



Aggie News

From The Editor

Dear fellow Aggies, this issue of the Aggie News highlights the women of Essex Aggie, both students and faculty and sometimes both. Many Aggie women served in our military with honor and distinction. We take the time to honor some of them in this issue. We have a couple of stories about the FFA and what is going on today. Included are the sports statistics for the 2015-2016 Essex Tech teams as well as a wonderful piece from our 1921 football team.

I cannot thank the Essex Tech Staff enough for their contributions to this issue. I would also like to thank the families of some of the alumni profiled. They provided insight into their families, provide photos and background stories. Paul Leighton, Reporter for The Salem News gave us a wonderful interview with Mrs. Maude. Mary Ellen Larkin-Root provided the "Rest of the Story" about Catherine Larkin '34. Karen Easson '83 shows up for duty. Virginia Rivers brought her mother, Ruth Wood '20, to life for us with her personal touch. Joe Bruce poured his heart out speaking of his dear wife, Amy Bruce '76. Deb Lambert '66, wrote a poem to honor the alumni who passed away this year. Kailee Silva '15 and Prabhjyot (PJ) Kaur '16 show us that the future is bright for Aggie/Tech women.

Please feel free to write/email any stories or story ideas to me. You can also send a letter to the editor for publication commenting on the newsletter. I wish to improve each time we publish. Last but not least be sure to fill out the dues/scholarship (\$\$\$\$) form and send it to Charlie Main. He is constantly telling me I write too much and the postage on the newsletter is going to break the bank.

Sincerely,

Pete Tierney, Class of '75

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Newsletter graphic by Yetti Frenkel '78 <http://yetti.com/>

Faculty in the Spotlight

Miss Constance Lovett of Beverly, a graduate of Simmons College, has been newly appointed instructor of Foods and Related Sciences in the homemaking department, September 1932.

Constance Barron Lovett
594 Cabot Street, Beverly, Massachusetts

Beverly High School, University of New Hampshire
Household Economics, Glee Club 2; Home Economics Club 3,4.



Out-Wit the Moth, April 1936

April finds us ready to put away our winter garments as we don our spring apparel. Let us remember that the condition in which we shall find these same garments next October depends on the treatment that they are given now. No garment should be put away until it has been cleaned or at least well sunned and aired. Remember moths attack soiled garments more readily than clean ones. If all missing buttons are replaced and small repairs made the owner will have the satisfaction of knowing that the garment will be ready to wear at a moment's notice when autumn winds begin to blow.

There are many mothicides on the market. The United States Department of Agriculture recommends crystals of paradichlorobenzene which may be purchased from your druggist under that name or under several trade names. To insure against moth invasion after storage, and to prevent loss of fumes if a mothicide is used, gum paper tape, the kind used by grocers, may be pasted over the cracks of the storage container.

Since summer temperatures dry out the natural oil of furs, causing drying and falling of hairs and stiffening of the pelt it is advisable to put fur coats or heavily furred cloth coats in cold storage. It is well to have the fur cleaned and minor repairs made before storing. However, if extensive alterations are planned they should be left until fall to see what the fashion trends will be.

Remember, cutting your winter garments for rug rugs because they are too moth-eaten for further wear, makes rug rugs expensive.

Take Care of Household Textiles, December 1942

The money invested in household textiles, in the average home represents a considerable sum. In wartime replacements are not always available, and the homemaker needs to consider ways by which she can conserve the bedding, towels, table linen, rugs and curtains that she has on hand. When the present supply of all wool blankets is gone, replacements will contain large amounts of rayon and cotton. Chief enemies of blankets are moths and careless laundering. Store blankets which are not in use in sealed containers with a reliable mothicide. Blankets which are in use should be aired and brushed frequently, and the bindings kept in good repair. Launder with luke-warm water and mild soap. Don't run the washing machine more than three minutes, loosen the rollers before the blanket is put through the wringer.

Purchases of large quantities of sheets and towels, by the government, makes conservation of these items important. Mend all breaks and tears in sheets. Reverse them putting the narrow hem at the top to distribute the wear more evenly. Some worn sheets may be cut down the middle and the edges stitched together. Pillow slips can be made from worn sheets. Worn bath towels can be cut down to make wash cloths or hand towels. Few inner spring mattresses will be made for the duration, but repair parts are available. Broken springs should be repaired or replaced before the mattress becomes badly sagged. Turn the mattress alternately, side for side, and end for end, to distribute wear.

The spring should be turned occasionally, too. Take good care of rugs. Turn them around to distribute wear. Clean and turn the rug pad and inspect it for moths. Almost no linen is being imported. Available stocks of table linen and linen dish towels are diminishing rapidly. Remember that our grandmothers darned their linen table cloths, and cut worn table cloths down for tray cloths or napkins. Replacements of table linen and linen towels,

Four-hour school day

Constance attended high school in the old Briscoe building downtown. There weren't enough classrooms to accommodate all the students, so Constance went to school only four hours per day in her freshman, sophomore and junior years. "It's a wonder they ever let us into college on a four-hour day," she said. In her senior year, Constance moved into the new high school on Sohier Road (now the Briscoe Middle School) and, for the first time, had a full school day. She was a member of the Class of 1926, the first class to graduate from the new building. By that time, more women had started to attend college. Constance spent her freshman year at the University of New Hampshire, where her uncle was on the faculty, and then transferred to Simmons. She was a sophomore at Simmons in 1929 when the stock market crashed and the country was plunged into the Great Depression. "It was a very sobering experience to people," she said. "It was something we just didn't know how to cope with. People thought there would be no end to the prosperity. There weren't any cushions like there are today. There was no Social Security, no unemployment insurance."



Courtesy photo
Constance Maude, 16, sits with her sister Mary, 4, and brother Robert 14, in this circa 1925 photo.

Teacher at Essex Aggie

Constance felt lucky to be a college student during the tough economic times. Before graduating from Simmons, she lined up a teaching job at the Essex Agricultural Institute in Danvers. She stayed at Essex Aggie for 38 years, teaching English and science and helping to establish the school's nursing and cosmetology programs. When she retired in 1970, the school named a building after her. Constance married Franklin H. Maude, whom she'd first met as a 6-year-old in Sunday School. In 1942 they built a house on Tremont Street in North Beverly on land that had been owned by her grandfather. Constance, who never had children, taught Sunday School at the Second Congregational Church, became active in the Beverly Historical Society, and served on the board of directors for the Girdler House, where she moved three years ago. As much as Maude cherishes her childhood memories, she refuses to idealize those times. Women today have more opportunities, she said, and older people have the comfort of Social Security. "I don't think I yearn for the good old days," she said. "I guess I've learned to grow with the times."

Paul Leighton Reporter for The Salem News pleighton@salemnews.com



Editor's note; Constance Maude was the essence of what any teacher should aspire to. Nowadays we would call her an old Yankee and there is nothing wrong with that. Mrs. Maude knew the value of a quality education and made sure each of her pupils understood that value as well. She lived through the good times and the bad times of the last century. The lessons she taught carries on today, not only in stories but in the hearts and minds of many of our Aggie Alumni. She is missed. This brick building pictured on the left was named in her honor and was recently taken down. While the building may be gone the memory of Mrs. Maude lives on. By chance, your editor also graduated from Simmons College, just not the same year as Constance.

will be of cotton or cotton and rayon mixture. Since cotton and rayon do not give up stains as readily as linen we shall have to give more attention to stain removal.

Don't forget that moths may lurk in upholstered furniture. Frequent brushing or cleaning with a vacuum cleaner, turning cushions, and using slip covers, will keep upholstered furniture looking well for the duration.

Constance Lovett, Instructor in Sciences

Byline: PAUL LEIGHTON, Salem News Date: Thursday, November 11th, 1999

BEVERLY -- The decade began with Prohibition and ended in economic collapse. In between, the 1920s roared through a paradoxical era of abstinence and excess. But nearly 80 years later, Constance Maude remembers the frozen milk. On the coldest mornings, after the milkman delivered his goods via horse-drawn wagon and left them on the doorstep, the milk would freeze and force open the bottle cap. Maude's mother would scrape off the white ice that poked through the top of the bottle, sprinkle it with drops of vanilla, and feed her three children a welcomed treat. "We thought we were having ice cream," said Maude. "We thought it was wonderful."

Maude is now 90 years old and living in a retirement home for women in her hometown of Beverly. When the 1920s began, she was an 11-year-old student at the Bass River School, a four-room wooden schoolhouse in North Beverly. When the decade ended, she was a 21-year-old junior at Simmons College in Boston, one of a growing number of women to seek a college education. She lived through such 1920s landmarks as Prohibition, women's suffrage, the Roaring 20s post-war economic boom, and the stock market crash of 1929. But the distant echo of national events only occasionally reached young Constance Lovett (her maiden name). When asked to recount her memories of the '20s, she remembers most the taste of that vanilla ice, the sight of coal-carrying barges, the sounds of horses kicking the stalls in the firehouse across the street.

Farms and wagons

She grew up in a Beverly that had more trolley cars than automobiles, more farm land than houses. The children from Dodges Row on the other side of North Beverly came to school by horse-drawn wagon. "It was slower," she said. "The town was smaller. It was country. People knew their neighbors better." The Lovett family lived at 594 Cabot St., across the road from the North Beverly fire station. Constance remembers waking up some mornings to the sound of the horses kicking their stalls inside the firehouse. "They hung their harnesses above them, and whenever a fire call came, they'd just drop the harnesses down on the horses and buckle the straps," she said. Down by the water, Constance watched the tugboats steaming into Beverly Harbor, leading barges carrying mounds of black coal. "There were mountains of coal," she said. "Practically everybody burned coal. We had to put the ashes out for the rubbish collection. The change to oil came as I was growing up. We had a coal stove in the kitchen and a coal-burning furnace."

Old Beverly family

She was born Constance Lovett, a 10th-generation member of a family that had settled in Beverly in 1637. Her father and grandfather ran a leather factory on Federal Street, making soles and counters for men's shoes. Constance joined the Camp Fire Girls, took dance lessons at Miss Upland's dance school, and ice-skated on Round Pond off Dodge Street -- despite local legend that the pond was bottomless. She remembers sleigh rides from Beverly to Ipswich down snow-covered Route 1A, and the hot chowder that warmed her cold body at ride's end. With World War I over and the economy booming, some people had the money to buy automobiles. Constance's grandfather owned a 1908 Overland, a big car with jump seats in the back. Later, he bought a Reo Flying Cloud with plush upholstery and a new innovation -- heat. The women wore bobbed hair and shorter skirts, "something that scandalized the older people," she said. The hot spot in Beverly was the Dreamland Ballroom next to the post office, although Constance wasn't allowed to go there.

A Message from our Alumni President:

It was a pleasure speaking the Dean Porteous the other day. Dean is the President of the Essex Tech Foundation. We spoke in detail of Larkin Cottage and the possibility of renaming the Essex Tech Farm Stand after Harold Kelly, long time instructor and fellow alumnus. Dean emailed me the following this morning.

“As for the part about the Larkin Cottage. As construction was completed on the main campus, for the new tech school, the State put funds into the project to take down the Maude Hall building that contained Asbestos. It wasn't until after the site was cleaned up that we found that the building was the water and power feed to a number of smaller building next to it. Larkin being one of them. I looked at and tried to update the building with cleaning, paint, cabinets and fixtures but found that the years that it sat unused by the Aggie had taken its toll. I had the idea to build on the same foundation, a new state of the art, high efficient building that was close to the original design and could be used as a Foundation/ Alumni/ History office. My thought is that if we can have the Essex Tech students of the Electrical, Carpentry, HVAC, Plumbing, Landscape, Masonry and other programs we offer, build the building, we can keep costs down and have it be a school project that teaches them about Ms Larkin and others who had buildings named for then on the original campus. I have secured power, heat and water access from the town and National Grid. The instructors have seen the building and agreed that they would want to be a part of this venture. I think that if we requested that the building be a project through the approval of the School Committee and we secured plans and material, we can file with DCAM, the State agency that owns State property, and take the building down to the foundation and build the new office. I tried many other ways to save the building with no funds and it became clear that the repairs would force us to bring the building to the current building code standards. I welcome your input and ideas and hope that we can find a way to build and rededicate this to Ms Larkin's family. It also would nice to preserve the relics, records and plaques that are being stored. I have support from a number of the School Committee members and staff. With the large number of Alum from the t

This venture will come at a cost, the alumni association will be trying to find ways to fund this project and we will keep you posted. Mr. Porteous was thinking in the one hundred thousand range.

Also, to rename and dedicate the Farm Stand in honor of Mr. Kelly we have to petition the school committee. I am asking each and every one of you who has had the pleasure of learning from Mr. Kelly to write a letter and send it to me. You can email as well. My contact information is on page one of this newsletter. The letter should give a good reason as to why we should name the Farm Stand after Mr. Kelly.

Larkin Cottage is on the left and the new Farm Stand is on the right.



Alumni in the Spotlight / Ruth M. Wood, class of 1920
The Country Gentleman, June 14, 1919 The Best Girl Farmer, by Freeman Tilden
At 15, She Handles a Pure-Bred Jersey Herd

IF MISS RUTH M. WOOD, of North Andover, Massachusetts, were simply a farmerette or an infant prodigy, or the darling daughter of a millionaire gentleman-farmer, permitted to call a few prize cattle hers, I wouldn't be writing this article. I take it that The Country Gentleman readers are not to be excited about that sort of reading matter.

I am calling Ruth Wood the "best girl farmer" because she is a real farmer, because she is farming for profit, because she makes that profit, and because her farm practice is of the kind that is putting our country's agriculture on a new and fine level. She is in competition with all other farmers in her locality; she asks no odds because she is a girl instead of a man, and she is, as I write this article, the proprietor of ten pure-bred Jersey cattle, twenty pure-bred Berkshire hogs, besides geese, hens and other livestock.

It so happens that, at this writing, Miss Wood is not yet sixteen years old. Of course, that makes it a little more remarkable. But I want to make the point, right now, that she is a good farmer, not that she is not yet sixteen. Her success is due to the fact that she has a splendid knowledge of animal husbandry and of agriculture, backed by a genuine love of farm work and farm animals.

Daughter of a Civil Engineer



THAT IS RUTH M. WOOD, Winner of Special Prize in Stock Judging at the National Dairy Show, With Sophie 1919's Champion 1919 at Four Months Old

I heard of Miss Wood when I was writing for The Country Gentleman an article entitled Make Your Daughter Your Partner. In that article I noted a number of examples of successful girl farmers who had acquired a real love of farm life because their parents had given them a feeling of proprietorship in the farm — a reason, that is, for staying on the farm rather than flitting to the city to become a stenographer or factory worker. In a little talk with a county agent, he happened to mention Miss Ruth Wood as being a good example of the sort of girl I was writing about.

I confess, it sounded too good to be true. Before I went to North Andover to see this girl farmer, I was prepared to be disappointed. I have read a lot of Sunday-newspaper gush about remarkable young persons who are at work at this or that occupation— and it usually had developed that somebody else was doing the work, and little Henry or little Gladys was merely waving a pink-white hand over the scene, and corraling the notoriety. So I was skeptical. I had to be shown.

So you can safely take it from a case-hardened, horny-handed investigator this time that Miss Wood is a real farmer, doing real farm work, and making a success of it. Later on I shall give some figures in this article to show that it is not guesswork. She is building, patiently and methodically, a Jersey herd that will earn her not only blue ribbons but money; a Berkshire herd from which she is already selling litter after litter at pure-bred prices; and above all she is wonderfully happy and contented with her labors.

To go back to the beginning, Miss Wood's first enthusiasm was based on a pig club. Really, we must hand it to these boy-and-girl pig clubs, and to the county agents and county bureaus which promote them. They seem to be doing more than any other factor in creating a new brood of intelligent farmers for the country's needs. It is the first touch of pleasure, rivalry and profit, which shows the country-bred boy and girl that farming is not all hot kitchen and drudgery.

Queerly enough, Miss Wood did not even come from a farming home. Her father is a civil engineer, who preferred to have his family live out in the open, even if it meant that he could get home only at the week-ends.

"Well, there was excitement at home for a while. The young calf was homesick, and wanted to go back where he came from. He wanted so badly to get home that he jumped through a window of the barn, taking sash, glass and all with him, and spent the night out in the open yard. We found him there in the morning, standing beside the open crate in which he had been shipped — waiting for it to box him up and take him home, I suppose. For several days it wasn't possible to wean him away from his crate."

This is humorous enough; but the plain truth is that little Miss Wood had hard sledding to make her dreams come true. For one thing, she was attending the Essex County School all the time, and the distance necessary to travel to get there from her home was almost prohibitive. Then, a rigorous winter was coming on, and the barn she had was not equipped to shelter livestock safely or comfortably. So in January, in about the least promising weather, the Woods found that they must either find another home and get to it at once, or Ruth must postpone or give up her herd dreams. Here is where the spirit of partnership came in. They were all willing to move for the benefit of the Wood Jersey idea. Had the Woods been wealthy folk, it wouldn't have been difficult to find just the right kind of place. But what makes this article full of meat and meaning for the average young reader with similar hopes and ambitions is just the fact that Ruth had no large ready capital, and that it was necessary almost to pioneer the way, beset by discouragements.

For instance, the only place available was a small farm in North Andover. In its proximity to good markets, this new place to which the midwinter flight led was all right. But it is by no means satisfactory, and Miss Wood's farming operations have already outgrown it. In ordinary localities it wouldn't be considered much of a farm at all; and yet, owing to the above mentioned conditions in Essex County, it is not so undesirable as it might seem. For instance, though it has no good hay land, this fact is not much of a drawback, as one of the assistants at the County School told me that it really didn't pay a farmer in that section even to raise his own hay.

When I went up to Essex County the other day to interview Miss Wood, I found her at the school. She was at class when I came, and I had a talk while waiting with one of the assistants to the director. I found that they are reasonably proud of their apt and successful pupil at the school. Incidentally I asked whether Miss Wood hadn't been considerably "written up" locally. The assistant replied that she had. "But," he added, 'she's the sort of girl whose head isn't turned in the least by all the attention that has been paid to her.'

I did find just that. Very soon Miss Wood entered the room. Tall, robust, with fine health depicted in her face, she came in a little shyly, and yet with the bearing and attitude of one who has real work in hand, and is therefore unconsciously endowed with confidence.

Did the Work Herself

After telling me substantially what I have written above, the girl farmer went on:

"As soon as we had got settled in the North Andover place, and spring had come, I planted half an acre to garden. The younger children had their patches, of course. Then we bought a cow and two young heifers to start the other half of our herd.

"I am so very fond of Jerseys that it doesn't seem as though I could get up enthusiasm for any other breed. But I think there is something besides sentiment to be said for my choice too. I was convinced that Jersey milk, at least in our locality, would never be a drug on the market as whole milk, and that manufactured it would market more conveniently and at better prices. Also I thought that I could produce Jersey milk more economically.

"During the first year the work was light, and I did most of it myself with the assistance of my young brother." I looked at Miss Wood when she said that. I had a pretty accurate knowledge of what farm work, even of the sort she was describing as "light," entailed. But her appearance was reassuring. There is nothing frail about Miss

Ruth Wood; and I'll wager that the hired man she is just now looking for will have to keep on the move to remain in step with her.

"By the second spring two of the cows were in heavy milk flow. We had wondered how we were going to handle the milk product when it came along in quantity sufficient to make it a problem. We found to our surprise that we had a ready market right at our door among the neighboring farmers. Yes, that's right; among farmers. It does seem odd to sell dairy products to farmers, but the farmers in our county are specialists, mostly, and are either wholly in the dairy business or not at all. I think this is a good illustration, don't you, of the opportunities everywhere to raise some crop for which a local market can be found?"

"You must have made some mistakes before you reached this point?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes. Of course we did. One of the mistakes we made — and yet, the way we are trying to get a herd started, it almost couldn't be helped — was that though we bought only pure-breds, some of them didn't develop into very heavy producers. You see, our capital wasn't large, and we had to go into the market when and where we could. Oh, and there were lots of other mistakes too. Shall I tell you about them?"

"No, after all I guess the pleasant things are more important," I said. "We usually take mistakes for granted." I suddenly had a vision of this girl getting up very early in the morning, doing chores, getting ready for school, back to chores, working faithfully over her herd Sundays and holidays and every other time — what are mistakes considered alongside that kind of industry and love of work?

"The first year, with everything to do and no time to do it in, we hadn't been able to get our field work done on time. The second year we did a great deal better. We got several acres of clover started, and it came along beautifully and made a stand that we needed for the pigs, to save grain and give them a proper pasture.

"Oh, yes, we had gone into pure-bred Berkshires by this time. Pigs and the dairy seemed an ideal combination, and we already had a good start toward a Berkshire herd.

"To supplement the cow pasture we raised some fodder corn and sunflowers, and I had such success with the sunflowers that I am hankering to go into them on a larger scale." In the midst of our trials there was one bright spot at least. Our Jersey herd was too nearly new to show real profit, but our Berkshires did. We found that we could sell at a good price at least five times as many six weeks' pigs as our gilts could produce. One of our gilts gave us a litter of ten beautiful pigs, and we were very proud of her. We advertised the young pigs for sale, and the result was that we had to return \$615 in cash and checks and money orders, the replies being that many.

"Really, when you see our bull and some of our Jersey cows you won't blame me, I know, for being so fond as I am of that breed. And then there is so much satisfaction, too, in handling pure-breds. Two of our cows are going to make the Register of Merit soon, and from one of them we have a granddaughter of Sophie XIX Tormentor, sold last June for \$7500 to enter the great Falfurrias herd. The dam of Sophie XIX Tormentor, the grand-dam of my bull, is Sophie XIX, who until very recently held the world championship for the Jersey breed in the production of butterfat. Then the dam of my bull, Figgis's Betsey, was sold for nearly \$1000. She made Advanced Registry as a two-year-old, with 468.31 pounds of butterfat, equal to 585.39 pounds of eighty per cent butter. So, you see, my prize at the Springfield show gave us a good start."

"Do you keep accurate accounts of your farm work?" I asked Miss Wood. "Oh, yes. I keep accounts on everything. I was going to speak to you about that in connection with the pigs. I've found out a number of things about our Berkshires from the records that otherwise would have been bad guesswork.

"One thing my figures prove to me is what many practical farmers are contending: that young sows are more profitable than fully mature sows. Here are the figures on one of our sows, Pride of Wood Farm, as a sample:

DEBIT		CREDIT	
Value	\$50.00	Value	\$100.00
Veterinary	\$2.50	Sale of 13 pigs	\$200.00
Boar service	\$12.80	Sale of 3 pigs	\$25.00
Grain	\$62.71		
Pasture	\$4.00	Total	\$325.00
Labor	\$13.45		
Registering 13 pigs	\$26.00		
Rent	\$10.00		
Interest on \$75	\$4.50		

In these figures grain is computed a month on the basis of daily ration fed during that month at full market value. I figure my labor at twenty cents an hour. Pasture at one dollar a month. Interest at six per cent is charged on the average inventory value of the animal for the year. Inventory value of an animal is figured at slightly above pork rates, so as to eliminate charges for depreciation.

"During 1918 the average cost of advertising, crating, registering and correspondence was two dollars a pig. Expenses on pigs up to ten weeks old are charged up against the account of the dam."

I said to Miss Wood: "There are probably a good many hundred thousands of girls like yourself in the country, who will read my article about you, and be spurred into emulation. I'd like to be able to say something as coming directly from you to them in the way of encouragement or advice."

After a little thought Miss Wood had these ideas to offer:

In the first place, Miss Ruth is strong for proper agricultural-school education as a foundation for the farm work. The combination of theoretical training, from textbooks and instructors, with practical work at the same time with your own animals and products, seems to her the ideal basis for becoming a farmer. Of course, there must be a genuine love of animals and farm work. Then, there must be industry and the will to overcome disappointments and misadventures. Like-wise, according to Ruth, there should be a good specialty, going in for the very best blue-ribbon thing in that specialty.



For herself, Miss Wood is not yet satisfied with her education. She has completed the four-year course at the Essex County School in three years, and she wants to enter the state agricultural college. But she learns that before she can do that she will have to take a certain amount of "classical work," so called.

I'm forced to wonder what our New England ancestors would have thought of Ruth Wood. I suppose they would have hanged her as a witch. It would have been just as incomprehensible to the early farmers of America that a sixteen-year-old girl should be successful in the breeding of Jerseys and Berkshires, and just as competent in her business outlook as the best farmers of those days, as the notion of human aviation.

It is hard to overthrow the notion that the farmer's daughter shouldn't know anything about the farm beyond the garden sass and the range. It was seriously questioned, you recall, whether it would be proper for Miss Wood—in 1916—to qualify as a cattle judge among the boys who went to Springfield.

But thanks to the county-agent work and the pig clubs and the rest of the stimulation that passes on through the countryside, there is a constantly increasing number of girls, and women too, who are making farming pay. And here we get back to the idea that was expressed in *Make Your Daughter Your Partner*. Here is a sterling example of the wisdom of doing that very thing. I did not meet Mr. Wood, Ruth's father. But he had the right idea. He went a little farther than most men do, perhaps farther than most men could, in getting his daughter started upon a farm career. There must have been a strong bond of sympathy in their leanings—and this is true, of course, of Ruth's mother. There is no pining for the city pavements on Wood Farm in North Andover.

She helps at the housework as a matter of course; she does the less pleasant things without a feeling of revulsion, because she knows that they are the skim milk of farm life, and that the skim milk is just as vital as the cream. And all this because she is a partner in the concern, not a boarder or a hired man. She is a real partner in Wood Farm, and when the time comes that she is sole owner of just the sort of place she wants, her success will be partly due to just that sort of partnership which every farmer can give his son or daughter to-day, if he wants to keep them where they are needed—on the farm.

Notes from Ruth's daughter Virginia Rivers

My mother she was teaching at a boarding school in or near Brewster, MA when the Depression hit and the teachers were not paid, but compensated only with room and board. She may have had other teaching experience while working for her doctorate-- she was hired to teach as an assistant professor in the Education Dept. at Brooklyn College. We moved from the Boston area to Brooklyn in 1949 when she joined the faculty. I also recall her teaching in the summer school at Wellesley College.

My mother would gather puffballs that grew up in our lawn after it rained, and then sauté the sliced mushrooms to serve on toast for supper. This is the only meal I remember being allowed not to eat; she did not insist my brother or I dine on the same fare.



I also recall that for my mother, to swim was to bathe; this was "bathing"; she did a breast stroke that allowed her to keep her hair, (in a cap such as every adult woman then seemed to wear), dry. She took me to the municipal toboggan slide in Newton Center one cold winter Saturday and kept me company mounting the stair-ramp to the top. Looking down the long, steep slide, though, she lost courage, and so I rode the toboggan down alone. I was probably 11 then, and undaunted by heights.

I remember her as a warm and loving mother who spent many of her hours at home working on editing, revising and writing. But she found time to play the piano, took voice lessons, and encouraged my brother and me to practice (my brother played flute and clarinet and saxophone, had his own band and sang lead roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in high school. I played the violin and we sometimes played as a chamber music trio or quartet with my brother's flute teacher). We attended church as a family on Sundays, and my brother and I sang in church choirs. Meals were basic New England fare. We were taught to be thrifty and to keep track of our allowances, good manners and to be courteous to our elders.

My mother's doctoral studies, interrupted by her time in USSR and my birth, led to a degree in economics from the Department of Education at Columbia, around 1936-38 and led to her co-authoring the first high school textbook dealing with problems of American democracy, *Our Changing Social Order*, published by D.C.Heath & Co, Boston,circa and two high school history textbooks *The American Story* and *United States History*, also DC Heath, with William A.Hamm.

Notes from the Aggie News Editor

Miss Ruth M. Wood was also the president of the Merrimac Junior Audubon Class in 1915.

WOOD, RUTH M. (Mrs. Sarkis P. Kafafian), '20, teaching at Brewster. (Editor's note; Mrs. Kafafian real family name was Gavian, not Kafafian)

From her college year book; Massachusetts Agricultural College, class of 1924

Wood, Ruth Millicent Hathorne

1903; Essex Co. Agri. School; Agri. Education: Delta Phi Gamma; Collegian (1, 2, 3, 4);

President Y. W. C. A. (2).

'24 Ruth Wood, who is teaching science in the Sea Pines School, Brewster-on-the-Cape, spent some days on campus recently. She is engaged to be married to Sarkis P. Kafafian '26. Both will teach at Sea Pines next year.

'26 & '24 Sarkis P. Kafafian to Miss Ruth M. Wood at Rockville Center, Long Island, N.Y., June 18, 1926 by Rev. John B. Hanna, former Student Interchurch Secretary at M.A.C. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kafafian are teaching at Sea Pines School, Brewster, Mass., and are settled on a small poultry farm nearby.

Alumni / Faculty in the Spotlight/ Class of 1990

Jennifer Dawe-Skane, Associate Principal of the Animal & Plant Sciences Academy, brings a life-long career of agricultural and technical education and administration to her role as Associate Principal. Prior to her appointment in this administrative role, she taught Animal Science classes at the Essex Agricultural & Technical High School for 11 years before becoming a guidance counselor there. She continued her work in the Guidance department, serving as Coordinator for 3 years, before assuming the Assistant Principal position at Essex Aggie for one year prior to the merger with North Shore Tech in 2014. Her diverse experience and leadership background, makes Mrs. Skane, well versed to lead the Animal & Plant Sciences Academy. Mrs. Skane's professional commitment embodies the value and excellence of an agricultural and vocational education. She holds a Bachelor of Science degree in Animal Science from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and a Masters of Education with a concentration in School Counseling from Salem State University. In addition to her professional teaching license (9-12) in Animal Science, Mrs. Skane is a licensed School Guidance Counselor (5-12) and Vocational-Technical Principal/Assistant Principal. She is a member of ASCD (formerly the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development), MAVA (Massachusetts Association of Vocational Administrators), Massachusetts and National FFA Organization/Alumni, and NASSP (National Association of Secondary School Principals). She also is a recipient of an American FFA Degree, awarded to members who have demonstrated the highest level of commitment to FFA, and an inducted member of Pi Lambda Theta, an honor society and professional association for educators.



Mrs. Skane is a graduate, class of 1990, of Essex Agricultural High School where she majored in Agribusiness. During her time as a student Mrs. Skane served as a chapter FFA Officer, State FFA President and represented Massachusetts as a National FFA Officer candidate. While an Animal Science teacher Ms. Skane assisted in the development of the Veterinary Technology and Environmental Science Career Technical Areas. She helped develop the Agribusiness program into Companion Animal curriculum focused on the service industry, grooming and training. Ms. Skane served an FFA Advisor for several years before entering into administration. Mrs. Skane, enjoys camping and is a Walt Disney aficionado. She enjoys these activities with her three children, Tyler, Stephanie and Juliana and husband, Jason. She has two corgies, a Pembroke Welsh Cardigan, Kodi and a Cardigan Welsh Corgi, Bailey. This year she

watched her daughter Stephanie as she was elected State FFA President, twenty-five years later. It is with pride that she enjoys watching her daughter enter into the agricultural community focused on Equine.

School notes from 1938

F. F. A. PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

On September 21, 1938 Charles Mahoney together with Algerd Ramaika, John Zeilski, Instructors Eastwood and Thurlow, attempted to get to the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, for the Regional contests of the F. F. A.

They were unable to get beyond Worcester by automobile or by train. On advice of the police that under the conditions it were better to go back, they attempted to do so when the hurricane struck. It was necessary to go 120 miles in covering the 60 miles from Worcester before the school was reached. The car in which the boys were riding was struck by a plank. No one was hurt.

The next day Dr. Lane, Regional Supervisor, found six of the nine contestants in Springfield. In view of there being no possibility of more contestants being able to reach Springfield, Dr. Lane held the Public Speaking Regional Contest at Hotel Worthy, Springfield.

The Contestant from New Jersey was declared the winner.

Our contestant Charles Mahoney being unable to reach the contest was eliminated, as were the contestants of Maine and New Hampshire.

The Milk judging and Poultry contests were not held.

All we may say is that Charlie Mahoney, while stopped by the hurricane, was not defeated by anyone in the North East Regional group. All honor to the undefeated Massachusetts champion.

Henry Thurlow

School notes from 2016

FFA's 2015-2016 Essex Chapter Reporter Nathan Wilson, The Essex FFA

What originally stood for "Future Farmers of America", stands now for so much more in the lives of those who wear the corduroy jacket. The National FFA Association is a youth organization for students studying agriculture and is 579,678 members strong. The FFA emblem that sits over our hearts not only symbolizes that we are a part of an organization, but symbolizes our strengths, passions, dignities, commitment, dedication, and most importantly our hopes that one day every single soul will understand the importance of agriculture.

If you were ever someone like me, at one point in your life you were afraid that you served no purpose. You were scared. Scared of the unknown, and what life would be like when you must carry on. When I first entered high school I didn't know how my life was going to turn around for the better, but I knew in my heart that somehow it would. When FFA was first introduced to me, all I really knew is that it once stood for "Future Farmers of America". Now as a junior at Essex Tech I have learned that FFA has much more meaning. Through my high school experience I have met many people, in which now I can call my friends. Being an officer of the Essex Chapter, I have become close to the other members in which now I call my family. Looking at our team I see the same passion and purpose.

The FFA is not only to inform others about agriculture, but to inspire the people to be the best they can be. As students become involved they also become better people. Looking back on my own personal experiences I have noticed that not only have I changed as an academic student, but I have grown as a person and also as a leader, like many other students involved in this organization that came before me. I now understand that I serve a purpose. Even when the blue corduroy jacket is not being worn, I still know that I can do almost anything thanks to the experiences I have had with the FFA and my fellow officers. It brings me great pleasure knowing that I do not stand alone in feeling this way about the FFA.

The Essex Chapter has done some amazing things over the past few years, by continuing to hold true to many traditions that were around long before I was born. The FFA Cider Stand at the Topsfield Fair is still one of our top fundraisers. We attended the National Convention in the fall to compete in Career Development events and to have the best time of our lives. We participated in leadership camp to grow as a leaders and attended the State Convention to compete and made new friends along the way. We meet every Tuesday afternoon to keep our chapter going. With the new school now called Essex Technical High School, we come together to shed new light on the 1,400 students even if they don't study a topic of agriculture. It is in our best efforts, even though there is much diversity in the school, the student body is knowledgeable about the FFA. The history of Essex Aggie very much alive in the Essex Chapter of the FFA.

More from the Essex Chapter of the FFA

Nathan Wilson, Essex Tech's FFA Chapter Reporter recently asked his advisors Mrs. Menesale, Ms. Plante and Ms Arey the following;

Dear Mrs. Menesale, were you a FFA member? Yes.
Did you hold an officer position? If so, which one? None.
What school did you attend? John Browne
When did you start working at Essex Tech? 2005
Have you ever attended the FFA Nation Convention for competitions? No.
How as an advisor changed your life?

It has changed my life because it has allowed me to take my passion for agriculture a step further and share with my students, members and the officer team how exciting agriculture is and through the FFA show the many opportunities that exist within this very important field. FFA had a huge impact on my development and experiences in high school and I'm so proud to be an advisor now and share those experiences with my students.

Dear Ms. Plante, were you a FFA member? Yes.
Did you hold an officer position? If so, which one? Essex Chapter Vice President 93-94, Chapter President 94-95, and FFA Massachusetts State Secretary 95-96.
What school did you attend? Essex Agricultural & Technical High School.
When did you start working at Essex Tech? 2000
Have you ever attended the FFA Nation Convention for competitions? Yes. Parliamentary Procedure and Floriculture.
How as an advisor changed your life?

FFA was a large part of my high school and college career, I was avidly involved and was inspired to become and agricultural educator because of my former FFA Advisors and teachers. Being an FFA Advisor has helped me to feel that I am not only giving back to our organization which is important for me as it give me so much. It's also encouraging and motivating to me to be able to help to inspire and motivate our members to do and be their best. I've learned just as much, if not more from my members as they from me and it's a fantastic full circle experience.

Dear Ms. Arey, were you a FFA member? Yes.
Did you hold an officer position? If so, which one? Norfolk Chapter FFA Sentinel, Chapter Reporter, Chapter Vice President and FFA Massachusetts Sentinel and Vice President.
What school did you attend? Norfolk Aggie.
When did you start working at Essex Tech? 2014
Have you ever attended the FFA Nation Convention for competitions? Yes for Parliamentary Procedure.

Alumni in the Spotlight/Kailee Silva Class of 2015

My name is Kailee Silva and I recently graduate Essex Agricultural High School in 2015. I am now enrolled at Salem State university in which I will be seeking a degree in what I am most passionate about: Environmental Science. This major opened up more doors for me than I could have ever imagined, and I am extremely grateful to have given it a try when I was a freshmen. Only twenty five kids were selected to major in environmental science at Essex Agricultural and Technical High School. Once I was admitted, I felt like nothing could stop me. Exhilaration took over as I tried to hold the congratulations letter steady in my hand. This was my in and I wasn't going to take it for granted.

With each class I took within my major, my mind opened up with a whole new respect for life. I turned into a different person; I found myself. I was no longer that teenage girl who had no idea who she was going to be. With each nickname -“tree hugger”, “hippie”, and “farmer”-I felt more proud. As my efforts began to pay off, I felt even more enthusiastic about my major. Adding to my growing confidence, I won a first place award, in the state, for the environmental career development. It has become a part of my central character. Three years ago, I would have never taken a second glance towards an unknown species of plant or even noticed the fish in the pond.

Environmental science is more than just a profession I wish to pursue, but a passion I feel so strongly for that it has ultimately changed the way I live and the way I think. I figured out what matters most to me, and I couldn't be happier to say it has made me into the person I am today. I have been working hard for something I love which has become a large part of who I am. I can say I would not have found my passion if I didn't attend Essex Aggie, it has been the best decision in my life so far.

Editor's note; Kailee Silva is a 2015 scholarship recipient from the New England Chapter of The Alliance of Hazardous Materials Professionals.



Alumni in the Spotlight/Prabhjyot Kaur Class of 2016

Essex Technical High School Senior/Now Alumna, Semifinalist for U.S. Presidential Scholar Award

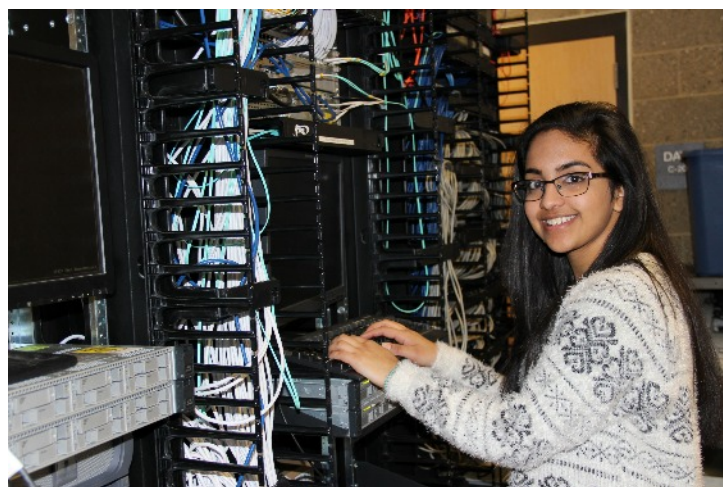
February 25, 2016—Prabhjyot (PJ) Kaur, daughter of Tarvinder Ghatrora and Kuldip Kaur, of Danvers, has been named a semifinalist for a United States Presidential Scholar award. PJ is one of five career-technical students nominated from Massachusetts. She is a senior Information Systems & Networking major at Essex Technical High School. She is also Essex Technical High School's nominee for the Massachusetts Association of Vocational Administrators (MAVA) Outstanding Vocational Student for 2016. PJ Kaur has contributed to Essex Technical High School in virtually every classroom, office, and workspace.

One of the school's top students, she has excelled academically and in Information Support Systems and Networking. She is an onsite co-operative education technician, and has been a summer intern and technician since the summer of 2014, when she was instrumental in getting the network and personal computer hardware set-up for students and faculty in time for the new school's opening. Active in SkillsUSA, she is a state level officer this year, serving as treasurer. In this role she can advocate for career technical education, one of her passions, as well as apply her mathematics and analytical skills to manage the organization's finances.

The United States Presidential Scholars Program was established in 1964, by Executive Order of the President, to honor our Nation's most distinguished graduating high school seniors. In 1979, the Program was extended to recognize students who demonstrate exceptional talent in the visual, creative, and performing arts. In 2015, the program was again extended to recognize students who demonstrate ability and accomplishment in career and technical education fields.

For the career and technical education component of the program, students are initially selected based on their accomplishments in career and technical education fields. Only five candidates are permitted per state. The White House Commission on Presidential Scholars selects up to 161 U.S Presidential Scholars each year. Award winners are guests of the Commission during the National Recognition Program and enjoy an expense-paid trip to Washington, D.C., to meet with government officials, educators, and other officials. To commemorate their achievement, the Scholars are awarded the Presidential Scholars medallion at a ceremony sponsored by the White House.

In addition to the Presidential Scholar and MA-VA Outstanding Student nominations, she received the National Center of Women In Technology Aspirations in Computing Affiliate Award for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 2014. She earned her Cisco IT Essentials Certification as a sophomore, and continued in the Cisco Netacad Program, earning her Cisco Routing and Switching certification, and is currently preparing for the CCENT (Cisco Certified Entry Network Technician). Ms. Kaur will pursue a career in computer science and engineering after graduation.



Alumni in the Spotlight/Catherine Larkin Class of 1934

Some of you may recall the June 2003 Aggie News about Ms. Larkin and the Cottage named in her honor.

http://www.essexaggie.org/alumni/newsletters/Aggie_News_June_2003.pdf

Now let me tell you the rest of the story. My aunt, Catherine M. Larkin would be celebrating her 100th year if tragedy did not intervene in March of 1945. Catherine and her fellow service men and women were being flown to head up an advanced mobile hospital "MASH" type unit near Ledo, Assam, India and encountered a monsoon. The pilot, Capt. Nickolas J. Mandoukas, was a well-seasoned veteran, and had he been able to, they would have landed safely. Instead they flew into a mountain and all 27 aboard perished. It took three years for the government to recover the bodies and return them home. My father, Catherine's brother, had returned home from the war at that point and met her body at the airport. To the day he died, he mourned for his sister and would tear up whenever he spoke of her.



Catherine's 1934 Essex Aggie photo, age 18.

In 1944 Catherine was promoted to Chief Nurse, with the relative rank of First Lieutenant. At that time her monthly pay was \$14.85. Posthumously Catherine was awarded the Red Cross Bronze Medal for highly meritorious service in time of war.

The Larkin family owned a small neighborhood grocery store/meat market on Boston St. in Salem. Kay was the second oldest of 5 children of Edward and Norah Larkin. Edward (Ned), Catherine, Margaret, John (my father) and Robert (still living at the young age of 93). Four of the 5 children served. The boys returned, but my aunt did not. She committed to joining, much to my grandparents dismay. But Kay felt a strong need to serve and told my grandfather "the boys need me." Never ever did her family imagine that she would not return.

Kay was the third generation Catherine in the family. The first was her grandmother Catherine Byrne who married Daniel Kelleher. They were both immigrants from Ireland. My grandmother Norah (actually Honorah) had a sister Catherine who died and named her eldest daughter after her mother and sister. My aunt Margaret then had two children, one of which she named Catherine M. Bonaventura. She also was known as Kay. My beautiful cousin Kay Bonaventura Ellis passed away this past March 2nd. My oldest daughter is the 5th generation Catherine in our family. She is 25 and a Speech Language Pathologist. That's the closest any of us have gotten to following in my Aunt Kay's footsteps in the medical field.

While I was growing up, my father would often talk of the sister he so dearly loved. Being several years older than my dad, Kay always watched over him and helped care for him when he was little. My dad was the first of his family to join the military when war broke out. He talked to Kay and said he felt it was his duty since my grandparents needed Ned the oldest to help run the store. As the war progressed though, all of them entered the military to help protect our country and Kay was one of the first to go. He told me many times of the last time he got to see Kay when he was able to visit with her. They were both stationed overseas and had a wonderful, though short visit. He had just had surgery when his friend Frank Morse, also stationed with him, came to tell him the devastating news of Kay's death.

We are all very proud of the sacrifices made by our family and others who served and protected our country. We appreciate the tributes made in Kay's honor at Essex Aggie and also Larkin Lane that runs off of Memorial Drive, near the Willows in Salem that is named after her.

Mary Ellen Larkin-Root

October, 1 1944

The Service Flag here at Essex County Agricultural School numbered 330, when we printed the Honor Roll in November 1943. There are 670 on our Honor Roll. Last November we had five gold stars, we have added six to the list making a total of 11 and we hope no more. Harold A. Mostrom

(Editor's note: Catherine Larkin '34 is in both photographs below. In the photo on the left she is standing far left and the picture on the right she the tall one in the back.)

Aggie Women who served;

Andrews, Amy Lelia (Mrs. Will)
Blaisdell, Emma Josephine
Brown, Ethel Gertrude
Brown, Hilda Marion (Mrs. Meddaugh)
Burbeck, Eleanor Irene
Fossa, Ruth Louise (Mrs. Anderson)
Fowler, Dorothy L.
Gage, Barbara Jane
Glines, Priscilla Eunice
Gumb, Reina Alice (Mrs. Densman)
Harrigan, Helen
Hills, Mildred Ruby
Larkin, Catherine
McCarthy, Mary Louise

Nief, Ada Elizabeth (Mrs. Larson)
Noyes, Marion E.
Pinney, Olive Mary (Mrs. Bennett)
Preston, Priscilla G.
Riley, Ruth
Roberts, Barbara Ruth
Robinson, Mary Velma (Mrs. Wallauer)
Scobey, Evelyn Hilda
Seamperino, Yolanda K. (Mrs. Smith)
Seymour, Florence (Mrs. Soucy)
Waters, Grace Francis
Welch, Dorothy Cecelia
Woodworth, Beatrice Lavenia



Alumni in the Spotlight / Karen Easson, class of 1983

I graduated from the Aggie in 1983, just prior to graduation I join the US Army Reserves. A few weeks after I graduated I actually had my first drill with my reserve unit, the 351st General Hospital out of Hanscom AFB in Bedford MA just prior to going to basic, I really stuck out like a sore thumb since I was in civilian clothes, you don't get your uniforms issued until basic training. In May 1983 I headed to Ft Dix NJ for basic training, back in those days it was 8 weeks but I was at there almost 9 weeks, the extra week was the wait for the entire company to fill up. I was all of 17 year old at the time, the youngest in my entire company, I needed a parent signature to join at that age. . It was really tough to get through but I did and I got through it all the first time without having to get recycled to another company to start any phase over. I graduated basic in July 1983 and went back home as I was due to start college in September.



When I enlisted I chose a program called a split training option which allows reservists to split their training, basic and AIT (Advanced individual training) into 2 parts for those like me who we about to start college, (most folks go from basic right to AIT) During the next year I continued to do monthly drills with my reserve unit but since I was not trained in the medical field yet I was not allowed to work at the hospital so I was at HQ at Hanscom AFB usually working in supply or sometimes the mess hall.

The following year, in April of 1984 I went off to my AIT at Ft. Sam Houston in San Antonio Texas. I chose to become a 91B combat medic, it was a 10 week course back then, (today it is much different, the MOS (military occupation specialty) can transfer to the civilian world and the numbers and letters have changed, todays combat medics are 68W and can become civilian EMT's but the course is much longer and more involved) It's all done in the same place though, Ft. Sam Houston is the home of the combat medic and is where all military health MOS's are trained for. I graduated as a combat medic in August of 1984 and again returned to my reserve unit. I stayed with the 351st

General Hospital but was now able to work in the hospital part of the unit. The unit itself was designed to be a 1000 bed hospital, problem was there was no actual hospital for our unit. Non Hospital personal were stationed and Hanscom, hospital personal who lived in Ma or NH could be placed in one of 4 hospitals, Cutlar Army Hospital at Ft Devens in Ayer Ma, The VA Hospital in Bedford Ma, or 2 civilian Hospitals, St. Joseph's in Lowell Ma or St. Joseph's in Nashua NH.

I was sent to St Joseph's in Lowell MA and that is where I stayed my entire time in. We also had troops in 2 other satellites one in Saco Maine the other somewhere in Vermont. 4 years into my original 6 year commitment, they were very short on 91C MOS which was LPN (Licensed practical nurse) So they had a special program to try and get more LPN's, I forget the name of the actual program but they would put you on an active duty status and send you back to school for nursing (LPN only not RN), any college of your choosing as long as it was accredited. They paid full tuition, books and supplies and you pulled in an active duty pay check. Of course strings were attached, for every month of school you owed them more time. I went to Northern Essex Community College in Haverhill for this and it was a 10 month course.



I started in Sept 1987 and graduated in July of 1988. The board exams come up twice a year and the next one was in October 1988 which I passed with flying colors so I was now a LPN and a combat medic and the LPN could also be used in the civilian world. Reserves are one weekend a month and 2 weeks of active duty every year, (I did not have to do annual trainings with my unit every year, the year I went to basic, AIT and the time I was in LPN school was all active duty for training) but most years in my early on I went wherever my unit went, typically that was Ft Devens but I got tired of that so later years I looked for the opportunity to go elsewhere even if it meant going without the main unit or just with a handful of folks from my unit mixed into or back filling for another unit.

1987 was the first year I did that, a handful of medical folks went from my unit went to Gagetown Canada for 2 weeks attached to a medical field unit out of Lawrence Ma, in 1988 I was exempt as I has been to LPN school, 1989 rejoined our unit at Ft Drum in NY and my last 2 years in I again broke off on my own and seized the opportunity to go to Germany, the first time was to Wiesbaden for 3 weeks in 1990 (I learned Oktoberfest isn't in October it's in September, what a blast, also got a 3 day pass to go into Paris France) and my last was in April 1991 in Mainz Germany filling in at a TMC (troop medical clinic) Got a lot of experience and some sightseeing done as well. I was honorably discharged at the rank of E5 Staff Sergeant in 1992 after serving 9 years from 1983-1992.



Alumni in the Spotlight/Lucinda Bousley Class of 1916

One of our first graduates from the Homemaking department, Lucinda D. Bousley of Salem, Mass. Miss Bousley entered the school in 1914, after attending the Salem High School for three years and graduated from Essex Aggie in 1916. At once she entered the Training School of the Salem hospital, where for two years she was at the head of her class. Receiving first honors for both years. When she graduated she received a special scholarship from the Salem Branch of the American Red Cross, admitting her to the Boston School of Public Health, which was conducted under the management of Simmons College.



After her graduation from the hospital, she began private nursing and during the war, she was enrolled in the Army Nurses' Reserve Corps. She was called back to Salem hospital to substitute three times, twice to take charge of the operating room and once as night supervisor. Lucinda also worked as a private nurse in Hartford, Conn. Miss Bousley's record certainly proves her success and Essex Aggie is proud to claim her as an alumnae.

Lucinda Bousley graduated in June 1919 from the Salem Hospital with the highest record in her class on the State Board Examinations. She received the Florence Nightingale prize for the high standard of her hospital work. In 1928 Lucinda worked as an assistant in the Homemaking Department at Essex Aggie, teaching science, physiology, hygiene and home nursing". Lucinda later worked at the Boston School of Household Nursing, where she was a teacher and a supervisor.

In October of 1932 Lucinda was married to Ivan Elliot Kent.

Alumni in the Spotlight / Amy Bruce, class of 1976

When Pete Tierney '75, called me this spring to ask if I would be willing to write something in remembrance of Amy Bruce for the Aggie Newsletter, I could not have been more delighted. It is hard to believe she has been gone ten years now. I have so many great memories of her, including a good many related to her days at Essex Aggie. I am happy to share a few of them with her fellow alumni, as you were all part of some of the best years of her life.



I was originally from Manchester, but around 1975 I made some friends in Essex and started spending a lot of time over there. Because my last name is Bruce, it seemed as though everyone I met in Essex I would ask "Are you related to Amy Bruce on Apple Street?" Amy's name kept popping up, but I had no idea who she was. I had a job working for Charlie Simons at the Chaval Skating rink on Rte. 22 in Essex (I think it is gone now), and one day a girl walked up the entrance road to the rink. Her blondish brown hair was in a single, short braid, and she had on jeans, a dark colored Norwegian wool sweater, and a pair of well-worn low cut men's leather work shoes. I only saw her for just a quick glimpse, but I will never forget it. I asked someone "Who was that girl that was just here?" and they answered "Amy Bruce".

From that first time I saw Amy I kept thinking about her, but I think it was several years before I actually met her, in 1978. Suffice it to say we hit it off immediately. We dated that summer until she took a job in North Conway. I would work all week in Essex, and then drive to North Conway every weekend to visit her.

That went on for a month or two, and finally we moved in together in Fryeburg, Maine at the old Arguenot Hotel. The Arguenot was possibly the worst dump in the entire State of Maine, but the rent was cheap, and it was handy to North Conway where we both got jobs. Anyway, Amy waited on tables, and I took a job at Cranmore Mountain for the winter, and later at Saco Bound Canoe Rental in Conway.

Amy joined the Fryeburg women's softball team the following spring. I think she was the smallest girl on the team. The other players were very stand-offish with Amy because they had all grown up there, and she was an outsider. That all changed during the first game. I think Amy out-hit, outran, and out played everyone on the field. Those of you who knew her know I am not exaggerating. She was a natural athlete and a great softball player, and from that day on she was "in" with the team.

We became engaged in 1979, and shortly after that moved into an old farmhouse out in the potato fields north of town. Amy planted a huge garden, and we also had laying hens, broilers, and a couple of goats just to liven things up. One morning before work I poured the last of a bowl of cereal into a bowl (I think it was the only food in the house) and jumped into the shower. When I came out, one of the goats was standing on the kitchen table finishing off my cereal. Didn't Amy laugh!

That summer Amy went to work for Green Thumb Farm in Fryeburg, one of the biggest potato farms in Maine. With Amy's background from Essex Aggie she fit right in. When harvest season rolled around, she was driving ten-wheel trucks day and night hauling potatoes. I could barely see her over the steering wheel when she went by. I think there may have been one other woman driver, but all the rest were men.

The following spring one of Green Thumb's key men quit leaving no one to operate "Big Ben", the biggest John Deere tractor on the farm. (This was one of those giant dual wheel rigs with a ladder on the side for climbing up into the cab). The foreman was desperate, and when Amy said she thought she could drive it he decided to give her a try. The disk harrow behind "Big Ben" was 60 feet wide and over 100 feet long as I recall. After a brief lesson he left Amy to turn over a 160 acre field. He had been called away on some problem elsewhere and intended to come right back, but whatever it was caused him to not return for over an hour.

He finally returned just as Amy was making a pass near the road, and he waved her down. When he asked her how it was going, she told him she had snagged the harrow in some small trees next to the field and blown a hydraulic hose. The foreman almost had a heart attack right on the spot, as the tractor was still running, which, with a broken line would have caused the hydraulic pumps to burn out. Then Amy explained that she had found some tools and a spare hose on board, removed the broken line, and swapped it out for the new one. The foreman could hardly believe it! From that day on she was the only person at Green Thumb allowed to drive "Big Ben". Those were great days in Fryeburg.

Amy and I were married in 1980, and our two oldest sons were born during that time. In 1982 a partner and I started a whitewater rafting company, the New England Whitewater Center (which is today the New England Outdoor Center) in The Forks, Maine. Amy and I moved the family to Caratunk, Maine to be near the business. We rented for a couple of years, and then in 1985 we bought a house in the middle of the village on Main Street, where I still live.

Caratunk at that time had about 100 year round residents. It is surrounded by working forestland for the lumber and pulp/paper industry. A good many of the men in town had worked on the log drives which ended in 1976 when the Kennebec River was closed to drives.

It was a great place to raise children. The kids attended the C.E. Ball School in West Forks (8 miles north of Caratunk) for grades K through 2, and for the Caratunk School for grades 3 through 6. These were two of four remaining one-room schoolhouse left in the state. (Both are gone now.) On several occasions the teacher at the Caratunk School had to bring the kids in from recess when moose walked through the schoolyard. For several days, recess at the C.E. Ball School was cancelled all together because of a small bear that kept showing up at the playground. Apparently it wanted to play with the children, and there was speculation that it may have lost its mother.

Amy kept laying hens, broilers, and turkeys in our barn for several years. One year she bought 50 chickens and 25 turkeys for meat. When they reached 3 or 4 weeks old and were just starting to get some size, I happened to notice one day that the numbers didn't seem right. I think I only counted 17 turkeys and about 30 chickens. It turned out that coons had been raiding the henhouse. Wasn't Amy mad! That night I shot one right there on the barn floor, and the next night killed one in a trap. No more coons, but a serious dent in the meat supply.

Hunting was a great part of life in Caratunk. In fact, it was Amy who taught me how to cut meat, a skill she learned at Essex Aggie. We cut and packaged all our deer on the kitchen table. One year I shot a big ten pointer and hung it up in the barn, only to have the temperature plummet to minus 20. The buck froze hard as a rock. When it came time to cut it up we had to lay it on the kitchen floor for two days to thaw out. Cutting that deer up was the most painful experience I ever went through. The meat was so cold it made your hands ache like all get out, and Amy and I had to stop every few minutes and put our hands in warm water. Live and learn, as they say.

In March of 1987 our third son was born, and three weeks later Caratunk had the worst flood in its history. With five feet of snow on the ground the temperature rose to 60 degrees, followed by 6 inches of rain in two days. Pleasant Pond stream turned into a roaring river. Our property was hit particularly hard, causing us to evacuate the house for three days. What a mess. The house was okay (except for 4 feet of water in the basement), but we lost buildings, cars, our lawns, gardens, and water supply. Caratunk was completely cut off for over a week, except

by boat. Ultimately it took us about ten years before the property was all back together again. At least no one was hurt.

I sold my rafting business, and in 1991 went to work for the Maine Department of Transportation. It was about this time that Amy began to learn how to make slipcovers and draperies. She became so good at it that she started a business in a building here on the property. Eventually she had a fully equipped workroom and worked with three designers in Bangor, Waterville, and Portland. She would travel to a site, measure everything up, order the material, and make everything right in Caratunk. The designers all said to me, the same thing, that Amy did the best work they had ever seen.

“AB Workroom” was very successful. Amy was able to send our second oldest son to Gould Academy for three years, and then to Dartmouth College for four years on the proceeds. (He had full scholarships to both which helped considerably.) I was responsible for the tuition for our youngest son’s four years in acting school. In addition to AB Workroom, Amy served as Town Clerk, and later as Treasurer for the Town of Caratunk, and I was a selectman for 20 years as well.

I will leave you all with one last story that I think Amy’s many friends will agree is “All” Amy. Caratunk is all rock and gravel soil, and loam and fertilizer are hard to come by. Amy had to really work at it to keep a good vegetable garden. In the spring of 2006 I visited my friend Andy Williams at his dairy farm in Anson, Maine and asked him if I could use one of the farm’s ten wheelers to haul a load of manure to Caratunk. These trucks are complete with extra high sideboards, and by the time Andy loaded me up I think he managed to heap almost 23 yards of manure on board. I never told Amy, I just drove the truck to Caratunk, pulled into our yard, and asked her where she wanted it, and then told her “Happy Anniversary”! It was our 26th.

If any of you are wondering what kind of husband would give his wife a mountain of cow manure for an anniversary present, then you didn’t know Amy. You have never seen a woman happier. I got hugs, kisses, and special meals all spring! If you really knew Amy you will know that if I had offered her the pile of manure or a diamond necklace, she would have taken the manure in a heartbeat every time. Material things just didn’t mean much to her. She told me over and over that it was the best anniversary present ever.

We lost Amy on June 20th of 2006, but her gardens are still here to remind me of her beauty and goodness. I am still close with her wonderful and loving family, the “other” Bruce family from Essex. I would like to thank Essex “Aggie”, and all of you who were her friends there. You all meant a great deal to her.

Sincerely,

Joe Bruce
Caratunk, Maine





ESSEX TECH

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

Hawks

“ Do it Right, All the Time”

May 31, 2016

SPORT	RECORD	LEAGUE CHAMPS	MVADA PLAYOFFS	MIAA PLAYOFFS
Football	9-4	Yes	Yes State Champs	Yes North Champs
Girl soccer	14-5-1	Yes	Yes	Yes
Boy soccer	4-14			
G Volleyball	10-11			Yes
Golf	4-8			
B cross co	5-6			
G cross co	9-2	Yes	Yes State Champs	Yes
B In Track	2-8			Yes
G In Track	0-9-1			Yes
B basketball	5-15			
G basketball	13-9	Yes	Yes	Yes
Wrestling	9-11		Yes Ind State Champ	Yes
Gymnastics	3-6	New program		
B Sp Track	5-4			Yes
G Sp Track	7-3			Yes
Baseball	18-5	Yes	Yes Finalist	Yes
Softball	17-6	Yes		Yes MIAA Semi-F
B Lacrosse	15-8	Yes	Yes Finalist	Yes
G Lacrosse	12-9		Yes State Champs	Yes
B Volleyball	2-10	New program		
Overall	163-153-2			

We also played 236 sub varsity games in different sports for a total of 554 athletic contests.

COOPERATIVE TEAMS:

In addition: We played 18 games as a guest at Georgetown in Field Hockey

We played 19 games as a guest at Salem in boys ice hockey

We played 20 games as a guest at Winthrop in girls ice hockey

GRAND TOTAL: Essex Tech athletes competed in 611 athletic contests

Our Cheering Squad also competed in eight competitions making it all the way to the State Championships and finishing as the runner-up in both the MVADA State and MIAA North Championship.

Essex Aggie Football, 1921

Football, as usual, held first place in sports this fall and an unusually strong team was developed, which in spite of continuous handicaps, due to injuries, overwhelmed our old rival Danvers in the Annual Thanksgiving Day clash.

Mr. Page of the faculty, called out the candidates early and the team was in good shape for the opening game with Pinkerton which had already played three games. The Aggies held Pinkerton scoreless till the last minute: 7-0.

With the sting of this defeat, Capt. "Scoop" Holden spurred his team on to an overwhelming victory against Johnson High, 51-0. Methuen. The next team, proved too strong for Essex, and won 9-0. Holden, Raddin, Ewing and several others being injured, the first two for nearly the entire season.



Essex Aggie 1921 Football Players

The Aggies, with a crippled team, braced by many substitutes, did well against Newburyport team, holding them to one lone touchdown. Norfolk Aggies played Essex to a standstill for 3 ½ periods and then old Essex arose and showed what she could do, by sweeping Norfolk the entire length of the field, Ewing scoring the touchdown, 21-6. The following week Aggie played a wonderful game against Amesbury and held them to a tie for the first half. Forward passes were featured, mostly to Wainwright: score Amesbury 27-7.

Aggies played Salem Armistice Day on a muddy field making our game of passes impossible. Dreano was injured to add to our handicaps which notwithstanding, we held Salem 13-0.

Danvers developed a strong team, even defeating Amesbury 20-7, and expected to have the edge on Essex. Coach Page had nearly two weeks to prepare his team and was ably assisted throughout the season by "Hank" Herrick, '21 and the boys were in excellent condition for Danvers. The result was that on the snow, Aggie crushed through the Danvers line for three touchdowns, and held Danvers scoreless; yes, to three first downs, and gave the second team their merited share in winning the game. Score 19-0.

The season was a decided success; for developing fine spirit and true sportsmanship; for winning its big game of the year; and lastly for developing a wealth of splendid material for 1922. Football letters were awarded to: — Capt. Holden, Peach, Wainwright, Allen, Sargent, Ewdng, Murray, Williams, A. Perkins, M. Roberts, Glines, J. Tucker. Anderson, Dreano and Mgr. W. Moore.

As a special merit of reward and distinction class numerals were awarded in football to: — Raddin, Holmes, Wetterberg, C. Hansen, O'Keefe, and Johnson.

Class of 1978 Reunion!

Suggested Donation: \$20.00. Families & Teachers Are Welcome. Donation after July 15th will be \$25.00 Please make payment to: Aggie '78 Reunion c/o Shirley Sullivan 137 Pembroke St, #E4, Pembroke, NH 03275 For more Info contact us: Stephen Martin (781)631-4324 or email steve@martinlandscape.com Shirley (Lincicum) Sullivan pembrokecrittersitter@yahoo.com or Jim Leonhard (978)771-9145

Alumni in the Spotlight/Deb Lambert Class of 1966

Gratitude. To Essex Aggie. To the FFA. To loving parents, dedicated instructors and a forward looking organization who provided the frame upon which hangs my past half-century.

The strong horticultural background and public speaking experience of Essex Aggie & the FFA, have stood me in good stead over the past fifty years. Years of involvement in the green industry include full time positions at Thomson's Garden Center and Corliss Bros. Garden Center. My own interests and ambitions to share knowledge, have led me to create and pursue myriad avenues of contact with the gardening public. First encouraged by Mr. Kester, I continued to hone my creative writing skills along the way.

All that background, combined with a little creativity and lots of "moxie," led to years of horticultural enterprises.....hosting my own 10-year garden broadcast on WESX, the Corliss Garden Show on WNBP, many garden articles for magazines and newspapers, writing weekly ads, garden blogging since 2007, a weekly garden column for five years, writing weekly online newsletters, my cable TV garden show for five years, garden club lectures, evening horticultural classes at Endicott College, North Shore Community College and at EATI...all have kept me occupied and gainfully employed. Fifteen years as an independent horticultural consultant, six years of weekend garden classes for Corliss customers, writing a series of Corliss Culture Sheets for customers (an on-going project), setting up informational displays, and assisting with the occasional newspaper blurb are more recent activities that continue to this day.

Gratitude to Mr. Nathan Clark, Mr. W. Kester, Mr. G. Powell, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Ralph Goodno, Mr. Jerome Lake, Mr. James Gallant, Bob Thomson, Steve Calef, Will Walfield and so many others... 1966 has long since disappeared in the rearview mirror of a busy, productive life, but the structure, sage advice and lessons learned remain as viable as ever.

Do you want a glimpse of the future? Watch the National FFA Convention in October, streaming online. I wouldn't miss it! A whole new generation of enthused, inspired, dedicated young folks readying themselves for an exciting future, filled with possibilities. And 565 Maple Street in Hathorne? With the name change and recent merger, come increased career opportunities for high school students. It may be Essex Tech now, but will always be "The Aggie" to me.

My bio may more closely resemble a gratitude journal, but given my life and career experience, that's as it should be. "Do what you love, and you'll never work another day in your life?" Guess what? It's true!

Deb Lambert Class of 1966

(Editor's note: Deb has been very gracious and shared one of her articles, see below.)

GARDENS FOR YOUR SUMMER SENSES, from 2008

Is there anywhere you'd rather relax and recharge than in a garden that you've created with your own hands? While spring holds a special charm, with promise of renewal, summer and early autumn provide ideal weather to enjoy the fruits of your labors and, perhaps, to add a few items to fully engage your senses. Gardening really is a tactile experience, serving to heighten your sense of sight, smell, taste, sound and touch.

Adding plants and creating features to enhance your sensory experiences, is easily accomplished in a day, with a minimum of effort. Summertime finds garden centers filled with plants to thrill the senses and gift shops brimming with garden furnishings. While such a project may eventually spread throughout your landscape, let's start small. Think small flower beds, around a patio or a fragrant screen of roses, around a pool. And, of course, container culture... a decorative pot, filled with sweet-scented annuals is the perfect small-scale project, for porch, balcony, deck, patio or front steps.

Sight... A well-planned garden is harmonious - utilizing complementary or contrasting color schemes, working with a palette that blends with hardscaping (arbors, fences, walls, walkways, etc.) and decorative mulches. While daytime garden viewing is in no danger of becoming obsolete, the evening garden is rapidly gaining in popularity. Moonlight gardens become increasingly important, as stressed-out homeowners seek solace, at the end of the workday. Perennials and annuals with white blossoms (palest blues and pinks are also fine) or silvery foliage are most visible, by night, especially when washed by moonlight.

Perennials (plant these once and enjoy year after year) are particularly well-represented by the following white, summer bloomers... rose mallow, hollyhock, astilbe, goat's beard, echinacea, campanula, lily, tall phlox, shasta daisy and dwarf bleeding heart.

Annuals (single-season plants, all summer color) allow one to experiment with white, in pots as well as in garden beds. Alyssum, candytuft, petunia, cleome, swan river daisy, baby's breath, cosmos, impatiens, and morning glory offer many white-flowered hybrids.

Hardy vines, like Clematis 'Henryi' (blooms all summer), Clematis paniculata (sweet autumn clematis, blooming late summer/ early fall), or variegated kiwi vine (Actinidia kolomikta - male has white, silver and pink leaf variegations) are a great way to add evening interest. They sparkle by moonlight, as they clamber up trellises or across arbors.

Lamb's ears, silver mound, Japanese silver painted fern and dusty miller are wonderful silver accents. The white and creamy variegations of hosta gleam at twilight. And don't forget roses! Hardy shrub roses will border walkways or present an informal hedge. 'White Meidiland', 'Seafoam' and 'Iceberg' (floribunda) fairly glow each evening.

Smell... Top on my list for evening fragrance is the white moonflower, night-blooming cousin of the morning glory. Plant this annual vine near outdoor seating or adjacent to open windows, for an unbelievable treat. Many old-fashioned annuals possess great fragrance, with nicotiana, Virginia stock and heliotrope as prime examples. Border pathways with scented geraniums and various herbs. Plant woolly or caraway thyme between stepping stones. Essential oils are released, each time you traverse those paths, making a trip through the garden a delightful, heady experience. Consider how a sight-impaired visitor would enjoy this journey. Many old rose varieties, as well as the newer 'David Austin' roses, offer fragrance from spring until frost. Have fun creating a "scent-sational" area!

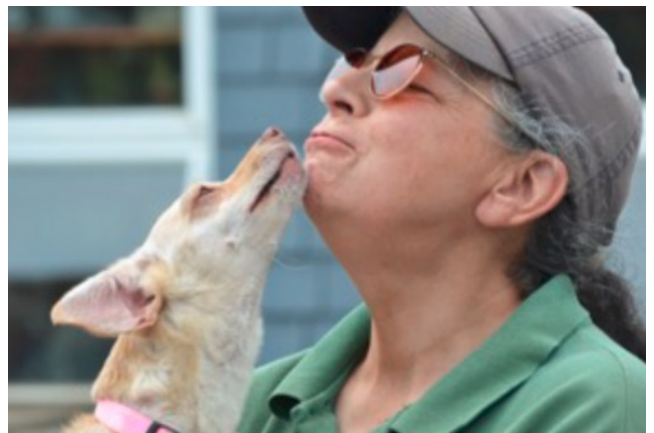
Taste... Don't relegate herbs to the vegetable garden, where their looks, scent and flavor may be "lost in the shuffle." 'Spicy Globe' basil is neat and fragrant, as a border. Lemon basil is just waiting for you to brush against it - smells good enough to eat, so go ahead and harvest some for supper. Let oregano spill into the walkway, reminding you to try that new pasta dish, tonight. Grow annual borage for its cucumber-flavored leaves, dropping the sky blue, star-shaped flowers into cool, summer drinks. Apple, chocolate, pineapple and orange mint (surround roots with very deep edging, as you plant - it can be invasive) add coolness, with a twist, to entrees, desserts and beverages.

Sound... This one is easy! Plant fountain grass beside a patio or maiden grass beside a bedroom window and relax or fall asleep to the gentle rustling of the sturdy foliage. Hang a tinkling wind chime from an arbor. Raucous "buoy bell" chimes are best left to larger, common spaces within the landscape. Install a water feature, for that most relaxing, soothing sound. It needn't be a garden pool or elaborate fountain. A small, ready to install water fountain can grace a deck, hang on a wall or reside on a table... just plug it in! Although birds are busily dining on insects and native plants, supplement their diet with a little wild bird food during the summer. They'll reward you with constant birdsong.

Touch... Plants with a fuzzy or "furry" leaf (like lamb's ears) are soft to the touch and absolutely delight children. I can't resist brushing my hand across the hairy foliage of scented geraniums, with the release of oils being the reward.

This summer project is all about having fun! Maintain a simple birdbath and enjoy the antics as birds drink and bathe. Plant a butterfly bush and keep track of the butterfly species and hummingbirds that visit, summer to fall. Hang a hummingbird nectar feeder, near deck or patio, and enjoy these "flying jewels." Don't have a garden, or even a yard? Grow herbs in a big strawberry jar or in hanging pots, plant fragrant annuals in window boxes, hang some vinyl or wooden lattice for night-blooming moonflower, plug in that miniature fountain, hang a melodious wind chime and enjoy! What spa? Day, or evening, you can relax in your own little world and watch, as your troubles melt away. Not a bad day's work, eh?

©Deb Lambert 2008



“We Reflect”
By Deb Lambert, Class of 1966

Come October
The taut, green milkweed pods ripen
Soften and come unzipped
Liberating the dark, imprisoned seeds
Each parachute of 900 silken hairs
Caught by vagabond wind
Coming to rest a few inches
Or perhaps miles away from the
Mother plant
Each seed a complete entity
Provisioned by nature with DNA
Not dissimilar to our own
Mother Nature's directives
Sculpting, dictating the sum total

Though we may have drifted across
The country or across the globe,
Our New England roots run deep
We remain firmly anchored in the rich
Traditions and firm foundations
Of our beloved Essex Aggie
A fellow student, a revered instructor
May leave our midst, but will reside
Forever in a corner of our heart

And so, we reflect...

Charles DeGrandpre
who left school to
join the Navv 43

Edward
Smith 1955

Craig Carbone
1987

Rose
(Cassidy)
Morin

Thomas Brousseau 1985

Elizabeth (Frazier) Paige

Olive
(Judge)
Nelson
1940

Brian
Dwyer
1983

Barbara
(Douphinette)
Pettipost 1950

Evelyn
J. (Hall)
Darby
1942

From the Post-Secondary School,

Susan Phillips

Dorothy A. Belleau

Virginia, "Ginny" (Burke) Waden

Dana Lang

Linda Faye (St. Jean) D'Entremont

Let's remember our Alumni who passed away this year.

Essex Aggie Alumni Association Membership Registration Form 2016

Membership dues for 2016 will be \$20.00

Term of membership is Jan 1 to Dec 31

Please fill out the form below

We need your support

Member Name and Address: (Please Print)

Class of _____ High School Division (____) College Division (____) School Staff (____)

First Name _____ Maiden Name _____ Last Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Home Phone (____) _____ Work # (____) _____ Cell #(____) _____

E-Mail _____

Please register my membership for 2016

I am enclosing my check for \$20.00 for 2016 Membership: \$ _____

I would like to donate to the General Fund: \$ _____

I would like to donate to the General Scholarship Fund: \$ _____

I would like to donate to the Richard M. Brown Scholarship Fund: \$ _____

I would like to donate to the V. Byron Bennett Scholarship Fund: \$ _____

I would like to donate to the Ellery Metcalf Scholarship fund: \$ _____

Total amount enclosed for membership & donations: \$ _____

(Essex Aggie Alumni Association is a 501(c)3 organization and donations are tax deductible)

Your membership is important and we hope you will send your dues today!

Check should be made out to: Essex Aggie Alumni

Mail this form to:

Essex Aggie Alumni Association

c/o Charles Main

643 Main Road

Phippsburg, ME 04562

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