Dzenowagis, Rowell, Crowned At Mardi Gras; Alumni Send Greetings to Bridgewater

Orchestra Concert to Feature Boston Singers
The annual Orchestra Concert, under the direction of Miss Freida Rand, will be held on March 29, in the Horace Mann auditorium. The assisting artists will be the Boston Singers, a group of distinguished men who have previously appeared at college performances, and who have always been popularly received. The members of the group are: Wesley Copplstone, first tenor; George Wheeler, second tenor; Henry Heald, baritone; Edmond Boucher, bass. They will be accompanied by Wilhelm Frank at the piano. The orchestra will play the following numbers:

"Promethean Overture" Beethoven
"Andante" from "Surprise Symphony" Hayden
"Bourree" Bach
"Tory Symphony" Hayden

Miss Doris Brooks is New BTC Instructor
Miss Doris Brooks, who arrived on campus last Monday, is a new member of the BTC Physical Education Department. Miss Brooks, a graduate of Sargent College, taught in the Bows Junior High School in Malden and was Supervisor of Physical Education in Abington. In Brockton, in addition to physical education, Miss Brooks also taught in elementary grades. For nine years she has directed Rockne Association, a club for girls in Brockton and vicinity. She is also in charge of Camp Rockne in South Carver. While at BTC Miss Brooks will teach physical education activities.

Kappa Delta Pi To Have Conference in Wisconsin
During the week of March 11th a national convocation of Kappa Delta Pi chapters will be held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Janice Burchard will represent BTC, at the conference, with Mildred Downey serving as alternate. This meeting, the fifteenth in the series of conferences, will be the first one at which Bridgewater is represented.

Staff Delegates Attend Journalism Conference
The Columbia Scholastic Press Association will hold its annual conference March 20 to 23. Muriel Lee Rowell, Assistant Editor, will be the official delegate from Campus Comment. Other members of the staff who will attend are: Berniss Mazer, Executive Editor; Bernice Novick, Art Editor, and Alice O'Malley, News Editor. A report of the discussion carried on will be given in a forth-coming edition of Campus Comment. All other members of the student body are invited to attend.

BTC Quintette Wins 1st Basketball Game
In their first game since pre-war days, the B.T.C. basketball quintette overwhelmed the Durfee Tech Team 53 to 33, Saturday night, February 9, at Fall River. Joe Dzenowagis was the high scorer, closely followed by Bill Laagway and Eldon Lawson, who were also prominent.

The players of the team were: Bill Langway, rf; Alan Bates, rf; Joe Roberts, rf; Leo Beaumont, lf; Joe Dzenowagis, cf; Bill Campbell, rg; Mario Regini, 1g; and Eldon Lawson, lg.

Assistant Editor of Campus Comment Elected By College
That great biennial event, the Mardi Gras is now in full swing. The Gym has been turned into a lively street scene beneath a blue, starry, moonlit sky on the French Riviera. It is careening on the French Riviera. The streets are illuminated, crowds are gathering, boats are forming, the orchestra and its full complement of entertainers are rehearsing, guests are arriving, all are making merry and are awaiting the great moment of the evening.

Royalty Is Crowned
Here it is at last! The trumpet is now announcing the grand entrance of the King and Queen of the Mardi Gras, attired in their silver and gold robes, followed by their royal court. Pierrot and Pierrette bear the crowns for their royal highnesses. The lovely Queen, Muriel Rowell, and the handsome King, Joseph Dzenowagis, have been chosen by the student body and are now being crowned by the Honorable Dr. John J. Kelly. The court consists of Dorothy Brooks, Marie Henry, Grace Therbe, Virginia Godfrey, Shirley Gallagher, Frances Burns, Phyllis Weller, Sinfonia Arocho, Jean Peck, John Berry, Jack Herman, Marie Regini, William Wild, William Campbell, Alan Bates, Eldon Lawson, Richard Belcher and Paul Daley.

Prizes are awarded
The Master of Ceremonies, Joseph Henley, now announces a period of general dancing, just before the French Club interprets a modern dance adapted to Debusky's "Au Clair de la Lune", arranged by Marion Guilbault.

We are now getting in line for the Grand March which is about to start. The Master of Ceremonies is in the lead followed by Pierrot, Pierrette, The King and Queen, the Court, faculty, guests, and students. We are now off to the tunes of "Au Clair de la Lune". All those coming to the center for the judges can see them plainly. Prizes are being awarded for the funniest, gayest, most picturesque, best Hollywood student group, and one for the faculty.

(continued on page 4)


EDITORIAL

Democracy and the FEPC

A considerable amount of confusion enmeshes that much-mouthing word "Democracy"; its text-books give it one definition, and its activities quite another.

The bill for Fair Employment Practice is a direct appeal for utilitarian democracy, for the dispersal of Constitutional rights, for freedom from economic subjugation, for more than merely theoretical "equal opportunities for all." Yet, the FEPC which would have offered fair employment opportunities and standards to all Americans despite race, color or creed has been killed in the U. S. Senate. If the prejudice and bigotry rampant in our legislative department are at all indicative of the calibre of our presumed "democracy," then we are deliberately perpetrating a wretched farce.

The small clique of slogan-juggling Southern Senators who hold our inarticulate Senate in such a paralytic vise thru the medium of the filibuster, emitted their opposition to the FEPC in a series of distorted Americanisms and directly fascist attacks upon the Negro—for all after all, the kernel of the entire FEPC discussion is the Negro. These Southern Senators, vilifying the very word "democracy," have gone on world record as advocating the absolute supremacy of the white race. These same gentlemen retreated into silence a short while ago when Negroes were drafted into the armed forces. How proudly they displayed to the world our "equal opportunities for all," yet, we have deemed it essential to protect its tenets thru legislation—thru specific laws to punish those who violate its rules.

We have permitted the Southern Senators to filibuster to death the FEPC, and in so doing have permitted racial hallucinations to sway our reason. Unless we demand the resurrection of the bill for fair employment, we should also have the decency to confess that American democracy is just a joke—humorless, perhaps, to many—but uproariously funny to those of Hitler's ilk who, altho losing the war, still may win the peace.

Berniss Mazur.

Tertises

Many a gal will be getting her Bachelor's when she expected her Master's, and even had her eye on a couple of Doctors...

Every woman has her price, and right now it's a pair of nylons...

Seniors are cornering the market on "quantum busts"—after all, their lease expires in June...

Woodward wins fame as Cat Haven—in more ways than one...

Dances at BTC just revive memories of the old family reunion.

Per order from headquarters, BTC is "on the water wagon"...

Even tho the army camps have closed, the gals have discovered lots of other fertile fields...

Report cards—like atom bombs—give an awful jolt...

BTC's theory course on "Men" has been superceded by the real thing. Now some coeds conduct their own lectures on "Lab Techniques"...

Dorm students claim that the road to heaven is greased with globs of butter...

Wal, the Mardi Gras certainly symbolises reconversion in full swing...

Campus Comment

State Teachers College, Bridgewater, Massachusetts

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ISSUED MONTHLY VOL. XIX, NO. 5 RATES: $1.00 A YEAR
Introducing Mr. Arends
by Alice O’Malley

“After three weeks you can call me Jack.” This is the way Mr. John Arend, our new faculty member began his first art class at B.T.C. As a Staff Sergeant in the Army Air Corps he was stationed at Westover Field, Chicopee, Massachusetts where he taught aerial photography and was in charge of the Photography Laboratory. “I guess I was kept in this country because I was a school teacher,” the red-haired instructor, grumbled in a blue smock, mused.

Before entering the Air Corps, Mr. Arend taught in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, Lincoln School in Columbia University, New York and the College of Education, Greeley Colorado.

Interests Indicate Versatility Plus!

Three summers ago, Mr. Arends led thirty five members of the Student International Travel Association on a three-month bicycle tour of the West Coast of the United States. He expects to spend this summer in Mexico City vacationing and studying archaeology.

When asked about his hobbies, Mr. Arend replied, “I have a collection of Primitive Art and keep a record all around Valentine’s Day.” Berenice certainly takes her man in cosmopolitan doses—and she says she’s NOT robbing the GRAVE.人家 hear the frost aren’t griping about that art term paper—hubba hubba. . . . Sykes and delcious—has peace been declared yet? We understand that Bill Campbell has established a reviewing stand in Wood Reception Room.

Wal, the crisis was passed long ago—report cards were issued, and funeral services were begun. (Bomd gained a host of new members.) However, an all-seeing consolation is engendered in our cheerful philosophy: “Never eliminate the possibility that you might have passed!”

The Manpower of BTC
by Gloria Olson

“The beginning of the second semester at B.T.C. brought with it many men students who are quickly becoming known and integrated figures on campus. Some of these are new only to the underclassman, “Dick” Belcher from Brockton was a B.T.C. student in ’43 until he went into the Navy Air Corps. The former ensign markets his ready smile as receptionist at the Brockton Hospital, and for talent he rates—tap dancing has it. From Newfoundland back to B.T.C., that is quite a change, but Bob Fox from Brockton and once staff sergeant is glad to be back. He assures us that thirty-nine months is a long, long time.

MacArthur and McCorkle

You may have caught sight of the “good looking” senior who attended B.T.C. for three years until he went into the Army Air Corps for thirty-nine months. He is Everett Belton, former second lieutenant, and by the way, girls, he’s married. Otis McCorkle really meant it when he said, “I shall return”. Otis took leave of the Army and is back again taking botany at Boston University along with his courses here at B.T.C.

“Character and Personality” Challenges Boston

“Emphatic Matagordas,” laughed Mario Regini, who attended B.T.C. for three years before enlisting in the Army Air Corps. “The Personality” was stationed there at the Gulf of Mexico as well as he—he shyly volunteers—at Scollay Square in Boston. He attended Princeton two months in the A.S.T.P. Just in case you happened to have missed Edward Wojnar, you will be seeing him more often. Eddie is from New Bedford and left as a sophomore to go into the Army. What have these three years done to the campus, Eddie?

“The blue-eyed fellow with the side rule”

He is a sports enthusiast, a fellow ski-friend, and has a pilot’s license. All this is wrapped up in the apparently quiet Quentin Palmer. The Army sergeant from Weymouth attended Northeastern for two and one-half years, and was then stationed in the China, Burma, India Theatre. You might see him in the library, he is the blue-eyed fellow with the side rule. No square in the social circle is the tall graceful fellow on campus better known as Varma Sundelin from West Barnstable. The former University of New Hampshire student went into the Army and was stationed in England, France and Japan.

Hollywood hits Campus

Asked if he knows he was called Gregory Peck for want of a better name, John Slowey laughingly replied in the negative. John was in the Army and was stationed in England, France, Germany, and Belgium for thirty-three months. He is taking refresher courses here at B.T.C. with the hope of entering Columbia next fall.

Snow Thoughts

The snow swirls swiftly down the street, With ghostly patterns painted each tree. It piles in drifts before my feet, And blinds me with a fiendish gleam.

The loneliness adds to my fear, And I despair to win the fight. My spirits low I trudge—but here! Before me now there glimmers a light. I hasten on, forget the snow, And find at last my path is free. Because beyond that light I know You wait, impatiently, for me.}

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Mardi Grass—
(continued from page 1)

Artmosphere—Tres Parisienne
The Riviera Cafe has just opened and the faculty and guests appear now being served by our charming waitresses dressed in colorful peasant costumes. Oh, those French pastries are mighty delicious! As our honored guests feast in the balcony cafe they are gazing upon the colorful costumes of the dancing couples, the joly entertainment by the clubs, the perfumes bar, the tobacco store and yes, the Casino at the right where intense card games are in progress. Don’t trump those aces! Pass the chips.
The fine spirit of School Clubs is being shown in the grand entertainment now being displayed before us. Blondes battle Brunettes. Now pretty damsels are distributing convent for the great battle which is about to begin. The Master of Ceremonies is dividing the groups—the blonds opposite the brunettes. The fight is on! Look at the confetti fly! This is a great battle indeed! The celebration is about over.
A figure clad in a black robe is now appearing. He is Father Lent, Jack Herman, who is about to bid farewell to the merry-makers. The gala celebration is at an end.
The committee chairmen are as follows: Program, Lucille Packett; Photography, Marion Guilbeault; Tickets, Katherine Kvale; Decorations, Irene Smialek; Refreshments, Ruth Gralton; Publicity and Photography, Gloria Olson; Invitations, Harriet Parsons; Costumes, Jean Wickles; Hospitality, Margaret Burke; and Music, Ernestine Mills.

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A Message From The Bridgewater Alumni

“O loved Alma Mater, we greet thee! The sons and daughters from afar!”

Fellow Bridgewaterite:- For the last few years this theme and tune has echoed and resurfaced in our minds and in our hearts from distances and climes unimagined in bored study or in limited travel. True, the theme has constantly been carried to the four corners of the earth by our alumni,—there to abide, instruct, and be hallowed, but never have the byways as well as the high-roads of the world had the same opportunity for far-scattered reminiscences.

Says one, “I hummed it in Africa”;
another, “I sang it in Australia”; and yet another, “I entertained a group of children with it in England”. I wonder in what other conjested, devasted, or lonely spots the theme has been re-membered. You ask why?

Surely one reason was the recollection and final joyous realization (believe it or not) that there, at Bridgewater, was where we had PREPARATION. Of course there was preparation for teaching,—its methods, subject matter, curricular minutiae, tests, training, and a "lot of stuff" someone cared nothing about—at the time. (Experience, both in teaching and in observation of teachers, made us realize the assurance of a firm foundation for our chosen work.) Then there was preparation for living—individual and group living, easy for some in one or the other and difficult for others in one or both. This included room, board, dining room, AND SOCIAL! (Time has shown now that it was Guidance of the best, but at that time we thought it was just a strict, ob (7) "inexy" of a Dean—or troublesome! Again there was preparation for enjoyment,—art, dramatics, music, dances, trips, and, yes, even gardening (though I never thought I’d come to it). Really, there has been joy in the knowledge of unimpeachable preparation in work, in living, and in enjoyment!

Another reason for this resurgence of remembrance is CONFIDENCE. This is not so tangible a topic to develop, but oh, the joy of it! Without it, in this competitive world, one becomes an Everyman. With it, one trudges the paths of progress richer, finer, and nobler. And to him who suggests naively, I say, consider one’s background, the school, the teachers, etc.,—no, I retract; it is sure-footed, sane, conscious confidence!

And how about FELLOWSHIP? My heart is longing for the friends of Bridgewater days who shared my work, my living, my thoughts, my play, my hopes, my defeats,—MY LIFE. This message makes me wonder where they are and wish we could congregate in my room to regale ourselves with memories still so poignant and vivid. Those contacts, valuable as they have been sociable, since the Ivy March have meant roots as deep and as sustaining as the small plants we placed there and which have blossomed to lend their beauty to all who will see. Who can forget the contacts with the faculty, too, which added substantially to a finer maturity by help, advice, inspiration, discussions, and just plain friendliness. Isn’t that fellowship?

Truly Bridgewater has ministered among other things a confidence, knowledge of unimpeachable preparation, confidence, and fellowship. Therefore will all her sons and daughters rally to her fold in thought and at the Alumni meeting on May 25th and plan to be in Bridgewater. Our guest will be all our Sisters (in or out). We will be there to honor them!

And so, Fellow Bridgewaterite, cordial greetings from the Bridgewater Alumni Association which is always striving to hold the torch for our Alma Mater.

Whose light is our beacon in darkness
To guide us wherever we are.

Note: It is with deep appreciation to the Campus Comment Board and to Miss Lovett, the Faculty Advisor, that the Bridgewater Alumni Association submits this column in what, I hope, will be an annual message to both Bridge-water Students and Alumni.

For the
Bridgewater Alumni Association
Theodore R. Silva, Auditor.

PREAMBLE FROM THE CONSTITUTION
Devised in 1850 and still retained by the BAA

“In order to give permanence to the friendships formed amongst us while at school; to strengthen the attachment of each other to the duties of the Teacher’s profession; and to act in all practicable ways as an auxiliary to the cause of Public Education, we do form ourselves into an Association.”