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HOW TO BECOME A GREAT MAN

It is the easiest thing in the world to become famous. It is the intention of helping my readers to become as famous as Lindberg, Volstead, Walker, or Wrigley that I wrote this classical essay. I give this advice to them free, that posterity may read the story of their lives in the country's histories or perhaps in the country's most comfortable files, and also that their sons may see their footsteps in the sands of the seashore, if they happen to walk there.

To read my formula with profit you must first broadcast to the world that you were born in a log cabin. Great men were born in log cabins. You must not say that you were educated at Harvard, but that you were educat

THE UNDOING OF SIR LOIN STAKE OR ONE KNIGHT IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

Sir Loin Stake was awakened by the hot rays of an August sun. His head was muddled, and he could not but wonder from whence he came, and how he had fallen asleep by the roadside. He looked about him, and saw his horse tied to a tree, and his spear and sword nearby where he had have dropped them. His horse was a magnificent animal with long legs denoting great speed and a well-knitted body, a symbol of great endurance. There was a horseman in the likeness of the horse who had saved him from danger more than once, when he thought it was safer to keep a hasty retreat than to stand and fight. In fact, Sir Loin Stake was a fighter of the poorest caliber.

One thought was uppermost in his mind. He was on the road which led to King Arthur's court. After traveling an hour he came to the gateway of the town. He sat gazing at this beautiful entrance which was known throughout the civilized world as a gift of the gods. Sir Loin, feeling that someone was watching him, looked down and saw an old man leaning on his staff. From him he learned the name of the country's most comfortable jails, and read the story of their lives in the town. He sat gazing at them for me to be present at the conquests. I think the great majority of girls here in this town.

THE RECORDS OF THE GATE

This little piece of literature is not for those with an undeveloped sense of humor. In case a normal sense of humor fails at the crucial moment, however, and the desire to sue becomes the dominant stimulus please exert the response in the direction of the author's maternal parent, as said lady has control of the royal treasury.

To begin with I died a natural death to the disappointment of many people. At the time there was a lovely little clipping in the paper: "Tragic Accident Results in Death" Miss Flannelfeet, well known equestrian, who was thrown from her horse while attempting to rescue her riding companion, died at her home today. She is survived by her parents some uncivil and the other.

When I gave the clipping to Saint Peter, he smiled and said, "Let her fly from Bridgewater to Rockland, presenting Loin to Arthur, Merlin "Please, you see I am waiting for you B's where's those papers that were due last week?"

From that little incident I knew her to be a person who kept her work well checked up and also that she never let a class away with long overdue assignments.

"What is your opinion of the social life in this school?" I asked.

She tapped the desk with a highly tinted set of nails and smoothing her boyish bob, definitely began a most interesting comment.

"I think the great majority of girls here are frigid and course crabbies. They seem to live for nothing but pullings A's and to get that 'Professional Attitude' that seems to be all over the rugs, tho' I fail to understand just what it is. They don't like to enjoy the ordinary pleasures that absorb their contemporaries, and I have literally to fight with them to get any attendance at a social or at sports. And since they won't do that, I'm trying to encourage the boys to bring their cars and take the girls out occasionally. A supper-club is such a stimulating atmosphere, you know."

I was rather astonished at the liberal views of this woman and was even more surprised when she showed me a flashlight picture of herself and a party of chorus girls from the Folies.

"What is your opinion on the late subscription question?"

"Oh, that old joke! Say, if I could only get this gang out I'd lock every door till two A.M. Do you know I can't make them stay out after ten-thirty and if they do get up at 4 P.M. to study, that's not the kind of life they should lead. I think the young girls are being too conscience stricken over the little things and I'm
Editorial

PROGRAM FOR THE EXTINCTION OF CUTFWORMS

Now that spring is coming the freshman gardener will be starting on the "Down With the Cutworm" campaign. Each year the dear little green things start having a banquet on Mr. Stearns' tomato plants. Now Mr. Stearns is a generous man, but he does resent feeding the cutworm army, so he gives his classes the task of finding them and ending their lives.

Being a modern teacher Mr. Stearns accomplishes his aim by the play method. The object of the game is to beat your neighbor at finding the teaching profession needed and emulating their lives. 2. Would you have killed yourself should be used, it will greatly relieve the walks.

3. You would not think me too blue.

4. The only reply we make is "April Fool." How would you have killed yourself if given the chance? OJ

The following answer was received.

"April Fool."—I do not think me too careless, but just who is this Blintz? Shall we inform him?

OUR B. N. S.

There are lots of classes in this school and they all obey the Golden Rule. Our faculty are many and bright and we think they're just right. The campus dogs attach themselves to you.

Group III General Intelligence

1. Would you put water in milk for good measure?

2. Would you steal another fellow's girl if you got the chance?

3. Would you have killed yourself long ago if you had not felt that the teaching profession needed another really good man?

4. Do you intend to return things you borrowed?

Group IV Primary Learnings

1. Have you a suppressed desire to descend stairs by the banister?

2. Do you know your onions, or what have you?

3. Are you ever told to sit on a tack?

4. Do you know what next?

KEY:

1. You are a dumb dora and never should have attempted so difficult a test.

2. You need an alarm clock to awaken you. You show great promise (probably of expulsion). Dogs attach themselves only to tramps. Judge yourself accordingly!

3. We are all out of this size.

4. You hate to waste time walking downtown. You would be a success as an elevator (not as a school teacher). Buy a pair of runners and go out to "See America First."

1-2-3-4 You're all these! Oh, well you don't belong here in Bridgewater.

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS MEN

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Elaine, Algernon C.—Entered this state institution at the age of twenty-one because he was just crazy to go to school. His mental age at that time was two months, twenty-nine days, and thirty and seven eighth minutes. He quickly saw that this would be a great handicap to him so he started to study. Unlike most of us he did not buy Shakespeare, Cicero, etc. but a dictionary: "What's the use of buying all that stuff? Aren't all the words in the dictionary?"

Ford, Joshua.—Worked his way through kindergarten by selling crum·
berries. Before entering normal school, Joshua polished his education by studying at the Sacco in Paris and the Carnegie.

Gonzale, Chiles.—This master of synchrony and asphyxiation got a warm reception when he first came to our school. He walked into the hallway room by mistake. We came near losing him years ago when he went looking for a holt in a gas pipe with a lighted match. As a result he lost the use of his eyes. Up to the present time he has recovered the use of two-thirds of them. Let's hope he doesn't get any more. He's too smart now.

Hill, Benchma, Ben's ancestors were sailors and therefore he is slightly nearsighted. He is very amiable and is as strong as Atlas. If you don't believe it ask him about the time he went shopping. He learns his spending money by selling tents to greedy moths. This boy is bound to get ahead. He needs one.

James, Waymond.—He thinks the "House of Hanover" mentioned in English History is his home sweet home. In England he was known as a religious boy and in school as a holy terror. He was very athletic in high school, playing such games as tiddly-winks, naples, and hopscotch.

Kane, G. Wash.—He was born on Monday, so they call him Wash. This man came from Salem Normal, but some people say he has made him abnormally. He has the degree of P. M. which he got in night school. His home is in Abington and he maintains a summer resident at Titicut.

Kilgrew, Frank A.—He was named after that famous French coin and is worth nineteen cents. His middle name is written on all his report cards. We all expect to see him wander of a jail in the future. He is so fond of the pet monkey that he has turned out in birds and has seventeen cuckoo clocks in his home.

Longmore, Willy.—Blew into town about two and a half years ago with a trumpet under his arm. All the girls hate him; you can tell by the way they talk about him. It is a safe bet to say that he holds the world's record for walks around Campus Pond.

Mantyla, Lordsy.—He wants everyone to know that he is waiting for a guess for his hyperntropia and not for any optical as some glasses have whispered. He comes from Hallow where men are men and women still wear dresses. He is making a name for himself at Bridgewater as he says he is the only one in town which has two hours.

Martin, Ralph Alesia.—Called the big tail man from the Stanley Iron Works. He can tease a violin very well. One of the freshmen asked him if he played by ear. He answered, "No, I have only been taking lessons three years." He goes out for track too, not to study those lower horizons but to get a good education.

O'Connel, Emme.—He's so Irish he wouldn't laugh at a Scotch joke. His favorite holiday is the seventeenth of March and his hobby is decoerting patriotic signs. He would like to be an artist in order to draw attention. Unfortunately he is color blind.

Purdie, Alex.—Scotland in miniature. It is said that he had been born in America in order to have saved the expense of coming over. It is said that when he first saw a vacuum cleaner he tried to play music on it, thinking that it was a zither. In boxing circles he is known as "Kid Dundie" possibly because he is always lying on the floor.

Radney, Josephus.—He knows his sciences better than anyone else in the school. He is, too, an Irishman and his favorite fruit is the potato. He is a mathematics shark and has been known to study those lower horizons for a time. He is a lover of curiosities and in delights watching the students slip into class.

Taylor, Edward "Palface".—He should have been born in Indiana, for the Indian is his weakness now. He is a writing a book on "Indiology" in his own tongue, chiefly for the reason that no one can criticize it. He has omitted from his language the words: woman, firework, and music. He is a mathematician.—He comes from the hottest place in the world, Furnace, Massachusetts. He has a temper like a Miami thermometer—it is liable to be very unpleasant at any time. He is a man in the history of the normal school as a freshman became lost in Bridgewater. He uses so many pencils copying material in the library that the S. P. C. P. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pencils) has entered a protest asking that he go quicker.

Dentist.—Open wider, please, —”

Patient.—A-A-A-A.-

Dentist.—"Inserter rubber gag.

(Continued from page 1)

THE RECORDS OF THE GATE (Continued from page 1)

So many came over and sat besides me on a star to wait. It was but a matter of a few seconds before we saw good old "Rhythm Hand" and Helen Hands floating up on their respective clouds. Nick seemed to be having a little trouble with his rolling and toasting. Helen in her altruistic spirit and gymnastic ability saved him and let him ride up the rest of the way on her cloud.

"God! close call there Pete; now if you had a distributor or two on that place of apparatus it would help."

"Yes, yes, go on wise boy. Did you ever dance in the Albert Gardner Booster gymnasium?"

"Well, right on the off-bounce I'd say yes."

"Off bounce I guess is right. Well, it looks that this cloud going down over there and take a look at the fires."

Helen of course had no trouble getting her point across.

Pretty soon along came Professor O. Howe Wise (Harry Kane) and the equally great Fog Belcher—in his right attitude at last.

"Well, this is indeed a pleasure," remarked Saint Peter.

"Mutual I assure you," replied Fog. "Right again, Charlie. That is the second time this week," remarked Harry. "Say Saint Peter have you heard that one about the travelling salesman?"

"Many salesmen travel from this point, Mr. Kane. Now you can tell me whether or not your ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said Saint Peter. "They had their own boat, thank you."

"Interesting! Well, now let me see your notebook: the firing department is expecting you."

"Now Mr. Belcher, we have a few Salvia plants you might set out. Just a moment—ill call the head gardener."

Almost immediately a little man came rushing out, tying one of his wings with some rope. "Yes, yes, I know Mr. Belcher; this is fine. Right this way, sir. Quite a large place—much more responsibility than in Bridgewater." And they too were gone.

The next person to appear was Dr. Boyden.

"You were principal at the State Normal School at Bridgewater?"

Saint Peter asked.

"Yes, I think I was there. Heh, heh, don't mind me, said gentleman. "Then enter, my good man; you deserve heaven," Saint Peter replied as he revealed gentleman walked into the garden of Eternal Bliss.

Thus my first day's labor ended, and wrapping myself in the arms of Morpheus I settled in the middle of a galaxy for a few million light years of rest.

Allee King.

AN INTERVIEW

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(Continued from page 2)

doing my very best to help them get over it."

"What is your part in the Student Activities?"

"Well, it's a combination information and leadership job, and that's high execution. I wish to goodness this work would lead to doing things once in awhile. Without running to see with every pesky little detail and expecting me to know everything that's going on! I'm just about ready to give up and go to the Y. W. C. A. for some real life. Rather neat idea that. But it honestly bares me to hear all these silly schemes and I have no desire to be included in their confidences. Yes, like Jimmy Gallagher,—you know Jimmy,—they still hang on."

"What do you think is the future of this School?"

"Say, like this town its future's behind it. If they ever wake up to what other schools and colleges are doing, they may pull thru as an 'also ran', but unless they do, it will soon be a history of the State Museum instead of a Normal School. What place needs bigger and better Whoopee—you know life, liberty, and lots of happiness. I can't help enough because I'm just half here to keep me from pinning away—so what can those poor starved souls be doing! However, I can't be too unsociable and I know, or at least suspect, that there are a few of my very radicals who would wish this place up in flames if they only could."

Say, I nearly was boiled over and feeling all my surplus reserve and unknown strength ebbing I thanked her and departed to the tune of a Jolly—"drop in again of top."

Signed: April Fool.
The boy that blows a horn never blows a safe—and a girl who can handle a bow is never troubled with divorce.

Definitions:

Courtship is a bow knot that matrimony pulls into a hard knot.

Education is the sum total of the things that we have learned or taught.

Flattery is a sort of moral pacifier—it turns many a woman's head.

A nightmare is a millman's horse.

A profiteer is a man that buys from a Scotchman and sells to a Jew at a profit.

Love is that insane desire on the part of man to become a woman's meat-ticker for life.

Brockton Fair is a weather report.

An evolutionist is a man whoapes Darwin.

Daylight saving is a bank.

An opthalmist, in the Bridgewater sense, is a surgeon who thinks everything is for the best, and that she is the best.

A pessimist, in the same sense is the roommate of the above.

Maybe if some of those ambitious students who will die for their dear Alma Mater—

Professor—There is someone in this room thinking a lesson of himself. When he has finished I will commence.

Miss Lovett, recommending reference books: "There are two Nutts in the library." Now who did she mean?

Mr. Arnold in sociology: "Miss S—, do you consider that the manufacturing of intoxicating liquors is a valuable occupation?"

M. S.—n: "Why ask me?"

Famous remarks:

—"Well that hasn't anything to do with the present subject."

—"Now is that geography?"

—"And next day?"

—"Now turn quickly—to page 52?"

—"Shush!"

—"Say, did you catch that?"

—"I'm free to take some notes and you will be responsible for the following points."

—"Let us commence our work."

—"May we have all the talking stopped?"

—"Cooperative bank"

M. T.—o in Civic Biology class: "Children used to pick wildflowers and grooms too.

Howard Nickerson has another car. We never knew he had such a large junk heap in Cohoesett.

Old proverb modernized:

People who live in glass houses should dress in the cellar.

All that shines is not gold.

All is not gold that glitters.

A rug on the hand is worth two on the phone.

A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.

Two is company—three is a witness.

Day it with candy—flowers fade.

One predicts a future for the little boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in the wood. Some boys came to him. He said, 'If you keep throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did.

The undoing of Sir Loin Stake or one knight in King Arthur's court

(Continued from page 1)

Wallop. This was a bit of psychology he had learned at school.

The first lesson was on the question: Arbitration should predominate over force. The knights stoutly maintained that force or war could not be stopped. Sir Loin unwisely persisted in arguing for arbitration. The result was that a knight by the name of Sir Lawnceolt suggested that they debate the question and settle it by war of a knight. This proposal was agreed to with enthusiasm by all the knights. Sir Loin, however, knowing his own weakness tried to protest, but to no avail. He was forced to enter into the next day with King Arthur's greatest fighter, Sir Lawnceolt.

What should be done?

That night there was much feasting and drinking in the town. Having heard of the coming fight and of the abilities of both fighters, were anxious to participate in the celebrations, and had arrived early. Much money had been bet on the professor who, it was thought, would win.

The fight was a beautiful one. The sun was like a ball of fire as it moved in the heavens. The knights, led by King Arthur, marched to the field. A few preliminaries were staged before the main attraction.

The stadium was shaped like a giant horseshoe. King Arthur, the Queen, and their followers sat on the right hand side. In front of the king was a large silver cup which was to be given to the winner. Every seat in the huge arena was taken, when suddenly the band entered, playing. The leader marched his followers around the field and then stopped in front of the king. Then Sir Lawnceolt entered, followed later by Sir Loin Stake. As Sir Lawnceolt charged his lance he was met with Sir Loin Stake.

Sir Lawnceolt dug his heels into his horse, and as Sir Loin Stake lifted his shield as if in agony, the dust and snow were raised and he by force of this power of discrimination is a bargain hunter.

In view of this it is seen that Smith & Sons is a weather report. The reason why Sir Lawnceolt won the fight was that Edward Knowles would make a very efficient postmaster general.

Edward Tooie of the B class dropped a pony in Campus Pond last week. Now Mr. Tooie is trying to get Mr. Stevens to further his program of draining and dredging the pond. Of course you wonder why Edward is so interested. We will report later by saying that he hails from Scotland.

Social cooperation is increased. Students cooperating with the management make possible quantity buying with the result—saving in price. This also makes possible a quick turnover of stock enabling the proprietors to invest their funds in newer and better goods. Then again, closer contact with the student body makes possible a better insight into the likes and dislikes of the aforesaid embryonic purchasing agents. The teachers, in no small degree helped to increase the efficiency of the bookstore. By careful estimation of the numbers of prospective purchases in certain lines of goods they saved the proprietors many dollars which would otherwise be tied up in dead stock.

Carefully advising the students as to the quality and value of goods about to be purchased, the average level of student discrimination has been raised. Students have been made to realize that Waterman's Ink at ten cents is fully as good as Shebbe's at twenty-five, and that the Stratified rule which calls for twenty-five cents possesses but few of the world-wide virtues of the "fellow" rule which is now sold by the management for a dime. Stimulation of this power of discrimination is sure to make itself felt in other lines of activity.

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