1930

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Bridgewater State Normal School

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Bridgewater Entertains Fourth Annual
A. C. M. N. S. Conference.

Listed as the principal speaker of the Athletic Conference of Massachusetts Normal Schools being held at the Bridgewater State Normal School, November twenty-first to twenty-second, is Miss Lillian Schoedler, former field secretary of the women's division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation. Miss Schoedler's speech is "After College What?" which is also the general theme of the conference.

Other speakers are Miss Alma Porter, assistant state supervisor of physical education; Miss Ruth Page Sweet of the Bevo-Boston School of Physical Education; and Mr. Carl Schrader, state supervisor of physical education.

A. C. M. N. S. Program
Friday—November 21, 1930
9:15—10:15 Chapel Exercises
1. Welcome to Delegates
   a. Dr. Arthur C. Boydston
   b. Miss Alma Porter
   c. Mr. Carl Schrader
   d. Address—Miss Lillian Schoedler
2. Reports
   a. Organization of major and minor sports
   b. Commuter and Dormitory Problems—Lowell
   c. How Normal School Graduates Spend Their Leisure Time—Salem
3. Round Table Discussions
   a. Organization of Sports—Fitchburg
   b. How To Interest Girls In Sports—Worcester
   c. Uniform Point System—Lebanon, New Hampshire

Saturday, November 22
9:00—10:30 General Session
1. Reports of Round Table Discussions
2. Discussion of Main Themes of Conference
10:30—11:00 Breakfast Meeting
11:15—12:00 Sports
12:00—
Lunch
1:30—
Outing and Picnic

At Bridgewater, the Saturday afternoon picnic is the social event of the year. This year's entering feature was a bridge open house sponsored by the C class. This same class also sponsored a supper at which Mr. Casey catered to the Normal School students in every way. Every Wednesday and Saturday, Transcripts are delivered at the school for Miss Hill's literature classes. "Then too," he said, with a smile in his eyes citing the sardonicism of his tone, "I remodelled the ice cream parlor entirely for their benefit you know." When asked if Normal School girls were easy to please or whether they were fussy, Mr. Casey hedged a little and finally remarked: "The biggest demand when it comes to sandwiches is for bigger ones."

There are so many varieties of drinks and sodas that this busy young man, who was constantly interrupted during the interview by customers coming and going, could not say just which ones were best liked.

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"Well, you know how women are.

Mary Childs Al

High Opinion

Ice Cream Parlor Owner Has High Opinion of Bridgewater Normal School Students

"That the Bridgewater Normal School students are first-rate and that without them the town would be as dead as a cemetery, was the opinion of Burt Casey, owner of Casey's Ice Cream Parlor, the favorite gathering place of the Normal School men and women, in an interview held for the Day Students. This is in conjunction with Pro and Con. Increase "They're all right. First rate. I like them so much I'd like to be an uncle to all of them," Mr. Casey said. "You hear a lot of people say that they are a bother and a nuisance," he continued, "but I believe that without them there wouldn't be any town at all. Bridge­
water would be like a cemetery if it were not for them. They're the ones that make the town alive. If the Normal School ever left Bridgewater, I would lock up
my store and go west for all the world."

Mr. Casey said that the sandwich which seemed to be most popular with the students was the tuna-fish salad sandwich, and that the toasted cheese sandwich ranked next in popularity. When first questioned he laughed and said:

"The biggest demand when it comes to sandwiches is for bigger ones."

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Are You Doing Your Part?

Have you any questions which you would like to discuss? Have you any opinions on school life or activities which you want to pass along or question? If you have, write to the Campus Comment Forum.

The purpose of this new column, the Forum, is to afford an opportunity to the students to discuss questions of school life or occurrences in student circles, and to let the students offer solutions to various problems which have arisen. We feel that as the paper is a paper of the students they should be given an opportunity to use it as a means of expression. This not only applies to the Forum, but also to all sections of the paper.

Contributions must be in good form, and either typewritten or in legible longhand. They may be given to any member of the staff or to the class editor. We need your help to improve our paper. Will you back us?

Elizabeth Glynell

C Class Social

On Friday evening, November 21, at 7:30 in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium the C class will hold one of the happiest socials of the year. It is to be in the form of a sport dance. The numbers appearing in sport costumes will have with them the pep that belongs to the class.

There will be a miniature golf course for the gulf "fuss", bridge for the card "pharisees", and the best orchestra possible for the dancers. All for twenty-five cents. Don't miss the C social!
EDITORIAL

War Against Illiteracy

Another World War is being waged—a war to win the battle against illiteracy. It is a battle against illiteracy, a battle which presents a challenge to every educated citizen, and therefore to every student in the club, of whom illiteracy is the antithesis of everything for which she strives.

The adult education movement which had its beginning in Kentucky nineteen years ago has spread to other lands. In Russia a campaign has been launched to wipe out illiteracy within the next six years. One government hopes to exterminate illiteracy among its 150,000,000 inhabitants. And is requiring every person young and old, educated or uneducated, to learn to write.

China has planned a program by which the destination we hope to reach will be reached in the near future. It's a great blow to his ego. After he has accomplished something, he turns to something else.

Think of Man.

Dear Editor,

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Think of Man.
"How futile is this life," the Poet mused.

"And so he mused, and strode unheeding on; While through the dusk of evening, A swallow winged her way."

—Rose J. Rent D.

**Peace**

Peace is Dusk — when little winds are chill and softly stern, And easily perfumed with sweet fern.

Dusk — when fires are points of blue Dark against a scalloped cloud of softer blue.

Appalled in feather-catch Upon the liquid sky light dimly rich, Dusk — when a daw-brilliant starts shone.

Upon the milky blue that is the sky.

Peace is A mind all bathed in blue-white dusk-light.

Peace is A night all filled with star-shot dreams right.

—Gertrude Laidé D.

**Too Weary**

I saw the moon like a disk of pearl With one pure golden edge Of dense and gray forbidden rock.

Yet dropped too weary long to stay And fill—my breath was still— Shattered not and sank instead

Finding a shelter within the sky Two stars there were who saw, and two.

—M. MaxF. B.

**Tapestry**

Vivid streaks of crimson Woven in gold brown pattern, Lines of black and gray Twined with blutty swaying

Under a cold gray sky And the sweeping breath of snow.

—M. Mc. B.

**VAIN PROTEST**

"How futile is this life," the Poet mused. A slender thread of golden cross, Spinning infinite;

Or, perseverance, broken short, Leaves ugly ends — struggling Like unfulfilled desires.

"How futile is this life," the Poet mused. A diurnal stretch of barren void Reaching endless into void.

Waiting, between gray hedges of despair:

Of hopes unrealized.

**SCIENCE CLUB**

The Science Club has been reorganized and has started its programs for the school year in the organization, made up of students who have a genuine interest in science and whose scholastic standing meets certain marks. They are: Herbert Rickards, president; Aubrey Evans, vice-president; Mary Francis, secretary; and Barbara Dunham, treasurer.

**LYCEUM**

The Lyceum, the only "all men" club in the school has resumed its meetings for the ensuing school year. The organization, with Miss Lovett as advisor, has begun the year with a complete and extensive program which includes informal discussion by members, talks by members, talks by prominent people, and formal debating. The club had for its first speaker this year Miss Preston, former president of the National Education Association and former state superintendent of schools in the state of Washington, who spoke on "The World Makes Way For The Man Who Knows Where He Is Going." The club is open to all men who are interested in this type of work. This organization meets every Thursday afternoon after school.

—Aubrey Evans.

**CAMERA CLUB**

The Camera Club has taken in six new members and is well along in its plans for the year.

The members feel they have done much to add to the variety of campus life by including in the initiation of these new members the necessity of wearing bright colored Indian head dresses.

The officers of the club are: Herbert Rickards, president; Aubrey Evans, vice-president; Mary Francis, secretary; and Barbara Dunham, treasurer.

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This club offers a three-fold help: to the individual for the increase of knowledge; to the science department, by practical and professional purposes; to the school, by a helpful and cooperative attitude. The club is looking forward to an interesting year with the club's advisor, Miss Graves.

—Aubrey Evans.

**SCOUTS**

The Scouts are so full of pep and ambition that they are afraid that they won't get in enough meetings this year.

In the first place there is tin-canning, a wonderful discovery which aids in planning a supper hike. To increase the finesses of the club, the Scouts are making various articles that are to be sold at the school store to be held before Thanksgiving. They are painting lead animals; making vases out of jars and linings of old envelopes; and making "What nots" out of leather.

Then there is tenderfoot work, first-class work, and lodge work. A part of each meeting is given over to the folk-singing project which is being carried on to obtain the minutest badge.

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—Aubrey Evans.
Lire! Savoir! Pouvoir

Book-Week

The annual book-week is to take place very soon. Books of all kinds will be on display in the library and students have the privilege of inspecting them during free periods or before and after school. Books may be purchased at a reduced price by taking your name from the library or the person in charge. This is an opportunity for book-lovers to own some of these treasures.

A great variety of books are to be shown in the exhibition. "Cowboy" by Will James; books of poetry and verse; children's books; many new novels; and bibliographies; also a great number of French books written in French or translated into the English.

Teas, to which the upper class will be invited, are to be given by the freshman division, taking the courses in Ethics. Come in and have a cup of tea and see the books.

Who Ever Heard of the Freshmen?

We think the sophomores have heard of the class of '24 but no one hears them talking of it much. If not, why not?

That is the question.

In early September of this year, a group of gentlemen set out to inspect new editions of the life-blood of this institution. They were expected to get that energy in as an exigency. Upon the process time so sparing of energy or intelligence has been found among them. Nevertheless, armed with good intentions and in spite of the dangers they were to face this hardy group entered B. N. S.

After being lead about by Dean Kelley and Al Goodfield for one whole day, we quite well acquainted.

Then came the "black hand" message from the sophomore council. Each freshman had to waste part of his precious leisure or evening time in looking for the treasures from the upper classes.

The scenery becomes so familiar that the names of the upper class are in more demand by the Boston Police Department.

We have always heard of the good times and the fun of the commuters but it took a personal experience to make it interesting. I have christened the slow-moving express that carries us to Middleboro from Bridgewater than stay there. The commuter boys of this year's class are in more demand by the freshman domain.

One at a time it looked if we would have to call out the state militia, as the fair damsels of the school struggled to dance the Daddy's cradle with this body of men which have hitherto been scientists from all parts of the universe.

What strange power have we over the opposite sex. The freshman boys of this class in the history of the Bridgewater School have always heard of the good times and the fun of the commuters but it took a personal experience to make it interesting. I have christened the slow-moving express that carries us to Middleboro from Fall River the Gas—Electric Express. I have named it so because of the fire engines, coaches, three illuminated by gas and two by electricity. Our train runs across back-yards, meadows, swamps and ponds. It leaves the east main track and crosses three main lines. Two trains run daily, one in the morning and one again at night. These trains connect the hermitages and the rest of the civilized world. Instead of the trolley that meets all trains, our train is the train that misses all trains. At Middleboro we board a fast train for Bridgewater. This train, unless there is a mistake is always late and can always be depended upon. These trains are always early or on time when you are late, but are always late when you are early.

The commuters, on this express, are considered so important that we have a special coach to ourselves. This is because there are no other passengers. Our day is approximately fourteen hours long because of the poor train connections. If the business fails off much more we will probably be given a push-car.

The scenery here is so familiar that at a night time a commuter can pick out the names of the county towns. "King of all the commuters" provides the name of the commuter.

Francis Fleming, D6

Freshmen the Greatest Intellectual Group

The greatest intellectual gift to any school is the incoming freshmen class. Without doubt the freshmen class of 1934, is the greatest and most honorable of any class in the history of the Bridgewater State Normal School. We are the builders of this nation. What we do in the next four years lies the success or failure of the school.

WE, the freshmen class of 1934, became acquainted with that insect which otherwise known as the sophomore on the field of battle. With odds against us and two of our boys taking swimming lessons we struggled and availed with great bravery. Even the judge of this battle must have come from Chicago. He was so honest that he should have taken a four year course under the personal supervision of Charles Ponzi at the Plymouth Jail. This judge belonged to another class of diseases called the seniors. But like Caesar, we came, we killed, and we slaughtered. With bowled heads, broken noses, and wide open spaces what was left of the four hundred sophomores cowered off the field. Again the banners of the class of 1934, waved over the sophomore domain.

The next victory gained by this marvelous body of superhumans was at the aquatic social. With the grace of ballet dancers we escorted the fair damsels of the school around the floor. What a contrast between the smooth and graceful freshman dancers and the truck-horses which went under the name of sophomores.

At one time it looked as if we would have to call out the state militia, as the fair damsels of the school struggled to dance the Daddy's cradle with this body of men which have hitherto been scientists from all parts of the universe.

What strange power have we over the opposite sex. The freshman boys of this class in the history of the Bridgewater School

INTERSOCIAL CLERK

Mr. Milici came onto the field of action charmingly attired in a blue pull-down suit (pulled way down) and a pair of sandals.

The truth is, my friends, that the ball was scored top-side.

CANT KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

We see Mr. Kelley has migrated with his lawful possession to the dormitory to the first level. Maybe the men of this school have a future!

Alumni Weekend

"When alumni came to Normal, textbooks flew away." Familiar voices ringing through the corridor, familiar faces about the campus — alumni weekend once again.

Many of the graduates arrived in time for "The Lion and the Mouse", which was presented by the Dramatic Club auditorium, Friday evening.

Saturday morning, many more came to attend the Fourth Annual Conference of Graduate Teachers which was directed by Miss Alice B. Deal, director of training.

Among the girls who visited were; Margaret Archibald '26, Alice Taylor 26, Gwen Clevery '26, Evelyn Stanier '26, Margaret Griffin '26, Elizabeth McChes '26, Catherine Sullivan '26, Helen Hand '26, Gurrie Sullivan '26, Alice Crossley '26, Hettie Crouch '26, Persis Ccaffield '26, Alice Bikert '26, Grace Backlund '26, Betty Lock '26, Helen Andrews '26, Marion Hawthke '26, Katherine Packett '26, Miriam Perkins '26, Barbara Raddin '26, Phoebe Swemisten '26, Edna Cox '26, Sarah Leahy '30, Amy Bigr '30, Ann Sterberg '30, Josephine Taylor '30, Margaret Bland '30, Mary Bowley '30, Delta Minard '30, Esther Mayo '30, Elsey Mayer '30, Dorothy Beesley '30, Helen Healy '30, Nora Murphy '30, Christine McLeod '30, Bitha Smith '30, Dorothy Lamon '30, and Evelyn Hayes '28.

Program for Alumni Weekend

1930

Friday

8:00 P. M. Dramatic Club presents "The Lion and The Mouse".

9:30 Saturday, October 14.

10:00 Alumni Luncheon.

9:15 Fourth Annual Conference of Graduate Teachers.

12:30 Cookery Game-Alumni vs. B. N. S. (Women).

2:00 Hockey Game-Alumni vs. B. N. S. (Men).

3:30 Afternoon Tea in Gymnasium.

5:30 Alumni will have an opportunity for individual conference with members of the Faculty during the Tea Dance.

I AM AN EDUCATOR

I adjust my tortoise-dimmed spectacles before a naturally stupid class. Patiently I explain to modern youth that the radius of a circle does not produce Amos and Andy's latest "double-check", and that London is the capital of England and not the sense of Will Rogers' great talkie success. I still knowledge — for it iswelling — into the heads of the innocent youth. I am the great educator and my name is Mr. Kelley. My name is inscribed next to that of Horace Mann. But wait —

It is my own teacher calling me back from the clouds and dreams. I lose all my dominance over youth and reverts to her.

Anna Pickens, Class D4

CAMPUS COMMENTS

4
A Day with Nature

"Why was I absent yesterday?" asked Herb Thistledown. "It's a sad, pathetic tale. And then, with his clear, big, round, innocent, blue eyes, he returned the grimly determined glare of the Dean.

"Come, come," said the latter, "I have neither time nor sympathy to waste on wasters who are too ill to attend classes, but well enough to be seen making merry in a town twenty miles away.

"Ah, but you wrong me, sir," replied Thistledown. "After you hear my story your granite heart may change your prejudiced mind."

As you are aware — began Thistledown — I'm a commuter. I am constantly on the go. I have not a moment I can truthfully call my own. Yesterday morning I woke at the customary hour, hoarded the customary train at the customary time, and then, after having seated myself in the customary position, opened my bright green book, and studied the new born. However, I could not study in my customary manner. My neuron patterns would not function properly. In fact, I felt a queer sensation as I came, coming over me as the train sped along. And then, as I gazed through the window, I realized the trouble. I was battling with new neuron patterns. I am now fully aware that I was doing wrong, but I did not know it at the time. (Here Thistledown's eyes drooped and swept the floor, thus doing the Dean a great favor.) It has been some great demon that prompted me to continue gazing through the window. And that is how I was never to study again.

Outside, I saw a clot gambling freely about his pasture. He was having the time of his life. Cows were pacifically chewing their cuds as they reclined peacefully upon nature's green mattress. Birds glided happily beneath the speckled heavens and chirped as they fluttered from limb to limb. Chickens scampered unrestrained through the underbrush. And that is how the trees idly shook their dainty leaves. Everything was in harmony. Everything was placid and happy and free — the brook, the bird, the cow, the horse, the pig, the goat, the chicken, the tree — I could endure it no longer. I tried to control myself, but it was futile. I could no longer stay up, I too, had to be free — to gambol, to frolic, to play. As the train stopped at some jerk station, whose name I have forgotten, I rushed out, being able to resist the urge no longer. I threw my bag and books hither and yon and then dashed madly about. I was free. Free! The response had come.

Ah, but I enjoyed myself. I joined the fish in the stream. I scrambled up trees like a squirrel. I pursued butterflies. I gathered flowers. I reclined on nature's velvet finery. Thus frolicking, dancing, playing, I arrived at the town where some spy saw me. She accosted me and asked me why I was pulling a dog's tail. I replied, "Because we are two of nature's children having a duel." I then began to sing "Hooray for Green," a song of my own composition.

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Problem in Discipline

Rain has a way of turning my peaceful domain, the Kingdom of the Fifth Grade, into a circus, a carnival, an old-fashioned hippodrome — anything but a house of learning. I detest it and dread the sound of raindrops tapping against the window-pane early in the morning. Then the children are dozed to be in the room at recess, at noon, early in the morning.

On the day which I shall never forget, it was raining, chilly, drizzling rain and all thirty-two of my problems in discipline were present, even Rocco. Fate might have spared me that but he was there, black eyes alighting on the room. Thirty hands twisting a rubber band around a ruler. Fate on rainy days does not spare one. Floro was a trifle late. He arrived dripping with water and clutching a usual his newspaper-wrappe rhouse. Joseph came in behind his brother and carried a large stick. I sighed. It was undeniably a bad beginning.

"Good morning, children." The wiggling cherubs smiled. Haloes had not yet been put away and rubber bands and paper wads substituted. It is, but it was yet too early to be optimistic.

Opening exercises progressed smoothly. Insurrection had not yet broken out. The morning hour of grace followed. Spelling, geography — and a paper was sailed serenely, swiftly across the room with appr robishing eyes. Lessons went on.

"Petroleum is obtained how, Delbert?" Delbert did not know and seemed very much embarrassed. He was slow to take any kind of reply, but stood in the aisle carefully studying the back of Frances's head.

"Petroleum," I began in righteous anger. "is obtained how?" No reply and I looked intently at Delbert. His cheeks were bulging.

"Athens," I thought, "Oh dear." "Don't you see me you eating another apple. Don't you dare," I ordered imitating the tone and manner of a "strict teacher and awful hard markner.

"Ya oter see the store he's got in his desk, Miss Smith," volunteered Leonard. I shuddered; an ample supply I could foresee. Yes, apples and cookies and paper wads substituted. But it was yet too early to be optimistic.

Open exercises progressed smoothly. Insurrection had not yet broken out. The morning hour of grace followed. Spelling, geography — and a paper was sailed serenely, swiftly across the room with apprehensive eyes. Lessons went on.

"Petroleum is obtained how, Delbert?" Delbert did not know and seemed very much embarrassed. He was slow to take any kind of reply, but stood in the aisle carefully studying the back of Frances's head.

"Petroleum," I began in righteous anger. "is obtained how?" No reply and I looked intently at Delbert. His cheeks were bulging.

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Five new members were initiated into the Cercle Francais on the evening of November sixth, in the reception room of Normal Hall. The guest of the evening was Miss Philomena de Pasqua, a former president of the club. Miss De Pasqua exhataed some of the work accomplished by her students in the Brockton schools.

During the evening Mlle. Horin-Deon entertained with readings in "la belle langue". This meeting, as do all the meetings of the French Club fulfilled one of the statutes of the club "s'amusant en s'amuser".

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NORMAL FROG

Polly Wog and I had an awful fright one night while we were watching the moon from our favorite parking place on the ledge. One of the young Normal men was struggling violently, orally, and physically, against an exterior force which was pulling him into our pond. His young lady friend stood by in fear and trembling while his young cavalier bravely withstood the attack.

Minnie Larva has been asking me about the young Normal lady who is conducting a course on "How to win men through song". Experience is this teacher's qualification. As Minnie is pursuing Tad Pole education she is thinking of taking some lessons.

Some of our visitors serenade their "lady loves" in tenors but a certain young lady has a beautiful bass.

Grandma Frog has been saying that the young man who pushes the lawnmower is having a real introduction to work. It is hoped later.

Now that the hunter's moon is in action, the trees surrounding our home will be occupied every night.

Every other Thursday Pooh Wog and I have the pond to ourselves. "It's said that Thursday night is cloth night." It has grown cold so early this year that we didn't have to put up our usual sign-up sheets for parking space.

Butt Frog has been telling me about the three girls who wanted to be footballers at the game last Sunday. They vied with each other for the honor and ended by being at the bottom of the scrum.

THOSE LIGHTER EMOTIONS

Montifredo—"Fluke was silky in moments." Evans—"Oh yes. All generals have their weak moments."

Freshman (reading sign for Dramatic Club play) — "He's there and there, there's the Horace Mann Auditorium?"

WRONG NUMBER!

Brown University Goalie—"Hey! You fullback, come back here where you belong."

Fullback—"I'm all right! I'm supposed to play here."

Goalie—"No, no! We aren't playing that game now."

Question—What is the greatest change that takes place when water is changed to ice?

Senior: — Change in price. — Durfee Record Board.

Don't worry when you stumble—remember that a worm is about the only thing that cannot fall down.

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CENTRAL SQUARE

MEN'S SOCCER

Since the last issue of Campus Comment the varsity soccer team has played four times, winning two and losing two.

On October 11, the team was entertained by the Harvard varsity team at Cambridge. The Bridgewater boys were sent home with a 4–0 defeat. One considers that this great Harvard team plays such aggregations as Yale, West Point, Dartmouth, and Penn State. Bridgewater has nothing to be ashamed of and can rest assured that a fine piece of work was accomplished in holding its far superior adversary to such a low score. After the game our men were entertained at the Harvard-Springfield foot-ball game by the Harvard Athletic Association.

The next game was played against Fitchburg Normal at Bridgewater. This contest proved to be a very torrid battle and not until the final stages of the game was Fitchburg able to break the 2–2 score by registering two goals to win by a score of 4–2.

Losing games causes unhappiness, so with a great spirit of determination our team has won the last two games.

On Wednesday, October 25, Bridgewater travelled to Providence, where a contest was staged against the Brown freshmen. The game was played in a downpour of rain, which made playing conditions very adverse. After a very close battle, Bridgewater was successful in presenting the "Brown Cubs" with a 2–0 diverse.

The following Saturday, November 1, the team went to Cambridge where a game was played against M. I. T. This proved to be the best game of the year. M. I. T. was so confident of defeating Bridgewater that on the previous night a fine picture of the Tech team appeared in a Boston paper, also a prediction of an easy victory over our team. How those men from M. I. T. must have regretted such a forecast when at the final whistle the score: Bridgewater 4—M. I. T.—3.

There are two games remaining on the schedule. On November 15, a game will be played against the alumni. If you want to see a real battle don't fail to the best ever. We are resting on our laurels for a while. You will hear more from us later.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

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