1932

The Normal Offering 1932

Bridgewater State Teachers College

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NORMAL OFFERING

1932
Since 1906, Principal of the Bridgewater State Normal School
1932 President of the Massachusetts State Teachers College at Bridgewater
NORMAL OFFERING
1932
PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS
OF THE
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
BRIDGEWATER · MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME NO.
XXXIV
DEDICATION

to

LOUIS CARMEL STEARNS

Whose varied interests have molded
a personality of true worth.

In appreciation of his service to our school
LOUIS CARMEL STEARNS
MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Do not ask another to do what you would not do yourself.

You have no right to occupy space on this earth unless you make it a better place in which to live.

There are many who go through life without finding "the big thing" to do; there is no one who cannot find the "thousand and one" little things that will total a larger sum than the big task.

Not a day passes but presents many opportunities for making the load some one of your friends is carrying, easier to bear.

Do not forget you may at least be your brother's helper if not his keeper.

Unselfishness means more than not taking more than your share; it means giving help as often as the opportunity presents itself even until "seventy times seven."

Selfishness is said to be the root of most of our crime. I believe the statement to be true that at least three fourths of our jails, hospitals, and insane asylums would be unoccupied if it were not for selfishness in the present or the past generations.

The Golden Rule has never been replaced by a better one; even in business, in the long run it has no equal.

Make friends with Nature; you will not know what the fullest life is until you do.

No man can do his best as a citizen unless he knows how, knows what, and knows when to do his task.

Be honest with yourself and your friends; do not pretend to be what you are not, you will betray yourself sooner or later.

If you have not put the best you have into your life, you cannot rightfully expect to receive the best in return.

Life is what we make it.

Are you negative or positive?

Louis Stearns
IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES HUNTER BIXBY
From 1892 to 1931 Principal Clerk at Bridgewater Normal School
In grateful appreciation of years of memorable service
FACULTY


Joseph I. Arnold, A. B., A. M., History; Sociology; Economics

Frank A. Crosier, Physical Education

Charles E. Doner, Penmanship

George H. Durgin, A. B., Ed. M., Mathematics; Science

Paul V. Huffington, B. E., A. M., Geography

Brenelle Hunt, Psychology and School Administration

John J. Kelly, Dean of Men; Practical Arts

Harlan P. Shaw, Physiography and Science

Louis C. Stearns, Greenhouse and School Gardens; Civic Biology

Alice B. Beal, B. S., Supervisor of Observation and Practice; Teaching; General Methods
Frill G. Beckwith, *Handicraft*

Edith H. Bradford, A. B., *French*

Mary Isabelle Caldwell, B. S., *Physical Education*

Julia C. Carter, A. B., *Supervisor of Librarian Course; Librarian*

Ruth E. Davis, B. S., A. M., *English Expression; Literature; Methods*

Lois L. Decker, A. B., A. M., *Supervisor of Physical Education*

E. Irene Graves, A. B., A. M., *Biology; Nature Study*

M. Katharine Hill, B. L. I., *Literature*


Iva V. Lutz, B. S. E., *Elementary Methods and Practice*

L. Adelaide Moffitt, *Reading; Dramatics*

Priscilla M. Nye, *Drawing*

S. Elizabeth Pope, B. S., A. M., *Dean of Women; Professional Ethics*

Mary A. Prevost, *Supervisor of Drawing*

Frieda Rand, A. B., *Supervisor of Music*

Mary V. Smith, B. S., Ed. M., *History and Social Science*

Cora M. Vining, B. S., *Library Assistant*

**THE TRAINING SCHOOL**

Martha M. Burnell, *Principal*

Gladys L. Allen, *Grade II*

Jane Bennett, *Grade V*

Nellie M. Bennett, *Grade VI*

Louise H. Borchers, B. S., *Grade IV*

Lucy B. Braley, *Grade III*

Neva I. Lockwood, B. S., *Grade VI*
CLASSES
Senior Class History

Many changes have come about during our four years here, changes for which we were not directly responsible but through which we have benefited. Within our history the Budget System has been introduced and accepted, Student Government has changed its name to Student Cooperative Association, and Class Day has become unified under one program.

We were the first class to come under the freshman initiation which has since been somewhat modified. When the horror of the initiation had ended with the casting off of the green buttons to the tune of the Funeral March we felt as if we really ‘belonged’ and began to make plans for our class party. Each year through our class dances and parties we have become better acquainted, so that when we are graduated, we shall miss each other and the happy school life we have shared.

And now at the end of our fourth year we go out to make history for ourselves and perhaps to bind ourselves even more closely to the school upon which we shall always look as being our home for the past four years, a home which will always hold many personal memories for us.

We feel very proud to be the first class in the history of the school to hold our commencement exercises in the morning and graduation in the afternoon; but even more proud are we to be the first class to be graduated from the State Teachers College at Bridgewater.

Jean C. Ferguson
OLGA E. AHONEN


"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

Olga is one who hides her light under a bushel; but the light is there, nevertheless, shining all the brighter because of its concentration. In the two years Olga has been with us she has proved herself one of our outstanding athletes. Calm, sincere, and trust-worthy, she fulfills her duties with quiet efficiency.

CERISE MATILDA ALM


"Charm strikes the eye, and merit wins the soul."

"Sweet and lovely"—no one can dispute her charm. Never loud, never boisterous, always friendly and cheerful, she possesses that desirable trait developed to a high degree. Only a very small group comes in contact with the deeper side of her nature which so intrigues us with its variations and keeps us always wondering. "The same but different" as she meets each new situation is the quality in Cerise which leaves a question in our minds, a desire to penetrate the depths and to know her better.

KATHLEEN BONNIE ANDERSON

9 Conant Road, North Quincy. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4. President 2. Library Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 3. Basketball 1. President of Dormitory Council 4.

"Who with the natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."

Here is a young lady who has a capacity for doing everything well, from managing a club meeting to playing cards. Bonnie is efficiency plus—and an excellent scholar.
ALICE LOUISE ATWOOD

79 Maple Avenue, Bridgewater.

"What matter to me if their star is a world?"

Alice must have been named for the Alice in "Alice in Wonderland", because, like her, she is always having unique experiences and always being misunderstood. Those who understand Alice, love her; and what things and persons she cares about, she cares about terribly. Seemingly sophisticated, Allie really isn't sophisticated at all. Because she is so sincere herself, she is always being disappointed in others. But here's watching you, Louisa. The world is yours with your ability and talent.

MARY TERESA AULBACH

23 East Squantum Street, North Quincy.

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee."

"She may be dreaming, she may be sad, she may be smiling,
she may be glad"—but always there is in Mary's eyes a haunting, elusive loveliness. We love her for her thoughtfulness in little things and for her loyalty to her ideals.

DOROTHA AVERILL


"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities.
A lady is serene."

Dot is one of the most surprising girls we know. She is so quiet that one begins to think she never speaks, when suddenly she will make a remark side-splitting in its humor. Her silent concentration shows results when marks come out, and in class she is always to be depended upon to know the facts. We feel sure that Dot's will to work will insure for her success in later life.
LOUISE BORDEN


"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

We don't know how she accomplishes it, but here is one girl who hands everything in on time. Efficiency and conscientiousness best describe her. Her main interest lies in French and English literature. Ask her about the Northeastern proms and Bridgewater tea dances.

JENNIE ROSE BORSARI


"We love the things we love for what they are."

Jennie appears to be a very quiet and shy girl, but to those who know her she is peppy, witty, and dear. She is true, kind, and helpful to all with whom she comes in contact. For narrow-minded, selfish, and sarcastic people Jennie has little use. First is she to detect a joke, and her musical, spontaneous, and contagious laugh bursts forth at unexpected moments. The merry elves are constantly peeking out of her eyes. We may truthfully say that to know her is to love her.

MARY RITA BRIDGES


"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Mary has one of those infectious laughs which no one can resist. Everyone knows the fun-loving Mary, but few except her friends know of the existence of her other philosophical and idealistic self which is responsible for her reputation as a good companion. She is the possessor of that rare combination of cheerfulness, sympathy, loyalty, and understanding, which make her an invaluable friend.
RUTH MARY BRIDGES

21 Crocker Street, Somerville. W. A. A. 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4. Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3.

"My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows."

That Ruth is sweet, no one would deny, and yet Ruth is not too sweet to be interesting. She has those little, subtle touches of Irish humor which give spice to her remarks and make her company refreshing. Add to this personality the ability to achieve a splendid record, a touch of music from the gods, a ready, understanding sympathy, and you have our Ruthie.

MAY BURNS


"Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween."

May has a distinct flair for style and she likes vivid colors. Something else that appeals to May is good food—and much of the sweet stuff. But she evidently does not have to worry. Incidentally, if you ever want to start an interesting conversation with May, ask her something about art. And she enjoys dancing. Just ask her.

ANNE CLARKE


"Why worry what to-morrow brings?
To-day is here—and now's the time
For song and jest."

Anne is one of our "sure cure for the blues." If you hear peals of laughter down the hall, Anne is sure to be there telling or hearing the latest joke. Full of energy and vivacity, too, is Anne. She loves to dance and many the times we can say, "For who can pin to earth an airy spirit—a fairy spirit?"
HELEN THERESA CLEARY


“The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.”

Helen is a gay, spritely comrade who seems to be always happy in a calm, contented way. Not even commuting has been able to spoil her pleasant disposition. Possessing the rare gift of sympathy and understanding, Helen is untiring in her efforts to help others. This year Helen has been especially susceptible to brown—we hope it lasts, Helen.

MARY LORETTA COAKLEY


“She lives on the sunny side and she would have you all come over there with her.”

Whatever the weather may be, there is always sunshine around Loretta. Her cheerfulness, understanding, and sympathy make her an ideal friend. It is a wonderful thing, too, to be able to find someone always ready and willing to be of service—that is Loretta.

DORA LOUISE COBB


“Of soul sincere
In action faithful and in honor clean.”

Dora is one of the finest of friends. If you want to be serious, she’s serious; if your mood is jollity, her ready laugh joins yours. Basketball is one of her hobbies, and her work on the court shows her interest in it. Quiet she is, but often surprises us by her ready wit and sudden humorous comments.
FLORENCE E. COBB


“A merry twinkle in her eye, a kindly word for everyone.”

Floppie is carefree, fun-loving, and always ready for a good time,—but there are times when she can be very dignified. Floppie is a steady player and always right there in all the games; remember in hockey, soccer or basketball when you tried and tried to get the ball past the full-back and guard,—and couldn’t?

PRISCILLA GREELEY COMEAU

142 Broadway, Haverhill.  W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.  Scouts 1, 2, 3.  Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.  Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4.  Volley Ball 2.

“And mistress of herself tho’ China fall.”

Here is a girl particularly devoted to the muses of song and dance. Her music and interpretive dancing do much to express her personality. Nothing ruffles her; poise is her watchword. Extremely nice and attractive things and people are her delight. Beauty surrounds her in all things.

HELEN JOSEPHINE CONATHAN

26 Hampton Avenue, Brockton.  Science Club 2, 3, 4.  President 3.  Class Representative 3, President of Day Student Council 4.  Student Council 3, 4.

“To know her is to love her and to admire her forever.”

Helen’s ability as a leader has been shown this year in keeping the day students in order. She is known to the senior class as a good friend, and a perfect pal. She likes Bass River, beaches, old houses, and books, antiques, and shoes; and she loves to talk on poetry, social problems, and telephone wires. She has the distinction of liking nice things and refined people, but no one could call her a snob. She hates to talk about people and seldom does. And here’s a secret—ask her if she blushes!
DOROTHY AGNES CREEDEN

249 Menlo Street, Brockton. Class Representative 3. Student Council 3.

"Her appetite for pleasure is second nature."

Dottie loves to tease; loves to read modern fiction; and she loves to have it rain. She knows everybody and everybody knows her. She can get a lesson, excepting a lesson for a certain class, done in half the time it takes anyone else to do it. We suspect she has a weakness for high-heeled evening slippers and tall people. She is generosity itself, and will give or lend you anything you ask for. School without Dot would be like Niagara without the Falls.

ETHEL MARY DUFFY


"Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious in a moment."

We all know Ethel’s fear of tests since she confessed it in Psychology class, but that didn’t prevent Mr. Hunt from giving us tests. She loves art, and anything artistic appeals to her—perhaps that is why she is always with Alice. She likes red and she knows it looks well on her. She has a perfect passion for reading. Almost any free period you will see her enjoying Shakespeare; anyone who can concentrate on that in the Day Student Room is a whiz.

CLAIRE FRANCES EDDY


"May all that is purest and noblest and best be always and ever thine."

Claire sticks to her own high ideals despite mob interference. She looks only for the best in others. Football particularly claims her fancy with Barry Wood as her ideal hero. College games alone can claim her Saturday leisure. Her ability is well directed by common sense and personal initiative. She never follows the crowd.
RUTH FALL


“And winning grace, her every act refined.”

One cannot think of Ruth without seeing a dark curly head that fits itself into every picture. But Ruth is more than picturesque. If one has been in any of her classes one is sure she knows her intellectual gymnastics. She is one of the few who can excel in scholarship and find time to be charming and friendly, too.

MARGARET FARRAR


“We find in life exactly what we put in it.”

Peg’s naturalness, frankness, and individuality do much to place her high in our ranks. Her capacity for thinking of expressive and unusual names for people, animals, and things is unique. She loves the outdoors, particularly skating and baseball. Outside the realm of sport it is old cars—especially Gardners and Buicks. Never ask her to enumerate the “Bills”. They form a never ending chain.

JEAN CATHERINE FERGUSON

2338 Washington Street, Canton. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. W. A. A. Board 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 3, 4. Student Co-operative Association 1. Library Club 3, 4. Class Secretary 3, 4.

“It’s folly not to be jolly.”

Jean’s trade mark is her smile, a sign of her good nature and sense of humor. Whether she is guarding the goal in hockey or plugging away at a particularly long History of Ed. assignment you will find her smiling just the same. If you ever want a fine referee for a hockey or soccer game—put in a call for Jean.
SADIE MAE GOULD


"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Curly hair with glints of gold—merry blue eyes—an excellent scholar—a true friend, and a veritable bundle of efficiency at times—all these make up our Sadie. And—are you watching a championship hockey game? Look for the fastest wing on the field; you may be sure you will find Sadie.

LILLIAN IRENE GRAY


"Her heart was in her work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art."

During her whole four years at normal school Lillian's work has been characterized by just that spirit. She undertakes everything whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. She carries her work through to a successful finish. In her dealings with little children, she becomes one of them. That is why we think she will succeed in her teaching.

BARBARA HART


"Good temper is like a sunny day;
It sheds its brightness everywhere."

Barbara has been with us four long years, and a more genial nature would be hard to find. She is noted for her frankness, friendliness, and sincerity. No one could be blue or downhearted while Barb was around with her merry grin;—and she is one of those rare people who always has an assignment done ahead of time.
FLORENCE ESTHER HARTT


"Who saw life steadily and saw it whole."

Once one is Flo's friend, one is always certain of her friendship. Flo loves the Cape, her Chevrolet, and making notations on poems. For a term, believe it or not, while she was treasurer pro tem of the Student Co-operative Council, money bothered her a great deal and banking was her pastime. We all have liked Flo, and her sincerity will always be apparent to anyone who knows her.

LOUISE DOROTHEA JACKSON

521 North Main St., Fall River. Library Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 3. Campus Comment 1, 4, Literary Editor 4. Basketball 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2, 3. Soccer 4.

"She taketh most delight in poetry."

Take large quantities of energy and enthusiasm, physical and mental ability—a touch of dreaminess, for she does love to read and write poetry; add a winning personality and mix them all together,—pour them into one small body and you have—our Louise.

HELEN THERESA KENNEALLY


"Who broke no promise, served no private end, Who gained no title and lost no friend."

A true and changeless friend. We always find Helen deeply absorbed by a book, and most often it is one of Shakespeare's plays. Helen's hobby is running for the bus, and suddenly finding that she has forgotten an appointment. We all love her and wish her all success.
FLORENCE JUNE KERNESS


"The one that loves and laughs must sure do well."

Flo is always ready with novel ideas about everything whether it be a class project or a social function. And more than that she is perfectly willing to carry her ideas to a successful end. No dance or social is complete without Florence. Her skill in dancing has made her the envy of the school. Her originality and witty flashes combined with plenty of pep and vitality have livened many of our class periods. She and Bunny are inseparable, and what one doesn’t think of the other does.

BETTINA KING


"Action is Eloquence."

Tina certainly has never lacked action. She is the rare example of a scholar and athlete. A glance at her activities in the past four years shows she rates high in the regard of her classmates. Her versatility is pronounced. She plays and loves all sports; she enjoys all kinds of music; in student activities you find her at the head. Her leadership here is but one step on the ladder of success. We wish her well on the ascent.

OLIVE WINIFRED LENNON

24 Fairlawn Avenue, North Weymouth. W. A. A. 1, 4.

"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."

Winnie seems quiet and reserved, but while the rest of us are talking, she is thinking in her clear, logical way. When she has formulated her bits of sound judgment she offers them with a shy smile. She loves children and to see her telling a story to a group of interested, wide-eyed youngsters is to obtain an intimate glimpse of a lovable person. She gives all she has to them and they love her for it.
RUTH FRANCES LORD

57 Pleasant Street, Brockton. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2. Basketball 1, 2. Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4. Head of Dancing 4. Pro and Con 1, 2, 3, 4. Treasurer 2, Secretary-treasurer 3.

“When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o’ the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.”

Interpretive dancing is Ruth’s hobby. She is always planning new dances and stunts for her dancing classes. Her pleasing manner and charming personality have made her many friends, and her perfect poise is enviable. Physiology is her favorite subject, as is only natural after her success in her Harvard classes. We expect to see her as a physical education instructor soon.

VIRGINIA LORD

26 School Street, Melrose. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Choir 1, 2, 3, 4. Girl Scouts 1, 2, 3. Library Club 4. Secretary Culture Fund Committee 4.

“What she did was done with so much ease
In her alone ’twas natural to please.”

Virginia is another of those people who impress you as being very quiet and then suddenly surprise you by the amount of fun-loving pep which is theirs. Ginny’s chief hobby is—books. You can see her almost any day wending her way down to the public library—with a cheery smile and an armful of books.

RUTH MARSDEN


“Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world’s life.”

Organization is Ruth’s byword. Her ability to take a lot of material and bring order out of chaos is astounding. In her conscientious, hard-working way she is never satisfied until she threshes out every minute detail. But Ruth plays as well as thinks—she is a welcome figure at all sports and social functions. In truth Ruth lives by one motto—“Good Sportsmanship”.

26
MARY ELIZABETH McNEARNEY


“A good true friend.”

One of the most faithful and sincere girls in Class A is Mary McNearney. She can always be counted on to have her work in on time, and she is always willing to help others whenever possible. She enjoys reading—though she seldom has time for it, she says—but there is one thing she does have time for, and that is friendship.

BEATRICE MARTHA NELSON


“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

In Bea we find unsurpassed good nature and amiability. Under the serene exterior is clever and witty repartee. Feeling between Bea and insurance men is "mutual". Don’t ever mention math projects to her. She finds most recreation in bowling and though left-handed, hits her mark.

MARGARET CECELIA NEY

344 Rock Street, Fall River. Dramatic Club 3. Library Club 1, 2. Vice-president 2. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 1. Basketball 1, 2. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4. Normal Offering Representative 1.

“As full of spirit as the month of May.”

Just read Peg’s list of activities and you will see why she is one of our best athletes and our very best dancer. Did you ever know of anything exciting going on that she wasn’t in on? Her eyes sparkle with mischief as though she were just waiting for something to happen. Whether Peg is teasing a friend, playing hockey, or industriously plugging at English History she has that same wholehearted pep.
HARRIETTE ELIZABETH PARMENTER


"My soul goes clad in gorgeous things, Scarlet and gold and blue."

For four years we have walked with her, talked with her, worked with her, and played with her; and yet we shall never know that gleaming, shining being which is the real Harriette. She is friendly, she is understanding, and now and then comes a glint of real enthusiasm as she tells of some book she has read. Sometimes it is hard for us to fathom her appreciation of things invisible to us and her wistful dreaminess but—we do like to have her explain "things"—like Henry the Fifth.

RUTH BEVERLY PETLUCK


"—whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Bunny is the most diminutive member of our class. Her size, however, has not kept her from streaking down the hockey field or from eluding her opponents on the basketball court. Always active, happy, and bubbling over with laughter, she has proved a constant source of pleasure with her ready wit and her matchless characterizations, ranging from a clever Gobbo to a wistful little shepherd, in dramatic productions.

CAMILLA C. PICKERERING

611 Walnut St., Fall River. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Scouts 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2. Dancing 1, 3, 4.

"Give the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Good-natured and modest! Camilla is the kind of girl who refuses to vaunt her own accomplishments, yet patiently listens while less worthy enthusiasts rave about anything and everything from history to hockey. Always a conscientious student, Camilla has firmly planted herself in our garden of pleasant memories of B. N. S.
EFFIE MORTON POST


"The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be."

Personality and Effie are synonymous. Though she wasn't with us the first year she slipped into our midst and made herself indispensable in just a short time. Athletics are her delight. No matter what the season you will always find her on some field of sport.

BARBARA HOFFSES PRAY


"There's only one proof of ability—action."

Those who have seen Barbara in art classes know her ability in that line. We often see a poem of hers, and we hear from some freshmen that she makes a good biology teacher. The day students can vouch for her ability as an executive. Besides knowing Barbara's scholastic abilities, we know her as a friend. Ability to make friends is a worthwhile one. Success to you, Barbara.

ELIZABETH QUARTZ


"One was made and then the mold was broken."

We have all seen girls who are interesting, fascinating, and good natured; but seldom do we find all these qualities in one person. Those of us who know Libby realize that she possesses this unusual combination.
IRENE MARY ROBERTI

Tupper Road, Sandwich. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. French Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Librarian 3. Treasurer 4. Science Club-1, 2, 3, 4. Vice-president 3. Campus Comment 4.

“She opens her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue.”

An ideal student, a true friend—that’s Irene. She can concentrate on her work while we are shouting and having a good time; and when we at the last moment start our work she is willing to turn aside to help us. Irene has done many things for French Club and Science Club that most of us never knew about, because she did them in such an unassuming way.

VICTORIA MAGDALEN SAULENAS


“Firm to resolve, patient to perform.”

We are glad to have the happy and gay little Vic with us again this year, for she certainly has added sparkle and laughter, as well as her intellectual ability, to Class A. Vic is one who believes that whatever task she is to undertake should be done well and thoroughly, and this efficiency has shown in all her work at Bridgewater. These good qualities are certain to help make her teaching career a big success.

MILDRED ANNA SCHAIER

44 Highview St., Norwood. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 2, 3. French Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Editor Campus Comment 1.

“Forward and frolic glee was there
The will to do, the soul to dare.”

Brimming over with life, full of pep, laughing, cheerful, gay; that is the side she most often shows to others. Her closest friends alone peek behind this curtain often enough to appreciate the depth of her character, her sturdy loyalty, her straight-forwardness and her absolute unselfishness. These qualities of a true friend are what have most endeared her to us.
BEATRICE L. SEAVER

302 Grove Street, Chicopee Falls. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Secretary-treasurer of K. P. Class 2. K. P. Club 4, President 4.

"It was you cast over me the spell of music."

Soft, sweet, caressing tones; low, tense, throbbing notes; gay, rollicking tunes—why it is Bea playing, of course! Bea plays and Bea sings and she is ever ready for fun with her contagious, little giggle. We are surprised to find that Bea also finds time to study, and with the same remarkable success that she achieves in everything else.

DORIS EUNICE SOUTHWICK


"To see her is to love her, And to love her but forever, For nature made her what she is, And never made another."

Happy of heart and serene, Skipper goes unafraid along life’s way. There is no one better when one is "in the dumps," no one a more honest and sincere friend, no one more independent and without affectation. That is one side of Skip—sometimes we come upon her at twilight—as she is looking across the campus with musing eyes, eyes which reflect the stars; then, we see Doris, the dreamer.

RUTH SWAN STETSON


"He that hath found a faithful friend Hath found a treasure."

"Did anyone see my fountain pen?" Brownie’s lost something again! Never shall we forget her, though, for her sincerity, frankness, and honor. Always ready for a stiff game of hockey or basketball—in the same way will Brownie tackle this game of life. She has proved that "The only way to have a friend is to be one."
HELEN JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN

81 Exeter Street, Lawrence. W. A. A. 1. Library Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 2, 3, President 4. Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 2, Treasurer 3. Volley Ball 3.

“Her friends—they are many, Her foes—are there any?”

We should not know what to do without Helen; she is a veritable sunshine spreader—the Pollyanna of Class A. Has not Helen the most pleasant habit of brushing away cares with a shrug of her shoulders, a brief bit of dry humor, and a twinkle of her “one of a kind” brown eyes? But she can be serious too. What would Library Club and Science Club have done without her services? We hope in years to come she will give her associates as much pleasure as she has surely given us.

MARGARET MARY SULLIVAN

32 Maple Street, Randolph. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1. Baseball 1. Day Student Council 1, 2, 4. Student Activities Committee 2. Pro and Con 1, 2, 3. Tennis 4.

“Persuasive speech, And more persuasive sighs, Silence that spoke, And eloquence of eyes.”

Ask anyone “Who loves History of Education?”—and the answer will be “Margaret Sullivan”. Peg is one of the most stylish girls in the class. And she is the most unconscious flirt possible. Peg can be serious or humorous in a second. For her friends she will do anything that is possible.

MARY EVELYN SULLIVAN

106 Snow St., Fitchburg. Fitchburg Normal School 1, 2, 3. W. A. A. 4.

“If she’s smiling all the while.”

We are grateful to Fitchburg Normal School for sending us the merry young lady who has helped to make our last year at B. N. S. more pleasant. Although she has been here for but a short time, many of us have found her to be a true friend.
SARA HELEN SUTTILL


"Joy lights the candles in my heart when you come in."

Sally is three girls in one: the joyous and vivacious Sally with her sunny smile; the intellectual Sally whose splendid record of four years of achievement here at Bridgewater is sufficient to prove her worth; and our lovable Sally, pal of our playtime and comforter of our gloom, poised and gracious, a true friend. It is not necessary to decide which we like best for the three together make an irresistible combination.

MARY HELEN SWEENEY

73 Main Street, Quincy. Boston Teachers College 1, 2, 3. Library Club 4.

"Deeds are better than words."

Although Mary has been here only this year, she is already one of us. We know her better for her little kindnesses, given with a smile, than for her verbosity. And, after all, it is the little things that count. Mary will always be among our pleasant memories of B. N. S. In whatever next year brings to you, success, Mary.

ROSAMOND TERRY


"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Roddy is one of those quiet people who are the possessors of mirth quite unsuspected by the casual observer. Although she has been with us for only two of our four years of servitude, her ready smile has won her a warm place in the hearts of her classmates.
AILEEN MARTHA TIHONEN


"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same

Keeps faith with singleness of aim."

We who know Aileen have found her to be unwavering in loyalty and friendship. Steadfast in purpose, she allows nothing to deter her until that which she has begun is beautifully finished in the way for which Aileen is well-known in B. N. S. Those of us who have been privileged to read her poetry, recognize in it creative ability and sincere thought. Mingled with seriousness, Aileen possesses a delightful whimsicality which has made her chapel and class meeting announcements most individual and anticipated.

MARGARET VAN HOUTEN


"When the Great Recorder comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game."

Loyalty is the word which best describes Van. Her aim in life—her greatest interest, scouting—is certainly one worthy of admiration. When she is not around the dorm trying to interest others in nature, the great outdoors, leadership of youth, you may be sure she is off camping, hiking, or attending conferences in the interest of the growth of this world-wide sisterhood.

EUNICE EVELYN WHITTIER

32 Lindel Street, Haverhill. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 1, Secretary 4. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Bowling 2, 3. Library Club 4. Campus Comment, Assistant Editor 4. Associate member of Dramatic Club 4.

"For herein Fortune shows herself more kind than is her custom."

The fates have bestowed many talents on Eunice and her industry proves her worth. Eunie belongs to that small class of persons who always do more than anyone else and seldom get all the credit which is due for it. She is also one of the few artistic persons who have enough practical ability to carry out their designs and execute difficult pieces of work.
CLARA VIGLIONE

32 Bridges Street, Framingham. W. A. A. 1, 2. Garden Club 1. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Hockey 1.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Few of us really know Clara, but what we know of her we like. We have always admired Clara's beauty. She has unusual ability along artistic lines. And—we have been told that Clara has a "yen" for all things beautiful.

JOHN LEO ASH

"Leo"

46 East Water Street, Rockland. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Glee Club 1, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Lyceum 4.

Leo sings his carefree song in rich baritone notes. Our debt to him is great, for often has he charmed us with his song, and great is the aesthetic value thereof. "There shall be music wherever he goes." Leo has proved to be a good basketball player and an able merchant as senior member of the firm of (C)Ash and Car(e) ry.

KACHER MERTON BOZOIAN

"Kacher"


Kacher came to us at the beginning of our sophomore year from the Northeastern University School of Engineering. Before long we learned that he had a tremendous capacity for work, a marked ability in mathematics and science, efficiency as a newspaper man, and strength as a soccer player. Why didn't you come to us sooner, Kacher?
NATHAN BULOTSKY

"Nate"

59 Harrison Avenue, Taunton. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Glee Club 1. Campus Comment, Assistant Business Manager 2, Business Manager 3, 4. Social Activities Committee 2.

Nate is the fast boy from Taunton, and you know that he is fast if you have ever seen him run in the dashes of the inter-class track meets. He says his greatest desire at one time was to have a place behind the footlights. We wonder whether it would be apache dancing or interpreting such roles as "Mrs. Jarley."

WILLIAM BERNARD CAREY

"Bernard"

630 Liberty Street, Rockland. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Lyceum 4.

"Introducing Mr. Car(e)ry of the firm of (C)Ash and Car(e)ry." Bernard is one of those quiet workers who are just "bound to succeed." He is a living exemplification of the professional attitude, and will surely be successful as a teacher of mathematics and science. He will long be remembered as "The Skipping Girl" in Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and as co-proprietor of our school store.

JOHN ANTHONY CARREIRO

"Johnny"


Johnny, like Napoleon, is a small man, but can give orders as well as anyone twice his size. When it comes to playing soccer he is right there. He is also good at making water wheels for the science class, but they won't work unless they are turned by hand. His home is said to be in Fall River, but he spends most of his time in Bridgewater.
FRANCIS PATRICK CARROLL  
"Paddy"

55 High Street, Bridgewater.  N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.  Men’s Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  Class Representative 1.  Basketball 1, Assistant Manager 3, Manager 4.  Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.  Soccer 1, 2, 3.  Normal Offering, Secretary-treasurer 4.  Men’s Glee Club 1, 4.

Paddy is one of the big boys of the class. If we had a football team he would be the mainstay of the line at center. He attacks his school work with as much vigor as he used in sinking twin-counters in the inter-class basketball games. Paddy says he has no weakness but we know otherwise.

MARIO AUGUSTUS CICCONE  
"Chic"


A lad of many accomplishments is Chic. In music he shows skill on the cornet, the saxophone, the clarinet, and the banjo, and as director of that team called the “Cicconians” he can make you want to dance even if you don’t know how. He also shines in soccer and baseball. He was one of the “big boot” men in soccer this year, contributing three goals during the varsity season.

CHARLES IRVING CLOUGH  
"Charlie"


We shall always remember “Charlie” for the way he used to wrestle with that trombone of his in orchestra concerts. When it came to doing damage he did plenty of it in the class soccer games. He is one boy who knows where to find what he is looking for in his notebook. Being an outspoken youth he tells you exactly what he thinks.
PAUL ROBERT COLLEN

"Paul"


A man who came to us with two years' teaching experience was sure to be a valuable addition to our class. Such a man was Paul Collen, and we are grateful to him for the counsel and information which he has given to us. He has a lively interest in the social studies and is especially strong in American history. His only point of weakness rests in Normal Hall.

ERNEST HARLOW COTE

"Ernie"


Ernest, the earnest boy from East Bridgewater, is a shining example of a self-made man. He works in school, he works during vacations, he works in the daytime, he works at night, in fact he is working at something all the time. He surely was a bug for punishment when he scheduled thirteen hours of biology with mornings, afternoons, and nights thrown in.

WILLIAM JOSEPH CRONIN

"Bill"


We have enjoyed Bill's companionship during our senior year, and have often regretted that Bridgewater did not get him before Fitchburg did. Bill is inclined toward the natural sciences and has exhibited power in scientific reasoning. The boys will all remember with pleasure his subtle humor in the sociology class.
THOMAS PATRICK CULLEN

"Tom"

55 Prospect Street, Fall River. Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Vice-president 3, President 4. Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4. Coach 2. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Coach 3. Campus Comment 2, 3, Sport's Editor 3.

Tom is not only the best athlete in the school but is also a good student. Collecting twelve major sport letters, he has four times been selected on All Eastern Soccer Elevens in the center forward position. He's a terror in basketball and a whiz in baseball. On the side he pulls down good marks. His fine leadership and ability will be missed by many.

WILLIAM EDWARD CURLEY

"Bill"


Bill can get more work done in less time than anyone else in the class, and we are still trying to figure out how he does it. His winning personality early won him a place in the hearts of his classmates. Bill has shown himself to be a good actor by his performances in the men's plays.

JOHN FRANCIS DALY

"Johnny"


Johnny, the sole class benedict, first matriculated at Holy Cross. The following year he spent at St. Anselm's College in Manchester, New Hampshire. We have had the pleasure of his companionship for the junior and senior years. When anyone wants sound advice he goes to Johnny. He works thoroughly and efficiently and will certainly make good in an administrative position.
FRANK TIMOTHY DESMOND
“Des”

507 June Street, Fall River. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men’s Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4. Soccer 2, 4.

Frank is a fellow who is thorough scholastically and athletically, a typical student-athlete. He has had, for the past four years at least, a remarkable faculty for “hitting” tests. When Frank speaks, which is not often, listen carefully and you will hear words of wisdom.

HUGH WILLIAM HENEY
“Hugh”

16 Fairview Street, Randolph. Men’s Club 1, 2, 3, 4. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Lyceum 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4. Glee Club 1, 4, Secretary 4. Normal Offering, Advertising Manager 4.

Hugh has gotten more out of normal school than some because he firmly believes that you cannot get out of anything any more that you put into it. When he becomes interested in anything he digs right down to the bottom of the situation. He has a good eye for basket shooting and during the past year was star senior soccer goalie.

EDWARD JOSEPH LEAHY
“Ed”


“Ed,” the versatile student-athlete from Gorham Normal School, has blazed his way through his senior year at Bridgewater. He has a keen mind and does his best—be it a problem in calculus or sinking a twin-counter in a basketball game for dear old B. N. S. Ed is headed for big things in life.
RALPH WILLIAM OSBORNE
“Ozzie”

19 Rutland Street, Brockton. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Lyceum 1, 4. Hobby Club, Nature Group Leader 4.

The geography class meets a puzzling problem; a hubbub of wild guesses—then, “Ozzie,” waking from his daily doze, quietly settles the question. This last year Ralph has divided his attention between the greenhouse and Gates House, with Gates House getting the breaks. We'll always remember quiet, serious “Ozzie”—another “great guy.”

ALFRED LAWRENCE PIMENTEL
“Freddie”


Al, whose home town is Plymouth, cannot see how all the Pilgrims landed on the diminutive Plymouth Rock. It would be great to have a mind like Al's. He thinks clearly and logically and is a man of sound convictions. Al always appears on the scene “spic and span.”

CHARLES EUGENE PRATT
“Charlie”

Plymouth Street, East Carver. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Men’s Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Science Club 3, 4.

Charlie Pratt has said very little during the past four years, but he has compensated for his reticence by a good deal of sound scientific thinking. Charlie has shone in all the science courses and we are sure that there is a wonderful future in store for him as a scientific expert and teacher.
HERBERT CHARLES RECKARDS

"Herbie"


Here is a lad with plenty of speed as a tennis player and plenty of skill as a photographer.  Herbie has an active interest in everything that is worth while and can be depended upon to do his share in all activities.

GUY JOSEPH RUSSO

"Guy"


It is said of Guy that while at Fitchburg he studied more than all the rest of the class put together.  If work means anything he ought to be a howling success.  For his size he can make more noise than anyone else we know of.

JOHN ALDEN SHOCKLEY

"Johnny"

70 Dean Street, Bridgewater.  N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.  Men's Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.  Soccer 2, 3, 4.  Basketball 3, 4.

Johnny is the nonchalant home talent contribution to our college.  School work is very interesting to him, but he would much rather be out kicking goals in soccer, or sinking baskets in a basketball game, or whacking the old baseball for a long ride.  He is one of the few boys playing three major sports.  Nothing worries this lad.
WALKER BURT TRAFTON

"Walker"

788 Rockdale Avenue, New Bedford. Men’s Club 1, 2, 3, 4. N. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4. Assistant Advertising Manager of Normal Offering 1. Campus Comment, Assistant Literary Editor 2, Assistant Editor 3. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Social Activities Committee 2. Student Council 2.

Walker, the only man in the class officially engaged, certainly likes New Bedford; for the minute classes are over he is headed there. Walker is a musician; he plays the drums par excellence; and what strains of sweet music he can draw forth from that xylophone of his.

FRANKLYN OSCAR WHITE

"Oscar"


F. Oscar has been our class president for three years, and it is to his energy and efficiency that the class owes many of its successes. His leadership and co-operation on the Campus predict success for the community in which Oscar settles.
Senior Ode

Alma Mater, Alma Mater, now that twilight hovers near,
To our lips rise songs of tribute for the days thou hast made dear,
To our hearts well thoughts of sadness—memories of lovely things—
Songs of triumph, wisps of laughter, clash of battle, stir of wings—
All the love, the woe, the labor, all the hopes and all the tears
Mingle with the quiv'ring wonder and the dreams of unborn years.

Chorus:
    Guide us then, O Alma Mater,
    O'er the steep hard trails ahead.
    Keep thy beacon ever burning
    Near the paths where we must tread.

O'er the golden fields of sunset dark'ning shadows bend their ray—
O'er the shores thin verge of shallows circling sea-gulls find their way—
While before us doors are op'ning to the misty roads outside
While sweet strains of solemn music fill our hearts with joyous pride—
Darker, darker, grows the skyline, and each star lights up the way
But we need thy sovereign guidance and thy beacon's steady ray.

Harriette E. Parmenter
History

Another year passed and the sporty sophomores returned as the jolly juniors. There was great cooperation among the members, to try to cover up the loss of their classmates who were being instructed in the ways of teaching, during their training period.

To the Juniors belongs the credit of having had the first Junior Prom in the history of this Normal School. Leaving behind a wintry night the juniors entered the gym, where the most successful social event of the year was held.

The junior girls were very inconsiderate in carrying off all the final awards of the fall tournaments,—that is, in hockey, soccer, volley ball, and tenniquoit. The girls' basketball team had such a fine working system of signals that only the best were able to "batter" through them. In the spring, many capable juniors blossomed forth as potential tennis stars.

The junior social was as unique as the Junior Prom. Ours was the first leap year dance of 1932.

To those of us who are graduating in June, we wish every possible success in their chosen work.

ELEANOR SCHREIBER
DOROTHEA ELIZABETH ABBOTT

69 Prospect Street, Weymouth. W. A. A. 3. Class Day Committee 1.

Capability, concentration, conscientiousness—that’s “D. A.” She has that most admirable combination of studiousness coupled with humanness—a rare gift. She is vastly envied for her social gifts. The only time her poise was shaken was at the half-way stage when she was letting her hair grow. Does she like gym? Ask her. But, you don’t have to ask if she likes a certain other masculine name.

GRACE HUTCHINSON ABSALOM


A cool, self-possessed young person with a fascinating Pennsylvanian accent, a person inclined toward giving tantalizing oblique glances out of great brown eyes—a co-ed with a penchant for novels (sometimes surreptitiously read during class). This is our Gay. Gay will not be hurried—but she gets her work done, and done well, as her versatile abilities prove.

MARY SALOMEA ADAMCZYK

15 Martel Avenue, Taunton. W. A. A. 3.

Why is it that all of the Taunton girls are such good students? Mary is not one of the least of these. Even though she always has her lessons prepared, we know she does not spend all her time studying for we have often heard her jolly laughter ringing out in friendly mirth. She is a loyal classmate, popular with everyone, never idle, and obliging at all times.
AGNES ELIZABETH ALM


Aggie is a pal, and when we say pal we mean that she is a particularly fine friend, class representative, and student. You would understand the friend if you were to ask her to do something for you, and saw how quickly she jumped to help you; you would understand the class representative if you saw how tactfully she manipulated us during the difficult first weeks of returning from outside training; and you would understand the student if you heard her in history class.

HELEN MADELINE BARKER


During the past three years at B. N. S. Helen has not only devoted herself industriously to her studies, but has entered into many activities of the school including both clubs and athletics, where she has done her part to further their success. We understand she is especially good in bowling. Helen is a real pal and we wish her every success.

DOROTHY ALICE BOOTH


Dot can get along with almost anyone; for nothing effaces her smile, nor dampens her friendly spirit. She is one of our beloved “gigglers” whose favorite expression is, “Oh, I think it is perfectly horrid!” with a merry laugh following, to show how terrible it really is.
BLANCHE AMELIA BRYANT

121 Gladstone St., Brockton. Garden Club 1, 2, 3. Kindergarten Primary Club 3.

The one girl who religiously reads every bulletin board! Blanche loves a good argument, and woe to the poor fellow who gets involved with her. Blanche has never yet lost a battle! Extremely clever with her fingers, she excels in all handwork and even repairs her own wrist watch. A friendly and co-operating class-mate, a generous and loving pal, Blanche has a warm place in many hearts.

MARY ELLEN BURKE


Mary is a quiet little person, but while the rest of us are talking she is putting her brain to work. Perhaps that is why she so often gets ahead of us, and always has her work ready for each class. Mary is the class artist, and there is nothing that she cannot depict with pencil, crayons, or water colors. Whatever she does, you may be sure is done well.

MURIEL AMELIA CARR


Muriel left us at the end of our second year when her family moved from Massachusetts to New York. We missed her jolly companionship during the next year, and when she came back to us in September of 1931, it was with genuine sincerity that we expressed our pleasure. "Will you sing for us, Muriel?" was a question we often put to her. She never answered, "No." We shall always remember, Muriel, those "sings" and the many good times.
CLASSES

EVELYN CHAPLIN CHASE


Ev is not a talkative person and this deceived us for a long time. Happily for us, however, we discovered before it was too late that she had a quiet, hidden sense of humor no less keen for its lack of publicity. In class she always has a ready answer, yet she never was one to embarrass those among us who are less industrious by a superior show of knowledge. Bless her! Many a one has a hallowed place in the hearts of his fellowmen for a less tactful nature than that. Wherever you go, Ev, the best wishes of the class go with you.

HENRIETTA COHEN

130 Quarry St., Fall River. Basketball 1. Hockey 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2.

An odd combination of the deep, thoughtful philosopher and the gay, care-free, take-life-as-it-comes individual. Remember Henry in psyche? How she used to spiel about neurones and retractive somethings or other, while we all wondered if she knew what she was talking about, or was only bluffing. And her barbaric Indian war dances in reading! We shall never forget them as long as we live.

MARY DAVIS


Mary, the epitome of trim daintiness and efficiency. Careful enunciation and an infectious smile make her an interesting story-teller. Mary's pet weakness is shoes, and her stock of them is large and varied. A certain cockiness and buoyancy of spirit together with her own particular dry chuckle, are reasons for the large demand for Mary's presence.
SARA DE MELLO


Dear, excitable Sally. Such great worries are hers. "You have no theory for that fact?" O, goodness gracious! Can you imagine such a catastrophe? It must be remedied immediately. Very exacting is our Sally, for she must know the whys and wherefores of everything. A little girl with a big vocabulary and a large fund of knowledge. In your eagerness for work, Sally, don't forget to play.

VIVIAN ALBERTA DENLY

18 Everett Street, Brockton. W. A. A. 2, 3.

Viv is one of the quiet members of our class, yet if there is any fun going on she is sure to be in on it. She makes a good pal, the sort you enjoy being with, in any mood. We can tell by looking at her what her work will be like, neat and interesting. Quiet, and unassuming, she is the kind of friend you dream about but seldom find.

CATHERINE LOUISE DOYLE

933 Robeson Street, Fall River. W. A. A. 3.

Kay is our "premier dansseuse". In fact, self-confessedly, she could die dancing. To watch Kay and Nonie in those graceful dips and swirls is to think of flowing music or elfin water. Kay's is a vivid, gifted personality. Her taste in literature is exquisite and perhaps contributes to her alert, modern, scintillating viewpoint. Kay will go far, and meet many people, but none will be more interesting than herself.
CATHERINE MARY FOYE


Kay (dare we breathe it?) only stops talking to eat. We know, from a certain Onset week-end, that she even talks in her sleep. But who minds? Her gay presence cheers us all, and we envy her sunny nature. We always smile when we hear her say, "I can't do it. I know I can't do it! In fact, I'm dead certain I can't do it!" for we know she always turns in an excellent piece of work.

MAUDE ENA FREDETTE


We shall never, as long as we live, forget Ena, and the kind things she has done for us in that incomparable way of hers, with her eyes shining friendliness and her mouth curved in smiles. She's so tall, and dear, and pretty, our Ena, that our hearts will feel an unwonted emptiness at bidding her goodbye. The best of everything, Ena, from the bottom of our hearts.

RUTH S. GENNIS


Though Ruth is one of our newest classmates, in the short time she has been with us she has shown her good nature and willingness to help when there is work to be done. An enviable characteristic of Ruth's is her immunity to last minute hustling and confusion.
MARIE ELIZABETH GIBERTI


Marie entirely belies that old expression "beautiful but dumb." Her smile, her character, and her poise cause many a heart to quicken, stop, and take notice. Her favorite pastime is trying to find a place for her numerous hairpins. She has the distinction of using more than any other member of the class. Marie is especially fond of red. Perhaps that is the reason redheaded people appeal to her so much. A fiery temper is said to go with red hair, Marie.

ELIZABETH GERTRUDE GILES


Betty is a very versatile member of our class. She excels in sports and has a faculty for organizing clubs with unusual names. Her wit is a treat for the jangled nerves and her appearance a treat for the optics. Betty is always looking on the bright side of life. Even when she forgets her history topic she can smile. No matter what the subject is, she always sees the funny side first. We hope she will always sail through life with that same carefree spirit she has shown among us.

QUEENIE MAY GREEN

72 Ward St., Athol. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Library Club 2, 3. Hobby Club 3. Chairman Decoration Committee Normal Hall 3.

Queenie is one of those fortunate young ladies who possess individuality. It would be hard to forget that quick turn of her head and her brisk, friendly manner. In years to come we shall associate this breezy, alert little sprite with memories of B. N. S.
CLASSES

LUCILLE PHILOMENE GROGAN


Lu started in as a freshman to be one of those still-waters-run-deep persons, but we found her out for the good sport she is. She tried to hold out on us by hiding her light under a bushel—but it was too lovely a light, fortunately for us. The class gives three long cheers and a tiger for Lu, our friend and standard-bearer for the class in all sports.

HELEN LILLIAN HEDIN


Helen is the only red-head we know who does not live up to popular fancy. We never saw, or even heard of her losing her temper. And, we would never exchange our dainty, serene Helen for a red-headed vixen. Helen's handwriting betrays her personality—beautiful, even, flowing.

ELSIE MAY HENDERSON

Main Street, Norwell. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Garden Club 2, 3. Hobby Club 3, Vice-president 3.

Anytime, anywhere, anyone can depend on Elsie. She dislikes nothing—except mothballs. Where there are no stone walls she is an excellent driver. Her even disposition wins for her a host of friends. Music and swimming are her pet diversions. She will be an active participant in both at any time.
RUTH FRANCES HIGGINS

15 Crystal Street, Greenwood.  W. A. A. 1, 2, 3.  Choir 1, 2.  Hobby Club 3.

Ruthie is another of those "small packages" of which we hear so much. The contents do not belie the old saying, but give added strength to it. Moments of intensive study, moments of continuous chatter, time for extensive reading, and spare time filled doing odd jobs for everyone—all unite to make Ruth's day memorable. Normal Hall will not seem natural without Ruth, for she has lived there ever since she came. It will take much more than size alone to fill her place. Truly, "Good things do come in small packages."

VIRGINIA STEWART HOWLAND


Virginia is our "dry farmerette." Her knowledge of geography leaves us gasping, and she is a shark at gardening and physiography. Perhaps her training as a Female Guide is accountable. She is the despair of the class with her ready and logical answer to every question, and the boon of the teachers because her notebooks are always ready before time. Too bad we can not all be like Virginia in this respect, but our besetting sin is procrastination.

SOPHIA EUGENIA JAWOREK


When you see a merry young lassie come swinging down the corridor, her face lit up with an expansive smile, that is Sophia, a girl who since our early freshman days has never been known to lose her temper or change her enthusiastic greeting. Moreover, Sophie is what one calls dependable; and we have every reason to be proud of this worthy, willing worker.
ROSE KERSHNER


Her favorite recreation is dancing and we shall all agree that the art has won her many admirers. If you were in any of Rose’s classes, you would understand why she is a member of Pro and Con, for she always has a good argument ready for any question. We know, too, that Rose is always ready for a good time. Bonne fortune, Rose.

MARJORIE LOUISE KING


Rather a quiet but charming girl is Marjorie, who still blushes when she recites. Was it Marjorie who declared vehemently that she could not memorize anything, and then proceeded to deliver a long selection from Shakespeare without a pause in reading class? It was! A diligent worker and a conscientious student is Marjorie, and few can compete with her methods notebooks.

SADYE KURTZMAN

23 Harrington Ave., Quincy. W. A. A. 3.

A newcomer from Keene, Sadye has proved a source of many helpful ideas and suggestions. Her gentle voice and manner have made her an ideal fairy for dramatics in reading class. Truly a conscientious student, Sadye starts each morning with the query, “Is that all we had to do for to-day?”
CECILIA AGNES LARKIN

35 Brunswick Street, Brockton. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Basketball 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2. Baseball 1, 2.

If Celia had lived in the Dark Age she would have handed together her many followers, overthrown all rule and rulers, pushed aside the misty curtain of the Future, and stepped into the glare of the Modern Age. Celia's reign would certainly be called the "Era of Benignancy and Generosity." Those lacking anything from thread to sandwiches need only ask Celia. Here's to you, Celia, and be always the same doable, lovable girl!

ETTA ELEANOR LARKIN


A vibrant, breath-taking flash across the field, a ball miraculously snatched out of the air, a sudden rise of earth out of space, and a one-man speed-ball team lies sprawled on all fours—but the ball is safe! This is the "Jerry" who still worships Peter Pan. The other Jerry is a sweet-faced person, whose warm musical voice, whose soft brown eyes with their companionable twinkle have attracted many admirers—a Jerry whose unfailing integrity and good sportsmanship have kept them as friends.

ALMA SARAH LEMAIRE

2 Chester Street, Taunton. W. A. A. 2, 3.

Alma is one of our most studious girls. You may find her any spare period preparing future lessons in the library. But do not mistake us—her silence only makes her speech the more valuable. We all admire Alma for her "sticktoitiveness" which will take her far.
RUTH MARIE LONERGAN


Ruth made us a brief visit at the beginning of last year, and now she is back in B4 to stay, we hope. Who can help admiring her good taste in dress, and her social efficiency? She is one of the most helpful and sympathetic girls to be found, for she is always willing to do whatever she can to help.

HILDA GRACE MACKEEN


B4 boasts its Jenny Lind, and she is none other than our musical Hilda, who has charmed us all with her solos in choir. A keen sense of humor, and a never-ending desire for food are her outstanding characteristics. As a counsellor at camp each summer, she has become a trustworthy and loved guide for children. More power to you, Hilda!

SARAH BESSIE MARDER

23 Spring Street, Taunton. Day Student Council 1. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

Sarah is the possessor of a well-balanced mind and not too large a tongue, assets which will render her pleasing anywhere. The latter accomplishment, her dislike to waste words, has led many to believe her quiet. Trust in silence. Sarah is so very wistful at times that we all are tempted to pity her; but when she smiles, all other thoughts fade into the distance.
HELEN FRANCES McKENNEY


Our genius in disguise—a combination of Jane Cowl and Kay Francis. The way she moves her hands and feet and face, and speaks volumes! Will we ever forget her in the “C” class plays! She can write words on paper to shame a George Eliot and speak words on a stage to shame a Bernhardt. Helen is, undoubtedly, our most brilliant and most beautiful girl, and we love her for it. We salute her perfumed presence!

ELLEN ELIZABETH MEAL


Ellen is the girl who surprised us by turning out not to be as quiet as she seemed to be. She has well developed artistic tastes, as her room in the dormitory will testify. We point with pride to the Shakespearian Theatre she made for “lit” class. In handwork and design she has no peer, and in all her other classes she stands among the first. Watch Ellen in any game and you will wish you could play as gracefully. Hand in hand with this grace goes that desirable quality of a beautiful disposition.

GRACE EVELYN BRYANT MICHEL

East Longmeadow. W. A. A. 1, 2. Baseball 1. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Garden Club 1, 2, 3.

Grace is one of those beings who believes in the homely but pertinent saying, “If your studies interfere with your business, cut out the studies.” The twinkle in her eyes tells of her sunny disposition bubbling over with fun. Her popularity is sure to follow her for many years.
MARY ELIZABETH MONAHAN

72 Richmond Street, Brockton. W. A. A. 1, 2. Hockey 1. Basketball 2. Baseball 1, 2.

What one of us has not wished for hair like Molly’s, or a disposition like Molly’s? Shall we ever forget the way she laughs, deep down in her throat, or the way she runs when she plays hockey? Molly is one of that famous quartet: Molly, Al, Fran and Peg, otherwise known as—(but then, maybe we shouldn’t put it in print.)

GERTRUDE ESTHER MORAN


Gert is a new member of our class, and she certainly is a complex character. Her ability to stand up and speak with a great deal of assurance before a class contrasts greatly with her hurried diction when she revels in her Fitchburg experiences. Gertrude’s hobby is music and from all appearances she is well acquainted with her subject.

ALICE CATHERINE MOYNIHAN

543 North Montello Street, Brockton. W. A. A. 1, 2. Hockey 1. Baseball 1, 2. Basketball 1, 2.

Al is another of the Quartet. The four may be seen any noon in the Day Students’ Room, their heads together, chuckling over the latest gossip. Al is a most dependable student and may always be counted on in any class. We like her particularly for her cheerful disposition and her disregard of petty annoyances.
HELENA WANDA NAWROCKI

25 Marion St., Brockton. Baseball 3.

Lena is temperamental—whatever that means. In her case it seems to mean that her fiery spirit, artistic ability, and sympathetic mind make her distinctly individual. Lena is easily aroused to argument, and her opinions are firm as adamant. She will be remembered with admiration and affection after some of us more conventional school ma'ams are forgotten.

MARY JEAN O'KEEFE

42 Cedar Street, Taunton.

Mary J. is very dramatic. We facetiously call her “woman of tragedy” because of the innumerable deceases of her innumerable relatives. She has aesthetic tastes. Half the time we do not quite understand what she is talking about, but we care not as long as we can listen to her. She and Mr. Durgin never did reach a decision as to whether the word is “Tawnto” or “Tahnto”!

ELOISE LUCY PARSONS

199 North Central St., East Bridgewater. Hobby Club 3.

A slender, blue-eyed person with a passion for all things biological. “I like B4 all right,” cries Eloise, “but oh! how I wish I could take Science with the A men!” M-m-m! Eloise is usually seen whizzing nonchalantly by with a driving skill equal to that of a veteran chauffeur. May she always pilot her ship of life with the same ease.
ANGELINE SOPHIE PLAZA
284 Earle Street, New Bedford. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3. Science Club 1, 2, 3. Garden Club 1, 2, 3.

Angeline boasts a wicked sense of humor. She giggles upon the slightest provocation. She is a brilliant student and a shining light in all her classes. But, the most important thing we want to remember about her is her warm, friendly personality, and her eager willingness to help us out of any difficulty we encounter.

HONORA TERESA QUIGLEY
18 Oak Street, Milton. Class Representative 1. Garden Club 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Secretary 3. Junior Prom Committee 3. Choir 1, 2.

Nonie—the aristocrat. Remember her reading Chaucer under the pine tree? We didn't even feel the ants. Her versatility is a byword—she sings, dances, reads, and plays the piano, all with characteristic individuality. We always want to quote things when we think of Nonie; things like, “Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety,” and “Her talk flows out as soft and smooth as breasts of singing birds.”

MARGARET LOUISE REARDON

Peg is the wise-cracking number of B-3 and the noisiest of the Quartet. She makes side-splitting remarks in a solemn voice and looks pained when anyone laughs. She is a jolly friend to have around, and we all know the heartiness of her infectious laugh—particularly on the early-morning train, bent for the Training School. Her favorite remark is, “There's no peace for the wicked.”
MARION HELEN RING


Ringie is eager, impetuous, earnest, and oftentimes, comical. She makes naive remarks innocently, laughs as heartily as anyone at them, and exclaims hastily, "Oh, that isn't what I meant." In her quick eagerness, she has a habit of talking out in class and then blushing to think she has done so. Ringie blushes very beautifully. Her eyes betray her nature, radiant, sparkling, and keen. She has a hearty enthusiasm for anything and anyone she is interested in, and is especially active in athletics. We like her because she laughs often, and sincerely, in that contagious chuckle of hers.

FRANCES ELLEN RYAN

55 Franklin Street, South Braintree. W. A. A. 1, 2. Hockey 1. Soccer 2.

Fran is still another of the Quartet and one of our most popular girls. And no wonder! She has a lovable, charming personality, stands well in her studies, and isa jolly companion. In addition she is a very accomplished young lady. She is one of our best athletes, dances beautifully, and sings as well as she dances. Her most admirable quality is her ability to get along with everyone.

GLADYS MAE RYAN

131 Liberty Street, East Braintree. W. A. A. 1, 2. Day Student Council 1.

"G" has that divine gift—a heart of gold. She makes one of the best friends in the world, a friend whose loyalty is unquestionable, whose value is estimable. She is the soul of generosity and unselfishness. Among our many memories of B. N. S. she will always be one of the dearest. Best of luck to you, G, always.
ROSE BERTHA SHEINUK

35 East Walnut Street, Taunton. French Club 1. W. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

Because Rose is shy, many of her classmates have had the misfortune not to know her well. Those who do have found in her a ready comrade and a loyal friend who is always willing to help out. When she came here as a freshman three short years ago, who guessed the calm, serene senior she would grow into? Not so calm always though, for once in a while a giggle announces her presence to those who are best acquainted with her.

JANE MARY SMITH


Jane's walk typifies her character. Have you ever watched her hike along in that sure, progressive manner of hers? Jane is very athletic; it runs in the family, so they say. But she is also a good student, and an efficient organizer; we believe she will also be a popular and valuable teacher. That is, she will be if she teaches.

LUCY ST. LAURENT


Lucy is a firm believer in hiking as a beneficial exercise, and delights in taking long hikes. She has other interests besides hiking, some of which are shown by the various clubs to which she belongs. Because of Lucy's ability and determination, we give her our sincerest wishes for success.
JANE STUB


Born in Panama, Jane brought much of its warmth with her to thaw the frigid exteriors of her New England friends—and they are many. For Jane is not merely friendly, she is a friend. In addition to being a sympathetic and loyal comrade, she is an individualist. With an extensive vocabulary combined with a viewpoint entirely original, Jane writes distinctive literature. However, she does not limit her exercise to pen pushing. When one day we read in "Who's Who"—"Jane Stub, educator, author, athlete, artist, and friend"—we will murmur reminiscently, "Remember when Jane corted around the gym as Abdul?"

MARY ALICE SULLIVAN


Mary is our champion blonde, coolly efficient in her work, pleasantly firm in her opinions. Mary is conspicuously absent from Woodward on Sundays. Why? Well on that day a certain Pontiac appears in front of Woodward, remains there for an impatient moment, and then departs with two passengers instead of one. Mary is always subsequently missing.

HELEN EILEEN TATTERSALL


Helen’s is a singularly poised and placid nature—a direct contrast to her fiery hair. Neither the when’s nor what’s of history, nor the who’s of “lit” class seem to bother Helen, who always startles us with the correct answer, however impromptu the question. Generous and dependable, she is truly a friend to be prized.
SOPHIE TAYLOR


Fast—faster—whiz! This is just Sophie Taylor warming up for a long and speedy battle with “bugs,” “lit” or methods. She is known as “Little Sophie,” but every inch of her is teeming with action. Sophie’s tongue is so vigorous that she could easily drown out any salesman, however loquacious. Sophie is as exhilarating and welcome as a brisk breeze on a hot day.

ANN TERESA TYNAN


Ann, although a newcomer to our division this year, has immediately found her place and become one of us. She and “Henry” spend much of their time together and even arrive late in the same classes—at the same time. Ann is good-natured and a good sport. She is said to like dancing and motoring; but as yet we have been unable to discover any of her dislikes.

VIRGINIA MARGARET WESTON


Her hobbies are of a musical nature, which is shown by her membership in Glee Club and Choir. Ginny has been liked and respected by her classmates because of her steady application to her work, and we might say, to her play—for she believes each has a place.
HELEN EUNICE WINNING


Winnie has a quiet unassuming nature, and is one of our best students. She shines particularly in history. We know a secret about her—she does not like the smell of formaldehyde. Neither do we, for that matter. She has the quietest, softest voice imaginable, but we know she will make the children mind what she says. We wish you happiness and prosperity, Winnie, wherever you go.

AMY FLORENCE WRIGHT

Groton.

Amy is not very big, but what a lot of pep she possesses! A merry laugh, dimples, and brown eyes make people turn around and ask who that little creature is. Good luck, Amy, and may you brighten the atmosphere wherever you go with that sunny disposition of yours.
Class Roll

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREE 1933

Allen, Mary E. ........................................... Cottage St., Marion
Baker, Florence G. ...................................... 17 Elm St., Brookline
Baranowski, Leocadia T. ................................. 38 Briggs St., Easthampton
Bell, Clarece D. ........................................... Wellfleet
Biscoe, Evelyn L. .......................................... Washington St., East Norton
Boland, Mary J. ........................................... 4 Hamilton St., Brockton
Brettell, Ruby E. .......................................... 160 First St., Melrose
Burrill, Harriet ............................................ 99 Fremont St., Bridgewater
Carle, Edith L. ............................................. 533 Pleasant St., Bridgewater
Carroll, Mary A. ........................................... 55 High St., Bridgewater
Chace, Pamela H. .......................................... 14 Parker St., New Bedford
Chasse, Evelyn C. ......................................... Turnpike, South Easton
Chatterton, Dorothy C. .................................. 546 Walnut St., Lynn
Collins, Marion B. ........................................ 80A Middle St., Gloucester
Dick, Alice .................................................. Main St., West Warren
Dunn, Verda F. ............................................. Box 743, Hingham
Dyer, Mary E. ............................................... 21 Sheridan St., Taunton
Fish, Dorothy E. .......................................... 43 Houston Ave., Milton
Fitts, Beatrice V. ......................................... 64 Bigelow St., Quincy
Foote, Katherine .......................................... 19 Fairfield Ave., Holyoke
Glidden, Doris B. .......................................... 4 Farm St., So. Weymouth
Glidden, Ruth V. .......................................... Plymouth St., No. Middleboro
Gregory, Ruth M. .......................................... Royalston Rd., No. Winchendon
Harrington, Marjorie V. .................................. 419 Washington St., Stoughton
Hewitt, Louise ............................................. 106 Centre St., West Quincy
Howe, Elaine G. ........................................... Centre St., Pembroke
Keith, Marion I. ........................................... 2280 Washington St., Canton
Krupka, Stella H. .......................................... Maine St., Bolton
Laird, Gertrude L. ......................................... 6 Water St. Ext., Plymouth
Laramee, Mabel H. ........................................ 460 Plymouth St., East Bridgewater
Leary, Anna K. ............................................. 7 Fitch Terrace, Randolph
Lewis, Mary C. ............................................. 860 No. Montello St., Montello
MacDonald, Mildred K. .................................. 45 Park St., Palmer
MacGinnis, Doris V. ...................................... 154 Hanover St., Fall River
MacLeod, Myrtle R. ....................................... 404 Commercial St., Provincetown
Martin, Eleanor ........................................... 27 Beacon St., Gloucester
Mitchell, Aloyse V. ...................................... 412 Maple St., Marlboro
Morris, Mona E. ........................................... 90 Botolph St., Atlantic
Murley, Helen E. .......................................... 17 Bicknell St., Marlboro
Murray, Ethel F. .......................................... 166 Aquidneck St., New Bedford
Nisula, Miriam E. ......................................... 129 Winter St., Norwood
Nugent, Ruth A. ........................................... 107 No. William St., Fairhaven
Pratt, Louise M. .......................................... 41 Brook St., Brockton
Rafkin, Helen .............................................. 1 Carlmark St., West Quincy
Sarson, Marie G. .......................................... 11 Bartlett Pkwy., Winthrop
Schreiber, Eleanor E. ................................... 33 Central St., Whitman
Sherman, Elouise G. ...................................... 65 Oakdale St., Brockton

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1932 NORMAL OFFERING

Spellman, Doris H. 39 Thurston St., Somerville
Stewart, Phyllis M. R. F. D., Barre
Tarr, Esther
Taylor, Elsie H.
Tinsley, Rose A.
Vaughn, Dorothy E.
Vinal, Barbara B.
Waarenen, Irma I.
White, Emma S.
Wightman, Alice A.

Avitable, Albert 214 Granite Ave., Braintree
Ford, Paul 84 Herrod Ave., Brockton
Johnson, Clifford B. 24 Lawrence St., Waltham
Johnson, William C. 105 Norfolk St., Wollaston
Lerner, Louis 11 Crowell St., Dorchester
Linehan, Urban J. 459 High St., Bridgewater
Lowder, George P. 280 Broadway, Arlington
McMahon, Francis J. 5 Montgomery Ave., Pittsfield
Milici, Louis V. 26 Woodville St., Roxbury
Nagle, Robert J. 535 Second St., Fall River
Nardelli, Walter 74 Huntington St., Brockton
Parris, Frank E. R. F. D. 37, South Hanson
Solmer, Samuel 80 Tremont St., Taunton
Stanley, James E. 17 Reynolds St., New Bedford
Sweeney, John F. 300 Oak St., Bridgewater
Welch, Edward F. 53 Hamilton St., North Abington

KATHERINE FOOTE

February 28, 1932

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Gay young Sophomores? Well, I should say so!
Gone forever are the verdant Freshmen who, in spite of the fact that "freshmen should neither be seen nor heard," blossomed forth into a glorious career of such diligent work and enthusiastic play, that all efforts to subdue them were in vain. Their "not-altogether freshmanlike" presence was distinctly made known in classes, in the clubs and sports, and, in short, in all the activities of the school.

Now let us tenderly tuck these memories away lest we lose ourselves in them altogether—yes, we were those Freshmen, but hush—we are now SOPHOMORES. A bit more dignified, you say? To be sure, but still the same happy class, ready and eager to make another page in class history, a page more brilliant both in work and play than the first.

Already we have entered wholeheartedly into the swing of the year, prominent in all that we do. Many of us have already experienced our first thrill of teaching and have returned, happy and with something gained.

Of course, at times we work like Trojans, but then, isn’t that in the game, too? And, we haven’t forgotten how to play. Our class social proved that. A most successful and interesting event, it also brought to light two other discoveries worth mentioning, first—if you will just kindly recall the theme of the social—that our eyes are turned to the future, and not to the past; and second,—if you will please dwell a moment on the program of that same social—that we have a most unusual and varied assortment of talent in our class to be proud of.

Who says it’s the "suffermore" year?

Here’s to the class of ’34!
May its glory ever grow.

Esther Lindberg
# Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbott, Helen M.</td>
<td>236 West St., Gardner</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alexander, Dorothy M.</td>
<td>214 Pine St., Holyoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Olga</td>
<td>Townsend Harbor, Box 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bariteau, Kathryn M.</td>
<td>33 Concord St., Maynard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barnes, Gertrude A.</td>
<td>33 Trimount St., Dedham</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beach, Madeline</td>
<td>56 Warren St., West Springfield</td>
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<td>Beane, Evelyn G.</td>
<td>233 Grafton St., Brockton</td>
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<td>Beede, Ethel M.</td>
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<td>Bernier, Eva C.</td>
<td>143 Bridge St., North Weymouth</td>
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<td>Bianchi, Sylvia A.</td>
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<td>Bliss, Phyllis E.</td>
<td>4 Swindells St., Fall River</td>
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<td>Boucher, Mildred C.</td>
<td>36 Vaillancourt St., Taunton</td>
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<td>Bowman, Mildred K.</td>
<td>7 Court End Ave., Middleboro</td>
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<td>Britton, Olive C.</td>
<td>7 Parker St., Newton Center</td>
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<td>Brown, Harriet H.</td>
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<td>Burr, Ruth W.</td>
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<td>Capuano, Helen</td>
<td>2 Williams Court, Somerville</td>
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<td>Castro, Helen M.</td>
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<td>Colby, Dorothy P.</td>
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<td>Crowley, Mary E.</td>
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<td>Cullen, Mary A.</td>
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<td>Curley, Grace</td>
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<td>Darche, Eldora R.</td>
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<td>Depliant, Marion M.</td>
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<td>Drohan, Alice</td>
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<td>Dunlavy, Elizabeth W.</td>
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<td>Ford, Virginia A.</td>
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<td>Freitas, Bessie T.</td>
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<td>Gabriel, Isabel D.</td>
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<td>Galipeau, Lucienne J.</td>
<td>100 North St., Randolph</td>
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<td>Gavin, Glenda G.</td>
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<td>Gillen, Edith A.</td>
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<td>Ginnetty, Anna Elizabeth</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Godfrey, Elois

Goff, Jeanette E.

Guy, Alice L.

Hadro, Alice A.

Hawes, Jeanette F.

Henricksen, Gunvor N.

Henry, Ruth G.

Hixon, Dorothy M.

Homer, Alice M.

Hunken, Marjorie A.

Johnson, Helene D.

Johnson, Marie O.

Keith, Marjorie P.

Kelsey, Yvonne T.

Kimball, Ida B.

Kimball, Margaret

Knox, Grace L.

Koss, Ruth O.

Lamm, Phyllis G.

Larcher, Carolyn T.

Leary, Elizabeth H.

Levering, Mary E.

Lewis, Ella K.

Libbey, Barbara F.

Lincoln, Evelyn S.

Lindberg, Esther I.

Lindstrom, Alice L.

Lucey, Bernice

Madden, Alice J.

Magnant, Alice L.

Mason, Dora B.

Mattson, Helen J.

Maxim, Hazel M.

Maxwell, Elsie L.

McEnelly, Ethel

McHugh, Loretta M.

McKee, Ruth

McKenna, Susan G.

McMahon, Doris H.

McManus, Margaret Z.

McMurdie, Olga J.

Mendelson, Dorothy H.

Meyer, Elinor H.

Mitchell, Laura G.

Mock, C. Althea

Molloy, Margaret M.

Moran, Marcella M.

Moren, Mildred

Morgan, Aileen

Morse, Marion E.

Murray, Charlotte W.

Nash, Marion E.

Nocivelli, Mary R.

Nolan, Mildred A.

Norton, Alice M.

Norton, Frances A.

Olson, Alice E.

50 Shaw Rd., Bridgewater

Maple St., Rehoboth

30 Mt. Pleasant St., Plymouth

37 Clark St., East Hampton

590 Broad St., East Weymouth

37 Crown St., Milton

19 Endicott St., Waltham

4 Summit Ave., Melrose Highlands

19 Clinton Ave., Brockton

123 County St., Attleboro

66 Hamilton St., Wollaston

83 Garfield St., Quincy

525 Cottage St., New Bedford

33 Nye Ave., Brockton

104 Leyfred Terrace, Springfield

11 Parsons St., Newburyport

288 North St., North Weymouth

283 Plain St., Brockton

86 Town Hill St., Quincy

248 Grafton St., Brockton

288 North St., North Weymouth

117 Winslow Ave., Norwood

103 Pearl St., Middleboro

Main St., Assinippi

140 Woodlawn St., Lynn

132 Broadway, Taunton

Water St., Hingham

165 Broadway, Taunton

122 Pine St., Brockton

37 Bay St., Taunton

133 Manning St., Needham

463 Crescent St., Brockton

49 Eddy St., North Attleboro

247 Charles St., Waltham

58 Colby St., Bradford

9 Pleasantview Ave., Longmeadow

Central Ave., Hyde Park

284 Washington St., Haverhill

139 Bay Rd., Canton

28 Adams St., Arlington

215 Vernon St., Norwood

65 Atherton St., Somerville

55 Everett St., Middleboro

11 Annis Court, Brockton

168 Main St., Amesbury

39 Massasoit Rd., North Weymouth
<table>
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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Parker, Eleanor</td>
<td>299 Salem St., Bradford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Natalie V.</td>
<td>11 Hutchins Road, Medford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pickens, Anna</td>
<td>45 Stevens St., Stoneham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raleigh, Mary</td>
<td>749 Montello St., Brockton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reynolds, Dorothy M.</td>
<td>1357 Broadway, Somerville</td>
</tr>
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History

Little did we, the class of 1935, know about the future as we entered the portals of good old Bridgewater Normal School, early in September. Under the skillful tutelage of the illustrious, industrious Upperclassmen, we were soon acquainted with the faculty, fellow students, physical layout, and the surrounding country of B. N. S.; and soon we began to be infused with its spirit. We found our work here a bit more difficult than in former years, but it is more interesting and concentrated on lines that we enjoy.

Under the guidance of Miss Pope, the D girls gave tea parties in the library, eventually entertaining all members of the school. An All-Freshmen Party was held in November in the gym, where we enjoyed games, a supper, and dancing. Indeed we enjoy the social life offered us here.

Athletically, the girls were outstanding, as freshmen, in hockey, while the men shone in soccer and basketball.

Politically, our class was ably conducted by Miss Mary Aulbach, President of Student Council, until class elections in December. The election was close and the officers, in the words of our president, pledged themselves "to overlook the honor and accept the responsibility that such positions have."

We have applied ourselves diligently that we may in time acquire the high standards set by the upperclassmen and alumni.

John S. Bates
## Class Roll

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<td>Van Campen, Ruth</td>
<td>16 Prospect St., Taunton</td>
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<td>Walker, Irene E.</td>
<td>R. F. D. 1, Attleboro</td>
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<td>Wild, Doris F.</td>
<td>847 Washington St., Abington</td>
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<td>Williams, Barbara E.</td>
<td>27 Arlington St., Framingham</td>
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<td>Wormwood, Hazel R.</td>
<td>Box 41, West Graton</td>
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<td>Bates, John S.</td>
<td>Pratt Ave., Somerset</td>
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<td>Brewer, Harold H.</td>
<td>R. F. D. 1, Great Barrington</td>
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<td>Callahan, Charles E.</td>
<td>91 Block St., Abington</td>
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<td>Castle, James K.</td>
<td>311 Beacon St., Boston</td>
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<td>Champagne, Francis C.</td>
<td>65 First St., Taunton</td>
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<td>Collari, Henry J.</td>
<td>149 Summit St., Hyde Park</td>
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<td>Cook, Raymond F.</td>
<td>11 Savery Ave., Sagamore</td>
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<td>Coombs, Kenneth C.</td>
<td>95 Orange St., Nantucket</td>
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<td>Gregory, Samuel F.</td>
<td>121 East Main St., Avon</td>
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<td>Haggerty, Earl J.</td>
<td>1 Sunset St., Rockland</td>
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<td>Hancock, Robert A.</td>
<td>P. O. Box 43, Acorn Pl., Franklin</td>
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<td>Higgins, George E.</td>
<td>368 Crescent Ave., Chelsea</td>
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<td>Hill, Paul DuB.</td>
<td>Rahway Rd., Burlington</td>
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<td>Jacobsen, George H.</td>
<td>296 West Main St., Avon</td>
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<td>Jones, George A.</td>
<td>169 Hollis Ave., Braintree</td>
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<td>Kiernan, Owen B.</td>
<td>9 North St., Randolph</td>
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<td>Mahoney, Harold J.</td>
<td>196 Spruce St., N. Abington</td>
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<td>Meyers, David</td>
<td>56 Nelson St., Dorchester</td>
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<td>Morris, George E. Jr.</td>
<td>663 Locust St., Fall River</td>
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<td>Murphy, Kenneth F.</td>
<td>Lambert's Cove, Vineyard Haven</td>
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<td>Ross, Donald E.</td>
<td>54 Townsend Ave., Braintree</td>
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<td>Welch, Donald T.</td>
<td>5 Crowell St., Middleboro</td>
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</table>
The Student Co-operative Association is the largest and the most important organization in the school. Every student automatically becomes a member of this association as soon as he is admitted to the school.

The object of this association is to regulate all matters pertaining to student life which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the faculty, to further in every way the spirit of unity among the students of the school, and to continue to maintain the high standards of Bridge-water. This work is accomplished through various councils, the Student Council being the greatest force because its membership is truly representative. Men and women, day students and dormitory students, classes, and divisions of classes are all represented on the council.

The council is responsible for the conduct, activities, and standards of scholarship of the student body, and acts at all times as a medium between faculty and students. It is this group that tries to take the initiative in improving the life of the school and in keeping abreast with all new movements in student collegiate life.

Meetings are held on the fourth Friday of every month, and regular attendance is required in order that the work may be efficiently carried on.  

DOROTHY M. HIXON
STUDENT CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION BOARD

Class A
President ............ Franklyn White
Representative A1—Florence Hartt
   " A2—Ruth Fall
   " A3—John Carreiro

Class B
President ............ Clifford Johnson
Representative B1—Ruth Glidden
   " B2—Jane Smith
   " B3—Agnes Alm
   " B4—Barbara Randlett
   " B5—Samuel Solmer

Class C
President ............ Fred Small
Representative C1—Emily Schaffner
   " C2—Dorothy Hixon
   " C3—Vera Sia
   " C4—Evelyn Beane
   " C5—Ruth Burr
   " C6—Elston Deane

Class D
President ............ George Morris
Representative D1—Dorothea Pilote
   " D2—Myrtle Pray
   " D3—Ruth Mannion
   " D4—Lily Stark
   " D5—Virginia Cochrane
   " D6—Charles Callahan

President of Dormitory Council—Kathleen Anderson
President of Day Student Council—Helen Conathan
Front: S. SUTTILL, R. FALL, S. GOULD, K. ANDERSON, M. FARRAR, E. STROMDAHL, R. MARSDEN
Middle: C. MURRAY, B. HART, F. KERNESS, M. KIMBALL, B. HORTON, M. SHEA, C. PERKINS
Back: M. LARAMÉE, G. HENRICKSON, R. FERRIS, D. HIXON, G. KNOX, L. BORDEN

DORMITORY COUNCIL

President ................................................................. Kathleen Anderson
Vice-President ............................................................ Sadie Gould
Secretary-Treasurer .................................................... Margaret Farrar
President, Woodward Hall ............................................. Sadie Gould
President, Normal Hall ................................................ Ruth Fall
President, Gates House ................................................. Elizabeth Stromdahl
Vice-President, Woodward .............................................. Ruth Marsden
Vice-President, Normal ................................................ Barbara Hart
Vice-President, Gates .................................................. Ruth Ferris
Secretary, Woodward .................................................. Sally Suttill
Treasurer, Woodward .................................................... Louise Borden
Secretary-Treasurer, Normal .......................................... Barbara Horton
Secretary-Treasurer, Gates ............................................. Charlotte Murray
Head Proctor, Woodward ................................................ Jane Smith
Head Proctor, Woodward .............................................. Grace Knox
Head Proctor, Woodward ............................................... Marion Collins
Head Proctor, Woodward .............................................. Margaret Kimball
Head Proctor, Woodward .............................................. Sophie Jaworek
This year Dormitory Council startled the school world, not by the punishment of culprits, but by persistent money-making schemes. A new radio was bought for Normal reception room in October, and the money for it has been raised by unusual food, peanut, and candy sales.

Dormitory Council does not use all its energy, however, in making money. Last September it embarked upon its career with the problem of orienting the freshmen to their new environment. The Sunday before school opened the officers arrived, and after getting their own rooms ready, began the task of welcoming the new arrivals. In addition to the help given by the officers, the “Big Sisters” showed an unusually helpful and sympathetic attitude, and we hope that many permanent friendships have been formed.

Alumni Week-end and Open House were the most successful in years. The former brought back many of the Alumni, and at Open House it was estimated that about four hundred parents came to the tea in Normal reception room.

Besides these annual duties which Dormitory Council performs, this year it aided the men of the school in extending the hospitality of Bridgewater to the basketball team of the State Normal School at Salem on February thirteenth. Refreshments were served and partners furnished for the visiting guests at the dance which followed the game.

We hope that the Dormitory Council for 1932-1933, to whom we leave the problems of struggling with a depleted treasury and the question of universal ten o’clock permissions, will be as courageous and enterprising as the Dormitory Council of 1931-1932.

MARGARET FARRAR
DAY STUDENT COUNCIL

President ........................................ Helen Conathan
Vice-President .................................... Beatrice Hunt
Secretary-Treasurer ............................... Barbara Pray

Representatives:—
Hilda Heikkla, Conceda Amoroso, Barbara Vinal, Florence Giberti, Harriette Parmenter, Dorothea Pilote, May Burns, Sadie Lambe, Marian Kieth, Eleanor Holmes, Alice Drohan, Bertha Joseph, Margaret Sullivan, Mildred Forrest, Harriet Smith, Alma Foley, Agnes Alm, Eleanor Obshatkin, Helen Nocivelli, Helen Capuano.

Under the direction of the Day Student Council, and with the co-operation of the group, the day students have enjoyed another happy year.

A hilarious Christmas party, including a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus, was held in the Day Student room on December twenty-second.

Socially, the Day Students again achieved their usual success when, on January twenty-second, they held their annual social. And at least the day students felt at home that night, if no one else did, for they were surrounded by trains, autos, signs, posters, and schedules.

This year they added to their serving equipment by purchasing new linen, trays, and new silver.

And while the day students may not be generally as prominent, socially, it can never be said they are unfriendly or uncongenial to one another. 

BARBARA PRAY
Social Activities Committee

Florence Kerness, Chairman
Beatrice Hunt, Secretary
Bettina King    Harriet Brown    Ruth Marsden    Alfred Pimentel
Barbara Hart    Ruth Ferris      Dorothy Hixon    Harry Spracklin

So full has the social calendar been this year that Social Activities Committee has had to act as joymaker and host only four times.

Our first dance was the annual Acquaintance Social at which the freshmen were given the opportunity to meet the awe-inspiring upperclassmen socially for the first time. The reserve of both factions was so great and was so hard to overcome that a second try was made at the Tohu-Bohu Social. A mix-up certainly was effected this time! Haven’t you noticed a marked difference in the warmth of the relationship between freshmen and upperclassmen since that date—October second? Not only was the ice broken at that social, but also everyone fell in and bathed joyously in the Fountain of Jollity and Good Fellowship.

We departed from our merry ways to give the Alumni Tea Dance, a dignified affair. Old friendships were renewed, and experiences from the full-fledged teacher’s daily life furnished sufficient topic for conversation.

The Christmas Charity Dance marked our efforts to do something for those less fortunate at Christmas time. That the holiday spirit was not lacking at B. N. S., was evidenced by the attendance at the dance.

As we close that chapter of Social Activities Committee work that is marked 1932, we offer our best wishes for next year’s committee.
Woodward Hall

President  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Sadie Gould
Vice-President  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Ruth Marsden
Secretary  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Sally Suttill
Treasurer  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Louise Borden

Woodward Hall has concluded another year of its dormitory history. As we look back over the months since last September, we want to say, "It has been such a happy, successful year!"

Through the fine co-operative spirit of the girls, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors alike, we have, here in our largest dormitory, accomplished many of our "goals." Our dainty but practical, cream-and-green kitchenette which was such a complete surprise to most of us last September has been equipped with pots and pans, hand painted dishes, silver, and a little electric grill—sunny chintz curtains, too. Many are the pleasant, filling hours we have spent there over an unusual breakfast or a jolly supper. We have used our kitchenette to financial advantage, also, by holding several hot dog, toasted sandwich, and pop corn sales.

Improvement has found its way into the rear of Woodward basement, too. The Recreation Room, where we have enjoyed our Hallowe'en and Christmas parties, has been scrubbed, painted and curtained, and a new yellow lamp has been added to its collection of furnishings. We are hoping to acquire more furniture for this room as our treasury swells in future years.

Our work has not, however, been restricted to the basement. The flower committee throughout the year has helped to make Woodward lobby pleasing to the eye with various table decorations. And—we must not forget the excellent bulletin board displays which have made our lobby interesting as well as attractive.

So—-with the end of a year of happy memories, we "pass the torch" and wish next year's girls all success and joy.

SALLY SUITILL
As we turn another page in the history of Normal Hall, we take one last glance over a most eventful year.

Let me see—when we returned in the fall, wasn't it thrilling to see our old pals again after two months' separation? At that time some freshmen joined us,—in fact, many of them. And let's not forget our friends from other dormitories, who thought they, too, would like to lead a single life. But, before the newcomers even attempted to become satisfied with their own company, each one soon found his solitary tete-a-tete being interrupted by a next door neighbor, who, as next door neighbors usually do, wished to borrow something, or to talk over the news of the day.

As time went on, however, we found our modest freshmen daring to venture forth to other rooms without permissions, only to be reproached by an outwardly stern proctor, who later found a menagerie in her room. Three guesses—who put it there?

Of course we had some of the best dormitory parties we've ever had, with faculty and students alike joining in the fun. Will you ever forget the time Mabel told Miss Graves' fortune? Some of us concluded that it must have been very nearly right, by the way she expressed her delight as the cards revealed the presence of a dark curly-haired man.

But before we could realize it, another unforgettable year had come to an end and we began to be aware of the fact that we Normalites were not a group of scholastic hermits, but that we were one big family, which all too soon was to be separated, each one going on, some in the same way and others to a new sort of life.

BARBARA HORTON
We smile a little and sigh a little as we realize that another year has slipped delightfully away from us. How the time flies in the Little Dorm Around the Corner!

This has been a year unique in the history of Gates. One little “guest-room” has been adopted for girls in the Training School, and the variety thus afforded has been pleasant indeed. We thought at the end of last year that we were going to have a sophomore-freshman dorm, as no juniors or seniors had signed up to fill the places left vacant by our last year’s graduates, but when September came it brought with it a jolly pair from Fitchburg—a junior and a senior. So our bill-of-fare was complete—we had a representation from all classes.

We look back upon some very merry times this past year. Our Masquerade Dance at Hallowe’en started it all and the hours of fun we’ve had since explain why we smile a little and sigh a little as we close, gaily and reluctantly at the same time, the chronicles of 1931-1932 at Gates House.

Charlotte Murray
NORMAL OFFERING

EDITORIAL BD

Back row: F. SMALL, H. HENEY, F. CARROLL, A. WOOD
Front row: H. PARMENTER, B. HUNT, D. SOUTHWICK, R. GLIDDEN

NORMAL OFFERING BOARD

Editor-in-Chief
Assistant Editor
Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager
Treasurer

.Doris Southwick
Beatrice Hunt
Clifford Johnson
Frederick Small
Patrick Carroll

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ORGANIZATIONS

Literary Editor . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Harriette Parmenter
Staff Artist . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Ruth Glidden
Advertising Manager . . . . . . . . . . . . Hugh Heney
Staff Photographer . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Alfred Wood
W. A. A. Representative . . . . . . . . . . Claire Eddy
N. A. A. Representative . . . . . . . . . . . . John Sweeney

CLASS EDITORS


EXPLANATION

This year an attempt has been made by our staff artist to modernize the work in Normal Offering and to follow the custom of keeping the book a unified whole by having all the drawings in some way connected with the work and the interests of Mr. Stearns to whom this edition is dedicated.

The page for “Classes” shows the “Silver Chariot” in its customary class-time position outside the green-house.

For the “Student Cooperative Association” page a scene inside the greenhouse has been used.

The “Organization” page represents one of Mr. Stearn’s many interests, that of engines.

On the “Literature” page is a part of a page of Austrian stamps taken from Mr. Stearn’s personal collection.

The headings are all scenes in the garden.

APPRECIATION

The Editorial Board of Normal Offering for 1932 wishes to acknowledge the generous aid given by Miss Davis, Miss Nye, Miss Pope, and Mr. Kelly, our faculty advisors. We wish also to extend our thanks to those members of the school who have helped us in the publishing of this book.
932 NORMAL OFFERING

Back row: E. WHITE, G. GRANT, E. PREDETTE, J. FERGUSON, C. MURRAY, H. FOYE
Front row: C. CLOUGH, N. BULOTSKY, E. WHITTIER, MISS LOVETT, E. CHASSEE, J. SWEENEY, E. COTÉ

CAMPUS COMMENT CLUB

Editor-in-Chief ............ Gertrude Laird
Assistant Editor ............. Eunice Whittier
Business Manager .......... Nathan Bulotsky
Assistant Business Manager Ernest Coté
Literary Editor ............. Louise Jackson
Assistant Literary Editor ... Charles Clough
Assistant Literary Editor ... Helen McKenney

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Organizations

Advertising Manager
Assistant Advertising Manager
Exchange Editor
Sport Editor
Sport Editor
Social Editor
Art Editor and Secretary
Alumni Editor
Alumni Editor

Urban Linehan
James Stanley
Pamela Chase
John Sweeney
Ena Fredette
Jean Ferguson
Evelyn Chassé
Mary Sullivan
Mary Carroll

Reportorial Board


Class Editors

Barbara Pray, Rose Tinsley, Helen Murley, Sara De Mello, Ruth French, Hilda Kidston, Doris Hunt, Hugh Heney, Kathleen Hofferty, Grace Grant, Mildred Ferguson.

Faculty Advisor

Miss Olive Lovett

Campus Comment, which celebrates its fifth anniversary this year, has grown from a project of the journalism class to one of the school organizations.

In accordance with the paper's policy of improvement, future members of the staff are to be obtained by competitive selection instead of election by a general school vote. It is expected that this change will make for a more efficient and more highly respected organization.

Two special issues were published during the year: an anniversary number in January and an A class issue under the editorship of Mr. Leo Ash.

John Sweeney was the staff representative at the annual conference of the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association, held at Columbia University.

Campus Comment is gradually achieving its aim, which is, to become a first class school newspaper instead of a literary magazine.

Evelyn Chassé
1932 NORMAL OFFERING

Dramatic Club

Director
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Wardrobe Mistress
Property Mistress

B. Giles, V. Bulger, L. Hewitt, A. Clarke, S. Suttill, Miss Moffitt, R. Petluck, A. Mock,
D. Southwick, M. Robie, G. Hendrickson

Adelaide Moffitt
Barbara Randlett
Anne Clarke
Elizabeth Giles
Ruth Petluck
Sophie Taylor
Calendar for 1931-1932

September 22, 1931: First meeting—decided to give “39 East.”
October 7, 1931: Went to Boston to see “Taming of the Shrew.”
November 13, 1931: Presented “39 East.” The characters were:

Rosa .................................................. Ruth Petluck
Evalina ............................................... Sophie Taylor
Count Gionolli ..................................... Virginia Bulger
Washington ......................................... Gunvor Henriksen
Timothy O’Brien ................................... Althea Mock
Miss MacMasters ................................... Doris Southwick
Madame de Mailly ................................... Barbara Randlett
Dr. Hubbard .......................................... Dorothy Hixon
Mrs. Smith ............................................ Sally Suttill
Sadie Clarence ....................................... Rose Tinsley
Myrtle Clarence ...................................... Elizabeth Giles
Napoleon Gibbs ..................................... Louise Hewitt
Penelope Penn ....................................... Anne Clarke
Policeman ............................................. Muriel Robie

November 19: Voted to give $50 to poor and $10 to Training School library.
November 24: Gained a really splendid stage manager, Eunice Whittier.
December 23: Gave “The Littlest Shepherd” in chapel.
January 12, 1932: Voted to give “Much Ado About Nothing.”
January 15, 1932: Sponsored “Icebound” by the Leland Powers players.
May 13, 1932: Presented “Much Ado About Nothing”

Characters were:

Don Pedro .............................................. Barbara Randlett
Don John ............................................... Rose Tinsley
Claudio .................................................. Elizabeth Giles
Benedick ............................................... Dorothy Hixon
Leonato .................................................. Anne Clarke
Antonio .................................................. Muriel Robie
Conrade ................................................ Virginia Bulger
Borachio ................................................. Althea Mock
Friar Francis .......................................... Doris Southwick
Dogberry ............................................... Gunvor Henriksen
Verges .................................................. Sophie Taylor
Hero ..................................................... Ruth Petluck
Beatrice .................................................. Sally Suttill
Margaret ................................................ Kathryn Bariteau
Ursula ................................................... Sophie Taylor
Watchers ............................................... Margaret Kimball, Ruth Stetson, Phyllis Lambe

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LIBRARY CLUB

Front row: C. EDDY, B. HART, R. KOSS, MISS CARTER, H. SULLIVAN, MISS Vining, C. MURRAY, V. LORD, B. HORTON

LIBRARY CLUB

President: Helen Sullivan
Vice-President: Claire Eddy
Treasurer: Barbara Hartt
Secretary: Ruth Koss
Library Club has completed a year of worthwhile service to the school, as well as a year of pleasant social activities for the members. The members have devoted their time to cataloguing and taking an inventory of the physical education reserve books as well as caring for this library in the gymnasium after its establishment. The club has maintained for the use of the school a lending library containing a wide selection of books, both classical and modern, and a travelling lending library service through which the students may obtain the latest books published. One of the loveliest of the children's books printed this year, "The Cat Who Went to Heaven," was given to the Training School library.

The club members have enjoyed many meetings at which there has been vigorous discussion and criticism of modern authors and novels. One of the outstanding social events of the year was a trip taken by twenty-one of the girls on December 10th to see "The Student Prince."

We have enjoyed a well-balanced program of activities and are looking forward to next year with interest and enthusiasm for the things we hope to accomplish.

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RELIGION

Lilies springing white from clean-smelling sod
Wet with pearled dewdrops from God's own hand,
Remembering always the path He trod,
Raise delicate spikes sweet scented to stand
Majestically round the altar, where,
Blazing brightly the sacred fires burn—
Torchlights for weary wanderers there
When disillusioned from the world they turn.
Close to earth's breast in a bountiful vale
The granite shaft as a beacon of truth—
Safe from the world's wild wind, lightning and hail—
Stands—the refuge of old—the armor of youth—
Guarding the vigilant fires that God gave
To all, when Michael led the first of men
Out from the famed garden of yore, to save
Bewildered beggars—in a world of men.
Ever its winding spirals of smoke mark
Darkening hills, bending boughs, lake and fen—
And ever when Man's creed has failed its spark
Has lighted the fire in the hearts of men.

Harriette E. Parmenter
1932 NORMAL OFFERING


FRENCH CLUB

Présidente: Cerise Alm
Vice-Présidente: Margaret Farrar
Secrétaire: Rose Kershner
Trésorière: Irene Roberti
Bibliothécaire: Sylvia Bianchi
Correspondante: Eleanor Martin
LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Notre première réunion, un pique-nique à la petite sablière, était peut-être une indication de notre bon succès pendant l’année car “Tout est bien qui commence bien.” La devise y était sans question “Ici on parle français.”

La deuxième réunion fut l’occasion de l’initiation de quinze nouveaux membres, remplis s’enthousiasme.

Mais le jour du Mardi Gras Romanesque alla arriver et les réunions y furent dédiées. On choisit comme mise en scène la cour royale de Louis XIII, pendant le temps de Richelieu, les trois mousquetaires ci inclus, et il nous a fallu étudier et les coutumes et les costumes du temps. On a transformé le gymnase en château qu’on n’oubliera pas bientôt à cause de son trône, de son portail, et de sa cheminée magnifiques. Le Club Glee reçut le prix pour l’excellence de son char.

Il y avait encore du plaisir à venir car nous eûmes notre “bridge” auquel nous invitâmes quelques amies qui s’intéressent à s’instruire en s’amusant. Chacune parla français et tout fut gai.

La fin de l’année avec ses adieux arrive, et on espère pouvoir dire “Tout est bien qui finit bien.”

Rose Kershner, Secrétaire

FRIENDSHIPS

Dear friend, you truly ne'er can know,
How much you mean to me.
The blessed little seeds you sow,
Lend much to help me be
More kind and loving, pure and true,
More helpful, good and clean,
More Christian, upright, true to you,
To learn what friendships mean!

Emily Bates
1932 NORMAL OFFERING

Back row: A. HADRO, M. MOREN, L. MITCHELL, L. GRAY, E. SHAFFNER, J. HAWES
Front row: A. OLSON E. McENELLY, F. KERNES, R. LORD, K. BARITEAU

PRO AND CON

President ......................................................... Florence Kerness
Vice-President .................................................... Ruth Henry
Secretary-Treasurer .............................................. Ethel McEnelly

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Throughout the year, Pro and Con has carried on its new form of presentation—a forum type of debate—during the club meetings. There have been in this method many instructive, as well as enjoyable talks, presented at the meetings.

Pro and Con’s chapel date this year was January 7, and at this time an event was held which has never taken place before here at Bridgewater Normal School. A debate was carried on between the Lyceum and Pro and Con. There were two speakers on each side and one rebuttal on each side. The question was: Resolved that normal school graduates are better prepared to teach than college graduates. The faculty judges awarded the victory to the men; but there were many good arguments on both sides. The debate proved to be a very interesting and successful experiment.

Ethel McEnelly

LUCKY ME

You know I feel so sad for Bee,
She never has the things I do.
She's not so lucky as lucky me.
She has to live in a big house too.

Of course she has a pretty locket.
Her shoes are quite a pretty pair.
But I have red darns on my pocket
And run around with my feet bare.

Why, all she has to drink is milk!
And I am quite too big for that,
And all she ever wears is silk.
She can't get dirty! Just think of that.

She never sees the stars at night,
Poor thing, in bed and all tucked in.
She never even learned to fight,
Or grow a garden in a tin.

You know I feel so bad for Bee—
She's not so lucky as lucky me.

Louise D. Jackson

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LYCEUM

President ................................................................. Hugh W. Heney
Vice-President .......................................................... William Johnson
Secretary-Treasurer ..................................................... Harvey Cadwell

The Bridgewater Lyceum is an organization founded for the purpose of encouraging informal debating among the men of Bridgewater Normal School. Its activities are not, however, limited to debating. Informal group discussions of questions of current interest and informal talks given by the members help to make the weekly meetings interesting and instructive. Each member is expected to give one or more of these informal talks during the year.

The Lyceum has pursued the policy of inviting professional men in various fields to address the members at some of the weekly meetings, a policy which gives the members a broader view of life.
This year was a very prosperous year as far as the Men’s Club was concerned. With the splendid cooperation of the men of the school a very successful “Smile Nite” was presented. This annual event is rapidly gaining importance as a result of the performances of the last two years.

Another great success was the play “Tommy’s Brides,” presented by the Men’s Club on the night of the fifth of February. The play itself was comical, and this, together with the excellent feminine impersonations of Bill Curley, John Daley, Harold Mahoney, and Richard Curley, made the play one never to be forgotten.

The furnishing of the Men’s Room is rapidly nearing completion and in another year one will know exactly where to find the men of the school.

Alfred L. Pimentel, President
The Science Club has had a very successful year under the presidency of Ernest Coté. The first term was taken up with a study of astronomy in which the club became much better acquainted with the stars and constellations. The second part of the year the club used the Eastman teaching films on science units and learned their value in the school room. A new plan for members was devised whereby possible candidates were invited to meetings to see if the club suited their tastes and they, the club’s. Admission is based on scholarship and a real interest in science.

The club meetings are not all work. “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine” and so the club enjoys its picnics, initiations, installations, and trips to scientific institutions.

Eunice Whittier
Back: A. PLAZA, M. BAKER, E. FREDETTE, M. WANELICK, C. SMITH
Middle: G. MICHAEL, M. LEWIS, B. BRYANT, L. PRATT, P. HOLMES, G. SMITH
Front: E. BATES, R. DIONNE, M. RING, A. WIGHTMAN, H. WINNING, E. LINDSAY

GARDEN CLUB

President .................................................. Evelyn Biscoe
Vice-President .......................................... Alice Wightman
Treasurer ................................................ Maccabeah Arenberg
Secretary ............................................... Marion King

Phyllis Stewart
Rolande Dionne
Marion Collins
Helen Winning
The Garden Club has had one of its most successful and enjoyable years. In addition to the weekly talks on interesting and instructive topics, the members have shown enthusiasm in making cuttings, grafting, and planting bulbs.

The chapel date furnished a fine opportunity to express T. C.'s attitude toward the important question of protecting our wild birds and flowers. Mr. Talbot, field agent of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, gave an illustrated lecture on this worthwhile subject.

The club takes much pride in the appearance of the campus. In an attempt to make it more beautiful, T. C. planted a tree which was dedicated to the George Washington Bicentennial, and as a result the club has become a member of the American Tree Association.

We urge you, too, to try to make our school grounds more beautiful.

The spring social and the trip to the Arnold Arboretum were pleasant phases of the year's program.

Helen Winning

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FALL

Folds of lack-lustre clouds,
A distorted patch-work roof,
A wild and longing wind,
Defiant, reaching, crying leaves,
Three wild geese—purposeful, departing and remote.

I would be the wild geese:
I am—the clouds, the roof, the wind, and crying leaves.

Honora T. Quigley
Hobby Club

Back row: E. Hayden, G. Grant, H. Barker, L. St. Laurent, M. Van Houten
Front row: E. Bates, E. Lane, M. Hanrahan, C. Obsorne, E. Martin, D. Alexander, M. Morse

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Geraldine Larkin
Ralph Osborne
Elsie Henderson
Marion Hanrahan
Stella Krupka
Elinor Martin
Olive Hosford

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Here's to the brand new club! For it was just this last fall that Hobby Club made its appearance at Bridgewater.

As an organization, unification is gained through this medium—each person has a hobby—something in which he is interested, something which may be of benefit to others as well as to himself.

Though perhaps this aim to serve others has not yet been extensively proven, Hobby Club stands “at your service” for the time to come.

Elinor Martin

EINSTEIN

Millions, who cannot understand his deeply scientific teachings, or intelligently interest themselves in them, are much interested in Professor Einstein, the great Jewish scientist and mathematician of Germany. The views of this man on the universe, on space and time, his theory of “relativity”, have completely revolutionized astronomical and cosmic science. Millikan, Jeans, Eddington, and others, foremost among the world’s scientists, have spent considerable time and study in seeking to untangle the universe. Some of these great authorities reject Einstein’s explanation of the universe, asserting that “relativity”, a technical word, is only another word for the incompetency of man—simply further acknowledgment of the impossibility of the understanding of the infinite by a finite mind.

Einstein teaches that space is limited; that the universe or all existing space is continuous or curves back on itself; that cosmic time had a definite beginning; that space or more simply “room” is the great and most significant thing—matter, earth, animals, and men are secondary considerations. This is too much for the feeble brain. When he says space is limited because it is curved the question comes—what lies beyond the curve? It is easy to see that the earth is limited and that it is curved, but outside the earth there is space and matter. What is there outside of the crust of the curved universe? If there is nothing—what is nothing and how far does it reach?

Whether we ever discover the answers or not, Einstein will remain important in the history of science, whether it is finally decided that he “opened a new page in the study of the cosmos, or merely wrote a modern book of Genesis to satisfy our minds by explaining the inexplicable.” What will science say of him in 2000 A. D.?

K. M. Bozoian
Front—B. PRAY, F. HARTT, M.R. HUFFINGTON, B. VINAL, R. STETSON

CAMERA CLUB

President .................................................. Ruth Stetson
Vice-President .......................................... Barbara Vinal
Secretary-Treasurer ................................. Florence Hartt
This year the Camera Club, having become well-known in the school, has progressed rapidly under the direction of Mr. Huffington.

Through the kindness of the Student Council the club was able to purchase a large camera which has already been of much use to the school.

A new laboratory room at Normal Hall was secured for the use of the members in developing and printing pictures.

The most important event of the year was the contest in which all the members participated: taking, developing, and printing their own pictures. Through this contest, and in learning how to use a camera, the members feel that they have accomplished a great deal this past year.

Florence Hartt

BUNNY'S PROBLEM

I have a little bunny,
     Who has a bunny nose;
And always wears a powder puff
     Everywhere she goes.

But bunny has a problem—
     Her nose is shiny bright.
And yet she cannot powder it;
     Her puff is sewed on tight!

Emily Bates
Front Row: D. Alexander, E. Lane, O. Britton, Miss Warner, M. Van Houten, D. Clarner, M. Morse

GIRL SCOUTS

President: Margaret Van Houten
Vice-President: Olive Brittan
Scribe: Katherine Foote
Treasurer: Mary Sullivan
This year the Girl Scouts have accomplished as much as ever,—if not more.
In the fall we started off with a "bang" to prepare for our annual sale. Jig saws jigged, paint brushes daubed, pocketbooks were "pocketbooked," and soon the sale was on and over. One more thing done!
The next thing was to get our new scouts trained; for they must be "Tenderfeet" before time to register. Yes, we were all registered at National Scout Headquarters, too!
The minstrel badge helps to take care of our spare moments. This badge is awarded for learning several folk songs of different countries, writing and telling an original legend or folk tale, and directing a program based on folk lore.
First Aid was a worthwhile project too. Our Course was given by an instructor of nursing from the Brockton Hospital. The girls learned to put on bandages, apply splints, and to put their knowledge of first aid into practice in case of emergency. We all feel that this is a big accomplishment and certainly worth a great deal to each of us.
The loss of our Sister Scout and Scribe, Kay Foote, saddened us all. She certainly was one of the finest Scouts we know and we are lucky to have been able to know her and work with her. Because she played the Scouting Game so thoroughly, we should look to her as our example as we try to carry on in Scouting.

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THE WONDER OF IT.

This little seed; how small! How dull its appearance!—I’m to plant it? About three inches down? It’s done. Now what? Wait!
Look, something is up! A green blade; it looks like grass. I’ll pull it up. No, let us wait.—
Three inches of blade now, two tiny leaves appearing at its tip. Sun and rain are doing their part to help the little seed along.
A bud! Pale pink at the tip. A few more days.
At last! The flower! Who would have believed that little brown insignificant thing could come to this beauty?
Who caused it?

HELEN E. MURLEY
KINDERRGARTEN PRIMARY CLUB

President............ Beatrice Seaver
Treasurer............... Virginia Cochrane
Secretary............... Ruth Swanson
The Kindergarten Primary Club was organized in October, 1931. It consists of all the K. P. class members and any persons interested in kindergarten primary work.

The club aims to bring together persons interested in studying and preparing for the work in the kindergarten and primary grades; to promote a better understanding of the young child and his abilities; to provide knowledge of the new developments in his education; and also to clarify to each member the important position of the kindergarten in its relation to the work of the primary grades.

The club has chosen as a motto—"And a little child shall lead them."

We feel that we have made a very successful beginning and shall endeavor to continue throughout the coming years.

Ruth Swanson

POTTERY

"Oh, Medicine Man, today, my fingers molded bowls,—
The gray, dank, ugly stuff, I pounded to a pan,
A shallow thing to hold gold maize and sinewed meat—
A place to store red berries before snows began.
The other, the brown stuff, I'd scooped from under roots,
Where tailed grey frogs lie sleeping, grew without a snag
To be a bulbous bowl for yellow mallow flowers,
For pale white stars, wide out, for sky reflected flag,
And both I did heat, and both I fired with living flames,
So hot it seemed the earth would crack and then reveal
Its core. So hot it seemed its burning time would last
Long after Sirius had left Orion's heel—
But coals are not stars. They cooled. At last in eager haste

I pulled them off. The grey was there—hard, firm, and strong;
But gone the other, to a pile of dull dun dust—
That brown big bowl where brilliant blooms were to belong."

"Netab, be but glad you did not build the brown for food,
For things that have not strength within themselves do fail
To last for use, and are reshaped by other men.
The self-same way you quickly made your bowl,
(But not with clay, for fired, it stands the soul's long trail)
Learn now that, as bowls are fired, our lives are tried, and those
That cannot stand the searing, burning, and the heat
Will be but dusty broken piles, while others walk
The Road of Souls and shake the stardust from their feet."

Barbara Pray

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Director
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Librarians

Miss Frieda Rand
Mary Bridges
Ruth Nugent
Honora Quigley
Polly Drevinsky
Phyllis Bliss
1932 NORMAL OFFERING

First Sopranos

Aulbach, Mary
Beach, Madeline
Berezin, Ida
Bridges, Mary
Burr, Ruth
Dix, Barbara
Dymowska, Bertha
Eddy, Claire
Gennis, Ruth
Hendersen, Elsie
Higgins, Ruth
Hultstrom, Harriet
Hunt, Beatrice

Johnson, Helene
Long, Hazel
Lord, Virginia
MacKeen, Hilda
Mattson, Helen
Maxim, Hazel
Michel, Grace
Nash, Marion
Nugent, Ruth
Quartz, Elizabeth
Schaier, Mildred
Stromdahl, Elizabeth

Second Sopranos

Absalom, Grace
Allen, Mary
Bates, Emily
Cobb, Florence
Collins, Marion
Drevinsky, Polly
Farrar, Margaret
Freitas, Bessie
French, Ruth
Kidston, Hilda
King, Bettina
Krupka, Stella
Laramee, Mabel

Lawrence, Elizabeth
Marsden, Ruth
McKee, Ruth
Nelson, Beatrice
Nisula, Miriam
Post, Effie
Quigley, Honora
Siitonen, Signe
Trulson, Bernice
Weston, Virginia
Wightman, Alice

Altos

Abbott, Helen
Alm, Cerise
Amsden, Madeline
Bliss, Phyllis
Burrill, Harriet
Carr, Muriel
Clarner, Doris
Dunn, Verda
Fitts, Beatrice
Gregory, Ruth
Godfrey, Elois
Kennedy, Edna

Larchar, Carolyn
MacGinnis, Doris
Meyer, Elinor
Murley, Helen
Ring, Marion
Smith, Lemira
Smith, Olive
Whittier, Eunice
Winning, Helen

Piano

Bettina King

Olive Smith
PROGRAM OF SPRING CONCERT

Assisted by distinguished soloist

Now is the Month of Maying..............................Morley
Bonny at Morn................................................North Country Folk Song
Wee Willie Winkie..........................................Scotch Folk Song
Peat Fire Smooring Prayer..............................Hebridian Folk Song
Rovin' Rantin' Robin.......................................Scotch Folk Song

Virgin's Slumber Song.................................Reger
We Strolled Along..........................................Brahms
Gute Nacht................................................German Folk Song
Passage Bird's Farewell................................Hildach

Beneath Thy Lattice.....................................Hopkins
Song of Chinese Fisherman..........................Maganini

Hymn to Poseidon..........................................Rameau

When last September opened the new year, Glee Club started earnestly to work. The members who were lost by graduation were replaced by the new applicants, successful in the try-outs.

Under Miss Frieda Rand's very capable leadership, a program was given by the Glee Club at the Plymouth County Teachers' Association in October.

According to custom, the Glee Club led the school in Christmas Carols at the Christmas dinner.

The club then began concentrated work on the spring concert. Assisted by a distinguished soloist, the girls worked hard to make their part in the concert worthy of such an artist.

In June, the club assisted at Baccalaureate and Commencement exercises.

The girls have more than enjoyed the work and feel that this year has been a successful one throughout.

Honora Quigley
The choir contributes to the opening chapel exercises every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Those who have been in the choir have given valuable time in rehearsing and deserve a great deal of credit.
Front—L. ASH, F. PARRIS, J. BATES, H. HENEY, E. COTÉ, O. KIERNAN, D. WELSH, C. CLOUGH

MEN’S GLEE CLUB

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Librarian

Ernest H. Cote
Donald Welch
Hugh Heney
J. Sayward Bates
Owen B. Kiernan
1932 NORMAL OFFERING

First Tenors
Hancock, R.
Higgins, G.
Clough, C.
Parris, F.
Cadwell, H.
Callahan, C.
Daly, S.

Second Tenors
Kiernan, O.
Milici, L.
Osborne, R.
Brewer, H.
Gregory, S.
Nagle, R.
Cote, E.
Welch, D.

First Basses
Cook, R.
Carey, W.
Ash, J.
Russo, G.
Castle, J.
Cameron, K.
Spracklin, H.

Second Basses
Coombs, K.
Bates, J.
Heney, H.
Murphy, K.
Cronin, W.
Ciccone, M.
Jacobsen, G.
Deane, W. E.

Judging from the melodious impromptu quartets and the stirring male choruses heard in the men's room after school hours, it seems that there is a marked musical strain among the men of the Normal School. It was quite fitting that their efforts should be directed into channels of higher endeavor with the "renaissance" of the old Glee Club, originated in 1923.

Miss Rand was pleased to give her full assistance by coaching the future Carusos and McCormacks in the preparation of a program for a public concert.

There are some distinctly fine voices in the Club, including the quartet composed of Charles Clough and Donald Welch, tenors, and Raymond Cook and John Bates, basses—not to mention the "Apache troubadour," Leo Ash.

It always speaks well for the school to number in the list of organizations a Men's Glee Club. We may regard it as an indication that appreciation of real music will not succumb to that discordance termed "canned music."

G. Jacobsen
Front row: M. RALEIGH, R. BRIDGES, B. FITTS, MISS RAND, O. SMITH, G. JACOBSON

**ORCHESTRA**

Board of Directors

Nathan Bulotsky
Beatrice Fitts
Walker Trafton

Mabel Laramee
Librarians

Secretary

Ruth Bridges

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This year, ten new members were admitted, and two new instruments were bought. The orchestra has made several public appearances as a result of continued work at rehearsals. We appeared in November for the first time to play for the Dramatic Club, and again in February for the Men's Club. Finally, in April, we gave our own concert with Walter Smith, distinguished trumpeter, assisting as guest artist. Our own Walker Trafton gave some interesting xylophone selections which were much enjoyed. The concert was a great success and we feel well repaid for the time and forethought spent. Following our concert, the Bridgewater Alumni Association invited us to play for their biennial meeting in Boston, April 2. It has been a happy year, for we have progressed rapidly with the most efficient and appreciated guidance of Miss Rand under whose hand we have worked for the love of playing together as a means of real recreation from our studies.

Beatrice V. Fitts
ORGANIZATIONS

ATHLETICS

Front: MISS DECKER, D. COLBY, C. EDDY, L. COAKLEY, E. FREDETTE, M. VAN HOUTEN, MISS CALDWELL
Middle: L. BORDEN, L. ST. LAURENT, G. KNOX, L. GROGAN, M. RING, B. TRULSON, A. MITCHELL
Back: A. WIGHTMAN, E. SCHREIBER, A. ALM, E. POST, M. FARRAR, R. LORD

W. A. A. BOARD

President ........................................ Loretta Coakley, Elizabeth Lawrence
Vice-President .................................. Claire Eddy, Jane Smith
Treasurer ......................................... Margaret Van Houten
Recording Secretary ......................... Loretta Coakley, Ena Fredette
Corresponding Secretary ...................... Dorothy Colby, Alice Dick

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1932 NORMAL OFFERING

Head of Basketball ........................................ Aloise Mitchell
Head of Hikes ............................................ Evelyn Biscoe, Lucy St. Laurent
Head of Bowling ......................................... Alice Wightman, Evelyn Biscoe
Head of Tennis ........................................... Lucille Grogan
Head of Baseball .......................................... Grace Knox
Head of Swimming ........................................ Eleanor Schreiber
Head of Health ........................................... Mary Crowley, Marion Ring
Head of Hockey ........................................... Mildred Schaier, Esther Tarr
Head of Dancing ........................................... Ruth Lord
Head of Campus Carnival ............................. Louise Borden
Head of Soccer ............................................ Margaret Farrar
Head of Tenniquoit ...................................... Agnes Alm, Maccabeah Arenberg
Head of Volley Ball ..................................... Bernice Trulson, Sophie Taylor
Head of Track and Field .............................. Mary Allen
Head of Archery .......................................... Effie Post
Head of Golf ............................................... Dorothy Colby

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Women’s Athletic Association opened the school year by launching a membership drive; and, as a result, 180 new members joined the organization and two class divisions reported 100% membership.

The program of sports offered by W. A. A. this year covered a wider range than ever before in the history of the association. By increasing the number of athletic activities offered, W. A. A. hoped to reach every girl in Normal School and interest her in at least one sport. In this way, Bridgewater is aiding the great progressive movement of the present day in mass participation rather than the professional type of athletics wherein the star athlete alone participates and activity can be enjoyed only by the few.

The association has sponsored various projects during the year. In the fall, under the direction of the head of dancing, two lessons in ballroom dancing were given to the freshmen men. After Christmas, a course of six lessons was offered to women faculty members and was well attended. The gymnasium kitchen was newly equipped, and cooking utensils for outdoor picnics were purchased.

Work was begun on constitutional revision and point systems were carefully studied in preparation for a new system that would more adequately give recognition for special classes, individual, and team athletic participation.

The programs of the meetings were varied. At the first meeting, a novel song contest was conducted under the leadership of Margaret Van Houten. In December, W. A. A. was fortunate in having as guest speaker, Miss Florence A. Somers of Sargent School of Physical Education, who spoke on “Women’s Athletics.” Following the speech, the members joined in singing Christmas carols and a social hour followed. In March, the early spring sports were demonstrated by various members of the teams.

Claire F. Eddy

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Another Boys' Sports Day was held this year and met with as much success as the previous ones.

A Meeting was called on December 17, 1931, to discuss plans for a formal dance to be held February 7, 1932. The committees were appointed by the president. The dance proved to be one of the most brilliant social affairs of the year.

William Curley, Secretary
Edward Welch, Captain and Coach

Playing a rather ambitious schedule, the Normal basketball five finished the season with five victories and ten defeats on the books. Starting the season off against some first class college competition, the Normalites had considerable difficulty in chalking up wins with any great degree of regularity, but starting with the fifth tilt of the season they enjoyed a streak of prosperity to the extent of winning three straight.

Two regular members of the team (Ed Leahy, center, and Tom Cullen, guard) along with John Shockley and Leo Ash are the players who will be missed next year. Those on the squad were: seniors: Tom Cullen, Ed Leahy, Leo Ash, John Shockley; juniors: Ed. Welch, George Lowder, Cliff Johnson, Frank MacMahon; sophomores: Joe Morey, Charlie Aherne; freshmen: Kenneth Coombs.  The Record:

Providence College Junior Varsity 29,
Normal 28
Northeastern 29, Normal 21
Connecticut Aggies 43, Normal 34
LaSalle Academy 55, Normal 38
Normal 36, Providence College Junior
Varsity 33
Normal 38, Newport Naval Training
Station 30
Normal 49, B. U. School of Physical
Education 43

Chelsea Y. M. C. A. 47, Normal 46
Normal 43, Salem Normal 24
Gorham, Me. Normal 34, Normal 27
Farmington, Me. Normal 47, Normal 42
Coburn Classical Institute 50, Normal 43
Bucksport Academy 52, Normal 33
Normal 41, Alumni 31
Fitchburg Normal 35, Normal 29
The soccer team was directed by John Carreiro to a record of three wins, three defeats, and one hard-fought tie; so we may label Normal’s efforts on the soccer field this past fall, successful.

In the early games the team had difficulty collecting anything that even resembled a win, but they more than made up for it by finishing in real style. The first games were all with strong teams, but the Red and White wearers put up plenty of fight before bowing, both to Harvard and Northeastern varsity outfits. Bridgewater lost also to Fitchburg Normal, perhaps the worst setback of the whole season, 5 to 1, after playing the up-staters to a tie during the first half.

Playing against Connecticut Aggies on the Campus in the first soccer game ever played with the Nutmeg state college, Normal collected its first win of the season, 4 to 0, and from then on went through the rest of the schedule without a setback. After an overtime period in a tilt with M. I. T. the score was still knotted at 1 all, so evenly matched were the two teams, with the result that the referee officially called the game a tie. In the final game of the season the Normalites had no trouble turning back an all-star alumni group, 2 to 0, to end a successful year.
Throughout the entire schedule the Bridgewater players displayed plenty of good sportsmanship, with no incident on the field to mar athletic relations with any of the excellent schools now on the Normal soccer schedule with the result that, with one exception, next fall will see the Red and White again trying conclusions with strong opponents. Among the missing will be Northeastern, as the Hub school has decided to drop soccer as a major sport to give football a try.

The Normal Athletic Association regrets having to lose Northeastern from its soccer schedule as the Boston school was one of the first to appear on the Normal list and, while Bridgewater never managed to win continuously from the Northeastern outfit, a Normal-Northeastern soccer game was worth seeing at any time.

A word should be said about the passing of two of the best soccer players Normal has ever had, or perhaps ever will have, Tommy Cullen and Johnny Carreiro. Cullen led the team in scoring this year and, in addition, was picked on the All-Eastern Intercollegiate soccer eleven as the best center forward in this part of the country, while Carreiro had the pleasure of coaching the eleven to a successful conclusion. Both players have given willingly of their time ever since they were freshmen and those that follow soccer at Normal realize that they have done a great deal to establish soccer on a successful basis which, it is hoped, will continue in the future.

Others who played this year and will be missed next September are: Franklyn White, Kacher Bozoian, Charles Clough, Frank Desmond, Mario Ciccone, and John Shockley.

Walter Nardelli has been elected by the lettermen to act as coach next year.

The Record:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Normal</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>Northeastern</th>
<th>6</th>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 2</td>
<td>Harvard</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>&quot; 1</td>
<td>Fitchburg Normal</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>&quot; 4</td>
<td>Conn. Aggies</td>
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<td>&quot; 3</td>
<td>Tufts</td>
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<td>&quot; 1</td>
<td>M. I. T.</td>
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<td>&quot; 2</td>
<td>Alumni</td>
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GYMNASIUM
## Social Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>September 18</td>
<td>Acquaintance Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 1</td>
<td>Social Activities Informal Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 9</td>
<td>Long Weekend</td>
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<td>October 16</td>
<td>Senior Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 18</td>
<td>Open House for all Dormitories</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 23</td>
<td>Long Weekend</td>
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<td>October 30</td>
<td>Gates House Halloween Dance</td>
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<td>November 13</td>
<td>Dramatic Club Play</td>
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<td>November 14</td>
<td>Tea Dance</td>
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<td>November 20</td>
<td>Sophomore Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>November 25-30</td>
<td>Thanksgiving Recess</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 11</td>
<td>Men's Amateur Night</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 12</td>
<td>Student Co-operative Association Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 18</td>
<td>Christmas Dance (Social Activities Committee)</td>
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<tr>
<td>December 24-Jan. 4</td>
<td>Christmas Recess</td>
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<tr>
<td>January 9</td>
<td>Junior Prom</td>
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<td>January 15</td>
<td>Leland Powers Players—“Ice Bound”</td>
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<td>January 22</td>
<td>Day Student Party</td>
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<td>January 29</td>
<td>Junior Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>February 5</td>
<td>Men's Club Play</td>
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<td>February 6</td>
<td>N. A. A. Dance</td>
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<td>February 20-27</td>
<td>Recess</td>
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<td>March 4</td>
<td>Mardi-Gras</td>
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<td>March 11</td>
<td>Library Club Party</td>
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<td>March 19</td>
<td>Dormitory Council Bridge and Dance</td>
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<td>March 25</td>
<td>Good Friday</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 1</td>
<td>Orchestra Concert</td>
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<td>April 2</td>
<td>Student Co-operative Association Dance</td>
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<td>April 8</td>
<td>Freshman Party</td>
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<td>April 15-25</td>
<td>Recess</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 29</td>
<td>Women's Glee Club Concert</td>
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<td>May 6</td>
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132
MY THOUGHTS

GOAL

For highest Harmony
Between the world and me,
What should I want,
O soul of mine,
Myself to be?
Ah, the answer whispering comes:
Be thou most human—yet
Divine.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

TO — .
Strange
How a little bit of power
The best of men
Can change!
Some, like you, in power dress
Without a loss in humanness—
Those I truly rate
As great.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

SIGH
Neither Rest
Nor Peace
Nor Ease
Nor Jollity—
Such a difference
What I am
And what I'd
Like to be!

AILEEN TIHONEN.

IN MEMORIAM

We wondered—he and I—one night
About Eternity—
Very soon—another night—
Its mystery
He knew.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

GENIUS.

Into a heart an arrow
By the grace of Infinity—
Behold the enigma in the wounded's anguish
Transcending mortality.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

HEARD OVER THE RADIO ONCE

One violin strain—
A voiceless ache,
Some by-gone pain,
Heartbreak.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

FROLIC
A harvest moon—
Gee, what fun!
For orchestra,
An accordion.

AILEEN TIHONEN.

134
NATURE AND HER MOODS

LILACS

In wanton revelry we plucked
The clustered lilacs—purple, white—
Tossed them carelessly as off’ring
To the silvery stars that night.
We never thought of sacrilege—they were
So very common then—they grew
Before our low, brown door
Around our old stone step. We knew
They nestled near the eaves bird-filled—
At night we heard them tap the shutter
Whisper to the moon-skimmed panes
In a low-toned, broken mutter.
We knew they grew in shady lanes
Where all night long they vigil kept
To see the tawny glints of dawn
Lacquer the mauve tints where they slept
Near distant hills forlorn—
Riotously we spent the blooms—
Unthinkingly—but now
When fragrance no more fills the rooms
The thought of one pure cluster brings
With it—a thousand springs.

HARRIETTE E. PARMENTER

SEEN AT EVENTIDE

Onward they came—dashing with the wind!
Spurred by a mysterious force.
Falling in their madness, each on each;
Stumbling on—until they fell,
Exhausted by their gaiety, upon the sand.
Receding, they left a glaze upon the shore
Which caught the beauty of the setting sun.
The tints of crimson and the shades of purple
Dancing on the crest of laughing waves
And on the moistened sand upon the shore,
Blended into quainter hues
And looked like some lost sailor’s mother
Vainly pacing to and fro upon the sands
Gowned in lavender and quaint old lace.

EMILY BATES

THE LISTENER

A brook runs by my house,
The willow branches bend
To hold it in their arms;
Among yellow petals,
Purply ducks paddle past
From the neighboring farms.
Droning dragon-flies dart
Where the clumpy blue grass
Grows along its edges;
Silver shiners nibble
At the crooked white roots
Of the coarse grass sedges,
Leaves red it in the fall,
The wind rattles the stalks
Of the hollow cat-tails;
And soon there is no brook,
Only a smoother field
Each time it snows and hails.
Only the tree is there—
Clinking ice hangs from it
In thin strips growing long;
And only the willow
At whose feet the brook curls
Can hear its endless song.

BARBARA PRAY

MOON MAGIC

The moon is a golden boat,
Trailing a star for an anchor.
The moon is a hollow bowl,
Floating a lily within it.
The moon is a discus bright,
Clinging to where a Greek threw it.
The moon is a penny pale,
Shining in bottoms of pools.
But most he is a magnet,
Luring the Pleiades to him.

BARBARA PRAY
INDEPENDENCE DAY AT CAMP

Who wants to hear the loud hurrahs of Independence Day?
Who wants to laugh and shout and cheer at football games, I say?
Where all the world is calm and still and nature reigns alone
I like to be, among the trees, and hear the soft wind moan.
When it whistles through the treetops and chortles up the glen,
When it leaps across the river and dashes through the fen,
It makes you feel like living far away from sin and strife,
It makes you feel like singing, being thankful for your life.
Oh, there's nothing like a field, or a forest or a glen,
A river or a sunset—to cheer the hearts of men.
There is nothing like a snowstorm or a summer rain so sweet,
A rabbit, or a squirrel, or a bird you chance to meet.
You lose yourself in reverie, indeed, you live apart:
You thank the kind Creator with a prayer in your heart.
You notice all the beauty that appears in everything.
And live in tune with Nature in the Palace of the King!

EMILY BATES

LAMENT

Why frost the flowers of yesterday?
Why ruin my garden rare?
O Father Time, 'tis such a crime
To leave them dying there.

The blossom-studded foliage,
That flourished round my door,
Is dried, and brown, and dangling down—
'Tis lost forevermore.

The sweet-breathed blooms of summer days,
That drooped in the dewy dawn,
Are drooping now in a last long bow—
My paradise is gone.

CHERIDAH A. PAQUIN

TO MT. MONADNOCK

A queen among her lesser brethren
She is proud and tall and fair—
Bedecked in royal raiments green
With silver in her hair.

And in the spring when willows bud
And the robin builds his nest,
I roam around her snow washed slopes
And climb up to her crest.

A crest, seemingly cold and bare,
No glimmer there of life or love—
But listen to her pulse' quick stir
And song for one above.

Before one knows, the summer comes,
To trim her crest with colors bold,
To fill the air with fragrance rare,
The rills with waters cold.

'Tis then I long to sit and dream,
Up where earth meets the sky,
To learn the secrets of them both
And watch the night hawks fly.

A million years have passed o'er her
And seasons come and go—
Time's ravages have marked her not
This queen of now and long ago.

HELEN ABBOTT

THOUGHTS ON A SNOW STORM

Purest real design
Falling from the sky
To give a model
For the artists of the earth
From those who draw in heaven.

Michelangelo
Has not stopped giving beauty.
He lives in heaven
Making snow flakes to come down
To show real design, pure, white.

EUNICE WHITTIER
SUMMER

Blue water . . .
Reflected heavens . . .
Summer heat . . .
Glimmering sunbeams . . .
Rays of light playing hide and seek among the
lakeside trees . . .
Gentle wind . . .
Sweet-breathing breeze wakes tiny ripples o'er the
smooth water and sends them tumbling one
after another toward the sands.

Rollicking adolescents . . .
Rippling muscles . . .
Bronzed satin bodies stretched out in ankle-deep
sand . . .
Miraculous exhibitions of aquatic skill and gravity-
defying dives . . .
Roar of motor-boats . . .
Creak of oars . . .
O'er all, the echoes of gaiety, melody, laughter,
are caught up by the breeze and carried across
the water to be lost 'midst the whispering of
the pines.

CLAIRE EDDY

WINTER

Grey ice . . .
Leaden skies . . .
December cold . . .
Flakes of snow . . .
Sunbeams lost in gloom of leaf-strewn shores . . .
Biting wind . . .
Cutting gales sweep snowflakes
across the sand and with a final flourish
scatter them in feathery whirs o'er the ice.

Deserted shore . . .
Frozen sands . . .
Stumps standing grotesquely
where once youth frolicked . . .
A screaming crow, swooping low over the trees,
shrills out a warning
to his brothers.
Dull thuds of cracking ice . . .
Whining murmur of pines . . .
The solemn stillness of winter
covers the deserted play-lands,
abandoned cottages, lonely shores—
like a blanket of clinging snow
hiding the dormant earth.

CLAIRE EDDY

SCENE

Across the lake the trees like lonesome spirits stand,
Their leafless branches reaching upward to the sky.
And up above, the sky is striped with blue and
snowy white
To make the blanket that the angels use at night.

EUNICE WHITTIER

A BROOK'S MOODS

The silent brook flows
Between its close friendly banks
And sparkles for birds
Who fly over it singing,
Their cries breaking quietness.

The brook singing flows
Over the rocks beneath it
Binding in friendship
By continual meeting
The quick stream and calm stones

EUNICE WHITTIER
VERSUES OF SENTIMENT

EVEN SO

A moon flung high,  
A starlit sky,  
He passed me by,  
Unseeing.

A moon swung low,  
I watched him go,  
With bitter woe  
At being.

The night was gone,  
A greedy dawn  
Of dreams unborn  
Bereft me.

Although I'm sad,  
Vague fears I had,  
Now make me glad  
He left me.

SILENT LOVE

More silent than a falling star;  
Or caterpillars, yellow striped  
Inching the silverness of leaves;  
Or than the change from flower to fruit;  
Or that from mist to silver rain—  
Is my love for you—  
 Burning, or a tortuous death  
Could not make me speak it to you.  
As the Iceland poppy grows in snow  
So it glows within my heart.  
Since, blushing, he I love told me  
How much he loves you.

BARBARA PRAY

ANALOGY

For him—
The beauty of  
the first, faint flush  
of dawn on the chilly coverlet  
of a sleepless, shrinking earth,  
and drawn shadows of wind-whipped trees  
stumbling after night  
in ecstasy.

For me—
The beauty of  
one dainty blush  
one tiny yawn and lovelier yet  
two rose lips crinkling in mirth—  
"narcissus" face, dark eyes that see  
infinity—as black on white!  
This flame for me.

TO ONE I LOVE

High,  
High,  
High,  
Is my love for you,  
As the topmost branch  
That pierces blue.

Deep,  
Deep,  
Deep,  
Is my love for you,  
As the endmost root  
That bores earth through.

HARRIETTE E. PARMENTER

LOUISE D. JACKSON

BARBARA PRAY
TO M---

I. Night

I dreamed a dream of somber grays
Wherein all shadows knew me well.
And they the masters in that maze
Outstretched gaunt hands and as their spell
Intrigued the soul and heart of me
I sought those finger-tips to reach
And make them mine that I might see
The lessons they could teach to me.
I knew them well—those shadow men,
Alone they kept me company.
Full sweet they sang in ev'ry fen,
Yet spirit pure denied to me.

II. Dawn.

You came.
At first I played with you and kept
Your finger-tips away from mine
But age-old wisdom where it slept
Enmirrored in those eyes of thine—
Enmirrored with the dawn's desire,
The fragrant freshness of the soul,
The music of the wind's soft lyre—
Broke bonds and made articulate
The golden symphonies of song
Long bound within your soul and straight
I drank, becoming clean and strong.
By slow degrees I came to learn
The sweet companionship you gave
Meant laughter gay. And then in turn
The cooling wells of song did lave
My fevered spirit. And again
Those flashing bits of fire made me
(When all the world lay bru'd with rain)
Yours only, till eternity.
You brought my shadow friends to me
Imbued them with your secret fire
And then with perfect symmetry
Recalling that of our own spire
You made the molten silver link
Our hearts in sweetest ecstasy.
We saw the dawn. And at the brink
Of God's own world we stood and He
Because you held the key let me
Peer deep into the world's repose.
With new insight I saw the tree
On which I leaned and I arose
And saw the lacy loveliness
Of swinging birch and petals white—
I heard the gentle rain express
Its sacred song of truth and right.
Content not with your priceless gift
That pearl that in a double sense
Me beauty taught—Thou needs must lift
And strain with arms held taught and tense
Until you made me see that all
Things in this world have deep in them
A spark of beauty within call—
Of ev'ry rose they make the stem.

III. Twilight.

You came.
You taught me well but long I knew
That priceless hours can never last.
I dared not speak of it to you
For fear He'd note that time had passed.
My feeble will would hold you long.
And clip your wings to fit with mine.
I'd keep you safe from out the throng
But futile is my hold. The sign
Has come and though the stars are wrong
And fiery constellations sway
In grief o'er head, we part with song
For memories dear last alway
And once

You came.

Harriette E. Parmenter

SONG

A lone wolf howled on the hilltop.
The moon was pale and cold.
And I in my shack by the river,
Dreamed of the days of old.

For I was a knight of the table round,
All clad in shining mail,
And you were my inspiration,
As I searched for the Holy Grail.

A lone wolf howled on the hilltop.
The moon was pale and wan.
All was still in my cabin.
Only my dreams went on.

For I was a blue-eyed viking bold,
Chief of a robber fleet.
I pillaged and plundered for silks and gold.
Then laid them all at your feet.

The lone wolf fled to his burrow,
When the northern moon had gone,
As driving my dreams before it
Appeared the blood-red dawn.

Gone was the mail-clad warrior,
Gone was the corsair crew.
Only one dream remaining
You are that dream come true.

Elston Deane
FREEDOM

I had been afraid so long—
I had dreaded the time
When I must know
That you would come no more.

But now that time has come
I find a strange new freedom.
I no longer have
To measure my pace
With yours.
I do not have
To see how small I am
Beside you.
I do not have
To stand in awe
Of your great mind.
I no longer need
To pretend an avid interest in—
Constitutional law!

Loneliness is freedom.

ALICE ATWOOD

OCCASIONAL VERSE

FIRESIDE REVERY

When in the fireside glow I sit,
And give myself to revery,
The shapeless blaze grows bit by bit
To form a strange parade for me.

I see my hopes reflected in
The leaping flames, the glowing blaze.
All upward strive, their goal to win,
And thirsting arms to God they raise.

But as the flames die slowly down,
My faith fades, a mocking clown
That clutches at my heart anew!

But I have but a log to take,
And on the smoldering cinders fling,
To see my hopes once more awake,
And upward soar on flaming wing!

ELSIE M. HENDERSON

ASPIRATION

Bottom windows look on grim reality.
Sinuous roots are worming into muddy ground,
Beside a sooty, sweating, iron fence.
Mercilessly the street light glares on slushy walks,
And filthy gutters, paved with cobblestones.
Greedy, grey, old stoops defile a virgin snow
And let it sink remorsefully to the sewers.

Attic windows squint and peer at gloom.
The roofs are blanketed with snow, but still
Here again its purity is marred and soiled
By sullen chimneys coughing on it all.
The light below is hidden by the gloom.
Gnarled and broken branches clutch the air and yearn
For strength—but wither even as they yearn.

But the middle window frames eternal life,
A poignant, aching beauty, that is God.
An ebony tree trunk shooting up through space—
Clear cut silhouette against a saffron sky—
A halo round it from the hidden light.
No beginning, climbing up from purple depths,
There is no ending—growth is limitless.

LOUISE D. JACKSON
MY LIFE

My life
Needed fixing.
The corners became cracked and chipped—
The level proved it was not square
But rather pushed to one side
Like a broken stair.

My life
Needed fixing.
With infinite care I straightened
The foundation blocks that were there.
Securely I plastered them
And made me more fair.

My life
Needed fixing.
I fixed it—
*The night before the frost.*

*Harriette E. Parmenter*

---

I felt God near
When I scaled the heights
Of a cliff to view the sea.
I almost seemed to hear Him say:
"This is My gift to thee."

I felt God near
When I viewed the sky
From the top of a rolling hill.
His words seemed borne on the gentle breeze:
"Created by My will."

I felt God near
When I touched the hand
Of a blue-eyed child of seven.
I heard His voice deep in my heart:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*Claire Eddy*

---

GEESE

Geese fly over my house
A strong, swift, silent wedge;
They speed their unmarked way
Toward earth’s moving edge.
Though roads are built and marked,
I hesitate and plod;
Do you geese find your way
Because you’re nearer God?

*Barbara Pray*

---

WORLD’S END

World’s end—
Up narrow walled streets
Crooked and dim—
In doorways
Lurking shadows
Wait.

World’s end—
Buried in
Sickening heat
Deep in the marshes
Creeping, smooth, and gleaming
Death.

World’s end—
In a rolling wagon
Rollicking
Through dark forests
And along
Green lanes.

World’s end—
At dusk
Hear the Rhine Maidens
Singing sadly
While above, the sinister
God of war frowns down.

World’s end—
The tinkling of temple bells
Sound in the distance
A gilded boat of sing-song girls
With lute-sweet voices
Calling—

*Alice Atwood*

---

DREAM BOAT

If I were a boat I’d like to have
A mast with a patched red-orange sail;
I’d like my sides to be colored by
The pale green of barnacle and snail.
I’d like the white gulls to scream at me,
And walk with pink toes upon my deck;
And when I’d sailed too far for them
I’d stop to watch them wing to a speck.
And I’d like to have a singing crew;
And a crescent moon over my mast;
And a Viking head with piercing eyes
Drenched with the foam the bow has cast.
And when I’m a wreck on yellow sand
And waves all around me lave and beat
I’d hope that boys will climb my deck—
Will clamber on me with soft wet feet.

*Barbara Pray*
**MIRACLE**

I climbed the dirty, creaking, dusty stairs,
And feeling soiled I came into a room.
The air was stifling, rank with cooking smells.
The filthy window panes were cracked and stained.
The greying, wilted curtain once was white.
Behind a paunchy, red, old morris chair
Pathetic, dim, and mildewed blossoms strayed,
—Purple, yellow, purple, yellow—
They sprawled in blotches, climbing up the wall,
To reach the top, where plaster spread a film
Along the broken molding, cobweb hung.
I shuddered as I viewed the bed, a slut
With unclean linens, hard, yet weak
And from the sink, so heavy-laden, dripped
An endless, greasy stream of water
To stain and make a puddle on the rug.
The heat was more than anyone could bear.
The window must be opened for relief.
It stuck, but straining I opened it.
I gasped at what I found upon the sill,
An old tin can, all silvery in the sun
And in it, catching every golden beam—
Reflecting light and beauty, love and care
A perfect, yellow primrose nodded there.

**TO B. H.**

Here is the door! It's open a crack—
Peek through? I have, but a tree hides the land.
The knob, how bright! Why, it's shaped like a key—
Strange—and how queer it feels to my hand.
But the door—it opens only one way!
And I can't come back again—and behind
Are lines of washed dolls' clothes and bouncing balls,
And water-tea, and hop-scutches squares, white-lined.
Odd, you can't walk through with me, or cross
The sill more than once. Oh yes, you'll be
There I know, beyond the door, be waiting.
I can't go! It doesn't seem that this is me!—
It's not heavy, why it's just as light.
I'll not even knock—I'll—I'll just slip through—
Look!—why the sky, how blue, the grass so green.
It's just the same—but oh! the wider view!

**BEYOND**

The purple misted peaks
Stretching to the west
Have held me always
In a magic spell.
At dawn
Their rain-blue mists
Crowd to my window—
Tap at the doors of my heart.
At twilight
Lilac-dusted streaks
Softened by sheen of stars
Caress me
With warm fingers.
At night
Black purple shadows
Pierce me
With intense love.
Curved sharply
Against the sky
I face my peaks,
They call—
I go—

With every step
The dry reeds snap—
The rattling wind
Stirs the long grass.

**CONTEST**

Follow, follow, follow, down the winding
Path of Life.
Heed the pitfalls by the road but yield thou not
March on!
For many are the men who seek to pass you,
Striving,
Longing,
Hoping—
To surpass and conquer
In the varied game—
The Game of Life.
But yet endure;
And if in the enduring
Clouds obscure the goal before you
And you falter in the pathway,
Stumbling,
Fainting,
Falling—
Rise again! Renew the battle!
In the vict'ry there is singing,
Come, arise! arise and follow.
Meet the challenge of the battle,
Dare to tread the unknown pathway
Follow in the victor's footsteps.
Win the game!
The Game of Life!

**DAWN**

Dawn!
A gray curtain slowly rises;
A gaudy herald announces the new act,
And the drama begins anew.

**LOUISE D. JACKSON**

**ELDIE M. HENDERSON**

**HARRIETTE E. PARMENTER**

**EMILY BATES**
MR. LOUIS STEARNS

To all who come in contact with Mr. Louis Stearns, instructor in Gardening and Biology, it is obvious that here is a versatile personality. He is a teacher whose bicycle and umbrella have become a Bridgewater tradition.

Mr. Stearns has that kind of innate character and personality which, because it knows no sham or pretense, lights up his entire countenance, his entire being with a kind of shining "smilingness". His eyes twinkle constantly with a kindliness that seems to issue from their very depths as evidence of his love for his fellow men, his belief in the good in human life. Approach any of his students; each will tell you the same story. He knows and understands students, sympathizes with them and is always fair and just in his contacts. He does not believe in giving heavy assignments which would make it necessary for the students to spend less time on their other work. He makes the most of his class time and here imparts to the class his vast knowledge of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Mr. Stearns is a keen student of nature, to whom "she speaks a various language." So in his instruction he gives his students a better understanding of nature. They feel a deeper awe for the innumerable forms in which she expresses herself. Yet this profound knowledge has not made him narrow and confined to only one interest. Mr. Stearns is a man of many hobbies, hobbies so interesting, unique, and peculiar to him that one would have to search far to find a better specimen of "collected and varied interests." He has a very valuable coin collection with which he would not part for any sum of money; he knows exactly how many cars have made up the trains that have passed through Bridgewater in many years and by merely reading the numbers on a car can give you a great deal of information about that particular train; he recognizes automobile licenses—that is, he can tell you from what city in Massachusetts (and many other states) a certain automobile comes by reading the license number.

Stop and watch him "flying" from the school building to the garden. You will see that he has that something which many people strive for all their lives. He believes in the good in life; he is happy and contented with the simple pleasures life has to offer. He has made the garden on the campus a place of beauty; he has put shrubs around the school to beautify it and has taken care of the beauty of the campus as a whole; he has helped the town of Bridgewater to preserve its flowers, trees, and forests. In short he is "playing his few notes" well. He is a man to know and admire because he knows, admires, understands, and understanding—loves.

Florence Kerness
A COMMON MIRACLE

To the simple and uninitiated mind the statement that life springs up from death is paradoxical and fantastic. Even more fanatical is the assumption that life could not occur until death began!

Mentally we turn to the distant and magnificent for a vision of the celestial and divine; we look for mystery and wonders in far-away lands and the ethereal regions. But we are inclined to scoff when told of a miracle occurring close at hand. Nevertheless, the miracle of life from death and decay is going on right under our heels; it has continued for untold ages; it will continue indefinitely. We do not need the intellectual mind of a Darwin to become acquainted with it, although we may never have given it a thought.

“As common as dust.”

We employ this phrase as a simile, but the source of life is literally, not figuratively, as common as dust.

Plants and animals are absolutely dependent on the soil for sustenance. Take away the soil and life collapses. Consider how life originates in earth rich with humus. Man tramps upon the turf in one form and takes it into himself in another.

We should not disparage the common dust if we realize how necessary it is for our very existence. That thing or quality we call “vegetable life” transmutes soil into plants, flowers, and seeds, and indirectly into animals and human beings. The elements forming the tender, poetic arbutus were once part of the sod and will return to that stage; just as surely will our bodies undergo the same transformation.

The dynamo of life is the blazing sun. Its vast amount of energy makes possible the manufacture of chlorophyll in green plants and is indispensable to most animals. Again we see a vital factor of our lives, not as something strange and awful, but as the common sunbeam.

There has been an age of geologic time when the material which was finally to become soil and bear life was either molten magma, far below the crust of the earth, or already massive, jagged rock. A period of millions of years elapsed and ponderous mountains of rock were worn down to round hills and verdant valleys by the forces of erosion. Tremendous earthquakes, grinding glaciers, roaring gales and heavy waves have had a giant’s share in this process. An omnipotent Creator has charged the warm sunbeam, the crisp frost, the rain-laden cloud, and the oxidizing air as the agents of this remarkable transformation.

But more than their work is needed to make the powdered rock life-bearing. We cannot sow seeds in a pile of rock dust and expect to grow vegetables. It must be augmented by humus and garden mould, the result of previous death and decay of living things.

It is thought that life first appeared in the primeval oceans as microscopic one-celled organisms which acquired skeletons and shells from the mineral matter held in solution by the water. As these organisms perished their shells sank to the bottom of the sea to form great deposits, the sedimentary rocks. With the shifting of ancient continents and seas these deposits gradually appeared above and often far from the ocean. They then underwent both physical and chemical change by the forces of erosion and upon decay formed the present-day soil.

The smooth white chalk hills and cliffs of England are made up of the compressed shells of myriads of minute Foraminifera. Carbonaceous and phosphate rock, clays and marl-beds are all largely of animal origin. Diatomaceous earth, in some places of Virginia forty feet thick, is composed of the remains of a common Algae, the diatom.
Every time soil is taken up by vegetable life and is returned to its original state through death and decay, it becomes more and more charged with the potencies of life. As John Burroughs puts it: "The more death has gone into it, the more life comes out of it; the more it is a cemetery, the more it becomes a nursery; the more the rocks perish, the more the fields flourish...The leanness of granite and gneiss has become the fat of the land."

Huxley feels he has reason to believe that "all the chief constituents of the crust of the earth may have formed part of living bodies; that they may be the 'ash' of protoplasm."

Would you believe that a small fraction of your body may once have been in the cosmic dust, "stardust", which for eons streamed among the distant suns of the universe? It is reasonable. A large amount of this cosmic dust falls upon the earth every year. It is possible that some of the iron in our blood may once have been a part of these falling particles!

In the soil is written the history of the race and other forms of life. It is a chronicle hard to discover and hard to decipher. From fossils and other preserved remains in the earth scientists can tell us about organisms that existed thousands of centuries ago.

If we can realize how the whole foundation of life rests upon such an ordinary thing as soil we will not dismiss any thoughts of it with disgust.

A man does not have to travel far to witness splendors and glories; he has only to step into his back yard to meet an existence more wonderful than man-made castles or institutions. Then if he will spade up a tract of rich soil in April, how good and sweet will its odor be! Surely the farmer lives close to Providence!

The glittering, the showy, the brilliant are not necessarily the best. Simple, exact Truth is modest, unassuming and unheralded.

"Would we seek Truth and be happy, we must pull our heads out of the clouds and search underfoot."

GEORGE JACOBSEN

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA

We were on our way across the northern part of the Indian Ocean. This was, indeed, a place where one felt as if a certain phenomenon were drilling into his very soul the romantic and fascinating desire to stay and travel in the Far East. This Ocean seemed much more friendly than our neighbor, the Atlantic. At this particular time of year it was paradise. As we plowed our way from Colombo to Aden we knew all the mystery and romance of the sea.

One night, after watching a beautiful sunset, I went forward to stand lookout. Moving to the very prow of the ship I looked down at the great mass of foam which was being kicked up by this great monster. Then I gazed into a cloudless sky—into the smiling face of a full moon. The sea was like glass. A balmy breeze added to the perfection of things. The Southern Cross helped to make it more pleasant—it seemed to have a deep, underlying significance. That night I drank in all these beautiful things about me. They penetrated into the depths of my being.

About a month later we were crossing the North Atlantic bound for New York. No sooner had we left Gibraltar astern then we ran into a storm. Although we had already traveled over 17,000 miles this promised to be our first real storm. It came upon us gradually but steadily. Soon our ship was being tossed about like a cork stopper. The sky was
ugly—it sent heavy rains with occasional snow squalls. A strong wind blew almost incessantly for three days and a half. All this together with the constant rolling of the ship, work, seasickness, and a new dislike for the sea made life miserable. It was especially disagreeable when I had to turn out of my bunk at midnight and stand watch for four hours either on the forecastle or on the bridge. This duty was called “Standing the Graveyard Watch.”

One afternoon while we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves soogeying the bulkhead, holystoning the boat deck, chipping rust, painting, polishing brass, and sweeping and washing her down, Max Carey, a brother sailor, came stumbling into the passageway on the poop. He was wet from head to foot—a mixture of spray and soogey. His hands were numb from the cold and thoroughly chapped from exposure. On his way across the deck he had lost his footing and had almost been thrown into the sea. He was a wretched spectacle. He raised his arms high into the air and shouted in mock delight—“The Romance of the Sea!”

KENNETH MURPHY

LEARNING THROUGH EXPERIENCE

“The race is educated by its experiences.”

On the first day of school in early September, after I had welcomed my fifth grade with a few carefully chosen sentences, I turned the children’s attention to the topic of nature study in general, and then more specifically to the study of flowers. In closing the discussion, I made this plea: “I should like to have all of you on the look-out for any pictures, materials, or articles pertaining to nature. If possible, bring them to school if you think they would make our nature study period more interesting.”

The following morning, on arrival at school, I was extremely pleased to find a large bouquet of flowers on my desk. During the course of the next fifteen minutes, I received six bouquets and four plants. By that time, my supply of vases was exhausted, so I suggested that some of the girls might bring in several if they could obtain them at home. Little did I imagine that within a few days I was to be the possessor of the largest and most varied conglomeration of vases, bottles, glasses, and cans in the building. Then, too, my collection of flowers and plants continued to grown in number. In fact, the window sills contained so many plants of various kinds, few of which I could call by name, that it became difficult for one to look out of the windows which seemed to serve as backgrounds for a tropical display.

During the week of our bird discussion, the corner table was covered with so many different types of birds’ nests that I began to wonder if all of the birds of the surrounding territory had abandoned their homes to aid my collection. I was even the recipient of a dead bird which had been found in the road. However, this was not placed on display, but was quickly and thoroughly given proper burial.

The next week, I was rather glad to turn the nature discussion to a different topic, that of trees. I made no more suggestions concerning collections, but when one pupil brought in a tiny orange plant which she had succeeded in cultivating from a single orange seed, I enthusiastically seconded the motion that we, as a class, attempt to repeat the same
process. One boy volunteered to bring the orange seed, and another, some black dirt in which to plant it.

The next morning, the orange seed was promptly produced and the dirt arrived in an eight-quart pail. In fact, I could easily have started an orange grove with the amount of dirt which was brought to cover one tiny seed. Enthusiasm for the orange business waned after several weeks, for the seed did not grow.

The fourth week, we studied ants and their homes, a subject in which the class was greatly interested. I congratulated myself that I had at last found an excellent topic, but one for which I was not obliged to enthuse over masses of collected materials. On Friday of that week, one of the boys came running up the stairs, entered the room, and presented me with a large tin box, which he warned me to open carefully. I slowly removed the cover, and within, to my surprise and consternation, swarmed multitudes of large red ants. After a very brief survey, in which I'm afraid my enthusiasm did not seem worthy of the object of attention, I dispatched the boy to the far end of the school yard, where the ants were given a new residence.

I learned discretion through experience. Therefore, we did not study mice.

Claire F. Eddy

THE BLUE HILLS

The country covered by the Blue Hills remains in almost its primitive wildness. Little has been done since the advent of the European—save to cut the wood from the hills and then wait for its regrowth. The face of the country assumes new aspects from year to year—here there is a field where once a forest was—but "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun stand unmoved and unchanged." Could the red man revisit the place of his former residence he would find this one spot unaltered by the hand of man. We have usurped his home, he himself has disappeared almost entirely, but the hills in all their splendor stand as a perpetual memorial to the Indian race.

From the day in 1614, when Captain John Smith, exploring our coast, sailed across the mouth of Boston harbor and glimpsed these hills, the hardy adventurer and home-bound mariner have hailed with joy the blue shadow which signifies land. With these soft blue shadows the Indian connected his visionary ideas of sanctity and grandeur. From them he named his tribe Massachusetts, which means in the Algonquin dialect—the people living near the great hills.

The range rises into eleven distinct summits. The highest of these, Great Blue, which is situated in Canton and Milton, has an altitude of six hundred and thirty-five feet which is the highest elevation in eastern Massachusetts. From this summit a lovely panorama stretches before one. There is a bird’s-eye view of a radius of twenty-eight miles and a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles. Almost all of the interesting features can be seen with the naked eye.

At the present day many people enjoy climbing Great Blue. On a Saturday afternoon many hikers, bound for the summit, may be seen. That this is not a new pastime may be seen from Reverend Peter Thatcher's "Journal"—October 18, 1681. "Brother Clapp and his wife, brother Paul and his wife and we, went upon the Blue Hill to the pillar of stones, and Thomas Swift came to us there, and divers others; there we dined; we came home by Brush Hill, they came into our house and drank and smoked."
On a June morning in 1720 Edward Adams, wishing to enjoy a view of the sunrise from the top of Great Blue, started out on foot. As he was climbing, in the gray of the morning, he was startled by hoof-beats. The early hour combined with the mystic atmosphere before dawn made the noise weird. He visioned many fantastic things until reassured by the appearance of James Robbins, who was also bound to see the sunrise. Such visits as these were of common occurrence among the young people in early days. Now, even though the invention of the automobile makes hiking less frequently enjoyed, hikers still climb Great Blue. At all hours there are many automobiles parked at the foot of the hills while the owners follow the footsteps of the early people to the top of the trail.

At the top of Great Blue there is an observatory, where the government weather bureau is stationed. On May 30, 1798 a structure was erected on the bald, rocky surface. It was three stories high and provided with wooden railings and seats. The work was started by the proprietor of "Billings Tavern" while all the neighbors joined in building it. Although not built originally with a particular reference to science, but only for the purpose of opening a wider view, the observatory is now used solely for geographical purposes and is not open to the public. The old building was replaced by the present structure in 1884 and since that time meteorological observations have been regularly made and sent to the Meteorological Society. This and other experiments have been carried on but that of most interest to the public is the daily weather prediction which is signalled by the use of flags from the top.

But Great Blue means more than science to the ordinary hiker. From the summit scenes of marvellous beauty are revealed. On every side there opens to view a charming variety of woods and fields, towns, and distant mountains. When showers have washed the atmosphere, leaving it clear, every condition is favorable to a perfect view. Stretching below, may be seen Cambridge, Somerville, Boston, and even Fall River in the distance, while rising up in the sky are Boston Light and the Standish Monument silhouetted in the manner of one of Hardy's famous scenes. In sharp contrast to the busy life of the cities and towns is the valley of the Neponset with its river winding leisurely through verdant fields. Here there is peace and quiet for our serene moods. In truth, every person may suit his own mood at the top of glorious Great Blue, by gazing upon the rush of city life, by leisurely following the lazy Neponset, or by day-dreaming among the clouds.

BARBARA HART

THE OTHER WORLD

Ever since I can remember in my earliest childhood, when I had no playmates, I would venture forth into the Other World—Imagination. Many a day I spent in the attic playing house, dolls, school, and other games that children love. If I had no companion with me I would gaze out of the window to the garden, which lay before me like a velvet carpet. I would imagine myself to be gazing from my citadel upon my vast lands below. Or, if my eyes strayed higher to a fringe of trees which we children called "The Grove," I could see Robin Hood courting Maid Marion, or hunting with his Merry Men. Sometimes I was merely an onlooker, or perhaps believing myself omnipotent, I would decide the fates, good or evil, of all the characters evolved from the world before me.

Then too, in the sickroom where the sunshine streamed in, and the cheerful clicking of Mother's knitting needles seemed a perfect accompaniment to the soft sound of rockers
scuffing the nap of the rug, my mind flew from myself and I would be transported to the land of Make-Believe. I might even fancy myself a soldier lying wounded, suffering with no one near. Startled by a thought like this, I would open my eyes to be reassured by the sight of Mother placidly rocking—oblivious of the bleak battlefield where I had lain but a moment before. Perhaps I would believe myself travelling in some foreign country, seeing strange beings in the Other Land.

Even Grandmother’s fireplace offered a great theatre for the creatures of my imagination. Who hasn’t sat sleepily before a log fire, watching the nuns going to chapel, or watching the dance of the fairy sprites, as they lightly flew up the chimney? Even the smoke suggested phantoms to me. Many times did I sit entranced by the colored sparks of driftwood, while the smell of the logs made me dream of foreign lands. It was all too beautiful.

On beautiful summer days I used to lie upon the lawn and travel swiftly to the Other World in my cloud chariots, drawn along by sun rays. In the clouds there was beauty in the flowers, birds, faces, mountains, ships and trees; while the grotesque monsters and gargoyles conjured up from the floating clouds made me gasp. There was a cloud shape for every mood and for every form of life. These shapes were everchanging, as the wind pummelled the clouds, so monotony was never there.

Not only did I see the Other World in the out of doors and at home, but on afternoons when calls had to be made, I soon left the grown-up world and sailed away to the Other Land by tracing pictures in the design of the rug. Small wonder that I could be so quiet while the grownups conversed! I could go on for a long time describing my visits to the Other World—but hasn’t everyone been there? For those who perhaps have not I feel sorry. I am sorry for myself now that I am older, for the gate to the Other World is locked and the key which is childhood, I have lost.

Caroline Feindal
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