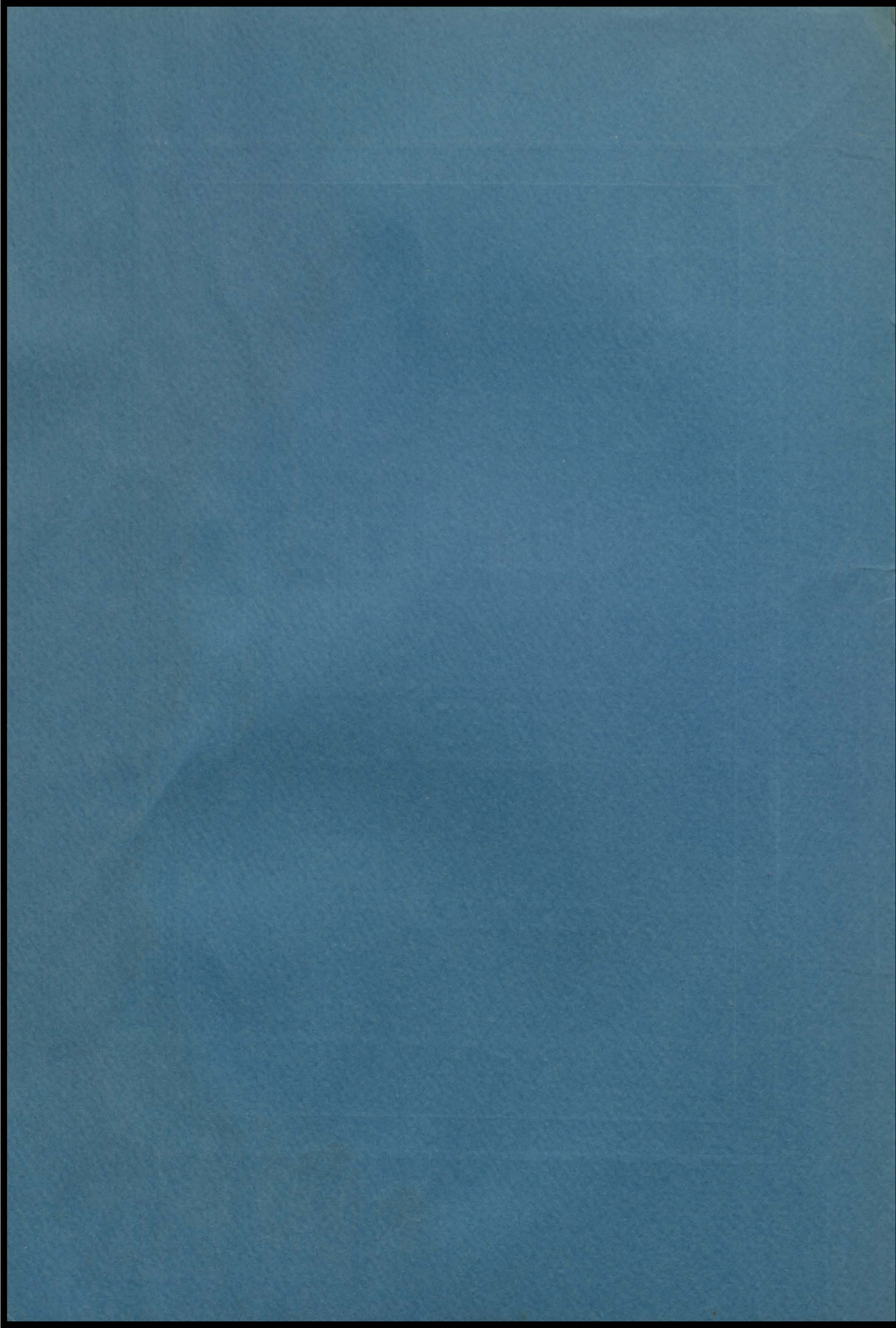


**The
Four
Corners**

1938

Scarboro

High School



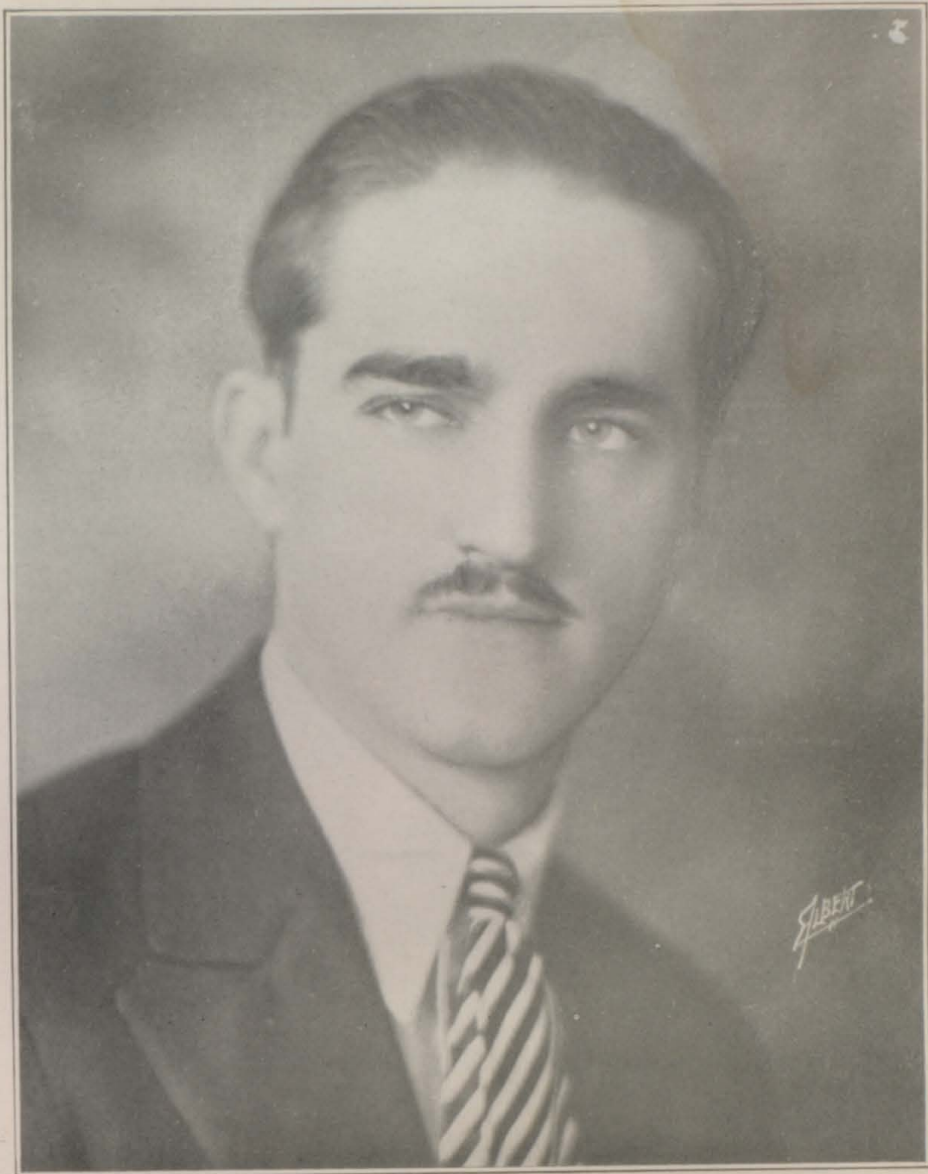
The Four Corners

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

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Dedication

*We dedicate this book to Gerald C. Hallett,
who, during his eight years of faithful service
to the school, has won the respect, love, and
admiration of every student.*



EDITORIAL BOARD

Front Row: Cohen, Jensen, Plowman, Pooler, Lamb, Ne'son, Johnson, Leary, Snow.
Second Row: Howatt, N. Johnson, Verrill, Allen, Clark, Knight, Mitchell, Moulton.
Third Row: Harmon, Fielding, Woodward, Sewell.

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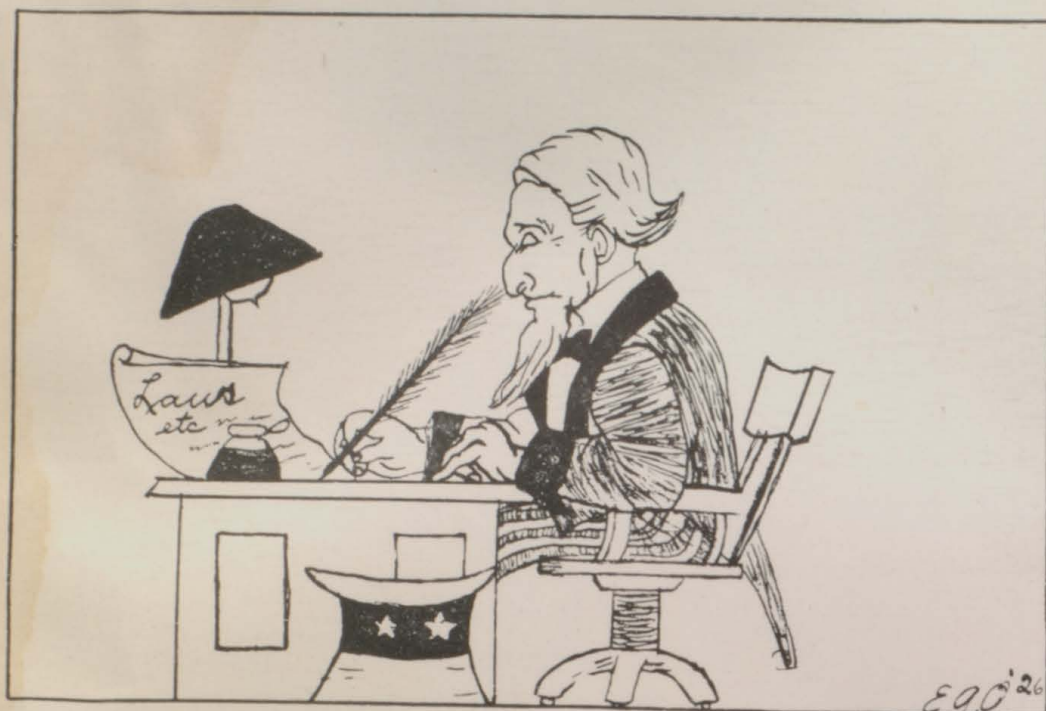
THE FOUR CORNERS

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

Volume XXVI

May, 1938

Number 1



THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

Many people, more especially of the younger generation, do not realize or appreciate the opportunities that they have freely opened to them here, as in no other country. In their anxiety to procure work, they do not stop to consider that if they advance themselves further in school, they can secure better jobs, higher wages, and professional work. If these points were carefully considered, less students would make the foolish statements of "I'm old enough to work. I don't want to go to school any more."

Of what value then is education? It is the opening of the doors of opportunity for old and young alike. It is the basis upon which successful business, profession, society, fine arts, and science exist. Education is truly a stepping stone to the future.

Let us apply education to successful business. Could this success come through other than education and specialization? No! Each year scores of people go into the business world to fail or succeed, according to the amount of education and business training they have received. To the most poorly equipped even an opening is denied, for no one wishes to do business with an uneducated, ill-fitted person.

Now consider the professions through the eyes of education. For example, when we employ a doctor or a lawyer to aid us, we desire someone who understands his business. This would be impossible in the case of a poorly trained, partially educated person. A person in the latter class would be of no advantage to us.

Going from professional to social life, what do we see? Here we find that educa-

tion often brings to light great leaders in community life who, if not educated, might remain in the background indefinitely. Then, again, society is affected by the way a person conducts himself in actions, manners, method of self-expression, and topics for conversation.

We have seen the effect of education on a person's social life; now let us glimpse its effect on his advanced cultural life. By this is meant an appreciation of, or talent for painting, languages, music, and writing. Without education a master painter could not have acquired his beauty of touch, tone, or finesse. His work would be roughly finished, would lack expression and proper blending of color. But education has taken these paintings and polished them so that today there has been passed down to us through the ages, priceless perfections of art.

This self-same example could be applied to every phase of culture known to man. Education is the rule of perfection.

Again I repeat that we little appreciate the vast opportunities at our command in the form of high schools, academies, colleges, and universities. One cannot place too high a value on education.

E. L. LAMB, '38.

HOW A SCHOOL PAPER BENEFITS A SCHOOL

The school paper informs those who have been to school of what is going on in the school and the changes that have taken place in the last few years.

It is a good way of advertising the school and its activities, such as prize speaking, 4-H clubs, sports and organizations. If someone were thinking about going to your school, they would have some idea of what it is like and what is done there.

It gives the pupils who have to work and who do not take part in the various activities a chance to read about their school and its doings. Many of the stories of the pupils are published, also poems and coming events of the year.

I believe that there should be more effort put into publishing a school paper. It should be published at least every three or four months in the year and one copy sent to each of the alumni, and also one given to each of the pupils in the school at the present time.

K. DOLLOFF, '40.

EARNING SCHOOL CREDITS

Usually the easiest way to get the required "Sixteen" credits necessary for graduation is to merely pass four subjects each year. Although most of us merely get by, there are some who would like to get more credit than is necessary to graduate.

There are several ways of obtaining extra credits. One way is by public speaking contests, another way is by physical education and 4-H clubs.

Some of us however may not be adapted for these activities, or we may not like these three ways of earning extra credits.

In public speaking the person who works for two or three weeks preparing for his speech or oration gets a quarter of a credit for his work.

In basketball we work all winter; three days a week and sometimes more and what do we get? We get only the honor and nothing more.

I personally think that the fellow who practices hard all winter is entitled to as much credit, if not more than the one who speaks only a short piece, possibly ten minutes long, before an audience.

I challenge anyone of you to tell me any one subject in the school that we work any harder in, and still we receive no credits for all our time and work.

My personal opinion is that we should receive credit for any sport in which we put in the necessary amount of time and work.

NORMAN HARMON, '38.

SPORTSMANSHIP

How early in our lives this characteristic becomes a very necessary asset. We all probably recall our first lesson on being a good sport. That first time when we had to give up a cherished toy to a visiting cousin, or learned that a next door playmate was better in checkers or dominoes.

A tumble on the skating pond or a fumble while participating in a school game

soon teaches us that we must be able to "take it" to be a "good sport".

Sports in the high schools and colleges have reached a high peak, as evidenced by their popularity. Participation in these various activities create a strong character and personality which in themselves help to make friends. Friends, good friends, are essential to our happiness.

Good sportsmanship stays with one longer than just through the school days. It follows one into his business career as well as into his home and to his family.

The girl or boy who shows outstanding sportsmanship helps to reflect the integrity of his parents. This one quality shows the good bringing up, the character, as well as the developed personality of the individual.

Everyone should play the game—win or lose—and try to be a better sport than the other fellow.

JEANETTE JOHNSON, '38.



SENIOR PERISCOPE

WILLIAM JAMES FIELDING, JR. "Billy"

Born November 23, 1920. Hobby: Stamps.

Basketball Manager, 4; Swimming, 3; Rifle, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 2, 3, 4; Hobby Club, 1; Debating, 3; Senior Drama, Stage Manager; Assembly Plays, 2, 3, 4; Boy Scouts, 1, 2, 3, 4; FOUR CORNERS, Assistant Business Manager.

*Holding hands might be all right,
But a different girl most every night
Is much too much for any man.
You're just a boy, don't think you can.*

HELENE MAE HOWATT

"Howie"

Born November 6, 1919. Hobby: Horses.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 1, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2; 4-H Cheer Leader, 1, 2; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 3, 4; FOUR CORNERS, Assistant Jokes Editor, 3.

*In basketball Helene's a star;
She swims just like a fish;
But to ride a bucking broncho
Is this maiden's dearest wish.*

NIELS SOFUS JOHNSON, JR.

"Junior"

Born February 13, 1922.

Hobby: Stamps and Astronomy.

Rifle, 3, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1; Athletic Association, 3, 4; 4-H, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 1; Vice-President, 2, 3; Secretary, 4; Debating Club, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 3; FOUR CORNERS, Business Manager, 4; Class President, 4; Boy Scouts, 2, 3, 4.

*So shy and quiet, I'll be bound
You'd never know that he's around.
But should you want a favor done,
Then Niels is just the very one.*

RUTH ELLA THOMPSON

Born February 27, 1918. Hobby: Walking.

Home Economics Club, 1, 2, 3; Junior Red Cross, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3.

*From over the hills and far away,
Ruth comes hiking at break of day,
And if the weather be gray or fair,
Her school most always will find her there.*





WILLIAM EDWARD BURNELL "Billy"

Born September 28, 1920. Hobby: Baseball.

Indoor Track, 3, 4, 5; Outdoor Track, 3, 4, 5;
Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 5.

*Tho Billy can the records smash
In any sort of speedy dash.
At 8.00 A. M., when duty hails,
His speed jes' nacherally fails.*

JEANETTE JOHNSON

"Jettie"

Born November 7, 1920. Hobby: Scrapbooks.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 3; Glee Club,
1; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 3;
Treasurer, 1; Secretary and Assistant Leader, 3;
State Camp, 4; County Style Dress Revue Cham-
pion, 4; State Style Dress Revue Champion, 4;
Delegate from State to Chicago, 4; Senior Drama,
4; Assembly Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Pageants,
1, 2, 3; FOUR CORNERS, 3, 4; Literary Editor, 4;
Business Manager, 3; Assistant Jokes Editor, 3;
Class Treasurer, 1, 2; Secretary, 2; Vice-Presi-
dent, 4.

*Here is our champion 4-H lass,
An honor to our school and class.
In prophecy we see her soon
Adorning a cheerful, happy home.*

DONALD NELSON SEWELL

"Don"

Born December 31, 1919. Hobby: Machines.

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama,
Stage Manager; Assembly Plays, 2, 3; FOUR
CORNERS, Senior Periscope; Boy Scouts, 2, 3, 4.

*Don Sewell, for a six-weeks spell,
Kept telling the nurses,
"I don't want to get well."*

HARRIETT ALICE SNOW

"Hattie"

Born December 18, 1920. Hobby: Souvenirs.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 1; Outdoor
Track, 1; Banking, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1; Student
Council, 4; Secretary, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2,
3, 4; Debating Club, 3; Local Speaking Contest, 1,
2, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Graduation Pageant, 1, 2, 3; FOUR CORNERS, As-
sistant Literary Editor, 3; School Notes, 4; Co-
Valedictorian.

*When Hattie sits so still in school,
She isn't melancholy.
She's building castles in the air
To be carried out by Polly.*

PERCY LEONARD KNIGHT

"Doc"

Born June 10, 1921. Hobby: Photography.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Rifle, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 3, 4; Class President, 2; Student Council, 2; Varsity Club, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. President, 4; Debating, 3; Local Speaking Contest, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 2, 3, 4; FOUR CORNERS, Athletic Editor, 4; Assistant Business Manager, 3; Co-Valedictorian.

*Student, athlete, actor, friend,
Of his achievements there's no end.
Reader, debater, popular man,
Just try to beat that, if you can.*

ELIZABETH LOUISE LAMB

"Lizzie"

Born April 29, 1920. Hobby: Reading.

Senior Drama, 4; Librarian, 4; Assistant Editor, 3; Editor-in-Chief, 4; Assembly Plays, 2, 3, 4.

*Lizzie Lamb is a student
Who studies night and day;
She works and worries,
Fusses and hurries
Her entire life away.*

NORMAN DENNISON HARMON

"Norm"

Born August 11, 1920.

Hobby: Hunting and Fishing.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2; Rifle, 2; Student Council, 3, 4; Vice-President of Student Council, 3; President, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. Vice-President, 3; 4-H, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Local Speaking Contest, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Winner of Local Speaking, 4; Triangular Speaking Contest, 4.

*Norm's unassuming modesty
Hides a genial personality.
He's a star in sports; you should hear him speak;
And, would you believe it, quite a sheik.*

GERALDINE EDNA MOULTON

"Gerry"

Born February 13, 1920. Hobby: Drawing.

Assistant Girls' Basketball Manager, 3; Senior Drama, 4; FOUR CORNERS, Art Editor, 4.

*Gerry's mind is so full of art,
From life's dull trifles she lives apart.
And she seems to get her share of joy,
Without the help of any boy.*





RICHARD HUDSON WOODWARD "Dick"

Born December 27, 1921.

Hobby: Model Airplanes.

Rifle, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Glee Club, 1; Banking, 1, 2; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 1, 2; Sweet Corn Champion, 3; State Camp, 4; Stamp Club, 1; Hobby Club, 1; Debating, 3; Local Prize Speaking, 2, 3, 4; Triangular Contest Championship Team, 2, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Triangular Contest, 4.

*The dromedary's well-known hump
Can't rival Dick's debating bump.
But tell us, Dick, and tell us true,
Does what you eat agree with you?*

MARIAN LOUISE WOOD

"Woodsie"

Born November 23, 1920.

Hobby: Skating and Swimming.

Girls' Basketball Manager, 4; Swimming, 1; Senior Drama, 4; One-Act Plays, 2; Assembly Plays, 1, 2; Graduation Pageant, 2, 3; FOUR CORNERS, Exchange Editor, 4.

*Who can tell the thots that lie
Behind that twinkle in her eye.
Perhaps she thinks of school life gay,
Or muses on her loved Norway.*

EUGENE WOODBURY ALLEN

"Gene"

Born October 30, 1920. Hobby: Boats.

4-H, 1, 2, 3, 4; State Camp, 2; County Judging Champion, 2; State Judging Champion, 2; Debating, 3; Senior Drama, 4; FOUR CORNERS, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Jokes Editor, 2; Assistant Literary Editor, 3; Senior Periscope, 4; Naval Reserves, 4.

*When down upon your hands and knees,
Scrubbing the decks in the ocean breeze,
Lonesome for home and friends of yore,
We know you'll think of us once more.*

GENEVA ESTELLE PLOWMAN

"Geva"

Born August 20, 1921. Hobby: Sports.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. Secretary, 4; 4-H, 1, 2, 3; Class President, 1; Secretary, 2; Treasurer, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Pageants, 1, 2; FOUR CORNERS, Athletic Editor, 4; American Legion Athletic Medal, 3.

*In basketball, a star that gleams;
In track, a winning one-man team;
Yet not averse to the social whirl,
But a jolly, friendly, all-round girl.*

GEORGE CLIFFORD SOUTHWORTH "Cliff"

Born October 27, 1921. Hobby: Sports.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3; Cross Country, 4; Swimming, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 2, 3, 4; Debating Club, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 4.

*Cliff Southworth is a jolly lad;
With face just wreathed in smiles.
We hope this spirit stays with him
Adown life's weary miles.*

ELLEN MARY JENSEN

"Nell"

Born July 10, 1920. Hobby: Dancing.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Manager Outdoor Track, 3; Glee Club, 1; Banking, 1, 2; Student Council, 2; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 3; Treasurer, 1; President, 3; Debating Club, 3; Local Speaking Contest, 1, 2, 3, 4; Winner, 1; Triangular Contest, Second Place, 1; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Pageants, 1, 2, 3; Third Honor Student.

*We've chewed our nails, we've torn our hair,
And given up in blank despair,
For such a versatile maid is Nell
That we can't hope the tale to tell.*

MAYNARD MORSE MESERVE "Maynie"

Born December 11, 1921. Hobby: Airplanes.

Athletic Association, 2, 3; 4-H Club, 3.

*When with his cheerful morning grin
Maynie Meserve comes rolling in,
The echoes can be heard all day
From his rattling good old Chevrolet.*

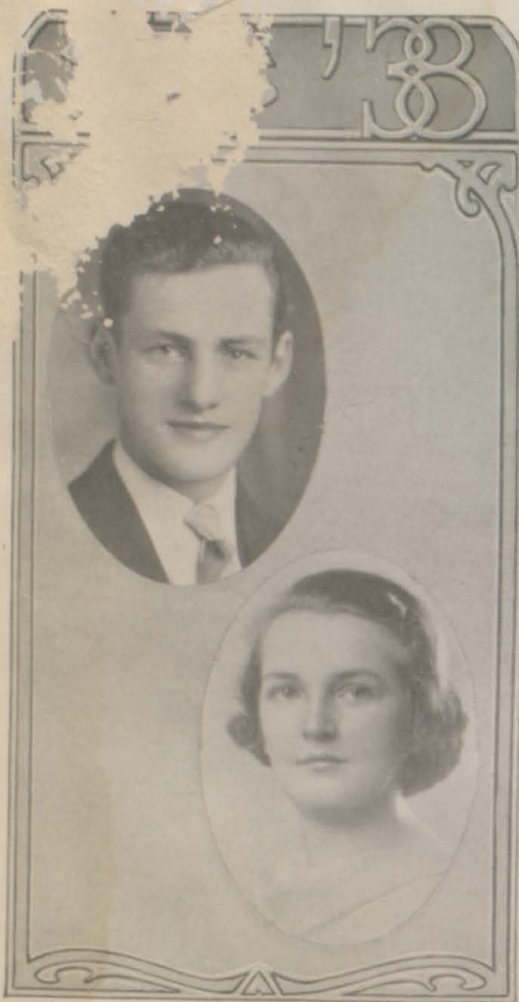
ELVA MARGARET POOLER

Born June 18, 1919.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 1, 2, 3; Summer Project, 1, 3; Student Council, 3; Class Treasurer, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Leader, 3, 4; State Camp, 3; One-Act Play, 2; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 2, 4; Graduation Pageant, 3; Assistant Business Manager of FOUR CORNERS, 4.

*If ever things are quiet
And dragging dull and slow,
Just get this lassie started,
She'll put things on the go.*





JOHN ALDEN VERRILL

"Johnny"

Born June 12, 1920. Hobby: Music.

Orchestra, 1, 2; Student Council, 4; 4-H Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; FOUR CORNERS, Assistant Business Manager.

*Tho John's Beau Brummell of our class,
He can play and dance and work.
And when it comes to collecting femmes,
He can beat most any Turk.*

LETITIA ANZONETTA LEARY

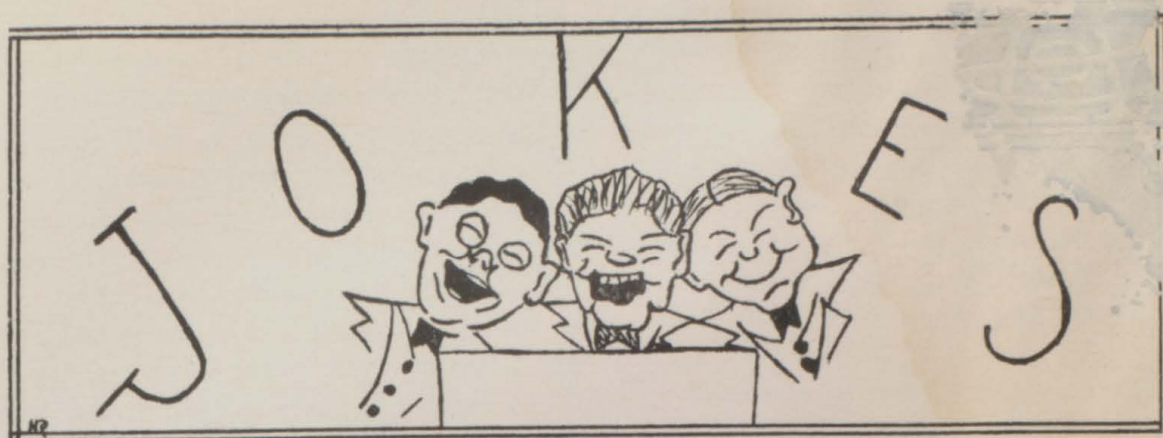
"Tisha"

Born August 15, 1920. Hobby: Photography.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 1; Glee Club, 1; Operetta, 1; Student Council, 3, 4; Secretary, 3; Treasurer, 4; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. Secretary-Treasurer, 3; A. A. Treasurer, 4; Prize Speaking, Local Contest, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 1; Treasurer, 2; Senior Drama, 4; Assembly Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4; Graduation Pageants, 1, 2; FOUR CORNERS, Assistant Business Manager, 3, 4; Triangular Speaking Contest, 4.

*For three long years this blue-eyed maid
Has been living in a Huff.
But of late her life has seemed to be
Harmon-i-ous enough.*





HEARD AT MEETING OF DOUGHBOYS

R. P., '40: "Did you make enough dough for three loaves of bread?"

K. D., '40: "No, I only made fifteen cents."

Mr. S.: "What do you do with a lyre?"

Bright Senior: "Put pepper on his tongue."

Mr. H. (in science class): "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."

Fresh Senior: "That's a good idea."

Soph: "There are several things I can always count on."

Frosh: "And what are they?"

Soph: "My fingers."

G. P., '40: "This is my dance, you know."

E. J., '38: "Oh, really; I thought it was the Senior Dance."

H. H., '38: "I went to see 'The Good Earth' six times."

G. M., '38: "You must have liked it."

H. H., '38: "No, I liked the usher!"

Miss M.: "Kenneth, spell weather."

K. D., '40: "W-i-e-t-h-e-r."

Miss M.: "Sit down, Kenneth. That's the worst spell of weather we've had this year."

Mr. H.: "Some fish travel long distances. Can anyone give me an instance?"

H. P., '39: "Yes, sir, a goldfish. It travels around the globe every day."

B. C., '40: "Do you use tooth paste?"

W. E., '40: "What for? None of my teeth are loose."

THE TOSS-UP

M. W., '38: "The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go the other."

E. J., '38: "Who won?"

M. W., '38: "He tossed me for it."

"A sultan at odds with his harem
Thought of a way he could scare 'em.
He caught him a mouse—
Let it loose in the house,
Thus starting the first harem-scarem."

Mr. S.: "Why is a beehive like a potato?"

R. W., '38: "That's easy! A beehive is a bee holder; a beholder is a spectator; and a spect-tater is a bad potato."

A SENIOR'S DREAM COME TRUE

"I gazed at her blue and shining eyes. Her lips were saying those three wonderful words I had waited so long to hear. I could not believe it, yet it was true. Again she said, fulfilling the dream of my life, 'No history assignment.'"

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SOPHOMORES

1. I wonder if that is right.
2. I wonder what the assignment is.
3. I wonder if the teacher will call for it tomorrow.
4. I wonder if I can bluff it.
5. I wonder what I'm supposed to do next.
6. I wonder if I can drop it and take something else.
7. I wonder who invented this stuff, any way.

W. H., '39: "I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

R. W., '38: "How about fortnight?"

H. H., '38 (tending filling station): "Check your oil?"

R. S., '39: "No, thanks, I'm taking it with me."

CLEAN DIRT

Some Juniors find that the Lab door isn't large enough for three to pass through together, but, anyhow, it takes more time—after school.

Everyone is wondering what became of the Teddy Bear mascot of the girls' basketball team.

There is a school rule which says that boys and girls may not sit together, but a certain junior boy and senior girl find it just as easy to stand and talk.

Well, now that spring has come, romances seem to spring up with the grass. First, it's a certain blond sophomore and a cute little junior. But when the curly-haired drummer and his little red-headed drum major get together, look out!

And speaking of fashion news—the boys are painting their nails this year. If you don't believe it, take a look at the manicures of a good-looking junior and a curly-haired sophomore boy.

The saucy little redhead
Is feeling all alone.
The nice, attractive senior
Took a certain brunette home.

M. M., '40 (through Lab door to P. K., who was looking intently through the microscope): "Anybody in there?"

P. K., '38: "Yes, Mr. Higgins is."

Police Officer: "Why is your car painted red on one side and blue on the other?"

R. W., '38: "It's a bright idea of mine. I like to hear the witnesses contradict one another."

Miss M. (in junior business): "What does proxy mean?"

T. G., '40: "Is that when they speak of a proxy blonde?"

Mrs. L. (in European history): "What's a Grecian urn?"

D. C., '39: "Depends on what he does."

Miss H. (serving lima beans to Mr. S.): "These are some beans I canned myself."

Mr. S.: "Is that so? They're good just the same."

Editor: "This line is devoted to Phillip."

Reader: "To Phillip who?"

Editor: "To Phillip Space."

SCHOOL-DAY LAMENTATIONS

Third period now is ended,
The bell has just been rung,
It's time to settle down, because
Fourth period has begun.

Two fingers flash into the air,
Their owner looks confused;
Guess he forgot to listen
When the lesson was reviewed.

He hastens to his classmate,
Who knows his lesson well,
To ask, "Where did the Pilgrims go,
And who was William Tell?"

Around the room the girls all sit,
A-chewing on their gum;
Studying just can't be endured
Without this bit of fun.

Don't scold us, please, dear teacher,
It really does no harm;
And as a check on whispering,
Gum surely is a charm.

Up goes someone's desk cover,
That lunch sure does look good;
I'm starved, thinks this poor Junior,
Now if I only could—

And from his lunch box he extracts
An apple, round and ripe;
The teacher isn't looking now,
So why not take a bite?

Now what's that noise behind me?
This apple tastes all sour.
The teacher!—now I'm in for it;
"Detention, half an hour!"

Again the room seems quiet,
This French seems clear as mud.
Why doesn't something happen?
Golly! what's that thud?

A note for me I bet ya;
Now who can that be from?
Maybe—but no, it's not for me,
I'll pass it right along.

What next, I wonder in despair,
When suddenly I hear
My name in a loud whisper
From somewhere in the rear.

"I say," the voice is calling,
"Are you going out tonight?"
But no, I can't go out, because
I've got a "pome" to write.

My pencil's getting duller,
Guess I'll go sharpen it;
I'll throw this hunk of paper first
And see what I can hit.

Whiz-bang—it hit her—she *would* yell!
The teacher's good and sore;
He comes up to my desk and roars,
"Detention, one hour more!"

I'd better start to settle down,
And study for awhile,
An hour and a half detention
Can hardly make me smile.

So what's a feller gonna do?
It seems he's gotta be
The teacher's pet, or he won't pass.
The bell—Ah, woe is me!

Miss Hutchins (showing picture "The Frieze of the Prophets"): "What is the name of this picture?"

Freshman H. E. girl: "The Frozen Prophet."

The difference between a girl chewing her gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

S. H. S. Senior (on Washington trip): "Why are we late?"

Porter on R. R. train: "Well, suh, de train in front is behind, and we was behind before besides."

Mr. H. (in biology class): "Quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix *dog*. For instance, the dog rose and the dog violet are well known. Can you name another?"

Bright Junior: "Collie-flowers."

Miss M.: "What did your father say when you told him you had won first prize for dictation?"

Shorthand Student: "He said, 'Well, well, you are getting more like your mother every day'."

Mr. S.: "Warren, who is the famous woman commentator on the radio?"

W. E., '40: "Er—er—Ruth Thompson."

IDEAL SCARBORO GIRL

Take the:

Hair of Gertrude Perry,
Eyes of Gertrude Leary,
Complexion of Janice Buxton,
Smile of Jeanette Johnson,
Intellectual capacity of Harriet Snow,
Dancing ability of Elva Pooler,
Athletic ability of Geneva Plowman,
Pep of Glenna Storey,
Poise of Letitia Leary,
Disposition of Mary Newcomb,

Put them all together and you have the
Ideal Scarboro Girl.

IDEAL SCARBORO BOY

Take the:

Hair of Billy Cott,
Eyes of Elwood Mitchell,
Complexion of Teddy Glover,
Smile of John Verrill,
Intellectual capacity of Percy Knight,
Dancing ability of George Pooler,
Athletic ability of Kenneth Dolloff,
Pep of Donald Clark,
Physique of Bob Scamman,
Disposition of Neils Johnson,
Put them all together and you have the
Ideal Scarboro Boy.

Mr. S.: "Use the word 'miscellaneous' correctly in a sentence."

Bright Frosh: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head man in this country and miscellaneous the head man in Italy."

D. S., '39 (reading and pondering over a recipe for fruit cake which said, "Put in three whole eggs."): "Oh, Miss Hutchins, what shall I do with the shells? Should I grind them up with the nuts?"

Mr. H.: "Bob, what is the abbreviation for two sides and the included angle?"

B. S., '39: "S. O. S."

Mrs. L.: "Miss Alley, what was the Bill of Rights?"

V. A., '41: "The first two commandments."

WHO'S WHO IN THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Theresa Doyle is small and cute,
Elmer Colbun is our class brute,
Stephen Higgins is a woman hater,
Carleton Richardson is a great dater,
Philip Bailey is a riot,
Harold Huntley is shy and quiet,
Viola Jordan is our class dancer,
Carol Pooler is a romancer,
Glenna Storey's face gets red,
Virgie Alley is far from dead,
Isabelle Harmon is a charmer,
Warren Plowman may be a farmer,
Janet Jordan is rather slow,
Richard Sterling has teeth like snow,
William Clement is very neat,
Ethel Christensen is rather sweet,
Cara Hersey is far from haughty,
Clayton Skillings is sometimes naughty,
Eighteen students full of fun,
This ends the class of Forty-one.

Funny
Restless
Evergreen
Shy
Helpless
Modest
Energetic
Noisy

SAY IT WITH SONGS

Eugene Allen—Every Day's a Holiday.

Billy Fielding—Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day.

Norm Harmon—I've Got My Heart Set on You.

Geneva Plowman—Thanks for the Memory.

Elva Pooler—Life's a Dance.

Harriet Snow — Let's Sit Out This Waltz.

John Verrill—I'd Rather Lead a Band.

Marian Wood—I Double Dare You.

Mr. Higgins—Everybody Sing.

Elwood Mitchell—I'm Hatin' This Waitin' Around.

Elizabeth Lamb—I'm Dependable.

Jeanette Johnson—It Happened in Chicago.

Miss Marr—You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes.

Mr. Bessey—Row, Row, Row Your Boat.

Mr. Stoddard—Rosalie.

Miss Hutchins—Hot Dogs and Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Hallett—It's Easier Said Than Done.

Mrs. Libbey—There's No Substitute for You.

Kenny Dolloff—I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming.

Eleanor Harmon—Pardon My Southern Accent.

Bill Cott—Just One More Dance, Madame.

Don Clark—Goody, Goody.

Trip to Washington—Thrill of a Lifetime.

S. H. S. Pupils—I'm All Ready for the Summer Time.

"THE BOSS"

"I won't" is a tramp.

"I can't" is a quitter.

"I don't know" is too lazy.

"I wish I could" is a wisher.

"I might" is waking up.

"I will try" is on his feet.

"I can" is on his way.

"I will" is at work.

"I did" is now the boss.

—Anon.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Percy were Day instead of Knight?

Neils were Jack's son instead of Johnson?

Elva were River instead of Pool-er?

Harriet were Rain instead of Snow?

Marian were Coal instead of Wood?

Janice were Gorham instead of Buxton?

Winslow were Room instead of Hall?

Donald were Old Nick instead of Hers(h)ey?

Rilda were Fish instead of Hunt?

Franklin were Amos instead of Moses?

Barbara were Ache instead of Paine?

Harold were Robin instead of Peacock?

Elizabeth were Sheep instead of Lamb?

Glenna were Poem instead of Storey?

Virgie were Street instead of Alley?

Nancy were Wheat instead of Rice?

Richard were Shilling instead of Pence?

Edith were Dimes instead of Nichols?

Eleanor were Brown instead of Greene?

William were Big Ben instead of Littlejohn?

Kathryn were Heat instead of Frost?

Dana were Carpenter instead of Plummer?

Margaret were Essex instead of Hudson?

Our French teacher were Parr instead of Marr?

Warren were Reaper instead of Plowman?

Our principal were Rosie instead of Bessey?

Mr. B. (after explaining a problem for some time): "Did you follow me?"

T. D., '41: "Yes, sir, except when you were between me and the blackboard."

Mr. B.: "I try to make myself clear, but I can't make myself transparent."

G. P., '38: "Captain, will you please help me find my stateroom?"

Captain: "Why certainly, madam, what number was it?"

G. P., '38: "I've forgotten the number, but I'll know it if I see it again; there was a lighthouse just outside my window."

Mr. S.: "Woodward, take this sentence—I led the cow to the pasture.' Now tell me, what mood?"

R. W., '38: "The cow."

POLELESS VAULTING

B. S., '39, took his girl friend to a track meet. She didn't say much until the pole vaulting started. Then, turning to him, she remarked: "Isn't that just wonderful! But think how much higher those boys could go if they didn't have to carry that heavy pole."

Mr. H.: "What are the four seasons?"

Smart Doughboy: "Salt, pepper, ginger and spice."

Mrs. L.: "What famous speech had a profound effect on the relationship between England and the American colonies?"

R. T., '38: "The Cancellation of America."

MY CAR

I own a car all rattles and dirty.
The year of this car is nineteen-thirty;
The make of this car is a Chevrolet;
When I stop for the girls they look the other way.

I very often have flat tires
Though this old car, she always fires.
The brakes on this car are far from good;
The things she is missing are a window and hood.

So you can see I don't dare to go far,
Because there isn't much left of my car.

Mr. S.: "Now we have Sabrina, the goddess of the stream, rising up on page 44."

Mr. H. (after demonstrating the use of the microscope to the class): "Now, would anyone like to look at Billy Bradford through the microscope?"

GRADUATING WITH THE SENIORS

Skilled gum chewers.

A teddy bear mascot.

A yodeler.

A librarian.

A famous colored actress.

A well-trained English butler.

A popular band leader.

A filling station attendant.

A handsome chauffeur.

A telephone operator.

A track star.
A dressmaker and model.
A pretty waitress.
A dancer.
The Shadow.
A talented artist.
An old stage hand.
A violin and piano player.
A debater.
A faithful 4-H Club member.
An amateur Phil Baker.
A souvenir collector.
The mechanical man.
A silent partner.

Mr. S. (in English class): "How is the word 'amateur' used?"

W. L., '40: "In the Fitch radio program they tell how to cure amateur baldness."

ECHOES FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

One of Shakespear's greatest plays was "The Merchant of Benus."

Heat is transferred by radiation, deduction and convention.

Salt is what makes potatoes taste not so good if you don't put any on them.

A compound is a mixture of two or more elephants.

"Please send the following articles C. O. D. I am enclosing a check for the full amount."

EVEN AS YOU AND I

When Noah sailed the waters blue
He had his troubles same as you.
For forty days he drove the ark
Before he found a place to park.

—ANON.



Scanning the School Year



"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

Sept. 14. Back to school once more. Same teachers, eighth grade here, too, and recess! Why, Mr. Bessey, where's that mustache? (What shall I take? If I take five subjects, how many study periods will I have?) New required subject for the Seniors! "Problems in Democracy." Sounds bad!!

Sept. 17. Class elections. Results:

Seniors

President, Neils Johnson.
Vice-President, Jeanette Johnson.
Secretary, Geneva Plowman.
Treasurer, Elva Pooler.

Juniors

President, Robert Scamman.
Vice-President, Donald Clark.
Secretary, Gertrude Leary.
Treasurer, Merton Leary.

Sophomores

President, Kenneth Libby.
Vice-President, Marian Stanford.
Secretary, Gertrude Perry.
Treasurer, George Pooler.

Freshmen

President, Warren Plowman.
Vice-President, Philip Bayley.
Secretary, Isabelle Harmon.
Treasurer, Viola Jordan.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing, Left to Right: Clark, '39; Verrill, '38; Cohen, '40; Nelson, '39; Mitchell, '39; Cott, '40; Skillings, '41.

Seated, Left to Right: Leary, '38; Harmon, '38; Snow, '38.

Seniors

President, Norman Harmon.

Secretary, Harriett Snow.

Treasurer, Letitia Leary.

John Verrill.

Juniors

Vice-President, Elwood Mitchell.

Ida Nelson

Donald Clark

Sophomores

Bill Cott

Selma Cohen

Freshmen

Clayton Skillings

Sept. 22. Scarboro Fair—half day off.

Sept. 29. Dancing lessons started again.

Oct. 1. First assembly of year — sang songs.

Oct. 4. Curtis Publishing Co. drive starts. Goal, a radio.

Oct. 8. Assembly — speaker on Safety Driving. (Can *you* drive 250 yards backwards without looking?)

Oct. 8. 4-H county contest at the town hall.

Oct. 14. Our first cross-country team in six years beat the Normal J. V.'s. Home safe and sound—maybe a little out of breath—but with a fifteen-point victory.



"HAZY DAZE"

- Oct. 15. Freshman Day. The Freshman girls suddenly change into a combination of squaws and hula-hula girls, while the boys looked domestic in fancy aprons and headbands. NOTE: There must have been a sale of perfume somewhere.
- Oct. 19. Assembly with pictures by the courtesy of the telephone company.
- Oct. 22. Assembly with Dr. Vincent Peale as speaker.
- Oct. 27. Cross-country run at Bates. We won.
- Oct. 27. Senior Hallowe'en Dance.
- Oct. 28-29. Recess for teachers' convention.
- Nov. 3. Girls' swimming meet.
- Nov. 5. Assembly with a pilot from Northeastern Airways as speaker.
- Nov. 12. Senior Fair and Drama, "The



THE "GAY DECEPTIONISTS"

Gay Deception." Cast of characters:

Mrs. Candier Stoll	Letitia Leary
Candler Stoll	Percy Knight
Virginia Stoll	Harriett Snow
Lucy, the cook	Marian Wood
Mrs. Winston Moffatt	Ellen Jensen
Gerald Moffatt	Norman Harmon
Ralph Hammond	Richard Woodward
Maxine Densmore	Elva Pooler
Claire Colbert	Helene Howatt
Elsa Terry	Jeanette Johnson
Giggles Gaylord	Geneva Plowman
Eert Evans	Neils Johnson
Chubby Swan	Clifford Southworth
Ellis Atkins	Donald Sullivan
Pat O'Flynn	Eugene Allen

Stage Managers William Fielding,
Donald Sewell

Business Manager John Verrill
Posters Geraldine Moulton
Mistress of the Wardrobe Elizabeth Lamb
Coach Mr. Stoddard

Scene: A living room of the Candler Stoll's home on Long Island.

Act I. An afternoon in August.

Act II. Same evening at eight.

Act III. Following morning at ten.

Nov. 19. Motion picture assembly. Pictures on snow sports, skiing, etc.

Nov. 24. Pep assembly for Greeley game, with a pantomime of the game to be. Orchids to Mr. Bessey for a swell performance as the agitated spectator. Worthy of Broadway—no less.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving recess. Jeanette Johnson leaves Chicago as a 4-H winner.

Nov. 29. Pictures and a talk on Washington.

Dec. 3. "Make Magic" pep assembly with sidewalk interviews in which we learned things which we never knew before. Also try-outs for cheer leaders.



'AND NOW—THE LOCOMOTIVE!'

- Dec. 10. Assembly. Now we know what goes on behind the scenes when noon lunch is being prepared.
- Dec. 17. Xmas assembly, played games and danced. Xmas tree with presents for all. And so vacation starts.
- Dec. 27. Back to school.
- Dec. 28. Received notice that Scarborough High won second in the Championship Cup Contest conducted in connection with the Curtis Vocational Plan.
- Jan. 7. No school.
- Jan. 13-14. Prize speaking try-outs.



"THE IMMORTAL BARD"

- Jan. 17-21. Review week. What for? MID-YEARS!!!
- Jan. 22. Junior Dance.
- Jan. 25-26. Mid-year exams. Oh, dear, I didn't know I didn't know so much!
- Jan. 27. Assembly, cartoonist.
- Jan. 28. No school, teachers' convention.
- Jan. 31. What? Mr. Higgins? The WHOOPING COUGH? And Mrs. Libby in the hospital!
- Feb. 4. Assembly, talk on photography.
- Feb. 11. Pep assembly for the Falmouth game. And Mr. Stoddard read his promised ballad on the Gorham game. A work of art, Mr. Stoddard.
- Feb. 18. Doughboys served noon lunch to a record crowd.
- Feb. 18. Assembly, basketball game between the girls and the boys.
- Feb. 18. Sophomore Hop.
- Feb. 20. Vacation starts.
- Feb. 25. Lewiston tourney.
- Feb. 28. Back to school once more.
- Mar. 4. Assembly, shadow silhouettes. Did you guess them correctly?
- Mar. 4. Gorham Normal tourney.
- Mar. 11. Assembly, mock town meeting at which the school decided to raise money for various things needed



THE "QUINTS"



"WASHINGTON, HERE WE COME!"

around school, such as some spinach for Stevie Higgins.

Mar. 14. Washington Club formed at a luncheon in the library with Mr. Bessey. Officers: President, Percy Knight; Secretary-Treasurer, Ellen Jensen.

Mar. 18. Assembly, sang songs.

Mar. 23. Senior honor ranks announced. Seven in the class with an honor aver-



"PHI BETES"

age above 85. They were: Percy Knight, Harriett Snow, Ellen Jensen, Richard Woodward, Elizabeth Lamb, Jeanette Johnson, and Neils Johnson.

Mar. 25. Assembly, spelling bee for the championship of the school. The Senior came in first, Juniors second, Sophs third, Frosh fourth.

Mar. 25. Senior Dance.

April 1. Twentieth Annual Prize Speaking Contest at Scarboro High Auditorium at 8.00 P. M. Program:

Selection—Trio Moderne	
The Soul of the Violin	Merrill
Margaret Richardson	
Pillars of Fire	Davenport
Richard Woodward	
The Un-Wedding	Donnell
Harriett Snow	
Selection—Trio Moderne	
The Chariot Race	Wallace
Clayton Skillings	
The Swimm' Hole in the Church	Partridge
Nancy Rice	
The Death of Charles the Ninth	Moore
Norman Harmon	
Selection—Trio Moderne	
The River of Stars	Noyes
Ellen Jensen	
The Mysterious Pup	Kimball
John Snow	
The Drama of the Rose Garden	Law
Letitia Leary	
Selections—Trio Moderne	

Announcement of decision of judges:
First prizes were won by Margaret Richardson and Norman Harmon, while second prizes went to Letitia Leary and Richard Woodward.

HONOR ROLL FOR YEAR

Seniors—Ellen Jensen, Percy Knight, Harriett Snow, Elizabeth Lamb, Richard Woodward, Neils Johnson, Geneva Plowman.

Juniors—Ida Nelson, Margaret Richardson, Helena Jensen, Dorothea Skillings, Beulah Pooler, Nancy Rice, Eileen Moulton.



DOUGH BOYS

Left to Right: Pence, Cott, Ewing, Glover, Libby, Dolloff, Hicks.

Sophomores—William Cott, Jeanette Douglas, Mary Watson, Florence Ahlquist, Kathryn Frost, Lucy Hall, Selma Cohen, Kenneth Libby, Victor Larson.

Freshmen — Theresa Doyle, Glenna Storey, Vergie Alley.

Post Graduate—Geraldine Sullivan.

CLUBS

In the 4-H clubs this year there are a total of sixty members. These members are enrolled in sixty-five different projects. Some of these are cooking, sewing, poultry, gardens, and pig raising. We have four student leaders in the clubs. A dough-boys' club has again been formed under the leadership of Richard Pence. We are very proud of Jeanette Johnson, who, as state dressmaking champion, was a delegate to the National 4-H Congress in Chicago.

An "S" club was formed here on December 1, 1937. Officers were elected as follows: President, Norman Harmon; Vice-President, Elwood Mitchell; Secretary-Treasurer, Percy Knight; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Higgins. All boys who have won a letter may become members. There are nine charter members and several more yet to be voted in.

Recently a Stamp Club was started under the leadership of Mr. Hallett. Meetings are held every two weeks. There are ten members in all, with the following as officers: President, Richard Woodward; Vice-President, Neils Johnson; Secretary-Treasurer, Kenneth Libby. This club has many purposes. Among them are: (1) To promote the hobby of stamp collecting and to build up the individual albums in the club; (2) To learn about some of the technical processes connected with stamps and

how to take proper care of the stamps; (3) To learn the monetary value of stamps and also how to get the most educationally out of stamp collecting.

THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

The following is an account of the year's activities of the Home Economics Department under the leadership of Doris E. Hutchins:

Throughout the first few weeks of school this department canned over six hundred jars of the various kinds of fruit, vegetables, pickles, and jellies. Then, too, the Sophomore and Junior girls, who are engaged in this course, entertained the Freshman girls at a picnic at Winnocks Neck. Also, in this brief period, curtains were made for the eighth grade room, which is now in the high school building.

During the month of November the girls aided in the production of the Senior Drama by making curtains for the stage and by tying programs. Just before Thanksgiving the girls packed and donated Thanksgiving baskets for the poor. To complete the month the Freshman girls, one evening served supper to the Sophomores and Juniors, after which they gathered and elected officers for their Home Economics Club.

To start the new month of December, the department served dinner to the school board and the teachers. There were forty-seven present. In about the middle of the month the girls sponsored an assembly composed of music and short sketches. Shortly after this, tea was served to the Civic League. By this time the round of

Christmas activities was put in motion. Christmas cards which were made by the manual training class were sold, underclothing was made, dolls were dressed, mittens for the poor were purchased, and baskets packed. All this to be contributed toward making some poor children a little happier. Closely following these activities, the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior girls gave a mother's and daughter's party. At the close of a most eventful month dinner was served to the Cumberland County 4-H leaders. There were approximately forty-five present.

January was a short month, started by the giving of a beano and whist party and brought to a close by a speech from the leader, Miss Hutchins, at the teachers' convention.

In February the girls served lunch to the school board and to Mr. Heald. Also during this month a child's party was given, in which all came dressed as children. A good time was enjoyed by everyone.

Now coming to the current month of March, the department in cooperation with the doughboys served a public dinner to over one hundred people. Next an assembly in the form of a "Mock Town Meeting" was given. Lastly the girls all joined in to further the spring cleaning of the Home Economics rooms.

Much has been done to improve the conditions of this very essential department. There has been purchased for the lunch slide, plates, glasses, and sherbet dishes enough to serve fifty people. The hard walls and ceiling of the kitchen have been painted and the floor refinished. Also dish closets have been redecorated and fur-

nished with hooks for cups. In all there has been earned and spent about \$100.00. In addition to all of this, the Freshman girls have taken entire charge of the serving of noon lunches to the students.

This concludes the Home Economics activities up until the present date. Many plans have been laid for spring and summer, and as we look forward we endeavor to see success for them all.





THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLIN

The lights from the large house on the avenue shone forth cheerily. It was Christmas Eve, and every house was decorated for the occasion. That is, every house but one. Mr. Jacques never decorated for Christmas. Mr. Jacques never did any of the things that other folks did. There were many stories as to what made Mr. Jacques so bitter, but nobody knew the true reason.

Pierre and Margot were wondering about Mr. Jacques as they hurried along the avenue. Ordinarily they would have been afraid to be out alone in the dark, especially on the avenue, where so many things happened. But tonight was Christmas Eve, and the avenue was well lighted. Then, too, Pierre and Margot were on a special mission tonight. Pierre was on his way to play the Christmas carols beneath Mr. Jacques' window. Every year Pierre serenaded Mr. Jacques, and Margot accompanied him. Their mother had said that he was a very lonely man and would probably enjoy the music. Mr. Jacques had never said "Thank you," had never even let them know that he had heard the carols, yet somehow Pierre felt that his music was appreciated.

All too soon Pierre and Margot found themselves turning into the driveway which led to the big white house. As always, the house was in total darkness

except for a solitary candle which shone from a lower window.

Beneath this window Pierre and Margot stopped. Pierre laid down his violin case and took out his violin. It was an old violin—one which had seen much use—but Pierre loved it because it was the only violin he had ever used. His mother had given it to him on his sixth birthday. It had been his father's, she had told him, and she would like to have him learn to play it. This had been no task for Pierre, and he had practised every day for four years. When the money could possibly be spared, he had been allowed to go to the master in the village for a few lessons. In this way Pierre had learned to play.

Pierre was eleven now and Margot was nine. Their mother worked hard to keep them fed and clothed. The village school was too far away for them to attend, but she had taught them to read and write, and to understand something of figures. She tried to make her children happy at home, and her one desire was for Pierre to become a great violinist.

Margot loved to hear Pierre play. Tonight she seated herself on the violin case and watched as Pierre raised the violin to his chin. A lump rose in her throat as he started to play. The music was so beautiful! Why didn't Mr. Jacques at least show Pierre in some way that he enjoyed the music? "Silent night, holy night . . ."

she hummed softly, as she watched the candle in the window flicker. Was it her imagination, or— No, the window actually was being raised, and with the breeze, the candle flickered and went out.

But Pierre played on, oblivious of the raised window, of Margot and of the utter darkness about him. His soul was in his music.

As the last notes of the Christmas carol were carried away on the breeze, Pierre was brought to his senses by a voice from somewhere behind him. It was a deep voice but a kind one. As Pierre turned he saw a man standing in the doorway.

"Come inside, my boy, and get warm. I want to have a talk with you."

Pierre and Margot followed the man into the house, through a hall, and into a large room, which, to their surprise, was well furnished and cheerful. A fire burned brightly in the large fireplace, and a low chair was drawn up before the fire.

Mr. Jacques seated himself in the chair and motioned to the children to sit down beside him. Pierre still held his violin in his hand, while Margot carried the empty case. She laid it down upon the floor and seated herself on it.

"Tell me, where did you learn to play a violin like that?" Mr. Jacques said to Pierre.

Pierre told him how he had learned to play and of the few lessons he had taken. Mr. Jacques looked thoughtfully into the fire and then said, "Why did you come here to play for me tonight?"

"Because Mother said you were lonesome, and I thought that a little music might cheer you up. Besides, everyone should be happy on Christmas Eve."

"You remind me so much of my own boy Karl. He played the violin, too. If I had not been so selfish, my boy might have been a great musician today. Ah—but that is a long story."

"Oh, tell us the story!" burst forth Margot. "Tell us about Karl!"

Mr. Jacques' eyes searched the eager little faces turned to his. What sweet honest little faces they were! They would never tell his secret.

"You must never repeat this story," he said, and after the children had nodded, he continued, "Karl was an only child, and his mother and I both adored him. He was always very musical, and when he was old enough, he studied the violin. Karl didn't like school, but his mother insisted that he attend college. So he started college, but every week a letter came from him saying that he was tired of school and wanted to come home to study music.

But somehow his mother's letters seemed to make him feel ashamed and he always stayed.

In the middle of his first year in college, his mother died, and after the funeral he would not go back to school. Instead he went to the city to study with Professor Franco. While he was there, he met a girl whom he wished to marry, but she was a peasant girl with no social standing. I told him that if he married her I would stop his allowance. However, he married her just the same and went to live with her family. But the work on a farm was too hard for him, and four years later he died. Since then I have tried to find his wife and children, but I have been unsuccessful."

His eyes were misty when he had finished, and both children sat very still, watching him. Finally Pierre spoke.

"Where did Karl learn to play, Mr. Jacques?"

There was silence for some time, then Mr. Jacques said softly, "I taught him . . . until he grew up, then he felt that he knew more about it than I did, so I let him study with Professor Franco. You see, when I was younger, I taught violin lessons, but I never could play well, be-

cause I lacked the soul of a true musician. But my boy was born with that which I lacked, and he threw it all away."

"But Pierre has the soul! Pierre has it! Oh, Mr. Jacques, he'll be famous some day, won't he?" Little Margot could be still no longer. Her brother must have his chance.

"Yes, dear, Pierre has the soul."

* * * * *

Five years passed away . . . five wonderful years for Pierre, during which he has spent most of his time with Mr. Jacques. The old man seemed happy once more, and Pierre knew that he had been living in the past, treating Pierre as he would like to have treated his own son. One night when Mother and Margot had come to the big white house to dinner, Mother and Mr. Jacques had had a long talk together, and the next day Mother, Margot, and Pierre came to live with Mr. Jacques. Then Pierre and Margot had nice clothes, and went to school like other children.

But the years had fairly flown, and next week Pierre would be sixteen. On this day Pierre was going to be a very happy boy, for he was to play before an audience for the first time. Professor Franco, now a very old man, was giving his last performance at the beautiful Lafayette Theater, and Pierre was to be a guest performer. Pierre had a new suit for the occasion, a dark blue suit with long trousers—his first long trousers.

On the morning of his birthday, Mother, Margot, Pierre, and Mr. Jacques were gathered in the living room. Mr. Jacques left the room a moment, and returned with a shiny new violin case in his hand, which he passed to Pierre.

"Before you open it," he said, "I must tell you this. I bought this violin for Karl, and I was going to give it to him

when he made his first public appearance. But that time never came, so today I am going to give it to the son of my son."

Pierre and Margot looked at him blankly, and he continued, "Yes, Pierre, your father was my son, and you are my grandson. I discovered this when I first saw your mother at dinner that night. But we decided not to tell you until now, lest you would refuse help from your grandfather."

It was with a happy heart that Pierre went to the theater that night. The theater was filled to overflowing with people who came to see and hear the last performance of Professor Franco, little dreaming that they were also attending the first performance of one who would carry on where the great Professor was leaving off.

When the curtain rose and Pierre came upon the stage, he felt very small indeed. How disappointed Mr. Jacques would be if he failed. But as he raised his violin to play, all thoughts of fear vanished.

The last strains of music died and the curtain fell. For some minutes there was silence—breathless silence. Then the theater resounded with heartfelt applause.

Pierre knew that he had touched the souls of his audience.

ELLEN JENSEN, '38.

BOOKS

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure,
Books are gates to lands of pleasure,
Books are paths that upward lead,
Books are Friends. Come, let us read.

Books unlock the gates through which we pass onto the paths that lead to wisdom, romance, and adventure. We read of voyages, travels, histories of wars, and victorious fightings. They feed the hungry soul and teach the art of being kind; link today and yesterday, and chase away with a

smile the sighs of care. Books are the food of youth, the pleasure of old age, and a delight at home and abroad. Some books are our servants; they run errands for us; they bring us information, tell us news, and keep us up to date; they equip us for trade. But the Great Books are not our slaves, they are our masters; we sit at their feet and learn. "Look," they say, and looking, we snatch new significance. "Consider," they say, and considering, we are captured by a new truth and our spiritual power is multiplied. Life is made by ideas and ideals. Except from living persons there is no better way of acquiring these than from books. Charles Kingsley once said, "Save a living man there is nothing so wonderful as a book." Books are like the windows of a great tower. They let in light. Every life is a growing tower, put up stone by stone. The higher it grows the darker it gets, unless we put windows here and there to let in the light. That is what a book does to a life. It lets a wonderful light into a dark place. We must read. . . . We must urge others to read . . . not read to contradict and confute, nor to believe or take for granted, but to weigh and consider. A book is frequently a turning point in the life of a boy or girl. A book will awaken a soul as will nothing else. To divert yourself from a trouble — some fancy — turn to books — they always receive you with the same kindness.

IDA C. NELSON, '39.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WAITRESS

Betty Jane Carr sat up in bed, reached for the lever of the alarm clock, shut it off, then snuggled back under the blanket.

"Betty Jane, Betty Jane," called her mother, "this is your early morning and it's already 6.30."

"Yup," came the sleepy reply, but Betty Jane still slept on. Her mother shook her, and after another try, Betty climbed out of bed though still in the depths of slumberland. When she stepped under the shower she suddenly awoke, "Brr, wasn't that water cold!"

After the shower she took one look in the mirror (one was enough). Three of her curlers had come out in the night, and her hair was hanging in strings. "Well, she'd have to curl it on the iron even if the hair dresser did say it wasn't good." Next was her uniform. She slipped it carefully over her head so as not to rumple the curls. "What! a button gone???" Finally her mother got it sewed on, and Betty started.

"Your shoes aren't tied," called her mother. She stooped to tie them and in her haste tugged too hard and the lacing broke. "Curses, first thing in the morning, too."

She arrived at work just three-quarters of an hour late. The dining room was supposed to open at seven o'clock. The other morning girls were late, too, so the oranges hadn't been juiced. Betty Jane got out the juicer and turned to the refrigerator for the oranges. There weren't any!

"Oranges up," she yelled at the kitchen boy, but he was too busy reading the morning paper, so she had to get them herself.

By the time she got back, the head waitress said, "Two in a room." Betty got the "set ups" and started. "Someone else would have to juice the oranges! What a break! Two women! They never eat much."

"Prunes, toast, and coffee."

"Yes'm."

After she had them served, she went back to the orange juice, but another girl had started so she decided to sweep the floor of the main dining room, but on her arrival at the broom closet she found that the chamber maids had borrowed them.

Dreading to start filling the sugar bowls and the salt and pepper shakers, Betty went back to clear off the table that the two women had just left. Yes. Just as she had imagined! *Two nickels!* The cheap skates! But what could one expect from a woman!!

The next party that came was a party of two. "Look like newly-weds," thought Betty. "Yes. One number one and one special with the eggs fried soft and turned!" repeated Betty Jane. She gave the order to the chef and he repeated it disgustedly. Everything went smoothly until she took in the eggs. "Huh," growled the handsome gentlemen, "these are just opposite from what I ordered! Do you call these soft and turned?" Betty meekly replied, "I'm sorry," and proceeded to the kitchen. After taking the eggs twice more, the man was satisfied and his bride very much embarrassed!

A party of five came in which was also Betty's. They all ordered orange juice and toast. "Gee, that will be easy," thought Betty. But when she got to the refrigerator, the orange juice was all gone so she started to squeeze some more oranges. She was on the last when the kitchen boy, while making coffee, hit the tray, and over went the four glasses!!! "Would those doors ever close?"

When the noon girls came on, the morning girls were still working. One of them

stopped by Betty who was counting dirty linen. "How much did you make this morning, Bett?"

"Ninety cents," she glumly replied. "Oh, I've lost my count!"

Finally the morning was over, and Betty was on her way home. She planned to go straight to bed, but before she got into the house some of her friends called and wanted her to go swimming. "Oh, wouldn't the water feel good today!" she thought. "Yes, I'll go," she said enthusiastically.

The lake was about sixty miles away and could easily be reached in an hour and a half. They swam, took some pictures and went for a boat ride. "Gosh, if only Betty didn't have to go to work, we could stay up and cook our supper on the rocks!" suggested someone. "Yes," said Betty, "and that reminds me it's three thirty, and I have to be at work at six thirty."

They were about half way home, and they ran out of gas! The nearest station was two miles.

Betty got home at just six thirty. Her mother had sensed what had happened and so had her things all ready. When she got to work, the head waitress had just seated two parties in her station!

Around seven thirty (the busiest hour of the day) Betty Jane was carrying out a tray loaded with dirty dishes. The cap to a bottle of A-1 sauce hadn't been put on securely. As she picked up the tray, the cap fell off, the bottle tipped over, and A-1 sauce went the whole length of Betty's uniform and all over her shoes! Her first thought was "What will I do?" but her second was, "Since this happened, perhaps I'll have to go home!" No such luck! The head waitress found her a clean uni-

form and cleaned her shoes. So Betty Jane started out again.

It was terribly busy, as the races were on at a nearby race track. Betty fairly ran all the evening. Of course, it was her late night! That was the only thing wrong with having an afternoon off.

"Four in the corner," someone said. Betty hurried to get the "set ups." Before she got their order, they sat another four down for her. What a rush!

"Two," whispered the assistant head waitress, so sweetly that Betty fairly boiled. Then she turned back to her first party.

"Gingerale? Yes, sir."

The other party was ready for dessert! Hurrying down the dining room between rows of tables, a man in someone else's party cried, "Hey, little girl, get me a package of cigarettes, Luckies!" When she came back he said, "Thanks, keep the change." Betty's eyes almost popped out. "Did he mean it?" He had given her eighty cents just for getting him a package of cigarettes! "Some people were nice, weren't they?" With new courage she started off again for the dessert.

When she started to pour the cream, she found the pitcher was empty! So she began to pour the coffee. "The coffee is out!" she cried to the chef. "Would nine o'clock never come?"

She didn't get another party for awhile, but she was pretty busy still. "Oh, yes, she forgot to make out that man's check."

"Here you are, sir. Thank you, come again."

She started to clear off the table. Well, of all the nerve! Fifteen cents for four

people! People like that hadn't ought to eat!

Just five minutes of nine and only one party to go and one table to clear! "I ought to get out early tonight," she thought. She decided to go out into the kitchen. As she went through the door, she turned just in time to see a party of eight come through the door!! "I can't stand that," she thought to herself, and ran into one of the private rooms and hid behind the buffet. But in a minute she heard the soft footfalls of the head waitress, so she stood up trying to look nonchalant.

"Eight in D room," she said, "sorryyyyyyy," and her voice trailed off. "Why do people want to eat at this time of night? I should think they'd never get to sleep," she thought disgustedly. She got the "set ups," but didn't hurry, and was taking their order inside of fifteen minutes.

"Yes. Eight specials. Steamers and broiled live lobsters," she gave the order to the chef. He was disgusted, too.

"Vell, vous hef to wait for de steamers." So she waited!

After about a thousand catastrophies, the party finally filed out and Betty started to clean off the table, so tired she could hardly move. Then she saw something which made her eyes almost pop out of her head! "*Five dollars!!!*" she said out loud. She steadied herself by the table and sat down gently in a chair. She certainly did like the chances that a waitress had to take, but what a day today had been.

TOMORROW SHE COULD SLEEP
TILL NOON!!!!!!

LETITIA LEARY, '38.

THE STRANGER

With a shrill whistle that echoed and re-echoed through the bare hills, the north-bound train pulled into the tiny station of Glenwood and stopped. A single stranger alighted and received his suitcase from the waiting porter. The locomotive, like an impatient steed, shrilled its disapproval and snorted itself swiftly out of sight.

The newcomer slowly gazed on the land about him. The town itself was common enough, lying in a hollow, hemmed in on all sides by the grim mountains. It had one main street, boasting of a grocery store, a combined barber shop and gambling room, a bank, a church and several residences. At length the stranger, aroused from his silent inspection by a last ghostly echo of the train whistle, heaved a heavy sigh and entered the station.

To the casual glance the room was empty but a closer observance disclosed a pair of well worn shoes resting on an equally well worn desk. The stranger addressed the shoes thus: "Good afternoon." The sound of deep breathing was the only response.

"Ahem, I say, good afternoon." This time a grizzled head slowly appeared above the desk and gazed at the intruder.

"Could you tell me where the old Martin house is?" asked the stranger.

The old man blinked his eyes in disbelief. "Not old Ned Martin's house?" he gasped, "the haunted house?"

"I believe that's the one, although I was not aware that spirits were residing there," returned the other.

"Wal, there be," declared the old man, "an' if ye know what's best, ye'll be staying away like."

"I'm afraid that's impossible, for I am here on a—er—business," returned the stranger.

"Wal, don't say nobody warned ye," said the other. "There it be up there." The stranger's gaze followed the direction of the pointing finger until it rested on a distant house half way up a nearby mountain. Even from this distance the house sent back a look of warning. After a long time the stranger turned and said, "It is too great a distance to travel tonight. Is there some place where I might stay?"

"Ole Miss Peters takes roomers in the summer ofttimes. Mebbe she'll let ya in for the night. She lives in that white house, the second from the store, ya can't miss it," supplied the old man.

The stranger thanked him and suitcase in hand followed the directions.

Mrs. Peters proved to be glad to have a boarder so late in the season, but not only was it a source of extra money, but also a chance of hearing some "ever wanted news." She showed him to her nicest room (his be'n' such a likely looking sort), and informed him supper would be ready shortly.

The stranger freshened himself then strode to the mirror and stood regarding his reflection. What he saw there was a tall, slim, youthful man in his late twenties. An honest face that was framed in masses of dark, wavy hair and a pair of steady brown eyes that told the story of truth. Suddenly, as if dissatisfied with the reflection, he turned briskly away and drew from his pocket a gold watch. He opened it and stared for a long time, not at the hour hands, but at the face of a young and beautiful girl. Then encouraged

by the bright smiling countenance, he busied himself with an old book from the bedroom shelf.

Meanwhile in the little station another was deep in earnest thought. It was the station master and his thoughts rested on the stranger and the haunted house.

* * * * *

About forty years before this story, a dark haired man with his lovely golden haired bride had come to the village of Glenwood and built a home on the mountain side. They were Ned and Lucy Martin. This happy couple filled the hearts of the country folks with joy. No one knew from whence they came, and somehow no one managed to ask them. A year passed, two years, three years, then one cold winter night a crazed Ned Martin ran into town for help. He returned home with a doctor and a volunteer nurse, but too late, the fair Lucy had gone to a fairer land carrying in loving arms her baby daughter.

From this time on, Ned was a different man. He shut himself into his home and neither spoke nor mingled with the world. Then one morning he left on the early train and was never seen nor heard from again.

As years passed stories had been told by hunters of seeing Lucy, babe in arms, wandering from room to room in search of her husband. Children were made to mind by this story and—. But the old station agent was asleep.

* * * * *

The stranger was aroused from his book by a call for supper. It proved to be a tempting meal, and the conversation was equally pleasing. At last Mary Peters asked the question that had puzzled her

since the youth had entered her home.

"What's your name, Mister? I'd like very much to call you something."

The young man hesitated, then answered, "I'll tell you first thing in the morning."

With this answer he retired to his room and drawing forth the watch he spoke to the picture, "Ruth darling, please try to understand that I did not wish to leave you without an explanation, but that I did not know myself until I was on my journey. Dad called me to his office this morning and told me he had some business in another town he would like me to attend to. I did not refuse so he gave me this letter and said, 'Son, I cannot tell you in spoken words what your mission is. All directions will be in this letter, to be read by none but you, and not until you are on the train. Here is the money for your journey. Buy a ticket for Glenwood, perform your duty and God's blessing be on you.'"

"His letter puzzles me. It says, 'Find the old Martin place. Go there. Enter with the inclosed key and be sure that no one is following.' The first door at my right will be the library. I am to enter here and find on the wall the picture of a young woman. Behind this will be a crack in the plastering. I am to push on this and then to follow my own judgment in everything. That is all I know, my love, so please try to understand." The face in the watch seemed to smile a promise, the young man shut the case and that night it lay tightly clasped in his hand.

He rose early the next morning eager to accomplish his duties and leave. After breakfast he tramped out, forgetting his promise to his landlady. The sky was grey and the first snow of the season was falling. He headed in the direction of the

Martin house, and the higher he climbed the lower his courage ran. At length he stopped to rest and look back toward the town. But before his startled eyes stood two ghostly figures. He stood stiff with fright, then laughing at his fears, he advanced and read these words from their faces:

Here lies
Lucy Elinor Carpenter
wife of
Edward Lucian Martin
Oct. 8, 1870—Feb. 1, 1900

and
Here lies
Mary Lucy Martin
daughter of
Lucy E. and Edward L. Martin
Feb. 1, 1900—Feb. 1, 1900

Before these stones the young man stood motionless. He was beginning to understand. At last he turned and continued up the mountain. The wind had risen and whined disagreeably down the mountain side. The youth raised his eyes to find himself in front of the house. "Not a bad place when it was new," he said. He groped in his pocket and drew out his key, but while his stiff fingers fumbled with the latch, the door flew open as if given a tremendous yank, and the youth fell to the floor.

At first he was too out of breath and startled to move, but at last he gained his feet and thanked the wind for its help.

He now stood in the hallway from which several doors led into the various rooms of the house. Directly in front of him stood the stairs covered with the dust of many years, which his adventuresome spirit told him to explore. But instead he opened the door at his right and entered. True to his

directions it was the library. At first the darkness hindered his seeing, but he opened the blinds and the light of unexpected sunshine filled the room. Shelves and books lined the walls and on the desk in the corner lay a letter discolored with age and half eaten by the mice. On it was written one word, "Farewell," and underneath was the signature "Ned."

The youth's eyes now rested on the picture of a young girl and he recognized it to be the mentioned picture. He removed it carefully and pushed the plaster. Immediately it crumbled and there lay a tiny jeweled box. He drew it out and opened it. The bright sunlight shone on pearls—a whole box of them and in their midst rested a tiny prayer book. He turned the leaves reverently and found a small slip of paper, on which was written: "These pearls are mine. Even though disinherited by my father for the love of you, dear Ned, the traditional pearls are in my hands. To your daughter or your son's bride may they be given. Lucy."

The stranger left the house, locked the door and arrived at the ghostly figures once again. Before the taller he bent his knee and whispered a promise. It was: "Your wish shall be granted." Then getting to his feet he descended the mountain.

* * * * *

The noon train south was due in a few minutes. In the doorway stood a young man with his suitcase. "Thank you very much for your kind hospitality, Mrs. Peters, perhaps we shall meet again sometime."

"I sincerely hope we shall," she replied.

"Before I go may I ask a favor of you? Please tell anyone who asks, that the Mar-

tin place is for sale, the money to go to the town of Glenwood. Here is the written promise that I have signed; I am intrusting it to you. Good-bye and good luck."

Mrs. Peters gazed at the departing figure and then at the paper, which she held in her hand. Truly it was a written promise and it was signed by the stranger, "Edward Martin, Jr."

MARGARET RICHARDSON, '39.

HAPPY ENDING

Our story opens in the handsomely furnished drawing room of the Rancho Morlos. We see an elderly lady talking to a young man. She is Señora Morelos and the young man is Philipe, her son. As we listen, we hear her say, "It is the custom of our people, so please try to understand, my son, why you are to marry this girl, Maria Bonito."

"But, Mother, I've never seen the girl. I don't even know what she looks like," exclaimed Philipe.

"Enough," said the señora, "it was arranged at her birth that she was to be your bride on her twenty-first birthday, which is tomorrow. And Philipe," added his mother, as he was turning away, "I have heard that she is very pretty and very rich."

An hour later we see Philipe driving along the dusty road to San Jose, which is situated twenty miles from his home. Speeding around a turn in the road, he sees an attractive young girl bent over the motor of an auto. Pulling up alongside, he asks if he could be of assistance. She looks up and agrees that he might if he knows anything about an automobile.

Young Philipe poked an obliging head under the hood. Her carburetor valve was stuck. One slight push and it would be fixed. "This," he assured her, "looks serious, I think that I can adjust it, though. Are you in a hurry?"

"No-oo," said the girl, as she sat down on the running board, "I'm going to San Jose for the night. How far from civilization is this, anyway?"

"Señorita, you are in the midst of civilization, for am I not here?"

"Stop it," her tinkling laughter was as soft and sweet as her face and very lovely to hear.

For a little while Philipe worked steadily, disconnecting and reconnecting spark plugs. He got out the tool kit and used as many tools as possible in a workmanlike way. They talked of everything, of music, dancing, and of magic in the desert.

Purple shadows were gathering around the mountains north of them. The sky was handsome in the radiant glory of a western sunset. A brush lizard scurried for home, and the air was still as if time itself was waiting.

"Look," said Philipe at last, "there's a wonderful little inn a small distance from here. A lady from San Francisco started it. She is trying to recapture the atmosphere of early California and Mexico. She has gathered together some Mexican people and they run the place, from waiting on table to singing and dancing. I know that you would enjoy it. Let's have dinner there. You can be in San Jose by nine at the latest."

"It is a large temptation," acknowledged the girl, "I really think I will."

In a surprisingly short time young Señor Philipe had a certain engine run-

ning, and, I may add, running very smoothly.

"But what about your car?" questioned the girl. "You can't leave it here."

"I'll tell you what," explained Philipe. "I'll go ahead in my car and you follow in yours. How's that?"

The inn was gay with flowers and candles. Bright black-eyed girls in colorful costumes greeted them. Together the two young people watched Rositia at the hand looms in one of the small shops bordering the patio. They also watched Jose making gay colored pottery which could be purchased for a small amount of money.

"It's so fascinating," breathed the girl, "don't you think so?"

"Beautiful," agreed Philipe, and as one might have guessed he was not looking at the surroundings. Then, very softly, he began to sing an old Mexican love song which the orchestra was playing.

"But you have a wonderful voice," cried the girl.

"Si, Señorita, for yodeling."

"Oh, but I'm serious."

"I don't want you to know me as a singer but as a great writer. Seriously, though, I am looking for an answer to a story which I have sent to the publisher."

For an instant her hand lay on his arm, "You will be famous, I know it, and I shall be, oh, so proud of knowing you."

At dinner they sat on a balcony overlooking a hazy, mesquite-hung canyon. From somewhere in the depths was heard the whistle of a mocking bird. A slice of pale moon slid into the sky, grew bolder, and spread a thin light over them.

"Everything seems so peaceful and quiet up here," murmured the girl. "One

might have stepped into the past. And to think that there are places near here where people are hurrying their life away without thinking how short it really is and how quickly it will go without us hurrying."

Philipe leaned forward, "You are going to stay in San Jose for awhile, aren't you? You are not leaving in the morning?"

"I don't know where, but I'll probably be around somewhere, you see—well, never mind."

Their eyes met and held across the table. Suddenly, for Philipe, the future was brighter. He might be married to Maria, the girl that he had never seen, but he could not be expected to stay at home all the time. Once in awhile he could see this girl, maybe,—maybe some day he would be free to ask her to marry him. Who knows what the world has in store for one?

The evening passed on swift wings. They laughed much and were happy. At last, however, she said, "It's good-bye, please read this note when you reach your home, and not before."

"It's good-bye for a short time. You have my address, you'll write?" She hesitated, then: "I'll write," she promised, and she was off into the night.

"But wait!" cried Philipe. "Your name, you didn't tell me what it was."

Disappointed, Philipe returned to his car and drove slowly homeward, not thinking of anything except the beautiful girl and of his marriage to this unknown Maria which was to take place on the morrow. On reaching home he put up his car and went to his room. Upon entering he remembered the note which had been given him.

"She must have written it while I was talking to Jose," he mused, as he unfolded it. The room seemed to grow cold. He didn't know why, until he read. . . . There was no signature. Only—"I'm so terribly sorry, Philipe, sorrier than you'll ever know. My name—well, it doesn't matter. But last night did. Will it mean anything to you if I say that I shall remember it always, that I shall be watching you grow famous, that I shall read every story which you write, and shall probably cut out your photograph from some magazine or book and treasure it, thinking of you often, too often, maybe? You probably will not see me again. I am to be married. It seems funny that the man I am engaged to is named Philipe, the same as you. Forgive me, I couldn't tell you last night because I wanted nothing to spoil the memory of it."

"Adios, mi amingo."

For the second time this night Philipe was disappointed. As he slowly prepared for bed, he heard from somewhere through the open window the mournful, half finished note of a mocking bird.

The next morning Philipe was awakened early by the Señora, who told him to get up and prepare for breakfast. He obeyed slowly, not exactly looking forward to the things that the day had in store for him. As he entered the dining room, a servant passed him his morning mail. He was about to put it into his pocket when he noticed that one was from the publisher to whom he had sent his story. Quickly tearing it open, he read the joyous news that his story had been accepted and was to be published if satisfactory arrangements could be made with him.

They would be glad to look over ^{any} other novels which he would write and send to them.

"Philipe, please come here," called the Señora, "I received a message from your bride-to-be, Maria. She was late in reaching San Jose last night, but she will be here this afternoon. Her father and mother should be here now, as they were coming directly from Rosario. I don't understand why they should let her come alone a day ahead of time."

The day passed swiftly and it was late afternoon when a car drove into the yard and a knock sounded at the door. Philipe, who was then going by the door, opened it, to stare into the eyes of the girl he had met a day before.

"You!" cried Philipe.

"You!" echoed the girl. "What are you doing here? I was told that Señora Alamos lived here at this Rancho. Oh, you are visiting her?"

"Why," exclaimed Philipe, "that was my mother's name before she was married."

"Your mother? Then you are the one that I am to marry; you are Philipe Alamos."

"And you," he returned excitedly, "are my unknown Maria. To think that I have dreaded this day. Come in and meet your future mother-in-law."

Again the shadows of night were closing in, but this time Philipe and Maria were united forever.

As he turned to look into the happy eyes of his bride, the joyous whistle of a mocking bird floated by on the wings of the evening breeze.

R. SCAMMAN, '39.

THE FOUR CORNERS

I SPEAK?

May I speak? Two fingers raised languidly, hurriedly, or indifferently, rushing, waving frantically through the air, or propped up by the other arm in untold fatigue. Turning and twisting, jiggling and sighing, feet scuffling, finger snapping, and then a nod, "You may speak."

Why, oh why all this fervid furor? Well, that all depends.

First comes Willie Watson, the studious lad who is the teacher's pride and joy. He speaks only when necessary and then very briefly and straight to the point. Then there is Jimmie Jump-Up, who runs continually. His arm must be run by perpetual motion—it is in the air all the time.

At "the nod" up he jumps and scoots to his victim, who must listen to his silly run of chatter until he is told to return to his seat. He remains still for fully five minutes—perhaps—and then the urge is upon him. Up it goes. What? Why, the hand. His is the frantically waving type. And so on through the day for Jimmie. He never does his lessons himself; he bothers others, but still expects others to do his work as well as their own.

Of course, Persistent Pest is always around. He is the creature who likes to annoy the person in charge. He just asks

to speak in order to tease. He has no definite purpose other than that.

Silly Sally fits in here somewhere. She likes to go have a talk with her best friend about what she did last night, and what she intends to do tonight and tomorrow night, and so on ad infinitum, until her time is up. If she has more than one girl friend, needs must be that she go to each one and repeat her tale.

Gertie Gossip delights to tell a story or some luscious tid-bit of news that just can't wait until recess. She entertains everyone within hearing distance with these morsels of scandal. Her whisper carries over a radius of several seats, and she is willing to make it a little louder if possible, with the result that half the room is agog listening to her "News of the Day."

Of course there are variations from the main request, "May I speak?" "May I sit with someone to study?" or "May so-and-so and I go into the other room to study?" are the main themes. What goes on behind those closed doors, studying or the contrary, is not for me to say.

Human nature will always be the same. In every classroom there will be the tease, the gossip, the scholar.

So forever and a day shall this be two fingers raised: "May I speak?"

H. SNOW, '38.



"Woody"



"Hattie"



"Johnny"



"Nellie"



"Lizzie"



"Howie"



"Billy"



"Junior"



"Geva"



"Tisha"



"Maynard"



"Gerry"



"Jetty"



"Doc"



"Gene"

The Poet's Corner

SPRING

When the winds cease to blow,
And on the ground there's no more snow,
The birds begin to sing.
This is the sign of every spring.

When the trees begin to bud,
And the road is full of mud,
The birds begin to sing.
This is the sign of every spring.

When the ground begins to thaw,
And the crows start to caw,
The birds begin to sing.
This is the sign of every spring.

When the sun warms up the skies,
And every school boy sits and sighs,
The birds begin to sing.
This is the sign of every spring.

When the air begins to dry,
And the crickets start to cry,
The birds seldom sing.
This is the ending of every spring.

H. STROUT, '39.

THE WAVE

It rears and it rumbles, it rages and roars;
It tears and it tumbles, it beats on the shores;
It swings and it suckles, it billows and caves;
It swishes and buckles, the sinuous wave.
It froths and it tosses, it sings and it plays;
It sleeps and it settles, the undulate wave.
It swells and it ridges, it furrows and soars;
It merges and it surges, it laps on the shore.

HARRIETT SNOW, '38.

THE PLACE I CALL MY OWN

Upon the hill, so far away,
The pine and the hemlock softly sway.
That is the place I long to roam,
That is the place I call my own.

But here I am full of self-pity,
For I must stay in the busy city.
Here the people all are bustling,
But on the hill the trees are rustling.

Among the trees I long to be.
They make me happy and so free.
Some future day I'll have my home
Upon that hill where I love to roam.

C. HUNT, '39.

LIFE

Life lures us to the higher hills
Altho our plain be low,
And what behind the curtain lies
Is what we seek to know.

And so we miss the peace in life,
Because we aim too high,
And reaching for the farthest star
We let the moon go by.

NANCY RICE, '39.

HUMOR

Humor is the joy in life;
Without it there's no fun.
Humor is our greatest pride;
Without it there's no sun.

Humor chases frowns away;
Makes the smiles appear.
Humor shortens all long days
And passes out good cheer.

Humor is a great possession;
Urge it if you can.
Humor starts an inspiration
And helps the working man.

So all you humorous people
Laugh out strong and loud;
Smile, tell a joke or two,
And drive away dark clouds.

SELMA COHEN, '40.

A TREASURE

Do you know the greatest treasure
A person ever owned?

* * * *

Someone to tell all your troubles;
To go to when you're sad;
Someone to wipe away your tears,
And make your sad heart glad;
Someone who'll not forsake you
In sorrow or in joy;
Someone who'll always love you best,
Your pleasures be their joy;
Someone who knows your failings,
And overlooks your faults;
Someone who'll always help you o'er
This life's impending halts.
A true friend, a best friend,
With love beyond measure,
In this land, or any land,
Is man's greatest treasure.

IDA C. NELSON, '39.

DAY DREAMS

I sat upon the fine white sand,
 My eyes gazed on the sea;
 No ships I saw, no sea-feared band,
 Oh, hour, I've wasted thee.

I watched the thrashing whitecaps roll
 My mind, far distant memories;
 A sea bird's tale shrill did unfold,
 Oh, day, I've wasted thee.

The sun, beneath a powdery cloud,
 Cast paintings on the sea;
 Sea creatures went their wandrous ways,
 Oh, life, I've wasted thee.

EDWARD SULLIVAN, '39.

SPRING

Oh, cloudy day and sunny day,
 You always herald spring.
 We welcome you and singing birds,
 And budding flowers you bring.

The frogs are trilling in the ponds.
 I hear a whippoorwill.
 Farmer boy with fishing rod
 Goes whistling up the hill.

The planting and the gardening,
 The way the farmers strive—
 Everything I see makes me
 Just glad to be alive.

CHRISTINE GANTNIER, '39.

NATURE

I lie on a bed of flowers
 Beneath the shadow of a tree,
 And the warm air is my cover
 As it drapes itself over me.

The shining leaves, my umbrella,
 If the cool spring rain should fall.
 The big tree, my companion,
 Standing so straight and tall.

I talk to the tree so stately
 About this grand old earth,
 And give thanks to my Creator,
 Who gave sweet spring her birth.

I tell to the tree my troubles,
 I tell it of my woes.
 It whispers, "Whate'er your problem,
 Take it to God, He knows."

The clouds floating o'er me murmur,
 "You can tell all your troubles to Him."
 And then my burden grows lighter,
 The heartache and sorrows grow dim.

So, as you walk along the road,
 And life seems just a fraud,
 Lay your head in the lap of spring
 And take all your troubles to God.

NANCY RICE, '39.

HEAVENLY BEAUTY

The sun, the moon, the stars above;
 Thy handiwork they show.
 They teach us, Lord, the faultless ways;
 The ways in which to go.

A PLEDGE

We cannot hide our souls from Him
 Who knows us through and through;
 So let us live a life of faith,
 And to His name be true.

WINSLOW HALL, '39.



"Well, Charlie, what have we to say today?"

"Bergen, we have so much to say that we haven't room for all."

"Well, what is it that you're so excited about?"

"Exchanges from other schools, Bergen. Exchanges!"

"Well, let's hear them."

"First we have one from Limington Academy."

"Was there anything the matter with it, Charlie?"

"Not a thing, Bergen, not a thing. The *Sokokis Warrior* was an excellent book from cover to cover."

"That's interesting. What other books have you read that you enjoyed as you did Limington's?"

"Well, there was that high school in South Paris. Theirs was a mimeographed book, very well written and the literary department was swell reading."

"Did we hear from Foxcroft Academy, Charlie?"

"Yes, Bergen, but there weren't enough jokes and I think that there must be some sense of humor there. Other than that it was very well done."

"How about our rival in basketball, Charlie?"

"Oh! You mean Falmouth. Their *Crest* was an excellent book and nothing that I read in it could I find fault with."

"That's good. I know some one in that school at Guilford. What have you to say about *The Rostrum*?"

"I have the same to say about their book as I had to say about Dover-Foxcroft's—good literary section but a few more jokes needed."

"That school in Norway liked our joke department and wanted to know why we didn't make some use of our French students. What do you say about theirs?"

"Well, Edgar, their *Caduceus* is excellent and their French department is the best I have read."

"Well, Bergen, we have covered quite a lot of territory and still have far to go."

"Charlie, let's take some schools that have sent their year books to us for the first time."

"All right, Edgar, we received one from Bar Harbor High and wish to make a comment that more humor would help *The Islander*, although the literary and other departments are very good. We hope to continue exchanging with them."

"I express your entire thoughts, Charlie."

"Now we take the Winter Harbor High School. Theirs was a most interesting book."

"Well, Charlie, we haven't time for any more, so just name those that we have received."

"Bergen, the list is:

Machias High School, Machias, Maine.

Newport High School, Newport, Maine.

West Paris High School, West Paris, Maine.

Standish High School, Standish, Maine.

Mechanic Falls High School, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Sanford High School, Sanford, Maine.

Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

Lassell Junior College, Auburndale, Boston, Mass.

Berwick High School, Berwick, Maine.

Bristol High School, Bristol, Maine.

Samuel D. Hanson High School, Buxton Center, Maine.

N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine.

Limerick High School, Limerick, Maine."

"We hope to continue our exchanges with these schools."





CAKE FOR TWO



TOO LATE



DON
PERC



WATER
MAIDS



TALL+SHORT



CHARLIE



HITCH-HIKERS



SNO-WHITE



BOYS' OUTDOOR TRACK

The tenth annual Triple C track and field meet was held at the Portland High School stadium late in May. Scarboro placed third, being beaten by Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth, who totaled scores of $49\frac{1}{2}$ and 30 points respectively.

The meet took place under very unfavorable weather conditions and rain-soaked contestants and spectators were intermingled throughout the afternoon. Yet in spite of the handicaps, Scarboro came through with a first place tie in the pole vault (Scamman and Gower), a tie for first in the broad jump (Burnell), a second in the discus (Southworth), a second in the shot put (Scamman), a third in the 100-yard dash (Burnell), a third in the quarter mile (Dolloff), a third in the javelin (Scamman), a tie for third in the high jump (Scamman), and a third in the relay.

Rain or no rain, the showing that our team made in the meet convinced us that the foundation had been well laid for the coming year.

Our outdoor track teams are usually at or near the top of league competition year after year. We attribute much of the credit for this to our principal, Mr. Bessey, whose energy and enthusiasm keep our interest in developing our abilities at its best.

Summary of events:

100-Yard Dash—Won by Howison (Falmouth); second, Smith (Falmouth); third, Burnell (Scarboro). Time, $11\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Mile Run—Won by Jensen (Falmouth); second, Hancock (Pennell); third, Hawkes (Falmouth). Time, 5 minutes 10 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Hilton (Falmouth); second, Hawkes (Falmouth); third, Dolloff (Scarboro). Time, $57\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Half Mile Run—Won by Jensen (Falmouth); second, tie between Morton (Falmouth) and Benoit (Cape). Time, 2 minutes $16\frac{1}{2}$ seconds (new record).

220-Yard Dash—Won by Smith (Falmouth); second, Quinn (Cape); third, Erskine (Cape). Time, 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

High Jump—Won by Brink (Cape); second, Martin (Cape); third, tie between Scamman (Scarboro) and Hilton (Falmouth). Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Brink (Cape) and Burnell (Scarboro); third, Howison (Falmouth). Distance, 17 feet 3 inches.

Javelin—Won by Hawkes (Falmouth); second, Smith (Falmouth); third, Scamman (Scarboro). Distance, 118 feet 6 inches.

Discus—Won by Brink (Cape); second, Southworth (Scarboro); third, Gardiner (Cape). Distance, 95 feet.

Pole Vault—Won by Gower and Scamman (Scarboro); third, tie between Sickles and Vail (Falmouth). Height, 8 feet.

Shot Put—Won by Brink (Cape); second, Scamman (Scarboro); third, Gardiner (Cape). Distance, 40 feet 3 inches.

Half Mile Relay—Won by Falmouth; second, Pennell; third, Scarboro. Time, 1 minute 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

RECAPITULATION

	Falmouth	Cape	Scarboro	Pennell	Yarmouth
100-Yard Dash,	8	0	1	0	0
Mile Run,	6	0	0	3	0
440-Yard Dash,	8	0	1	0	0
Half Mile Run,	7	2	0	0	0
220-Yard Dash,	5	4	0	0	0
High Jump,	$\frac{1}{2}$	8	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0
Broad Jump,	1	4	4	0	0
Javelin,	8	0	1	0	0
Discus,	0	6	3	0	0
Pole Vault,	1	0	8	0	0
Shot Put,	0	6	3	0	0
Half Mile Relay,	5	0	1	3	0
Totals,	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	0





GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

*Back Row, Left to Right: Coach Marr; Pooler, '38; Gantnier, '39; Manager Jensen, '38.
Front Row, Left to Right: Howatt, '38; Plowman, '38; Stanford, '40; Johnson, '38.*

GIRLS' TRACK

The girls' track team won the Triple C outdoor championship on May 19, 1937. This was the first championship the Scarboro girls have ever won and the shield on the wall of the school tells the proud story. The following girls were members of the team: Geneva Plowman, '38; Elva Pooler, '38; Helene Howatt, '38; Jeanette Johnson, '38; Marian Stanford, '40; Imogene Douglas, '37; Manager Ellen Jensen, '38; and Coach Marr, a member of the faculty.

The following is a record of the meet:

40-Yard Dash—Won by Plowman (Scarboro); second, Poulin (N. Y. A.); third, Ward (N. Y. A.). Time, 6 seconds.

75-Yard Dash—Won by Plowman (Scarboro); second, Wilson (Falmouth); third, Ward (N. Y. A.). Time, 10 seconds.

Five Potato Race—Won by Stanford (Scarboro); second, Poulin (N. Y. A.); third, Young (N. Y. A.). Time, 21½ seconds.

Baseball Throw—Won by Leonard (Cape); second, Plowman (Scarboro); third, Blake (Falmouth). Distance, 160 feet 4 inches.

Discus—Won by Plowman (Scarboro); second, Anderson (Falmouth); third, Lawson (Falmouth). Distance, 65 feet 4½ inches.

Relay Race—Won by Windham; second, Falmouth; third, N. Y. A. No time taken.

No records were broken due to the rainy weather which prevailed during the time of the meet.



Press Herald-Telegram Photo

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

Left to Right: Manager Ewing; G. Pooler, '40; M. Michelson, '40; Cott, '40; G. Michelson, '39; Dolloff, '40; Scamman, '39; Plowman, '41; Libby, '40; Southworth, '38; Glover, '40; F. Pooler, '41; Coach Higgins.

	40-Yard Dash	75-Yard Dash	Potato Race	Baseball Throw	Discus	Relay Race	Totals
Scarboro,	5	5	5	3	5	0	23
Falmouth,	0	3	0	1	4	3	11
North Yarmouth,	4	1	4	0	0	1	10
Cape Elizabeth,	0	0	0	5	0	0	5
Windham,	0	0	0	0	0	5	5

Great credit is due Miss Dorothy Marr, who has been very efficient and patient in coaching the girls' team.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Geneva Plowman, the Girls' Athletics Editor, turned in the above account of the girls' activities but naturally failed to mention the details of that famous day in the rain when she alone scored eighteen points, enough to win the meet by herself. It was an outstanding performance for any athlete. The remaining five points were won by Marian Stanford, a Freshman, who, we hope, will win many more points for Scarboro.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Scarboro High School again has a cross-country team after a lean period of six years. The team, under the fine coaching of Mr. Higgins, enjoyed a perfect season, winning all three of their meets with other schools.

In an interclass practice meet held early in the season, the Freshmen-Juniors succeeded in winning over the Sophomores-Seniors by the close score of 27-29.

The first interscholastic meet came on October 14th, when the team went to Gorham and outran the Normal School junior varsity with a score of 23-38. "Bob" Scamman and "Bill" Cott, who placed second and third respectively, certainly showed plenty of stamina and courage in running such fine races against their larger and older rivals.

On October 21st, Scarboro again met the G. N. S. Jayvees on our own two mile course. "Ken" Dolloff led the Scarboro harriers home and the team again swamped the visitors with the score of 19-44.

The team, believing they had another good run left in them, journeyed to Lewiston on October 27th to run the Bates College Freshmen. Here again was an opponent worthy of their best efforts. But running through rain and mud and against a supposedly superior team, the boys surprised everyone by adding another feather to their already overloaded caps by winning 19 to 38. "Ken" Dolloff, "Spike" Plowman and "Bill" Cott broke the tape together, tying for first position with the fast time of 11 minutes and 50 seconds.

Our record follows:

Scarboro Freshmen-Juniors, 27; Sophomores-Seniors, 29.

Gorham Normal School Junior Varsity, 38; Scarboro, 23.

Gorham Normal School Junior Varsity, 44; Scarboro, 19.

Eates College Freshmen, Team B, 38; Scarboro, 19.

Team members who contributed to wins:

K. Dolloff, W. Cott, W. Plowman, H. Strout, D. Plummer, R. Scamman, T. Clover, G. Michelson, G. Pooler, F. Pooler. Other member of the squad: M. Michelson.

BOYS' SWIMMING MEET

The tenth annual Triple C swimming meet was held at the Y. M. C. A. pool on November 10, 1937. Scarboro, through Warren Ewing's skill in the 40-yard breast stroke, scored but three points.

Although the competition has been keener in the last few years, our own talent has also been lacking the skill of

for next year. Let this be a challenge to our boys and girls! Everybody should know how to swim! Let's develop more swimmers in our school!

We would like to place a better team in the pool next year and with your help we can.

The members of this year's team are as follows: Dolloff, '40; Southworth, '38; Ewing, '40; G. Pooler, '40; F. Pooler, '41; Strout, '39; and G. Michelson, '39.

Summary of events:

100-Yard Free Style—Won by Manchester (Windham); second, Libby (Freeport); third, tie between J. Portenzo (Falmouth) and Dinsmore (Cape). Time, 1 minute 14 seconds.

40-Yard Free Style—Won by Maines (Windham); second, Smith (Falmouth); third, Haley (Yarmouth). Time, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

40-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Maines (Windham); second, Ewing (Scarboro); third, Marston (Windham). Time, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

40-Yard Back Stroke—Won by Libby (Freeport); second, Wile (Yarmouth); third, Hill (Windham). Time, 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds (new record).

120-Yard Medley Relay—Won by Windham; second, Freeport; third, Falmouth. Time, 1 minute 30 $\frac{1}{10}$ seconds.

80-Yard Relay—Won by Falmouth; second, Freeport; third, Windham. Time, 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds (new record).

Diving—Won by J. Portenzo (Falmouth); second, Nichols (Freeport); third, Howard (Windham).

RECAPITULATION

	Windham	Freeport	Falmouth	Yarmouth	Scarboro	Cape	Gorham	New Gloucester
100-Yard Free Style,	5	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0
40-Yard Free Style,	5	0	3	1	0	0	0	0
40-Yard Breast Stroke,	6	0	0	0	3	0	0	0
40-Yard Back Stroke,	1	5	0	3	0	0	0	0
120-Yard Medley Relay,	5	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
80-Yard Relay,	1	3	5	0	0	0	0	0
Diving,	1	3	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	24	17	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0

GIRLS' SWIMMING

Sometime before the Triple C Swimming meet a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested, but as the day drew near, enthusiasm waned. So it was that we had only two girls, Marian Stanford, '40, and Theresa Doyle, '41, who entered the meet. Due to the league requirements for three entrants, Scarboro was not an official participant.





RIFLE TEAM

Left to Right: Dolloff, '40; Johnson, '38; Fielding, '38; Higgins, '39; Eradford, '39.

RIFLE MEET

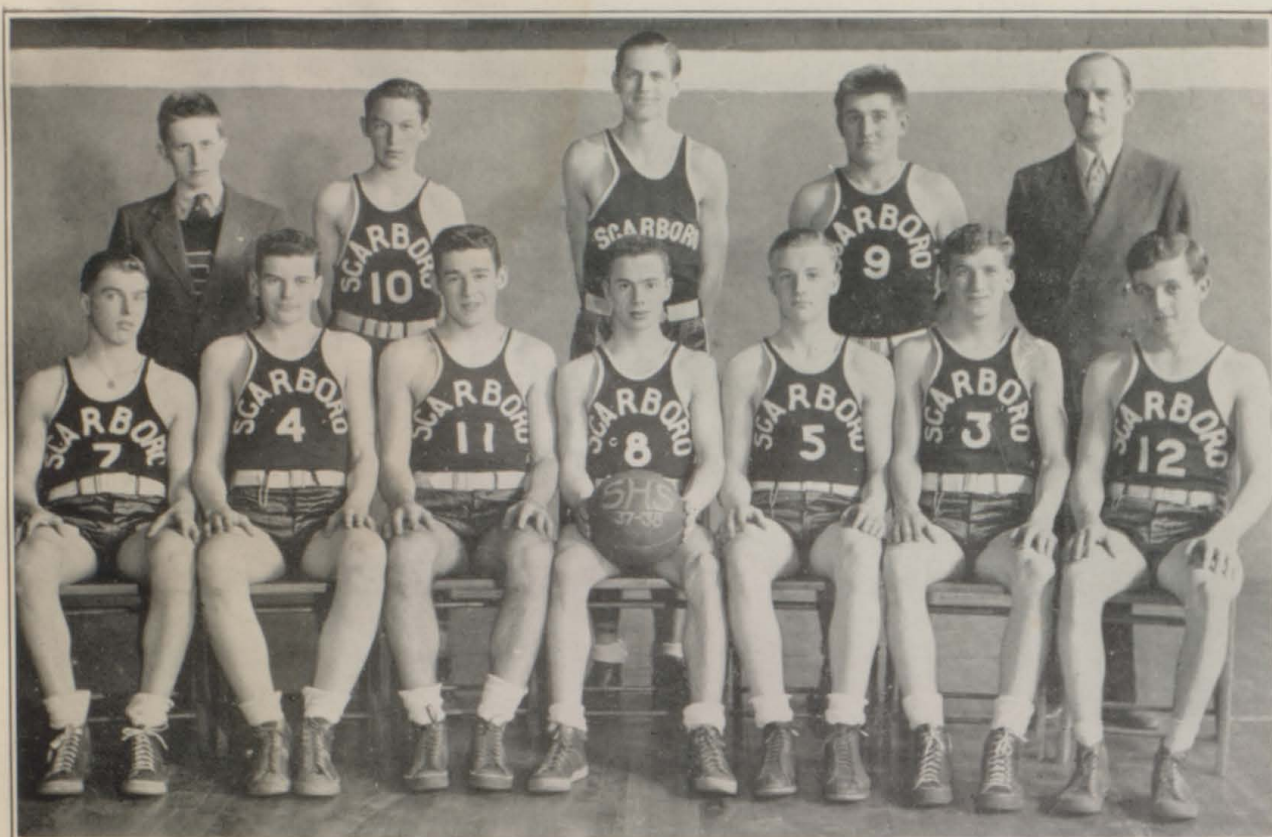
The Falmouth High School rifle team captured the championship of the eighth annual Triple C rifle meet at the Y. M. C. A. range on Saturday, December 4, 1937, with a score of 232 points.

Smith of Falmouth led the individual scorers with 81 points out of a possible 100, including the score of 47 out of 50 prone. Harriman of Cape Elizabeth was the high off-hand shooter with 37 out of 50 points.

Scarboro was well represented by the following: Captain William Fielding, '38; K. Dolloff, '40; L. Higgins, '39; W. Bradford, '39; and N. Johnson, '38. Scarboro's high scorers of the meet were Captain Fielding, who won his letter with 70 points, Bradford with 68 points and Higgins with 66 points.

Point summary:

	Off-Hand	Prone	Totals
Falmouth:			
Smith,	34	47	81
Vail,	31	46	77
Lund,	32	42	74
			232
Cape Elizabeth:			
Brown,	34	45	79
Harriman,	37	37	74
Peabody,	38	35	73
			226
Windham:			
Zucliuk,	31	41	72
Philpot,	28	41	69
Maines,	26	39	65
			206
Scarboro:			
Fielding,	29	41	70
Bradford,	29	39	68
Higgins,	30	36	66
			204
Gorham:			
Sturgis,	29	36	65
Caner,	22	36	58
Poothby,	30	26	56
			179
Standish:			147
New Gloucester:			129



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, Left to Right: Manager Fielding, '38; Peacock, '39; Knight, '38; Southworth, '38; Coach Hallett.

Front Row, Left to Right: Glover, '40; Mitchell, '39; Scamman, '39; Captain Harmon, '38; Clark, '39; Dolloir, '40; Leary, '39.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1937-38 has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. The defeats which the team suffered last year served to develop a team which lost only two games in its regular league schedule. What a contrast to the team of last year which won only two games. We are proud of the team's development and record.

Summaries:

FIRST TEAM RESULTS

	Scarboro	Opponents
*Greely,	31	14
Gorham (L),	21	26
*Standish (L),	40	23
Cape Elizabeth (L),	26	13
*Alumni,	31	37
*Falmouth (L),	26	25
*Porter,	53	24
*Gorham (L),	23	18

Standish (L),	37	15
Yarmouth,	22	16
*Yarmouth,	17	11
*Cape Elizabeth (L),	57	31
Falmouth (L),	37	26
G. N. S. Jayvees,	25	32
†Gorham (League Play-off),	13	18
LEWISTON TOURNEY		
Fryeburg,	22	44
GORHAM TOURNEY		
York,	36	29
Gorham,	25	34
	542	436

* Home games.

(L) League games.

† Played at South Portland.

SECOND TEAM RESULTS

	Scarboro	Opponents
*Standish,	35	11
Greely,	26	17
Yarmouth,	21	10
*Yarmouth,	37	12
*Greely,	47	37
Standish,	34	10
	200	97

* Home games.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

	Points
Mitchell,	186
Dolloff,	146
Scamman,	99
Clark,	45
Harmon,	29
Knight,	23
Southworth,	7
Leary,	3
Hersey,	2
Peacock,	2
	542

TRIPLE C LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Scarboro,	7	1	.875
Gorham,	7	1	.875
Falmouth,	4	4	.500
Cape Elizabeth,	1	7	.125
Standish,	1	7	.125

* Play-off game between Gorham and Scarboro won by Gorham.

REVIEW OF SCORING RECORD OF
SCARBORO HIGH TEAMS OF
PAST TEN YEARS

Year	Games	Points	Average Points Per Game
1929	15	259	17 plus
1930	16	437	27 plus
1931	19	516	27 plus
1932	13	284	22 plus
1933	12	278	23 plus
1934	16	460	28 plus
1935	14	425	30 plus
1936	18	676	37 plus
1937	11	253	23 plus
1938	18	542	30 plus
Totals,	152	4,130	27 plus

The first game of the year was played with our old rival, Gorham, and we were defeated by the score of 21 to 26. But this defeat, instead of depressing the boys, seemed to spur them on, for they quickly hit their stride in the following game and banished all ideas of losing.

We played our second game with Gorham on January 21st in our own gym. A record crowd was present to see the boys upset the dope bucket by winning the game in the last few minutes of play, 23 to 18. Although hard pressed by Falmouth, the team won all the rest of their league games.

We all hoped that Falmouth would win from Gorham in their last league game and automatically put us in top position. But they couldn't quite turn the trick, thus Scarboro and Gorham tied for first position. The play-off took place on the South Portland High School floor. Although the boys did their best, Gorham managed to stem a terrific last-half attack to win the championship by the score of 18 to 13.

We then traveled to Lewiston to take part in the small school tourney there. We were forced to play without the services of one of our stellar guards, Normie Harmon, who was injured in the play-off with Gorham. The boys played a fine game against Fryeburg Academy, but their height proved to be too much of a handicap and we lost by a top-heavy score of 44 to 22.

A week later the team entered the Gorham Normal tournament at Gorham. Here again hard luck seemed to dog our footsteps, for our players were sadly out of condition, due mostly to heavy colds. Our first game was with York, and in spite of our handicap, the team proved to the fans that a team that won't be beaten can't be beaten, for we won going away, 36 to 29.

As a result, our hopes were high for our second game with Gorham. But it was too much to expect of a sick team, and the boys went down fighting by a score of 34 to 25. Scarboro's play in the Gorham Normal tournament was an exhibition of gameness and courage and we take off our hats to a great team.

Our second team had a perfect season, winning six games and losing none. Many promising candidates have been developed, and it looks like another good season next year. Many thanks to Mr. Hallett for his long and painstaking hours of coaching.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, Left to Right: Coach Marr; Harmon, '41; Skillings, '39; Newcomb, '39; Gantnier, '39; Hersey, '41; Manager Wood, '38.

Front Row, Left to Right: Plowman, '38; Howatt, '38; Johnson, '38; Captain Pooler, '38; Snow, '38; Jensen, '38; Leary, '38.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team had a fairly successful season this year, winning four games and losing five. The entire first team, composed of Captain Elva Pooler and Helene Howatt, guards; Ellen Jensen and Geneva Plowman, forwards; Jeanette Johnson, Letitia Leary and Harriett Snow, centers, will be graduated in June. Girls making the second team were Mary Newcomb, '39, Isabelle Harmon, '41, June Skillings, '39, Christine Gantnier, '39, and Clara Hersey, '41, whom we hope to hear from in the future. Much praise is due Marian Wood, '38, our very efficient manager.

Summary of games:

*Scarboro,	27	Greely,	14
Scarboro,	15	Gorham,	26
Scarboro,	13	Cape Elizabeth,	23
*Scarboro,	34	Alumnæ,	17
*Scarboro,	20	Falmouth,	26
*Scarboro,	38	Porter,	19
*Scarboro,	24	Gorham	18
*Scarboro,	17	Cape Elizabeth,	31
*Scarboro,	10	Falmouth,	29
Totals,	198	Totals,	208
* Home Games.			

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Points
Geneva Plowman,	122
Ellen Jensen,	70
Clara Hersey,	3
Christine Gantnier,	2
Helene Howatt,	1
	<hr/> 198



BOYS' INDOOR TRACK

Back Row, Left to Right: Coach Higgins; Burnell, '38; Sullivan, '29; Michelson, '39; Manager Ewing, '40; Royal, '40; Plowman, '41; Hunt, '39; Coach Hallett.

Front Row, Left to Right: Fielding, '38; Peacock, '39; Southworth, '38; Captain Knight, '38; Scamman, '39; Dolloff, '40; Leary, '39.

INDOOR TRACK

The eleventh annual indoor track meet was held at the Portland Y. M. C. A. on March 26, 1938.

Scarboro with a well balanced team captured the championship, winning two events and placing in all but the relay. "Ken" Dolloff came within $\frac{2}{5}$ of a second of breaking a record when he picked up the potatoes in $16\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Scamman with three seconds, Dolloff with a first and three thirds and Burnell with a first were high scorers for Scarboro. Ralph Sawyer of Pennell was high scorer of the meet with 11 points. However, Scamman of Scarboro and Dolloff of Scarboro were close behind, with nine and eight points respectively.

Other team members were Sullivan, '39; Knight, '38; Southworth, '38; G.

Michelson, '39; Royal, '40; W. Fielding, '38; Leary, '39; Hunt, '39; Peacock, '39; and Plowman, '41.

Summary:

20-Yard Dash—Won by Burnell (Scarboro); second, Smith (Greely); third, Dolloff (Scarboro). Time, $2\frac{9}{10}$ seconds.

High Jump—Won by Leighton (Falmouth); second, Scamman (Scarboro); third, Sawyer (Pennell). Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Shot Put—Won by Hanson (Falmouth); second, Scamman (Scarboro); third, Lauretson (Pennell). Distance, 34 feet 10 inches.

Rope Climb—Won by Jorgensen (Windham); second, tie between Fielding (Scarboro) and Sawyer (Pennell). Time, $9\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Waterman (New Gloucester); second, Sawyer (Pennell); third, Dolloff (Scarboro). Distance, 8 feet 6 inches.

Hop, Step and Jump—Won by Sawyer (Pennell); second, Hill (Windham); third, Dolloff (Scarboro). Distance, 25 feet.

Potato Race—Won by Dolloff (Scarboro); second, Scamman (Scarboro); third, Vail (Falmouth). Time, $16\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Relay Race—Won by Pennell; second, Falmouth; third, New Gloucester.

RECAPITULATION

	Greely	New Gloucester	Windham	Falmouth	Pennell	Scarboro
20-Yard Dash,	6	0	0	0	0	3
High Jump,	3	1	5	0	0	0
Shot Put,	3	1	5	0	0	0
Rope Climb,	2	2	0	5	0	0
Standing Broad Jump,	1	3	0	0	5	0
Hop, Step and Jump,	1	5	0	3	0	0
Potato Race,	8	0	1	0	0	0
Relay,	0	5	3	0	1	0
Totals,	24	17	14	8	6	3

SPORTS COMMENTARY

STATE TRACK MEET

Kennebunk High School walked away with the Class C title in the State track meet held in Portland on June 5, 1937, scoring 76 points against the 15 points scored by the nearest competitor, Cape Elizabeth. This did not surprise us, for we knew that they had a great bunch of athletes. Congratulations, Kennebunk!

We are proud, however, that Scarboro, with a comparatively green team and against competition like this, was able to score a second in the pole vault (Southworth), a fourth in the 120-yard high hurdles (Glover), a third in the 220-yard low hurdles (Dolloff), a tie for third in the pole vault (Scamman), and fourth in the relay; total $8\frac{1}{2}$ points. Congratulations, boys, and we are looking forward to a fine year.

BASEBALL

Again baseball was carried on as an informal sport, a supplement to outdoor track. It was decided this year to give a letter in baseball on the basis of eight games played or two years' competition.

Quite a number of boys were interested, including E. Mitchell, S. Libby, R. Scamman, H. Pence, D. Rawson, P. Knight, T. Newcomb, H. Peacock, W. Gower, C. Southworth, K. Dolloff and D. Clark.

We feel that if Scarboro ever desires to concentrate on baseball as a league sport, a good team could be developed.

Team record:

Windham,	5	Scarboro,	2
Gorham,	22	Scarboro,	5
Corham,	13	Scarboro,	0
*Windham,		*Scarboro,	

* Postponed.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The annual basketball game between the Freshman and Sophomore boys was as hotly contested as ever. The Sophomores proved to be too strong for the newcomers and they finally won, 22 to 10.

WINTER SPORTS

This is the second consecutive year that the Triple C has had to give up the winter sports meet, due to a lack of snow in this vicinity. We believe, however, that there is a lot of interest in this winter activity, and hope that, in future years, snow will be provided for our use.

BASKETBALL BALLAD

Speaking of immortal works by great writers, we think Mr. Stoddard's ballad on the Gorham basketball game deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame.

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

We were pleased to see so much interest among the classes in track this spring. Besides those who turned out to take part in the meet, there were a large number of spectators. The final results were close, but "Bob" Scamman proved to be the deciding factor for the Juniors when he topped the bar in the high jump at five feet and one inch to give the Juniors a

win by $\frac{3}{5}$ of a point. Results: Juniors $34\frac{1}{5}$, Sophomores $33\frac{3}{5}$, Seniors $19\frac{1}{5}$, Freshmen 1.

BADMINTON

When Mr. Bessey came to school with a badminton set one morning, we looked forward to a lot of fun, and we have not been disappointed. It has become quite popular with certain members of our student body.

TENNIS

There has been some agitation for a tennis court this spring. There seems to be quite a lot of interest among the student body and we hope that something comes from it. Tennis is certainly a fine sport for both boys and girls.

SOFTBALL

Softball looks like a promising intramural sport this spring. Coach Hallett feels that he can interest more students in softball than in baseball and yet not interfere with the development of track as a major spring sport.

HORSESHOES

The horseshoe stakes have recently been put out and as soon as the weather clears up you'll see plenty of barnyard golf balls flitting back and forth from stake to stake.

VOLLEY BALL

We believe that volley ball under favorable conditions would prove to be a popular game. It has already proved its worth as a developer in physical education. Try it, boys, you'll like it!





WEARERS OF THE "S"

Front Row, Left to Right: Woodward, '38; Harmon, '38; Glover, '40; Ewing, Jr., '40; Dolloff, '40; Clark, '39; Plowman, '41.
Middle Row, Left to Right: Jensen, '38; Howatt, '38; Wood, '38; Johnson, '38; Pooler, '38; Leary, '38; Snow, '38; Plowman, '38; Stanford, '40.
Back Row, Left to Right: Scamman, '39; Southworth, '38; Knight, '38; Cott, '40; Mitchell, '39; Fielding, '38.

Boys' Basketball

Harmon, '38	Clark, '39
Dolloff, '40	Knight, '38
Scamman, '39	Southworth, '38
Mitchell, '39	W. Fielding, '38 (Mgr.).

Boys' Swimming

Ewing, '40

Rifle

W. Fielding, '38

Boys' Track

Glover, '40	W. Fielding, '38
Scamman, '39	Burnell, '38
Dolloff, '40	Southworth, '38
	Knight, '38

Girls' Basketball

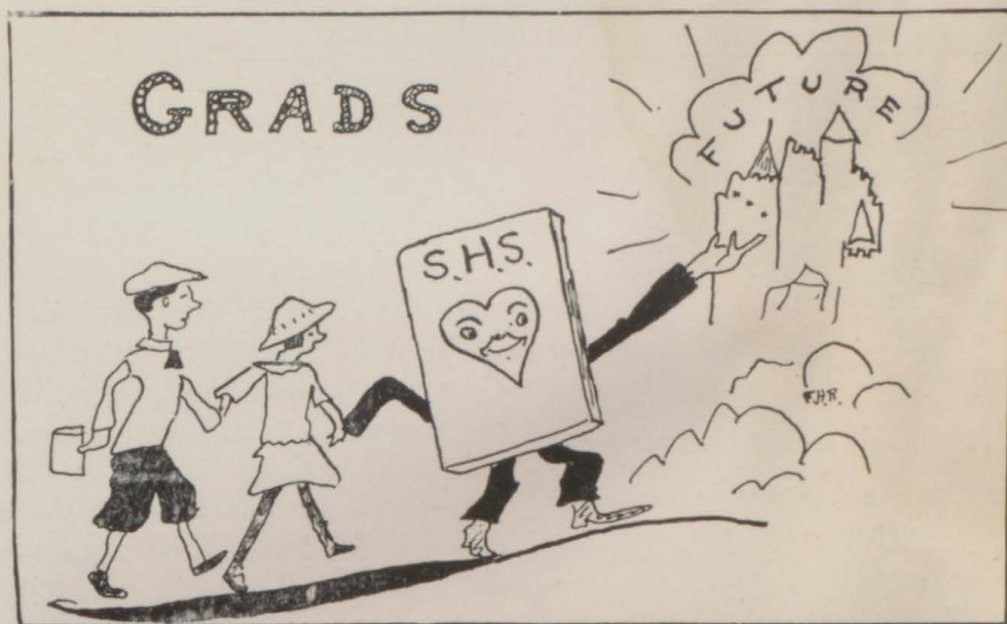
Jensen, '38	Plowman, '38
Snow, '38	Leary, '38
Johnson, '38	Howatt, '38
Pooler, '38	Wood, '38 (Mgr.)

Cross-Country

Cott, '40	Dolloff, '40
	Plowman, '41

Girls' Track

Stanford, '40	Plowman, '38
	Howatt, '38



ALUMNI NOTES

Philip Harmon, '35, well on the way to making a name for himself; he studied at Leland Powers. He appeared in various roles in the Children's Theater in Boston. He was cast as Nat, the violinist, in the Clare Tree major production, "Little Men." After one hundred and seventeen performances, the show was closed and Philip took a part in "The Nuremburg Stone," which he has played for several months. His next part will be Hansel in "Hansel and Gretel." "Hard work," says Phil, "but I love it."

Ted Newcomb, ponderous pachyderm of last year's basketball team, made the University of Maine Freshman football team as well as basketball squad. He sidelines in the agricultural course. Delmar Shaw, '36, and Almon Huff, '36, also attend University of Maine.

Donald Stevens, '37, Richard Frederick, '37, Grant Jensen, '35, Vivian Plowman, '35, and Nellie Harmon, '35, all attend Northeastern University. Nellie is working for a normal certificate and is teaching

four periods a day in addition to her studies.

We have two representatives at Colby, Willard Smyth, '35, and Shirley Knight, '36. The latter was honored by being placed on the Dean's list for the last two ranking periods.

Vernon Paulsen, '37, our ace in mechanical drawing and manual training, received a position in F. O. Bailey's, as a cabinet maker, immediately after his graduation.

George Woodward, '34, after completing two years in Portland Junior College, has transferred to Boston University.

At Gray's Business College we are represented by Jocelyn Shaw, '36.

Ethelyn Pillsbury, '34, a graduate of Gorham Normal School, is now teaching at the Oak Hill Grammar School.

Roger W. Scamman, '35, of the U. S. S. *Tennessee*, is now in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Irene Briel, valedictorian of last year's class, is employed in the nurses' home at the Maine General Hospital.

MARRIAGES

Walter L. Douglass, '29, to Alma E. Smith.

Joseph M. Libby, '29, to Henrietta M. Toner.

Donald L. Harrington, '33, to Eleanor M. Cole.

Marion R. Douglass, '32, to Clifford A. Mehlman.

Raymond Sparrow, '26, to Myrtle H. Goddard.

Maynard A. Dolloff, '36, to Charlotte A. Burnham, '36.

Janet Littlefield, '37, to Arthur E. Johnston.

Clayola M. Mains, ex-'31, to Russel Wedge.

Arthur E. Ray, ex-'31, to Christine H. Lyon.

Otho P. Baker, '18, to Geraldine F. Hartford.

Norman E. Morse, '29, to Florence E. Wallace.

Mathew J. Solok, ex-'38, to Aleta Ingalls, ex-'38.

Priscilla Googins, '24, to John H. Shaw, Jr.

Eleanor L. Sanford, '36, to Norman F. Libby.

To Max H., '25, and Clara M. Emmons, a daughter, Corole Lee.

To Curtis L. and Hazel MacMillan Perkins, '30, a son, Curtis William.

To James G., ex-'24, and Doris L. Gochie, a son, Ronald Edward.

To John E. and Elizabeth Shaw Henly, '31, a son, John Edward, Jr.

To John E. and Emma Jenkins McDermott, '33, a daughter, Lorain Estelle.

To Sidney L., '31, and Marion Libby Pooler, '35, a son, Rodney Eugene.

To Perley R. and Helen Scamman Pennell, '31, a daughter, Sarah Jane.

To Lloyd H., '32, and Florence E. Turner, a daughter, Mary Dorothea.

To Lawrence C., ex-'25, and Constance Higgins Harmon, '28, a daughter, Jean Sandra.

To Russell W., '33, and Bessie M. Bailey, ex-'36, a son, Fred William.

To Walter L., '29, and Alma E. Douglass, a son, Stanley Warren.

To Percy L. and Gladys Douglas, '23, a son, John Douglas.

To Donald H. and Beatrice Googins Thurlow, ex-'33, a son, Bruce Herbert.

To Elmer J., '29, and Nellie B. Sawyer, a daughter, Patricia Elizabeth.

To Ralph P., '28, and Eleanor Stanford Lorfano, '33, a son, William Stanford.

ALUMNI BANQUET

The eighth annual banquet of the Scarborough High School Alumni was held at the Cascades, June 14, 1937, with one hundred and forty-one present.

Following the banquet, the President, Joseph Knight, presided over the business meeting, then presented Miss Mary Peder-son as toastmistress.

BIRTHS

To Herbert Francis and Emily Clark, ex-'23, a son, William Arthur.

To Richard D. and Ruth Ahlquist Grant, '27, a daughter, Dorma Meredyth Karine.

The Harriet Hurlbert Heald plaque was awarded to the class of 1904, for 100% attendance, by Mr. Stoddard during Mr. Heald's absence due to illness.

After several interesting speeches, a bouquet was presented to Mrs. Morse, as the oldest alumnus present.

The following were voted as officers of the association for the following year: President, J. Harold Newcomb; Vice-President, George Stanford; Secretary, Dorothy Shaw; and Treasurer, A. Ralph Libbey.

The Alumni Awards were presented to the boy and girl of the Senior class who excelled in good citizenship, Irene Breil and Vernon Paulsen.

After the business and speeches, dancing was enjoyed.

GRADUATION PROGRAM OF CLASS OF 1937

Theme: Discovery

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

Music—Carmen Bizet
Moderne Trio

Prayer Rev. S. A. Walker

Salutatory and Essay—Discovery
Henry Alfred Moulton, Jr.

* * * *

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"

The Scene: Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada, Spain.

Time: April, 1492.

CHARACTERS

Don Fluentes, court geographer
Vernon Walter Paulsen
Beatrice, his daughter
Marjorie Lenora Richardson
Don Amora, suitor to Beatrice
Steven Ernest Libby
Columbus Howard Harland Pence
Isabella, Queen of Spain
Dorothy Janet Lothrop
Felipe, a guard William Neal Thibeu
Dancers and Chorus
Marion Wood, '38
Ellen Jensen, '38 Jeanette Johnson, '38
Elva Pooler, '38 Harriett Snow, '38

* * * *

Vocal Solo—Ave Maria
Margaret Richardson, '38

Entrance March—Triumphal March Grieg
Moderne Trio

Class Prophecy—Janet Littlefield, Frances
Mary Skillings, Virginia Natalie Sanford

Presentation of Gifts—Imogene Mary Douglass,
Frederick Melville Newcomb

Music—La Palomar Gradier
Moderne Trio

Valedictory and Essay—Sail On
Irene Muriel Briel

Singing of Class Ode
Written by Howard Harland Pence
Class of 1937

* * * *

Presentation of Awards
Principal Elwood G. Bessey

Presentation of Diplomas
Superintendent F. H. B. Heald

Benediction Reverend S. A. Walker

Exit March—Triumphal March Grieg
Moderne Trio

ALUMNI AWARD WINNERS



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1937



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The Alumni Award, instituted in 1931, is an act of the Alumni Association "to encourage the development in Americanism, character, citizenship and community spirit. The boy and girl of the Senior Class, who, by excelling in those points, has caused the honored name of Scarboro High School to be placed in the position to receive the most favorable and widespread attention, shall receive such awards at the annual Alumni Banquet."

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