The Four Corners

1937

Scarboro High School

The Four Corners

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

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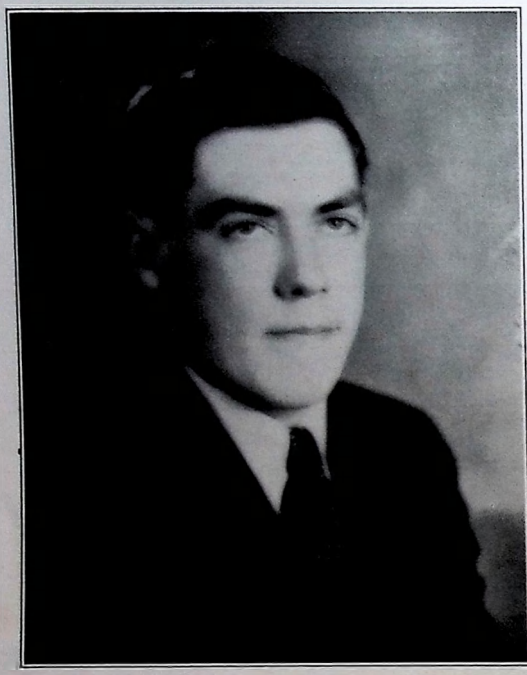
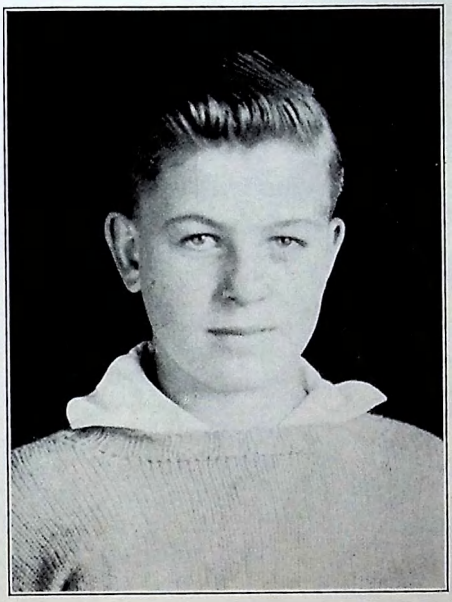


Dedication

This issue of THE FOUR CORNERS is dedicated to the memory of a classmate, Harold Winfield Prout (1919-1936).
He was an active member of our school, having engaged in the following activities: Track (3); Student Council (2, 3); Assistant Manager of the Boys' Basketball (3); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3); 4-H Club Leader (3); and County Champion (3).

"Friends have I in Spirit Land,
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came."

—Whittier.



IN MEMORIAM GUY HERBERT PILLSBURY, JR., CLASS OF 1940

I cannot, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into that unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you, O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
So think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

Directory

FACULTY

Elwood G. Bessey, A. M., *Principal*
Mathematics

Frances B. Libbey, A. B.
Latin and History

Winfred E. Stoddard, A. B.
English

Dorothy E. Marr, A. B.
French and Business Training

Willard R. Higgins, A. B.
Science

Doris E. Hutchins, B. S.
Home Economics

Gerald C. Hallett
Manual Training

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Assistant Editor
Elizabeth Lamb, '38

Literary Editor
Donald Stevens, '37

Assistants
Harriet Snow, '38
Eugene Allen, '38

Joke Editor
Janet Littlefield, '37

Assistants
Jeanette Johnson, '38
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(Girls) Frances Skillings, '37

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Exchange Editor
Arlene Winslow, '37

Senior Periscope
Dorothy Lothrop, '37

Local Editor
Virginia Sanford, '37

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Assistants
Ray Littlefield, '37
Vernon Paulsen, '37
Percy Knight, '38
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Letitia Leary, '38
Elmer Verrill, '37
Donald Rawson, '37

THE FOUR CORNERS

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

Volume XXV | May, 1937 | Number 1

APPRECIATION

We, the students of Scarboro High School, wish to thank our advertisers for their support and loyalty. It is their co-operation that has enabled us to publish this issue of The Four Corners.

In appreciation we ask all our readers to *Patronize Our Advertisers.*

SAFETY FIRST

Highway safety! An appeal that is going over the entire state for more safety on highways, where thousands of school children and older pedestrians are compelled to walk through the lack of transportation, and out of the scores, how many are killed? How many are crippled for life?

The motorist, when he is tempted to speed past the rate for safe driving, should stop to think that he is jeopardizing the life of everyone on the road,—pedestrians, passing motorists and all others. But the careless, reckless drivers,—little care they for anything but speed and more speed. Then, only after they meet with an accident and are critically injured, they stop to think of all the pain and expense they have cost themselves and perhaps someone else.

It is too late then.

Sorrow and grief tinge the atmosphere of many homes just because someone dis-

obeyed a traffic light or violated other traffic laws.

Traffic laws! There are many, and there are also laws for the pedestrian, but, be that as it may, there would be comparative safety for all, if laws were to be obeyed.

What were the laws made for, if not for our protection? What for, if not to be obeyed? And again what for, if not to save the lives of many unfortunate people who are killed in accidents each year?

Older people as well as small children need to obey the law of pedestrians, for over half the fatalities to highway travelers occur among the grown-up people who have heedlessly disregarded all lights, signs, rules and other safety devices. In such cases they are more in error than the unfortunate motorist.

So in an appeal to the better sense of the people, drive carefully, observe regulations for pedestrians and be ready to guard little children from the menace of automobiles.

WHY NOT?

Awards should be made for scholastic merit in our school as well as for athletics.

Letters and ribbons are awarded those who place in athletic events. Why shouldn't like awards be given those who achieve high rank in their studies?

The school, primarily, is a place for learning. Athletics are extra-curriculum activities. And yet awards are given for these athletics and not for scholastic rank.

Every boy and girl would like to wear a letter "S." Even if they can't for some reason compete in the athletic field, they might be able to win a letter by study. Putting up these awards would naturally tend to make pupils strive harder for good rank.

Some pupils may be crippled or in some way physically unfit but mentally capable. Why shouldn't these boys and girls wear the emblem of the school as well as the athletes?

Therefore, I end my request: awards should be made for scholastic merit in our school as well as for athletics.

HISTORY OF S. H. S.

To appreciate our high school today, we should have some knowledge of its development.

About 1800 Scarboro was divided into districts varying in size. Each district owned and cared for its properties. Money was obtained for the building of the schoolhouse by levying a tax upon the property within the limits of the school district and each had its agent who hired the teachers and cared for school accommodations. Consequently, the larger and more populated districts, the better the school. In the smaller districts the families took turns in boarding the teacher, thus helping out the school money. Whatever courses the teacher had studied in college, he taught to the older pupils. Reading, writing and arithmetic were taught to everyone. The person in a community who could not read or write was looked upon with contempt.

Each person could go independently to the limit of his ability. If the pupil wished to go further than this common school education, he could, at his own expense, go to an "academy town" where academies were located. The academies were regarded as an annex to the common school system and the Constitution of 1820 made it the duty of the legislature to help them, although they were under private control. These

academies fitted their students for the colleges, which were also under private government. The colleges had long winter vacations so as to allow their students to go out and teach in the common schools.

This system of common school went on until 1877. Then the town voted to establish free high schools which were held at Beech Ridge, Oak Hill and Dunstan districts. The fall term was held at Beech Ridge, the winter term at Dunstan, and the spring term at Oak Hill, thus giving students a chance to attend high school all of the school year. While the high school was in session, there was no common school held in that district. In 1879 the legislature suspended the Free Act, so the town did not keep high school. School went on as it did before the high school was started.

In 1890 high school was held in the Town Hall for the first time. In 1891 it was changed to the Good Templars Hall in Dunstan, but was found detrimental in many ways. The following year it was held in the Town Hall without any interruption until 1905 when the present Oak Hill school was built. This school housed both high school and grammar school pupils. Within a few years this school was too small to hold all the pupils, so in 1926 Scarboro built a new high school — the present school.

After we have learned of our high school's growth, I am sure that we should thank our far-seeing citizens for our Scarboro High School.

During the last year and a half, we have been working toward the beautification of our building. Last Spring, after transferring the library to the former club room, the manual training department under the supervision of Mr. Hallett installed moulding in the teachers' room, the library, and the two home rooms, making it possible to hang pictures without marring the walls. Through the kindness of Miss Marian Jordan, we have received five valuable reproductions of the masters, Velasquez and Michael Angelo. The three Velasquez reproductions are "The Spinners," the "Surrender of Breda," and "The Forge." All are done in sepia and framed in brown, as is also a copy of the "Roman Forum" which is hung near them. This year Miss Jordan gave us a copy of "The Libyan Sibyl and Esais" by Michael Angelo. These are in black and white and framed in silver, making beautiful additions to our library.

The Freshman home room contains portraits of George Washington and Theodore Roosevelt, and will have one of Abraham Lincoln as soon as it can be reframed. Also this room has a map of ancient Portland framed. The Sophomore home room has a copy of Sir Laurence Alma Tadema's "Reading from Homer" and two smaller ones of scenes in Rome. Both home rooms are now equipped with two splendid cases of maps of the most modern type.

The teachers' room has a small colored copy of the "Sistine Madonna." Recently both the teachers' room and the library have been curtained with beautiful glass curtains of ecru marquisette, thus adding to the attractiveness of the rooms.

Friends and alumni could perpetuate their names in no more permanent and appreciated way than by presenting to the school pictures or statuary of real artistic merit to add to the beauty and cultural value of our surroundings.

The student body and friends of the high school were made very happy recently to learn of two bequests made in the will of John Hunnewell, a native of Scarboro. After leaving the bulk of his estate in a trust fund to his two sisters, Mr. Hunnewell provided for a number of charitable and educational gifts to various institutions, including our high school. One, a fund of $2,000, which will reach a total of $100,000 at maturity, was given to the Scarboro High School book fund; the other, a fund of $5,000, which will mature to $500,000, provides for assistance to high school students in securing a higher education. The income of both funds will serve a double purpose; half will revert to the principal and half will be available for use each year. When the funds become available, they will thus increase yearly by this wise plan until the annual revenue amounts to a considerable sum.

No more worthy cause than education could engage the interest of persons of means, and the people of Scarboro should rejoice that one who came from this town should continue to display a practical concern in the place of his birth.

SENIOR PERISCOPE

JANET LITTLEFIELD *"Jammul"*

Date of Birth: April 16, 1919. Hobby: Dancing.
Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3); Secretary of 4-H Club (1, 2, 3); Operetta (2); Summer Project (1, 2, 3); School Plays (3); Joke Editor of FOUR CORNERS (4).

ELMER RUSSELL VERRILL *"Super"*

Date of Birth: July 2, 1918. Hobby: Roller Skating.
Basketball (1, 2); Outdoor Track (4); Baseball (3, 4); Volley Ball (1, 2); 4-H Club (1, 4); County Champion (1); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

VIRGINIA NATALIE SANFORD *"Gin"*

Date of Birth: September 25, 1919. Hobby: Walking.
Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3); Summer Project (1, 2); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Council (4); Treasurer of Student Council (4); Operetta (2); Noon Lunch (3); Senior Drama (4); Editorial Board of FOUR CORNERS (4).

HOWARD HARLAND PENCE

Date of Birth: June 28, 1919. Hobby: Sleeping.
Thornton Academy (3); Basketball (2, 4); Indoor Track (4); Outdoor Track (4); Swimming (2, 4); Baseball (2, 4); Assembly Plays (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 4); Senior Drama (4).

IMOGENE MARY DOUGLASS *"Imy"*

Date of Birth: August 24, 1921. Hobby: Skating.
Track (3); Swimming (4); Basketball Manager (4); Athletic Association (4); Girl Scouts (3, 4); 4-H Club (2, 3, 4); President of 4-H Club (2); Vice-President (3); Assembly Plays (3, 4); Alumni Editor of FOUR CORNERS (4).

RICHARD CARTER FREDERICK *"Dick"*

Date of Birth: November 5, 1919. Hobby: Golf.
Track (3, 4); Debating Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3); Assistant Manager of Basketball (3); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President and Cheer Leader of 4-H Club (3); Hobby Club (3); Glee Club (2); Student Council (2, 3).

DOROTHY JANET LOTHROP *"Dot"*

Date of Birth: May 15, 1919. Hobby: Riding.
Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2); 4-H Club (2); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3); Summer Project (1, 2); Volley Ball (2); Prize Speaking (4); Senior Periscope Editor (4); Senior Drama (4).

DONALD HOWARD RAWSON *"Donnie"*

Date of Birth: June 18, 1920. Hobby: Basketball.
Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); Rifle (2, 3, 4); Indoor Track (2, 3, 4); Outdoor Track (2, 3, 4); Touch Football (1); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President and Assistant Leader of 4-H Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Hobby Club (1, 2); Class President (1).

MARJORIE LENORA RICHARDSON *"Margy"*

Date of Birth: May 21, 1918.

Attended Kingfield High School (1, 2, 3); Baseball (1, 2, 3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3); Senior Drama (4); Assembly Plays (2, 3); School Librarian (2, 3); Noon Lunch (4); Glee Club (3).

WILLIAM NEAL THIBEAU *"Neal"*

Date of Birth: February 17, 1917. Hobby: Hunting.

Touch Football (1, 2, 3); Track (2, 3); Boy Scouts (1, 2); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3).

IRENE MURIEL BREIL *"Teenie"*

Date of Birth: July 11, 1919. Hobby: Reading.

Track (2); Student Council (3, 4); Vice-President of Student Council (3); President (4); President of Homemakers' 4-H Club (3); Assistant Editor of FOUR CORNERS (3); Editor of FOUR CORNERS (4); Senior Drama (4); Assembly Plays (2, 3); Glee Club (2); Volley Ball (3); School Librarian (4); Class Treasurer (2); Class President (3, 4); Valedictorian.

RAY LEON LITTLEFIELD, JR. *"Cappy"*

Date of Birth: April 12, 1920. Hobby: Driving.

Track (4); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3, 4); 4-H Club Leader (3, 4); Boy Scouts (1, 2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Operetta (2); Senior Drama (4); Assembly Plays (3, 4); Class Treasurer (1, 4); Class Vice-President (3); Assistant Business Manager of FOUR CORNERS (4).

HENRY ALFRED MOULTON *"Al"*

Date of Birth: November 21, 1918. Hobby: Hunting.

4-H Club (1, 2, 3); Secretary of 4-H Club (1); Athletic Association (1, 2); Boy Scouts (1, 2); Senior Drama (4).

ARLENE RACHEL WINSLOW

Date of Birth: December 2, 1915. Hobby: Crossword Puzzles.

Basketball (1, 2, 3); Track (1, 2); Volley Ball (1); 4-H Club (1, 2); Assistant Leader (2); Leader (3); Summer Project (1, 2); Noon Lunch (2); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3); Assembly Plays (1, 2, 3); Exchange Editor (4); Salutatorian.

ARTHUR BROOKS PURINGTON *"Art"*

Date of Birth: December 1, 1919. Hobby: Hunting.

Attended Bowdoinham High (3); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

DONALD ALAN STEVENS *"Don"*

Date of Birth: April 28, 1919. Hobby: Hitchhiking.

Gorham High (1, 2); Vice-President of CoBoss Dairy Club (3); Debating Club (4); Treasurer of Debating Club (4); Assistant Joke Editor of FOUR CORNERS (3); Literary Editor (4); Assembly Plays (3, 4).

STEVEN ERNEST LIBBY *"Steve"*

Date of Birth: June 12, 1920. Hobby: Fishing.

Baseball (2, 3, 4); Touch Football (1); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Boy Scouts (1, 2, 3, 4); Debating Club (4); 4-H Club (1); Hobby Club (1); Assistant Joke Editor (1, 2); Assistant Literary Editor (3); Sports Editor (4); Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3, 4); Triangular Winner (3, 4); Spear Regional Winner (4); 1st Prize, County (4); Class Secretary (1, 2); Class Treasurer (3); Senior Drama (4); Curtis Publishing Co. Drive Manager (3, 4); Crowell Drive (4).

FRANCES MARY SKILLINGS *"France"*

Date of Birth: March 29, 1920. Hobby: Walking.

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3); Vice-President of Club (3); Home Economics Club (1, 2, 3); Summer Project (1, 2); Noon Lunch (3); Operetta (2); Glee Club (2); Swimming (4); Girls' Athletic Editor (4).

FREDERICK MELVILLE NEWCOMB *"Ted"*

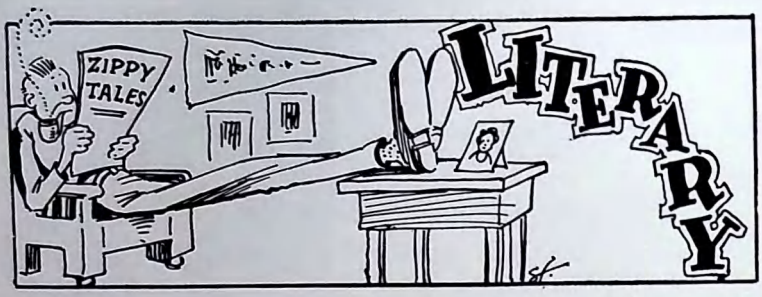
Date of Birth: February 18, 1920. Hobby: Hunting.

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager (3); Captain (4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Rifle (4); Touch Football (1); 4-H Club (1, 2, 3, 4); County Dairy Champion (3, 4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); President (4); Boy Scouts (1, 2); Secretary of 4-H Club (2, 3, 4); Debating Club (4); Senior Drama (4); Assembly Plays (2, 3, 4); Prize Speaking (3); Hobby Club (3).

VERNON WALTER PAULSEN *"Polly"*

Date of Birth: May 12, 1919. Hobby: Woodworking.

Swimming (4); Track (4); Rifle (4); Assistant Manager of Basketball (3); Manager (4); Athletic Association (4); Vice-President (4); Boy Scouts (1, 2, 3, 4); Assembly Plays (3, 4); Senior Drama Business Manager (4); Vice-President of Class (2, 4); Student Council (4); Hobby Club (3).



JUST A COINCIDENCE

He took the cab at the club and had no sooner settled down in it than he discovered the bag. It was peeping out invitingly from behind the seat cushion, a small. black bag with a dark red clasp, an expensive looking trifle with a foreign accent. He suspected Paris.

He took it up tentatively and examined it. It was not large, but he judged by the feel of it that it was stocked with delightful feminine possessions.

He glanced from it, uncertainly, to the back of the driver's head. There was something almost guilty in glance. But the driver was obviously intent upon his own problems.

Cunningham opened the bag. It was lined in dark red silk to match the clasp, and it contained a small dark red chiffon handkerchief, finely edged and marked with the initial "A." A fragile affair, disturbingly fragrant. Next, a small red moire compact, containing powder and a minute puff, a lipstick chosen for a brunette, definitely; a small purse containing three one-dollar bills and sixty-seven cents in coins; a shopping list on which was written in a dashing feminine scrawl:

"Telephone Jacques.
Telephone Henriette.
Tea—Renton-Bob.
Elizabeth—5:30."

Finally, there were three visiting cards engraved and decorated with a very thin black edging. The name on them was Mrs. Johnny Hingham. Underneath was her address in the East Seventies.

Cunningham sat regarding the card. In his mind he heard faintly the huntsman's call and the ghostly sounding horns.

He knew quite well that he had arranged to dine with Hogland. But Hogland was a patient chap and would wait for him uncomplainingly if he was late. And it was very seldom that adventure called with such a siren voice in this prosaic day and age.

He tapped on the glass and gave the driver the address in the East Seventies.

The apartment house looked expensive and exclusive. He dismissed the taxicab and entered, asking for Mrs. Hingham. A uniformed attendant at the door directed him to the lift. And on the seventh floor he repeated his inquiry to a trim maid who took his card, appraising him shrewdly with a glance and asked him to wait in a little reception room just off the foyer.

The reception room was luxuriously furnished, sweet with the fragrance of flowers, and dimly lit.

"She isn't young," cried a warning voice within him.

But she was. She was not only young, she was incredibly lovely. He stared with brightening eyes as she came slowly to him, still holding his card. She was dark, with great dark eyes and a skin like the petals of a white camellia. She wore a very plain black evening gown that did not attempt to conceal the lines of a perfect figure.

"Mr. Cunningham?" she said. "Won't you sit down?"

He liked her voice and sat down opposite her.

"I'm afraid you'll think me quite mad to descend upon you at such an hour," he said smiling, "but I found your bag in my taxi, I think. And—"

"And my bag intrigued you," she finished for him, laughing a little. "And you thought it might be amusing to see what the owner was like."

He would not have believed it of himself, but it was true. He flushed, and, of course, she observed it, and laughed the more.

"It is all obvious, isn't it? But of course, in all of us there is that secret hunger for romance. I know it, also, only too well. . . . Cigarette?"

She extended the large silver box that stood on the table beside her. It was filled with fat Turkish cigarettes.

"No, thanks. I'll smoke a Virginian, if you don't mind. But I don't want to intrude on you—"

"Don't you?" she smiled teasingly, as he lighted both cigarettes. "Come now, confess you would go away most disappointed, if the promising little adventure were to end here."

He laughed. "I'm afraid that is very obvious. Does it amuse you to make me so transparent?"

"Very much. But don't feel badly. It is only that you are a man, and I know—a little—about men . . . " She had a fascinating way of letting her words trail off into thoughts. As he said nothing, she added presently: "And for a reward?"

"Am I to name my own reward?" he asked interestingly.

"But of course. How could I accept such a service from a stranger without making some attempt to reciprocate?"

"Dine with me," said Cunningham.

She regarded him meditatively. "No," she murmured, "I can't—I'm not entirely free." She laughed softly and then went on: "I will tell you about it. I have friends to dine. Two of them. I had invited three—so that we could have bridge afterward, you know. But one has sent word at the last moment that he cannot arrive. So we are still three. I thought perhaps, since you arrived so opportunely, well—"

Cunningham nodded. "I shall be charmed to stay," he assured her.

The trim little maid came and took away his hat and coat, and Cunningham followed his hostess into the library, where the other guests were having cocktails.

"I have found a man," cried Mrs. Hingham exultantly, as they advanced. "So our evening is not quite ruined, eh? . . . Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Allen, Mr. Ramanos."

Mrs. Allen was about forty, and had a pretty face, a slim figure and gray hair.

Ramanos was dark and sauve and good looking—probably a South American. He greeted Cunningham casually and indifferently. Mrs. Allen was more cordial. Mrs. Hingham poured more cocktails.

Dinner was announced, and they passed into the small dining-room and took their places about a table, charming with silver and crystal and roses. The food was delicious and the table talk was gay. In the candlelight Mrs. Johnny Hingham looked even lovelier than before, and Cunningham had no difficulty in quelling his thoughts about Hogland.

They had all traveled and they were not lacking in social graces. They talked no personalities, so that he was able to hold his own; and the secret that he shared with his hostess—the fact that they were total strangers to each other—really formed a bond between them that heightened his enjoyment of the little party. Every now and then a demure glance flashed his way as she called him Bill or added "You remember" to something she was saying.

So dinner ended and they adjourned to the drawing room, where the bridge table had been set out. Over the mantel was a huge portrait of a rakish-looking young man in riding habit that Cunningham assumed was the late Johnny Hingham. He was not ordinarily a hard-hearted man, but he was glad Hingham no longer trod the earth—he was entirely too good looking.

They drew for partners and began to play. When the family broke up, Cunningham had lost three hundred and seventy-four dollars. But he was very comfortably off, and money meant little to him.

In spite of the presence of Ramanos, he had managed to make some progress with Mrs. Hingham. He had learned that her first name was Arline, and he had persuaded her to break her engagement for luncheon the next day so that she could have lunch with him instead. . . .

A telephone message came the next morning, putting him off until the end of the week, but he thought nothing of that. It was, he told himself, merely the feminine technique. And then the very next afternoon he took the cab at the club. And he had no sooner settled down than he noticed the bag. It was peeping out invitingly from behind the seat cushion—a small black bag with a dark red clasp—an expensive looking trifle with a foreign accent. He suspected Paris.

Cunningham opened the bag. It was lined in dark red silk to match the clasp, and it contained a small dark red chiffon handkerchief, finely edged and marked with the initial "A." A fragile affair, disturbingly fragrant. Next, a small red moire compact, containing powder and a small minute puff; a lipstick chosen for a brunette definitely; a small purse containing three one-dollar bills and sixty-seven cents in change; a shopping list on which was written in a dashing feminine scrawl:

"Telephone Jacques.
Telephone Henriette.
Tea—Renton-Bob.
Elizabeth—5:30."

Finally there were three visiting cards engraved and decorated with a very thin black edging. The name on them was Mrs. Johnny Hingham. Underneath was her address in the East Seventies.

That the same man should have found the same bag again was of course just one of these things.

Helene Howatt, '38.

STUDY

They called my name, I thrilled with joy;
I thought the prize went to a boy.
But, no! 'Twas me, it sure was true,
Yes! "The girl in white! I'm calling you."

I arose and walked on air,
The applause was loud, I didn't care;
Things seemed jumbled, faces blurred,
I took the prize, and my head whirred.

I mumbled, "Thank you." My heart beat loud,
My mom and dad were in that crowd.
I did try hard, my work proved true,
So hard study pays, I'm telling you.

SELMA F. COHEN, '40.

CAMPING

To my mind there is no finer or more wholesome sport than taking a pack with a friend and camping out. If it is in the hunting season, take along a gun, but, personally, I think a camera is much more preferable for a good time, as well as for the sake of the animals. I remember as a small child taking a pup tent, a small box of food, and going out in a field beside a clump of bushes, and trying to imagine that I was not in "my own backyard," but in some lovely, beautiful, secluded valley where no one else visited, free from the noise and ways of civilized towns and cities.

When two or three of us fellows would be camping beside some lake on one of the hottest days of the year, and they would be going in swimming or for a row on the lake to escape the intense heat, I would find more pleasure in taking a camera, and going for a walk through the woods to some small bubbling brook; there to find something unknown to many people. That makes one forget the heat as well as the problems of life.

Even the nights hold one's interest. Outside the camp fire may be seen many curious eyes and the sound of birds and night prowlers fills one's heart with a mysterious feeling of deepest gratitude for the chance to be in the open.

And so, my friends, when you tire of the ways of civilization, take along a pack of food and go into the woods for a few weeks, and there I am sure you will find solitude and happiness.

You may be lonely for the first day, but you are not alone, for on every tree, in every valley, and under every bush, lives some wild animal or bird who would be more than willing to be friends with you, if you yourself are willing to go "half way" with them.

NORMAN HARMON, '38.

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

Since I rebuilt my Lizzie,
And renamed it Harriet,
Every motor cop is busy,
But they haven't got me yet.

It was quite a job to hold it
On the straight and narrow road;
I could not help but scold it
When I had to have it towed.

Now, all the wheels are shattered,
And the rad. is full of holes;
The mudguards have been battered
From grazing "tele" poles.

The engine's nearly done for:
Just two lungs yet to go;
It has nothing more to run for,
'Cause the chassis is laid low.

So, next time I start to wander,
Down the road that's straight and narrow,
I'll choose a bright red kiddie car,
Or else a staid wheelbarrow.

UNKNOWN, '40.

ESSAY ON SOUVENIRS

Ah, souvenirs! What crimes are committed in thy name!

Tickets, spoons, match folders, or programs. They are all the same—souvenirs.

We all have the innate urge to keep something as a remembrance or memento of some especially good time. A pressed rose, a program, or even a paper hat. But most of us are also chronic collectors. Incurables. Anything—anyhow—all in the name of souvenirs.

Some of us have the silverware knack. In fact, I know of one person who has a silver chest completely stocked with silver obtained in the various restaurants and places where he has eaten. They are all marked with the house's name and are indeed appropriate remembrances.

Some collect match folders. How many different kinds there are! One day I was hurrying down Congress Street. I had just five minutes to catch the bus. The sidewalk was crowded and I was immediately behind an old, rather portly gentleman. Suddenly he stopped. I almost rode up his back. He was stooping—picking up something. What? Yes it was! A match folder! I missed my bus.

Various famous places and things have to be protected against these same souvenir hunters. A fence is around Plymouth Rock for the simple reason that if it were left free to the public, there soon would be no Plymouth Rock. Also in these famous places there are usually souvenir venders. At Stratford-on-Avon there is always someone selling a chip from a chair where Shakespeare sat. And at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, one can always buy a chip from that famed cherry tree which was felled by Washington when he was a boy. That tree, indeed, must have been a giant redwood or two, and as for Shakespeare's chair, according to the chips sold, that poet must have sat his entire life.

In eating places the first things to go after the spoons are the smaller tomato juice glasses, tiny wooden mustard spoons, and salts and peppers. So if you sometimes wonder at the size of the salts and peppers in a restaurant, don't wonder any longer. This is the reason. The bulkier and larger they are the harder it is to carry them off.

Of course there are always napkins and doilies to be kept and marked, as well as straws from soda fountains.

Then there is the tourist who always manages to take a towel or two and plenty of stationery. These are what might be called "handy" mementos.

Letters are a rather different type of souvenir, but they also come in handy. Indeed, I've heard it said that these can be a most profitable form of souvenir.

The number from a chair in a public hall makes a nice keepsake. So does a stop sign and a license plate.

Some souvenir hunters buy their souvenirs but not often. It is just the conscientious ones who buy a thermometer or tie rack all nicely marked "Souvenir of Portland, Maine" (or wherever they may be). They aren't members of the authentic school. Far from it.

Naturally one betters one's self as time goes on. You may start at the bottom with a paper napkin and before you know it you will acquire a collection worthy of anyone.

So, although I'll admit that a society against souvenir collectors might be a good

thing, I am still one of that ever increasing majority who are forever saying, "What can I have for a souvenir?"

Ah, souvenirs! What crimes are committed in thy name!

HARRIET A. SNOW, '38.

MANHATTAN MYSTERY

The night was dark and unsettled; the air was misty, a typical Manhattan evening. The summer breeze had long since died down, and the mugginess of the day had not yet gone.

On the dimly lighted streets, dusty taxis and noisy pleasure cars rattled along the pavement. A milk wagon in the distance was identified by the clattering hoofs of its weary horse. On the paper-scattered sidewalks, men strolled listlessly . . . some of them lurched crazily. The many saloons were the only retail establishments left open, and a noisy crowd of rough men and cheap women inside did not suggest the miserable poverty which some of these beer-filled men had left in their nearby tenement homes.

By one particular street lamp, on the corner of Burke and State Streets, a tall, undistinguished looking man looked sharply about him. He displayed an unlighted cigarette dangling from his solemn lips.

He picked out one particular traveller that was walking past and hailed him.

"Got a match, Buddy?"

"Sure. . . ." And he dug deeply into his pocket, brought forth a battered cigarette lighter, and held it to the other's blue lips. A look of surprise swept over his yellow profile.

"Jerry!" he said.

"Tony! This *is* a break . . . come up to my room . . . I've got a proposition to make to you. . . ."

* * * * * *

"Sunny. . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"Is everything ready? Grips, suitcases, trunks. . . ."

"Everything, sir."

"Just think, Sunny! A month in Monte Carlo! A long-awaited vacation for us . . . at last." The speaker, Philip Gregg, well-known detective, was conversing with Sunny, his ever-agreeable valet. "The first vacation in over a year. What a break!"

"Quite, sir."

Gregg murmured to himself contentedly in a low tone, and Sunny beamed genially as he talked. Suddenly the phone rang, and the ever-gracious Sunny obliged.

"Yes, this is Mr. Gregg's residence. Yes, it is. Yes, sir." He covered the mouthpiece as he spoke to his superior. "It's Inspector Monihan. He wishes to speak with you."

"Oh, hang it all! Well, I suppose I *must* speak to him. . . ." And he reached for the receiver. "Hello . . . yes. What? Why, I can't, very well. I'm sailing for Monte Carlo at midnight. . . . Yes, on the *Rex*. . . . My tickets, passports and everything is in order for my sailing at twelve. I can't give it up now. . . . What? It's Pete Monelli? Well, why didn't you say so? Sure, I can cancel it! Right . . . I'll be there. . . . Yes, in ten minutes. . . . G'bye."

He placed the receiver on its hook. "Humph! My perennial friend, Mr. Peter Monelli. . . ." Philip Gregg sighed. "Sunny, I fear it will be many weeks before we reach Monte Carlo. . . ."

And all the agreeable Sunny answered was: "Indeed, sir? It must be a disturbingly long way. . . ."

* * * * * *

Upon his arrival, the inspector told Cregg the entire story.

"Pete Monelli met Tony Spitale tonight in Manhattan. By mistake, I guess, according to Tony's story. . . ."

"Oh, you've got him, have you?"

"Yeah, we caught him when he tried to break through the jewelry store window."

"—and Monelli?"

He looked rather expectantly at the inspector.

"He was there, too . . . armed to the teeth. . . . Put a bullet hole in Sergeant Gillhooley's belly. He got away through the crowd. I don't see how he could have escaped without being caught."

"Humph . . . Pete must be hard up to crack a jewelry store . . . Pete, or Jerry, if you prefer his *real* name . . . generally specializes in banks. . . ."

"Yeah, that's true enough."

"Well, what else do you know?"

"Nothing, except Tony told us the location of the joint where Pete lives . . . or rather lived. . . . Upstairs tenement, near the store . . . on Burke Street."

"Have you sent anyone up there?"

"No, I knew you'd want to be the first to go there . . . not that *I* think you'll find anything."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's get going."

The two men left, Gregg utterly conscious that he had exactly one hour and twenty minutes in which to catch that confounded boat.

Once on the scene of the crime, the famous detective thought for a minute or two, then made a quick decision. "You say he got away with some cash?"

"Yeah. About two thousand, as near as the owner of the store can figure. But it is more than a thief we want now, Gregg . . . it's a murderer."

"Right . . . let's just take a look through Monelli's room . . . just for the fun of it."

"O. K." The inspector followed the detective rather wearily, for he was a large man, and was far from being adapted to fast walking.

It was only a few doors to number 317, and it was a short walk.

The inspector pointed a pudgy forefinger at the door and muttered, in an unobliging way, "This is the place."

"Well, let's go upstairs."

"Right. . . ."

The inspector, in spite of the considerable girth around the middle, hastened up the stairs to the first landing. On this landing, they met Mrs. Phinney, the landlady, who looked inquiringly at the inspector.

"Why, what's the matter, sir?"

"Business . . . private business," the inspector obligingly informed.

"But, why in *my* house. . . ."

"Business," the inspector repeated curtly, and then followed Gregg up the stairs.

"Know her, Inspector?" asked Gregg, as they proceeded upstairs.

"Sure. She's Mrs. Phinney, the landlady. We get to know all the tenement landlords and landladies after thirty-four years on the force, right here in Manhattan," the inspector replied proudly.

They approached the door and the inspector began to explain the situation.

"Guess we'd better take it kinda easy," he said softly. "I'll kick the door open."

"Yeah."

The inspector looked around the hallway suspiciously, and Philip Gregg glanced at his watch. Eleven five! Fifty-five more minutes before he must miss the boat.

The door flew open upon the inspector's kick. The room appeared to be quite empty in every respect, even as to furniture. The room contained only a bed, a radio, a chair, and a chest of drawers. The inspector led Gregg into the room and carefully the pair began a search. . . . What for? Even they did not know. Just something tangible . . . something to really work on. . . .

Philip Gregg took the ash tray and fingered its contents. He gingerly picked up a certain butt, examined it carefully, and thrust it into his pocket.

"Hmmm . . ." he murmured, "I wonder. . . ."

At this moment, the inspector cried aloud, from his search through the clothes closet. "Hey, Gregg! Look what I've found! His clothes! The ones he got away in!"

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!" He handled them gloatingly, as he described each article. "Blue coat, brown striped pants, blue shirt, and the red tie. . . ."

A smile of satisfaction stole over Philip Gregg's ruddy face as he heard this welcome news.

"Let's go see the landlady . . . I have a hunch . . . it may materialize. . . ."

"All right, but I don't see. . . ."

"You will, later."

And the somewhat bewildered inspector followed the detective down the two flights of stairs to the main floor. They paused momentarily before the door marked "Myra H. Phinney, Landlady". . . .

"Don't bother to knock," suggested Gregg, "let's walk right in."

And with that he turned the porcelain knob and unceremoniously entered. On the sofa sat Mrs. Phinney, her streaked brown-grey hair disarranged and her large feet draped over an inexpensive footstool. A cigarette dangled from her painted lips.

She arose to greet her visitors.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Inspector Monihan? Well, it's glad I am to see you . . . and your friend, too . . . won't you sit down?"

"Yes, I believe we will, for a few minutes, Mrs. Phinney." It was Philip Gregg who answered her. The inspector was about to introduce the two formally, but Gregg foresaw the event and cut off the inspector's speech.

"Don't bother introducing me to Mrs. Phinney," and he emphasized the name. "We've met before, I believe. . . ."

The Irish landlady feigned surprise.

"Have we, now? And where was it?"

"At the Eighth Street Station. Only your name was Pete Monelli at that time . . . and also they called you Jerry Peterson. . . ."

The lady's jaw dropped and the cigarette between her red lips dropped on the rag rug. Gregg swiftly stooped and picked it up. "Ah," he said, "I was right."

During this hurried pantomime, the inspector gaped at the two with wide-open eyes, and his lower jaw hung bewilderingly.

"Monelli . . . that's your name, isn't it? Yes, I thought so . . . we've got you this time, Monelli . . . for murder!"

The hapless individual on the sofa squirmed uneasily. "Listen, Gregg, you ain't got anything on me, see? Not a thing." The "landlady" drew off a shaggy wig and displayed Pete Monelli's own brown hair.

"Oh, yes we have, Monelli!" lied Philip Gregg. "Tony told us everything. . . ."

"What?"

"Sure. He told us all we need to know."

"Why, that dirty rat. . . ."

The inspector was clamping silvery handcuffs over Pete Monelli's fat wrists.

"How did you know, Gregg?" asked the inspector.

"It was simple. In his room I picked up this Camel cigarette . . . with a small amount of lipstick on the end of it. . . . Then you found the clothes, and I happened to think that in the days when Monelli was called Jerry Peterson he was on the stage for a while. So I got the hunch. I played the hunch and won. I was lucky." He turned to Monelli. "By the way, my friend, where's the *real* Mrs. Phinney?"

"I can answer that one, Gregg," offered Monihan, somewhat shamefully. "I just happened to think . . . this is Saturday, Mrs. Phinney's movie night! Gosh, why didn't I think of that before?"

"Is that right, Monelli?"

"Yeah . . . I guess it is, Copper."

Inspector Monihan was frisking Monelli and his hand struck a hard object. This proved to be the fatal gun which had killed Gillhooley, and at this moment the real Mrs. Phinney entered. The false Mrs. Phinney left in a short while, and as the inspector, Monelli and Philip Gregg were about to leave the tenement, the latter turned the dial of the wall telephone to his own apartment number.

"Hello . . . Sunny?"

"Yes, sir?" came the willing voice of Wellington P. Sunny.

"Call a taxi and pack everything into it and go down to dock F; I'll meet you there. . . ."

* * * * * *

That night the liner *Rex* steamed out to sea, and aboard her reposed one exceedingly happy detective . . . and his name was Philip Gregg.

STEVEN LIBBY, '37.

SMILE

What's the use to sit and worry?
Man! It isn't worth the while,
Life goes by in such a hurry,
Let us laugh, and live, and smile.

When the shadows cast their sorrow,
And the skies have turned to gray,
Smile! The sun will shine tomorrow,
There will be another day.

SELMA F. COHEN, '40.

THE CHANGE OF TIMES

Have you ever stopped to realize how the times have changed since the days of our grandparents, or even our parents?

In the early eighteen hundreds there were no automobiles. When Grandfather and Grandmother were going to Portland to see a play, they allowed from an hour to an hour and a half to drive in, all due to the condition of the roads. In the summer they were dusty, but if it was spring they were muddy, and in winter they had to go in a sleigh. On arriving in town Grandfather would put the horse in a public stable, feed, water, and blanket him for the cost of fifty cents.

Today when one of the future Grandfathers is going to the show, he goes out, steps into the family car, and rides along a smooth cement highway to Portland, which can easily be reached in fifteen minutes. When he arrives in town he drives the car into a parking station, pays a quarter, and forgets about it until after the show. In Dad's day when the automobile was first invented, it was the talk of the town to go to Portland and back without having a breakdown. It was considered a daring act to drive over twenty-five miles an hour.

High school in Grandfather's day was often held in the town hall. Very few boys went to school after the grammar grades. The only subjects taught in the high schools were reading, mathematics, English and Latin. No sports, clubs, or other activities were carried on in the schools. One of the boys was the janitor, whose job was to keep the little black stove full of wood.

But today, how different! We have modern brick school buildings with steam heat and janitors to keep the corridors and rooms swept. The high school courses not only include the old subjects, but also bookkeeping, typing, shorthand, art, music, manual training for the boys and home economics for the girls. As for sports, how boring it would be to be forced to attend a school where there were no sports. We have track, baseball, basketball, football, swimming and, of course, winter sports. We also have school orchestras, glee clubs, French clubs, hobby clubs and 4-H clubs. Some high schools now have one period a day when the pupils may do anything they like. Some dance, others play checkers or chess, others attend club meetings and, of course, there are always those who prefer to study.

Sunday, as Grandfather remembers it, was a day when the whole family went to church two or three times a day. Today church is held only once. In the afternoon, Mother and Dad possibly go visiting friends, and Junior and Sue either go to a football game, skating or just riding around with "the crowd." Sunday evenings there are good programs to listen to on the radio. What a lot was missed in the lives of those who didn't have a radio!

After telling a story to the younger members of the family, Grandfather says, "Those were the good old days!" But how many of us are willing to change places with them?

LETITIA LEARY, '38.

WHIMSEY

In my backyard are cherry trees,
Pink columbines that nod and sway;
They lure the birds to build their nests,
Their colors make my garden gay.

All day I long for night to come,
And watch for the moon's round face;
He finds corners where the brownies play,
And fairies weave their misty lace.

Just yesterday the leaf girls danced
Within their fairy world.
How beautiful they seemed to me,
All dressed in red and gold.

Today I cannot find a trace
Of the leaf girls' parade,
For only ice and snow remain—
The prank Jack Frost has played.

NANCY RICE, '39.

"IT'S SWING!"

America has had an age of waltzes, of blues songs, of jazz, and of hill-billy tunes. But this is definitely the age of swing.

Everyone's impression of swing is different. Many believe that it depends largely upon the song; others believe that all credit is due to the musician. But we all know that, whatever it be, swing has swept the country as no other type of music has ever done.

Jazz and swing have often been confused. But they are certainly very different. Jazz is music that can be recorded on paper and preserved. Swing is a manner of playing recorded or remembered music. Yet jazz has done more than any other thing towards promoting swing. Everyone knows jazz. Most everyone likes it. And its simple melody leaves plenty of space for the musician to add his "wo-ho-ho's."

Song writers have now noticed that there is a definite rhythm in swing, and they have endeavored to interpret this rhythm in their songs. Some so-called swing tunes have become successful, perhaps because the public liked them more than the fact that they were actually swing songs. "Let Yourself Go" was one of the first of these tunes to be recognized as swing. I don't know whether it was actually swing or not. But, like the rest of the public, I knew that it was different from the music of the past—and I liked it.

Immediately swing began to have a more widespread meaning. Song after song followed in rapid succession. They became hits. They died. The life of swing tunes is short but glorious. They fade away almost as suddenly as they appear. But the nation is never without popular tunes, because song writers, like other people, must earn a living.

Rubinoff can play "The Organ Grinder's Swing" in symphonic style, while Paul Whiteman can swing Mendelssohn's most difficult composition. Therefore, swing must depend more largely upon the "swinger" than upon the tune itself.

And although the "old folks" will always favor "Auld Lang Syne" and "Annie Laurie," the younger generation realizes that "swing's the latest thing!"

ELLEN JENSEN, '38.

A BOY'S OPINION ON GOING TO SCHOOL

I came to school today.

I probably shall come tomorrow.

No doubt I shall continue to arrive more or less regularly, and on time, for the duration of my high school education. But why do I attend the high school of this Town of Scarboro one day and the next? Surely, one day's education does not benefit me, when I know that to receive a high school diploma I must attend school more or less regularly and on time for twelve long years. Nature beckons but I must sit through this one day and try to cram one day's education into my brain.

We will now start in with a small child. He is getting to be a nuisance around the home, and his mother heaves a great sigh of relief; a sigh such as only a weary mother can give; at last, after five years, he has started school.

His education has started!

A teacher who probably thinks the child is a trifle dumb or just slow-witted, takes up the sighing spell, and gives our hero a pretty little book all filled with pictures. She starts trying to teach him such phrases as, "I see a kitty." He looks at her in scorn and his opinion of her and school

goes lower. In fact, it keeps on going lower until by the time he has achieved a diploma, his opinion has fallen arches.

Now, let us take the bright little "dear" who does not care the slightest bit whether the biological fact that toads give warts is true or not, who is picked on by what he calls bullies, and who carries the teacher an apple every day. He loves school and "I see a kitty" is music in his ears. This boy is one of our presidents-to-be.

Suffering, as our small friend may be, he soon gains the mighty position of long division and the other related terrors. Through this he knows not what he has to live for. He soon finds this out in the form of fractions and decimals. This goes on day by day for eight years; each morning unveils new impossibilities.

And so it goes. He is a mighty eighth-grader and without warning, he is a miserable freshman. But after he passes this "dabble in Green," he begins vaguely to see light ahead. He is released earlier in the afternoon!! Many of his less courageous friends quit. All the while his natural studious harassers, the "little dears," take Latin and expound on the simpleness of algebraic figures. They see as far ahead as a college diploma; our hero sees only the next period. As mid-years draw near, he gets very pale and loses weight. He has difficulty in eating and can't seem to keep the calories and vitamins straightened out.

"Coffee nerves?" you ask, when told of his symptoms. After seeing all the advertising about "coffee nerves," you are about to suggest that he try eating three cakes of Palm Buoy soap before meals. His complexion will assume a rosy outlook. He will sleep like a log, and the bits of feminine pulchritude will be astounded as he grows to be as husky as Atlas. However, before you can blurt out this simple method of divine health and happiness, you are informed that he is terribly worried about American History. He can't recall whether Pocahontas discovered America in 1321 or 1776. He is indeed a pitiful sight!

And so on again it goes! If it is nothing else he learns that his credit isn't so good, and he can't borrow a nickel from one of his Shylockish classmates. He is on the detention list until he wonders whether he attends school to gain the heights of an education, or to languish in the bonds of detention under the seathing gaze of some teacher.

I am at this point now. Shall I break under this gigantic strain? Shall I remain in durance vile and continue my somewhat erroneous education as far as a diploma? Who knows? So until my questions are answered, I shall continue to pile one day's education on top of another. A hopeless creature, hopelessly involved in the process of obtaining an education.

EUGENE ALLEN, '38.

FOG

Creeping, slowly sifting, thru every cranny and nook.
Sliding, swiftly gliding, over every field and brook,
Fog, all enveloping, hiding none know what.
Fear, in Nature's curtain 'round men so tightly shut.
Milling, gently pulling, lifting, drawing down,
Oppressing, then caressing, swirling without sound.

Beauty in its softness,
Misery in its cloud,
Panic in its closeness,
Terror in its shroud,
Fog.

HARRIET SNOW, '38.

Senior Statistics

Political Preference — The Democrats have an edge on the Republicans of one vote.

Religious Preference—The Congregationalists tally nine, Methodists three, with the other denominations claiming scattering votes.

Bean Poles—Arthur Purington with 6 ft. 5 in. claims this distinction for boys; Arlene Winslow's 5 ft. 7 in. wins this honor for the girls.

Tiny Tims — Little Billy Burnell has sprouted up only 5 ft. 5 in., and Irene Breil has progressed only 5 feet so far. Both young yet!

Windows of the Soul—Nine gaze upon the world with blue orbs, five with brown and the rest call 'em hazel.

The "Crowning Glory"—Twelve are various shades of brown; six are decided blondes; three are black, and two are titian.

Happy Landings—Ted comes down on his number 10½'s; Arlene lights on her number 8's; while Steven Libby and Irene Breil with 6½ and 3½ respectively wouldn't make a dent in dough.

Prize Winners—Pence and Paulsen can go down in the hall of fame as close competitors in masculine beauty; Marjorie Richardson and Dorothy Lothrop win similar distinctions for girls.

Beau Nash—Steven Libby and Howard Pence with their immaculate attire and fluent vocabularies have been accused of spending the most time on their personal appearance.

Fussiest Girl—This honor goes to Dorothy Lothrop.

Biggest Grind — Malcolm Conner and Irene Breil are considered to be wearing off the roots of their hair by excessive intellectual activity.

Yarn Spinners—The ability to weave fiction belongs to Steve Libby and Don Stevens, perhaps because they spend so

much time together that they have inoculated each other. Steve has the edge on Don because he can make less go farther.

Day Dreamer—Elmer Verrill seems to build the most castles in Spain with Polly a close second.

Favorite Sport—Skating and swimming seem to be most in favor, with baseball and basketball well represented in the voting.

Favorite Haunt—Only one admitted to being fond of home; the rest of the class favored the movies, Old Orchard, their auto, and a great variety of other spots.

We Come Up Smiling — Teddy Newcomb and Blondie Paulsen are our champion gloom chasers for the boys; Irene Breil and Virginia Sanford are the best cure for the blues among the girls.

Most Serious—Neal and Malcolm seem to see the least to laugh about; and would you believe it, Janet was chosen as our most serious girl.

Early Birds—Neal and Arlene arrived a few years before most of us, so are entitled to be called the class dignitaries.

Squalls Ahead — Imogene comes the nearest to needing rocking with a mere 15 years to her credit.

Most Popular Boy and Girl—This enviable distinction goes to placid, smiling Teddy Newcomb with Blondie Paulsen runner-up. Irene Breil piled up the votes for the girls.

Most Talented — Demosthenes Libby's oratorical ability wins him this place; Irene Briel's ability to handle a dozen jobs at once spots her as an executive of real merit.

Hot Air Artist—No competition in this race. Steve Libby outdistanced his closest rival by a dozen votes. Even Steve himself recognized his own talent in this direction.

Most Helpful Boy — "Polly" with his ever ready mechanical ability, managerial talent, stick-to-it-iveness and general willingness wins this most desirable title.

Most Helpful Girl—Who could it be but Arlene, who shoulders all sorts of responsibilities cheerfully and capably with her ever-ready smile. We'll miss "Polly" and Arlene, our right-hand men.

Best Athlete for Boys—Donnie Rawson holds this title with Teddy as runner-up.

Best Girl Athlete — Ginnie Sanford and Frances Skillings tie for this honor, our athletic Siamese twins.

Most Intellectual — Ted Newcomb and Malcolm Connor thumb their books the most, if the observations of their classmates are correct; Irene was the uncontested choice for girls.

Biggest Sleeper—Elmer Verrill, Howard Pence and Alfred Moulton like to "hit the hay" best for the boys, but the girls must all be night hawks for not a single vote was cast for the gals.

Biggest Eaters—Candor compels us to reveal that Arlene, Cappy and Ted come the nearest to "licking the platter clean."

Our Clark Gable—Richard Frederick is accused of casting the most telling glances at the fair sex, but Howard Pence and Cappy Littlefield also have a leaning toward romance.

Solitary Bliss—Imogene and Arlene at present care the least for the masculine portion of the class; Connor and Burnell seem to be gun-shy for the boys. Lots of time yet for those fatal arrows!

Campus Echoes

"What period do we omit?"

"Can I pass it in tomorrow?"

"How long has it got to be?"

"Do we have to make complete statements?"

"When does this period end?"

"What's the date?"

"Does everybody have to do this?"

"What's the assignment?"

"When does vacation begin?"

"I don't understand this sentence."

"May I use the telephone?"

"May I go to the office and use the typewriter?"

"I have to make a report for English."

"May I get excused from detention?"

"What am I on detention for?"

"Who put me on?"

"May I make up my detention tomorrow night?"

"Double time!"

"May I sit with someone? The pages are out of my book."

S. H. S. Alphabet

A is for Arlene, a senior this year,
Whenever you see her, she's full of good cheer.

B is for Billy, our Freshman Apollo,
Both beauty and brains, on the honor roll also.

C is for Cappy, who once used to roam,
Now a pe-manent guest at the Richardson home.

D is for Donny, who's always well "red,"
From the tip of his toes to the top of his head.

E is for Elva, star basketball guard,
To evade her long arms most say 'tis too hard.

F is for Frederick, whose full name is Ted,
On the basketball floor he sure keeps his head.

G is for Gertie, a Sophomore lass,
Who, I think you'll agree, is the flirt of her class.

H is for honor, we'd all like to win,
I think it's next Monday we're going to begin.

I is for Irene, a studious maid,
Who for her endeavor with honor is paid.

J is for Johnny, our school's Fred Astaire,
Not Ginger's his partner, for Nellie is there.

K is for Kennie, so wistful and wan,
Completely adrift when Geneva is gone.

L is for Letitia, whose hobby, they say,
Is writing long letters to one far away.

M is for Marian, who's fond of knock-Knox,
When down here from Norway she watches the clox.

N is for Normie, a Junior is he,
The smile on his face is intriguing to see.

Oh, dear, I'm desolate! Does anyone know
Of a name in this school that commences with "O"?

P is for Peggy, who fights to the end,
For fun or for glory or just a boy friend.

Q is for questions the teachers all ask,
To answer them promptly is, oh, such a task!

R is for Richard, our permanent "No,"
In debating or English, you'll find this is so.

S is for someone, I'm not sure just who;
Sammy, be thankful it isn't for you.

T is for Teeter, postgraduate miss,
Who hardly expects to be written in this.

U is for "used-to," the time when we all
Instead of just fooling played good basketball.

V is for Vernon, a scout leader tall,
A noted adviser in girls' basketball.

W—Winslow, and Warren, some Williams, and then,
William Anopheles, nuisance of men!

X is the unknown who writes the queer ditty;
If I'm ever found out, I'll need all your pity.

Y is for you who read this, my rhyme;
You'll probably say I have wasted your time.

'Z anyone else cares to be in this pome,
Come see me sometime; I'm always at home.

NIX.

UNDER COVER WORK!

Mrs. Hallett: "Yes, Your Honor, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg!"

Judge: "Good heavens! The burglar's?"

Mrs. H.: "No, my husband's. He heard the noise, too."

NATURALLY

Mr. Bessey: "Your explanation has a hollow ring."

S. L., '37: "That's from talking on an empty stomach."

LIVING IN HOPES

B. C., '40: "I'm raising a moustache. What color do you suppose it will be?"

K. D., '40: "Gray, at the rate it is growing."

HEAD WORK

R. W., '38: "I wonder what cannibals do with their victims' heads?"

N. J., '38: "Oh, probably make noodle soup out of them!"

NOT RESPONSIBLE

G. R., '39: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me. I only laid the table."

NO! NO!

Mr. S.: "My, but you're contradictory!"

R. W., '38: "Why, I am not?"

I FEEL BETTER!

L. L.: "Hattie, what is poultry husbandry?"

H. S.: "The study of chicken raising."

L. L.: "What a relief! I thot he had married some U. of Maine girl."

RAISING CANE!

Mrs. L.: "What are the products of the West Indies?"

E. V., '37: "I don't know."

Mrs. L.: "Heaven sakes! Where do you get sugar from?"

E. V., '37: "We borrow it from the next door neighbor."

SURE THING!

Mr. S.: "Leon, what are the three kinds of sentences?"

L. S., '40: "Five-year, ten-year, and life!"

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

B. F., '38: "If you don't stop playing that saxophone, I'll go crazy!"

N. F., '40: "You're crazy already. I stopped half an hour ago."

PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Mr. B.: "Do you believe in building and loan?"

S. L., '37: "Yes."

Mr. B.: "Well, get out of the building and leave me alone."

SOME PRIZE!

M. C., '40 (after Freshman Reception): "What did you get for winning the pie-eating contest?"

A. P., '40: "A stomach ache."

A CULTIVATED TASTE

Mr. B. (in Steve's Lunch): "This chicken tastes like an old shoe dipped in oil."

Waiter: "It does? My, what queer meals you've had!"

WE DO OUR PART

A. W. (inquiring about the nature of the Macbeth exam): "Will we have to make any scenes?"

YES, PROFESSOR, CLEAR AS MUD!

Mr. S.: "An adverbial clause performs the functions of an adverb half way down the page."

GOOD NIGHT, NURSE!

N. H., '38: "I was in the hospital three weeks."

H. P., '37: "Pretty sick?"

N. H.: "No, pretty nurse!"

OH, MR. MUSSOLINI!

V. S., '37: "George Washington said we should eat less spaghetti."

Mrs. L.: "When did he say that?"

V. S.: "Don't you remember he said, 'Keep away from foreign entanglements'?"

EASY TRIP

B. W., '39: "What is the meaning of Sacramento?"

Mr. S.: "Sacramento is a place. Where is it?"

B. W.: "At the bottom of page 19."

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Mr. S.: "Who done—er-er—did that?"

THE BOOK SAYS SO, TEACHER!

Mrs. L.: "Aleta, who was Anne Boleyn?"

Aleta: "Anne Boleyn was a flatiron."

Mrs. L.: "What on earth do you mean?"

Aleta: "Well, it says here in the history book: 'Henry, having disposed of Catharine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn'."

THE OLD MEANIES!

Dad: "Well, Malcolm, how did you get along in your examinations?"

Malcolm: "Just fine, except in History. Every question they asked was about something that happened before I was born."

WATCH YOUR CONTROL, BOB!

Mr. B.: "Bobby, you mustn't laugh out loud in class."

Bobby S.: "I didn't mean to do it, Mr. Bessey. I was just smiling and it busted!"

WHO'S BOSS?

Agent (at Jerry Hallett's door): "Is the mistress of the house at home?"

Jerry: "Yes, she's upstairs in her cradle."

SOME GYMNASTICS!

Mr. Higgins (explaining a difficult problem): "Now, watch the board carefully, and I'll go through it again."

POOR FISH!

D. S., '39: "Miss Hutchins, is it true that the big fish eat the little sardines?"

Miss H.: "Yes, I believe so."

D. S.: "How do they open the cans?"

FULL UP!

F. M., '39: "If you are tired of dancing, we will sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."

H. J., '39: "Oh, dear me, no! I ate such a big supper that I really couldn't eat another thing."

NO DOUBT

H. H., '38: "Where were the first doughnuts made?"

E. L., '38: "In Greece, of course."

INNOCENT

Mr. S. (in detention to Virginia Sanford): "What are you in here for?"

V. S., '37: "Nothing."

Mr. S.: "You must be here for something."

V. S.: "That's it, I was doing nothing."

DUMB CLUCKS

M. L. (in Junior Business): "Dear Donald: How's your pig? I thot you weren't looking very well."

K. D., '40: "A bacillus is a person who was born with his right mind but lost it."

E. G., '40: "An epidemic is a person trying to get a good education."

I. B., '40: "People born in this country are said to be centralized."

E. C., '40: "A tort is a special kind of gas."

A. P., '40: "A vice is one that takes the place of a President when he dies."

C. S., '38: "The Colosseum is a Roman king."

E. N., '40: "We scold milk to take the cream away."

F. A., '40: "A wardrobe closet is a place to put your hates."

W. F., '38 (after arguing half an hour): "Well, when are we going to start arguing?"

S. J.: "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth."

A. I., '38: "A Welsh Rabbit is a rabbit born or naturalized in Wales."

R. M., '39: "A census is when people come around to your house and ask you how many dogs you have."

R. M., '39: "A gazateer is a man who fights with swords."

M. H., '39: "Instinct means that something is distinctive."

Definition of "jobber" found on test papers:

"A jobber is one looking for a job."

"A jobber is one that does different kinds of jobs."

"A jobber is a person who fires people."

Soles together, side by each,
While assembly speakers preach.
Oblivious to the noisy din,
While school marches out and in,
While harassed teachers teach.
Soles together, she's a peach.

Soles together, side by side,
In love, there is naught to hide;
In springtime love comes flitting down
On two souls in Scarboro town.
Soles together, side by side.
Will they soon be groom and bride?

Soles together, what does it mean?
Look upon a touching scene.
School assembly, first two rows,
Lovers in a happy pose.
Souls together, sitting there,
Cap and Margery, happy pair.

SYNONYMOUS.

SLEEPING SICKNESS

Mr. H. (in science): "You can't sleep in my class."

B. S., '39: "I could if you didn't talk so loud."

FIRST HAND!

Mr. S. (in debating): "Now, Miss Wood, where is your authority?"

M. W., '38: "Life."

'ZAT SO?

S. L. (in assembly program): "What is America's national flower?"

R. B., '39: "Wallflower."

CATNIP!

Mrs. L.: "What is a comet?"

W. E., '40: "A star with a tail."

Mrs. L.: "Very good. Name one."

W. E.: "Mickey Mouse."

LOGICAL!

W. B., '37: "How do you keep a fish from smelling?"

Dick F.: "Cut off his nose."

OBVIOUSLY

Mr. H.: "Rawson, where is the elephant found?"

G. R., '39: "The elephant is such a large animal that it is hardly ever lost."

EARLY START!

Mr. B.: "I want some chicken, and the younger the better."

Pert Waitress: "How about an egg, Sir?"

GLOOMY OUTLOOK

D. S., '37: "Been fishing?"

S. L., '37: "Yep."

D. S.: "Catch anything?"

S. L.: "Haven't been home yet."

SURE POP!

J. V., '38: "Anything I say goes."

E. V., '37: "Come out into the garage and say 'Second-hand Ford'."

FILLS THE BILL!

Miss H. (in Porteous, Mitchell's): "I'm hunting for something appropriate for a gift. Something timely and striking."

Clerk: "Clocks, third on your left."

SOLID MATTER!

D. S., '39: "Miss Hutchins, what is the difference between abstract and concrete?"

Miss H.: "When you sing a song, that's abstract, and when you make a cake, that's concrete."

Out With It!

Mr. H.: "Ted, what does HNO_3 signify?"

T. N., '37: "Well, er-er—I've got it right on the end of my tongue."

Mr. H.: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."

There You Are!

Mr. S.: "Sam, can you give me a word using the word 'income'?"

S. J., '39: "Sure, in come the cat!"

Why Not?

Miss M.: "What do cows eat?"

D. C., '39: "Milkweed."

No Doubt!

Mrs. L.: "For what was Abraham Lincoln noted?"

V. S., '37: "For his memory."

Mrs. L.: "Why do you think so?"

V. S.: "Because I saw a monument erected to it."

Scraps

The firefly is very brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He stumbles through existence
With his headlight on behind.

A woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust
When building a hut.

He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger;
He's sore if
His cutter don't cut.

He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans;
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said;

The whole excavation
Has this explanation:
He builds it
By using his head.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour;
And thot, "That draw-bridge would be up,
Now won't my girl be sour!"

Tuesday, September 15, 1936:

While the hands of the clock were quickly moving to 8.00 o'clock, you could see the very nervous children (or we should say green crowd of thirty-nine Freshmen) hurrying to get by the upper classmen and into the main room.

I see only one post-graduate back this year. Oh, well, they all decided that they had been at Scarboro High long enough.

Oh, yes, I wonder who that is we see coming in the door? Say! That must be the new teacher who is taking Miss Paine's place . . . very stunning. Well, if it isn't the upper classmen led by the dignified Seniors of twenty-seven, then the sophisticated Sohomores numbering forty-eight, and then last, but not least, the jolly Juniors coming twenty-six strong.

Friday, September 18:

Class elections were held. The results were as follows:

SENIORS

President—Irene Breil.

Vice-President—Vernon Paulsen.

Secretary—Frances Skillings.

Treasurer—Leon Littlefield.

Members of the Student Council—Irene Breil, Virginia Sanford, Vernon Paulsen, and Steven Libby.

JUNIORS

President—Norman Harmon.
Vice-President—Ellen Jensen.
Secretary—Geneva Plowman.
Treasurer—Jeanette Johnson.
Members of the Student Council—Norman Harmon, Letitia Leary, and Elva Pooler.

SOPHOMORES

President—Donald Clark.
Vice-President—Robert Scamman.
Secretary—Gertrude Leary.
Treasurer—Nancy Rice.
Members of the Student Council—Elwood Mitchell and Peggy Courtenay.

FRESHMEN

President—William Cott.
Vice-President—Kenneth Dolloff.
Secretary—Gertrude Perry.
Treasurer—Kenneth Libby.
Member of the Student Council—Kenneth Libby.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTION

President—Ted Newcomb.
Vice-President—Vernon Paulsen.
Secretary-Treasurer—Letitia Leary.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Libby '37, Harmon '38, Sanford '37, Paulsen '37, Pooler '38, Libby '40, Courtenay '39.
Sitting: Mitchell '39, Leary '38, Breil '37.

Monday, September 21:

The Student Council organized and the following officers were elected:

President—Irene Breil.
Vice-President—Norman Harmon.
Secretary—Letitia Leary.
Treasurer—Virginia Sanford.

Wednesday, September 23:

School closed a half day for the World's Fair at North Scarboro.

Thursday, October 8:

The 4-H Club's local contest and exhibit was held at the Scarboro High School auditorium. A large crowd gathered for the entertainment, which was put on by members of the different clubs. The best stunt was a Knock-Knock put on by the Co-Boss Dairy Club, of which Mr. Bessey is leader.

George Stanford, a prominent leader of 4-H Clubs in Scarboro, gave an interesting talk on his trip to the National 4-H Camp at Washington last summer. Mr. Heald talked on the start of 4-H Clubs and their growth. It is a point of pride, with us in Scarboro, that Mr. Heald is the oldest active leader in the state.

Last, but not least, Miss Hill, county 4-H leader, announced the winners of the different projects, and gave 4-H badges to members who have signed up for 4-H Club work during the coming year.

The evening was closed by the looking over of the exhibits. Winners of county championships were Dairy, Ted Newcomb; Garden, Harold Strout; Corn, Richard Woodward.

Friday, October 9:

A salesman from the Curtis Publishing Company helped organize the subscription selling contest and also entertained with jokes and stories.

Wednesday, October 14:

At 2:00 o'clock everyone seemed to be nervous, as they paced up and down the halls. About 2:15 a crowd of girls, the boys following bashfully behind, headed for the first meeting of the dancing class conducted by Mrs. Isabelle Baker Craig of Portland. This class continued through a period of ten weeks and the eighteen couples who attended pronounced it a success in more ways than one.

Friday, October 16:

The great event for the Freshmen which is known as "Freshman Reception Night." A gala entertainment of stunts was put on and immediately followed exciting basketball games between the Freshmen and Sophomores, of which the Sophomores were victorious in both girls' and boys' games.

Monday, October 19:

Richard Chapman, assistant county attorney, gave an interesting talk on electoral voting. He explained how the people of the United States elect their President.

Thursday, October 22:

An assembly was held during the afternoon. Two men from the Navy showed us movies.

Friday, November 13:

The Senior Class presented their annual drama. Even though it was presented one night, it proved to be a great success. The production was coached by Mr. Higgins and he was presented with a key case and wallet at the end of the performance. The cast of characters was as follows:

John Randolph, Sr. ..... Ted Newcomb
Dessie ..... Virginia Sanford
Bill Gordon ..... Howard Pence
Ella Carlson ..... Irene Breil
John Randolph, Jr. ..... Steven Libby
Paul Jackson ..... Ray Littlefield
Ann Gregory ..... Marjorie Richardson
Miss Ann Gregory ..... Dorothy Lothrop
Mrs. Sheffield ..... Arlene Winslow

Scene: The outer office of the John Randolph Printing Company.

Stage Manager—Vernon Paulsen.
Assistant Stage Manager—Ray Littlefield.
Property Manager—Frances Skillings.
Ticket Manager—Imogene Douglass.

Mr. Hallett showed moving pictures on fishing as his contribution to the assemblies of the year.

Wednesday, December 9:

County Attorney Walter M. Tapley spoke to the commercial law students on "Contracts."

Thursday, December 10:

Through the courtesy of Steven Libby and the wonders of modern science, the students having spare periods heard history being made as they listened to the radio report of the abdication of King Edward VIII.

Friday, December 11:

Miss Thompson from Portland spoke on her trip to Mexico. She showed various interesting souvenirs which she brought back with her.

Friday, January 1, 1937:

The Seniors' New Year's Ball was held at the Town Hall.

FACULTY

Standing: Mr. Bessey, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Stoddard.
Sitting: Miss Marr, Mrs. Libbey, Miss Hutchins.

Wednesday, January 13:

Entertainment for the school baseball fans provided a sugar coating for safety education when Don Brennan, pitcher of Cincinnati Reds and connected with the Maine Highway Safety Campaign, showed talking pictures of baseball. Mr. George Shaw of the Portland Police Department gave a talk on Safety between the reels.

January 25-February 8:

A vacation? Yes, for some of the students, others were ill with scarlet fever, which was spreading around the town.

Monday, February 8:

School again and a very lucky break for the students, as Mr. Bessey announced that there would be no mid-years because we had lost so much time.

Friday, March 5:

A Vox-Pop program was given with Steven Libby and Malcolm Conner as masters of ceremonies.

Thursday, March 11:

Mr. Bessey announced about the will of the late Mr. Hunnewell, which provided a bequest of $7,000 for our school.

Monday, March 22:

The best event of the year! A donkey basketball game sponsored by the alumni was held at the high school gymnasium. The alumni played against the high school and the latter was said to be victorious. After this side-splitting affair, two alumni teams played regular basketball.

Friday, March 26:

The girls' and boys' basketball squads had a banquet at the Marshview. About thirty enjoyed a turkey dinner and afterwards listened to brief speeches by the coaches and captains. Many of the boys and girls attended movies in Portland after the dinner.

Friday, April 2:

The best assembly of the year under the leadership of Mr. Stoddard. This took the form of a broadcast from Station WHAT and included performances by such radio stars as Ted Newcomb, William Bradford, Robert Sewell, William Fielding, Howard Pence, Winslow Hall, Merton Leary, Harriet Snow, Richard Mitchell, Gertrude Perry, Malcolm Conner, Steven Libby, and Samuel Jones.

The Nineteenth Annual Prize Speaking Contest was held April 2, 1937, at 8:00 P. M. in the high school auditorium.

PROGRAM

Echo and the Ferry ..... *Ingelow*
Letitia Leary

Michael Strogoff ..... *Verne*
Percy Knight

The Story of Little Red Riding Hood ..... *Riley*
Nancy Rice

The Unseen Witness ..... *Wayne*
Malcolm Conner

The Prince of Court Painters ..... *MacKay*
Margaret Richardson

Famine and the Ghost ..... *Halman*
Richard Woodward

The Story of Patsy ..... *Wiggin*
Ellen Jensen

His Doctor ..... *Melham*
Winslow Hall

That Angel Boy ..... *Porter*
Dorothy Lothrop

The Button ..... *Newman*
Steven Libby

First prizes were won by Margaret Richardson, '39, and Richard Woodward, '38; second prizes by Nancy Rice, '39, and Steven Libby, '37.

TRIANGULAR SPEAKING CONTEST

The triangular speaking contest between Cape Elizabeth, Falmouth and Scarboro was held at Scarboro Town Hall on April 9th and was won by Scarboro for the sixth consecutive year with a total of 1,069 points, and Falmouth came second with 1,061 points.

The Scarboro team consisted of Steven Libby, '37; Richard Woodward, '38; Margaret Richardson, '39; and Nancy Rice, '39.

PROGRAM

The Story of Little Red Riding Hood ..... Nancy Rice, Scarboro

The Burgomaster ..... Allan Knight, Falmouth

Mary Stuart.....Phyllis Schnurle, Cape Elizabeth

Famine and the Ghost ..... Richard Woodward, Scarboro

Music ..... Falmouth High Orchestra

The Little Newsboy..Barbara Sawyer, Falmouth

Brothers Take a Bow ..... Robert Patrick, Cape Elizabeth

The Prince of Court Painters ..... Margaret Richardson, Scarboro

Steps of the Mighty..Robert Leighton, Falmouth

Music ..... Falmouth High Orchestra

Selection from "The Lion and the Mouse" Loraine Dyer, Cape Elizabeth

The Button ..... Steven Libby, Scarboro

At the Declam Contest ..... Marjorie Knudsen, Falmouth

They Shall Not Die ..... Graham Croy, Cape Elizabeth

Barbara Sawyer was judged the best girl speaker and Margaret Richardson second; Steven Libby first for boys and Allan Knight second. These two first winners were chosen to compete in the county contest at Yarmouth, April 21.

DEBATING CLUB

Standing: Mr. Stoddard, Fielding, Snow, Wood, Jensen, Frederick, Libby, Woodward.
Sitting: Johnson, Paulsen, Newcomb, Conner, Verrill, Knight, Southworth.

DEBATING CLUB

A debating club was formed at Scarboro High School at the beginning of the year to promote interest in public questions. The club consisted of the following: Malcolm A. Conner, President; Percy L. Knight, Vice-President; Frederick Newcomb, Secretary; Donald Stevens, Treasurer; Harriet Snow, Richard Woodward, William Fielding, Neils Johnson, Steven Libby, Eugene Allen, Clifford Southworth, Richard Frederick, John Verrill, Marion Wood, and Ellen Jensen. The club advisor is Mr. Stoddard.

Trip to Washington

The following boys of the Senior Class are enthusiastically planning a trip to Washington for the week of the vacation starting April 23rd: Elmer Verrill, Steven Libby, Ray Littlefield, Alfred Moulton, Richard Frederick.

Honor Roll Ending First Semester

Harriet Snow
William C**O**tt
Ellen Jense**N**
Elwo**O**d Mitchell
Irene B**R**eil

Pe**R**cy Knight
D**O**nald Stevens
Jeanette Doug**L**ass
Lucy Hall

Nancy Ric**E**
Ida Nelso**N**
Fre**D**erick Newcomb
E**I**leen Moulton
Milto**N** Brackett
Peg**G**y Courtenay

Franklin Moses
Kenneth L**I**bby
Margaret **R**ichardson
Jeanette John**S**on
Janice Bux**T**on

Neils John**S**on
Helena J**E**nsen
Malcolm Conner
Elizabeth Lamb
Dorothea **S**killings
Christine Gan**T**nier
B**E**ulah Pooler
Evelyn Mese**R**ve

ATHLETICS

BOYS' OUTDOOR TRACK

The ninth annual track and field meet was held at the Portland High School athletic field early in June, 1936.

Scarboro won second place in the meet, being beaten by Falmouth High School with a score of 42½ points against Scarboro's 17 points.

Almon Huff, '36, and George Stanford, '36, captured first and second places respectively in the pole vault event, and "Joe" Dolloff, '36, won first in the 440-yard dash, making the run in 59 seconds. Huff established a new Triple C record in the pole vault, making a clearance of ten feet three inches.

Summaries:

100-Yard Dash—Won by Hill (Cape); second, Thibodeau (Pennell); third, Poulen (N. Y. A.). Time, 10 seconds (new record).

Mile—Won by B. Hawkes (Falmouth); second, Snowden (Standish); third, J. Hawkes (Falmouth). Time, 5 minutes 9 seconds (new record).

440-Yard Dash—Won by Dolloff (Scarboro); second, Gooch (Falmouth); third, E. Hawkes (Falmouth). Time, 59 seconds.

Half Mile—Won by B. Hawkes (Falmouth); second, Carver (Standish); third, Poulen (N. Y. A.). Time, 2 minutes 17⅗ seconds (new record).

220-Yard Dash—Won by Thibodeau (Pennell); second, Hill (Cape); third, Poulen (N. Y. A.). Time, 22 3/10 seconds (new record).

High Jump—Won by Kennard (Windham); second, tie between Brownell (Cape) and Poulen (N. Y. A.). Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Hanson (Falmouth); second, Willson (Pennell); third, Carver (Standish). Distance, 19 feet 6½ inches (new record).

Discus—Won by Hanson (Falmouth); second, Shaw (Scarboro); third, Brush (Cape). Distance, 111 feet 1 inch (new record).

Javelin—Won by Corcoran (Falmouth); second, E. Hawkes (Falmouth); third, Lombard (Cape). Distance, 132 feet 3 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Huff (Scarboro); second, Stanford (Scarboro); third, tie between Vail (Falmouth), Knight (Falmouth) and Jones (N. Y. A.). Distance, 10 feet 3 inches (new record).

Shot Put—Tie between Blake (Falmouth) and Brush (Cape); third, Poulen (N. Y. A.). Distance, 36 feet 3¼ inches.

RECAPITULATION

	Cape	Falmouth	Greely	Pennell	Scarboro	Standish	Windham	N. Y. A.
Discus,	1	5	0	0	3	0	0	0
Javelin,	1	8	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mile,	0	6	0	0	0	3	0	0
Broad Jump,	0	5	0	3	0	1	0	0
Pole Vault,	0	⅝	0	0	8	0	0	⅛
Relay,	0	5	0	3	1	0	0	0
220-Yard Dash,	3	0	0	5	0	0	0	1
Half Mile,	0	5	0	0	0	4	0	0
440-Yard Dash,	0	4	0	0	5	0	0	0
100-Yard Dash,	5	0	0	3	0	0	0	1
Shot Put,	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
High Jump,	2	0	0	0	0	0	5	2
Totals,	16	42⅝	0	14	17	8	5	5⅛

GIRLS' TRACK

The girls' sixth annual field day was held at the Portland High School athletic field. Our team consisted of the following girls: Geneva Plowman, '38; Elva Pooler, '38; Frances Skillings, '37; Lorraine Emerson, '36; Jocelyn Shaw, '36; Virginia Bennett, '36; Harriet Snow, '38; and Helene Howatt, '38. The team was coached by Miss Paine, a member of the faculty.

Scarboro placed in three events. In the 40-yard dash Plowman came in third place, in the discus throw Emerson came in second place, and Scarboro's relay team won third place. Although Scarboro only scored five points at the meet, they have better hopes for next year.

Summary of events:

40-Yard Dash—Won by Jordan (Cape Elizabeth); second, Wilson (Falmouth); third, Plowman (Scarboro). Time, 4 9/10 seconds (new record).

75-Yard Dash—Won by Jordan (Cape Elizabeth); second, Farwell (Greely Institute); third, Wilson (Falmouth). Time, 9 seconds (new record).

Baseball Throw—Won by Turner (Cape Elizabeth); second, Jordan (Cape Elizabeth); third, Campbell (Greely Institute). Distance, 191½ feet (new record).

Five-Potato Race—Won by Campbell (Greely Institute); second, Hincks (Falmouth); third, Morrill (Greely Institute). Time, 19⅘ seconds.

Discus Throw—Won by Turner (Cape Elizabeth); second, Emerson (Scarboro); third, Lawson (Falmouth). Distance, 67½ feet (new record).

Relay Race—Won by Falmouth; second, Cape Elizabeth; third, Scarboro (Plowman, Skillings, Pooler, Howatt). Time, 30 seconds (new record).

POINT SUMMARY

	40-Yard	75-Yard	Baseball	Potato	Discus	Relay	Totals
Cape Elizabeth,	5	5	8	0	5	3	26
Falmouth,	3	1	0	3	1	5	13
Greely,	0	3	1	6	0	0	10
Scarboro,	1	0	0	0	3	1	5
Pennell,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

BOYS' SWIMMING

The ninth annual Triple C swimming meet for boys was held at the Y. M. C. A. pool on October 14, 1936, with Scarboro winning but one point, that by Solok, who placed third in diving.

Other Scarboro contestants were V. Paulsen, '37; W. Ewing, '40; W. Fielding, '38; and K. Dolloff, '40.

It was a very interesting meet despite the lack of points by Scarboro's team, because of the fact that five new records were established by Tukey and Martin of the Cape, Hill of Windham, and the Cape Elizabeth relay team.

Summaries:

120-Yard Medley Relay—Won by Cape; second, Falmouth; third, N. Y. A. Time, 1 minute 29 seconds (new record).

100-Yard Free Style—Won by Tukey (Cape); second, Manchester (Windham); third, Libby (Freeport). Time, 1 minute 3⅘ seconds (new record).

40-Yard Back Stroke—Won by Hill (Windham); second, Wile (N. Y. A.); third, South (Falmouth). Time, 30 seconds (new record).

40-Yard Free Style—Won by Tukey (Cape); second, Maines (Windham); third, Smith (Falmouth). Time, 22⅘ seconds (new record).

Diving—Won by E. Potenzo (Falmouth); second, R. Patrick (Cape); third, Solok (Scarboro).

80-Yard Relay—Won by N. Y. A.; second, Windham; third, Falmouth. Time, 46 seconds.

40-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Martin (Cape); second, Brownell (Cape); third, disqualified. Time, 31⅘ seconds (new record).

RECAPITULATION

	100-Yard Free Style	40-Yard Breast Stroke	40-Yard Free Style	40-Yard Back Stroke	Diving	120-Yard Medley Relay	80-Yard Relay	Totals
Cape Elizabeth,	5	8	5	0	3	5	0	26
Yarmouth,	0	0	3	0	0	1	5	9
Freeport,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Falmouth,	0	0	1	1	5	3	2	12
Windham,	3	0	3	5	0	0	2	13
Scarboro,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1

GIRLS' SWIMMING

The fifth annual girls' swimming meet was held at the Y. M. C. A. on October 7, 1936, and was won by Falmouth High School. Scarboro's team consisted of the following: Imogene Douglass, '37; Frances Skillings, '37; Helene Howatt, '38; and June Skillings, '39. Although Scarboro did not place in any of the events, fun was had during the swimming practice.

Summary of events:

40-Yard Free Style—Won by Leonard (Cape Elizabeth); second, Sickles (Falmouth); third, Swett (Falmouth). Time, 29 seconds.

40-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Bowers (Yarmouth); second, Hincks (Falmouth); third, Pecararo (Windham). Time, 40 seconds.

40-Yard Back Stroke—Won by Noon (Falmouth); second, Hincks (Falmouth); third, Rozelle (Cape Elizabeth). Time, 31⅘ seconds (new record).

Diving—Won by Bowers (Yarmouth); second, Sickles (Falmouth); third, Foster (Cape Elizabeth).

Medley Event—Won by Falmouth; second, Cape Elizabeth; third, Freeport. Time, 47⅘ seconds (new record).

POINT SUMMARY

	Falmouth	Cape Elizabeth	Yarmouth	Windham	Freeport	Standish	Scarboro
40-Yard Free Style,	4	5	0	0	0	0	0
40-Yard Breast Stroke,	3	0	5	1	0	0	0
40-Yard Back Stroke,	8	1	0	0	0	0	0
Diving,	2	2	5	0	0	0	0
60-Yard Medley Relay,	5	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	22	11	10	1	1	0	0

RIFLE MEET

The seventh annual rifle meet, held under the supervision of Mr. Ted Gillingham at the Y. M. C. A. early in the fall, was won by Falmouth High School, with Scarboro winning fourth place, being outpointed by Falmouth, Cape Elizabeth and Standish High School riflemen.

Scores and records are unavailable at this time, but Scarboro's representatives were P. Knight, '38; W. Fielding, '38 (captain); N. Johnson, '38; and F. Newcomb, '37.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Somewhat handicapped by the fact that the 1936-37 basketball squad was made up of only two veterans, D. Rawson, '37, and F. Newcomb, '37, Coach Hallett did a comparatively fine job with the boys in winning two of the ten league games played.

During the season, several changes in the squads were made, due to scarlet fever Gordon Rawson contracted, and, in midseason, Normie Harmon's attack of appendicitis. The two players were greatly missed during the latter part of the season, and everyone looks forward to their playing next season.

The big game of the season was the final Gorham game held in the Scarboro gym. The highly praised Gorham team visited Scarboro with the sole intention of trimming us, and incidentally to carry off the divisional Triple C pennant, but was quite disappointed, as they suffered a 21-19 defeat in the hands of the happy Scarboronians.

Coach Hallett looks forward to a fine team next year, as many of the second

team and most of the first team will be available for play.

FIRST TEAM RESULTS

	Scarboro	Opponents
*Greely,	23	12
Falmouth,	28	34
*Cape Elizabeth,	23	24
Standish,	15	26
*Yarmouth,	22	26
Gorham,	29	47
*Falmouth (2 overtimes),	15	19
Yarmouth,	35	14
Cape Elizabeth,	19	40
*Gorham,	21	19
*Standish,	23	32
Totals,	253	293

* Indicates home games.

SECOND TEAM SCORES

	Scarboro	Opponents
Standish,	40	10
*Standish,	32	30
*Cape,	20	18
*Gorham,	20	30
Gorham,	13	26
*Kennebunk,	33	16
Falmouth,	23	26
*Alumni,	6	17
Totals,	186	173

* Indicates home games.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

	Points
D. Rawson,	65
K. Dolloff,	41
T. Newcomb,	29
H. Pence,	29
R. Scamman,	22
N. Scamman,	22
E. Mitchell,	19
D. Clark,	18
G. Rawson,	7
W. Gower,	1
Total,	253

FINAL STANDING

Triple C—Boys

	Won	Lost	Pct.
*Gorham High,	8	2	.800
*Standish High,	8	2	.800
Falmouth High,	6	4	.600
Cape Elizabeth High,	5	5	.500
Scarboro High,	2	8	.200
North Yarmouth Academy,	1	9	.100

* Playoff game between Gorham and Standish High Schools, played at Gorham Normal School gym, score: Standish 23, Gorham 21.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Coach Hallett, Hersey '39, Pence '37, Knight '38, G. Rawson '39, Southworth '38, Paulsen, Manager.
Sitting: Harmon '38, Mitchell '39, Dolloff '40, Newcomb '37, Scamman '39, D. Rawson '37, Clark '39.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Douglass '37, Manager, Jensen '38, Snow '38, Johnson '38, Gantnier '39, Coach Marr.
Sitting: Howatt '38, Plowman '38, Sanford '37, Captain P ooler '38, Newcomb '39, Leary '38, Skillings '37.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

During the basketball season of 1936-1937, there was a squad of twenty-five girls who faithfully attended practices throughout the year.

Our first team consisted of the following girls: Forwards—Frances Skillings, '37; Ellen Jensen, '38; Geneva Plowman, '38; and Christine Gantnier, '39. Centers—Letitia Leary, '38; Harriet Snow, '38; and Jeanette Johnson, '38. Guards—Virginia Sanford, '37; Elva Pooler, '38 (captain); Mary Newcomb, '39; Edith Stanford, '39; and Helene Howatt, '38.

Others who have attended practices faithfully throughout the year are Imogene Douglass, '37; Marion Stanford, '40; Ellen Chase, '40; Nancy Rice, '39; Barbara Paine, '39; June Skillings, '39; Janice Buxton, '39; Mary Chase, '40; and Alice Purington, '40.

This year only two girls will be lost by graduation, which means that the 1937-1938 girls' basketball team should be a successful one. The girls who will graduate are one guard, Virginia Sanford, and one forward, Frances Skillings.

Girls who will receive letters this year are Elva Pooler, '38 (captain); Virginia Sanford, '37; Frances Skillings, '37; Geneva Plowman, '38; Ellen Jensen, '38; Jeanette Johnson, '38; Harriet Snow, '38; Helene Howatt, '38; and Imogene Douglass, '37 (manager).

The girls have appreciated very much the fine coaching of Miss Marr, a member of our faculty.

Summary of games:

*Scarboro,	35	Greely,	27
Scarboro,	21	Falmouth,	42
*Scarboro,	23	Cape Elizabeth,	35
*Scarboro,	20	North Yarmouth,	32
Scarboro,	9	Gorham,	23
*Scarboro,	10	Falmouth,	25
Scarboro,	14	North Yarmouth,	31
Scarboro,	14	Cape Elizabeth,	26
*Scarboro,	37	Gorham,	27
Totals,	183		268

* Home games.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Points
Geneva Plowman,	138
Ellen Jensen,	30
Elva Pooler,	10
Frances Skillings,	5
Total,	183

Class games were held early in the spring after the regular basketball season was over. The Juniors were the winners, in spite of the fact that they were well handicapped. The Seniors were the runners-up.

The girls who played in the class games were Lorraine Emerson, Virginia Sanford, Frances Skillings, Arlene Winslow, Imogene Douglass, Ellen Jensen, Geneva Plowman, Elva Pooler, Helene Howatt, Harriet Snow, Jeanette Johnson, Mary Newcomb, Janice Buxton, Nancy Rice, Christine Gantnier, Helena Jensen, Peggy Courtenay, June Skillings, Mary Chase, Ellen Chase, Alice Purington, Gertrude Perry, and Marion Stanford.

Interclass Basketball Games

Several interclass basketball games were held afternoons this winter, and a large amount of enthusiasm was created by the student body.

The scores were generally close enough to be interesting, proving the fact that age and size are unimportant factors in the winning of a basketball game.

The play-off game between the Seniors and Freshmen was played at an assembly period, and in spite of the fact that the Freshmen won by a large score, the audience was interested until the final whistle was blown.

RESULTS OF CLASS GAMES

Juniors,	16
Sophomores,	24
Seniors,	45
Freshmen,	48
Seniors,	66
Juniors,	26
Freshmen,	21
Sophomores,	16
Juniors,	14
Freshmen,	32
Seniors,	26
Sophomores,	28

FINAL STANDING

	Won	Lost	Ave.
Freshmen,	3	0	1.000
Sophomores,	2	1	.666
Seniors,	1	2	.333
Juniors,	0	3	.000

WINTER SPORTS

Due to the extreme lack of snow, the second annual winter sports carnival was "indefinitely postponed" this year.

The Y. M. C. A. publicity director, our old and genial friend, Mr. Chester R. Hall, planned three dates for the carnival, but was forced to postpone each one until finally it was decided that there would be no carnival in the league this winter.

INDOOR TRACK

The tenth annual indoor Triple C track meet for boys was held at the Portland Y. M. C. A. late in March.

Scarboro had a very good chance of winning until bad luck in two events put us out of the running. At the time of our misfortune, Falmouth burst forth with a scoring spree to beat the Scarboronians in points 26⅔ to 18⅓.

Two Scarboro boys won firsts in the events: D. Rawson, '37, in the high jump, and W. Gower, '38, in the 20-yard dash.

Computations:

Rope Climb—Won by Chadbourne (N. Y. A.); second, Wilson (Falmouth); third, Fielding (Scarboro). Time, 10⅘ seconds.

Hop, Step and Jump—Won by Chadbourne (N. Y. A.); second, Dolloff (Scarboro); third, Colley (Pennell). Distance, 24 feet ⅛ inch.

Potato Race—Won by Hawkes (Falmouth); second, Smith (Falmouth); third, Smith (Greely). Time, 16⅘ seconds.

High Jump—Won by Rawson (Scarboro); second, tie between Knight (Scarboro), Hilton and Knight (both of Falmouth). Height, 8 feet 9⅜ inches.

20-Yard Dash—Won by Gower (Scarboro); second, a Pennell contestant; third, Smith (Greely). Time, 3 seconds.

Shuttle Relay—Won by Falmouth; second, Pennell; third, Greely. Time, 28 minutes 4 seconds.

Shot Put—Won by Blake (Falmouth); second, Gooch (Falmouth); third, Hutchins (Greely). Distance, 31 feet 9 inches.

FINAL SCORES

	Falmouth	Scarboro	Pennell	N. Y. A.	Greely
20-Yard Dash,	0	5	0	3	1
High Jump,	2⅔	6⅓	0	0	0
Broad Jump,	0	3	0	1	5
Rope Climb,	3	1	0	5	0
Potato Race,	3	0	0	0	1
Hop, Step and Jump,	0	3	1	5	0
Shot Put,	3	0	0	0	1
Shuttle Relay,	5	0	3	0	1
Totals,	26⅔	18⅓	4	14	9

BASEBALL

Baseball still seems to be a minor sport at Scarboro High School, so we have not joined the Triple C League in recent years.

It is hoped that some time in the very near future Scarboro will sally forth with a really good baseball team.

However, several informal games were played with Gorham and Windham High Schools, and we all hope for a berth in the league soon.

WEARERS OF THE "S" IN SCARBORO HIGH

Boys' Basketball

Newcomb, '37 — Clark, '39
Rawson, '37 — Mitchell, '39
Pence, '37 — Seamman, '39
Harmon, '38 — Dolloff, '40
Paulsen (Mgr.), '37

Girls' Basketball

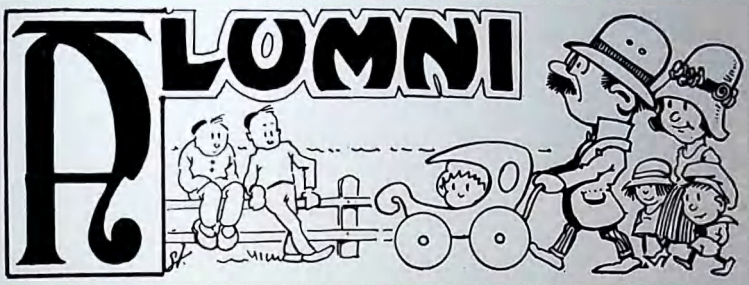
V. Sanford, '37 — G. Plowman, '38
F. Skillings, '37 — J. Johnson, '38
I. Douglass (Mgr.), '37 — H. Snow, '38
E. Pooler, '38 — E. Jensen, '38
H. Howatt, '38

Boys' Track

Rawson, '37 — Knight, '38
Gower, '38 — Seamman, '39
Fielding, '38 — Dolloff, '40

Girls' Track

L. Emerson, P. G. — H. Howatt, '38
G. Plowman, '38



ATTENDING HIGHER SCHOOLS

Boston University—Annie E. Ferguson, '33.

Gorham Normal School—Ethelyn E. Pillsbury, '34; Alan H. Paine, '34.

Leland Powers—Philip L. Harmon, '35.

Westbrook Junior College — Martha Libby, '35.

Northeastern University — Grant Jensen, '35.

Colby—Willard Smyth, '35; Shirley L. Knight, '36.

Northeastern Business — Nellie Harmon, '35; Nellie Newcomb, '35; Elizabeth Moulton, '35; Vivian Plowman, '35; Roxanna L. Ross, '36.

Hebron—Delmar D. Shaw, '36.

Oak Grove Seminary — Jocelyn C. Shaw, '36.

Aroostook State Normal—Margaret D. Gantnier, '36.

University of Maine—Almon Huff, '36.

P. G. at South Eliot—Virginia A. Bennett, '36.

P. G. at Scarboro—Lorraine Emerson, '36.

MARRIAGES

Arthur M. Pillsbury, '22, to Mildred McAllister.

Elinor Lary, '26, to Norman McKeen.

Gerald T. Pillsbury, '28, to Marjorie Simpson.

Rachael Shaw, '29, to S. Howard Lyons, '32.

Barbara J. Harmon, '31, to Daniel W. Snow, '31.

Elizabeth Shaw, '31, to John Henley.

Sidney Pooler, '31, to Marion W. Libby, '35.

Nathalie I. Lothrop, '32, to Lemuel F. Clark.

Adelaide I. Burnell, '32, to Walter W. Hinds.

Lloyd H. Turner, '32, to Florence E. d'Anjou.

Ruth E. Jordan, '34, to Rudolph J. Anderson.

Beryl A. Gantnier, '35, to Guy R. Grant.

Bessie M. Collins, ex-'36, to Russell W. Bayley.

Neal Jensen, '32, to Madelene D. Corson.

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TED & SALLY AGAIN!

"NORMIE"

BUCK STEVENS RIDES AGAIN!

COACH NEWCOMB & THREE PRODIGIES

"THE SAGAMORE"

Photos by S. Libby '37

BIRTHS

To Clarence and Gladys Urquhart Wyman, '15, a daughter, Sarah Beverly.

To Joseph E. and Frances Bowley Morse, '28, a son, William Arnold.

To Percy L. and Gladys Douglass Pooler, '23, a son, George Kittridge.

To Maurice E., '25, and Tena McKenney Plowman, '26, a son, Ronald Alan.

To Richard and Ruth Ahlquist Grant, '27, a daughter, Donna Meredith Corinne.

To Walter, '25, and Ruth Hutchins Sargent, a son, Harlan Frank.

To R. Leon, '21, and Marguerite Rice Lary, a daughter, Jocelyn.

To Lawrence C. and Constance Higgins Harmon, '28, a son, Albert John.

To Frederick H., ex-'32, and Hilda Harmon Rice, '30, a son, Richard Harmon.

To Clayton F., '23, and Emily Lothrop Sargent, ex-'31, a son, Clayton Edward.

To Percy J. and Elinor Harmon Wright, '16, a daughter, Margaret Frances.

ALUMNI BANQUET

One hundred and sixty were present at the annual alumni banquet which was held at the Dunscroft in Dunstan on June 8, 1936.

Earle Willman was the toastmaster.

The Harriet Hurlbert Heald plaque was won by the class of 1904.

The alumni cash awards were presented to Virginia A. Bennett and George H. Stanford.

The following were voted as officers of the association: President, Joseph Knight; Vice-President, Mrs. Emile Jannelle; Secretary, Mrs. Rachael S. Lyons; and Treasurer, Norman Thurston.

The association has a scholarship fund in which they have about one hundred and thirty dollars. This money was earned by sponsoring beano parties, whist parties, a dance and an amateur show. Recently they held a donkey basketball game at which they netted about twenty-five dollars.

After the banquet and speeches, dancing was enjoyed.

GRADUATION PROGRAM OF CLASS OF 1936

Theme: Dreams

Salutatory and Essay—The Value of Dreams
Agnes Elfleda Plummer

Serenade ..... *Schubert-Liszt*
Trio Moderna

FANTASY—"THE DREAM MAKER"

CHARACTERS

Pierrot ..... Delmar Daniel Shaw, Jr.
Pierrette ..... Jocelyn Carolyn Shaw
Old Woman in the Moon .....
Charlotte Warren Nowell
Old Man in the Moon....Roger Ames Bennett, Jr.
Minstrel ..... Margaret Doris Gantnier
Moon Maidens — Viola May Wilbur, Eleanor Louise Sanford, Alice Louise Gratz.
Star Maidens — Lorraine Emerson, Leona Roxanna Ross, Marion Jane Skillings.
Chorus of Dancers.

SOLOS

An April Day ..... Margaret Doris Gantnier
Little White Moon of My Dreams .....
Eleanor Louise Sanford

Hungarian Fantasia ..... *Tobani*
Trio Moderna

ALUMNI AWARDS WINNERS

1936

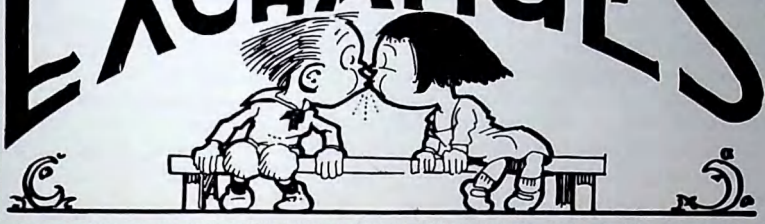
VIRGINIA BENNETT, '36

GEORGE STANFORD, '36

ALUMNI AWARDS

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."

EXCHANGES



A TRIP TO EXCHANGELAND

"Contact!"

The propeller of our red and white monoplane, The Four Corners, whirs noisily and soon we are taxiing with increasing speed over the runway of the Scarboro Airport. We circle over the marshes as we gain altitude. I look down on the green world as it basks in the sunshine of a beautiful spring morning. Can that little doll house, far below, be the building where I have spent the past four years, storing up oodles of concentrated math and — enough of that! Is not this the day when I, the Exchange Editor of The Four Corners, am to take an aerial flight to other places of learning, whose yearbooks have served to wile away many a pleasant hour as I have read through their interesting pages? What? Is that the Cumberland Mills chimney? Why, we are already at Westbrook! Where's bomb number one? Ah, here it is, and I parachute this message to Westbrook High: "Welcome to our exchange list, *The Blue and White.* You have an excellent literary department and your many cuts make for a very interesting book."

And now we circle over the busy city of Portland. Let's see, have we an exchange here? Oh, yes, Northeastern Business College. And I drop this note in bomb number two. "Dear *Annual:* Our school is very glad to have you join our exchange list. We hope you will continue. Many of our Alumni are attending your college. Good luck to them and you."

And now we spin over the beautiful coastline of Falmouth Foreside and, far below, sight the new Falmouth High School building. How appropriate the name of your annual, *The Crest,* situated as you are on the top of a hill overlooking Casco Bay. Here's bomb number three: "Our student body reads your yearbook more than any other, probably because we contact you so much in outside activities. Your material is most interesting and your honor roll is a grand idea. Come again!"

Across country to Windham and to one of our oldest exchanges, *The Windonian.* This message to you: "Your book is complete but as I am quite a joker myself I would enjoy reading more jokes in your columns. Your Activities Period is giving your school lots of publicity. I wish I could drop down and enjoy one of these periods with you."

A few minutes of flying and Sebago Lake comes to view. Here's bomb number five for Standish High: "Your cover design, *Crimson Rambler,* is unique. What athletic teams your boys do have! Why not give some space to the athletic activities of your girls? We would like to hear what they are doing. Remember us next year."

And now I am flying into a region strange to me and I feel that I need a pilot—oh, yes, here is one—*The Pilot* of Mechanic Falls High. "Your *Pilot* surely leads the way in many respects. The many cuts add much to a paper which needs few improvements."

A few miles more and we circle over a cluster of attractive buildings. Why, it's Hebron Academy, and that studious young chap hurrying along the walk with a pile of books under his arm is none other than Delmar Shaw, Scarboro, '36. How the old order changeth! I must surely bomb him. Here goes! "Delmar, make sure that the periodical, *The Hebronian,* comes to us regularly. Its literary material is wonderful."

We turn south again and shortly are over the twin towns, Norway and South Paris. Somehow or other, we have missed *The Caduceus* and *The Chronicle* this year. A little town comes into view which must be West Paris, the home of *The Nautilus.* Zip! Another parachute opens bearing this message: "Yours is one of the best mimeographed yearbooks I have ever seen. The headings are outstanding. What a lot of painstaking work in your pages. Congratulations!"

Another group of school buildings surrounded by a huge campus tells me that we are at Bethel, home of *The Academy Herald.* "Your snapshots add much to your paper, which is a welcomed addition to our collection. I hope that you won't forget us next year."

Now we swing around and head for Bridgton. We speed over a beautiful countryside, across Long Lake, into a region so popular as a summer resort. Here's bomb number ten for *The Corona:* "Congratulations on a well-arranged annual. May you continue on our exchange list."

Before I realize it, we are down in York County and Limerick comes into view. Let's see, what is my message to *The Sokokis?* Oh, yes. "You have some fine short stories. Be sure and send us your next number."

My, how time and THE FOUR CORNERS have flown! I have but one bomb left and that for *The Red and White* of Sanford High. And here we are above Plushtown. And here goes my last parachute. "Yours is the only monthly periodical among our exchanges. You cover the various activities of your school very well. I have particularly enjoyed your personal column."

As we speed homeward on the last lap of our journey, I think of the two other annuals which we have received this year, *The Sachem* of Old Town High and *The Passamaquoddy Oracle* of Eastport High, two of the finest yearbooks of all our exchanges. Some day I intend to pay them a flying visit and—what's that, pilot? We're out of gas? Oh me, oh my! What'll we do? What? You say we can glide onto the runway of the Scarboro Airport? Praises be! And my heart slowly returns to its normal position as we glide swiftly and surely to the landing field of our starting point—a perfect three-point landing.

Entrance March—Priests' March

Class Prophecy—Shirley Leavitt Knight, Geraldine Emerson

Presentation of Gifts—Gladys Ada Lothrop, George Howard Stanford

Valedictory and Essay — Dreams — Then Deeds ..... Virginia Alice Bennett

Singing of Class Ode—Written by Alice Louise Gratz

Class of 1936

Presentation of Awards .....
Principal Elwood G. Bessey

Presentation of Diplomas .....
Superintendent F. H. B. Heald

Benediction ..... Rev. G. Elmer Mossman

Exit March

Just a few words from some of our college students.

Here is what Willard Smyth says about Colby: "Colby is a Liberal Arts College located at Waterville, Maine. It has a student body of six hundred and a faculty of fifty professors and instructors. It possesses a very large library and well equipped buildings for comprehensive study and research work located on a compactly laid-out campus in the heart of the city."

Jocelyn Shaw says: "Oak Grove Seminary is located in Vassalboro, a small town between Waterville and Augusta. The daily routine is Chapel at 8.00 o'clock; classes begin at 8.15 and run until 12.30. The afternoon activities are horseback riding, hockey, basketball, tennis, etc. Study hours at night are from 7.00 to 9.00 o'clock."

Annie Ferguson writes us about her education at Boston University. She says: "I am now a Senior at Boston University which is a professional school for teachers. I shall get my Bachelor of Science Degree in June."

Martha Libby tells us about Westbrook Junior College. "Westbrook Junior College is an ideal place for combining social life with academic work. In the Physical Education Department many sports are taught, such as tennis, basketball, bowling and equitation."

Here's Margaret Gantnier at Aroostook State Normal School. "Aroostook State Normal School, located in Presque Isle, has an enrollment of forty-five men and eighty-four women. The buildings consist of normal school, girls' and boys' dormitories and a large, modern training school. The school courses and outside activities form the 'gateway to good teaching'."

Delmar Shaw, Jr., writes from Hebron. "Hebron Academy is recognized as the best preparatory school in the State. The work is of the same type as that of a high school, but it is of much higher quality and the student is well prepared for college when he finishes the course."

Here's Almon Huff. "I am enrolled in the two-year Agricultural Course at the University of Maine. I find the subjects interesting and very practical for one who wishes to be a farmer. Of course, I like the social side of college life very much, especially athletics."

Now comes Alan Paine and Gorham Normal School. "I attend the Gorham Normal School, which is an institution for the training of teachers. The tuition is fifty dollars for State residents. There are two courses here for young men, a Junior High Course and an Industrial Arts Course. There are also such sports as cross-country, basketball, baseball, and tennis. It is a fine school and college credit is given for school work here."

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