1945

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Miss Nutter Retires
Engagement Announced

One of our popular faculty members, Miss Dorothy D. Nutter, recently announced her engagement. We shared her happiness on this occasion, but were saddened at the thought of her leaving Bridgewater. In her five years here, an attractive personality and eager generosity have won her many friends.

Miss Nutter was born in Winchester and began her education in their public schools, later obtaining a Bachelor of Science in Education degree at the Massachusetts School of Art in Boston. She first taught in Groveton, Maine, then was art teacher and supervisor of public schools in Northbridge, Mass. In 1940 she joined the faculty at B. T. C. She did graduate work in art education at Pennsylvania State College, and earned a Master's degree at George Peabody College in Nashville, Tenn. Her travels include southern United States and a 1935 tour of Europe.

(continued on page 8)

ELECTION RETURNS

S. G. A.
President .................. Elizabeth Sheehan
First Vice-president ........ Atlas Linton
Second Vice-president .... Lenore Kelly
Assistant Treasurer ......... Jack Herman

Dormitory Council
President ....................... Barbara Kano
Vice-President ............ Edith Matthews
Secretary .................. Grace Sweeney
Treasurer ..................... Virginia Godfrey

SCA SPRING FORMAL

Twenty-five sailors from the South Weymouth Naval Base and forty soldiers from Camp Edwards were guests of SCA at the annual Spring Formal on May 4, at eight o'clock in the gym.

The gym was decorated around a spring motif, and Carle Davaid played the dancing numbers from eight to twelve. Each of the twelve sets of dances was dedicated.

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ANGELS SHOVE OVER FOR AERONAUTICS CLASS

Future Menaces of the Air-waves visit Brockton Air Field

Annual Installation of Kappa Delta Pi Officers

The annual installation of Kappa Delta Pi was held in the Plymouth County Room on May 8, at 5:15 in the evening. This was followed by a formal banquet in Tillinghast dining hall at 6 o'clock.

The guest speaker, Albert Morris Professor of Sociology at Boston University, addressed the group on the topic of "Race Relations in the United States" at 7 o'clock in the Plymouth County Room.

The incoming officers of the society are: Mildred Downtown, President; Edith Matthews, Vice-President; Synovous Acebo, Recording Secretary; Constance Macomber, Treasurer; Shirley Parry, Historian-Recorder; Paul I. Huhfington, Faculty Counselor.

Invited as honored freshmen were: Mildred Duggan, Marie Henry, Cynthia Jones, Patricia Roberts.

As guests of the society were the following faculty members: President and Mrs. John J. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Tisdall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Rucker, Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Huffington, and Miss Dorothy D. Nutter, who is the retiring faculty advisor.

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GRADUATION NEARS

Banquet Opens Commencement Weekend
Faculty and Students Honor Class of '45
Baccalaureate, Graduation Exercises June 3

Seventeen Seniors Enter Profession

At present seventeen seniors are placed, with many others merely awaiting a final affirmation.

Those who are definitely placed are: Mary Bagley and Meredith White in Lexington; Hilda Berger, Ann Houghton and Hannah Lovett in East Hartford, Connecticut; Jane Cass and Jean Nicoll in West Bridgewater; Gertrude Chatterton in Athol; Theda Dutta in Lakeville; Constance Hartwell, Mary Kemp, and Lorraine Porter in Oregon; Louise Lambert in Mashpee; Helen Moir and Anne Reynolds in Attleboro; and Bettina Breen and Shirley Joy in Acushnet.

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CHAPEL NEWS

Chester Howland spoke and displayed slides on "Whaling in Old New Bedford" at the April 10 assembly.

Miss Priscilla Nye, a former art teacher at this college and now a member of the faculty at the Massachusetts School of Art, gave an informal talk on April 24 on Modern Art, illustrated by colorful slides.

Miss Rose O'Connell, instructor of zoology at Emmanuel College, on May 1, discussed "The Social Role of Women in Modern Society." She stressed the differences between medieval and modern societies and their demands on women.

Father Ahearn of Boston College gave a lecture on May 8 on flowers, illustrated by colorful garden slides.

Mr. Louis Newell, an alumnus of B.T.C., talked on May 15 on Modern Art, illustrated by colorful slides.

At the close of the reception the seniors will go to the "Ad" building steps in their evening gowns, there to carry on one of the most cherished traditions of B.T.C. Grouped together in front of the great pillar, that will be serenaded by all of the dormitory students in the flickering light of the colored lanterns that the undergraduates carry. The old familiar songs will be sung—"Tell Me Why the Stars Do Shine," "This Is Our Farewell Song," "To All Of You" and "All Hail, All Hall To You B.T.C.;" the seniors will sing two new songs under the leadership of Connie Hartwell.

The words to these songs were composed by a committee consisting of Martha Vickers, Betty Donoghue, Sylvia Sundelin, and Dorothy Howes. The original songs of the undergraduates arc the work of Bernice Mather, Jane Russell, Dorothy Brooks, and Barbara Muller. The seniors will come to an end with the "Alma Mater."
Against Compulsory Military Training

One of the most controversial issues of the present is compulsory military training for American youth. We have not as yet been convinced of its virtues.

Compulsory military training is based on a feeling of distrust. If suspicion is universally prevalent how will we ever accomplish anything lasting and worthwhile? If we anticipate and prepare for another war we are certain to have one. It is impossible to keep a shiny new gun placidly on the shelf and not want to pop it off at someone. It will be equally impossible to muster the military strength of a powerful nation and not desire it to prove its mettle against an opponent.

Some educators feel that a military program for youth can be successfully complemented by an extra-forceful curriculum of peace. However, the cohabitation of war and peace is impossible; they are inherently incompatible. How can we teach children the necessity for peace and simultaneously inculcate in them a military spirit? Compulsory military training is diametrically opposed to our constitutional theory of education. We have never desired federal control or regulation of education; in the guise of government intervention would assume an even more malevolent character.

If, over any period of years, we were to be set in the groove of militarism, the intellectual approach to vital problems would be quite obliterated; the slightest provocation, foreign or domestic, would arouse not our statesmen and diplomats but our military forces. Very little would prevent the government from utilizing federal troops to quell strikes or any other kind of national disturbances without any semblance of arbitration. Might has never been right ethically and we must not let mere expediency make us want to prepare to fight.

Some persons sincerely consider World War III inevitable. If this will prove true, why even bother to prepare to fight? Far better to accept total annihilation at one blow than to endure the barbarities of a third, fourth, fifth and sixth World War to attain complete extermination. In future wars armies of men will be obsolete. Technological implements will be the militants and soldiers will be as vulnerable as civilians. If an enduring peace is impossible why postpone the final devastation? It would certainly seem more logical now to compromise a few insignificant political and economic theories than to jeopardize our entire civilization.

Compulsory military training is supposed to provide continental security against foreign aggression. Why not put our hope, our energy and our financial support into educational training for statesmen and diplomats? If we seek to insure the physical fitness of our youth why not maintain a national civilian health program? Can the ideals of democracy be fostered only in the army? The Springfield plan which has not adopted militarism apparently has a good start. If the army has originated good teaching procedures why not carry them over into civilian education? If we really want peace why not inject all of our intellectual capabilities into its accomplishment, and if we want war, why not frankly admit it?

A Farewell Message

As is the custom, this last issue of Campus Comment has been dedicated to the members of the senior class. The graduating class of this year, the class of '45— with some of its members now serving in the Armed Forces of our country— has much to look back on in regard to its four years here in Bridgewater. There have been many crucial moments, rising perhaps from the chaotic world situation around us, yet not once has the hopeful spirit which is Bridgewater's been daunted by those moments. Life has gone on the same. Probably this fact more than any other is what our in-service classmates have been counting on. When they return, they want to return to the Bridgewater they knew; when they see their old classmates, they want to see them as they knew them, and most important of all when they return, they want to return to Bridgewater from the very point where they left off.

The seniors of this year are greatly responsible for the spirit which is Bridgewater's, for they as entering freshmen in 1941 caught this spirit and magnified it through their four years here— until it became part of them.

Bequeathing this spirit to the underclassmen, the present seniors leave us to offer to the world a service for which they have trained so diligently and faithfully. May the underclassmen accept this challenge and carry on, in a similar manner, the traditions of the college.

M. E. G.

So Long, Kids!

We hope that our sincerity will compensate for our triteness. It is just an old refrain but Campus Comment wishes the graduates of 1945 the very best of everything—always. We will certainly miss you all, but we know how anxious you are to try your wings. Anyway, it will be just that much more fun to slap you on the back when you return to the Bridgewater they knew.

At the same time we would like to thank the Campus Comment staff for their loyalty and efforts throughout the past year. Eleanor Geary has been a grand "boss". We, as her successors, hope to maintain her high standards and tactful leadership.

Our sincere thanks also to Miss Olive Lovett, our faculty adviser who has helped us over so many of the tough spots, at practically every hour of the day and night. We will be looking forward to seeing you all next fall. So long! Good luck to our graduates!

CAMPUS COMMENT
State Teachers College, Bridgewater, Massachusetts
FOR MAY 25, 1945

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Proof-readers: Phyllis Clayman, Marjorie Mooney.

NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO BUT TO MINISTER
Member
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ISSUED MONTHLY Vol. XVIII, No. 8 RATES: $1.00 A YEAR
I have put away childish things”.

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**INSTITUTION LIFE**

Dorm life is one long orgy of eating completely surrounded by women and roles. This theory of continual nourishment is based upon the Epicurean philosophy, that is: Eat, drink and be merry today, for every tomorrow is jeopardized by the possibility of a violent end, caused either by an explosion in the ironing room or by a fire in the smoking room.

Easier to live Alone!

The selection of an appropriate room-mate is vital to the durability of every individual. The ideal room-mates should be generous, tactful, altruistic, industrious, domestic, intelligent, loyal, courageous, and well-stocked with sewing equipment, stamps, Kleenex, food, and a good sense of humor.

In the Arms of Morpheus

Mornings in the dormitory are varied. If you desire to sleep late, you are certain to be awakened at the crack of dawn by considerate friends who insist that brisk morning air, frigid rays of refracted sunlight, and an over-turned bed are just what Miss Haggart has ordered. If you would like to rise early you will inevitably snore thru the entire bedlam.

Accidents do Happen

The dormitory is noted for its most infamous features. At the very time when you feel like luxuriating in the bath tub for hours, the hot water is sure to be turned off for the evening. When you discover that unless you iron something toute de suite you will have to wear pajamas to class tomorrow, the iron is all mysteriously out of order. At the very hour of “The Hit Parade” the fuse blows out. When you are desperately hungry, all the food in the dorm will have been consumed— and, to boot, the coke machine will be empty. Just when you are degusted, and aching to fall into your huge, comfortable bed, you will positively find turtles, maggots, grasshoppers, cracker-crumbs and decaying vegetation between the sheets.

But who’s an Introviet?

When you choose to live in the dorm you irrevocably relinquish all privacy for four long years. Your room is treated to periodical unannounced visitations at the very times that it is in its most disreputable condition. Articles of clothing have a way of suddenly disappearing and later turning up on the persons of your best friends.

(continued on page 4)

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**Embarassing Moments Or Didn’t You Mind?**

When Miss Henderson opened the front door before your date was over...
When President Kelly took the “long way home”...
When Professor Tyn dall “X-rayed” a former student in front of a Sophomore Class...
When the nite watchman forgot to whistle before entering the rec room...
When Dr. Maxwell knew more about your home town than you did...
When the whole row got the same question wrong...
When Miss Pope told you how to wear pajamas to class tomorrow...
When “group action” was put you on President Kelly’s blacklist...
When Miss Henderson broke thru the barricade and “dam” constructs...
When some soldiers were following you down Grove Street and, trying to act haughty, you fell flat on your face...
When the kids on the first floor didn’t wake up when you threw stones at their windows, and it kept getting later, and darker, and colder...
When Dr. Maxwell said that you “had plenty time” and he “didn’t mean notes”...
When sentimental South Station good-byes rated an audience...
When your garter broke while you were on the stage in chapel...
When the entire bedlam.

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**LITTLE THINGS**

Although we hear and say it many times, just what is really meant by little things? Could it be the smell of the pine wood forest, or the sound of a brook as it sings?

Perhaps it is the warm inner happiness Which comes when you know That someone really cares. The way he looks at you, And tells you what You thought he never would Declare.

Or watching the tree’s buds Bloom forth Into flowers. Or the fresh, salt-tanged breeze On a hot day. The thrill inside you When you hear yourself sing. Unassuming Of the cheer You radiate.

Or the satisfaction of knowing That in some way, Regardless of how slight, You have brought joy, Or helped a person Without his having asked Your help.

The class sweetness Of the air After a summer storm. The emotional surge Sweeping through you, When you hear A certain sentimental song.

There are probably many things That suddenly Come to your mind; But, Watch for the ones I have mentioned— They are nice little things You will find.

By JANET ALLEN

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**IT’S BRADY’S DINER**

for Lunches and Dinners

worth eating

---TRY US---
Well, after slinging around this month's verbal garbage, we expect to be handed a one-way ticket to Iceland—last month's reporter is still recovering from a bout with Dr. Maxwell. Surprise! Surprise! Not Van Johnson, not Dennis Morgan, but Bug Bunty is postulating votes from our carnivorous cinematic fame. And "Mac", in her efforts to outdo the "Look", almost dissolved a hip joint.

Trail in, trock! And all that sort of thing, this month's nominations for: "Queen of the May" Lois Porter, who glows (no, not with Pond's) after each Friday night telephone call. Marion Moore whose G.I. haircut is guaranteed to floor Kenes. Whitey and company who are initiating a Camp Howe's paper entitled the "Fiddler". Competition, huh? Russell and Slim Sweeney whose nursing has caused Miss Haggart to fear for her job. Virginia Shipman who is engaged.

New Campus Sorority!

There is a freshman who, we tremble to tell—defines our illustrious Dean and actually eats her ice-cream by the "push and pull" method. Those Frosh are really ingenious people, though. One plan to launch a "Kappa Duma Dance" for all those of below C average. Candidate for president of this new sorority is Sydney, who, after she had read a few lines aloud in class, was asked to explain the paragraph. "Sorry I can't", was the charmed reply. "I wasn't listening!"

Walking List

Mothers Day was spent in mourning by Pat Baglow, whose precious polka-dots passed away despite the most solicitous of maternal care.

Ann Reynolds, Eleanor Geary, and Ann Houghton better get their watches fixed. Poor Jack had to bide his time with Pond's after each Friday night telephone call. Marj Sisson and Geoff have gone in for "Art" in a big way. All are invited to the first showing of a mural in the Woodward galleries, room 62. The Rec room intelligentsia also form me that Kass is giving lessons in vocabulary building, that Janet Allen encourages music appreciation, that Bobbie Burnham is a gal band, that their skills in a blooming torch singer, that Dot Thompson actually reads the Book-of-the-Month selections, and that Dot Merill has given birth to a brain child called Isobe. Who says that Wood is a country club? bet our "bull sessions" rank with the best of by-gone salons!

Every year Campus Comment's Board nomimates and votes for those members of the senior class who are best qualified to answer to the following superlatives:

**MOST SCHOLARLY** . . . . CLYDE BEAZONSON
**MOST ARTISTIC** . . . . MARTHA VICKERY
**MOST MUSICAL** . . . . MARY KREMPE
**MOST ATHLETIC** . . . . DOROTHY MORTON
**MOST DRAMATIC** . . . . ROSE BATES
**MOST VERSATILE** . . . . MARY SULLIVAN
**MOST DEPENDABLE** . . . . HELEN MOIR
**MOST LITERARY** . . . . DOROTHY WELLS

Torch Bearers

Ouimette and Hummed have been appointed official candle lighters for Senior Seniorade.

And so we come to the end of this column—to confess apologies for the lack of literary localitations and poly-syllabic profundities, and after all aren't we a little perspicacious in thinking that all you want anyway is a heaping platter of gossip, warmed up and spiced to taste? See you next year—in Iceland.

The RAMBLIN' WRECK

Last Minute Flashes

Lee Rowell has just put in a desperate plea for a vic arm extension—bet that Quantico Marine would like to be a little nearer.

Flushy Phlsh!

Pat Shortall, Phyl Werlin and Bunny Nyvick are really the 3 little sisters with their soldier, sailor and marine. Regular U.S.O. 1

Hear Paul Daley has Leo and Eldon working overtime on weekends. Is it really work, boys? Perky dreads V-J Day—is going to punch! k' r Congrats to Mellicent Jen IllS—Oops solicitous of maternal care. bet that Quantico Marine would like to be a little nearer.

"Sorry I can't", was the charmed reply. "I wasn't listening!"

Not Curiosity

Eight o'clock arrives. Then it's 8:15. And then, 8:30. By this time the mob in front of the dormitory is beginning to mutter unpleasantly. You yourself have just smoked thru your last pack of Ramesses. At last the moment arrives. There he is in all of his uniform splendor, gallantly fighting off the wolfwolves! You rush to the door and call out cries of encouragement. As he battles his way to you and rushes into your protective arms, it is then that the most crucial task confronts him. Your housemother stands adamant and virtuous and demands his pedigree and family history for the past three centuries. Once his credentials have been o.k'd the rest is a cinch as you hook him into the residence room, and spend the next hour and a half introducing him to the scads of newly acquired best friends. (Why does that same girl use the iron so many times? and Paderewski insists upon practicing with the door wide open. . . )

A Typical BTC Date

(If You're Lucky Enough To Have One)

They tell you that HE has called. Since you were in class, and no one, apparently, has bothered to take the message, you spend the rest of the afternoon hunching in the telephone booth, nervously chewing the telephone cord. After countless false alarms, HIS voice finally croons its goose-fleshing greeting. It's a rotten connection, tho, and you can't be sure whether he's saying that he'll be down townie or that he's just married a Fiji Islander. Eventually, it seems that he'll pick you up at eight. You can't decide where to go because you're not sure that Miss Pope will give you a late permission. So, in anguished uncertainty you hang up, and in a fury of excitement try to track down the Dean of Women. After an hour of excavation thru various layers of worried students you finally contact Miss Pope and secure the right to stay out until the unheard of hour of 1:30.

As Time Goes By

It seems to you that you made a permission slip out hours ago, so you finally rush out the front door, and run smack into a basket with a woman. Introduction concluded, you discover that it is exactly 10:30. You are very sure of this because you have already synchronized your alarm clock with your housemother's infallible time-piece. You now find that you have exactly one hour to rush down to the Nip and start to analyze the political status of the world. . .

MOORE'S PHARMACY

Earl S. Moore, Reg. Phar.
Telephone: 876 and 867
27 Central Sq., Bridgewater

(continued on page 5)
FLIGHT INTO FANTASY

New England Conservatism

Evident at Opera

"You don't mean to tell me that you're goin' to sit thru three hours of that kind of music?" said the girl sprangled next to me down in the "Rec" room. "Well it's not just music but acting and dancing—there's lot's to look at you know!" I defended.

"Yes, but three hours—I'd rather listen to a baseball game or hear Tommy Dorsey or somethin'!" I defended.

"Rec" room.

A Justification For Culture

I suppose we were accused of taking an overdose of culture, when the four of us paid out four dollars just to see and hear the opera but oh—such delightful dividends!

We were caught up in a wave of open goers and lurched up flights of stairs which seemed to be winding their way toward heaven, and all about was an atmosphere of rush—rush to get to one's seats on time. We heard the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" but we stopped long enough nevemless, to grab a libretto from a student· of the conservatory before we'd be late.

The scenery was made more effect by skillful lighting but we were disappointed in the burning of the castle; we were forced to overwork our imaginations.

Our general reaction is summed up thus:

"Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory; Shelley.

The way I have in everything we've done, Because I thought I wouldn't have to pay.

But later on...you tired...and left the game.

To look for other kinds of sport; I now can only hope, but never blame;

And all that's left for me is solitaire.

SOLITAIRE

Remember how we'd play at cards each day?

You felt so grand because you always won,

And said 'twas but an hour or so of fun;

Then I'd forget the time and let you stay

To gamble all Eternity away—

While I'd lose all before we had begun. . .

The way I have in everything we've done,

Because I thought I wouldn't have to pay.

These are the titles that Campus Comment bestows upon the anatomically outstanding members of the senior class:

THE FACE . . . SYLVIA SUNDELLN
THE PROFILE . . . MARY TWOMEY
THE LOOK . . . JANE CASS
THE SMILE . . . MARY SULLIVAN
THE VOICE . . . CONSTANCE HARTWELL
THE FIGURE . . . MARY BEGLEY
THE LEGS . . . HELEN MOIR

TYPICAL DATE—

As you drive up in front of the dormitory at 28 minutes past eleven, you have only one minute to get yourself into a recognizable condition. The two of you whiz up to the front door and then, at 2:15 minutes past eleven, your ever-watchful housemother throws open the door to say: "Now, don't you think that's rather childish?"

As you float down the corridor you are followed by curious whistles and muffled applause. But you don't mind, you are by this time impervious to everything. As you vainly try to sleep (that pinketer is REALLY annoying!) you vaguely wonder what your housemother meant when she said something about NOT having signed out.

Don't Show Your Ignorance!

I checked my half-muttered acidities "Lee", I whispered, "Did you realize that Rise Stevens was "smooth" in...?"

Don't Show Your Ignorance!

"Yes, but three hours—I'd rather listen to a baseball game or hear Tommy Dorsey or somethin'!

Don't Show Your Ignorance!

"Rec" room.

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But later on...you tired...and left the game.

To look for other kinds of sport; I now can only hope, but never blame;

And all that's left for me is solitaire.
The annual May W. A. A. playday and banquet was held on Wednesday afternoon and evening May 16, 1945. Traditional afternoon activities from 4:30 to 6:00 consisted of a softball game between faculty and students during which the faculty displayed its prowess by triounching students with a score of 7-1. Early arrivers participated or enjoyed watching several sets of tennis.

Dinner was served in Tillinghast Hall at 6 o'clock. Present W. A. A. members and future board members were distinguished by their white dresses and seating arrangement at special tables.

An informal after-dinner atmosphere was created by singing led by Con­stance Hartwell, accompanied by Dot­ter. Present W. A. A. members and future board members have their belief and confidence in the ability of the incoming board.

Following President Kelly's speech in which he strongly stated that "Bridgewater Teachers College would have its place in physical education second to none to any school in New England," Miss Lois Decker assisted in the very impressive installation of new officers. These included: Virginia Godfrey, President, Dorothy Brooks, first vice-president; Rita Custeau, second vice-president; Lenore Kelly, Treasurer, Cynthia Jones, assistant treasurer; Marjorie Saxon, corresponding secretary, Mary Kennedy, recording secretary. Last year's officers who also participated in the ceremony were: Louise Reilly, President; Lorraine Porter, first vice-president; Dorothy Wells, second vice-president; Camilla Whiting, corresponding secretary; Edith Nolan, recording secretary; Dorothy Brooks, treasurer, and Lenore Kelly, assistant treasurer. Following Minu­eet presented the newly-elected activity directors: Publicity head, Bernice Ma­zer; sports, Betty Roper; softball, Alice Sullivan; basketball, Dorothy Makin; Archery, Vivian Chaffin; volleyball, Joan Douglass; Dance, Helen Kazanovicz; hiking, Virginia Perkins; outing, Elsie Packer; bowling Claire Boiles; tennis, Barbara Loscone. The much coveted plaque was won this year by the class of '47, and was presented to Ruth Anderson, president of the sopho­more class by Miss Mary J. Moriarty. Virginia Godfrey in her speech "Happy Landing" carried out the airplane theme of the banquet and ex­alted her ambition to pilot the good ship W. A. A. as successfully as her predecessor had.

The weatherman has done his darndest to keep our energetic sports lovers out of practice with his invasion of the doldrums. But, hardly veterans, our sportswomen have survived it all.

Field Hockey has held quite an interest between the Taklas and the S. S. 1. There were times when our players displayed con­fident tendencies, especially when a certain player decided to lie across the goal line to stop the ball. Another time, in the midst of the game, one of the girls sat down on the field and de­cided she didn't wish to play. Such fun. Such variety! The sport that has everything, including the sun in your eyes. There are certainly some very promising freshmen who seem already to take the cover off the ball—be careful upperclass­men. Also among things of interest are our newly-imposed bat boys and ball chasers!

Tennis has become increasingly popular. There are very few days that the courts are not occupied—with the exception of rainy ones. The girls have been practicing; some of them mastering skills and techniques, some perfecting.

The latest fad on Campus is badminton. This roving reporter has spotted many a player having a fast relay with the birdie.

With the round-up of these sports, the program for this year will come to an end. From all reports it has been a successful and most enjoyable year. Let's make the next one better! Everyone can help.

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HONOR ROLL

In memory of the men of BTC who have given their lives for their country.

Ensign Victor Lewis
Arthur S. Applebaum
1st Lt. Theodore Ehrhardt
Lt. (jg) Milton Paine
Capt. Donald Ross
Raymond Boudreau
Lt. (jg) John A. McNeel
Lt. (jg) Gerald S. Connor
Fie. Quentin Dunn (missing)
Sgt. Robert E. Connolly

This is a letter written to Mr. Huffington:
Sgt. Donald Schappelle
52323742: Hq. Co, 37th Bn
413th Inf. AFO 104
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Somewhere in Germany
14 February 1945

Dear Paul:

At present I'm with the infantry division that is deeper into Germany than any other unit on the Western Front. This German stationery was picked up in the bomb wrecked factory of a German manufacturer on our way through.

I've been thoroughly converted from the American to the Metric grid system since arriving over here. Since I use a lot of captured German maps or copies made from them, I've had to become proficient in the use of the metric system. German signs and symbols are different from ours in many ways, which is another headache.

Money has been a problem over here. As you move from one country to another your pay is issued in the currency of that particular country. You feel like a paperbag with an armful of French or Belgian francs or German marks. You really appreciate the quality of American paper money when you are placed in this situation. I've sampled both the wines, cognacs, etc., and the wines of the women over here and I'll still take the American kind of both. I just missed Zenda at Fort Meade about 6 months ago.

Give my regards to President Kelly, Mr. Hunt, Miss Pope, and the rest.

Sincerely,

DON

This is from a letter received by Vivian Chaffin:

Ensign Robert Clemence - 11067584
AOF Weather Service POA
APO 939 c/o PM San Francisco
California

Dear Viv,

I am doing the same work over here that I did in the States. The weather is slightly different in that we have many rain showers all the time.

In my spare time I work on dance committees, correspondence courses, and marionettes. That is the secret over here... when you are busy time passes rapidly.

Thanks a million for sending me the Campus Comments because they are extremely interesting, especially the letters from the fellows everywhere. By the way, I met Cpl. William Foley over here. He is working in the orderly room at APO 933. I believe he is in charge of education (USAF) and ex-army nurse for the squadron. I see him very often. He sends his regards to all.

Sincerely,

BOB

GRADUATION NEARS-

(continued from page 1)

Church of St. Thomas Aquinas with all the seniors attending. Reverend Father James Joyce will deliver the sermon. Baccalaureate exercises will be held at 11 o'clock in the Heacock Manor Auditorium with Major J. J. Duggan giving the address. The Glee Club will sing "The King of Love My Shepherd Is", "Ave Maria" (Gounod's), "Ave Maria" (Gounod's), "As I A Hart", "Come, O Creator", "Panis Angelicus" and "Sevenfold Miss Nufter Retires-

(continued from page 1)

Miss Nutter and her fiance, Mr. Frederick W. Cole, plans to be married sometime in the fall and make their home near Boston. We extend our every wish for happiness to Miss Nutter, an excellent teacher and a loyal friend.

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