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THE LANTERN

LESLEY COLLEGE

29 Everett Street, Cambridge

VOL. X

MAY, 1948

No. 12

FUTURES SIGHTED

LESLEY COLLEGE ALMA MATER

The words and music of the following song were written by our President, Trentwell M. White, L. H. D., and were dedicated to this graduating class of 1948. We are no more a school without a song and our many sincere thanks go to him for his work and originality.

Loyal Lesley daughtres,
Rise in chorus
Lift our voices joyously.
Thus we sing our
Foster mother's glories
For the days that are to be.

Happy friends made here
We'll long hold dear —
True companions since we met.
With such love to guide us,
Nothing can divide us,
Lesley, we shall not forget.

Loyal Lesley daughters
Stand and praise her,
Hail her splendid history
As the years go by,
They build a tie
Linking every memory.

Pledge we now our
Alma Mater's future —
All our hearts in constancy.
Lesley's name shall ever
Spur us to endeavor
Honors new to bring to thee.

S. G. A.

On May 13, the installment took place of all the new S. G. A. members. Sincere wishes for a successful year to these girls, and many congratulations from us all to their new president, Virginia Woodbury. We hope that this group will be able to accomplish as much as our retiring body and we certainly pledge our full support and co-operation to them.

Already the S. G. A. has been at work, for on Saturday, May 22, there was held at Lesley an Intercollegiate meeting of Student Government Representatives. This meeting was called to decide on a calendar for the forthcoming year. In doing this it will avoid conflicting dates and will be of great use to us all.

The Handbook is most completed and will be an improvement over last year. Much time and work has gone into the bettering of this little piece of gold to students and most of the credit is due to its Editor, Virginia Woodbury.

SENIOR PRESIDENT

Norma Perkins, new Senior Class President, was elected last week, because of her ability as a thorough and efficient gal. This, of course, was secondary to her gift of making the unwelcomed tasks and drab duties of her

friends and classmates colorful, bright and interesting. Seldom has Norma ever said "No" when she has had an occasion to help. We are looking forward to a splendid and successful year with Norma as our guide.

SENIOR WEEK

Here it is — those last glorious days which we call Senior Week! This year the Seniors and the Sophomore Terminals will not combine their activities. For the Senior degree class it will all begin on May 29, when they will be the guests of Miss Sharples at her summer home at Harvard, Mass. The group plans to visit several museums and then have tea at the Sharples home. On Sunday, May 30, the Baccalaureate exercises will be held at 4:00 P. M., in the college auditorium, with Dr. Charles Atkins as the speaker. Since Monday, the 31st is a holiday, the day will be free. Tuesday, June 1, is "date night." At 7:00 P. M., the Seniors and their escorts will drive to Nahant for a weenie roast over the out-door fireplaces. Wednesday, June 2, Evelyn Boyle has invited the Seniors to a beach party at her home in Egypt. Thursday, June 3, is the Senior Class Day, to be held at 2:00 P. M., on the campus, weather permitting. The feature of the afternoon will be the Sophomore degree daisy chain and the Junior rose walk. On the same evening at 7:30, the Junior-Step-Up exercises will be held. Friday, June 4, at 9:00 A. M., there will be a graduation rehearsal at the

First Congregational Church. The Seniors, Sophomore terminals, ushers and their marshals must attend. Saturday, June 5, the Senior Prom, a dinner dance, will be held at the Hampshire House at 6:30 P. M. Dancing will begin at 8:30. Sunday, June 6, the graduation exercises will be held at 3:00 P. M., at the First Congregational Church in Cambridge, with a Reception immediately following at the college.

Senior Week plans for the terminal class have also been completed and include the following program: Sunday, May 30, Baccalaureate exercises with the Seniors; Tuesday, June 1, June breakfast on the campus, followed by a tour to Wayside Inn at Sudbury; Wednesday, June 2, a picnic outing; Thursday, June 3, terminal step-up in the auditorium at 8:00 P. M.; Friday, June 4, terminal Class Day; Saturday, Senior Prom and banquet with the Seniors at the Hampshire House; Sunday, June 6, graduation at 3:00 P. M., and the reception immediately following at the college.

SENIORS FAREWELL

Looking out from behind a high pile of work, we, the Seniors, roll our eyes wildly in wonder if we'll ever make it through the exams; suddenly it dawns on us that these are the last exams we will be taking and we are actually leaving Lesley and all our friends. Not only are we leaving our friends, but all the fun that has made college life so wonderful. It all

started with freshman week, that seemed to crawl by so slowly, and suddenly we find that we don't know what has happened to four years. They flew by in a blur of classes that kept getting harder, time spent in wild discussions, indulged in both the commuters' lounge and in the dorms; term papers, exams, dances, plays and open house.

We are leaving Lesley with an honor bestowed on our class. The school song has been written and dedicated to the Class of 1948. Wherever we may go our alma mater song will always have a particular meaning to us. Because of it we will surely never forget Lesley, and what it has meant to us. It has truly helped to make us "Loyal Lesley daughters."

We are leaving Lesley, but we will never forget it. In our four years we have instituted new traditions and have done our best to make Lesley a little better because we were here. Our ideals and hopes for Lesley have been high, but we can be confident that all we have worked for, for Lesley will be carried on by the class that is stepping into our place. They will finish the job we have started and go on to even more important accomplishments.

We find that it is very hard to say good-bye to all that we have known for four wonderful years and to all the friends that we are leaving here and will miss so very much. All these we shall never forget and hope that Lesley will not forget us.



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EDITORIAL

Think a moment, you who leave us shortly, you who are furiously gathering those loose ends and are packing them away in your memories. It is for you this article is written.

Four years have passed—what have you accomplished in them? Time and money has been spent and your deficit is great. Certainly your gain hasn't been entirely academic — no, much more

with situations that have been temporary obstacles in your pathways, therefore, in hurding these you have succeeded in acquiring confidence and assurance. You now have the faith to back your convictions. . . and move forward.

How many people face this competitive society with the preparations you have been exposed to, and fail miserably. It is an astounding and frightening fact, yet the reasoning is simple. They have not equipped themselves with a SOCIAL SECURITY. These failures did not learn the lesson of injecting a friendly, understanding graciousness in their isolated souls, and they are just parasites in a fast moving and grand old world.

It is senseless to emphasize the harshness with which the world treats its youth and I cannot agree with those who repeatedly call this life of ours "Cold and Cruel." Remember, Seniors, it is only what YOU make it . . . To have preconceived opinions and a chip on your shoulder would be disastrous to your future.

With you, you bring Lesley's heritage. We hope you have learned to take all in your stride and that you now have the ability to spread joy and kindness. Your knowledge is secondary to the happiness with which you embrace others.

It is a new and different path you are touring now, so keep the warmth which you have received at Lesley and heed Miss O'Connor when she cries, "Girls, Remember to Radiate the Joy of Living."



SOPHOMORE CLASS

CHIT AND CHAT

Well, here it is June again and time to close up the old books and

after these past hectic weeks of exams and building choo-choo trains. Agree? The Seniors are all ready to face the horrible world. You can tell that even after five — oh, pardon me, it's four years of struggling, they are still skeptical about facing reality. After all, they have been living a rather sheltered life here at Lesley, you know. That is what they think, but we know better, don't we? What could be better than to live by Harvard University, M. I. T., and Boston University for four years. Yike!

Well, to get on with a little dirt about our favorite people (?) the Seniors. Have to make them feel important now, because after June 6, they will be just like Freshmen again. Look what you're coming to, Underclassmen. Shall we turn back now? Word has reached the office here that one Boots Lewis is about to embark on a long journey. A tip for all — start your new life with an appendectomy. Boots is, and believe me, she is tickled pink about it. Ask her why some time — Huh???

"31" is a mall of excitement these days. Pecky, the personality kid of the house, has had more interviews than Truman himself. Think you ought to ask Harry if he can help you out, Pecky. He might even let you run on the Democratic ticket, come next fall. I'm sure you'd love to, knowing what your political sentiments are. By the way, which of those million jobs are you going to take? The whole campus is eager to know. When you decide, let us know. O. K.?

Polly Cloutier has decided to go back home and work. Could it be that "Ered" lives nearby? Room-Springfield. Well, that isn't too far from Waban, now is it?

Bernie Robinson and Marilyn Zeitler are off to Connecticut to see how things go in that part of the country. The attraction could be Yale, which isn't so far away. Be down to see you next year, kiddos. Joan Knock is also off to that part of the country. My, there just must be some sort of attraction, huh?

After the lovely shower that "31" gave Jean L. Olfene, she is all set to get married. Never saw anyone get so excited in such a nice way as Jean does. Here's wishing the best of everything to you and don't be surprised next year if you find some of the Lesley gals parked on your doorstep some night. So be prepared.

Joan, the strongest little girl this side of the Mississippi, is all set to go to New York come next Fall. Could be that a certain law student is also headed in that direction. Ain't love grand?

Marge Small and Ginny Heffernan are still up in the air as to where they are going. Both are pulling big deals — all over the world. Bet they both end up in Boston and not California or South America (where they would like to go). Here's hoping they get there on their honeymoon instead.

Jerry Foran's partner in crime, Eleanor Tarky, hasn't given the office any dope yet. Let's hope she isn't too far away, so that she can be the auctioneer of the Alumna penny sale. She really does a bang up job at that. How about it, Eleanor, be around next year?

Selma Chervin will most probably be tooting around in her new Buick (1909 model). Anytime you want to come on a social relations trip next year, drop over, Selma. The same goes for Evelyn Blondis, another gal who, we hope will be around next year. Helen Mowbray will certainly be lost next year without Dr. Crockett to tell her about the wonders of the Democratic party. What will you do, Helen? Guess you will just have to come back and sit in one of those ten of five classes. Jerry Foran will also miss Dr. Crockett and his many little puns—guess that goes for the entire Senior class. Jerry will no doubt pay us many visits. At least we hope so.

Evelyn Boyle is off to Rockland to teach. Well, that isn't too far away from Paul, now is it, Evelyn. Kathy Halloran will probably stick sort of close to home in order to be near "Sunny."

Well, gals, tis time to draw this column to an end. It's been swell knowing all the Seniors and let's hope these bits of idle chatter will remind them of Lesley and all the fun that they have had here for the past four years. By all means never forget the Circus and those ring-side seats! Any complaints about this column will be fixed in next year's Lantern — so, you gay Seniors can still be a part of Lesley by helping run your paper. Subscribe at your nearest Junior contact man. How about it? Now we bid you so long, and all that sort of stuff. Be seeing you soon, and you'd better make sure we do, or you will never have your name in the famed Lantern again. Perish the thought. Au revoir.

SCRAPBOOK MUSTS

Have your picture taken at the Prom

Mr. Harris, Photographer

Mounted \$2.00

Unmounted \$1.00

SENIOR PROM

Saturday, June 5, will be the last social of the year. The Seniors are holding their dance at the Hampshire House on Beacon Street and if you want one grand, memorable evening — be there. It will start about 8:30 P. M., and by the work that they have put in, nothing but the best should be offered. Miss Marjorie Small is responsible for all the fixing and to her is extended full credit for the time she has spent in making this affair another Senior Unforgettable. Wind up the year in A-1 style, by not missing this A-1 occasion.

DANVERS

In April the Social Relations class went out to Hathorne, Mass., to meet Dr. C. A. Bonner, who is Superintendent of the Danvers State Hospital. Evelyn Blondes, Doris Keefe, Marcia Lewis, Jane Sullivan and our guest, Miss Adele Gruener, President of the Alumnae Association. We followed Elinor Tarky's directions out Newburyport Turnpike. A forty-five minute drive brought us to the wide-view plateau on which is the hospital. Many patients, groups of men and of women were walking in the sunshine. A baseball game was coming to a finish. Cars were parked and we walked up the winding road to the entrance, where we were met by Dr. Peter B. Hagopian and Mrs. Gladys S. Vance, who introduced nurses who became our guides.

In the upper wards through which we passed, many of the patients, comfortably occupied in various sorts of hand-work, smiled or spoke pleasantly as we passed. Others were on the extensive sun-porches. As we passed the many windows, the views outside seemed to be endless areas of valleys, hills and sky and sunshine. The occupational therapy

and hydro-therapy units were opened to us. Great chests of tools provided for varied interests. Methods of treatment were explained. In the women's department were found wall paintings, tables, chairs, chest and console cabinet, which were made by and bore the signature of a highly skilled and able patient. Our guide spoke of the dearth of professional therapists who are so very much needed throughout the United States. In the kitchen large containers of food were being prepared for the hundreds of patients, quantities of freshly baked bread was cooling on racks. The dining room was being readied for dinner.

In the chapel, or assembly hall, Dr. Hagopian described some common neuroses and psychoses. His cases and demonstrations included (1) schizophrenic psychoses; (2) manic-depressive psychoses, (3) Huntington's chorea. This, it seems, is a psychiatric condition at present held to be a simple Mendelian transmission in which the symptoms appear when the patient is about thirty years old. The social implications were discussed. (4) Because of the wide publicity which the lay press has given Lobotomy, this treatment was explained and a history cited in which remarkable improvement came to a patient who otherwise would still be hopelessly ill.

We were told that in any group of twenty-one persons there is high probability that one will need for mental illness. There were twenty-seven in our group. We hurried home quite hungry for Lesley atmosphere and the good dinner soon to be served.

C. T. C.

CIRCUS

Yes, the circus was in town and that is just where the Juniors invited the Senior Class on their joint outing. The ring side seats we had (for the trapeze artists) were hard to get (and harder to hold) but when the parade for the children was shown all those little worries were erased. The theme was out of season (as it appeared to the realists) but those who read into its meaning, saw the unspeakable loveliness of a Child's



STUDENT CHRISTIAN

Utopia. Elaborate costumes, BIG colorful toys, storybook characters, all of these took an important part in the march of the fantastic. The only theme that these youngsters read was Peace, Beauty and Love — they were not interrupted with the thoughts that nudged the adults — something like "This is May, not Christmastime." Poor adults, they never have any imagination. When the scene changed we didn't need any. It

was the thrills and chills of the tight-rope walker, and our senses were tuned to his danger and courage. Of course, during the entire program, we were eating the usual served at circuses and by the end of the last act we were quite ready to call it finished. Everyone enjoyed the change from the drab to the colorful and when time ended our excursion we were quite willing to return to our routine.

A LITTLE MINUTE FOR A BIG REST



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S. G. A. OFFICERS

GREEN MOUNTAINS—PHOOEY

Bright and early at 8:30, Tarky's taxi rolled towards the hills of Vermont. Up and down the mountains, in and around the town, over and under BUMP signs, went the singing six.

2:00 P. M., Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., —end of line— all baggage out!

"You're sure that's the right one?"

"Oh, I'm positive."

"Pull it towards you."

"It won't budge."

"Let me try it."

"Wait until I get a pair of pliers."

"Let me have them. It's turning—oh, my gosh,—it broke."

"Anyone got a bobby pin?"

"I guess it's not the right key!"

3:30 — All baggage back in the car and headed twenty-five miles to the locksmith. After explaining our situation, we had three keys made.

5:10 — With new determination we flew back to the lodge, arriving at 5:45. Steps of eagerness took us to the front door. Everyone gathered around as the three keys were given a chance. No. 1—"This one's no good!" No. 2—"Doesn't budge"; No. 3—"Who's got a bobby pin?"

"Break a window."

"Can't — metal framed."

"Try the cellar window."

"Inner cellar door locked and bolted."

There we were, three thousand feet in the air, without a key! A meeting was held and the big decision was to call home. 6:00 o'clock and it was ten miles to Middlebury to the nearest phone.

"Hello, Mom! Guess what? Wrong key!" Once again our story was told.

"Give the key to the engineer leaving North Station at 7:45 for Rutland. Key you later!"

7:45 — Thirty-five miles back to Rutland for a hot dinner, as our day had consisted of sandwiches.

"That looks like a good place to eat," and groping our way into the "Palace," we found a six-seater.

"What will it be?"

"Roast beef for me."

"I'll just have chicken with peas and French fries."

"Just give me a steak — rare."

"Sorry, girls, the dining room closed four minutes ago — just sandwiches."

"O. K. Egg salad, all around." (We don't know why they called it egg salad. All we saw was the egg!)

8:30 found us in the first row of the balcony (10 cents cheaper) of the town's "movie house." This was the beginning of our six hour wait for the almighty key. At eleven o'clock we were off to our temporary home at the railroad station—the mighty Oldsmobile. We were all cuddled, sleeping peacefully, when out of the dark of night came a thundering voice: "BREAK IT UP! LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE." The surprised look on the officer's face when he saw all girls, we'll never forget.

We proceeded to tell him our story and the next thing we knew we were in the local police station touring the cells. At last we were on the right side of the law. The whoo-whooping of the train whistle roused us from the dazed condition we were in by this time, and we were off once again.

Completely enthused, we rushed up to the engineer. "Keys? — Don't know nothing 'bout no keys." Slightly dampened we raced down the baggage car. "Wal, seemed to me I heard Hiram say something 'bout keys — Yep, reckon he did. Too bad he got off at Bellows Falls." Thoroughly shattered, all our dreams of sleep that night failed. We were just about to get out the "Home, Sweet Home" sign to hang in the car, when our hero, Sgt. Brown, came up with the keys. Seems that the brakeman had them.

Off once again, our spirits rising with the speedometer, when there in the middle of the road, stood the police force of Brandon. Seems as tho he didn't like the way we took a corner—so we gave it back and took off once again. Nothing more COULD happen — and fortunately it didn't. At 4:00 A. M., just as the moon was about to retire, we entered the lodge. It was very easy, you "Key", all in knowing how!

Sleep? — What's that? The underclassmen in our midst couldn't take it, and we were forced to give in. Sleep we did in any man-indulge ourselves, though, and we were up at ten — of course, it took a LITTLE persuasion in the form of cold water, and open windows. Beautiful spring weather in Vermont — 15, 20 and once even 26 degrees—above, that is!

Well, this was it! The big day our little pals were coming up, and we were set to give them a royal welcome. We went shopping and really went the limit to buy things for the big reception, \$12.00 worth of limit. We were the biggest thing that had ever hit "Ezra's Village Store."

We toured the countryside, taking in an auction, village school and waterfalls. There were big bargains at the auction — chairs valued at 50 cents apiece, sold 2 for \$1.00 and the villagers ate it up.

Back home once again, and we rolled out the welcome mat. The gals soon arrived, telling of their nice trip — it only took them eight hours! After we administered artificial respiration, we managed to get them into the house. Had a banquet for them; candlelight, soft music and piece de resistance —grilled ham and cheese. Ugh! We hadn't had ham since breakfast and don't be fooled, we hadn't seen the end of it.

Naturally, a tour of the place was in order and at 5:00, off we went, only ten in one car, this time. "In my merry Oldsmobile," jokes, laughter, songs, and then the inevitable—car — ditch— narrow road. That's right — and there we were.

Tramp, tramp, tramp — one mile; two miles; three miles —

"Wait, is that a house?" At last our troubles were over.

"One step nearer and I'll shoot," comes a terrified female squeal.

"Don't be silly, lady, we're out on a nature tour."

Tramp, tramp, and three miles later a light. "Youhoo! Have you any chains?"

"Chains? Got enough to hang you all!" A practical joker. Oh, well, in unity there is strength. The little man did condescend to help us, though. "Jest have to put a little water in the tank down at the 'crick.'" So saying, the character poured gallons of water into the tank, which appeared seconds later dripping from out the motor. "Got a leak, I reckon."

A mighty shove, a mightier prayer, and suddenly the merry Olds reared its chromium nose from the mud like a modern dinosaur.

At last, home sweet home. Were the home fire burners worried about us? Oh, now, kids, we weren't worried — just happened to split up your clothes between us. Of course we expected you back." Just hoping — good friends! We finally managed to get a hot meal —28 hot dogs. Never saw so many before—let alone see them go so fast.

10:00 o'clock Saturday night—you know, date night. There we were—twenty questions, charades, bridge, fashion show and costume party. Laugh! — still have the pane — in the window, that is! upon us, but we wouldn't give in— cold showers, hot showers, and back downstairs again. 3:30 A. M. found us all on the floor in front of the fireplace with twelve perfectly good bunks upstairs.

One by one the pangs crept upon us and we finally forced ourselves to sit down to a delicious meal of you know what, and eggs. Delicious. 4:00 o'clock, and we couldn't fight it any longer—up we trooped and into bed. Bed—Ha! It seems as if we had a couple of jokers in our midst! Bombs away! Alarm clocks kept going off. Even found strips of adhesive tape over my mouth now and then. SOUND OFF! ROLL CALL —. Finally knocked out and we really slept, only there wasn't enough of it. By seven we were off again. Early Mass, and we could be back in bed by 9:30. You must know what's coming now! It doesn't sound true, but there it was — Flat, but SO-O-O Flat! Suppose we were lucky, because it was only flat on the bottom. We were prepared for anything, and at 8:30 we pulled into Middlebury. Yes, you know, the same Middlebury as the college. They heard we were coming tho', and went home on vacation. Oh, well, back to the lodge. I won't mention what we had for breakfast, but it was fried, and it wasn't bacon.

Clean-up detail took over and we really did a good job. Some fools among us slept—but for the most part we stuck out the last few minutes of our week end and pried open our closing eyelids. We synchronized our watches, shined up our loafers, and made like the

trees—leave. (joke!)

With tears streaming uncontrollably down our faces, we bid adieu to the lodge where we had spent the joyful hours together, and to each other — the mad, mad fools we had grown to be so fond of. We strapped on our safety belts, pulled our oxygen masks down over our faces, and with one last look at the lodge, we took off. BONGO! BACK TO CIVILIZATION AGAIN.

Dickson Brothers

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