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Bridgewater State Teachers College

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Further Chapel Schedule Information Released

The chapel programs have been arranged for the month of February as follows: On Friday, February 7th, entertainment will be furnished by the String Quartet of Fall River; the following Tuesday, February 11th, there will be a lecture by Dr. Paul J. Alexander, anthropologist, who has been working with Harvard anthropologists and archaeologists lately; his topic will be "Ancient Records of the Orient." On Friday, the 14th, Mr. Edic, Superintendent of Schools in Fall River, will speak. February the 18th is not yet taken up, but then, day of all days on February the 21st will be shown the celebrated and long awaited paint-by-numbers movies! They will, without doubt, guarantee a chapel attendance of one hundred per cent.

Ingenious Freshman Boys Discover Hobby-Business

A brand new use for alphabet macaroni has been discovered by two ingenious men of the freshman class. Harry Averill of Taunton and Robert Bruni of Gloucester are making the very popular "name pins" so prevalent on the campus right now. These attractive pins, equally popular with the men and women students, are made from mahogany, walnut, cedar, oak, and gum-wood. Both young men declare that the process is somewhat delicate but fascinating one.

Interesting Process

After the shape of the pin has been decided upon and cut, the "macaroni" letters are applied to the wood with glue. A coating of shellac fills and smooths the wood of the pin. In order to bring out the attractive color of the wood, varnish is applied. By using a safety pin into a groove in the back of the wood, the pin is ready to enhance the grandeur of any campus costume.

(continued on page 4)

Miss Packard, '29, Assumes Position As Training School Principal

No Changes Planned As Yet

No changes are being prepared for the school by the new principal who expects to conduct the Training School following its customary program.

Early in January Miss Packard was asked to consider acceptance of the post by President Kelly on behalf of the Massachusetts State Department of Education and the Bridgewater School Committee. As the approval of both groups had to be secured the story could not be published in our last issue. Miss Packard is particularly interested in the middle grades and is at present on one of the committees which is conducting research on the middle school curriculum changes under the State Department's sponsorship.

Active in Alumni Circles

Active in alumni circles, the new principal was editor of the last two issues of the Alumni Bulletin. During the past two years she has been treasurer of the town teacher association.

Jalopy Girls Redecorate Commuters' Lounge

The commuter's room has been a beehive of activity as far as the last four years. Girls have been sandpapering tables and chairs; cans of red, yellow and blue paint have been opened and tested. The Day Student Council, the group responsible for this activity, has decided to redecorate the room.

Red, Yellow and Blue!

The tables, after being sanded, are to be varnished. The chairs are to be painted red, yellow and blue. More than adding to the beauty of the room by paint, the council is adding to the comfort of the place by installing comfortable sinks and a rug. Curtains are being made to hang over the windows. Plans for painting the walls and the floor are under way.

Barbara Moore is chairman of the committee. She is assisted by Mary Drummond, Ruth Carlisle, and Virginia Bourne to speed up the work. The N. A. W. W. workers are lending their assistance.
SPORT SPIRIT

Are you one of those people who go to the college basketball games and watch with a cynical, bored expression, disdaining to show any sign of emotion at the activities of the team?

If you go to the games at all, you probably belong to this group which unfortunately is in the majority here at Bridgewater. This group is a little better than the people who see no reason at all for giving their support to the team and so stay away, but it isn't much better.

Would you like to take part in a contest before such an audience? Would and could you do your best before such an indifferent crowd? Nevertheless, this is the position in which the team is being placed by the students.

We have good reason to be proud of our team, especially this year when they have an almost undefeated record. Still, it isn't the final score which is especially important in the long run, but the spirit of comradeship, cooperation, and the good, clean fun which is so much a part of Bridgewater's games.

So, win or lose, let's back the team—they deserve it.

OUR GOAL

"First, get an aim," were the most emphasized words Bridgewater graduate, Edward Landy, advised us recently in an address on "Vocational Guidance".

We all had an aim once. Are we going to allow it to be swallowed permanently because defense duties have intervened? War duties and a reconstruction period may temporarily draw us away from our goal.

War—why should we keep on slaving toward that goal that our defense program seems to be destroying all possibilities of reaching. This "war" which, according to all pessimistic rumors we are practically engaged in, is disrupting youthful enthusiasm and ambition. The resigned attitude—why work, we haven't anything to look forward to—is becoming more and more prevalent.

For our young men, what's the use of training for anything that isn't of a military nature? Military training and military rank such as that of captains, lieutenants, majors, radio operators, and artillery experts are now "white collar" raters. Teaching, bookkeeping, photography, and sciences which are unrelated to war wear a black future for both men and women. Ambulance driving; flying, we already have three hopefuls; and, as always, nursing mark the achievement possibilities for young women.

But not permanently. We won't always be at war or in the throes of an intense defense program. We need to make a place for ourselves in peace time because it is essential that we remember there can be peace and brotherhood bringing about advance in sciences other than that of making war.

former Senior Trainee Tells of Her Adjustment

Never a dull moment—well, hardly ever. "Miss M— is absent today. Will you take her fourth grade room, please?"

So I stepped from my sixth grade dignity into the realm of those sweet-for-words little fourth graders. How thrilling to sit at the teacher's desk, looking over the lesson plans for the day, imagining all sorts of lovely things that I could do with the children. What wonderful things I could teach them today! At last I had a class of my very own, if only for a day. Let's see—they would be about nine years old, wouldn't they? Such a darling age—so sweet and naive.

Bell For Round 1

The quarter of nine bell rang. A confusion in the hall announced the arrival of the fourth grade. "Ooh! We've got a substitute!" and "Oh boy! Won't we be lucky! Money! I should get a dime feeling at that moment. I could hardly wait to see the angels come in.

It didn't take long. A violently red-haired boy, with green eyes, enormous freckles, (and I'm sure his ears were red, too), grinned at me, well, one might say, maliciously. I found out later that his name was McClusky, and my first really bad experience. "She's a love, McClusky is her name." I smiled sweetly, sort of dully—and he said, "Hi ya, Toote. Where's Miss M—?"

Round 2 Coming Up

And in the same school, I spent some time, after I had become very wise and experienced, substituting in a ninth grade. There I received what might be called a tribute to the profession. During a study period of a vocational division, one big brute passed a note to a friend, equally a big brute. From the various reactions, I surmised that the message referred to the young substitute, but nevertheless, duty told me that I must confiscate the note.

From away back in my mind came a voice from the past, specifically from a methods course, to give credit where credit is due, saying that a teacher must sacrifice her curiosity for the trust of her pupils and never read a note, however tempting it might be. So, striding down the aisle very officiously, I demanded the note. The look of utter horror and mortification confirmed my suspicions. I promised the child who was towering above me, terrified, (so I thought), that I would not read his note, I merely was going to put it in the wastebasket. He reluctantly surrendered, and I put the crumpled epistle fuming, we are practically engaged in, is disrupting youthful enthusiasm on "Vocational Guidance".

There's no recompense; if you should get lower grades, and feverish for the remainder of the term. The printer gets all the money, the school gets all the fame, and the staff—oh, yes, the staff is towering above me, terrified. The printer gets all the money, and the school gets all the fame, and the staff—oh, yes, the staff is towering above me, terrified.

Snoop and Scoop Make Rounds Despite Weather

Dire tragedy! Snoop and Scoop aren't speaking. And all over a question of ethics, Taki! Taki! Codly rches. Scoop hung ecstatically over the counter and sized his views on women with a contemptuous attitude not lost upon Snoop. Scoop did, however, relax long enough to lay a first aid kit to replenish his medicine box. Then, with ice still corning their smiles and words, they walked haughtily up to Snow's.

Scoop Purchases Jacket

What with all the skating and skiing going on and around New England, Scoop felt he had to have one of those sippy new jackets that Fred Snow is featuring. Even pandering up and down before admiring females didn't break down Scoop's resistance.

So on to Brady's Drugstore for some hot jays and gin. There they settled down signs of thawing by this time because dimension coupled with the extreme cold was proving to be too much for Scoop. Scoop with a sudden attack of dysphoria, pulled in Snow's. Scoop swelled like a Valentine chocolate box. Resistance went flying and a relieved, contented smile covered Scoop's face. Scoop's face wasn't far wrong for "All is well that ends well".

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

Senior class meetings will be frequent and frequent beyond the remainder of the year. The graduating class, a group in deep in thought selecting committees for each June events as the Senior Picnic, the Senior Promenade, and such joint committees as: program, place, favor, and orchestra.

Normal Curve

Oh we must limit the "A"'s
And limit the "B"'s
And provide for just
The right number of "D"'s.

Then everything will follow
A nice normal curve
And nobody'll get just
What they deserve.

For in this system
There's no recompense;
When you should get more
You always get less.
But if you should get lower
You're still in distress.

RUTH CARLISLE

You Said It, Kaintuck ...

(The sentiment expressed in the following poem borrowed from Western Kentucky State Teacher College's publication is not entirely unlike Campus Comment's feeling at times.)

The school paper is a strange invention.
The school gets all the fame.
The printer gets all the money.
And the staff—oh, yes, the staff gets all the blame.

—The Anchor
Smooth Susan Takes an Exam
by nell giles

(Ex. Note: nell giles is the author of ZUZUHA, but MOODTH, that best-selling handbook of good grinning into its fourth printing. Listen to her broadcast, "MR. F and BESSY-Every Weekend Sunday and Friday: 4:15 to 4:45, beginning January thirtieth.)

The only exam we ever liked was our final oral, given by the entire Eng-

lish department. We sat on our hands before the seven professors and answered questions about Beowulf, Chaucer, Shake-
ppeare, and Tennyson; we counted the false heads while we thought out the meaning of the lines of the English novel; we played a mental "Tit Tad Toe" with the profs' ties to help us concentrate on Restoration Drama.

And does this mental squirming sound unhappy? Anything BUT. You see, we were romantically attached to the English department, but our special attachment was in the field of modern American poetry. All this dead literature must be brushed away with the utmost concentration before we arrived. Brushed and breathless, at the period beginning in 1912. At that point we were, in the company of Harriet Monroe, T. S. Eliot, Edna St. Vincent Millay and all the angels, the Elysian Fields of our Favorite Subject.

What did this have to do with taking an exam? Nothing at all. This could be with our eyes shut except that the blackness would have cut us off when the bell rang. The last exam was just a pallid, lifeless thing.

But what he represents is still alive. What is happening study about exam time in June?

This is the very time to give yourself a warm remembrance of yourself as the girl you just saw on the screen. Quite often, when you're leaving the movies, with the screen still gone and the heat still on, you come upon yourseif suddenly, like "the Perfect Person."

Day is examination day, is it not? Perhaps the famous Woronicz, using his heartfelt suggestion by every female in her back as a desk on which to sign the test yourself as the girl she had been caressing. It's the tooth she had been caressing.

"Too damn many fire alarms" is the way students caught in the bath tub during the last timetabulation of the world, exclaim, belas.

Dr. Maxxwell to Terry Perry in Soc class, "You're a man of few words—
uuse them more than you can.

Elon Butler being so-o-o faithful to his high-school heart-beat new in Azazi U. - We hope Mal doesn't "clout" the sixth grade at the T. S. ... it was in okay condition. Doesn't Kay Quirk look appealing in her Lana Turner sweaters? ...

Millie has finally given Tilly the brush-off. Has her eye on transferring passengers. Members of B1 looking like super-doopers after nine bertsie T. S. weeks. Ask Maizie Larkin to tell you about her Jr. High admirers.

Listening in the library—"She's a great special—get's on everybody's."
"He got his earache from his girl friend and his eyestrain from other women."

Have you seen Lyneth Lawrences newest sketch? "B. T. C. sub-debs are repeating the subdeode vemosiac" as set forth in Life.

Heard in Mt. Tyndall's gym class: and now we'll hear from one who should know all about wool. Miss Lamb!

C. A. A. Considers B. T. C. Application

Have patience, you students with a yen for wings! It seems that the app-

lication for the C. A. A. pilot training at Bridgewater is yet unapproved. Unluckily the request is deep in a national defense bill on some desk in Washington.

It is particularly difficult to get any news regarding the problem because the flight instructor at Hanover has been sworn to secrecy until the application has been approved. He assures us, how-

ever, that the moment the go ahead signal is given he will give us all the information that he has.

Reminded plans have it that the ground school course would be given right here in Bridgewater, and the ac-

tual flight training would be given at the Hanover airport. The number of applicants interested is of course an exact number, being three girls and twenty-nine boys. Many of the students are deeply interested in aviation and are anxious to find out who will be the lucky ones to receive this training. One freshman has heard to say that he has had some flight training already butconfessed that it was only fifteen minutes. We aren't sure if we may turn out another Lind-burgh about exam time in June.

not a normal examination of a girl who

is expecting a degree. Looking back now, over a moderate period of time, we see only a pallid, infertit, lifeless thing.

Senior Proverbs:

"Man proposes—the diamond discloses."

"Exams are like the poor—we always have them with us."

A book-brains preserved in ink.

Some sap will read these things...

JOHN STELLA-Nope, been practising

DOUGLAS MACDONALD-Why are you

.... Seen roller-skating at the Win-

DOW E. Not always. I am not. It

Bridgewater-stop running around so

The Best in Motion Pictures

ADULTS - - 20c ADULTS - - 33c

CHILDREN - - 10c CHILDREN - - 10c

Dorr's Print Shop

Official Printers

of Campus Comment

Dorr's Print Shop

Dioments for the C. A. A. pilot train-

pilots have been approved. He assures us, how-

ever, that the moment the go ahead signal is given he will give us all the information that he has. Original designs, done by the children in their art classes, were paint-

ored on the finished surfaces. Arnold Torrance directed the processing of the cigar boxes and shaving-soap bowls and put the small brass hinges on the boxes. Extra box tops were sized down and equipped with a pap of paper and a pencil, making an attractive writing pad.

Parents Aid In Project

Shuffleboard discs and pushers were made from larger pieces of board. Fathers helped at home in the shaping process, and at school the discs were sandpapered and painted under Frank Fahey's direction.

The result of these activities was a highly successful sale of decorated boxes and bowls, writing pads, shuffleboard equipment, and plants donated by Mr. Storms. The attractiveness and usefulness of these articles is shown by the results of the sale—orders far more as soon as they can be done and approxi-

mately twenty-six dollars profit. The money is going to be used to make pic-

tories to be sold and in the sixth grade and to buy what they want for enjoyment and cul-

tural advancement.

CAPITOL THEATRE

Bridgewater Telephone 473

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Intra-Mural Basketball Draws Large Male Group

The intra-mural league made up of six strong teams is in the midst of its most successful season in the history of the hoop circuit.

At present the outstanding teams are Fordham, Nichols and Minnesota. Bill Costello and Bob Deknes have led the Fordham Carillon to a first place finish, while DeWagwiskes and Starkie have been the big guns in the Nichols attack. Although the graduate quintet, Boston College, is not high in the standings, it is one of the highest scorers on its roster in Charlie Gordon. Most of the tilts have been low-scoring affairs but this guide make the games fast and interesting. At times the teams show skillful ball-handling and good teamwork. The only thing that detracts is the marked tendency of the players to shoot erratically. After the players have played as a unit for a short time they soon begin to show plenty of ability. Once the Nichols and Fordham quintets start to roll their look like real, capable hoop outfits.

The schedule will be divided into two halves with play-off games at the season's end. If necessary the intra-mural contests are worthwhile attendances. The boys who are going to the gyn to witness the tussles will be well rewarded.

CAMPUS COMMENT

FROM THE BENCH

BY DAPPER

Intra-Mural Basketball

On To Victory!

Our basketball representatives have started both hands and ameture at upsetting pre-season predictions. Few, if any, followers of the Marion and White hoop crews had hopes for a successful year. We remember the moaning and regrets at the outset of this present season. Most fans pined for its lack of height. Some fans worried over the apparent absence of superior skill. The most loyal and hot-blooded Bridgewater supporter dared not boast or shout. Remember the sarcastic Cretan quotation in regard to coming, seeing, conquering! Well, sports fans, your Mariner and their foes, have landed, and they are right in the groove. A dismal evening at Hyannis seemed to hurl credit to pessimism and disinterest. That catastrophe was the turning point for the sphere-pushers from B. T. C. Ironically, disastrous defeat proved to be the antidote for Costiganitis. Mean-