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Wouldst thou succeed?
Not peace, but a sword!

CAMPUS COMMENT

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Wouldst thou succeed?
Sleep not, but strive!

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1933

No. 12

T. C.'ers Attend Garden Supper

By B. Smith

Nature in the raw is seldom mild, so there was nothing particularly elaborate about the T. C. supper which was held on June first in the greenhouse, as the last meeting of the year.

However, the girls certainly knew how to make way with the delicious sandwiches, cookies, lemonade, pickles, peanuts, and apples which were provided for by the able committee of: Ruth Lawton, Chairman; Audrey Trip, and Carol Feindel.

The outstanding features of the evening were the presentation of a five dollar gold-piece to Mr. Stearns by the president of the club, Leocadia Baranowski, and her farewell speech thanking the members for their loyalty and cooperation, and wishing next year's officers the same cooperation.

As the group left the garden, Mr. Stearns took a picture of them all, with the fitting background of gorgeous rhododendrons, to keep as a remembrance of a most enjoyable event.

Faculty Plans Vacations

By Ellen M. Shea

In spite of the many extra duties that the members of the faculty are burdened with at this time of year, many of them have found time, here and there, to make a few vacation plans.

Several of the faculty are planning to attend the World's Fair in Chicago. Among those visiting this great exhibition will be Miss Lovett, Mr. Hufington, and Miss Nye. Miss Nye informs us that she also plans to attend Mr. Reynold's wedding. This might explain what another of our faculty members will be doing.

(Continued on page 3, number 2)

Committees for Class Day Exercises

General Committee: Chairman, Evelyn Chasse; Marjorie Harrington, Eleanor Martin, Barbara Horton, Dorothy Chatterton, Clifford Johnson.

Stage Managers: Barbara Randlett, Rose Tinsley.

Music Committee: Mona Morris, Mary Boland.

Costume Committee: General chairman, Beatrice Hunt; Anne Gutman, Angeline Plaza, Jane Smith, Ruth Gregory, Catherine Doyle.

Program Committee: Writing—Miriam Nisula, Catherine Doyle. Designs—Gertrude Laird, Helen Capuano, Helen Castro, Evelyn Beane, Dorothy Vaughn.

Louise Pratt Winship Story Become Engaged

By Ruth Glidden

On Thursday evening, June 1, at a party given at her home, Louise Pratt of Whitman, a member of this year's graduating class, announced her engagement to Winship W. Story of Pittsburgh, Pa., son of Chester W. Story, English instructor in the Pittsburgh High School, and Margaret Story, author of "Individuality and Clothes" and "How to Dress Well".



LOUISE PRATT

Members of the school attending the party were Pamela Chace, Helen Rafkin, Ethel Murray, Ruth Glidden, and Dorothy Vaughn. Those present from last year's graduating class were Marie Giberti of Whitman and Grace Michel of Springfield. Other guests were present from Whitman and West Newton.

The evening was spent playing bridge, Dorothy Vaughn winning first prize. At luncheon, small envelopes containing the news of the engagement greeted the guests. After the luncheon, Pamela Chace entertained by reading palms.

Mr. Story is a member of the senior class at Tufts College where he belongs to Tower Cross, an honorary society, and is president of the athletic association. He has also won the Inter-collegiate Wrestling Championship of New England for the past two winters.

Topics of Day Club Hunts Treasure

"Not far from ghosts,
Not far from church,
By iron bars,
Down cement stairs—"

Wouldn't you be interested in that mysterious message? Twenty-five members of Topics of the Day Club were as they began their treasure hunt on Tuesday afternoon, May 16, from Miss Smith's class room. The girls were assigned to one of three groups, received their first clue, and were off; some to the garden, others to find the "iron bars and cement stairs."

There is no need to go into lengthy details of the mad dash to find their next instructions; of the embarrassing situations which arose when the wrong person was accosted as being helpful toward the finding of the instructions; of the curiosity which was aroused as the girls made their way to that famous spot at Carver's pond on the point where so many picnics are held; or of the fun they had as they found their treasure, the "eats". Suffice to say that the apple blossom which were so generously given by a neighboring farmer added the last bit of pleasure to the already enjoyable afternoon.

Class of 1933 Takes Day Off

By Helen Kovalchuk

In two busses and a line of private cars the soon-to-be graduates of the school rode to Fieldston on May 28, for a day of relaxation.

Miss S. Elizabeth Pope and Mr. John J. Kelly, the ever-vigilant students' chaperones, accompanied by Mrs. Kelly and son Jackie, followed in a private car.

Some of the cars, starting from the school at 9.30, completed the trip of approximately thirty miles in thirty-seven minutes. Amid the terrific jolts of the road, the rear door of the leading bus snapped from its hinges, almost spilling Verda Dunn in the dust.

Arrived at Fieldston . . .

Some like the ocean; some like the pool.

But Kay Doyle, arrayed in white ducks and a brilliant sweater, did not intentionally find herself bubbling and struggling in the water.

Preferring the open sea to the pool, the dean of women made her way to the waterfront, clad in a white robe. Bold individuals bearing Mr. Hufington's borrowed camera trailed behind ready to click as soon as Miss Pope should dismantle her robe. To the chagrin but satisfaction of those impertinent souls the dean very graciously offered several poses in a bathing suit.

(Continued to page 3, number 1)

Faculty Members Enjoy Holiday

By Myrtle Pray

No doubt you have been wondering about the cause of the increased rosininess in the complexions of some of those respected members of the school—the faculty.

The reason is very simple and self-explanatory. The faculty has succumbed to the season and following its dictates, gone on an outing.

On June 10, transported in private cars, and laden with box lunches, they left the campus at 9 A. M. for Miss Hill's cottage at West Dennis. There beside the rippling waters of Bass River in Grand Cove, they pitched quoits, and played Badminton; and, I am told, Miss Vining took a tennis ball.

First Lady's Challenge

"Times call for a new type of young pioneer," the First Lady sounded that challenge.

"America needs young folks with staunch spirit and high courage that will keep them hopeful in the face of many difficulties.

"One big thing is coming out of this depression. We have stopped measuring success by money. We are beginning to measure success by the joy we get out of life—out of work and the association of those about us.

"In that sense, today's graduates have a fine heritage that those who left college a few years ago missed. They are starting just as we are changing our whole scale of values to sounder, more genuine ones."

WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Two Seniors of Distinction



CLIFFORD JOHNSON



ELIZABETH LAWRENCE

Chasse, Evelyn Catherine, Chairman of Class Day Committee, Make-Up Editor of Campus Comment; b. Bridgewater, Mass., Oct. 16, 1911; d. Clement T. and Nellie (Kelliher) C.; grad. Brockton High School. Club: Campus Comment. Home: Turnpike St., South Easton, Mass.

Donovan, Pauline Cecelia, Chairman of Senior Ode Committee; b. Springfield, Mass., Sept. 28, 1911; d. Henry F. and Helen (Kabelka) D.; grad. Stoughton High School. Home: 27 Phillips Ave., Stoughton, Mass.

Dunn, Verda Florence, Assistant Editor of Alpha, President of Library Club; b. Worcester, Mass., Aug. 14, 1911; d. George Albert and Edith (Smith) D.; grad. Hingham High School. Clubs: Alpha, Library, Glee W. A. A. Home: Irving St., Hingham, Mass.

Glidden, Ruth Verna, Vice-President of Senior Class, Class Representative of A1; b. Bridgewater, Mass., Nov. 28, 1911; d. Lindley and Mabel (Shattuck) G.; grad. Middleboro High School. Club: Student Council. Home: Plymouth St., North Middleboro, Mass.

Hewitt, Louise Virginia, Secretary of Senior Class, President of Dramatic Club; b. Everett, Mass., April 3, 1911; d. Varnum A. and Lucy (Norris) H.; grad. George Francis Hatch High School, Pembroke. Clubs: W. A. A., Dramatic. Home: Pembroke, Mass.

Hunt, Beatrice A., Editor-in-Chief of Alpha; b. Woonsocket, R. I., February 25, 1912; d. James and Bertha (Hodge) H.; grad. Plymouth High School; Am. Institute of Normal Methods at Lasell Seminary (summer session). Clubs: Alpha, Topics of the Day, Glee, Choir. Home: Water Street Extension, Plymouth, Mass.

Johnson, Clifford Bertram, President of Senior Class, President of N. A. A., Business Manager of Alpha; b. Waltham, Mass.; s. Harold B. and Bernice (Thomas) J.; grad. Waltham High School. Clubs: Men's Club, N. A. A., Alpha, Student Council. Home: 24 Lawrence St., Waltham, Mass.

Lawrence, Elizabeth, President of Student Cooperative Association; b. Dorchester, Mass., Nov. 26, 1910; d. George E. and Catherine (Bartlett) L.; grad. Quincy High School; Leslie Kindergarten School. Clubs: Glee, W. A. A., Student Council. Home: 21 Chickatabot Rd., Quincy, Mass.

Morris, Mona Elizabeth, Vice-President of Student Cooperative Association, Secretary of Topics of the Day Club; b. Norwood, Mass., March 18, 1911; d. John J. and Rena (Small) M.; grad. Norwood High School. Clubs: Topics of the Day, Student Council, Social Activities Committee. Home: 129 Winter St., Norwood, Mass.

Randlett, Barbara, President of Dormitory Council; b. Newton, Mass., May 7, 1911; d. Clarence W. and Flora (Corbin) R.; grad. Newton High School. Clubs: Dormitory Council, Kindergarten Primary Club, W. A. A., Culture Fund Committee, Student Council. Home: 63 Bowen St., Newton Center.

Sarson, Marie G., Treasurer of Senior Class; b. Brockton, Mass., Nov. 18, 1910; d. John A. and Almira (Small) S.; grad. Brockton High School. Club: W. A. A. Home: 27 Studley Ave., Brockton, Mass.

Student Cooperative Holds Quaint Party

By Ida Leino

Old and new members of the Student Cooperative Association spent an exhilarating evening at Parker's farmhouse in East Bridgewater. You have no idea how fascinating a game of tiddly-winks, slap Jack, I doubt it, or dominoes can be! Even jig-saw puzzles have merits on such an evening.

A hostess graciously presided at each table, aiding the gay participants in getting the skills, habits, and aptitudes of the games. Rotating from table to table and keeping a score added that element of competition which flavors all sport. Prizes of jig-saw puzzles were won by Miss Isabel Caldwell, Miss Mary Allen, and Miss Natalie Thibault.

Drop cakes, gum drops, nuts, and orange sherbert can be enjoyed anywhere, but they were doubly delicious partaken of in such a convivial atmosphere.

This delightful party owes much of its success to the efforts of Miss Florence Baker, who was chairman of the committee in charge.

"The Old Order Changeth—"

Dr. Scott Appointed to Presidency.

First College Seal Designed.

"Normal Offering" becomes "Alpha".

New Cover Designed for Year-book.

First Poster Committee Created.

Senior Prom from 9 until 2.

Dinner Hour Changed to Six.

Last Blinks at Ten-thirty.

CAMPUS COMMENT

STATE



TEACHERS

COLLEGE

Established, 1927

Owned and published by the State Normal school, Bridge-
water, Massachusetts. Member of Scholastic Press.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Editor-in-Chief	Gertrude Laird
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Secretary	Laura Mitchell

CLASS A WILL

I, MARY ALLEN, will my nose to whomsoever it may concern.

I, MACCABEAH ARENBERG, will my shyness to Kay Hofferty.

I, FLORENCE BAKER, leave to Bessie Freitas my portion of Wood's divan.

I, LEOCADIA BARANOWSKI, will my whistling s's to Miss Hill.

I, HELEN BARKER, will my skeleton-like figure to Polly Drevinsky.

I, AGNES BARRY, will my bottle of blue ink to members of the day students of the junior class.

I, CLARECE BELL, will my love for the blue-grass country to Mr. Arnold.

I, EVELYN BISCOE, will to Ella Lewis my before-breakfast silence.

I, MARY BOLAND, will my Donerian method to Frances Kelly. May it prove an asset to Miss Lovett's classes.

I, DOROTHY BOOTH, will to the next occupants of 41, rubber gloves to counteract the shocking influence of my room.

I, RUBY BRETTELL, will my "faculty" for riding to Ruth McKee.

I, HARRIETT BURRILL, will my history of education notebook to anyone in the junior class who can decipher it.

I, MARY CARROLL, will my receipt book to the chute in Normal Hall.

I, MARJORIE CASE, will my keen enjoyment of corrective classes to Margaret Kimball.

I, PAMELA CHACE, will my left-handed penmanship to Mr. Doner.

I, EVELYN CHASSE, will Lena to Miss Caldwell.

I, DOROTHY CHATTERTON, will my pep, vim, and vigor, to someone "Pokey" in the Junior class.

I, MARION COLLINS, will my giggle to the dining hall.

I, ALICE DICK, hereby bequeath my slender figure to Harriet Hultstrom.

I, PAULINE DONOVAN, will two canaries to the Domestic Science Room.

I, KATHERINE DOYLE, bequeath my winning ways to any shy violet who needs a helping hand.

I, VERDA DUNN, pass on my love for fine books and fine things in life to whosoever appreciates the same.

I, MARY DYER, will to Loretta McHugh the privilege of punching tickets on the 8.30 trip to Bridgewater.

I, DOROTHY FISH, will my napkin ring to a forgetful freshman.

I, BEATRICE FITTS, will the Grandfather Fiddle of the famous College Orchestra to the honorable Frank Fanning.

I, DORIS GLIDDEN, will my ability to gain twenty pounds in a year to Mary Deans.

I, RUTH GLIDDEN, will my interesting trips to the Art Museum in Boston to some coy member of next year's History of Art class.

I, RUTH GREGORY, will my habitual promptness to Ruth Henry.

I, ANNE GUTMAN, leave to Peter Rabbit Murphy, a pair of rabbit's ears and a carrot to chew on.

I, MARION HANRAHAN, bequeath my squeaky chair in "Soc" to a restless member of the present junior class.

I, MARJORIE HARRINGTON, do bequeath my standing as the second best procrastinator to Charlotte Murray.

I, HILDA HEIKKILA, will to the commuters of Quincy a rapid transit between Quincy and Bridgewater.

I, LOUISE HEWITT, will to the rooms on the second floor of Woodward soundproof walls so that loud voices will not disturb tender ears.

I, BARBARA HORTON, will my inferiority complex to Mr. Hunt.

I, ELAINE HOWE, will my unique giggle to Bessie Freitas.

I, VIRGINIA HOWLAND, will my thriving milk business to Gerry Saley.

I, BEATRICE HUNT, will my devil-may-care disposition to Mr. Durgin.

I, MARION KEITH, leave my flair for History of Art to any ambitious junior.

I, CATHERINE KELLEY, will my blush to Doris Hunt.

I, MARIE KELLEY, will my cynic attitude to some junior desiring to take my place in English History and Sociology next year.

I, STELLA KRUPKA, bequeath my temperamental disposition to Esther Lindberg.

I, GERTRUDE LAIRD, will my efficiency to Miss Pope.

I, MABEL LARAMEE, will my gym shoes to Maureen Shea for hikes next year.

In a Word—

Mary Allen	Hilarious
Maccabeah Arenberg	Earnest
Florence Baker	Smiling
Leocadia Baranowski	Sincere
Helen Barker	Accomplishing
Agnes Barry	Twinkling
Clarece Bell	Clever with a pen
Evelyn Biscoe	Self-possessed
Mary Boland	Good-natured
Dorothy Booth	Genial
Ruby Brettell	Subtle
Harriet Burrill	Happy-hearted
Mary Carroll	Cooperative
Pamela Chace	Quaint
Evelyn Chasse	Emphatic
Dorothy Chatterton	Sophisticated
Marion Collins	Jesting
Alice Dick	Kippy
Pauline Donovan	Imaginative
Catherine Doyle	Animated
Verda Dunn	Lovely
Mary Dyer	Reserved
Dorothy Fish	Kindly
Beatrice Fitts	Thoughtful
Doris Glidden	Unassuming
Ruth Glidden	Colorful
Ruth Gregory	Imperturbable
Anne Gutman	Spontaneous
Marion Hanrahan	Dryly Humorous
Marjorie Harrington	Keen
Hilda Heikkila	Comforting
Louise Hewitt	Gay
Barbara Horton	Friendly
Elaine Howe	Giggling
Virginia Howland	Cheerful
Beatrice Hunt	Versatile
Marion Keith	Speculative
Catherine Kelly	Gentle
Stella Krupka	Enthusiastic
Gertrude Laird	Indolent
Mabel Laramee	Tactful
Elizabeth Lawrence	Gracious
Anna Leary	Honest
Mary Lewis	Serious
Mildred MacDonald	Well-informed
Doris MacGinnis	Happy-go-lucky
Myrtle MacLeod	Independent
Eleanor Martin	Painstaking
Aloyse Mitchell	Downright
Mona Morris	Glamorous
Alice Moynihan	Unruffled
Helen Murley	Bustling
Ethel Murray	Ingenu
Miriam Nisula	Exclusive
Ruth Nugent	Hospitable
Angeline Plaza	Glowing
Louise Pratt	Exquisite
Helen Rafkin	Beauty-loving
Barbara Randlett	Poised
Margaret Reardon	Witty
Frances Ryan	Dance-loving
Gladys Ryan	Merry
Marie Sarson	Active
Eleanor Schreiber	Vivacious
Elouise Sherman	Companionable
Jane Smith	Peppy
Doris Spellman	Blase
Phyllis Stewart	Insouciant
Esther Tarr	Vigorous
Elsie Taylor	Sporting
Rose Tinsley	Dramatic
Dorothy Vaughn	Helpful
Barbara Vinal	Serene
Irma Waaranen	Paradoxical
Emma White	Captivating
Gertrude Barnes	Wholesome
Harriet Brown	Hopeful
Ruth Burr	Gracious
Carol Chace	Angular
Helen Connell	Willful
Helen Davis	Serene
Rolande Dionne	Helpful
Mildred Ferguson	Giggly
Bertha Fitzpatrick	Incorrigible
Sadie Fleishman	Dramatic
Helen Foye	Placid
Louise Guy	Talkative
Reta Hockenberry	Halting
Marjorie Keith	Demure
Yvonne Kelsey	Impish
Ida Kimball	Prim
Barbara Libbey	Set
Evelyn Lincoln	Petite
Alice Madden	Patient
Hazel Maxim	Perky
Elsie Maxwell	Oblique
Aileen McGrath	Suave
Dorothy Mendelson	Smooth
Elinor Meyer	Busy
Helen Morris	Proper
Helen O'Halloran	Nonchalant
Natalie Peterson	Sentimental
Mary Raleigh	Critical
Miriam Roberts	Diligent
Ruth Shea	Womanly
Signe Siitonen	Solid

(Continued on page 7, column 2)

I, ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, do leave to Miss Caldwell my driving ability.

I, ANNA LEARY, bequeath my honest reputation to Dormitory Council in the hope that my example may be followed by others.

I, MARY LEWIS, will my praise of the United States Navy to Mr. Durgin.

I, MILDRED MacDONALD, will the kitchenette kits of Woodward to Eva Haselgard and Bertha Ellis.

I, DORIS MacGINNIS, will my basketball technique to Miss Carter.

I, MYRTLE MacLEOD, will to the rooms in Woodward, doors having translucent windows so that the favored few may spare their knuckles.

I, ELEANOR MARTIN, will a California atmosphere to Woodward Lobby to keep the plants alive.

I, ALOYSE MITCHELL, will my height to "Brad" so that coordination won't be so difficult.

I, MONA MORRIS, will my laissez-faire attitude to Esther Hirtle.

I, ALICE MOYNIHAN, will my great artistic ability to Miss Nye so that she can successfully decorate the day students' room.

I, HELEN MURLEY, will my flute to the sophomore who excels in presenting long speeches.

I, ETHEL MURRAY, will the little chair in the psychology classroom (lecture room) to any member of the junior class.

I, MIRIAM NISULA, will my limitless enthusiasm and pep in gym classes to Mary Roberts.

I, RUTH NUGENT, will my special duty of conducting fire-drills monthly in Normal Hall to anyone who so desires to keep those who are "sitting in" amused.

I, ANGELINE PLAZA, will my ability to forecast weather, earthquakes and hurricanes to Mr. Huffington.

I, LOUISE PRATT, will my particular interest in Tufts College to anyone who is looking for a man for the "formals" next year.

I, HELEN RAFKIN, will my dramatic ability to the Dramatic Club.

I, BARBARA RANDLETT, will my glaring looks in the dining room to Ruth Ferris.

I, MARGARET REARDON, will my American History notebook to Eldora Darche so she can spend her time on supplementary reading.

I, FRANCES RYAN, will my hiking shoes to Miss Caldwell so that she may donate them to an unprepared junior.

I, GLADYS RYAN, will my last term Friday Classes to Kay Hofferty and trust she may use them properly.

I, MARIE SARSON, will my ability to take pictures to Ken Cameron with the provision that he take off his glasses.

I, ELEANOR SCHREIBER, will my hobby horse to John Nolan. May it prove steadfast and faithful and uphold past traditions.

I, ELOUISE SHERMAN, will my Ford to Minnie.

I, JANE SMITH, will my power to run in marathons to Ruth Cronin.

I, DORIS SPELLMAN, will my ability to run after trains, and the patience I have acquired waiting for them, to all incoming commuters.

I, PHYLLIS STEWART, will to the occupants of Room 62 the hotel-like atmosphere which makes it popular for lost roommates.

I, ROSE TINSLEY, will my weekly trips to Lakeville to whoever succeeds me.

I, ESTHER TARR, will my melodious voice, my bluntness, and tactlessness to Marcella Moran with the hope that she may encounter few difficulties.

I, ELSIE TAYLOR, will my regular Sunday afternoon rides to some lonely Woodward freshman of next year, and my heavy tread to Priscilla Coleman.

I, DOROTHY VAUGHN, will my interest in Grade 1 to Harold Brewer.

I, BARBARA VINALL, will my height to Ida Leino.

I, IRMA I. K. WAARANEN, hereby will a letter of introduction to the "town men" to anyone who cares to apply for it.

I, EMMA WHITE, will my school spirit to Mr. Denton.

I, ALICE DROHAN, hereby will my gym sneakers to the girl who purloined them.

I, HELEN CASTRO, will my ability to make "French fries" to future table party cooks.

I, ALICE HADRO, do hereby will to homesick dorm freshies my well-organized collection of time tables.

I, RUTH SWANSON, will to Elizabeth Dunlavy my middle name.

I, ETHEL SMITH, will to Alice Olsen my ability to model clay figures.

I, HELENE JOHNSON, will my appreciation of the United States Merchant Marine to Mildred Moren.

I, MARJORIE HUNKEN, bequeath my valuable and beloved history of education notes to anyone who can translate them.

I, ROLANDE DIONNE, do will to anyone who will write the daily news headlines on the blackboard in Woodward, a brand new piece of chalk.

I, MARY NOCIVELLI, the undersigned, will and bequeath to Mr. Reynolds a pair of rubber heels.

I, ISABEL GABRIEL, do hereby will my notes in history of architecture to whosoever can interpret my original shorthand.

I, VIRGINIA BULGER, bequeath to Miss Nye a pair of white slacks for bicycle riding in her leisure.

I, ELINOR MEYER, leave my artistic ability to Mr. Arnold with the hope that in the future a square will not represent ten children.

I, BERNICE LUCEY, will the library to an ambitious undergrad.

I, H. O'HALLORAN, will to the men of the school more girls—so the men won't have to dance together at noon.

I, MILDRED TILTON, bequeath my noon letters to be divided among lovelorn underclassmen.

Number One

(Continued from page one)

The pavilion resounded with the music of Pauline Donovan and Harriet Burrill, at the pianos, the singing of Bernice Lucey, and the din of dancing feet.

The rifle range resounded too; and the bowling alleys thundered.

And the sun beat down—Clifford Johnson will tell you why he wears bandages instead of stockings.

Sunburns were all too short a reminder of the day. So—against one of the piers which upholds the sea wall of Fieldston, stands a mound of stone within which there is a paper inscribed with the names of several students, signed "Class of 1933, State Teachers College, Bridgewater," and to prove the sincerity of the act, marked in blood, that is sprinkled with orange juice. Let no wave disturb the last vestige of the class outing of 1933.

Number Two

(Continued from page one.)

Miss Rand intends to study in New York during the first part of the vacation. In August she will take her annual trip to California.

On a little island off the coast of Maine, Mr. Hunt plans to commune with "nature in her visible forms".

Miss Beal plans to travel in Canada for two weeks, and accompanied by a group of friends from our faculty, she will spend a week on Martha's Vineyard. This group will include the Misses Burnell, Taylor, Packard, and Lockwood. At Edgartown these people are looking forward to meeting Miss Grace Smith.

Perhaps we'll engage Miss Vining next fall as an interior decorator or a landscape gardener for she is going to get away from books for the summer, and renovate her garden and her kitchen.

Mr. Stearns plans to attend the meeting at the Massachusetts State College at Amherst again this year. During the last of the vacation he will visit New Hampshire.

Although the lure of Cape Cod is still beckoning to Miss Hill, she will spend the first of the summer in New Hampshire and Vermont. Immediately after her return, however, she will go to her summer camp at West Dennis.

The Book Mart

"The Golden Scarecrow".....Helen Barker
"This Giddy Globe".....Evelyn Chasse
"The Savage Pilgrimage".....

Clifford Johnson
"Polite Farces".....Ruth Burr
"The Pilgrim of a Smile".....

Maccabeah Arenberg
"Pieces of Hate and other Enthusiasms".....Ruby Brettell
"I Have Only Myself to Blame (for my sunburn)".....Virginia Bulger

"Love Isn't Important".....Rolande Dionne
"Alarums and Excursions".....

Irma Waaranen
"Moon Out of Reach".....Emma White
"Blase Tales".....Marjorie Hunken

"Neither Here nor There".....Reta Hockenberry
"The Owl Taxi".....George Lowder

"Painted Mischief".....Sadie Fleishman
"I'm in Love with Life".....Stella Krupka
"Uproar in the Village".....Mary Allen

"Harry Perennial".....Pamela Chace
"Hardy Perennial".....Pamela Chace
"Try All Parts".....Samuel Solmer

"A Philosophy of Solitude".....Mim Nisula
"Lost Laughter".....Mary Allen

"Gay Girl".....Louise Hewitt
"The Constant Nymph".....Louise Pratt
"The Venetian Glass Nephew".....

Everett Lays
"Sentimental Tommy".....Frederick Bailey

Positions Wanted!

Wanted a position as ladies man or street cleaner.—"Mac" A3.

High Caliber Salesman desires part time work with high salary. Experienced.—Nagle, A3.

Position As Second Fiddle wanted.

—Naverouskis, A3.

Experienced But Enthusiastic girl of 20 desires one editorial position on the New York Times.—Gertrude Laird, A1.

Assistant Deanship of Women at Bridgewater wanted. No salary required.—M. MacDonald, A1.

A Young Woman wishes to capitalize her energy and ambition.

—"Mim", A1.

Wanted opportunity for steady work; good pay; experience not necessary.

—Solmer, A3.

Pick and Shovel Man out of a job.

—Arthur Lewis, A3.

I Wish a song and dance lead in a musical comedy to be entitled "Shuffle Off to Buffalo".

—A. Dick, A2.

Wanted a position as head waitress in a diner. Counter work a specialty.

—E. Chasse, A1.

I Desire a position as a lineman. Experience gained in class meetings.

—P. Ford, A1.

Wanted a position as mailman, requiring no walking and allowing plenty of time for sleep.

—Lowder, A3.

Fast Young Woman desires position as waitress in Normal Hall.

—Maccabeah Arenberg, A1.

I Crave the position of official tray fetcher.—Irma I. K. Waaranen, A1.

Deacon Jones Makes Unique Lesson Plan

Subject: Driving.

Teacher: Deacon Jones.

Pupil: Barbara Vinal.

Car: Minnie Cahill's.

Teacher's Aim: To abolish back seat driving.

Pupil's Aim: To wreck the car.

Procedure:

1. Sit behind wheel.
2. Turn key.
3. Step on starter and choke.
4. Throw in clutch.
5. Shift into first.
6. Stall.
7. Start over again.
8. Bounce
9. Squeal.
10. Go!

Outcomes—

Skills:

1. Slamming on brakes.
2. Controlling vocabulary.
3. Dodging telephone posts.
4. Ignoring traffic lights.

Attitudes:

1. Pedestrians are a nuisance.
2. Other drivers are jassacks.

Habit:

1. Going out with the teacher.

Final result:

Death and destruction.

Guess Who?

1. The girl with the giggle and a pair of blue eyes.
2. The tall, angular blonde with an air of perpetual gayety.
3. The diminutive girl with big eyes and a flair for poetry.
4. The girl who wrote the music for the senior ode.
5. The quiet, comfortable blonde who makes beauty with brush and bow.
6. The girl with green eyes and the demure coiffure.
7. Miss Moffitt's "little ray of sunshine".
8. Miss Pope's "joy" in ethics class.
9. Miss Smith's "pet peeve".
10. The girl with the drawl and the capacity for taking infinite pains.

"Did you hear what happened to the cow that ate Kentucky blue grass?"

"No."

"Mood indigo."—Phoenix

Bridgewater's Ideal Graduate of 1933



Description:

Ruth Glidden's hair.
Gertrude Laird's eyebrows.
Mona Morris' eyes.
Louise Pratt's eyelashes.
Emma White's nose.
Irma Waaranen's mouth.
Alice Moynihan's complexion.

Qualities:

Eleanor Schreiber's tennis.
Stella Krupka's varied interests.
Mona Morris' exquisiteness.
Miriam Nisula's piano playing.
Alice Dick's dancing.

Beatrice Hunt's habit of success.

Irma Waaranen's sincerity.
Barbara Vinal's serenity.

Louise Hewitt's gayety.
Mabel Laramée's tact.

Barbara Randlett's assurance.
Hilda Heikkila's kindness.

Elizabeth Lawrence's patience.
Emma White's ability to see ordinary things in an unusual way.

Ruth Glidden's finished workmanship.

Verda Dunn's sensitiveness to beauty.

Senior Peerage

1. Our Mary Roberts Rhinehart
Pauline Donovan
2. Our Ed. Wynn.....Francis McMahon
3. Our Billy Sunday
Clifford Johnson
4. Our Zasu Pitts.....Eleanor Martin
5. Our HitlerBeatrice Hunt
6. Our Baron Munchausen.....Vic Milici
7. Our McClelland Barclay Girl
Ruth Glidden
8. Our Peggy Hopkins Joyce
Gertrude Laird
9. Our Noah Webster
William Johnson
10. Our Helen Wills Moody
Eleanor Schreiber
11. Our Sinclair Lewis
Urban Linehan
12. Our Babe RuthRobert Nagle
13. Our Jane Addams.....Esther Tarr
14. Our Lee Tracy.....Jack Baldwin
15. Our Aimee Semple McPherson
Evelyn Chasse
16. Our Bill Tilden.....George Lowder
17. Our Mahatma Ghandi
Arthur Lewis
18. Our Elizabeth Arden.....Mona Morris
19. Our Ethel Barrymore
Barbara Randlett
20. Our Rubinoff
Vincent Naverouskis
21. Our Tilly the Typist.....Alice Dick
22. Our Clark Gable.....Paul Ford
23. Our Floyd Gibbons John Sweeney
24. Our Knute Rockne.....Eddie Welch
25. Our S. S. Van Dine
Irma Waaranen
26. Our First Lady
Elizabeth Lawrence
27. Our Emily Dickinson.....Verda Dunn
28. Our Neysa McNein.....Barbara Vinal
29. Our Queen Marie of Roumania
Emma White
30. Our Lawrence Tibbetts
Ralph Creedon

Spring Falls on Us

Spring falls on us,—or at least we feel as though something had hit us when we try to wake up these warm lazy mornings. It isn't the morning that does it, it's that we have to go presently and sit around in some stuffy old class.

"Why not have graduation in April? Why return after the Easter vacation?" we ask; and we wonder about going off some morning on a bird walk and not bothering to come back.

"What is the use of a book without pictures?" asked Alice,—and what is the use of spring without freedom to—oh! just to live, instead of merely existing!

So we look at the calendar, and want to cross off another day.

Let's "snap out of it!" Let's not allow a little thing like school to get in our way, for these glorious days demand that we glory in them. Every morning let us recite our creed: We will breathe deep in fresh air, we will climb hills and look beyond the horizon, we will begin to live! For nature comes to life today, and so should we.

So we look at the calendar, and laugh at another day.

A country boy attended the Prom and on his return home, he was asked what he liked best about the dance. He said, "Oh, I like it all, but the craziest thing I ever saw is what they call a cocktail. It's a drink where they put in whiskey to make it strong, then water to make it weak; gin to make it hot, and ice to make it cold, lemon to make it sour, sugar to make it sweet; then they say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it themselves."

Men's Class Will

We, the Class of 1933, of the Teachers College at Bridgewater in the County of Plymouth and the State of Massachusetts, do hereby make and publish this our last Will and Testament—

First—We will and bequeath to these our successors, the Class of 1934, our prestige, optimism, industriousness, loyalty, sincerity, intelligence, and morality.

Second—to the Class of 1935 we will and bequeath the beer Cafe with attendant tap and multifarious pretzels.

Third—to the Class of 1936 we will and bequeath the pleasure of legally owning textbooks.

Fourth—to the Class of 1937 we will and bequeath the pleasure of an additional tax of "thutty" dollars, and hope that the State's deficit may be eradicated.

Fifth—the following individuals will and bequeath their alluring possessions to their undergraduate friends—

I, "Clif" Johnson, will my legislative ability to Earl Sukeforth.

I, "Eddie" Welch, will my "up and at 'em" spirit to "Ownie" Kierman.

I, Walter Nardelli, will my musical notes to "Deacon" Jones.

I, John Sweeney, will my school girl complexion to Stephen Lovett.

I, George Lowder, will my "dancing feet" to "Benito" Gregory.

I, Francis McMahon, will my kitchen duties to Ken Murphy, and my general notebook to "Ducky" Hancock.

I, Vincent Naverouskis, will my excess stature to Francis Fanning.

I, Victor Milici, will my hung-up soccer shoes to Donald Ross.

I, Robert Nagle, will the athletic contracts, for which the College has been looking, to Alfred Wood.

I, Alfred Avitable, will my card playing ability to Daniel Kelly.

I, Samuel Solmer, will the Woodworking Department to Hilton Mears.

I, Louis Lerner, will my oratorical ability to one David Meyer's, Class of 1935.

Dramatic Club Has Banquet

At six o'clock on the evening of June second, the senior members of the Dramatic Club were given a dinner at a local tea room by the undergraduate members. After the dinner, the group was entertained at Miss Moffitt's home. Games and a treasure hunt were the highlights of entertainment. Later in the evening diplomas were presented to the seniors in a novel manner, each recipient being obliged to trace a certain colored ribbon through many nooks and rooms until, coming to the reward, she found the treasured certificate. Those who received certificates are: Louise Hewitt, Rose Tinsley, Dorothy Chatterton, Virginia Bulger, and Barbara Randlett. The following members of the club were present: Louise Hewitt, Rose Tinsley, Dorothy Chatterton, Barbara Randlett, Jane Carroll, Virginia Cochran, Ruth Mannion, Cecilia Perkins, Hilda Kidston, Margaret Kimball, and Muriel Robie.

Recently the officers for next year were elected with the following results: President, Jane Carroll; vice-president, Cecilia Perkins; secretary, Hilda Kidston; property mistress, Virginia Cochran; wardrobe mistress, Muriel Robie.

Sleep

Sleep
Is a scented lilac
That perfumes
The night.

—Dorothy Look



1—Miss Nye and Miss Beckwith in Lincoln Cathedral. 2—Evelyn Chasse and Paddy Carroll. 3—Do you remember Casey's? 4—Nuge and Kiernan. 5—Miss Caldwell and a banana. 6—Unitarian church. 7—Freckles and Clif. 8—Commuters' Christmas tree. 9—Clifford Johnson, president of the class of '33; Ruth Glidden, vice-president; Marie Sarson, treasurer. 10—Verda Dunn, president of the Library club; Squeaks Hewitt, president of Dramatic club. 11—Victor Milici, president of Lyceum. 12—Mr. Reynolds in the Bishop's Garden. 13—Mabel Laramee, president of Normal Hall; Harriet Brown, president of Gates House; Mildred McDonald, president of Woodward. 14—A corner of the library. 15—Miss Pope, Idgie, and a piece of Dickie. 16—Alice Linstrom, president of Science club. 17—Verda Dunn, Anne Gutman, Helen Murley, and Reta Hockenberry at the senior picnic. 18—Mary Allen, president of W. A. A.

To Miss Lovett's Scottie Sandy

Blessings on thee, Sandy dog,
With thy brown eyes all agog,
With thy puzzled, tousled face,
On its black and shaggy base,
With thy black nose blacker still
From the black mud by the mill,
From my heart, I say to thee,
"Hope you're happy as can be".
Sandy, you have taking ways,
Though you stare as in a daze.
Sandy, you are full of fun,
As you race be-whiskered on,
As you wink and blink at me,
As you cock your head "a-wee".
Blessings on thee, Sandy dog.
—Maccabeah Arenberg.

"What is partially returned affection?"
"That's when she sends back the letters and keeps the ring."—Log

* * * * *

"I told her I was knee deep in love with her."
"Yes? What was her comeback?"
"She promised to keep me on her wading list."—Log

* * * * *

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.
"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a foul-smelling beast."
"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really insist on respect."—Drexlerl.

Plea

The trees are bare
But in the spring they'll green again—

No coat of snow
To hide their nakedness.

No coat of pride
To hide my loneliness—

My heart is bare!
Oh, come and be the spring for me.

The Japanese poet, Nagasaki, says:
"It is planting palm-trees in Greenland, to put knowledge in a college student's head . . ."

Cool, Black Tide

By Charlotte Murray

I want to cross the cool, black, silent sand,
And step into the night-enshrouded sea;
To hasten in and feel the water rise
About me while pale stars are watching me.

I long to feel the cool, black tide beneath—
To rest, and let the silent water creep
Into the silent sky, until the moon
Shall light my way until I sleep.

Burma in Springtime

By Charlotte Murray

Because the tropic rains have ceased
And once again the blue hills gleam.
The earth's become a fairyland
Where Buddha's golden temples dream.

"The coroner pronounced it suicide."
"Well, how would you pronounce it?"—Harvard Lampoon.

* * * * *

Eloping Co-ed: "Oh, I'm afraid father will be all un-strung."
Dumb Frosh: "That's all right, we'll wire him."—Punch Bowl



1—Presidents of day student and dormitory council: Barbara Vinal and Rusty Randlett. 2—Ruby Brettell as a freshman. 3—New York skyline as the art department saw it from an aeroplane on their Washington trip. 4—Mabel Laramee in her Mardi Gras costume. 5—Normal Hall. 6—Mona and Whitey. 7—The tower in winter. 8—Bea Hunt, editor-in-chief of the art department. 12—Mr. Denton. 13—The campus in spring. 14—Gertrude Laird, editor-in-chief of Campus Comment; and Stella Krupka, president of Hobby club. 15—Jane and Morris, chairman of social activities; Mary Carroll, treasurer of day students; Elizabeth Lawrence, president of Student Cooperative Association.

IF —

If you can sweetly ask for information,
If you can laugh when teacher tries to make a joke;
If you can flatter, praise, and laud by action
And adulate although you'd rather choke;
If you can force your tongue, and nerve, and sinew
To serve your turn when memory is gone,
And so bluff on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Bluff on!"
If you can talk to profs and get their theories

And learn their little pet hypotheses,
And on exams can write these down in series
With compliments and lots of eulogies;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of plaudits spun;
Yours is a drag and everything that's in it,
And,—which is more,—you'll get an A, my son.
—Harvard Lampoon

Bea Hunt: "The cottagers at Scituate are very unoriginal."
Verda: "Why?"
Bea: "They all name their houses 'To Let' or 'For Sale'."

Dinner: "Waiter, this soup is spoiled."

Waiter: "Who told you?"

Dinner: "A little swallow."

—Purple Parrot

* * * * *
After reading the collegiate humorous magazines one can understand why material for publication is called "copy".—Notre Dame Juggler.

* * * * *

He: "Shall we waltz?"

She: "It's all the same to me."

He: "Yes, I've noticed that."

—Bored Walk

* * * * *

Pauline Donovan to Dot McGinnis: "You'd be a big girl if you didn't have so much turned up for feet."

Life's Toll

By Verda Dunn

Life with her misty sea-roads,
Life with her golden dreams
Carries us into havens
And out, as her fancy deems.
Giving to some of passion;
Keeping from none dark pain;
Hording in guile less fashion
The tears that come in vain.
Thrusting us into storm-clouds
Or out where calm billows roll
Sailing with change through morrows
'Til years have asked their toll.

Memory

By Verda Dunn

Racing sea,
Skipping waves,
Beating hearts:
Youth in love.
Breathing words,
Glancing eyes,
Pulsing breasts:
Youth alive.
Waning moon,
Hiding stars,
Clutching hands:
All in vain.
Muffled sighs,
Sobbing groans,
Grasping dark:
All alone—.

Ned Denton: "Eh! The May Campus Comment is out and it isn't even June yet!"

Class of 1933 in 1973

MARY ALLEN is a mender of pots and pans.
 MACCABEAH ARENBERG is a beach comber.
 FLORENCE BAKER is a dumb waiter.
 LEOCADIA BARANOWSKI is a hitch-hiker.
 HELEN BARKER is building a bridge across the Atlantic.
 AGNES BARRY is Dean of Women at Bridgewater.
 CLARECE BELL is the best football coach Notre Dame has had since Knute Rockne.
 EVELYN BISCOE is digging clams.
 MARY BOLAND has gone to sea in a sieve. She was last sighted off Sagamore Breakwater.
 DOROTHY BOOTH is a racketeer.
 RUBY BRETTELL is Ambassador to Finland.
 HARRIET BURRILL is world-famous as a hunter of golf balls.
 MARY CARROLL is a Greenwich Villager.
 PAMELA CHACE is a hermit.
 EVELYN CHASSE is a barmaid.
 DOROTHY CHATTERTON is a cow-puncher.
 MARION COLLINS is a hog caller.
 ALICE DICK is a balloon man with Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey.
 PAULINE DONOVAN just rode "Butterfingers" to victory in the Kentucky Derby.
 CATHERINE DOYLE is running "The Dog Cart", Bridgewater.
 VERDA DUNN is tending lobster pots.
 MARY DYER is the coo-coo clock in the Commuters' Room, B. T. C.
 DOROTHY FISH is a beer baroness.
 BEATRICE FITTS is a connoisseur of wines.
 DORIS GLIDDEN is a house painter.
 RUTH GLIDDEN is a rejuvenator of old houses.
 RUTH GREGORY is a match-maker.
 ANNE GUTMAN has just solved the unemployment problem.
 MARION HANRAHAN is a stewardess on MARJORIE HARRINGTON'S Yacht "The B. T. C."
 HILDA HEIKKILA is head salesman in a fish market.
 BARBARA HORTON is a magician.
 ELAINE HOWE is announcing wrestling bouts.
 VIRGINIA HOWLAND is a guide at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.
 BEATRICE HUNT is a hostess in a night club.
 MARION KEITH is Santa Claus.
 STELLA KRUPKA'S smile beams from every silver sheet in the world.
 GERTRUDE LAIRD is the official locker cleaner at B. T. C.
 MABEL LARAMEE is a peanut vendor who follows the fairs.
 ELIZABETH LAWRENCE is President of the United States.
 ANNA LEARY is an organ grinder.
 MARY LEWIS has just passed a law prohibiting mosquitoes on Cape Cod.
 CATHERINE KELLY is manufacturing optical illusions.
 MILDRED MACDONALD is a ticket collector on a merry-go-round.
 DORIS MACGINNIS is a bellhop at the Bridgewater Inn.
 MYRTLE MACLEOD is successfully unemployed.
 MONA MORRIS is a model for Morgan Dennis.
 ALICE MOYNIHAN is making fur coats from caterpillars.
 HELEN MURLEY has gone to war in Burma.
 ELEANOR MARTIN is a cosmetic demonstrator.
 ALOYSE MITCHELL has concocted a potion, one dose of which is guaranteed to provide a complete education for teaching.
 MIRIAM NISULA is a dog catcher.
 RUTH NUGENT is a marathon runner.
 ANGELINE PLAZA is keeping a mid-ocean lighthouse.
 LOUISE PRATT is a stevedore.
 HELEN RAFFIN is a chiroprapist.
 BARBARA RANDLETT is editor of "True Stories".

(Continued on page 6, column 5)

CLASS DAY PROGRAM
"The Armor of Light"

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1933, at 10.30 A. M.

PROLOGUE

CONFUCIUS, THE TRANSMITTER OF ANCIENT WISDOM
Designed and directed by Stella Krupka

Proem: Chinese Choral Dancing

Directed by Dorothy Chatterton

Gertrude French, Dorothy Booth, Dorothy Chatterton.

Tableau:

Confucius, Louis Lerner; Gardener, Nrbán Linehan; Musician, Helen Murley; Disciples: Arthur Lewis, Anne Gutman, Albert Avitabile.

BUDDHA, THE ENLIGHTENED ONE

Designed and directed by Hilda Heikkila

Proem: "In Praise of Buddha".

Tableau:

Buddha, Robert Nagle; Disciples: Aloyse Mitchell, Ruth Nugent, Rose Tinsley, Elsie Taylor, Jane Smith, Mary Allen.

MOSES, THOU SHALT NOT

Designed and directed by Ruth Glidden

Proem: Kol Nidre

A Hebrew hymn of supplication, directed by Ralph Creedon

John Bates, Donald Welch, George Higgins, Raymond Cook, L. Victor Milici, Stephen Lovett, John Nolan, Owen Kiernan.

Tableau:

Moses, Samuel Solmer; People: Mary Carroll, Louise Pratt, Ruth Burr, Irma Waaranen, Helen Raffin, John Sweeney, Paul Ford, Robert Richter, of Grade Two, Training School.

MOHAMMED, THE ADVOCATE OF SIMPLICITY

Designed and directed by Barbara Vinal

Proem: Dancer, Grace Jacobs; Tom Tom, Gertrude French; Muezzin, John Bates.

Tableau:

Mohammed, Clifford Johnson; Brass Vender, Francis McMahon; Followers of Mohammed: Eleanor Schreiber, Gertrude Barnes, George Lowder, L. Victor Milici.

JESUS, THE SPIRIT AND THE TRUTH

Designed and directed by E. Chasse

Proem: Selections from "The Messiah".

Tableau:

Jesus, the light; Fishermen: Walter Nardelli, Edward Welch; the Multitude: Harriet Smith, Mary Dyer, Alice Moynihan, Margaret Vickers, Esther Tarr, Vincent Naverouskis, Harold Trosterud.

How Science Club
Spent Last Week

As we peep into the Science Club's calendar of activities for the spring term we see a dazzling number of scientific pleasures.

The convalescing (from the effects of those eggs) new members of the club were treated to their first real meeting on March 29. We found that instead of eating worms we must, at this meeting, spend the evening with a few gentle little cobras. We followed the trail into the jungle, spent a short time at the circus and saw the wonders behind the scenes in the museum and the zoo. We built cages for our nice little snake. We untangled a zoo keeper from the clutches of his winding, coiling, hissing charges. We pulled an immense cobra out of his skin, and often, oh quite often, we looked around on the floor to see if everything was perfectly all right as Earl Sukeforth in a refreshingly informal manner retold the highlights of the "Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest" by Dr. Raymond Ditmars.

On Wednesday, April 5, the club had the very great privilege and unique pleasure of entertaining Dr. Peabody. This prominent scientist is at present revising his text books at one of the new research laboratories at Harvard University. Dr. Peabody spent the afternoon visiting the science classes and had dinner at the dining hall where he entertained several members of the club in his inimitable manner.

After dinner in the regular club meeting Dr. Peabody gave an informal, yet extremely illuminating talk on "Yellow Fever."

On Saturday, April 8, several members of the club visited the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, where Miss Graves pointed out to us botanical and zoological wonders.

Several field trips have been planned for this spring. One of the most profitable of these will be a trip to the Marine Laboratory at Woods Hole. From a social viewpoint, the best field trip of the season will be the "Science Club Picnic," the tentative date of which is May 27.

Science Club Initiates

Ellen Shea

March 22 ushered in the much discussed initiation of this illustrious club. Thirteen new members were taken in—taken in in more ways than one. The victims were Constance Tobin, Marie Johnson, Eva Haselgard, Wilmar Harlow, Ellen Shea, Claire Cook, Demetra Kitson, Esther Hirtle, John Bates, George Higgins, Paul Hill, Francis Champlain and Donald Ross.

Upon entering the sacred portals of the biology laboratory, we were informed of the order in which we were to march to the gallows. One by one we were blindfolded and given "the works." Much to the delight of the old members we were put through intensive questioning, were forced to portray dramatically the various emotions of love, temptation, jealousy, and hate. We were requested to give scientific speeches on such subjects as "Sermons In Stones," "The Exploration of a Famous Scientist Into the Back of Beyond" and other extremely enlightening subjects. We were also fed rare delicacies of fishes' eyes, raw eggs, and earthworms. The ordeal ended with the inevitable hanging of the incoming members.

After the initiation ceremonies, the club, now increased to twenty-four members, adjourned to the commuters' room where a delicious supper was served. Following that, the new members took the club pledge and Alice Lindstrom, president, welcomed us to the Science Club. Miss Graves spoke a few brief words of welcome which made us feel as though one really belonged then.

A Prayer For Teachers

By Glenn Frank

O Lord, of Learning and Learners, we are at best but blunderers in this Godlike business of teaching. Our shortcomings shame us, for we are not alone in paying the penalty for them; they have a sorry immortality in the maimed minds of those whom we, in our blunderings, mislead.

We have been content to be merchants of dead yesterdays, when we should have been guides into unborn tomorrows.

We have put conformity to old customs above new ideas.

We have thought more about our subject than about object.

We have been peddlers of petty accuracies, when we should have been priests and prophets of abundant living.

We have schooled our students to be clever competitors in the world as it is, when we should have been helping them to become creative co-operators in the making of the world as it is to be.

We have regarded our schools as training camps for an existing society to the exclusion of making them working-models of an evolving society.

We have counted knowledge more precious than wisdom.

We have tried to teach our students what to think instead of how to think.

We have thought it our business to furnish the minds of our students, when we should have been laboring to free their minds.

And we confess that we have fallen into these sins of the schoolroom because it has been the easiest way. It has been easier to tell our students about motionless past that we can learn once for all than to join with them in trying to understand the moving present that must be studied afresh each morning.

From these sins of sloth may we be freed.

May we realize that it is important to know the past only that we may live wisely in the present. Help us to be more interested in stimulating the builders of modern cathedrals than in retailing to students the glories of ancient temples.

Give us to see that a student's memory should be a tool as well as a treasure-chest.

Help us to say "do" oftener than we say "don't".

Help us to realize that in the deepest sense, we cannot teach anybody anything; that the best we can do is to help them to learn for themselves.

Save us from the blight of specialism; give us reverence for our materials, that we may master the facts of our fields, but help us to see that all facts are dead until they are related to the rest of knowledge and to the rest of life.

May we know how to "relate the coal scuttle to the universe".

Help us to see that education is, after all, but the adventure of trying to make ourselves at home in the modern world.

May we be shepherds to the spirit as well as masters of the mind.

Give us, O Lord of Learners, a sense of the divinity of our undertaking.

—"The Techne"

Add to the famous faux pas: Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure Mr. Jones of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."—Iowa "Green Gander"

"My aunt was killed because she got out of the wrong side of the bed." "How in the world was she killed? That isn't usually fatal." "Well you see she was in a lower berth."—Medby

Class of 1933 in 1973—Continued

MARGARET REARDON is a dry farmer.
 FRANCES RYAN is janitor in the gym.
 GLADYS RYAN is selling ready-made projects.
 MARIE SARSON is a glass blower.
 DOROTHY VAUGHN is a make-up artist.
 ELOUISE SHERMAN is a veterinary.
 JANE SMITH is in Reno getting her first divorce.
 DORIS SPELLMAN is teaching in a school for the feeble-minded.
 PHYLLIS STEWART is a dentist.
 ROSE TINSLEY is a Paris buyer for Ferguson's.
 BARBARA VINAL is a quack doctor.
 IRMA WAARANEN is a farmerette, and her pig pens are the neatest in the world.
 EMMA WHITE is teaching guinea pigs to wag their tails.
 ELEANOR SCHREIBER is teaching school.
 ESTHER TARR has "sand in her shoes".
 GERTRUDE BARNES is juggling trays.
 HARRIET BROWN is a book agent.
 RUTH BURR is a gold-digger.
 CAROL CHACE is a collector of lamp posts.
 HELEN CONNELL is managing Dorothy Dix's column.
 HELEN DAVIS is a dentist.
 ROLANDE DIONNE is a haberdasher.
 MILDRED FERGUSON is nailing cranberry boxes.
 BERTHA FITZPATRICK is a lion tamer.
 SADIE FLEISHMAN is an auctioneer.
 HELEN FOYE is custodian of commuters' ice chest.
 ALICE GUY is making rag rugs.
 RITA HOCKENBERRY is an acrobat.
 MARJORIE KEITH is in a dance marathon—expected to win.
 YVONNE KELSEY is picking herrings.
 DA KIMBALL is a floorwalker in the ten cent store.
 BARBARA LIBBEY is collecting data on the giraffe-necked women of Africa.
 EVELYN LINCOLN is a junk man.
 ALICE MADDEN is an usher at the "Princess".
 HAZEL MAXIM is a taxi driver.
 ELSIE MAXWELL is chauffeur to Miss Pope.
 ALICE McGRATH is a Bridgewater street cleaner.
 DOROTHY MENDELSON is a mechanic.
 ELINOR MEYER is fishing off the Grand Banks.
 ELEANOR MORGAN is a globe trotter.
 HELEN MORRIS is selling a complete line of notebooks, bound, illustrated, and underlined in red ink.
 HELEN O'HALLORAN is a truck driver.
 ELEANOR PARKER is a selectman.
 NATALIE PETERSON is toe dancing.
 MARY RALEIGH has a monopoly on the sale of snow shoes in Africa.
 MIRIAM ROBERTS is a circus clown.
 RUTH SHEA is press agent for a Hollywood celebrity.
 SIGNE SIITONEN is raising orchids in tin cans.
 HARRIET SMITH is "workin' on the railroad".
 MARGARET VICKERS is living a story book.
 MAE WILSON is carpentering.
 KATHRYN BARITEAU is a hick.
 EVELYN BEANE is mayor of Newburyport.
 VIRGINIA BULGER is a grave digger.
 HELEN CAPUANO is exploring the moon.
 HELEN CASTRO is editor of the "Toonerville Toothache".
 DOROTHY COLBY is a semi-hick.
 ALICE DROHAN is a radio announcer.
 ISABEL GABRIEL is a milkman.
 JEANETTE GOFF is a telephone operator.
 ALICE HADRO is a fireman.
 JEANETTE HAWES is a bootblack.

(Continued on page 7, column 5)

Sagacious Crevices

Our title means "wise-cracks"
in the vernacular.

Mr. Durgin: "What's yellow, has
nine noses and chases flies?"
Miss Graves: "A Japanese baseball
team."

* * * *

Mac to Sam Solmer: "I thought you
had died."
Sam: "Of course not! Why?"
Mac: "I heard someone speak well
of you this morning."

* * * *

Bill Johnson: "Is Dactylic Hex-
ameter a good watch dog?"
Miss Hill: "Is he? Our house was
robbed three times and he watched
intently."

* * * *

Mr. Reynolds (speaking into tele-
phone): "Can you reserve me a box
for two?"

Answer (puzzled): "We don't have
boxes for two."

Mr. Reynolds: "Isn't this 'The
Sink'?"

Answer: "No, this is the under-
taker."

* * * *

Mary Boland to Mr. Hunt: "Indian
trousers?"

Mr. Hunt: "Sure, they're always
creeping up on me."

* * * *

Milici: "I'm big and strong."
Naverouskis: "Like an onion."

Class Ode

When Clifford Johnson appointed
Pauline Donovan as Chairman of the
Senior Ode Committee, he probably
realized his own good judgment. The
committee members who worked un-
der her were Ruth Nugent, Anna
Leary, and Walter Nardelli.

Here are the words of the ode writ-
ten by Miss Donovan herself.

The carols of the morning mood
Can not be sweeter than thy name,
In ivy garb of shrouded Hope
A blossomed Wisdom was thy gift.
While pointing starward past the
hills
O, Alma Mater, thou in love
Did'st lead and guide the blessed
quest
Of finding Beauty, hewing Truth.

So dear, thy gift of comradeship,
To each, the dimness of adieu . . .
We know how often thou hast felt
Such partings in thy ripened years.
Yet, courage-tipped thy whitest
words
Come from the living past; we've
known
And loved its sweetest claim to life,
Of service won for gift to all.

Senior Sporting
Annals

One senior in every class must
remain athletic in order to be pres-
ident of W. A. A. The rest of the
class retains its interest until coveted
W. A. A. awards are won. So every-
one has gasped regularly all year to
watch the present seniors enthus-
iastically walk away with the cham-
pionship in hockey, basketball, and
baseball.

For the last four years the blue
jerseys have been prominent in every
kind of sport from volley-ball in gym
periods to Woodward's banner hockey
team. Why not, with "Freckles",
"Mitch", "Idgie", Mary Allen, and
Elsie Taylor fighting for the class of
'33?

To the undecided underclassmen the
seniors suggest the ideal hobby—
athletics.

Trail-Blazers

By Charlotte Murray

They came to seek not gold,
But priceless peace,
Those strong, young pioneers
With Faith held high—
That Faith which made them yearn
For soul's release:
"It's happiness! What
Matter if we die?"

O pioneers, what challenge
Then is ours!
To leave behind our trembling,
Pallid fears.
To count like pearls, our strong,
Courageous hours,
To seek till freedom
Fills the treasured years!

That peace we seek today,
But not like you
Who sailed, and having sailed
Have found the dawn—
But not mere need alone
Could lead you to
That far-flung task that needed
More than brawn!

Our thanks are yours, because
Your dreams came true;
You sought a peace that
Tarnished not with time;
And now we want to see
Men brothers, too—
Yes, make the world a
Symphony sublime!

IN A WORD

(Continued from page 2)

Harriet Smith	Sunny
Bailey	Good-looking
Avitable	Congenial
Hubbard	Gentle
Bill Johnson	Officious
Bumpus	Conscientious
Lerner	Ambitious
Solmer	Persevering
Ford	Blatant
Trosterud	Sedate
Lewis	Historical
Nardelli	Alluring
Lays	Unassuming
Virginia Bulger	Actress
Kathryn Bariteau	Coquettish
Evelyn Beane	Artistic
Helen Capuano	Reserved
Helen Castro	Athletic
Dorothy Colby	Sweet
Alice Drohan	Optimistic
Isabel Gabriel	Dancing
Jeannette Goff	Quiet
Alice Hadro	Good-natured
Jeannette Hawes	Wise
Marjorie Hunken	Blase
Phyllis Lamm	Slow
Helene Johnson	Cute
Bernice Lucey	Dimpled
Marion Morse	Studious
Mary Nocivelli	Cool
Alice Norton	Giggling
Ethel Smith	Jolly
Ruth Swanson	Generous
Mildred Tilton	Engaged
Margaret Vickers	Exacting
Mae Wilson	Lazy
McMahon	Popular
Clif Johnson	Competent
Linehan	Oratorical
Creeden	Musical
Naverouski	Tall
Milici	Short
Lowder	Light-hearted
Sweeney	Nonchalant
Nagle	Businesslike
Welch	Athletic
Butler	Courteous
Baldwin	Romantic

Answers to Guess Who

1. Mary Allen
2. Louise Hewitt
3. Pauline Donovan
4. Anna Leary
5. Hilda Heikkila
6. Irma Waaranen
7. Signe Siitonen
8. Gertrude Laird
9. Bill Johnson
10. Eleanor Martin

Campus Personalities

Ruth Glidden, distinguished mem-
ber of the class of 1933 at the State
Teachers College at Bridgewater, is a
"semi-hick" according to her own
statement. It seems she was born in
Bridgewater, educated in Middleboro,
lives in North Middleboro, and has
been to New York only twice.

No matter to what degree it is
"hickititious", certainly the personality
of the vice-president and foremost
artist of this year's graduating class
is a piquant conglomeration.



RUTH GLIDDEN

Her likes are multitudinous and ill-
assorted: flowers, gum drops, deep
sea fishing, travelling, sewing, slow
waltzes ("Blue Danube" is her favor-
ite), sleeping, swimming, art, litera-
ture, and bargain-hunting.

To amplify: her home in North
Middleboro is smothered in flowers,
her avocation is playing the piano,
her favorite tune is "Blue Danube";
her chic costumes are, many of them

products of her needle.
However, she does have her dis-
likes: worms and tenniquoit.

Beautifully she combines doing and
dreaming, laughter and earnestness,
efficiency and vividness. She is ever-
obliging, cooperative, competent.

Her most beloved word is "glee".
She rolls its gurgling syllables on her
tongue until her listeners shout with
laughter.

Piquancy and glee do not, however,
make up her whole life. She knows
well the meaning of work and of
responsibility.

For four years she has been a class
representative and a member of Stu-
dent Council. For an equal length of
time she has been vice-president of
her class.

When the seniors ambitiously de-
signed original Christmas cards she
was in charge. When the same ambi-
tious seniors designed their own, Class
Day, she designed a set and made,
besides, innumerable trips to Boston
in search of material.

Campus Comment
Positions Filled

By Alice E. Halloran

At the meeting of the Campus Com-
ment board on June 1, ballots were
cast for the positions of news, social,
and exchange editors. Several names
were submitted, and the following
were the results of the election: The
honor of news editor goes to Lucienne
Galipeau. Lucienne has been a faith-
ful member of Campus Comment
board, and we are sure that she will
be most successful in her new posi-
tion. In Francis Champagne we have
a capable social editor. We are con-
fident that his write-ups on the gala
festivals of Bridgewater Teachers
College will be most interesting. Alice
Halloran's duty is now to edit
the exchange department, and to find
out about the interesting happenings
in other colleges and inform them of
"goings on" at Bridgewater.

Senior Class History

September, 1929 . . . Freshmen—
laden with Wright and Ditson boxes;
shivering in angel robes, struggling
with locker combinations.

Naively gay.

* * * *

September, 1930 . . . Sophomores
—crossing the quadrangle loaded with
couch covers and lampshades; strut-
ting, gesticulating, modulating.

Dramatically cynical.

* * * *

September, 1931 . . . Juniors—bur-
dened with committees; equipping,
scoring, banqueting.

Briskly efficient.

* * * *

September, 1932 . . . Seniors—
staggering under the weight of the
Variorum Shakespeare; clogging, pos-
ing, promming.

Calmly poised.

* * * *

All these has the class of '33 sur-
vived. And more, it has lived ex-
periences uniquely its own.

* * * *

Bridgewater's first Junior Prom
shone in its star-spangled blueness
for the class of '33.

* * * *

During the seniority of the class
came the "change the name" fever.
Aby its members supervised the tran-
sition from "Normal Offering" to "Al-
pha", the new year-book cover design
the creation of the new seal.

* * * *

At Christmas, in accordance with
custom, the class sold cards; but its
members flavored custom with a dash
of differentness. They created and
sold original, hand-blacked cards of
modern design.

* * * *

On Class Day the seniors again
fused differentness with tradition.
Like their predecessors they presented
tableaux; unlike them they designed
their own sets.

* * * *

The class of '33 was the first to
meet the question of cap and gown
versus the velvet drape as an atmos-
phere for the year-book pictures.

* * * *

And on the night of June 9, from
9 until 2, Senior Prom.

Junior Class History

Three Septembers and three Junes
survived . . .

* * * *

1933—Training!

* * * *

1933—History of education, ethics
architecture!

* * * *

1933—Two proms! In January,
dancing beneath the cold blue glow of
northern lights in a land of snow, and
towering icebergs, and silver penguins
In June, dancing in the warm orange-
yellow glow of Spanish Gothic
lanterns.

What's in a Name?

By Charlotte Murray

"Meyer early," was her sarcastic
greeting. "I Chace over here and
Parker round till I get Madden a wet
hen, just to wait for a Guy like you!"

"Aw, Siitonen rest—you Raleigh
are on time yourself! My Maxim is
"Castro bread upon the waters and—"
"Foye on you! What's the excuse
this time? Have to put the cows in
the Barnes?"

"You Kimball me out all you want
to, but pick out a nice Morgan have
it ready, if you keep on. You Burr-
ther me!"

CLASS OF 1933 IN 1973

(Continued from page 6)

MARJORIE HUNKEN is a side
laster.

HELENE JOHNSON is a 'round the
world flyer.

PHYLLIS LAMM is a detective.
BERNICE LUCEY is a newsboy.
ETHEL SMITH is captain of a tramp
steamer.

RUTH SWANSON is quartermaster
of the "Edith Bradford".

MILDRED TILTON is preaching for
the Holy Jumpers.

MARJORIE CASE recently gave a
Culture Fund lecture on "Perfect
Behavior".

AVITABILE is a new Maurice Che-
valier.

BUTLER is a bus boy at Oliver's.
CREEDEN is star pitcher for the
House of David.

FORD is ballyhooing for a sideshow.
CLIF JOHNSON is watering ele-
phants.

BILL JOHNSON is training fleas.
LERNER is claim agent for a circus.

LINEHAN is master of ceremonies
at the Old Howard.

LOWDER is a mother's helper.
McMAHON is a pearl diver.

MILICI is a tree pruner.
NAGLE is a guard at the State Farm.

NARDELLI is a hairdresser.
NAVEROUSKIS is designing women's
clothes.

SOLMER is blowing the fog horn on
the New York boat.

SWEENEY is collecting bills.
TROSTERUD is running a tea room.

WELCH is shoveling smoke.
BAILEY is a laundry man.

BALDWIN is another Ben Bernie.
BEATON is a movie camera man.

BUMPUS is a nurse maid to a
Pekingese.

HUBBARD is chef at the Palais D'Or.
LAYS is a chimney sweeper.

LEWIS is a captain in the Horse
Marines.

Campus Comment
Renders Thanks

This June's pictorial Campus
Comment is due largely to the
efforts of Mary Carroll of the
senior class, who in spite of
many duties found time to take
about forty pictures.

It was planned this time to
have in the picture section all
campus celebrities including all
office holders of 1933, and all
famous couples.

Mary skillfully arranged
schedules for officers to be
"snapped", and energetically
pursued the negligent.

Many of our human interest
pictures were taken by Mary.

Barbara Vinal

Another of the successful and inter-
esting "semi-hicks" in the class of
'33 is Barbara Vinal of North Lake-
ville. She was born in Middleboro
and has lived in North Middleboro
and North Lakeville.

"Barb" likes giraffes, designs, and
designed giraffes. She is, further-
more, an artist at toasting hot dogs,
building fire places, and making "gal-
loping guinea pigs". (If you know
not what they are, ask her.)

Scouts, marionette making, photo-
graphy, and jig saw puzzles are her
light avocations, and art is her serious
avocation.

Her Bridgewater life has been
loaded with responsibility: as pres-
ident of Camera club, as president of
Day Student Council, as a member of
the Poster Committee, and as designer
and executor of a Class Day tableau.
It has been crowded with recreation:
soccer, hockey, baseball, basketball,
over-night hikes.

Withal, Barbara accomplishes an
astounding amount of real work in
a curiously noiseless way, and with
a curiously unruffled air.

The "good companion", sincere and
serene, that's "Barb".

What's New in Education?

By Harold Brewer
Which class do you fall into?

The uneducated:

Live in the present.
Contented if enough to eat and drink.
Not anxious about the future.
Superstitious.
Gullible.
Following folkways (ways of the fathers).
Conservatives, stand patters.
Dogmatic.
Reverent toward established order and religion.

OR—*The educated:*

Live in the present, past and future.
Discontented with present blessings.
Anxious about the future.
Not superstitious.
Sophisticated.
Breaking away from the ways of fathers.
Progressive or radical.
Skeptical, questioning, demanding proof.
Irreverent toward established order, dogmas, and religious forms.

By William A. Baldwin
From "Journal of Education".

* * * * *

W. A. McKeever of Oklahoma City says that the present day public classroom teacher, though well educated and up-to-date, is never permitted to use original ideas of her own. Some of the abuses of the classroom and grade teacher are:—

1. The overburdening of the teachers by innumerable "endless reports, lengthy requirements, specific hour-by-hour teaching patterns and plans, intelligence tests, and diagnostic measurement programs."
2. The extracting of too many fees for various organizations from the teachers.
3. "Insults and intimidations" are also common abuses.
4. Because of the presence of rule books and requirement sheets a teacher must comply with them: thus her initiative, originality and resourcefulness are neglected.
5. Classroom teachers are rarely elected to offices.

City Night

By Charlotte Murray

The darkness comes and tries to hide
The sorrow and the tears of day.
A skeptic street-lamp mocks the night
And frowns, annoyed, into the sky.
Where is its kind ally, the moon?
Subdued by ebon wings? Ah, no!
That sweet-faced nun appears and smiles
In pity at the futile night.
To think that he could shadow grace
Upon a world that waited for
The benediction of her peace!

Friendship

By Ethel McEnelly

Friendship?
Untold things—
Sincerity,
Confidence,
Faith,
Friendship brings.

Friendship?
A bubble—
Sparkling,
Clear,
Bright.

It bursts?
Hearts—dark, like night.

Miss Davis: "What is a domesticated camel?"

Freshman: "A house broken camel."

* * * * *

Columbus was wrong—the world is flat.—Texas Longhorn.

∴ SENIORS, SIGN HERE ∴

S'POSIN'

MISS LOVETT hustled.
MISS POPE chewed gum.
MR. ARNOLD swore.
MISS VINING mislaid her sh-sh-es.
MR. HUFFINGTON omitted to close his door at 1.25.
MISS BEAL remembered.
MR. DENTON mislaid his cookie-duster.
MISS RAND forgot the "brown books".
MR. REYNOLDS overlooked the "decorative bits".
MISS HILL uttered slang.
MR. HUNT gambled.
MR. STEARNS were pompous.
MISS BRADFORD were lackadaisical.
MISS CARTER were hilarious.
MR. SHAW were dogmatic.
MISS SMITH became disorganized.
MISS NYE went Mid-Victorian.
MISS MOFFITT became a stoic.
MR. DURGIN talked math in his classroom.
MISS LUTZ forgot the project method.
MR. KELLY taught music.
MISS BECKWITH coached a football team.
MISS DAVIS were garrulous.
MISS CALDWELL gained 100 pounds.
MISS DECKER dispensed with 3-year notebooks.
MISS GRAVES omitted a biology test because of the heat.
MR. CROSIER taught sewing.
MR. DONER chewed tobacco.

TEACHERTOWN SPORTS

By SWEENEY

With the coming of these June days, team sports around the school do a fadeout, and another season is brought to a close. In glancing over the doings of the athletes it is seen that the year past has been just a so-so affair, as far as varsity sports go. The soccer team had plenty of trouble finding a suitable combination. Five beatings and one tie game was the way that the season was written into the books.

The basketball quintette, after losing the first three games, finally started to win and the count at the end of the season was six wins against four defeats. In baseball, the official totaling was two wins and two defeats. Two more games, probable victories at that, were rained out. It is in discussing the ball team that one gets a chance to become enthusiastic. Without a doubt the college was represented by one of the finest teams in a decade. There is no doubt in my mind but what the boys that

wore the B. T. C. colors this spring could take many of the better collegiate nines in action around the New England states.

Nickerson and Glenn did the pitching, with Joe Morey catching. The infield was comprised of Kiernan, the past master in the fine art of bunting, at first base; Ed. Welch, at second; Joe Teeling, at third; and Jackie Glenn, at shortfield. In the outer gardens, Bradbury, Peterson and Aherne performed in a creditable manner.

The tennis team was rather handicapped throughout a greater part of the season because of lack of suitable courts on which to practice. One victory, a seven to nothing drubbing of Northeastern, was hung up, while the locals took four beatings. Despite the looks of the cold recording of facts, the tennis men did a commendable job and there is excellent prospect of a real season next year.

In class struggles honors seemed to be about even. In the annual basketball tournament the seniors were far superior to anything that could be mustered into action by the other classes. When it came to gym activities, the sophs, with Ken Murphy leading, were unbeatable. In the dual track meet held, the freshies licked the sophs, and so we have all but the juniors capturing some sort of a prize. The juniors are quite a group of individuals and they evidently took prizes elsewhere to make up for any deficiency in the sports line.

And so—humming-birds flirting around honeysuckle; people with cameras angling for the best shot at the "sweet graduates"; promming in the best of the season's finery; class day, diplomas, daisies; Alma Mater, farewell; pounding the pavements scouting for a job tomorrow. That's life! And isn't it great!

Au revoir!

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