

Henry W. ... JUNE 14 1939

Dorothy

BARNACLE



GRADUATION 1939 ISSUE

THE BARNACLE
BARNARD SCHOOL, VINE STREET
MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT
JUNE, 1939

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EDITORS' NOTE:

The members of the "Barnacle" staff wish to express appreciation to Miss Lutz, Miss Johnson, Miss Gove, Miss Sherman and the seventh and eighth grade art clubs for their aid in the art work of this issue. We are also grateful to Miss Enrico for her help with the mimeographing of our magazine.

MUSIC EDUCATION

The day following the seventh and eighth grade concert a teacher remarked, "I am so glad that Tom had the opportunity to sing in that concert for it is probable that with the exception of the Outdoor Festival, it will be the only time in his life that he will face such a large audience."

From the associations that I have had with Tom, I have discovered that he is a grand boy but has not had the opportunities that most of us have had. When he graduates in June from the eighth grade, he will no doubt try to find a job and go to work. His contact and associations with boys and girls of the schools will be gradually disappearing and his interests will center on other activities. If he does not come to the point of ever singing in concert again, he has known the joy and thrill of participation in a concert that was of high calibre and has experienced the joy of doing something well for public performance.

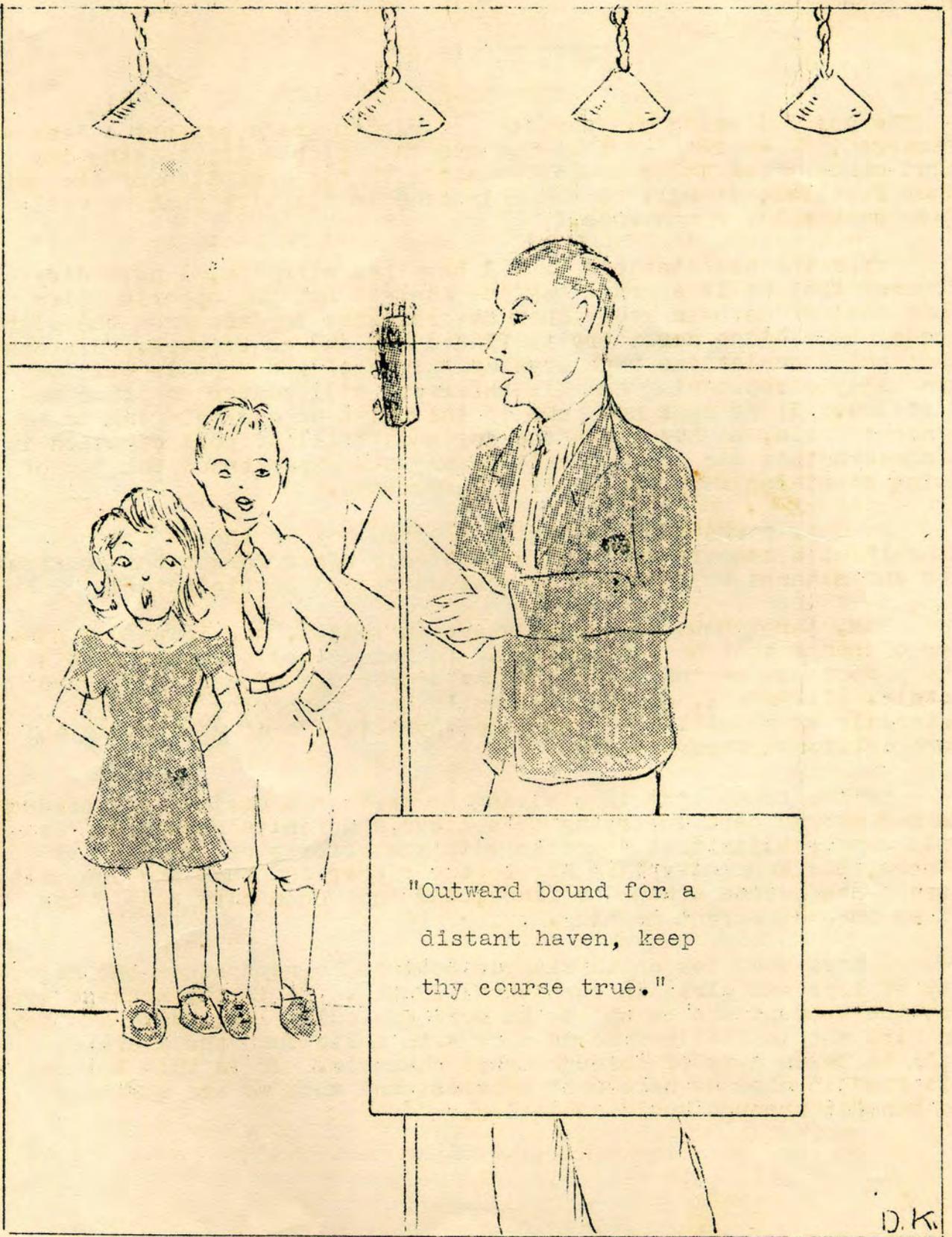
He has, perhaps unknowingly, learned how he should conduct himself at a concert and will undoubtedly never forget the courtesies and manners expected of concert goers and participators.

Tom, throughout his eight years in school, has learned a number of songs that he can perform. He has gained a knowledge of the proper use of the voice and the proper use of consonants and vowels. All in all, he has constantly been gathering together materials which will make him more appreciative of good music and more critical of poor music.

He has found that in striving to perfect a musical performance he has worked hard in trying to achieve a definite standard. He will soon realize that together with the efforts of hundreds of others, his community life has become richer and that the community itself has become a happier place, and that community spirit has taken on a different meaning.

I have used Tom as an example because he represents the majority of boys and girls in our school system. He is the average type, not the student who is apt to be more musically inclined. The boy or girl who is destined to do more with music than the average, will be taken care of through other channels. It is this boy and his kind in whom we have most interest and whom we are striving to benefit through music education.

G. Albert Pearson



"Outward bound for a
distant haven, keep
thy course true."

D.K.

MR. CHESTER ROBINSON SPEAKS

A boy who is first, last and always a gentlemen when he enters Franklin High School from Barnard School will meet with the approval of Mr. Chester Robinson, principal of Franklin High School. He expects the prospective student to be willing to work hard, to be pleasing and agreeable, and to be a good sport. Franklin School will give the student much of value; in return, the school expects the boy to give his best.

When a boy enters Manchester High School, Mr. Robinson says he should have a definite objective in mind. By this, Mr. Robinson means the students should have a definite plan and real interest in life. He should ask himself the following questions. Why am I going to school? What am I going to do when I get out of school? If he thinks about these questions, he will grasp Mr. Robinson's meaning.

The prospective high school student should know how to play and when to play. Because Manchester High School realizes the necessity for play as well as hard work, a variety of extra-curricular activities is provided. Here, the boy may become interested in a hobby or enrich the one he already has.

My interview with Mr. Robinson convinced me that boys have a very real friend in the person of this man. If the boy does his share, he will receive a rich high school education.

Donald Borg

BARNARD SCHOOL SPEAKS

If at the end of this year, you have wasted some school time, don't weep over your mistakes! Promise yourself it will not happen again.

Charlotte Montie

"If my scholarship marks are passing, why should I worry about my character rating?" You will find employers are as interested in your personality traits as they are in your academic standing. Punctuality, dependability, cooperation, honesty and courtesy have as great a money value as has mental ability.

Wanda Kosinski

MISS MCGUIRE SPEAKS

A delightful interview with Miss Mary McGuire, mathematics teacher and adviser to the Student Council of Manchester High School, revealed the necessary qualifications which are expected of Barnard School students when they enter Manchester High School. I shall pass on to you a few of Miss McGuire's suggestions.

"Come over to high school with the attitude that you are going to like it and with the feeling that you are going to put into high school the best that you have because this is the way to get the most benefit from your high school activities.

"Bring with you the love of your old school and loyalty to your new one. Cooperation, friendliness, initiative, willingness to work, dependability and punctuality are qualities which Barnard School has tried to develop in you. Manchester High School expects you to continue strengthening these same personality traits.

"Start to work your hardest the very first day, doing each day's work each day and calling nothing done until it is fully understood. Such procedure will eliminate even the desire to be dishonest in class work and examinations.

"You will enjoy more freedom than you have had in the past because you will be older and more mature. Remember, however, that with this new freedom will come greater responsibilities. You will be expected to learn to develop self control which is the only true discipline."

Marion Reed

MRS. MARGUERITE CAMPBELL SPEAKS

An interview with Mrs. Marguerite Campbell, head of the social science department of Manchester High School, disclosed that the correct use of English in social science classes is highly important. During my interview with her, I received many helpful "tips" which I should like other Barnard School students to hear.

"A command of English helps one to think clearly and to express one's ideas and opinions accurately. If a student is capable of giving concrete language to his thoughts, he impresses those thoughts upon himself and his listeners. Every student lives in a little world all his own. He can share this world with others through the medium of aptly chosen words.

"A Social Science student must do a vast amount of reading. If he has learned to select topic sentences in paragraphs and to relate details to the topic sentences, he will find it easy to comprehend the author's point

of view. Intelligent reading of this type enables him to organize the material he reads for the many oral talks he is expected to deliver to his class."

Nancy Goslee

RIDE A HOBBY HORSE

There are very few honest-to-goodness, wide-awake boys and girls who haven't a hobby horse to ride in their spare time. If you find there is nothing to do and you insist upon teasing the baby for an amusing pastime, then you need a hobby. No matter what type of a horse you choose to ride, you will find much worthwhile pleasure in store for you. Maybe your hobby will become your lifetime career.

There is a vast field from which to choose. Writing, collecting, modeling, playing, singing and sports are general headlines in the hobby world. All hobbies are fun, and while they are helping us to pass our leisure time, they are helping to mold the characteristics that are expected of the fine American youth.

So dig deep into the treasure chest of hobbies and bring forth a rich reward of pleasant pastimes!

Eleanor Carlson

BARNARD SCHOOL SPEAKS

Thank your community for the excellent schools they give you by careful use of desks, chairs, books, pencils, pens, and paper, and by never marring the woodwork.

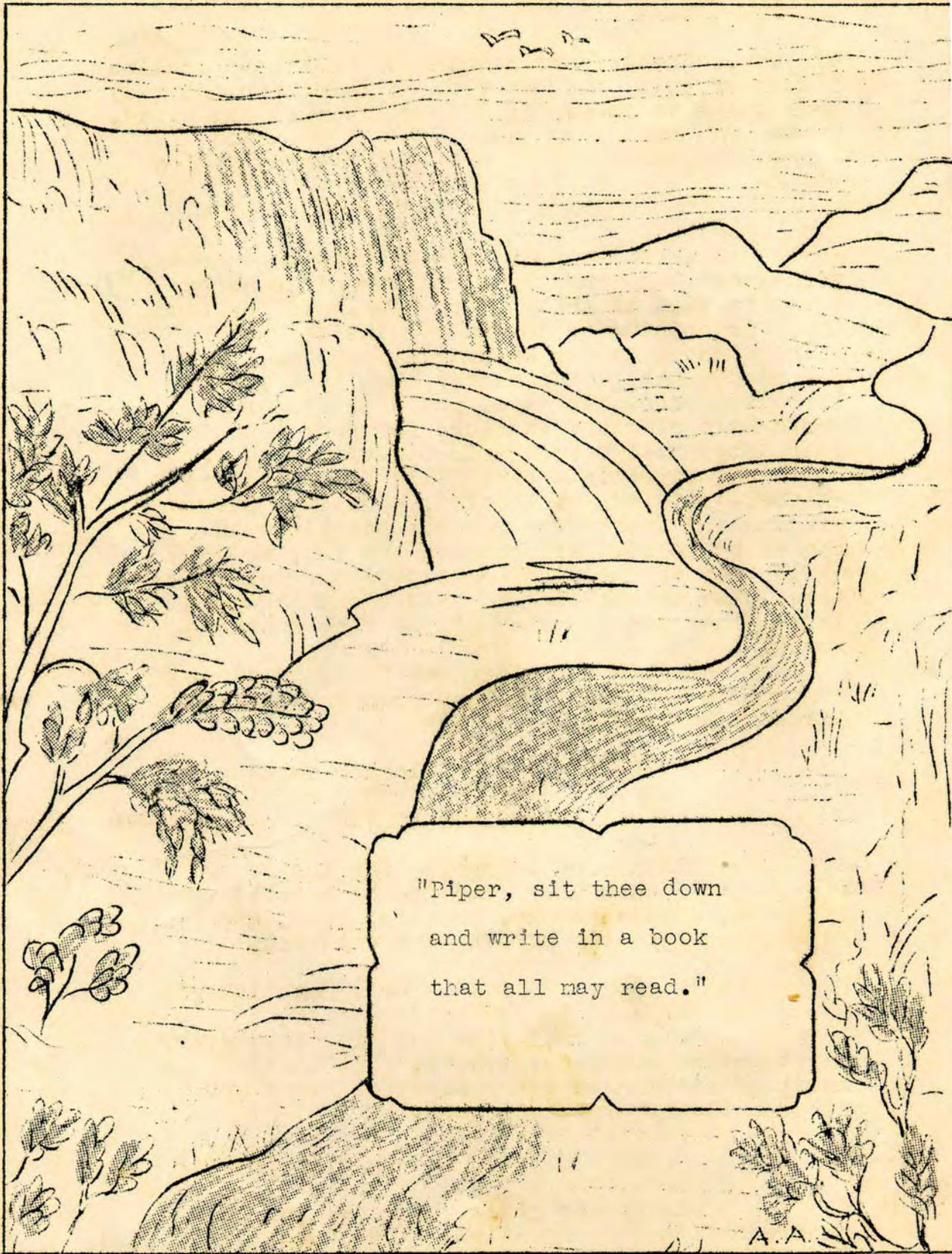
Doris McAllister

Be sure that your desk is clean every night before you leave school. Get in the habit of picking up every scrap of paper you find on floors or school yard.

Katherine Thurner

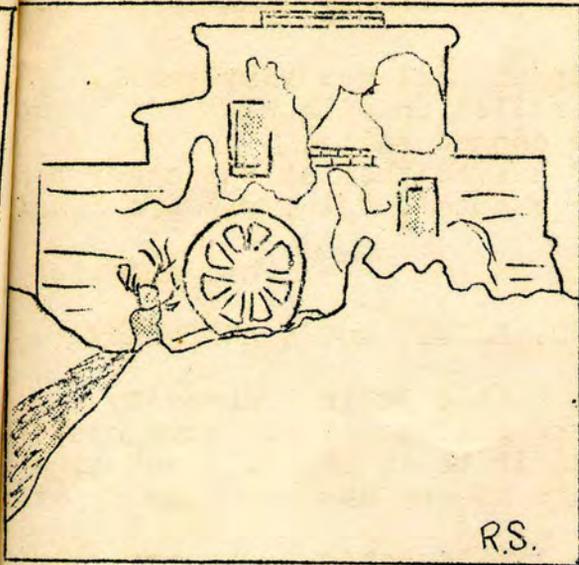
Manchester gives you excellent opportunities for education. Are you "buying" for nothing as much as you can?

Elsie Aspinwall



"Piper, sit thee down
and write in a book
that all may read."

THE OLD MILL BROOK



I love to hear the gurgling brook,
 The rapids race at tremendous
 pace,
 The dimming mist shrouds my face,
 The gentle breeze wafts the trees
 As the gurgling brook flows on.

Emerson Dumore

POLICEMAN

A policeman always
 Walks his beat

In the cold
 Or in the heat.

He whistles merrily
 As he goes by.

Ernest Duke



R.S.

MY OLD BOUND BOOK

The worn gilden pages
 Of my old, bound book,
 Tell no tales
 But to me.

The pages are yellow
 With years of use;
 The cover is soiled
 From much abuse.

And I read, as I sit,
 By the blue babbling brook,
 Numerous pages
 Of my old, bound book.

Faye M. Ferris

SPRING

When spring comes,
 Daffodils and crocuses
 Spring from the ground.
 The little, furry pussywillow
 Shows its tiny face,
 And there on the toadstool
 Sits the little elf.

Barbara Fox

SALESMAN

Now, here comes
 That house to house
 Man again.

This time,
 He's selling
 Pots and pans.
 He's smiling
 From ear to ear.

Let's buy!



Charles Campbell

THE MAILMAN

The mailman trudges down the street
With aching heart and tired feet.
He brings to us our daily mail,
Rain or shine, he'll never fail.
We sit and watch by the window pane
As he comes down along our lane.

We're ever grateful to this man,
For he's the kind that makes this
land

The country that it is today,
And may it ever stay this way.

Harry S. Maidment

IN THE MEADOW

In the meadows bright and fair,
Violets are springing,
And their fragrance fills the air
While wild birds are singing.

How we love to tread the way,
Through the greening meadows
While the rose rays
Dispel winter's shadows.

Rose Mary McCarthy

PANSIES

A pansy has the prettiest face
Ever a flower could have.
And when the rain comes sprinkling,
It always gets a bath.

Virginia Skewes

A WALK

O'er the fields,
Where birds are gathering,
Into the woods,
Where trees are sheltering,

Down in the valley,
Where grass is green,
Up the mountain,
Where snow is seen,

By the sandy shores
Where waves have fun,
I walk.

Sylvia Erickson

TWIN BEDS

Skipper Bill was very small.
He rolled up pillows
For cannon balls,
And heaved them at the other bed
And shouted, "Jim, you are dead!"

Phil Andrulot

OH, LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Oh, little Robin Redbreast,
Where will you build your nest?
Will it be in the tall oak tree
Where no one can see your eggs?

Oh, little Robin Redbreast,
How shall you line your nest?
With soft feathers from your breast
Or mosses that along the river rest

Henry Davis

THE HOBO

A hobo has no aim in life,
He has no wife or kids to fight;
He has no job to call his own,
He is almost all alone.
He has no one to lead him on.
He has no aim, not even one.

Frank Crane

SCHOOL

The clock tells the time.
Some are early, others late;
But school begins in our town
At twenty past eight.

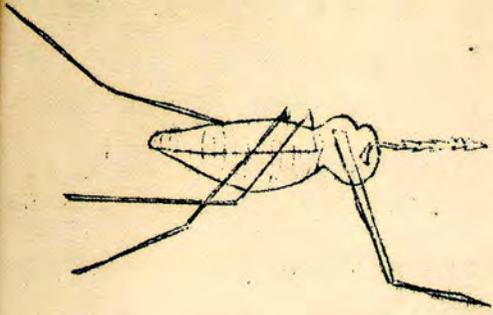
Julia Gallasso

MY DOG

The friend I can depend on all
the time,
Is none other than that dog of mine
He doesn't care if I come in,
With a D in English or an A in gym
He's always happy when I'm around
And keeps on jumping up and down.

Olga Brennan

THE 'SKEETER



A little 'skeeter soaring high,
High up in the lonely sky,
Lighted on a little chap,
N buzz, buzz, buzz, he stung him.
Again he spread apart his wings,
And landed on a garden swing,
Onto a man, he grasped his dart,
N buzz, buzz, buzz, he stung him.
Finally, when he'd had his fun,
He lit upon a sugar bun,
When it was time for him to leave,
Swat, swat, swat, they killed him.

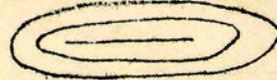
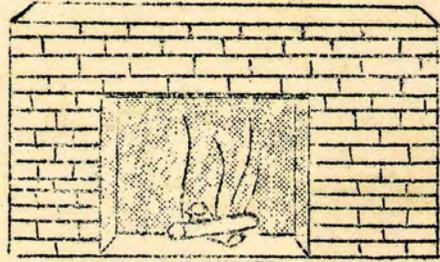
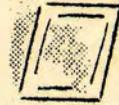
Ralph Scudieri

THE ECHO

I hear it calling
O'er the woodlands,
Calling, calling, calling.
It seems to beckon me,
Calling, calling, calling.
It seems to call,
Sweet and clear,
Calling, calling, calling.
And when I call,
It answers always,
Calling, calling, calling.

Tina De Pumpo

THE PROMISE OF SMOKE



RS.

When high the fire flames leap
From wood piled in a heap,
Smoke pours from the stack
Of a small fishing smack.

There's food to be cooked!

Dick Choney

THE LITTLE MAN

He loves to climb the apple tree
That stands in our backyard,
And play in giant sand piles
Where he can't fall so hard.

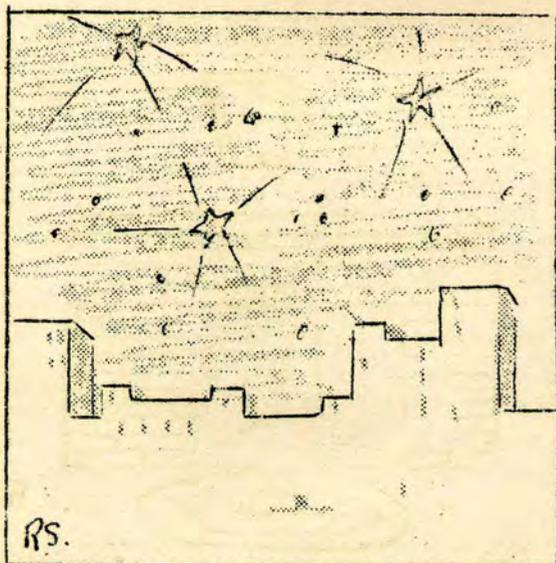
He loves to carry great big swords,
And be a soldier bold.
He thinks a bag of marbles,
Is worth much more than gold.

He flies big kites like other boys,
His joy is unsurpassed
When he can win a running race,
And not come in the last.

And when the twilight lengthens,
And he is tucked in bed,
Sweet dreams will then enfold him,
And angels guard his rest.

Eleanor Carlson

STARS



Stars of a spring night
Twinkle in the sky,
Sending a gleam of silver
That ne'er grows nigh.

Shining upon the vast land,
Glowing upon the sea,
They also shine and shimmer
Upon you and me.

Now the dawn appears,
And night has taken flight,
So to the little stars,
We say, "Good night!"

Irene Matchett

CLOUDS

The graceful clouds came sailing by
In the lovely azure sky.
Some appeared like big, tall
mountains,
Others looked like drinking
fountains.

I kept watching them until
Finally I'd had my fill
Of forms of polar bears and deer,
And large white shapes that seemed
so near.

The last form I thought I could see
A snow white dove appeared to be.
Then at the close of lovely day,
The cloud forms slowly passed away.

Marianna Sapienza

A HOLLAND SUNSET

The windmill keeps on going round,
With its ever squeaking sound.
Beside it runs the rippling stream
And on it shines the sun's bright
beam.

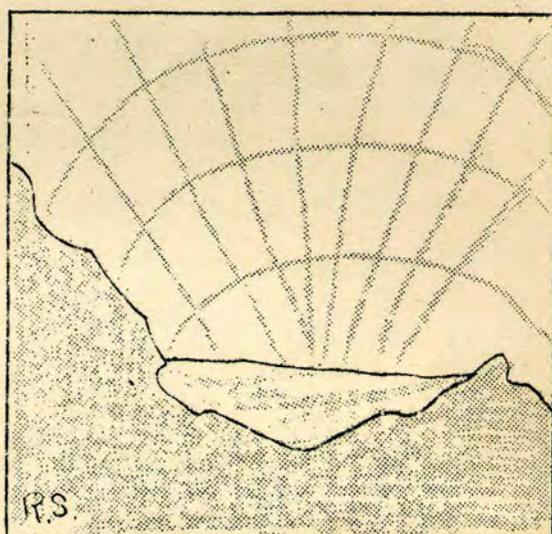
Far in the distance, I can see
Other windmills by the sea.
Little streams run by them all,
In summer, winter, spring and fall.

The little streams have watched
the sky,
Every day that has gone by.
It has watched the sky when it
was gay,
And when it was a somber gray.

As they keep rippling along
Singing their jocund song,
It seems they never do tire out
But keep on going without a doubt.

Marianna Sapienza

SUNSET



As I wondered lonely
Through the wood,
And dusk was falling near,
The sunlit ray
That filled the West
Was most celestial to see.
Its outstretched arms covered the
sky
With beauty, oh so clear.
It touched the very tip of my heart,
And made me drop a tear.
I gazed and gazed and stood amazed
As that ethereal ray of light,
Sank behind the western sky
And vanished in the night.

Anthony Lanzano

FUNNY SOUNDS

When the sun goes down
And all is still,
That's when you hear
The whippoorwill.

He is calling his mate
So far away,
In hopes she will come back
To him some day.

William Lennon

THE END OF A RAT

While I was watching
A wee, wee rat,
Squeaking and squoaking
On a beam he sat.

Up crept my big, big cat.
That was the end
Of the wee, wee rat!

Tom R. Bristow

SPRING WITH THE ROBINS

Spring is here and winter is gone,
Back are the robins from the
hideout,
With their burned underside red,
Filling the great blue world
With music.

Oh, they're so small, those tiny
heads
Poking out of the nests.
There comes their mother with a
worm,
Oh, how wide those tiny mouths
open!

Joe Botticello

IN OUR YARD

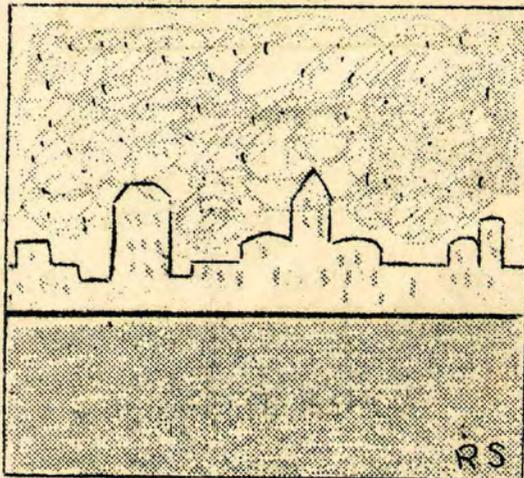
In our yard is a garden
The flowers are all abloom.
They are crimson, red and yellow,
And never a sign of gloom.
I set out the hose to water them,
And to wash them nice and clean.
I pull out the weeds around them,
And make the flowers gleam.

Robert Salters

WANDERLUST

Oh, for the West,
The land of unrest,
Where sandstorms fill the air;
Oh, for the West,
The land of the blessed,
Where luxuries are rare.

Oh, for the shore,
With breezes galore,
Where seagulls dive and fly;
Oh, for the shore,
Forever more,
Where I long to live and die.



But oh, for the city,
Smoky and gritty,
Where buildings loom so high;
I want the city,
So I'll end my ditty,
Where everything touches the sky.

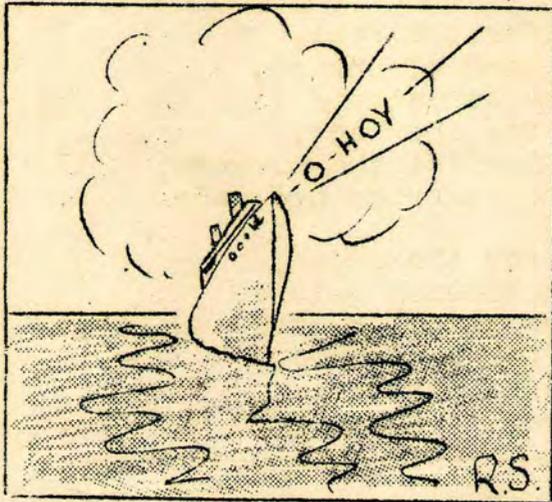
Ralph Scudieri

A CLOUDY DAY

When you look out on a cloudy day,
All is terribly cold and gray;
The trees are barren of leaf,
And the ground is wet and soggy.
Oh, if it were but bright and gay,
But God did not mean it to be
that way.

Harry Maidment

THE CAPTAIN



He stood on the deck
Of his swaying ship,
The waves lashed round about.
It didn't seem to worry him,
For he was once a scout.
His men were fixing the rigging,
While he gave orders below.
They didn't mind the storm a bit,
'Cause they were used to a blow.
"Lash the boat on the starboard
side!"
Was the yell the skipper gave,
"And tell those men to hurry up,
Or soon we'll reach our grave!"

Robert Salters

GUESS WHAT

It has a big round face
And arms and legs that trace.

GUESS WHAT?

Its numbers are from one to twelve,
It comes in handy very well.

GUESS WHAT?

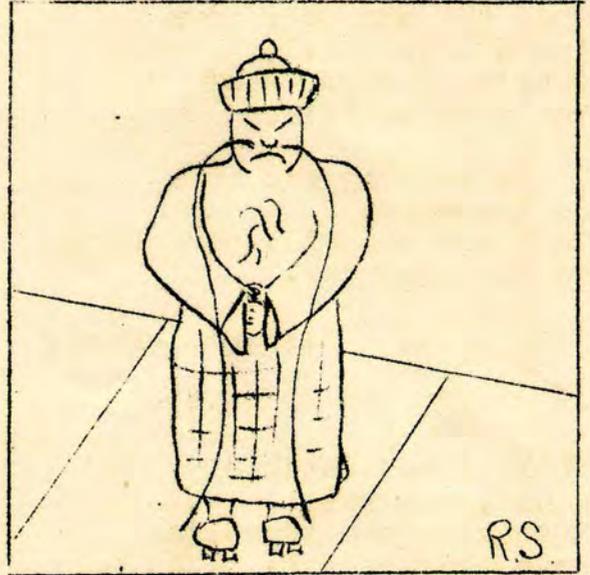
It ticks and ticks and never stops,
It gets you places on the dot.

GUESS WHAT?

IT'S A CLOCK !

Mafalda Felice

MOUSTACHIO



A stylish young man of Hong Kong,
Grew his moustache two yards long.
It didn't seem right,
So he set it alight.
Now his nose wants to know what
went wrong!

Johnston McKee

SPRING

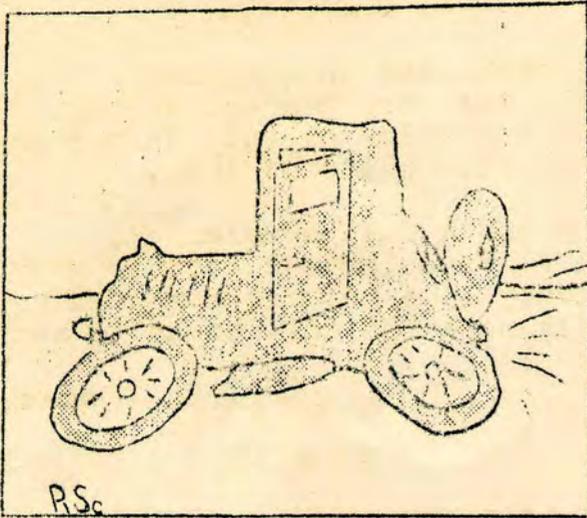
The birds are singing gayly
All around our town;
They awake us every morning,
With their sweet, soft sound.

We stay outdoors the whole day,
From morning until night;
And all during these happy hours,
The sun is shining bright.

The flowers all sleep soundly,
Through the dark, spring night;
Then they wake up stretching
And spread out nice and bright.

Jean Crágin

MY CAR



Bang! bang! that's my car,
It'll take you places
That are plenty far.
It had four cylinders,
Now it's got two.
The tires are worn
But the holes are few.
The radiator's old,
And the motor's shot;
If you ride too far,
The fan gets hot.
It's got bad brakes,
And the headlight's dim,
The roof is cracked,
And so is the rim.
The horn doesn't work,
The shift's the same.
The seats are rolling
And so is the frame.

Herman Passacantelli

BIRDS

Birds are looking for their homes
To place a nest so snug,
And maybe find a worm or bug,
To feed their little ones.

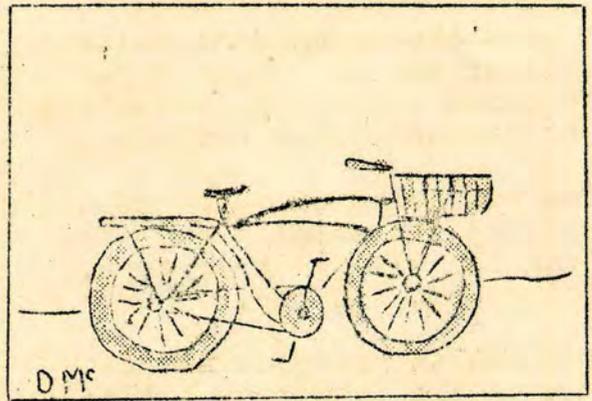
Doris Carlson

ROBINS

I was looking out my window,
And to my great surprise,
I saw a flock of robins
Descending from the sky.

Edna Taylor

MY BICYCLE



My bike is old, the carrier squeaky,
The tires are worn and often leaky.
Whene'er I hit a stone or a jar,
I go flying over the handle bar.

The bike is painted red and white
The handle bar's covered with rust.
Most of the time, the sprocket's
too tight,
While the seat is covered with dust.

Richard Turkington

THE TRAIN

The choo-choo train is big and
black,
The smoke comes pouring from its
stack.
The steam comes hissing from its
spout,
And the big, black whistle screams,
"Look out!"

The silver rails gleam and glisten;
The train roars down,
Smoking and hissing.

Herman Passacantelli

THREE SAILORS

Oh, we are three jolly, good sailors,
We used to be commonplace tailors,
But business was bad,
And we were so mad,
We went to sea as sailors.

Our ship was the jolly Seth Parker,
We got it with simple wise barter,
But now we complain,
And our reason is plain,
We still have nothing for food!

Albert Harrison

A DAY OF PEACE

I love the mountain's color
Against the deep blue sky.
It sends through me a feeling
Of love and peace divine.

The sun comes over the mountains,
Sending its shining ray
Over the village tree tops,
Going upon its way.

The sun is going downward
Behind the dark gray hills;
Night is coming upon us,
The village is dark and still.

Shirley Shipman

THE CIRCUS

Little Tommy Brown
Went to see the circus
That just came into town.
He liked to watch everything
That came into sight,
But best of all he liked to watch
The puppies have a fight.

Joan Rittenhouse

SPRING

The snow and ice have cleared away,
And flowers have come forth.
The beautiful birds with colors gay,
Add to the beauty of the day.

Soft swaying breezes fill the air
The grass puts on a new green dress.
Everywhere spring can be seen.

Evelyn McConkey

AT THE END OF A LITTLE ROAD

Down by the end of a little road,
Stands a cottage
That shines like gold.
Wild flowers and daffodils
Grow all around,
Looking upward toward the sky,
Glad that they're alive.

Marjory Bissell

ELEPHANTS

I once knew an elephant
Who was very big and strong,
He was twice as tall as any man,
And also twice as long.

He had a dull complexion,
And his color was a dusty gray.
Every time he went out walking,
His nose and tail began to sway.

Marie Johnson

THE WIND

I love the wind that gently sighs
Beneath the clear, blue skies.
It bends the grasses when it blows,
And tosses high, the leaves
that fly.

It blows the rain in sheets
Against the ground it beats.

Sylvia Stechholz

BELLS

In different lands,
Both far and near,
The sound of the bells
Tolls out so clear.

Their sound is sweet
In the belfry today.
People stop their work
To bow their heads to pray.

Nancy Jane Anderson

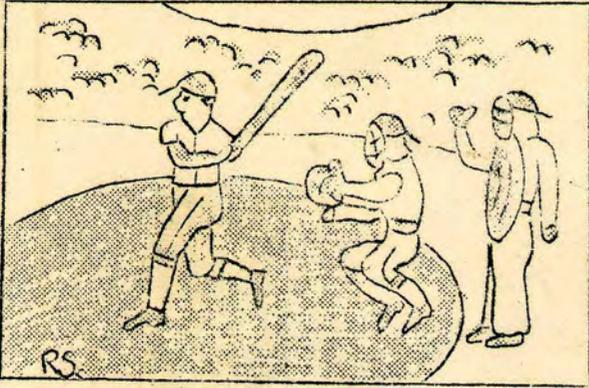
DEAR SUN

Dear Sun, you never go to bed;
You cannot rest your golden head,
For you must take your welcome
light
To other lands, while we have night.

And though the clouds may hide
your face,
I know that you are in your place.
Though rain comes tumbling from
the sky,
You're shining still, somewhere
on high.

Frances Ostrowski

MIGHTY MAN



The crowd is getting quiet,
The crowd is getting tense,
Something must happen
To stop this dread suspense.
Silence is getting deafening,
Winds the loudest roar,
The strain is getting worse,
Clear through me to the core.

The pitcher starts his wind-up,
The coachers call, "Look out!"
There is a smack, a loud report,
The crowd lets out a shout.

It cannot be, but is it?
The mighty man struck out!

Charlie Mosely

THE WOODPECKER

Up in a treetop one bright day,
I spy a woodpecker, red and gray,
He hops about with joy and glee,
A pleasure it seems to meet me.

The branch swings to and fro
With the breezes as they blow;
Now and then he takes a peck
To gobble down a juicy insect.

On my way must-I go,
Leaving him with man's great foe;
He ruffles his red cap and flies
away,
Will he greet me again some nearby
day?

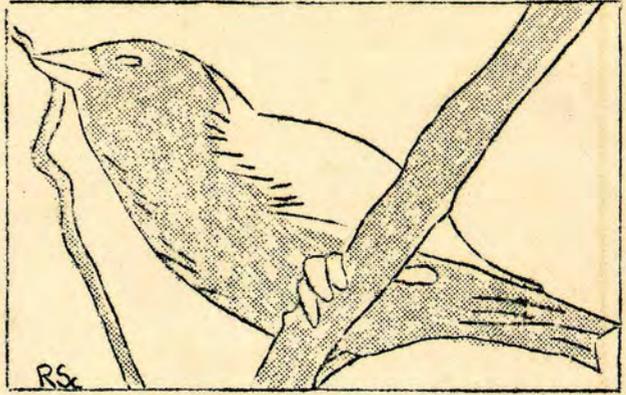
Alden Aronson

DOGS AND CATS

Dogs and cats are little brats
They rip up all the rugs
And upset stools and jugs.

Tom R. Bristow

THE ROBIN



The leaves are so green on the
trees
Even the robin seems pleased.

They will shelter his nest
From the robber bird pest.

While he builds his nest,
Other birds greet him,
As they fly past.

Donald Wormstedt

THE BABY

There is a little baby
That drives me crazy.
He throws away his rattle,
He breaks his rocking horse saddle.

He kicks the cat,
Stands on his father's best hat.
He smashes his cars,
The pieces fly almost to Mars.

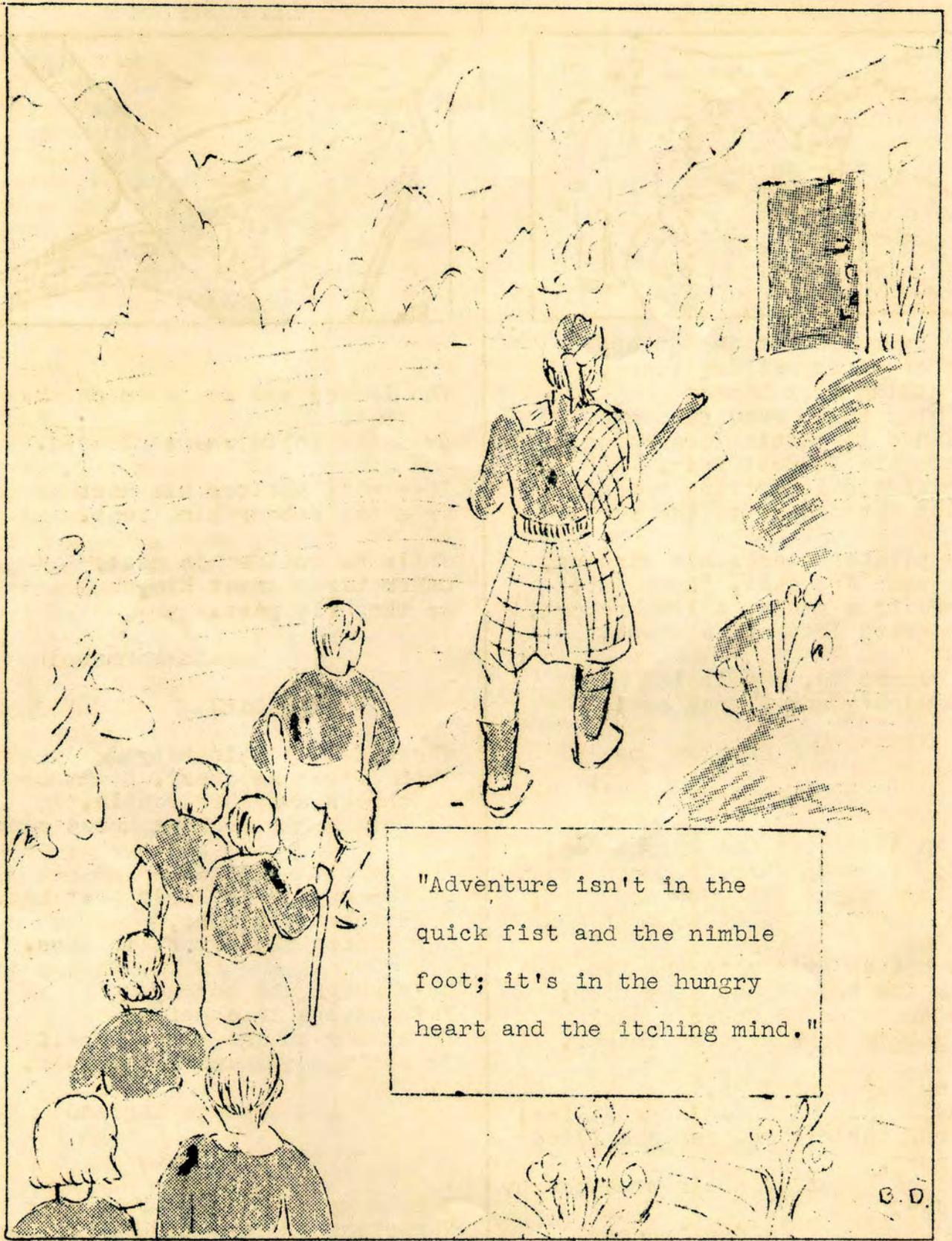
He's rough and tough,
He's always in a huff.
He climbs on the pantry shelf
To eat the jam all by himself.

George England

MY BOW AND ARROW

I take my arrow from the sheaf
Thrusting it into the bow string;
I let it fly through the air
With ease,
To land in the black centre
Of the hay.

William Fuldoon



"Adventure isn't in the quick fist and the nimble foot; it's in the hungry heart and the itching mind."

E.D.

A DEEP SEA DIVER

Clang, crash, bang! What is this noise? It is a diving suit that I am donning. After this clamorous noise is heard, a deep, gruff voice of the captain says, "Lower away!" Slowly and carefully I am lowered into the water. What a queer sensation it is. It feels like stepping into thin air.

When I reach about seven fathoms, I shout for more air. As I continue to descend, I see many brilliantly colored fish. At last my destination is reached. How to find my objective!

My object is spied as my six-celled, water-proof battery flashes around. It is an old, treasure-laden ship that had been sunk during the later part of the sixteenth century. On approaching it, I can see that the wood is badly corrupted. Slowly I find my way along the deck and into the captain's room, but there is nothing of importance there. Then to the ship's hold I go. First to the left and then to the right, I look and what do I see! I can't believe my eyes. Chests and chests of gold coins are there.

After this great find, my ship is signaled and the report is given. More divers are sent to the bottom. This gold is taken aboard our ship. The value is estimated at one billion dollars. This is an exciting day for me! Whether I'll have such

another experience, time will tell.

Clarence Hanna

A RADIO HAM

The life of a radio ham starts when the bug of experimentation bites him. He builds his receiver and at the same time learns the Morse Code.

When he has the code properly in his mind, he tries out his set. Nothing happens; he wiggles a wire. Something does happen then, an unpleasant happening too. It feels like an earthquake to the ham, but it is only a shock of about three hundred volts. He utters a loud, resonant scream which ends a perfect day sadly.

The next day he has better luck. The set works and he gets D.X. for the first time in his escapades. He first enjoys the set but later gets serious and starts speeding up his code lessons with the aid of his receiver.

When the ham has mastered the code so he can send and receive fifteen words per minute, the big moment arrives. He goes to the big city to get his certificate of reward. (Some hams do not pass this stiff test.)

When this adventure is finished, he wonders where he will get sufficient funds to start his trans-

mitter. The first one will probably be a ten-watter. When he has this working, it is time for him to think about a larger transmitter. Usually he has a difficult time obtaining money and parts. Eventually he succeeds in procuring the necessities, however.

After he has it all assembled and working, life goes on serenely unless he has a "sked" with another D.X. hound. He hears a pop and his 852 or 804-07-09 or 861 blows out. Even then the genuine radio ham does not give up.

Dick Cheney

A PARACHUTE HUNTER

I'm fifteen thousand feet up and my motor is dead! In half a second I'm out on the wing as the clamor of the motor dies away. Like a ponderous object I fall toward the earth. The earth is hurled up at me as I pull the rip cord of my parachute. The chute blossoms and my perilous fall is halted. Floating around like an immense balloon, I glide to the earth. Down below the audience applauds as I settle down.

But this is all in a day's work of a reckless and daring parachute jumper.

James Tierney

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY



One of the prettiest things in the world is a sunset. In one sunset I noticed that the sky looked as if it were ablaze. There were many different colors in the sky. The edges of some clouds were brightly shining while the centres of them were gray. Others were a snowy white, tinted with pink. The sun made the sky beautiful. It looked as if there were a rainbow around the whole world.

Despo Peperitis

A BIBLE SCENE

The light of the halo over our Lord's head makes an inspiring picture. Two angels with wings unfolded against a background of white fleecy clouds give serenity to the whole. This is the painting of "The Ascension of Our Lord."

Marian Larder

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

Here a monument;
there a monument; monuments everywhere. Some

of them are very tall, and others are only two or three feet high. Many of these statues are beautifully engraved and others are plainly printed. Row upon row of cannon follow the roads which run through this beautiful national park.

From all of the lookout towers are visible, green, velvet grass which stretches for miles. A few of the small farms which were standing amid all the loud roars of the cannon, and which witnessed shells whizzing by them, are still standing. They bear the traces of the great tragedy.

Jo Ann Bucher

"CAP"

I first spied him leaning against a post on an old weather-beaten wharf, puffing leisurely on his oddly shaped pipe. From under his peaked cap, gray with age, could be seen his iron grey hair which hung in a shaggy mass over the collar of his faded blue coat.

The wind carrying the salt spray whipped against his face reminding him of the days when he was captain of a whaling vessel.

Living constantly in the sun and wind had tanned his skin a berry brown. Eyes which were as blue as the sea twinkled merrily at a group of children that were eagerly begging "Cap" for a story. Pushing back his cap, he began in a low deep voice to tell them of his

experiences as captain of a whaling vessel in the days when their grandfathers were little boys.

Sally Robb

THE PASTURE

In the spring-time this place is alive with living things. Pussywillows, tiger lilies, violets and forget-me-nots dot the long and grassy slopes. Little children are seen running here and there picking these fragrant flowers. Hither and thither are flying butterflies alighting on the flowers. Snakes are seen squirming in and out of jagged rocks, the children not daring to go near them.

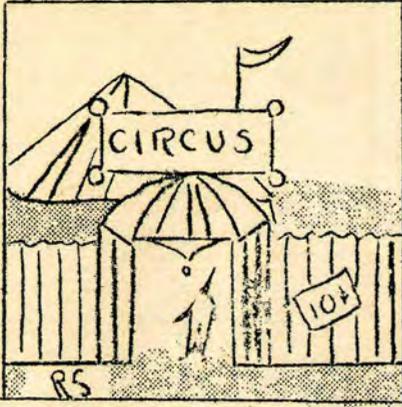
In the winter, the scene is changed. Snow and ice cover the once beautiful flowers and the butterflies are there no more. The children are not picking the flowers; they are picking themselves up from falls.

Dorothy Chapin

SUBJECTS

Grammar is good for some folks;
Arithmetic for others,
But give me a history,
And I'll beat
All the others.

Virginia Dux



"Gr-r-r-r," growls a big African lion as he is forced back into a corner of the big iron-barred cage in the Elk's circus lot. The husky trainer, Jack Fulton, is teaching him to jump through a hoop. Crash! the other lion and tigers of his act are accidentally let into the cage. They growl fiercely and start to fight each other. Jack picks up a chair and a whip and forces the animals back into the corner by cracking the whip and pushing them with a chair. He is trying to separate them. The African lion crouches and springs. He knocks the trainer down and tries to kill him. The two fight together until another trainer scares the lion with a lighted torch. When Jack finally gets the lions and tigers separated and back into their cages, he is a sorry looking sight. Blood is oozing from many bruises, and his clothes are torn and gory.

He says that when his cuts and scratches

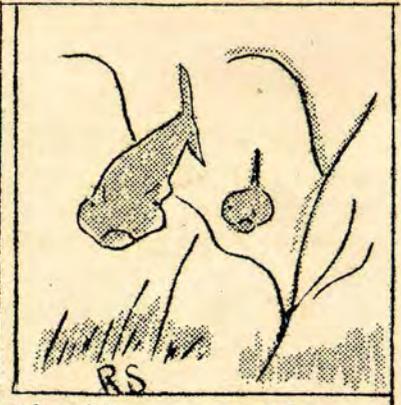
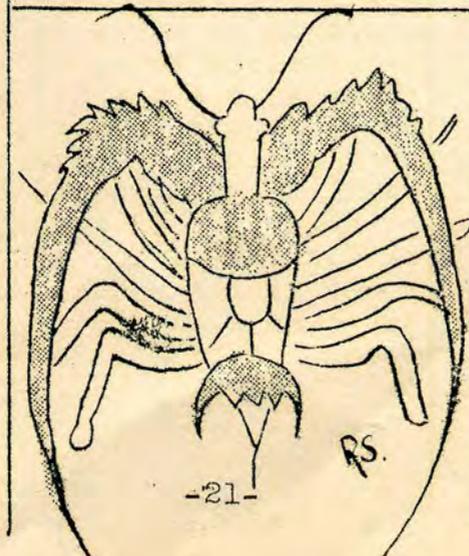
have healed, he will have to go into the cage again to show the animals that he is not afraid of them. Then the animals will obey him.

Ernest Duke

SURF RIDING

We were off! The surf boards were in the water, and away we paddled toward a submarine cave in the Southern Pacific to catch crabs and mussels. I was the leader of a party of six. This is how we made our living. We would go to a selected spot where the prey was plentiful, and with our glass sights on the bottom of our surf boats spot our means of life. Next we put on airtight glasses, took a deep breath and went under carrying a knife as our only tool and protection.

I spotted a huge crab and went under for it. When I was about to come up, a white shark came towards me. Out came my knife and the battle to death was on. We rolled and squirmed, the shark managing to dig deeply into me.



Finally my knife found its mark. I released him and went up gasping for air.

By this time the rest of the party had gathered in enough crabs and mussels for the day. We proceeded to a spot where ships were anchored to sell our wares.

With the money we earned, we bought necessities for our simple but exciting life.

George Adamy

AN UNHAPPY THREE WEEKS

When I arrived home from school one day, our dog did not come out to meet me as usual. When I asked where she was, my mother said she had run away. Two of my pals and I went after her. We searched till dark but all in vain. For days I thought of nothing else. I could picture her being beaten or starving somewhere. Three whole weeks after she had left, I came dragging one foot after the other down the road from school. Then out to meet me dashed the dog. There I stood speechless with joy!

Wesley Nowsch

BURGLARS

The storm last night recalled to my mind, an incident which occurred several years ago.

On that particular night, there was a violent rain and wind storm which caused a constant rattling of doors and windows. I had a great antipathy for burglars at that time, especially when there was no one around, as was now the case. I lay quite still in bed, and after a few minutes of apprehension, fell asleep thinking of burglars.

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a terrific crash. I was positive it was caused by a burglar, so I lay still for several minutes wondering just what horrible torture he would mete out to me. Hearing no more noise, I gathered enough courage to turn on the light. I peered over the top of the bed covers to find no one there. Then to hide myself, I sank into the bedcovers and frightened myself to sleep.

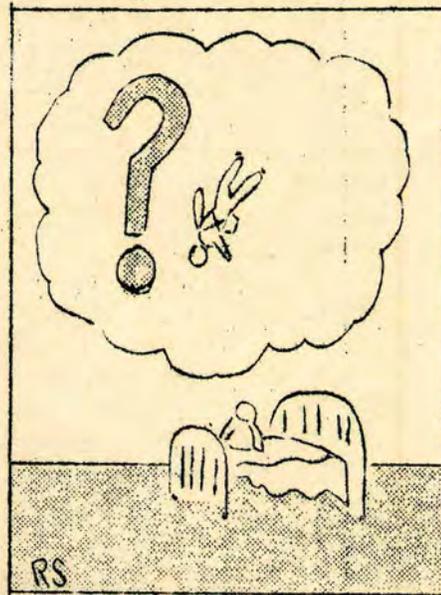
The next morning, I awoke to find the light still burning, and to learn that the chimney of the house next door had been blown off by the wind and had struck right near one of my windows.

Douglas Turkington

RELIEF

Have you ever found yourself at the dizzy height of ten thousand feet?

The crowds at the airport below are a mass of black. The airport is the size of a one cent eraser. Sitting in the cockpit of the plane, I carefully check over my equipment to be sure that my parachute is securely strapped. Cautiously, with nerves on edge, I step on to the wing of the plane. Then I leap! Slowly, I count, while tumbling through space, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10!



Immediately, I reach for the rip-cord, but there is no cord! My heart rises to my throat; my stomach becomes empty; I whirl, twirl, loop and somersault through space. My head becomes a maze of dizziness. The ground comes closer and closer, and then as a flower dies on a frosty morn-- oblivion!

Panting for breath, I find myself amongst a tumbled mass of bed clothes.

William Kennedy

A RIP ROARER

Three minutes to go and the fans are in a frenzy. Young Donnelly, Ohio State's "blond blizzard", swishes two twin pointers quicker than a flash to put Penn. State four points behind!

Penn. tries in vain for their accuracy is robbed. When the gun cracks, Ohio is in the front by a score of 30-24.

"Boy-oh-boy" is this a "slam bang" demonstration of torrid basketball!

William O'Brien

A PARACHUTE JUMP

My lucky day! Our airplane zoomed through the air like a rocket and leveled off at two thousand feet. I was to collect two thousand dollars if I jumped from my plane and landed in the centre of a target. I slid from my cockpit onto the wing. White fluffy clouds floated by. Crossing my fingers, I jumped. As I counted ten, I pulled my rip cord, but the chute did not open! I was falling fast; I could see the ground rushing up

to meet me! I pulled again at my chute. I felt a jerk and my chute finally opened! I then located the target on the green grass. I steered toward the centre of the target. Plop! I landed just on the outside. I was so discouraged for I needed the money badly. But wait; I have won! I was the closest to the centre! Whoopee!

Benjamin McGowan

TEST PILOT

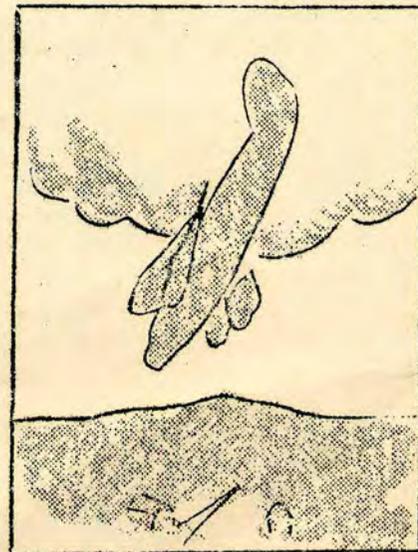
A powerful looking plane shot across the great field of one of the government's air-dromes and up into the sky.

At a glance, it was evident that this was not an ordinary plane. A crowd of people, mostly government officials, watched it as it climbed higher. Its motor was roaring powerfully and in the cabin of it, Johnnie Crawford, one of the army's test pilots, was testing the controls. Everything was going fine, and the ship responded beautifully. Johnnie wondered what was now about the plane. Everything seemed like any other army ship except the motor and the style.

Johnnie now began to put it through a series of loops and spins. It was in perfect shape! He then began to climb for the big test, the power dive. When he was up about fifteen thousand feet, he began a near vertical dive. Johnnie wondered if he

would come out alive. He knew the wind outside was very nearly tearing the plane apart. When Johnnie had descended quite a bit, he tried to bring the nose up. The ship responded and the nose started to come up. The centrifugal force was terrific. Johnnie knew the wings would probably fold. Suddenly he heard much snapping and cracking. The wings began to bend upward. Johnnie could see thousands of tiny rivets protruding from under the covering of the ribs.

Then he knew what the real secret about the plane was. The wings were made of thousands of compartments riveted together. It was too late to jump now, so Johnnie tried the controls again. They could only move about two inches, but he leveled the ship off and headed for the airport. The wings were two feet above their original position and Johnnie knew he would have to go straight into the airport. Luckily, he



was aiming straight for the middle of it. Johnnie started to descend. Of course, he could not circle around because of the wings. When he was a few feet above the ground, the airolongs jammed. He quickly turned the stabilizer, and gave the motor some gas. The plane hit on one wheel and bounced to both, then taxied along a few feet.

"What luck!" Johnnie exclaimed.

The officials ran over to ask Johnnie how he felt and how the plane was. Then they asked how fast he had traveled. Johnnie looked at a meter in the sleek ship and gasped.

"Wow, seven hundred miles an hour!" Of course, this trip made Johnnie a hero and a great amount of money.

Dick Pitkin

A CLOSE CALL

A shot rang out! In the split of a second, I was on my horse. I rode hastily to the place. I did not suspect that it was an ambush. On the cliff above me were two bandits. One was aiming at me. I saw him too late. I heard a shot. A severe pain shot through my side. The bullet had found its mark. My horse leaped forward. I rode hastily to try to make an escape. They were gaining on me. Fear met my eyes. Ahead of me was a sheer precipice. At

the bottom was an abyss. There was nothing to do but to jump it. I backed up and then dashed forward. My horse leaped. I felt the ground beneath me as we landed. As we rode on, we turned to look back. There were the two bandits standing with their mouths wide open. The Lone Ranger had again escaped!

Donald Warren

THE GOOD WILL SHIP

What a beauty was that plane, painted with silver and gold. It was the government of the United States of America that had sent this ship on a good-will tour of the European capitals. At London, Paris, Madrid, and Rome, numerous crowds had greeted the fortress with flowers and parades. The next stop would be Berlin where the German president would be the host of the fliers. The year 1947, was certainly a great time for furthering world brotherhood.

The plane was now sailing over Austria, near the Yugoslav border. It carried, besides several important American officials, some Italians of high rank, going to the German capital on state business. Below in the villages and on the farms, peasants watched awestricken at the sight of this fort of the air.

Suddenly, the heavens became overcast and dark; the wind howled, and a heavy snow reared down on the unsuspecting airship. Bill

Peters, the pilot, looked out of the plane with a worried look adorning his usual jovial face.

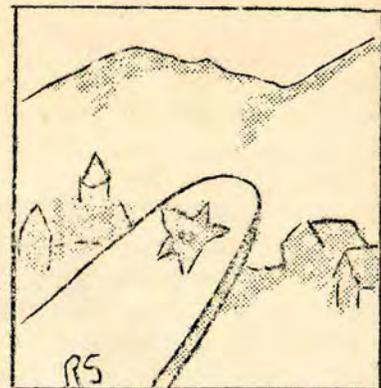
"I think," he said hesitatingly, "that we're off our course. It will mean trouble for us if we cross into Yugoslavia. There's a revolution in progress there. It's bad, exceedingly bad, if we are forced to land there."

For hours, the ship battled the elements; then as suddenly as the storm had come, it abated, leaving the countryside blanketed in white.

Bill poured over his maps to get his bearings. He was over a city by which ran a great river. The city was filled with marching troops and angry mobs. The ship had been blown many miles off its course into Yugoslavia. This city was the nucleus of the revolt against the autocratic king and naturally feared airplanes of any kind. It was not long before pursuit planes were on the tail of the flying palace, and although well-armed, the ship hadn't enough fuel to withstand a battle. The notables in the cabin lay on the floor as bullets whizzed around them. The plane was in full retreat over the war-torn country.

After an eternity, the shooting stopped and we settled down on a vast meadow on the outskirts of a small Hungarian village, over the border and safe! At long last, the plane was safe and in a peaceful country.

The peasants were induced by a little gold to obtain some gas-



oline from the neighboring city of Sevessa. The plane then continued to Berlin where a royal welcome was given. Everyone had given the plane up for lost. It was a thankful world that sent telegrams of congratulations to the brave pilot.

When asked how he had accomplished the feat of piloting the great palace through the storm and war area, Bill Peters blushed and said,

"Anyone would have done the same."

The plane then continued on its journey and by January, 1948, all the principal countries had been visited. It then continued to America successful in its mission to bring good will to the world.

Harry Maidment

AROUND THE TRACK

Around the track I zoom! I am speeding at one hundred miles an hour and am neck and neck with Car 4. By pushing the foot feed down, I soon leave him in the dust. After four

gruelling laps of this speed-mad race, I push my trim little racer into fourth place and stick there for a short time. Car 9 directly ahead of me suddenly sags. The driver screams! There is a deafening crash! Not slowing down to see what the damage is, I find that I am in third place. I have the throttle wide open. I am now inching toward the rail in an effort to breeze by the two leaders. I find that breezing is not so easy as I expected, for Car 6 is a "road hog". Every time I try to pass him, he cuts me. This time he is going to give, or we'll both go crashing to the wall! I soon feel the two hubs rubbing, and I'm plenty nervous.

I suddenly feel a jerk and a pull and I go into a mad spin. But by some miracle, I pull out of it to find I am in first place. I hold this place to the end. The race is mine!

Ronald Carlson

BRINGING HIM BACK ALIVE

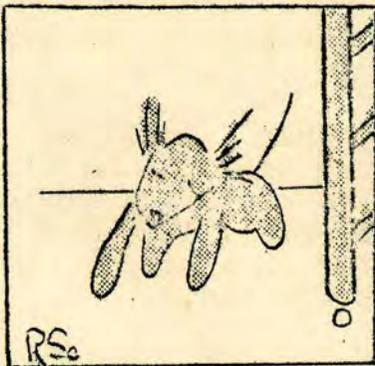
With much excitement, we are finally started. We are to search for a rare saber-toothed tiger. After many days of hiking we come on a good camping spot.

After many days of searching, we are rewarded by a glimpse of the greatest tiger I have ever seen. This is the fellow we are after, so our task is now to catch him alive! We first try a pit fall, but the nimble beast quickly jumps out. We

try every trap we can think of, but with no success.

Then one of the natives gets an idea! We are to corral the great man-eater. It is the job of the African porters to scare the beast into the corral we have built.

One day out of the brush, in a mad frenzy, comes the king of the jungle. He is headed



straight for our corral. As soon as he is in, we slam the door shut behind him. When he realizes that he is captured, he tries vainly to escape. Putting him into a cage, we start with our prize to the nearest village.

On the way back, with a great lunge, the tiger breaks out of his cage! With no warning, he jumps upon me! There is a sudden crash! I awake to find myself on the floor fighting with my playful puppy, Rags!

Clarence Lupien

CONQUERING SWORD PEAK

Up, up, up, always up, went our little party. Linked by a stout rope tied about our waists, we made

our perilous way over rocky crags and tiny ledges on the dangerous slope. Finally, we reached a wide ledge where we rested before attempting the most difficult leg of our upward journey. Before us, stood the steep-walled pillar of stone that had given the mountain its name. Our leader started the climb, gripping jutting rocks and stepping on anything that presented a safe foothold. Nearer and nearer the top we climbed. Just as the leader was about to reach the peak, I heard a snap and felt myself falling through space. I grasped out wildly and managed to clasp a jutting rock. The weight of my second companion tautened the rope around my waist, but I managed to hang on. I pulled him upon the rock and a moment later, we started up the peak on a rope lowered by the leader.

As we scrambled over the last ledge, I breathed a sigh of relief. We had conquered Sword Peak!

Robert Wilson



LOOKING FOR GOLD

We're off! The dogs are racing over the snow at an incredible speed with us struggling to keep up. We're headed for the gold fields. Soon we'll be there.

We have our picks and shovels out now, and are digging into every gold-looking spot. I have found a gigantic nugget. We look further up the valley. Jake has found a piece of rich ore. We look around and decide we have located an enormous mine of priceless value. We rush back to the assay office with the richest piece of ore we can find.

Here comes the report now. Alas, fool's gold which is as valuable as plain rock!

Tom Eristow

STAR-MAKING

To make a star with one snip of the scissors, secure a piece of paper and a scissors. The paper may be of any length and width.

Fold the paper in the middle. Next fold the paper so that the lower right corner touches the left end of the paper in about the middle. Fold the lower left end over the right end. Fold the paper in the middle lengthwise.

Leaving about an inch from the bottom point, cut (up) slantingly. Unfold the

small piece of paper you just cut and you will have a star made with only one snip of the scissors.

Sophie Poperitis

BITS OF WISDOM

"Support the school activities that are sponsored for the purpose of buying new books for our library."

Josephine Bonino

"Ride singly on your bicycle. Do not give another a handlebar ride. 'Showing off' on a bicycle is stupid fun."

Marion Selwitz

"Please use the walks that have been constructed through our courtyard. Don't strike out alone to blaze a new trail."

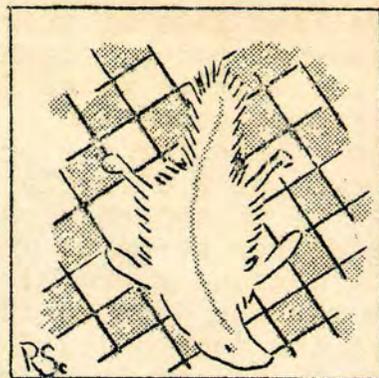
Ellen Magnuson

"Our lunchroom is a spot where we are allowed natural freedom. Because it is small and the patrons are many, let's always bring our best manners with us."

Lucille Blanchard

THE CHASE

The monster crept towards me. I had never seen such a creature. Although I grasped my gun, I



dared not fire. I crept behind the monster. It looked like the glawackus. I loaded my gun for by this time he had seen me. He turned to spring, but I fired twice. One bullet missed him, but the other one caught him in the leg. I ran to a large tree as I saw he was gaining upon me. I scrambled up the tree, again loaded my gun and shot him through the head.

See, children, there is the rug I made of him.

William Snow

"Cooperate with the teachers in their attempt to remove from your speech such expressions as: well, a, um, and other extra words that convey no meaning. Remember clear enunciation and correct pronunciation will help your speech and spelling."

Gladys Wilson

I MEET A SQUIRREL

I chanced to glance toward an overhanging oak, one morning. There sitting like a proud monarch was a red squirrel.

"Here's where I test this fellow's calibre," I thought as I chuckled to myself. I approached ominously toward the dead-pan squirrel. At about two paces from him, I stopped and looked him in the face. Then quickly I rasped,

"What's the madder wid youse!" (Pardon the English.) He bounded to a safe distance and turned again. I picked up a nearby acorn and whipped it towards the confounded thing. It came so close I would swear it took off a baggy flea.

Well, Mr. Squirrel just hit for the wide open spaces.

"Well," I chuckled to myself, "might just as well go into the house; he won't be back here for awhile."

Charles Mozley

WHAT A TRIAL

My little cousin aged one, came to visit at our house last Sunday. To keep him busy, we gave him some blocks which I had discarded. He started to play with them by individually tasting each one. Next, he brought the blocks to me, one by one. I became tired of this and lightly tossed a block across the room. The baby, the little imp, waddled across

the room, picked up the block and threw it with all his might back to me again, just missing the window. He then crawled back and started on his tasting sport again. The blocks did not look very appetizing to me.



Now into the picture enters the dog, who dislikes babies to the extreme. The reason for this is quite apparent. When babies are around, the dog gets little or no attention.

The baby, not having had much experience with dogs, crawled toward Jerry, the family pet. A warning growl from Jerry was enough to arouse the entire family from their talks about politics and weather. They finally rescued the baby after bumping each other around considerably.

By now it was time to leave, so my aunt dressed up the baby and his sister, and after many goodbyes they left. After they had left, my family talked about the dear, sweet baby. I said nothing but I thought differently.

H. S. Maidment

A PARACHUTE JUMP

We are plunging down toward the earth at five hundred miles an hour. I am not the least bit afraid because there is an expert pilot in the cockpit with me. The pilot says to me,

"I wouldn't want the wings to crack off while we're going at this rate!"

The words are scarcely out of his mouth when we hear a cracking noise. It is one of the wings! The ship is thrown into a crazy spin. The pilot grabs and jumps with me in his tight grip. He tells me to pull the rip-cord on my parachute after he lets me go. I do as he directs me, and there is a stream of white above me. About three seconds later, there is a loud bang. My parachute has opened, and I am floating toward the earth safely. There is a second loud bang. Far below me, I see the pilot's chute open safely. I am shaken up considerably because this is the first jump I have ever made. The pilot says I am lucky. Nearly everybody gets at least a slight injury the first time he jumps.

Joe Strimaitis



"A pleasure shared
is a pleasure
doubled."

K.F.

WE INTERVIEW MEMBERS OF MISS KRAPOWICZ'S CLASS

NAME	AMBITION	PASTIME
Evangeline Erickson	Doctor	Reading
Jean Hanna	Private Secretary	Reading
Alexa Tournaud	Journalist	Reading
Marjorie Shields	Astronomer	Astronomy
Elsie Kleinschmidt	Nurse	Art
Dorothy Fregin	Stenographer	Reading
Wanda Kosinski	Script Girl	Sports
Grace Lewis	Stenographer	Sports
Dorothy Savitsky	Private Secretary	Reading
Doris Rota	Dress Designer	Drawing
Edith Matson	Private Secretary	Radio
Frances Dickson	Dental Hygienist	Reading
Marion Apel	Nurse	Pictures
Arlene McCaughey	Personal Companion	Movies
Betty Murphy	Nurse	Art
Lois Gustafson	Private Nurse	Reading
Florine Wright	Nurse	Radio
Serafina Martina	Dietician	Reading
Sally Robb	Dietician	Radio
Martha Johnson	Doctor	Sports
Mildred Barcomb	Private Secretary	Reading
Noreen Pratt	Physical Instructor	Dancing
Louise Lehr	Musician	Sports
Doris Lennon	Stenographer	Sports
Cynthia Fish	Teacher	Reading
Doris Flaherty	Veterinarian	Skating
Norma Brock	Secretary	Children's Nurse
Frances Edmonds	Stenographer	Sports
Elsie Aspinwall	Home-maker	Sports
Marion Buck	Physical Instructor	Sports
Katherine Thurner	Secretary	Letter Writing
Rebecca Chambers	Teacher	Sports
Margaret Anniello	Nurse	Skating
Ethel Russell	Nurse	Sports
Florence Klein	Secretary	Skating
Clara Johnson	Teacher	Sewing
Lucille Blanchard	Singing	Drawing
Ruth Benson	Stenographer	Sports
Yolanda Fazzina	Nurse	Walking
Josephine Bonino	Actress	Walking
Miriam Selwitz	Private Secretary	Swimming

Dorothy Savitsky

Alexa Tournaud

It's June again! My, of, my! how time does fly. Soon we upper "Barnardites" will be donning our graduation finery and marching up to the platform to receive our diplomas.

Before this great ceremony occurs, let us settle down to some deep thinking. What, for instance, will Miss Krapowicz's class be doing fifteen years from now?

To solve this problem, let us embark upon a journey into 1954 to see what the classmates are doing. So, pack up your kit! We're off!

The traveling instinct surges in me to far off lands. We are sailing over the rollicking sea on a palatial liner, the nose of which is headed for Paris.

The sunny weather offers many strolls upon the deck with Arlene McCaughey, personal companion. Arlene has been about and certainly knows her way around. At present she is reading a book entitled "Nelson Eddy's Interests".

Woe is me! Such blissful happiness cannot last. We are attacked with a case of seasickness and can not enjoy the meals planned so deliciously by Sally Robb, the ship's dietician.

This hindrance is soon remedied by the aid of Lois Gustafson and Margaret Anniello.

These two nurses are a great help to everyone. Lois is annoyed, however, because such hustling wears out shoe leather!

Reaching Paris, we leave our friends to go for a sight-seeing tour. The customs and people arouse our interest. (So do the fashions.)-

Passing an attractive shop, whom do we see but Doris Rota who is Schiapperilli's assistant! Her costumes are admired by everyone and a new dress of her style certainly would make a hit on our tour! (No hint!)

Although the sights of Paris prove thrilling, we are eager to inspect our own fine country. We leave on a transport plane for America. Marion Apel's scrapbook of hair, which is fairly bursting with specimens, helps pass the time away. Marion is the stewardess on board and her collection amuses many passengers.

Our over-indulgence in Parisian bonbons is the reason for our flight to the nearest dentist. How glad we are to find ourselves in the skilled hands of our former classmate, Frances Dickson who brings us swift relief!

Leaving the office, we visit New York and spend the day seeing museums, collections, shops and theatres. Alexa Tournaud, news reporter, greets us

heartily as she hastens down Fifth Avenue to cover an assignment.

After a tour of New York's educational institutions, we hop into bed to sleep the hours away, and are awakened in the morning by the melodious voice of Lucille Blanchard over the network. One of the country's most popular singers, Lucille is also a composer. Her accompanist is Louise Lehr, a music teacher who is in great demand.

Telephoning Doris Flaherty, we leave our precious poodle in her care as we plan to go westward. This veterinary, an old timer, will certainly keep the dog in good condition.

Reaching the traveling bureau, we purchase our train tickets and stop to chat with Norma Brock, secretary, who tells us that Marion Buck, her old friend is an excellent physical education teacher. Frances Edmonds works in the same office with Norma.

At Cincinnati, we pause to renew our passes and bump into Katherine Thurner and Ruth Benson, secretary and stenographer, who are employed by a traveling firm in this important Ohio city.

After five days of leisure travel, we arrive at California. The lovely scenes of different states are imprinted upon our

minds.

Hollywood, is, of course, our first and most important stop. Josephine Bonino, popular comic star, is making a rip-roaring picture. Her director, Wanda Kosinski, leads a busy life supervising the chief star!

Motoring along the Western coast, we inspect Mt. Wilson's Observatory and get a first class explanation from Marjorie Shields, the chief astronomer. She has studied extensively and positively knows her skies! Here, we also meet Grace Lewis and Doris Lennon who keep the records straight.

Leaving the western coast, we retrace our steps to the East to visit good old New England. Elsie Klein-schmidt, a nurse traveling with her patient, is aboard our train. She relates many school adventures and tells us that Betty Murphy, nurse, is also on the same train.

In New England, we decide it is a good policy to obtain some insurance, so we go to Hartford to obtain the necessary papers. Jean Hanna, the company's secretary to the president, advises us to get a health certificate from Martha Johnson. Martha, an old friend of Jean's, is an eminent doctor in Hartford. Both of these classmates reside in Manchester.

We travel to Manchester, our former hometown. The streets and homes have changed immensely. Barnard (remember the good old school days) has been transformed into a larger and roomier building. Trees have been planted around the back playground and the new addition contains a beautiful assembly!

With the permission of the principal, who is Cynthia Fish, we visit our dear former school. Passing through the familiar halls, we recall many memories and enjoy interesting chats with Clara Johnson and Rebecca Chambers, now both teachers in the school. We are pleasantly surprised when we meet Florence Klein, secretary of the school. She is almost as efficient as Miss Enrico used to be.

We meet Elsie Aspinwall on School Street the following morning. Elsie is a resident of Manchester and invites us to enjoy some of her good old-fashioned cooking. Yum!

Visiting the business section this same evening, we are surprised to see the great increase of stores. Dorothy Savitsky, secretary at Cheney Brothers, tells us that many of her friends are employed as secretaries in town. Among them are Edith Matson, Mildred Barcomb, Yolanda Fazzina and Miriam Selwitz.

After spending considerable time in

Manchester, we leave our friends and motor through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. Many of the country roads amidst the mountains are now smooth concrete highways. A treacherous curve in that splendid highway lands us in The Boston General Hospital. Evangeline Erickson, the chief surgeon of Boston, uses her medical skill upon us and promises that we will be out in a few weeks. Florine Wright and Serafina Martina, our nurses here, cheer us immensely with their sprite dispositions and endless stories.

Finally our enjoyable two weeks are over, and we step out into the brilliant sunlight and back to reality. Our trip is over! Although we have enjoyed it very much, we are glad to get back to realization and the years to come.

Alexa Tournaud

"LITTLE WOMEN"

A very fascinating book to read is "Little Women". This book is not a silly book but an interesting one true to real life. It has some parts which are sad to hear about, but in general, it is not a depressing story. I advise everyone to read this book before going to High School. It may be obtained at the Mary Cheney Library or at our own school library.

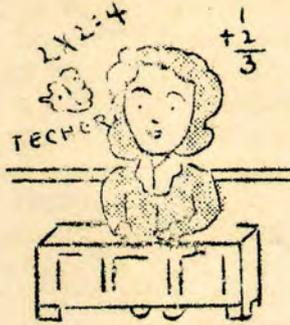
Lucille Sargent

Man-about-town



Herbert Frissell

School Teacher



Shirley Tedford

Jazz Band Leader



Ralph Scudieri

A Waiter



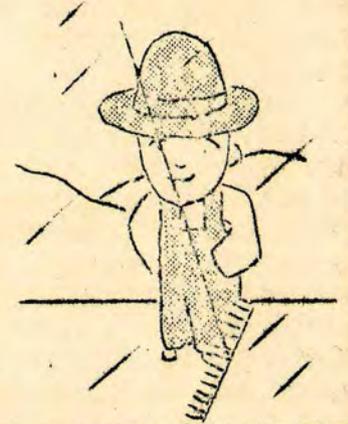
Samuel Little

No. 1 Debutante



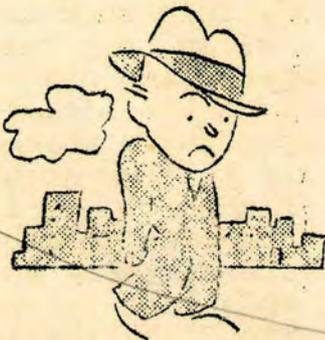
Barbara Johnson

Buck Farmer



Herman Passacantelli

A Bachelor



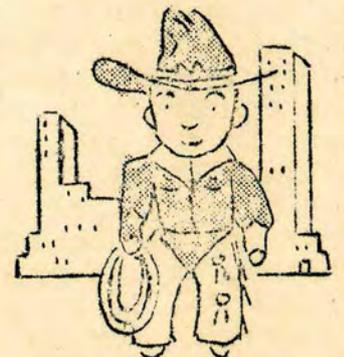
William Lennon

America's
Leading Soprano



Marguerite Busch

Cowboy from Brooklyn



RSc—

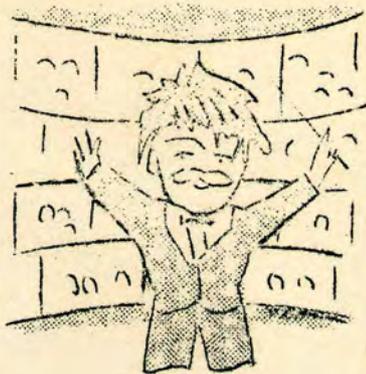
Charles Mozley

Lefty "Al"



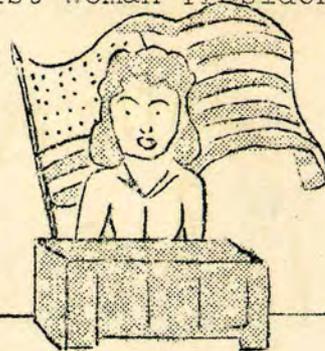
Alba Qugalia

Toscanini II



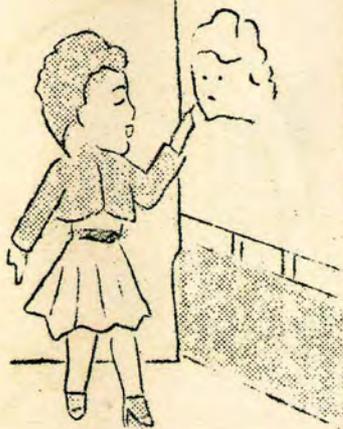
Raymond Keating

1st Woman President



Emily Dubey

Art Teacher



Virginia Eaton

Traveling Salesman



Wyant Garrison

Chemist



Shirley Flavell

Jitterbug



Joyce Wetherell

A Fisherman



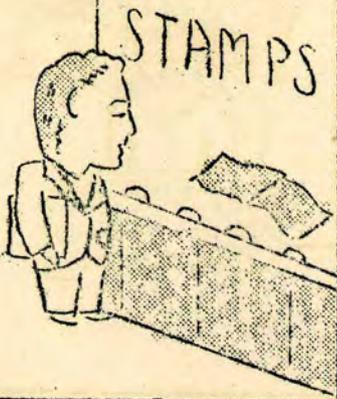
Edward Berzinski

Orator



Doris Hickox

Stamp Collector



David McCullum

Foremost Aviatrix



Dolly Smith

Candid Cameraman



George Powers

Basevall Pitcher



Francis Russell

Star Reporter



Lucille Barry

Super-sleuth



Stuart
"Sherlock" Hagenow

A "Beau Brummell"



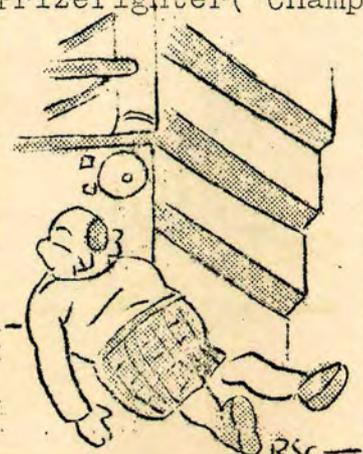
Douglas Turkington

Buyer for a Store



Janet Boyd

Prizefighter ("Champ")



William Hammil

WHAT OUR PRESENT EIGHTH GRADERS PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

Aceto; James	-----	Basketball Coach
Adamy, George	-----	Professor
Albert, Edward	-----	Craftsman
Andrulot, Philip	-----	Sonja Henie's Job
Aronson, Alden	-----	Cowboy
Berzensky, Edward	-----	Fisherman
- Bieu, Kenneth	-----	Model Airplane Test Pilot
Bissell, Robert	-----	Electrician
Borg, Donald	<i>D. Borg</i>	Heavy-weight Champ
Botticello, Joe	<i>J. Botticello</i>	Buck Farmer
Bristow, Tom	-----	Furniture Designer
Caldwell, David	-----	Surgeon
Campbell, Charles	-----	Dress Designer
Carlson; Ronald	-----	Expert Photographer
Carroll; Ray	-----	Automobile Racer
Chapman, Donald	-----	Juvenile Policeman
Cheney; Douglas	-----	College Professor
Cheney, Richard	<i>Rich Cheney</i>	Electrical Expert
Claughsey, Frank	-----	Television Expert
Cotter, Edward	-----	Grocery Store Manager
Correnti, Paul	-----	Big Business Man
Cowles, Alden	<i>Alden Cowles</i>	History Foreteller
Crane, Frank	-----	United States Army Trumpeter
Crawford, Robert	-----	Odds and Ends Collector
Delaney; George	<i>G. Delaney</i>	Radio Announcer
Donavon, Gerald	-----	Boxing Referee
Dowd; Donald	-----	Accordianist
Duke, Ernest	<i>Ernest Duke</i>	News Commentator (Fibber McDuke)
Eagleson, Clifford	<i>Cliff Eagleson</i>	Gunless Hunter (Brick-um-Brack Alive)
England; George	-----	Chicken Dentist
Farrell, Guy	-----	Left Wing Hockey Player
Faulkner, Tom	-----	Aeronautical Designer
Felice, William	-----	Pilot
Findlay; George	-----	G-Man
Flavell, Ray	-----	Seal and Fur Hunter
Frissell, Herbert	-----	Man About Town <i>Herbert "Guess" Frissell</i>
Fuller, Charles	-----	Man on Flying Trapeze
Garrison, Weyant	-----	Fuller Brush Salesman
Grennan, Willard	-----	Rabbit Raiser
Grimason, Ronald	-----	Tea Merchant
Hagenow, Stuart	-----	Super Sleuth
Hamill, William	-----	Prize Fighter
Hanna, Clarence	<i>C. Hanna</i>	Journalist
Harrison, Albert	-----	Aeronautical Engineer
Haugh, Clarence	-----	Circus Celebrity
Hennequin, Harold	-----	Comedian
Henry, Harold	-----	Big League Baseball Manager
Herman, Robert	-----	Poultry Farmer
- Hunt, George	-----	Swingeroo
Irwin, Russell	-----	Deep-sea Fisherman
- Johnson; Raymond	-----	Orator
Koating; Raymond	-----	Paderewski's Successor
Kennedy, William	<i>W.F. Kennedy</i>	Family Doctor
Keish, Harold	-----	Ace (stowaway) Pilot
Kirka, Frank	-----	Light-weight Boxer
Kanehl, Clifford	-----	Basketball Coach

Kanehl; Leonard	-----	Farmer (ducks)
Koster, Richard	<i>Richard Koster</i>	Librarian (funny books)
Krajewski, Chester	-----	Mathematics Shark
Kurland; Bob	-----	Designer of Men's Hats
Lanzano, Tony	-----	Baker
Lennon; William	<i>Wm. Lennon</i>	Baseball Big Leaguer
Little, Samuel	-----	Valet
Lovett; John	-----	Furniture Dealer
Lupien, Clarence	-----	Scenery Artist
Magowen; Ben	-----	Woodworker
McGowan, Earl	-----	Mason
Maidment, Harry	<i>Harry Maidment</i>	Expert on Foreign Policies of U.S.
Mathiason, Russell	<i>Russell Mathiason</i>	Chef
McAllister, Edwin	<i>Edwin McAllister "Fuzzy"</i>	Serenader
McCaughey, Edward	-----	Insurance Man
McCullum, David	-----	Stamp Dealer
McKee, Johnston	<i>Johnston Mc Kee</i>	Psychologist
McManus, Edward	<i>Ed. Mc MANUS</i>	Salesman
Miller, Fred	-----	Tropical Explorer
Mitchell, Jim	-----	Baseball Executive
Muldoon, William	<i>William "Fit" Muldoon</i>	Absent-Minded Professor
Monseglio, Joe	-----	King of the Redhead Country
Mozley, Charlie	<i>"Alma" Mozley</i>	Cowboy (from Brooklyn)
Newsch, Wesley	-----	Football Star
O'Brien, William	-----	Organ Grinder
O'Coin; Francis	<i>FRANCIS O'COIN</i>	Actor
Pagani, Benny	-----	One Man Basketball Team
Passacantelli, Herman	<i>Herman Passacantelli</i>	Buck Farmer
Peck, Fred	<i>Fred Peck</i>	Newsreel Cameraman
Peila, John	-----	Tobacco Auctioneer
Peretto; John	-----	Cabinet Maker
Perrett, Alton	-----	Craftsman
Pitkin; Dick	-----	Motor Mechanic
Phelon; Herbert	-----	Electrical Expert
Powers, George	-----	Cameraman
Pratt, Norman	<i>Norman "Rusty" Pratt</i>	Counselor
Reichenbach, Chester	-----	Technologist
Ridolfi, Leo	<i>Leo Ridolfi</i>	Automobile Mechanic
Ristau, Edward	-----	Guinea Pig Raiser
Robbins; William	-----	Certified Public Accountant
Russell, Francis	-----	Baseball Pitcher
Salters, Robert	<i>Robert (nose) Salters</i>	Comedian
Sapienza; Jerry	-----	Physician
Scudieri, Ralph	<i>R. Scud</i>	Jazz Band Leader
Smith; Burton	-----	Man of all Trades
Smith, Walter	-----	Nelson Eddy, II
Smoluk; Julian	<i>Julian Smoluk</i>	Aviator
Smythe, Thomas	-----	Craftsman
Snow, William	-----	Traveling Merchant
Stanley, Howard	-----	Counselor
Strimitis; Joe	-----	Feather-weight Champ
Strimitis, Albert	-----	Brother's Manager
Swetz, Michael	-----	Expert Mechanic
Taggart; Victor	-----	Movie Comedian
Tedford, John	-----	Poet
Thompson, Roy	-----	Crack Reporter

Torrance, Andrew -----	Inventor
Turkington, Douglas -----	Beau Brummell
Turkington, Richard <i>Richard Turkington w.c.</i> -----	Fake Fortune Teller
Tierney, James -----	Half Back
Tysk, Raymond -----	Circus Star
Wadsworth, Ronald <i>R. Wadsworth</i> -----	Aviator
Walker, Daniel <i>Fan Walker</i> -----	Champ Wrestler
Warren, Donald -----	Catcher for the Yankees
Wegner, Dwight -----	Sparring Partner
Wilson, Elden -----	Doctor
Wilson, Harold -----	Boy Scout Executive
Wilson, Robert <i>Bob Wilson</i> -----	Lawyer
Wittke, Henry <i>Henry Davis Wittke</i> -----	Shakespeare II
Wormsted, Donald -----	Aviator
Wright, Sherwood <i>S. Betty Wright</i> -----	Strong Man (Borneo)
Anderson, Florence -----	President of Redhead League
Angelo, Jennie -----	Bank President
Anniello, Mary -----	Gym Teacher
Augustine, Sophie -----	Comedienne
Barry, Lucille -----	Crack Reporter
Beletti, Elda <i>Elda Beletti</i> -----	Acrobatic Danseuse
Bellis, Lena -----	Aviatrix
Benson, Arlene -----	Musician (Tuba)
Bernard, Eetsy -----	New York Jeweler
Blanchard, Lorraine -----	Football Coach
Boy, Anna -----	Expert Handworker
Boy, Catherine -----	Sewing Instructor
Boyd, Janet -----	Store Buyer
Boyle, Ethel -----	Comedienne
Bengs, Una -----	Authoress
Bucher, Jo Ann -----	Cooking Teacher
Bunce, Barbara -----	Secretary
Busch, Marguerite -----	America's Leading Soprano
Butler, Katherine -----	Train Engineer
Chadwick, Virginia -----	Eleanor Powell II
Chapin, Dorothy -----	Opera Star
Claugh, Violet -----	Energetic Housewife
Cole, Beatrice -----	Sewing Master
Corrigan, Mae -----	Stratosphere Explorer
Crawford, Betty -----	Eleanor Holmes Jarrett II
Crocker, Alice -----	Walt Disney II
Donnelly, Barbara -----	Authoress
Dubey, Emily -----	First Woman President
Dwyer, Dorothy -----	Doctor
Eaton, June -----	Eaton Inc. (Adviser)
Eaton, Virginia -----	Art Teacher
Fagan, Patricia -----	Model
Falcetta, Rose -----	Dressmaker
Ferris, Priscilla -----	Nurse
Flavell, Shirley -----	Chemist
Fraser, Shirley -----	Tap Dancer
Gardener, Lorraine -----	Doctor
Gerlach, Beth -----	Miss America
Germaine, Dorothy -----	Famous Cook

Gorens, Eunice -----	Radio Announcer
Grigiolet, Vivian -----	Private Secretary
Guinipero, Frances -----	Inventor
Hansen, Lorraine -----	Hockey Star
Halem, Helen -----	Insurance Agent
Hawley, Helen -----	Comic Artist
Hickox, Doris -----	Orator
Hodge, Caroline -----	Mathematician
Hoppe, Murial -----	Librarian (Kiddy's)
Horan, Shirley -----	Musician
Iamonica, Olga -----	Postgirl
Irwin, Dorothy -----	Air Hostess
Jack, Ruby -----	Bare-back Rider
Jarvis, Dorothy -----	At Information Desk
Johnson, Barbara -----	No. 1 Debutante
Johnson, Mary -----	Etiquette Teacher
Kramer, Dorothy -----	Pearl Diver
La Chapelle, Janet -----	Cat and Dog Nurse
Leone, Ruth -----	Comedienne
Little, Shirley -----	Storekeeper
Magnuson, Eleanor -----	School Principal
Manning, Elois -----	Movie Star
Maver, Ruth -----	Nurse
McAllister, Doris -----	Algebra Teacher
McAllister, Ruth -----	Secretary
McCann, Elise -----	Charm Collector
McDowell, Ruth -----	Coat Designer
McKinney, Martha -----	English Teacher
McKeown, Anna -----	Clothes Designer
Modcan, Ethel -----	Sonja Henie II
Montie, Charlotte -----	Dancing Teacher
Morrison, Irene -----	Bookkeeper
Mozzer, Virginia -----	Modern Artist
Mullen, Edna -----	Hollywood Dress Designer
Murphy, Barbara -----	Movie Actress
Nelson, Agnes -----	Waitress at Child's
Noonan, Peggy -----	Hairdresser
Quaglia, Alba -----	Baseball Star
Robinson, Marguerite -----	Grand Opera Star
Runde, Dorothy -----	Private Secretary
Ryder, Mary -----	Foreign Telegrapher
Seelsky, Gladys -----	Movie Actress
Scudieri, Ida -----	Ice Skator
Senfluk, Doris -----	Hairdresser
Sieminsky, Florence -----	Reporter
Skowes, Ruth -----	Counselor
Small, Ruth -----	Modern Linguist
Smith, Dolly -----	Aviatrix
Sonogo, Marjory -----	Comic Artist
Stoehr, Vivian -----	Discus Thrower
Stephenson, Barbara -----	Librarian
Stipsits, Eleanor -----	Crack Rifle Woman
Struff, Eleanor -----	Playwright

Sullivan, Esther -----	Silence Teacher
Swartz, Arlene -----	Radio Announcer
Tedford, Shirley -----	Art Teacher
Thompson, Estelle -----	Social Service Worker
Todd, Joan -----	Interior Decorator
Turkington, Ruth -----	Composer
Wetherell, Joyce -----	Jitterbug
Wilkie, Ernestine -----	Surgeon
Wilson, Gladys -----	Manicurist
Wolfram, Dorothy -----	Ballerina
Wyllie, Frances -----	Nurse
Zikus, Anna -----	Librarian
Zito, Antoinette -----	Stenographer
Pasek, Virginia -----	Model
Piedman, Adele -----	Radio Comedienne
Piela, Velma -----	Nurse
Person, Elin -----	Hurdler
Peperitus, Sophie -----	King's Jester
Perrett, Doris -----	Photographer
Perrett, Ethel -----	Photographer
Piercy, Mildred -----	Explorer
Plano, Arlene -----	Red Cross Nurse

HIGHLAND PARK CLASS HOLDS REUNION

On Saturday, May 20, at Highland Park School, the Class of 1937 held a reunion. Present were Mrs. Parsons, Alexa Tournaud; Joan Todd, Shirley Tedford, Vivian Stoehr, Harry Maidment, Richard Pitkin, Raymond Johnson, Donald Chapman, John Tedford, Richard Cheney and Douglas Cheney. Harvey Oliver and Katherine McGrath, who now live out of town, sent messages.

At two o'clock the alumni marched into the school and for half an hour discussed "old times". Games and singing followed.

Refreshments were served under the trees.

The members of the Class of 1937 wish to express grateful thanks to Mr. Illing and to Miss Seymour for allowing us to use Highland Park School for our reunion. We also appreciate the co-operation of Mr. Heritage.

TEACHER STATISTICS

TEACHER	FAVORITE COMIC-STRIP CHARACTER	FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	HOBBY	FAVORITE BOOK CHARACTER
Miss Bennet	Freckles	Trombone	Gardening	Portia
Miss Carroll	"Side Glances"	Piano	Nature Study Flower Gardening	Prince Jan
Miss Keith	"Herby"	Piano	Arts and Crafts	Mr. Pim
Mr. Cutter	"Mr. Milque-toast"	Violin	Swimming Bicycling	Ephram Tutt
Mr. Geissler	"Herby"	Piano	Stamps Athletics	Huck Finn
Miss Gove	"Gold Diggers"	Piano	Arts and Crafts	Penrod
Mr. Gryk	"Henry"	Violin	Photography	None
Miss McLaughlin	"Out Our Way"	Piano	Correspondence	Paul Dombey
Mrs. Neff	"Henry"	Violin	Reading	Wee Willie Winkie
Miss Maher	"Moon Mullins"	Piano	Reading	Ben Hur
Miss Sherman	Boy in "Out Our Way"	Violin	Gardening Raising Dogs	David Copperfield
Miss Johnson	"Skeezix"	Piano	Cacti Plants	Tom Sawyer
Miss Eaton	"Bringing Up Father"	Violin	Travel	Huckleberry Finn
Miss Krapowicz	"Freckles"	Harp	Nature Study Stamps	Evangeline
Miss Clark	"Freckles"	Violin	Gardening	Heidi
Miss McGuire	"Herby"	Piano	Collecting Autographs of Poets and Authors	Mr. Micawber
Mr. Pearson	"Skeezix"	Oboe	None	S.S. Van Dine's Detective

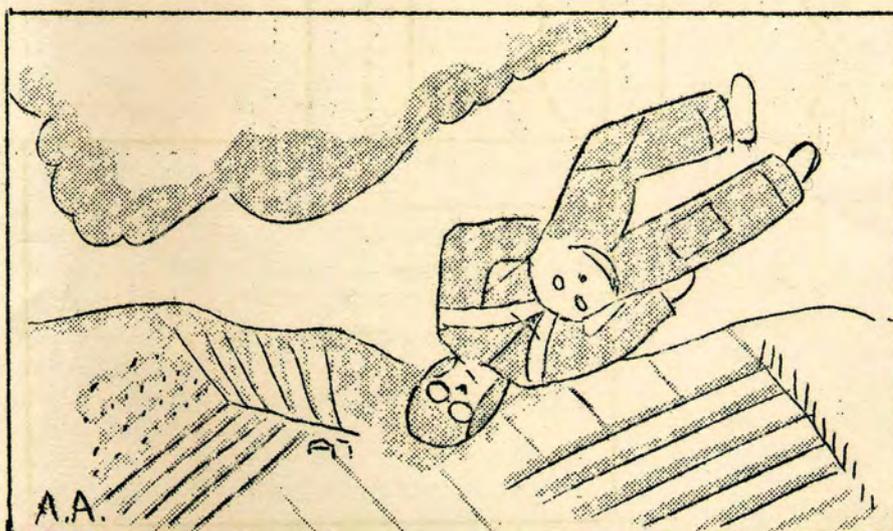
BARNARD BONERS

EVEN A VIOLIN CAN BE JUBILANT

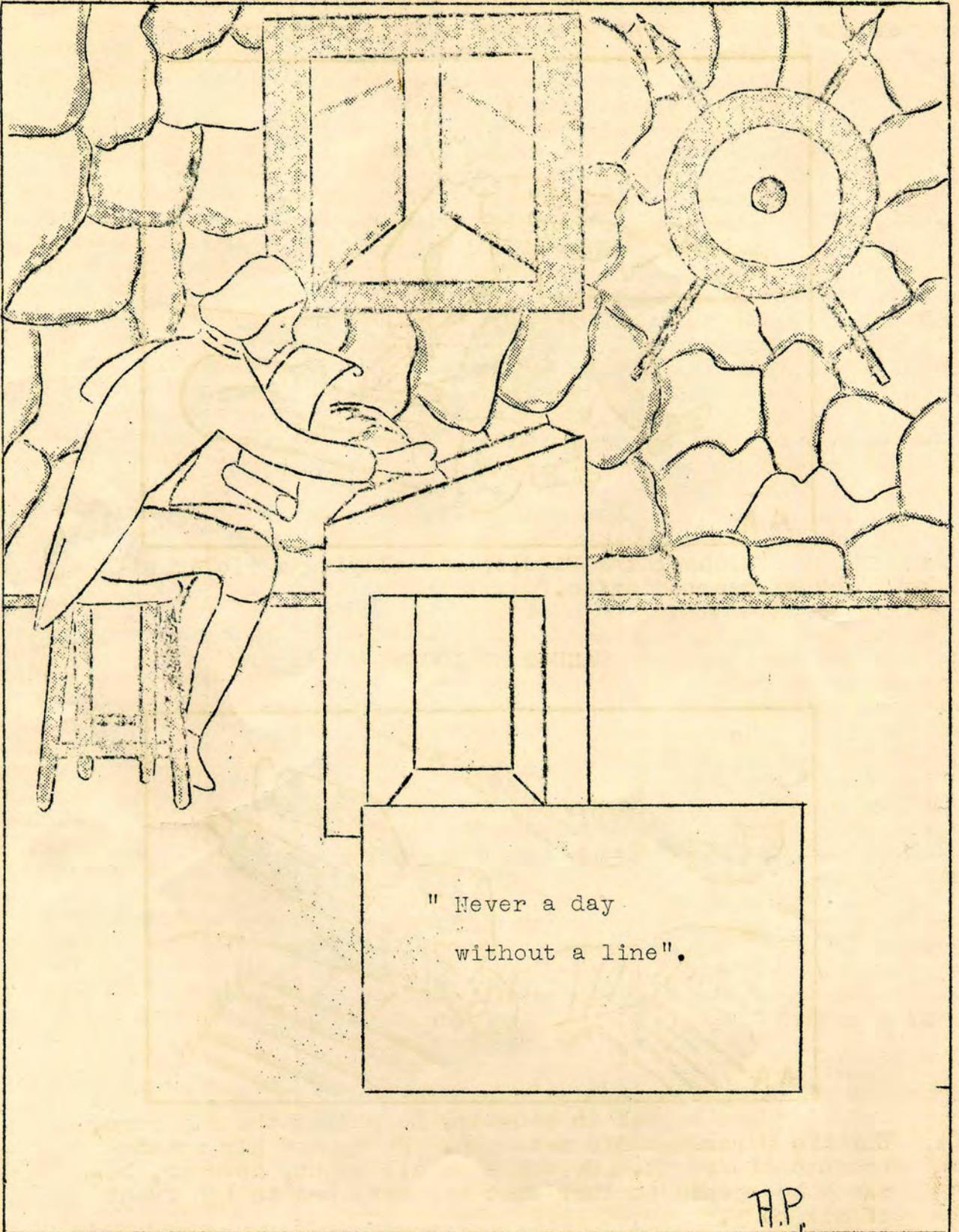


"Michael the Fiddler was playing a violin with a happy hearted smile."

WASN'T HE LUCKY?



"When he was in mid-air, he pulled the rip cord, but the parachute did not open. He opened his mouth because of fright. He was soon all right, however, because he opened another that was attached to the front of his body."



" Never a day
without a line".

A.P.

POSTERS DEPICT SEA LIFE

If you were to go into Miss Sherman's room, you would think you were a deep-sea diver. Colorfully displayed around the room are posters of fish, coral, shells, and seaweed drawn by the children of seventh grade.

Many of the fishes have big, balloon faces and eyes like saucers; others are slender and graceful with polka dots on their backs.

Many of us would like to be sea divers with these colorful sights to look at.

BOOKS SUPPLEMENT WOODWORK

In Mr. Miller's woodwork shop there are many books and magazines that help the boys with their work. There are books dealing with lathe turning, jig-sawing, and cabinet making.

These books are kept in a large bookcase equipped with glass doors to keep out the dust of the shop. It was made by Mr. Miller with the help of the boys. It stands in front of the benches within easy reach of the boys when they have leisure time.

BOY MUSICIANS ENTERTAIN WITH GUITAR AND ACCORDIAN

Two of Barnard's most talented musicians delighted the audience with their unusual playing in an assembly presented by Miss McGuire's room. Entertaining during an intermission of a program on famous fables,

Donald Dowd and Alden Aronson impressed every student present.

Receiving persistent applause after each number, the musicians presented eight popular selections. Among these were such songs as: "Old Black Joe", "Green Mountain Boys", and "Home On The Range".

The music of Alden's guitar and Donald's accordin blended so well, that many students remarked the splendid harmony. The melodious voice of Alden Aronson also pleased the audience.

Other students with musical ability are urged to render their services in this manner.

DUTCH LAD PROVIDES COLOR FOR ENGLISH CLASS

As a Dutch lad strolled toward the front of the room, peals of gay laughter came from the spectators. The stylist with fiery red hair, bright blue eyes and blushing complexion made her appearance before Miss Johnson's English composition class.

This effective Dutch costume was worn by Florence Anderson. The gay laughter was caused by the sound of large wooden shoes. The costume consisted of a short, red jacket, very full, black trousers and a small, black cap trimmed with red.

The girls enjoyed this activity in which they talked about the foreign countries from which their ancestors had come.

VARIETY OF DUTIES ENGAGE ATTENTION OF DOCTOR SUNQUIST

Dr. Sunquist, the school doctor, has a regular beat which he follows daily. If you were to be in the Franklin School at 8:10 in the morning, you would see the doctor begin his daily work. Following his inspection of students of high school age, he enters Barnard School. Next he visits Nathan Hale and Washington Schools. South and Keeney Street Schools are still to be visited after this

At these morning inspections, Dr. Sunquist finds colds and sore throats the most predominating ailments. He also finds many sprains and minor injuries.

Whether or not illness is contagious or injuries serious must be determined by the doctor. Pupils suffering from contagious illness and serious injuries are sent home to be treated by the family doctor. Minor injuries are given first aid.

The school doctor must be on the alert for scarlet fever, measles, mumps, and chicken pox.

"The work," states

Dr. Sundquist, "is interesting in the various medical problems it presents. Contacts with children are stimulating and wholesome."

INCORRECT ENGLISH LANGUISHES IN JAIL

The boys of Room 13 have made posters urging better speech. One shows a huge garbage pail full of placards bearing such words as "ain't", "brag", and "den". On the pail are the words "Throw them all here." Another shows a man symbolizing "Bad Speech". The caption on this poster reads, "This is where he belongs. Keep him here."

ACTIVITY CLUB AIDS LETTER CLUB

Maps of Connecticut stating facts about our state were made by members of Activity Club for the members of Letter Club to distribute throughout the United States in their correspondence work.

These maps show Connecticut's nickname, state flower, state bird, and the principal rivers and mountains.

RONALD CARLSON WINS CAMERA AWARD

At one meeting of Camera Club which I visited, congratulations were poured upon Ronald Carlson because he had just received honorable mention for an entry in the picture contest sponsored by "Young America", a popular magazine.

Ronald, in his usual unassuming manner, humbly accepted his friends' approval.

EDUCATIONAL CLUB SHOW PROVIDES MONEY FOR WORTHY PURPOSES

Can straw become gold? This question was in the minds of Barnard School pupils as they waited on the steps of Nathan Hale School to see the puppet show, "Rumplestilskin". This phrase had been advertised on the posters for several days preceding the show.

The chief characters were Katherine, the Miller's daughter, the King, the Miller, and Rumplestilskin, the dwarf.

The King visits the Miller, incognito. The Miller tells the King that his daughter can do many extraordinary things, among them the spinning of straw into gold. The King then proves his identity and commands Katherine to spin the gold.

She is saved by a dwarf who comes popping into the room and spins the straw into gold. The dwarf forces Katherine to promise to give him anything he wants in a year and a day.

A year and a day later, Katherine who has married the King, sits with her new born babe in a room of her beautiful palace. The dwarf, Rumplestilskin, comes into the room and demands his reward. To Katherine's surprise and horror, he commands her to give him the baby! He finally agrees that if she guesses his name, he will not take the child.

Katherine's father, the old Miller, goes into the fairy country and catches the dwarf singing his name. He returns home and tells Katherine who is just being confronted by the dwarf. She cries,

"Rumplestilskin is your name!" The dwarf goes into a rage and falls dead.

The money raised by this puppet show is used by the Educational Club to enlarge its fund for aiding the school children of Manchester. Membership is open to teachers, parents and all interested persons. The milk, orange juice and cod-liver oil given to the school children are paid for by this club.

Press Club urges children and parents to support this good work.

MR. GEISSLER EXPLAINS WATER PURIFICATION

As an activity of the Science Club, Mr. Geissler demonstrated by experimentation the method used by many communities to obtain pure water. He filtered dirty water, a mixture of ink and water, through sand and obtained a clear liquid.

SCIENCE CLUB ENJOYS QUIZ CONTEST

This year, Science Club under the guidance of Miss Carroll and Mr. Gardner, encouraged greater student participation

in its programs. There have been many interesting papers, discussions and experiments. A few of the subjects discussed were light, heat, sound and soil.

Recently a science quiz along the lines of a radio quiz was held. Each student submitted a question covering material previously discussed. The questions were placed in a hat from which each student drew one. A student correctly answering his quiz was given two points toward a prize to be awarded at the end of the term. This particular program was very much enjoyed.

BARNARD SAFETY COMMITTEE CURBS BICYCLE DANGERS

Barnard School Safety Committee has done a fine job in lessening bicycle hazards around Barnard School. They are grateful for the cooperation on the part of the bicyclists.

LUNCHROOM COMFORTS PLEASE BARNARDITES

Mrs. Black has cooked many famous dishes in the lunchroom, all very pleasing to Barnard pupils. The best liked dish is beef with lamb running a close second that is when there is no chicken. When there is a chicken dinner, the pupils make it a point to stay for lunch.

Chocolate milk tops the list of drinks.

Orangeade is liked but not so well as chocolate milk.

By far, the frozen milky way is the favorite candy. These go like "Hot-cakes".

Tuna is the favorite sandwich. Many of them are made daily, but at the end of the day they are all gone.

Maple walnut and chocolate are the favorite ice-cream flavors.

DOROTHY CHAPIN ENJOYS FLORIDA TRIP

Dorothy Chapin had an opportunity to journey to Florida during the past year. We think Barnard School will enjoy hearing about this trip.

"At one thirty on January sixth, my father, a passenger and I left Manchester for Daytona Beach, Florida. Driving all morning and all afternoon, we reached Richmond, Virginia where we stayed all night.

"The temperature did not change until we reached the southern part of South Carolina.

"The conditions of the roads for driving were very bad as guide rails along the sides of the road were very few.

"In North Carolina and all the states we passed through, cows had the right of way, and along the roads were signs here and there which told us to watch out for cows.

"Cypress trees with beautiful Spanish moss were sighted everywhere. Southern pine trees with pails for catching the turpentine were to be seen everywhere.

"While in Daytona, I took a dip in the ocean and found, much to my surprise that it was very warm.

"A visit to the Marine Studios proved to be very interesting. Many fish are found in this studio which is really an aquarium. Another trip to the Cypress Gardens was most interesting. Cyprresses dangling with moss added a mournful effect to the surroundings.

"We saw peat fires burning everywhere in the Everglades.

"On our return trip, we did not sight snow or feel cold until we reached Virginia."

SPEAKERS SET MODELS FOR GOOD ENGLISH

Eighth grade students sat tense in their seats as they witnessed the excellent assembly given by Miss Gove's seventh grade. So influenced were they, that the drop of a pin could be heard throughout the assembly.

The reason for this unusual assembly was to prove to the eighth graders what good English means. The boys who spoke sat an example for others.

"People are frequently judged by their speech," one speaker explained. "Little words like 'ain't', 'dem', and 'seen' can easily ruin one's speech."

The boys also brought out the fact that common words such as "funny", "pretty", and "nice" should be discarded.

for more accurate expressions.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was the camp surgeon at Valley Forge when the "cherry tree chopper", George Washington was general?

Dr. Albigece Waldo. This surgeon wrote a descriptive diary of the hardships.

PIN HOLE CAMERA TAKES SUCCESSFUL PICTURE

Camera Club has completed a "Kodak Pin Hole Camera" made entirely of cardboard. A picture very plainly taken indeed for such a camera, has been taken and developed successfully by members of this club.

Barnard School has a "dark room" of its own now where the members have become quite expert in the art of developing. Many formulas, ingredients, grains, minerals, and liquids are necessary for the development of a picture which has to be exposed, glazed and sized in order to be perfect.

HYGIENE STUDENTS LEARN PRACTICAL INFORMATION

The boys in Miss Keith's hygiene classes have been putting much effort into the making of posters depicting the various types of food. These posters show foods containing proteins, fats, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorous,

iron and iodine.

They have also given much attention to the practice of first aid. Harry Maidment demonstrated several kinds of bandages, including the head, hand, foot, and knee bandages. The tourniquet and its uses were also explained. A small first aid kit which may be attached to the belt was exhibited. This tiny kit contains all the necessary equipment.

This study has provided the boys with much valuable information for the present and the future.

STUDENTS ATTEMPT TO SAVE BIRD'S LIFE

Marie Robba, while passing Keith's store, discovered a pretty little bird of a purplish, red color, with gray, black wings and white breast. It was lying on the sidewalk, half frozen while the wind blew furiously.

Barbara Bunce took it from Marie and brought it to Miss Krapowicz who said it was a purple finch.

The children fed it but it did not live. Mr. Farrel, a taxidermist for the Hartford Children's Museum, stuffed it for the students.

BARNARD COOKS RELATE THE JOYS OF THEIR ART

Miss Smith asked the members of her cooking classes to write compositions telling of knowledge they have gained this year in her classes. Judging by the results of this exercise

they have gained much. We are printing one of these articles for Barnard School to enjoy.

CAKE MAKING

I wonder if everyone feels as I do when I have made a really good cake. The feeling is something like that of an architect who has planned a beautiful building.

The foundation of a cake must be perfect. One flaw is liable to spoil the whole thing, just as poor materials in the foundation of a house will ruin it.

Next these ingredients must be mixed to a perfect consistency. When the mixture is satisfactory, it is poured into greased pans. "With loving" care it is placed into the oven and then the waiting begins. Whilst you are waiting, you ought to do the dishes. You will find that this will please your mother.

In time, the cake is tested with a toothpick or knife. To your delight, the cake is done. It is a lovely golden-brown color. Spread on it a rich, creamy frosting.

At supper, proudly present your first successful cake to a slightly sceptical family. After the first taste, hear them cheer!

P.S. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!

Lorraine Gardner

BARNARD SCHOOL STUDENTS AND TEACHERS
COOPERATE IN PRODUCTION OF PUPPET SHOW

PUPPETS TELL ROMANTIC STORY OF SILK

Did you ever hear of anyone's wearing silk worms in her hair? Queer as this may seem, it is true. A Chinese princess once composed her headdress of these strange creatures bringing them into the court of a Hindu prince. So ran the unusual story depicting the history of silk from ancient times to modern days. This descriptive talk was told to us by our classmates who gave a splendid puppet show in assembly. The speakers, members of Barnard School's dramatic clubs, also related to us the history of puppets and their travels in ancient countries.

"In Egypt," so began Ethel Boyle, "puppets were used in the tombs of rulers and other high officials."

India used shadow marionettes whose images appeared on walls of temples. Janet Boyd gave us this fact.

"In China, the puppets lived at the court of the emperor," stated Virginia Møzzer. "They were sent around the country mostly to amuse children."

"Used to entertain the gods, Japanese puppets were the finest made", Elda Belletti told us.

"Greece, Athens, and Apeathes were rivals in making pup-

pets", related Mary Ryder.

"The Romans constructed find theatres", said Charlotte Montie, for the purpose of giving interesting puppet shows!"

Dorothy Dwyer told us how the Christians used puppets to picture the story of Christ. American Indians used them in religious ceremonies.

We first viewed our much discussed puppets on their miniature stage when they enacted the legend at the court of the Chinese emperor. The native women cared for the silkworms. They guarded their silk formula carefully. Four Chinese women, however, were imported by the Mikado to teach his people silk culture.

India hardly began the cultivation of silk when Persia and central Asia started a growing industry.

The ruler, Justinian of Constantinople, wanted this silk secret so badly that he had two monks carry eggs of the silk moth to him.

By 1146, silk was manufactured in Greece, Sicily, and southern Spain. The draw loom was in use in Venice, Genoa and Florence at the time of the Crusades.

France had hardly established a promising silk business when the famous French Revolution began. This catastrophe caused many people to flee, leaving France minus a great many weavers.

In England, it was found impossible to raise

silk worms because of the damp climate.

In the year, 1881, Joseph Jacquard introduced weaving in this country. Crowds composed of various inventors who had tried to solve the problem of creating a greater loom ransacked his house. Their attempts to ruin his machine were in vain, however, as it finally appeared on the market.

King James I started silk culture in Virginia among the settlers in 1623. A fine was forced upon colonists who did not raise at least ten mulberry trees.

About 1833, the silk business became important in our state. Cheney Brothers experimented with the silk worm and mulberry trees and founded a nursery in South Manchester. Cheney Mills are the only mills in the world that carry on all processes from raw silk to the manufactured article.

The polka dot, still in existence, is one of the most popular designs used in silk cloth. It started as a dance which a Bohemian dancing master introduced in Prague. Eventually, the step drew the attention of the American people. At this time, Polk was running for president, and this incident made the dance a tremendous success. In order to take advantage of this movement, manufacturers began

to produce polka hats and shoes. Finally, the polka dot was noticed, and this design has survived ever since.

The polka dance proved the highlight of the puppet show. While the record, "When We Danced the Polka", was being played, two puppets danced. It was really amazing how well they kept time with the music. Their lithe bodies swung so gracefully that the scene looked very realistic.

The last act was the fashion show where the puppets were dressed in styles depicting the fashions of the days from 1776 to 1939. Songs that were popular at these different periods were sung by the chorus and audience.

Credit must be given not only to the speakers and puppeteers but also to the many persons who contributed to the success of the show in other ways. It took a great deal of tedious work to make and dress the marionettes. We have Miss McLaughlin's Activity Club to thank for giving our characters hands. They were made on a board with nails attached to it. Wire was wound around the nails. The paint was spread upon the tape according to the race and color of the puppets. Mr. Cutter's Activity Club made the heads and bodies.

The Handwork Club, supervised by Miss Gillette and Miss Lutz, made stuffed tops and pants for the marionettes. This took the flatness away

from their bodies. Girls who were expert needlewomen were chosen to make the costumes.

The scenery was painted exceptionally well. Choice colors that harmonized were used by Ralph Scudieri, George Adamy, Alden Aronson, Donald Warren, Richard Pitkin, Chester Reichenbach, Charles Campbell, David McCollum and Albert Harrison. Miss Lutz, aided by Miss McGuire, directed this activity.

Music was furnished by the Barnard School chorus under Mr. Pearson's direction. Fitting songs concerning the silk industry were sung. Everyone enjoyed their singing, and they certainly kept intermission from becoming monotonous.

The programs were illustrated in an unique manner. Drawings of dangling puppets adorned the cover. The contents of the booklet aided the audience in understanding the highlights of this educating assembly. Words to the melodies were also included in the programs.

The construction of the puppet stage was directed by Mr. Miller. Boys in the woodwork department aided him in this task.

Mr. Gardner managed the lighting affects with help from members of the electricity classes. Dim lights on the miniature stage made a very picturesque scene.

The Misses Gove, Johnson, Sherman and members of the Art Club made beautiful paintings depicting the history of silk. These paintings are displayed in assembly.

Miss Johnson, Mrs. Neff, Miss Carroll, Miss Krapowicz, Miss Eaton, Mr. Gryk,

and Mr. Geissler trained the speakers and puppeteers.

Barnard School wishes to say "Thank you" to Miss Bennet, our principal, for it was she who conceived and directed the entire puppet show in all its phases.

BARNARD SCHOOL STUDENTS WIN HONORS IN CONTEST

Four Barnard School students received honorable mention in the Good Writers' Club Contest. They were Jennie Angelo, June Eaton, Barbara Hess and William Lusk.

THIRD MUSICAL FESTIVAL PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

Educational Square with its natural beauty made an appropriate setting for the third annual outdoor Music Festival presented by the junior and senior high schools of Manchester under the direction of Mr. G. Albert Pearson, music supervisor.

Every member of seventh and eighth grade, the High School A Capella Choir, the orchestra and the members of the instrumental classes participated.

The audience was keenly aware of the values such an activity offers us.

C R O S S W O R D P U Z Z L E

By Clarence Hanna and Chester Reichenbach

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Definitions on reverse side of this paper

ACROSS

- 1. ? ? ? ? ? ?
- 2. A sailor
- 3. Our instructors
- 16. Also
- 19. Any contrivance
- 21. Behold
- 23. Bottom of a water course
- 24. A deer
- 25. What is used in a Geography Class
- 28. European herb. (Abs. Var.)
- 29. An article
- 30. Blackbird (Var.)
- 32. Expires
- 33. Gang
- 35. An explosive
- 36. Go (P.P.)
- 37. 1939-1940
- 38. We receive this when we graduate
- 41. Parts of the foot
- 42. Scotland
- 44. Miss McGuire's nickname
- 46. Likeness
- 51. A thin slab of baked clay
- 53. A precious stone
- 57. No more (Abs.Var.)
- 59. Preposition
- 60. What is needed to do your writing
- 61. Red hair _____ attention
- 62. What you be during a test.
- 63. U. S. Possession
- 64. Teachers do not like _____ pupils
- 66. Leave (Scot.)
- 67. 150 (Roman numeral)
- 69. Life Saver
- 70. Vagabond (Var.)
- 71. Thirty days
- 72. Elder (Abs. Var.)
- 73. Mistake
- 75. Mine (Ger.)
- 76. Greek Letter
- 77. Seamese Coins
- 78. Period of time
- 80. Assistant Editor in Chief (initials)
- 81. Turkish Coin
- 82. Automobiles
- 83. Kiss (Abs. Var.)
- 85. Grow larger

- 87. Giant kings of Bashan
- 88. A good mark
- 89. First egg
- 90. Cry of surprise
- 91. Present tense of went
- 92. Girl's name
- 93. Compass point
- 95. Railroad station
- 96. Behold
- 97. Either
- 98. Fish of the Philippine Islands
- 99. Terminus
- 101. Meadow
- 103. Italian River
- 105. To clothe
- 106. A letter in the alphabet
- 107. We are _____ of Barnard
- 108. A body segment
- 109. Heed (Abs.Var.)
- 110. Eollike
- 111. Something made
- 112. The (French)
- 113. Not in
- 116. Enthusiasts of a sport
- 119. Note of scale
- 122. L. x W. = _____
- 126. Sins, vices
- 128. School Subject
- 130. Northwest winds
- 132. Long live
- 133. In like manner
- 134. Devour
- 135. Up (Scot.)
- 136. Single
- 137. Mother
- 143. Well (Gr.)
- 144. Compass point
- 145. Note of scale
- 146. What you hope to receive on leaving H.S.
- 151. One who did much for Barnard
- 153. A game
- 155. Not out
- 156. Lie (P.T.)
- 157. In (Prefix)
- 159. Talk
- 160. Note of scale
- 161. Our next object
- 162. Rebels (Var.)
- 163. Note of scale

DOWN

- 2. Upon or near
- 3. What students of Barnard S. should not do.

- 4. Christmas Day (Fr.)
- 5. Of the day (Law)
- 7. Preposition
- 9. Electrical Engineer
- 10. Repetition
- 11. Conn. General Ins.
- 12. Elevated area
- 13. Compass point
- 14. Football position
- 15. Scratch
- 17. S.African farmer
- 18. Kind of eel (Var.)
- 20. Rodent
- 22. Single
- 24. Memoranda
- 25. Corpse
- 27. A telephone _____
- 28. Variant of one
- 31. At
- 32. Die (Var.)
- 34. Vessel
- 35. Preposition
- 39. Eskimo house (Pl.)
- 40. Mountain
- 43. And (lat.)
- 45. Writer
- 46. The pupils of Barnard are _____
- 47. Killers
- 48. Ambrosial
- 49. Marsh crocodiles
- 50. Hercules (Variant)
- 52. It will
- 53. Quantity of Peas
- 54. Athelete Club
- 55. Part of the chest
- 56. Andian Animal
- 58. And so forth
- 60. We are _____ of Barnard Schools
- 61. Beverage
- 63. Recreation floor
- 65. Inventor of Baseball
- 68. To erase we use _____
- 73. Mistake
- 74. Improvement desirable
- 76. What we should not do when we receive our report card
- 79. Our newspaper
- 80. Hundred weight
- 81. Singles
- 84. University of Oregon
- 86. A Mongoloid Tribe
- 88. A good mark
- 91. What do you do in June

(Continued on pg. 52)

94. Loans	124. One (sc.)	149. Hardware Department
97. Butter substitute	125. Snake	150. Yes (Arch.)
100. Do (Var.)	127. The street Barnard School is located on	153. Louisiana
101. Incline	128. Behold	154. A specie of tree
102. Devoured	129. Tho, too (Abs. Var.)	158. Assistant Business Manager's initials
103. We are <u> </u> to our elders	131. An animal	
104. Dwelling (British)	137. The subject that deals with figures	
114. Business Manager of Press Club	138. Athletic Club	
115. Kind of cattle	139. Bank (Abs. Var.)	
116. Price of the Barnacle	140. An areloa	
117. Having wings	141. Izel (Var.)	
118. International Institution	142. Note in scale	
120. Electrical Unit	143. Measures	
121. Water (French)	145. Buddha (Chinese)	
123. A genius of hog fishes (abr.)	146. Marsh	
	147. Possessive of he	
	148. River (Spanish)	

Matthew 2

