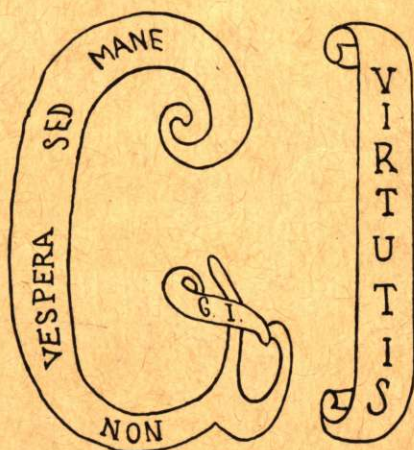


# The GREELY- ANNUAL



APR. 1926	ISSUE FOR 1925 and 1926	PRICE 35 <sup>cts</sup>
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In the death of Harriet Smith Sweetser, March 26, 1925, our school lost a sincere friend. She graduated from Greely Institute in 1898 and prepared herself for a teacher, specializing in home economics. As supervisor of home economics in the state she did a valuable work. This edition of our school paper is lovingly dedicated to her memory.



## Editorial Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	FRANCES WINSLOW
<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	STANWOOD SEARLES
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<i>Class of '29</i> .....	ROBERT NELSON
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<i>Home Economics</i> .....	FLORENCE EMERY
<i>Agriculture</i> .....	LESLIE SHAW
<i>Girls' Athletics</i> .....	ELLA ROSS
<i>Boys' Athletics</i> .....	DONALD BARTON

## Editorial

The GREELY ANNUAL is published for the second time. We feel that the first issue was successful in its primary objects: to tell the public what was happening at Greely and to teach us something of the methods of financing and editing a paper. We hope that the experience gained last year will help us to have a better paper this year.

Financially there was a slight surplus, which enables us to enlarge the paper this year without increasing the rates. Again we acknowledge with thanks the support of our advertisers and subscribers.

### SCHOOL NOTES

It is fitting that we should take this space to express our thanks to the class of 1925 for their generous gift of an eight day clock. Our old clock was pretty well worn out and had a bad habit of stopping.

We also wish to thank the Alumni for the flag pole which was set on the Greely Campus this fall. A new flag would be very much appreciated to adorn our new pole.

With the help of the trustees the pupils have purchased new seats and curtains for the stage. One of the boys wired the stage for footlights. This will enable us to give dramas and entertainments of any sort without the extra expense of hiring a hall.

A steam cooker has been purchased for the hot lunch. This is also very helpful in serving frankforts at the basket ball games.

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

"School Spirit is certainly worth fighting for, and I notice few schools have it. What say? Your school has plenty of it?" This question started a conversation between a seat mate and myself on my way North last summer.

I had at length found some one to talk to and so I hastened on with the subject that started our conversation.

"Do you know what School Spirit is? Can you recall to mind some in your school having the qualification? If so, you have School Spirit in your school."

"Is he loyal to his school, classmates, teachers and himself? Does he act fair and just in all activities having to do with the school and school work? Is his conduct in class such as the teacher wants; that is, is he at-

tentive, alert and ready to do his best in his studies? Is he a clean sportsman; by this I mean does he stand for *fair play*? And lastly but not least by any means, can he be depended upon (using a sporting phrase) 'win' or 'lose'?"

My seat mate hesitated for a moment and then picking his words carefully he replied, "Well — I don't seem to recollect any such *true blue* student, or students who would come up to your expectations. Do not our athletic meets, etc., bring a good form of School Spirit to the front?"

"Yes," I replied, "Sports set forth a good example of School Spirit but do we not compete in these sports partly for sport's sake, not as 'hundred per cent' school backers?"

My companion, having gained a considerable amount of interest, quickly replied, "Gee, I think I have at last sighted the point you are aiming at. Have you this *School Spirit* attending your school?"

Here was a question for me. "Well — eh — yes — we have a form of School Spirit at our school; that is, no one has trouble in noticing the loyalty paid to the faculty, classmates and school, but all of this should act as a milepost in one's life, and an *important* one, too.

"There is something at our school lacking. I think I can describe it by saying we lack coöperation. A *student body* that works together as a unit to help the school's activities and promote better ones, and which frowns upon those not fit, is a great help to the teachers, school, and its reputation. If coöperation is found, school spirit will soon follow."

My friend answered saying that he at last interpreted my definition for School Spirit; and asked me if this was not *genuine*. "The spirit which prompts a student to do his best in his school work not merely for his own honor, but that his school may maintain a high standard of scholarship; the spirit which sends a student into an athletic contest with the desire to win glory for his school; the spirit which keeps a student enthusiastic and ready to support an enterprise the school undertakes."

"Yes," I said, "You certainly 'hit the nail on the head' with that definition." The train had just whistled for the next stop, the station for which my companion was headed. With smiles upon our faces (as if we had won a victory) we shook hands and parted.

S. R. S. '28

#### HOME ECONOMICS

Fifteen of the girls are taking Home Economics this year.

There are four Seniors, three Juniors, four Sophomores and four Freshmen.



During the first of the year the Seniors and Juniors took up a book on Home Economics, the Sophomores and Freshmen took Cooking.

When the winter term began the Seniors and Juniors started their Sewing project. The first problem was the plan drawing of our own bedroom, after which we were to arrange it as we should like to have it. We then started sewing on an article for our bedroom. The next to be made is a luncheon set and curtains for our school kitchen. After the Sewing project is finished the Seniors and Juniors take up Child Training. The Sophomores and Freshmen, Home Appliances and Home Sanitation.

F. L. E. '27

### AGRICULTURE

The agriculture pupils of the school are divided into two classes. The Freshmen and Sophomores form one class and the Juniors and Seniors form the other.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are now studying Garden Farming and Poultry Management. These subjects are studied the whole school season. In this way they get a thorough knowledge of these subjects.

In the Junior and Senior class Dairying and Orchardng are being studied. These subjects are very helpful to the successful farmer.

A workshop is being built from a room in the second story of the gymnasium. Both classes take part in this work.

L. S. '26

### CLASS OF '27

When school closed last June our class numbered twelve. When we came back in the fall we found one of our classmates missing. Anna Larsen left us and is now going to Yarmouth High.

On October 12, 1925, the school fair was held. Our class served hot dogs and rolls which met with fair success. We elected the following officers: President, Hilda Porter; Vice President, Richard Blanchard; Secretary and Treasurer, Florence Emery. At present we have over thirty dollars in our treasury. So far our class has not had many socials but we are planning to after the Basket Ball season is closed.

R. E. T. 27

### CLASS OF '28

We started the school year with thirteen in the class, one not coming back and one new pupil. The officers are President, Stanwood Searles;

Vice President, Earl Watson; Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Vaughn.

We gave a reception to the entering class this year. We had quite a large attendance, and all had a good time. The Freshmen boys carried teddy bears and the girls dolls.

We had a booth at the school fair, which was decorated with blue and white, our class colors. We voted to sell candy, ice cream, popcorn and cold drinks which proved a great success.

The following were selected to represent our class at prize speaking: Lee Adams, Alice Vaughn, Grace Libby, Charles Small, Stanwood Searles, John Merrill and Rachel Winslow.

There were four elected from our class for the editorial staff of the school paper: Lee Adams, Joke Editor; Stanwood Searles, Assistant Editor-in-Chief; Roderick Wilson, Assistant Business Manager; and Rachel Winslow, Class Reporter.

R. E. W. '28

#### CLASS OF '29

How quickly the months have flown by! February has come again and found us enrolled as the entering class of Greely Institute. The number enrolled in our class at the present is ten. The officers of the class are the following: President, Robert Nelson; Vice President, Frances Emery; and Secretary and Treasurer, Leigh White.

We have four dollars and twenty-five cents in the treasury, obtained from our booth at the School Fair. We had a fish pond at which for five, ten or fifteen cents one could get a present well worth while. We hope to give a social later in the year and so increase our treasury.

The prize speakers chosen from our class are: Reta Brackett, Leigh White, Stanley Blanchard, and Robert Nelson.

R. L. N. '29

#### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is composed of students, two from each class. They are chosen when they enter the Institute and hold this office throughout their four years.

The members now are, Daisy White and Donald Barton of the Senior class; Hilda Porter and Shailer Hayes of the Junior class; Grace Libby and Earl Watson of the Sophomore class; Ruth Burnell and Raymond Corey of the Freshman class.

The object of the Student Council is to see that the campus is kept look-

ing respectable. The council has settled the few disputes that have arisen between the teachers and pupils but we hope it will have no more of these to contend with.

"New occasions teach new duties," and we hope to have more duties in the future, and of a pleasant nature.

S. R. H. '27

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WHAT IF —

Daisy was Black instead of White.  
Ruth was Wild instead of Tame.  
Charles was Big instead of Small.  
Shailer was Fogg instead of Hayes.  
Norman was Green instead of Brown.  
Howard was High instead of Lowe.  
Rita was Brace instead of Brackett.

G stands for our girls who are of the best,  
But to some of the boys they seem like pests.  
R is for readiness in athletics and all,  
Especially in a game of basket ball.  
E is for our electrician, Leslie is his name,  
Who along this line expects to win fame.  
E too, is for encouragement which our teachers give,  
In hopes that through exams it will help us to live.  
L is for leadership, developing among many,  
And in this school there are few without any.  
Y stands for youth, that includes us all,  
You'd think so if you could hear the freshman squall.

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Mr. Winslow: "What do the Turks think will become of them when they are killed in war?"

Miss Libby: "They think they will die."





BHC  
G.I. 24

### BOYS' ATHLETICS

Soon after school opened for the fall term the boys organized a ball team. Some promising material was uncovered in the Freshman class. After a little practice we turned our attention to track.

A meet was arranged between Yarmouth, Pennell Institute, New Gloucester, Windham and Greely, to be held at Greely. This meet took place on October 24. It was a great success as far as the events were concerned, except for the shotput. This event should be looked into by the officials of the association before another meet is held.

Yarmouth took first place, Pennell, second, Greely, third, and Windham, fourth. New Gloucester met with an automobile accident on the way and was unable to compete.

About the first of November Coach Downing called out the men for basket ball. Fifteen men answered the first call. This was a goodly number for a school of our size, as there are only twenty-two boys in school.

Howard Emery, Class of '26, was elected Manager for the season, and Donald Barton, Class of '26, was elected Captain.

We soon had the team formed, and put in two weeks of hard practice for our first game which was with Windham. We played a practice game with the town team and met defeat, but this did not discourage us.

We started the season with a bang, winning our first game with Windham by the score of 48-7. The following week we entertained New Gloucester. We again returned the winners by the score of 24-18, this was a very hard and fast game.

Our next game we travelled to Windham for a return game, there we

met stronger opposition. The game was rather rough from the start and we squeezed out a win by the score of 27-26.

The following night we travelled to Gorham Normal, this was a hard game and we were not in the best condition. We met defeat, the score being 50-21. This team was certainly out of our class as they were all over the high school age. The officiating of the game was excellent.

We returned to our own "gym" for the next game, and the visitors were Gorham High. We defeated them in a very fast game by the score of 28-16.

The following Wednesday, the second team journeyed to Brunswick to play the seconds there, they won by the score of 28-15.

Friday night of that week we travelled to Sabattus to play the High School. We met our first defeat at the hands of a high school; the score was 32-30. It was a close, exciting game throughout and it was in doubt who would win until the final whistle.

The following Friday we entertained the second team from the Portland Boys' Club. As they are one of the strongest teams of their class in Portland I think we made a very creditable showing, we were defeated by the score of 38-32. This was the fastest game of the season so far.

Wednesday we entertained the Brunswick Seconds, winning by the score of 31-14.

The next week we took the road again, and travelled to Gorham to play the High School. There we had a great handicap to overcome, a very slippery floor. We were defeated, the score being 30-17.

The following week we had as our opponents Sabattus High. This was the fastest and most closely contested game seen in the Greely "gym" for quite awhile, we won by the score of 31-30. In the final period Sabattus staged a great rally and overcome our lead and went into the lead themselves, but our team started a last minute rally and came out the winner.

The next week we hit the rails and journeyed to Freeport where we met and defeated their high school by the score of 26-11. It was a fast game but was rather rough at times.

The following week was vacation and no game was scheduled. The Monday that school opened we had as our visitors Y. M. C. A. Hustlers. We won by a score of 48-35. After the first half the second string men went into the game and the Portland team scored their most points.

We closed the season with a victory, playing Freeport High at Greely,

by a score of 32-10. This was the last game for Emery, B. Adams, and Barton as they will graduate in June.

The final outcome of the season was ten games won and four games lost. Two of these games were not high school games. We won nine out of eleven high school games.

The following men made up the team:

Searles, R. F.	<i>Second Team</i>
Emery, L. F. & L. G.	B. Adams, R. F.
Lewis, C.	Wilson, L. F.
Hayes, R. G.	R. Blanchard, C.
Barton, L. G. & L. F.	Hincks, R. G.
	Nelson, S. Blanchard,
	Lee Adams, Corey.

The schedule for the season was:

G. I.	Team	Opp.
48	Windham	7
24	New Gloucester	18
27	Windham	26
21	Gorham Normal	50
28	Gorham High	16
28	Brunswick (2nd)	15
30	Sabattus	32
32	P. B. C.	38
39	Brunswick (2nd)	14
17	Gorham High	30
31	Sabattus	30
26	Freeport	11
48	Y. M. C. A. Hustlers	35
32	Freeport	10

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Stanwood Searles was elected manager, Roderic Wilson assistant manager for the coming season of baseball. The manager is now making out his schedule. There were only two men lost by graduation, but these men will be greatly missed. We expect to put a winning team on the diamond this spring.





### WHY DO WE HAVE ATHLETICS?

Two reasons: we want to develop ourselves physically and, second, we get real enjoyment from the game. It is not so much the fun of winning, for if we love the game we get just as much fun and only play the harder when we are losing.

### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The 'Girls' Basket Ball Team opened its season with the following schedule:

November 20 — Windham High at Greely  
December 4 — New Gloucester High at Greely  
December 19 — Windham High at Windham  
January 22 — Scarborough High at Scarborough  
February 12 — Freeport High at Freeport  
March 5 — Freeport High at Greely  
March 3 — Scarborough High at Greely

The first of the year we had for our coach Mrs. Downing. Later Mr. Downing took up the work and since the Christmas vacation Donald Barton has coached us.



We found it at first difficult to get the girls to attend practice as it came after school. Since we have adopted a new idea, having the practice at noon. Now we find we have more competition, and this helps to make a better team.

The line up is as follows :

R. F. Thelma Strout  
L. F. Eleanor Shaw  
S. C. Ruth Tame  
R. G. Frances Winslow  
Sub. Ella Ross  
J. C. Hilda Porter  
L. G. Grace Libby  
Sub. Ola Watson

M. E. R., '26.



## CLASS OF '26

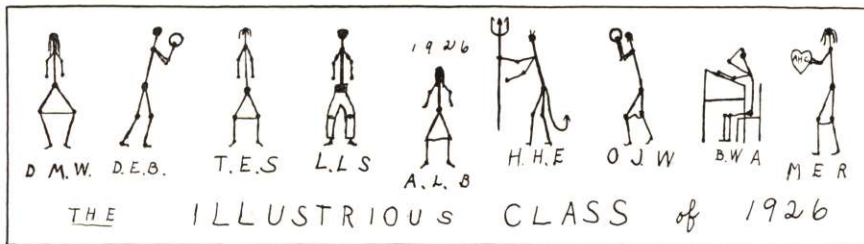
We elected as our officers this year the following: President, Amy Burrell; Vice President, Ella Ross; Secretary-Treasurer, Howard Emery.

At the fourth annual school fair, October 12, 1925, we managed a home cooked food booth.

Late in November we gave a short drama "The Bishop's Candlesticks." We also held a box supper in February. All of these met with success.

We are giving another drama this spring by the name of "Forest Acres."

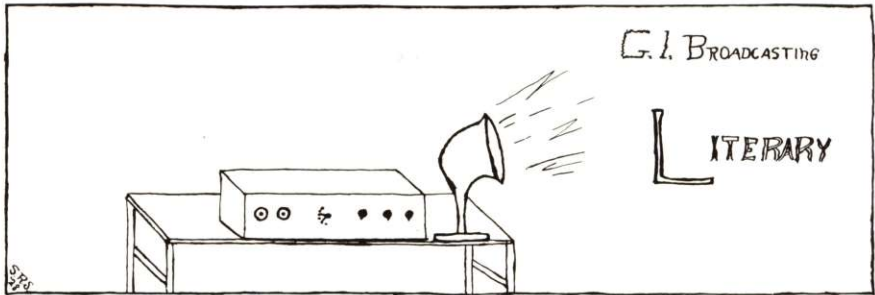
This year our class consists of nine; four girls and five boys.



Minister to Johnny, who was in the habit of swearing: "Now Johnny, don't you know it is naughty to say such bad words? Why every time you say them it makes cold shivers go up my back."

"Aw," said Johnny, "that's nothin', if you had been up to the house the other day when Ma got her nose in the clothes wringer, you'd have frozen to death!"





### ONE WINTER NIGHT

"Gee, what a night for trapping," I remarked to my partner as we tramped along on our snowshoes. It was snowing and blowing as if trying to bury the world in a blanket of snow.

"Don't know but we had better beat it back to camp," my pal said. But I was in a hurry to get this line looked at before the week was over, so I urged him on saying we would make it as far as the old mill, which was situated on this side of Ghost Lake.

We tramped on, hardly being able to distinguish each other in the storm, and having to yell to make each other heard. About ten minutes later we made out the old mill ahead of us and were in a glory of triumph to think that we made it.

Upon reaching the mill we laid our trappings aside and headed for the door and shelter.

"W-w-wait a minute," I said, "until I get a light to see what kind of a shack we have got to put up in." We both were about frozen, and eager to look over our lodging house. A lantern was lighted and we were thanking our lucky stars for having found the mill, when out of the air came a low grumbling noise, echoing in every corner, and quickly followed by a shrill squeal.

We were silent for perhaps thirty seconds and then my pal said (trying not to look frightened), "Let's take a look around upstairs." We were soon upstairs; the queer noises, growing worse all the time, led us to think that we saw someone in every corner.

We opened the door. — Flash! by the window went a streak of white. At the same instant a low grumble shook the whole mill, and to make matters worse our lantern fluttered out. Quietness followed, in which we

collected what wits we had lost in the excitement. "L-l-let's move out; this place is haunted," I said.

We got the lantern lighted and proceeded to explore. The wind started up again as if to make up for lost time, blowing the shutters to and fro and at the same time the shutters rumbled, sending forth an extra ghostly howl every once in a while.

"There's our first unknown, but what's th-that, that looked like a ghost?" His question was quickly answered by the ghost himself. The snow which had covered the roof slid off, going by the window in the same manner our ghost had done.

"Gee! but this has been some evening!" I said to my partner as we slumbered off to dreamland.

S. R. S., '28.

#### A NON-STOP TRIP

On Monday morning I left Los Angeles, California, on my way to New York on a business trip. I intended to make the trip in about a week without stopping. I had a good supply of food where I could get it while going, I took one of my servants with me to turn in the oil and gas and water so I wouldn't have to stop to do it. It would make anyone laugh to see him climb out on the hood and fill the radiator, and then stand on the running board and lift up the hood to put in a quart of oil, and then climb out on the back of the car and put in five gallons of gas.

I drove the first three days and nights without having any trouble that would cause me to stop. On the fourth day a train tried to stop me but I drove out into the field and turned around and drove back up the road about a half a mile and then turned and drove back to the railroad again. By that time the train had passed. I drove the rest of that day and the next night without any other trouble of any kind.

On the fifth day I wasn't surprised when a tire blew out but I drove on the flat tire until the tire came off then I drove on the rim. In the middle of the afternoon the other tire on that end of the car blew out and I was soon driving on the rim of that wheel also.

The next day passed without any trouble except a thunderstorm but I drove through this without stopping.

On the seventh day the other two tires blew out and by nightfall I was driving without any tires on the wheels. Early in the evening I broke a front spring, and the servant had turned in the last can of gasoline and the last quart of oil. I drove the rest of the night and about seven o'clock the next morning I could see the New York border in the distance. When I

was about a quarter of a mile from the line I ran out of gas but I was going about sixty mile an hour so I thought I could coast across as the road was about level at this point. As I neared the line my car began to slow up and almost stopped about twenty feet from it but my servant got out and pushed it across and the car fell all apart just as the rear wheels crossed the line.

I had to buy a new car but it was worth it to be able to say I drove that distance in seven days without stopping.

I took the servant with me and went into the first restaurant we came to and had a good meal and then I continued on my business and we started back to California the next week.

S. R. H., '27.

### THE FIRST CAKE THAT I MADE

It was a long time ago that I made my first cake but I can remember it very plainly indeed; I remember that I felt very proud to think that I was going to really make a cake without any help.

I hustled about getting everything out on the table. Then I read the recipe over very carefully so to be sure not to forget some important part. Then I began to put my ingredients together. I had started when I heard a knock at the door. The neighbor's little girl was there; she had a note from her mother and it said that if I could get ready in an hour I could go to town with them. Of course I wanted to go and I came in rather excited and nervous, but I was very careful in mixing the cake together and when I put it in the oven I was sure it would be fine. I remembered to look at the clock when I put it in and in a little while it was done. I think now that it looked very well for a first endeavor and of course I thought that it was one of the best cakes ever made.

When I came back from town, supper was ready. My cake was cut and I proudly set it on the table. Father took a piece and I waited breathlessly for his words of praise. Instead a very queer look came over his face. He swallowed it with an effort and looked with that same queer expression at the cake. "What is the mater?" I squealed. I grabbed (the only word that will describe my action) a piece of cake and took a bite. I wasn't as polite as father, I didn't swallow it.

The whole trouble was that I had put in three or four teaspoonfuls of salt when a fourth of a teaspoonful would have been plenty. I learned a lesson though, now I am very careful how much salt I put in a cake.

H. P., '27.



## SEEING SPOOKS ON BALD MOUNTAIN

It was a rainy day in summer. A chilly wind swept about the house and bent the branches of the trees, and reminded everyone who encountered it, that autumn with its gales would return as promptly as ever.

My home was in a pretty white cottage at the foot of a high cliff on the other side of which we could hear the sea dash in stormy weather. Our family consisted of four — father, mother, sister Mary, who was two years my senior, and myself.

On this particular afternoon Mary and I were busily sewing, when suddenly she exclaimed, "what an ideal day to visit the old lodge on Bald Mountain!" I readily seconded the proposal as sewing did not seem a very exciting pastime.

The old lodge stood on the cliff above our house. It was built of stone, with doors where one would never look for them and many odd looking windows. It was built many years ago by a very eccentric old man. At the present time it was crumbling to decay. An old servant and his wife lived in a small cottage back of the lodge as caretakers. His wife, Jane, was fond of relating a ghost story about the old lodge and to our adventurous natures this seemed a great treat to repay us for our climb.

The story in effect was as follows: "Many years ago the master and mistress of this lodge lived here happily. One afternoon their little son, who was five years old, disappeared. When his father returned that evening, no trace of him could be found. The father raved and accused his wife of killing him and told her that if she did not find him at once that he would kill her and throw her into the ocean. She said that she would haunt the house if he did such a thing. The next morning the child was found asleep in the dog kennel but the mistress was never seen again and the master committed suicide. The child was taken away and cared for by a relative and the lodge was closed, but lights were seen there and the mistress was often seen walking around with the master."

It was getting quite dark so Mary and I started for home. We did not really believe old Jane's story but as we passed the lodge we saw a light in one of the upper windows. It passed from one room to another and then downstairs. Soon two people appeared and started toward the cliff. We hurried home not daring to speak of what we had seen.

Several days later Mary said: "I'm going to solve the mystery of the old lodge," and asked me if I would dare to stay all night in the old house with her. As I did not want to appear lacking in bravery I agreed to stay with her.

Our opportunity came sooner than we expected. Two days later my father and mother were called away to a neighboring town to visit a sick relative. The first step was to get the keys to the lodge from old Jane, so we packed a basket of fruit and candy for her and a larger one for ourselves and started forth. We found old Jane sick but Mary had no intention of giving up the trip and calmly took a bunch of keys which hung in front of the fireplace and put them in her pocket.

We reached the lodge at eight o'clock and tried nearly all the keys and at last found one that fitted the lock and entered. The floors were richly carpeted. We went through several rooms then went upstairs. Finding a room with a fireplace and some wood we made a fire and began to read some stories which we had brought with us.

It was about twelve o'clock when we heard voices in the next room. They were repeating Jane's story. We shrieked and started for home but in our excitement opened the wrong door and saw two men sitting before a fire talking. When we found that they were not ghosts we told them our errand and they explained that they were also hunting for the much talked of ghosts.

On our way out of the lodge I stumbled and fell against a secret panel in the wall and in this secret room was the skeleton of the mistress who had disappeared.

The boys gave her a Christian burial and the ghost never bothered the old lodge on Bald Mountain again.

A. L. B., '26.

#### LESLIE'S FORD

Leslie had a little Ford —

Its coat was red as fire.

Every time he took a ride

He lost a little wire.

He brought the Ford to school one day,

And parked it by the street;

And when he went to crank the thing

It kicked him forty feet.

Leslie used it quite a lot

In going up to Gray.

Every time it went by Lill's

It stopped there, night or day.

Now the troubles with his Ford  
 Are worse than the barber's itch;  
 He went for a telephone pole  
 And landed in the ditch.

With his wretched little Ford,  
 He's getting pretty sore.  
 He thinks he'll sell it right away;  
 He will not use it any more.

B. W. A., '26, and H. H. E., '26.

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## Exchanges

The Greely Annual acknowledges the following Exchanges and wishes to thank each one.

The Pinnacle, Meridith High School, Meridith, N. H.  
 The Clarion, Freeport High School, Freeport, Me.  
 The Purvian, Portland University, Portland, Me.  
 The Racquet, Portland High School, Portland, Me.  
 The Windonian, Windham High School, Windham, Me.  
 The Four Corners, Scarborough High School, Scarborough, Me.  
 Orange and Black, Brunswick High School, Brunswick, Me.  
 Breccia, Deering High School, Portland, Me.  
 The Pennell Whirlpool, Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.  
 The Pine Cone, Cornish High School, Cornish, Me.  
 Crimson Rambler, Standish High School, Standish, Me.  
 The Courant, North Yarmouth Academy, Yarmouth, Me.  
 The Echo, South Portland High School, South Portland, Me.

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## Alumni

### Class of 1922

Gerald Packard is working in Conn.  
 Lucretia Loughton Buxton resides in Cumberland.  
 Verona Brydon is teaching in South Portland.  
 Doris Shaw is working in Portland.



## Class of 1923

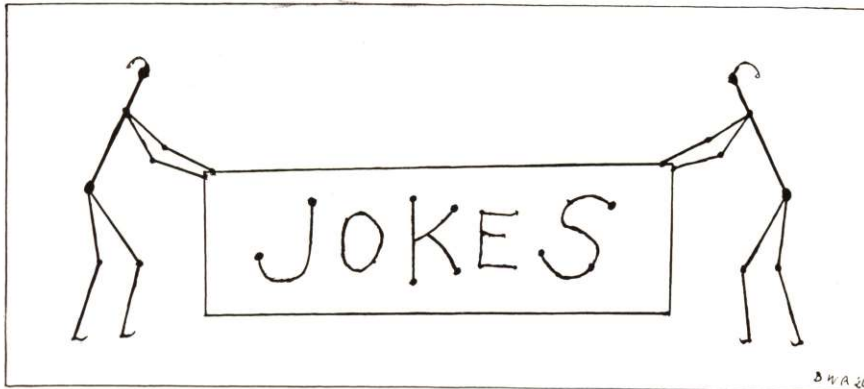
Anders Larsen is married. He is working at Falmouth Foreside.  
Elna Larsen is now Mrs. Leland Anderson.  
Guy Burnell is working at Sunnyside Greenhouse.  
Ernest Peterson is at home.  
Floyd Crocker is working at Union Station.  
Thomas Hincks is at home.  
Thelma Watson is working in Cumberland.  
Clifton O'Connor is working on a railroad.  
Dorothy Hayes is now Mrs. Philip Russell.  
Myra Chadbourne is at home.  
Katherine Doughty is working in a law office in Portland.  
Helen Powell is teaching school in Cumberland.

## Class of 1924.

Harold Bragg is at home.  
Elsie Brydon is working for Rines Bros. in Portland.  
James Hicks is attending Northeastern University.  
Robert Merrill is attending Northeastern University.  
Christine Nelson is working in Portland.  
Inez Morrill is working in Portland.  
Hazel Baston is working in Portland.

## Class of 1925

Hazel Hoey is at home.  
Lydia Kimball is at home.  
Carolyn Jordan is at home.  
Julia Doughty is at home.  
Marie Larsen is at home.  
Kenneth Packard is working in Bingham.  
Mary Hatch is attending Westbrook Seminary.  
Archie Burdin is in North Yarmouth.  
Arthur Montague joined the 27th Infantry and is now located in the Hawaiian Islands.  
Warren Fogg is working in Mass.



Heard on the way home — Miss Porter: "Isn't it great the Seniors are going to give a dance? Are you coming?"

Miss Libby: "Oh! I don't know. Will you dance with me if I do?"

Miss Porter: "Of course. But you won't need to dance with me, the boys will be crazy to."

Miss Libby: "Oh, dear! somehow I haven't the courage to dance with a boy!!!"

(Those who know Miss Libby will understand the joke.)

In French Class — Miss Kingsley: "Write out a synopsis of the verb falloir."

Miss Winslow: "What person do you want us to write it in?"

Miss Kingsley: "Why, Miss Winslow, what do you know about that verb?"

Miss Winslow: "I don't know anything."

(We are glad Miss Winslow is so frank about her knowledge.)

Mr. Downing: "What's the difference between being on a mountain and being on the ground?"

Barton: "Why, in one case you're above sea level, and in the other you're below sea level."

Miss Blank: "It learns one to study alone."

Mr. Winslow (correcting): "Can anyone 'learn' you anything? I can't."

Mr. Winslow: "Barton, what is a lie?"

Barton: "I don't know, I never told one."

Mr. Winslow: "Well, that's a lie."

Heard in Physics Class — Howard Emery: "What would happen if you should cut one of those molecules in two?"

Mr. Downing: "You bring one to class some day and we will have an experiment and find out."

Heard in History Class — Mr. Downing: "How many in the class have read Scott's books?"

Lee Adams: "I don't know how many were Scotch."

Mr. Downing: "Small, how did you learn to talk?"

Small: "Gift of the Lord, I suppose."

Heard in Agriculture Class: Corey would like to know how much a ton of manure weighs.

Mr. Downing: "Blanchard, how does cabbage stand frosts?"

Blanchard: "Well, a frost will stand quite cold weather."

Frances (washing dishes at noon lunch): "We ought to make the boys wash these dishes for us noons."

Grace: "Yes! Sure! Let's see, first we'll have Howard Emery and-er-."

Frances (filling in): "And Leslie Shaw."

Grace: "No, siree! I guess not!"

Mr. Downing in Physics: "I guess Geometry isn't very contagious. You girls may have been exposed, but you certainly didn't get it."

Upper Classman to Freshman: "Now, that you are starting high school, you ought to have an encyclopedia."

Freshman: "Hanged if I had, I'll walk just like I always did."

In English Class — Mr. Winslow: "We will next take up the story of 'The Horseless Headsman.'"

Class — a roar.

Mr. Winslow: "What's the matter???"

Teacher: "Johnny, tell me how you make a stove funnel."

Johnny: "Take a big hole and put some tin around it."

Mr. Winslow (reading a sentence): "The chanticleer took his speckled harem out."

Miss Tame: "What is a harem?"

Miss Tame (whispering excitedly to Miss McLaughlin): "What is a harem, a fish?" (herring).

Miss McLaughlin: "No, of course not, it is a bird." (herron).



A young man after reading an advertisement of a new razor, sent the following letter to the firm.

Dear Sir :

After reading your advertisement for the new razor, I decided to purchase one. So I hereby enclose five dollars in hopes you will send it immediately.

Yours truly,

Etc. . . .

P. S. I forgot to enclose the five dollars, but undoubtedly a firm of your standing will send the razor.

The young man received an answer the next week. It read as follows :

Dear Sir :

I received your letter and am sending you one of our new razors, and hope it will prove satisfactory.

Yours truly,

Etc. . . .

P. S. I forgot to enclose the razor but undoubtedly a man of your cheek will not need one.

The following conversation was heard between two boys of Greely. Shailer Hayes, speaking: "And did she *hug* you very hard, Rich?"

Richard Blanchard: "What are you talking about, anyway, you big stiff?"

Shailer: "Why about the other night when the Brunswick boys were down and you had such bad luck with your 'Dumb Dora.'"

Richard (hurrying out the door): "Well, I should like to know how you know so much about it."

Shailer: "Well, Well, love is blind; I guess he didn't know that there were about five or six of us saw him — ahem!!!!!!"

WHO IN G. I. —

Has a pug-nose?

Is fat?

Is the school vamp?

Is slim?

Is bashful?

Has a long nose?

Is short?

Is anxious for a girl?

Is tall?

Is popular?  
 Likes Rachel?  
 Is a "little devil"?  
 Has a boyish bob?  
 Is a woman hater?  
 Is anxious for a *steady* fellow?

WE NEED —

A transmitter for Barton.  
 A muffler for Shaw's racer.  
 A special basket ball suit for Lillian Brown.  
 A gross of fountain pens for the physics class.  
 A new road between Greely Institute and Geo. Emery's for the benefit of Barton.  
 A printing press to print Corey's poetry.  
 Something to keep Blanchard's mind off of Hilda.  
 A Pacifier for Rachel Winslow and Reta Brackett.  
 Somebody to read Mr. Winslow's writing.  
 Someone to bake beans for the hot lunch.  
 Somebody to catch the rat in the basement.  
 A curling iron for Ola.  
 Another "Daisy" for Small.  
 A vanity case for Miss Kingsley.  
 Something to keep Leigh White from being Grace-ful.  
 Three more beaux for Grace Libby to vamp.  
 Two yards of mosquito netting for a curtain to be placed in the front window of the boys' dressing room at the gym.  
 An instructor to teach some of the green Freshmen how to build a fire and keep it going.  
 The Juniors to be more like the Seniors.  
 A girl for Howard Lowe.  
 A pair of stilts for Hilda.

IMAGINE —

"Dinger," "Scoop," and Clyde not being sent out of physics class.  
 Rachel not on the Lee (lea) side of the room.  
 Howard Lowe courting a girl.  
 Richard Blanchard agreeing perfectly to what the teacher said.  
 Daisy White sitting still and keeping quiet when there's a mouse under her chair.  
 Norman Brown being lively.  
 Charles Small looking anywhere but up in the back of the room.

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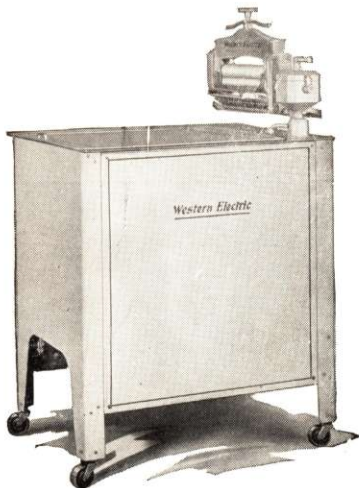
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Heard in History — Mr. Downing: "For reference in the French His-  
tory, take pages 1 to 200. It is only a short book of 175 pages."

Heard in History Class — Mr. Downing: "What is an island, Miss  
Winslow?"

Miss Winslow: "An island is a body of water in the middle of the  
ocean."



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