

The
OCEANIC

Junior-Senior High School

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Tuition at minimum expense.

*College Preparatory and English Courses,
Manual Training and Domestic Science.*

*Excellent equipment, free books, individual
attention and instruction.*

Delightfully located by the sea-shore.

FACULTY:

F. H. Jewett, A.B., Principal

B. E. Cram, A.B., Languages

M. Z. Clancy, Science and Dom. Arts

M. A. Fogg, Junior Asst.

For further information, address

F. H. B. Heald, Supt.



Our Boys in the Service

Pvt. Harold Burnham
Pvt. Blanchard Brown
Pvt. Raymond E. Emmons
Pvt. Edward Gifun
Pvt. Arthur Gifun
Pvt. Henry Gifun
Radio Opr. W. Warren Harmon
Sergt. Harold Hague
Pvt. Louis Jacques
Pvt. Weldron Jordan
Pvt. Edward Ford
Pvt. Wesley M. Mewer
Seaman Clinton C. Mewer
Capt. Vernon W. Mewer

1st Sergt. Gordon E. Macphee
Pvt. Kenneth Norton
Pvt. Axel Nilson
1st Lieut. Edward Perkins
Sergt. Rufus Perkins
Pvt. Harry Ricker
Pvt. Lester Richardson
Pvt. Franklin Strickland
Pvt. Ashley Tarbox
Pvt. Walter Towle
Pvt. Fred Wing
1st Sergt. Henry Worcester
Sergt. John Hutchinson

Dedication

To those noble-hearted young men
who once enjoyed the
privileges of

Old Orchard High School

and who without thought for themselves
went into the service of their
country that Democracy
might live,

we dedicate this issue of the Oceanic.



OLD ORCHARD JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

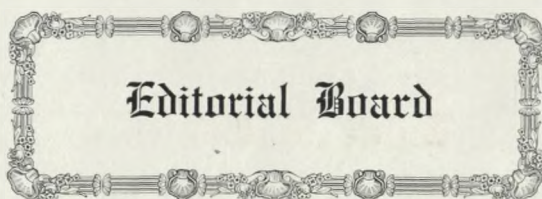
Old Orchard High School

The Town of Old Orchard, when set off from Saco, February 20, 1883, took over and assumed the debts of the new High School building, built in 1881.

There was no High School at this time, but Rev. W. W. H. McAllister, who was elected our first Supervisor of Schools, urged that the town take advantage of the inducements offered by the State and organize such a school. In the first annual meeting, however, the matter was passed over and no appropriation made, but Mr. McAllister, feeling that we should have such an institution, circulated a subscription paper and succeeded in raising the sum of \$150.00 and at a special Town Meeting, held Sept. 24th, the money was accepted and the following day, Sept. 25, 1883, the High School began operation, with Mr. McAllister (who resigned as Supervisor) as its instructor.

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Editorial Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ERNEST THOMPSON BAKER, '19

SCHOOL NOTES

LILLIAN FRANCES CLEAVES, '22

ALUMNI

LENA GLADYS GOLDBERG, '19

EXCHANGE

MARTHA AVIS MORRIS, '19

ATHLETICS

WILLIAM HENRY CROWLEY, '19

LITERARY

LENA GLADYS GOLDBERG, '19

PERSONALS

ADA CONARY, '19

HAZEL MEWER, '22

GLADYS CLARK, '20

LEON MILLIKEN, '23

JOHN CROWLEY, '21

ELIZABETH PILLSBURY, '24

ARTIST

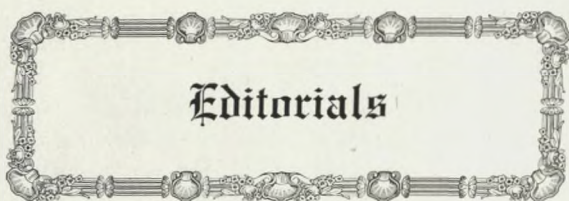
HELEN MEWER, '23

BUSINESS MANAGER

GLADYS GERTRUDE CLARK, '20

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

FRANKLIN ALONZO MILLIKEN, '22



We as editors now realize in a measure what difficulties were before the editors of the last issue. We are very proud of what they did last year and of that copy of the *OCEANIC*. We read with interest the comments in the exchange departments of our various exchanges. We only hope that this edition may receive as warm a welcome.

We were pleased last year to have added to our curriculum a course in public speaking. This year, this course has been made more extensive. Two divisions have already spoken before the school. A division of twelve has been chosen to speak in the town hall before the public. From this division two girls and two boys are to be chosen to meet Cape Elizabeth and Scarboro High Schools in a triangular speaking contest. We indeed welcome this opportunity for competition with our neighbor schools.

It has been said and rightly said that the school is the biggest and most important institution in this great country of ours. It is in the school that democracy for the future is being moulded and formed. Just as our government took in the rookie and turned him out a trained soldier, so the school is the melting pot which takes all sorts and kinds of individuals and forms them into American citizens. Every school in the country, no matter how large or how small, has a part in this great work. Although perhaps not directly connected with any other school yet unconsciously it is working as a unit in a great system. How efficient this system is remains for the units to decide.

Sept. 16. School opens. Everybody happy

For a long time our school authorities had been formulating and fostering plans of a radical improvement in our school unit. They had to remain as mere plans, however, until the opportune time arrived in the fall of 1917. Although our nation was passing through a great crisis in its history and everything seemed rather uncertain yet our faithful school authorities felt even more the need for better training for future citizens who were to carry on the work of our great republic.

With this idea in mind, they changed our unit over to the 6-6 plan. This correlates very closely the first six years, so that each is a continuation of the year preceding. The last six years compose the Junior-Senior High School and have the same faculty of supervision and instruction. In this way they have bridged over the gap between Grammar and High School and so correlated the subjects that the pupil of grade VII might feel himself as much a part of the Junior-Senior High School as a pupil in the Senior class.

Nearly two years have passed since the introduction of this plan. Its success has been far greater than anyone had anticipated. Through all of the uncertainty and unrest of war times the spirit to become more united and to be a better unit in a better system has been very evident.

Several facts go to prove this. In the first place the pupils which composed the last grades of the old system with the exception of one continued their school course. This was not in accordance with the usual custom. In the old system several would drop out to go to work rather than attempt High School. Last year the proportion of students leaving school to go to work was very large in most schools because of the scarcity of labor, but in ours the percentage was very low; this fact, then, is of double importance. Again the number of students to leave school during the year has been very much smaller than heretofore. This means that the coming generation in a small measure at least will be better prepared to cope with the problems of life. Again the necessity of pupils going

Sept. 26. Editorial Board appointed

to other schools to prepare for college after finishing the old grammar school course has been done away with. Our standards have been so raised that any boy or girl finishing the six years' course may enter college and compete successfully with students from any High School in the state. If you examine carefully the schedule on page 66 you will see the many changes that have taken place.

It is indeed gratifying to us that these changes have taken place while we were students. Our only regret is that the change did not come sooner. We desire, with these opportunities before us, to so strive that our school may be one of the best if not the best unit in the great system.

What America has been is history, what she will be in the future remains for the schools to decide.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

And if we are not busy enough to get business, then business won't be busy enough to give us business—See?

That is why we want you to patronize our advertisers because they patronize us.

Sept. 30. Enter "The Flue." School closed for two weeks

FACULTY



Our Faculty

1919



MR. FRANK H. JEWETT, A. B.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. Jewett back to O. O. H. S. this year. He has taken up the work where he left off last year. He works hard to make everything the school undertakes a great success, no matter what it is. The interest he takes in our school is greatly appreciated by both scholars and townspeople.



MISS B. E. CRAM

Miss Cram is a graduate of the University of Maine. The subjects which she teaches are English, Latin, Spanish and French. Although she has been with us but a short time her efficiency in the class room and her helpfulness and willing assistance assure her of success.



MISS MARION L. CLANCY

Miss Clancy, from Wheaton College and Boston School of Domestic Science, is our instructor of Science. She has proved an efficient teacher in Physical Training, having charge of a class made up of the last four grades. We feel very fortunate in having such an efficient teacher and congenial friend.



MISS MILDRED A. FOGG

We are very glad to welcome Miss Fogg back to O. O. H. S. this year. She has charge of a greater part of the Junior High work. By her diligent and faithful work and charming personality, she has won the affection and regard of all.



1919

MOTTO: *We struggle to win.*

CLASS COLORS: Blue and White.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.

When the Class of 1919 entered Old Orchard High School, there were nineteen members. In the first year we all took the college course, consisting of English, Latin, Algebra and Ancient History.

In the Sophomore year, our class had decreased to eight. The most of us took medieval and modern history and some even persisted in following Caesar on his great campaigns.

The next year our class had diminished to seven. We struggled with angles, squares, triangles and circles until we were almost dead. Some of our class took French, while others took General Business.

In this our Senior and last year, there are five. This year is our last and it is with regrets we think of leaving.

The following officers were elected:

President; ERNEST BAKER

Vice-President, MARTHA MORRIS

Secretary and Treasurer, WILLIAM CROWLEY

Oct. 14. Vacation extended

ADA M. CONARY

Next comes Miss Conary, known to us as Ada. She has not been with us long, having come from Bluehill last September. One of her greatest gifts is reciting current events. We are very glad to have her with us this year.

ERNEST BAKER
"PEANUT"

We, as members of the Senior Class, realizing the truth of the old saying, "quality is better than quantity," have proved this by electing Peanut as our worthy president, for we all know that Napoleon was a little man.

"And still the wonder grew and grew,
That one small head could carry
all he knew."

LENA GOLDBERG

So this is Lena, te, he, ha, ha, etc. We can hear her coming long before we can see her. How? Why her funny giggles, of course! She bids fair to be a volley ball star, and possibly will show her class at tennis this spring. Her cheery ways have kept our class spirit up through its darkest moments.

WILLIAM H. CROWLEY
"BILL"

Here is Bill, our champion time-chaser. That he is quite successful has been proved to us by the fact that he has taken a full course in History in half time. "Oh, yes! my English paper is all done, but it isn't quite ready to pass in."

MARTHA AVIS MORRIS
"MATTIE"

Mattie is the sport of our class as well as its Vice President. Her chief occupation is laughing, but we believe her future plan is to keep books. She has been with the class through four struggling years and well deserves the name of Senior.





A black and white illustration of a classroom scene. In the foreground, a girl with pigtails sits at a desk, looking towards a boy sitting across from her. The boy is smiling and looking back at her. On the wall behind them are various items: a calendar showing dates like 176, 1936, and 1889; a small box labeled 'L & L'; and some papers or drawings pinned to the wall.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Mr. and Mrs. Dolbier, Mr. C. R. L. Snow and Mrs. Snow and Mr. Jewett.

January 28, 1919: A very entertaining program was carried out by the pupils of Miss Fogg's room on January 28, at Town Hall. The program was arranged by Miss Fogg, as follows:

1. Song—"Marching Through Georgia" By the Choir
2. Orchestra Chorus—"Keep The Home Fires Burning"
3. Pantomime—Choosing A Wife—He Advertises
4. Recitation, By Three Girls
5. Play—Thrift
6. Orchestra Chorus—"Star Spangled Banner"

A social hour was then engaged in by all.

February 5, 1919: A musical entertainment under the supervising of Mrs. Lord was held at Town Hall February 5. The programme was mostly a study of Italian music. Miss Phylis Huff whistled several selections very pleasing, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. B. Huff. We also had the pleasure of listening to a fine Victrola very kindly loaned by Mr. Hill for the occasion.

February 10th: "Peter," a very laughable comedy was staged by the Senior's in the Town Hall, February 10. The cast of characters was:

M. Morris,	Miss Eastman
L. Goldberg,	Jennie
E. Baker,	Charlie

A social followed which was heartily engaged in by all.

February 12th: Another successful dinner was served by the Domestic Science Class at six o'clock at the High School Building. As this was a Valentine dinner, the table was very prettily decorated with red hearts. The place cards were valentines drawn by Miss Helen Mewer, each one had a suitable verse written on one side. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, Miss Fogg, Miss Cram, Miss Peebles and Miss Clancy.

Oct. 21. School opens again. New faculty

The different courses and dishes served were as near as possible in red and white colors. The menu:

Cream of Tomato Soup	
Fish Turbot	Stuffed Potatoes
Savory Beets	
Rice and Cornmeal Muffins	
Salad	
Snow Pudding	
Cake	Coffee

February 14th: Frances Willard Day was observed by the Junior and Senior High at the School Building by exercises held from 11.30 A. M. to 12 M. Mr. Jewett made a few remarks, after which we listened to a very pleasing address by Rev. Alexander Hamilton. The services ended by the singing of several appropriate songs. The visitors were Mrs. Harvey and Miss Ada Nephram.

February 17th: A baked bean supper was served at the Odd Fellows' Hall on February 17th. It closed our little drive for our Victory Clubs. We were all very pleased to see how well our townspeople had patronized us during all of our drive and especially so on our last effort to go "Over the Top." After the supper we were pleasantly surprised by a very nice entertainment. The programme is as follows:

Duet,	Mrs. Lary and Mr. Cram
Solo,	Mrs. Walter Dolley
Reading,	Miss Mabel Worcester
Piano Duet,	Miss Clancy and Miss Cram
Character Reading,	Miss Nellie Guilford
Reading,	Mrs. Fred Luce

March 6th: A social in the form of a masquerade or costume party was held by the High School at the Town Hall. The evening was heartily enjoyed by all. Two prizes were offered. One for the best couple and a booby prize. The winners of the first prize were William and Ethel Arnold. The second prize was won by Helen Mewer and Helen Ricker. Their pictures follow:

Oct. 23. Another Change. Mrs. Sturdivant enters



March 20th: One of the best social times of this school year was engaged in by the Senior High at the High School Building. Everyone was requested to attend in costume, the girls in bungalow aprons and sun-bonnets, the boys in overalls and straw hats. A very pleasing entertainment was furnished by the girls, while the boys served equally pleasing refreshments.

During the past four weeks before the OCEANIC went to press most of our time has been occupied with volley ball. This is taken up under the Athletic Department.

Mrs. Annie I. Lord, our supervisor of music, is planning for a public music memory contest to be held in the Town Hall the last of the school year.

Selections from some of the world's best music will be rendered, and the pupils will be required to identify the titles of the compositions and the name of the composers. Those who identify the largest number of selections will be given prizes.

The object is to create a deeper interest in and an understanding of "good" music. The lessons for the same are being conducted along the lines of appreciation studies which are a part of the required work in music in many of the High Schools in the country.

Oct. 29. Welcome home again, Prof.

Following is a list of selections and composers:

Spring Song,	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Melody in F,	<i>Rubinstein</i>
Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana),	<i>Mascagni</i>
Toreador's Song, from Carmen,	<i>Bizet</i>
Largo,	<i>Handel</i>
Humoresque,	<i>Dvorák</i>
Sexette from Lucia,	<i>Donizetti</i>
Minuet in G,	<i>Paderevski</i>
Träumerei,	<i>Schumann</i>
Narcissus,	<i>Nevin</i>
William Tell Overture,	<i>Rossini</i>
Selections from Il Trovatore,	<i>Verdi</i>
(Anvil Chorus and Miserere)	
Hark, Hark! the Lark,	<i>Schubert</i>
Serenade,	<i>Schubert</i>
American Folk Songs by Stephen C. Foster,	
John Howard Payne,	<i>Dan Emmett</i>
Stars and Stripes Forever March,	<i>Sousa</i>
Quartet from Rigoletto,	<i>Verdi</i>
(Bula figlia dell'amore)	
Triumphal March from Aida,	<i>Verdi</i>
Celeste Aida,	<i>Verdi</i>
Venetian Night,	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Soldiers' Chorus from Faust,	<i>Gounod</i>
Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah,	<i>Handel</i>
Gloria from Twelfth Mass,	<i>Mozart</i>
Flower Song (Faust),	<i>Gounod</i>
Anitra's Dance (Peer Gynt Suite),	<i>Grieg</i>
Berceuse from Jocelyn,	<i>Godard</i>
Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream,	
	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
March of the Priests,	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
The Heavens Are Telling, from Creation,	<i>Hayden</i>
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, from Samson	
et Delila,	<i>Saint Saëns</i>
Tales of Hoffmann,	<i>Barcarolle</i>
	<i>Offenbach</i>

Our prize speaking division was held in the town hall on Tuesday evening, April 22. The program consisted of twelve speakers, six boys and six girls. Those chosen to take part in the triangular contest were: Boys, E. Baker, '19; G. Roy, '21. Girls, M. Morris, '19; A. Conary, '19. Alternates, W. Cockerille, '22; L. Goldberg, '19. The judges were Mr. W. W. Harmon, Mr. C. R. L. Snow and Miss Mabel Worcester.

Nov. 11. Everybody celebrates. Some time



LITERARY

Literary

A Scrap of Paper

I was first introduced to a woodsman who chopped me down in the winter of 1873. I was a pine tree, which stood about one hundred feet high. In the spring, the woodsmen floated me, with a thousand of my friends, down the Kennebec River. I was the largest among my "gang." Later they peeled the bark off me and sent me to a saw mill to be put through the machine. We then came out pulp and they made us into paper.

I was then made into small sheets of paper and placed into book form. My friends were also made into book form and we were all packed in a large wooden box without any ventilation whatsoever. I told one of my friends to move over as he was squeezing me, but he failed to do so. We were then put on a large boat and shipped to France. We all landed on a very large wharf in Havre. From there they threw us onto an auto truck and oh! what a sensation. We finally came to the store we were intended for. A pretty French girl took me out very carefully, and admired the picture on the front page.

The next day a little French boy came in and bought me for five cents. He took me to school, where I became very familiar with hundreds of French boys and girls. I heard many of them say that they were going to the store where I came from, and purchase some like me.

A boy about twenty-one tore a sheet off me and put me into his pocket. At the outbreak of the present war, this young man joined the army and took me along with him in case of necessity. He was captured by a German while fighting on the Marne and put into prison. He thought himself pretty fortunate to have me in his pocket as I proved to be a

Nov. 18. Miss Clancy absent from duty. Why? Flu, of course

very important scrap of paper. This is what he wrote on me. "I have been captured by a German and taken prisoner in 1917. Air raid being planned on West Front November 13, 1917. Send reinforcements at once." I was folded up and put in a little silver cigarette case which belonged to my owner.

When peace was declared, November 11, 1918, this young man was released. He was "homeward bound" on a large submarine when it caught on fire while on the Atlantic Ocean. I sunk to the bottom of the sea in the silver cigarette case.

In 1919, I was thrown on a beach by some very large waves. Guess who found me and on what beach? A young girl named Lena Goldberg found me on Old Orchard Beach. She opened the case and took me out. She also found the name of this young man on me. I gave her all the information. I heard her say she was going to put me back into the case and keep me for a souvenir.

When she got home she eagerly looked up the events of the great war, and learned that such an air raid had been made at the time mentioned in the note, but the Allies had been informed beforehand by his spy. She knew that the faithful soldier who had been decorated for saving the Allies from this unexpected raid, with the help of his spy, was the same one who had written the note which she had found on Old Orchard Beach.

LENA GOLDBERG, '19.

The Cruise of the Doris D

It was on July 6th when the Doris D, in command of Captain Edwin Thompson, left Portland, Me., on an unknown voyage.

The Doris D was a large two-masted pleasure yacht owned by her captain and anyone could hire her. She had a fifty horsepower motor in her to use when there was no wind. She carried a crew of five men. The men who hired her brought

Dec. 1. Mr. Flu gone. Miss Clancy returns

the food; enough was put on to last about two months. They always carried a lot of gasoline.

The crew's quarters were in the bow of the boat. A narrow hallway extended from there to the dining-room. There were three staterooms on each side of this hallway, one for the Captain, another for the mate (there was only one), the other four staterooms were for the use of the ones who hired the boat. Next came the dining-room, the galley, storerooms, and engineroom.

The Doris D had been hired by five business men, who had decided to take a voyage for their vacation. They wanted to sail up and down the coast and to be gone about a month. They also wanted to stop at a few ports at different points on the coast.

They weighed anchor at six o'clock and when about off the "Two Lights" hoisted the sails, as there was a good wind, and took a southerly course. All that day the business men sat on deck, smoking and talking. They sailed all that day and that night the Captain was ordered to continue his course.

They fished all the next forenoon, catching a few fish. The wind came up and then died down, so the engine was started; one of the business men watched the engineer start the engine and asked him to explain it to him, saying he was a garage man but had never seen an engine like it before. That same day another of the men got the Captain to show him how to navigate the boat. They kept up this speed the rest of the day and all that night.

The second morning the wind sprang up, the engine was shut off and the sails were hoisted. The business men watched them hoist the sails very closely, nothing escaped their eyes or ears. They sailed the rest of the day. At about six o'clock that night the wind came on harder, a heavy sea was rolling and it started to rain. The sails were lowered, anchors were dropped from bow and stern, and things made fast. Then the Captain swung her around to weather the storm. There was no sleep on board the boat that night.

Dec. 11. Candy on sale recess. Hoover doesn't care now

The third morning the storm showed no signs of letting up, so the crew talked and told stories with the business men in the dining-room. About two o'clock it stopped raining. At four the wind stopped blowing some, but there was still a heavy sea. They staid there that night getting little sleep.

The fourth morning the sea had gone down some, so they weighed anchors and started the engines. About six o'clock they thought they were off New York about a hundred miles so the Captain was ordered to heave to and drop anchor, because they wanted some rest and also wished to get into New York the next day.

That night about nine o'clock, four of the business men went to bed, to be followed a few minutes later by the Captain and crew. The other two men waited about fifteen minutes and then went to their staterooms. One member of the crew was standing watch on deck.

Presently the six business men appeared with pistols and knives; three of them went on deck to capture the sailor on watch. The other three separated, one going to a door leading into the crew's quarters, one to the door of the stateroom in which the Captain was, and another to the mate's stateroom. The door to the crew's quarters was never locked, so the man locked the door on the outside. The fellow knocked on the Captain's door. When he came to answer it, the fellow pushed the muzzle of his pistol to his stomach and said, "Give me the key to your room, and don't make an outcry or I'll plug yer!" The same thing happened to the mate. Then another fellow came, leading the fellow who had been on guard. The door to the crew's quarters was unlocked, he was pushed in and it was locked again. The boat was in their hands.

Not a word had been spoken among them. Now one of them who seemed to be the leader said, "Well, boys, that was easy. Now, Rankin, you stand watch until two o'clock, Mason, you follow him 'til morning. Keep good watch on the prisoners."

The next morning, Boyd, who was leader of the plot, gave

the orders for the day. "Newton, you learned how to run the engine, you take care of that. Mason, Rankin and Reid, get the machine guns and shots ready. (Some machine guns, bombs and ammunition had been brought on board instead of all food.) Begg, you guard the prisoners."

They weighed anchor and started the engine. Boyd steered her for the Grand Banks where he thought he could easily sink some fishing boats. The prisoners were guarded very closely so they had no chance of escape.

They had fair weather and on the morning of the second day saw the fishing ships on the Grand Banks. Boyd steered for the nearest one; Begg came on deck to help Rankin and Mason, leaving the prisoners unguarded. Reid and Begg got a boat ready to lower, and put some bombs in her. Newton was in the engine room busy with the engines. When Boyd got near the fishing boat Rankin and Mason raked her with machine gun fire. Then Reid and Begg boarded her, after the crew left, and began to set bombs to sink her.

Then Boyd, not waiting for Reid and Begg, who were busy setting the bombs, attacked another boat the same way. Boyd was busy steering the boat, Rankin and Mason busy with the machine guns, and Newton in the engine room.

The crew thought it a good time to break out, so they broke out of their quarters, let the Captain out, and broke down the door of the mate's room. They went to the engine room and overpowered the engineer. Arming themselves with his pistols, the crew getting relay pins, they crept on deck, the mate crept into the pilot house and hit Boyd over the head with the butt of his pistol and knocked him out. Then the Captain and crew overpowered Rankin and Mason. In the meantime, Reid and Begg had set bombs on the second ship and had gone back to their boat; they started for the Doris D not knowing it was in the hands of the Captain, and so were captured. The crew locked them in one of the staterooms and put a double guard over them. They started for Portsmouth at full speed, arriving there at seven o'clock the next evening.

Dec. 13. Xmas tree preparations. Lots drawn

The six men were turned over to the Naval Department. They were German spies and were tried and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. Captain Thompson and his crew received a large reward for capturing them. Now Captain Thompson is very careful to whom he lets his yacht. He never tires of telling this story to his friends.

ERNEST BAKER, '19.

How Kiko Made Good

Kiko was a boy about seventeen years old, who was living with his parents at Moline, Nevada. Kiko had no chance to go to school where he was living, but he was a studious lad, and would read all the books he could get hold of.

One day an accident befell his parents while they were out riding and Kiko was left alone in the world to work for himself. He sold all the belongings of the family, except a small picture of his parents, which he always carried around with him, and started out into the unknown world to make his living and mark. He landed at Niles, Michigan, and there got a job working for a news agent.

He worked hard at this job and was able to save a little money above his expenses which he hid under the floor of his room.

One day when he was selling papers he noticed in an office window, "Boy Wanted." He hurried home, fixed himself up the best his means would allow, came back to where he had seen the sign, went in and applied for the position.

At first they looked him over, asked him several questions and then said, "No, they could not use him." He started off down hearted, and was just on the verge of crying, when he was called back and told that they had decided to give him a chance.

Kiko worked two years as an office boy and became familiar with the business, and when the assistant manager left he was put in his place.

Dec. 16. Mrs. Sturdivant returns

He was liked by all the people who came in contact with him, and he studied hard to keep up in work. He worked three years as assistant manager and the record that he had made during that time gave him the best chance of becoming manager, as the manager had been promoted.

Kiko had saved all his money, from the time he first became a newsboy, and when he was made manager he was far ahead of the game. He worked every spare minute of his time, and it was while he was manager he met the girl that was later to become his wife.

He was introduced to her by the President, and it was a case of love at first sight. He started taking her out to dinner and to the theater; every day they grew more toward lovers. The romance lasted six months and at the end of that time they quietly took a trip to the parson's house as Mr. and Miss and came out as Mr. and Mrs.

They went to New York on their honeymoon and staid there three weeks taking in all the gay life of the city. Then they returned and settled down. He resumed his old position a happier man, because instead of going to some boarding house he went to a place that he could call home.

He was manager of the Company twelve years and rendered such faithful services, when at the death of the President of the Company, he was put in his place.

Kiko did not neglect his home on account of business and was very successful, raising a family of three children, two boys and one girl of whom he thought the world.

Kiko was president of the company twenty-five years, when he retired a happy and rich man.

His three children were all through college and the oldest boy was married and had a family of his own.

Kiko had made good because he had worked steadily and hard, interested in what he was doing, and did everything he undertook to the best of his ability.

WILLIAM H. CROWLEY, '19.

Helen's Visitor

One day as Helen stood in front of the cooking table making cookies, a knock came at the door. She was frightened at first, but she got up her courage and went to the door. When she opened it she perceived a tramp standing before her. Helen was quite frightened but she plucked up enough courage to ask him what he wanted. The tramp told her that he hadn't had anything to eat for two days, and wanted to know if she would give him something to eat. So Helen pitied him and got him something to eat. Helen watched him all the time he was eating. After he had eaten, he wanted to cut wood to pay for his lunch, but Helen refused, as she wanted him to get out of her sight as quickly as possible. After the tramp had gone Helen sat in the chimney corner to wait for her father, who was away at work.

Helen was frightened for a long time after that and didn't dare to go out alone. But one day she decided to take a walk around the house. She went into the garden to pick some flowers. While she was walking back to the house, she saw a rattle-snake coming toward her. When Helen came to her senses she saw her father sitting beside her.

The next evening a young man came to Helen's house, and then she found how she had been saved from being bitten by the snake.

They began talking over old times and Tom told Helen about the day he came to her house dressed as a tramp, begging for food. He told Helen that the rest of the fellows had stumped him to do it. Tom and his chums were out there in the country on a vacation and some one told them about Helen Simpson, what a pretty girl she was. So that night the boys were thinking of some way to get acquainted with Helen. They were all suggesting different things, when all at once one of the boys thought of Tom dressing as a tramp and going to Helen's house. But as Helen wouldn't let him stay to saw wood he didn't have time to complete the plan.

Helen grew very fond of Tom as he was good looking and very interesting to talk with.

Tom didn't miss seeing Helen many nights. One night after Tom left, Helen's father noticed a sparkling diamond on her hand.

Helen's father was very pleased to have Tom around as Helen had never had any friends come to see her since the death of her mother, two years ago.

Before Helen's marriage, she said, "Tom, who would have believed that I would ever marry a tramp?"

M. A. MORRIS, '19.

Marguerite's Mistake

Marguerite and her friend Tom left the house and descended to the bank of the river, where Tom's motor boat was waiting to take them for a ride. Tom jumped into the boat, helped Marguerite in, and started the engine. They sped down the river for about six miles, when the engine suddenly stopped. Tom had had very little to say all the time they were riding, something seemed to be on his mind, but Marguerite thought nothing of this as he had been that way, somehow, of late. But after the engine had stopped, Marguerite put two and two together and made up her mind that Tom had stopped the engine on purpose just to frighten her. Marguerite quickly gave him the invitation to carry her to the bank, as she could walk home from there. She said, "I don't care to sit here and wait for you to fix your old engine, also to amuse myself as I have done all the time on the ride down river."

Tom offered all kinds of apologies and tried to make her change her mind, but her temper simply got the best of her. Finding out that she had made her decision about what had happened before, he helped her to the bank, and Marguerite began her weary walk homeward, while Tom fixed his engine

Dec. 20. Christmas Tree. Freshman Speaking.

in his motor boat. This was the beginning of the breaking of a friendship that had existed between them for two years.

Weeks and months flew by, nothing was heard from Tom, although Marguerite knew that he had gone to France with the U. S. Engineers, at the beginning of the war.

One day as Marguerite was glancing over the morning paper, whose picture should she see but Sergt. Thomas Brown's? Quickly she read the article which followed. (The tears began to fall as she read on and on.) The article told of his experiences, hardships, and of his few exploits he had had while over there. It went on to say how Thomas Brown regarded the French girls, their beauty and gracefulness. This quickly made Marguerite realize the mistake she had made in treating Tom as she did. Reading his address, which was given, she sat down and wrote to him, told him how sorry she was about what had happened, and asked for his forgiveness.

In about two months from that time, she received a letter from Sgt. Brown, saying he had received her letter, also saying she had his forgiveness, and asked her to write again.

Letters then flew thick and fast until one day there came a letter from him saying he was on U. S. soil and would be home in a week's time.

At the end of this week's time, Marguerite is waiting for her husband-to-be to return.

GLADYS CLARK, '20.

"Chapeaux Bas! Le Roi Passe"

Two little French peasant boys were playing together in one of the streets of Paris. Suddenly their attention was attracted by the shouts, "Chapeaux Bas! Le roi passe!" and "Vive le roi!"

It was in the seventeenth century, when France was under the rule of kings. It was the custom of the people to take off

Dec. 20. School closed for Christmas vacation.

their hats when the king was passing by. This had been a warning cry.

As the handsome carriage, drawn by four pure white horses, carrying the king drew near, a hush fell over the crowd. As the carriage drove by the place where the two peasant boys were standing, the king raised his hat from his head and held it aloft as a token of recognition.

There was a slight breeze which in some way caught His Majesty's hat and tore it from his grasp. It went sailing over in the direction of the two peasant boys.

One of them, who was the taller, sprang quickly forward to catch it. Even before his fingers had closed upon it, he was knocked down roughly by an excited young man. He rose downcast, and walked slowly back to the ranks of the crowd.

But the king had seen the rough act of the young man and called to the peasant boy, who turned around and went shyly up to the side of the carriage.

The king reached out his arm and placed a small coin in the hand of the boy and said kindly, "*J'apprecie votre effort.*"

The lad turned quickly, and grasping the coin tightly in his hand, ran home to share his joy with his mother, brothers, and sisters.

HAZEL M. MEWER.

The Story of the Shell

I am a large shiny object called a shell. I first came into existence in a large bustling munition factory in the good old U. S. A. From room to room I was sent, until one day I stood complete, all shiny and without a scratch on my smooth surface. Very good care had been taken of me by the swift, firm hands that had handled me, for well they knew what a defective shell might do. Now I was ready for the inspection, and I drew myself up proudly, for I knew that I was perfect.

From the inspection room I was sent down a long chute into a large room below. Here were many of my kind, some

Dec. 30. School opens. Everybody happy

lying around waiting to be put into boxes and some all packed waiting to go. What a terrible noise! Men were working swiftly with hammers, nails and boxes.

Soon I was lifted carefully, and placed in a box with several of my relatives. A man came and nailed us all in tight. We were now ready to go. We had not long to wait, for suddenly we were lifted up and placed in a long box called a freight car. These cars were on tracks just outside of the factory. I felt very sorry that I had to leave that place, for I had been treated very gently. Still I knew I was going somewhere to help protect our American soldiers.

The train started and then began a long tiresome journey. I was very glad when one dark night we stopped on a long place called a wharf. We all trembled a little for at last we knew where we were going. In the dark we were taken from the train and carried on board a huge bulk, called a ship. The men were very careful. They spoke in whispers and moved silently. They knew what would happen if any of our enemies knew about that heavily loaded ship.

Then I must have gone to sleep for I knew nothing until one day some men climbed down into the dark place where we were, and one said, "Thank goodness, we are very near France, at last, with our precious cargo. I'm glad we didn't run across any U-Boats."

When they went out they left the door open and soon I heard some one shout, "Land, land, at last!" My heart leaped! Soon we would be in France. I was right, for the next night all of our moves were made under the cover of darkness. We were hoisted over the sides of the ships to another wharf. How different from the one we left!

From the wharf we were placed on some queer cars with some machine guns mounted on them. I knew what they were the minute I saw them, for I had seen some on the ship we came across on. Well, soon some men came and I heard one say that these cars were bound for an ammunition dump

behind the front line trenches. The train started and we moved swiftly through dark, strange looking villages.

One day I saw some wounded men, and it made me feel rather faint to think that soon I might make some men look like that. But I braced up, for I knew that it was for a good cause and that I must do my share for the brave soldiers who were fighting to save their countries. It was then that I finally resolved that when my time came I would do my best.

One night during our ride, we had a very thrilling escape. An enemy airplane had seen the long dark train moving swiftly through the night, and they knew that it carried a precious load bound for the front. At the same time the men on the train had seen the plane and they immediately put on more steam, while other men began to place some of my smaller relatives into the guns, and aim them at the plane.

Suddenly, a quick flash descended from the plane directly toward us. Hurrah! it had not hit us but had exploded a little to one side. At the explosion we all trembled violently, for we thought our end had come. For awhile all was quiet then the "rat tat tat" of the machine guns was heard. Ah! The shells had found their mark and with a great flash the plane, a mass of flames, fell swiftly to the earth. We sped on, soon leaving the burning plane far behind in the darkness.

We were nearing the front, for soon we could hear the roar and rumbling of the guns, which grew louder and louder as we moved toward them. We were there! The train stopped and we were lifted out and hidden in the dark place that had once been the cellar of a house.

We had lain there several days when suddenly a large motor truck stopped outside our hiding place. A young fellow jumped down from the driver's seat. He sprang quickly toward the men in charge of the ammunition and said hurriedly, "General has sent for 100 cases of shells. Must have them right away, for the guns have not enough ammunition to protect our men in the front line trenches. I've got to get them there, or the day will be lost."

Jan. 1. New Years Day. Still we keep

We were hastily packed onto the truck and with prayers and good wishes sent after him, the young driver started away on his dangerous return. We jolted along over the rough, half-built road, now crashing over a rut, now swerving out of the way of a deep shell hole. By this time we could see the guns belching out their death-dealing missiles. One could easily see the enemy was doing the most of the firing, while the Allies' guns were slowing up. Will we get there in time? One look at the young driver's grim face was enough. My heart sang, "We are going to save those men. We are coming in time!"

Shells were screaming furiously around us as though determined to stop our progress. A big shell exploded nearby, the truck gave a jerk, but righted itself, but, oh! horrors, our driver is hit! Bravely he hangs on. Only a little farther to go. Will he make it? We stop. Eager hands tear open the cases, shell after shell is hurled at the terrible gray horde across the space. Here comes a bunch headed this way, they are trying to silence the machine gun. Will my chance ever come? I would love to stop that mass. Now he reaches my case. His trembling hands reach in. I draw myself up straight into his hands. I am the only shell he has left.

Finally, he put me into position. He aims the gun. Now, here was my chance. I was doing my best; with a roar of the gun, I drew back and the last I knew was that I was hurling through the air directly at the advancing Germans. I do know that not one of them ever reached that trench, and we had saved the day.

LILLIAN CLEAVES, '22.

Somewhere in France

The troop train, carrying Richard Sherman to a port of embarkation, was about to pull out of the little station at Sawyers. Betty Fornum, with tearful eyes, was there to bid the soldiers a fond farewell. She and Dick had grown up together from childhood and grown to love each other dearly.

Jan. 10. Teachers' Convention at No. Berwick. Pleasant memories.

Now he was about to leave her, for he was among the first to enlist, and she knew not when he would come back to her.

The train started and when Dick's car rolled by, she threw him a farewell kiss, as she saw him smiling bravely at her from the car window.

Several months passed by during which time the horrible war raged on. Frequent letters told Betty of her soldier boy's activities "Over There" and of his promotion to rank of Lieutenant. As the war continued, Betty decided to enlist as a Red Cross nurse, and three months later she found herself stationed at an advanced First Aid Post, just a few miles back of the trenches in "No Man's Land."

One night, after a hard day's fighting, Dick found himself thinking of his loved one, whom he had not heard from for a long time. He remembered how bravely she had bid him good-bye when he left her over a year ago to answer his country's call. They had only been engaged a few weeks before his enlistment. He wondered if she was thinking of him as she went about her work each day, for in her last letter she mentioned that she was going to do some war work, although she had not said what kind of work it was.

When he finally fell asleep that night, he dreamed of the home so far away that he had planned to build. He longed for the war to end. Then he would have the little home that his own dear Betty had hoped for. Well, the war couldn't last forever. There would be plenty of time after the war was over.

Thus dreaming he was startled by the sound of the whistle calling the men to arms. A large party of Germans had been discovered by a sentinel, just about the time they were to charge on the trench.

Hastily grabbing his revolver, Dick hurried out of the dug-out and joined his fellowmen, who were preparing to counter charge. Taking command of his men, he followed the Colonel "Over the Top" charging the Germans. The short battle that followed was a terrific and horrible one. Many men on both sides were killed or wounded. During the hand-to-hand fight-

Jan. 20. Victory supper

ing that followed the first onslaught, Dick received a cruel gash from a bayonet, in the shoulder, which bled freely. He was not picked up until the next afternoon.

Coming from the base hospital, from which she had been recently transferred to the advanced First Aid Post, Betty learned that a fierce battle had taken place the night before, at a point less than five miles from there, and that the corps to which she belonged was to go to the relief of the wounded heroes.

On arriving at the recent battlefield the relief corps found many wounded soldiers lying around on the cold ground. Betty and an attendant came to a young officer who had an ugly hole in his shoulder. His eyes were closed but he opened them as he felt himself being lifted onto a stretcher. As he opened his eyes he was startled to find himself gazing into the pale face of his promised wife, whose pretty blue eyes were filled with tears at seeing him lying there so helpless.

"Betty," he murmured, and suddenly lost consciousness.

Four weeks later Dick was much better, and, although he was unable to leave his bed, he was very happy, for the general in command of his regiment, and some of his attendants, were gathered by his bed, and after a short friendly speech the general pinned a war cross on Dick's tunic.

"It is a great pleasure to me," said the general, "to be able to present to you this emblem of bravery, in recognition of the gallant way in which you led your men in that charge. Also," he continued, "I take great pleasure in promoting you to the rank of Captain. My congratulations, sir," and with that he saluted and left the room with his attendants, leaving a happy nurse and a much surprised but happy Captain to admire the cross by themselves.

G. M. ROY, '21.

Jan. 21. Domestic Science Class gives supper to the Superintending School Committee and their wives

One Hour of a Dog's Hard Luck

One fine August day, with my master, I saw a black and white cat just a little way ahead of me. I started on the run, in the general direction of that cat. Now I assure you that I wasn't chasing that cat when I started on my fatal journey. No, sir-ee, not as long as my master was looking on.

All of a sudden that cat started to run! Now you know, just as well as I do, that when you have done anything bad you don't feel just right about that; if any one starts for you you have a hollow feeling inside and start to run. According to my way of thinking, that cat had stolen some dog's milk, and had a—what is it?—ah, yes, “a guilty conscience.”

My reasoning works fast on some occasions, and I reasoned that if a cat had stolen my milk, and some other dogs found out that she had a guilty conscience, I would be perfectly willing for him to chase her as long as I wasn't around. I put myself in the “other” dog's place and started.

That cat certainly could run. Why, I had all I could do to keep up with her. At last she began to slow down, I almost had caught up with her when she went into a flower garden and up a tree.

Around the foot of that tree was a flower bed. The cat went through the flowers and that is the reason that I did.

Never again will I sit down in a flower bed. I sat down in that one and almost immediately a red hot iron was stuck into me. To this day I don't know what it was for I didn't stop to find out. The only thing in the flower bed that I saw was a little yellow thing that was buzzing among the flowers; and it couldn't be he.

The next time I stopped to think it over I was a half-hour trot from home. Also I was hungry. Nearby, a little way from a house, I saw a pail that looked as though it might have something to eat in it. Sometimes the stuff in such pails is all smelly, and then I don't like it, but on rare occasions the food is good. I decided to try this one. As I went over, I

noticed something lying on the ground that went near the pail.

I was just getting the cover off, when something went through me. It was almost as bad as the iron, but not the same. There was a boy at the window in the house and he laughed as he said, "That spark coil is great." When I got home my first wound was attended to and I got something to eat.

F. A. MILLIKEN, '22.

A Wireless Detective

Bob was a wireless crank. What he didn't know about the apparatus wasn't worth knowing. His station was a very neat little one, and he could hear every big station around within a radius of fifty miles.

One night, as he was listening to the station at Cape Elizabeth, he heard a very curious call, and as he listened he was surprised to find it in a code he could not cipher. After awhile he gave it up, and thought no more about it.

The next night he heard the same call. This time he did not give up, and as he figured on the message, he struck a code that unraveled the mystery. He found out that there was another wireless station in Petersboro and he also found out that the government did not know about it.

The next night he used a new kind of detector and found out the direction of the other station. It was in the direction of Beach Bluff. As Bob could not do all the work alone, he enlisted the aid of three other boys.

The first boy, Tom, said that he would take the territory around his home and watch for any suspicious signs. The other boys said they would do the same.

One day, the third boy, Dick, in coming to school, noticed a house on which there were three telephone wires. This looked suspicious and he lost no time in telling the other boys. They watched the house, and found out that the owner of the

Jan. 27. Special Phy. Tr. for some of the boys

house had moved there recently. This aroused their suspicion still more.

After watching two or three days the boys gathered enough evidence to have the owner arrested. Later they found out that he was a German spy, and the boys received a letter from the head of the Secret Service commending them for the way in which they had acted.

W. MURPHY, '21.

How the Victory Boys and Girls of Pleasant Valley Went "Over the Top"

Pleasant Valley is a patriotic little town in Northern New York situated on Lake Champlain. The spirit had been instilled in the hearts of all the boys and girls, so that when the call came for members of the Victory Club, all the children answered it, even to little Tim, the cripple.

During the harvest time the children worked in the fields, in the places of the young men who had answered their country's call. This started the fund, which steadily grew during the holiday season, but at the end they still lacked the amount which they were ambitious to earn.

Little Tim longed to do his bit to help and the chance came when he least expected it. One bright day in January, little Tim went out on his crutch, and walking beside the railroad discovered a broken tie. He knew that it was the day that the President of the railroad went by in his special train. He knew the life of this great man was in his hands, and he determined to save it if possible. Not knowing whether his frail little body would be seen by the engineer, he took off his red cap and putting it on his crutch began to wave it. The train came thundering down the valley and the engineer discovered the little cap just in time to stop the train.

The President got out of the train and discovered that his life had been saved by this heroic little Victory Boy. He gave

Jan. 28. Final Victory supper

Tim five hundred dollars, and also consulted the best doctors in New York and found that Tim could be cured of his lameness. The happy ending to all this was that Tim's offering sent the Victory Club of Pleasant Valley "Over the Top."

C. GOOGINS, '22.

Harry's Sacrifice

Harry Murphy was a private of the 31st Company, First Battalion, C. E. F. He was in the trenches on the western front.

Just recently he had gone "Over the Top" and had come back without being hurt.

Another party was ordered to go over. Among them was Private Smith. Back in Canada he had a wife and six children. Harry knew it and said to himself, "If he goes over and doesn't come back, he will leave his wife and children, but if I go over in his place and don't come back, I shall not leave anyone."

Harry thought it over and went to headquarters. He told the major about Private Smith and asked if he could go over in his place. The major gave him permission.

When zero hour came, he went over in Smith's place. It was a fierce attack and when the survivors came back, Harry was among them but he had been shot in the arm.

Now Private Murphy has only one arm, but is greatly honored by the members of his old company.

MYRON CLIFFORD, '22.





Athletics

Our high school has been somewhat handicapped in the past few years as far as athletics are concerned in that it has lacked material from which to build teams that could compete favorably with the high schools of surrounding towns. We have had no football, baseball, basketball or track teams.

This year we have introduced volley ball for both boys and girls and it has met with good support from both students and townspeople. We have scheduled a series of tournaments among the class teams, three of which have already been played with the following results:

SCHEDULE

TOURNAMENT I—March 10, 1919

Grade VII	12-10-15-7-15	Grade VIII	15-9-14-15-5	Grade IX	14-15-15-5-15
Grade VIII	15-15-10-15-13	Grade IX	6-15-15-10-15	Grade X	15-14-10-15-10
	Grade X	15-15-15	Grade X		Grade X Winner
	Grade XII	10-12-7			

TOURNAMENT II—March 17, 1919

Grade VII	6-11-15-15-9	Grade IX	8-12-11	Grade X	13-15-11-15-15
Grade VIII	15-15-14-11-15	Grade X	15-15-15	Grade X	15-6-15-10-11
	Grade XII	15-8-10-13	Grade IX		Grade X Winner
	Grade IX	9-15-15-15			

TOURNAMENT III—March 24, 1919

Grade VII	15-15-15	Grade VII	13-15-8-8	Grade XII	15-11-15-9-9
Grade VIII	11-8-6	Grade XII	15-13-15-15	Grade X	10-15-12-15-15
	Grade IX	11-5-12	Grade X		Grade X Winner
	Grade X	15-15-15			

The remaining tournaments will be held during the early part of the spring term. The winning team is to receive a loving cup, which is to be won each year, and to remain in the school. This loving cup will stand 24 inches tall and will have engraved on it the names of the winners each year.

An all round team of the six best players will be chosen by the Athletic Council from all members of the various teams contesting for the cup. Volley ball letters will be awarded the members of this team.

The two final tournaments have been held and the Sophomore team won both, thus giving them a clear title to the large loving cup.

The letters were awarded as follows: W. Crowley, '19; L. Goldberg, '19; J. Crowley, '21; G. Lary, '21; G. Roy, '21; F. Milliken, '22.

M. E. HILL,
W. W. HARMON,
C. P. WIGHT,
Athletic Committee.

This spring we are planning to build up the tennis department of our Athletic Association. There will be tournaments held in both doubles and singles and the winners will be awarded the tennis letter.

The Class of 1919 will hold its graduation exercises in the Town Hall June 19, 1919. Parts assigned are as follows:

Valedictory	Ernest T. Baker
Salutatory	Lena G. Goldberg
Class History	Martha A. Morris
Presentation of Gifts	William H. Crowley
Prophecy	Ada M. Conary



Feb. 12. Supper by Domestic Science Class to the teachers

GRINDS



Grinds

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

L. T., '22, would be a clever child, if it wasn't for those up-to-date giggles.

"Bless you, there's not a bit of her that's not amiable."
HAZEL MEWER, '22.

"Forever foremost in the ranks of fun."
LENA GOLDBERG, '19.

"I am a woman. When I think, I must speak."
Twentieth Century Hot Air Service.
MURPHY, '21.

Put up in a beautiful half-ounce bottle.
SUTHERLAND, '23.

Special for this year only.
G. H. HUTCHINSON.

It is queer how some people think themselves the center of
the universe about them.
MYRON CLIFFORD, '22.

Fresh as corn, green as grass,
We welcome him, a country lass.
WM. MURPHY, '21.

His sole recreation,
To cause a sensation.
COCKERILLE, '22.

Feb. 14. Frances Willard memorial exercises

Is it cooty or Cotey? Ask Prince.

The way is long
The time is short,
The roads are bad,
And you're lost a lot.

STONE, '23.

The girls are a lot of paint these days. Some of them even make up their minds.

The sophomores dream of their lessons at night, and try to get away with it the next day.

Night School: What was that noise late last night and early this morning? Last night it was the night fall; this morning it was the day breaking.

When I was a child I spoke as a child, but when I became a man I *didn't* put away childish things.

SUTHERLAND, '23.

Stop! Look and listen! Here she comes!

G. CLARK, '20.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

M. ALLEN, '22.

Ask Mildred Cotey, '22, how she won the distinction of being the class baby.

Efficiency is helpful when you are alone and there is no one to help you.

Richard Lord is like the ocean, he waves but never says good-bye.

A thirst for knowledge is not the cause of water on your brain.

JOHN CROWLEY, '21.

Feb. 19. Prin. Kempton of Cape Elizabeth H. S., visitor

Richie (airily): "You know, I am only learning music to kill time."

Teacher (grimly): "You're doing it."

M is for Mattie, good and true; with a smile always to welcome you.

MATTIE MORRIS, '19.

Do her studies worry her? Not a whit, for she always makes the best of it.

ADA CONARY, '19.

When you have anything to say, say it.

GEORGE LARY, '21.

Franklin Milliken of the Freshman class
He dearly loves to prattle.
So will the Sophomores please chip in
And buy a nice new rattle.

Sniff and the world suspects you; sneeze and you sit alone.

Miss C.: "Where did the staircase under the pyramids lead to, Miss Allen?"

Miss A.: "To the tombs where the kings lived."

Miss C.: "Miss Mewer, who gave President Wilson permission to go across?"

Miss M.: "His wife, I guess."

In the classroom there came forth a great scuffling of feet.
Miss Clancy demands, "Clifford, what in the world is the matter with your feet!"

Clifford: "Big!"

In Science:

When you connect cells in parallel what do you connect?

Cockerille: "Batteries."

Feb. 20. Debate, Suffrage vs. Anti-Suffrage

F. W. M. Funny Wise Man.
H. D. B. Hurry, Do, Boy !
L. P. R. Little Pleasing Reasoner.
T. I. C. Too Independent Creature.
M. P. L. Mischief Prevents Lonesomeness.
M. O. G. Midget Often Gleeeful.
M. E. M. Merry Elfin Mortal.
I. G. L. Independence Grows Less.
H. V. M. He's Very Merry.
R. A. H. Reckless And Happy.
B. H. B. Big Hearted Boy.
R. J. L. Rather Jolly Lad.
L. A. Little Acrobat.
E. P. Ever Present.

Class Humorist—Reginald Lewis.
Class Soloist—Lyman Abbott.
Class Lightweight—Ruth Higgins.
Class Heavyweight—Laura Robinson.
Class Volley Ball Champion—Dayton Benway.
Class Artist—Mahlon Lary.

A squirm and a wiggle, a laugh and a giggle.
L. THOMAS, '22.

To be proud of knowledge is the greatest ignorance.
F. MILLIKEN, '22.

A little boy with a lot of talk.
W. MURPHY, '21.

Some day I'll go abroad
With laurels on my brow,
And my good name shall follow me
Like a bird follows the plow.
But alas! I haven't done my grammar
I'd better study now,
Or else tomorrow my speeches
I won't know how.
LEON MILLIKEN, '23.

Feb. 25. Evening School

What would happen if Thelma would stop saying, "Is that a fact?"

Miss Clancy (in sewing class): "Girls, can't you stop your laughing?"

GIRLS IN JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH.

Why is it that Lena Goldberg never comes to school when there is an exam. in History?

Freeman Mewer is spending the week end at the board.

How can anyone be lucky when they get the hoodoo number in their tests?
C. LEWIS, '23.

Gilbert Luce, '24, is taking Prof.'s growing pills to catch up with the rest of his Class.

Head in air always. KATHERINE WHITMAN, '23.

She plays Volley Ball fine. ZORA FOWLER, '23.

Always has clean face and hands.
HARRY MARSHALL, '23.

If you bend, you will bend always.
PHYLLIS HUFF, '23.

Cross looks are becoming to be a friend.
EARL J. BROWN.

Don't see why girls in Junior High go up for singing; they don't sing, so nothing to go up for.

A nice little fellow is he, he sits all day and studies all the time, and when it comes to lessons, he has them down fine.
FRANK BUTLER, '23.

Miss Fogg: "Mahlon, turn around in your seat. I don't believe Thelma wants you back there with her."
MAHLON LARY, '24.

Feb. 26. Morning after the night before!

Nellie Marshall likes to stand up before the sewing class and entertain the pupils.

Always watching the rest of the girls, to see that they don't look at Carl Lewis.

LEONA YORK.

Staying after school's very interesting, but I don't have to stay.

LAURA ROBINSON.

Spelling, spelling,
I had rather go fishing or clamming.

BENNIE BAKER, '24.

Always forgetting his book in French Class.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Red are the roses that grow in her cheeks, and blue are the violets that grow in her eyes.

RUTH TAYLOR.

Miss Clancy: "Prince, what is the difference between Pompey and Pompeii?"

Prince: "Pompey was a Roman general and statesman and Pompeii is the name of some kind of powder."

Cockerille (in French): "Miss Cram, do we have the same test questions in the other test tomorrow?"

Unity is at the beginning or end of a story. It tells what the story is and what it is about.

Coherence is the interesting part of the story, which is something like coming to the point.

Mr. Jewett (in Gen. Bus.): "What are the liabilities of a common carrier, Miss Morris?"

Miss Morris: "They are not reliable for anything done by an active God."

Miss Goldberg (in Spanish class): "In Spain the culture of tobacco."

Feb. 27. Phy. Tr. Class after school. Late dinner

Miss Clancy (in History): "Miss Morris, your current event is, Skimming the Melting Pot."

Miss Morris: "What, skimming the milking pot?"

Why is it that W. Crowley can never remember his current event?

Miss Clancy (in History): "An Indian wife is called a squaw. Can anyone tell me what a baby is called?"

Bright Student: "A squawker."

Miss Clancy: "Miss Thomas, what did they charge for a window."

Miss Thomas: "What's a window."

Has any one any suspicions from whence Lillian Cleaves got that 1917 class pin? ? ?

Miss Cram (in French): "M. Cockerille, apercevez vous la femme?"

Mr. Cockerille, stammering: "Eh—um—"

Miss Cram: "Do you know the question, M.?"

Cockerille: "Yes. Do you love the women?"

Cockerille (translating in French): "He did not eat the child."

Miss Mewer (in Ancient History): "They rode down the pyramids on camels."

Miss Clancy: "Does anyone know what a stag is?"

A little girl in the front seat put up her hand.

"Well, Miss Thomas?"

Miss Thomas: "An old horse."

Mrs. S.: "Lary, did you tie that string to Cockerille?"

Lary: "I couldn't tell a lie; I did."

Mar. 3. Town meeting

Miss Cotey: "There, that's the fourth or fifth time I've lost my gum on the floor and it's got all dirty. Oh, well, I can brush it off and it will be all right."

Who left the crumbs in Miss Cram's room? Was it for her lunch?

Miss Thomas (absent minded): "Oh! look at the stars up there! I wonder if they will be there to-morrow?"

Milliken, giving the principal parts of the verb sit:
sit sat sitten

La vache est-elle un animal?

Luce's translation: The cow is a lady animal.

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EXCHANGE



Exchanges

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<i>The Tripod,</i>	Saco, Maine
<i>The Olympian,</i>	Biddeford, Maine
<i>The Echo,</i>	South Portland, Maine
<i>The Folio,</i>	Lewiston, Maine
<i>The Bates Student,</i>	Lewiston, Maine
<i>The Blue and White,</i>	Westbrook, Maine
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<i>The Signet,</i>	Dexter, Maine
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<i>The Pinkerton Critic,</i>	Derry, N. H.
<i>The Record,</i>	Newburyport, Mass.
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<i>The Punchard Ensign,</i>	Andover, Mass.
<i>The Senior,</i>	Westerly, R. I.
<i>The Purple and Gold,</i>	Milton, N. H.
<i>The Tripod,</i>	Boston, Mass.
<i>The Maine Campus,</i>	Orono, Maine
<i>High School Gazette,</i>	Charleston, S. C.

Mar. 10. First Volley Ball Tournament. Sophs win

HOW WE SEE OTHERS.

The Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla. We are very glad to have you on our Exchange List. Your Literary Department is very good.

The Owl, Fresno, California. The Snapshots add much to your paper.

The Olympian, Biddeford, Maine. Why not more stories?

The Signet, Dexter, Maine. All of your departments are very good. Your jokes are especially good.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine, is a very good paper. Your Literary Department is great, also your personals.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Maine. Your Literary Department is very interesting. Locals are very good.

The Record, Newburyport, Mass., is a very interesting paper. A few more cuts would improve your paper.

The Mountain Echo, Blue Hill, Maine, 1918. A very good paper. Your departments are all good. 1919. We expected something different after seeing last year's paper.

The Nautilus, Waterville, Maine. Very good! Your stories are all very interesting.

The Arcturus, Caribou, Maine, is a very good paper. Your poem about the Kaiser is fine.

The Academy Review, Foxcroft, Maine. Very good, especially your Literary Department.

The P. I. H. S. Flier, Presque Isle, Maine. You issue fine papers. There isn't any snap in issuing papers weekly. Your grinds are very good.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Signet—THE OCEANIC is an exceptionally interesting and well-planned paper for the first edition.

The Arcturus—THE OCEANIC is excellent in every department. By all means continue to publish your paper and keep it up to its present standard. We wish you success.

The Record—If you are able to publish as interesting a paper

Mar. 17. Second Volley Ball Tournament. Sophs win again

as this the first time, you'll be leading the list when you've grown a bit older! You have a bit to learn—for instance, conserving space.

The Echo—THE OCEANIC is one of our best exchanges. It shows successful co-operation by the students.

The Olympian—First of all, let us mention the appropriateness of the name. We think a better one could not have been chosen. The editorial of this paper says: "One of the essentials which make for a good school is co-operation. Co-operation of the parents." We surely agree with this statement. On the whole, we think THE OCEANIC could be improved only with much difficulty. We are sorry it appears only once a year. The Editorial Board deserves the heartiest congratulations for their great success.

J. H. S. Folio—The pen drawings in your magazine are cleverly executed.

The Tripod—Your paper is certainly A1. Your business manager is evidently a hustler.

The Nautilus—Accept a hearty welcome to our Exchange List. Your cuts and interesting stories make a most attractive number.

The Senior—We wish to congratulate you on your first issue.

BEFORE

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone!

AFTER

There are letters of accent,
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone!

—Ex.

Mar. 21. Senior High Speaking

"I'm quite a neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore. "I'm living just across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smath. "I hope you'll drop in some day."

—*Ex.*

TRAGEDY

Little Willie,
Pair of skates,
A hole in the ice,
Golden Gates.

—*Ex.*

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

—*Ex.*

Schylerbus kissibus sweet girlorum;
Girorum likeabus, want someorum;
In come papabus mid kissorum,
Kick Schylerbus outa dedorum.

—*Ex.*

The sweetest words of pen or tongue,
The sweetest ever said or sung!
How sweet I never knew,
Until these three dear words she spoke,
To me, translating, without hope.
These words are—"That will do."

—*Ex.*

"Have you read 'Freckles', Mr. ——?" she ventured.

"No, ma'am," he stammered, blushing. "Mine are the brown kind."

—*Ex.*

Mar. 24. Volley Ball. Sophs win. Some team



GRADUATES FROM OLD ORCHARD HIGH SCHOOL.

†Deceased

1885

†Lizzie L. Maybury (Milliken)	
Gilbert H. Maybury	Portland, Me.
Allie M. Banks (Mrs. John C. Rich)	
Mamie McAllister (Mrs. Chas. A. Buck)	Methuen, Mass.
Nellie L. Guilford	Old Orchard, Me.
Alvin G. Lyons	Old Orchard, Me.
Alice Towle (Harmon)	Waverley, Mass.
Lillie Jameson (Mason)	
Roland G. Lane	Pleasant Beach, Wash.

1890

Percy F. Googins	Kennebunk, Me.
†Willie Guilford	
†Walter Phillips	
†Martha Hancock	
Florence P. Leavitt (Adams)	Boston, Mass.
†Mae Brown Pitman	
Edythe A. Maybury	Brookline, Mass.

1892

†Wymie E. Dresser (Milliken)	
Emily Fiske (Cram)	Old Orchard, Me.
Minnie Robinson	
Agnes M. Duff (Scamman)	Portland, Me.

1896

Grace Dennet (Milliken)	Old Orchard, Me
-------------------------	-----------------

1897

Allie E. Pillsbury	Chicago, Ill.
Percy W. H. Lombard	Old Orchard, Me.
John W. McPhee	Boston, Mass.
Clement P. Wight	Old Orchard, Me.

1898

Lena I. Wight
Henry B. Duff

Old Orchard, Me.
Houston, Texas

1899

Margaret P. West
Nellie I. Maddox (Mrs. F. G. Marten)
J. Fremont Whitman (Rev.)

Boulder, Col.
So. Portland, Me.
Minneapolis, Minn

1901

Ethel M. Wight
Clyde R. L. Snow
W. Merton Snow (Rev.)

Portland, Me.
Old Orchard, Me.
Bridgton, Me.

1902

Catha L. Gorham (Sears)
Eleanor M. Wright (Mrs. V. Kemble Reinmuth)
Charlotte M. Whitman

Old Orchard, Me.
Richmond, Cal.
Roxbury, Mass.

1903

Inez M. Dean (Mrs. Jack Marshall)
†Langdon, Chandler

Laconia, Mass.

1904

Grace Cheney
Fannie E. Emmons
George E. Kirkpatric
Edythe E. Luce (Mrs. G. E. Kirkpatric)

Old Orchard, Me.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Me.

1905

Bertha M. Wing
Mabel A. Worcester
Micheal Dunlea
Chester C. Snow

Old Orchard, Me.
Old Orchard, Me.
Westbrook, Me.
Portland, Me.

1906

Lena E. Wing
Raymond L. Emmons
Alice E. Chute (Smith)

So. Portland, Me.
Old Orchard, Me.
Saco, Me.

1908

Lois M. Thomas
Wesley Mewer, U. S. A. Quantico, W. Va.

Old Orchard, Me.

1908-'09	
1st Sergt. Henry F. Worcester, U. S. A.	Old Orchard, Me.
Lillie N. P. Clark (McSweeney)	Old Orchard, Me.
1911	
Grace Wing (Tisdale)	Portland, Me.
1912	
Alonzo M. Tibbets	Berlin Mills, N. H.
Harold Hague, U. S. A.	Old Orchard, Me.
Gladys Byron	
2nd Lieut. Edward Perkins	Old Orchard, Me.
1913	
Lena E. Glazier	Maynard, Mass.
Elizabeth Murphy	*Old Orchard, Me.
Fay Batcheldor	Old Orchard, Me.
1915	
Helen Libby	Old Orchard, Me.
†Helen Crowley	Old Orchard, Me.
Harold Burnham, U. S. A.	Old Orchard, Me.
Gladys Kirkpatrick	Portland, Me.
Hazel Cleaves	Old Orchard, Me.
Elizabeth Scripter	Old Orchard, Me.
Cecil Scripter	Old Orchard, Me.
1916	
Ruth Hutchinson	Old Orchard, Me.
Clinton Mewer, U. S. A. U. U. S. S. Penn.	Old Orchard, Me.
1917	
Harriett Cleaves	Old Orchard, Me.
Emma Murphy	Old Orchard, Me.
Edward Lord, U. S. A.	Old Orchard, Me.
1918	
Iva Lutz	Old Orchard, Me.
Helen Robinson	Old Orchard, Me.
Florence Cleaves	Old Orchard, Me.
Mildred Clark (Kasper)	Old Orchard, Me.

LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERS

(Prior to High School and of the Class 1901)

* Deceased

- 1879 Fannie E. Milliken
 1872 Abbie F. Titcomb
 1879 Charles W. Gorham*
 1872 Katie W. Snow
 1901 Marion A. Patterson Littlefield
 Hester A. Clement
 John L. Guilford*

THE OFFICERS ELECTED APRIL, 1918, FOR THE
ENSUING YEAR.*President*, Ruth Hutchinson*Vice President*, Grace Dennett Milliken*Secretary*, Mabel A. Worcester*Treasurer*, Hazel Cleaves

(Mabel Worcester elected in her place)

Auditor, Clyde R. L. Snow*Chairman of Arrangement Committee*—Mrs. Emily Cram,
Harriett Cleaves, Miss Nellie Guilford.*Entertainment Committee*—Mrs. F. G. Martin and Mrs. Lena
Melo.*Visiting Committee*—Mabel A. Worcester, Ruth Hutchinson
and Clyde R. L. Snow.*Nominating Committee*—Ruth Hutchinson, Clement Wight,
Alvin Lyons, Bertha Wing and Percy N. H. Lombard.The annual alumni banquet for 1918 was held May 24 at
Pillsbury House. During the year there are three regular busi-
ness meetings.MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI WHO WERE IN
WAR SERVICE 1918.

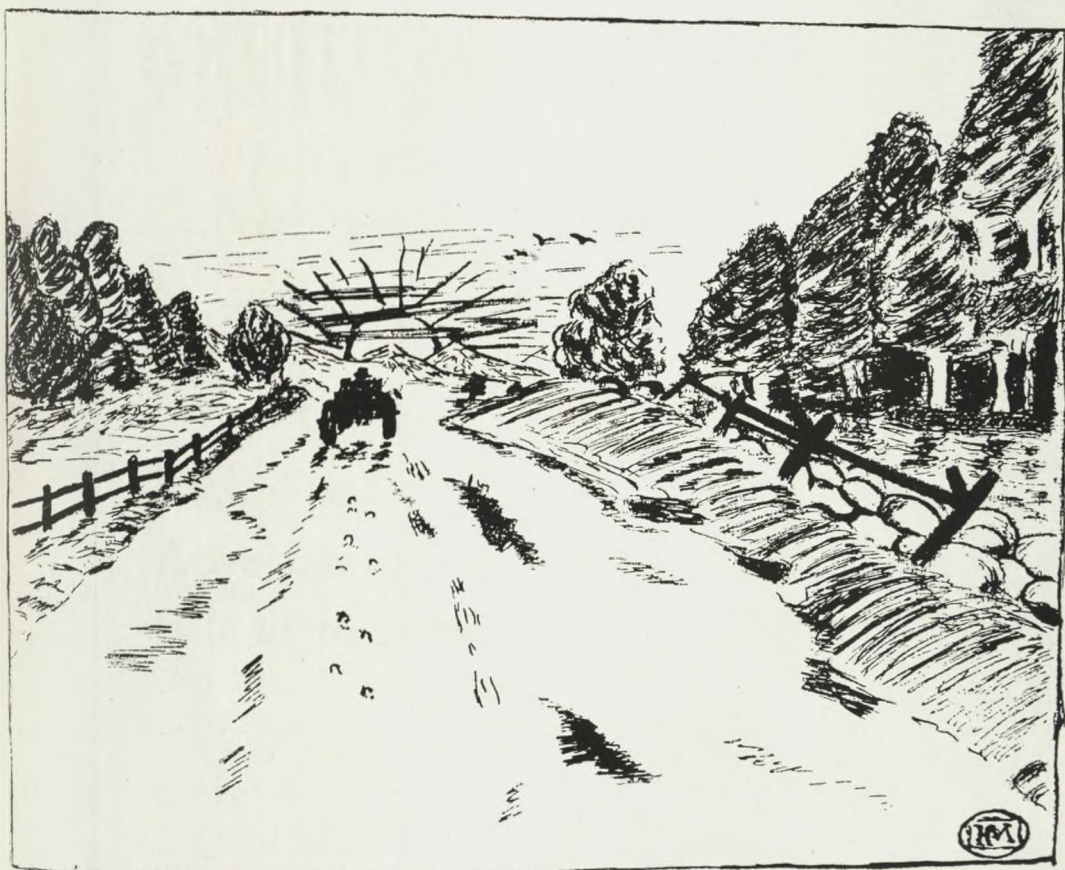
- Wesley M. Mewer
 Clinton C. Mewer
 1st Sergt. Henry F. Worcester
 2nd Lieut. Edward A. Perkins
 Harold A. Burnham
 J. Harold Hague
 Edward I. Lord
 Vernon W. Marr
 Raymond L. Emmons

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

GRADE VII.		GRADE VIII.		GRADE IX.		GRADE X.		GRADE XI.		GRADE XII.	
English	2 40	English	2 40	English	5 40	English	5 40	English	5 40	English	5 40
Oral English	3 40	Oral English	3 40	Oratory		Oratory		Oratory		Oratory	
Arith.	5 40	Arith.	5 40	Arith.	5 40	Algebra	5 40	Geom.	5 40	U. S. Hist. and	
Oral French	2 40	Oral French	2 40	Phy. Tr		Phy. Tr		Phy. Tr		Civics	5 40
History	2 40	History	2 40							Phy. Tr	
Geography	2 30	Geography	2 30								
Reading	5 20	Reading	5 20								
Writing	3 20	Writing	3 20								
Spelling	5 10	Spelling	5 10								
Drawing	2 20	Drawing	2 20								
Music	5 20	Music	5 20								
Mc. Arts	2 80	Mc. Arts	2 80								
Dom. Arts	3 80	Dom. Arts	3 80								
Phy. Tr		Phy. Tr									

Required		Latin	5 40	Latin	5 40	Latin	5 40	Latin	5 40
Length of Per.	Periods	French	5 40	French	5 40	French	5 40	French	5 40
Periods per week	Periods	Science	5 40	Science	5 40	Science	5 40	Science	5 40
Length of Per.	Length of Per.	Anc. Hist.	5 40	Eng. Hist		Eng. Hist			
Length of Per.	Length of Per.			and Civics	5 40	and Civics	5 40		
Length of Per.	Periods	Dom. Arts	3 40	Gen. Busi.	5 40	Gen. Busi.	5 40	Gen. Busi.	5 40
Length of Per.	Periods	Mc. Arts	3 40	Dom. Arts	5 40	Dom. Arts	5 40	Dom. Arts	5 40
Periods	Periods			Mc. Arts	3 40	Mc. Arts	3 40	Mc. Arts	3 40
Periods				Spanish	5 40	Spanish	5 40	Spanish	5 40

Elective pupil may elect any two or more courses. He must have at least 12 points to complete the Junior course and at least 12 points to complete the Senior course.



THE END

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HOUSE OF LORDS TEA**

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Dealers in

Meats, Fish and Provisions

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Cor. of Alfred and Main Sts.—Also, 61 High St.

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CHAS. W. USEN
PROPRIETOR



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FOR LADIES

Full Line of DRESSES for Children

Also NEW DESIGNS in

LINGERIE, HOSIERY, VEILINGS, JEWELRY
and NOVELTIES

SPECIAL LINE of

***Dove Underwear
La Camille Corsets
and Phoenix Hosiery***

Agency for LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

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Summer Store, Old Orchard, Maine

F. W. DEMERRITT

Dealer in Real Estate

Provisions, Dry and Fancy Goods

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Canned Goods*

Our Motto: Good Goods at Fair Prices

OCEAN PARK

Telephone

MAINE

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FRED I. LUCE

Old Orchard Street

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

DEALER IN

***Fancy Groceries, Meats
Fish and Provisions***

PATRONIZE A HOME STORE

1919 SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

You'll find here at this store
ready for you, all the neces-
sary things to wear for Boys,
Young Men and Men, at
prices that can not be beaten,
"quality" considered.

CHAS. A. BENOIT

(Marble Block)

Biddeford

Maine

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

R. P. CLEMENT

DEALER IN

**Groceries, Meats, Provisions
Fresh Fish of all Kinds**

UNION AVENUE
Near Washington Avenue

***Old Orchard
Maine***

DAY'S GARAGE

OLD ORCHARD

SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS



***We Sell Veedol Oil
and
Standard Gasoline***

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

HOTEL VESPER

CHARLES CAMPBELL

Proprietor

Tel. Connection

Old Orchard, Me.

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Biddeford-Saco

*New Waist Line Models
for Young Men*

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MODERATELY PRICED



The Stein-Bloch Co. 1919

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HARMON REALTY CO.

W. Warren Harmon

Old Orchard, Maine



*We make a specialty of RENTING and SELLING
PROPERTY in this vicinity. Your continued patron-
age is solicited.*

Boynton's Pharmacy

112 Main Street

BIDDEFORD : : : MAINE



Dealer in

CAMERA FILMS and SUPPLIES

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EASTMAN BROS. & BANCROFT

"Maine's Leading Dry Goods Department Store"

Portland, Maine

FURNITURE

Our Two Big Stores Are Filled to Overflow With Spring Goods

We feel it perfectly proper at this time to mention our low prices.

When in the market for anything in Furniture, Rugs or Draperies, let us show you that we can save you 10 to 20 cents on every dollar you spend. Delivery by auto trucks free of charge. Electric cars pass both our stores, and we are sure it will repay you to stop off and look over our stocks and prices.

H. P. ATKINSON & SONS, Inc.

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies

**Atkinson Block
BIDDEFORD, ME.**

**Atkinson Block
SAGO, ME.**

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us



QUAYLE & SON

INCORPORATED

Steel Engravers and Jewelrymen

25 West 42nd Street
NEW YORK

19 Chapel Street
ALBANY

64 West Randolph Street
CHICAGO

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DeLORGE'S BOOT SHOP

Shoes for the Whole Family

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

We have the Agency for

Regal Shoes
Packard Shoes
Elite Shoes

251 Main Street
BIDDEFORD, MAINE

Dinan, The Jeweler

253 Main Street



FINE WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

Compliments of

JOHN F. DEAN

DEALER IN BOOTS and SHOES

BIDDEFORD

MAINE

Compliments of

YORK COUNTY POWER CO.

Tel. Connection

OLD ORCHARD, ME.

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

Why Don't You Buy a Farm of Me

and be on easy street, as I have a large assortment to
show you. Plenty of wood to burn and
plenty to eat and milk to drink.

W. M. DAVIS, Old Orchard, Maine

**GRASS and VEGETABLE SEEDS and
GARDEN TOOLS**



SCALES HARDWARE CO.

244 MAIN STREET, SACO

JEREMIAH CROWLEY

DRUGGIST

When in Biddeford call at Crowley's Pharmacy, 5 Alfred Street, for
your Drug needs. Everything in the Drug line. The goods
are right and the prices are right.

CROWLEY'S PHARMACY, 5 Alfred St., Biddeford, Me.

D. F. LITTLEFIELD

WHOLESALE

Fruit and Produce

Canned Goods

Grocers' Sundries

238-242 Main Street, SACO, MAINE

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USE CASWELL'S KREM MO

at your home to make FUDGE and ICE CAKES

BUY IT AT THE

FACTORY REAR of FOREST PIER HOTEL
OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Old Orchard Variety Store

Fancy and Dry Goods—Everything for Household Use

L. GOLDBERG, Prop.

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Old Orchard, Maine

Agency for GLOBE LAUNDRY

THE AUTHORITATIVE SHOWING WHICH WOMEN DELIGHT IN,
A PRESENTATION PAR-EXCELLENCE OF

—NEWEST SPRING STYLES—

DRESSES, SUITS, COATS, WAISTS

ON SALE IN THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GARMENT
DEPARTMENT NORTH OF BOSTON.

**IT'S A PLEASANT
PLACE TO SHOP**

LEWIS POLAKEWICH

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DEALER IN

Pure Milk and Cream

456 MAIN STREET

Telephone 555-M

Saco, Maine

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FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, AUTOMOBILE, COMPENSATION

MONTROSE E. HILL

INSURANCE BUNGALOW

Old Orchard, Maine

A. P. LARY

PLUMBING, PIPING and HEATING

Old Orchard, Maine

Tel. Connection 42-3

T. L. EVANS & CO.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE

We carry complete lines of

Crockery, Glass Ware, Silver Ware and Cut Glass

Kitchen Furnishings, Enameled and Nickel Ware
Tin and Wooden Ware, Baskets, Toys, etc.

THE CAKE SHOP

Atlantic Avenue

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Why not patronize home industry?

Our Bread and Pastry can be got at any Grocery Store.

BEANS and BROWN BREAD Saturdays

BREAD, ROLLS, PIES, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS Fresh
every day at our CAKE SHOP.

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

Meet Your Friends at Our Fountain

PETER VICTOR

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, ICE CREAM

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