

1938

Tower 1938

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THE TOWER



WESTBROOK

JUNIOR COLLEGE



To

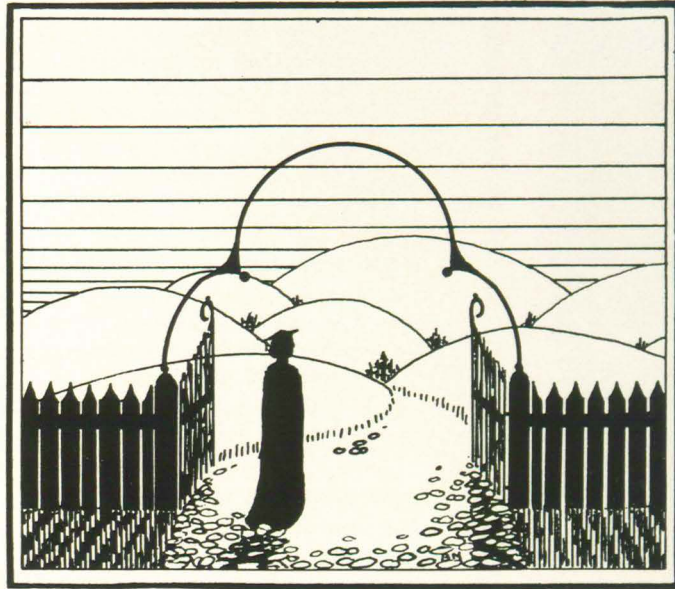
MISS VIRGINIA CONFORTÉ

French and Spanish Teacher incomparable

in remembrance of a brilliant and charming personality
who we know will display the same zest for life
in her new and exciting future that she
has in her three years at Westbrook

we dedicate this issue of

THE TOWER

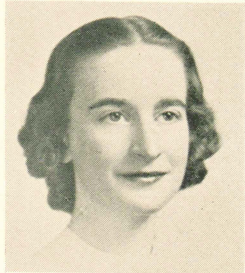


SENIORS

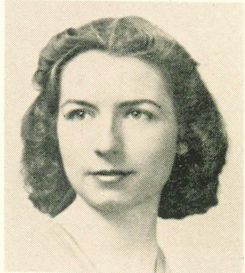
Seniors



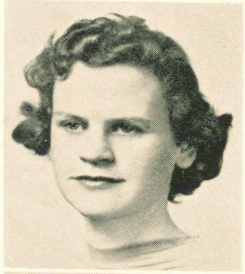
ELIZABETH ALDEN
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
Portland, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
International Club 1; May Pageant 1; TOWER Board 1, 2;
Glee Club 1, 2; Chairman Refreshment Committee, Christmas Formal 2; Chairman of Tickets, Senior Banquet 2.
Violets—old South—charm—gaiety



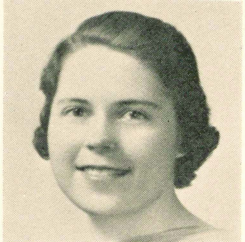
JANET BARBOUR
NEWPORT HIGH SCHOOL
Newport, Maine
Medical Secretary Curriculum
Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2; Winter Carnival Tea Committee 1; Music and Entertainment Committee, Day Students' Party 2; Secretarial Club 2; Co-Chairman Senior Chapel 2.
Picnics—towers—cellos—pines



DOROTHY BEAN
PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL
Portland, Maine
General Curriculum
May Pageant 1; Finance Committee, Freshman Outing 2.
Trumps—care-naught—Bob-o-link—conductors



LYDIA BLACK
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
Portland, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
Physical Education Club Committee 1; Basketball 1; May Pageant 1; May Queen Attendant 2; Captain of Basketball 2; Refreshment Committee, Senior Dance 2; Refreshment Committee, Christmas Formal 2; TOWER 2; Co-Chairman, Senior-Faculty Picnic 2.
True-blue—L'Allegro—oak—Olympics



ELEANOR BLAISDELL
MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE
Pittsfield, Maine
General Curriculum
Secretarial Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Piano, Senior Chapel 2; Chapel Accompanist 1, 2.
Sincerity—Miss Muffet—taffy—faun

ANNE BLANCHARD
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
Portland, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1; Chairman Music, Christmas Formal 1; May Pageant 1; Secretary, Senior Class; Secretary, International Club 2; Glee Club Broadcast 2; Carnival Queen Attendant 2; May Queen Attendant 2; Responses, Senior Chapel 2; Editor-in-Chief of TOWER 2.
Skis—brains—all-around—tops

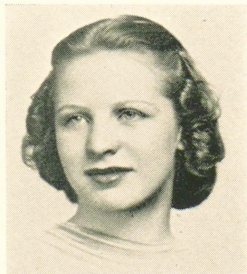
EDNA BLANCHARD
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
Portland, Maine
General Curriculum
Secretarial Club 1, 2; Basketball 1; Posters, Freshman Dance 1; May Pageant 1; Publicity and Program Committee, Senior Dance 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Glee Club Broadcast 2.
Mirth—posters—fluff—rainbows

HENRIETTA BROWN
SIMMONS COLLEGE
Brunswick, Maine
General Curriculum
Co-Chairman Senior Class Social Committee 2; Co-Chairman Senior Dance 2; TOWER Board 2; Ushers and Hostess Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; May Queen Attendant 2; Toastmistress, Senior Banquet 2.
Imp—black and gold—finesse—toasts

MARGARET BRYANT
GORHAM HIGH SCHOOL
Gorham, New Hampshire
Medical Secretary Curriculum
Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1; May Pageant 1; Publicity and Program Committee, Senior Dance, 2; Food, Freshman Outing 2.
Naive—sprite—mayflowers—Peg O' My Heart

PRISCILLA CABEEN
BEVERLY HIGH SCHOOL
Beverly, Massachusetts
Medical Secretary Curriculum
Glee Club 1; Christmas Children's Party Committee 1; General Chairman Freshman Dance 1; May Pageant 1; Secretarial Club 2; Student Council 2; Co-Chairman Senior Banquet 2.
Purple grapes—June night—vermilion—finish





BARBARA CHASE
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL Kennebunk, Maine
Secretarial Science Curriculum
 Glee Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2;
 Committee Day Students' Party 2; Riding Club 2; Trans-
 portation, Senior-Faculty Picnic 2.

Twinkling eyes—dancing feet—activity—hot dogs



IDA CHUDE
 PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL Portland, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
 International Club, Treasurer 1, President 2; TOWER Board
 1; Assistant Editor 2; Publicity Chairman Christmas
 Formal 1; May Pageant 1; Music Committee, Christmas
 Formal 2; Chapel Peace Program 2; Class History,
 Senior Banquet 2.

Jeu d'esprit—brilliance—sunshine—heart of gold



CATHERINE CLANCY
 FORT FAIRFIELD HIGH SCHOOL Fort Fairfield, Maine
Medical Secretary Curriculum
 Glee Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Enter-
 tainment, Freshman Outing.

Black-eyed Susan—apple butter—steadfast—Lodge



JANE CLARK
 SOUTH PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL Portland, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
 Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Chair-
 man Ballroom Committee 1; Publicity Manager Inter-
 national Club 1; Ticket Committee, Freshman Dance 1;
 Co-Chairman Refreshments, Senior Dance 2; Chairman of
 Patrons, Christmas Formal 2; Class Prophecy, Senior
 Banquet 2; Chapel Speaker 1, 2.

Witty—ability—cloudbursts—one-man band



ALICE COMEE
 BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL Brunswick, Maine
Liberal Arts Curriculum
 Physical Education Officer 1; Riding Club 1, 2; May Pag-
 eant 1, 2; Co-Chairman Refreshment Committee, Senior
 Dance 2; Riding Club Dance 2; Ballroom Senior Prom 2.

Pranks—firecrackers—equestrienne—Baxter's finest

MARJORIE CROUSE Westwood, Massachusetts
NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*

Vice-President Riding Club 1; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Dramatic Club Play 1; Make-up Manager, Dramatic Club 2; President Riding Club 2; Decorations Committee, Christmas Formal 2; Ballroom Committee, Senior Prom 2.

Boots and Saddles—winsome—souls—red-gold

MARTHA CUTTING Bath, Maine
MORSE HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Course*

Secretary Freshman Class; Glee Club 1; Dramatics 1; Physical Education Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; Basketball 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Co-Chairman Freshman Outing 2; Refreshment Committee, Day Students' Party 2; Chairman Carnival Tea 2.

Efficiency—Café—rambler roses—Please

BERNICE DALTON Norwood, Massachusetts
NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*

Secretarial Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2; Children's Christmas Party 1; Decoration Committee, Senior Dance 2; Chairman-Freshman Assistant 2.

Sincere—bubbles—pal—ice-cream

AMY FIELD Attleboro, Massachusetts
ATTLEBORO HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*

Dramatics 1; Riding Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2; Treasurer Senior Class 2; Usher, Senior Prom 2.

Lilies-of-the-valley—treasurer—sapphires—honey

JOAN FITZGERALD Manchester, New Hampshire
MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*

Dramatics 1, 2; Dramatic Club Play 1, 2; Riding Club 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Chairman, Day Students' Party 2; Stage Manager of Dramatic Club 2; Chairman, Gifts Committee 2.

Sterling—subtleties—crystal—theatre





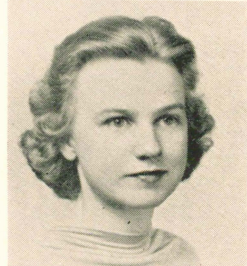
MEREDITH FLETCHER Ayer, Massachusetts
 AYER HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1; Dramatics 1; May Pageant 1; Refreshment
 Committee, Freshman Dance 1; Secretary, Dramatic Club
 2; Secretary, Secretarial Science Club 2; May Queen
 Attendant 2; Class Prophecy; Senior Banquet 2.
 All-American girl—Tech—gardenias—ability



PRISCILLA FOSKETT Gardiner, Massachusetts
 GARDINER HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Dramatics 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Riding
 Club 2; Gifts Committee, Senior Banquet 2.
 Pine groves—staunch—verdure—mosaics



CELIA GALLI Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2; Sec-
 retarial Club 2; Publicity Committee, Christmas Formal
 2; Transportation, Faculty Picnic 2.
 Banana splits—indomitable—tennis—touring car.



ALICE GAMAGE Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 Secretarial Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1;
 Chairman Secretarial Club Party 2; Ticket Committee,
 Christmas Formal 2; Chairman Hotel Senior Banquet 2.
 Cherub—pastels—tracks—busy bee



ATHALIE GIFFORD Wilton, Maine
 WILTON ACADEMY *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 International Club 1; Glee Club 1; Secretarial Club 1; May
 Pageant 1; Finance, Faculty Picnic 2.
 Affable—softly falling snow—steady—hazel eyes

RUTH GOODMAN Portland, Maine
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
International Club 2; Dramatic Club 2; Transportation,
Freshman Outing 2.
Camaraderie—coiffures—Morpheus—chocolate éclairs

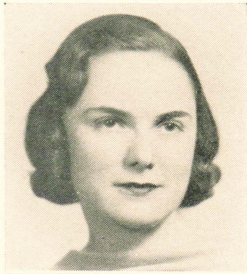
PRISCILLA GOODWIN Boston, Massachusetts
WATERTOWN SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL *Preparatory*
Posters Committee; Glee Club Concert.
Snow-white—apple blossoms—fragility—spun glass

CATHERINE GOTT Melrose, Massachusetts
MELROSE HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
International Club 1; Glee Club 1; Dramatic Club 1; May
Pageant 1; Prayer, Senior Chapel 2.
Goose-step—sunflowers—drama—spice

MARGARET GRAY Sandy Point, Maine
STOCKTON SPRINGS HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
Glee Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Chapel Accompanist 1, 2;
Piano, Senior Chapel 2.
Chapel—song sparrow—diminutive—Easter eggs

BERNICE GREENBAUM Newton, Massachusetts
NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
Fire Warden 1; Dramatics 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Riding Club
1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1, 2; Dramatic
Club Play 1; Business Manager, Dramatic Club 2; Deco-
ration Committee, Secretarial Club Party 2; Chairman of
Tickets, Christmas Formal 2; Business Manager, TOWER
Board 2; Gift Committee, Senior Banquet 2.
Business Manager—John Hancock—magnetic—personality
plus





GWENDOLYN GRAVES South Portland, Maine
 SOUTH PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 Dramatics 1, 2; Chapel Speaker 1; May Pageant 1; Lead in
 Dramatic Club Play 1, 2; Patrons' Committee, Senior
 Dance 2; President Dramatic Club 2; Student Council 2;
 Chairman Christmas Formal 2; Will, Senior Banquet 2;
 Head Usher Alumnae Entertainment 2.
 Sarah Bernhardt—Ipana smiles—Playhouse—go-getter



VIRGINIA HAINES Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Glee
 Club Broadcast 2; Gift Committee, Senior Banquet 2.
 Smoking room—Peggy Joyce—happy-go-lucky—Duchin



ELEANOR HOLBURN Pawtucket, Rhode Island
 KATHERINE GIBBS *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Chairman Secretarial Day Students' Party 2; Entertain-
 ment, Faculty Picnic 2.
 Festivity—G. B. Shaw—Tippi-tin—bewitching eyes



NANCY HALL Portland, Maine
 PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 International Club 1; Music Committee, Freshman Dance 1;
 May Pageant 1; Ticket Committee, Senior Dance 2;
 Treasurer, International Club 2; Children's Christmas
 Party 2; Gift Committee, Senior Banquet 2; Usher, Glee
 Club Concert 1.
 Jeunesse—versatile—Happy days!—Raggedy Ann



ROBERTA HEATH South Portland, Maine
 SOUTH PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Sec. Curriculum*
 International Club 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Ring Committee,
 Senior Class 2; Scripture Reading, Senior Chapel 2.
 Horns—pixie—limber—giggles

BARBARA HOWE Portland, Maine
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
Chairman Ring Committee 1, 2; Secretarial Club 1; TOWER
Board 1; Physical Education Club 1; May Pageant 1, 2;
Treasurer, Secretarial Club 2; Chairman for Freshman
Assistants 2.

Kelly green—grins—skating—butterscotch

DOROTHY IRISH South Windham, Maine
GOULD ACADEMY *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
Glee Club 1; Riding Club 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Entertainment
Committee, Secretarial Club Hallowe'en Party 2;
Entertainment, Freshman Outing 2.

June—Elizabeth Hawkes—bathing suits—monkey

PHYLLIS JENNESS Portland, Maine
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Special Student*
International Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Rid-
ing Club 1, 2; Entertainment, Freshman Outing 2.

Band-box—Evening-in-Paris—compatible—Scotties

LUCILLE JOHNSON Bath, Maine
MORSE HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*
Dramatics 1; Riding Club 1; Winter Carnival Queen 1;
May Pageant 1; Vice-President Senior Class 2; Decora-
tion Committee, Senior Dance 2; Scenery Manager, Dra-
matic Club 2; Vice-President, Riding Club 2; Music
Committee, Christmas Formal 2; TOWER 2; Ushers and
Hostess Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; Chairman
Senior Prom 2; May Queen Assistant 2.

Venus—coronation—rubies—dirndle

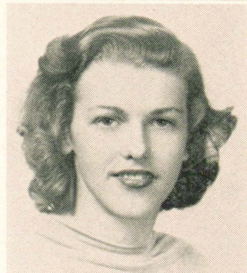
MARJORIE JOHNSON Portland, Maine
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
TOWER Board 1, 2; Physical Education Club 1; May
Pageant 1; Chairman Social Committee of Senior Class
2; Co-Chairman Senior Dance 2; Chairman of Decora-
tions, Christmas Formal 2; Entertainment Committee,
Children's Christmas Party 2; Ushers' Committee, Glee
Club Concert 2; Co-Chairman Freshman Outing 2; Inter-
national Club 1, 2.

Ski-heil—mountain peaks—gay laughter—spontaneity





MARIAN KING Oquossoc, Maine
 GOULD ACADEMY *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club Play 2; Secretarial Club 1;
 May Pageant 1; Glee Club Broadcast 2; Basketball 2;
 Senior Chapel Committee 2.
 Novel—sweet-voiced—mignonne—lady fingers



BETTY JEAN KOON Weston, Massachusetts
 WESTON HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 Religious Council Committee 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Co-
 Chairman Decorations Committee, Senior Dance 2; Pa-
 trons' Committee, Christmas Formal 2; TOWER Board 2;
 Ticket Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; Class Will,
 Senior Banquet.
 So big—My Bill—bonne vivante—rings



BETTY LEIGHTON Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Student Council 1; Dramatics 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2;
 Finance Committee, Children's Christmas Party 2; Enter-
 tainment Committee, Faculty Picnic 2.
 True—typist—daffodils—royal blue



IRENE MacLEOD Park Harbor, Maine
 ISLESBORO HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 Riding Club 1; Dramatics 1; May Pageant 1; Refreshment
 Committee, Senior Dance 2; Hostess Committee, Glee
 Club Concert 2; Chairman Freshman Assistants 2.
 Bagpipes—Scotch plaid—Pollyanna—snickers



MARJORIE McCULLY Pittsfield, Maine
 MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1; President 2; Dramatics 1; Play 2; May
 Pageant 1; Chairman Music Entertainment for Day Stu-
 dents' Party 2; Music Committee, Christmas Formal;
 Glee Club Broadcast 2; Finance Committee, Children's
 Christmas Party 2; TOWER 2; Chairman Glee Club Con-
 cert 2; Choral Music, Senior Chapel.
 M. C. I.—Schumann-Heink—genuine—O. K.!

RUTH McLEAN
LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE
Faculty-Senior Picnic.
Ebony—bass horns—blushes—jocosity

Portland, Maine

Secretarial Science Curriculum

MARGARET NICKELS
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
Riding Club 1, 2; May Pageant; Pin Committee of Riding Club 2; Entertainment, Freshman Outing 2.
Amusements—hammered jewelry—jovial—molasses cookies

Portland, Maine

General Curriculum

JANE NICHOL
NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
Chairman Finance Committee 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatics 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; Cheerleader 1; Children's Christmas Party 1; May Pageant 1; Chairman Refreshments Committee, Secretarial Club Party 2; Hostess Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; Assistant to May Queen 2; Class History, Senior Banquet 2.
Helen Wills Moody—well-groomed—cherry blossoms—proms

Dobbs Ferry, New York

Secretarial Science Curriculum

VASILIA PANAGES
DEERING HIGH SCHOOL
May Pageant 1; Chairman Gift Committee 2.
Lilacs—reticence—dusk—aptitude

Portland, Maine

Liberal Arts Curriculum

BARBARA PERKINS
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Chairman Glee Club Concert 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Co-Chairman of Decorations, Senior Dance 2; Gift Committee, Senior Banquet 2.
Formals—airiness—"walkers"—strawberries and cream

Portland, Maine

Medical Secretary Curriculum





MARIE-LOUISE PIERCE Hanover, New Hampshire
 OXFORD SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*

Student Council 1; Religious Council Committee 1; International Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1, 2; Chairman Christmas Formal 1; Children's Christmas Party 1; Chairman Finance Committee 2; Ticket Committee, Senior Dance 2; Assistant Chairman Christmas Formal 2; Co-Chairman Senior Banquet 2.

"Granny"—assurance—committee-woman—velvet and pearls



WINNIFRED PIERCE Reading, Massachusetts
 READING SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*

House parties—tinkling glass—dryad—allegra



PEGGY-LEE RAGAN Portland, Maine
 ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE *Liberal Arts Curriculum*

Chairman of Refreshments, Freshman Outing 2.

Bridge—drawl—Ned Sparks



GLENNA RANKIN Rockland, Maine
 ROCKLAND HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*

Glee Club 1; Riding Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Secretarial Club 2; Food, Faculty Picnic 2.

Fashions—drama class—riding equipment—drollity



MURIEL RAPHAELSON Worcester, Massachusetts
 CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*

Glee Club 1; Dramatics 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Secretarial Club 2; TOWER Board 2; Chairman Gift Committee 2.

Allons?—beaches—sweet songs—ermine

MADGE RHODES Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 International Club 1; Glee Club 1; Secretarial Club 1; Dramatics 1; May Pageant 1; TOWER Board 2; Transportation, Freshman Outing 2.

Wimbledon—crocuses—steadfast—mints

BARBARA ROBERTS Jericho, New York
 SEA CLIFF HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; TOWER Board 1; Orchestra Committee, Glee Club Concert 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Music Committee, Senior Dance 2; President Secretarial Club 2; Chairman Student Council 2; Winter Carnival 2; Tickets, Senior Formal 2.

Tiara—madonna—sailboats—Annapolis

ROSALIND ROWE Bethel, Maine
 GOULD ACADEMY *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1; Cheerleader 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Entertainment Committee, Secretarial Club Party 2; Secretarial Club 2; Accompanist for Pageant 2; Chairman Music Committee, Senior Banquet 2.

Rollicking Rolly—obliging—troubadour—fun

EMILY SAWYER South Portland, Maine
 SOUTH PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*
 May Pageant 1, 2; Food Committee, Senior-Faculty Picnic 2.

Little Lulu—ginger cookies—swings—youth

KATHALEEN SCOTT Waldoboro, Maine
 MORSE HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; Fire Chief 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Patrons' Committee, Senior Dance 2; Dramatic Club 1; Vice-President 2; Play 2; Secretarial Club 2; Ticket Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; Co-Chairman, Senior-Faculty Picnic 2.

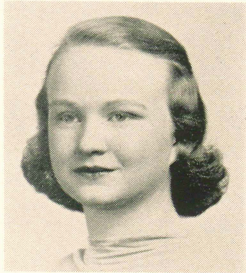
Roller Coaster—plum pudding—ahoy, mate—"Scotty"





JANET STOCKMAN Portland, Maine
 DEERING HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 Secretarial Club 1; May Pageant 1; Music, Senior Prom 2.

June in January—angora—Schiaparelli—debutante



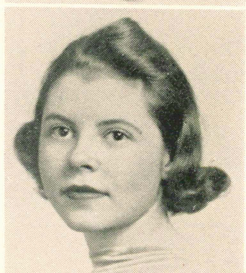
ELLEN STEVENS Bath, Maine
 MORSE HIGH SCHOOL *Liberal Arts Curriculum*
 Vice-President, Freshman Class 1; Glee Club 1; Dramatics 1; Winter Carnival Tea Committee 1; May Pageant 1; President Senior Class 2; Hostess Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; May Queen 2; Speaker, Senior Chapel 2.

Lovely—Goya—president—sea breezes



KATHARINE SULLIVAN Westbrook, Maine
 WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 International Club 1; Secretarial Club 1; TOWER Board 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Patrons' Committee, Senior Dance 2; General Chairman, Children's Christmas Party 2; Patrons, Senior Prom 2.

Autumn leaves—generous—stenog—Civil Service



BARBARA SUTTON Newton Center, Massachusetts
 NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL *General Curriculum*
 Dramatics 1; Costume Manager 2; Winter Carnival Tea Committee 1; Christmas Dorm Party 1; May Pageant 1, 2; Costume Manager 2; Social Chairman, International Club 2; Ticket Committee, Glee Club Concert 2; Ticket Committee, Senior Prom 2.

Stage door—style—sunsets—lush



FRANCES TABACHNICK Portland, Maine
 PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL *Medical Secretary Curriculum*
 Secretarial Club 1, 2; International Club 1, 2; May Pageant 1; Finance, Freshman Outing 2.

Punny—antipasto—Hi-kid!—peachy

MIRIAM TASH Hanover, New Hampshire
 ST. MARY'S SCHOOL *Secretarial Science Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1; Secretarial Club 1, 2; Children's Christmas
 Party 1; May Pageant 1; Refreshments, Secretarial Party
 2; Co-Chairman Senior Chapel 2.
 Parkas—Old Faithful—page boys—gladiola

JOAN TELLINGTON Gorham, New Hampshire
 GORHAM HIGH SCHOOL *Music Curriculum*
 Glee Club 1, 2; Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club 2; Deco-
 rations Committee, Freshman Dance 1; May Pageant 1,
 2; Glee Club Broadcast 2; Children's Christmas Party 2;
 Gift Committee, Senior Banquet 2.
 Eyelashes—puck—Tampa Robins—arpeggios



COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

THURSDAY, JUNE 2

6.30 P. M. SENIOR BANQUET Lafayette Hotel

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

11.15 A. M. SENIORS' LAST CHAPEL Moulton Chapel

1.00 P. M. FRESHMAN-SENIOR LUNCHEON

3.30 P. M. *WESTBROOK JUNIOR COLLEGE HORSE SHOW
 Waynflete Riding School

5.00 P. M. SENIOR-FACULTY PICNIC

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

9.30 A. M. SENIOR-FRESHMAN OUTING

2.00 P. M. TRUSTEES' ANNUAL MEETING Hersey Drawing Room

8.00 P. M. *SENIOR PROM Portland Country Club

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

10.45 A. M. *BACCALAUREATE SERVICE College Campus
 ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

1.00 P. M. ALUMNI LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL MEETING Lafayette Hotel

4.00 P. M. *COMMENCEMENT CONCERT Moulton Chapel

5.00 to 7.00 P. M. PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION Hersey Drawing Room

MONDAY, JUNE 6

10.00 A. M. *COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS College Campus
 FREDERICK E. PIERCE

*Public invited.

EDITORIALS

LABOR VINCIT

LABOR VINCIT: Has the Westbrook motto been our watchword during these two happy years at Junior College? Whether we realized the import of this motto or not—(work conquers)—we, in nearing the day when we will earn our diplomas, have realized the goal of two years of steady work.

While some of us may admit that we have not exercised our potentialities to the utmost, we must have gained an infinite amount of independence and dependability through our daily intercourse away from the home atmosphere. We have worked not only to attain booklore, but also to broaden our points of view, to overlook first impressions and annoying trivialities, and to be a much more democratic being; thus we have worked to form perhaps life-long friendships and at least to gain many contacts which we can never regret.

Our class-room hours, our intimate chapels, those "bull-sessions," cafeteria snacks, smoking-room chats, and exciting formals—all these Westbrook haunts will soon be precious memories. We've studied hard; we've played hard; we've worked hard; and we've enjoyed it all.

So we'll leave Westbrook taking our many new contacts among friends and teachers along with us. And, this motto ever before us, we'll go out from the friendly atmosphere into the big, wide world, we'll go out

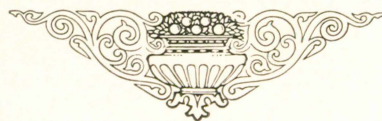
to conquer new horizons no matter how murky; for the "Spirit of Westbrook" will never, never die.

This spring Dr. Proctor announced to the student body that the buildings of our beloved college are to be remodeled this summer. Changes will be made to accommodate an enrollment of about 250 students. We are now 206 in number.

Our Moulton Chapel will be extended and widened to accommodate a capacity of 300 or more people, and to allow for a bigger and better stage at the rear of the chapel. Two class rooms will be built on either side of the stage.

Alumni Hall entrance to Moulton Chapel will be made more attractive. McArthur Gymnasium will have its cafeteria entirely renovated, along with the improvements to be made in the recreation room. Goddard Hall will be proud possessor of six new bathrooms and a modernized kitchen. These plans for the future improvement will make the college more attractive than ever to the students who will return next year.

The student body joins with the TOWER Board in expressing its sincere wish that Dr. Proctor may be up and around again to gladden our Commencement Week.



L I T E R A R Y

The first prize in the TOWER literary contest was awarded at chapel, Monday, May 23, to Jeanette A. Quincannon for her creative and original work entitled "A Musical Pantomime." The prize was a book, "The Yearling," by Marjorie Rawlings.

Others receiving honorable mention were, in order of preference of selection, Anne Hatch, who came second with "A Ballad to the Ether"; Rosita Pancorbo for "You Never Can Tell"; Barbara Moore for "Oswald Oscar Otisfield"; and Catherine Ward for "Reaction to Spring."

The judges were Miss Chaplin, Miss Thayer, Miss Borden, and Miss Kane.

A MUSICAL PANTOMIME

Wildly he drummed out his music upon the battered old piano; just as wildly screamed the frenzied bird.

Sobbingly he played a pathetic waltz; the sad-eyed bird crooned softly.

The torrent of the mountain rushed through the music like a mighty roar; then floated through the air the pitiful wail of a broken dream.

Each new musical phrase, each new expression upon the man's face occasioned a sympathetic reply from the bird.

Such a sight as the two presented, the white-haired old man bent over the keyboard, the brilliant green parrot majestic upon his perch. A streak of sunlight that had pried its way through the iron grating of the window fell in jagged lines upon the strange pair.

At intervals the composer stopped and scribbled notes upon a manuscript at his left. The bird became still and watched him contemplatively.

The barren little room was alive with the creative energy of the two; man and bird were working together.

Suddenly the musician jumped up from his bench and crossed the room to the eager parrot.

"It is finished," he said, "done. I owe it all to you; you have criticised me, encouraged me, been my friend, listened to my music. None has done that for years; they don't even bother to criticise me now." Tears glistened in the old man's eyes; some fell and broke upon the green coat of the bird. The two natural opposites realized a peculiar friendship—the master of musical sound and the squawking bird of ugly sounds.

"You will share in my success," he continued; "when my symphony is played in Salsburg, you will be there with me. Yes, you will."

Chuckling with joy, he returned to the piano and replayed the composition—an elemental thing, passionate, plaintive, anguished, and lonely, lonely like the beautiful bird and the broken artist.

* * * * *

Outside in the street the fruit peddler lingered a while to talk with the landlady.

"The parrot doesn't shriek so much lately, does he?" observed the vendor.

"No," answered the landlady, "I have put him in the old music master's room. They seem to enjoy each other's company. The poor old man, stone-deaf now, plays upon the stringless piano all day long. It doesn't make a sound, for not a note plays. The bird screams, and the two imagine music."

JEANETTE A. QUINCANNON.

A BALLAD TO THE ETHER

When I turn on my radio
And let the ether in
I hear Jack Benny play "The Bee"
To vindicate his kin.

Ma Perkins and Lorenzo Jones
Give me no great big thrills.
They advertise some crazy stuff
Like Carter's liver pills.

Marshmallow Fluff gets in my hair—
I dive through Fitch Shampoo
I get pink Jello on my dress,
Then try Spry; why don't you?

Fred Allen gets an awful laugh,
Wayne King can play sweet, too
Our President gives us a speech,
Ben Bernie gives us Brew.

Bing Crosby gives us all those songs,
The tops in melody
Boake Carter gives the inside dope
At home and 'cross the sea.

Those Vox Pop men stand on the street
And hold up traffic, too.
Joe Penner speaks for Cocomalt
And yells, "Say, I'll smash you!"

Now, Johnny calls at eight o'clock,
Ed Wynn then does his bit.
Juleps, Kools, and Chesterfields—
But Luckies make a *Hit!*

For Crooners, too, I never lack
As "My Time Now Is Yours."
For Gelatine our Rudy sings
While Grandpa stalks outdoors.

I like to dance to Goodman's jazz,
And swing with Berrigan,
And "truck on" with Cab Calloway,
That dusky rhythm man.

For action fast and bold and brave
I tune in on Jack Armstrong.
One box-top gets his magic ring—
(I hope mine comes before long!)

I like the sketch of Fanny Brice;
She's funny, too, to see.
But best of all is when she says,
"Ya know? You appeal to me!"

Then Bergen and his "block of wood"
Are men of wide renown—
Says Charlie in his squeaky voice,
"Lamour, I'll mow ya down!"

Jimmy Fidler tells the news;
It's Drene that Jimmy sells.
He slams Miss Garbo's massive feet
And for them rings no bells.

My corns and scalp I treat with Rem,
I put Vicks in my eyes
I eat Molle on Crax and Ritz,
And make nice Packard pies.

I now ride in a Bulova
And fill the tank with Lux,
Use Ovaltine for winter oil,—
It knocks, but then—oh, shucks!

So, I sit at my radio
Deciding what to take
Poor me! I'll have to try them all,
And give them all a break!

ANNE HATCH.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

Even as he was reading it through the first time, he thought, "Boy, what a story this would make!" He paused in contemplation, then went on to the end. The moment he had finished he could visualize, in his mind's eye, the complete story.

In his hand he held a letter written to him by his dearest friend. Most of it told of an incident that had happened to her, and, in the telling, it was written exceedingly well, revealing her emotions in a mood that no one who had not experienced a similar incident could ever hope to capture.

In fact, it was written so well, he knew (in his story about it) he would use much of the original letter. . . .

All Eric Hughes could think of as he leaned back in his chair and let the letter drop to the floor was the furore a story expressing such genuine feeling as this girl had caught with her pen would create.

Eric was a writer, first, last and always, and everything he thought of or saw entered his mind as to whether or not it was suitable story material. It was in his blood; it was part of him.

So the little sentence at the bottom of the letter's last page did not receive much at-

tention. It read, simply, "Eric, darling, you are the only one I could ever tell this to . . ."

* * * * *

AS LONG AS THERE'S LIFE—by Eric Hughes is definitely the novel of the month. It is almost inconceivable how any fiction writer could capture such genuine feeling and express it so truly. . .

* * * * *

"Eric: (the second letter read).

"How could anyone be so low as to take a letter, written in confidence, and actually publish most of it?

"I wrote that letter to you because I thought you'd understand, and because I thought I loved you. . .

"Imagine my feelings when I found that in your latest novel you had flaunted that letter all through its pages. . .

"I never want to hear from you again—our engagement is off. Lois."

* * * * *

The letter fluttered to the floor as Eric leaned back in his chair. This was totally unexpected. How could she have misunderstood? He hadn't meant to do anything wrong. She had simply written a good story and it had instantly appealed to him. He hadn't meant to break any confidences. . .

As suddenly as that the idea came to him. The story of a man jilted by his sweetheart because he published a letter from her to him in a story! Say, that was a natural!

Everything else was forgotten as Eric turned the idea over in his mind. It would require a lot of work, he reflected, but it was going to be worth it. . .

* * * * *

MISUNDERSTANDING, by Eric Hughes, is a severe let-down after his last brilliant novel.

It is almost as though AS LONG AS THERE'S LIFE—had been written by some other person. . .

With one good novel and one bad novel balancing his ledger, Hughes is now back where he started. Just another writer, with ink in his veins instead of blood. . .

ROSITA PANCORBO.

OSWALD OSCAR OTISFIELD

Oswald Oscar Otisfield was a big man—tall and strong—

In some ways smart, in others dumb; yet he managed to get along.

His hair was brown; face round; he'd twinkling deep blue eyes;

Ears were big; nose quite large; his mouth—just average size.

His rather plump chin had a dimple; yes, it had a double, too.

His complexion, neither light nor dark, of a rather tannish hue.

Now, Oswald Oscar Otisfield was really like many of his kind,

But his nose was quite large; just keep that fact in mind.

"Ka-choo, ka-choo." No one else on earth could sneeze the way Oswald Oscar Otisfield could. Poor Oswald Oscar's life was one sneeze after another, for after all, living on a farm and being a hay-fever victim isn't exactly a good combination. Because he usually did cause such a disturbance when he sneezed, Oswald Oscar was very sensitive about that fact, and it was indeed a rare occasion which led him to appear in public.

A true farmer at heart, Oswald was greatly interested in anything which pertained to farming. When he learned that a prominent agriculturist had consented to speak at the Grange Hall on Friday night, Oswald Oscar was one Otisfield with a great deal on his mind. Should he go, or shouldn't he go? That was the question. If he went, he would probably by his infernal sneezing embarrass himself to death. Didn't he swear every time he went to a public meeting he'd never go again? But perhaps he wouldn't have hay fever so badly this time. It had been a little better recently. Still, hay fever was tricky. He ought to know, oughtn't he? He'd only had it for four years. After two days of much debating pro and con, he decided to go.

Friday came at last. Oswald Oscar was almost ready to leave, but he couldn't find one cuff button. Finally he spied it on the window sill. Just as he started to pick it up, he sneezed—"Kachoo!"; the cuff button sailed out the window.

After much delay he was off in his old "Model T." The first half mile was uneventful—even the old "Model T" purred along like a kitten with the croup. Before he had gone much farther, he became conscious of an awful tickle in his nose. Something was giving him hay fever. As he drove around a corner, he saw a load of hay moving slowly along the road. He drove up behind it and blew the horn for all it was worth. The farmer driving it was unconscious of any sound but the hayrack wheels on the gravel—Oswald Oscar was having trouble. If he didn't get by soon, he would have a horrible attack of hay fever. What could he do? Again he blew the horn. It was of no use. The tickle in his nose could no longer be controlled; he had to sneeze. What a sneeze! The "Model T" shivered in its rubbers, and to Oswald's astonishment the load of hay moved quickly to one side of the road. As he drove by, the old farmer yelled to him, "Some horn on the old car yet!"

A little farther on Oswald discovered the old Ford had a flat tire. He was getting nowhere fast. Disgustedly he got out the jack, rummaged around until he found the necessary implements, and then put on the spare tire—only to learn it was not blown up, and if there ever had been a pump among the "Model T's" equipment it was not there now. What could he do? Oswald decided to put the old tire on again and run it in on the rim. As he started to loosen one of the bolts, he was seized with a terrible attack of hay fever. At last, when he could open his eyes, he looked at the tire. Lo and behold! the tire was blown up harder than a rock. Maybe he was lucky to be able to sneeze after all. Oswald Oscar was progressing rapidly when he suddenly heard the radiator boiling violently. He stopped, got out, looked at the radiator, burned his hand, but nevertheless got the radiator cap off. When the radiator had cooled enough to enable him to look in, he did so. As he was looking and wondering what to do, "Ka-choo, ka-choo," the radiator immediately cooled off, and he started again.

After nearly another hour of bouncing he arrived in town.

Oswald squeezed the old "Model T" in a place large enough for a bicycle; then he hurried to the lecture hall. The man at the door offered him a program. As he reached out his hand, he sneezed six times in succession. The programs flew everywhere. This was a bad beginning, but he entered, anyway. The speaker had already begun; so Oswald, as quietly as he could, made his way to the empty chair he had seen. In the seat before him was sitting a very good-looking girl wearing a blue suit and a cute skimmer hat. Oswald had been there hardly five minutes before he had to sneeze. He sneezed! and when he looked up, the skimmer hat that had been on the girl's head was perched on the head of a very angry speaker. Oswald decided, for the good of all concerned and Oswald Oscar Otisfield, he would leave. He got as far as the exit, but he was so interested in what the speaker was saying he stopped there. All went well until the closing paragraph of the speech and an unexpected attack of hay fever occurred at the same time. The speech sounded like this: "This has been indeed a 'Ka-choo.' I sincerely appreciate the 'Ka-choo' I have received at this time. I hope that I may 'Ka-choo' again in the future the 'Ka-choo' I have 'Ka-choo'd' today." This caused a great deal of disturbance, and a very downhearted Oswald Oscar Otisfield started for his car.

As he was walking along, a well-dressed man came up to him and said, "Are you the man who sneezed so much in the Grange Hall?" Oswald admitted he was. The man, it seems, was a movie scout looking for a man with a very loud sneeze to play the leading role in a comedy. Would he accept the position at \$20,000 a week? He most certainly would. As the movie scout handed him the contract, Oswald sneezed and blew it so far in the air he thought it was lost and so was his job. It came down, and under the shining light of the "Model T's"

twinkling eyes, Oswald Oscar signed the contract. With another "Ka-choo" the deal was closed.

It was a very proud Otisfield who started home that night. He arrived home about four o'clock the next morning. Before going to bed, he stood in front of the looking-glass, took a deep breath, and sneezed just for the fun of it and for his own satisfaction. It was such a terrific sneeze the whole countryside thought it was the six-o'clock whistle, but to Oswald Oscar Otisfield it was the victory of the year.

Oswald Oscar Otisfield was a big man—tall and strong—

In some ways smart, in others dumb; yet he managed to get along,

Not by skill nor by will but by an act he did with ease

Because Oswald Oscar Otisfield certainly could sneeze.

BARBARA G. MOORE.

REACTION TO SPRING

The reaction of different individuals to certain stimuli is remarkably varied, especially when the stimulus is Spring. For many generations the result of the stimulus has been known as spring fever. A few ways in which the fever manifests itself are drowsiness, dreaminess, love, increased energy, and restlessness. The deadly effect of the stimulus is that it produces in the sanest and most prosaic "that foolish feeling" and mingles the sublime with the ridiculous.

The fever may start at the first notes of a bird, the first bud, the first warm breeze, the first fly, or indirectly through Spring exams. In regard to the last mentioned, the student's resistance has been so weakened by days and nights of gruelling preparation that he or she is an easy victim.

The carrier of the spring fever germ for youngsters from fourteen to forty (especially those in the teens) is the love bug. This insect is a pernicious, little red creature, heart-shaped and possessing an arrow-shaped stinger. The sting produces great pain in

some cases, but in most it arouses a delightful sensation. Human beings are not the only creatures who are susceptible to the attack of the love bug. Have you ever stopped to wonder why Spring is the mating season? Of course, the reason is that the love bug is most active at that period.

If the sting of the love bug has accomplished its purpose well, some gullible couples will trip to the altar, say "I do," and begin a new phase of spring fever the following season. The little woman, if she is of the domestic type, will start housecleaning. For weeks hubby may have to eat in the cellar, sleep in the kitchen, and read his evening paper in the bathroom until order has been restored. Then, before he has accustomed himself to the new order of things, he is likely to break several unsuspecting limbs when he tiptoes in some dawning from a poker game. Hubby has his particular kind of fever at this time, too. Perhaps, he goes in for gardening. He orders bushels of seeds, buys newfangled implements and goes to bed ten hours later with an attack of lumbago or something worse. On the following day he decides that his business, not Nature, requires his all.

In the Spring, everything in Nature is renewed. With this in mind, milady hastens to renew her wardrobe. The fur coat that she wheedled out of her father or her spouse a few short months before is cast among the mothballs. She buys a flock of new hats, the dippiest she can find, to start off her shopping spree, and soon has completely replenished her wardrobe. The man of the house sits at home chewing his fingernails, pencil, or perhaps the corner of his desk while he tries to figure out how much this splurge will cost him. His only consolation is that he can make a deduction from his income tax next year, that is, if he has any income left.

Multifarious are the reactions to Spring fever, permanent and otherwise. Immunity is non-existent; so let the scoffer beware. He may be next. CATHERINE WARD.

"SCARFACE"

The faint glimmer of a street lamp pierced the damp, penetrating London fog. Beneath the yellow haze stood a bobby twirling his night stick and gazing ahead of him as if he could really see beyond the thick, swirling mist.

"A nasty night to be out in, isn't it?" Turning about quickly, the bobby recognized the dim outline of a man's figure.

"Yes, sir, it is—may I give you a light."

The figure, having stepped closer, stopped, fumbling on the inside of his great coat.

"Thank you, officer. I seem to have mislaid my lighter."

As the man bent down to receive the fire of the match on his cigarette, the flare played over his face, revealing a high forehead slanting down from what promised to be a head of black hair, thinly scattered with grey; high, jutting cheekbones; a prominent nose; a mouth thin-lipped and stern.

"Thank you, and good night."

"Good night, sir."

"There is a gentleman," the policeman thought, gazing after the retreating shape already being enclosed in the embrace of the eager grey giant who dominated London that chill night. He knew a gentleman when he saw one, and not all of them would have bothered to speak to a lonely bobby.

Half a block down the street, a strange transformation was taking place. Within the gates of a deserted, old mansion, had gone an erect young man of medium height, clad in a heavy great coat and bowler hat. Ten minutes later, a tall but slouching figure in a shabby cap and old, bedraggled, woolen sweater, slunk out of the gateway to perform another robbery that would be read about over breakfast cups the next morning, by loyal, respectable, and highly indignant subjects of England.

Three men were grouped about a round, battered table within a shabby dwelling in a questionable section of London. A door

slammed and soon a fourth man, marked with a deep, red scar on his left cheek, entered the room.

"Hy'a, Scarface."

Grunt. "New one, ain't ya?"

This last remark was directed towards the younger of the three men.

"Yeah."

"They call me Scarface. What's your monicker?"

"Nick—Nick M'Croy."

And thus Nick M'Croy and the celebrated Scarface had met.

In the house in Cheapside, men, whose professions were ever outside the law, came and went as casual acquaintances. But Scarface and Nick had many things in common; the same hatred for the corrupt rich and powerful of London; the same contempt for the men about them.

A month after Nick and Scarface had met, the "club" was raided. The two cohorts made good their escape, and at the suggestion of Scarface, were walking along a country road. Scarface, clearing his throat, spoke:

"You see, Nick, I haven't ever told you, but I have a wife and family who live up the road a bit. You'll be the first man to ever hear my story. I'm telling it to you before we reach my home."

Then there was unfolded to Nick M'Croy, alias Nicholas Perry, Scotland Yard's ablest lieutenant, a story that thrilled and depressed him; thrilled him at the daring, the courage of this man; depressed him at the thought of what it was his duty to do.

Nick Perry was the only person, outside of Scotland Yard's Chief Halliday and a few other higher officials, to know what went on at the celebrated Scarface trial which was held behind locked doors.

Cigars had been smoked down to the very butts. Liquor glasses were pushed aside. About this time in the evening, interest began to wane among the members of the select and respectable Devonshire Club.

"Tell us, Perry, what ever happened at the Scarface trial? It was hushed up at the time, I know, but I read recently that a newspaper has been given permission to print the whole story. We'd like to hear it from a first-hand account."

All eyes were directed toward the distinguished and newly appointed Chief of Scotland Yard, Nicholas Perry.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose there's no harm in telling you now. It all began when Norris Barton was a promising young bank clerk. The firm he worked for was highly respected, and he was in line for a promotion. During a check-up on the company books, it was discovered that money had been embezzled from the firm. An investigation was held. As a result, young Barton was discharged. To the end he maintained his innocence in the matter and accused a prominent official of the concern. It was hard enough losing his job, with a wife and two children, one of whom was a cripple, but Barton found that he was blacklisted in every other firm that might have been able to use him in their employ. Therefore, 'Scarface' was born."

"But Norris Barton was shorter than the Scarface and also did not have the long, red scar that disfigured the left cheek of the famous outlaw."

"Oh, there Barton, how shall I say—'pulled a fast one.' He had concocted a special paste which, when it was drawn on his cheek in a long line, closely resembled a scar. As for his height, the change was easily accomplished with the aid of special built-up shoes.

"Barton robbed successfully, as you know, for a number of years. However, at each robbery he demanded the name and address of his victim, which he carefully wrote down in code along with the amount of which he relieved them. Another eccentricity of his was to take no jewelry, only money. He had been planning, all along, to return this money if and when he was acquitted of the crime which he did not commit.

"Norris Barton gave to me, at the time of his arrest, incriminating evidence against the certain trusted official who had tricked the company into placing the blame upon Barton. Therefore, gentlemen, Scarface was given only two to four years in prison after a private hearing."

"What became of him?"

"Oh, he's living under a different name, and has a good position. His wife has been made extremely happy by his return to a legitimate way of living. And that reminds me that *my* wife would be made extremely happy if I were to arrive home on time tonight. Good evening, gentlemen."

RITA ROSS.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

Have you listened to the music of Mother Nature's talented children? They have a concert every spring, summer, autumn, and winter, each of which is as different as the seasons themselves.

Each spring I hear the symphony of new life, the birds carrying the air with their flute-like voices. In accompaniment I sense the low strains of the trees as they leaf out, the clouds that harmonize so softly with the sky, and the flowers as they break through the earth to give color and syncopation.

In the summer I hear the playful tune of the cool, rippling brook as it journeys on its way to the end of its course, and consequently the end of its playful tune; for as soon as it joins the river, the brook's rippling cadences are hidden beneath the deep, mystical intonation of the river. This is interrupted by the short movement of the thunder shower. The percussion instruments set a provocative rhythm, and the tympanist is kept busy jumping from the gruff kettle drums to the clanging cymbals and the tinkling triangle. This movement ends with the muted sounds of the river again, and finally by the thunder of endless applause which the waterfall sends forth.

The autumn concert can best be heard on the top of a high mountain or near the seashore. From a great height you can look down upon the harmonic patterns displayed throughout the forest, and by listening ever so carefully you are able to hear the soft tunes that the wood winds play. If you are near the seashore, the lightness of touch is lost, and you hear the exultation of the sea winds accompanied by the second violins—the waves.

The introduction to winter's symphony is played by the wood winds, but it is soon taken over by the strings which are chosen to close the concerts of the seasons. The soft plucking of the bass violins and cello add rich color to the merry strains of the violins, and we can well imagine old King Winter and his attendants stepping in to take over a new reign. The climax of this concert is reached when all the instruments unite to give us a movement of vigorous display. Gradually the music retards, however, and we hear a rather plaintive tune which gets softer and softer until our last concert ends.

JEANNETTE KEZER.

THE BIG DIPPER

The white-faced moon whispered to Mars
A fragment of gossip concerning the stars:

"They once filled the dipper up to the brim,
Until the dear vessel succumbed to a whim.

One night as she glided, haughty and proud,
She stubbed her bright toe on the edge of a cloud.

Out spilled her jewels, naughty and glad,
Leaving the dipper lonely and sad.

Now, so they say, on a dark cloudy night,
The weary old dipper rests in her flight,

Ruing the loss of her joy and her mirth,
With her face in a cloud weeps her tears on the
earth."

JEANNETTE A. QUINCANNON.

JANE'S MOTHER

"My dear, how do you do? You look rather lonesome over here all by yourself. I've been intending to get over to speak to you all evening, but Jane has been so besieged by all her friends that I found it hard to get away.

"Ah, it's delightful to have all our young people back in our own little town with us for a few days. How you must be enjoying this short respite from the tedious routine of an academic program. Jane came home from college Sunday simply exhausted. She's really at the end of her rope, I'm sure. But you know how the dear girl is; she puts her whole heart and soul into whatever she does. Sometimes I almost wish she weren't so brilliant; it's terribly wearing on the poor child.

"And how are your studies coming on? Oh yes, indeed—how could I have forgotten—you're working, aren't you? Well, of course, there are advantages in going to work at an early age—one soon learns what it means to be thrust into the cold and cruel world to earn one's own living. Ah, but I'm thankful Jane isn't obliged to work; she's such a delicate girl. But you're certainly looking well, so plump and healthy-looking. Jane is as thin as a rail. But then, I suppose there's no nervous or mental strain to your work—aren't you a stenographer somewhere? Jane once thought she would like to take a secretarial course, but of course we wouldn't think of allowing it. She has far too much individuality ever to be happy taking orders from someone else all day. And there's something so material and mercenary about the business world. Oh, no, I couldn't bear to think of Jane in an office.

"And how is your mother? My dear, when I met her on the street last week, I was shocked to see how old she had grown. But of course, with the care and responsibility of three children one can't expect to keep young. Oh, I must tell you. One of Jane's instructors thought I was Jane's sister. Imagine! But of course there has never been

anything to make me age—never a worried or unhappy moment with Jane.

"By the way, where is your older brother now? Was he finally allowed to go back to college? I always said there was nothing really bad about him—just an impetuous, reckless young fellow.

"Well, my dear, I must be running along. There's Martha Brown, another one of Jane's classmates; I mustn't neglect her. Do come in for tea some afternoon while you're at home. I do want you to hear all about Jane's work."

JULIA PRATT.

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

In spite of many familiar maxims which deny the importance of words, such as "Deeds, not words," "Actions speak louder than words," and the like, no one could conceive a world today without these tools by which thoughts are expressed and history is made. Though, in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"The flowering moments of the mind
Lose half their petals in our speech."

yet if these thoughts were not expressed even inadequately, what would happen to our literary world? In fact, what would happen to our entire civilization? It cannot be denied that we need our words to explain and give meaning to our deeds.

Having thus conceded the importance of words for as adequate as possible an expression of our thoughts, obviously the most important problem now is to acquire and understand a reasonably extensive vocabulary. Really accomplishing this involves at least a brief study of one of the most fascinating subjects—that of etymology. Whence did the enormous vocabulary to which we have access today come and what were the circumstances which led to the development of our present English language? These are questions, the answers to which will give us a better understanding of the

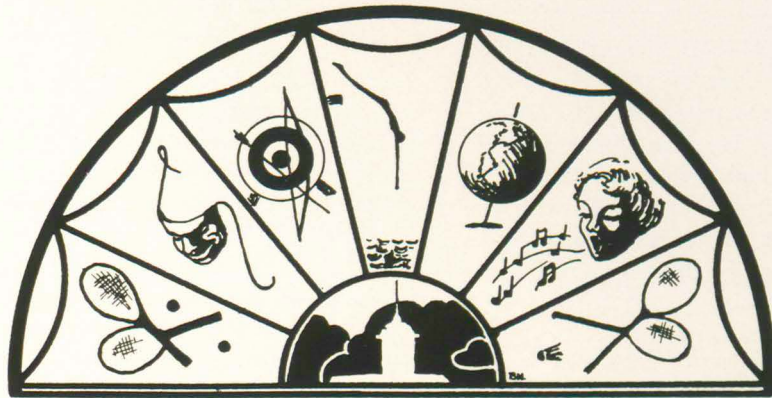
words we use and will facilitate our task of acquiring an adequate vocabulary. For instance, consider the word *etymology* itself. If we remember that it is a name coming from two Greek words meaning *true account*, the word then means much more to us than as if we had looked it up in the dictionary and had been satisfied simply with the meaning as we know it today.

Often the stories behind words give us not only an interesting and logical explanation of how words have come to have their present meaning, but also a bit of history about the customs and habits of the ancient people from whom we have derived much of our vocabulary. For example, the word *gymnasium* is from a Greek root meaning *naked*. Its present meaning is derived from the fact that the boys and young men of ancient Greece wore no clothing when they took part in athletic games and exercises. *Bankrupt* is from two Latin words meaning *broken bench*. In order to understand its present meaning, we are told that in ancient Rome it was the custom for merchants to display their wares in front of their shops on wooden benches and when a merchant failed in business, his bench was broken to signify his failure. We may get a further glimpse of old Roman customs from the English word *tribulation*—which comes from the Latin word *tribulum*, the name given to the iron-studded flail which the Romans used for thrashing grain. Today it means a *great affliction* or "the pains of one beaten by a flail." As a final example, consider the word *candidate*, also from a Latin root meaning *clothed in white*, its present usage coming from the fact that all Roman officers before their election were required to clothe themselves completely in white to distinguish them from those already in office.

These are but a few examples of the millions of interesting stories to which words could lead us if we were only curious enough to want to understand what's back of this great language of ours.

PAULINE CUSHING.





ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL NOTES

January 10—Mr. Herbert Patrick gave his reactions on the youth situation in Germany and Italy. He had just returned from a trip to those countries.

February 18—Mr. Richardson L. Rice of Cambridge, Mass., gave a very enlightening talk on International Relations and World Peace.

February 25—Benjamin Marshall, ex-president of Connecticut College, talked to us on the importance of deep appreciation for words and for great literature. He also expressed thoughts on immortality.

April 8—Dean Howard Perkins lead the special Easter service accompanied by selections presented by the Glee Club.

The Glee Clubs of Westbrook Junior College and Bowdoin College gave a delightful concert at the Eastland Ballroom on April 8, 1938. The general chairman for the affair was Marjorie McCully. The members of her committee were Frances Horne and Wilma Additon, co-chairmen of the ticket committee. Chairman of ushers was Charlotte Dolloff; chairman of hostess committee was Barbara Roberts; chairman of posters was Barbara Allen; chairman of invitations was Mary Meserve.

The program was as follows:

"May No Rash Intruder" (from Solomon) *Handel*
 "To Thee Alone Be Glory" *Bach*
 Combined Glee Clubs

"Jesu Dulcis Memoria" *Vittoria*
 "On the Steppe" *Gretchaninoff*
 "Tampa Robins" *Neily*
 Westbrook Junior College Glee Club

"Broken Melody" *Sibelius*
 Two Negro Spirituals Arr. *Bartholomew*
 "Old Ark's A'Moverin'"
 "Steal Away"
 Bowdoin College Chapel Choir

"Mother Moscow" *Tschesnokoff*
 Combined Glee Clubs

INTERMISSION

"L'Automne" *Neily*
 "Just A-Longing" *Neily*
 Contralto Solo, Jeanette Quincannon
 Westbrook Junior College Glee Club
 "Lightnin'" Text by *Christian*
 "Siberia" *Starke*
 Bowdoin College Glee Club
 "Marquesan Isle" *Dunn*
 Westbrook Junior College Glee Club
 "General Booth Enters into Heaven"
 Text by *Lindsay*
 Music by *James*
 Bowdoin College Glee Club
 Roy E. Wiggin, John T. Konecki,
 Trombone Trumpet
 J. Vernon Carten, Drums
 "Chorus of Homage" *Brahms*
 Combined Clubs

Mr. Neily conducted the girls' club, while Mr. Tillotson directed the boys. Mrs. Frances Donnell Grasse, Richard T. Eveleth and Richard L. Chittim assisted them.

Dancing followed the concert.

FRESHMAN BRIDGE

Twenty tables were in play at the benefit bridge given on Wednesday afternoon, May 18, 1938, in McArthur Gymnasium. The Freshman Class sponsored the party to raise money for the luncheon that it will give the Senior Class.

Miss Deborah Morton won the high score at contract and Miss Louise Jacobs the high score for auction.

The committees included the Misses Elizabeth Archer, Louise Scannell, Ellen Hathorn, Mary McClure, Florine Nelson, Mary Meserve, Charlotte Shulman, and Barbara Blanchard.

On May 13 the Portland Playhouse was filled to capacity, the occasion being "The Cradle Song" by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra presented by the Dramatic Club. A stirring performance was given by Gwendolyn Graves in the leading role as Sister Joanna of the Cross.

Phyllis McCann was adorable as the foundling reared by the convent. Jeanette Quincannon as the stern vicaress provided mirth with her stern features and sharp tongue. Joan Fitzgerald gave a sterling performance in the role of the Prioress of the convent.

Sister Marcella was portrayed by Marjorie McCully and amused the audience by her daring and mischief. Others in the cast were Merline Lowell as the mistress of the novices, Norma Yates as Sister Maria Jesus, Alice Lewis as Sister Sagrario, Wilma Additon as Sister Inez, Marion King as Sister Tornera, Kathaleen Scott as a lay sister, and Katharine Higgins and Bella Rolnick as monitors.

The scenery was designed by students under the direction of Alexander Bower. The play was translated by John Garrett Underhill. Two members of the Portland Players assumed the male roles: John Maher the romantic lead of Antonio and William Dow that of the frivolous doctor.

Constance Banks was in charge of the production staff. The play was excellent and well received by the audience.

RIDING CLUB NOTES

Dear Diary,

Went to another grand riding club picnic this afternoon. Oh, what fun we had! It seems that now that Spring has come at last, everyone turns out for the meetings. But, can you blame them? Beautiful, warm Spring days and wonderful horses to ride. Waynelete has the best collection of horses I have ever seen.

So much is happening over at the Riding School. We've had picnics galore. The riders are all practicing for the Interschool Horse Show which is May 24. Betty Leydick and Lyndall Goldsmith are the Westbrook girls who are on this committee. From what I've seen and the reports that have come to me, I think Westbrook ought to

walk off with the prize. The drill is beautiful, and it will be very colorful with the red and white of our own school.

And, of course, there's the Horse Show given exclusively by Westbrook, which is a part of Senior Activity Week. It's hard to tell who will win most of the ribbons because all of the girls are so good.

When all the Seniors have graduated and have gone home, I know they will all miss the Riding Club, the wonderful food on the picnics, and most of all Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson to whom we owe all of our fun and wonderful times at the Riding Club at Westbrook Junior College.

My, how sleepy I am! I must say good-night now.

BASKETBALL

JANUARY 13

The first game of our '37-'38 season was between the boarding and day students. This gave the girls their first real chance to work together and gain much-needed experience. The commuters took the long end of the score with Barbara Blanchard starring, and for the boarders Martha Cutting led the pointers. Final score: Day students, 20; boarding students, 8.

FEBRUARY 12—ALUMNI GAME

The Grads took our sextet into camp to the tune of 28-26 (and not the "Old Gray Mare!"). All of the alumnæ played well and our ever-vigilant guards—Mickie, Barb Smith, Betty Rollins and Eleanor Batchelder—did well.

MARCH 1—COLBY JUNIOR

Our first trip to Colby Junior College was socially successful, although we did drop our second game to the fast, aggressive Colby Junior team. The score fails to indicate the interest and excitement of the game.

Capt. Elsie McCracken and Joy Griffin starred for the Blue and White, while Capt. Lyd Black starred for the Maroon and Grey.

MARCH 14—FACULTY-SENIOR

Our worthy pedagogues led by Dean Melville outdid themselves in an exhibition of basketball such as never has been seen before nor will be seen again at Westbrook Junior College. In spite of all this, "the Seven Dwarfs" were snowed under by some 13 points. Faculty may teach the "three R's" but the Seniors taught the "Seven D's."

MARCH 19—LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE

In a fast game on our home court, we won the decision from a strong Lasell team led by Sherman and Capt. Morley. Capt. Lyd hit the net for the count of 17, with Connie Arnold ably stepping into her "sneaks" for the final quarter. As the finish of their first season as two-court basketeers, the twelve most aggressive players were awarded silver basketballs. They are Captain Lydia Black, Connie Arnold, Eleanor Blaisdell, Martha Cutting, Marion King, Barb Moore, Jane Nichol, Barb Roberts, Rolly Rowe, Chunky Shaw, Barb Smith, Eleanor Batchelder and Lib Archer.

This was one of the speeches given at the banquet for the Lasell girls March 19, 1938.

I believe that the majority of the girls and perhaps the faculty will agree with me when I say that one of the outstanding events at Westbrook Junior College during the year 1938 was the day the Seven Dwarfs met their Waterloo. It was on the memorable day of Monday, March 14, the Seven Dwarfs returned home, gayly singing their cry, to find in their abode, not Snow White, but the illustrious Senior members of the basketball team. Dopey, Sneezy, Grumpy, Happy, Bashful, Doc, and Sleepy were impersonated, if you haven't already guessed, by our super-super faculty. The whistle blew and they were off, led by our exalted Dean, who made the first hit of the afternoon by trying her version of jujitsu on one of the Senior players. In a post-mortem of the game, Dean Melville confessed that, knowing no rules, she played by instincts

and these instincts were at times far from being correct. On careful observation, we noticed that one of the dwarfs' mustache had been dyed and horribly misplaced, for it was braided and hanging down his back: on second thought perhaps Miss Cathcart was trying to steal the show. With the referee's whistle blowing every two minutes for reasons no one seemed to know about, but which were principally time out for the faculty, the game continued. Arms and legs seemed to be everywhere and no doubt the dwarfs seemed to acquire the stature of giants to the already bewildered Seniors.

Dr. Proctor, the Snow White of the afternoon, inspired the Seven Dwarfs by persistent coaching from the sidelines.

Happy Cathcart seemed to think that the best way to pass the ball to her teammates was to gently put it in their hands, thus causing less shoving and general wear and tear on all those concerned.

As a geography teacher, Miss Murphy may know her north from her south, but we are wondering if she knows which end of the basket the ball goes through?

Miss Borden, wearing a rather perplexed look on her otherwise beaming countenance, seemed to be wondering if rules weren't silly—after all, she seemed to get along without them!

After a strenuous afternoon, the Seven Dwarfs and their most loyal supporter, Snow White, prepared to leave. As the eight loyal friends left the gym we heard them laughing and laughing—they knew they hadn't been playing basketball!

ELIZABETH ARCHER.

FRESHMAN DANCE

An informal Spring dance was given by the Freshmen in McArthur Gymnasium on April 29. The Rhythmairs furnished the music. A garden with a white picket fence around it sprang up for decoration.

The committee was the following:

Jeanne Rook—General Chairman.

Doris Simmons—Tickets.

Phyllis McCann—Music.

Louise Jacobs—Decorations.

Lyndall Goldsmith—Refreshments.

PERSONALS

NEW TESTAMENTS--OLD WILLS OF THE TOWER SENIORS:

1. Anne Blanchard bequeaths her editorship of the TOWER to any who can do as well.
2. Ida Chude's wit we all take with us as something to remember.
3. Lydia Black bestows her basketball leadership upon Connie Arnold.
4. Gwen Graves leaves her dramatic abilities to the club.
5. Jane Clark's oratorical accomplishments are handed on to Phil McCann.
6. Martha Cutting leaves the cafeteria for good.
7. We testify that Jeanette Quincannon needs nothing, so we just wish her luck.
8. Nancy Hall leaves her "slip" for anyone who wants to wear it.
9. Pete Johnson's sweet manner is left everywhere.

WELL DO WE REMEMBER!

Nally—Seth—Scannell.
 Helen Kane and her bevy of men.
 The expression on Alice Comee's face when we have Baxter's canned goods.
 Barbara Byrnes' promptness to classes.
 Tash's motherly instinct—or is it?
 Priscilla Cabeen's independence.
 Scannell getting out of her death bed to see Jerre.
 The toll of the old chapel bell one April Fool's midnight.
 Lib Archer's rôle as a student.
 Fourth floor birthday parties??

Winnie Pierce and her Reading fan mail.
 Katharine Ward getting A's.
 Doris's fine dancing.
 The Three Musketeers and their trip to Bermuda.
 Jeanne Rook and her Bowdoin infatuation.
 Connie Arnold's innocent silence.
 Betty Moody's boy-friend watching her study.
 The Lodge girls en masse.
 Connie Bank's breakfast table.
 Marjorie Crouse's Soule (a little stale, but it's still good).
 Margo and her army.
 Kay Scott's love for English novels and exams.
 The patience that our devoted faculty has shown us.
 Peter Johnson's watching a Ford go by.
 Barbara Smith's ability to skate.

PERSONALS

Frivolous—Helen Kane
 Refreshing—Barb Byrnes
 Entertaining—Jeanette Quincannon
 Sweet—Barb Chase
 Happy—Grace Russell
 Masterful—Barb Smith
 Energetic—Merline Lowell
 Nuisance—Class dues

 Serious—Eleanor Blaisdell
 Effervescent—Ida Chude
 Neat—Barbie Roberts
 Indispensable—Hank's dimples
 Optimistic—Glenna Rankin
 Regular—Nicky
 Sad—Senior chapel

PASSING FANCIES

"You Never Know"—What'll happen on the night of June 4th.

"Ree-dee-dee"—Helen Kane.

"You Couldn't Be Cuter"—Jeanne Rook.

"Thanks a Million"—Barb Smith for your executive work in the Pageant.

"Josephine"—Jo Leonard.

"One in a Million"—Fran Horne.

"Conquest"—BOWDOIN.

"Test Pilot"—Our worthy professors.

"Man Proof"—We doubt it, W. J. C.

"Ten Pretty Girls"—Henrietta Brown, Barbara Chase, Ellen Stevens, Ellen Hathorn, Lucille Johnson, Anne Blanchard, Barbara Roberts, Charlene Ramsdell, Nancy Hall, Charlotte Dolloff.

"Moonlight on the Campus"—House-parties.

"It Happened One Night"—My term paper, or anybody's.

"Can I Forget You"—Any Freshman friend.

"Rise and Shine"—Tennis champs at 6.00 A. M.

"Gay Parade"—Commencement week.

"I Love To Whistle"—Jeannette Kezar.

"Please Be Kind"—Rank cards.

"You Can't Get to Heaven"—Smoking-room pals, if you sing that way.

"Taps"—a la chemistry—how they run!

"Joy to the World"—Barb Byrnes.

"In Style All the While"—Basset and Hatch.

"For She's a Jolly Good Fellow"—Sheila Connellan.

"Thanks for the Memory"—Judy and her humor.

FAITHFUL—FUNNY—FACULTY

1. We can picture poor, dear Miss Conforte substituting Fanny Farmer's manual of art for "Zaragueta" or "Eugenie Grandet" next winter. May she be handy with that, too.
2. Mr. Campbell is our chief sport in white flannels; and that game of tennis does him proud.

3. Miss Chaplin slipped up on the "Sheats-Kelly" (Keats-Shelly) combination this year, much to the amusement of the class.
4. Mr. Neily's philosophy on youth is always pleasant. In fact, we're glad to have at least a little life in us.
5. Several students wish to thank Mr. Bremenstuhl for helpful lifts in his automobile and otherwise.
6. Mrs. Campbell's ham sandwich is being snubbed by Miss Blatchford's hors d'oeuvres, but both tend to be "indigestion."
7. Miss Thayer:—"Is there such a thing as U. S. *man* service? Are they going wholesale?" Ask Henrietta about that. She knows that it's U. S. mail (male?) service. Oh, she only owed a penny on a postcard.
8. Miss Blatchford: "I wanted to know if you knew that it wasn't known."
9. Student: "Mr. Campbell, do feeble-minded think they are like we are?" Mr. Campbell: "Well, in many cases, they are."
10. Mr. Bremenstuhl (upon calling on a student and being ignored): "Oh, pardon me!"

CAMPUS GOSSIP

Kitty Gott broke in on a serious discussion on "Germany as a Nation" to ask Mr. Campbell's view of the Goose Step and its purpose. Even Mr. Campbell laughed.

It's good to see Scannell looking more human without those bangs. She's attractive now and not so Gertie Steinish.

Granny's little blue roadster was beginning to be part of the school, but the New Hampshire roads will probably ride better in a larger car.

The smoking-room is going to miss Ginny Haines' bass voice doing the "barbershop" on "Where, oh where?."

Judy told us the pathetic story of dissecting Romeo, the mouse, in the Zo class but forgot to say that there was one more Juliet weeping micey tears in another corner.

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