

1928

Effesseness 1928 (Home Economics Supplement)

Farmington State Normal School

University of Maine Farmington

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EFFESSENESS

1928

Arch.
LB
1882
F33
M32
1928
pt.2



Effesseness

Farmington

Maine

'28



Archives
LB
1882
F33
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1928
pt. 2



MISS HELEN E. LOCKWOOD

65895

*We, the students of the Home Economic
Department, wish to dedicate this section of
the EFFESSENESS to our Dean,*

HELEN E. LOCKWOOD

*To show our appreciation to one who has
been our counsellor, teacher and friend.*



EDITORIAL BOARD

Standing: Potter, Burr, Miner, Dow, Sprague, Sargent Seated: Hodgkins, Cunningham, Leach, Brown, McCrellis

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MR. MALLET

Wilbert G. Mallett, A. M.

To you, Mr. Mallett, our wise friend and counsellor, we, the members of the class of 1928, wish to express our love and loyalty. To our Alma Mater, which, through you, has helped us to establish many high ideals and standards, we pledge our devotion through the years to come.

Greeting

THE seventh annual volume of EFFESSENESS extends greetings to those who go forth to take their places on the stage of life. As the years go by, may it ever prove a constant companion in maintaining those ideals of justice and helpfulness formed within our Normal School. May it be considered as worthy as its predecessors, and be a challenge to those that follow.



THE FACULTY

First Row, back: Mahoney, Lord, Preble, Dearborn, Thomas, Gates, Havey
 Second Row: Cox, Allen, Piper, Howard, Ingalls, Perkins, Sawyer, Clement, Luce
 Seated: Lockwood, Porter, Abbott, Mallett, Stone, Palmer, Mantor

Faculty and Other Officers

PRINCIPAL

WILBERT G. MALLETT

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School Organization

Civics

Foods

LILLIAN H. GATES

Chemistry

Child Care

FLORA HOWARD

Clothing

Textiles

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Clothing

Household Administration

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Methods

Directed Observation

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MARY ELLA PIPER

Grades V and VI

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Grades III and IV

EILEEN CLEMENT

Grades I and II

ALICE LUCE

Sub-Primary

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The Dormitories

SOUTH HALL

L. ESTELLE ALLEN,

Matron

BRY ROWE,

Janitor

PURINGTON HALL

MINNIE E. MANTOR,

Matron

JOSEPH RIGGS,

Janitor

THE WILLOWS

LETTIE M. MAHONEY,

Matron

JOHN MAHONEY,

Janitor

THE LODGE

JANE L. KENDRICK,

Matron

The Faculty

“**N**O man can live unto himself alone”
 nor can we forget the
friendships made during our two years at
Farmington Normal; least of all, those
grown out of the friendly, personal interest
of the Faculty.

FRIENDS: for you have been more than
teachers to us — we cannot adequately ex-
press in words our appreciation for what
• you have done for us, but we hope that as
you follow us in our work during the years
to come that you will find our gratitude
shown by successful accomplishment of
our tasks.

DAWES, NELLIE
Home Economics Cottage
Lewiston
Jordan High School
Home Economics Course

"NELL"

H. E. Basketball, '24; Hiking Club, '24 and '25; C. A., '25, '26, '27, and '28; Student Council, '26; House President, South Hall, Fall of '26; "B" Hop Committee, '26; Vice Pres. H. E. Club, '26 and '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

"Above our life we love a steadfast friend."

Nellie is partial to cats, books, eats, travel, Leo, camping and hiking trips, thrills, chewing gum, brooms, dusters, and a long night's sleep. And to top it all, she is well known as President of the Home Economics Club.

DOYLE, DORIS
Academy Street
Yarmouth
Yarmouth High School
Home Economics Course

"DOC"

C. A., '25-'28; Soangetaha Camfire, '25; Hiking Club, '25-'28; Home Economics Club, '25-'28; Sec. and Treas. H. E. Club, '26 and '27; Chairman Educational Committee H. E. Club, '27; Tennis Club, '27; Modern Authors Club, '27; Sec. and Treas. Modern Authors Club, '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

*"A student ardent, a friend right true,
You'll find Doris such, thru and thru."*

Four years of friendship isn't long, but it is long enough to teach real value. Doris' sunny disposition has won for her a host of friends and her merry laugh will be remembered long after our schooldays are over.

Doris goes to Grange each night; we all may wonder why; There must be some attraction — we'd like to see the guy.

GOLDING, HAZEL B.
The Willows
Biddeford
Biddeford High School
Home Economics

"GOLDIE"

C. A., '24, '25, '26, '28; Home Economics Club, '24, '25, '26, '28; Hiking Club, '26; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

*"Happy smile that cheers us through,
A heart that is truest blue,
Wondrous tact and judgment too,
That's Goldie."*

"Goldie" is the person anyone would be proud to call friend. She stands for all that's good, true, and right. To those who know her best she is true blue. This last year she has adopted four children. Those children were a trial and tribulation for her but it was great fun to be their "Mother." Wasn't it, Hazel? The best wishes of all your classmates go with you in whatever you do. We know that with your personality you will be successful.

HACKER, IRENE
South Hall
Livermore
Livermore Falls High School
Home Economics Course

C. A., '25, '26, '27, '28; Hiking Club, '26; Home Economics Club, '25, '26, '27, '28; Educational Committee, '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

*"Let us love now in this, our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return."*

Is this your motto, Irene? We don't need letters of our own to get thrills if we only plan to be around when yours comes. And then there's house practice and sometimes a little scolding 'cause the coffee won't "perc" and the oven persists in getting red hot. But we don't worry because it's all over in a minute and your good nature asserts itself once more.





HUTCHINS, DORIS E.
Home Economics Cottage

Portland
Portland High School
Home Economics Course

"DOT"

C. A., '22, '23, '27, '28; Sec. Student Council, '23; Hiking Club, '28; Sec.-Treas. Senior Class, '28; Educational Committee, H. E. Club, '27; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

"One may smile and smile, and be a knowledge factory."

"I'm hungry!" The call sounds down the corridor and one merely smiles and says, "That's 'Dot'." Doris thinks she's rather aged, but we who know her best, know that she can think up more mischief in one hour than anyone else. With her pleasant manner and steadfastness of purpose she has made us feel that "He is rich who possesses one true friend."

LEMONT, ADA A.
Home Economics Cottage

Portland
Deering High School
Home Economics Course

Student Council, '24; House President, Fall Term '25; Hiking Club, '25 and '26; Educational Committee, H. E. Club, '26 and '27; C. A., '25, '26, '27, '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

Have you ever met a girl who is a perfect shark in all her studies and still has time to be a friend to everyone? If not, let us introduce you to Ada. One may think her to be a quiet and demure maid at all times but let us remind you that appearances in this case are deceiving. We all unite in predicting success for her.

MERRILL, CORINNE M.
South Hall

Gardiner
Gardiner High School
Home Economics Course

"C'RIN"

Hiking Club, '25, '26, '27; H. E. Club, '25, '26, '27, '28; "B" and "D" Hop Committee, '26; Pres. H. E. Club, '26, '27; H. E. Basketball, '25; House Committee, '25, '26; C. A., '27, '28; Campfire, '26, '27; Pres. Senior Class, '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

"What's the use of living if you cannot have your fun?"

"C'rin!" A girl with a personality so complex that it is difficult to define her. For each of us she spends a different spirit. A girl whose path, as Emerson would say, leads to the True Blue.

POTTER, ALICE L.
Home Economics Cottage

Richmond
Richmond High School
Home Economics Course

C. A., '25, '26, '27, '28; H. E. Club, '25, '26, '27, '28; House Committee, '25, '26; House President, '27; Sec. Student Council, '28; Editorial Board, '28; Tea Dance Committee, '28.

Stop! Look! Listen! We present the marvel of the 20th century—a modern girl without a thrill. But she's a good sport and a mighty fine friend.

*She may look serious,
And she may seem shy,
But she's full of it
'Twixt you and I.*

**The School
Buildings**



NORMAL BUILDING

Farmington State Normal School

THIS year, in response to the growing demand for departmental work in the field of education, F. S. N. S. has adopted a new system whereby prospective upper-grade teachers are given courses specially adapted to their needs, while the primary teachers-to-be receive similar training for their work. This facilitates the work of the faculty as well as that of the students in which latter case many of the subjects not directly pertaining to the needs of the individual are eliminated from the curricula.

Another worthwhile change has come about by extending the credit courses to

include the cultural subjects — Music Appreciation, Health and Current History — which have previously been attended as non-credit courses.

In listing the improvements we must not overlook the new Orthophonic Victrola which has given much pleasure to the school not only from a standpoint of recreation but from that of education as well.

If we may believe certain rumors which are now current we hope that an early edition of EFFESSENESS will see an enlargement of the classroom accommodations to take care of the ever increasing student body.





PURINGTON HALL

Purington Hall

PURINGTON HALL has been one of our happy homes in Farmington, and to the girls who have lived there, no other "dorm" equals it.

It is a large building made more beautiful by its lawns, trees and shrubs. Its interior is most attractive, well-cared for and home-like — (this account is merely for the stranger, for what girl who has lived there needs to be told what it is like? To everyone who has lived within it there is given a different memory to take away, yet they are all similar in one point at least — they are happy memories.)

Here we have all lived together sharing each others' joys and sorrows. We shall not soon forget our "sings", Christmas tree, and other jolly times.

In years to come we shall look back on our two years at Purington Hall as being full of happiness and pleasant memories.

During the year the following have served on the house committees:

FALL

House-President: Goldie Sprague

Proctors:

Lucille Moore	Edna Clark
Doris Jones	Iva Weston
Frances Small	Irene Libby
Mary Haskell	Lucy Voter

Iva Bean

WINTER

House-President: Priscilla Smith

Proctors:

Elizabeth Alley	Marguerite Leavitt
Ruth Dickey	Mary Bendix
Dorothy Corey	Lucy McKechnie
Alice Hammond	Mary Franklin

Louise Larrabee

SPRING

House-President: Nellie Crandall

Proctors:

Louise Shaw	Gladys Nichols
Dorothy Wakeley	Elizabeth Thompson
Phyllis Grant	Nettie Hand
Martha Richards	Mildred Sanborn

Eunice Ames

A. B.





SOUTH HALL

South Hall

THIS "dorm" has really been a home to us while we have been in Farmington. South Hall has been more to us than merely a place where we lived, it has been a place where we could work, play and make friends. Two parties have been given in South Hall to which the faculty were invited.

We know that our lives have been made more pleasant by the kindly thoughtfulness of Mrs. Allen and when other girls will rally around their "dorms" and their house-mothers we will be there to put South Hall and Mrs. Allen at the head of the procession.

It is to us first and always a home where-in we passed many happy hours and made new friendships.

The following have served on the house committees during the year:

FALL TERM

House-President: Helen Carson
Secretary: Eleanor Kane

Leona Hersum
Doris Parke
Hilda Rice
Kathleen Sullivan

Proctors:

Elizabeth Griffin
Henrietta Simonson
Doris Gammon
Lois Blackwell

Helen Wright

WINTER TERM

House-President: Susan Shanks
Secretary: Christine Sargent

Proctors:

Ernestine Reed
Florence Day
Martha Baumann
Eleanor Kane

Irene Allen
Irene Nevers
Beatrice Jones
Barbara Littlefield

SPRING TERM

House-President: Hilda McDonald
Secretary: Frema Staples

Proctors:

Kathleen Sullivan
Rita Thorn
Hilda Nelson

Vashti Clement
Marjorie McPheters
Ann Roberts

Melissa Turner

I. A.





THE WILLOWS

The Willows

PEOPLE often inquire why it is that the girls hate to leave the Willows. Only those of us who have lived there can realize the full pleasure of this dormitory.

The situation of the Willows is a pleasure in itself. With all the shade trees around the building and such spacious grounds it has been an ideal place for many good times.

To Mrs. Mahoney we are greatly indebted for all the feeds and parties she has planned for us, and for her motherly advice and assistance at all times. We shall always remember the camping trip to Clearwater, so kindly planned for us by Mrs. Mahoney, Miss Mahoney and Miss Havey, as well as many other hikes.

The house committee for the year:

FALL

House President: Melissa Jones
Secretary: Caroline Folger

Proctors:

Mariam Meacham	Doris Kilgore
Genieve Hughes	Evelyn Joyce

WINTER

House President: Dorothy Pulsifer
Secretary: Caroline Folger

Proctors:

Pauline Nute	Rena Roberts
Reta Pettee	Mary Dillon

SPRING

House President: Alta Danforth
Secretary: Eileen Mulholland

Proctors:

Gwendolyn Merrill	Lucille Flint
Louise Stone	Annie Bears

House Committee:

June Brown	Eileen Mulholland
Alta Danforth	

C. C. F.





THE LODGE

The Lodge

LAST but by no means least — The Lodge of liveliness, love and laughter. "Small?" you say, "yes, but you must remember that very nice things are sometimes done up in tiny packages."

Parties and frolics are never lacking here and we are sure that they will continue as long as the Lodge shall last. Large families are noted for their fun and good times — and, where would you find a better family than the Lodgers and Mother Kendrick?

Friends quarrel? Of course — Who does not? And in spite of them the Lodge will remain to those who have lived here one of the happiest of memories.

LODGE COMMITTEES

FALL TERM

House President: Ethel Young
Proctors:

Elsie Savage

Myrtle Stairs

WINTER TERM

House President: Helen Varney

Proctors:

Ethelyn Additon

Gardys Woodside

Geraldine Taylor

SPRING TERM

House President: Marguerite Pettingill

Proctors:

Irene Ferguson

Irene Morton

Florence Jones

F. A.

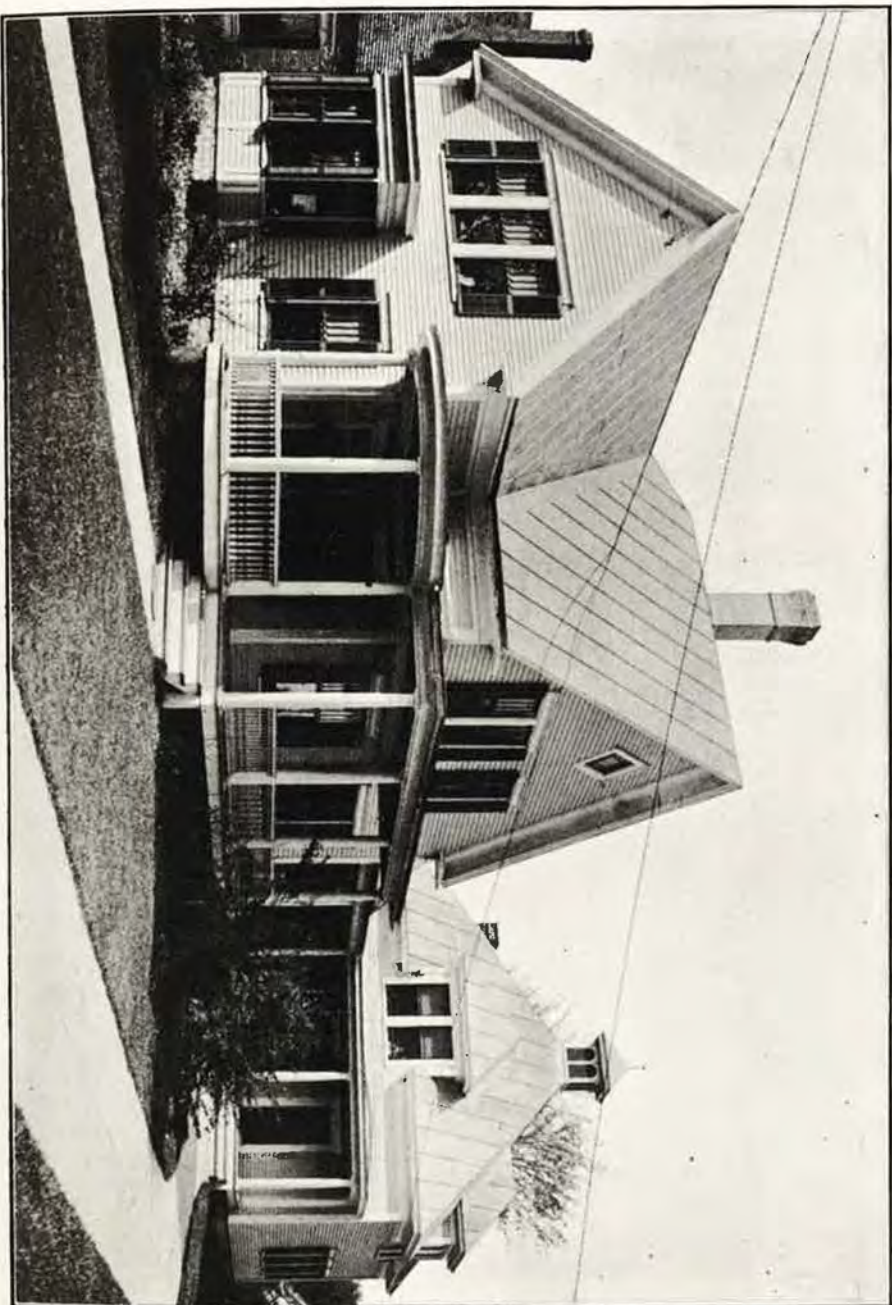


MATRONS

Standing — Mrs. Mantor, Mrs. Kendrick. Seated — Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Mahoney.

To The Matrons

ONE of the many good things about going away to school is that so many new friendships are formed. Among these many friends and perhaps first among them are our house-mothers. Here, certainly, "A friend in need is a friend indeed"; for are they not always ready to help and advise us? We owe and feel deep gratitude for all their kindnesses and will carry away with us fond memories of them all — our matrons.



HOME ECONOMICS COTTAGE



Freshman Class

Martha Bauman.
Nora Black.
Dorothy Brown.
Edith Coleman.
Patritia Henderson.
Evangelin Marquis.
Elizabeth McGann.
Ellen Hannaford.
Frances Holland.
Marjorie Holbrook.
Irene Morton.
Hazel Patterson.
Helena Purvis.
Helen Robinson.
Dorothea Towne.

Natolie Porter.
Doris Sanborn.
Helen Sargent.
Frema Staples.

Home Economics Department

IN the 1911 number of the year book, was found this statement, "Born to the Farmington State Normal School, Sept. 13, 1911, an offspring which has been duly named, "Household Arts Department". This marked the beginning of Home Economics at F. S. N. S.

In 1911, classes in cooking and sewing were added to the regular studies. The clothing classes were held in the Normal School building, and the foods classes in the Annex, a building on the present site of Purington Hall. In 1913 a separate Home Economics Department, whose purpose was to train teachers for these subjects, was founded. The course was successful, and in 1915 the Leavitt house, now known as the Cottage, was bought. The building was remodeled, part being used as a practice cottage and the rest for laboratory space.

A third year was added to our course in 1923; this was preliminary to the four years course to meet the present demands for Home Economics teachers. The State Legislature in 1927 passed a law which gave the trustees of Normal Schools the power to confer a suitable degree upon graduates of a four years course.

At present Home Economics at Farmington Normal is a four years course. Its faculty consists of four members and the student body numbers forty-eight. The class of 1928, which consists of eight members, is the first to be graduated with the

Sophomore Class

Mildred Blewitt.
Hazel Braun.
Pauline Douglas.
Helen Furber.
Doris Gammon.
Helen McDonough.
Lucy McKechnie.
Violet McSorley.
Beatrice Mower.
Doris Parke.
Mary Ramsdell.
Dorothy Russell.
Elouise Shibles.

Junior Class

Katherine Ames.
Sarah Blaisdell.
Shirley Brooks.
Marion Burbank.
Elizabeth Douglas.
Alfreda Eaton.
Elizabeth Graves.
Maxine McLeary.



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

B. S. degree. The outstanding features of the year have been the introduction of the four year program, with its new studies, the addition of Leo, the practise house baby, and the improvements made in the Nursery School.

With the introduction of a fourth class in the department a certain vital force and enthusiasm has been added, which heretofore had been lacking in the smaller groups. The activities of the club contribute largely to the accomplishments of the department and great credit is due the students and teachers for their help.

The Home Economics Club

IN the Annual for the year 1916 we find these words, "On March 10, the students of the Household Arts Department met at the annex to organize a club. The purpose of such an organization, as stated in the Constitution, is for the greater coöperation among the teachers and students of the course, for self improvement and sociability."

The purpose of the club has changed, and in the present constitution we find the following aims stated:

1. To promote good fellowship among the members.
2. To aid in social welfare work of the community.
3. To help in the promotion of the Home Economics Movement.

The members of the club have always endeavored to live up faithfully to these aims. This year, with the largest membership in its history, much has been done that is worth while.

Our first meeting held in September, took the form of a picnic devoted to the initiation of the Freshmen.

In the next, the October meeting, Miss Porter gave a pleasing and interesting account of her trip to the N. E. A. Convention in Washington, mentioning particularly her visit to the Yellowstone National Park.

Mrs. Butler's address gave us a clearer idea as to our duties as Citizens, in her address at the November meeting.

The December meeting was truly a joyous occasion, for we gave a Christmas party to a group of twenty needy children of Farmington. Each child received some article of clothing as well as a toy and a stocking filled with goodies. The Christian Association of the school contributed very generously to the support of this party.

Of course we should not forget the Christmas box sent to the Cote family, that they might have some realization of what Christmas means to most children. We were very successful in collecting scrap books, dolls, mechanical toys, and many other things of interest to children, besides much in the line of clothing for both the mother and children. The reports that came from that family in the lumber camp more than repaid us.

The members of the club decided to earn at least fifty cents for the support of Leo, the practise house baby. The January meeting became an experience meeting, and prizes were given to Shirley Brooks, for earning the largest sum, and Mildred Blewitt for earning hers in the most unique way.

We were most fortunate in having Miss Edwards, Executive Secretary of the Home Economics Association, for our speaker at the February meeting.

In March, Mrs. Sampson entertained the club with several excellent readings, which were greatly enjoyed.

At the April meeting, Miss Jenkins, State Supervisor of Home Economics, gave an interesting and instructive talk on "The Teacher and the Community".

We are looking forward to our May meeting, which is to be held out of doors (if it does not snow) with Mrs. Ives as speaker. Those of us who have heard Mrs. Ives, know that she has many worth while things in store for us.

Mrs. Toby, of Columbia University, visited us in December. The entire school

heard her talk on "Personality in Dress" in the afternoon, and the following evening she gave us instruction in the art of making felt hats.

The twelve Thanksgiving boxes delivered to needy families, were very attractively arranged, and contained tempting Thanksgiving dinners. The Board of Charities furnished the money, and the girls of the club planned the boxes, cooked the food, and delivered the boxes to the families.

A club library has been started this year. There are already eighteen books of good fiction, modern plays, and poetry.

Money has been raised by weekly sandwich sales, by sale of Christmas cards and stationery, by a money earning contest, and by a benefit movie—"The Winning of Barbara Worth".

The club has made contributions for Leo's support, for books for the library, for patterns and materials for children's clothes to be sent to Japan, for our garden, including a new lattice fence, besides equipment for the cottage, gifts, and flowers for sick members.

This has been a very helpful year, and we realize that the idea of "broadening our interests" has been carried out, as we have worked and played together. Much of the success of the club is to be attributed to the club officers:

President	Nellie Dawes
Vice-President	Frema Staples
Secretary	Pauline Douglas
Treasurer	Mildred Blewitt
Educational Committee	Irene Hacker
Social Committee	Maxine McLeary
Social Service Committee	Lucy McKechnie
Financial Committee	Shirley Brooks
Publicity Committee	Sarah Blaisdell

The Club Songs

TUNE—My Wild Irish Rose

There are clubs which for friendship
Are said to be fine,
There are clubs that are just for good times,

But the club that we know stands for far more than these,

Inspiration it gives to us all.

To make our ideals ever to be worth while,
Makes us tackle our job with a smile.

Our club seems to us to be best of them all,
And we call it our own Home Ec. Club.

Our own Home Ec. Club,
'Tis the best club of all.
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With our own Home Ec. Club.
May we ever do
Deeds that are kind and true.
May we never forget
The years we have spent
In our own Home Economics Club.

TUNE—Moonlight and Roses

With grateful hearts we're singing,
With joyful voices ringing,
We gather here to-night.
'Tis then we realize
The worth of friendship ties,
With thoughts uplifted we sing to you.

CHORUS:

Home Economics, the club we all love so true.
High inspiration, ideals and standards too;
Greater attainments, and all of the good we
may do.
Home Economics the club of our hearts.

Swiftly the years are going,
Richer our lives are growing,
We pledge sincerity;
To all the club's endeavors
We give our ready efforts,
And in the future
We'll ne'er forget you.

TUNE—Aloha Oe

Every time we meet together here,
To work, to play, to laugh, to sing.
Always knowing that our club will grow,
If we do the very best that we all know.

Happy memories that come back to me,
Bring fresh remembrances of thee.
Dearest club you are our very own;
All our loyalty we now do pledge to thee.

CHORUS:

Oh here's to thee, our Home Ec. Club,
The Club that we have learned to love so well.
The happy hours that we have spent with thee,
Will bring us closer still.



TUNE—Solomon Levi

We're known as the Home Economics girls
Of Farmington Normal School.
And though our numbers aren't so large,
We'll make our presence felt.
Of course we learn to cook and sew
And some folks think that's all;
But if you only knew the truth,
You'd know that's far from so.

CHORUS:

Oh Home Ec. girls of
Farmington Normal School!
Oh, Home Ec. girls
Tra la la la la la la.

We have to know that Chemistry,
And Social science too,
Just how to plan a house that suits,
And keep it spick and span.
Of course we have to budget time
As well as money too,
And then we try to know the child,
And care for babies too.

We're for personality,
Standards and attitudes right,
Know how to dress and how to act
As any teacher should.
Now who could think our only task

Is just to cook and sew,
When all the "ART OF LIVING" is
What we're supposed to know.

Then here is to our Home Ec. Club
To which we're loyal and true.
It stands for work, it stands for fun
And comradeship that's fine.
We aim to learn, we aim to grow,
To help where'er we can
To ever show our loyalty
To our Farmington Normal School.

The Play School

"LEARNING by doing"—thus the Juniors participating in the Play School learn about the care and training of children, by assisting in the care and guidance of eleven small children, between the ages of two and five years.

Dottie, aged five years, is able to come to school alone this year. Perhaps that accounts for the happy look on her face, or she may be thinking of the May baskets or pussy pictures, which she is going to create.

The Nursery School



Dotty



Sonny



Elaine



Dudley



Valerie



Dodo



Connie



Dickie



Bobby



Mary



Genie



The Rare Bit

Dudley, aged four years, watched with eagerness the flowers which he planted, and when they grew tall enough, he transplanted them in the Cottage garden.

Bobby, aged four years, is our automobile mechanic. Kiddie Kars and blocks all merge into automobiles when Bobby's vivid imagination touches them.

Elaine, aged three years, loves to wash dishes — provided with soap and a dish cloth, she goes about her work with a vim that would put most Marthas by-the-day to shame.

Connie, aged three years, finds her greatest joy in moulding plasticine. Dolls, ships and carts grow beneath her fingers, and live an animated life in her land of make believe.

If Jeanie, aged three years, can find anybody to teeter with her, she is happy. In fact there is not much which does not make her happy, for she enters into all the child activities with an eager will.

Valerie, our youngest child, is two years old. One would hardly believe that one so tiny could be so helpful a housewife as Valerie, when she clears the table after lunch.

Sonny, aged three years, gives spontaneous, all embracing love to the school pets. Salamander, gold fish, bunnies — they all share equally in the warmth of his sunny affection.

Dickie and Dodo are our three year old twins. Dickie's protecting love and sense of humor make his care of the twin dolls an appealing child study. Dodo finds feeding the gold fish a sober, but all engrossing, occupation. Much as he enjoys the gold fish, bunnies, plasticine play, sand box, stories, and songs, he again and again deserts them one and all for the Kiddie Kar, which claims his most enduring interests.

Mary, aged three years, finds building block houses an absorbing occupation. We wonder if she will grow to be another Nordica for her many little songs so often accompany her busy fingers.

Our Practice Home

WHAT is it? The Cottage!

"Life is real, life is earnest."

If you had been with the six senior girls who lived for nineteen weeks in the Cottage you would surely have believed these words of Longfellow to be true. The duties of the home were equally divided and in rotation each one had her own burdens to bear.

Our "home-maker" who was responsible for the successful running of our home had a task which required executive ability. It was she who had to plan the meals, and what good ones we had! Oh the memories of our suppers of potato salad and cold meat.

We would suggest that the next group of house girls entertaining a minister, remember that something besides silent grace is in order!

The cooks certainly had hard work to do and loads to lift. How often we wished that the coal and wood wasn't kept in the cellar!! We did not realize until we tried it how much skill it takes to build a fire and regulate it to get that "standard" pie or cake. We never felt sure that we could put biscuits in a hot oven, go to chapel and expect them to be delicately browned when we came back forty-five minutes later.

Slighting the garbage can was never a difficult task for the cooks. The two Cottage "dogs", Doris Hutchins and Betty Graves, always appeared after meals and licked the dishes clean.

And the stove! How proud we were when our turn came to black it.

One of the characteristics of a person working in the Cottage kitchen would be to have a phlegmatic temperament. With any other kind of temperament I'd better not say what would happen.

It was the waitress' turn to shine at formal dinners. Oh the embarrassment of dropping a knife on the hardwood floor — directly back of our honored guest.

As housekeeper, we cleaned and scrubbed and were continually aware of how care-

Our Practise House Baby



Aged 4 mos. Weight 7 lbs.



Aged 9 mos. Weight 15 lbs.



less the "youths of to-day" are about leaving things around the house.

Our practice home would not have been complete without a baby. Leo Cote came to us from Kingfield. He was only four months old and we heard many people around town say that they pitied the poor practice house baby who had to have so many inexperienced girls care for him. From what he has written in his diary we think he enjoyed his life at the Cottage immensely.

Read it for yourself and see.

Sept. 30, 1927

They say to-day even though I am four months old I weigh only seven and one-fourth pounds. When I was born I weighed nine pounds. I guess my food did not agree with me so I lost weight. I heard Miss Gates tell the girls she thought that my new formula would make me grow and soon I'd be as plump as any baby my age should be.

Oct. 7th

I never saw so many girls before. Miss Gates tells me that I will have six girls take care of me while I am in the Cottage. They all seem very eager to take care of me and they keep me awfully clean.

The room in which I stay is so big. It is attractive too. It has three large windows. They seem to think I need a lot of sunlight and air.

How the girls must work to keep my clothes so clean and fresh! Every day when I have my bath I have a set of clean clothes! They do make me feel good though.

I always know when to expect my orange juice and milk for the girls always give it to me at the same minute every day. I wonder why! It makes me feel like a clock. But they call it "Living a regular routine life".

How will I ever be able to thank Miss Gates for sleeping in my room every night and for feeding me at 2 and 5 A. M. I know she must need more sleep but she is so patient!

Oct. 14th

One of the great tragedies of my life here in the Cottage is the way the girls treat me when they put me to bed. They pin my blankets down so I cannot put my fingers in my mouth. But worse than that! They put on my hands aluminum mittens. Soon I will fool them all and show folks I have enough to do without sucking my thumb.

Oct. 21st

How I long for a nice bright red toy of some sort to play with. I love to suck red paint. The girls give me what they call "sanitary" toys. But I do have lots of fun with my rubber elephant and celluloid rattles.

Oct. 29th

Of course the girls want me to be up-to-date and hear some of the modern jazz. I do enjoy it even if Miss Gates is afraid I will lose my taste for good music. In order not to disappoint her I laugh and gurgle whenever she plays "Death and Transfiguration" to me and I pretend to enjoy it.

Dec. 12th

The girls had a Christmas tree today. They had their tree at five o'clock so I could come and yet be in bed at my regular time. I saw the pretty things on the tree and wanted some of them to play with. All they gave me was two silk and wool shirts! There was a nice fuzzy, furry monkey on the lowest branch 'way underneath. I did want it so.

Dec. 13th

Vacation days for the girls are Merchant days for me. Mrs. Merchant is so kind to me. I love every member of the Merchant family too.

Jan. 2nd

The girls came back to-day and I am at the Cottage again. They say I have grown a lot and think it won't be long before I will be able to walk and talk.



SENIOR CLASS

Standing — Hazel Golding, Doris Doyle, Alice Potter, Irene Hacker
Seated — Nellie Dawes, Ada Lemont, Corinne Merrill, Doris Hutchins

Jan. 9th

I made my first appearance in society today at a faculty tea. I wonder why they didn't serve me tea!

Feb. 1st

I was very glad when I learned that Bill Porter was to take Child Psychology at the Cottage. Now I know I will see more than just "girls". Bill comes to see me often and we have some fine man-to-man talks.

Mar. 1st

The girls say I have gained so much physically, mentally, socially and morally that Miss Gates says I may go home to my mother. I am wondering what I can do to thank Miss Gates, the senior girls and all of the members of the Home Economics Department. Someone told me of how all the girls in the department helped to support me. I wish I could thank my many friends in Farmington who came to see me and gave me things which made me comfortable and happy in my life at the Cottage.

But not all of our days in the Cottage were spent in work. We had many good times including our buffet suppers in front of the fireplace, our big Thanksgiving dinner, listening to the radio, entertaining the faculty, and our trip to Lakewood in "Ponty".

We extend to Miss Howard our thanks for all she did to make our life in the Cottage happy; also to the Freshmen girls who out of the kindness of their hearts (or perhaps the Sophomores should be thanked) washed our dishes each Sunday noon.

We must not fail to mention our Cottage garden which has satisfied Miss Palmer's hobby and has taken a great deal of her spare time. There has been a wonderful change from the mass of dry grass, bunches of rhubarb, garbage can and incinerator, to the garden we now have with its green lawn, flower beds, rustic seat, trellis and bird bath. Much credit is due

Miss Palmer for her successful efforts in helping to make our home more attractive.

Chronicle of the Class of 1928

WHEN we came to Farmington as Freshmen, we felt as though we were about to enter a new world. Our minds were full of wonders as to what this new world was to hold for us in knowledge and in our associations with people.

At Chapel on the morning of September 10, 1924, we learned that the members of the Freshman Home Economics class were to report at the Cottage. We paddled over, for such was the case, 'midst oceans of water. We were shown to the back laboratory, and here we became acquainted with Miss Lockwood, Miss Palmer, Miss Merrill, and Miss Brace—our teachers. We were told what was to be included in our program for the year.

Well, the days passed, even though we thought they would stand still that first week. We explored the main building, the Cottage, and the town in general. On September fourteen, the ice was broken, when we were invited to a get acquainted social which was held in the gymnasium at the main building.

Soon we found ourselves settled in this environment as if we'd always been a part of it. Our Home Economics Club did much to bring this about. One night early in October, we were led on a hare and hound chase, by the upper classes. The end of our trail proved to be the slate quarry. We ate until—well you know how one eats of hot dogs—hot dogs, and more hot dogs. After dark we sat around the camp fire, told stories, sang, and woe to our poor stomachs, ate toasted marshmallows.

Vacation times came and went, and we found ourselves anxious to get back with the girls again.

In May we tried to show our loyalty and love to our big sisters, the Seniors, by giving them a good time at Clearwater. It was a beautiful day, therefore many of us

went in swimming. After dark a terrible thunder storm caught us unprotected. Who can forget how we looked when we arrived in Farmington about eleven o'clock! How funny we were in our drenched clothes!

The end of our Freshman year came, and we sighed (?), for there would be no more coal fires to build and no more dish wipers to wash.

September ninth, 1925, found us back at F. S. N. S. We soon became acquainted with the Freshmen. We could hardly help but think they were much more bold than we dared to be last year, but to us they seemed merely Freshmen.

Our ranks had been sadly depleted; six of our classmates had left, and two of our teachers also. We had the usual amount of fun in picnics, and other out-of-door sports.

We were glad of the opportunity to help in the preparation of the Thanksgiving boxes, the 200 pounds of candy for the C. A. Fair, and in the knitting of caps which were to be given to the children who had been invited to our Christmas party.

About this time Bunny McKay decided to leave us and join the ranks of the "regulars". We were also grieved to hear of the death of Alice Schneider, a former member of the class.

It became our duty to give the Seniors a good-bye picnic. Senior picnics mean that another year has gone by, and everyone is packing to leave. Two years usually mean to Farmington students, a good-bye to all friends met here, but to us it only means another summer vacation.

September once more! As we were the oldest members of the department, it was our job to make the Freshmen feel at home. We took them on a hare and hound chase. They seemed to be a fine crowd of girls, dressed as they were told, and gave us many good laughs.

Our Junior year passed quickly, we went through the usual experiences, or we might say ordeals, such as formal dinners, faculty teas, and Style Show. We also had our

first slam party at Christmas time. This year, too, marked the beginning of the Nursery School. We should be quite proficient in the care of youngsters, judging from the course we had in Child Care under Miss Gates.

Some of our members planned to leave us, so we had a picnic for our departing members. Who can forget the quantity cooking problem, which was a luncheon served on the lawn at the Cottage. It was quantity cooking all right, and then some!

Whoever thought the time would ever come when we would be back for our Senior year. The first six months found us in the Cottage. What fun and what agony mixed together. Up at six, and if you happen to be nursemaid, up long before that, and in the wash tub. Leo added lots to our life. It was a joy to have him with us, and it was not a happy day when he left us. We entertained the Sophomores at a Buffet Supper. We gave the Freshmen a backward party, requiring them to walk, dress, sit and eat backward. The meal was a breakfast served backward. After breakfast, we had them guessing; our class is made up of magicians and musicians. For the Juniors we decided a strawberry shortcake party would be something different, so plans were made for one which was held in April. Our tea dance served as a means for recreation at the time of the "B" Hop.

It is time for us to leave, and how do we feel about it? We are glad, and yet, when the time comes for school to begin next fall, we will be lonesome for Farmington. Things that have seemed impossible for us to do have been done, and after doing them, they looked simple—the ordeal of practice teaching for instance, and incidentally, History.

We are looking forward to our Class Day. We expect it to be a day long to be remembered, and there is a rumor that the Juniors will do their part to make it so.

We are proud to be the first class to be graduated from the four years course in Home Economics, and to receive the B. S.

degree. Though we are only eight in number, we desire to be ever loyal to F. S. N. S. and to our Home Economics Department.

Colorado Springs,
Sept. 1, 1928.

DEAR _____

I am going to keep my promise, and write you all the news of the class of 1928, inspired by the fact that Ada and I have been on a camping trip this summer and saw every one of the girls.

We started from Portland, making Boston our first stop. There was a reason—Alice Potter is doing social service work there and news of her success had reached our ears. A Ford is not an easy thing to manage in heavy traffic, but at last we found Alice and "Potter House". A night there convinced us of the good work she is doing.

Our next stop was New York, where we visited Doris Hutchins, and her new school. Oh, yes, she has established a Home Economics school, far ahead of Pratt or even Columbia. She stresses art and literature, and has strong courses in the worthy use of leisure time. At last Doris has realized her ambition, and has kept up the family tradition. She says she is still searching for her superman, and is on a new scent—someone in Egypt, I believe.

We decided that New York was all that we could stand of large cities for awhile, so started out across country. Out in Ohio, we received a great surprise. We were in a city market, when Ada nudged me and said, "Look at that lady, with the little girl. Doesn't she look like Corinne?" That person was none other than our Corinne. We were invited out to her house to lunch and we noticed that she has just the sort of home she always said she wanted—colonial style, with green blinds, window boxes and lots of flowers. She is, needless to say, very happy.

At the hotel in Colorado Springs, I found

waiting for me a letter from Doris Doyle, who is now institutional manager in the dormitories at a Theological Seminary in the middle west. Her letter brought me news of Hazel Golding, who has opened a private school in her home town—Biddeford. In addition to the regular work, she has night school for the mothers, who study "The Child, His Nature and His Needs".

One night here in Colorado, we had another pleasant surprise. We were signing up in the hotel register, when someone touched my elbow, and who should it be but Irene —, formerly Irene Hacker. She was on her way to the Pacific Coast to join her husband who was having a leave of absence from the Navy.

I must not forget to tell you about Ada Lemont. She has been teaching Home Economics in some of the exclusive girls' schools, on the Hudson, but for the past year she has been working on a book entitled, "Dressing to Keep That Youthful Figure". She told me confidentially that she did not want to teach much longer, but she wanted to marry, so during this trip she has been watching for an eligible bachelor.

As for me, I have satisfied my desire for travel, so I am about to settle down in my own home, where I may carry out the theories I learned at Farmington, regarding the training of children, home management, and budgeting.

Sincerely,

NELLIE.

Class Will

BE it remembered that, the Senior Class of the Home Economics Department of Farmington State Normal School, town of Farmington, county of Franklin, state of Maine, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, but mindful of the uncertainty of this life, do so make, publish, and declare this, our last will and testament, thereby revoking all former wills and testaments.

The bequeaths are as follows:

Personal Belongings

1. Irene Hacker gives her navy blue middy and skirt, still good for much wear, to Pat Henderson.

2. Doris Hutchins leaves her rubbers, much the worse for hikes, but uppers still good, to Elouise Shibles.

3. Alice Potter hereby bequeaths her pink flannel dress, with tan collar and cuffs, and with tan buttons down the front, giving her the appearance of height, to Beatrice Mower.

4. Ada Lemont wishes that her snugly fitting Jersey dress be given to Alfreda Eaton.

5. Hazel Golding wishes Dot Parke to have her grey gloves, warm, but worn thin from carrying many books.

6. Corinne Merrill leaves her green satin dress, which has given her so much pleasure, to her roommate, because she knows that she would miss it.

7. Nellie Dawes bequeaths her tan coat, guaranteed all wool and a yard wide, still good for several years of hard wear, to Nat Porter.

8. Doris Doyle gives her black and white wool tam, very warm and serviceable, to Helena Purvis.

Specialties

1. Alice Potter bequeaths her immunity to thrills to Betty Graves.

2. Doris Hutchins bequeaths her "antiquity" to Ellen Hanniford.

3. Irene Hacker leaves her "men" to Helen Sargent.

4. Hazel Golding wishes to leave, to whoever requires fresh air and sunshine, her daily walks to the Willows.

5. Corinne Merrill wishes Alfreda Eaton to have her surplus of cheerfulness.

6. Doris Doyle is leaving her position as social butterfly of the class of 1928, to Violet McSorley.

7. Nellie Dawes and Ada Lemont bequeath their love for eating, and their many little paper bags of eats, to the two who may share the front room of the Cottage in 1929.

8. The House girls as a group wish to bequeath to the coming group:

1. The homey atmosphere of the Cottage, which they feel will be appreciated.
2. The kitchen stove to the cooks, but will it please be noted that something must be done to the firebox and the oven, if standard products are desired, and something done to the top of the stove to help it retain its color.
3. The Pyrex dishes, but Corinne wishes especially to warn whoever may have cause to use them, to handle with care.
4. The coffee percolator, and we wish to ask you not to put it in water. Whenever anything goes wrong with it, just tighten the screw in the bottom.
5. The two "Cedar Chests" in the bedrooms, one of which is broken. We have experimented and find that a can of corn serves not only as a leg, but also for a "feed" when hungry.
6. The good times around the fireplace, to all house groups to come.

Subscribed, sealed and published, and declared by the Senior Class of the Home Economics Department, the testators named above, as and for this last will, in the presence of each other and at the same time have subscribed our names, as witnesses, this 29th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1928.

Ada Lemont

Alice Potter

Doris Hutchins

Nellie Dawes



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Activities

WHEN the Juniors arrived at Farmington last fall, in the grand medley of enthusiastic and home-sick students, to our dismay we discovered that we were really Juniors, and should forsake our childish ways, and bear ourselves with great gravity and dignity, but a habit is a habit, and although we acquired age and wisdom, we were not as dignified as we should have been.

We were sorry that our Kid Briggs and Vem Jewett were unable to return, but as though to make up for our two losses, Betty Graves arrived from Nasson. We found Betty a great aid, especially in making coffee over a camp fire.

The first event was a picnic for the Freshmen. This took place as an initiation into the club. We gladly participated in the sport, and did our part in laughing at the rather ridiculous sights which we beheld.

The State Teachers' Convention, held in Portland, took the Seniors and many of the Juniors away. Those of us remaining had a very interesting time doing the many

duties of the Seniors. We conducted practise classes in utter ignorance of what it was all about. When our members returned, we had fully as many experiences as they to relate. They had not had the opportunity to forget to tell the children in the practise classes, to put water in the pan when cleaning silver with soda and salt, or had they the chance to wake up at the whirl of the alarm clock under the pillow, to feed Leo at 12:00 and 5:00 A. M., but they had the privilege of going through a submarine, touring the Maine State Pier, and inspecting two large wholesale firms.

One day we had an idea, yes, we really did! This idea started us moving and it ended in the play, "Nora Mixes In". We planned to give it the week-end of the "B" Hop. Mrs. Palmer coached the play, and to her we attribute much of the success. The fifty-five dollars profit was welcomed. We gave twenty-five dollars to Leo, some to the nursery school, and the rest we used to prepare the house on Lincoln street for Leo's family. We cleaned the house from top to bottom, bought new curtains and painted the furniture. The family is now



SOPHOMORE CLASS

settled in the new home and seem to be enjoying it. Irene has been able to attend school this spring for the first time, and she is properly thrilled, even to getting measles. And what about our Home Economics baby—our little human test tube and MacCormick threshing machine? How he has grown since he returned to his mother—he's actually in danger of becoming overweight.

On April 17, the Seniors entertained us at the Cottage with a Strawberry Shortcake party. We had a most enjoyable time telling stories around the open fire.

May nineteen the big event for the Juniors takes place. We know we shall have a wonderful time on our house party, which is to be at Bridgton. Many thanks are due Miss Lockwood, for making it possible for us.

Sophomore Class Activities

LISTEN all ye people, unto the fate of the Sophomores for the year 1927-28. On September seventh, a group of irresponsible students descended into the wilds of Normaldom. They were fourteen in number and took their fate with a good will.

Within two weeks, the Freshmen were herded together by the brave fourteen, and brought to task before all the members of the Big Family. They took their sentence without complaint, and what a sentence! Who will forget Lona with her string of kindling for a girdle, or Dot Towne with her hair back of her ears, or Ellen Hannaford with her books in a pillow case? And above all, who will forget the big parade to the shores of Sandy River! The week of horror passed, and quietness reigned.

The noble Seniors, taking their duty heavily, entertained their Sophomore sisters at a delightful buffet luncheon. Very appreciative were these fourteen sisters.

Great disappointment was in store for these fourteen hard working Sophomores, and when they returned from the vacation, Dorothy Brown did not return. There was also a heart missing, and in its place a diamond shone bright.

Another of our class left later, for some unknown reason, but lo and behold! hardly had two weeks passed before this member grew weary of the restless world and returned to our flock.

Winter slowly yielded to the call of spring, and with it there came a fever into the hearts of the Sophomores to hold a picnic. This affair was held at the Cascades, and with such success that another picnic, in the form of a sunrise breakfast, was held a few weeks later, with Miss Howard as the guest of honor.

By this time summer began to make herself felt, and plans started for the entertainment of the noble Seniors at their graduation. A garden tea party was planned for the big sisters in the garden at the Cottage.

So at the end of the second year, this class numbered thirteen, a number which

is going to prove "lucky". We know it, and if you are not sure, watch us!

Song of the Sophomore

THE Sophomores are coming, is the Dean around?
Loud and high pitched laughter, the Sophomores
hold their ground;
Freshmen are now performing, for the merry
band,
Dreading with fear and trembling, what'll be the
next command.

Miss Howard is beginning for us so many tasks,
First it's making buttonholes as long as day-
light lasts;
Then it's uniforms and samplers, and oh, those
calico hats!
The Sophomores, the Sophomores, are sure be-
coming bats.

Stop, look and listen, and do as you are told,
We have much to study, ere the day is old.
Miss Gates has given us a lesson, for just the
second time.
The Sophomores, the Sophomores, must make up
for lost time.

Miss Porter and Miss Lord have helped us both
together,
To use the best of English, no matter what the
weather.
The lives of poets we study, and their poems
learn to scan.
The Sophomores, the Sophomores, at poetry
tried their hand.

And then Miss Abbott's voice awakes us from
our slumber,
And asks us the picture we like best, and gives
its number,
Then follows a discussion of its colors and its
lines,
Sophomores in the classroom, we decide the pic-
ture's fine.

Slowly, every Sophomore of her country learned,
All the laws of Christendom, and others that
were burned.
The teacher gave us information of men both
small and grand,
Sophomores in the classroom, Mr. Dearborn's
on the stand.

Now we girls are learning, of the human mind,
How to become a teacher, and not a human grind,
Learning from Miss Stone, some facts about be-
havior;
The Sophomores, the Sophomores, judge their
own behavior.

If questioned, we answer from an ethical point
of view.

Ask Miss Lord to tell you of our merits for the
truth,

Of problems we can master and the friends we
learn to keep

Even though we tactfully tell the truth, they
learn that which they seek.

Memoirs of the Freshmen

AFTER tearful farewells and much ad-
vice from our fond relatives, we boarded
the train and a few hours later, found our-
selves in Farmington, alone and decidedly
Freshmen. In the last throes of despair,
we found a benevolent member of the
faculty, who assigned us to our rooms in
the dormitories. The first days of school
seem very vague, for about the only thing
we can remember is Peggy Lutz's talking,
which helped to keep up our courage.

Soon after school began, the Juniors,
recognizing the Freshmen as kindred
spirits, took us on a picnic to the Cascades.
Oh, what eats!

A few weeks later, disguised so that even
our best friends would not recognize us,
we assembled for the "Big Parade" which
was to be our debut into the Home Eco-
nomics "Four Hundred". We conveyed
our tormentors, the Sophomores, to the
picnic grounds in everything from baby
Stutzes to doll carriages, which we thought
most suitable. During the week of initia-
tion, we performed our various duties with
more or less enthusiasm, depending upon
the duty. We gracefully seated our upper
classmen in the dining room, washed the
dinner dishes for the Seniors every Sun-
day, and paid homage to them whenever
possible.

By this time, Miss Lockwood had given
us an understanding of what was expected
of us as Freshmen, and even now we are
striving for that "pleasing personality".

At Thanksgiving time, the faculty de-
cided that the Freshmen should go home
to show their parents the improvement in
their off-spring. We highly approved of
this plan, so off we went.



FRESHMAN CLASS

We were sorry to lose two members of our class, Muriel Foote and Marguerite Canwell.

After Christmas vacation, everything was forgotten in the interest shown in basketball, and the Freshmen shone brightly. About this time, to our great sorrow, Peggy Lutz left us because of illness. We hope to see her back again next year.

The Gym Exhibition was a great success, and was the first showing of the Freshmen's blue jerseys, although it wasn't the last.

After spring vacation, the class decided to demonstrate its ability in the culinary arts, by preparing and serving a four-course dinner, inspected and approved by Freshmen only.

And so our Freshman year draws to a close, leaving us anticipating our Sophomore year.

Fifteen roguish Freshmen,
All doing mighty fine,
Then two "regulars" were added
To our diligent line.

Seventeen now in number
Getting along exceedingly well,
But one went home because she thought
We "didn't do right by Nel".

Back to our original number
We are again once more.
Our "mid-years" passed so easily,
But "finals" now in store!

Then our Peggy became ill,
And as weak as weak could be,
So home she went and now there's left,
Just fifteen of us, you see.

Martha Bauman

The name reminds us of days of old,
Hoop skirts, and powdered hair;
Martha's a girl with a heart of gold
And a disposition rare.

Nora Black

On an island down in Casco Bay,
Where the waves dash o'er the shore;
And loves it more and more.
Our Nora spends her summer

Modern Verse by the Freshmen

SIXTEEN little Freshmen
Entered one summer's day,
But one was sick, so she went home.
Fifteen of us now, you say.

She loves the stars, she loves the moon,
 She loves the reefs so gray,
 She loves the shining waters,
 And the flowers rich and gay.

We wonder if perchance,
 There's some special attraction there;
 For Nora is always ready to say
 It's not equaled anywhere.

Dot Brown

We wonder from whom comes the urgent calls,
 That makes our Dot start for Livermore Falls,
 She's the type that men are supposed to prefer.

So when she asks permission we must not demur.

Edith Coleman

"Tomorrow I won't eat so much,
 Tomorrow I'm going to diet."
 Tomorrow's a thing you'll never touch,
 So, Edith, don't you try it.
 Don't wear your figure to the marrow
 But start right here and now;
 Just stick to the path that is straight and narrow,
 And you'll keep your man — and how!

Pat Henderson

Our Pat is the girl who has lots to say,
 She has knocked them cold, starting with Ray;
 Down the list till she had them all,
 Throughout Farmington you can hear them fall!

Ellen Hannaford

Here's to the quiet little lass,
 We're glad to have her here;
 The sunshine she spreads throughout the class
 Has gladdened us this year.

Marjorie Holbrook

When it comes to a peppy, jazzy girl,
 Marjorie keeps us in a whirl;
 A Freshman or Senior, in rapid succession
 She'll give everyone a hearty reception.

Fran Holland

The movies hold a lure, we know;
 But Fran, can it be true,
 The only reason that you go
 Is so he'll be with you?

Van Marquis

Our Van is so clever, so sweet, and so nice,
 That after graduation we'll throw the old rice;
 For the Holy Cross boys are well known to fame,

And the luck of the Irish will sure win the game.

Lid McGann

There's one in our midst whom we all love,
 She's as Irish as she can be,
 Eyes as blue as the skies above,
 Roguish and full of glee.

Irene Morton

For entertaining an out-of-town guest,
 We hear that Irene is among the best,
 For she knows the high ways and the low,
 And all about the moon's soft glow.

Hazel Patterson

At first she planned to be a nurse,
 But now she goes in for something worse;
 She says she plans to be a teacher,
 But we prophecy she'll marry a preacher;
 For two such talkers are bound to attract,
 And as to the winner, we can't be exact.

Pete Purvis

Brown hair, brown eyes, and ruby lips,
 Of quiet disposition,
 But soon the mischief in her eyes
 Dance forth for recognition.

Bob Robinson

When it comes to a million-dollar smile,
 Our Bobbie is right there;
 She's the best athlete of us all,
 And always takes a dare.

Dot Towne

When Dot embarked on the sea of learning,
 Wisdom was stored in her head.
 We know the midnight oil's not burning,
 And yet she's very well read.

Just for Fun

If chapel should perchance be dropped,
 And the bell that rings at half past eight
 Should never ring till ten o'clock,
 We'd think it pretty great.
 But if the thing should come to pass,
 Would we be happy then?
 Would we get up at half past eight
 Or sleep right through till ten?
 If we could teach the teachers to cut
 When e'er we needed rest,
 And prove to them how well 'twould be,
 To give us just a peep—
 At all exams, before they're given,
 So we some A's could claim,
 Would we find heaven on Earth, or still
 Find life was just the same?

Miss Lockwood: Why were you late?

Alfreda (just recovering from a hasty entrance): I couldn't help it, Miss Lockwood, the class started before I got here.

Freshman to Senior: When is a home not a home?

Wise Senior: When it's a cottage.

Doris Doyle in English: Lord Byron went to Italy and settled on the waves of the Adriatic.

The Economics Class decided that the moon was an economic good, because it satisfied the wants and desires of man.

Miss Howard: What do you lose when you pour off water spinach is cooked in?

Alice: You lose the water it was cooked in.

Lucy: How did the baseball game come out?

Helen: 9 to 9.

Lucy: Who won?

WHY STUDY?

The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you forget,
The more you forget, the less you know,
So why study?

The less you study, the less you know,
The less you know, the less you forget,
The less you forget, the more you know,
SO WHY STUDY?

Teacher: What is an indicator?

Student: What you hatch chickens in.

Alfreda: Lay down, Fido! (The dog does not obey.)

Frema: You'll have to tell him to lie down, that's Miss Porter's dog.

Miss Gates (after a heavy snow fall on April 24): I should think you would hire an assistant to help you shovel away this snow.

Capt. Blake: Guess I won't need one this week, but I'll hire one for summer school.

BALLAD OF DESPERATION FOR THE SENIORS

What price this degree of mine, now it's all over?

Now that this school is part of the past?

Once I believed I should be deep in clover,
When "Home Economics" was nailed to my mast.

So now that I have it, I'm clutching it fast,
Knowing it sets me apart from the mob.
But though I am "well educated" at last,
Where is the mortal who'll give me a job?

Four years I've spent in these boundaries of learning,

Learning what? I don't know — nothing is clear,
Nothing possesses me now but a yearning,
To labor at something for so much a year;
Small wonder I furtively hold back a tear!
Less wonder my voice shows the hint of a sob!
Where is the mortal who'll give me a job?

L'envoi

Prince, be you tutor, instructor, or dean;
Wise, just and kindly, with learning crammed head,

Answer my query, please sir come clean,
Where is the mortal who'll give me a job?

Heard in the Dormitory: Hey, Genie, come up before you go down.

Miss Gates (In child psychology class as she puts a record on the victrola): Now notice the time.

Several Juniors looked at the clock.

Pheet: Here Nat, that's my quarter you are taking!

Nat: It isn't either.

Pheet: Well, that's funny, I had one just like it.

Dot Brown: (In foods, asking for salt) Please pass the HCL.

* Mr. Thomas: (In Chemistry) Now I'll just run around the class with a few of these review questions.—Get the picture!

Classmate: I hear you got zero.

Hazel B.: Oh, zero *isn't* nothing!

Miss Gates: What can you tell me about nitrates?

Mildred: They are cheaper than day rates.

D. Parke: (Meeting Mary Ramsdell returning from a week-end visit) Glad to see you in our midst.

Mary: (Suspiciously) Who's in a mist?

Miss Palmer: (In foods class) Add the salt and pepper next.

Helen Furber: And what are the dimensions, please?

Marg: Don't touch my dress, you might get a shock.

Dot T.: (Surprised) Why not?

Marg: Because it's charged.

Miss Mantor: (In History class) What marks the close of this period?

Miss Potter: The bell rings!

Miss Gates: (After having made several mistakes, and mixing sentences) I don't know what the trouble is with me lately, girls, but I'll tell you frankly, I'm not in love.

"Bee" Mower: (Passing through the corridor at South Hall) How funny, that clock's different than my watch!

Alfreda: Not so funny after all, I guess you wouldn't think so if you had to wear that on your wrist!

Marg: I saw a woman on the street the other day with one side of her face entirely black.

Pat: It isn't possible.

Marg: Sure! The other side was black too.

"Bee" Mower: (To Miss Stone in Hygiene class) Have you a skeleton here?

Miss Stone: Certainly, haven't you?

Teacher: Who was the most important explorer?

Dot R.: Why Perry, of course.

Miss Gates says she's getting worried about what the birds can use for their nests, as horses have gone out of style and women are bobbing their hair.

While waiting for her mother to appear, Jane, aged eight, was doing her best to entertain two lady callers.

Presently one of the ladies remarked: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y."

At once the little girl spoke up: "No, not very pretty, but very s-m-a-r-t."

"What's the idea, Helen? Why the loud hat?"

"Oh, that's to keep my head from going to sleep."

Certain people who resolve to study ten times as hard in the future should bear in mind that ten times nothing is nothing.

Take heed what ye say of your doings,
Be your words spoken softly or plain;
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

A word to the wise is sufficient
From those who know.

Marjorie: Did you ever play Westbrook?

Corinne: No, how do you play it?

Senior Class Elections

AFTER frenzied hours of toil, the class managed to get the following results. These people seemed to be the popular choices — look them over and marvel.

The best athlete — Doris Doyle.

The best student — Doris Hutchins.

The class grinds — Irene Hacker and Hazel Golding.

The best mixer — Corinne Merrill.

The social butterfly — Doris Doyle.

The best dressed — Ada Lemont and Nellie Dawes.

The tallest — Ada Lemont.

The plumpest — Hazel Golding.

The shortest — Irene Hacker.

The wittiest — Alice Potter.

The thinnest — Ada Lemont.

The class poet — Nellie Dawes.

The prospective brides — Nellie Dawes, Irene Hacker, Corinne Merrill.

The prospective old maids — Alice Potter and Ada Lemont.

The homemaker — Hazel Golding.

Our social worker — Doris Hutchins.

The class electrician — Alice Potter.

The little minister — Doris Doyle.

Favorite pastime — Reading and arguing take first place.

What we need most — Money.

Suggested improvement — New Home Economics building.

Our Book List

Wild Geese — The Freshmen.
 Forgiven — Shirley Brooks.
 The Green Hat — Miss Howard.
 The Way of All Flesh — Freda Eaton.
 Blind(?) — The Faculty.
 The Broken Home or Youth in Conflict
 — The Practise House Group.
 Thunder on the Left — The Practise
 Classes.
 Standard Dictionary of Facts — Miss
 Gates.
 Art in Everyday Life — Miss Palmer.
 Flaming Youth — Lucy McKechnie.
 She Stoops to Conquer — Betty Graves.
 Sailors' Wives — Irene Hacker.
 The Gold Diggers — Kay Ames.
 Alice Sitting by the Fire — Alice Potter.
 Red Hair — Nellie Dawes.
 The Bat — Junior House Party.
 How to Know Your Pets — Miss Lock-
 wood.

The Way of All Girls

THERE lived a girl in Brunswick town,
 Who had so many swains
 That she must needs turn them all down
 For "Linc" of many brains.

She came at length to Farmington
 While he went off to "Tech".
 They wrote fond missives every day;
 Their ardor none could check.

At last the "D" Hop date drew near,
 She sent a letter fleet,
 Inviting him, her Lincoln dear,
 To trip upon light feet.

So Lincoln overhauled his Ford,
 But never would it start.
 He loudly swore, he loudly roared,
 The beast would ne'er depart.

When she found out he could not come,
 This fickle maid did write
 To ask another on the spot,
 To come for that big night.

He came, indeed, she knew he would,
 Full lightly did they trip;
 And so before we understood,
 She off with him did skip.

They married were, and now, perchance,
 If pass their house you should,
 You'd see two children 'fore it prance.
 Oh! yea, this world is good.

What of the other man you say?
 Alas 'tis all too true,
 If men are pleased to stay away,
 Some other man will do.

C. H. S., '28.

Book Review

Dante's Inferno — The Nursery School.
 Seats of the Mighty — Teachers' meet-
 ings.
 Hearts' Haven — Abbott Gymnasium.
 The Joyous Trouble Makers — Lessons.
 A Court of Inquiry — The teachers'
 office.
 Up from Slavery — After Graduation.
 Under Fire — A quiz.
 Call of the Bells — Time to get up.
 What is Education? — We wonder.
 Victims' Return — After vacation.
 You are the Hope of the World — The
 Junior Class.
 Forty Thousand Quotations — Our
 motto books.
 That Which Hath Wings — Money.

Our Advertisers

The Freshmen — It Pays to Advertise.
 Martha Baumann — Dependability and
 Permanence.
 Nora Black — Non-Skid.
 Dot Brown — Awakened Beauty.
 Edith Coleman — How Times Have
 Changed, Now 25c.
 Pat Henderson — Wanted — Men.
 Ellen Hannaford — Never Too Old to
 Learn.
 Marge Holbrook — Are Your Shoes
 Keeping Pace with Your Feet?
 Van Marquis — Not a Cough in a Car-
 load.
 Lid McGann — Your Best Friend
 Wouldn't Tell You.
 Irene Morton — Quality at Low Cost.
 Fran Holland — Whisk Away That
 Morning After Look.

Hazel Patterson — Save Your Face, It's the Only One You Have.

Pete Purvis — Eyes that Have "It".

Bob Robinson — Good Since 1887.

Dot Towne — Today's Newest Kitchen Creation.

The Freshmen — To Those Who Know.

Chemistry — What Are We Reading and Why?

Mildred Blewit — Changes Its Own Records.

Hazel Brawn — Don't Be Shocked, Use Gabriel Snubbers.

Polly Douglas — The Chore Girl.

Dot Gammon — Lov'me.

Helen Furber — Somewhere in Your Home You Need a Dim-a-lite.

Helen McDonnough — Impressively Correct.

Lucy McKechnie — Approved by the Boys.

Violet McSorley — Kitchen Tested.

"B" Mower — Soothing — Never Irritates.

Dot Park — No Yearly Models, But Constantly Improved.

Mary Ramsdell — For Your Eyes.

Dot Russell — Uneeda Biscuit.

Elouise Shibles — There is Only One — There is No Substitute.

Helen Sargent — Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds.

Alice Potter — If Coffee Disturbs You —

Ada Lemont — Is It Worth It — Gray Hair?

Junior Class — It's Work Has Made It.

Senior Class — How to Make Money Easily.

Corinne Merrill — For Those Tired Eyes.

Doris Hutchins — Sixty Years Old, and Still Young.

Alfreda Eaton — How to Lose Weight an Easy Way.

Nellie Dawes — A Small Model, Yet It Holds All That Food.

What Would Happen If:

The Cottage wasn't barred and bolted every night?

The library was left in order after classes?

The teachers were given the privacy they deserve in the office?

Pencils did not disappear from Miss Lockwood's desk?

Miss Lockwood lost her love for cats?

Miss Howard would be able to find her slips of paper when needed?

Miss Gates lost her ability to assign work?

Miss Palmer lost her Kodak?

To the Seniors

(With apologies to Fred Swan)

Eight grand Seniors

Looked pious-eyed to heaven;

Conscience straightened a crooked one,
And then there were seven!

Seven grand Seniors

Acting like hicks;

Miss Lockwood glared at one of them
And then there were six!

Six grand Seniors

Trying to look alive;

A term test finished one,
And then there were five!

Five grand Seniors

Sitting on the floor;

Hazel G. fell over one,
And then there were four!

Four grand Seniors

Having a midnight spree;

Mr. Mallett recognized one
And then there were three!

Three grand Seniors

Wondering what to do;

Inspiration killed one
And then there were two!

Two grand Seniors

Felt that they were done;

One chased the other home
And then there was one!

One grand Senior

Left alone in fear;

To her we give the victory
For she finished out the year.

There are new jokes, and old jokes and jokes galore,
And I've tried very hard to bring them ashore;
So while through these pages you glance, please
 roar,
Don't say like a pessimist, "I've heard that before."

Winners



Pretty Maids all in a Row



The Home Ec. Center



Some Sheba



Leo



Memorize it!



A Ray of Sunshine



Let's eat!



Some Clowns!