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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 daughters, Rise in chorus, Lift your voices joyously. Thus we sing our Foster mother’s glory 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.

Fudge we now our Alma Mater’s future And our hearts in constancy. Lesley’s name shall never 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 that we may 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 ever 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 and a thorough and efficient gal. This, of course, was secondary to her gift of making all 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 Terminal will not combine their activities. For the Senior degree class it will all begin on May 29, when they will be the guests of Mrs. 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, June 1, 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 outdoor 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 1:00 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 dance, will be held at the Hampshire House at 8:30 P.M. Dancing will begin at 9:30. Sunday, June 6, the graduation exercises will be held at 9:00 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 programs: Sunday, May 30, Baccalaureate exercises with the Seniors; Tuesday, June 1, June breakfast on the campus, followed by a tour to Wyside 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 Baccalaureate exercises 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 us 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 goodbye 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.
EDITORIAL

Think a moment, you who leave us shortly, you who are]oriously 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 you or your gal has been entirely academically—so, much more with situations that have been temporary obstacles in your pathways, therefore, in hounding 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 prepara
tions 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 it in 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 bid 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 send the students back on these pastattle 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, Yikes!

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 appendix. Boots is, and believe me, she is tickled pink about it. Ask her why some time — Huh?? "Ants" is a mail 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 the "Free" life myself? Room and board, that's what it is. Welcome Polly — you'll have a hard time getting used to the New England climate. 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, kiddo. 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. Offene, 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 firm is an attraction, huh?

Marge Small and Ginny Heffer
nan 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 the same place. 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 Tarsky, 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 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 (1949 model). Anytime you are in town don't forget to drop in and see her. Selma is 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. Cockett 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. Cockett 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 some sort of close to home in order to be near "Sunny."

Well, gals, time to draw this column to an end. It's been a 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 gals can still be a part of Lesley by helping run your paper. Subscribe to 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.

An revei.
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 into it, 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. Honner, who is Superintendent of the Danvers State Hospital. Evelyn Blondes, Doloth Keefe, Marcia Lewis, Jane Sullivan and our guest, Miss Adele Gruner, 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 the hospital stands. 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 expansive 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) psychopathic 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 a 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 Kelley 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 which we had (for the trapeze artists) were hard to get (and harder to hold) but when the parade for the children was shown all these 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 unconscious 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.
GREEN MOUNTAINS—PHOEBY

Bright and early at 8:30, Thad and I rolled towards the hills of Vermont. Up and down into the mountains, and into the town, over and under that BUMP, sliding a little on the way.

200 P. M., Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. — end of all bag-gage out! You're sure that's the right one?

"Oh, I'm positive."

"Pull it towards you."

"Perfecto."

"Let me try it."

With until I get a pair of pil-lemets.

"Let me have them. It's turn-on, my goy, it broke."

"Anyone get a Bobby pin?"

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

8:40 — All baggage back in the car and headed twenty-five miles to the tecksmil. After explain-ing our situation, we had three keys.

4:10 — With new determination we flew back to the lodge, arriving at 5:25. Steps of eagerness took us to the front desk. Everyone gathered around as the three keys were given a chance. No. 1—This one's no good! No. 2—Doesn't look like a budget! No. 3—Who's got a bobby pin?

"Break a window."

"Can't—metal framed."

"Use the cellar window."

"Inner closet door locked and united."

There we were, three thousand feet in the air, without a key! A mee-tin was held, but the big decision was to call home. 6:00

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 7:48 for Rutland."

7:45 — Thirty-five miles back to Rutland for a hot dinner, as our of limit. We were the biggest downtowners in our midst. The keys were given a chance back. We had to get them into the house. Had to have them. It's not the right up to the engineer.

8:30 — Once again, our spirits ris-as tho he didn't like the thing we did in any man-ner. But I heard Hiram say something about a lower key — Yep, reckon he did. Too bad he got off at Bellows Fall. Thoroughly shattered, all our dreams of sleep that night, failed. We were just about to get out the "Honest, S, statistician."

8:50 — The bellman came up with the keys. Seems that the bellman had the key.

9:15 — Off once again, our spirits ris-ing 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.

10:00 A. M., just as the moon was about to retire, we entered the lodge. It was very early, you "Key" all in knowing how!

Sleep? — What's that? The underclassmen in our midst could not take it, and we were forced to give up. When we did in any mannerize ourselves, though, and we were up at ten — of course, it took a little persuasion in the case of cold water, and open windows. Beautiful spring weather in Vermont — 15, 29 and once even 26 degrees above, that is.

Well, this was it! The big day came and we were coming up, and we were set to give them a royal welcome. We went shopping and couldn't find 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, tak-ing in an auction, village school and waterfall. There were big bargains at the auction — twenty-six 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 trv — it only took them right. After we had stretched, the artificial respira­tion, we managed to get them into the house. Had a banquet for them; candlelight, music and pièces de resistance — grilled ham and cheese. Ugh! We hadn't had ham since break-fast and don't be fooled, we hadn't had it since.

Naturally, a tour of the place was in order and at 5:00, off we went, only ten in one car, this time. We went into "Oldslandia," jokes, laughter, songs, and then the inevitable — car door— narrow road. That's right — and there was one each.

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, commented a terrific female squeal.

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

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

"Chains? Got enough to hang you up!" A practical joke well, in ninety there is strength. The little man did his best to help us, though. "Just have to put a little water in the tank again!" So says the character poured gallons of water into the tank, which appeared sec-onds later dropping from the side.