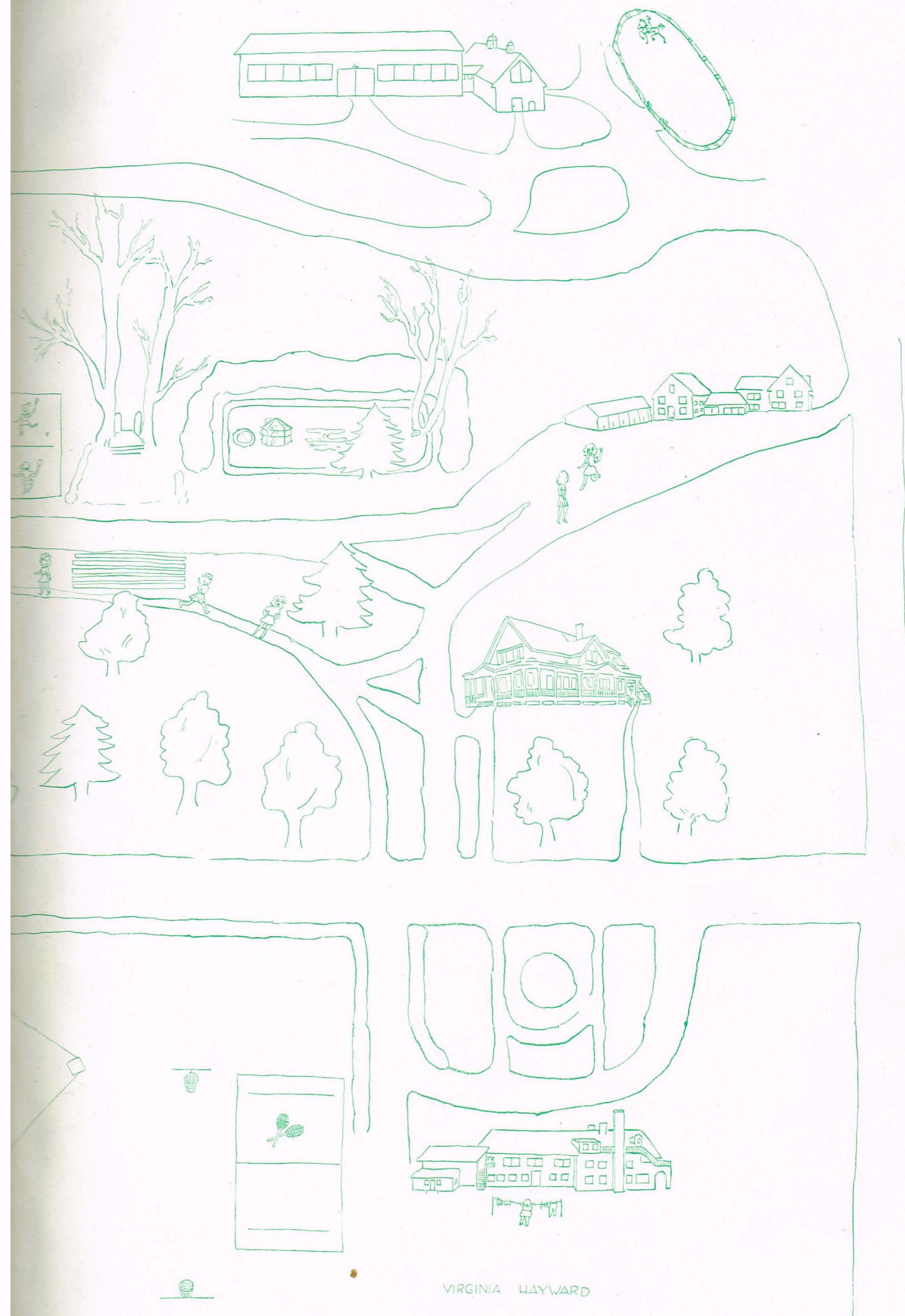
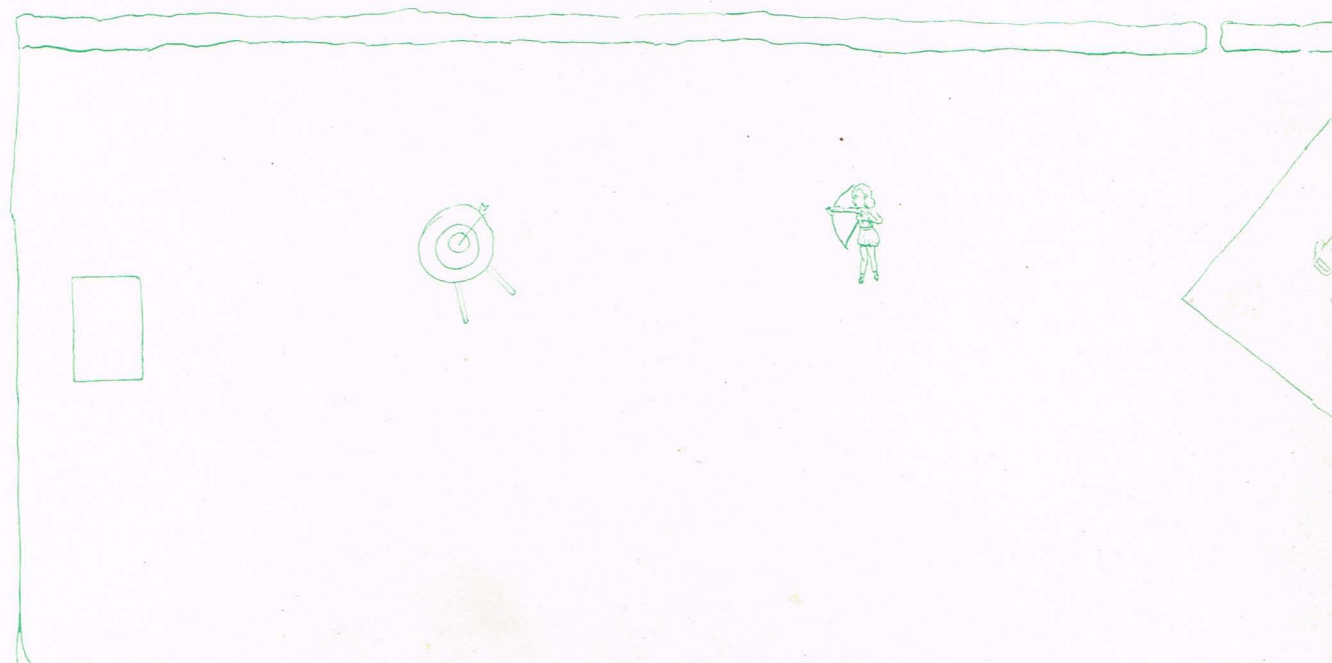
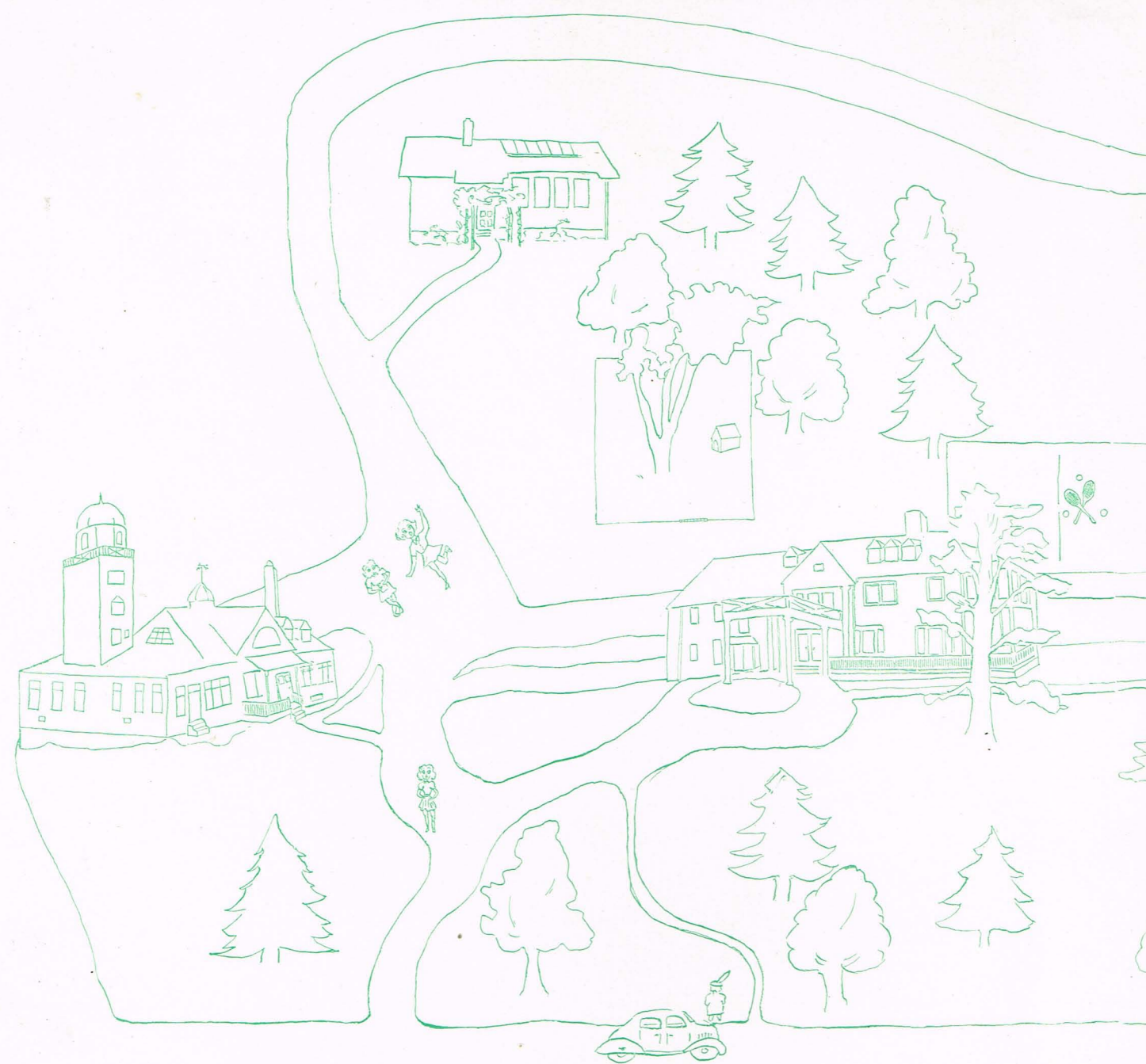


TIME STEPS

1940



Cecil Knight





1940



THE
1940

TIME STEPS

*The Twenty-eighth
Annual Publication
of
House in the Pines
Norton, Massachusetts*

Editor-in-Chief . . . Althea Curtis
Business Manager . . . Jeanne-Anne Thumim



MISS CLARA V. COYLE

Proudly we dedicate this year's 1940 "Time Steps" to you. Your charming personality makes each moment of life here more enjoyable, and your worldly knowledge is an inspiration to us all. Your personal kindnesses, of which there is an abundance, will never be forgotten. For your many esteemable characteristics, which you so steadfastly uphold, House in the Pines will always remember you.





THE

CAMPUS



GREEN ACRES



MAIN HOUSE



MRS. MILLIKEN



MR. MILLIKEN

*Thanks for a lovely
dinner
Joseph R. Milliken*



MISS COYLE



MISS GETCHELL



MISS DOWNEY



MRS. WILLIAMS



MISS PARKS



JANET HAGAR

NANCY BUTCHER

CHRISTINE SADLER

MARY LOUISE BOYNTON

PAT JONES

ETHEL COTY



THEO STRONG

CLAIRE GRIEVE

BETTY GARRETSON



BESSIE RILLA BACON

EMILY GROEBE

JOAN BENOIT



CYNTHIA KEELER

MARILYN CRUCKSHANK

EVELYN PHILLIPS

VIRGINIA HAYWARD

TAYLOR REESE

MARTY GIBBS



NANCY PALMER

JEAN CONNELL



GLORIA ROTHWELL

SONIA WEINBERG

DODY KAPLE



*You show your sense
next year! good luck
and have a great
time.
Love
Kester*

*Dear Cecil
Wish you were only back
next year. I am only 16 miss you!
Love, Emily*

*Hope to see you
back at the school
jobs here in the spring
Love, Nancy*



THE

HEDGES



MARY STEWART



MARY LOUISE McGRATH



JO CHANDLER

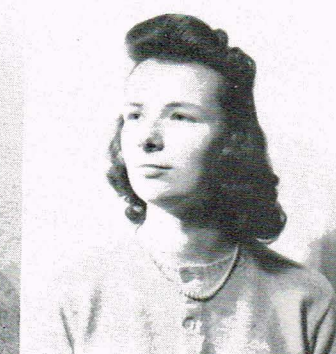
*It's been so much
fun running you
and all the rest
of this family*



CECIL KNIGHT



PAT HALLETT



NANCY DOBLE



MISS CLEVELAND



MRS. BREZINA



MISS HIRTLE



MISS SIMPSON

*"This folks" Cousin
Cecil" families were
to go to the future
to get a lot of
fun at the
Hedges*

*Much luck and
love always
Makia*



PEGGY LANDERS



MARJORIE BURTON



MARCIA STUNTZNER



ELIZABETH GROTE

*To my swell neighbor
in Hedges
Lots of love
Lita*

SYLVIA STALL

ALYCE HARRINGTON

ELIZABETH ARNOLD



*I hope that we
will meet again in
the future and that
I will be a
happy
party*

BETTY WHITE

ALTHEA CURTIS

MARY-ELIZABETH HOCKER

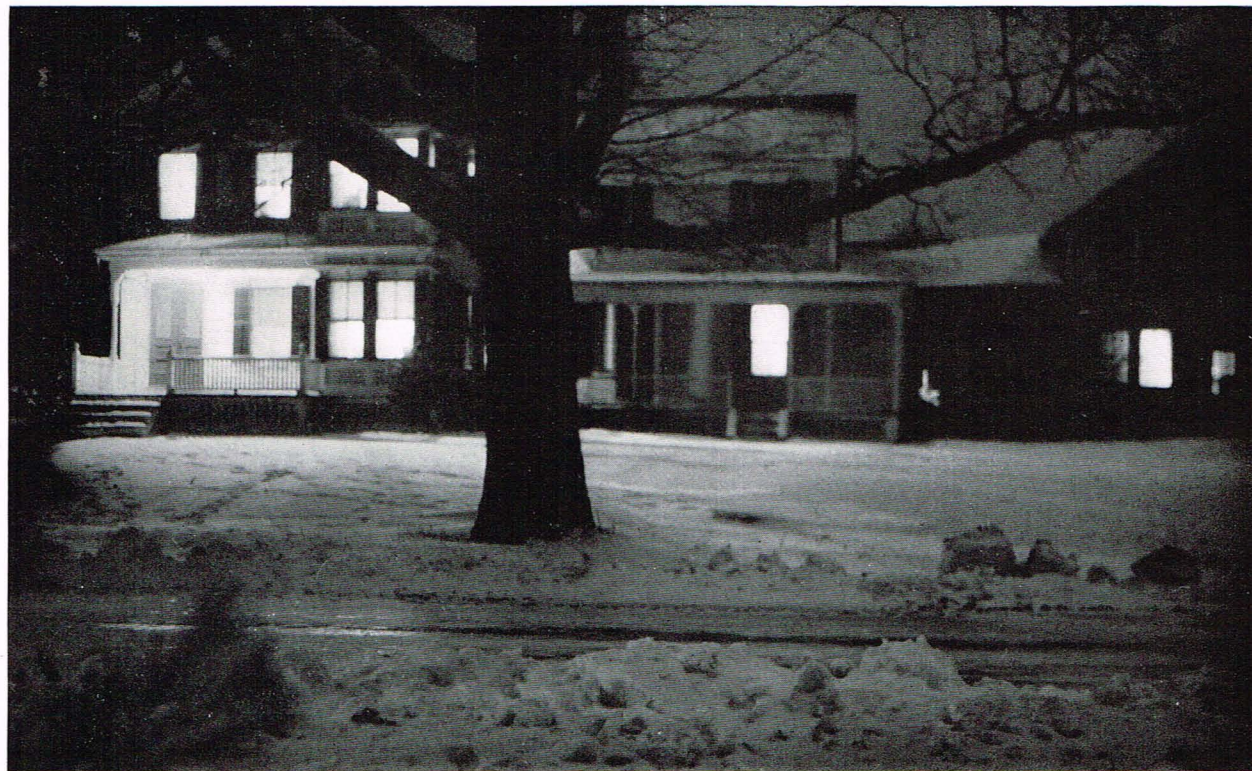
*always much luck
Pissi, and when
I agree I always
will think of you
Dora
from Sweden*



*Now
Cecil do be
good in the
years to come!
B.G.*

Remember

8

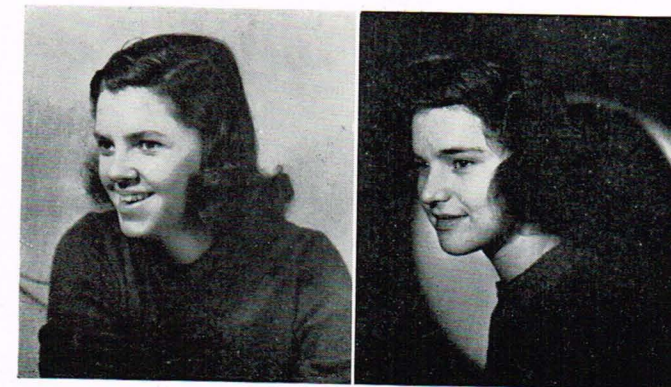


THE

OAKS

BETTY JANE GOODWIN

JANE RUBEN



MISS FARREN

MISS DUNHAM

MISS McKEE



DOROTHY BROWN

JEAN SULLIVAN

INFIRMARY

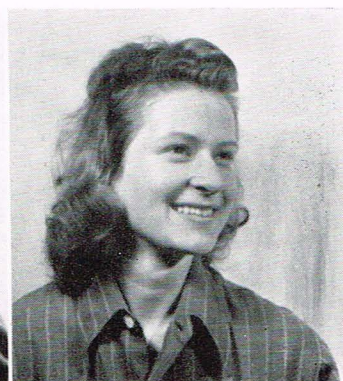


MRS. JANES

RUTH SWIFT

PAT BRYANT

ELAINE VICKERY





THE

MADLES

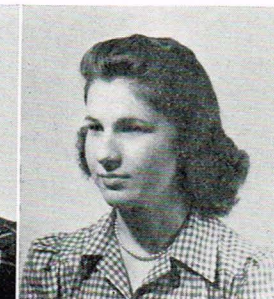
Best of luck to a bit conventional but who gives a damn! love love



LOIS HART



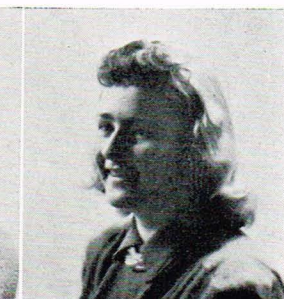
MARNY VAN NYMEGEN



HELEN MAY DICKINSON



DORIS TWOMEY



JEANNE THUMIM

*You were small
as a partner
in the dance
(Homes and Jinks)
Best of luck always
Love Marny*



HELEN MOSHER



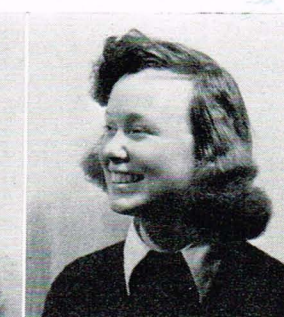
ANN PARK



JEAN BARNES



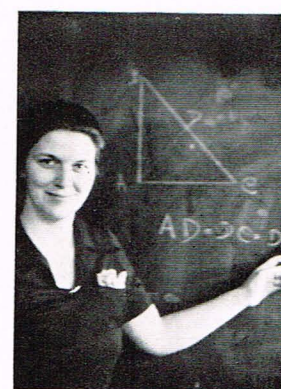
RUTH ROWBOTHAM



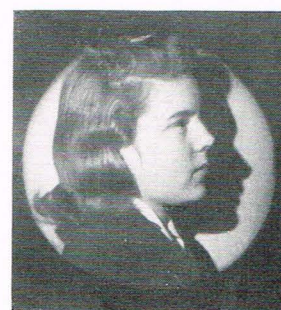
EVELYN PLUMMER



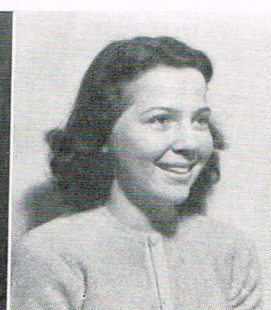
MADemoisELLE BLANC



MISS JOHNDROE



ELIZABETH DAVISON



PATTY PAXTON



ANN DRAPER



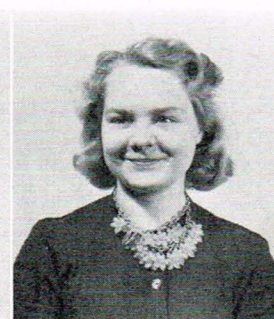
AUDREY KALER



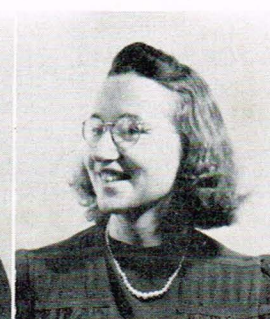
JEAN SCHANBACHER



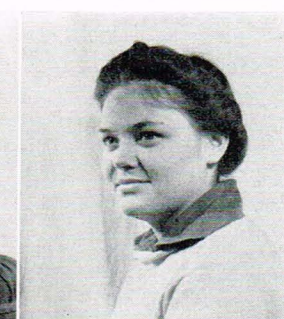
POPPY CHAMPLIN



MARGIE FAIR



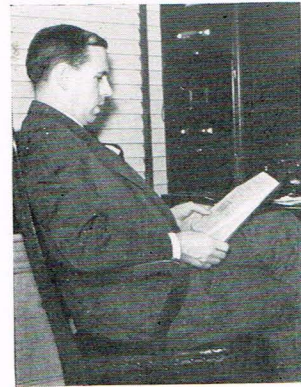
ZYLPHA BROWN



MARY ELIZABETH FRENCH

*Two of them
Margie*

NON-RESIDENT FACULTY



DR. HUBBARD



MISS CAFFREY



MRS. WILLIAMS

MR. CROSS

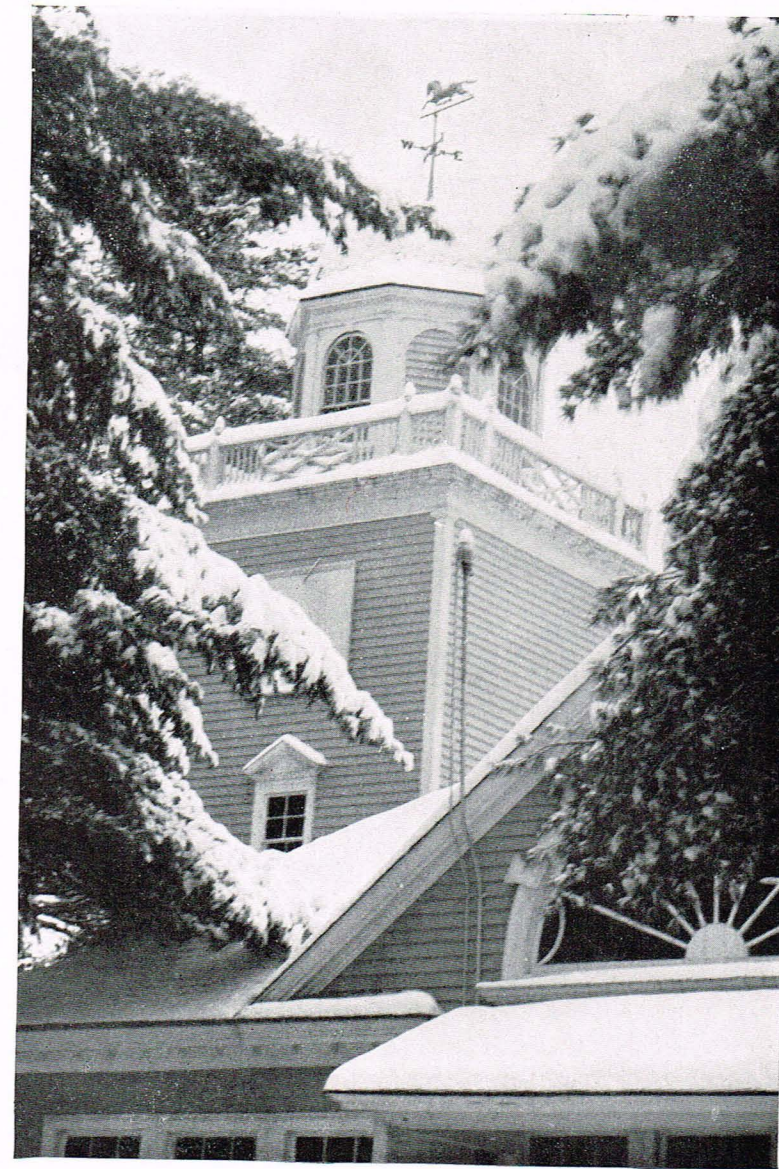
MISS EPLY

MISS PREBLE



RIDING STABLE

SCHOOL BUILDING



STUDIO





THE

SENIORS





BESSIE RILLA BACON

42 Hyde Avenue

Newton, Massachusetts

College Preparatory

Vice-President of Christian Association
'40—Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatics '40
—Student Council '40—Prom Committee
'40—First in Beginners' Class, Fall Riding
Meet '40.

DOROTHY BROWN

Granite Street

Foxboro, Massachusetts

College Preparatory

Student Council '39, '40—Madonna '40
—Honor Roll '37, '38, '39, '40—Prom Com-
mittee '40—"As You Like It" '39—Literary
Board '39, '40—Glee Club '38—Dramatics
'37.

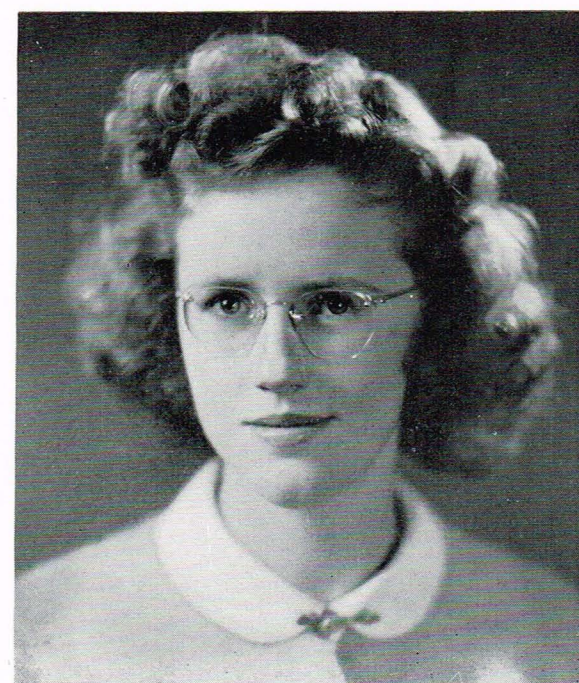
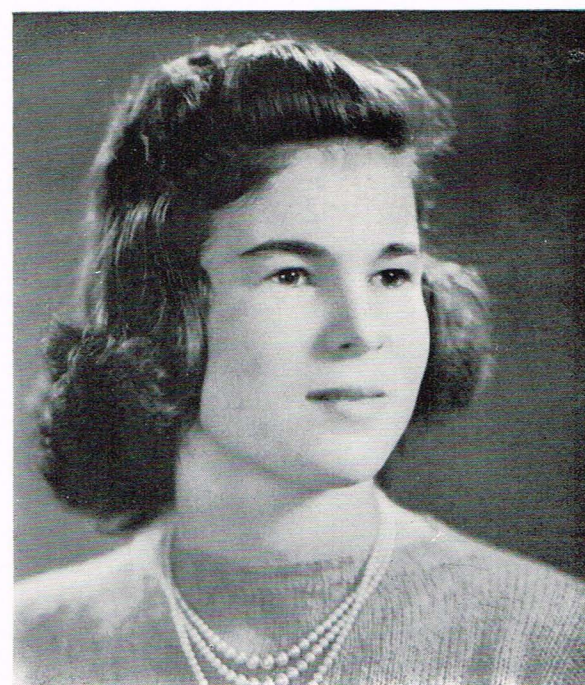


JOAN BENOIT

Cape Cottage, Maine

General Course

Student Council '40—Glee Club '40—
Prom Committee '40—"Romeo and Juliet"
'40.



PRISCILLA BRYANT

26 Bellevue Road

Arlington, Massachusetts

College Preparatory

Chairman of Christmas Fair '40—
"Romeo and Juliet" '40—Glee and Dra-
matic Clubs '37, '38, '39, '40—"As You Like
It" '39—Literary Board of Yearbook '39—
President of Athletic Association '39—Prom
Committee '38, '39, '40—"Twelfth Night"
'38—"Taming of the Shrew" '37—"Romeo
and Juliet" '40.



MARJORIE BURTON
9 Fellsdale Close
Winchester, Massachusetts
Junior College

Student Council '40—Technical Staff of
Yearbook '40—Glee Club '39, '40.

*Dear Cecil - It's been lots
of fun knowing you. I
hope to see you again
someday. Good luck - Love
Burt.*

JEAN CONNELL

74 Common Street
Walpole, Massachusetts
General Course

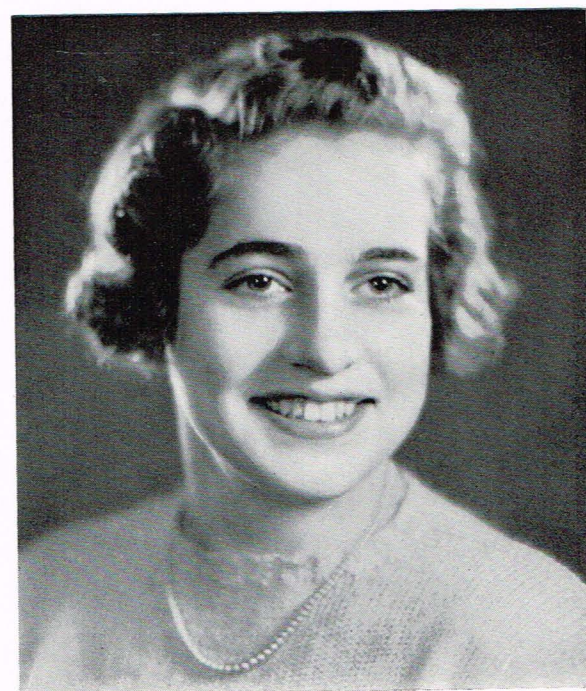
President of Glee Club '40—"Romeo
and Juliet" '40—Literary Board '40—"As
You Like It" '39—Secretary-Treasurer of
Glee Club '39—Leader of Hiking '39—
"Twelfth Night" '38—First in Novice Class,
Spring Meet '38—Dramatic Club '38.



NANCY BUTCHER

2105 Hawthorne Road, Ottawa Hills
Toledo, Ohio
General Course

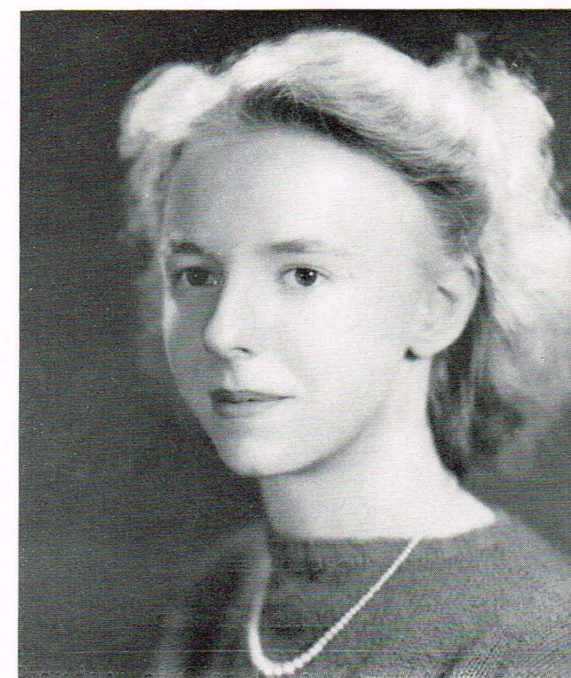
Glee Club '39—Associate Chairman of
Christmas Fair '40—Student Council '40—
Prom Committee '39, '40—Contributing
Assistant of Yearbook '40—Honor Roll '40.



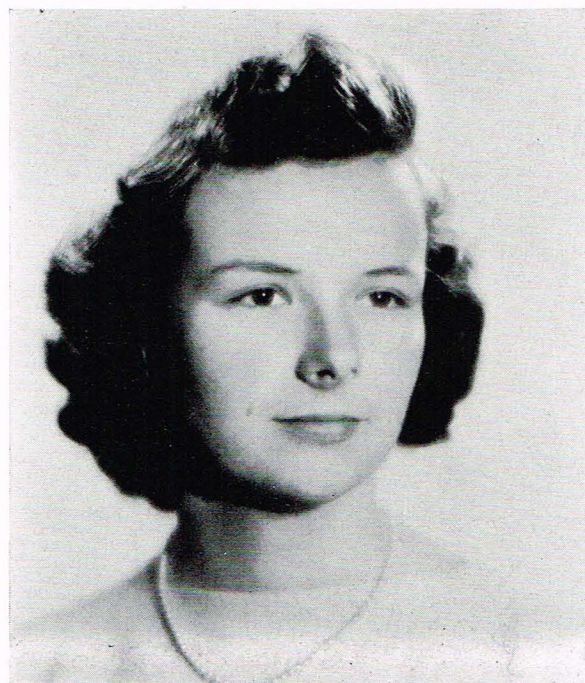
ALTHEA CURTIS

Pinefields
Lakeville, Connecticut
General Course

Glee Club '40—Student Council '40—
Editor-in-Chief of Yearbook '40—Prom
Committee '40—Honor Roll '40—"Romeo
and Juliet" '40.



*Hi Cecil —!
You've done a good piece of
work on the yearbook and pulled
us out of many a hole
Love
Althea*



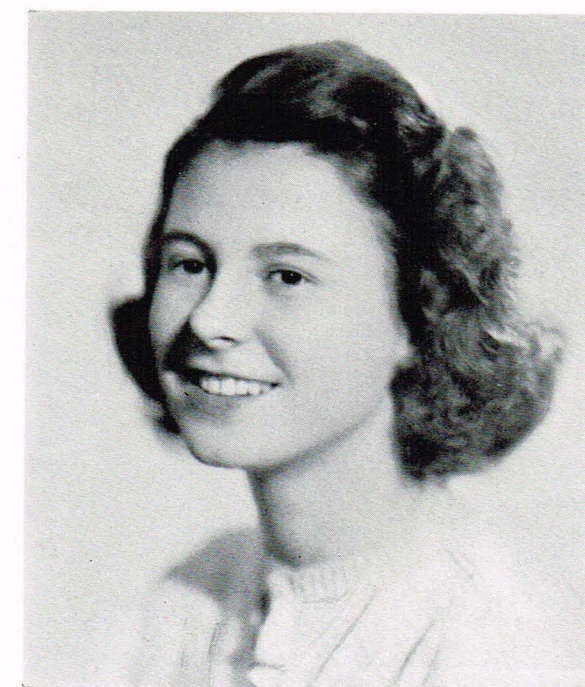
NANCY DOBLE
36 Pleasant Street
Hingham, Massachusetts
Junior College

President of Athletic Association '40—
Chairman of Student Council '40—Chair-
man of Prom Committee '40—Technical
Staff of Yearbook '40—"Romeo and Juliet"
'40—Dramatic Club '39, '40—"As You Like
It" '39—Student Council '39—Editor-in-
Chief of Yearbook '39—Glee Club '39—
Vice-President of Christian Association '39.

MARTHA GIBBS
91 High Street
Wareham, Massachusetts

College Preparatory

First in Pair Class, Fall Meet '40—Year-
book Staff '39—Prom Committee '39—Hon-
or Roll '39—First in Hunt Team, Spring
Meet, '39—First in Novice Class, Fall Meet
'39.



BETTY ANN GARRETSON
771 Main Street
Hingham, Massachusetts
General Course

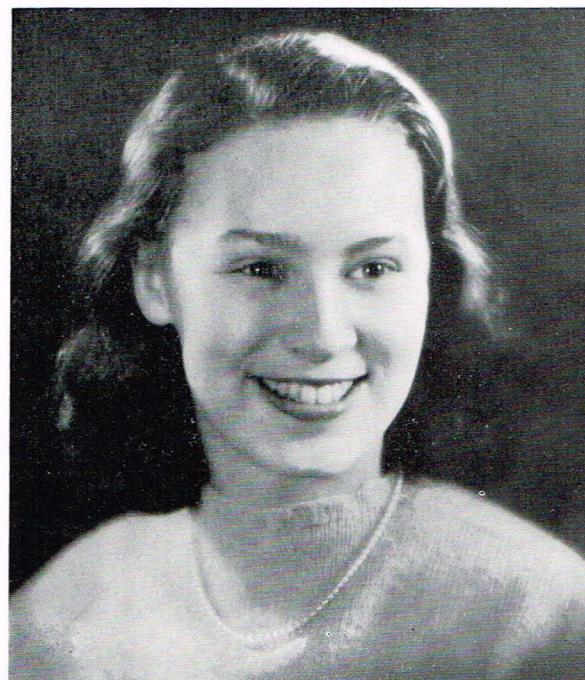
Secretary-Treasurer of Christian Asso-
ciation '40—Prom Committee '40—"Romeo
and Juliet" '40—Glee Club '39, '40—"As
You Like It" '39.



BETTY JANE GOODWIN
203 Bartlett Avenue
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
College Preparatory

Dramatic Club '38—"As You Like It"
'39—Yellow Captain '39—Camera Club
'39—Treasurer of Camera Club '40—Honor
Roll '38, '39, '40—Glee Club '39, '40—
Student Council '38, '39, '40—Prom Com-
mittee '39, '40.





CLAIRE GRIEVE
63 Northumberland Road
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
General Course
Glee Club '40—"Romeo and Juliet" '40.



JANET HAGAR
68 South Street
Dalton, Massachusetts
General Course
Glee Club '38, '39, '40—Camera Club '39.

EMILY GROEBE
50 West 67th Street
New York City
General Course

Glee Club '38, '39, '40—Honor Roll '39—
Prom Committee '39, '40—"As You Like
It" '39—Student Council '39—Literary
Board of Yearbook '39, '40—Secretary-
Treasurer of Christian Association '39.



PATRICIA HALLETT
Provincetown, Massachusetts
College Preparatory

President of Camera Club '40—Perma-
nent Member of Student Council '40—
Student Council '39—Photography Editor
of Yearbook '40—Secretary and Treasurer
of Camera Club '39.



*for 1939 left home, did not go school
first year, 1941*



DOROTHY KAPLE
3084 Scarborough Road
Cleveland, Ohio
General Course

Drill Captain '40—First in Five Gaited Class, Spring Meet '39—First in Pair Class, Spring Meet '39—First in Good Hands Class, Spring Meet '39—First in Good Hands Class, Fall Meet '39.

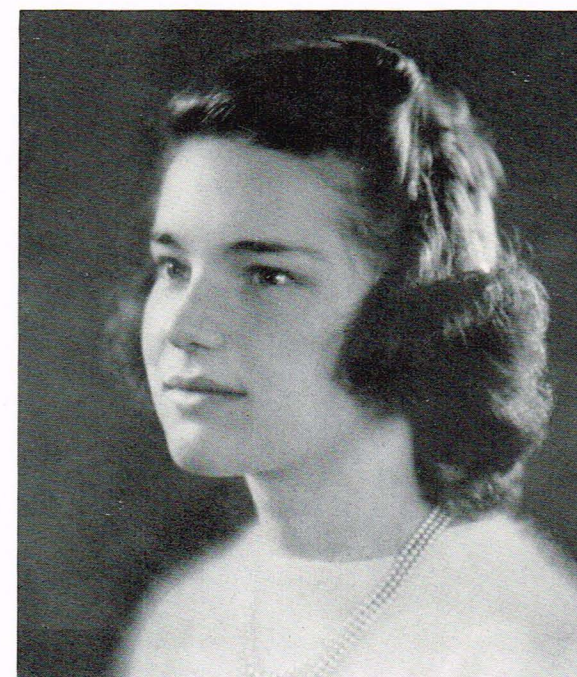
GLORIA ROTHWELL
2750 Inverness Road
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Glee Club '39, '40—Dramatic Club '40—Neatness Cup '39—Honor Roll '39—Prom Committee '40.



MARGARET LANDERS
282 Roxbury Street
Keene, New Hampshire
General Course

Prom Committee '40—Honor Roll '40.



JANE RUBEN
1401 West 46th Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota
General Course
Glee Club '40.

*Dear Cecil,
will you ever
forget our secret
rendezvous. I won't
forget the place just
you - thank God
I'll see you in Boston
Roggy*

*Here's
wishing you
the very best
of luck,
and success
always.
Cecil
Much Love,
Mary '40*



MARY C. STEWART

58 Savage Street

Bangor, Maine

Junior College

President of Christian Association '40—
Permanent Member of Student Council '40
—First in Novice Class, Spring Riding
Meet '39—Honor Roll '39—Prom Com-
mittee '39, '40—"As You Like It" '39—
Student Council '39—Camera Club '39—
"Romeo and Juliet" '40.

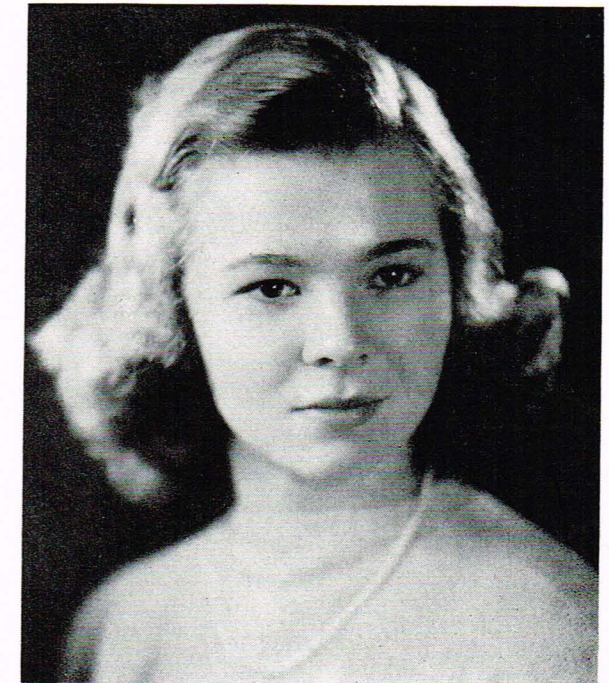
RUTH SWIFT

601 University

Syracuse, New York

College Preparatory

Dramatic Club '40—Prom Committee
'40.



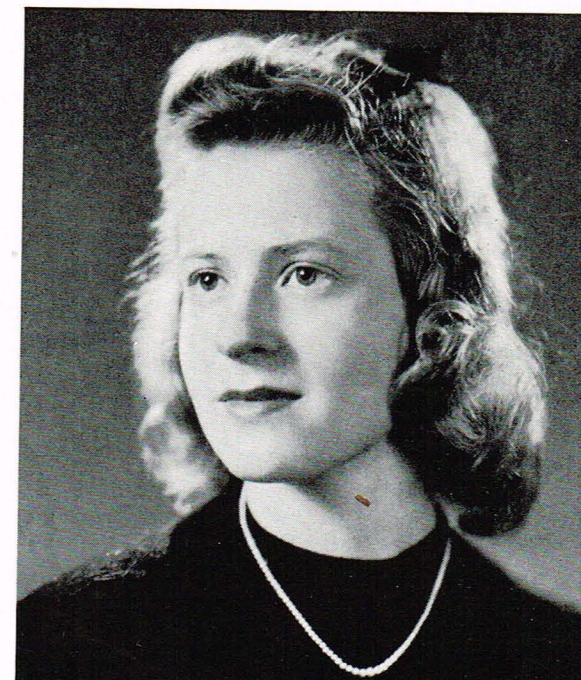
JEAN SULLIVAN

South Street

Foxboro, Massachusetts

General Course

Glee Club '38, '40—Honor Roll '40.



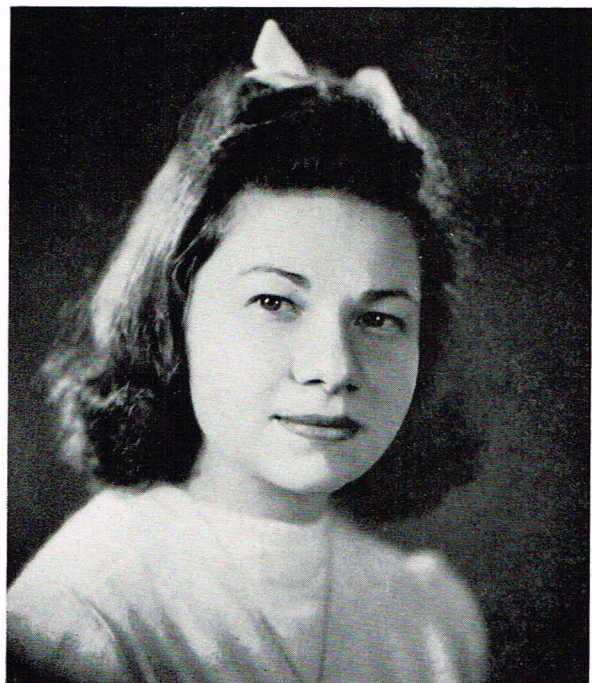
ELAINE VICKERY

16925 Edgewater Drive

Lakewood, Ohio

College Preparatory

Student Council '39—Business Mana-
ger of Yearbook '39—Vice-President of
Athletic Association '39—Prom Committee
'38—First in Advanced Horsemanship, Fall
Riding Meet '40—"Romeo and Juliet" '40.



SONIA WEINBERG

10 Chatham Road

Atlanta, Georgia

General Course

Dramatic Club '40 — "Romeo and Juliet" '40.

TO THE GIRLS OF 1939-1940 . . .

On the first Sunday evening of the school year, I compared your lives to the growth of a tree. The whole life of the school this year—classes, life with your room-mates and school mates, athletics, social activities,—has been the soil in which you have been sending down roots and so growing and developing. What you have absorbed from the soil of school life has built up the trunk of your tree with its fiber, its grain and its circles of growth, corresponding to your personality. The leaves, flowers and fruit are what the world now sees in your manner, your conversation, your deeds, and every outward expression of the spirit that is within you.

For some of you the soil will now change, but the roots already were formed and, well-directed, will gather from the new environment elements to strengthen the tree in all its additional growth of trunk, branches, flowers and fruit.

And so through life, as the years bring change, may your tree grow with a strong tap-root of love for your fellow-men, may circles of growth be formed in the trunk of your tree through every experience, every exploration into new realms of thought and action, and through every human contact, and may the leaves, flowers, and fruit be beautiful, symmetrical, and useful,—a joy to all who look upon them.

Perhaps in years to come you will like to remember our own pine trees and sing with the poet:

"Thou lookest ever upward,
E'en when the harsh wind blows;
I long for the strength that upholds thee,
I long for thy repose."

GERTRUDE CORNISH MILLIKEN

BON VOYAGE

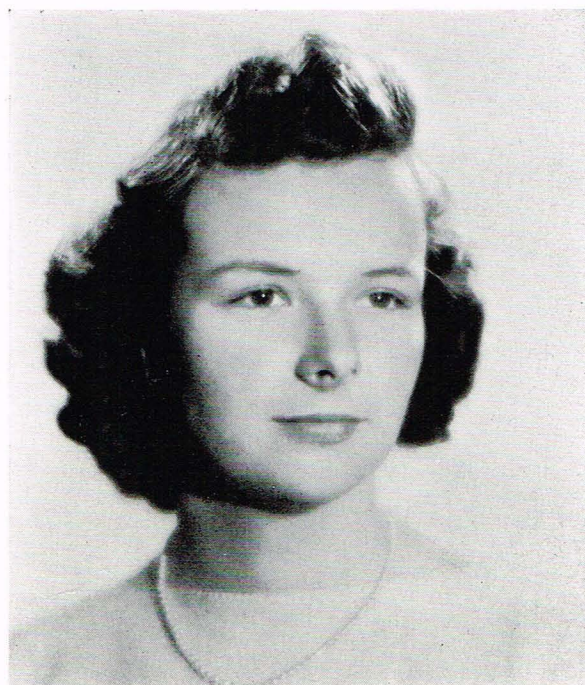
NAME	GOING-AWAY PRESENT	PASSPORT	BAGGAGE	ENTERED ON PASSENGER LIST AS	ULTIMATE DESTINATION
B. BACON	diary	brains	letters	play director	Vassar
J. BENOIT	steady man	drawing ability	homework	jockey	Colby
D. BROWN	"The World Book"	perseverance	portfolio	student	Middlebury
P. BRYANT	yarn	disposition	curling iron	professional knitter	Middlebury
M. BURTON	alarm clock	enthusiasm	telescope	astronomer	Observatory
M. BUTCHER	ruler	giggles	recipe book	Vanderbilt's cook	Country Club
J. CONNELL	Austin	chatter	Dr. Denton's	songstress	Conservatory
A. CURTIS	Atlas	hair	history books	traveler	Historical Research
N. DOBLE	memory book	good nature	responsibility	"deb"	State Hospital
B. GARRETSON	megaphone	noise	angora socks	deep sea diver	Circus Ring
M. GIBBS	cranberries	jolliness	cokes	Marathon walker	Wellesley
C. GRIEVE	heart balm	quick wits	magazines	"vamp"	Wheelock
B. J. GOODWIN	golf clubs	quietness	stationery	glamor girl	The Riviera
E. GROEBE	baby grand	eyelashes	one of the boys	mannequin	Paris designer
J. HAGAR	sewing basket	garrulity	curiosity	hitch hiker	Lesley
P. HALLETT	camera	height	photographs	photographer	Bachrach
D. KAPLE	necktie	complexion	saddle soap	horse raiser	U. C. L. A.
P. LANDERS	speedometer	dimples	appetite	Tarzan's mate	Wheelock
G. ROTHWELL	personal maid	laughter	wardrobe trunk	mother	Ogontz
J. RUBEN	wooden shoes	friendliness	college man	wife	Colby
M. STEWART	Jack Frost	eyes	dogs	"career girl"	Secretary
J. SULLIVAN	mouth organ	pep	hair ribbons	director of museum	Wheelock
R. SWIFT	knitting needles	laughter	elephant dolls	beauty operator	University of Syracuse
E. VICKERY	bathing suit	figure	Flashlight	rider	Lake Erie College
S. WEINBERG	manicure set	accent	false finger nails	kindergarten teacher	Wheelock



H.I.T.P.

LIFE





NANCY DOBLE . . .

You have given us all a sincere desire to contribute thoughtfully to the best interests of House in the Pines.

STUDENT COUNCIL

This is an organization composed of a chairman, two permanent members, and a representative from each house, chosen at the beginning of every five weeks.

This body meets with Mrs. Milliken every Friday night, and discusses any problems which arise or any new ideas for bettering the school and furthering the interests of the girls. They organize the study hall, where each girl has a large share of responsibility and where everything is managed in a cooperative spirit.

Each Student Council member is chosen because of her high place among her fellow students and for the respect which she inspires among them. Nancy Doble, the chairman, is an admirable leader for such an organization, and throughout the year she and her two co-workers, Mary Stewart and Pat Hallett, have stood for the Honor, Initiative, Truth and Perseverance which characterize the House in the Pines girls.



THANKSGIVING

T is for Truth and also for Turkey,
H is for Home to which we will hurry.
A for America, land of the free,
N for our Neighbors, nice as can be.
K for Kindness, with which we're endowed.
S is for Sunlight, and Seeds of Life sown.
G is for Goodness, Gladness, and Giving,
I for Initiative, strength of our living.
V is for Victory o'er all our foes,
I for Inspiration, which we need, God knows.
N for this Nation, both great and strong,
G is for God, to help us along.

—Theo Strong.



MARY STEWART . . .

Through your steadfast efforts and commendable leadership the Christian Association has more than fulfilled its aims this year.

The Christian Association is a vital means through which every girl at House in the Pines may create and develop her ideals, and therefore, make herself better able to meet the problems which confront her. Everyone is enabled by numerous opportunities to find self-expression and to broaden her viewpoints on both religious subjects and those of worldly interest. These privileges come to her through many and varied channels.

Every girl is able to express her feelings both through morning devotions, (reading a passage and prayer of her own selection,) through participation in Vespers on Sunday evening. It is hard to estimate the significance, the value, and the importance of Vespers to each girl, because through these informal gatherings come inspiration, ideas, and knowledge this year. Once a term at this time we have looked forward to having Mrs. Milliken speak on some subject of interest to all. On the other Sunday evenings we have had the privilege of hearing some excellent speakers. Mr. Moody, President of Middlebury College, gave us a glimpse of college life, while Professor Hidy of Wheaton discussed "War for the United States." In January, Miss Wiggin gave an interesting and inspiring talk on "German Refugees." Later, the girls had the opportunity to hear from Mrs. Prout about

CHRISTIAN

ASSOCIATION



the excellent speakers and valuable experiences shared at the Northfield conference, which enable a girl to meet her problems with more objectivity and maturity. Reverend Boynton spoke on "Thresholds"; Miss McKinnon told us of her work with "The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children"; and Miss Dorothy Hopson talked on the Negro problem.

Each year at Thanksgiving time the girls fill baskets with food for the people of Norton and the vicinity who are less fortunate than they. At Christmas we give baskets with gifts and clothing, and fill stockings for the children. The fund which we began last spring for our little school in Tennessee has been successfully carried out this year, and we hope that it may continue to do constructive work. By doing things such as these, we feel a poignant joy and happiness, and we sincerely hope that they bring pleasure and happiness to those to whom we give.





JEAN CONNELL . . .

The influence of your fine musical talent helped to make Glee Club joyous and worthwhile.

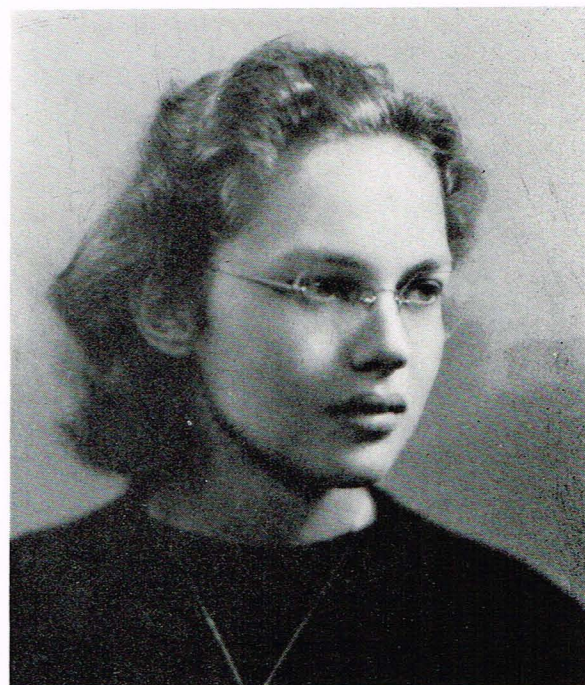
Glee Club is one of the most popular, enjoyable, and important clubs in the school. Every Wednesday afternoon meetings are held to practice songs for numerous concerts. It is a busy organization. Sundays, at Tea, Glee Club often entertains with a few songs, and then there are the real concerts at the music recital in the spring, commencement and faculty tea. But the most fun of all is the concert at Tabor Academy, when both our Glee Club and their Glee Club sing a number of selections, after which the Tabor boys usually entertain by sailing, danc-

GLEE

CLUB



ing or movies. Glee Club isn't all work and no play; far from it, because even the work itself is enjoyable. This year some of the songs that were presented are: "Come Unto Me," "Clouds," "The Recessional," "Nightfall in Granada," and "Still As the Night." However, most of our success is due to the fact that we have such a competent president in Jean Connell, and such an excellent leader in Hester Epply, who kindly comes over to help every Wednesday. Without them Glee Club would not set the high standard that it does in House in the Pines.

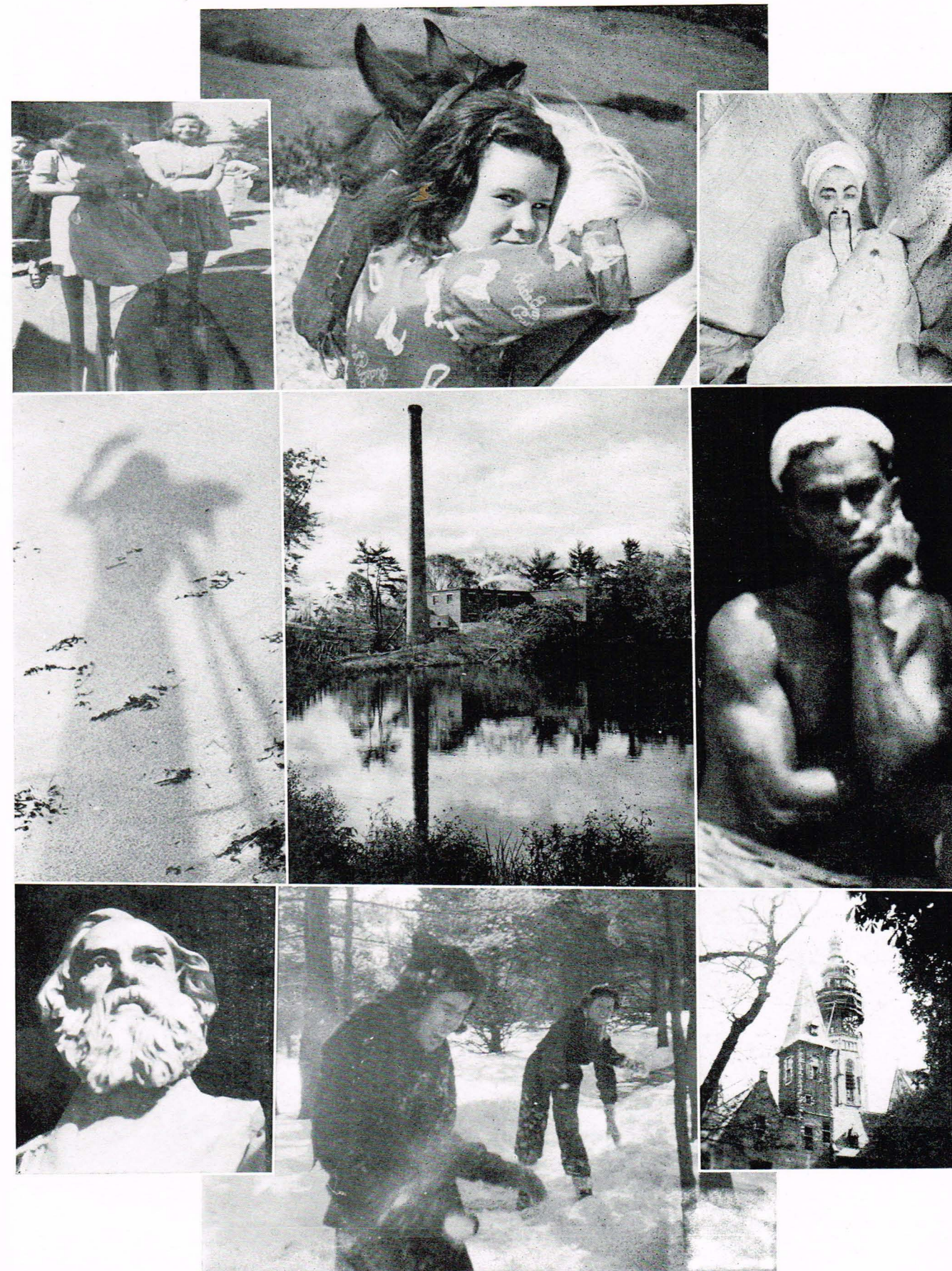


PAT HALLETT . . .

You gave so willingly of your time, your keen photography ability, and your experience, for the betterment of the Camera Club and the Yearbook. Thanks!

This year perhaps more than any other, the Camera Club has been very successful, as the results of the hard-working photographers prove to us. The club is kept continually on the go throughout the whole year snapping, developing, printing and taking us back through all the many good times we've enjoyed this year. From "romping in the autumn leaves" to "building spacious sand castles on Cornish Beach in late spring," one hears the everlasting click of the camera, and every click is a promise—a promise that never will be broken, thanks to our competent and ever-willing Camera Club fiends.

CAMERA CLUB



DRAMATIC CLUB

Since the fall term the girls of the Dramatic Club had been putting every spare moment of their time into rehearsals for the "Cradle Song."

Their efforts were repaid with interest. Just before the spring vacation the play was presented with overwhelming success. Theo Strong, who took the lead, put her whole heart into her role, and when the final curtain dropped, all eyes were moist. The time put into this presentation certainly was well spent.

Due to Miss McKee's beautiful piece of directing and the combined efforts the June Play, "Romeo and Juliet," went smoothly and professionally.

The Dramatic Club appreciates the enthusiastic way in which Theo Strong carried on as Vice-President. The members also want their President, Pat Jones, to know that they missed her through all the rehearsals and meetings of the club.



Cast of

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Prince	E. Coty
Paris	D. Twomey
Romeo	T. Strong
Mercutio	N. Doble
Benvolio	L. Hart
Tybalt	P. Bryant
Friar Lawrence	M. Stewart
Friar John	B. Arnold
Capulet	A. Curtis
Montague	M. E. Hocker
Lady Capulet	J. Benoit
Lady Montague	M. L. Boynton
Juliet	R. Rowbotham
Nurse	J. Connell
Balthasar	B. Garretson
Abram	C. Keeler
Sampson	C. Grieve
Gregory	E. Vickery
Peter	S. Weinberg
Stage Manager	G. Rothwell



NANCY DOBLE . . .

Your interest and enthusiasm have inspired us all to do our best.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Athletics at H. I. T. P. was ushered in this year by the introduction of that fascinating game called speedball, a combination of soccer, basketball, and football. Under the capable guidance of Miss Simpson, speedball developed into a major sport. The competition of

the Greens and Yellows brought forth many spectators and many cheers. Although the ball was carried over the goal more often by the Greens, we each tried our best to gain a position on the super-team which was to meet Wheaton on their own field in the spring.

And with the coming of cold weather, hikes and indoor activities came to the front with modern dancing, tumbling, progressive games, and reducing exercises (a very popular class, especially before the Prom). Our golf enthusiasts were compelled to make way for the skiers on the golf courses by the coming of snow.

But all our efforts every afternoon in the dining room during the winter months were terminated by a gym demonstration the last Saturday night before spring vacation. The advanced group very skillfully showed what could be done with the various leaps, falls, turns, percussive movements, and the skips, which were demonstrated by the less experienced girls. Very expressive interpretation of the nursery rhymes "Humpty Dumpty" and "Jack and Jill" were worked out. But the tumbling team brought forth more "ahs" and "ohs," for a member of this class, Joan Benoit, has the most limber joints we have seen here for years. She would tumble into the most intricate positions and then calmly roll out of them. And weren't we all pretty nervous when that five-layer pyramid collapsed?

After vacation we were all ready to fling ourselves into tennis tournaments, archery, badminton, and baseball, for the snow had gone and courts were dry. And those of us who were good swimmers brushed up on our technique, gained from Mondays at the Wheaton pool, for the Yellow and Green meet.



RIDING CLUB



DODY KAPLE . . .

Our thoughts of you will always be connected with capable horsemanship, your strong sense of leadership and your enduring patience with the drill team.

then, and horses, spectators, and especially the riders become thrilled and overheated. The two baskets are at either end of the ring; passes, frantic runs, and many shouts rebound from every corner. The main trouble is keeping the rubber ball in your hands and then shooting it into the basket.

For those girls less disposed to games, but more to horsemanship, instruction in every point is given at any time they want it. Perfection in keeping one's seat, hands, and feet, in the proper place and angle are paid a great deal of attention, and those hard workers are duly awarded in any meets at school or home.

In the fall and spring terms, occasional breakfast rides are planned for early Sunday morning. Although the girls rise early they don't mind at all, for the fun they have afterwards—a brisk morning ride and then breakfast cooked over the open fire by Tom and the riders—is entirely favored by the hungry people.

The semi-annual over-night ride to "Green Acres," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milliken, was, as usual, a great success and enjoyable to all of the participants, chaperoned by Miss Simpson. The delicious meals, homelike atmosphere, and an extra hour in bed made a great hit with everyone.

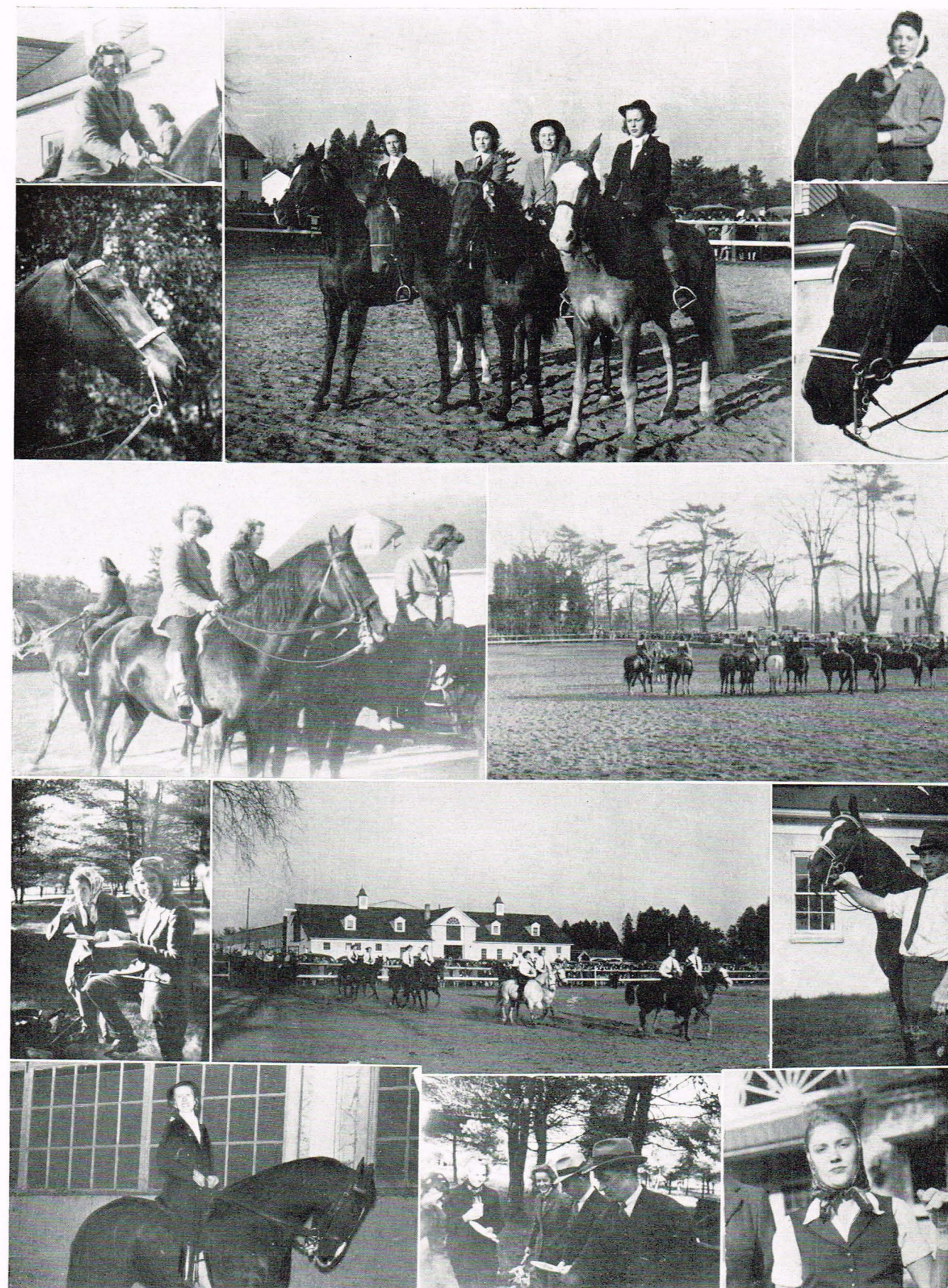
Usually two days a week during the winter term, the riders strive to pass the requirements of the Riding Club. Practice in saddling and bridling their mounts, bareback exercises, and training the horses have proved to be very exciting. The Riding Club badge has been the goal, and all have worked their hardest to attain it.

The day of the anxiously-awaited Gymkhana finally arrived, and the riders who were not away nor on a weekend, enjoyed an afternoon of friendly competitive games, and classes consisting of equitation and pairs, also musical chairs, a potato race and jumping by the girls. A thrilling exhibition of Roman riding, tandem jumping, and roping was given by Mac, Tom, and Buster. The performance lasted two hours and was thoroughly enjoyed by both participants and spectators.

Riding, as a whole, is the favorite sport here at H. I. T. P., and our many fine mounts, suitable for beginners or advanced riders, are well-housed and groomed in the recently built stables. For fair days, we can ride in the outdoor ring or on the road, and on rainy and winter days the indoor ring is a blessing to all the riders who don't like to miss a day from riding. For them there is a chance for basketball games and horsemanship practice.

The riding season started off with the Fall Meet with Wheaton! After many weeks of enthusiastic practice, a large crowd watched the drill team, captained by Dody Kaple, one of our excellent riders, put their best hooves forward and set out to do or die before the esteemed judges. The Beginners, Intermediate, and Advanced classes rode nobly, and were highly creditable to the instruction of our riding master, Mr. McLeod, "Mac". Virginia Hayward of the advanced class gracefully captured the championship award of the show. The pair class, jumping, tandem, and games also added to the color of our Fall Riding Meet.

Every once in awhile an energetic group works up a basketball team composed of six or eight riders and two group men. Baskets are made now and





HIGHLIGHTS

We arrive—at House in the Pines! September 27 is so dismal and rainy that we would love to return to where we came from. But immediately our "old girls" rushed us into the scheme of things at H. I. T. P., and we began to feel a pleasant glow and a desire to know more about what goes on here. Have you ever heard of a "Bacon Bat?" Neither had we until Thursday night, when we got into our little green trousers and shirts and trotted off to have frankforts and bacon before a fire—like camping days—with mosquitoes and a spirit of comradeship.

We began to find out all sorts of things that were to have a great significance to us before Christmas vacation even—that the mail comes in three times a day, that lights are out at nine-thirty, that breakfast is at seven-thirty (and, incidentally, how do Loie and Marny look so fresh and nice when they don't get up until the bell to go over to Main House?)

We took reading tests to find out if we would have to go over at eight ten to improve our technique in the spring term. And then our schedules were given out, so that we might start work in earnest.

Saturday, after an afternoon at the Milliken's cabin, when Mrs. Williams brought about a traffic jam, the "old girls" welcomed the new with their annual party. And we played "drop the handkerchief" until hysterical laughter broke us up. We love the way they do things at H. I. T. P. The next week the "New Girls" invited the old to a "Treasure Hunt"—a night of racing back and forth between our farthest points, the riding stable and the school house, for clues. We also were assigned to the Green and Yellow teams (a major part of this school in Norton.)

Some of us took in the Boston Horse Show around the fourteenth of October while others among us waited for the House in the Pines Fall Riding Meet. Meanwhile Miss Downey, Jean Thumim, and Marty Gibbs gave us wonderful impressions of their weeks at the Northfield Conference in June. We all hope to be able to go and take advantage of this wonderful way to improve ourselves and understand many great problems of life.

CORNISH BEACH . . .

The mention of Cornish Beach brings back many fond memories of a day on the white sands, of watching the blue sky and the heavenly sea with all worries of college boards and such, back in the study hall. It sounds perfectly ridiculous to say that we romped and played at Cornish Beach—but it's true and we love it. The fall excursion there is fun, but in May "the sun shines bright" and our skin becomes a glorious reddish tan. Then it

is warm enough also to wade, but it is too cold to don a bathing suit. Our games and hikes over the dunes bring us to the starvation point. But how the delicious fried chicken makes our mouths water even now.

Will we ever forget how simply smooth Mlle. looked the night of Maples party? With her lorgnette and dignified mien, she had us absolutely dumb-founded. Miss Johndroe made a perfect escort with her mustache and dress suit. This was Hallowe'en night, so of course the old customs of bobbing for apples and chasing after marshmallows on strings kept us on the go with wet heads and red faces.

Even though the Wheaton drill team won the cup, we still feel our girls did their very best, although some of the House in the Pines' non-riders know practically nothing about posting, changing leads, and so on (we are among this group). It was so sort of thrilling watching the hunt teams tearing over the course as the shadows started to fall. And Gini did so splendid in riding Socko. We're so proud.

In November, Professor Hidy of Wheaton College tried to answer a question we are still wondering about: "Will the United States enter the war?"

Louise Came gave a lovely concert on the harp, and is it all right to remember that some of us were pretty scared when she forgot her music?

About then we had a day of rest: Thanksgiving . . . but back again at eight.

CHRISTMAS FAIR . . .

Weeks before the Fair:

"Seems to me we had better get busy with those address books—Oh, and I almost forgot about invitations—if we can just get those off our minds soon we can really begin to think about decorations and things—must get hold of "Butch" so she can get people to help her with the covers. Miss Hirtle

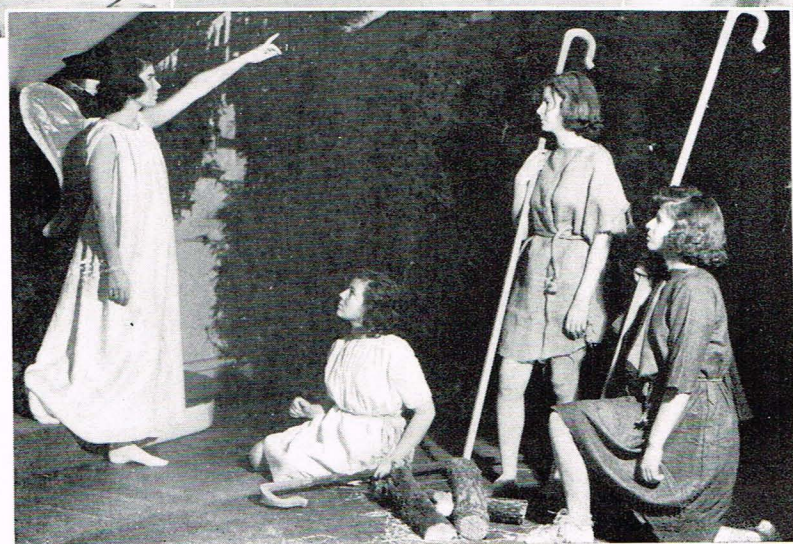




HOUSE IN THE PINES CHRISTMAS FAIR



DEC. 2ND 1939
3 O'CLOCK TO 7



made a cute design for them. Let's just hope it won't be too hard to copy. Thank goodness! Miss Caffrey is going to take care of having them typed.

Lapse of Time:

in which people spend their sports periods doing address and cook book covers, get everyone's address and favorite recipes, and Miss Simpson makes numerous trips to Boston while her room becomes packed to the ceiling with things that we hope will make money for our gym.

The Day Before the Fair:

Thank heavens! the decorations are here in time—What's that, we can't gather any ground pine because it's against the law? Oh, well! Myron can get us some pine boughs. They'll do just as well for the bannister.—The booths are all up and everyone's rushing for pins, streamers, crepe paper, and the few choice thumb tacks.—It's a case of the survival of the fittest in this game, I guess. But, things are beginning to look organized and the decorated booths certainly look nice. Everyone is tired but excited to see what the morrow will bring forth.

Saturday, THE Day:

Well, the morrow brought forth excessive rain, the worst this fall, in fact.—By three o'clock the booths are all arranged and everyone is impatient for the sales to begin.—Wonder if this weather will drive many customers away. Guess not. They seem to be streaming in, in spite of it all, and things are selling pretty fast. Getting bundles tied up and making change is harder than we expected.—Towards 5:30 P. M. lilting music issuing from the dining room draws customers and girls there to accommodate their appetites.

Seven P. M.:

Tables have been cleared, and all is in readiness for the big auction. Everything must be sold—and it was, due to talented auctioneers and high-



spirited girls.—Say, this is almost more fun than the Fair itself. It's all over, and nothing remains now but to come back bright and early tomorrow morning to clean up the mess.—Then to pay the bills and add up the profits—and there were some, too. It was loads of fun and worth every bit of the work. We're mighty glad to have the privilege of working for our gym as it will mean more to us in the end.

Didn't Jean look very excited and nice after that trip to Providence to see Marian Anderson? And speaking of Jean, one of the memories of this year at House in the Pines is her rendition of the "Lord's Prayer" and other pieces which are given on special occasions. The Tuesday afternoon Symphonies in Boston give all the lovers of music a chance for "listen-in," while the trip to the Opera House in April to witness "Faust" was another worth-while event.

The annual Christmas party on Saturday before the Wednesday of vacation is fun, and yet you have a sad feeling. We always do at times like this. Jean Connell and Evvie Phillips as Mr. and Mrs. Santa, and Bailey and Bottom as Mr. and Mrs. Milliken were a scream—around the Christmas tree handing out the presents. Some of us this year did a beautiful job on the verses, or was it the Camera Club's work? When Mrs. Milliken lighted our candles and we read our proverbs, that mysteriously sad feeling came over us. And in the same spirit, the tradition of the Christmas pageant with the shepherds, the angels, and D. K. Brown as the Virgin Mary.

In the fall it seems that the Yellows did a wee bit better than the Greens in singing the school songs, but wait until the spring term, Ye Yellows!

Our last night here before vacation we sang Christmas carols and hung boughs on the doors of friends in the vicinity of Norton. While we weren't as good as the Wheaton choir, our hearts were there.



CHRISTMAS VACATION

We feel sorry for the Cleveland girls who have to wait until afternoon to "get off". And think of home and the whole splurge of events crammed into three weeks.

Back again—only this time it is so much more like home to us. The questions: "What did you do?" and "Did you have a nice vacation?" fly back and forth.

Oaks' party takes us forward twenty years, where we find Loie and Marny as sloppy, dried-up, fat washerwomen. We think Vicki was simply marvelous in depicting life at H. I. T. P. in twenty years. Remember her long conversation in bed after a big night? The Oaks' girls also gave us a good laugh over the way they live at that house. In fact—Al—for their party.

Dr. Shook of Wheaton brought his color organ over one Sunday night and showed us the gorgeous color interpretations of music being done now. For instance: while the "Indian Love Call" was being played, wigwams seemed to be floating over and among very arresting colors.

Those little affairs that the Year Book staff arranges for Saturday evenings, called "Suppers," began with the Swedish idea of buffet. We wonder how the Year Book came out after all of these: the French, the Chinese, and the Italian jobs.

Can you roller skate? It sure was generous of the Seniors to take us all to Roll-Land that Saturday afternoon. We are sorry about the bangs and bruises, though!

When we think back to the time Mr. Milliken gave that talk on textiles we immediately think also of those beautiful slips he gave to each and every member of H. I. T. P. The Economics class went over to the Mount Hope Finishing Company the next Monday and really examined the mill and that well-planned town of North Dighton—even to finding out how many furnaces there were there.

INTERVALE WEEKEND

There were light knocks at several doors down the hallway. Finally, they came to my door. I opened my eyes and saw that it was still dark. My watch said 5:30. Why should we be called at this hour? Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was the day that we'd all been waiting for. This was the INTERVALE WEEKEND. Up and down the hall could be heard the sounds of hurried dressing. When we had all equipped ourselves as though for a journey to the North Pole, we went down to the dining-room for a quick breakfast, and then loading ourselves compactly with skiis, suitcases, extra coats, and skates, we staggered into the bus that was to take us to Boston where we would catch the 8:30 train to Intervale.

We boarded the train and after a four-hour journey finally arrived at the little station in North Conway. On the ground there was about twelve inches of snow, just the right consistency for skiing. For three days we all had the best time of our lives, with one thing following upon another. Every moment was taken. Skiing, skating and snowshoeing all day long. After dinner we proceeded to a spot-lighted toboggan course. Time after time with laughs and shouts we shot down the hill to the darkness that waited

outside of the spot-lights' bright glare. Then we all trooped into Sunset Lodge, and there before a blazing fireplace, we toasted marshmallows on long sticks. Oh, how we hated to see the end of that glorious weekend. But all good things must come to an end.

AT SEA

Captain's Log—February 10, 1940.

Time—6 o'clock.

Weather Conditions—Slight precipitation, woolly fog, oozing mud, very unfavorable for coiffeur.

Dining room buzzing, excitement growing, rushes for dessert, but enthusiasm lacking and appetite absent, hair in pins, still damp, and causing anxious aspirations.

Time—7 o'clock

Weather Conditions—Pain in earnest, wind velocity rising, mud depth increasing.

Excitement at a high key, baths steaming, strange, fantastic face preparations, meticulous, intricate nail treatment—(color, Natural)—Henry's first stop for hostesses.

Time—8 o'clock

Weather Conditions—Bad enough to worry about your date's arrival. Everyone superbly majestic in evening attire—Tabor in full dress, throwing casual furtive glances at the inquisitive balcony peekers. Harvard and places elsewhere showing fair representations—abundancy of corsages but minority of pins. Everything in readiness but no orchestra.

Time—9 o'clock

Weather Conditions—Detaining orchestra, but no one interested enough to see why.

Everyone getting acquainted—arrival of instruments and a few members of the orchestra—conversation at a high pitch—hostesses anxious about remembering names.

Time—10 o'clock

Weather Conditions—No certain report—no particular interest.

Delayed orchestra already softening hearts with a marvelous presentation of "In the Mood," on borrowed time from Glenn Miller. Sea decorations worn out with hearty commendation. Excitement mellowing into sheer content.

Time—11 o'clock

Weather Conditions—Raining rivers, but who cares?

Refreshments on ship's deck, well received and greatly enjoyed. Touch-ups on lip-stick—replacement of straying wisps and locks—count of heart palpitations rising steadily.

Time—12 o'clock and on—

Weather Conditions—Still stormy but unable to dampen spirits.

Last heart-breaking piece—good-nights and good-byes quite long . . . and everyone creeping like snails to bed, conversation at highest point in the evening—lights out, animated whisperings, and then to that always comforting, ever sweet state of sleep.

A trip to Providence gave the Seniors and Junior College girls a chance to see the Academy prize winner, "Gone With the Wind." The weeping was quite universal.

And imagine: the Faculty finally beat the students in an imitation "Information, Please." We had really thought that questions about the Seven Wonders of the World and the Baseball Leagues would stump them. But no. Cleve made a wonderful master of ceremonies in Mr. Jordan's navy blue suit.

There is a peculiar word that we are trying to think of referring to the gentleman who brought magic to House in the Pines. Something like—Pres-tidigator. Anyway, he did some very surprising tricks, especially that one in which we thought his trick had not worked, and the dove's feather was sticking out of the box. How mean—to find it just a fake feather.

We were all so thrilled to hear Miss Eleanor Steber sing at one of our concerts, and then to have her win the finals in the Metropolitan Opera contest. Let's all wish her good luck!

Practically everyone has a desire to travel to Alaska and actually see all those gorgeous sights that Miss Coyle so interestingly described. Her slides gave us a very good idea of the continuous beauty one would find on a boat trip through the numerous isles. And Alaska is safer than many other places, if you have a "yen" for travel this summer.

Our Dramatic Club did a most commendable job on the "Cradle Song," in fact we were all in tears, even Miss Sylvia Stall broke down a little. Miss McKee certainly knows how to bring out the best in our acting ability.

The Harvard-Yale polo game took us away from our studies, and the next week we got a few laughs out of the gym demonstration. It was very good, even if we were inclined toward the ungraceful side at times.

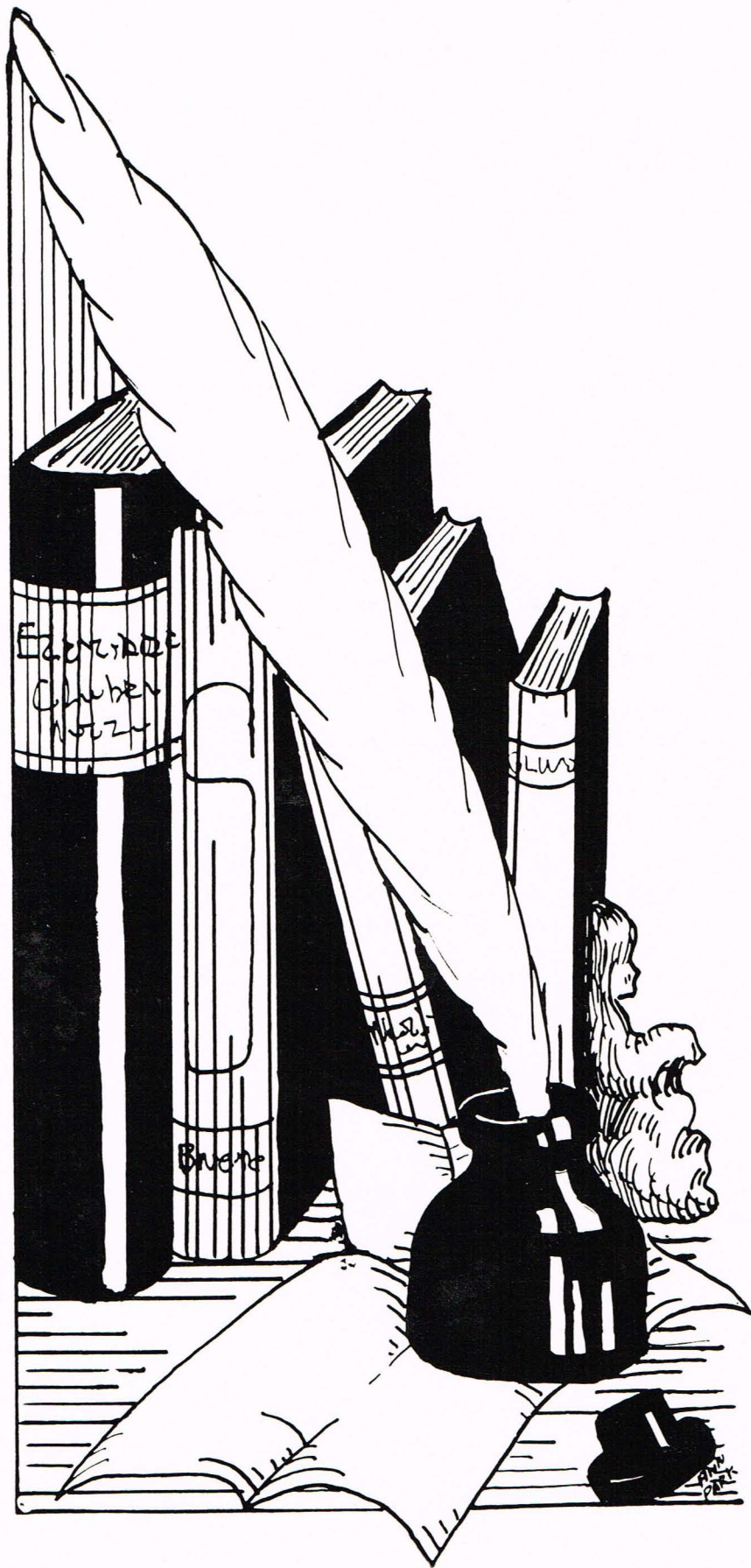
Just before Spring vacation rolled around, Mary Louise's father, Dr. Boynton, gave an inspiring talk on "Thresholds." Something to think about and remember, for he has a profound understanding of "youth."

Hedges brought a night of melodrama to the dining room with the "Killing of Dan McGrew" and "The Highwayman." We liked Mary Hocker as Dan very much. (Cokes and pretzels, also.) When we gave our amateur show, there was not a sound of a gong, while Maples won the prize. The next evening Doris Twomey seemed to enjoy expressing her ideas concerning Freedom of Initiative and discussing them with Mr. Milliken.

There was still the Main House Party, the Spring Riding Meet, "Romeo and Juliet," and all the commencement exercises to look forward to before "Time Steps" went to press . . . We leave!

My loved one will come to me over the snow
When the wind moans soft and the branches
bend low:
And the moon, scarcely seen through the mist
from the sea,
Will cast its pale light on my loved one and me.

—Taylor Reese.



PEN

AND INK

"GOOD MORNING, MISS CLEVELAND"

Every morning, when we girls enter the dining room for breakfast, we say "Good morning" to the teacher in charge.

Now this is an art in itself. Usually you have just arisen, and this being cheerful doesn't strike the right note. Then sometimes you completely forget even to look at the poor Dean; and when she calls "Good morning" after you, you turn, stammer, blush, and rush to cover behind your chair. Now and then you step unwarily over the edge and either tremble or stumble down those three treacherous little steps. Again you feel sadly embarrassed when, having arrived just as the last of the line is passing by, you find you have forgotten to remove some last detail: overshoes, perhaps, or a hat—usually you do remember to take off your mittens.

Of course, Miss Cleveland has the difficult task of remembering and speaking your names as you sail by. Sometimes such momentum is created, she has to stop the whole line to reduce the tempo. However, usually she gives your name and accompanies it with "Good morning" or "Buenos dias," "Salve," or "Bonjour." Some like that extra foreign touch.

Almost every girl has her own individual style of descending and giving her greeting. Some walk down sedately, give a half turn and acknowledgment; some descend sideways, with a watchful eye judging the distance; some twist around and look over their shoulders; while some stride into the dining room lustily swinging their arms.

Saying "Good morning" requires effort on both sides. Yet it is a splendid opportunity to learn the art of entering a room. I'm sure none of us will forget saying "Good morning, Miss Cleveland."

—Ruth Rowbotham.

Dear God, I've been a good boy.
So now I'll say my prayer.
And I've a favor I'd like to ask—
It doesn't seem unfair.
Please listen, God.
I want a home with a Mom and Dad,
Without them, life's so blue.
I'll be so awful, terrible good
If you make my wish come true.
I won't hit Susie any more
Or take her doll away:
I'll never make a face at Jim
If he should look my way:
I'll throw away my sling-shot, too,
I guess it's really bad.
God, if I do all this for you,
Can I have a Mom and Dad?
This favor, it don't seem like much
But you see I'm all alone,
And I'd just love a Mom and Dad,
And please, dear God—a home.

—Jean Connell



DO YOU RIDE?

Do you ride? Or do you enter the stable with your hand on your nose? Although you've never thought of riding, you have "butterflies" flitting about in your stomach? And when a horse is led from his stall and hitched near where you are standing, do you protest that the horse need not look at you so, just because he's never seen a red, orange, green, and purple striped jacket before? Besides, it makes the butterflies literally pound in your stomach. And do you flatten up against the nearest wall when a horse whinnies, baring yellow square teeth—or is it because he looks like Uncle John smiling?

Do you ride? And do you enter the stable in a smart black outfit? Do you snub the grooms and talk only to the riding master about your father's many winners, the horse that won such-and-such a prize at the Garden in New York City? Do you own a mate to Sea Biscuit or Greyling? Do you take all the classes and the ribbons and the cups for your trophy room at home that needs a new addition badly?

Do you ride? Because you love the horse, his ways and companionship? Do you know a horse with personality? One who speaks with puppy-like eyes and returns your affection with a wheeze down your neck? One whose quick temper—stamping, snorting, rearing—gives place to meekness as he lays his chin on your shoulder and nibbles at your hair? One whose nervous system is keyed high and whose logic is lacking, who shies at bits of paper, twigs, or coats upon the fence? One who delights in bucking and rearing; yet once you are dismounted and flat upon your back, leans down, licks your face, then scampers off madly to the barn?

Do you ride?

—Lois Hart.

A TALL STORY

"Why, I heard it was much worse than that, Betty Lou," answered the indignant Jane in her most contradictory manner. "Gay Whitney's mother told Uncle Harry, and he told Cousin Arthur, who told Mabel . . . Well, anyway, it got around to my mother, and she told me that Joe Travers was expected home from college two days ago. Imagine it! Two WHOLE days ago! And it wasn't until last night that he came whizzing around that hairpin curve up by Turner's Pond—you remember we used to skate there last winter until the old 'Fuss' chased us off. Well, as I was saying, as Joe came tearing around that twist, another car smashed right into him, and all four wheels of his beautiful cream-colored roadster flew right off into space. People said the bodies were pinned so tightly against the wheels that they had to be dragged out in parts."

"O-o-o Jane, please don't go into such detail! Don't you say so, girls? After all, my stomach isn't made of iron." Ida munched away on her fourth candy bar dripping with marshmallow and creamy chocolate. "Besides, you haven't got the story straight at all . . . It's this way. We were talking about it at the table last night, and Daddy said that Joe Travers wasn't driving the car at all! No, silly, it was his roommate. Daddy said when the other car collided with Joe's "beautiful cream-colored roadster," he was hurled right over the banking. When the police found him, he was rushed to the hospital where he had both his arms and his legs amputated."

"Oh, what a shame!" chorused our excited friends, "and he was such a smooth dancer. Whoever shall we get to teach us those new college steps?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Betty Lou.

"Whatever shall we do?" echoed Ida, a little late for the draw.

"Look, girls!" screamed Jane, who, being the curious type, was looking out the window, minding everybody else's business—and quite capably, too, thank you!

"What's up?" cried the others, trooping to the window to see what they were missing. "Why,—why,—why,—it's J-J-Joe Travers in his c-c-cream c-colored roadster, and—what's that bandage doing on his thumb? Look! the right fender of his car is a little dented! Pardon us while we faint."

—Jean Connell.

A REMEDY

Lucy clutched the wheel and stamped her tiny foot down upon the accelerator. Her swimming eyes could scarcely see the winding road. The car was taking the risky curves of the highway much too dangerously, and a lanky farmer lad who had been wandering aimlessly in the warm summer sun had barely time to evade the roaring automobile. As the car sped by, he was left gaping with astonishment in a cloud of choking dust.

Lucy gritted her teeth and muttered angrily to herself. Her blue eyes were flashing wildly, her face was flushed, and her knuckles shone gleaming white as she clutched the wheel.

"Oh, why doesn't it happen!" she cried hatefully. "Why don't I go over a cliff or crash into a tree?" She burst into tears, and the road became so blurred that she instinctively slammed on the brakes.

Stopping the car, she jumped out and flung herself upon the ground in despair. Shaking with sobs, her fingers worked into the soft soil. Feeling a small stone, she grasped it and flung it with all the fury she could put behind it. At first she was startled to see a big grey hare spring up from the grass where the stone had dropped. But forgetting her troubles for the moment, she stoned it gleefully. The frightened hare, however, soon disappeared in the bushes and Lucy found herself once again disheartened. Presently, a shrill chattering above her head attracted her attention. A lively red squirrel was dodging in and out among the green boughs of a stately pine tree. The little fellow was apparently scolding her for her misbehavior! Lucy watched fascinated. Then upon a sudden impulse, and quite regardless of her silk stockings, she fell to climbing the fir tree.

Sitting with her back against the trunk and safely within reach of the ground, she was overcome with relief. It was an enchanting view which was spread out before her. The lofty mountains in the distance were edged with a hazy gold as the sun sank slowly and the purple shadows gently fell upon the misty, well-tilled fields. This beauty brought a cheery smile to Lucy's lips. In this peaceful and serene atmosphere Lucy could not imagine how she could have so lost all self-command. She knew she had a difficult temper; but out here the few things that had so excited her seemed to be mere trifles.

She remembered the lanky farmer boy as she had left him standing in a cloud of dust with such an expression of surprise upon his freckled face that she now laughed aloud. But then she could have choked him for his stupid stare. Poor fellow! He probably thought her an escaped lunatic—which wasn't such a bad guess.

Suddenly Lucy knew! This very spot seemed to be the best remedy for her fiery temper. Yes, nature was definitely her remedy! So with renewed hope she watched the twinkling stars prick out one by one.

—Patty Paxton.

WAR—A PROBLEM

While guns, cannon and bombs are destroying land across the sea,
This America in which we live is a heaven unto me.
We do not see in reality the land which we love most,
Mercilessly ruined, and creeping on like a living ghost.

No roaring motor of a bombing plane flies noisily overhead,
Leaving behind it a rich-colored earth, stained a bloody red:
Nor do we see our families, those who are dearest to us,
Their bodies torn and shattered, and left discarded there.

In America we wonder if we should go and assist;
Though seeing them in their present state, we are inclined to desist:
Yet their worries and their miseries are many to our few.
What would we gain either way? I don't know, do you?

—Virginia Hayward.

DREAMS

Spring is the season of unpredictable happenings. Even little Yvonne was aware that the new grass did more than just grow, and the woods, though dark and silent, were not exactly dead. Oh, no, for the trees played games with Mother Nature's children, particularly the sun in the afternoon; while the animals had a spirited air and pranced or strutted around the barnyard, proud that they lived there. She thought, my brothers feel that way, too.

How wonderful to be on a farm, thought Yvonne, as she silently helped her mother with the everyday chores. The kettle on the stove bubbled with vitality and the pots that hung over the stove were not idle. Everything was alive here. And so were Yvonne's thoughts as she went from room to room in the old farmhouse performing her duties.

Soon lunch would be ready and the mid-day gathering, always a happy hour of the day, would occur. Although Yvonne loved this hour, today she wanted it to be over as soon as possible because the book she had been reading was waiting for her. Uncle Silas, who lived a few miles away in another town, had given her two books for her tenth birthday: one the inestimable "Alice in Wonderland," and the other, Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins."

Each character became real as everything else did for Yvonne. The rabbit, the mouse, the Red Queen, and the ugly Duchess were human beings, and Mr. Gissing reminded her of Prince, the shaggy sheep dog that belonged to all on the farm.

Yvonne's yellow hair glistened in the sun, and her inquisitive, sparkling gray eyes were filled with wisdom as she sat curled up in the big armchair and stared at the distant, friendly, blue hills of New England. The book lay closed in her lap. The last word having been read, her thoughts continued on to where "the blue begins" and beyond to where the impossible became possible. That would be the place to be, thought Yvonne, and she soon began to yearn for such a place. Suddenly she thought of a place near by that might resemble such a paradise.

Up Yvonne jumped and skipped out of the house. The screen door banged sharply behind her. Across the road and over the rail fence she went. Across a sloping cow pasture dotted with gray stones she flew, her tiny feet hardly touching the ground. Then, onward into the woods and along a winding path to the brook. Here at her favorite spot she flopped contentedly on a mossy ledge just big enough for her. Although she had visited this place many times before with a friend or brother, it did not appear to Yvonne as the same place. This time everything seemed closer to her. The brook, as it flowed by, looked up at her and sparkled, and her eyes answered the sparkle. A frog who was sitting in a spot of sunlight the trees had failed to shade, jumped into the brook and swam slowly out of sight. A bird twittered from twig to twig and flew out of sight, too, leaving only the music of the brook to disturb the silence.

From under a pile of dead leaves there appeared something white. Yvonne could not distinguish it at first, so she rubbed her eyes and looked again. Then there was a great rustling of leaves and a white rabbit appeared shaking himself vigorously from head to foot. He stopped suddenly as if he had lost something. Of course he had. It was the white rabbit, who was still looking for his gloves and fan. He hastily approached Yvonne and pulled out his big watch with a heavy sigh and muttered that he was going to be late again for the Duchess' tea.

"Could I help you?" offered Yvonne after she had found her voice.

"Oh, no thank you, my dear, no thank you," replied the rabbit quite flustered, "I must retrace my steps."

"Perhaps if I went with you," said Yvonne, but the rabbit assured her that it would be quite unnecessary because he would soon be back.

"He'll be back," said a deep voice behind her, which made her start a bit, but to her relief it was only the Mad Hatter.

"Yes, he'll be back," said another voice from up in a tree. This time the Cheshire Cat spoke.

Soon all her favorite characters surrounded her and she, very delighted, talked, laughed, and played with them all. The March Hare and the Red Queen, the henpecked King, the frightened Duchesses, and the Mock Turtle each spoke to Yvonne in his own individual manner as if she were an old acquaintance.

A croquet game was in progress and she was urged to take part. While she was trying to decide whether to or not, because she wasn't very well acquainted with their rules, a kind voice spoke in her ear.

"You needn't play if you do not wish to. I'd be glad to tell you of my travels if you prefer." It was Mr. Gissing who spoke. Nothing could have pleased her more. Yvonne listened, enchanted by the perilous adventures which this eminent traveller told to her, all new, thrilling experiences which had not been recorded. The others continued their game on the other side, but only Mr. Gissing held her attention. He was telling her of the time when he had to pull and tug very fiercely because—but his story was never finished. He started to pull violently at Yvonne's dress.

"No, no, stop!" cried Yvonne, panic stricken. She tried to push him away with all her strength but was unsuccessful. Something wet touched her face and a sharp bark sounded in her ear.

Prince had barked, and she awoke glad to find the faithful friend beside her. He had hunted for her because it was late; and she obediently followed him home with a happy, contented feeling because she had been for a few minutes with people whom she loved best of all.

—Althea Curtis.

FOOTBALL GAME

"Come on, get that man. Down him!"

"Keep going. Let's go, we want a touchdown!"

"Hurray, that's the spirit. They can't take it."

"Hey, listen you, why don't you get over on your own side?"

"Aw, I'll sit where I want to. Do you want to make something of it?"

"Later, not now. Tackle that man! What is the matter with that fellow?"

Oh, oh, an injury! That's too bad."

"Penalty! Hey, you can't do that! Learn the rules, 'ref'!"

"If you're going to sit here, why don't you keep quiet? You are rooting for the wrong team."

"How do you know? What college did you go to?"

"I'm a Yale man, and proud of it. They are going to win today."

"Yes? Well, I'm a Harvard man, and Harvard can't lose!"

"Oh no!" Well, we shall see. What frat?"

"I'm a DKE."

"You are!" Well, shake brother, so am I! Say, what do you think of Army's chances?"

—Theo Strong.

SUNRISE BY THE SEA

A square-rigger was making port as the evening sun was sinking into the sea. Its sails were spread like great white wings above the clear blue water. The azure sky changed to pink and then to ruby as the brilliant disk slipped lower and lower in the west. The clouds looming in the western sky were burnished in red gold, and the sails appeared to blush as though "caught out" by the setting sun. The ocean, too, looked copper-colored. Presently the color began to fade, the scene became gray, the square-rigger reached her mooring, all sails were furled, and the sailors went singing ashore. Day had drawn her night curtain upon her beauty.

—Mary Elizabeth French.

ARCHIE LEARNS

Way back in a closet up on the third floor
 Sat a dirty old shoe that was useful no more,
 Till a family of mice, with bag and with baggage,
 Moved from their home where they lived in a cabbage,
 And soon, way down in the toe of the shoe,
 Lived a good mother mouse and her children two.
 Now one of these children, named Minnie Bell,
 Was a good little mouse and minded well:
 But Archie, the other, was terribly bad
 And tried all the patience his poor mother had.
 One day, by way of a neighboring rat,
 To her horror, their mother learned of the cat.
 And so, as good mothers would naturally do,
 She bade them stay home, and she lectured them, too.
 Of course, Minnie Bell did just as she said,
 But that very night Archie crept out of bed.
 He hopped down the stairs with that delicate ease
 That made all the women mice eager to please.
 When on the first floor, he glanced around,
 Then said to himself, as he heard no sound,
 "Of all stupid things, afraid of a cat;
 I'll just show her I'm a full grown rat."
 So down he paraded through the hall,
 As big as life and quite as tall,
 Till he came to a door that stood ajar
 And stuck his nose in quite too far.
 A woman in pink saw this bad little mouse
 And shrieked so loud she woke the house.
 When she heard that shriek, the cat arose
 And spied that mouse who'd extended his nose.
 With a swish of her tail and a wink of her eye,
 She dashed down the hall—I need not tell why.
 Our brave little mouse just shivered and shook,
 Then took to his heels without one more look.
 They ran up the curtains, they ran down the chairs,
 They ran under sofas and then up the stairs.
 Now, while Archie was running as fast as he could,
 He vowed to himself that he'd always be good.
 His legs were so tired and so was his mind
 When he reached the third floor with the cat close behind,
 That he made for his hole with a pitiful wail,
 Just as her paw nabbed the end of his tail.
 But now, if you visit the toe of the shoe,
 You'll see Archie's tail is again good as new;
 And instead of the bad mouse that he used to be,
 You'll find him reformed—just between you and me.
 —Poppy Champlin.

As I gazed across the distant hills, the image of a stately southern mansion darkly silhouetted against the soft colors of twilight held my attention. The vivid gold and crimson had blended into a delicate rose. Here and there a dash of red and yellow streaked the sky. Slowly, steadily, the hush of evening crept across the valley. The stillness held a mysterious melancholy. The mansion was old and deserted; the gardens were choked with weeds; the grass, grown tall about the house, waved in the evening breeze. And yet a haunting beauty and grace lingered wistfully about this mansion that was but a phantom of yesterday. Had this been a house of merriment, of laughter, of gaiety? Or had the lives of those who once had dwelt here been filled with sorrow and grief? Who can tell? Are not these secrets buried deep in the past?

—Helen May Dickinson.

CLARENCE

I suppose that every town has at least one useless but tolerated character, usually a "good-humored sort" but a bit eccentric. Ever since I can remember, Clarence has been an ornamental fixture in our neighborhood, always completely absorbed in something of extreme importance to no one but himself. Yet unconsciously he has served as a general source of laughter.

Winter and summer he may be seen stepping briskly along the main street, each black-booted foot jerking forward in a wide outward swoop, as if it were anxious to get as far away from its companion as possible; his faded brown overcoat flopping fondly about his knees; and his long angular arms, sealed clumsily in huge, white, laborer's gloves, swinging awkwardly above like a bony guardian.

I have often seen him on Sunday evenings working his way from the store, a nondescript bunch of rusty keys swinging gratingly from his hand, as he tested each bolt and lock and peered carefully through each darkened window. On such occasions he was wont to wear, safely strapped within the band above the visor of his official-looking cap, a series of cards bearing advertising legends, which Clarence took to represent his self-assumed position and powers of "inspector." In his early days on "the force" it was also his custom to carry, displayed on his lapel, a brightly polished, brass police badge (probably purchased in Woolworth's but believed by its owner to be pure gold.)

The long-suffering officers in the district understand poor Clarence and generally leave him alone. There was one time, however, when an uninitiated beginner apprehended the busy peace-maker in the performance of his duties and hauled the indignant personage down to the little red station house. Things were set right, of course, when the young officer was informed by the Captain that Clarence was one "of his secret service men." But Clarence was not to be soothed until he had fully lectured the officer on the do's and don'ts of policemen.

Soon after this little episode, Clarence promoted himself to the rank of chief; and consequently he has given up the common work of making arrests. At present, the main duties he has set for himself consist of directing traffic on a quiet street when school children are abroad, stepping into the local drug store to scribble a three-page report on a cheap white pad, and punching innumerable holes through the tablet with decisive blows, being careful to allow the loosened discs of paper to drop on the floor.

Never harmful, sometimes useful, and always interesting, Clarence has reigned in this little town and will probably continue to do so for many years to come.

—Alyce Harrington.

THE ESSAYIST

It is a small house—that. It sits smug, surrounded by a blooming garden of hollyhocks, yellow and pink, interspersed with towering stalks of azure and navy delphinium. Multicolored humming birds busy about in their fragrance. A white picket fence bounds the colorful garden that a dirt road may pass. The west side of the house is shaded by a flowering cherry tree whose blossoms in the springtime look like pink clouds at sunset. On the east side stretches a rolling green lawn; and there, on the other side of an ivy covered wall, in the valley, grow acres of waving emerald alfalfa. The house itself is low and sprawling. Its roof slopes low, and at its windows peek white curtains. A brass knocker on the spotless door often shines in the setting sun.

From time to time you may see the master of this small domain sitting on the eastward rolling lawn with his pipe and his dog and his book. His hair is quite gray, but around his mouth humor has carved her lines of mirth. Around his eyes is a something not quite tangible, but suggestive of knowledge, of happiness, of philosophy. His nose, though not blunt, is not fine. Along his collar line is a telltale sunburn, for he works in his garden every afternoon before tea. He is of English descent and dresses accordingly: tweed knickers and coat, with brown plaid socks. A cap and cane are added for brisk walks.

On the east lawn he now sits with his pipe in hand as he turns the page. His dog looks on as the evening sun goes down.

—Lois Hart.

THE FARMER'S BOY

Lannie stumbled on into the darkness, crying softly to himself. The night was damp and he wished he had remembered to bring his woolen sweater, but there had been no time for such details. He would not go back, though! No, he would not go back and be tormented. He was a man now, and he was not to be treated like a child. He would go to the moors and plan his future there. Nobody was ever found wandering on those wide rolling fields and he would be all alone to plan his trip to the great cities he had read about. Lannie looked back with contempt at the little light in the farmhouse window. He could faintly hear the gentle low of Bessy. Well, she would just have to bellow. Milking a cow was not a man's job, nor was feeding Baby John, nor chopping wood for the stove. One by one he went over the hated chores of the day. But he stopped when he got to milking Bessie, which was the most hated job of all. No, he had not milked Bessy.

Again he remembered the slow words of his father, "Son, what is this I hear? You are arguing with your ma about your daily chores. You know what that means, don't you?" Pa had looked meaningfully at the braided leather strap hanging upon the cellar door.

He knew well that both ma and pa had tried to be patient with him, but he was a man now. They didn't seem to understand certain things. So he had stood up stoutly for himself as well as his parents.

Lannie had known exactly what was going to follow such a burst of imprudence, and it had happened. Hard across his bare legs rose great big white swelling lines; but he didn't cry, although he did feel a lump rising in his throat. So that was why he had escaped to the moors. If men must cry—and he bit his lip to think that he should have to—they must cry by themselves and not let a soul see them.

He sat down upon the moist grass, hugging his knees for warmth. Twilight was descending quickly. The fresh smell of ploughed fields, the darkening sky, peeping stars, and shadowed slopes gave Lannie a sense of content, and the wet tears dried on his face. Would he miss this country if he went to the stuffy, noisy city? Would he exchange Bessy, whom he had known ever since she was a long-legged little brown calf, for that dashing black Packard he had seen in the nineteen-forty catalogue? His back against the earth and his face towards the sky, he wondered if he really would. Lannie pictured Bessy along side the cities, the crowds of people, and perhaps the fame he might win. The car was a black beauty, long and shiny, with dazzling white tires. What a thrill it would be to ride forever in such a machine! Or would that thrill last? Bessy, as he saw her in his mind's eye, was slightly shorter than the car. Her big, sad brown eyes, and her twitching ears, as she stood there quietly chewing her cud, made Lannie suddenly wish he had fed her before he had left.

Suddenly he jumped up! It was dark! Horribly dark! He began to run, run towards the little white light way off in the distance. How far away it was! How lonely on the wide black moors! Faster and faster he ran on in the darkness, stumbling and scrambling to his feet again, not daring to look behind him. He fancied crowds chasing him, shrill horns and whistles blowing. The smell of the burnt gasoline from the exhaust pipes of the cars choked him. Once he was almost run over by that big black Packard!

Panting and shaking, he finally reached the barnyard. The noises ceased, he could no longer hear the roaring crowds, and the reeking gasoline smell turned out to be simply the fertilizer of the fields. All was familiar here and blessedly quiet. Still panting he reached the barn door, looked in, and with a sigh of relief saw Bessy standing knee deep in straw and looking at him with her big, brown, sad eyes. He could not resist giving her another pitchfork full of clean straw, however. Then, patting her flanks with authority and closing the barn door with special care, he strode across the barnyard, fully in possession of himself.

When he reached the house, he could not help chuckling to himself as he walked in; for though the rooms were dark, one light burned near the window. Ma and pa had apparently gone to bed, but what good fortune tellers they had turned out to be! After turning out the light, he softly climbed the stairs to his room.

Undressing in the darkness wasn't such an easy thing to accomplish; but after struggling with his shoe laces, he knelt, shivering in the cold air, until his prayers had been said. No, he didn't forget Bessy!

The covers were warm and cosy. Lannie's heavy eyelids were just about to fall when something warm and soft touched his forehead.

"Good-night, ma!" he whispered.

"Good-night, dear."

"Oh, ma!"

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to the city." Then proudly, "I'm going to be a farmer!"

And with a happy sigh he fell asleep.

—Patty Paxton.

The warm air
Filled with the freshness of the first spring days,
Penetrating the senses;
The clear blue sky feathered with tiny white clouds;
The feeble rays of the strengthening sun
Beating down upon the budding earth.
A figure walking slowly,
Head held high,
Nostrils drinking the first spring fragrance,
Thrills to the age-old happening,
Youth and its joy in the long-awaited spring.

—Dody Kaple.

GUESS WHO

A lock of straight black hair across
his forehead,
A rectangular black blotch on his
upper lip,
He stood there spitelut, thoughtless,
fiery, mettlesome, hateful.

—Virginia Haywood.

DESTINY

I could see the dark outlines of the scaffold heavily etched against the forbidding sky. A rope hung from one of the arms like the thin strand of a spider's web. In the sharp gusts of wind that sent the clouds scudding through that ominous, grey sky, it jumped and danced like something possessed. A trio of solemn-faced men were walking slowly up the steps to the platform.

In the center was a bestial figure. The eyes, black and beady, darted quickly from object to object, as though seeking something. A shock of matted hair hung down the low forehead. A gash of liver-colored flesh formed the mouth. The lips continually twitched and grimaced. The short legs carrying him up the steps were sharply bent, and the arms hung almost to his knees.

The dull drone of the priest beat against my eardrums. Still those searching eyes continued to wander, peering into every darkness. I thought surely they must find my hiding place.

The hangman settled the noose around the yellow-skinned, heavily-veined neck and drew it close. The thick, loathsome hands were deftly tied behind his back. With one swift blow the block was kicked from beneath those clinging feet. A gurgle and then silence. All that I could hear was the moaning of the wind and the echo of feet as they left the scaffold. I looked at the face. Oh, my God! The eyes still sought me as the body swung slowly around in the ever-increasing gale.

—Taylor Reese.



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MAY 18, 1940

PROGRAM



1. Intermediate Horsemanship — (2 heats).
- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|
| 14. Bacon | Beauty | 22. Benoit | Tommy Tucker |
| 15. Brown | Tommy Tucker | 23. Hallett | King |
| 16. Burton | Jack Frost | 24. Harrington | Don |
| 17. Garretson | Fonda | 25. Kaler | Midnight |
| 18. Groebe | Flashlight | 26. Keeler | Fonda |
| 19. Grote | Preacher | 27. Stewart | Killarny |
| 20. Palmer | Colonel | 28. Strong | Jack Frost |
| 21. Ruben | Robin | | |
2. Lead-Rein Class.
- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Chandler -- Fahr | 6. Vickery -- Gibbs |
| 4. Hart -- Draper | 9. Kaple -- Rowbotham |
3. Drill — (Yellow team vs. Green team).
4. Beginners Horsemanship
- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|-----------------|------------|
| 29. Arnold | Colonel | 33. Landman | Cappy |
| 30. Barnes | Beauty | 34. Mosher | Jack Frost |
| 31. Crukshank | King | 35. Van Nymegen | Midnight |
| 32. French | Tommy Tucker | 36. White | Killarny |
| | | 37. Weinberg | Preacher |
5. Jumping
- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Chandler | Fonda | 9. Kaple | Preacher |
| 7. Hart | Robin | 11. Paxton | Robin |
| 4. Draper | Tommy Tucker | 12. Rowbotham | Colonel |
| 8. Hayward | Socko | 13. Vickery | Tommy Tucker |

6. Advanced Horsemanship

- | | | | |
|-------------|------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Chandler | Jack Frost | 7. Hart | Killarny |
| 2. Champlin | Robin | 8. Hayward | Socko |
| 3. Coty | Cappy | 9. Kaple | Lady Ann |
| 4. Draper | Flashlight | 10. Landers | Tommy Tucker |
| 5. Fahr | Fonda | 11. Paxton | Colonel |
| 6. Gibbs | Preacher | 12. Rowbotham | Lexington |
| | | 13. Vickery | Nifty |

7. Teams of Three

- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|-------------|------------|
| Strong | Killarny | Gibbs | Colonel |
| 15. Garretson | Flashlight | 6. Bacon | King |
| Brown | Tommy Tucker | Keeler | Cappy |
| Landers | Robin | Benoit | Jack Frost |
| 10. Fahr | Fonda | 22. Palmer | Beauty |
| Grote | Preacher | Van Nymegen | Midnight |

8. Musical Chairs

- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|--------------|
| Strong | Jack Frost | Coty | Tommy Tucker |
| Garretson | Colonel | Benoit | Fonda |
| Champlin | Preacher | Bacon | Beauty |
| Kaler | Midnight | Keeler | King |
| | | White | Killarny |
| | | Crukshank | Cappy |

9. Tandem

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Chandler | 11. Paxton |
| 7. Hart | 13. Vickery |

10. Costume Race

- | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-----------|------------|
| Strong | Tommy Tucker | Gibbs | Beauty |
| Garretson | Colonel | Benoit | King |
| Chandler | Fonda | Crukshank | Cappy |
| Stewart | Killarny | Paxton | Jack Frost |

Miss Lois Hart,
Miss Dorothy Kaple,
Mr. Ronald MacLeod,

Yellow Captain
Green Captain
Riding Master

COLOPHON

The digitizing of Cecil Knight's House in the Pines 1940 Yearbook was undertaken by her eldest son, Warren Taylor Vaughan, III (Tay Vaughan) in October, 2019. A Brother MFC-J6710DW 3-in-1 large-format scanner was used with Apple's Image Capture software on an Apple Mac Mini running version 10.14.6 of the macOS operating system.

Each page of the Yearbook was scanned separately at 300dpi in RGB color and saved as a high-resolution .jpg file. Affinity Photo was used to open each page file and make any corrections necessary (mainly removing shadow areas at the book's binding). Two pages were placed side-by-side as if reading the opened yearbook and that two-page image was then saved as a .pdf file. These individual .pdf files were then concatenated into a single, large .pdf file. To reduce file size and make the project more useful, this whole book file was then OCR'd into readable/searchable text using Adobe Acrobat's OCR facility.

Each page measures nine inches wide by twelve inches tall. This .pdf file displays twice that width (18 inches). But you can zoom in on any page.



ABOUT CECIL KNIGHT

In the words of her ex-husband, Warren Taylor Vaughan, Jr., M.D., upon her death:

I fell in love with Cecil in my own home in Richmond, Virginia over Christmas holidays of 1941. She had come to Richmond for the holidays with a classmate at the Erskine School in Boston, and my brother David had arranged a party to which these two lovely young women were invited.

We had just driven home from Philadelphia from the marriage of Vic Vaughan and Debbie Cloud, and needless to say, I was quite vulnerable to Cupid's arrows.

Cecil and I had a wonderful spring romance, which extended into summer, 1942. I was completely overwhelmed by my good fortune, a beautiful young woman who really cared about me! I proposed. She accepted. We married on December 19, 1942, when I was completing junior year in medical school.

We joined a number of fellow medical students who were married, lived in nearby apartments, and I began the rather total preoccupation with professional duties and challenges which eventually doomed our marriage.

We joined the army after a 1944 internship at the Brigham in Boston, during which time Tay arrived. Our army adventure led me into psychiatry, and was highlighted by the arrival of Christopher in October, 1945, following which we spent a cold winter in a cabin in the mountains of western Maryland, where I walked a mile every morning through the snow to work as a psychiatrist at the medical dispensary at Camp Ritchie, Maryland. What Cecil put up with! With two infants, a wood-burning pot-bellied stove, alone all day in the chilly woods. On reflection at this time, I can see now how incompatible were my professional life and her needs. She was a caring mother, wife, and a spirited woman, with great interest in social and political issues of the day. I just wasn't around that much. We parted ways in 1958.

In recent years we have shared many good exchanges, with mutual respect for each other and our travails, especially in relation to our third son, Todd, a University of California Berkeley graduate who was struck down with schizophrenia twelve years ago. Cecil died with the good news that Todd has just been accepted into a promising new treatment program in California. She, as well as I, have been active supporters of the nationwide Alliance for the Mentally Ill.

Goodbye, Cecil! We both tried hard!

More about Cecil Todd Knight Vaughan can be found at
<http://www.tayvaughan.com/people/family/mom/index.html>