1921

Summer School Review (1921)

Washington State Normal School

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Machias, Maine.
The Summer School Review

Editorial Board

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Assistant Editors
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Editorial

We offer this first number of the Summer School Review with no apologies for its appearance. We believe that we are correct in saying this is the first paper of its kind in the State of Maine. It is our hope that it may serve as the tie which will bind together these friends of a few weeks, that their pleasant associations may not be forgotten, and that they may become loyal supporters of the school. We trust that this spirit of friendship and loyalty may grow as the years pass and that this school may be-
come the mecca of summer students in the state. It is our fond wish that the Summer School Review may become the permanent chronicler of the intellectual and social life of the summer term. In a broader sense, we hope that this little seed which we have sown at the Washington State Normal School, may spread out its roots and branches to the far ends of the state, that we may be welded into loyal, staunch supporters of our profession—Teaching.

The students of the 1920 summer school, wishing to express their appreciation of the advantages they had enjoyed, gave the school a beautiful hand colored reproduction of Homer’s well known picture, “The Fog Warning.” The students of 1921 have shown their appreciation in the publishing of this cur first summer school paper. We hope that all former students who receive a copy will recall with pleasure their summer at Machias.

W.M. L. POWERS.

THE VALUE OF SUMMER SCHOOL TO AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER.

We are glad to say that the aim of the majority of school teachers is to make themselves efficient in the subjects they teach.

No matter how experienced the teacher is it is essential that courses be taken up from time to time and no better opportunity presents itself than the summer school sessions which are held at the various Normal schools.
It should be an instructor's aim to be a real teacher. If he hasn't a desire to do the best he should never attempt the teaching profession. We will never become the teachers we should unless our aim is high. It takes a big person for a big job; big, not in size but in ideals and working ability. Teaching is a profession that takes the energy, vigor, and spirit of a person. The teacher's life gains in value with experience, and is much bigger through constant training. A big adventure may end in failure but by giving the best we can our aim is sure to be accomplished in time. The secret of any profession may be summed up in the words of the poet:

"Do the best, the very best,
In everything you do;
Give the world the best that you have
And the best will come back to you."

Penmanship

Penmanship is dandy,
I tell you it is fine,
I surely ought to know dot
For I practice all der time.

Miss Anderson, she helps us,
She counts for every line,
But some of us are very slow,
We are never through on time.

So get a sheet of paper,
A good pen and some ink,
Come and join the writing class,
It's more fun than you think.
A Proposal that Nearly Mis-Fired

On a dingy street of London's foggy, reeky, west side lived Tommy. He was a typical West-Sider. One could always find him on hand at a fire or a street brawl. He was known for his defty punches, and for his quickness of action. These qualities he always used in sticking up for whoever, or whatever was right. They called him a 'ammeread.

But for all these misgivings, Tommy possessed a tender and true heart. He knew many things. He was held, in fact, as a confident by many of his pals. Very few, on the other hand, knew anything about Tommy.

There was one thing, however, concerning Tommy which all the natives knew—he was in love. In love with Jennie Harland, who lived on the "best" street in the West Side. Whenever he thought of her his heart would gain several beats, and he would dig into his work with a vim of youthful Hercules. Why, he had only known Jen for six months and thirteen days. He used to reckon up on his fingers.

Then came the war, and Tommy enlisted at the first note of trouble. He was assigned to one of the barracks outside London, and began his intense training. How he worked! At the end of two months he had been made a corporal.

Now the more he trained and the longer he was away from London, the more he felt the keeness of his isolation from those he loved. He had no Mums—she had died when he was a "kid." True, he had a sister, but she was occupied with her own
household “duties,” of which there were seven, omitting her husband and Tom.

So it is only natural that Tom wished to have somebody to care for him—to love him, somebody whom he in turn could love and worship. So it is only natural that this somebody should be Jen.

His regiment had received marching orders. The next day they would cross to the Continent. A few weeks in France, then northward to the Belgian frontier to help check the monsters which were destroying and killing the soul of Belgium.

Came through the gate of a little brown house on the “best” street of the west side, a British Tommy, with cheeks aglow and heart aflutter. A knock at the front door, a cheery welcome, and two beings occupying a little bench in a rustic garden at the back of the house.

A short talk on local events, silence, then a youthful voice with just the slightest tremor, “And now Jen, h’lm going h’away tomorrow.” I wants a girl at home to keep thinking of. I wants a girl to write me home letters. I wants you, Jen, I wants you to be my wife.”

A moment of silence.

“Say yes, or I knows my ’eart ’ll bust.”

Shrill whistling in the narrow street! Cries of, “Seek cover! “Get inside!”

But these two heard nothing, nor did they see a huge black form in the air above them. A sudden swish-h-h, then boom! o-o-o-m. A German Zep
had been representing London with its well known "air-presents."

Tom and Jen extricated themselves from the lattice work in a corner of the garden. Their eyes were fairly popping out of their heads. Tommy stood up, vigorously rubbed himself, then helped Jennie from her uncomfortable position. He placed his hand over the upper left hand pocket of his uniform.

A short sigh, and then "I guess as 'ow my 'eart 'as busted!

A sudden exclamation of joy, a short embrace, and then from Jen, "I guess 'as 'ow my own 'eart 'as busted h'also, Tommy dear!"

HAROLD CHAFFEY.
Summer School Faculty

PRINCIPAL WILLIAM L. POWERS—School Law, School Management, Psychology.

FLORENCE M. MEALY—Grammar, Language, Reading, English Interpretation.

JOHN C. PARLIN—(Principal of Albion High School)—Botany, elementary and advanced; Field Work.

JOSEPH M. MURPHY—(Head of History Dept., Bridgewater, Mass., High School)—European and United States History; Civics.

LILLIAN H. GATES—Home Economics.

LOUISE E. DRAKE—Physical Education.

JESSIE AYER—(Director of Training at Higgins Classical Institute)—Entomology, Ornithology.

GRACE A. ROGERS—Music.

HILDUR ANDERSON—Penmanship and Spelling.

Calendar of the Summer School

July 6—Summer School opens.
July 8—Faculty reception to students in Assembly Hall.
July 15-20—Chautauqua.
July 22—End of three week term. Nature study Course closes.
July 28—Summer School Excursion to Buck's Harbor.
July 30—Summer School Review published.
August 5—Alumni reception in Assembly Hall.
August 9—School Concert.
August 12—Summer School closes.
August 12—State Examination for Teachers' Certificates.
A Terrible Mistake

Miss Willey stood on the Normal steps,
    Miss Tracey, she stood near,
When Bunny came upon the scene,
    There's mischief brewing I fear.

Now at this time Miss Tracey moved
    To the left three steps or more;
And Bunny quickly stepped upon
    The spot where she had stood before.

Now girls are wont to put their arms
    Around their chums, it's funny;
So as Miss Tracey wasn't there
    Her arm encircled Bunny.

She felt the difference in the cloth and
    The style and cut of her chum's suit,
She quickly turned her head and
    My! She surely made a skoot!

Now there's a moral to this tale
    That girls should all hold dear:
Be sure you know the one you hug
    Is your chum who stands so near.
Music Notes

VIOLIN COURSE

A violin class has been organized with seven members: Ethelind Gilbert, Grace Clark, Kathleen Plummer, Julia Joy, Anna Savage, Frances Wilder, Helen Look.

Washington Normal School is the first in the state to teach class instrumental music. The instrumental class in the spring term had twenty-seven members and appeared at chapel and in several public entertainments. This work will be continued next year.

An orchestra has also been started at summer school with the following members: Miss Bunker, piano; Miss Helen Wass, Miss Daniels, Miss Anderson, Miss Rogers, Miss Mealy, violins; Elizabeth Powers, viola; Mrs. Hilton, cornet; Mr. Hilton, drums; Miss Frances Wass, trombone.

A plan is on foot to give a concert the fifth week of school, using all the available talent in summer school. Don’t hide your talent under a bushel. If there is any stunt you can do as an entertainer, inform Miss Roges, or some other member of the faculty.

Rarely have our summer school students been privileged to hear a musical program of such excellence as was presented in Normal Hall, July 14, by Mr. Walter Habenicht of New York and his assisting artists, Mrs. Thurston and Miss Strickland. Mr.
Habenicht played the following numbers for violin with Mrs. Thurston at the piano: Sonata, for violin and piano, by Dvorak; three Wagner numbers, a group of Russian and Hungarian dances and the sonata in C minor by E. Grieg.

Miss Strickland sang two groups of songs: Rain, by Curran and two songs with violin obligato, being especially appreciated. Mrs. Thurston was recently a well known piano teacher in the Ferlton school in Boston, and Mr. Habenicht is one of the leading violinists in the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra in New York. His violin numbers included some of the greatest music ever written for this instrument and were played masterfully. Fortunate indeed are the students who have an opportunity to study with so great an artist.

Ch, how I love to get up in the morning,
When Miss Ayer knocks at the door
Five o’clock each sunny day
There’s a treat of birds in store.
When the dew is dripping—
And it’s foggy overhead—
It’s fine to get up in the morning
But—’twould be nicer to stay in bed.

Apologies to Harry Lauder
MARGARET ASHE.
An Hour’s Journey Into Birdland

At 5:15 sharp every fair morning we are awakened from dreamland by a sweet voice saying, “Any girls here for my bird walk this morning?” We murmur a faint “yes” and all—but very seldom do we have our male protector with us—he is always just a few minutes late.

Shall we wander first down the hill and stop by the bridge for a few moments? Here we find our friends the cedar waxwing and the yellow warbler. Then, too, we see the swallows skipping gaily over the water.

Journeying slowly along the stream we are suddenly startled by a loud “meow” and sure enough gazing up at us from the bushes, we recognize our old friend the catbird.

A short distance on we stop to watch the sparrows playing on and about the ground. Occasionally we see the chimney swift fly overhead and the robin singing merrily from the limb high above.

Now for a good climb up the hill, under the fence, through the wet grasses and the journey back to the “Dorm” where breakfast awaits us. Thus ends happily our morning’s journey into birdland.

DAISY S. CLARK.
### Daily Program and Courses

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Normal</th>
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<tr>
<td>8.30</td>
<td>Chapel</td>
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<td>Reading or Arithmetic</td>
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<td>3.05</td>
<td>Music or English Appreciation. Nature Study (Friday)</td>
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History and Nature Course students may elect studies from the Normal Course to fill in their programs.
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School Statistics:

Faculty 9.
Students, 101

Average teaching experience of those who have taught 111 weeks.

Average teaching experience of the school 50 weeks.
"Take care that the face which looks out from your mirror in the morning is a pleasant face. You may not see it again all day, but others will."

"We are astonished to see that Mr. Jones has recently appeared with a Kane."

Professor Parlin at dinner:—"Man shall not live by bread alone." However it comes in pretty handy. Please pass me the bread."

Miss G. Clark in speaking of Botany class: "I've always been lucky. I've guessed right nearly every time he has asked me anything."

LOST: Somewhere between the Opera House and the Dormitory, our breath while trying to make the hill in eight minutes. Reward offered by Students of the Summer School.

WANTED: A carpenter to mend a few leaks in the heads of the members of the history class.

Someone to keep track of Mr. Jones during the evening and part of the night. Compensation liberal.

By Mr. Murphy, a few more courses of study for the civics class. He is at present inadequately supplied, having only three in all.

By Milrred Moore, a few hundred feet of No. 24 copper wire to be used in making "Bunny" snares. (Here's hoping she is successful in making a catch.)

By Professor Parlin and Miss Gilbert, a second helping of pineapple pie.
By the Clark Girls, a ticket home.

By Mr. Powers, a psychology class that can tell the truth.

By table No. 3, a salt shaker that will produce salt.

By Mildred Moore, a Chaff-ing dish.

By Psychology Class, to know where the foot of a horse is.

Heard in Entomology Class: E. J. “I’ve picked more butterflies than any one since I came.”
Our Picnic

The day dawned rather cloudy, but we prayed for good weather, and, evidently acting upon our supplications, tho at first giving us a few drops of rain as a warning, the Weather Man gave us a day that was neither hot nor cold, dull or glaring. It was ideal.

We left the school in two big trucks. It took much squeezing and squirming to fit everyone into his place and, in addition, tho not to say the least important, to pack the lunch. At last we got started and swung merrily down the road to Buck's Harbor, a happy, care-free crowd. After a long ride thru the forests and fields, by river, bay and harbor, we arrived at our destination, the Ames camp, generously loaned to us by our cordial friends, the Ames'.

Immediately upon our arrival, we managed to find a place in which to view the scenery, to play games, read, or swim. Each to his heart's desire. It was too active a crowd to sit still very long and soon the cliffs, ledges, beach and fields were spotted with the "middies" of the students.

A few of the courageous attempted to swim. It was a courageous deed as the water was more the temperature of winter than of summer. Some went wading, venturing out farther and farther and still farther, until, all at once, wily old Neptune, seeing his prey within his grasp, suddenly descended upon them in the person of a huge breaker, and a very cold, bedraggled group hastily came ashore.

While the young men struggled with a fire, the girls began to race. They ran a 100 foot race, a relay race, sack and three legged races, and finished with a wheelbarow race. Just before dinner, we awarded the prizes, and strange to say, the same
girls seemed to capture all the coveted awards.

Then, with whetted appetites, we approached the luncheon. The men coaxed the fire into giving us some coffee, and with sandwiches, cheese, fruit, cake and ice cream, we ate until we could eat no more.

In the afternoon, a hike was taken to Spouting Horn. This was reached after traversing a pasture, and we found ourselves on the brink of the cliffs which descend so abruptly into the sea. At this point, Old Ocean has an unopposed "slam" at the coast. He hurls his bulk against the ledges in a vain attempt to break thru into the country beyond. And here he spouts thru the cavern and up into the air in the Spouting Horn.

When the camp was again reached, the girls, resting from their long walk, composed several songs which are printed in this issue of the Summer School Review. The return trip took place earlier than we expected as the sky become overcast as if to give to the members of the party who did not enter the water, the bath which they missed. When the dormitory was reached, food was again attacked as if we had eaten nothing since breakfast. After a short pow-pow in the reception room, where we practiced our new songs, we crossed the lawn to the residence of Dr. Powers and serenaded him. We missed his genial presence during the day as he was unable to accompany us on the trip.

And so came "the end of a perfect day."

It is probable that this day will remain in our memories long after our Psychie, Hist'ry of Ed., and other pet diversions of the ordinary school day have
evaporated. We hope that our summer friends will always remember it and return some other year so that we may do again the deeds of the day and also those pranks we forgot to play.

Tune of Tipperary
It’s a long way to Buck’s Harbor, It’s a long way to go. It’s a long way to Buck’s Harbor, To the Ames Camp we all know. Goodbye, Mr. Powers, farewell, Normal School. It’s a long, long way to Buck’s Harbor, Where the winds blow fine and cool.

Tune of “Feather Your Nest”
The whistles’ blowing, come join in the sports, Mr. Murphy is calling, we don’t want any shirks. ’Tis time for racing, no use hesitating, Miss Drake, she is waiting, she knows just what is best. In two-leg, three-leg and sack races too, And relay races that they all could do. Don’t be delaying the prizes are waiting, The Faculty is saying, come join in the sports.

Tune of “Our Director March”
Sing a song for coffee, Sandwiches and cake, Oranges, bananas and ice cream on a plate. So keep on with your eating. Eat with a will of all the dainties, That come down from “Old Maid’s Hill.”

Tune of “Long, Long Trail”
There’s a long, long path a-winding Down through the pasture to the shore, Where the cool sea breeze is blowing And the girls flock by the score. There’s a long, long path a-winding Down to Spouting Horn we adore. But the motor boat before us, Was the thing we longed for more.
**Tune of “Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip”**

Good Morning dear classmates,
With a coat of tan as thick as mine.
Good Morning dear classmates,
You are certainly looking fine.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the wading don’t get you, the hiking must.
Good Morning dear classmates,
With a coat of tan as thick as,
A coat of tan as thick as,
A coat of tan as thick as, mine.

**Tune of “We Won’t Get Home ’Till Morning”**

We watched them all in wading,
We watched them all in wading,
We watched them all in wading,
And wished we had gone before.
We saw the breakers rolling,
We saw the breakers rolling,
We saw the breakers rolling,
And driving them all ashore.

**Tune of “Indiana”**

Back home again to dear old Normal, and we know we all shall see
Mr. Powers there, sitting in his chair, to welcome you and me.
The new-baked bread sends out its fragrance as we drive up to the door,
Where we think about the food we’ll get away with,
Then we long for the cook to bake some more.
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