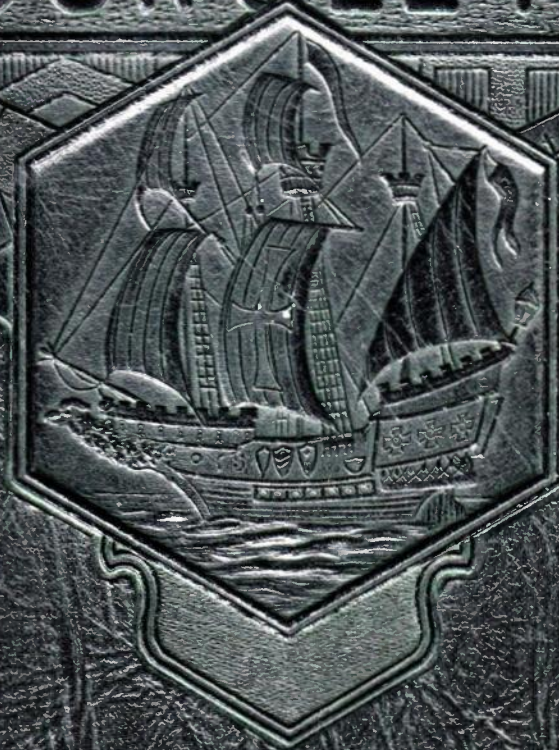


THE SCROLL 1931







# **The Scroll**

## **1931**



Published by  
**The Class of 1931**  
Boone High School



## FOREWORD

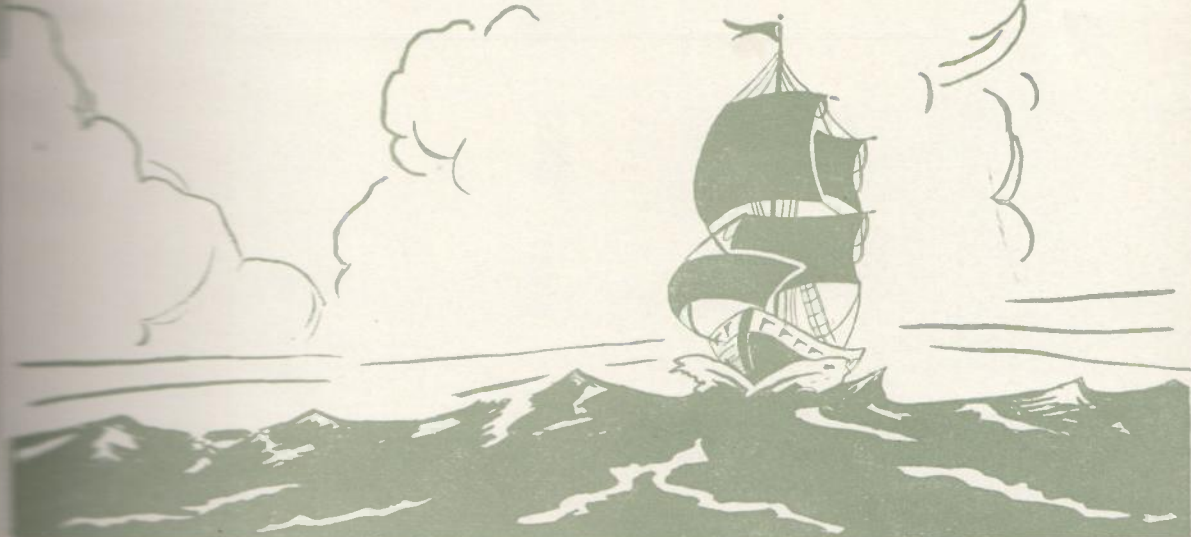
WE, the 1931 Scroll Staff, present to you this "log book" as a record of the year's voyage in the good ship "B.H.S." When you glance through these pages many years from now, may you sail away in memory to the happy days of old.





## DEDICATION

TO Captain "Oc" and his gallant crew who set forth in their battleship and, after many encounters, obtained such a glorious victory that now over our harbor there floats a pennant: "State Basketball Champions,"—in appreciation of their loyalty and sportsmanship we dedicate this 1931 Scroll.







# **C O N T E N T S**

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ADMINISTRATION (LEADERSHIP)

CLASSES (SCHOLARSHIP)

ACTIVITIES (COMPANIONSHIP)

ATHLETICS (SPORTSMANSHIP)

SOCIETY (THE PLEASURE SHIP)

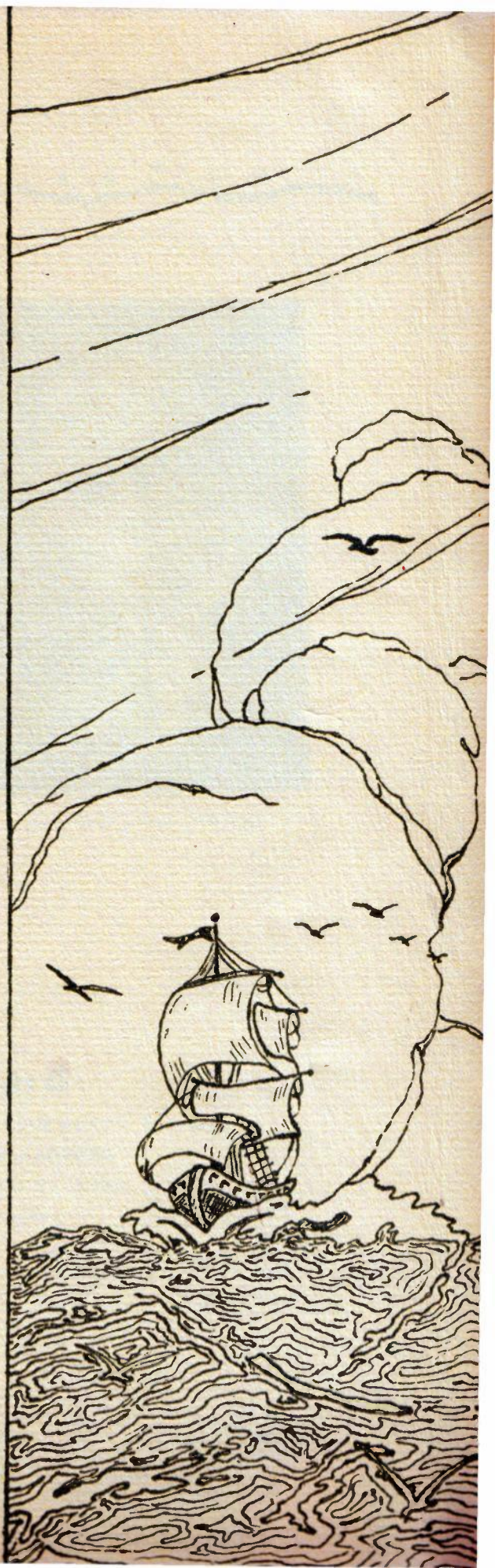
JUNIOR HIGH (APPRENTICESHIP)

JUNIOR COLLEGE (THE GOOD SHIP  
JUNIOR COLLEGE)

CALENDAR AND JOKES



# LEADERSHIP





T H E 1 9 3 1 S C H O O L S C R O L L



G. S. WOOTEN, Superintendent



H. J. VAN NESS, Principal



## School Board

W. R. DYER, President	R. T. DUCKWORTH, Secretary
MRS. R. L. COOPER	N. J. SCHROEDER
THOMAS J. HEAPS	CLAUDE HAYWOOD
JOEL CARLSON, Treasurer	





Louise Handy



Stena Hanson



Mona Lovell



Anna Crawford



Josephine Weston



Grace Norton



Grace Murray



Ruth Dyer



Louise Underblood





THE 1931 SCROLL







William Hartley



Frances Gustafson



Leola Witter



Helen McCaughey



Ethel Whitney



Gwen Randall



Martha Seymour



Sara Rhodes



Ferdinand Daehler





# THE 1931 SCROLL



## Faculty Members Who Do Not Appear in Pictures:

Mrs. Belden  
Laurence Evans  
Harold Fisher  
Miss Hager  
Beulah Harris  
Nellie Harvey  
Ray Lamb

Clara Jordan  
Phyllis McAdams  
Jeanette McEwen  
Beulah Nunamaker  
Ruth Parks  
N. A. Fields

Marie Potratz  
Miss Sievers  
Dorothy Starr  
B. F. Tillotson  
Minnie Vannest  
Florence Whannel







## Foolish Faculty Folks

There once was a teacher named Starr,  
Who thought that she drove a fast car;  
Till driving to Boston  
She was passed by an Austin—  
Which goes to show what Starr cars are.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Lamb is an English "Profess",  
And about her I'm going to confess  
That on the last day of school,  
She broke every rule,  
When she said to her pupils  
Without any scruples,  
"I'll answer any questions you ask."  
So a boy with no sense of duty  
Said "Please tell why your nickname is 'Tootie'."

\* \* \* \*

While loitering in the halls one day  
And thinking hard, I heard someone say,  
"Move on! You can't park here all noon!  
Get going now, and make it soon!"  
I turned about in great surprise,  
To meet the chem. professor's eyes,  
I left before he got too drastic,  
He's small, but gee, he's sure sarcastic,  
So now I do all my loitering around,  
Where I won't be chased by some hall-duty hound.

\* \* \* \*

### Her Most Embarrassing Moment

'Twas in the library one fine day,  
That Miss Gustafson tried the roll to take.  
However, to her intense dismay,  
The students continued much noise to make.  
"Everyone sit down!" she sternly commanded,  
And cast a glowering eye about,  
Upon a culprit the said eye landed,  
Who had failed to carry her order out,  
Lightning flew from her eyes of blue  
And her indignation nothing could stay.  
She shouted loudly, "That means you!"  
And lo! Coach Fisher turned her way!

### The Ballad of the Springer Spaniel.

#### I

Oh Mrs. Stevens she did have  
The cutest little dog!  
He was the worry of her heart,  
And his name was Bob.

#### II

He had the longest little tail,  
Which was not right, you know,  
But if she'd let them cut it off  
His pain would cause her woe.

#### III

This was a problem you can see;  
She worried day and night,  
"To be or not to be", said she,  
She wanted to do right.

#### IV

At last in panic she did call  
The kind old Doctor true.  
He told her that it was too late,  
And not to bother to.

#### V

So thereupon did she rejoice,  
Together with the animal;  
Although it was a small disgrace  
To any little Spaniel.

\* \* \* \*

There's a cute little teacher,  
In our high school;  
I'm sure he's no preacher;  
He's nobody's fool.  
He feeds all his pupils  
On sulphuric acid  
And eggs which are slightly,  
If not greatly, rancid.  
He peps them with voltage  
Till the victim decamps;  
Then to get even,  
He feeds them some amps.  
In his physics lab,  
He still reigns supreme,  
And if one falls asleep,  
One gets crowned with a beam.  
If you know already,  
What this poem's about,  
Please don't let him hear  
Or I'll have to get out.

