfield, Mass.
Clara Mary Almstead, Medford, Mass.
Mary Dorothy Bair, Quincy, Mass.
Ruth Parker Boehmer, North Brookfield, Mass.
Marion Bottomley, Quincy, Mass.
Marion Louise Brine, Greenwich Village, Mass.
Frances May Bryant, Medford, Mass.
Beatrice Elena Cooke, Marion, Mass.
Blanche Carrington Cotter, Quincy, Mass.
Wilma Claire Dey, Fall River, Mass.
Margaret Estelle Dunham, Fairhaven, Mass.
Mildred Wilhelmina Flynn, She's Preparatory School, Fall River, Mass.
Alice May Fogg, Haverhill, Mass.
Veronica Lillian Freeman, Bridgewater, Mass.
Eleanor Wilson Gomeley, Quincy, Mass.
Kathaleen Rose Kelleher, North Easton, Mass.
Helen Stellay Leyland, Malden, Mass.
Marion Morse, Framingham, Mass.

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Helpful to my ambitions. Feeling has made me speak
Words I never should have spoken large
Bigotry has kept me weak
In bonds I might have broken.

Many prejudices I've Clung to, and out of season, Proudly keeping them: alive For so profitable a reason, I've wilfully been blind
To my rival's merit. My delusions are the kind
That many men inherit.

I have hated other men
For the luck that brought them pleasure.
And withheld my friendship when
It's been earned in fullest measure.
Maybe I'll be wise enough.
Some day, to judge others fairly,
Casting from my mind such stuff
As men cast away too rarely.

Through a lot of dismal years,
I've let myself be worried
By suspicions and by fears
That might better have been buried.
Maybe I shall cease sometime
To be jealous and self-cheated,
What a MAN I'll be then.
Neither biased nor concealed.
James A. Beckwith, Class A.

SPORTS

Hockey

The freshmen of Bridgewater Normal School had the opportunity of watching "the grand old seniors", or members of Class A, in an exhibition hockey game against the C Class when the hockey season officially opened on the campus September 34. The purpose of the exhibition game was to give the freshmen an insight of the game, and to see in actual demonstration the meaning of "team play." Credit should be reflected on both teams, considering that this was their first attempt at hockey this season. The game ended in a scoreless tie, but everyone who saw the game witnessed a fast, clean game, replete with thrills, and was satisfied with the outcome of the game.

The schedule for practices and games was arranged by Helen Law, head of hockey, who is in the training school, and is being carried out by the assistant-head of hockey, Sarah Leary. It is interesting to note that this year there are upper-class division hockey teams as well as freshmen teams. There are 12 division teams, which means there are approximately 156 girls participating in this sport. This is in accordance with the aim of W. A. A.—to have as many as possible participate in athletics and to develop an interest that will be lasting. By having a full and varied program it is hoped that each girl will find one sport to her liking and participate in this sport.

Archery

At a recent W. A. A. Board meeting Dorothy Dinegan was elected to take charge of archery. Archery is fast becoming very popular, and daily, groups of girls may be seen on the campus trying their "William Tell" skill. Plans are underway for an archery tournament. If the plans
Our Beloved Engine Room

As one traverses any of the streets from which he may view the various buildings connected with Bridgewater Normal School, he cannot fail to notice a low, brick, one-story structure that quite offensively attaches itself to Normal Hall and just as offensively projects its hideousness out into the broad expanse of green lawn that stretches its beautiful shrubbery-dotted and velvety surface to the limits of the grounds. Above this structure there projects a black and smudged chimney supported by strands of wire that are attached at the corners of the structure.

Every day the chimney sends out clouds of vari-colored, but nevertheless dirty, smoke that hovers in a continual threatening cumulus, often casting an irregular blotch of shadow upon the sun lovers, who, having been fortunate enough to obtain rooms on the most healthful side of the dormitory, pause momentarily, as their steps when they cross the road that quite offensively attaches themselves to the buildings of the school. The book thus becomes their refuge from that of encircling the flag ating, and unnecessary to the composite pleasant enjoyment of normal school life.

The sun-screening clouds in their mercy play have close rivals. On one side of the brick structure there is placed a green iron fixture and two heavy, formidable valves. I will venture to say that not one-fourth of the students that pass daily from the school building to Normal Hall know what it is that causes them to hasten their steps when they cross that part of the campus. The former is a condenser; the latter are steam control valves. At irregular intervals these valves throw out clouds of gray that gather and form in fog like to the walks close by. This, though nothing but amusement that an observer watches at the fair students hurrying by this spot with their heads to one side in order that their morning curl may not be demolished, or that the steam may be prevented from condensing in numerous dewlike globules upon their slicked coiffures, while others, more fortunate than the rest, daintily tos their permanent wave into the cloud of fog, knowing that dampness is quite conducive to the longevity of such electrified beauty. In spite of the vital importance of the annoyance of smoke and steam, these in no way eclipse another noteworthy property of our beloved engine room.

From the depths of this interesting structure there come most peculiar sounds, which combined with the abiotic fluctuations of the steam valves and the perpetual com-tom of the chips-firewooded, makes for the sum total of disturbance of the Normal Hall residents and the complete mystification of unsophisticated visitors. While many of these visitors have made inquiries concerning the noises, I know that the hospitality of Normal Hall has not been large enough, and that many have despised the complete ignorance of the real source of the noises, thinking the while that the innocent inhabitants of Normal Hall must have been really a noisy lot. I have often wondered how the students survived the study hour with such racket prevailing. Upon inquiry I found that to them it is really no worse than the elevated railway in Boston, and after a few months they are so used to it that they can study as unmolested as if they were in the Boston Public Library.

The book seems to have a queer attraction for some people, while others can see nothing in it. One is either overcome by the beauty of the story or else he cares nothing about it and can not see its value.

The bridge of San Luis Rey is the outstanding story among the fiction of 1928.