



ANACORTES ROTARY HISTORY

Chapter 3 – The Anacortes Book of Verse



BY DUANE CLARK

Anacortes Rotary History

Chapter 3 – The *Anacortes Book of Verse*

The earliest tangible piece of Anacortes Rotary history is a unique book that was a joint project between Anacortes High School's English Department, AHS English students, and the Anacortes Rotary Club.

In 1930, the *Anacortes Book of Verse* was produced. English students wrote a total of 40 poems for the book, which includes a short bio of each student.

The *Anacortes Book of Verse* only came to light in the past 5 years, having been noticed on the Anacortes Museum's website by a Rotarian. As it turns out, the Museum has the only known remaining copy of the book.

Below are copies of all the pages. The quality of the photos is marginal, but quite readable. The fragile state of the book, along with the necessity of using soft gloves, and the difficulties of photographing pages that aren't very flexible added to the challenge.

Having said that, the book opens the door to the minds of these inquiring and creative students, and to the unique partnership between school, students, and the Anacortes Rotary Club.

Five of the student poets were children or grand-children of Anacortes Rotary charter members. Dorothy Driftmier's father was the first president, Ben Driftmier Sr. Barbara Sackett's father, Howard Sackett was the first vice-president. Bill Cartwright's father was Fred Cartwright. Beth England's father was Clyde England. And Betty Lowman's grandfather was Will Lowman.

Throughout Anacortes Rotary's history, students and schools have clearly been at the top of the list of the club's priorities, as is the case today.

• ANACORTES •
BOOK OF VERSE

ANACORTES
BOOK OF VERSE

1930



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Department of English
Anacortes High School

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THE ROTARY CLUB
Anacortes, Washington

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Foreword

To many, poetry may be the dancing of words—a stately Longfellow quadrille or waltz—the mad free verse jazz of a Sandburg—an Amy Lowell fandango, pagan and exotic Or poems perhaps are the pleasant doorways through which we speed in going from the grim and bitter school room of reality into the fields of dreams and laughter And yet to others, rimes may be ships—freighters, tugs or clippers, noisy and busy and important, or graceful . . . quiet . . . useful

Whatever of poetic qualities the verses of this book may possess, they at least represent that striving which must always precede the attainment of an ideal. And if such endeavor shall have been encouraged, if interest in creative art shall have been stimulated, then the aim in publishing this little volume shall have been richly realized.

HEAVE HO !

*Heave ho! on the windlass
With a will and a song,
For pretty soon
We'll be sailing along
Bound for China,
With its junk and its smells.
Down to India,
Where Buddhists cast spells,
We'll see the East Indies
And take on some tea.
We'll see towns and cities
While sailing the sea.
So Heave ho! on the windlass
And give us a song.
Soon we'll be in Hong Kong.
Heave ho! with a will.*

—Loren Torpey.

NIGHT

*Into the deep
Black fathoms of the sky
A thin, gray little ghost of moon
Slips like a frightened child
Into her place.
The lake lies still and far below
Like a spilled drop of silver ink
From the pen of God.
And far in the east
One lonely bright eyed star
Stands guard above a silent hill,
Winking coyly, to bring out
Another star to keep her company.*

—Frances Dorcy '31.

CONTENT WITH DUTY

*They think because I stay at home
And sweep and dust the floor
I never think of anything
Beyond my kitchen door.*

*'Tis true my body dwells at home
While dear old friendships call
That loving heart and soul of me
Beyond this humble wall.*

*And so I sing and bake my bread
And sew my patchwork seams
And while I put my bread in pans
My heart is light with dreams.*

—Eldora Prawitz '31.

SUMMER SEA

*You may write of the sea
When it's lashed by the storm,
When the tempest is raging,
The ship tosses forlorn.*

*But I'll write of the sea
'Neath a calm summer sky,
When it reflects in its depths
The white clouds sailing by*

*In the heavens above;
When its waters are blue,
Warmed by the sun
To a lovelier hue;*

*When no longer it's terrible
Waiting for prey,
I'd write of the sea
On that sort of day!*

—Evelyn Lundberg '30.

THE WIND

*I am the wind,
I whip and roar,
I ram the shutter
And slam the door.
I blow the trees,
I ripple the bay,
I am the wind,
I have my way.*

—Charles Kidder '30.

SUNRISE ON PUGET SOUND

*Over dark waters, faintly comes
The promise of dawn.*

*Faint rays of sun glimmer and flare
And tip each blue wave with colors rare.*

—Winifred Green '34.

'AMOS 'N' ANDY

*Most every night at half past eight
The neighbor children congregate
To listen to our radio
As Andy sweetly says "Hello"
To Madame Queen, his favorite girl,
And Amos' brain is in a whirl
When Andy figures out his tax
Or "checks and double-checks" the facts.*

*While Pete, George, Clem and Jim crowd near
They listen with attentive ear
Though Andy says "mm mm" each night
Or is "regusted" at his plight
When Kingfish breaks the Great Home Bank
While Amos has his sense to thank.
These "sit-ye-a-tions" cause much joy,
To many a listening girl and boy.*

—Betty Lowman '31.

MOUNT ERIE

*It looks like a beautiful picture
Painted and planned just so,
With everything measured and fitted
In the beautiful frame below.*

—Marguerite Miller '33.

IS THE WORLD ROUND ?

*They say the world is round,
And yet I sometimes think it's square—
So many little hurts we get
From corners, here and there.*

Evelyn MacKenzie '31.

A SEA GULL

*Far off from the sea you come,
A gypsy you are true;
You live beside the water,
And near the forests, too.*

*You linger near the canneries,
And near the ships at sea;
You are welcome to the sailor,
As anyone can be.*

*You look much like an airplane,
Sailing high above;
Your color and all its splendor
Remind me of a dove.*

—Robert Palmer '34.

THE CROCUS

*Little flower lovely, fair,
Tell me how you happen there?
Peeping just above the ground,
In the gardens about the town,
With your gowns of beautiful hue,
Yellow, white and lavender too.
You're a pretty little thing,
Bringing with you thoughts of spring.*

—Margaret Olson '33.

MY PUPPY'S BARK

*My puppy's bark, it troubles me.
How he can bark, I do not see.
He barks and barks from morn till night—
He is a noisy fellow.*

*He thinks his voice is charming
But it's at times alarming;
When he strikes a minor chord
He's a melancholy fellow.*

*But when I'm all alone
He makes my heart rejoice
Even with his off-key voice,
He is a friendly fellow.*

*My puppy plays the whole day through,
And chews upon a wornout shoe.
He chews up things of value too,
He is a frisky fellow.*

*But how I love this frisky pup,
I really could not give him up;
With happiness he fills my cup—
He is my own dear fellow.*

—Barbara Sackett '34.

THE WATCHMAN

*Alone, yet faithful,
His branches grateful,
He watches the whole day through.*

*He seems to befriend
The waves and the wind,
As he watches the sea of blue.*

*He gives not a care
For the wind's cold blare
That sways his knotted trunk.*

*But stands rugged and bold
In heat or in cold
And clings to the bare rock ledge.*

*His watch he keeps
And he never sleeps—
This rugged, old Western Pine.*

—Gwen Anderson '31.

ONLY A SHAMROCK

*A lone shamrock lifting its green to the sky
Is all that I'm asking to mark where I lie;
Not a vain marble, or granite, or stone,
But only a shamrock to vigil alone,
To mark where one daughter of Erin may rest
With her rosary twined in the hands o'er her breast.
Only a shamrock—a wee bit of green
To mark the sweet rest of an Irish colleen.
Only a shamrock—and kinfolk will see
That I loved the mist on the gray Irish sea—
The low purple heather, the curling peat-smoke,
The Leprechaun men and the wee fairy folk—
The swift Irish winds, and the soft Irish dawn,
The rainbow arched over a green heather lawn—
The blue Irish lakes that are bluer than these,
And shy bluebells dancing a lilt in the breeze,
The wild Irish woodlands, the swift-flowing river,
I know that my heart lies in Ireland forever.*

—Frances Dorcy '31.

OUR SWIMMIN' HOLE

*See that guy over there?
He's the pitcher of the Yanks,
And say, I'll bet he's got money enough
To fill a dozen banks.*

*I'll bet he gets ten thousand dollars
Every time he pitches.
Huh! Say, I'll bet that guy
Is just afloatin' in his riches!*

*He may be rich and all that,
Even send his sweetie flowers,
But I'd bet a dollar to a doughnut,
He aint' got a swimmin' hole like ours!*

—Don Lary '31.

WISHSING

*With maybe my hair in a braid.
I'd have ruffly skirts with great big hoops,
Pantaloons, with gay dancing loops,
To rustle merrily when the wind blows
And to lay in straight little pleats
When mother a-visiting goes.
I'd wear sunbonnets and polkadot dresses
And friz and curl my tresses,
If I were an old-fashioned maid.*

—Verna Woods '34.

LIFE

*Life is like a chain of melodies,
Tunes filled with gayety and charm,
Others breathe in realm of harmonies,
A stillness of grief and alarm.*

*Life is tones of care and love,
Some in the distance draw near,
Others blare out so strong and clear,
Then fade into silence above.*

*Those different tunes of nature,
Both of happiness and strife,
When blended all together,
Form the sweetest music, Life.*

—Wilma Bowser '32.

PIANO THOUGHTS

When I sit down
At the piano
And play "The Butterfly Dance,"
It seems
My heart goes fluttering off with them
To the land of fancies and dreams.
Melancholy is not to be found
For there's dancing and singing
The whole day long.

But when I play "The Storm"
My heart beats fast and hard
I hear the rain
Upon the window sill
And when I finish playing
And look out to see the storm
I find that it is shining—
The storm was just with me.

—Margaret Burns '31.

HOMESICK

*I long for the wooded farmlands,
The river's rippling flow,
The quiet even sunset—
That's where I want to go.*

*I long for the pastured grasslands
Way down by that river's voice,
To pick the good sweet hazel nuts—
'Twould make my heart rejoice.*

*I want to sit by that whispering river
And hear its glad ripple once more
To cheer again my aching heart,
To make me rich from poor.*

*I want to look on our farmhouse
Where I played the whole glad day,
I want to see the old red barn
And the stack of new-mown hay.*

*I want to play in that haystack,
I want to lie there and cry;
I want to go with papa to town
In a buggy that's big and high.*

*I want to pat our big old horse,
I want to ride on his back,
I want to lead him in the barn
And call him "Dear Old Mac."*

*I want to see the cattle,
The little moo cow too,
And take a ride on her bony back
Just as I used to do.*

*I want to go with my brother
To drive the big cows home,
I want to hear the big pigs
Eat and grunt and moan.*

*I want to feed the little pigs
With a bucket of milk
And wear a gingham apron
And not a gown of silk.*

*I want to pump with the handle again
To drink of that fresh water
And I want my Grandma to say
"She is her father's daughter."*

*I want to go swimming
In the glad little flowing river,
I want to stand by the edge of the bank
And shiver and shiver and shiver.*

*I want to sit in the apple tree
And eat 'n' eat some more;
To pick daisies and play in the meadow
As I did in the days of yore.*

*I pine for the fragrant flowers,
The myrtle so purple in hue,
And I want you to go with me
So that I could play with you.*

*I want to watch for the mailman
To come horsebuggying up to the gate,
I want to climb on the fence post
To sit there and patiently wait.*

*I long for the blossoming orchards,
The bees and the butterflies there—
"Oh, God, let me go there sometime,"
Is my very choicest prayer.*

*I want to play with the sunbeams
All the live long day—
I want to go to the country school;
For that I often pray.*

—Mary Wollertz '31.

A VOICE

*It is soft and sweet,
To hear it is a treat.
It is mellow and true,
And filled with love.
It is the voice of my mother . . .
It holds a tone of command,
It does not have to demand.
It is the voice of a queen . . .
The queen of my dreams,
My Mother.*

—By Catherine Mueller '33.

A SAIL BOAT

*When the sun is setting,
And the sky looks gay,
Don't you love to see a sail boat
Sailing down the bay?*

*Just one little sail boat
In the midst of foam,
Just one little sail boat
Silently journeying home.*

—Cora Strom '31.

AT CAMP

*At Camp,
On Cypress Island,
Where hills are high
And very rugged,
There is a house
That we call haunted.*

*There was a boy,
Who boldly said,
He feared no ghost,
So off he sped.*

*The boy came running
Back so fast,
He couldn't see what he
Had passed.*

*He ran up the hill;
To the camp fire went,
But ere he got there,
Over a root he went. .*

*The ghost fell, toc,
On torture bent,
Upon the boy
His rage to rent.*

*Out came the cook
And took that spook.
Next day, for us,
Who were'nt a few,
Behold! the cook
Had made ghost stew!*

—Roland Blakesley '34.

WASHINGTON

*I've never seen,
O'er lands or seas,
A state so covered
With beautiful trees.*

*The Douglas Fir,
So very high,
Remains a sight
For every eye.*

*The Pine tree, too,
That helps to shape
The beautiful sights
Our forests make.*

*And all the trees,
Yes, every one,
Crown our state;
Our Washington.*

—Bill Cartwright '32.

LINCOLN

*So quiet, so calm,
So meek and reserved,
So gentle and kind,
Through hardships endured.*

*The sorrows and sadness
Of that cruel war—
A whole nation's burdens—
His brave shoulders bore.*

*His mouth showed grim lines
But behind it was love—
For he knew that his help
Came from Heaven above.*

—Barbara Sackett '34.

MY BILLY GOAT

*I don't like my Billy goat,
I wish that he were dead
Because he kicked me, so he did,
He kicked me with his head.*

*I went to get my Billy goat
Before the sun went down,
But before I found my whiskered friend
I had walked the whole farm round.*

*And when I found my Billy goat
Standing in the sun,
He shot a glance which seemed to say,
"I doubt if he will run."*

*I fooled my Billy goat,
I fooled him, so I did.
And why? You shouldn't ask me—
I thought 'twould hurt his head!*

—Olan Brantley '33.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

*As I sit here by the window
Agazing all around
I see a Robin down below
A sittin' on the ground.
And as I see him sit there,
Ascratchin' in the dirt
I see a Cat not far away,
With jaws that are alert.
I see the Robin catch a worm
That fills him to his brim
And Mister Cat says to himself
Oh! Now I'll catch him.
The Robin sticks his head beneath
His wing, to take a little nap,
Never thinking of the danger
That may come from just a Cat.*

—Gene LeMaister '31.

ANACORTES

*Of all the cities, towns and states
I'd rather live in the old northwest
Where there are beautiful flowers and grass.
And tourists come to stay or pass.
I like to roam through avenues
And up and down the city streets,
But the thing that I like best,
Is the little friendly west.*

*I like to watch the trains go by,
To see the birds go flying high,
And also like the great big park,
Where children loiter till it's dark.
But that small city, in the west—
Is the city that I love best.*

—Alice Stankus '34.

THE CITY HALL

*Coat hangers
And calendars—
Smoke around the chimney,
Dust upon the wall.*

*Sea shells
Used for ash trays,
Books
On top the cupboard—
Around the tables, too.*

—Elsie Schmandt '30.

COMING OF SPRING

*When the spring is coming
The bees start humming,
The flowers start blooming,
The birds start crooning,
The squirrels start working,
Not one of them's shirking,
The farmer goes for his rake and hoe
To till the soil till the vegetables grow,
The boys hunt up both rod and reel
For the fish that are so hungry you can hear
 them squeal,
The girls are out with their jumping ropes—
Oh, the coming of spring fills all
With hopes.*

—Danny Miles '34.

THE APPROACH

*Spring is coming!
Don't you hear the bees a-humming,
And the frogs a-croaking?
How provoking!*

*Spring is near!
Can't you hear the bob o'links,
Singing out their tink o'links,
In the tune of cheer?*

*Spring is here!
Bringing lots of good cheer,
And, as well, the jonquil and the rose,
How very fragrant to the nose.*

—Ruby Bettys '33.

RATS

*Scampering, dashing,
Flitting, flashing,
Running here and running there
Scaring girls upon a chair . . .*

*Jumping, hopping,
Skipping, stopping,
Crawling underneath the doors
Building nests in bureau drawers . . .*

—Alice Soule '30.

ALASKA

*Oh, the dearest land to me,
Is the land of sun and gold.
Where the lofty peaks stand
Like sentinels black and bold.
The midnight sun shines
As if it were the heaven from above
And the whispering pines
Seem like children sending forth their love.*

*I hope this land forever
Stays the same within my mind,
With the rivers going on forever
And the snow falling all the time.
Where you hunt in forests for mighty grizzly bears,
And find instead by laughing waters the timid reindeers.*

*I hope some day to go back
To this land of sun and gold,
Where the lofty peaks stand
Like sentinels black and bold.
And the wind blows and blows.*

—Yukona Moyer '32.

LINDBERGH

*I am my mother's only son
And hope some day to be
A man as great as Lindy
And fly over land and sea.*

*Our Lindy is a hero,
Of that there is no doubt.
To be a man like Lindy
Is all I think about.*

*He never chewed or smoked or drank,
Or vulgar language did he use.
Oh, what an honor it must be
To be in Lindy's shoes.*

*My mother says that some day
I may be as great as he.
If love and honor brought him there
I'll be there too, you'll see.*

—Ellwyn Dazelle '34.

DAY

*Dawn comes with a mellow note
Revealing sights that never poet could quote,
Brings forth a bright and sunny spring day,
Blue skies above the hills of gray.*

*Morning comes clear and bright,
The sun is shedding a cheerful light,
Hearts are light and the day is new,
The skies are cheerful, sunny and blue.*

*Noon is like the turning point of life,
A little rest after hours of strife,
We then lay down our work for rest,
And begin again with added zest.*

*Afternoon is here with a round glad face,
The sunbeams spring and whirl and race,
Trees are welcomed for their shade,
Bees in the flowers are making a raid.*

*Sunset comes with glorious hues
With many colors like reds, greens and blues.
Dark shadows creeping here and there,
Bats and night birds flit through the air.*

*Night is here with stars and moon,
The day has ended, oh, so soon.
I'm glad the day is over, some say,
For morning, noon and night just fill the day.*

—Beth England '34.

SUNSET

*Did you ever look at the sun,
As it sinks in the Golden West,
At the time when each and every bird
Comes flying back to its nest?*

*If all your sorrows seem burdens,
And happiness hard to get,
Try spending a peaceful hour
In the midst of a golden sunset.*

*It gives you a peaceful feeling,
Takes away the vague unrest
That may linger 'round your heart,
This Golden Sun of the West.*

*The scene inspires a feeling
Of love and life divine.
There is nothing quite so wonderful
As the splendor of this shrine.*

—Grace Hughes '32.

MY WORLD

*As I look at the mountains and the streams,
And watch the sun as it gleams,
I have a feeling that the world is mine—
From the dainty violet to the stately pine.
The world is very large for me
To own every bird and flower and tree;
But still, it seems I own it all—
The hills, and even the mountains tall.
It seems they all belong to me,
Because God gave me eyes that I might see.*

—By Dorothy Driftmier '34.

THE GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

*Hills of orange and hills of red:
Water rippling o'er a rocky bed.
Temples, and steeples, and castles, too;
The water, crystal, white, and blue,
Falling with a crackling sound,
Rushing down upon the ground.
Trilling songs so happily,
Dashing along so merrily.
Now it rushes on once more,
With a great and crackling roar.*

—By Dorothy Driftmier '34.

THE LITTLE JOURNEY

*Only a little way to go,
Oh! but the path is steep—
Only a little way to go
And then comes blessed sleep.*

*The end of the path is not far away,
Yes, but the road is rough—
The end of the path is not far away,
Rest will come soon enough.
Only a little journey, friend,
Though you travel the path of pain,
Only a little journey, friend
Till you reach the End of Life's Lane.*

—Evelyn Lundberg '30.

A FOGGY NIGHT

*A fog creeps in enveloping shrouds
Along the waterfront,
The moon peeping through the clouds,
Sends her faint misty beams
Across the rippling waters,
While the ghostly trees
Stand guard over the sleeping city.*

—Ruth Bockman '31.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Page 10

GWEN ANDERSON was born in Cambridge, Idaho, February 14, 1914, of Scotch and Welsh parents. Miss Anderson has been a resident of Anacortes, Washington, since her seventh grade in school, five years ago. This last year has seen her in the frequent belligerent role of student police matron.

Page 26

RUBY BETTYS was born in Rosebud, Oregon, June 4, 1915. Her grandfather was an early northwest pioneer. Best book, to her, is any mystery story.

Page 19-

ROLAND BLAKESLEY was born in Canada, November 22, 1916. In the six years enjoyed in Anacortes he has divided his time between school work and Boy Scout activities. Literary penchant, historical books.

Page 33

RUTH BOCKMAN was born April 12, 1915, in Anacortes, Washington. Interested in making seams and basting Thanksgiving turkeys, Miss Bockman naturally hopes to continue the study of home economics in college.

Page 14

WILMA BOWSER was born in Calgary, Alberta, August 22, 1914. Interests: dramatics, sports, poetry.

Page 22

OLAN BRANTLY—Born of French-Irish parents in Fort Worth, Texas, Olan Brantly moved to Anacortes two years ago, after a short residence in Alberta, Canada. In the Civil War, Mr. Brantly's grandfather fought for worthy principles on the side of the Confederacy. Favorite author, therefore, is Scott.

Page 15

MARGARET BURNS was born March 28, 1913, in Bellingham, Washington, where she attended all years of grade school. When a baby Miss Burns copped two prizes for being healthiest Bellinghamite of her age. Her interest later turned from prizes to music.

Page 20

BILL CARTWRIGHT—On Christmas day, 1913, was Bill Cartwright born in Anacortes, Washington. An ancestor, Peter Cartwright, operated the first cotton mill in the United States. For his poetic inspiration, he listens to the rimes of J. W. Riley.

Page 28

ELLWYN DAZELLE was born in Anacortes, Washington, January 18, 1917. After high school he plans to take up art or engineering.

Pages 2 and 11

FRANCES E. DORCY—Birthplace: Anacortes, Washington. Date: March 10, 1914. Ancestry: Scotch, Holland, German, Spanish, English Tipperary Irish. After-school plan: art school. Aversions: potato salad, men. Favored books: anything not on reading list; choice ones on: Tennyson, Scott.

Page 31

DOROTHY DRIFTMIER was born in Anacortes, Washington, May 23, 1916. This year Miss Driftmier was chosen valedictorian of the Junior High School graduating class. Favorite authors: Van Dyke, Farnol.

Page 29

BETH ENGLAND was born in Everett, Washington, December 15 1916. Interests: history, English, sports. Favorite author: Temple Bailey.

Page 5

WINIFRED GREEN was born June 19, 1916, in Arlington, Washington. The profession she is training for is one of the oldest, one of the newest, one of the strangest—school teaching. Politically, Miss Green states, she is an "equalitarian."

Page 30

GRACE HUGHES was born May 20, 1914, in Anacortes, Washington. Recreational occupations: tennis, swimming, reading.

Page 5

CHARLES KIDDER—Exactly one year before another Anacortes poet (Grace Hughes), Charles Kidder was born in Olympia, Washington, 1913. Favorite author: Longfellow; reason: his beautiful poems of nature.

Page 12

DON LARY, on a sultry day of late summer, September 18, 1913, was born in Walbon, Minnesota. After high school: business college. Favorite authors: Gene Stratton-Porter, Mark Twain.

Page 23

GENE LeMAISTER was born September 20, 1912, on Lopez Island, Washington, where his parents had settled years before. In a few years Mr. LeMaister plans to enter a technical school. Literary favorites: Kipling, Jack London. Political views, Socialistic.

Page 6

BETTY LOWMAN was born in Anacortes, Washington, July 31, 1914. One September noon in 1928 Miss Lowman swam the Guemes Channel, forming another record of feminine achievement. Favorite author: Willa Cather.

Pages 4 and 32

EVELYN LUNDBERG, born December 15, 1913, in Anacortes, Washington, claims a possible descendency from Lief Ericson, real discoverer of America. Personal aversion of Miss Lundberg is modernistic furniture. Favorite author: James M. Barrie. Favorite ambition: school teaching.

Page 7

EVELYN MacKENZIE was born of pioneer parents in Anacortes, Washington, October 11, 1915. After-school plans: Normal School. Favorite authors: Gene Stratton-Porter, Winston Churchill.

Page 25

DANID MILES — Much preferred to Massachusetts is Washington, particularly Anacortes, according to Danid Miles. Born in Abington, Massachusetts, July 20, 1917, Mr. Miles did not know of Anacortes until a year ago. Activities: Junior High School baseball, track.

Page 7

MARGUERITE MILLER was born in Dayton, Washington, September 25, 1913. Special interests: outdoor sports. After-school plans: nursing. Though poetry is pleasant, Miss Miller prefers prose.

Page 27

YUKONA MOYER was born August 16, 1913, in the Yukon Territory of Canada, where her grandfather was a prospector. Frozen in at one time for two weeks, her family was discovered by a searching party. Not Service, but Kipling, is her favorite author.

Page 18

CATHERINE MUELLER was born in Seattle, Washington, October 14, 1914. Special interest: art—oils and ceramics. Favorite author: Louisa M. Alcott.

Page 8

MARGARET OLSON—With Calvin Coolidge does Miss Olson celebrate her birthdays, which began in 1914, July 4, Bayfield, Wisconsin. After her high school course is completed in 1932 she plans to study to become a nurse. In Miss Olson's opinion, "boys and girl of today are as good if not better than ever before." Favorite book: "Oliver Twist," by Dickens.

Page 8

ROBERT PALMER was born in Okanogan, Washington, January 29, 1917. A true son of the twentieth century, Mr. Palmer pushes aside all other books in his preference for Fitch's books—ace airplane fiction.

Page 3

ELDORA PRAWITZ was born on October 26, 1912, in Everson, Washington. She is fond of adventure writers, king of whom she believes is Zane Grey.

Pages 9 and 21

BARBARA SACKETT was born May 16, 1917, in Bellingham, Washington. In Senior High School next year, Miss Sackett anticipates her courses in music, art.

Page 25

ELSIE SCHMANDT—Not only has Elsie Schmandt lived in Anacortes nigh onto nineteen years—since December 27, 1911—but it is her wish to live there forever. After graduation from high school, Miss Schmandt will enter Pacific Lutheran College; purpose—to become a geometry and English teacher.

Page 26

ALICE SOULE was born in Anacortes, Washington, July 6, 1912. Next autumn she intends to enter the University of Washington. Favorite authors: A. H. S. poets.

Page 24

ALICE STANKUS was born in Anacortes, Washington, October 15, 1916. Special interests: piano, baseball. Favorite author: Louisa May Alcott.

Page 18

CORA STROM was born April 28, 1914, in Dorenu, Canada, where she lived for four years. She will study nursing after her high school course is completed. Hobbies: rowing, hiking, versifying. Favorite book: "Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen.

Page 1

LOREN TORPEY was born on September 1, 1914. He is a member of one of the first families of Dewey. Though his interests are those of outdoors and his library gives many shelves to Jack London, Zane Grey and Peter B. Kyne, Mr. Torpey anticipates an inside vocation, that of school master.

Page 16

MARY WOLLERTZ—In the small yet interesting town of Canby, Oregon, Mary Wollertz was born, December 17, 1913. A prominent Junior, Miss Wollertz has honored her class in debate, basketball, declamation, and essay contest. After high school she intends to train for a business career.

Page 13

VERNA WOOD—Although the northern lights had lasted long that spring, they were almost gone when Verna Wood was born in a small Alaskan village, April 28, 1917. Her studies in dancing and art Miss Wood will further when she attends college after high school days.

