





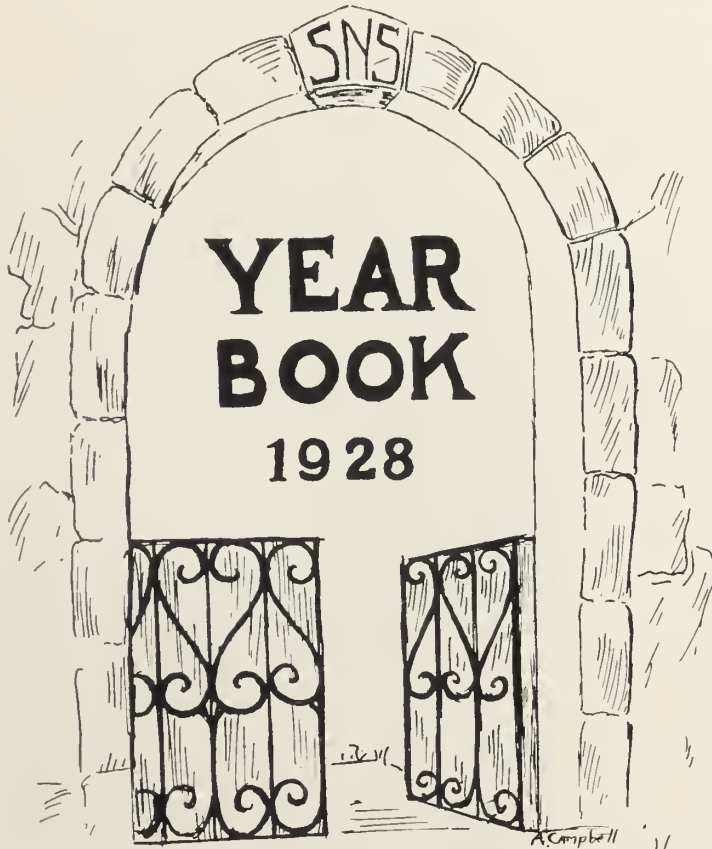




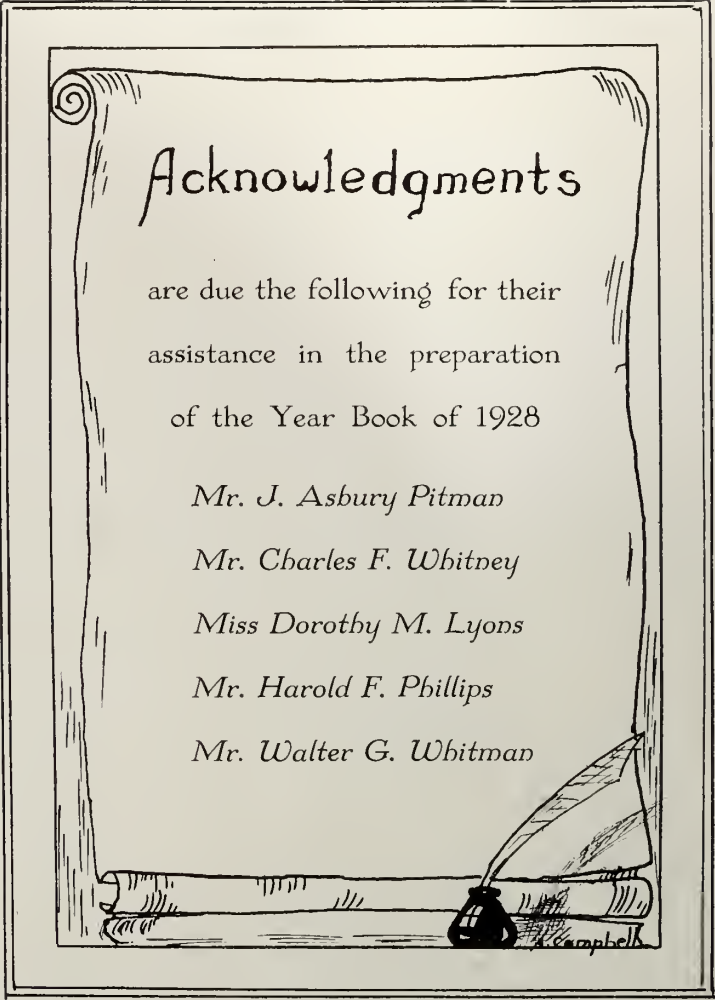


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PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS  
OF SALEM NORMAL SCHOOL  
SALEM MASSACHUSETTS



# Acknowledgments

are due the following for their  
assistance in the preparation  
of the Year Book of 1928

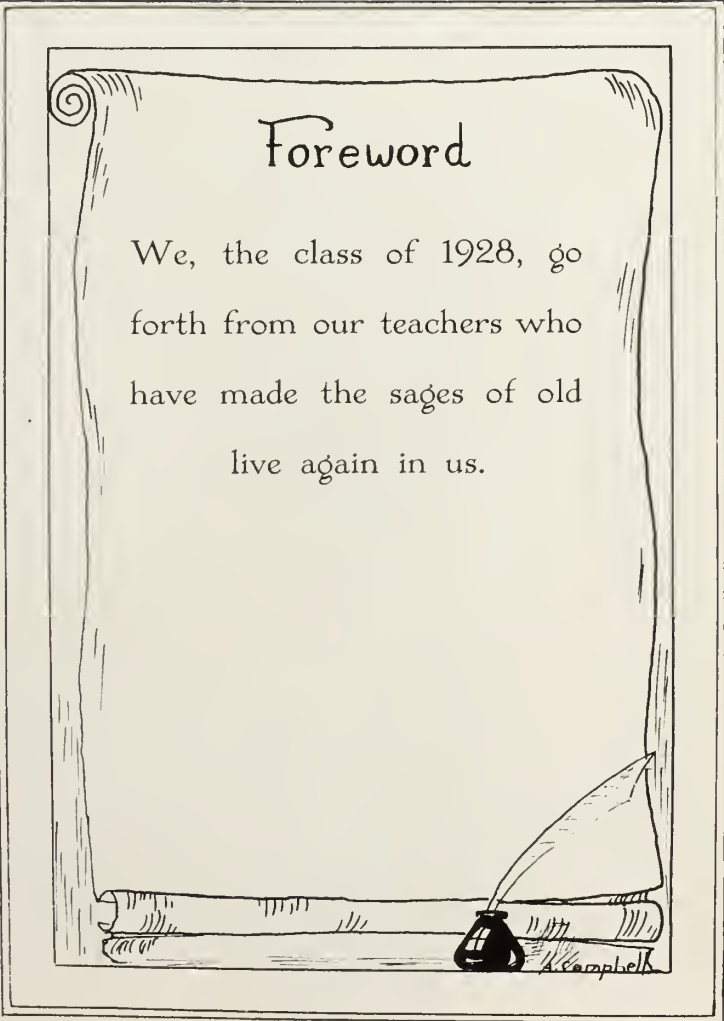
*Mr. J. Asbury Pitman*

*Mr. Charles F. Whitney*

*Miss Dorothy M. Lyons*

*Mr. Harold F. Phillips*

*Mr. Walter G. Whitman*



## Foreword

We, the class of 1928, go  
forth from our teachers who  
have made the sages of old  
live again in us.

A. Campbell



J. ASBURY PITMAN

*Principal*



# DEDICATION

to

Mr. J. ASBURY PITMAN

Our Teacher-Friend

who makes

a halo

for our every day

by

the gallantry of his service —

ever revealing

his nobility of soul.

AG



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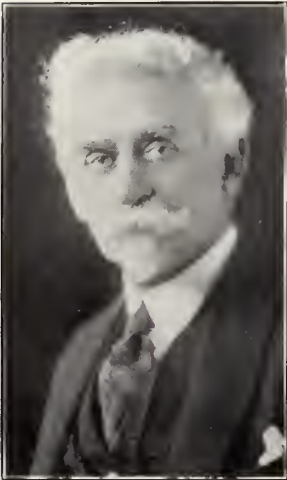
MISS DOROTHY MARIE LYONS

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# THE FACULTY



1928



CHARLES F. WHITNEY  
Drawing and Crafts

"His pencil was striking resistless and grand;  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manner our heart."  
*Goldsmith*



GERTRUDE B. GOLDSMITH  
Nature Study and Gardening

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown."  
*Greene*



FRED WILLIS ARCHIBALD  
Music

"God sent his singers upon earth,  
With songs of gladness and of mirth,  
That they might charm the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again."  
*Longfellow*



CHARLES ELMER DONER  
Penmanship

"Nothing is impossible to industry."  
*Periander of Corinth*



WALTER G. WHITMAN  
Science

"Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance."  
*Barrows*



VERNA BELLE FLANDERS  
Geography

"Mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."  
*Goldsmith*



LENA G. FITZHUGH  
History

"I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

*Lincoln*



ALEXANDER HUGH SPROUL  
Business Education

"His words seemed oracles."

*Croly*



MARIE E. BADGER  
Typewriting

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

*Sidney*



FLORENCE B. CRUTTENDEN  
History and Social Studies

"A tender heart; a will inflexible."

*Longfellow*



MAUDE L. HARRIS  
Literature

"The voice so sweet,  
The words so fair  
As some soft chime had stroked the air."

*Ben Jonson*



ALICE HAYWARD EDWARDS  
Shorthand and Office Training

"Benevolent people are always cheerful."

*Taylor*



AMY E. WARE  
Geography

"To whom all tongues and lands were  
known,  
And yet a lover of her own."

*Longfellow*



CAROLINE E. PORTER  
Reading

"Good humor is goodness and wisdom  
combined"

*Meredith*



HAROLD FRANCIS PHILLIPS  
Commercial Subjects

"When he will, he will  
You can depend on't."



MILDRED B. STONE  
Arithmetic

"Good sense disciplined by experience and  
inspired by goodness issues in practical  
wisdom."



MIRA WALLACE  
Physical Education

"Whose wit in the combat  
As gentle as bright  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain  
Away on its blade."

*Moore*



LUCY S. BELL  
Librarian

"Never idle a moment but thrifty and  
thoughtful of others."

*Longfellow*



JEAN F. BAIRD  
Art

"So mild, so strong, so good;  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."  
*Longfellow*



LEON H. ROCKWELL  
Psychology

"Men are never so likely to settle a question  
rightly as when they discuss it freely."  
*Macaulay*



AGNES K. BRENNAN  
Salesmanship and Bookkeeping

"She is calm because she is mistress of her  
subject — the secret of self-possession."  
*Beaconfeld*



DOROTHY MARIE LYONS  
English

"A perfect woman nobly planned  
To warn, to counsel, and command."



CARRIE MINNETTE BROWN  
Physical Education

"Her heart is in her work, and the heart  
giveth grace unto every art."  
*Longfellow*



LOUISE C. WELLMAN  
Registrar

"In character, in manner, in style, in all  
things the supreme excellence is sim-  
plicity."  
*Longfellow*



GEORGE F. MOODY

Director of Training School

"To those who know thee not, no words  
' can paint!

And those who know thee, know all  
words are faint!" *More*



MARY I. DWYER

Grade 8

"Gentleness is the outgrowth of benignity."  
*More*



ESTHER L. SMALL

Grade 7

"It is tranquil people who accomplish  
much."



LILLIAN BESSIE

Grade 6

"All her excellences stand in her so silently  
as if they had stolen upon her without  
her knowledge."  
*Overbury*



MARY I. PERHAM  
Grade 5

"One thing is forever good  
That one thing is Success."

*Emerson*



ESTHER F. TUCKWELL  
Grade 4

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is a  
continual cheerfulness and serenity."

*Montaigne*



MARY E. JAMES  
Grade 3

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity and a  
simple truthfulness and these have lent  
her a dignity as moveless as the center."

*Lowell*



MARY F. WADE  
Grade 2

"None knew thee but to love thee  
Nor named thee but to praise."



MARION KENISTON  
Assistant Grade 2

"Character is the diamond that scratches  
every other stone."



SIBYL I. TUCKER  
Grade 1

"In order to manage children well we must  
borrow their eyes and their hearts, see  
and feel as they do and judge them from  
their own point of view."

*Eugene de Guarin*



ETHEL V. KNIGHT  
Kindergarten

"The first duty toward children is to make them happy."



ELEANOR E. WALKER  
Special Class

"Enthusiasm is the key to Success. It robs endurance of difficulty and makes a pleasure of duty."

*Doane*



FLORENCE ADAMS  
Household Arts

"She hath a good word fra' all the folks in town."



GEORGE W. LITTLE  
Practical Arts

"He does his work with cheery zest,  
Gives his all and gives his best."



TRAINING SCHOOL



CHARLES FREDERICK WHITNEY

It is with deep regret that we announce the retirement of one of our most-beloved teachers, Mr. Charles Frederick Whitney. Mr. Whitney has had charge of the art work at Salem Normal School for many years. Combining in a marked degree the training and ability of the artist with the talents of a natural-born teacher, he has a rare insight into the realm of childhood. Not only does he bring to bear upon the art the most practical point of view, but he is able to demonstrate in an exceptional way its value in general education.

His early work in the Salem Normal School was to modify the art courses from the purely academic to such work as would satisfy the needs of teachers and the interests and activities of child life. Although a progressive, Mr. Whitney has never introduced into his department fads, but has tested new ideas for their value in the lives of children. The course in art has emphasized the fact that all children will become neither artists nor designers, but that all have some ability to express themselves in the graphic language of drawing, to realize the purpose and fitness in constructive problems and design, and to appreciate the fine things in architecture, sculpture, and painting. It remains with us now to express our gratitude for his service and friendship and to assure him that he will always be affectionately remembered.

J. V. R.



FRED WILLIS ARCHIBALD

No school is complete without some organization in which its students may give vent to their varied emotions by means of song. Our school recognizes this need and goes a long way toward meeting it. We have made ourselves known to a large audience through our chorus singing, our Glee Club, and our orchestra.

The growth and the efficiency of musical work in the Salem Normal School shows the capability of Mr. Archibald, our director of music. It is with genuine regret that we hear of his leaving the Salem Normal School. The members of the Musical Clubs and the student body consider it a privilege to have had the benefit of Mr. Archibald's musical direction. Few leaders have the ability of making the students feel with them the beauty and charm of the music which they sing together. It is his enthusiasm and his love for the music he leads that carries across to the students. Not only has Mr. Archibald given us untiringly of his talents, but he has made it possible through the purchase of Symphony tickets for students to become more familiar with the best music.

It is hard for us to adequately express to Mr. Archibald our appreciation of his work. We want him to know that he will be greatly missed. He will not be forgotten soon; his influence will inspire us for many years to come.

E. N.



## CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Our Christmas pageant depicted the events of that well-known Christmas morning so many years ago. The scene of the pageant was a street in the town of Bethlehem. In the center was the manger; beside the manger sat the Madonna, and standing beside her, Joseph. Directly above the manger, shining amidst a myriad of stars, was the large star of Bethlehem, symbolic of Christmas day. There was singing by the Glee Club during the pageant. With the song *Sleep Thou My Jewel*, the beautiful Bethlehem scene was disclosed. During *The First Nowell* three shepherds appeared. "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." — Luke 2:16. "And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God." — Luke 2:20. With the singing of *We Three Kings of Orient Are*, "— behold, there came wise men from the east." — Math. 2:1. "— and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they opened their treasure, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." — Math. 2:11.

The role of the Madonna was played by Margaret Phelan, and Joseph, by Morton Kelley. William Rich, Vaino Rikkola, and John Crediford enacted the part of the wise men, while the group of shepherds was represented by Gerald Humes, George Talbot, and John Tivnan. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Archibald were directors, and the success of the pageant was due to the articulation of their work.

Expressive of the spirit of giving and the love that goes with it was the presentation of gifts from the students in the art department to the faculty and the guests. For many years it has been Mr. Whitney's custom to plan manual projects for the students to make before Christmas— projects that are suitable for elementary school work and that also serve as attractive and useful gifts to the faculty. Christmas at Salem Normal School is attended by both symbolic, spiritual thoughts and by the lighter joyousness of giving a gift made by our labors.

Associated with the Christmas spirit and running through it are the labor, the power, the talent, the joy, and love of that great man — Mr. Whitney, our beloved art teacher. He gave us a true expression of Christmas spirit, an expression that was strongly felt by everyone present. Long shall we remember our last Christmas at Salem Normal School.

E. H.





## TEACHING: THE TECHNIQUE AND THE ART

Formerly the arts included music, painting, architecture, sculpture, and literature. Teaching was not called an art; it was, rather, a science or a skill. Today, however, it is becoming universally known that teaching is an art.

It is admittedly true that each art requires an accompanying technical skill. Teaching, also, is artistic only when its basic sciences are perfected and used with a skill that conceals the finely wrought workmanship and calls attention only to the finished product.

The mosaic of teaching consists of a mastery of the tools of teaching technique. Each piece must be perfection; there can be no diamond shapes where circles ought to be, no scientific analysis where appreciation ought to be, but each part in proper shape, in right proportion, and in harmonious coloring. The cement that binds the teaching technique together is personality. The greatest teachers have always been those of inspiring personalities. A teacher who is alive will awaken life; she will inspire order, industry, and love of knowledge; she can command attention, solicit interest, and suggest thoughts. Without such a personality the school can accomplish little, for "what the soul is to the body, what the mind is to the man, that the teacher is to the school."

The artistry of the teacher is not so easily measured as that of the artist who leaves an inimitable, tangible, permanent record. The teacher's art extends far across space and delves deep into the hearts of men. It is here that we must look for values. We ask, "What skill has been mastered? What power has been obtained?" The highest measure of a teacher's art, however, is an outcome less tangible, more precious. There is the spiritual outcome: the confidence begotten in one's self, the drive to forge ahead, the courage to refute the wrong, the belief in the nobility of another's soul.

We, the members of the class of 1928, desire to be artists in our chosen field. Some of us will reach the goal. Some of us will be constant students of the new and adapt to ourselves the suggestions that will make us masters of the technique of teaching. We shall at the same time enrich and ennoble our lives by our association with what we believe to be good; we shall share our untold riches and make life nobler and finer for those who come to us.

May the Salem Normal School record among its annals many artists from the class of 1928.

A. F. C.

## THE BUSINESS OF BEING A TEACHER

When we consider what an important part education plays in the life of every individual and how fundamental it is in every phase of the business and social world, the attitude of the general public towards the teaching profession requires some explanation.

Many people think of teachers as precise persons who exist merely to rule in the classroom, who lack the desirable characteristics of understanding and sympathy, of humor and sociability. Teachers are looked upon as people to admire and respect, but not as creatures with a warm friendly spirit.

The reason for the prevailing attitude may be attributed to many causes, but the principal one centers around the teacher herself. After a few years of schoolroom teaching, she allows herself to lose the enthusiasm and vigor with which she started her career. She becomes pedantic, critical, and self-centered. Consciously or unconsciously, she acquires characteristics which stamp her as a "school ma'am." Little by little she withdraws from outside interests and lives within her own small sphere. Instead of broadening her mental horizon by varying her activities and by making new associations she allows her world to become encompassed by the schoolroom walls. To her the days become one monotonous round of lessons, papers, assignments, and discipline. She misses the joy of awakening a latent talent, of leading alert minds to new discoveries, of instilling (by example rather than by word) principles of gentle courtesy and of noble character, of satisfying the inexhaustible curiosity of expanding interests, and of visioning the future of each individual, preparing him to face it stronger in mind and in body.

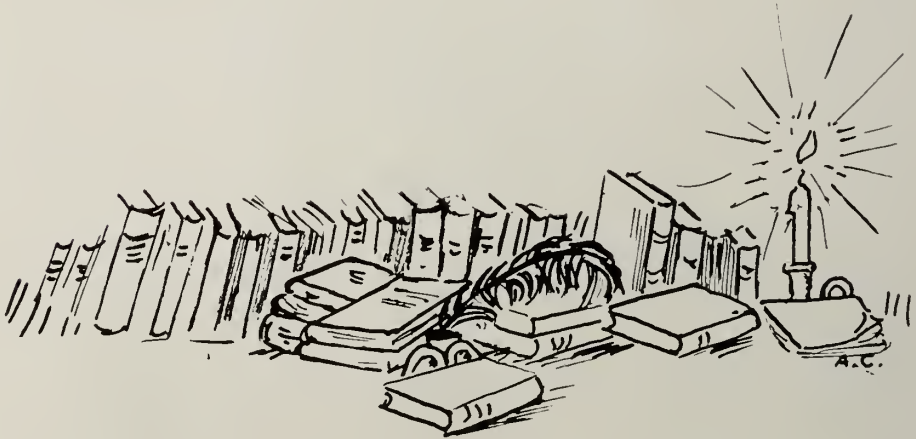
Perhaps the difficulty is that the teacher has never put her profession on a business basis. She has yet to learn that in justice to herself and her pupils, she must cultivate leisure interests that will provide her with the necessary physical and mental relaxation. A frequent tendency of the teacher is to carry a classroom attitude into social life. As this attitude is too often unnecessarily reserved and formal, it makes the attendant environment strained and unnatural.

Success in the business of being a teacher centers around a pleasing personality, — a personality that is conducive to friendliness both in school and out of school. Being a teacher does not mean being a taskmaker; being strict does not mean being stringent; being firm does not mean being obstinate; being critical does not mean being faultfinding; being methodical does not mean being mechanical. A teacher can secure as much order and industry in a classroom characterized by a responsible freedom, by contentment, and by cheer, as in one where pupils are afraid, inhibited, and repulsed.

To summarize: "The ideal teacher is genuinely enthusiastic, optimistic, patient, encouraging, and resourceful." She teaches "because she loves the teacher's task, and finds her richest prize in eyes that open and in minds that ask." At all times she shows "fairness and self-control, good-humor, pluck, and patience in the race." Such is the teacher we should resolve to be.

E. J. S.

"The primary function of our school is to receive youth in an atmosphere of broad and varied associations, in contact with wise and noble lives, and to offer them such experience in evoking manhood and capacity, and such knowledge of man, nature, and spirit that they shall gain power to enter into life with character, intelligence and enthusiasm."



## THE ORANGE AND THE BROWN

*Tune:* Orange and the Black  
 In the quaint old town of Salem  
 There's a dear old Normal School,  
 Where loyalty's the watchword  
 And sympathy's the rule.  
 We will own no other better;  
 No one shall put her down,  
 While we can stand defenders  
 Of the Orange and the Brown.

We will own no other better;  
 No one shall put her down,  
 While we can stand defenders  
 Of the Orange and the Brown.

Through the happy years at Normal  
 In the rooms we loved so well,  
 With the friends we met and cherished,  
 There a charm upon us fell.  
 Oh, that charm can never perish;  
 We feel it still when we  
 Far from Salem are a-wand'ring,  
 And look back in Memory.

## ORANGE

*Tune:* Land where thy banners  
 Dear Salem Normal, thy light ever glows,  
 Bright is thy color, our aims to disclose.  
 Loyal are we, may this thought be our rule,  
 Knowledge shall shine from our dear Normal School.

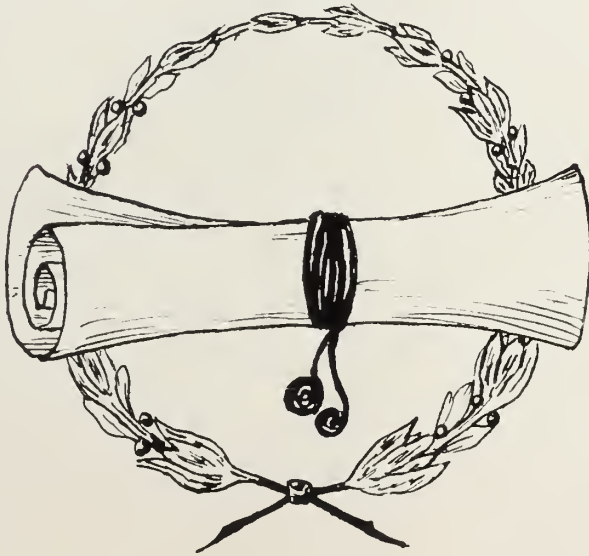
See orange shields as we raise them on high,  
 See orange pennants against the blue sky,  
 These are our banners, the symbols of light,  
 Orange, our color; no darkness nor night.

Keep your lamps burning and ever aglow,  
 Pure is the light Salem Normalites throw.  
 Beams of intelligence others may see,  
 Wisdom and learning, yes, Orange for me.



CAMPUS GROUNDS

# SENIOR ALBUM



1928



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

*President*

WILLIAM A. RICH

*Vice-President*

EILEEN BAILEY

*Secretary*

IDA GERRING

*Treasurer*

DOROTHY RICHARDS

## COMMERCIAL SENIORS

DAGMAR ALM

Ocean Avenue, Marblehead Neck

*"If thou dost play with her at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose."*

ANNE ANDRIAS

9 Hutchinson Court, Lynn

*"And gladly wolde he learne and gladly teche."*

RUTH C. BECKFORD

236 High Street, Newburyport

*"I would look up,  
And laugh, and love, and lift."*

MARY M. BRENNAN

16 Ruggles Street, Wheelwright

*"I have a heart with room for every joy."*

ELEANOR G. CONNORS

5 Emerson Street, Wakefield

*"He most lives  
Who thinks most,  
Feels the noblest,  
Acts the best."*





LUELLA M. COOK

128 Quincy Avenue, Dedham

*"Play up, play up, and play the game!"*

MARION G. CORRIVEAU

190 Oak Street, Gardner

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

LEONIE DRAPEAU

228 Sargeant Street, Holyoke

*"Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires  
but according to our powers."*

RUTH E. DUFFETT

22 Crescent Street, Swampscott

*"Sweetest the strain when in the song  
The singer has been lost."*

HILDA B. DUNIGAN

Highland Avenue, North Chelmsford

*"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."*

JAMES P. FOLEY

14 Nelson Road, Peabody

*"Actions, looks, words, steps from the alphabet by which you spell character."*

ANNE C. FOSTER

6 Forest Street, Gloucester

*"The simple gift of being kind is greater than all the wisdom of the wisdom of the wise."*

M. PATRICIA GILLESPIE

129 Middlesex Street, North Andover

*"Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the fountain of growth is within."*

EVELYN M. GRIFFIN

505 Washington Street, Gloucester

*"The mirror of all courtesy."*

M. ELOISE HARTY

84 Dover Street, West Medford

*"In friendship, I early was taught to believe."*





CILLA G. HOLDSWORTH

58 Autumn Street, Lynn

*"See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring."*

MARY E. LUZ

46 Walsh Avenue, Peabody

*"The noblest mind the best contentment has."*

MARION S. MARSHALL

205 Granite Street, Pigeon Cove

*"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."*

MARY W. McATEER

Oak Street, Dedham

*"Only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time."*

MARY L. MORAN

48 Sparhawk Street, Amesbury

*"It is happy for you that you possess the talent of pleasing with delicacy."*

LOTTIE S. PAGE

28 Common Street, Quincy

*"Every great and commanding movement in the world is the triumph of enthusiasm."*

BLANCHE M. QUAID

12 Farrar Street, Lynn

*"The ultimate force in education is the contagion of a great soul."*

DOROTHY H. RICHARDS

33 Verona Street, Lynn

*"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."*

PAULINE A. SCULLY

3 Fairview Street, Newton

*"Happy in the happiness of those near me."*

EUGENIE V. TRUMBULL

26 Cochran Street, Chicopee Falls

*"Every right action and true thought, sets the seal of its beauty on person and face."*





M. ELEANOR WHALLEY

22 Dunlap Street, Salem

*"Glad and willing service is nobility and puts the doer  
in the higher class."*

"Magnify your office, all you teachers, nor wish you were doing other and forsooth bigger things; so long as we are big of soul, tender in heart, and gentle in mind, our task cannot be small."

"To sting youth with permanent convictions, to acquaint them with a fine, careless rapture for reforms and causes is the teacher's highest responsibility."

"Life is good, and opportunities of becoming and doing good are always with us."



## JUNIOR HIGH SENIORS

CHARLES FREDERICK WHITNEY  
29 Pine Street, Danvers

*"Fine art is the free and adequate embodiment of the idea  
in a form peculiarly appropriate to the idea itself."*

ELSIE V. ANDERSON  
33 Auburn Street, Saugus

*"Beware of her fair hair, for she excels  
All women in the magic of her locks."*

MARGARET M. BERRY  
22½ Briggs Street, Salem

*"A light heart lives long."*

MABELLE BROUGHTON  
17 Devereaux Street, Marblehead

*"So buxom, blithe, and debonaire."*

ANNA F. CASHMAN  
220 Loring Avenue, Salem

*"Wearing all that weight of learning,  
Lightly like a flower."*





JOHN W. CREDIFORD, JR.

Main Street, Wenham

*"Reading maketh a full man."*

MILDRED E. EATON

40 Central Avenue, Danvers

*"Oh, for the wings of a lark."*

ADELAIDE C. EMBREE

31 Prospect Street, Marblehead

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

MARY A. FENDERS

5 Lincoln Street, Newburyport

*"It is the height of art to conceal art."*

GLADYS HENDERSON

Church Street, Wilmington

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd."*

DOROTHY E. HOAR  
418 Essex Street, Salem

*"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."*

SARAH H. HORGAN  
33 Warren Street, Peabody

*"A smile her face did ever adorn."*

JENNIE A. JIANAKOUNTZOS  
10 Hammatt Street, Ipswich

*"What's in a name?"*

MARJORIE LELAND  
129 Bridge Street, Beverly

*"Just give me a pen and some paper and ink,  
And you'll make me perfectly happy."*

ANNE E. McCARTHY  
153 Park Street, Beverly

*"Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair."*





ELIZABETH NUTTER  
41 Linden Street, Reading

*"As sweet and musical, as bright Apollo's flute."*



MARGARET M. PHELAN  
Pine Swamp Road, Ipswich

*"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."*



WILLIAM A. RICH  
135 Bridge Street, Beverly

*"Though vanquished he could argue still."*



VAINO J. RIKKOLA  
55 King Street, Peabody

*"Cheering, laughing, moving on."*



ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN  
82 Linwood Street, Lynn

*"Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind."*

ANNE C. SHERIDAN

23 Electric Avenue, West Somerville

*"Come and trip it, as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."*

FRANCES M. SIMPSON

12 Bowditch Street, Peabody

*"Sober, steadfast, and demure."*

BEATRICE L. STEVENS

197 High Street, Andover

*"Accomplishments were native to her mind."*

GERTRUDE E. TWOMBLY

55 Marblehead Street, North Andover

*"She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea."*

MARION WELCH

29 Beckett Street, Peabody

*"If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it."*





HELEN R. WIGGINS

7 Lincoln Street, Manchester

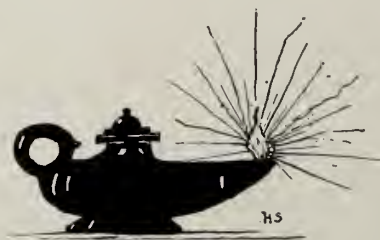
*"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."*

"To set out to please and to be liked blights our growth."

"A modern teacher is no picturesque forlornity, but a self-supporting democrat."

"What are the motives that turn leaden days to gold? And what message shall your pupils owe to you? Messages of humanity — of austerity — and of beauty."

"If we reverence simplicity, and see God in whatsoever things are lovely — we shall have more to teach than hours at our disposal."



ELEMENTARY SENIORS

EVELYN ABATE

81 Lewis Street, Everett

*"Laughter holding both its sides."*

ELIZABETH B. AKERLEY

2 Roosevelt Avenue, Beverly

*"The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people."*

DOROTHY ALLEN

102 Falcon Street, East Boston

*"A little body doth often harbor a great soul."*

RUTH B. AMES

Montrose Avenue, Wakefield

*"Her air impressive, her reasoning sound,  
Her silence ruleth the whole world round."*

FRANCES ARONOW

189 Walnut Street, Chelsea

*"Joy arises in me like a summer's morn."*





LOUISE AUGER

West Boxford

*"A face with gladness overspread!  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."*

DORIS M. AUSTIN

10 Kent Street, Newburyport

*"Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned."*

EILEEN M. BAILEY

7 Dow Street, West Somerville

*"You frame your mind to mirth and merriment which  
bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."*

EDITH BARON

602 Cambridge Street, Cambridge

*"Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare."*

CATHERINE I. BARRY

43 Childs Street, Lynn

*"Gaiety and a light heart are the best medicine for all."*

DOROTHY M. BAUER  
12 Pine Street, Greenwood

*"A little work, a little play  
Makes for me a happy day."*

MARY E. BELLEW  
4 Highland Street, Peabody

*"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."*

ETHEL BOYCE  
46 Charles Street, Lexington

*"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."*

HELEN BOYLE  
9 Clement Avenue, Peabody

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun  
Who relished a joke and rejoiced at a pun."*

MARY R. BRADLEY  
3 Logan Street, Salem

*"The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless  
when unbroken."*





LILLIAN BREEN  
16 Cherry Street, Lynn

*"A merry heart makes a cheerful countenance."*



MARY BUDNICK  
Washington Street, West Boxford

*"Not too serious, not too gay,  
But altogether a pleasing companion."*



ALICE E. CAMPBELL  
26 Garrison Avenue, Somerville

*"Life is earnest, art is lofty."*



DOROTHY CAMPBELL  
29 Ingleside Avenue, Winthrop

*"Fantastic, frolicsome and wild,  
With all the trinkets of a child."*



KATHRYN B. CARTER  
20 Heath Street, Somerville

*"On their own merits, modest men are silent."*

ELEANOR M. CAULFIELD  
127 Newburg Street, Roslindale

*"Cheerily greeting each oncoming day,  
Gliding with smiles each new step of the way."*

LUCY CHASE  
973 Broadway, Everett

*"Happiness is the natural flower of duty."*

RETA B. COATES  
125 Eutaw Avenue, East Lynn

*"Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by  
music."*

MARY A. COLE  
81 Eutaw Avenue, Lynn

*"Her wit and good nature won her friends in abundance."*

ELIZABETH A. COLLINS  
246 Main Street, Amesbury

*"Thy modesty's candle to thy merit."*





GERTRUDE COLLINS

149 Bellingham Avenue, Beachmont

*"Here's a little girl and you know her, too,  
With smiles and smiles galore for you."*

HELEN M. CORCUM

177 Springvale Avenue, Everett

*"Duties well performed, the day well spent."*

M. ISABELLE COSMAN

3 Willis Court, Lynn

*"With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course."*

FLORENCE M. DRISCOLL

36 Highland Street, Peabody

*"Manners — the final and perfect flower of noble  
character."*

JOSEPHINE ELLERY

35 Cherry Street, Danvers

*"But to know her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love forever."*

F. GERTRUDE FIRTH

199 Washington Street, Gloucester

*"Wise to resolve; patient to perform."*

FRANCES L. FITZPATRICK

325 Mountain Avenue, Revere

*"I am sure care's an enemy to life."*

CATHERINE B. FOLEY

130 Oakley Road, Belmont

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed  
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

WINIFRED GEIZER

712 Main Street, Greenwood

*"The biggest graces of music flow from the feelings of the  
heart."*

IDA E. GERRING

150 East Main Street, East Gloucester

*"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."*





ZELMA GILL

57 Beach Street, Haverhill

*"Variety is the condition of harmony."*

FRANCES GOLANT

131 Lawton Avenue, Lynn

*"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."*

DOROTHY W. GRANT

403 Cabot Street, Beverly

*"Her step is music and her voice is song."*

MARY E. GUERIN

90 Swan Street, Everett

*"Knowledge is the only fountain both of love and the principles of human liberty."*

HELEN R. HALEY

30 Partridge Avenue, Somerville

*"She has a smile for every friend,  
And for every smile a friend."*

PATRICIA M. HARDING  
18 Gilman Terrace, Somerville

*"She doeth little kindnesses which others left undone."*

MARGARET HARRIGAN  
11 Oakland Street, Salem

*"But oh, she dances such a way, no sun upon an Easter Day is half so fine a sight."*

ESTHER A. HEMPLE  
306 High Street, Lawrence

*"Serene amidst alarms; inflexible in faith."*

GEORGIANNA HENDERSON  
17 Middle Street, Marblehead

*"Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue."*

HAZEL M. HETHERINGTON  
202 Lynn Street, Peabody

*"Charm strikes the sight, merit wins the soul."*





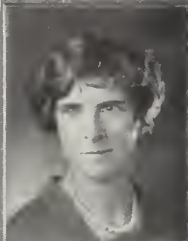
KATHRYN HODGKINS  
642 Washington Street, Gloucester

*"Clever without showing it,  
Charming without knowing it."*



PAULINE R. HULAK  
70 Franklin Avenue, Chelsea

*"The glory of a firm capacious mind."*



GRACE E. JOYCE  
25 Mountain Avenue, Revere

*"Serene and still and self-possessed."*



CATHERINE L. KEANE  
52 Astor Street, Lynn

*"She did the work she found to do."*



HELEN M. KENDRICK  
6 Cairns Avenue, Granley, Quebec, Canada

*"A friendly heart gets many friends."*

MERLE P. KERWIN

52 Clement Avenue, Peabody

*"Silence is the essential condition of happiness."*

LOUISE KIELY

115 Adams Street, Lynn

*"She adorned whatever subject she either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence."*

RUTH AGATHA KIRBY

66 Locust Street, Danvers

*"A little fun, to match the sorrow of this earth."*

RUTH A. LANDFORD

37 Franklin Street, Newburyport

*"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."*

ERMA L. LANGLEY

4 Forest Street, Gloucester

*"The Joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,  
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."*





ROSE L. LEVINE

31 Evelyn Street, Dorchester

*"A merry laugh makes a glad countenance."*



PAULINE LOWE

14 Washington Street, Gloucester

*"Her manner all who saw admired,  
Courteous, gentle and retired."*



GENEVIEVE Y. MARCUS

38 Highland Street, Revere

*"The girl worth while is the girl who can smile."*



MARION McCARTHY

198 School Street, Watertown

*"Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,  
And while they captivate, inform the mind."*



ELEANOR McCUE

6 Walter Street, Salem

*"Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all  
paths of life."*

GERTRUDE E. McDONALD

59 Broad Street, Salem

*"She worked and sang from morn 'til night  
No lark more blithe than she."*

ISABELLA McFARLANE

38 Beal Street, Winthrop

*"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."*

RUTH J. MIGHILL

Wethersfield Street, Rowley

*"A fig for care, and a fig for woe."*

PAULINE L. MILLER

66 Franklin Avenue, Revere

*"And thou my mind aspire to higher things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust."*

MARJORIE MONKS

79 Clifton Street, Malden

*"Far be it from us to criticize  
One who always is so wise."*





JANET A. MORRIS  
33 Roslyn Street, Salem

*"Good humor only teaches charm to last."*



LOUISE MOSER  
33 Nursery Street, Salem

*"A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured."*



RUTH M. NILAND  
254 Western Avenue, East Lynn

*"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."*



MARY C. PASUKONIS  
Bradford Street, Rowley

*"Let us then be up and doing."*



ALICE B. PATTERSON  
Sedgwick Park, Woburn

*"She is pretty to walk with  
And witty to talk with  
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

NORMA E. PERKINS

Montrose Avenue, Wakefield

*"It's the song ye sing and the smile ye wear,  
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere."*

LENA A. PETERSON

Willow Street, South Hamilton

*"Her ways are of pleasantness and all her paths are  
peace."*

BARBARA PICKARD

High Street, Ipswich

*"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."*

ADELAIDE M. POITRAS

64 Tremont Street, Salem

*"Deeds are better things than words are.  
Action, mightier than boasting."*

ISABELLE G. PORTER

36 College Avenue, Somerville

*"A humorous heart  
And a wise wise mind;  
Both these excellencies  
In her combined."*





CATHERINE C. RILEY  
69 Goodrich Street, Lynn

*"Her hand is ready and willing."*



JOSEPHINE ROLLINS  
283 Court Road, Winthrop

*"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."*



YVONNE ST. PIERRE  
284 Washington Street, Salem

*"A keen wit, a wise look, and an answer always ready."*



MILDRED L. SALMON  
42 Freeman Avenue, Everett

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*



GERALDINE S. SAMPSON  
159 Tracy Avenue, Lynn

*"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make tomorrow as cheerful as today."*

HORTENSE SANDERS

20 Crescent Street, Winthrop

*"Her power lies not in idle words,  
Nor in vain boasts to do,  
But in the way she does a thing  
It really must go through."*

CATHERINE E. SHEA

21 Clement Avenue, Peabody

*"Good nature is the very air of a good mind."*

JULIA R. SHERIDAN

6 Endicott Street, Peabody

*"Smart, capable and demure,  
She'll make a success we're very sure."*

MARION F. SKAHAN

2 Fairview Avenue, Belmont

*"Knowledge is, indeed, that which next to virtue, truly  
and essentially raises one man above another."*

ELIZABETH SLOCOMB

223 Clifton Street, Malden

*"Ability involves responsibility."*





HATTIE F. SOLOMON

45 Bloomingdale Street, Chelsea

*"Becoming earnestness is never out of place."*



SHIRLEY S. STEINER

19 Wave Avenue, Beachmont

*"A pretty maiden with fluffy hair  
Who for clever sayings has a flair."*



EVELYN W. STEVENS

57 Ashland Street, Newburyport

*"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what  
you can do, well."*



ELLEN J. SULLIVAN

6 Cedar Terrace, Everett

*"In all things she is very wise  
Which shows you cannot tell by size."*



KATHERINE L. SULLIVAN

21 Beckford Street, Salem

*"Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can  
wear in society."*

MARGARET L. SULLIVAN  
25 Dustin Street, Peabody

*"My wealth is health and perfect ease."*

ELEANOR G. SWEENEY  
8 Palmer Avenue, Peabody

*"Quiet, reserved and modest."*

LORETTA M. TANSEY  
108 Bromfield Street, Somerville

*"Coolness and lack of heat and haste indicate fine qualities."*

MARIE K. TWOMEY  
13 Winter Street, Peabody

*"The true art is knowing when to speak."*

ISABELLE R. TYBURSKA  
26 Daniels Street, Salem

*"When there's fun she's always in it,  
Never still for half a minute."*





MARGARET VERDI  
114 Bowdoin Street, Winthrop

*"One could mark her merry nature  
By the twinkle in her eye."*



MADELINE F. WALSH  
116 Green Street, Lynn

*"Of many virtues at her call,  
Sincerity comes first of all."*



MARIAN G. WALSH  
G Buffum Street, Salem

*"She knows where the box of smiles is kept."*



MARY H. WALSH  
13½ Putnam Street, Cliftondale

*"They are wise who listen, but talk little."*



MARY E. WATSON  
4 Grove Avenue, Cambridge

*"Nothing is more simple than greatness, indeed to be  
simple is to be great."*

DIANA WEINER

80 Thornton Street, Revere

*"So pretty and fair  
With glorious hair  
And the manners and grace of a queen."*

MATILDA WEISS

52 Central Avenue, Medford

*"Silent when there's nothing to be said."*

MARY R. WHELAN

24 Bradford Street, Salem

*"Always cheerful, smiling and merry."*

DOROTHY A. WILLIAMS

58 High Street, Ipswich

*"Full of gentle kindness  
Her looks and language are."*

ISOBEL L. WINCHESTER

283 Salem Street, Lynnfield

*"A goodly maid, both calm and steady,  
Her willing hands are ever ready."*





FRANCES B. ZAKS

16 Nevada Street, Winthrop

*"Silence gives consent."*

RUTH ZION

28 Shirley Avenue, Revere

*"We know not what her line may be,  
We know not her ambition,  
But this we do know,  
She has a cheerful disposition."*

*"The work men do is not their test alone  
The love they win is far the better chart."*

"There are still some who sit apart, who do not see, who cannot understand. To them our industrial life is the apotheosis of selfishness. They cannot realize that the rattle of the reaper, the buzz of the saw, the clang of the anvil, the roar of traffic are all part of a mighty symphony, not only of material but of spiritual progress. Out of them the nation is supporting its religious institutions, endowing its colleges, providing its charities, furnishing adornments of architecture, rearing its monuments, organizing its orchestras and encouraging its painting. But the American people see and understand. Unperturbed, they move majestically forward in the consciousness that they are making their contribution in common with our sister nations to the progress of humanity."



# COMMERCIAL



A. Campbell



## THE COMMERCIAL SENIORS' MEMORY BOOK

### PART ONE

"Oh, that charm can never vanish.  
We feel it still when we  
Far from Salem are a-wandering  
And look back in memory."

It has come, the time when we too must "look back in memory." Let us live once more together those happy years at Normal School, before we separate to take up the work which is to be ours. Can it be that four years have already slipped away?

We can still feel the sense of helpless bewilderment which was with us during the first few days of school. How long we seemed to take in becoming acquainted with the other forty-five people of our then large group, in learning the location of the various rooms, and adjusting ourselves to the new way of doing things.

The gym, gay with orange streamers, black cats, and witches was the scene of our initiation as real "Commercials". Breathlessly we groped our way along the ghost walk through the still unfamiliar school. Stumbling, falling, shrieking, encountering the unknown, we gamely followed our superiors. It surely was a ghost walk about which to have nightmares.

The little brown and orange dance order which lies next in the pages of our Memory Book would indicate a more formal party than the hilarious one of Halloween. And so it was. We appeared in our gayest gowns at this, the reception given us by all the seniors. It was here that we met both our faculty and our upperclassmen.

With a feeling of utmost gratification and respect, we hoped soon to give a similar reception.

Our return reception to our senior friends was given to show our appreciation of their kindness to us. While it could not compare with their brilliant party, we felt sure that it was a most successful affair.

Scattered among these more spectacular memories, less eventful, perhaps, but unforgettable were those many little happenings which colored our year. The most prominent were our typewriting budgets, with their hours of labor, and our posture tests. Sports with their thrill culminated in the track meet, which took place on the hottest day in June. Do you remember our struggle in hygiene to record our calories, which after examination showed that the majority of us were very much underfed?

We lived for a day without the sun; spent an enjoyable hour with Collier as he drew his inimitable cartoons of the faculty; and listened to various speakers. All of these remembrances stand out so clearly in our minds that it is impossible to forget them.

And then, yearbooks appeared. Graduation was upon us with its farewells. We were pronounced Sophomores, with happy memories of this, our Freshman year, to ponder upon.

## PART TWO

The beginning of our year as Sophomores was marked by glad meetings after a summer apart, by enthusiasm at new fields to be explored, and by the thrill of feeling at home where a short year before we had all felt so lost.

Shall we ever forget the excitement that reigned when the rumor was confirmed that no instructor had been secured to teach us salesmanship and arithmetic? What anticipation was ours! By November the old theory that "everything comes to him who waits" was proved. Miss Brennan arrived to take the position. In three short weeks, she taught us the many principles which we must know before going into the stores for our selling experience.

Many things had happened before this eventful time. Among others was the long anticipated adventure of every Sophomore, the harbor trip. New to most of us, our voyage around Boston Harbor furnished very different experiences. The mysteries of the estuary were revealed to us for once and all. Among the jumble of impressions — huge steamers, docks, the harbor itself — stands out the generosity of the workers on the fish pier. We can never think of the harbor trip without recalling the shower of fish which descended upon us from that source! If our pilot had not steered us to a safer zone, perhaps our craft would have sunk beneath the shower and our careers reached an untimely end in Boston Harbor.

"Great things have small beginnings." We see the truth of this as we look back to that morning in chapel when several of our teachers spoke to us about a plan which we both could work out together. This was the nucleus of our Cooperative Association. At that time we could not foresee the future benefits resulting from such an organization.

From December 7 to January 4 was a momentous period in our careers. Scattered among the various stores of Boston and elsewhere, we were putting all the salesmanship knowledge we had to the test. Many and varied were the tales we had to tell on our return! We wonder if the lady to whom one of us sold a cigarette case for a pocketbook ever discovered the error. It surely was three weeks crammed with interesting, enjoyable, but sometimes pathetic experiences.

Snow piling high and blown into drifts by the wind; trains delayed, traffic blocked; the storm caused the closing of school. Blizzards, like the poor, seemed

always with us then. But what a rare opportunity it offered us who could get to school! Did we ever before have so much time to put on budgets, to play basketball, and to read?

On another hot June day the group of white middied folk proclaimed the arrival of the annual track meet. How we worked to pile up our Commercial score, and how delighted we were when the Commercials were the victors.

Though considerably reduced in numbers, our spirits were still high. We tried to forget that September would not find us together again, for as Juniors our half year of office work lay ahead of us.

### PART THREE

The world of business proved practical and hard, yet human and fascinating, offering, through the routine of office work, new and intriguing experiences. Ever new phases of study, play, and fellowship, composed the routine of our semester spent in school.

While eight of our group took up again their eager pursuit of knowledge, the remainder of us investigated the mysteries of business. We missed the excitement and turmoil of the first few days at school and rather envied those who could be present.

It was only a few weeks later that some of the business workers took advantage of the October holiday to spend a day at school exchanging stories with the eight Junior representatives. It was then we began to count the weeks until February would roll around.

The Commercials all gathered in the gym amid gay decorations, laughter, and fun. Again the freshmen were being initiated. For us Juniors it meant an opportunity for a reunion. Though we could not all be there, the greater part of the absentees came back to talk over current happenings, and to become acquainted with the entering freshmen.

The long-anticipated February arrived at last bringing with it the return of the eighteen members who, since the previous June, had been experiencing the great unknown, — Business. We appeared looking prosperous and independent, and were more than willing to admit that "one thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning." Everything seemed strange. New faces were everywhere; long periods were in effect; in chapel a seating plan was being used. For a few weeks we spent considerable energy and time adjusting ourselves.

That anticipation does not always excel realization, was proven by an eventful and exciting day spent in Boston. It seems unbelievable now that we could have visited on one day the Ford plant, Ginn & Company, the Stock Exchange, and the huge vaults of the First National Bank. Southern atmosphere pervaded the pleasant dinner which followed at "Ye Old Plantation." Then we sat through "The Ghost Train," alternately shivering with its mystery and exhilarated by its clever humor.

We were spectators again while yet another class held their commencement exercises. As we watched the long file march slowly into the hall, we experienced a new feeling. We realized that with the ending of our all too short year as Juniors, we soon would be taking their places, for we were now seniors!

### PART FOUR

And it came to pass. We were seniors. It was almost with a feeling of fear that we entered on this, our last year together, for so quickly had its three predecessors slipped by. It seemed as if the time to separate would come upon us and find us unprepared. After our year apart, we were glad to be together. As before, the first

few days brimmed over with excitement; freshmen to take care of, new work to explore, and summer experiences to relate.

When the senior class officers were elected, one of us obtained the position of treasurer. Yearbook work was started. A school paper, *The Log*, made its appearance. Everywhere was that hum of activity signifying the beginning of another year's work.

During those first weeks, no other group worked with a greater vim than the Commercial: we had to initiate the freshmen. After emerging from the horrors of the ghost walk, after the entertainment, and after performing themselves, the freshmen felt that they had won the right to join our ranks.

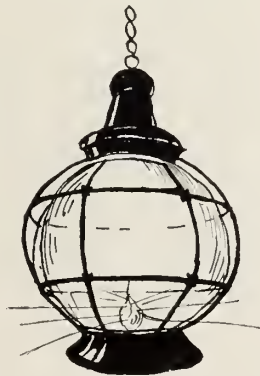
In place of the formal reception of previous years, the seniors decided to give the freshmen an informal Christmas party. Due to the excessive crowd which attended, it was necessary to suspend the games which had been planned. General dancing followed refreshments.

After several months' study of the Federal Reserve System, we were conducted through the Boston bank by Mr. Phillips. The Stock Exchange received its second visit from us. After lunch, the class spent several profitable hours going through some of the art museums in Cambridge. Determined to make the day a complete one, several members of the party attended the theater in the evening. Knowing that trips of this kind were limited in number, each one made a definite impression on our minds, for we realized that once the class separated, it would practically be impossible to meet again as one complete group. Already we were realizing the indefiniteness of our future.

In return for our Hallowe'en party, the freshmen gave us a delightful informal affair in the Training School hall. We surely remember the intricate grand march so well directed by the amateurs. This party was just another manifestation of the friendly spirit of the commercial freshman class.

Rumors had circulated for four years that our class was devoid of talent. After one hour and one-half of entertainment at the "Airplane Minstrels," the audience was convinced that all rumors were unfounded. They were amused. We were glad. The dancing and the singing displayed by members of the class who, previous to this time, were considered "quiet" suddenly helped awaken the faculty to some of the hidden "talent."

Our day of graduation came at last. In caps and gowns we marched to receive our degrees. We must part. These four years spent together were years filled with experiences near and dear to each one of us. When time permits, we may read this sketch of happy hours and re-live the hours. Each one has a significance. The book is now closed.



RUTH DUFFETT  
 ELOISE HARTY  
 ELEANOR WHALLEY  
 LEONIE DRAPEAU

ANNE ANDRIAS  
 DAGMAR ALM  
 PAULINE SCULLY

MARGARET COOK  
 RUTH BECKFORD  
 LOTTIE PAGE

PATRICIA GILLESPIE  
 CILLA HOLDSWORTH  
 MARY MCATEER  
 MARION MARSHALL  
 BLANCHE QUaid  
 ELEANOR CONNORS  
 MARION CORRIVEAU  
 EVELYN GRIFFIN  
 HILDA DUNNIGAN  
 MARY LUZ

JAMES FOLEY  
 EUGENIE TRUMBULL  
 J. ASBURY PITMAN, *Faculty Advisor*  
 DOROTHY RICHARDS  
 MARY MORAN  
 MARY BRENNAN  
 ANN FOSTER

### COMMERCIAL SENIORS

As we turn and read these pages over and o'er again,  
 We wonder how our friends are, and if they are the same.  
 Dear old Dagmar, Lindy type, athletic, wise, and blond,  
 Of us few she was the one of whom we all were fond.  
 Where is Anne of the Andrias Tribe, with her grain of salt;  
 And if Ruth Duffett still is singing, blame her, it's her fault.  
 Do Lottie Page and Ruthy Beckford still go round together?

And is our only Mary Mac tramping in wet weather?  
 And how about that girl scout, that Gene Trumbull lass;  
 Perhaps like us she too is saying, "No, they shall not pass!"  
 But where, we question, is our Evelyn, with her violin,  
 Maybe in the hall of fame we'll find her name, "Griffin".  
 Then we have that quiet type, dignified, reserved,  
 That's our Dottie Richards who is calm and ne'er unnerved.  
 And then to liven up the scene there's Pat Gillespie's hair,  
 Her ever faithful answer is "I don't remember where".  
 Yes, Sir, that girl called Eleanor, the Whalley one, we mean,  
 The best and truest pal and chum that any girl has seen.  
 Lest we forget, the only man, the cheery, silent Jim,  
 Only one regret we have, too bad there's but one like him.  
 Surely, too, dear Eloise is still in memory,  
 Harty smiles and laughter, and charming company.  
 In small bundles good things come or so some people say,  
 Coach Peg Cook the girl scout sure has a winning way.  
 We wonder what El Connors did to make herself grow fine  
 But that is still a mystery unsolved by Father Time.  
 Cilla too is still remembered, we wonder what she does,  
 And while we're asking questions, where is smart Mary Luz?  
 But now Leonie comes to mind with her efficient ways,  
 We know her name is Drapeau, 'cause she drapes her card with A's.  
 Then there are the Marions, Marshall and Corriveau,  
 Unlike as two girls e'er could be, variety, you know.  
 And yet we have another maid who believes in silence bliss,  
 That's the care free Mary Brennan, happy, smiling Miss.  
 But then there's one we hardly see, Hilda is her name,  
 We hope she comes to see us soon, to talk with us again.  
 Pauline Scully, we admit, has lots of U. S. A.  
 Talk and action are her pets and she uses them all day.  
 But now Anne Foster takes the prize, she really isn't fair,  
 For she reads every book in sight and says "I read somewhere".  
 Alas, alack and all those things, I guess I'm all in Dutch,  
 When Mary Moran reads this Poem she'll say it ain't so much.  
 Years will often dim our sight, but the imprint Time has made  
 Will ever be in memory, just like dear Blanche Quaid.

L 'Envoi

But now the story's ended, there is but one mistake;  
 How did it ever happen this class of '28!

J. W.

WHAT DOES IT SPELL?

F-elt too tired to study.  
 L-ost my lesson on the way.  
 U-sed up all my paper.  
 N-o, I really couldn't say.  
 K-new it once but have forgotten.

CHARACTERS OF THE CLASS

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Class "Baby"        | Blanche Quaid      |
| Class "Singer"      | Eleanor Whalley    |
| Class "Advisor"     | Leonie Drapeau     |
| Class "Humorist"    | Lottie Page        |
| Class "Contributor" | Eugenie Trumbull   |
| Class "Orator"      | Ruth Beckford      |
| Class "Doubter"     | Anne Andrias       |
| Class "Athlete"     | Patricia Gillespie |
| Class "Dancer"      | Dorothy Richards   |
| Class "Mother"      | Eloise Hart        |
| Class "Father"      | James Foley        |

DREAMS

Students taking the initiative and assuming responsibilities; no interruptions in schedule; time to do all the work planned; perfect attendance; quiet chorus periods; someone to figure out the marks for the office; every student satisfied of the fairness of her grade — the faculty dreamed they were in heaven.

Work evenly distributed; notebooks ready on time; no cramming for tests; longer noon hour; no sixth periods; dormitories; trains every half hour; enough books to go around; no flunk slips; time enough to do everything — the students dreamed of celestial spheres.

R. B.

DAYS

"I call my years back, I, grown old,  
 Recall them day by day;  
 And some are dressed in cloth o' gold  
 And some in humble gray.  
  
 And those in gold glance scornfully  
 Or pass me unawares;  
 But those in gray come close to me  
 And take my hand in theirs."



There were some Jolly PIRATES  
 That came to SNS  
 They came to sell subscriptions  
 But did they gain success?  
We-Wonder!



WANTED  
 Just such a  
 watch Dog to  
 be stationed  
 outside - the  
chapel door



Lafayette  
 street  
 in  
 winter  
 and only  
 5 points  
 a week  
 for this!!

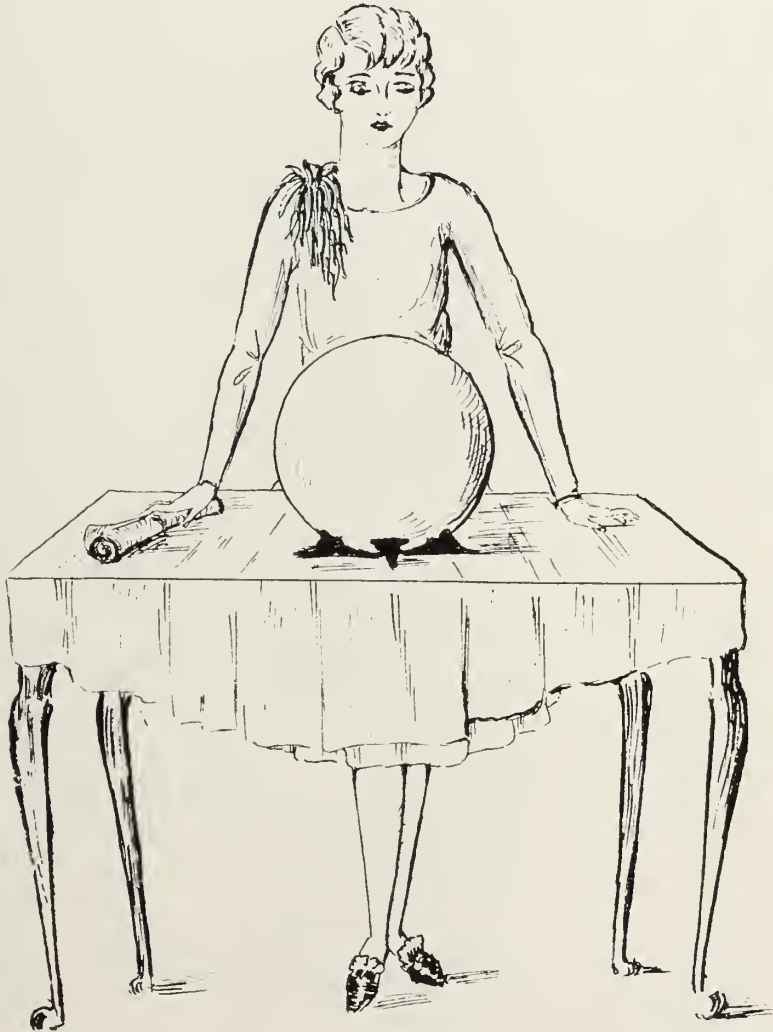


"Arent you the girl who was here  
 a week ago looking for a position?"  
 "Yes Sir"  
 "Didn't I tell you I wanted an older girl?"  
 "Yes Sir" thats why i'm here again i'm  
 older now!"

ACumbell



# JUNIOR HIGH



A. Campbell



### DAYS AT SALEM NORMAL SCHOOL

A dreary rainy day greeted us as we awoke on September 16, 1925. The rain, however, did not in the least dampen our spirits, for we were about to embark on one of the greatest ventures of our lives; we were going for the first time to Salem Normal School.

After once entering the building we could not be sure of our bearings. The day was one of tumult and confusion. By deliberate effort, we succeeded in getting our programs copied. At nine-thirty we were directed to the assembly hall where we were welcomed by Mr. Pitman. The remainder of the day was spent in looking for our classes in a building that seemed to contain innumerable rooms. Although we eventually found our classrooms, we left much to be desired in the way of promptness. Somehow the day passed and, bewildered but happy over our first day's experience, we found ourselves at home. The next few days proved to be but little better than the first. Gradually we became accustomed to our surroundings, and then life flowed more smoothly.

How different life was at Normal School from what it had been in the past! Doing lessons consisted in a mad scramble for the one reference book in which the assignment could be found. Soon we became more familiar with the new method and

by various devices known only to the victims of such a system, we mastered not only the solitary reference book but the intended assignment.

As time went on, our acquaintance with the rest of our classmates grew more and more intimate. It was not long before we realized that we were THE CLASS. Seldom would one see G and E or E and E apart. Several other members, also, formed a most exclusive club. Henceforth, they were called the club members. Of the purposes and doings of the club, the less said, the better.

Thanks to our arithmetic course, we were given a very efficient training in surveying. Surely, the residents of upper Lafayette Street must have thought that it was a delegation from Milly's home town that walked down the street with measured tread. They were more astonished when they saw some take out tape lines and measure the width of the street. As if there were not room enough! If the teaching profession can get along without our services, it will not be surprising to see some members of the class surveying the wilds of North Andover or Wenham.

Our first event of social importance was a Christmas party held in Miss Porter's room. Here, various talents of the class were disclosed. In years to come whenever we see good St. Nick in Woolworth's, we may rightly expect that it is Gert earning her Christmas shopping money. The class was ably catered to by the firm of Broughton and Crediford. Our first party was, indeed, a pronounced success.

With the passing of days, the routine nature of the work was interrupted by a few excursions intended to broaden our range of experiences. The class thought that it would be of educational value to take a trip to the Museum of Fine Arts to see the mural paintings of John Singer Sargent. Accordingly, with Miss Porter as the leader of the party, we set out one noon for Boston. From the time we boarded the train, we were not together until we reached the Museum, some arriving much later than others. After waiting only about forty-five minutes for a competent guide, we were shown through the building. When we had spent a few hours among these treasures of art, we agreed that we had absorbed enough for one day. Stiff-necked and tired, yet determined to see more of Boston while we had the chance, we made our way to the street. There was a mad rush for the first street car that appeared. After we had recovered our breaths and looked around us, we discovered that about one half of the class, unintentionally or otherwise, had not boarded the car. From now on the party was "every man for himself." At every turn groups divided and went their separate ways. Everyone, it seems, managed to get home some time during the weekend, for all appeared on Monday morning. The talk for the next few days centered about the Metropolitan Theatre.

How different was our second September! We quickly adapted ourselves to our tasks and determined to do ever so much better than we had the previous year.

There were several parties in our sophomore year. We helped the Junior High Seniors entertain the Junior High Freshmen. Citranella was our share of the entertainment and who that saw the star performance will not recall it with a smile?

Then there was the return party given by the freshmen. That Junior High School students always have considerable talent was displayed at these parties.

The Christmas party was held in the English room and many were the surprises that awaited us in the exchange of gifts. The very word refreshments connotes a bounty and sumptuousness characteristic of our class.

Finally, — training, — an experience that was anticipated keenly but much dreaded. Anxious were the days as we watched the bulletin board for the assignments. Eager were the questions put to those who were selected for the first quarter. "How do you know what to say when you are in front of the class? Is discipline hard? Is it easier in training than over here?"

There were two noteworthy trips, both to Devereaux Beach. One day in early spring Miss Flanders filled us to the saturation point with rock formations, lagoons, and beach formations. On our return we visited the historical Lee Mansion. The class then separated, some went directly home while others spent a cheerful afternoon reading inscriptions on tombstones.

Another morning we established ourselves on the great brown rocks at the upper end of the beach with Mr. Whitney the center of admiration. He made a lovely sketch in water colors of the rocks near the shore. Each one wished herself Beatrice Stevens the fortunate winner of the painting.

Our last year at Salem Normal School will always be remembered. Our relations with Mr. Whitney grew more and more intimate as time passed. Not only was Mr. Whitney chosen as our class advisor, but he was also made an honorary member of the class. As it was to be his last year as a member of the faculty of the Salem Normal School, we had the additional distinction of his graduating with us.

One afternoon Mr. Whitney invited the first division to his home. We ate our lunches in the grove of trees behind the house. Then followed a delightful tea on the front porch. It was to many of us our first visit to his home, and we were all anxious to see the application of the principles of art which we were studying. Everywhere the keynote was simplicity, but through it all shone Mr. Whitney's own personality.

Another trip that we enjoyed was to Chestnut Street. Here we studied the types of colonial architecture, especially the doorways of the old colonial houses.

Noon of the first Monday of every month was passed with Mr. Whitney in the art room where we ate our lunches and enjoyed the time in pleasant conversation.

At Christmas, we had our third annual party. Mr. Whitney had drawn a Christmas tree on the board which contained presents for everyone. In addition each was presented with a picture of his home.

In the spring we paid a visit to the Museum of Fine Arts. We studied here the evolution of art, — our project for the year. As the year drew to its close our outings became more frequent, and, if possible, more interesting and instructive. A never-to-be-forgotten day was that of our visit to the home and studio of Cyrus Dallin, the celebrated sculptor. Having in our building three reproductions of his works and having studied them with interest, it was indeed a rare treat to meet the sculptor and

converse with him in his home. Other outings were sketching trips and lunches at Marblehead and Devereaux Beach. The climax of these trips was our day at the home of the honorary member of our class, Charles Frederick Whitney.

June came quickly and with it the last days of schooling for many of us. Let us all think of our school days as dear days, — days full of love and bliss. Soon they will be only a memory once lived but remembered always.

### TOIL AWAY

“Toil away and set the stone  
That shall stand when you are gone.  
Ask not that another see  
The meaning of your masonry.

Grind the gem and dig the well.  
For what? for whom? — I cannot tell.  
The stone may mark a boundary line,  
The well may flow, the gem may shine.

Be it wage enough for you  
To shape them well and set them true.  
Of the future who can tell?  
Work, my friend, and so farewell.”

J. J. C.



## JUNIOR HIGH SENIOR SONG

*Tune: "Estudiantina"*

We are the Junior High Seniors,  
 Be it known that we will ever be leaders,  
 While our laddies, and our lassies,  
 They will honor our dear Normal School.

Happy, contented, we banish gloom,  
 Standing for all that is fair.  
 In all the duties we assume,  
 Each one is taking his share.  
 Facing our problems with delight,  
 Putting our hearts in the work,  
 Playing the game with all of our might  
 You'll find that we'll never shirk.  
 Playing the game with all of our might  
 You'll find that we'll never shirk.  
 Tra-la-la-la la Working on  
 Tra-la-la-la la Working on. Oh!

M. G. B.

## RECOMPENSE

"I want no spangled uniform, no prancing steed or shining blade,  
 No sounding brass or flying flags or serried ranks in close parade.  
 Grant me a desk, a book, a chair, and eager faces in a room  
 Where threads of knowledge shuttle through the warp and woof of Learning's loom;  
 In Youth's frail fabric let me weave resistant fibre that will wear  
 Through Life's rough rubs, and I shall feel that God has given to me my share."

"The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things — not merely industrious, but to love industry — not merely learned, but to love knowledge — not merely pure, but to love purity — not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

*John Ruskin*

"To no one of us is it given to do it all.  
 There is only a part.  
 Enough — if we can be dominated by this new spirit:  
 The spirit of service."

## THE IDEAL TEACHER

ENTHUSIASM: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

PERSONALITY: "To be a great teacher one must be a great personality, and without ardent and individual tastes the roots of our being are not fed. For developing personal power it is well, therefore, for each teacher to cultivate interests unconnected with his official work."

SYMPATHY: "It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart and mind to mind  
In body and in soul can bind."

IMAGINATION: "And this is imagination, the sympathetic creation in ourselves of conditions which belong to others."

JUSTICE: "Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy."

KNOWLEDGE: "We should then be clutching at knowledge on every side. Nothing must escape us. It is a mistake to reject a bit of truth because it lies outside our province. Some day we shall need it. All knowledge is our province."

"As we become better teachers we also become in some sort better persons. Our beautiful art, being so largely personal will at last be seen to connect itself with nearly all other employments. As teaching is the most universal of professions, those are fortunate who are able to devote their lives to its enriching study."

## QUOTATIONS FROM OUR CLASSES

"Education is living."

"Those who believe in us teach us."

"In this country we have substituted the sympathetic temperament for the artistic temperament. Having the artistic temperament, you feel the situation; having the sympathetic temperament, you feel about the situation."

"So act that the motive for your act might be a universal rule."

"Architecture is a universal language in all ages and mankind always builds himself into his temples. It is the most useful of the fine arts and the finest of the useful arts, and climatic conditions always rule in its development."

## BY THEIR SAYINGS WE SHALL KNOW THEM

- ELSIE ANDERSON — Honestly, kids, I don't know anything.  
 MARGARET BERRY — Keep away from me.  
 MABEL BROUGHTON — You girls are slow!  
 JOHN CREDIFORD — Got anything to eat?  
 MILDRED EATON — Keep your distance.  
 ADELAIDE EMBREE — What-ta pit-tee!  
 MARY FENDERS — Of course.  
 GLADYS HENDERSON — Mr. M— did it this way.  
 DOROTHY HOAR — Ann Howe?  
 SARAH HORGAN — Milly, did you bring any fudge?  
 JENNIE JIANAKOUNTZOS — My name is pronounced ——.  
 MARJORIE LELAND — Vot a fun-nee one!  
 ANNE MCCARTHY — Jack, sneak these books into the library for me.  
 ELIZABETH NUTTER — Dear, dear, dear.  
 MARGARET PHELAN — Are you here so early?  
 WILLIAM RICH — Can I depend on that?  
 VAINO RIKKOLA — Would I laugh?  
 ANNE SHERIDAN — I'll consider it.  
 ELIZABETH SHEEHAN — Isn't it AW-ful?  
 FRANCES SIMPSON — Where is Sally?  
 BEATRICE STEVENS — What would I be doing now, if I were in Reading?  
 GERTRUDE TWOMBLY — Listen, kids!  
 MARION WELCH — May I have another bite (of fudge)?  
 HELEN WIGGINS — (A quiet person is a problem.)  
 MR. WHITNEY — That's splendid!

A. C.

S is for Service, we render to all,  
 A is for Argument, it never shall pall,  
 L is for Literature, a lesson well-done,  
 E is for Errors of which we have none,  
 M is for Memories, they tumble pell mell.

N is for Normal we love it so well,  
 O is for Orange that color we call,  
 R is for Reception to the Freshmen last fall,  
 M is for Music — its shrieks and its squawks,  
 A is for Art with its lectures and walks,  
 L is for Leaving each teacher and rule,  
 But we ne'er will forget our dear Normal School.

A. C. and M. B.



Early to Bed  
And early to rise  
Makes a Normalite  
Healthy!  
Wealthy!  
And  
Wise!

That memorable  
Class Day!!  
when we  
discovered  
the talent  
of our  
classmates!!

It may  
be the  
morning  
after the  
Dance  
But!  
Miss Wallace  
shows no  
sympathy  
in Gym

A Campbell







SENIOR I



SENIOR II



SENIOR III



SENIOR IV

## A CHRONICLE OF HAPPY YEARS

The opening day of school in September 1926, marked the date on which the last visage of our former importance as high school seniors disappeared. It was almost unbelievable that our disdainful dignity of the past year had disappeared in a few short months. We looked humbly to the welcoming committee as if we had never known the joy of being superior. Yellow is not usually associated with ignorant newcomers, but in 1926 the identification tags presented to us by the welcoming committee were of a conspicuous pumpkin-yellow. We were not downhearted; indeed, as is the way with some freshmen, we were exceedingly optimistic. The faculty, so formidable; the seniors, so superior; and the building so large and unknown all failed to daunt our freshman spirits.

What was it that Mr. Pitman said at the first assembly? That not more than the first half of the class would be able to secure positions. Such information, however, tended rather to cheer up an already optimistic group. We would, of course, all be in the first half of the class.

After a week or two in effort to make ourselves think we acted like seniors, we acquired brief cases. Then, in the generous manner that characterizes freshmen, we pasted school seals all over the emblems of our professional attitude. Later when we heard that you could always tell a freshie by the stickers on the brief cases, we found that the seals possessed a quality characteristic of Salem Normal School — a thoroughness that is indestructible. To our chagrin we found that we could not entirely pry off all trace of the seals.

We were considerably cheered-up to find that the same seniors who had caused us discomfort over our brief cases were quite as human as ourselves. The discovery was made at a Get-Acquainted party held in the hall a few weeks after school opened. Being socially inexperienced we dreaded the introduction to the faculty and the seniors. It speaks well for "our" seniors that they were able to overcome our fright and give us a good time. It did not take us long to discover that a part of the good time consisted in refreshments. The word refreshments has never yet failed to arouse enthusiasm in healthy elementary freshmen.

But we were travelling a road which was too smooth to last long. Our complaisant and unruffled demeanor being observed in one class, it was thought the psychological moment had arrived to introduce our particular infernal machine, the true-false rest. The subsequent arguments over the range of marks delayed many a day's recitation. During these arguments many of the class, through their determination, steadfastness and endurance, revealed themselves both as forceful class orators and as vigorous "scrappers". We remembered these champions of our cause; they proved to be assets in our future months at school.

A Harvest Ball, an annual formal reception of the seniors to the freshmen, was held in October, followed by the Geography Club dance and later by a dance given by the Men's Athletic Association. We had by this time so adequately adapted ourselves to our teachers that we thought it safe to lay aside our books and devote ourselves to the social side of life. A brief taste of freedom only whetted our appetite for more. Our decision marked a period when imperative demands to return library books ceased to be as frequent as formerly. The life of enjoyment and ease was interrupted only by our receiving, at Thanksgiving time, warning slips.

The reading classes worked hard on Christmas plays and puppet shows. The training school children, during this time were kept busy attending all the performances. One class succeeded in having a genial and realistic, although somewhat thin

Santa Claus. The excited response of some of the younger children proved that, as yet, Santa was still somewhat more than a myth.

"Came the dawn" — Christmas parties and then the Christmas vacation, a time when we left dull care behind, together with our books. In consequence our return was fraught with frenzied effort at make-up and preparation for report cards. Our reports were received. Amidst the weeping could be heard a few hymns of rejoicing.

Many of our subjects were changed at this time, and so we looked forward to new worlds to conquer. We were advised by friends who knew from experience not to argue with Mr. Moody. Those who were brave enough to make an attempt found this to be excellent advice and wished they had followed it.

About this time we had definitely decided which was the most effective way of wearing our gym costume, and thus we were able to settle down to work. We learned to make a straight line and to keep it straight — as long as we stayed in one place and did not march. Several of our more brilliant members had also learned to distinguish right from left.

The freshmen gave a successful Valentine party to the Seniors. Not even the fact that reports had been received that day could dampen our spirits. Give a freshman a few hours in which to reconstruct her hopes and faith in the inherent goodness and kindness of human nature (and the faculty!) and she will be quite as cheerful as ordinarily.

The track meet was held in June on a really hot day. Daily practice in running had been kept up faithfully during the year as the girls conscientiously left the building from five to ten minutes later than they should have when going for a train. Helen Boyle, an elementary freshman, won the gold medal. 1927 was the first year an elementary had ever won the medal.

By unanimous but silent decision, it was agreed that we should rest our brains during the summer so as to be fresh for our senior year. We were preparing for the responsibility of seeing that the incoming freshmen were properly overwhelmed by our superior knowledge and our serious demeanor.

In spite of our dignity, our return to school was a joyous occasion. We spent the first few days greeting old friends, making new acquaintances, and reestablishing habits of study. Our chief occupation was encouraging the freshmen; this consisted, mainly, in telling them how much easier their course is now than was ours of the previous year.

When the members of Senior I came over to the Normal school, they seemed more like visitors than classmates. They appeared amused at our complaints of long hours of hard work. Some members even practiced that quiet, efficient air which Senior I displayed when it was in evidence.

The freshmen wondered at the apparent idiocy of the seniors as they saw us zigzagging across the streets, wandering through fields, and poking into vacant lots. Understanding, however, will come to them with age and their introduction to the nature study classes.

Shortly after school opened, the seniors introduced the freshmen to the faculty at a party given in the assembly hall. Everyone had a good time but outstanding impression received by the freshmen was the nonchalance of the seniors with the faculty.

About this time the corridor outside Miss Porter's room became the scene of the most excruciating agony. We were having our pictures taken. The real test of our ability to withstand a sudden shock, however, took place the day we received our proofs. The days of calm assurance that those freckles did not show much had departed forever.

Every class distinguishes itself in one way or another. Our class had made so favorable an impression on the faculty that the teachers planned an innovation to entertain us. Formerly seniors in small groups attended a series of teas; this year, however, we were entertained in one large group. Great was the excitement when we heard there was to be an entertainment; greater still were the speculations as to what hidden talents were about to be revealed. But the most fantastic conjectures could not approach the genius of the actual performance. Seldom has the assembly hall resounded with such music as the ten members of the orchestra offered. In the repertoire was included *Symphony in F* and *Romance in B flat*. The rendering of the selections will always be remembered. Of course the quality of the tone was in some measure due to the instruments; to the volume of the French horn; to the sweetness of the Stradivarius violin; to the staccato of the accordion; to the resonance of the drums; to the delirious tones of the harp; and to the timbre of the cornet. There was the choice of selection; there was the variety of instruments; there was the quality of tone; but more than these, there was a distinct appeal to the eye. All the costumes helped in the total effect; that of the cello performer was remarkable. Clad in a palm beach suit cut according to the latest fashion the cellist gave a solo which produced warm mellow tones characteristic of his instrument. The hearty applause of the audience was accorded to all of the members of the orchestra but none was more hearty than that bestowed upon the cellist and his marvelous instrument. Our eminent scientist, through Jekyl-Hyde concoctions, revealed the more or less hidden nature of several students and members of the faculty. Mrs. Pitman and Mrs. Sproul, hostesses at an attractively decorated table, served bountiful refreshments. The seniors in spite of all their knowledge had never realized the faculty "had it in them". The spirit of friendliness between seniors and teachers was immeasurably increased.

We had now reached that exalted state attained only by seniors, the Utopia of all classes, Mr. Pitman's class. There were no prescribed lessons, no quizzing, no formal recitations, and, best of all no marks. We, as seniors, wish to recommend this procedure for other classes. The discussion was of infinite value; we were allowed to ask questions to which we wished to know the answers, not just those the teacher wished us to answer. Mr. Pitman draws from the depth and breadth and richness of his experience and inculcates in us high ideals of service and noble aspirations of character. There is a lack of that restraint that amounts to inhibition; there is rather a freedom, a depth that is never reached in any other class. Of him we would say

"Day by day for his students to his much be added more;  
 In his hundred-gated Thebes every chamber was a door,  
 A door to something grander — loftier walls and vaster floor."

I. P.



## SPECIALTIES IN SENIOR ONE

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| DOROTHY CAMPBELL  | Cute               |
| RUTH AMES         | Neat               |
| JOSEPHINE ROLLINS | Best Looking       |
| FLORENCE DRISCOLL | Songbird           |
| RETA COATES       | Most Conscientious |
| HELEN BOYLE       | Athletic           |
| PAULINE HULACK    | Debator            |
| RUTH NILAND       | Class Actress      |
| LOUISE AUGER      | Humorous           |
| FRANCES ZAKS      | Score Keeper       |
| LOUISE KIELY      | Poetic             |
| MILDRED SALMON    | Studious           |
| ESTHER HEMPEL     | Biological         |
| MARION SKAHAN     | Pianist            |
| DORIS AUSTIN      | Busiest            |
| LOUISE MOSER      | Artistic           |
| GERTRUDE FIRTH    | Serious            |

PEOPLE WHO FOUND THEIR WAY INTO  
NORMAL SCHOOL

1. The sweet little miss who thinks the 1st grade children are heavenly and so wishes to train in grade 1.
2. The gum-chewing miss who is sure she can manage those 8th grade boys — they'll get along famously.
3. The timid freshman who is sure Mr. Moody is trying to start a fight with her — we know it is just one of his arguments.
4. The girl who knew Mr. Archibald would give her an A because she sang in the church choir.
5. The girl who thought school was over at 2.50.
6. The misinformed freshman who was glad she had the first period from 8.30 to 9.30 every day free.
7. The student who drifts in after chapel late for 1st period because the train refused to move.
8. The strong silent men who come to normal school just to be different.
9. The lanky lean girl who thinks she looks cute with gym bloomers tucked up high.

E. M. B., Sr. 2

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF

|                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| <i>Twice Told Tales</i>       | no talking in chapel                       |
| <i>A Chosen Few</i>           | the Seniors                                |
| <i>In the Reign of Terror</i> | at the lunch counter                       |
| <i>Better Times</i>           | vacations                                  |
| <i>The Lost Chord</i>         | morning hymns                              |
| <i>Great Expectations</i>     | a position after graduating                |
| <i>Old Curiosity Shop</i>     | Senior lockers                             |
| <i>Facts and Figures</i>      | gymnasium                                  |
| <i>A Hopeless Case</i>        | psychology                                 |
| <i>To Have and To Hold</i>    | a place in front of the locker room mirror |
| <i>Paradise Lost</i>          | Compulsory lectures                        |
| <i>Among My Books</i>         | evenings in <i>some</i> girls' homes       |
| <i>Dust</i>                   | blackboard drawing                         |
| <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> | Senior class meetings                      |

ELEMENTARY SONG HITS

|  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| <i>We Ain't Got No Money</i>           | Senior Class                   |
| <i>Day of Golden Promise</i>           | June 15                        |
| <i>Just A Memory</i>                   | Salem Normal School            |
| <i>What'll I Do?</i>                   | True-False Test                |
| <i>Just Another Day Wasted Away</i>    | Sunday                         |
| <i>Whisper-Sb</i>                      | Test                           |
| <i>Just Call On Me</i>                 | Madaline Walsh                 |
| <i>Side By Side</i>                    | Julia and Mildred              |
| <i>Ain't She Sweet?</i>                | Alice Patterson                |
| <i>Dizzy Fingers</i>                   | Gertrude McDonald              |
| <i>Sunshine of Your Smile</i>          | Hazel Hetherington             |
| <i>Me and My Shadow</i>                | Catherine K. and Louise        |
| <i>Miss Annabelle Lee</i>              | Helen Kendrick                 |
| <i>Brown Eyes</i>                      | Ida Gerring                    |
| <i>What Does It Matter?</i>            | Joe Ellery                     |
| <i>Barbara</i>                         | Barbara Pickard                |
| <i>Five Feet Two — Eyes of Blue</i>    | Jerry Sampson                  |
| <i>Let the Rest of the World Go By</i> | Ruth Mighill                   |
| <i>In A Little Town Near By</i>        | Ruth and Mary                  |
| <i>For We're Jolly Good Fellows</i>    | Gert, Ad, Kay, Marion<br>C. R. |

When I was a freshman tall,  
 I thought the seniors knew it all  
 But now that I am one, it is a joke;  
 They're very much like other folk.

BY ONE OF THEM

A Freshman came dancing to Salem Normal School  
 Merrily, merrily, Oh!  
 With visions of teaching high in her breast  
 Verily, verily, Oh!  
 One teacher said this, another said that,  
 Cheerily, cheerily, Oh!  
 The Freshman did this, the Freshman did that,  
 Wearily, wearily, Oh!

C. R.

*Can you imagine: —(*

CATHERINE BARRY — not blushing?  
 DOROTHY BAUER — looking for an argument?  
 ALICE CAMPBELL — short and stout?  
 ELEANOR CAULFIELD — not ready to laugh?  
 ELIZABETH COLLINS — as future psychologist?  
 FRANCIS FITZPATRICK — liking gymnasium?  
 WINIFRED GEIZER — without her smile?  
 DOT GRANT — without her giggle?  
 PAT HARDING — not gentle and sweet-tempered?  
 MAR. HARRIGAN — a toe dancer?  
 GEOG. HENDERSON — being noisy and disagreeable?  
 HAZEL HETHERINGTON — minus her freckles?  
 CATHERINE KEANE — with her lessons not done?  
 ROSE LEVINE — ever on time?  
 ELEANOR McCUE — made up?  
 GERT MacDONALD — not humming the latest tune?  
 ADELAIDE POITRAS — staying at home nights?  
 CATH SHEA — ever an old maid?  
 KATH SULLIVAN — melancholy?  
 MARION WALSH — calm and collected?  
 MATILDA WEISS — making a racket?  
 DOR. WILLIAMS — being boisterous?

E. C.

## A DAY WITH SENIOR II

## A.M.

- 8:00 Isabelle Porter breaks Nurmi's record dashing across the North Station.
- 8:30 Train arrives on time at Salem and everyone rushes to get off.
- 8:45 The big parade marches up Lafayette Street.
- 9:15 Julia Sheridan goes to Penmanship room to have six papers accepted.
- 9:30 Everyone (?) attends chapel.
- 9:45 First period begins. Mary Cole gives a brilliant recitation on why peanuts grow underground.
- 10:00 Evelyn Abate proves to Miss Goldsmith that if you plant narcissus bulbs, hyacinths appear.
- 10:10 A short test in nature study is given.
- 10:20 Ellen Sullivan passes the test.
- 10:30 Everyone waits for bell to ring. Kay Hodgkins has her books all packed.
- 10:45 Isabelle Tyburska shows exceptional ability, by making an art note book from an old skirt.
- 10:50 "Jan" Morris tells the class how to correlate art and friendship in social life.
- 11:00 Hortense Sanders forgot to find the imperfections in a recitation.
- 11:15 Marion McCarthy informs Mr. Doner that she can not make I's (eyes).
- 11:35 Miss Wallace objects to the Newburyport traffic system. Ruth Landford defends it.
- 11:45 Elizabeth Akerley discusses the advantages of owning your own farm; especially the "cow inoculating business."
- 12:00 Lillian Breen informs us that Lynn is the leading city in America.
- 12:05 Isabelle Cosman passes around a box of peppermints. Lunch time is 20 minutes away.
- 12:25 Lunch time. "Gert" Collins and Marie Twomey are the first to reach the lunch room.

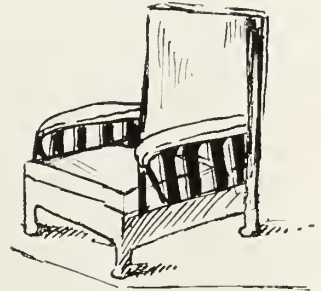
## P.M.

- 1:05 After a hearty lunch, we are fortified for afternoon classes.
- 1:15 Madeline Walsh secretly informs Mr. Archibald that she can not buzz.
- 1:30 Mary Budnick sings a delightful little tune about the fire flies.
- 2:00 Marjorie Monks becomes frightened in literature while reciting one of Shakespeare's love sonnets.
- 2:15 Helen Haley is informed that if she takes a few relaxation exercises, she will be a talented speaker.
- 2:25 Riot in Mr. Moody's class: an argument is under way.
- 2:30 "Kay" Foley repeats once more "Crossing the Bar."
- 2:35 Loretta Tansey looks longingly at the clock.
- 2:45 Hattie Solomon tells us her opinion of Carl Sandburg.
- 3:00 Daily reunions held in library.
- 3:30 Library quiets down and everyone wonders what lessons were assigned for the next day. Nobody does them.

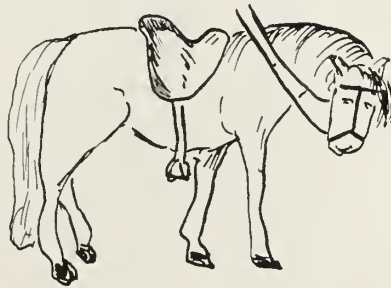
# Things we need in Senior II



A field for our lansey

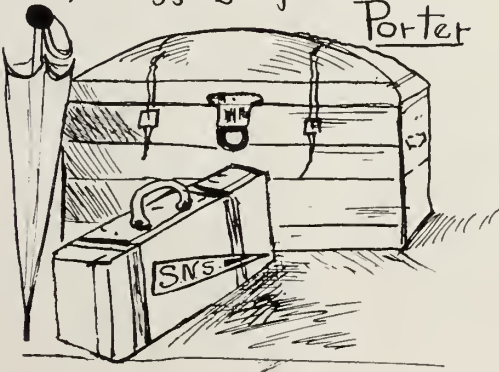


A chair to go with Morris



A horse for Sheridan's ride

Some luggage for our Porter



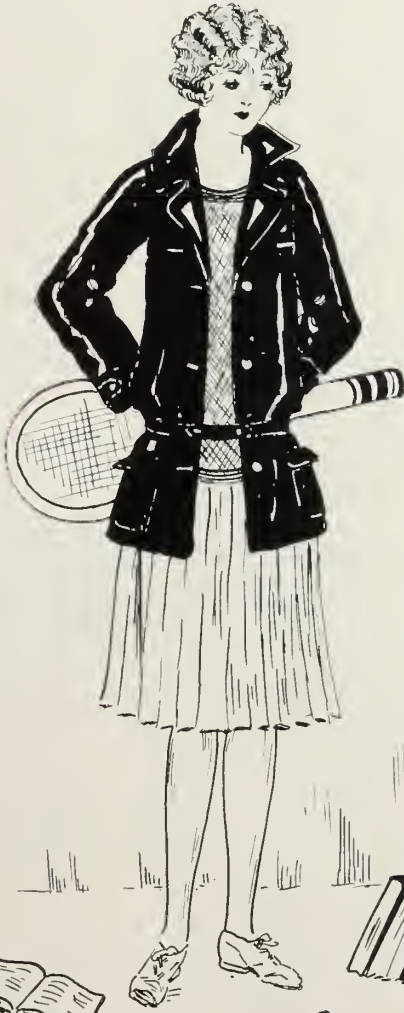
A bin for our Cole



E.M. Bailey '28



# UNDERGRADUATES



'29  
'30  
'31



ACampbell



COMMERCIAL JUNIORS



COMMERCIAL SOPHOMORES



COMMERCIAL FRESHMEN



JUNIOR HIGH SOPHOMORES



JUNIOR HIGH FRESHMEN V



JUNIOR HIGH FRESHMEN VI



ELEMENTARY FRESHMEN I



ELEMENTARY FRESHMEN II



ELEMENTARY FRESHMEN III



ELEMENTARY FRESHMEN IV

## THE YOKE OF KNOWLEDGE FASTENED ON

There, the last lesson is finished. With a drowsy sense of relief, the belated student shuts the Normal School door and faces homeward. Hardly has she left her footprints upon the cement walk, however, when her nose sends a flashing message to her well-stocked brain. The east wind and the humidity of the atmosphere prophesy rain; aha! nimbus clouds in the sky. And there is a little rose trying to hide from the misty night. O, Rose, art thou a staminate, pistillate, regular, symmetrical flower? What is thy function in the world? A pear tree looms enticingly upon the horizon. Why, pears are only seed vessels with fleshy calyx and paper carpels. The formerly beautiful houses abounding on Lafayette Street have disappointingly changed to a jumble of hexagons, trapeziums, rhombuses, and other geometric paraphernalia. Even the distant railroad tracks bring instant recognition of perfect progression.

Perhaps she can eat her supper unencumbered with applied knowledge. What a charming Greek motif on that silver spoon! Rapture is marred, however, by noting that the silver has undergone slight oxidation. Then, audibly, she says, "The salt, please;" mentally, "Sodium chloride, the source of commercial sodium."

Now for relaxation before study. The evening paper and the new magazine have come. Immediately arises to mind the urgent need for a good editorial, for worthwhile literature, and for valuable articles pertaining to history, geography, and arithmetic.

At last the Normal School student sinks into her mechanically manufactured bed, covers herself with a chemically dyed woolen blanket, and sighs, from the depths of her abdominal muscles, "What did I see of beauty today?"

D. M., Junior High '29

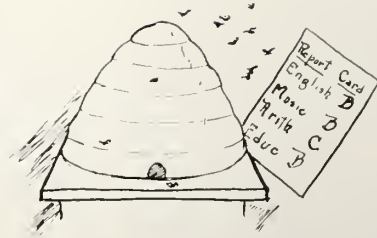
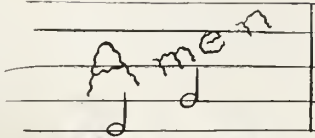
## SHIP AHOY!

We, the Freshmen of Salem Normal School, have launched our ship into the harbor of professional training. Having decided upon our course, we now proceed along the rough waves of knowledge.

Equipped as we are, however, our ship cannot fail to reach her destiny. We have a sturdy vessel — our stalwart school building. Our Principal is our thoroughly informed captain, who, after travelling the route for many years, can be wholly relied upon to steer us on the most favorable course. Our teachers are the officers, ready to serve us at any time as we question them concerning our voyage. Our library is the deck where we gather ostensibly for study but sometimes for society. Our vacations are the landmarks; at these stopping-places, we may replenish ourselves and gain a vigor which enables us to continue our journey more enthusiastically.

The wind is right; the captain has a firm and steady grip on the wheel; the officers are within command. We do not hope for an entirely smooth journey, for no voyage of two years is without some sort of storm, but we hope that when our vessel docks on the opposite shore, that everyone will be present, full of hitherto unknown knowledge and eagerness to fulfill their mission in this — the new land.

C. M., Elementary '29



That wavery, shaky, "shall  
I sit down or shall I stand up"-  
Amen!

All B(ee)s Don't Sting!



1920~ To bob or not to bob?



1921~ The question answered



1926~ Shall I let it grow?

1927~ The question answered

**The Long and Short of it at S.N.S.**

# ORGANIZATIONS





Row 4: Walsh, Williams, Peterson, Trumbull, Hargrove, Devine  
 Row 3: Canty, Quaid, Dudley, Boyce, Chase, Tivnan  
 Row 2: Miss Stone, Flynn, Harty, Slocomb, Anderson, Miss Goldsmith  
 Row 1: Keville, Hughes

### THE COOPERATIVE COUNCIL

The Cooperative Council started upon its third year of activity at Salem Normal School in the fall of 1927. Throughout the year, this student-governing organization has tried to promote a spirit of cooperation between individual and school, and to further general interests of the student body both socially and professionally.

Early in the year, a reception and tea was given to the entering class, the first social of the year. Later a call was received from the flood sufferers at the Castleton Normal School, and Mr. Whitney gave a chalk talk in order to raise a fund for the stricken school in Vermont.

A school play, "Turn to the Right," is to be given early in April under the auspices of the council.

The Ring Committee has been busily occupied this year interviewing various ring concerns. At last Salem Normal School is to have a school ring. This ring, designed by our beloved art director, Mr. Whitney, will, we hope, come to be recognized as the symbol of our school.

The Council wishes to take this opportunity of congratulating those members of the Association who have successfully completed their voyage at Salem Normal School and to say to them

"And thus it's been with men in every age,  
 And now it is with men who seek success  
 'Sail on,' has said the Sybil; 'On,' the sage.  
 These words propel the ship that would progress."



Row 5: Goldthwait, Steiner, Pearl, Joyce, Horgan, Bauer, Patterson, Goodman, Bacevice, Kimball, Simmonds, Foster, Dupar  
 Row 4: Hansen, Dorr, Walsh, Tyburska, Hughes, Clothey, Bellew, Griffin, Smith, Wall, Simpson, Pasukonis, Sampson, Page  
 Row 3: Willis, Peterson, Horgan, Birmingham, Welch, Berry, Mr. Archibald, Daley, Grant, Haley, Harding, Barry, Berseon, Feldman  
 Row 2: Clark, Whitehouse, Geizer, Richardson, Nutter, Johnson, Morris, Larkin, Mugridge, B. Nutter, Coates  
 Row 1: Maynard, Harty, Duffett, Goldberg, Foster, Shipp, Morton, Danskin

### THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is one of the largest and most successful organizations of the school. Its members include approximately fifty girls chosen by trial from the various classes.

The club puts on two major concerts. The first of these is a joint concert with the musical clubs from some one of the boys' colleges in the vicinity. This year's concert was given with the Musical Clubs of Worcester Polytechnic Institute on the evening of January 20.

The second concert of note is the annual joint concert with the Framingham Normal School Glee Club, alternating from year to year between Salem and Framingham. This concert is always well attended, as it brings together such a large group of voices, trained by the same leader and capable of giving a concert which is seldom equalled throughout the year.

The opportunity to do something a little bit different came to the Glee Club this year in the form of supplying the choir in conjunction with Framingham Glee Club at the opening meeting of the Convention of the National Education Association at King's Chapel in Boston on Sunday afternoon, February 26.

The officers of the Glee Club for this year are Elizabeth Nutter, President; Frances Simpson, Treasurer; and Olive Richardson, Secretary.



Row 3: Slocomb, Sullivan, Walsh, Budnick, Collins, Shipione  
 Row 2: Aronow, St. Pierre, Foley, Abate, Niland, Boyle  
 Row 1: Sullivan, Breen, Miss Goldsmith, Akerley, Cole

## THE JOHN BURROUGHS CLUB

Our club had its first meeting October 13, 1927, when we elected Elizabeth Akerley, President, Mary Cole, Vice-President, Lillian Breen, Secretary, and Margaret Sullivan, Treasurer. Yvonne St. Pierre and Catherine Foley were elected to complete the executive board which includes the President, Vice-President, and our faculty advisor, ex-officio.

We have joined the Federation of Bird Clubs of New England and have contributed to the conservation of the Franconia Notch in New Hampshire.

During our regular meeting we spent one afternoon mounting leaves, and the life of John Burroughs was presented during another. Trees in literature, trees in art, the making of suet bags, illustrated lectures and various games all helped us to appreciate what the club means.

Recently the club sent two of its members to a conference held by the American Bird Banding Association at the University Club, Boston. At the following meeting they gave us an interesting report.

Our further plans include reports on the birds we have attracted to our homes, a bird study at the Peabody Museum, "Spring Birds," a lecture given by the members and an afternoon for a social. In the meantime Mr. Whitney has promised to give us an illustrated Bird Talk.

We also anticipate a trip to Danvers, one to the Boston Museum of Natural History, and still another to the Arnold Arboretum of Agassiz Museum.



Row 4: Barry, Adrien, Hallssey, Curry, Rubin, Hammond, Wolf, Moriarty  
 Row 3: Ficksman, Mooney, Maynard, O'Day, Hargrove, Becherman, Carroll  
 Row 2: Colin, Horton, Brennan, Miss FitzHugh, Duggan, Tirrell  
 Row 1: Corcoran, Baker, Finnegan, Damsky

THE CIVICS CLUB



*Vice-President*  
 V. HORTON

*President*  
 E. DUGGAN  
*Treasurer*  
 E. TURRELL  
*Faculty Advisor*  
 MISS FITZHUGH

*Secretary*  
 R. BRENNAN



Row 4: Carroll, McAteer, Alm, Griffin, Fenders, MacKinnon, Hetherington, Lawrie  
 Row 3: Guerin, Stead, Griffin, Bond, Richards, Moran, Baron  
 Row 2: Miss Ware, Sheridan, Fox, Salmon, Whalley, Miss Flanders  
 Row 1: Deneen, Zaks, Firth

## GEOGRAPHY CLUB

The Geography Club seeks to promote the welfare of the entire school. Last year, with the aid of other school organizations, our club purchased a moving picture machine which has proved itself a very useful gift. The *News Letter*, a periodical issued for two years by the Club, has been taken over by the Cooperative Council, and is now known as the *Log*, a steadily-growing publication. This year the Club has undertaken another school project — conducting a Book Store. Here may be purchased everything in the line of supplies, from paper clips to weighty volumes of knowledge.

This does not describe all of the activities of the Club, however, for its members have had many enjoyable meetings and entertainments, the memory of which will remain with them long after leaving our beloved Alma Mater. The theme for our meetings this year has been — "Contributions to America by our Foreign Born Citizens." So far this year we have considered the Dutch, Irish, Spanish, and Italian immigrants, and hope to add other nationalities in our future programs. We often visit foreign centers in nearby cities or enjoy a meal cooked in foreign style.

We were very fortunate in securing Mrs. Parker and Miss Elizabeth Parker who gave us an enjoyable entertainment of "Songs and Dances of Old Salem and of Foreign Countries." Many other enjoyable occasions are anticipated including a trip through the Italian centers of Boston, and a reunion of all Geography Club alumni and members at the annual Field Day in June.



Row 4: L. Cook, Chisholm, Regish, Brandao, Meckelburg, Melville, Lavoie, Ostrer, Kimball  
 Row 3: R. Smith, Flynn, Arthur, Bates, Burke, Lipton, Boch, Kantrovitz  
 Row 2: Miss Cruttenden, Marx, Peterson, Page, Beckford, Andrias, Miss Stone  
 Row 1: Berkovitz, Keating, M. Smith, Mighill, Cahoon, Mann

## GIRL SCOUTS

The Girl Scout Club is another comparatively new organization. Miss Cruttenden is Captain; Miss Stone, Lieutenant; Lottie Page, President; and Lena Peterson, Secretary.

The first activity of the year was a trip to Devereaux where we took advantage of a warm October day and went for a dip while other Scouts attended to the cooking.

The next enjoyable event was a week-end trip to Cedar Hill, the Scout Camp. Here many of us renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Jordan, the nature expert. He showed us through his new log-cabin and held us enthralled with tales of his adventures.

During February and March, we were indeed fortunate to have Miss Potter, director of the Eastern Division, give a most valuable course in Scout Leadership. Miss Potter is keenly interested in Normal School Scout work because of the need for trained leaders in the communities.

Girl Scout Clubs in colleges and normal schools are becoming more and more popular and valuable. The Annual Scout Conference for the normal schools and colleges is held in the Spring and our delegates always come back with enriched experiences and new ideas after these inspirational gatherings. A Girl Scout Club in the Normal School should keep its ultimate goal ever before it: the furthering of Girl Scouting in the communities where its members go.



Row 4: Morris, Brandao, M. Smith, Beckford, Lavoie, Chisholm, Regish, Turner, R. Smith  
 Row 3: Boch, Marx, Bates, Carmel, Flynn, Fowler, Arthur, Mann, Holt, Desmond, Wernick  
 Row 2: T. Cook, Tebo, McAteer, Miss Ware, Trumbull, Brennan, Corriveau  
 Row 1: Page, Moody, Kimball, Drapeau, Dudley, Solomon, L. Cook, Auger

### TRIMU

On September 21, 1927, the Trimu held its first meeting. The membership, this year, is fifty-six, and the officers are:

*Faculty Advisor*  
*President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*

MISS WARE  
 GENIE TRUMBULL  
 ANNA REGISH  
 ISABEL CHISHOLM

The purpose of this organization is threefold: (1) To create fellowship among boarding students; (2) To further social activities among them; (3) To aid the entering students to become acquainted with the school and the city.

The club has certainly carried out this purpose. The old members of the club visited the new boarding students on the day of their arrival and helped them to feel more at home and to get acquainted with the rest of the family. The first party was a bus trip to Ipswich Neck, and there the newcomers were initiated into the club. Since that time, at least once a month, the club has had some sort of a social gathering, and these gatherings have been the means of strengthening the bonds of friendship among the members.

This year, the club undertook to sell school stationery and Christmas cards engraved with our school seal. The venture proved a success. The club hopes to meet a long felt need of the school by soon having for sale a fine assortment of artistic postcards of the Normal School.



Row 3: Sullivan, McDonald, Miller, Porter, Henderson, Moran, Bailey, Chandler  
 Row 2: Kirby, Morris, Golant, Lynn, Powers, Riley  
 Row 1: Allen, Marcus, Walsh, Mr. Whitman, Whalen, Hodgkins

## CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club was organized in October, under the direction of Mr. Whitman. One of the first things which we did was to examine the various types of cameras. In doing this, we learned many things about our own cameras, for instance, how we could take time exposures.

Later in the year we learned to print pictures. It was perfectly fascinating to watch the picture gradually appear on the piece of white paper which we put into the developer. After we became quite good photographers in this way, we learned how to make blue-brown prints. We also made trick photographs.

In February, we planned some social events. Our Valentine Party which was held in the lunch room on February fifteenth was quite a success. Later we planned a theater party to go to the Majestic Theater in Boston.

When the days were longer, and it was better to be out-of-doors than in the dark room developing negatives, we went out for many delightful trips to take pictures. An exhibit of prints made by members closed our activities for the year.

We have started a library of books and magazines dealing with the art of photography. Since we are the first Camera Club, our collection is small; but we hope that the Camera clubs of the future will add to it.



Row 4: Fenders, Moran, Whalley, Ward, Welch, Johnson  
 Row 3: Orton, Carlin, Morton, Flynn, Guerin, Roach, Ellery, Boyce, Dorr, Saslaw, Polishook  
 Row 2: Patterson, Auger, Curry, Quaid, Brennan, Miss Porter  
 Row 1: Melville, Mann, McAteer, Kimball

## THE LOG

*The Log*, the monthly school paper, began its record making on November 3, 1927.

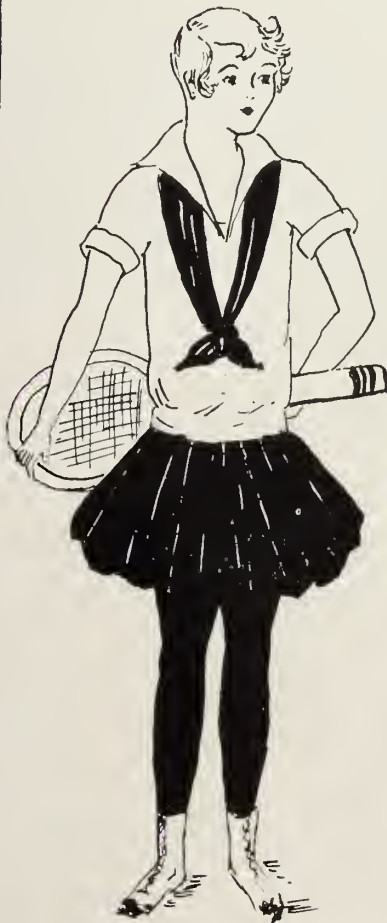
For two years the Geography Club issued a *News Letter*. Seeing the interest which was aroused by this sheet and feeling the need of something which would promote school spirit and make our school more progressive, the Cooperative Council last year decided to continue this work in the form of a newspaper.

*The Log* is dedicated to the advancement of the professional interests of both students and graduates of Salem Normal. It acquaints newcomers with the history and ideals of our school. Through this paper the student body becomes familiar with the activities of the various clubs and departments, the pursuits of the alumni, and the work of leading educators.

The staff organization was decided upon last year by the Publication Committee of the Cooperative Council. The principal officers were elected by the student body. Other members were chosen by the respective groups which they represent. Miss Porter and Miss Ware, the faculty advisors, were elected by the staff.

It is the staff's earnest desire that *The Log* will continue in the coming years to record Salem Normal School's unbroken progress toward high ideals.

# ATHLETICS



1  
9  
2  
8



A. Campbell



Row 2: Carter, R. Smith, Miss Wallace, McCue, Hawley  
 Row 1: Obear, Cook, Beckford, M. Smith

## THE WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

In the field of girls' sports, there has been developing an ideal which has been aptly expressed in the slogan "a game for every girl and every girl in a game." Our W. A. A. has always worked toward this goal of mass participation; planning a program that would appeal to girls of many different interests. And so the list of sports which we have offered has grown steadily in number and variety.

The latest addition to our work is the technique classes, for the purpose of training girls to coach the various sports. Besides the fun and interest which they provide, these classes aroused much interest because of the fact that teachers often have the opportunity to coach some sport in the school where they teach.

But our Athletic Association program is not limited to sports for recreation alone, for our threefold aim looks forward to even more; and so our Final Award was designed, a small gold pin, inscribed with the words "Scholarship, Sportsmanship, Honor," to be awarded to not more than three girls in the senior class, who have not only earned their insignia, but are outstanding in scholarship and character. In this way have we tried to work toward that last, and perhaps biggest factor, of our triple aim, "to create an interest in athletics; to give awards; to set high ideals and standards."



Row 3: Page, Hargrove, Chisholm, Lipton, R. Smith, Connolly, L. Cook, Boyle  
 Row 2: Harkins, Kelley, Verdi, Carroll, McAteer, Dozois  
 Row 1: Keating, M. Smith, Kirby, Beckford, Kantrovitz

## FIELD BALL

As Field Ball is the first of the W. A. A. activities, it is annually responded to by many new and old would-be athletes. Practices seemed hard, like rough battles to most of the material which was soft and short-winded from summer idleness.

This sport gave us our first acquaintance on the athletic field with Miss Brown, the new Gymnasium teacher. She made practices lively with passwork and everyone eagerly awaited the posting of the division line-ups to begin the games. Many were the exciting affairs due partly to the nature of the field as well as the keen, sportsmanlike competition between the classes. A sample of this was the Junior High-Commercial game. The Army and Navy, or Championship game was held on November 10. The slippery field added its share to the excitement of the contest and after many ties during the game, the Army team skidded to victory with a score of 11-7.

This closed the season for Field Ball but everyone looked forward to the next center of athletic attention which was Newcomb as it meant more points for the W. A. A. and one more stride for the coveted numerals or insignia. To many, Field Ball contributed 50 points to their athletic records. To the others, who were either soldiers or sailors in the Championship game, it meant 65 points in the W. A. A.



Row 3: T. Cook, Tenenbaum, Smith, Desmond, Murphy, Morrison  
 Row 2: Regish, Gilbert, Chisholm, Connolly, Looney  
 Row 1: Mann, Lynch, M. Smith, Dozois, Turner

### NEWCOMB

Since Newcomb is the first indoor sport of the season it always "draws a crowd." Because this activity enables many to participate, each class is well represented. One of the luring advantages of this game is that there are no outside practices required. The teams are chosen during class periods. This is not a difficult sport, but it requires skill and cooperation. Every division had eighteen players to represent them in this tournament.

In order that this sport would not take too long to complete, the teams were divided into leagues; the teams in each league competing against the other until all were eliminated but one team. Elementary Freshman 3, the Junior High Sophomores, the Junior High Seniors and the Commercial Sophomores were the winners of their leagues. The snappy freshman aggregation showed their splendid teamwork when they defeated the Junior High Sophomores. They then lost out, however, to the Junior High Seniors. The Seniors in turn were taken by surprise when they were defeated by the Junior High Sophomores.

The team with the highest score was to compete against the winner of another league, the undefeated Commercial Sophomores. The Junior High Seniors, with one defeat against them played the Sophs. Possessing all the skill and cooperation necessary to put up a good game, the Sophs came out victorious.



Row 2: Hargrove, Becherman, Wasenius, Casali, Horne, Goss  
 Row 1: Keating, Lipton, McLennan, Melville

## VOLLEY BALL

Much was accomplished during the short four weeks of our second indoor sport, Volley Ball. For the first time in our school history the teams were coached by capable seniors from the newly organized technique classes, who had busied themselves learning the rules of the game. While Volley Ball is not a very difficult sport, much skill, which comes through practice under careful coaching, is needed to put up a good game, and so several afternoons a week were spent in practicing the game.

There were many girls out to learn the rudiments of this game. The Elementary Freshmen and Junior Highs excelled in numbers, so each class had two teams. These teams combated each other and the result was Elementary Freshmen Team I and Junior High Team 2 were the winners and were to represent their respective classes. This left four class teams to compete for the championship. Here the Seniors showed their ability in refereeing and one could hear them shouting "point, Commercial", or "point, Junior High," and blowing those "uncertain tin whistles." Although the Commercials and Junior Highs played hard, the Elementary Freshmen played even better. Due to their excellent team work and cooperation they remained undefeated throughout the contest. Hurrah for the freshmen!

## BASKETBALL

After the squalls of mid-years had calmed, all the aspirants for basketball honors came forth. It seemed as if the whole school turned out and there was certainly a fine array of promising material. Our student coaches coached the teams and brought out rules which we never thought were in existence.

And that first practice! Weren't those first five minutes enlightening? You felt as if you could scarcely breathe, and your legs were as heavy as lead. The ball was so clumsy, and why, you were fairly glued to the spot. But finally, the training in basketball technique, coupled with natural ability began to show, and we had brilliant pass work and cleverly executed plays which soon gave us some top-notch teams.

Not only was there friendly rivalry among the various departments, but also in the departments themselves, for we had four leagues, and three teams in each league, all winners. Why, even the practices were thrilling! Sometimes it seemed as if the intensely interested spectators in the gallery would tumble down in their eagerness to see if that basketball would stop its circling around the hoop and drop in, or whether through some whim of fate, it would bounce out again.

Of course, we're all looking forward to the BIG game of the season — the Army vs. Navy. Who will be the envied players? And, shall the winner be the proverbial army mule or the navy goat?

## OTHER SPORTS

With the melting of the last snows, and the coming of moderate weather, the W. A. A. members enjoyed several, long-looked-forward-to hiking trips. It is a regrettable fact, however, that much avoirdupois happily lost by some of our earnest "reductionists" was "happily" regained in the appeasement of a keen appetite which only several roasted weenies with rolls, toasted, or rather burned, marshmallows, sour pickles and potato chips could satisfy.

Baseball officially opened the season of outdoor sports, and incidentally furnished a welcome means of working off spring fever. Just after basketball, the object of play of our National Game seemed diminutive to say the least, while its co-partner, the bat, would have been wielded much more effectively were it of somewhat wider proportions. Nevertheless, after a few practices, these difficulties were overcome, and several teams were formed.

Hand in hand with baseball, came the opening of the Tennis Season. This ever popular sport was welcomed with the usual enthusiasm of the student body, judging from the constant demand for the courts.

As a fitting finale for the year in the field of athletics, came the annual Field and Track Meet. This contest consists of the fifty-yard dash, the running broad jump, the running high jump, basketball throw for distance, baseball throw for distance, and class relay. Due to its rewards for individual distinction and class glory, it meets with lively interest and earnest determination on the part of the contestants.



COMMERCIAL



JUNIOR HIGH

~ WINNERS ~



COMMERCIAL SOPHOMORES



ELEMENTARY SENIORS



ELEMENTARY FRESHMEN



Row 3: Gould, Gilman, Rich, Humes, Rikkola, Flynn, Weinstein  
 Row 2: Foley, Tivnan, Galper, Weinstein, Gordon, Talbot, Welch, Goodman, Katz, Kelly  
 Row 1: Kenneth Rockwell, Mr. Rockwell, Waxman, Comeau, Carlin, Macione, Carty

## MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Many new members appeared this year, and the active members of the club from last year got together for the purpose of discussing its social activities, and the prospects of a basketball team. With the consent and aid of both Mr. Pitman and Mr. Rockwell, as also that of Captain Carlin and President Foley, we successfully held an Alumni Dance, preceded by a game and a banquet. It is hardly necessary to mention that the "Varsity" team won again.

The results of Mr. Rockwell's coaching are shown by our record of winning two-thirds of the games played. Our most notable win was that over our ancient rival, Bridgewater Normal School, who had previously defeated us on their home floor.

Captain Jim Carlin, George Talbot, and Gus Macione starred for the team throughout the year. No regular member of the team will be lost by graduation, and the boys are already planning to get next year's schedule underway.

The members of the association wish to extend their gratitude to the student body for their support in helping us defray expenses; Mr. Rockwell, whose untiring efforts placed us in position to defeat Bridgewater, and whose patience kept the team and M. A. A. unified; and Mr. Pitman, our friend, benefactor, and advisor.

P. S. To Bridgewater: We waited, we saw, and we conquered.

...*Autographs*...

*...Autographs...*

*...Autographs...*

*...Autographs...*



*The 1928 Salem Normal  
School Year Book is a  
product of our service  
and workmanship.*

*The Andover Press,  
Andover, Mass.*

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*Class Photographer ~ 1928*

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# DIEGES & CLUST

“IF WE MADE IT, IT'S RIGHT”



|                 |            |
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