Spartist Yearbook, 1946

School of Practical Art
Foreword...

With the termination of World War II, we, the class of 1946, present the first edition of the SPARTIST which represents the industry and coordination of the students, faculty, and administration.

In organizing and printing our Yearbook, it has been difficult to bring under one cover all the interests of our full Art School course. These past three years, spent in studying to prepare ourselves for coping with the complexities of modern life, have been filled with many happy associations, a few difficulties, and perhaps even some remorse. Those who have gone before say that these years will be viewed in retrospect as periods of great joy and happiness.

The 1946 SPARTIST presents, therefore, a graphic study of some of the experiences and memories of the students, hoping the reader may derive therefrom a fuller understanding of undergraduate life, and share with us some of our happiest recollections.

Dedication...

To Alan W. Furbér, President of the School of Practical Art, we dedicate our Yearbook as a token of gratitude for his never failing vision and kindness.

His devotion to duty, his passion for accuracy, will to work, and sincere interest in school activities have all served to add the class of 1946 to his long list of admirers.
OUR Alma Mater owes much of its renown to the high quality of men and women who serve as teachers here at the School of Practical Art. The method of art education in effect here, together with the able instruction of the faculty, unite to form an effective and efficient training program in which all work together, sharing in the heavy responsibilities. The high positions of honor and trust which Alumni have attained, render eloquent testimony to the fact that the faculty is fully equal to its task.
HAROLD C. POLLOCK, Director
Graduate, School of Practical Art—Theory of Color; Perspective; General Drawing; Advanced Advertising Illustration; Lectures; General Criticism; Individual Conferences.

MacIVOR REDDIE
Graduate of The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; six years of professional work in New York which included portraiture, mural decoration and newspaper illustration—Composition; Freehand Drawing; Medium Handling; Anatomy; Design; Figure Drawing; Illustration; Painting.

WILLIAM WILLIS
Graduate, School of Practical Art; Staff Artist on Boston Herald-Traveler—Advertising Art; Newspaper Illustration; Air Brush; Men’s Fashion Drawing; Lettering.

BARBARA WILLIS
Studied at The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; The Rhode Island School of Design; and graduate, School of Practical Art; Formerly Head Fashion Artist for Shepard Stores, Providence, and Editorial Staff Artist for Herald-Traveler fashion page; free-lance artist—Fashion Drawing.

CHARLOTTE H. LAMSON
Graduate of The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; former instructor of Life drawing at Copley Society and Black and White Club of Plymouth, Mass. Instructor at Cambridge Center for Adult Education, and Children’s private classes (six years)—Graphic Analysis; Figure Construction; Freehand Drawing, and Adult Painting Group.

MERRILL BENT
Graduate, School of Practical Art; Enlisted United States Navy and trained as gunnery instructor in Washington, D. C.; Three years active duty in the North Atlantic; fourth year of service as gunnery instructor at Sampson, New York; free-lance illustration for Waverly Publishing House—Graphic Analysis; Design; Figure Drawing, Anatomy, Illustration.

WARREN CLARK
Graduate, School of Practical Art; free-lance art work; Window Decorating for Kennard and Co., Inc., Boston; Draftsman in the United States Army Engineer Corps; three years of active duty in the European Theatre of Operations—Lettering, Design, Graphic Analysis; General Criticism.
"If"

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it in one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,
And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!"

By RUDYARD KIPLING
VIRGINIA BATES
25 Wildwood Avenue, Braintree, Mass.

C. Illustration
N. “Gin”
S. D. 10:00 A.M. at Schrafft’s
P. P. Being called “Blondie”
F. P. Illustrating Children’s Books

The living proof that good things come in small packages

LEONE BLACHUTTA KNOWLES
46 Prospect Street, Weymouth, Mass.

C. Illustration
N. “Lee”
S. D. Archaeologist
P. P. Little things
F. P. Married Life as Mrs. Knowles

She has more power by her silence than by her words

NANCY CHAYNE
3302 Westwood Parkway, Flint, Michigan

C. Illustration
N. “Chainey”
S. D. 10:00 A.M. at Schrafft’s
P. P. New Year’s Eve, on a train
F. P. To see less of Boston

Virtue alone is true nobility

PHYLLIS PALMER CORBIN
455 Main Street, Stoneham, Mass.

C. Lettering
N. “Phil” “Cork”
S. D. To sing like “Gari”
P. P. Spinach
F. P. Trade Secret

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme quality is simplicity

BARBARA ANNE CORCORAN
18 Winthrop Road, Arlington, Mass.

C. Illustration
N. “Barb”
S. D. Travel at Leisure
P. P. Working against deadlines
F. P. Magazine Illustrator

Gentle of speech and manner

JAYNE DI CORPO
101 Cutterhill Road, Arlington, Mass.

C. Illustration
N. “De Corpse”
S. D. Concert Pianist
P. P. Blonde Females
F. P. Indefinite

Her talent and perseverance will win her glory

JEAN EATON TOBEY
23 Chesterbrook Road, Waltham, Mass.

C. Illustration
N. “Sugar-Head”
S. D. A trip to Florida
P. P. “Errol” Quinn
F. P. To settle down in a yacht

Lively, merry, happy, and gay

FRANCIS A. FAIR
75 Lake View Terrace, Waltham, Mass.

C. General
N. “Frank”
S. D. To own a new car
P. P. Fat women in subways
F. P. Supporting a new car

Industry is the soul of happiness and the keystone of prosperity
RUTH GART
24 Clarkwood Street, Mattapan, Mass.
C. General
N. "Gart"
S. D. To paint landscapes
P. P. Clashing Colors
F. P. To be successful
Blessed are the jountakers, for they shall always have friends

MARY ELIZABETH HAYES
49 Salem Street, Swampscott, Mass.
C. General
N. "Hair" Maze"
S. D. To own a 12 striped Beaver Coat
P. P. Lettering Class
F. P. $100.00 a week job
True worth is being, not seeming

JEANNE MORRILL HERWITZ
15 Green Street, Brookline, Mass.
C. General
N. I'd hate to say
S. D. Legitimate stage
P. P. People who can't dance
F. P. New York and Marriage
Blest with that charm, that certainty to please

CHARLOTTE ANNE HOWE
185 Walpole Street, Sharon, Mass.
C. General
N. "Char"]
S. D. Travel
P. P. Waiting
F. P. Undefinite
The smile in her eyes that no trouble can smother

CAROL JOHNSON
Christian Hill Road, Upton, Mass.
C. General
N. "Johnny"
S. D. 10:00 A.M. at Schrafft's
P. P. James
F. P. James
Ready, willing, and able

LILA KWONG
48 Hudson Street, Boston, Mass.
C. General
N. "Li" " Kwongie"
S. D. Medical Secretary
P. P. More little things
F. P. Time will tell
A quiet unassuming belle, who likes her work and does it well

JOANN MARCIA LITTLEFIELD
42 Hollis Street, Holliston, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. "Jo"
S. D. To be a Foreign Correspondent
P. P. Damon's orders
F. P. New York and Marriage
Still waters run deep

MARTHA LUNDBLAD
5 Sherman Place, Medford, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. "Red"
S. D. Touring
P. P. People who borrow things
F. P. Magazine Illustrator
With gentle yet prevailing force, intent upon her destined course

Page Twelve

Page Thirteen
WINIFRED RUTH MacARTHUR
31 Elvir Street, Lynn, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. “Winnie”
S. D. Travel to California
P. P. Homework
F. P. Magazine Illustrator

Her ways are ways of pleasantness

RICHARD H. MILLER
289 South Main Street, Haverhill, Mass.
C. Design
N. “Dick”
S. D. To be a pianist
P. P. Hewitz
F. P. Marriage and Business

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be

EUGENIA ELIZABETH MORGAN
487 Broad Street, Weymouth, Mass.
C. General
N. “Morgue”
S. D. To be ambitious
P. P. Lettering
F. P. Indefinite

Winsome and gay, what a wonderful way

PAULINE MUNRO
89 Playstead Road, W. Medford, Mass.
C. Fashion
N. “Pauly”
S. D. To live up to my horoscope
P. P. Blushing
F. P. Fashion Illustrator

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit

BARRBARA CHASE NEWHALL
21 Rock Avenue, Swampscott, Mass.
C. General
N. “Newburgh”
S. D. To own a mink coat
P. P. Lettering
F. P. To find a millionaire

For if she will, you may depend on it

CHARLES JOHN OGASAPIAN
11 Cornell Street, Arlington, Mass.
C. General
N. “Chief” “Doll”
S. D. Ahem
P. P. “Lending” cigarettes
F. P. To be rich

Everybody’s friend, nobody’s enemy

IRENE RITA PAPROCKI
26 Pine Street, Webster, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. “Pepper”
S. D. To travel
P. P. Men
F. P. Magazine Illustrator

Methinks I see force and wisdom back of thy reserve and stillness

JANET ERLA RICE
33 Edgehill Road, Arlington, Mass.
C. General
N. “Jan”
S. D. Run a Ferris Wheel
P. P. People who argue
F. P. September will tell

She’s never haughty, never proud, popular in every crowd

Page Fourteen

Page Fifteen
WILLIAM C. REID
19 Q Street, Allerton, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. "Bill"
S. D. Unknown to curious people
P. P. Inquisitive Freshmen
F. P. Keep on living
Nothing is impossible to a willing heart and creative hands

MARION RILEY
51 Prince Street, Needham, Mass.
C. General
N. "Riley"
S. D. To be the athletic type
P. P. That I'm not
F. P. To be
Not too serious, not too gay; she's a sweet maiden of today

REVA W. SMITH
152 Washington Street, Dorchester, Mass.
C. General
N. "Re"
S. D. To be a ballet Dancer
P. P. Poor Listeners
F. P. Indefinite
Patience and gentleness is power

JACK STAFFORD
30 Winsor Ave, Watertown, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. Can't say
S. D. To own a car
P. P. Prejudices
F. P. Illustrating books
Art is power

JEANNE ANNE DAMON
219 Slade Street, Belmont, Mass.
C. Fashion
N. "Demon"
S. D. Have one of my songs published
P. P. Joans singing off key
F. P. New York and Marriage
One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others

MARY ROSE SULLIVAN
75 Nottinghill Road, Brighton, Mass.
C. Illustration
N. "Rose"
S. D. To be a millionaire
P. P. Street cars
F. P. To illustrate children's books
With grace to win and heart to hold

WILLIAM TURNER
180 Marlboro Street, Boston, Mass.
C. General
N. "Bill"
S. D. To be rich
P. P. Women
F. P. Commercial Art Field
The force of his own merit makes his way

JEANETTE ANNE DAMON
219 Slade Street, Belmont, Mass.
C. Fashion
N. "Demon"
S. D. Have one of my songs published
P. P. Joans singing off key
F. P. New York and Marriage
One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others

ERNEST FRANCIS QUINN
61 Preston Road, Somerville, Mass.
C. General
N. "Hey You"
S. D. Charlotte
P. P. Working
F. P. Loafing
Earnestness is the soul of work

ROBERT B. HUTCHINS
14 Angier Circle, Auburndale, Mass.
C. General
N. "Hutch"
S. D. To marry a wealthy widow
P. P. Baer's "off days"
F. P. Indefinite
WHO'S WHO

1. Most Talented  Jayne Di Corpo
2. Best Student  Martha Lundblad
3. Most Handsome  Bill Reid
4. Prettiest  Charlotte Howe
5. Most Sophisticated  Nancy Charme
6. Most Versatile  Jeanne Herwitz
7. Most Popular  Jean Morgan
8. Most Personality  Ruth Gay
9. Wittiest  Rueb Gan
10. Most Talkative  Jeanne Damon

Class History

Whenever man sits down to record objective history it is the story of his own life he relates, in terms of what he has given or received from the world and measured by how much light or shadow has been cast upon him. On the other hand, when it is subjective history he records, then it is still his own story but this time told in terms of his own achievements and his own failures. Therefore, for any history to be a complete one, it must concern itself with both viewpoints.

Objectively, our history is by far the most breathless that any SPA class has ever recorded. When we entered school, on September 9, 1943, the Allies were, on that very day, hitting the beaches of Salerno. We had no sooner completed our first year of studies than France was invaded, in June, 1944. And by the time we had ended the second class year, in May, 1945, Germany had surrendered. So it has gone—every one of our school years tied up, it seems to us, with world events. In our time, great dramas had unfolded before us—dramas of Iwo Jima, Leyte, the Philippines, Anzio, Normandy, and, finally, Berlin and Tokyo. Also, during our comparatively brief three-year history, the two most omnivorous powers in the world fell in just defeat. In our day have been born atomic energy, rocket travel, jet propulsion, radar, new drugs, new devices and new hopes for the common lot of humanity. We have seen the rising of great leaders and the untimely passing of great men. No three years of history have ever been as crowded as have these past three and it seems likely that we shall, in time, forget a great deal of what has happened, because forgetting is one of man's greatest failings. But if there is anything we always shall remember it will be the boys in khaki and blue going to and coming back from war—that picture has been the backdrop, and the motif and the color theme of our history.

Subjectively, of course, our history has been a lot like the history of every other class that has passed through the school. We have had our beginnings, our ending and, in between, our tribulations. Though none of us has invented anything more useful than a new quick way of washing paint from the fingers, we have labiously progressed from awkward freshmen to skillful artists—and we have stored up pleasant memories as we have moved along.

Our first courses, back in the uncertain days of September, 1943, when nobody knew for sure whether we were all headed for disaster or for victory, were graphic analysis and life drawing, taught by Mr. MacVor Reddie, and lettering and perspective, taught by Mr. Harold Pollock. Among the first problems we grappled with were how to make our "S's" look alike and how to keep our "O's" from sagging at the sides. Serifs and lines of action also caused us to do much fretting. But we managed to finish our first year with assurances from our teachers that our "O's" and "S's" had lost their stickly appearance. During that year, four new students joined us; they were Mary Connell, Miriam Litchfield, Charles Ogasapian, and Ed Cavanaugh.

Our second year was outstanding chiefly because of the many changes in the class, with some old students dropping out and new ones joining us. When the turbulence had subsided, we took stock of ourselves and discovered that we had lost Miriam Litchfield, Cynthia Marks, Edmund Dubois, Lee Slattery, Mary Connell, and Ed Cavanaugh, while, at the same time, we had gained Jeanne Damon, Felix Zazour, Irene Paproki, and Betty Loughton (who later left to enlist in the WAVES).

In that year our studies were broadened by additional courses in anatomy, pen and ink drawings, wash technique and an optional course in the use of various media. Our first attempt at commercial work began with the illustration of record-album covers. Our schedule became more intense as we worked our
way to the final second-year exams: the design of a book jacket. Jayne Di Corpo’s talent and perseverance won for her the second-year scholarship, a feat she had already accomplished at the end of her freshman year. Having applied to the edge of the graphic elements in the second-year’s work, we were now ready for the professional problems which awaited us in our third year.

Felix Zazour and Jeanné Damon did not return to school when we began our senior year, but we added to our class two ex-servicemen: Dick Miller and Bill Reid.

The first social venture of our senior year, “Freshmen Hell Week”, was, we confess not a very great success. Our enthusiasm still burning fiercely, however, we were ready with another party on the occasion of Halloween. This, we are proud to state, proved to be a terrific success. Entertainment that night, of a brand never before presented on the amateur stage, was produced by the company of Rice, Gert, Herwitz, Meyer and Fitzgerald—a committee of five who not only directed and produced the spectacle but raised and lowered their own curtains, operated the lights, read the parts and generally had a whale of a good time. And, as the papers reported the following week, “A large and goodly crowd was there.”

Following this fiesta we settled down to our school work which was becoming increasingly more demanding and difficult. We became so engrossed in our work that we failed to notice the approach of Christmas until that holiday was upon us. An impromptu party was held, therefore, on the day before vacation. During that party we discovered that our good friend, Mr. Pollock not only was an excellent teacher of lettering, but also was a superb impersonator with a particular flair for imitating Charles Boyer.

Upon us. An impromptu party was held, therefore, on the day before vacation. Since the approaching Christmas vacation had filled the minds of most of us, the excitement caused by the appearance of Mr. Pollock was rather more than we could digest. It was decided to put a stop to this nonsense. An impromptu party was held, therefore, on the day before vacation. During that party we discovered that our good friend, Mr. Pollock not only was an excellent teacher of lettering, but also was a superb impersonator with a particular flair for imitating Charles Boyer.

When we returned to school following the Christmas vacation, we found it filled to capacity. This enlarged student body necessitated the addition of three new members to the faculty: Miss Clark, Mr. Bent and Mr. Clark.

There have been other events, an unending series of them, falling behind us like chips from an axe. Looking back upon them, we find that they have blurred and have, in effect, become only a pleasant sensation. And when we try to pick them out so that we might set them down here, we discover that we are unequal to the task. But a few stand out and with no effort at all jump quickly to our minds. There was Mr. Pollock’s illness. Needless to say, we worried a good deal over his absence and were greatly relieved when “Uncle Harry” returned to us. There was the occasion of the establishment of the school’s first student council. Elected to serve on that council were Anne Harrisman and Don Campbell, freshmen; Joe Allessandrini and Ron Keys, sophomores; and our own Jan Rice and Dick Miller. Then came our March 2nd dance at the New England Mutual Hall with Chappie Arnold’s Orchestra, sending the student body into new cosmic heights of syncopation. The only other clear vision we have is the picture of kindly, affable, pleasant Mr. Donovan, maneuvering his broom up and down the stairs.

And that, in brief, is the story of our three years. There remains to be added only the moment and the color and the emotion of our egress. With diplomas clutched tightly in hand, with a clear light burning eagerly in our eyes, with head held high, we marched down the aisle, away from the music, and out into the world in pursuit of our ambitions.
Our future is not a path set off from other paths, nor is it a stray thread dangling from the lacework that is the present. But like a pattern of earthen furrows that blends into a single line as they approach the horizon, all our individual futures are closely allied with the future of the world. All the world is headed for tragic times, so, too, are we; if the world's future is destined to be a happy one, so, too, shall ours be. Therefore, to gain some vision of what lies ahead for us, we must look into the present and decide where it is that the world is headed.

At the moment, the world is in the process of moving rapidly forward, something it hasn't done since the turn of the century. Atomic energy has been introduced, the moon has been reached by radar, airplanes travel at a speed approaching that of sound, new drugs are in our hands, new machines, new bases for common understanding among men. This state of progress is currently infecting all of us, if not in action, certainly in thought. We find ourselves not wholly interested in graphic analysis as in echoes from space: more concerned with the rupture of the atom than with the rumored scarcity of opaque colors; worried less about our progress in anatomy than in what new devices will be invented tomorrow. Not forever, though can we keep our eyes fastened to the knotholes of the scientific fences to see what's going on. A time must come when we will have to tear ourselves away; and that time is here now for this graduating class. Of course, the break can never be a complete one. Whenever, in the future, our right hand picks up a brush, our left hand is certain to pick up a current events magazine.

Having agreed that the course of our futures is directly linked with the changing state of the world, and being influenced by what we have already seen of the past, we now feel qualified in making some predictions. To give this class prophecy some ring of plausibility, we hereby predict 4 cardinal events which most certainly will befall us all:

1. We shall all grow old together, at the same rate and with the same symptoms.
2. We shall all become frustrated at one time or another and the limits of that frustration will be reached when we ask ourselves not when the day begins or ends, but why it begins at all.
3. We shall all arrive at different pinnacles of success but the most successful of us will be those who seek pleasure, not profit: self satisfaction rather than fame.
4. We shall all have our moments of tears, bad fortune, disaster and loss but for every despair in life we suffer, we shall also attain some balancing measure of happiness.

Having set forth the events which will with certainty come to pass, we herewith offer further predictions which may or may not become reality. But lest we be accused of sorcery and witchery and chauldron stirring, we hasten to confess that all the following predictions are based on torn bits of notes found in school wastebaskets, or loud grumblings emanating from behind tilted drawing boards, from intrigues in the smoking lounge, glances in the corridors, gossip in the washrooms. What better motives are there to predict—That a hearty breakfast at 10:00 A.M. in Schrafft's spells success to a group of notables. Among them is Miss Nancy Chayne, foremost automobile designer on leave from her plant in Flint, Michigan. Sketching weird shapes on the tabletop are aboard a clipper for the "wide blue yonder" in her self-constructed plane advertising "Dr. Peck's Pink Pills for Pale and Palid People".

Bill Turner watches this act for a while; then, lighting his ever-present pipe his eye is caught again but this time by the dignity of a sign over-hanging a neat little shop nearby. It is the announcement of custom designed clothes of DiCorpo-Knowles, Inc., and states clearly that the shop was ready to "take" or rather "serve the ladies of Boston".

Inside the store, Leone is reading a letter to Jayne that she had just received from Lila Kwong informing the girls of her success as a medical artist in not so far off China.

When we speak of distant lands, we can't help but note the migration of other students. Jeanne Damon and Joan Littlefield are aboard a clipper for Paris to set the city afire (and the, for that matter) with their revolutionary ideas on "What the well Dressed Woman Shall Wear".

On the fantastically self-painted yacht belonging to Mrs. Tobey, (whose artistic talents are obvious to all sea-going vessels on the east coast), the well dressed women of society are being entertained. Among her guests are Corcoran, Howe, and Papprocki. Barbara has spent most of the day in search of an illustration board to paint the breathtaking view. Miss Howe, having had a job in every field of art, without a decision of which would be most suitable, is now considering the offer from Irene Papprocki to model for portrait work in the Veterans Aid Society, at which place Irene instructs.

A magazine lying on a deck chair attracts one's attention. The cover design by Bill Reid is of an exceptional quality. Bill's Advertising Agency has among its employees Martha Lundblad. Martha is constantly searching through her custom-built refrigerator for articles lost several days before. The search ends in the recapture of her eraser. Reid owes a great deal of the success of his venture to Jean (10 layouts a minute) Morgan, and the great originality of Munro's Fashion Drawings. No signature is needed on Pauly's drawings—they all resemble her strongly.

Not far from Reid's establishment a new and modern building has been constructed in the heart of Boston Common from plans drawn up by Frank Fair and Dick Miller and decorations by Janet Rice. That should be explanation enough for the sturdy construction and lovely floral decorations within. On the seemingly endless list of occupants well displayed in the foyer (and lettered by Quinn) we may see quite a few names that strike a familiar tone.

Among the notables we find that Walt Disney has his Boston office devoted to the construction of very affectionate animals, office managed by Rose Sullivan.

If you were to investigate the 20th floor studio of Jack Stafford, you would find nothing but extravagant equipment and neatly wrapped packages addressed to the Museum of Modern Art. Ah, there he is over in the corner and that canvas he's working on now is a good example of the fine surrealist airbrush work he exhibits at the museum to his appreciative public.

The "Smith Artistic Photography Studio" occupies the remainder of this 20th floor, where Reva Smith and Winnie MacArthur have incorporated into a very well painted and worthwhile business. They design luxurious settings in any mood, color or fantasy. Of course Miss MacArthur models if needed and Smith photographs these man made scenes and at a great profit they sell them through their business manager, Charles Ogasapian. He has contact with all the leading advertisers because of the extensive free-lance work he does in com-
CLASS PROPHECY (continued)

bination with other interests such as a candy factory. He has done so well that he occupies one of the pent houses atop this magnificent skyscraper.

Speaking of the top of the building, we notice by the lobby index that the sixty-ninth floor is occupied entirely by the Hayes-Newhall studio. These two free-lance artists owe their success to the conveniences they have had built into their little workshop. At one corner we find a movie theatre. The desks they do all their creating at are placed side by side so that they can talk while they work about which hairdo they should wear. When a decision is reached, they have their own hair dressing compartment at the opposite corner and a wardrobe room in which they change clothes two and three times daily. The serenity of their studio is jarred only by the noises from the two studios above.

This 70th floor is equally divided between Jeanne Morrill Herwitz and Ruth (I'm a Genius) Gart. Herwitz, who has inherited the Morrillcroft Company from her retiring mother and sister, works hand in hand with her large staff creating something new in the way of advertisements for hangers and jewel cases. Needless to say, her office hours are from 11:00 A.M.-2:30 P.M. After all, a girl has to have some time for herself.

The other studio is occupied exclusively by Gart. She spends the winter at an easel near the large windows painting new and different snow and bare tree landscapes. Summertime finds her doing ads for "Popular Mechanics" with all sorts of weird machines and tools that she uses for models cluttering up the place.

This is, no doubt, an idealistic prophecy, but even if we are unable to fulfill these dreams, we shall always strive for heights unequalled. For lasting success is gained only through hard work and we hope our labors of the future shall prove that our great leaders did not live in vain.

(THE END)
We, the SPARTIST Staff, fully appreciate the assistance of our fellow students, faculty advisers, and advertisers, whose cooperation in executing voluntary assignments have made the initial edition of the SPARTIST a reality.

CO-EDITORS
Ruth Gart
Jeanne Herwitz

EDITORIAL STAFF
Harry Shereshow
Albert Gordon
Frank Fair
Jeanne Damon

ART STAFF
Phyllis Corbin
Phil Bissell
Joseph Cote
Virginia Bates
Jayne DiCorpo

ADVERTISING STAFF
Lila Kwong
Janet Rice
Jean Morgan
Dick Miller

PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF
Bill Eng
Normand Martin
Nancy Chatne

FACULTY ADVISERS
Harold C. Pollock
Alan W. Furber

Jean Keesey, Joe Alessandroni, Anne Harriman, Dick Miller, Janet Rice, Don Campbell

Jean Keesey, Joe Alessandroni, Mary Franchi, Martha Collins, Joe Alessandroni, Jack Stafford, Elise Rodman, Margie Berenson, John Vrakas, Phyllis Corbin, Cynthia Statwood, Al Ziter, Jeanne Herwitz, Ruth Gart, Rinee Kamsky, Florence Shenhazian, Carol Johnson
SCENE IN SCHOOL
Compliments of the ADVISORY COUNCIL
Compliments of
BOB BERGER'S FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Next Door to the Metropolitan Theatre
265 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of
DAVID SMITH
WOLF AND SMITH
DRUGGISTS

WINSOR & NEWTON'S
ARTISTS' OIL COLORS
IN STUDIO TUBES

WINSOR & NEWTON, INC.
31 Union Square West
New York 3, N. Y.

HUDbord 4066 Open from 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.
THE GENUINE CHINESE RESTAURANT
AIR CONDITIONED

JOY HONG LOW
Serving Real Chinese Food
Special Daily Luncheon & Supper
Varied and Pleasing Selections
8 TYLER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Compliments of
Louis
MEN'S CLOTHING
123 Stuart Street
Boston

Compliments of
CHARLES D. MEYER III
AND BETTER HALF

HON HONG LOW
Specializing in Chinese Cooking,
Delicacies and Teas
SPECIAL LUNCHES 11 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.
Open from 11 a.m. to 1:30 a.m.
25 Tyler Street Boston, Mass.

Mon Fon Restaurant
11 Hudson St., Boston, Mass.
Lib. 7420
Genuine Chinese Cooking—Daily Specials
Good Food & Service, Pleasant Atmosphere
Reasonable Prices
Open daily 4 p.m. to 3 a.m.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
MORRILLCRAFT COMPANY

JEANE GART
Jewelry
BLUE Hills 8069
24 Clarkwood St.
Mattapan

Compliments of
RUBY FOO'S DEN
HUDSON STREET
BOSTON

Page Forty
Page Forty-one
THE generosity of the advertisers presented on the preceding pages have helped to make this book a reality. Please patronize them as they too are worthy of our cooperation.
.. Autographs ..