Bridgewater State Yearbooks

1974

The Sketch [Yearbook] 1974

Bridgewater State College

Recommended Citation

This item is available as part of Virtual Commons, the open-access institutional repository of Bridgewater State University, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.
THE SKETCH was published by Hunter Publishing Company on 80 lb. dull enamel paper stock. Helvetica and Repro Script type face. Press run — 930 copies. Cover design and tip-in dividers by John Heller; rabbit portrait artist, Rick Tonner; and Martha ends in Corcoran.
I came, little cabbage,(to say nothing of the artichoke heart of me)I was_Some Pripyat artichokes(little heart) that part,an excuse for the impressionHead and head, theHead now, looking back: well there were numbers to measure the performance; whether I had kept or notlike an old education story as big as the hills, as familiar as Winnie the Pooh before bedtime prayers an eye for the head a cry for the heart there were compulsory courses I wrote my parents. I’ve got to stop all now—got to rise and shine by 8 for a badminton class for the B.A. and then the rest of the day is spent spitting—it helps me to think—why do I have to take PE for four semester?
And my father wrote back: Some advice, don’t get bitter, you’re too young. Plugged-in prunes aren’t thrilling, just tart — love Dad. P.S. How are your grades? love Dad.

(now, what the hell does that mean?)

there were new things — the library, the S.U.
that’s what made it wonderful someone told me to watch the school grow.
the drinking age went down to 18, the Hard Times press was in a new S.G.A. constitution drawn up:
We went from parietals to no parietals;
a gynecologist came.
Bridgewater students were thrown out of Maria’s Cafe (once) and the C.C. Club (twice)

The walls at Ralph’s always shook with hordes of college people — his prices rose every year (we sent him to Hawaii for his vacation)
An S.G.A. president was impeached by Christmas lights and phone bills and such
There were fewer lights on and less oil burned during the fuel crisis crisis
We ate in the dark at Tilly (and liking it, thought of candles)
commuting cars were pushed farther away from lower campus and parking problems were more of a headache that the tressel over the tracks.
The last time the dishwashing machine in the cafeteria broke down, mid-morning coffee breaks were at a premium (and the house-men, liking that, thought of egg — nog for them, in the face for whoever it was shut the coffee off)
the SGA (and some more) could’ve sworn Boyden Hall had warts;
it snowed last winter enough to make up for every other winter without snow (as if Bridgewater could apologize for the rain every other day for four years — that’s 365 minus the summers times 4 and God only knows why we didn’t drown)

Oh,
I came,
a cabbage,
and now, diploma in one hand, mayonnaise in the other (I could have spider legs and hair on my knuckles to suffice the transformation, too)
now, a cauliflower I be;
see it was Twain who said the cauliflower is really just a cabbage with a college education
everything's happening at the zoo
yes, we have no bananas
The cries of the gulls stopped suddenly. When she looked back, Lucretia saw them flying off. She ran after Thomas.

Noah the parrot got very much excited when Obed had visitors. As Lucretia stepped to be jumped up and down on his perch squawk, "Come in and laughed.

handwork for Obed.

"Oh," breathed Lucretia, "a beautiful ship."

Even Noah gave a shrill whoop of proved of Obed's work.

Thomas laughed. "Thee said it right then. Noah! Thee likes it too!"
We dedicate THE SKETCH to you, Dr. Ellen Shea, with much hope of learning to swing as much as you have.
"Well Ellen, we had a good time while it lasted, didn't we? And I only wish we were all coming back next year instead of standing up and trying to make kids think we know something!"

(1935 Yearbook autograph written by Mary McLaughlin)

I was a freshman here in the fall of 1931.
There were 480 students here then.
When I returned to Bridgewater in 1953, it was basically the same college I'd left eighteen years before — the same finishing school aspect over the social life of the campus — the same rules and regulations.

So it happens in education when you do a good job, they make you an administrator. Shortly after Dr. Rand became president, he named me Dean of Students.

The type of student who comes here now is very different. Then, scholarship was very different. Now, just going to college is what's important. It has become a social norm.

The old Bridgewater teas became famous. I always said: the Vassar girl may know how to go to a tea but the Bridgewater girl can produce one. Nobody has teas anymore. Everyone goes to cocktail parties.

I've had to learn to swing with the times.
The bird who flies the highest,
does so with his own wings.
This,
for the exaltation of that bird:
Congrats.
This,
for the fellow who lent him the wings:
Kyrie Eleison.
Swoosh!
a winged frisbee
( stuffed penguins,
let's not forget )
Movement
a body like muscles
with soul
a movement
in kind
through mind
Helen Doherty  Elaine Donahue  Mariann Donahue  Susan Donnelly  Joyce Dooley
Catherine Doran  Jeannine Dore  Gail Dorian  Kathleen Doucette  Joseph Downey
Karen Doyle  Teresa Doyle  Deborah Drain  Mary Duggan  Patricia Dunne
I've shadows love offended, think but this and all is ended that you love but slaughter here while these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream. And, as I am an honest Ghost, I have unearn'd such new to witness the assurances tongue, we will make appear are they.

Miss You're Right's Dream.

Mary Queen of Scots
To THE SKETCH staff, to you, the nameless bananas behind the scenes, the thumbs behind the typewriters, the monkeys behind the deadlines, you are the heart of THE SKETCH's spirit, the brain between these pages. I salute you and embrace you all in my most treasured moments.

Thanks to Stone Swiech, thanks to Stone Swiech, Harry, and thanks to my roommate for making her rabbit feel deeply.

The Editor, a banana who loves monkeys (and rabbits)