History of Poetry in Anacortes

Overview

As with most small towns in America, poetry was a hobby for many and a career for few-to-none. Schools, clubs and newspapers published works of community pride and evocative beauty in Anacortes leading up to and through the 20th century. Charley Gant was the luminary of poets in early Anacortes. At the other end of the century, Robert Sund resided at his poet’s house here until his death in 2001.

Timeline

Time Immemorial: Songs of the Samish and Swinomish people, some of which have been recorded in recent decades by tribal members.

1882: The Northwest Enterprise publishes its first newspaper on March 25, which includes a poem on the front page titled “Theology in the Quarters.”

1890s: Chester Blackinton’s poem, “The Clear Bell, An Ode to Miss Claribel Rathbone, Our Dear Teacher” was written and read on Guemes Island, and later published in the book Skagit School Ma’am decades later.

1904: Charlie Gant serves as editor of the Anacortes American in 1904, and later published other newspapers, books, magazines and poems: The Tillikum, The Guemes Beachcomber, The Pruning Knife, Songs of the Sea and among many other poems, one titled “Anacortes, Washington”

http://www.linetime.org/pages/3941/Guemes-Gleanings/

1908: Fair Anacortes

1910: First edition of the Anacortes High School yearbook, Rhododendron, is published, including seven poems. Among them Results of Overstudy by Sarah Dorcey.

1914: Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea, by Ed L. Carlson, is published on the cover of the Anacortes American

1919: “Fair Anacortes” by W.M. Totten (different poem, same title)

1920s: “Anacortes” by E.A. Blakesley

1920: Second edition of the Anacortes High School yearbook, Rhododendron, is published, including 17 poems. Among them Sunset by Patience Collins. The Rhododendron became an annual publication from this year forward to the present year. In the early 1920s more than a dozen poems were printed in each edition, on average.
1921: Mrs. W.A. Lowman – Research Club Rhymes

19??: “It’s Spring in Anacortes” by Elsie Ray

1930: "Anacortes Book of Verses" 1930 by Anacortes High School students; sponsored by the Anacortes Rotary Club. Contains 34 poems: "Heave Ho!" by Loren Torpey; "Night" by Frances Dorcy; "Content With Duty" by Eldora Prawitz; "Summer Sea" by Evelyn Lundberg; "The Wind" by Charles Kidder; "Sunrise on Puget Sound", by Winnifred Green; "Amos ‘n’ Andy" by Betty Lowman; "Mount Erie", by Marguerite Miller; "Is the World Round?" by Evelyn MacKenzie; "A Sea Gull", by Robert Palmer; "The Crocus" by Margaret Olson; "My Puppy’s Bark", by Barbara Sackett; "The Watchman" by Gwen Anderson; "Only a Shamrock" by Frances Dorcy; "Our Swimmin’ Hole" by Don Lary; "Wishing" by Verna Woods; "Life" by Wilma Bowser; "Piano Thoughts" by Margaret Burns; "Homesick" by Mary Wollertz; "A Voice" by Catherine Mueller; "A Sail Boat" by Cora Strom; "At Camp" by Roland Blakesley; "Washington" by Bill Cartwright; "Lincoln" by Barbara Sackett; "My Billy Goat" by Alan Brantly; "Ignorance Is Bliss" by Gene LeMaister; "Anacortes" by Alice Stankus; "The City Hall" by Elsie Schmandt; "Coming of Spring" by Dan Miles; "Rats" by Alice Soule; "The Approach" by Ruby Bettys; "Alaska" by Yukona Moyer; "Lindbergh" by Ellwyn Dazelle; "Day" by Beth England"; "The Sunset" Grace Hughes; "My World" and "The Grand Canyon" by Dorothy Driftmeir; "The Little Journey" by Evelyn Lundberg; "A Foggy Night" by Ruth Bockman; and "Biographical Notes" by Alfred Thibbert.

1931: Death of Horace Judson Taylor, pioneer missionary, who published a collection of his poetry, "Verses."

1930s: Poems written by Ralph Handy during the Great Depression, published for family decades later.

1930s: Poems written by Hallie Werner beginning in the 1930s, published for family decades later.

1934: Ann Marinakos has poem in national Presbyterian publication

1940s: Gwen Anderson Beard returns to her alma mater to teach English and Chorus at Anacortes High School. Former students credit her with planting in them an appreciation of poetry.

1960s: Thelma Jorgenson Palmer returns to her alma mater to teach English and eventually Poetry at Anacortes High School. She was advisor to and founder of the student poetry annual: Chrysalis. Thelma has published several collections of poems, including The Sacred Round and High White Moon, as well as collaborative broadsides with artist Phillip McCracken.
1960s: Ballad titled “D___N ANACORTES” by William Devere. This is copied from the only known copy of the ballad which is in the archives of the Washington State Historical Society. It was presented to Mr. Reno Odlin, President of the Society, who as a boy, lived for several years in Anacortes. Date unknown, but Mr. Odlin was president of the society in the 1960s.

1960s: Anne McCracken joins the staff of Anacortes High School, sharing her inspiring focus on art and literature with students; she would later be one of the founders of the Skagit River Poetry Festival.

1970s: Phyllis Luvera Ennes returns to Anacortes to work in the Anacortes School District as a librarian and as a cultural endowment coordinator, bringing artists and poets for residencies as educators in local schools.


1977: Samuel Green’s (AHS 1966) first book of poetry, Gillnets, is published by Cold Mountain Press. See a list of Sam’s books below.

1978: Book 1978, "Verses and Jingles" by Elizabeth Trafton

1978: The Co-op Press, Anacortes is established in the basement of the Anacortes Public Library by printer Clifford Burke and poets Paul Hanson, Peter Heffelfinger and Bob Rose, with the support of librarian Doug Everhart. The Co-op Press would go on to print numerous poetry broadsides into the 1980s. Co-op Press participants also organized a Skagit Voices poetry series, with readings in Anacortes and La Conner. (and elsewhere?)

1980: Living on Islands, a book of poetry by Bob Rose, was published by The Co-op Press, Anacortes

1981: Skagit Rain, a book of poetry by Peter Heffelfinger, was published by The Co-op Press, Anacortes

1984: Sam Green (AHS 1966) edits From the Lucky Man’s House: Poems from the Anacortes Schools, published in 1984 as the culmination of an Artist in Residence program.

1988: This Morning: Poetry from the Anacortes School District, Edited by Michael Daley

1990s: Robert Sund resides here: “He found a tiny cottage in the middle of the Flounder Bay Boatyard, and kind landlords in Bob and Erica Pickett. Here, over the remaining years of his life, he created another charming
retreat. The gardens held a surprise in every corner—an interesting rock and shell grouping here, a perfectly placed, carefully selected stone there, with lovely board fences, a beautiful gate, and pampered flowers and plants everywhere. Here, he wrote the Garden Poems, which will be republished in the near future as broadsides by the “Poet’s House Press.” - Arthur Greeno


1998: Skagit River Poetry Project & Festival: “The Skagit River Poetry Project began years ago so that our area students could learn from working, real life poet professionals. Students at the heart has always been our main focus and the Festival was the natural extension. Since 1998 when education leaders convinced community leaders to support the idea of a Skagit River Poetry Project, thousands of area kids have been touched by poets. Poetry has become something that is alive and relevant to our rural students and audiences.” - [http://www.skagitriverpoetry.org/](http://www.skagitriverpoetry.org/)

2001: *No Sweeter Fat* published by former Anacortes resident Nancy Pagh: “Nancy Pagh is a poet, performer, and educator living in Bellingham, WA. She has authored two award-winning collections of poetry (*No Sweeter Fat* and *After*) and one book of nonfiction (*At Home Afloat*). She teaches in the Department of English at Western Washington University and is currently drafting a creative writing textbook called *Write Moves: A Guide for Creative Writers* for Broadview Press.” - [http://nancypagh.com/](http://nancypagh.com/)

2001: "Solace" is a compilation of poems, art, and short stories created by Anacortes High School students in Spring 2001. It was edited by Nick "Tex" Strizic and dedicated to Peggy Urrstad. Contributors were Paul Daughtry, J.A. Bartelli, Kevin Miller, Sutherland Stattz, Zane Mehl, Adam Mikkelborg, Nick Tex Strizic, Garrett Lewis, Sam Winston, Riley Market, Hannah Nolan, Nick Miller, Chase Bacitich, Shawnee Stroud, Mary Nystrom, Kate Robison, Jesse James O’Clock, Jason Howard, and Amber Johnson.

2007: Anacortes raised poet and publisher Sam Green in named the first Poet Laureate of the State of Washington.

2008 Washington State Book Award for Poetry (for *The Necessity of Grace*) is awarded to Samuel Green.

2012: Gary Keister publishes *Along the Corkline*, a collection of stories, poems and recipes focusing on his family’s experience in Anacortes and Alaskan fisheries.
2015: Anacortes High School student Alex Hanesworth took home a first-place award at the state level of the Poetry Out Loud contest. She went on to compete at the national level in April. Hanesworth later organized a local poetry event at the Anacortes Music Channel, which is also seeking poetry recordings to air on its new radio station.

2015: Lois Bertolino poetry collection, \textit{Chewing the Past}, is published.

\textit{Samuel Green Books and Awards}


\textit{Hands Learning to Work} (Brooding Heron Press, 1984).


\textit{The Only Time We Have: New Poems} (Grey Spider Press, 2002).


Stanley W. Lindberg Editor's Award, Pacific Lutheran University, 2008

Distinguished Alumnus of the Year Award, Highline Community College, 2008.

2008 Washington State Book Award for Poetry (for \textit{The Necessity of Grace}).

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship for Poetry, 2009.
Selected Poems of Anacortes

Fair Anacortes

By WM. D. TOTTEN

Sunshine a-beaming
Clear waters gleaming
Blossoms and verdure and grandeur are here.
Fair Anacortes
With you my heart is—
Joy is my portion when you are near.

Musing profoundly,
Charming I found thee
Nestling in beauty by mountain and sea;
Dear Anacortes,
With you my heart is—
Where'er my home is, think I of thee.

Green sylvan islands,
Flower-crowned highlands,
Lovely and fair in thy waters appear.—
Sweet Anacortes,
There's where my heart is—
Heaven is with me when you are near.

* One of the many beautiful poems published in the volume, “In the Highlands of Our Dreams,” by Wm. D. Totten, of Seattle, recently published by the Peters Publishing Company.
ANACORTES

(E. A. Blakesley)

What is that place where the seagulls soar,
Where sea breezes play from shore to shore;
Where flowers bloom throughout the year,
And birds ne'er cease their songs of cheer?
Where is it that both the boys and girls
Have rosy cheeks and dangling curls?
What is that place? We'd like to know
Where our many friends of the great East go?—

(Anna Curtis) Anacortes.

What is that place where the log boom floats
Mile upon mile: and the great tug boats—
While their chug, chug, chug and blasts of steam
Resound from the hills like a panther's scream—
Come into port with their acres of logs,
Towed safe and sound through dark and fogs
For miles of mills whose smoke stacks rise
Like city sentries against the skies?—

(Anna Curtis) Anacortes.

What is that place on Puget Sound
Where big ships stop that are ocean bound
For Europe's ports, Australia land,
Our own New York on Atlantic's strand,
For Japan and China and Africa's shore,
For every place the wide world o'er—
To buy the things they make and grow
On Fidalgo Isle? We'd like to know—

(Anna Curtis) Anacortes.

What is that place where the weather man
Seems to follow a regular plan
Of dishing out to that stormless spot
No weather too cold, no weather too hot;
Where statistics stoutly maintain
'Tis the healthiest clime in the whole domain,
Where folks never freeze, and folks never roast—
The talk of tourists from coast to coast?—

(Anna Curtis) Anacortes.

What's the place where life-long homes are made,
That has plenty of water and the best of shade,
And fresh water lakes where roams the deer,
And the trout leaps out from depths so clear;
Where lovers sit in Causland Park
Till the day grows old and the night grows dark
And talk of the only place worth while—
Earth's beauty spot, Fidalgo Isle?—

(Anna Curtis) Anacortes.
ANACORTES, WASHINGTON

The Paradise of Homeseeker, Healthseeker and Investor

There is sunshine in the mountains, sunshine in the vale,
Sunshine on the ocean where the sailor sets his sail;
Sunshine in the valleys and sunshine on the flats,
And the ground is fairly covered with green and growing mats
Of the finest kind of grasses, and a thousand birds they sing,
And Puget Sound is blooming like a garden in the spring.
There is sunshine in the forests, sunshine on the hills,
And curling smoke is rising from the factories and mills.
And the sky is blue above us while the sea is blue below,
And we're one extended garden where sunshine loves to glow.
There's a gleaming on the water from the glowing of the sun—
King winter missed his footing and his race is surely run,
For it's balmy like the summer and the sun is shining warm;
The meadow larks are singing and the bees are wont to swarm.
There is sunshine on the glaciers though they leave a snowy scroll;
There is sunshine on the river, "there is sunshine in the soul."
You may brag of California, where the sunshine does abound,
But no minute is it in it with the sun on Puget Sound;
For we've got the only climate that everyone can prize,
This side of sunny Italy—this side of paradise.
On the hillside is a gleaming, on the valley is a glint,
And the crystal waters tinkle through the jilip beds of mint.
The sunshine's glowing brightly and a soul is ne'er forlorn—
The corn is full of kernels and the Colonel's full of corn.
There's a halo in the valley and a halo on the mount,
And the sunshine seems to glisten on the spraying garden fount.
We're a land of milk and honey with a surplus lot of sun,
With contentment by the bushel and with pleasure by the ton;
Grandest land existing, where the brightest sun is found.
And the world can never equal all the things of Puget Sound.
Don't talk to me of Illinois, of Iowa or Maine,
Of New York and Massachusetts you may talk to me in vain.
I want no North Dakota, no Kansas, cold and dry;
I want no Oklahoma, nor Kentucky Rock and Rye;
I want no old Missouri, no swampy Arkansaw;
No fighting Arizona and no Colorado law,
When I have a chance to linger in a land of perfect sun,
Where we never hear of zero, only when we crack a pun;
Where the stars in evening glisten and by day the sun is found,
In the golden haloed climate which we have on Puget Sound.
—Charley L. Gant.
IT'S SPRING IN ANACORTES

By Elsie M. Ray
410 Sixth Street

I can see the snow-capped mountains,
In the distance, far away.
I can see the blue-green waters,
As I look out on the bay.

But it's spring in Anacortes,
No matter what you see,
And if you don't believe it,
Just come and see my tree.

When my plum trees are in blossom,
I know that spring is here.
No matter what the weather,
How gloomy or how drear.

'Tis the first tree in the springtime
To show its lovely blossom,
While all the rest are sleeping
Or at least are playing possum.

Now, others may be groaning
Because the winter's hard
But I don't have to worry,
For it's spring in my back yard.
This task of writing poems,
Is the worst you shan't select
There's no poetry within me
That I'm able to detect.

I've thought of hens and chickens
Of birds and dogs and cats.
I've even tried to make some rhymes
Of mice and fleas and rats.

I sometimes envy Charley Gant
Poet of Guemes Isle
Who always fills the Beach-Comber
With poems by the mile.

Of moonlight and moonshine and stills
And scenery great and grand
Of mountains and of islands a
And this great and glorious land.

He sometimes mentions something
With which we both agree.
It's the beauty of this grand old state
And this city by the sea.

You may search this wide world over
You may go from east to west,
You may seek in foreign countries
But you'll find this state the best.

You may tour to California,
And remain there for awhile.
But you'll surely return to Washington
Though you travel many a mile.

You may seek more healthful climate
You may search the country round.
But you'll surely be convinced
There's no place like Puget Sound.

If our friends in Eastern cities,
Would but try our country out
They'd return and spend the winters here
Here with us with out a doubt.

We have roses all the year round
We have sunshine, birds and flowers.
We have golden glorious sunsets,
In the winter gentle showers.

There was one time we had Salmon
But that time is past and gone.
Perhaps prohibition killed them.
For they did not tarry long.

May Dame Fortune smile upon us
In the years that are to come.
And fill our channels to the brim
With the Sockeyes and the Chum.

When the mills and canneries close down
And there's nothing else to do.
We can live on clams and oysters
And keep fat the winter through.
We can all dismiss our worries each night
Each night when we go to bed
For when the tide goes out we
We will find our tables spread.

Our highways and our byways
Are greatest to be found.
I'm sure there's nothing will compare
With the things on Puget Sound.

This whole state is just the best state
In the union I am sure.
But the West side is the best side
With its air and water pure.

You may talk of growing cities
You may talk of scenery rare
But the beauties of this city
You will find beyond compare.

There's Mt. Baker in the distance
With her coat of glistening white.
There's Mt. Ellin to the southward.
Can you find a grander sight?

There are islands that surround us,
Sunset skies of gorgeous hue
Lakes and streams and lovely forests
And the channels waters blue.

I can daily sing the praises
Of this city by the sea.
But its beauty and its grandeur
Is not all that appeals to me.

Here's where friendship's ties are stronger
Folks are loyal staunch and true.
When misfortune ever shadows
You will find your friends true blue.

Can one ask for greater blessings
Than in Washington abound?
I shall always be content to live
And spend my days on PuGET SOUND

RESEARCH CLUB RHYMES
FRIDAY SEPT., 50th, 1921.
Anacortes, Wash.
Mrs. W. A. Lowman
"D__N ANACORTES"
Down the Street of a western town,
Beneath the beetling brow of a mountain brown,
Elbowing his way 'mong the bustling throng,
That surged and swayed and jostled along
Came a miner, old and bronzed and gray.
He noticed none as he passed on his way,
But beneath his breath you could hear him say,
"D__N Anacortes"

The "con" man grasped his horny hand
and prated of friends in a far off land.
He told him of Swiggins, his brother-in-law,
And every friend that he ever saw;
But the miner looked in the distant drear,
As if he were drawing a spectre near,
And only these words could the listener hear:
"D__N Anacortes"

The dance house girl said, "Won't you come in
And tackle a drop of imported (?) Gin,
And shake a hoof on the "hurdy" floor,
then go to the bar and settle for more?
We will drink together and love is our toast."
With a scornful leer he declined the "Roast",
And he dusted away from the maiden fair,
While back from his track rant out on the air:
"D__N Anacortes"

The real estate man, hearty and gruff,
Extended his hand and unloaded old Guff;
He told of a country that made people rich
On a gopher hole or a swampy ditch.
But the miner was versed in Los Angeles lore
And San Diego, he'd been there before.
Down at Walla Walla he'd sold a farm,
And at Puyallup a horse and barn;
He'd sold a mine in the Cour d'Alene,
And a herd of cattle from off the plain.
All that he had, every inch of ground,
And he'd joined the stampede down to Puget Sound;
He'd dumped it all in, made a "sucker's" play,
They told him the railroad would come that way.
He'd live on balogna, his hair turned gray,
And now he's a tramp and does nothing but say:
"D__N Anacortes"

Ballad titled "D__N ANACORTES" by William Devere. Date unknown. This is copied from the only known copy of the ballad which is in the archives of the Washington State Historical Society. It was presented to Mr. Reno Odlin, President of the Society, who as a boy, lived for several years in Anacortes.
Ingratitude

By CHARLES L. GANT
Editor of the Guemes Beachcomber

Has the Washington Newspaper discovered the price prose poet of them all in Charley Gant? Anyway, this is the second consecutive issue in which we are running his stuff, and we're mighty shy of poetry. Editor Gant doesn't know we are using "Ingratitude," for we clipped it from the Skagit Valley News, but a copyright mark was lacking, and so we took a chance. We wish Charley Gant would roll in from Guemes some afternoon, when classes are over, so we could see if he looks like Walt Mason.

The Editor, yes, he's the guy who has to skimp and sweat and lie and take an awful ragged chance in stooping in his last year's pants, for they are threadbare to the core, because they are the pants he wore while boosting for some fellow's scheme—he may have dreamed it in his dream that Smith or Walker, Brown or Jones, would pony up about ten bones for all the puffs and boosts and such—at least he thought there'd be a touch of human kindness, just a smile, but all he gets is gall and bile from men whose praises he has sung, from enterprises weak and young, to whom he crooned the cradle song until the child grew big and strong.

The politician big and swell, he begs the editor to tell how fits he is, how just his cause, and how he'll change the country's laws, that every man may have a chance—but still we wear the same old pants which make us little else than nude—that's what we call ingratitude.

They keep us busy night and day on stunts for which we get no pay. The doctor loves to have us: tell of how he makes the sick get well. But there's his ethics, bless my eyes, the doc. must never advertise; but it is different, quite, you see, when boosts are circulated free.

The lawyer, always Johnny Wise, he doesn't dare to advertise; but he'll sure wear a smiling face each time you boost him and his case, and tell about his brilliant coup—but still he leaves us eating soup. When we're in trouble, near disgrace, the lawyer comes and takes our case—likewise a mortgage on the junk—and wants every plunk which we can raise, then asks that we shall sing his praise to all the voting folks when he starts in to hive the office bee.

We give the churches many a puff and that is right, all good enough to give the church a friendly boost, for some day we may want to roost up there on Zion's golden shore—but boosts ain't all: they still want more, and even when we're low on hash they come and strike us for our cash.

Ten thousand things we do, I think, for which there's not a cent of chink. We boost the country and the town and help to knock the knockers down. We brag of mountains, vales and sun, and oats at forty plunks per ton, and spuds and carrots, beans and peas, and lands which raise such crops as these we have this year, though most too dry—sometimes we have to write a lie of someone dead and call him good while all about the neighborhood the gossips gat from place to place and say it is a plumb disgrace, and then rehearse from sun to sun the mean things which the dead have done.

We write up parties, bees, and balls, but we must wear our overalls for Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, while each "delink" subscriber goes a galavanting in his "Ford"—another free ad—bless the Lord!: the ads that pay they have eschewed—that's what we call ingratitude.

The editor wherever found is all wool and Morocco bound so long as he will blister Jones and praise up Smith and throw some stones at some glass house unloved by Brown, or feed the flame which always lurks around the light and water works. We have some awful row to hoe: we have to hark to friend and foe. We praise the teachers and the schools, the wise men and the monstrous fools. We call good bad when good is dead, and call bad good for meat and bread. The fellows who we boosted first are now our foes, and we get cursed and yet (you take us by and large) we keep on boosting without charge for men—too bad it must be said—but when they have a crust of bread to toss away, they'd walk a mile to cash that crust—a time will come, it surely must, when editors will get a chance to wear a pair of store bought pants—this thing of editing half nude is what we call ingratitude.
“One of the things I’ve tried to get across to students this year is that our lives – our daily lives – are full of poetry. For “poetry” read “harmonies.” Say “meaningful connections.” But it’s often – most often – to see those harmonies, to make those connections. All of us, I believe, are thirsty people. At the same time I think this is true: We all live in potentially lucky houses. Our experiences are unique to us. Part of our thirst can be slaked by recognizing this and fitting the puzzle of it together. Making sense out of apparently disparate elements. The poem, its working out, the finding of it on the page, can accomplish this. But what makes our lucky houses even luckier, I think, is the act of sharing, letting the raven wings of our hearts carry the poetry of our lives to others, even as we stand listening for that distinctive flap ourselves.”

-- Samuel Green, Poet in Residence & Editor

*From the Lucky Man’s House: Poems from the Anacortes Schools, 1984*
RESULTS OF OVER-STUDY.

I sit and struggle at lessons,
    Till my brain's in a turbulent roar;
I put my head down on my arms,
    For the rest that seems to come no more.

I slept and dreamed of stems on pencils,
    Infinitives in my bread and milk;
Radicals over my bon-bon boxes,
    And parenthesis around my silk.

The teachers cubed our Latin advance,
    And extracted roots from our grades;
Characterized our pedigrees,
    And factored us with spades.

She called my new hat a metaphor,
    And put a vinculum over my head;
I had allegory on my potatoes,
    And evolution in my head.

—Sarah Dorsey.
Chrysalis is the school's new literary magazine. It publishes all student art, poetry, and prose. Jean Haight is editor, Teresa Lindberg is assistant editor, Megan Ervine is head of prose and poetry, Melinda Rosenberg is head of photography, Craig Bartlett is in charge of art, and Shelly Turner is business manager. Assistance is also received from the art, English, and typing departments.

The Chrysalis Staff had to depend on contributions this year in order to get the funds needed for publication. The magazine contained a contributors page listing the sponsors and "patrons."

With the help of their advisors, Paul Russell, Fran Isaacson, and Thelma Palmit, the staff hopes to make Chrysalis an annual publication.

Editor-Jean Haight

A feast picked from those places
we love to go:
steamed clams from Snakelum Point
smelt, caught by Michael Frost
the night before in Coupeville
“so many of ‘em my net almost broke”
green beans from Lynn Murphy’s garden
lettuce and onions from Linda’s garden
cat-tail stalks and roots
from the roadside Rt 113
just north of Keystone.

More than we could eat
more
than we could eat!

And Dewey Beach blackberries
for dessert.
spelling and penmanship.

Then came the surprise. When I thought the program was concluded, young Chester Blackinton jumped up with a present in one hand and a paper trembling in the other. He recited his poem:

The Clear Bell
An Ode to Miss Claribel Rathbone,
Our Dear Teacher

How clear your bell, our teacher
Calling us from play.
Standing on the topmost step
How small, how far away.
“Now don’t go to the creek,” you said.
We strove so hard to please,
But waded barefoot to the dell
Of maidenhair to tease.

When your clear bell soon broke the spell
We bounded back bedraggled.
Your stern look vanished when you saw
Our handfuls eager, ragged.
(You see we had to break your law.)
“Johnny jump-ups just for you
Miss Claribel, all for you.”

And all our lives your clear bell rings.
We’ll seek them rare and few
The first sweet violets of spring
We’ll gather just for you
Miss Claribel, just for you.

I thanked young Chester and any of his older anonymous helpers. I was smiling through tears. From his other hand Chester presented me with my gift. (No dog. Herbert Cousinsland was quite put out.) Instead, it was my beautiful rust-colored velvet autograph book, the shiny yellow cover decorated with peach roses.
Anacortes, Pearl of the Western Sea

By Ed. L. Carson

This city is not only in the Western part but it is the center of the Puget Sound region. It is situated on the west side of Fidalgo Island, which is part of the San Juan group of islands. The city is located on the west shore of the Sound, which is a natural harbor. The Sound is 90 miles long and 20 miles wide, and is connected to the Strait of Juan de Fuca by the Deception Pass. The city is also connected to the mainland by a bridge.

Anacortes is known for its lumber industry, which is the basis of its economy. The city has a large number of sawmills and lumber mills. The lumber industry is important to the local economy, as it provides employment and generates revenue. The city is also known for its boatbuilding industry, which is also important to the local economy.

Anacortes is a picturesque city, with its buildings and streets arranged in a grid pattern. The city has a number of parks and public areas, which are popular with visitors and residents. The city is also known for its festivals and events, which attract tourists from all over the world.

Anacortes is a beautiful city, with its natural beauty and its industrial heritage. It is a place where people can enjoy both nature and the benefits of industry. The city is a great place to live and work, and it is a place where people can find a sense of community and belonging.
CLASS FLOWER
Yellow Chrysanthemums

MOTTO:
Deeds, not Words

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SUNSET.

I saw it sink behind the hills,
That fiery ball of sun,
It seems to be a messenger of
"Now the day is done."
Its orange rays on turquoise sky
Were as an opal rare,
And pastel shades in water blue,
Were silently mirrored there.
The stars came out, one by one,
And twilight softly fell,
Night was here—the day was done,
And all on earth was well.

P. C. ’20.
THE BIG BAD WOLF

The days of the Big Bad Wolf are o'er.  
He's gone from his haunt at the cottage door.  
No longer we dread his shadow grey.  
The Big Bad Wolf has passed away.

The days are passed when sore dismayed,  
We played at the game of "who's afraid?"  
Or joked with seeming unconcern  
Of better times 'round a corner's turn.

The Big Bad Wolf was hard and cruel  
But he taught us to think of the Golden rule.  
And forced us to take on a humble mood  
As we had to work for the common good.

Now he's gone ... and our spirits soar.  
And we gladly take up our tasks once more.  
But don't forget that he may be the Dad  
To a pup who'll grow up big and bad!

Written about 1932,  
After returning from Port Townsend.
Sebastian-Stuart Fish co
by Gary Keister
Oh, those sunny late spring days
racing breathlessly down that dusty
gavel road to the cannery
where there was wonderful commotion
as fishermen, tenders, cannery men, dockworkers
and dry laborers were all caught up in the frenzy.

Oh how the excitement grew,
as the old shed was cracked open,
where the mysteries of the wily salmon
were stored over the long winter months.
The cavernous tomb filled to capacity
with boy-colored, manila purse lines
meticulously coiled in sky-high piles
while worn Spanish corks on mile long lines
were strung from the rafters.
The Purple and the White

(Tune—"The Orange and Black").

Here’s to Anacortes High School, to her
Colors we’ll be true,
Keep her banner ever waving,
Neath skies so fair and blue.
May her sons and daughters battle,
For purity and right
And always stand defenders of the
Purple and the White.

Through the happy years of High School
‘Mid the scenes we know so well,
As the mystic charm to knowledge we
Vainly seek to spell;
Or win athletic victories, by
Courage and by might;
Still we work for Anacortes and the
Purple and the White.

When the cares of life overtake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray;
Should our dearest hope betray us,
False fortune fall our way,
Still we banish care and sadness,
As we turn to mem’ries bright
And recall those days of gladness,
Neath the Purple and the White.

Here’s to the Seniors,
So blithe and so gay;
Who said to the Juniors,
Oh, come, let us play.
Bring dollys and games
And all of your toys
And for this one night
We’ll be just girls and boys.

Here’s to the Seniors,
So brave and so strong;
We’ll remember your friendship
And cherish it long.
When we become Seniors
And step up in line,
We’ll look back with pleasure
To nineteen and nine.

Here’s success to the Seniors,
And in closing our rhyme,
We’ll thank you most kindly
For this jolly good time.
The Junior Alphabet

A is for Anderson, so lank and tall,
   Also for Alice, who makes the men fall.

B is for Beatha and Burgett sublime,
   Who are always at school long before nine.

C is for Chauncy our model child,
   Who over the women never goes wild.

D is for Dorothy so wise and sedate,
   She acquires her wisdom by studying late.

E is for Eva our prize Junior Queen,
   Also for Elliott who holds hands with Deane.

F is for Francis who handles our "kale,"
   If caught embezzling he'll be put in jail.

G is for Grady our artist so fine,
   Also for Gladys who hands you a line.

H is for Harold so dainty and small,
   Also for Harry who plays basketball.

I is for ignoramus's, the authors three,
   T. M. and A. S and also M. E.

J is for Jeanne, who rules o'er a "Bill,"
   And Jordan whose Dodge won't coast down a hill

K is for "KICK" found in the Junior bunch,
   They have the pep and plenty of punch.

L is for Laura, who never retorts;
   Also for Laing our star in all sports.

M is for Mestford who is a humdinger;
   And also for Marvel, our opera singer.

P is for Patten the boy with the curls,
   A favorite with all the Freshie girls.

S is for Schwartz our president true;
   Also for Shannen who holds the front pew.

T is for Thelma who the violin plays;
   Also for Thompson who E grades does raise.

V is for Virginia who is always the same;
   No matter the weather she never complains.

W is for "Wapie" our guard with great speed;
   And for William who without specks couldn't read.

Justice  Unity  Nobleness  Industry  Obedience  Readiness
MOONSHINE

By CHARLEY L. GANT

There's moonshine on the mountain, there is moonshine on the sea, there's moonshine in the valley where the sunshine used to be: there's moonshine in the forest and moonshine on the plain, and most of folks in general have got moonshine on the brain. On old Prohibition's conscience there's a heavy mountain dew, and the home is smelling funny where the deacon makes his brew, the cider mill is going and the cider's getting fine and the good, old, seedless raisin is a "raisin" lots of wine. The moonshine courts are busy and it takes a lot of kale to buy the mash to feed them who are in the moonshine jail. There's moonshine quite official—and Scotch that's contraband—but what we hate the most to find is moonshine second-hand. It seems that all the country is on a moonshine rage, there's moonshine in the pulpit and there's moonshine on the stage, moonshine in the mansion, the bungalow and shack and the sheriff's dogs are howling out along a moonshine track. I have a moonshine neighbor who keeps filled up to the brim, who seems to think that moonshine is only made for him, but that's unjust and selfish, you surely must agree, when there's so much of moonshine and none for you and me. Sing a song of moonshine, a pocket full of rye, the country's floating in it, but the Constitution's dry.