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ALUMNI WEEK-END

Few, if any students realize how important alumni weekend is to the graduates. It not only gives them the occasion to renew their ties with the school, and former classmates, but shows them that Bridgewater is standing ready to aid them professionally.

The program opened with the Glee Club concert given on Friday evening, April 5. This presented an opportunity for those who appreciate the highest arts to spend an enjoyable evening. The addition of soloists from the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the no mean talent possessed by the carefully trained Glee Club, that the school may well be proud of, raised this evening to one of highest musical quality.

On Saturday a conference was held for graduates who wished help in solving problems. Sectional grade meetings were held by experts in each line of work, comprising lectures, demonstrations of principles, and discussions of problems. To a young teacher meeting practical schoolroom situation, this type of conference was particularly worthwhile. Bridgewater is a progressive school, not only interested in graduating students, but in helping them as they begin their career and showing them a practical way of meeting their difficulties.

For those who remained after luncheon an informal tea was held. In the evening the Student Government Association held an informal dance, which was attended by an enthusiastic group of young people. Thus the weekend came to a close with just the right proportion of work, culture, and leisure well-spent.

Ruth Mitchell.

DELEGATES SPEAK AT WEYMOUTH

Bridgewater will always cut new circles of interest. On March 27 the third quarterly conference of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications was held at the Weymouth High School. The program included a report from our delegates, Helen Fox and Elizabeth Matlock, to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention at New York. Both of their brief talks were concerned chiefly with technical points in the general make-up, appearance, type, and news of the school paper.

The other speakers were Mr. Leonard Ware Jr. of the Boston Herald, and Mr. Harlan R. Ratcliffe of the Boston Normal School, North Adams, Massachusetts. Mr. Ware held the¢e following most enlightening:

"I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy sows, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse with this query, "Are you in the proportion of work, culture, and leisure well-spent.

Miss Vining

One of the most important, most neglected, and least appreciated phases of our education at Bridgewater is the library. This is a resume of an interview with Miss Cora Vining, our Assistant Librarian, and graduate of this school in 1928.

The most pleasing part of Miss Vining's position is, she asserts, her opportunity to know other members of the faculty more intimately, and to meet, at some time, almost every student in the school. There is also the personal contact with the apprentices.

But some are, of course, certain difficulties, chief among them being the necessity for mind reading. Such a statement did not sound plausible until I was assured that frequently a cross examination is necessary in order to know what the student requires. A frequent question is, "What does this teacher want me to do?"

Most foolish questions actually come from the older students rather than the freshmen, but Miss Vining gave two or three illustrations of incidents which happened to concern the latter. Some have been known to sign merely their first name, apparently reverting to high school days. At the first of the year Miss Vining was accosted by precept as by example, in ability with enjoyment some of those anti-

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:


"THE ANCHOR", Rhode Island College of Education, Providence, Rhode Island.


"THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S CRED"

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

"I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy sows, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life, and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities; in the future and its promises; and in the divine joy of living. Amen."

From our Exchange.

FOURTH OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS

APRIL, 1929

COMING EVENTS

April 24 Woodward Open House.

April 29 Dramatic Club Annual Shakespearean Play—"As You Like It."

May 10 Not decided.
CAMPUS COMMENT BOARD

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JUST IN APPRECIATION

There are a great many of us who do not seem to appreciate the people with whom we are in daily contact. In our homes our mothers and fathers become mere automatons. We do not realize, nor fully appreciate how they sacrifice and feel for us.

The same thing applies to our faculty here at school. In our cynical ideas and standards, and in our faces, moments we make fun of them but after all haven't they really become mere automatons. We do not realize, nor fully appreciate how they sacrifice and feel for us.

CAMPUS POND

Alumni Notes

Quite a number of recent graduates returned this past week-end for the Alumni Conference held Saturday morning. After the luncheon the girls visited friends in the dormitories. In the afternoon tea was served in Normal Reception Room. A few of the Alumni attended the dance given by the Student Government Association in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium.

Among those who returned were Helen Andrews, Helen Brown, Belle Enonmons, Alice Birkett, "Al" Murphy, Mary Lynn, "Billy" Gemly, Clara Almsted, Arlene Wardwell, "Freddie" Bichel, Marion Morse, Eunice Morse, Thelma Peterson, Mary Byrne, Olive Orral, Jane Hicks, Alice Crosley, Dorothy Crossman, Etta Allen, Bessie Cotton, "Mary Baix", Mabel Pfeiffer, Helen Stanley, and Katherine Lynch, all of the class of '28. Others were Doris Leavitt '25, Ruth Swift '25, Mary Emmons '25, and Bob Kiley '27.

During the week Mary Wood '26, Miriam Sherwood '25, Amy Lawson '25, and Isabel Marshall '25 visited the school.

SHAKESPEARE CALLS

ON B. N. S.

Well, sir, "Just what do you think of our town?" I asked Bill as we walked up to school from the train. "Tell me," he replied, "just what do you think of this school?"

"I'm not at all sure, old top," he said, "but I'll be watchin' for Campus Carnival, aren't you?"

I have heard of another Eric Roberts, and he is right here in Normal too. He is that "Master-Mind", the same sort of ideals. They have labored and felt for us.

Shakespeare and entertaining him until his appearance in Chapel?

With a slight apology smile he told me of his youth. He is that "Master-Mind", the same sort of ideals. They have labored and felt for us.

The possibilities of filling in that blank with suitable words is great. Submit suggestions now.

POETRY

WHEN DAY IS DONE

When day is done and night is nigh,
The sun retreats—and o'er the sky,
God's artist nobly shows his skill.
A painting that time can't fill
In all who see and pass it by.
And so to bed—to rise again,
To work and labor—not in vain,
To sacrifice—to do his will,
When day is done.

Each day the same unending scene
We trudge, and always we refrain
From questioning our Maker's will.
A journeying we go on till
The end is reached and death remains,
When day is done.

E. Radzuk

NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

Gift of the Library Club:
Most of the following books were obtained through the club's membership in the Literary Guild and Book-of-the-Month Club. The statement of fact is sufficient recognition of their value. The books have been added to the Cora A. Newton Collection in the Browning Center, so that the entire school may take advantage of this gift.

Jean-Christophe
by Romain Rolland
Black Majesty
by Vandercook
Old Pybus
by Deeping
Sixty-four Ninety-four
by Mottram
Trader Horn
by Lewis
Bridge of San Luis Roy
by Wilder
Vanguard
by Ludwig
Napoleon
by Jean-Christophe, by Romain Rolland.

Jean-Christophe lived a long and varied life during which he won fame and recognition as a musician, to lose his prestige, regain it, and again lose it. The book was first written in French, but the translation is now available. More enjoyable than the narrative is the beautiful, musical prose in which it is written.

The author uses throughout the book the simile of the river, the green, the blue, the winding, the flowing. The translation is an attempt to retain the same water flow. The translation is a complete and new, and the translation is an attempt to retain the same rhythm and form of the book. Although the reading is a long, slow process, it is a most satisfying and inspiring novel.

Life of Thomas Hardy by Florence Emily Hardy. 2 Volumes. Macmillan, 1928.

"Thomas Hardy's life was outwardly quiet but his years were packed full of creative activity, first as an architect, then as poet, then novelist, and, then—after "Jude the Obscure"—returning to poetry and considering it his greatest gift. His widow, Florence Emily Hardy, has been for some time gathering the material for this biography, and in it will be found not only the events of Mr. Hardy's long life but many of his own opinions and observations on men and things. All the facts related in the book were obtained from his own words and diaries and most of the material was actually read and revised by him from time to time, during the writing."


This handsome volume contains many hitherto unpublished poems and many which are not included in Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy that is already in the library. The interesting fact about these later poems is that they contradict the usual criticism: "Hardy's prose is poetry; his poetry, prose."

C. M. Vining, Librarian.
CUSPIDOR, THERMIDOR AND HUMIDOR

"Gimmie that! Cut it out you two. Let it alone! Now you just remember Jesus, and do as I say!"

Thermidor and Humidor, at this juncture, hastily dropped the bicycle they had been vainly trying to ride, and, with an air of great apprehension, retreated slowly to the porch and simultaneously lowered themselves onto the bottom step. For Cuspidor had kept his region very seriously, in fact so seriously that his brothers, Thermidor (known to his mother as Thomas Page Clarke) and Humidor (alias Alden Clarke) slightly uncomfortable when he began to expound in a religious vein.

The sole trouble with Cuspidor was that he had once attended an evangelistic meeting and had since that time been striving zealously to convert everyone he met. One night, the harrassed mother of the three having guests awaiting her, had tucked them into bed and said, "Now I don't want you to come downstairs on any account. Say your prayers and go right to sleep". She was startled a few minutes later by Cuspidor, who flung himself into a chair, crying, "Mamma, I said my prayers to Jesus, and he told me to come right down and say them to you!"

Thomas and Therm were still suffering in bed. They could think of no device whereby they might get a look at the company. Even Charles came triumphantly to bed, reporting that the company had called him a dear boy, and had given him ten cents.

Sitting on the lower step, Hume and Therm reflected bitterly that things always happened that way. Just because he was ten years old Cus supposed he could get away with everything. In the matter of names for family by digging up the other two, he was to be a new type of play.

As Cus wobbled out of sight on his reclaimed bicycle, Therm and Hume reflected on the best way to spend the next half hour which came before their bed-time. They brightened up considerably on seeing George Martin, their sister Sally's boy friend, come striding down the street. George was usually good company, and he often showed the boys intricate ways of pitching curved balls, but tonight he seemed very nervous and only gave them a precocious nod as he went into the house.

Soon Cus appeared, and in the very short seconds in which he dared to let go of the handle bars he frantically waved a piece of paper. He fell off at a carefully planned moment and immediately the three boys went into what they termed a "huddle", from which they emerged with new life.

He said he had once attended an evangelistic meeting and had since that time been striving zealously to convert which we hope will be of interest to you and with an air of great apprehension, Therm, with a sudden burst of eloquence, grabbed the handle bars, and as he frantically searched his pockets, he knew why.

At this point, Cus, who had been patiently awaiting his turn, strode in with the thunderous bellow of "Shame, young fool gone home yet? I never did think he was very bright. What does he think this is anyway, a boarding house?"

Sally could stand no more. She snatched Cus by the collar, and as she dragged him from the room, he delivered his final blow by saying, "What's the matter? That's just what Pa always says and you know it!"

For the next ten minutes Cus religion did him no good, as was testified by the shrieks which rent the air. George said cautiously to Therm, and Hume who were listening delightfully to Cus' words, "Did Sally really say that about my proposing? All right, here's a quarter. Now give me that paper and clear out of here!"

Lucile Benson.

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MEN'S & BOY'S WEAR
SPORTS

I N T E R V I S E

"If you wish to become popular on
board, learn to play tenkoit and
those old admirers and critics of yours
a bit up in the air?"

"I don't doubt it, but you see, it's
not really half so radical as it sounds.
It is just that the time and the place
and the costume would change, but,
dash it! people don't and it is the
same thing in 1929 as it was in 1864.
But I say, just what does this audience
here think of me, be a good
fellow now, and give me the word."

"Oh, I'm sure you're a big favorite,
sir, and they're right anxious to see
you."

"But don't I seem a bit archaic and
old fogyish? You know I'm really
not so old looking now, do you think?"

"No sir, and your works seem awfully
up to date—especially some of
your philosophy, gosh, how did you
do it?"

"Well, you see it was like this. I
guess I was a bit different from the
crowd I travelled with, so I rather
enjoyed sitting back and analyzing
this old sphere and its residents.
Next bit of work to begin with, but
one really does not mind if one likes it. O, I guess
you just can't explain such things—it
is a gift."

And then I knew Bill was just a
regular fellow like the rest of us,
and I guess I liked him a hundred
percent more for admitting it. I
started to tell him so, but the bell
rang, and he began looking over his
speech, so I dashed down to get ready
for chapel.

Money was said to have been first
invented when the dove brought the
greenback to Noah.

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PICTURES OF INTEREST

What's this? Mr. Moore rushing
down my back? Smoke? Ah, hal
Some young fellow has not yet heard
of the smoking rule! But the smoke
drifts away, and no more is smelled
that evening.

Again footsteps go down me—not
rushing as before. Why? Because
the dance is over, the feet are now tired,
sore, crushed! No gay laughter as
before either: "Oh, to get these shoes
off!" "He stepped on my feet so
dramatically," some one else says. But
sooner the tired feet go up me and
home.

Day in and day out, I'm awakened in the
morning by a heavy tread, and soon a
lighter one, then many feet! But never
do I tire of it. Some day I will be torn
away to be cast into someone's wardrobe. And once again
the old stairway regained its reputation
of patient indifferent calm!

SOLILOQUY OF
THE STAIRWAY IN
THE GYMNASIUM

SHAKESPEARE

CALLS ON B. N. S.

(Continued from page 2)

Oh, dear! I'm getting old and an-
cient! I'm actually getting worn out
after my long years of hard work.
The students run up and down me
many times a day, never thinking
of the pain they cause me. Many times
my arms have ached from pupils
sliding down them! Ungracious—un-
gracious, these old admirers and critics of yours! Trample
me, crush me! Nothing, nothing!

The students are ignorant of how
much I hear as they linger on the
bloomer costume. Sometimes
they appear in "angel robes." Other
times students go down me in
school clothes and come up in what I call
"bloomer costume." Sometimes
they go down me in high-heeled
shoes, with their issues, and are really going
to show work of different
type and caliber from the things that
go into high school papers. Get busy
and write some really worthwhile
contributions for us, and surprise
the Board.

We have been viewing with great
interest the initial numbers of a new
paper from the Pittsford Normal
School. They are doing excellent work
with their issues, and are really going
to grow into a first rate publication.
One department in particular which
always attracts our attention is the
column of club notes. To begin with
they have most unique organizations.
How would you like to have a Bridge
Club, a Photography Club, an Art
Club, a Chess Club, a Cooking Club, or
a Crafts Club?

Now we have plenty of interesting
clubs and they do interesting work,
but no one would ever know it to
look at our publication. Our poor
lonesome "Club Notes" column usually
has three clubs listed (never the same
twice) and just a few lines about each
of these. We want to show our ex-
changes that we are alive, and work-
ning hard on new ideas. It is up to the
club secretaries to write up these
activities and pass them to the Social
Editor, Annette Crowell.

Due to an error in typing, the essay
"On Aesthetic Dancing" which ap-
ppeared in the Men's Issue was un-
signed. The Board has traced the
author and found it to be Mr. Clough
of D'4.