

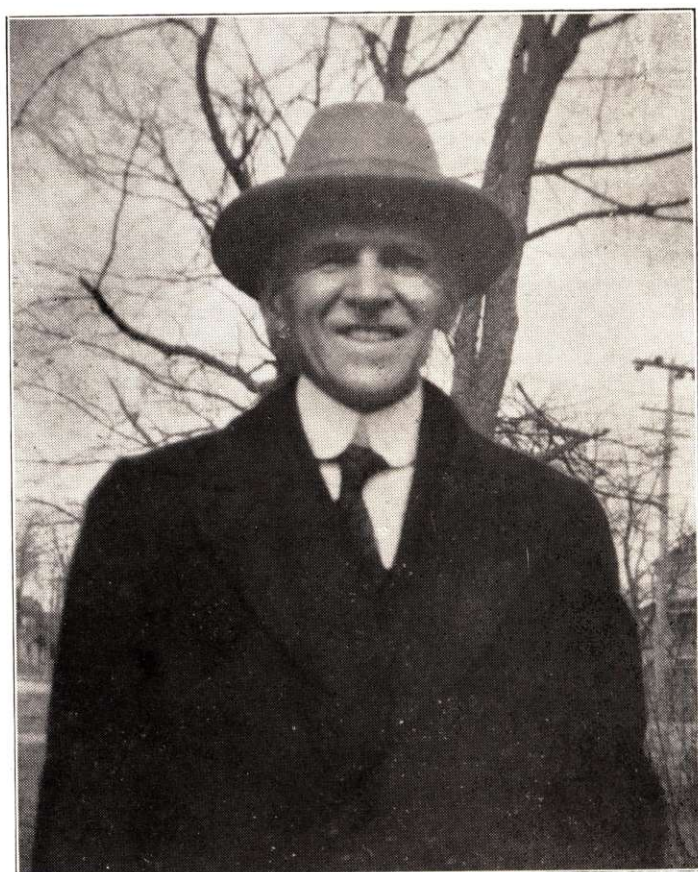
THE FREE SCHOOL ANNUAL



MAY 1932

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The
Greely Annual
1932



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THE GREELY ANNUAL

THE GREELY ANNUAL is published for the eighth consecutive year. We hope it will accomplish its purpose of keeping our graduates and friends acquainted with the activities of Greely.

We wish to thank the teachers for their loyal support, and our advertisers, whose generosity has made this edition of the ANNUAL possible.

Editorials

MR. LUCAS

For the past few years Cumberland has been very fortunate in having a man of Mr. Lucas' caliber as pastor. He has been very broadminded and has worked with the young people very much. The Men's Club was started largely through his influence. Whenever there has been sickness or need he has always been on hand to do his part in helping. He was instrumental in the building of the two tennis courts at Greely. Mr. Lucas has had no thought of himself but has worked for the benefit of the community and for the enjoyment he got out of it.

At Greely he has conducted assemblies once a week and has always had an interesting talk to deliver to us. Every year until this one he has helped the people who were taking part in prize speaking. Even though he has been ill during the past few months he has had some of the young people come to his house and has drilled them as he has before. He has offered his services in the coaching of school plays and his help has always been greatly appreciated by those taking part. The young folks have often had socials and Mr. Lucas has always offered his house for a place to conduct them.

The people with whom he has worked greatly appreciate his interest in the community and Greely Institute.

H. S. M., '32.

MAINE

Maine is sometimes laughed at because it is the knob of the United States pushed up into the Northeastern corner. Its people are called "old hicks" by one of her own "crooners" and many others have the same opinion.

But Maine is not a state to be sneered at. It has a place in history. Some of the first settlements were made upon her shores because of the many natural harbors. There are large forests. More trees were cut for masts on the kings' ships than for any one section in the whole country during the colonial days. Natural beauty may be seen everywhere—on the islands, along the waterfront where the stern rocks are washed by the open sea, the many streams and lakes, and on the mountains. Many poets have written poems about Maine and its beauty.

It was Maine that helped settle the slave question in 1820, by the Missouri Compromise. The "hicks" were the first to realize the great importance of Prohibition which soon became a national law and is now praised by the rest of the world. Many shows come to Maine for their first public appearance. If it is a success before the "old hicks" that are so hard to please, it is sure to be successful in larger cities.

This shows that the judgment of the down-easters is valued by great people. People that criticize Maine should not be so hasty in forming conclusions but come to meet the "hicks" and enjoy the beauty painted by the world's greatest artist, Mother Nature.

R. W. V., '32.

A SCHOOL ASSEMBLY

An assembly once a week is a benefit to any school. They are well worth the time if an able speaker can be secured. One who comes from outside of the community is sometimes appreciated more than a local person.

Once in a while the students themselves should be allowed to put on an assembly. This makes the pupil feel as though he had an active part in the bettering of his school. Each one then carries a responsibility that he would not have if someone else had charge of it. A good way to handle

this would be for each class to put on a program on different mornings. There may be talent among some of the pupils that has been hidden, and this opportunity for expression is not only a benefit to the school but to the individual as well. The students look forward to the morning when assembly is going to be held. Each student should strive to make the assemblies better than ever before.

H. S. M., '32.

THANKING GREELY'S ALUMNI

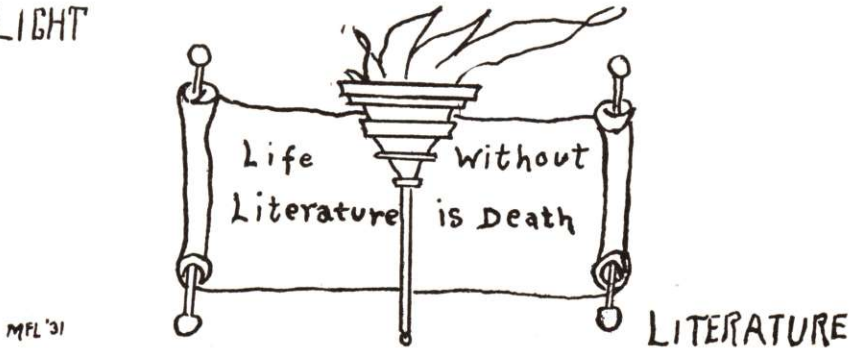
Soon after school started in the fall the members of the Alumni Association decided to build a balcony in the gymnasium for the purpose of seating the spectators. This would also keep the floor clear for the players during a game. The work was started immediately and the balconies were erected before the first basketball game was played.

The new balconies in the gymnasium are a great improvement and the pupils of Greely Institute wish to express their thanks to the Alumni for this improvement.

V. J. S., '35.



LIGHT



TWO BOYS AND A TREASURE

Jim Hastings heaved the shovel and sat down with a grunt.

"That will make a good sundial when we get it done," he said to John Clinton.

Jim was fourteen, a year older than John. John lived next door to Jim in the town of Bedford in Maine on the sea coast.

"Say John what's that in the dirt," said Jim suddenly, getting up and picking up something shiny. John came over to investigate.

"It's a locket and something's inside of it," said John.

"Look! It's a map!" said Jim.

They took the map and studied it for a while.

"It says, 'follow trail to treasure'" said John.

"Orr-r-r-r! It's a joke on us; the kids think we'll follow it," said John.

"Yeah. Let's think up a joke to play on someone."

They sat down and thought in silence.

"I've got it," yelled Jim. "Let's put a 'tick-tack' on the Chinese Laundry next door."

"Just the thing," agreed John.

John got his mother to allow him to stay over to Jim's house all night and they put a "tick-tack" from the laundry window up to Jim's room. The Chinese were ironing when the noise started. They yelled and threw their irons; one went through a window and the laundry became a general chaos.

"Boy, look at that one. Is he scared?" laughed Jim.

When all had quieted down, they went to sleep.

The next day when Jim and John were cleaning their rifles, Jim said, "Let's follow that map for the fun of it."

"All right," yelled John jumping to his feet. They thought it would be fun and little did they know of the danger ahead.

II

"Boy, my feet are tired," said John, sitting down on a rock.

"Yeah, we've walked a long way and this little rifle feels like a cannon," moaned Jim.

"Let's eat that lunch," suggested John.

"Good idea," agreed Jim enthusiastically.

They sat down and ate most of the lunch that they brought with them.

"Well," yawned Jim, getting up from the place where he had been lying, "Let's be going."

"Ow-w-w. You're as bad as our teacher for wanting to hurry. I'd like to lay here for a week," complained John.

"Sez you. You're as bad as old fat Mrs. Young next door, who is so lazy she can't wash her own dishes," returned Jim.

"Listen," whispered Jim, "I hear somebody coming."

"So do I," replied John, whispering, "Let's hide."

They hid in some nearby bushes and soon a Chinaman passed them.

"It's a chink after mushrooms," suggested John.

"This time of day? You're crazy!" said Jim.

"Well let's follow the trail," John replied.

They walked about two hours and came to a clump of bushes where the trail ended according to the map.

"Huh!" grunted John, "Big treasure! What are we suppose to do now?"

"S-s-s-h-h-h, here comes someone," whispered Jim. "Hide in the bushes, over there."

They had just hidden and another Chinaman came over the hill. He

paused at the clump of bushes, looked all around and then disappeared within.

"Jim, he's crazy. He went in those bushes," said John.

"Let's follow him. Maybe he knows something about the treasure," said Jim.

They poked their rifles in front of them as if they were rushing Germans in the world war and pushed through the bushes where the Chinaman had disappeared.

"Look, Jim, here's a trail and it looks as though it was used often," said John.

"Yeah, and look ahead. There's a cave," whispered Jim. "And don't make any noise."

John had a feeling that somebody was behind him, looked around him and let out a yell as a gun butt fell on his head. Jim received the same treatment.

"All samee, likee I told you, Wong. Thought I heard some one near me when I came."

"Well didn't I tellee you to lookee out for peoples? All samee, you tie 'em up and put them in cave. Then you and Yangkow watcha-out whilee we make haul."

Who were these men and why had they been so brutal to Jim and John? Do they know anything about the treasure?

III

Jim groaned and looked around where he lay bound and gagged. Where was he? Oh yes, he remembered, and gradually everything came back to him. Then John groaned and came to. Their heads ached severely. Jim discovered in the gloom, a guard at the mouth of the cave. John looked at Jim and Jim looked at John. John had also discovered the guard.

Then Jim got an idea. He rolled over to John. John, understanding his idea, did the same. Jim worked his hand into John's pocket and got his knife. Then he cut John loose. John tried to rise but he was numb from the stop of the circulation of blood and almost fell over. Then he cut Jim loose. Jim got up and felt like a bag of grain.

"John," said Jim, "come with me."

"What are you going to do Jim?" John inquired.

"Sneak up and surprise that guard with some of the medicine they gave us," whispered Jim.

The guard was sleeping heavily and failed to hear the approach of the boys but all at once he stirred and his gun clattered to the floor of the cave and the boys stopped and held their breath. The guard went to sleep again and snored, making a great noise.

Jim saw a better chance and picked up the gun.

"John," said Jim, "run back and get those ropes and hurry!"

"All right," was John's reply as he went off into the darkness.

John returned with the ropes and Jim covered him with the gun while John tied him with the ropes, much to his protests.

"Jim, you take his gun and we'll explore the cave," said John.

"All right," replied Jim, "but go quiet for there might be some more men in here."

"Look at the little caves and I hear water splashing somewhere," whispered John.

"S-s-s-h-h-h, here comes another man. Get in this little cave," whispered Jim.

Jim started in but in the interior he fell over something. He got up and waited for the man. When he got near they held him up and tied him. When this was done Jim said, "Say John, let's go see what I fell over."

They went in the cave and saw something shaped like a box.

"Let me see your light," said Jim.

"Why! It looks like an old trunk," exclaimed John.

"Wonder what it is, John? Perhaps it is the treasure," suggested Jim.

They broke the lock and threw back the cover. There in the center was a death head and they drew back much surprised.

"There's no treasure at all," exclaimed John.

"Wait! That trunk is bigger than it looks. Give me that ax," said Jim. He struck the top and a false bottom flew up.

"Look, Jim, there it is! look at the gold! Boy! Are we rich?" exclaimed John.

"There's a lot all right. Listen! Don't I hear a motorboat?" asked Jim.

"Has the treasure made you goofy? Huh? A motorboat in a cave!" said John in disgust.

But they went outside and down the cave. All at once they came to some water with a wharf on the edge. There on the wharf were many, many rifles and a large quantity of dope. The boys did not have the time to look these over for the boat was heard very distinctly now. They hid behind the guns. Soon a boat came around the corner. As it came up to the wharf, a lot of Chinamen began talking. When Jim and John saw three men get off they held them up.

"The first that moves will get plugged full of holes," said John. "Get some rope and tie them up, Jim."

When this was done, Jim and John looked around and saw the Chinese disappear out of the cave. They ran for dear life and shouted like madmen.

"Let's get the police and they'll take care of those smugglers," said Jim.

They went home and got the police and showed them the way to the cave. When the police had put the Chinese in jail, the boys got their fathers to go to the cave. Jim took a wheelbarrow along. The fathers thought the boys acted very mysteriously. When they saw the treasure, they were very surprised. John's father knew old money because he worked in a bank.

"There's about two million there, boys. That means a million for each of you, and you certainly have earned it," said John's father.

P. E. M., '34.

WAR

We were all in our clubroom one evening seated at the table around which we were accustomed to gather, when Ralph Young asked Mr. DuPont to tell what he thought about the chance of our country's entering into a war with Japan. Mr. DuPont had recently returned from traveling in China and Japan so he was well able to talk on that subject.

As near as I can remember this was the main part of his talk.

"A long time ago Manchuria was a country by itself and was controlled by Manchus. As time went on Russia gained control of this fertile

country. Then some time later China in a struggle with Russia gained control of it. After this Japan gained control but at the end of the World War Japan had to give it back to China as the result of a treaty. That is the situation in Manchuria up to the present time."

"But," asked Mr. Young, "What is the cause of the present situation and who is to be blamed?"

Mr. DuPont said, "China and Russia jointly own a railroad in Manchuria, and Japan claims that China refused to transport Japanese troops over it so Japan tried to force China into transporting them and this started the struggle. China has a large population but she is not prepared for war as Japan is. Japan continued fighting the Chinese and taking control of Chinese cities until now Manchuria is nearly under the control of Japan."

"China fought back by boycotting Japan. This resulted in the Shanghai situation. There is an International Section in this city which is populated mostly by Americans, English, French and Italians. When the fighting started these countries sent warships and soldiers over to prevent the fighting from coming into this section but for all of this, shells landed inside this section, and caused considerable damage. Fearing that we might be forced into a war with Japan we have tried several times to arrange an understanding between Japan and China but Japan refuses to accept our terms.

"This Chino-Japanese struggle is today threatening world peace. There is one thing certain. The United States or any other allied country does not want to go to war if it can be prevented, but we must protect our citizens and property.

"Now here is something to think over. Where will Japan obtain food, arms and ammunition if the Allied countries go to war with her? She has to import most of it now.

"It does not seem possible that any civilized country can want war after seeing the condition things were in at the close of the World War, but this struggle between China and Japan is war although it has not been officially declared. No one can definitely predict what the outcome will be."

"Well, that was a very interesting talk and I never knew so much about China and Japan before," said Roy Percival, after Mr. DuPont had completed his talk. All of the Club members expressed great satisfaction and pleasure and asked him to talk to us again.

D. B. C., '32.

THE WOOING OF REBEKAH

Characters: Abraham's eldest servant, Leban; Rebekah; Bethual.

Scene: A well just outside the walls of the city of Nahor in Mesopotamia. The camels cannot be seen from the audience but are supposedly off stage in a room at the left. The well is near the door entering this room.

Servant: (entering at left) Now that I have made my camels to kneel down I will pray to the Lord that I may fulfill the oath which I swore to my aged Master who dwells among the Canaanites. (He kneels down) I Lord God of my Master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my Master Abraham. Behold I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the city come out to draw water: And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, "Let down your pitcher, I pray, that I may drink!" and she will say, "Drink, and I will give your camels water also;" Let her be the one that you have appointed for your servant Isaac. (Almost at the end of speech Rebekah comes onto the stage at the right carrying a pitcher upon her shoulder, goes to the well and fills her pitcher, as she rises servant runs to meet her.)

Servant: Let me drink of your water, I pray.

Rebekah: Drink, My Lord. (gives him water to drink) I will draw water for your camels also. (Draws a pitcher of water for the camels pouring it into a watering trough just inside the door at the door at left.)

Servant: Here are a necklace and two bracelets for your services. (gives them to her). Whose daughter are you? Tell me, I pray, is there room in your father's home for us to lodge?

Rebekah: I am daughter of Bethual, the son of Milcah. We have room to lodge in and straw and provender enough also—I will go and tell those of my mother's house these things. (Rebekah goes out door at right.)

Enter Leban.

Leban: Come in; why stand outside, for I have prepared the house and room for the camels.

(Exeunt.)

Scene 2. (Rebekah's home—eating room. Meat is being placed on the table.)

Servant: I will not eat until I have told my errand.

Leban: Speak on.

Servant: I am Abraham's eldest servant. The Lord has blessed my Master greatly and he has become great, with flocks, herds, silver and gold and all good things. He has given all these things to Isaac, his youngest son. My Master made me swear to take a wife for his son from his father's house, not from the daughters of the Canaanites. And he said, "You will be clear of my oath when you come to my kindred and if they give you not one, you will be clear from my oath. I came today to the well and prayed for the fulfilment of the oath: And now if you will deal kindly and truly with my Master, tell me; and if not, tell me."

Bethual: The thing comes from the Lord; Rebekah is before thee; take her and go and let her be your Master's son's wife. (Servant bows to earth—gives jewels of gold to Rebekah, brother and mother.)

Servant: Send me away to my Master in the morning.

Leban: Let her stay with us a few days—for at least ten, then she may go.

Servant: Hinder me not as the Lord hath prospered my way.

Bethual: We will call the damsel (calls Rebekah—and Rebekah comes) Will you go with this man?

Rebekah: I will go.

Leban: You will be able to leave to go to your Master in the morning.

Servant: And Isaac will come to meet us in the field. (They start to eat—curtain.)

M. H. C., '33.

Finis

REUNION

In a large, beautiful house in the town of Fairview in the hills of Massachusetts lived an eighteen year old girl, with her father, mother and nurse, Vicky. Veronica's mother had hired Vicky to take care of her when she was a little girl and she had been with them ever since. Veronica was a small framed girl with fair complexion.

One warm, bright morning Veronica said to her mother, "I am going for a long ride on my horse and if anything happens that you want me, you'll find me on top of the hill."

Veronica's horse, Pathfinder, was a beautiful roan. He held his head

high and was a high stepper. He was the fastest runner in the country. She loved him next to her parents and Vicky.

Veronica rode her horse along the path towards the outskirts of the town. She was a very skillful rider. When she reached the crest of the long hill on the outskirts, the sun was rising and the sky was brilliant with many colors. The river below was flowing rapidly over its rocky course.

As she was gazing thoughtfully at the sight, she heard a slight noise and looking farther up the stream she saw a canoe coming toward her. She watched it coming along the river until suddenly it hit a large jagged rock just visible above the water. It rammed a large hole in the canoe and then she heard a cry from the occupant of the canoe and saw that it was an elderly man. She saw also that the man couldn't swim and as she knew the river was very dangerous she climbed off the horse and swam towards the man. By the time she reached him he was going down for the second time. She managed after a long time to reach the bank with him. Because of so many rocks in the river he had hit his head and was unconscious. She was trying to get him to the top of the hill when she saw her father's friend, Timothy Robie, approaching on horse back.

She called, "Oh! Mr. Robie, will you come here a moment?" She was almost in tears.

When he reached her, after tying his horse, she told him about the accident of the canoe.

He said, "If we lift him together I think we can get him to my horse."

At last they reached his horse and gently placed the mysterious man on the back of the horse.

As Veronica had not stopped to tie her horse, he was feeding a short distance away. After going to him she mounted and by riding slowly and steadying the stranger they were able to proceed.

They rode down the other side of the hill and reached the level land. As this road was not very good it was not frequently travelled so they did not happen to meet anybody.

Finally after riding very slowly they reached Veronica's home where her mother rushed out to see what the trouble was. She thought, when she saw Timothy with her daughter, that her daughter was hurt.

She cried, "My daughter, my daughter, what is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" Her mother was terrified.

She was relieved when Veronica answered, "No, mother, but this man is. May we keep him here until he is well?"

Her mother, who was rather selfish, upon finding that Veronica was all right said, "Why should we keep him? He is nothing to us. We'll send him to the hospital."

But her husband, who was very different from his wife, said upon his arrival, "Why of course we shall take care of him, mother."

Veronica showed her thanks by kissing her father.

Mr. Robie and Veronica's father managed to get him to the only extra room, as all the other rooms were occupied by guests. Mrs. Randall called Vicky to tend to the stranger and then she called Doctor Grant.

Before the Doctor arrived they tried every way to revive the man but failed. When the Doctor had examined his patient he turned with a worried face.

The family asked in chorus, "Is he hurt dangerously?"

The Doctor said, "I am afraid so, but I think I can pull him through if nothing happens."

After a few hours the man gained consciousness. His breathing became regular and he fell asleep.

While he was sleeping the family was gathered in the large drawing room. They were wondering who he might be but they had no idea.

The patient slowly gained strength. Veronica aided her mother in caring for him during the day while Vicky took charge at night. As Mr. Randall was working he was able to help only after working hours. It was during one of these periods that the mysterious stranger wanted all the family, including Vicky, to come to his room.

When the family had assembled in his room he said, "I am so grateful to your daughter, Mr. Randall, for saving my life. I am sure, if she hadn't helped me, it would have been the end."

Veronica assured him that she was very glad she could do so much for him.

He went on and said, "I'd rather you wouldn't ask me my name, if you don't mind, but I'll tell you where I was going. I will start at the beginning."

Mr. Randall said, "You needn't feel that you have to tell us your story."

But having said that he would like to tell them the stranger went on saying, "My twin sister and I, at the age of seven, as both our parents were dead, went to live at the home of our aunt, who was an aristocratic old maid. She had her own ideas and thought that everyone should agree with her. She was good to us and my sister thought a lot of her but I didn't like her ideas. She wouldn't let us leave the house after certain hours and she insisted that we do everything by schedule. Perhaps it was this or perhaps it was my wanting to have my own way that caused me to run away several times but I was always caught and brought back. My aunt managed to keep me until I was able to earn my living. My sister didn't want me to leave then but I was bound to be off to the city. I'm sorry now because if I'd stayed I would have had a wonderful education, although I had a fair one as it was. My leaving caused a disagreement between my sister and me, which we never made up. I managed to get a position in a large factory as errand boy for the manager, who had his offices in the factory. I earned enough to keep myself comfortably at a boarding house where I worked to pay part of my board. Gradually, I don't know how it happened, I was promoted until I became the head manager. By this time I had saved a large sum of money and when the owner died I managed to buy the factory and keep it running with the same workmen. I had become a prosperous man by this time and I had sent money to my aunt to pay for the keep of my sister but as it was returned I wondered what had happened. I wrote a letter to one of my boyhood friends who lived next door to my aunt. His reply was that during my absence my aunt had died and my sister had gone to the city and that was the last I heard of her. So you see I was staying at the hotel up the river trying to find my sister and ask her to forgive me. This morning I started out for a ride in the canoe and ended here." He paused a moment then added, "I'm afraid I've bored you."

Mr. Randall said, "Certainly not, but will you give me your address so we can find you if anything comes up?"

He gave them his address in New York.

During the next week the stranger became well enough to leave. He returned to New York.

After the stranger left, Veronica spent a good deal of her time on

horseback as it seemed so quiet and lonesome.

It was a few days after the stranger left that Veronica started on her horse to the home of an elderly friend. She had a pleasant ride. When she reached the house, which was a large brick house in a very quiet part of the city, her friend did not appear at the door as she usually did. Veronica thought that she was either out or hadn't seen her coming. But when she stepped into the long hall of the house she felt something was the matter and she was worried. Not even a maid was in sight. But suddenly from the parlor a nurse approached Veronica. When Veronica saw the nurse, she knew that her friend must be ill. It seemed to Veronica that a minute passed before either spoke and then the nurse motioned her into the parlor.

Veronica managed to ask, "What is the matter? Where is Miss Tolman?"

The nurse, who was rather haughty, before answering the questions asked one of her own. She demanded to know what right Veronica had coming into the house without knocking.

Veronica answered, "I've been a friend of Miss Tolman for a long time and have never knocked at her door. I've always been welcome any time I cared to come. And now will you answer my questions?"

The nurse, a little ashamed of speaking so rudely, said meekly, "Yes, Miss Tolman told me about you the other day. Yes I will answer your questions. Miss Tolman is ill.

Veronica startled by this reply as she had never known Miss Tolman to be ill before, asked, "But what caused her illness? Is she very sick?"

The nurse answered, "I think she will be better in a few days. She had a break down caused by something worrying her for a long time. You may go to see her for a short while if you like."

Veronica almost in tears followed the maid to her friend's bedroom. It was a beautiful room. Every article in the room matched as to color.

When Veronica entered the room her friend said, "Why Veronica. I'm so glad to see you."

They talked together for a few minutes about many different things. Suddenly Miss Tolman said, "Veronica I've something that's been worrying me a long time. I've never told it to anybody but I'd like to tell it to you. Have you time to listen?"

Veronica said, "Certainly I have."

Miss Tolman went on, "I had a brother whom I quarreled with when we were young and I've never seen him since. I want to see him so much and ask forgiveness."

She went on and told her story.

Veronica gave a sharp cry when she realized that it corresponded so well with that of the stranger but when Miss Tolman said, "What is the matter?" Veronica replied, "Nothing."

After they had talked a short time Miss Tolman rang for tea for her guest, and then Veronica started for home. On the way home she thought of the two stories and of how happy she would be if she could bring these two people together again.

The minute she reached home she sat down and wrote the mysterious man a letter, sending it by a messenger, telling him to come to her as soon as possible, that she had a surprise for him.

The five days before he arrived seemed an age to Veronica.

When he arrived she would not tell him anything but took him to Miss Tolman's.

They had a lovely ride to her house and upon arrival the man looked mystified. Veronica led him along the hall and then into the bedroom. When he saw his sister he gave a startled but happy cry. He ran to her bedside and knelt beside her. And Veronica slipped out, leaving them together.

D. M. J., '34.

FISH

Did you ever watch fish swimming around in the water? Of course you must have, and you have noticed their different actions. Some are just lazily swimming around while others are vigorously exercising. Some fish, known as suckers, just lie around in the sun and get their food from the smaller fish while other fish are busy. The salmon is noted for his fighting spirit. When caught on a hook and line the sucker doesn't seem to have much fight in trying to stay in the water, while it takes a master angler to land a salmon. When salmon go to lay their eggs they usually get up over the rapids into still water. What a plucky fish he is to do this when it

seems to the human eye to be impossible! Yet the salmon does. He may have to try a number of times before he succeeds and when finally he does he is exhausted from his strenuous efforts. But what a feeling of satisfaction they must have when they have finally accomplished their task. Even when swimming around they seem to have an air of self-satisfaction.

How much like fish are human beings. In our different walks of life one sees people who may be compared to different types of fish. How easy it is to see the types of people that represent the suckers and salmon. When I speak of human suckers I am comparing them with the fish of the same name. It is easy to pick out the suckers among human beings. They are those who bask in the sun and rest on the glory of their fellow citizens. What an aimless sort of life they must lead, nothing to work for (or possibly they don't want to work) or plan on doing. These people, for the most, live on what the other people are doing. When there comes a chance for them to show some spirit of fight for their country they are usually not present. They take the path of least resistance and if they meet with any obstacle they do not know what to do. They usually have much to say about the way other people do things, but do they do much except talk? No, it is much easier to lie around and find fault with those that are trying to do their best.

Then there are those people who are like the salmon in many ways. They do not take the path of least resistance but enjoy overcoming the obstacles they encounter. They work hard for what they get and when finished they have a satisfied feeling that have done their best. When there is a cause for them to stand up for their school or country, they are usually the first to act. Although they work hard to attain their goal they do not stop when they get there, but strive on to make the better best. Naturally they get along better with their fellow citizens. Like a salmon they may be exhausted when they have attained the grade, but in a short while they are ready to proceed. Whether one is to be like a sucker or a salmon depends on his self respect.

H. S. M., '32.

"FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PEOPLE"

Two hundred years ago, February the twenty-second, a baby boy was born at Wakefield, Virginia, in a rambling two story farmhouse near the Potomac River. His parents named him George Washington. He was the fifth child of a family of ten. Later the family moved near the Rappahannock River, close to Fredericksburg, where Washington received his

meager education. It was here the famous cherry tree was supposed to have grown. When the children "played war," Washington always was in command.

Augustine Washington, his father, died when Washington was eleven; and then his hope of schooling in England was given up, but he continued studying mathematics, and later took up surveying. Washington always wished to sail, but as he could not he could at least travel about the forest of Virginia as a surveyor.

This work satisfied his desire for adventure and he did it with such satisfaction that Lord Fairfax, owner of an adjoining estate asked Washington to work for him. In his leisure time Washington read books from the library of the Fairfax estate and went hunting with Lord Fairfax.

In the year 1858 Washington married a widow, Martha Custis, and he fathered her two children as if they had been his own.

One morning in August, 1774, two other men and Washington went to Philadelphia as Virginia delegates, for the purpose of discussing politics and plans in the present crisis. War clouds were gathering.

About a year later a second Congress met; war was now on, and John Adams appointed George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the newly formed American Army. He accepted the position refusing any pay beyond his expenses.

This task assigned to Washington was extremely difficult but he was proved to be a very successful leader. His supplies and ammunition were scarce and the soldiers ill-trained and unmanageable, but at the end of the Revolutionary War he had gained the reputation of being "first in war."

The battles of Trenton and Princeton were perhaps the battles that showed Washington's courage mostly. One Christmas night he crossed the Delaware and marched his troops to Trenton, where he surprised and easily captured the Hessian troops, supplying himself with a good supply of ammunition. The winter spent at Valley Forge was discouraging and tried General Washington's courage to the limit.

After the war General Washington's duty had not finished. Scarcely a year had rolled around when he was elected the President of the newly formed United States of America. He was now "first in peace." After refusing to serve a third term he returned to his home and settled down once more to a quiet life. He lived there three years, until his death in 1799.

George Washington was "first in war," "first in peace" and "first in the hearts of his people."

A. E. B., '32.

WHAT BECAME OF OAKRIDGE

Outside the small village of Trenton, a river was slowly winding its way into the Valley below. There had been a tradition handed down from the Indians that when anyone stopped to gaze upon it they seemed to become radiant with joy. The very blueness and tranquility of the waters almost made one believe that nothing would ever cause them to leave its banks. If one watched closely enough he might see a salmon or other fish come to the surface for air. All things were definitely influenced by its undisturbed calmness.

Along the river's bank a road had been built by the first settlers. This highway had been greatly improved, but public opinion seemed against having it paved like modern roads. At the time this story took place, the two-lane road had been covered with trap rock, and large oak trees were growing on both sides.

Following the highway about three miles one entered the valley. The land down there was noted for its fertility, for the river overflowed in the spring depositing all the waste it had gathered on its long journey. Owing to the large farms, the landscape looked like one immense field with small dark objects, the farm buildings, here and there.

The largest ranch, Oakridge, contained about eight hundred acres of land. Two hundred acres were reserved for grazing, while the remainder was under cultivation. This farm was run by Mr. Charles Pennall, who lived in a fine white house with his wife, Alice, and two daughters. Glenna was two years older than her sister Marion. They were a very happy and contented family striving to make each other's life more felicitous.

Mr. Pennall was a man in his late thirties. He was noted in the neighborhood for his remarkable knowledge and mental brilliancy. He was as enigmatic and as incomprehensible as he was forceful. If Mr. Pennall should suddenly do some ridiculous thing, he did it thoroughly and completely, for he stuck to it until it was accomplished.

The men who worked at Oakridge greatly respected him, even though he was very strict and stern. The result was shown in the fact that the work on the place was always done efficiently and everything was in its place.

The home was a place where he could always find peace and quiescence after a long day's riding over the farm, looking for lost cattle, or attending

to other matters. His wife always had a comfortable easy chair and slippers before the fireplace for him when he came home. A smoking set, reading lamp and papers were near by, if he should care to indulge. On some evenings when he was not tired he would sit on the floor and play games with his children. These occasions seemed to give him as much pleasure and joy as they did to the children.

Life had gone on in this manner for many years. Spring had come. Things now seemed to have taken a different aspect. Mr. Pennall's happy, smiling countenance was turned to one that appeared tired and worn, marked with deep, grave lines. He often sat around, evening after evening, brooding. His wife became worried and suggested that he call the doctor. One evening he came home in the usual manner looking fatigued. At the supper table he seemed to have no appetite. Mrs. Pennall watched anxiously.

"Charles, I think you had better go right to bed, while I call the doctor," she said.

But to this he only smiled, a smile that he had almost forgotten how to use, and answered, "I am perfectly all right. There has been more work on the farm than usual this month, and the river is rising. I am only tired so I will retire immediately. There is no necessity of calling Dr. Drumming. Wait until the morning. If I am not better then, you may call him."

This seemed to ease the anxiety of his wife and she went about doing the evening duties, that are required of every homemaker. Try as she would to forget, she still worried considerably.

The next morning dawned bright and sunny. The birds were twittering and singing in the nearby trees. The world seemed to have begun all over again with a bright start. Everyone was happy, no matter how depressed they had been before. When Mr. Pennall arose a change had come over him, which Alice hoped would remain.

That morning when the postman came he brought a large bunch of letters for the Pennalls. One letter differed from the others, because it was marked "personal" in two or three places. This aroused Alice's curiosity as to what the letter contained. When Charles came home for dinner he entered his study to look over the mail. Suddenly this strange letter caught his eye. He anxiously opened it. As he read his hand shook. The lines in his face seemed to deepen. His wife called to him but he did not seem to hear her. She repeated this call three times with no response. Then she

went to find out what was the trouble. As she approached he heard her footsteps and quickly laid the letter aside and tried to smile. When she opened the door her husband was sitting in his chair reading a letter from an old college friend.

"Dinner is ready, Charles. Didn't you hear me call you?"

He looked up with a surprised expression on his face, "Guess I've been too interested in this letter from Bob."

They then went to dinner. In the midst of the meal Charles asked, "How would you like visiting your mother for a while?"

Alice looked up surprised. "Oh!" she exclaimed as though she could hardly believe her ears, "And leave you here all alone? Especially when you are not well and so much work to be done? I should say not."

Then he explained that he had to make a business trip to Chicago in answer to a letter he received in the mail. This did not seem to make any difference for she said, "The farm will need me more than ever when you have gone."

"But, Alice," he said, "I will make arrangements to leave the place in the hands of Tom Morse. He is as reliable a man as there is around."

After giving the question much consideration, Alice consented to take Glenna and Marion and visit her mother, Mrs. Lewis, who lived in a city about two hundred miles away. She decided to stay there until her husband called for her on his way back from Chicago. The children were excited about taking a trip by train to a large city, as they were not used to city life.

Oakridge was a busy place. Everyone seemed to have more than his share of work to do. All suit cases and baggage were ready to be taken to the train. Mr. Pennall still continued to wear his worried look. This made his wife anxious about him, but he would not tell her what the strange letter contained nor his reason for being troubled.

They left home on the train in the morning and as it was only a five-hour ride, they arrived in the city that afternoon. They all hated to part but Mr. Pennall tried to make the parting as bright as possible and said, "Now, Alice, you and the children enjoy yourselves and don't worry, for I will return soon."

While Mrs. Pennall was at her mother's a letter came from Trenton addressed to her, for her husband had not left his address. It was from

Tom Morse, saying that the river was rising higher than it ever had been known to before. He wanted to know if there was anything that she wished him to take from the house and send to her mother's. He feared that the water might go higher still, as it had rained continuously since they left. The people in the neighborhood had said it might turn out to be a flood yet, if it didn't stop raining within a couple of days.

That evening she answered his letter asking him to send only a few keepsakes as she didn't believe the river would overflow more than it had in the past years.

A few days later Charles Pennall came back from Chicago. The minute Alice saw him she could see that his trip had been a disappointment. He planned to stay at Mrs. Lewis' for a fortnight before returning to Oakridge. That night he told his wife that a long time ago he had borrowed money to pay for his education and later some to start farming. This money had never been repaid. Now Mr. Thomas, who was in financial difficulty, needed the money and Charles was unable to pay. Therefore Mr. Thomas had written him that he would foreclose on the place if he could not meet his obligations. This was the reason for his journey to Chicago, which, however, proved to be vain effort.

The next day another letter came from Tom Morse saying that the river had risen and everything around was covered with at least two feet of water. In the evening paper they read that the dam a mile above the ridge had broken and the whole valley was flooded.

All the buildings were lifted off their foundations and were floating around. The cattle and even people were drowned. When the water retreated it left an ugly washed out place. Deep gullies, some of which were three feet in depth, were left everywhere.

Everything at Oakridge was destroyed. Only Tom Morse escaped death, as he was in Trenton on business when the dam broke. Now that the land in the valley was laid waste, Mr. and Mrs. Pennall had no inclination to try and raise sufficient funds by which to redeem their place. They therefore rented a small farm not far from the city where Mrs. Lewis resides. Here they are comfortably situated, making a new start in life. A deep friendship had grown between Tom Morse and Mr. Pennall so that now when Charles had lost all, Tom would not forsake him, but worked on Charles' new farm for only his board until things took on a brighter aspect.

A. H., '34.

DISARMAMENT

These are Mr. DuPont's opinions on disarmament as he expressed them before the members of our club.

He said, "This disarmament question is not a new one and we all know that several attempts have been made by certain leaders in all the large countries to disarm. Their reason for doing this is to stop wars and if any disagreement arises to settle it by peaceful means. This method would be satisfactory if all the countries would disarm, but France refuses to be caught without protection again, the same as she was at the beginning of the World War. Now Japan refuses to disarm and is waging war against China. Japan signed articles in the League of Nations which forbade her going to war but she has disregarded these articles and treaties, called them "Scraps of Paper".

"How can we disarm when there is a country which considers the League articles and treaties, documents which we hold sacred, in such a manner? It is impossible to think of disarmament as long as people are not any more civilized than this."

"We have the League of Nations to settle just such disputes as this Chino-Japanese situation. Where is the League? Why don't they settle it? If they could settle this there might be some hope of controlling arguments, but the League doesn't seem to be doing much just at present. Even if total disarmament could not be arranged the countries could abolish the cruel forms of warfare such as the use of gas and submarines. There would be some difficulty in reducing the standing army in some of the countries because military training is required in the schools and universities. Even if partial disarmament took place, when quarrels arose the nations would fight with what weapons they had at hand. This Chino-Japanese struggle has opened the eyes of the people, showing them the futility of disarmament at this time. All these wars arise from petty jealousies between two nations or over some minor disagreements. This just goes to show that it will be a good many years before the animal instinct in us to fight is reduced to the place where it will be safe to disarm."

"This disarmament question is difficult to answer and there is plenty to be said on both sides of the subject. I have given you my personal views and you gentlemen may criticize my speech all you wish."

Dr. Roy Percival was very serious as he said, "I agree with you, Van, when you say that this disarmament question is a difficult one and I think that I am speaking for the others, too."

D. B. C., '32.

THE INTERRUPTED COUPLE

CHARACTERS

DEACON SUMNER.

ISABELLA SUMNER, *his daughter.*JOSEPH ANDREWS, *Isabella's lover.*

Scene: Sunday night. Kitchen in Deacon Sumner's home. At right, a large cased clock. Kitchen stove at left of room. At back of stage a window. Table in middle of floor with four chairs around it. Cupboard at back right of stage and door at back left. When play opens window opens slowly and Joseph Andrews enters through it.

Joe (wandering around room quietly): Old Deacon Sumner ordered me not to call on his fair daughter, Isabella, but what good did it do him? Here I am, ain't I? He told me not to darken his door again, but he didn't say anything about winders. I'm glad there wa'n't no nails out there to tear my trousers onto. I hope 'Bella comes pretty soon. My! it's cold here. Oh, here she comes!

(Enter Isabella, carrying candles and box of matches.)

Isabella: Oh, Joe, I'm so glad you're here and Ma and Pa are sound asleep. Let's build a fire. Here's some wood and paper. That's it, fix it that way. Here's the matches. There, now the fire is goin'. Let's sit down and talk.

Joe: Suits me. Here, let's take these chairs up by the fire. There, set down. Nice weather we're havin', ain't it? You ain't lookin' so bad yourself, you know it?

Isabella: Oh, Joe, you always say the nicest things. Joe, if you meant, when you said that, that you like me, well I like——

Joe (jumping up): What's that? 'T'ain't your Pa, is it?

Isabella: Oh, Joe, it is. What shall we do?

Deacon (calling from upstairs): Isabella, Isabella. What are you doing up in the middle of the night?

Joe: Tell him it's most morning.

Isabella: I can't tell a lie, but I'll fix the clock so it won't sound like a lie. There, now I put it at five o'clock. Listen.

Deacon (off stage): Isabella, answer me. Look at the clock and tell me what time it is.

Isabella: It's five o'clock, Pa.

Deacon: All right. I'll be right down. Got the fire built?

Isabella: Yes, Pa. (*To Joe*): Where shall I hide you, Joe?

Joe: I'll just step inside the clock. Then when he goes out I'll come out.

Isabella: Hurry, then. (*Joe steps into clock*).

(*Enter Deacon*).

Deacon: Seems like the night went kinda fast. Didn't it to you?

Isabella: No. I don't know, Pa. Why—er—I guess you—er—couldn't have slept well. I'll have your breakfast ready when you come in from doin' chores. Don't you think you'd better hurry?

Deacon: Why, Isabella, you act awful sorta nervous. Anything botherin' you?

Isabella: No, Pa. I guess it's 'cause I was up till nine o'clock last night, and you know that's real late.

Deacon: Well, I'm not going out to the barn and leave you here alone when you look like this.

Isabella: Oh, I'm all right, please hurry, Pa. The cows will—er—be hungry.

Deacon: No, I'm stayin' in here. Find my pipe and tobaccy. I'm goin' to sit up here by the fire and see that you be all right.

Isabella: Pa, go to the barn now. I'm all right.

Deacon: No.

Isabella: But—er—Pa—er—

Deacon: No. Say, you seen Joseph Andrews lately?

Isabella: Why—er—I ain't seen him—er—for oh—I don't remember what time it was.

Deacon: What do you mean, you don't remember what time it was?

Isabella: Just what I said.

Deacon: Isabella Sumner. Do you mean to be standin' there lyin' to your own father?

Isabella: I ain't lyin', Pa.

Deacon: You been seein' that man against my wishin', ain't you? You don't have to answer. I know you have. Mrs. Peters, you know she sees everythin' that goes on. She told someone and that someone told someone else and that someone else told your Ma that you was out with him. To think I'd live to see the day when my own daughter lies to me.

Isabella: Well—er—I saw—

(*Clock starts striking.*)

Deacon (jumping up): What's all that there commotion inside that clock?

Isabella: Why, Pa, It's just striking five.

(Clock still keeps striking.)

Deacon: Have I forgotten how to count, or what? This ain't no new-fangled clock, so I guess if they has got hold of some new way of count-in', this clock wouldn't have taken it up so soon. I'm goin' to find out what ails that clock.

Isabella: Oh, Pa, don't. Sometimes it goes wrong that way. But don't go near it. It'll stop after awhile, Pa. Listen to me, don't go near it.

Deacon: Leave me alone. You're worsen than your Ma be. Why won't that thing open? Feels like somethin' holding it from the inside.

Isabella: Oh, look out, Pa, it's fallin' over.

Deacon: Leave me be. I know what I'm doin'. No, it ain't fallin' over.

Joe (slowly, from inside of clock, in an unnatural voice): Leave this clock be if you know what's good for you. Isabella saw Joseph tonight right here in your kitchen and if you don't let her see him again you will be took somewhere and you will never see your wife and daughter again. And you will have to work hard for me. There is only one thing that can save you, and that is let Isabella marry Joseph. Are you goin' to let him see Isabella and marry her?

Deacon: No. You can't scare me.

Joe (slowly): All right. Tomorrow morning, at eight o'clock, I shall come to take you away.

Deacon: Yes, yes. I'll let him marry her.

Joe: All right. Just write on a piece of paper that you will keep the promise and sign your name to it.

Isabella: Here's some paper and a pencil, Pa.

Deacon (reading as writing): I hereby promise to let my daughter, Isabella, marry Joseph Andrews. Signed, Deacon Sumner. There, that's done. Now come out. I'll open that door if you don't. Come on.

Isabella: Look out, Pa, there goes the clock. Oh!

(Clock falls to floor)

Isabella: Oh, Pa, where are you? Oh, the candle went out. Pa, where are you? I'm going, Pa. *(Exit.)*

Joe (coming out of clock): Say, what a narrow escape! I guess it's as good a time as any to get away. Oh, but not till I get that there paper. Here it is.

Deacon (who remained): Oh, do you think so? Well, I guess you won't go, not with that paper, anyway. So you tried to scare me into signing that paper.

Joe: I did, but give it here.

Deacon: You ain't goin' out of this house with that paper. Do you hear?

Joe: Yes, I hear, but I don't intend to give that paper to you.

Deacon: Oh, you don't, do you?

Joe: No, I don't.

Deacon: You give that here.

Joe: I won't.

Deacon: You will.

Joe: I won't.

Deacon: Kinda head-strong, ain't ya?

Joe: You bet your boots I am when it comes to winning the girl I love.

Deacon: Do you really love her?

Joe: Do you think I'd be standin' in that clock almost suffocatin' if I didn't?

Deacon: Well, I don't know. You young people have so many new-fangled ideas. Well, you ain't gonna have her anyway.

Joe: Is that so?

Deacon: Yes, 'tis.

Joe: No, 'tain't.

Deacon: What I said I mean.

Joe: What I said I mean. I'm goin' to marry Isabella.

Deacon: You ain't.

Joe: I am.

Deacon: Get out of this house.

Joe: Very well. I'll be seein' you. And you can't make me stay away 'cause I got the signed paper. Good night. (*Exit.*)

Deacon (running to door): Andrews, Andrews. Joseph Andrews, Come back here. (*Turning back*). He's gone and I guess Isabella could a' got a worser one for a husband. But he'll be back if I know human natur'!

CURTAIN

C. M. L., '33.

COUNTRY VERSUS CITY LIFE

Why do people who live in the city want to go to the country? The city is tiresome, and more unhealthy than the open air country. The larger the city the more disagreeable it is to live there, and it is a very poor place to bring up children, because they are not able to obtain the fresh air, fruits, vegetables, and milk which the country children have. The beaches near the city on warm days are "swarmed" with people trying to get a breath of fresh air and some good sunshine. On warm days the cities are most uncomfortable because no gentle breezes blow. The streets are jammed with traffic and it is not safe for children to go out of doors unless someone is watching them.

City people have more advantages of transportation and more stores. The children in the city have more schools and do not have to go so far as country children. There are sidewalks and better roads in the city.

Some of the city children have never seen cows and horses except in pictures. It pleases them a great deal if they can only get out in the country for one day to play around in the fields, and in the winter go skiing, skating and sliding in the fields. Even though the city government closes up certain streets for sliding, the city children do not get the real thrill they do when there are plenty of hills without being crowded and no policeman watching them. The city also has ponds especially for skating and the city government keeps them scraped in good condition for skating, but the ponds are always crowded.

The richer class of city people live only in the city during winter months, and in the summer go to some summer resort or travel. Their children have a better chance than the poorer children. City people are paler and more tired looking than the country people, who live in the fresh air and sunshine. They are susceptible to more diseases than country folks because they communicate with more people of all types. Although there are more doctors in the city, the people are ill more than people living in the country.

Country folks think they would like city life, but it would be tiresome for them if they had to live there all the time.

People brought up in the city, after visiting the country never want to go back to the city. It will seem a pleasure to visit the city for two or three days but will grow monotonous and you will soon be "fed up" with city life.

M. J. L., '32.

FRANKLIN ESTATE

The telephone rang cheerfully, sending loud echoes throughout the small office. The young man sitting at the desk picked up the receiver very slowly.

"Hello!" he said in a hurried voice. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Is that so?" he asked. "Well, I will be at the hotel in one half an hour. Goodby."

The man closed his account book with a bang and hurriedly donned his hat and coat, locked the office door and was just in time to get the elevator coming down from the floor above.

Fifteen minutes later he entered the Copley Hotel and selected a seat where he could watch the door and a few moments later a thick set man entered. Catching sight of the man he sought. He hurried up to him.

"Hello, Mr. Lane," he said. "I am very glad to see you."

"The same to you, Mr. Morrow," he answered. "Now what is the important business that you wanted to see me about?"

"Oh, yes," was the other man's reply. "It's just this. I'll explain it as briefly as possible. Our concern purchased a large estate about two weeks ago and we decided to rebuild it to some extent in order to make a factory out of it to manufacture our goods."

"By the way, Mr. Morrow, where is this estate located?" asked Mr. Lane.

"It is located on Devil's Island and as I was saying, we have been unable to keep help very long because they say the house is haunted," said Mr. Morrow.

"What is the cause, for there must be something that is told about this estate to suggest that it is haunted?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Well, on one occasion, when they had taken the furniture out of the house and put it on the lawn outside in order to carry it away, they found that the next morning the furniture was back in the house and because of this we have been unable to keep help," was the reply of Mr. Morrow.

"What has that to do with me, may I ask?" said Mr. Lane.

"Mr. Lane, we have heard of your excellent work as detective, so we decided to offer you one thousand dollars to clear up the mystery of this

Franklin Estate. Will you do it?" he asked earnestly.

"I'll take the offer. When do you want me to start working?" said Mr. Lane.

"Next Monday," replied the other man.

"All right, Mr. Morrow," answered Mr. Lane, "I will be on the job Monday and I bid you good afternoon."

Sunday afternoon Dick Lane departed from Boston and took the train to Jonesville. From Jonesville he took a steamer to Devil's Island, reaching there at three o'clock in the afternoon. When he got off the steamer he made his way to the hotel where he secured a suite.

When he awoke the next morning the sun was shining very brightly, flooding the room with sunshine. It was a fine day to start business.

After dressing and washing he went down to breakfast and after breakfast he hired a taxi to take him to the Franklin Estate which was three miles from the village, but on the arrival at the estate he found it to be more beautiful than Mr. Morrow had described it to be. All the blinds he saw were shut which prevented the sunlight from entering the house.

"Is this house very old?" he asked the taxi driver.

"Yes, as far as I know I guess it is quite old. It was the first house ever built on this island and I guess it is about two hundred and fifty years old," was the reply of the taxi driver.

"Do you know who the owner was?" asked Dick.

"The owner was Bill Range," he remarked. "He was a pirate in his day and they say his spirit haunts this place now."

"It does not seem possible but we'll see," said Dick Lane.

After selecting a key from the ring which he held in his hand he placed it in the lock and together they entered, but they could scarcely see because of the darkness and stepping to the windows, threw open the blinds, letting in the brilliant sunshine. They saw that the rooms were well furnished with expensive furniture.

Turning to the taxi driver, he said, "please tell me your name and it will not be so embarrassing to me."

"My name is Jim Fisher," he answered.

"Well, Jim, would you care to help me with this mystery?" he asked.

"They say that two heads are better than one."

"I will be glad to," said Jim.

They looked the house over from the cellar to the attic, opening all the blinds in the house and then they started back to the village to secure some men to help move out the furnishings the next morning. They were able to get ten husky men who were friends of Jim Fisher.

The following morning they again set out for the Franklin Estate, but when they came in view of it, they saw that the blinds were closed.

"That is a very queer thing," Dick said to himself.

They went through the process of opening all the blinds again and carried all the furniture, rugs and tapestry out on the large lawn of the mansion where the men with large moving vans were able to pack it into the trucks and carry it away to the village, but they did not get all the furniture out that day so they decided to stay all night.

After eating their supper they told stories about their past experiences and at ten o'clock they rolled out their blankets on the floor and crawled under them and were soon fast asleep.

A little after midnight, Dick Lane was awakened by a loud banging. Springing up from his blankets he turned on his flashlight and he saw that the blinds were closed. Wild shrieks rent the air and one by one the men awoke with a start but a few moments later the noise ceased.

"Dick," cried Jim Fisher.

There was no response and thinking Dick Lane was asleep and had not been disturbed by the noise he fell asleep again.

Meanwhile Dick was making his way upstairs where the noise was coming from and on reaching the hall above he moved toward a door where he had heard the clatter. Opening the door he pressed the button on his flashlight but at that moment he was grasped from behind and was bound and gagged. Also a bag was pulled over his head and he was carried down four or five flights of stairs, he knew not which.

Finally he was laid on a damp floor none too easily and the bag on his head was pulled off and the door in the room was shut with a bang. He was alone but try as hard as he could he could not get the rope off his hands, but he did succeed in getting the rope off his feet. A rock not far from his feet was sticking up from the damp floor and he crawled over

and by working his hands back and forth he got the rope loose enough to cut it against the stone and finally after what seemed to him several hours he succeeded in getting the rope cut.

The next thing he did was to light a match and look about his surroundings. He found that it was an old cellar room but it did not look as though there was any window or place to escape from.

Finally he found a small window and opening it he crawled out, and found himself on the back lawn of the Franklin Estate. Looking toward the thicket one hundred yards or more from him he saw two men entering the woods. Darting from one tree to another he reached the thicket and followed the path which the two men had taken.

Suddenly the moon went behind a dark cloud and Dick was unable to see very well and he stepped on a stick which broke with a crack. He stopped and listened, but hearing nothing he went on. A few minutes later a stout stick came down on his head and he fell unconscious to the ground.

When Dick Lane finally opened his eyes he found he was lying on the ground, his head ached very badly and he could not remember where he was but gradually it all came back to him. Getting up he followed the path which he had been following before.

Finally he came to a clearing and he saw a small hut in which a light was burning. Walking up to the window he peered in. Seated around a small table were five men talking earnestly. He listened to catch their words.

"Tomorrow night we'll drive them out," replied a rough looking man who appeared to be the leader.

"Aye! Aye!" they all answered.

"And if that Lane fellow gets rough just knock him out," said the leader. "And be sure you fix him good so he won't be able to make us trouble. Do you understand?"

"Aye! Aye!" were the replies.

Dick Lane had it all now, at least he thought he did, and from his point of view these men had something to do with the Franklin Estate and the thing to do was to get back to the house before his comrades missed him. He turned and started up the path and in about ten minutes came in

view of the estate. He walked up to the front door and softly opened it, entered the room where his companions were, crawled quietly into his blankets and fell fast asleep.

In the morning at seven o'clock he was awakened by his comrades who were making a racket and jumping up from his blankets he washed, and ate his breakfast, relating his experience of that night.

When he had finished he said, "Now, boys, we'll stay again tonight, but we'll get some more men to help catch those fellows. How many will volunteer to stay?" he asked.

"We'll all stay," they answered.

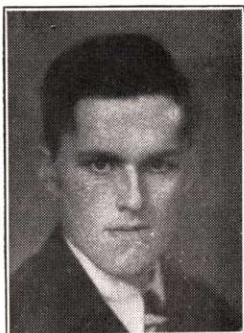
That following night they turned in the same time as the night before but they did not sleep soundly, although there wasn't anything to be afraid of for twelve men in the thicket outside were ready for action.

At midnight wild shrieks, banging and several other noises filled the air. The men awoke, jumped out of bed, stole out in the hall and up the stairs. Dick Lane opened a window in one of the rooms downstairs and fired a pistol shot into the air. It was a signal for the men outside to surround the house. The noises ceased and all was quiet except the movements of the men.

When Dick Lane's companions reached the hall above they entered a room whence all the noise was coming and just as they entered they saw a door across the room close. Running to the door, they flung it open, flashed their flashlights in the closet, for it was only a small place, and they saw that a stairway went down. On reaching the bottom of the staircase, they saw a room in which were five men looking for a place to escape but it was too late. They had been captured and the rough lot were tied securely and taken upstairs where the police pushed them into a patrol-wagon and they were rushed off to jail.

After the police had departed Dick Lane and his companions gathered into their sleeping quarters and discussed the men who had been captured.

The following morning Dick Lane went to the court in town to get the facts of the men. He learned that the men were bootleggers and they wanted this house to make their wine in and not only this but it seemed that the pirate, Bill Range, had buried a sum of money somewhere in the cellar of the estate and these men were looking for it. Other charges were



MAURICE W. SMALL "SMALLIE"

Secretary of F. F. A. 3; President of F. F. A. 4; Secretary of 4 H 3-4; Vice Pres. of Hi-y 4; Dramatics 3; Cross Country 4 Track 3-4; Basket Ball 3-4; Base Ball 3-4; 4 H County Champion 3; Annual 3-4.

Small is planning to be a florist. He's getting his experience by growing the hardy varieties first. He has started with corn and hopes to end with orchids.



EARLE A. BLAKE "BLAKIE"

Transferred from Yarmouth High School. Glee Club 4; Prize Speaking; 4 Orchestra 4; Base Ball 4.

Blake has been with us in body for a year but in spirit he is always in the Yarmouth Telephone Exchange helping say "I'm ringing them."



NELSON S. BLANCHARD "MONKEY"

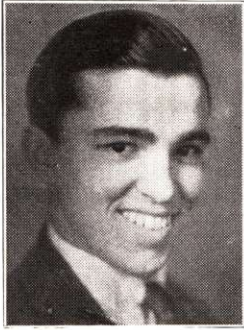
President of Class 3; Treasurer 1-2; Prize Speaking 1-2-3-4; Basket Ball 4; Base Ball 2-3-4; Orchestra 3-4; Glee Club 4; Annual Board 2-3-4; Presentation of Gifts. It may seem to some that to be a choir-master is a strange ambition but it has it's advantages.



FREEMAN L. BROWN "TOOTS"

Prize Speaking 1-2; Basket Ball 3-4; Base Ball 2-3-4; Capt. of Base Ball 4; Dramatics 3; Track 3-4.

Worse than losing a needle in a hay stack is losing one's head on a straw ride.



HAROLD E. SEARLES

"JOHNNY"

Vice President of Hi-y 3; Basket Ball 2-3; Capt. of Basket Ball 3.

Johnny has an insatiable yen for travel. He has tried one or two trial trips, and soon plans to spread his wings in full flight and go to see more of the world.

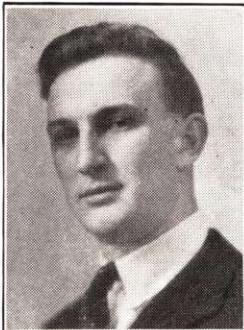


RAYMOND W. VAUGHN

"RAY"

Basket Ball 4; Dramatics 1-2-3; Track 4; Cross Country 4; Annual Board 4; 4 H Champion 3; Manager Base Ball 4.

Ray has been with our class only one year. What the class of '30 has lost we have gained.



HALVOR S. MERRILL

Prize Speaking 1-2-3; Basket Ball 3-4; Capt. Basket Ball 4; Base Ball 1-2-3-4; Dramatics 3; Track 2-3-4; Cross Country 4; Orchestra 1-3-4; Glee Club 4; 4 H Champion 3; President of Hi-y 4; Vice President of A. A. 3; President of A. A. 4; Manager Base Ball 3; Capt. Track 4; Class Pres. 1-2-4; Annual Board 2-3-4; Valedictory.

In spite of Merrill's long list of accomplishments, he has'nt been able to find a suitable definition for "human nature" He might ask "Rena".



J. GERTRUDE BROWN

"GERTIE"

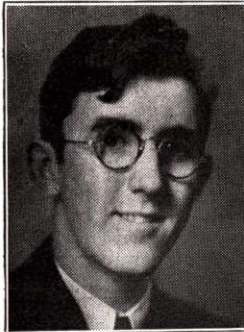
Gertie has spent much of her time learning Latin verbs. She can now sing *amo*, *amas*, *amat* to any tune you mention.



ALMA L. BURNELL

"GRAMMIE"

Basket Ball 4; Annual Board 4; Salutatory. The fact that Alma has deserved the honors of Salutatory speaks clearly enough of her ability.



DANA B. CHASE

"FRIDAY"

Vice President of Class 1-2-3; Treasurer of Class 4; Base Ball 2-3; Basket Ball 3; Annual Board 3-4; Prize Speaking 1-2; Glee Club 4; Essay.

When Chasie places his Stradivarius to his chin he makes Rubinoff glower with envy.



MINNIE J. LARSEN

"MIN"

Secretary of Class 1; Secretary and Treasurer of A. A. 4; Annual Board 4; Class History.

Minnie in a moment of weakness left us to attend Pine Tree Academy, but her strength returned and she returned to take her rightful place with the Class of '32.

School Notes

CLASS OF '32

The Senior Class entered Greely in the fall with an enrollment of twelve. Ina Wilson left in February, and is married to Kenneth Jillson, and now resides in Otisfield, Maine. Angela Cashman was absent from school several weeks, because of illness with scarlet fever, and our class regrets that she will not be able to graduate with us.

At our first class meeting we elected the following: President, Halvor Merrill; vice-president, Raymond Vaughn, and secretary and treasurer, Dana Chase.

Seven boys and two girls from our class went out for basketball, five boys and one girl receiving their letters. Those receiving letters are Alma Burnell, Halvor Merrill, Freeman Brown, Nelson Blanchard, Raymond Vaughn and Maurice Small. Alma Burnell and Nelson Blanchard received theirs for faithful practice during their school year.

Two boys from our class went out for prize speaking, Nelson Blanchard and Earle Blake. Nelson Blanchard received first prize for the boys.

M. J. L., '32.

CLASS OF 1933

We, the Class of 1933, entered in the fall with a total number of sixteen. Wesley Shaw and Everett Gerry dropped out in the winter term. Warren Cannell moved to Sweden, Maine. Malcolm Bates transferred to Sanford High and Marjorie Doughty was taken ill and could not return. We now have eleven.

At our first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Christine Larson; vice-president, Raymond Brown; secretary and treasurer, Marjorie Doughty. Later Marjorie Smith was elected to fill the vacancy.

At the school fair we sold ice cream, soft drinks and candy from a pretty booth tended by Christine Larson, Marjorie Smith and Raymond Brown.

Eight of our class went out for basketball. Two boys and five girls won their letter. They are Christine Larson, Bessie Frye, Maurine Hayes, Myra Cannell, Harriet Carmichael, Raymond Brown and Marshall Wilson.

Three members of our class went out for public speaking. They are Marjorie Smith, Bessie Frye, who won first prize for the girls, and Walter Eckberg, who won second prize for the boys.

Three members of our class play in the school orchestra with Mr. Jack as leader. They are Maurine Hayes, Harriet Carmichael and Christine Larson.

The following of our class sing in the Glee Club: Maurine Hayes, Harriet Carmichael, Christine Larson, Leigh Stanton, Walter Eckberg, and Marshall Wilson.

March eighteenth we gave a Junior prom in the Assembly Hall, which was a success. The music was provided by Hill's Orchestra from Yarmouth. Ice cream and soft drinks were sold at intermission.

B. J. F., '33.

CLASS OF 1934

We, the Class of '34, entered Greely Institute with thirteen members. Since then we have lost two members, Emma Christensen and Irene Gordon. Ariel Hanson, who was transferred from Falmouth High School, entered later, making a total of twelve.

At our first class meeting we elected the following officers: President, Preston Morse; vice-president, Hazel Campbell; secretary, Ella Wilson, and treasurer, Edna Nelson, with Mr. Roberts as our class adviser.

At the annual school fair our booth was decorated with green and white, our class colors. Several members of the class sold hot dogs, which yielded a good sum for our class treasury.

From our class, Ella Wilson, Belna Burnell, Hazel Campbell and Herbert Smith took part in the prize speaking at school. Of these Hazel Campbell and Herbert Smith were chosen to take part in the contest at the church. They competed with members of the other classes.

Four members of our class went out for basketball, the first of the year. They were Hazel Campbell, who was chosen captain of the girls' team; Belna Burnell, Irene Gordon and Ralph Stearns. Ariel Hanson

joined them later. Of these Hazel Campbell and Belna Burnell received their letters. D. M. J., '34.

CLASS OF '35

The Class of '35 entered Greely with twenty members. Arthur Cannell and Margaret Barton left us, leaving a total of eighteen.

At our first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Marjorie Dunn; vice-president, Wayne Merrill; secretary and treasurer, Virginia Searles.

Virginia Searles and Wayne Merrill play in the School Orchestra.

The Freshmen who went out for basketball are as follows: Winifred Campbell, Marjorie Dunn, Frances Scott, Virginia Searles, Marion Smith and Wayne Merrill.

At the school fair, the Freshmen had charge of the Mystery Table. Our booth was decorated in blue and white, our class colors.

Priscilla Sawyer, Virginia Searles, Audrey Morrill, and Wayne Merrill spoke in the prize speaking contest. Priscilla Sawyer won second prize for the girls.

The Freshmen are planning to put on a one-act play and social in the near future. M. D., '35.

JUNIOR HIGH ACTIVITIES

This year the Junior High had a booth at the school fair. It was decorated with red and yellow, our school colors. We sold pop corn, apples and flowers. We also had a fortune telling tent and a zoo. We made a total profit of ten dollars.

Seven girls and all of the boys went out to practice basketball this year.

The school is planning the play, "Washington or Lincoln," for April 29. The characters are as follows: Jennie, Eleanor Sinclair; Annie, Ruth Larson; Sarah, Barbara Blanchard; Mary, Ruth Blanchard; Johnny, Kenneth Jones; Bert, Frederick Osgood; Fred, Kelly Rockwell; Myron, Stanford Brown; Mr. Hughes, Kenneth Leighton; Uncle Billy, Perley Hutchins; Miss Prim, Mary Oulton; Bridget, Myrtle Timberlake; Dinah, Betty Sweetser. B. F. B.

THE SEVENTH GRADE

At the beginning of the school year the seventh grade had twenty pupils enrolled. Thirteen came from the E. K. Sweetser School, three from the Tuttle Road School and the remaining four from various schools. After the Christmas vacation Ethel Eaton, from Cape Elizabeth Junior High, came to us making a total number of twenty-one.

Two of the class, Ruth Blanchard and Ruth Larson, are members of the Greely Orchestra. Five pupils, Barbara Blanchard, Ruth Blanchard, Mary Oulton, Mary Sweetser and Ruth Larson, belong to the Girls 4-H Club at Greely. Barbara Blanchard of our class is secretary of the Junior High.

Ruth E. Larson.

EIGHTH GRADE

When school opened in September there were ten pupils that made up the eighth grade. They were Celia Eaton, Ethel Buxton, Eleanor Sinclair, Ralph Morgridge, James Dunn, Kenneth Leighton, Walter Farwell, Kelly Rockwell, Kenneth Jones and Harry Brown. We are all here now and hope to get class rings before the term is over.

When the officers of Junior High were elected there were three eighth graders chosen. They were: President, Eleanor Sinclair; vice-president, Kenneth Leighton; treasurer, Walter Farwell. The secretary, from the seventh grade, was Barbara Blanchard.

E. M. S.

HOME ECONOMICS

There are thirty-one pupils who are studying Home Economics this year, fifteen in the Junior High, thirteen in the Freshmen and Sophomore division, and three in the Junior and Senior division.

During the fall term the Juniors and Seniors visited the Cooking School which was held in the City Hall at Portland. The class being small, Miss Porter was able to take them in her car. This class studied business of the household during the fall term. They prepared one hot dish for school lunch daily during the winter term. Also they served a lunch to the men who were present at the Dairy Meeting on February 19. Now the class is studying fine arts.

The Freshman and Sophomore division has been studying house plans, foods, hygiene, and at present they are taking clothing. While they were taking foods they planned, prepared and served breakfasts and lunches to the members of their class. The Junior High division has also been taking food and clothing.

At the school fair which was held during the fall term, the Juniors and Seniors had an exhibit of canning. This canning was done as home project work. It consisted of fruits, vegetables, jelly and pickles. All of the high school pupils who take Home Economics have to do a certain amount of home project work during the year.

The Home Economics department is going to hold an exhibition of clothing and fine arts on April 29. This will conclude the activities in which the Home Economics department will take part during the year.

A. E. B., '32.

GLEE CLUB

This year a Glee Club was organized under the supervision of Mr. Russell Jack. Rehearsals have been held every Tuesday morning. The club has been handicapped because of inadequate music material, although new has now been provided.

The twenty-three members of the club are as follows: Soprano, Minnie Larsen, '32; Maurine Hayes, '33; Christine Larson, '33; Harriet Carmichael, '33; Marjorie Dunn, '35; Marion Smith, '35; Frances Scott, '35; Ethel Buxton, J. H.; Elenor Sinclair, J. H.; Barbara Blanchard, J. H., and Ruth Blanchard, J. H. Alto, Hazel Campbell, '34; Winnifred Campbell, '35, and Virginia Searles, '35. Tenor, Halvor Merrill, '32; Wayne Merrill, '35, and Elmer Scott, '35. Bass, Dana Chase, '32; Nelson Blanchard, '32; Earle Blake, '32; Leigh Stanton, '33; Walter Ekberg, '33, and Marshall Wilson, '33.

The first public appearance was made March 11, at the annual prize speaking tryout. A second appearance is to be made at a program planned for April 29.

H. C., '33.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Prize Speaking Contest was held at the Congregational Church on April 11th.

The contestants who had been chosen to speak were: Bessie Frye, Marjorie Smith, Hazel Campbell, Virginia Searles, Audrey Morrill, Priscilla Sawyer, Nelson Blanchard, Walter Ekberg, Wayne Merrill, Earle Blake, and Herbert Smith.

The program opened with a musical selection by the orchestra of Greely Institute. The Glee Club of Greely took part in the program. Both of these were conducted by Mr. Jack, the music instructor of the Institute.

After the decisions of the judges the first prizes were awarded to

Bessie Frye and Nelson Blanchard. The second prizes were awarded to Priscilla Sawyer and Walter Ekberg.

H. C.

4-H CLUB

The "Busy Bee" 4-H club of Cumberland Center, held its first meeting December 12, 1931. This is the fourth year of club work.

There are eleven members under the leadership of Miss Christine Larson and our assistant leader, Mrs. Alfred Doughty.

The officers that were elected at the first meeting are: President, Hazel Campbell; vice-president, Marjorie Dunn; secretary and treasurer, Maurine Hayes.

We had our judging contest on muffins January 11 at Greely Institute. Betty Sweetser won the blue ribbon.

On February 29, the boys' and girls' club had a banquet at the Congregational Church. Mr. Herman Sweetser showed us moving pictures of Mt. Katahdin. Mr. Ranger, the county club agent, was present at the banquet.

In the fall we will go to Portland for the county contest.

E. F. Wilson, '34.

AGRICULTURE AT GREELY

We welcome Mr. Roberts from U. of M. as our agriculture teacher this year. He has taken up the job where Mr. Leighton left off. We are using the movie machine, and a number of interesting films have been shown.

Agriculture I and II has taken up gardening and field crops. They expect to study small fruits soon. Some work in rope splicing will be done. Under farm shop work the class has improved a hen house for Herman Smith.

Class III and IV studied orcharding at the beginning of the year, but has taken a course in dairying during the winter. The class helped pick and pack apples for Herman Sweetser in the fall. Orchardring will be resumed again about the first of May or a little later, when the class will get experience in pruning and setting out trees. In the fall the class moved a henhouse for Mr. Davis, principal. Some work in rope splicing and judging of different things will be done in preparation for the state contest at Orono this spring.

Both classes will study forestry for a few days and then have practical experience in planting trees on the town farm.

N. S. B., '32.

CUMBERLAND CENTER BOYS' 4-H CLUB

The Boys' 4-H Club had a very successful year 1931. We had thirteen members, with Charles Small, local leader, and Myron Leighton assistant. We had two members on the demonstration, John Morrison, and Marshall Wilson. They demonstrated testing milk at Cumberland, Walnut Hill, Gorham Fair, and went to Portland to compete with other clubs.

During the summer the boys went to Old Orchard for recreation. The boys won ribbons at the field day held at Crystal Lake.

The local contest was held in the church vestry with all the boys showing their exhibits from their project. Three boys were entitled to exhibit at county contest held in Portland. They were all three county champions, Maurice W. Small, Halvor S. Merrill and Paul E. Merrill. They exhibited and attended state contest held at Orono with leader and assistant. Two boys, Maurice W. Small, and Halvor S. Merrill, will go to Springfield this fall for a week at the Eastern States Exposition.

The club has been organized this year with eleven boys and gardening as the standard project. Local leader is Charles Small; assistant, John Morrison. There are several different projects: sweet corn, swine, dairying, and chick raising. The club has several different plans for the year.

Maurice W. Small, Secretary.

MANUAL TRAINING FOR 1932

For the last two years seventh and eighth grades have had manual training. This year Mr. Lewis Roberts was the teacher. We have the very best tools which Mr. Roberts always keeps sharp. At the first of the year we had to learn all the parts of them. There are fifteen saws and fourteen planes. In the middle of the room there is a long bench about 16 feet long which has light vises and a set of chisels which each boy uses. This year we have made several useful things such as: coat hangers, match scratchers, toothbrush holders, ring the hook game, bob sled, milking stool, plant stands, rabbit traps, mice traps, magazine racks, waste baskets.

These things were made by the seventh grade. The eighth grade have made a few more and different things, as: tool boxes, table lamps, ironing boards, waste basket, milking stool.

CLASS PARTS

The Senior Class parts were announced March 17 by Mr. Davis. The valedictory was awarded to Halvor Merrill and Alma Burnell was honored with salutatory. The following parts were also awarded as to ranking: Minnie Larsen, class history; Raymond Vaughn, prophecy; Nelson Blanchard, presentation of gifts; Dana Chase, essay.

F. B., '32.

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Prom was given by the Juniors on March 18 in the Greely Institute Assembly Hall. The room was decorated with the class colors, red and white. The music was furnished by Hill's orchestra from Yarmouth. Refreshments were served at intermission and then a large crowd enjoyed dancing until midnight. The Juniors have received many congratulations upon their dance which proved to be both a social and financial success.

M. W. S., '33.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y is a local branch of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Hall, who is secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has planned to meet with all the members of the Hi-Y once a month, and we have a meeting every week with Mr. Roderic Hurlburt, our local leader, and Mr. Herman Sweetser and Mr. Walter Barter, our assistant leaders.

We held our first official meeting March 7, 1932, at the residence of Mr. Herman Sweetser. The officers for the year are: Halvor Merrill, president; Maurice Small, vice-president; Walter Ekberg, secretary; Raymond Brown, treasurer.

At each meeting we discuss one of the following subjects:

1. How to choose a satisfactory life work.
2. How to act in social groups—etiquette.
3. Getting a clear idea of the life of Jesus and its meaning.
4. Helping get rid of war in the world.
5. How to get rid of poverty in the world—a square deal for the worker.
6. How to make school more practical and interesting.
7. How to have a happy home life (2 ideas: Home life at present, with parents, brothers, sisters, etc.; a happy married life.)
8. Learning what it means to be a Christian.
9. Learning how to preside at a meeting.

The purpose of the Hi-Y is to create and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character.

The Hi-Y slogans are: Clean living, clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship.

T. W. E., '33.

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

The Future Farmers of America is a national organization formed for the members of Vocational Agriculture throughout the country. The organization is divided up into four groups, consisting of green hands, active, associate and honorary members.

The officers for this year are: Maurice Small, president; Raymond Brown, vice-president, and Marshall Wilson, secretary and treasurer.

We took part in judging cattle and poultry at New Gloucester Fair, and cattle judging at Cumberland Farmers' Club with Pennell Institute, Windham High School, North Yarmouth Academy, and New Gloucester High School.

At New Gloucester Fair, September 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 1931, in the Rhode Island Red breeds, prizes were awarded as follows: Earle Blake took first prize, Dana Chase and Wesley Shaw tied for second, and Marshall Wilson tied for third.

In the Barred Plymouth Rock breed Earle Blake placed first.

The two breeds together, Earle Blake and Dana Chase placed second.

In the cattle judging, Harold Searles tied first, and Marshall Wilson and Nelson Blanchard tied third.

At the Cumberland Farmers' Club our Future Farmer boys had a booth with North Yarmouth Academy. We sold candy and soft drinks, and most of the Future Farmer boys took part in the track meet, and we won the cup.

At the Future Farmer meeting at New Gloucester, Oct. 25, 1931, of the southern section, prizes were awarded to the winners of the judging contest.

The Future Farmers' Fathers' and Sons' banquet was held April 12, 1932. The speakers were Mr. Arthur Heil, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Mr. Neil Bishop, Mr. Chester Hall, secretary of Y. M. C. A. at Portland; Mr. Myron Leighton and Mr. Jorge Masa, a Filipino, who is a graduate of Harvard and Columbia College, and now attending Yale, studying philosophy. The supper was a success.

This summer we plan to take two trips, one to Aroostook County to see how potatoes are grown on a large scale, and also to visit such enterprises as dairying, orcharding and poultry. T. W. E., '33.



*Front row, left to right — BURNELL, HAYES, CAPT. CAMPBELL, LARSON.
Back Row, — CANNELL, CARMICHEAL, FRYE, COACH WOODMAN.*



*Front row, left to right—WILSON, BROWN, CAPT. MERRILL, VAUGHN.
Back row, — STEARNS, SMALL, COACH ROBERTS, CAMPBELL, MERRILL.*



BASKETBALL

The Greely basketball season started with sixteen men reporting for practice, seven of whom were letter men last year. After our first game, four letter men and two others left the squad. This of course left the team in a very bad place.

Out of the remaining ten three played on the first team and the others were either subs or played on the second team.

The first team played a total of thirteen games, winning two and losing eleven. Although we lost a majority of the games, the most of them were very close and exciting. Eight of these were conference games. Outside of our conference schedule we played two games with Northeastern Business College, one with Cape Elizabeth and two with North Yarmouth Academy.

The second team played two games with Standish second team. We lost the first by the score of 17 to 32 and won the second by a one-point margin, 17 to 16.

The members of the boys' basketball teams wish to express their sincere gratitude to their new coach, Mr. L. P. Roberts, for his untiring efforts in helping us. Also they wish to thank all those who helped to support the team during our last season.

The ones to receive their letters are: Captain Halvor Merrill, Freeman Brown, Raymond Vaughan, Maurice Small, Marshall Wilson, Nelson Blanchard (who practiced four years) and Manager Raymond Brown.

Next year's team will be built around one letter man, Marshall Wilson.

Date	Greely	Opponent	
Nov. 25	Greely 21	Cape Elizabeth	8
*Dec. 4	Greely 15	Standish	56
*Dec. 12	Greely 13	Gorham	26
*Dec. 18	Greely 13	New Gloucester	10
*Jan. 9	Greely 15	Windham	18
Jan. 12	Greely 12	Northeastern Bus. College	32
Jan. 19	Greely 12	Northeastern Bus. College	43
*Jan. 22	Greely 10	Standish	43
*Jan. 29	Greely 14	Gorham	29
*Feb. 17	Greely 22	New Gloucester	25
*Feb. 12	Greely 13	Windham	23
Feb. 19	Greely 8	North Yarmouth Academy	28
Mar. 4	Greely 17	North Yarmouth Academy	26

*Indicates Conference Games.

R. M. B., '33.

BASEBALL

In the fall of 1931 Greely's baseball players opened the season with a new coach, Mr. Davis. Most of the players who took part in the fall games were letter men from the previous year. The team played several games with North Yarmouth Academy, Standish and Pennell.

There was some equipment bought in the fall for the players and this spring more necessary equipment will be purchased. The letter men from the previous year are: Halvor Merrill, Dana Chase, Maurice Small, George Campbell, Freeman Brown, Harold Searles, Nelson Blanchard.

The Triple C Conference has continued this year in dividing the schools up into two divisions, the Shore Division and the Inland Division. Greely is in the Shore Division with North Yarmouth Academy, Freeport, Cape Elizabeth and Scarboro. The winners of the two divisions are to play three games in different places and the winner of these three is given the Triple C Conference cup.

The spring schedule is as follows:

- April 15—Windham at Greely.
- April 26—Greely at North Yarmouth Academy.
- April 29—Freeport at Greely.
- May 3—Greely at Cape Elizabeth.
- May 9—Greely at Scarboro.

May 12—North Yarmouth Academy at Greely.
May 17—Cape Elizabeth at Greely.
May 20—Greely at Freeport.
May 27—Scarboro at Greely.

M. W. S., '32.

TRACK

Greely opened this year with a large enrollment and with two men coaches for boys' athletics.

Mr. Roberts, our track coach, is a graduate of the University of Maine. He issued a call the first week for all students interested in track to meet him in the Agriculture room. A majority of boys responded to the call and the rest of the week was spent in choosing the ones who were to represent the school at the meet at Cumberland Fair, September 23 and 24, 1931.

When the second week came, Mr. Roberts entered upon his season's work with the track team by taking them to the fair grounds and showing them how to run and explaining the events which they were to enter at the fair.

The team was to run the first day of the fair with other teams. The hundred yard dash was the only event run the first day, for it rained so hard that it became necessary to postpone it until the next day.

Greely's team had great spirit the next day and they won the meet. The team fought very hard and placed as follows:

100-yard dash—Third place, Halvor Merrill.

220-yard dash—Second place, Halvor Merrill; third, Warren Cannell.

880-yard run—Second place, Maurice Small.

Relay—First place, Wesley Shaw, Warren Cannell, Maurice Small, Halvor Merrill.

This was the second annual track meet and the team was given a cup by the Cumberland Farmers' Club for their outstanding work.

The track team wishes to express its appreciation and thanks to Mr. Roberts for the time and efforts he has spent with the team.

M. W. S., '32.

CROSS-COUNTRY

There were several boys in Greely this year who wanted to take part in cross-country and with the help of their coach, Mr. Roberts, they started the hard task. After two days of instruction from Mr. Roberts there was a three-mile course marked out. At first some of the boys did not take much interest in the work and did not show up to practices.

The coach had scheduled a meet with Freeport and Pennell Institute for October 2, to be held at Greely. Some of the boys had never run the course and found it too difficult to place for a small score. The meet was won by Freeport, 39 points; second, Pennell, 42 points; third, Greely, 46 points. Time 15 minutes.

The boys had never run cross-country before and had very little time to train for the meet but from this time on they all showed up to the practices.

October 12, the boys were given a physical examination by Dr. Henry W. Hanson and all passed the examination except Freeman Brown, whose place was filled by Halvor Merrill.

During this time there was a meet scheduled with Gorham Normal second team and Windham, to be held on the Gorham Normal course, October 15. The teams placed: First, Greely, 27 points; second, Gorham Normal, second team, 40 points; third, Windham, 54 points. Time, 13 minutes, 31 seconds.

The Triple C Conference meet this year was held October 23 at Gorham Normal and the Triple C Conference cup was given to the winning team and ribbons were given to the first ten men that placed. The schools that took part in the meet were Greely, Freeport, Scarborough, Cape Elizabeth, New Gloucester, Pennell Institute, Windham.

Greely's team fought very hard but was defeated for first place by New Gloucester, but received second place. Greely was the only team that had three boys receive a ribbon out of the ten to be awarded. These men are Warren Cannell, fourth place; Maurice Small, eighth place; Marshall Wilson, tenth place.

The cross-country team was given a supper November 8, and the letters were awarded to the team as follows: Captain Halvor Merrill, Maurice Small, George Campbell, Raymond Vaughan, Ralph Sterns, Warren Cannell, Marshall Wilson.

The team wishes to show its thanks and appreciation to Mr. Roberts for what he has done in making the team and for the time he has spent with the team. M. W. S., '32.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

We opened our basketball season with Miss Arlene Woodman as our coach, and with ten girls out for practice. They were: Captain Hazel Campbell, '34; Manager, Maurine Hayes, '33; Belna Burnell, '34; Myra Cannell, '33; Bessie Frye, '33; Harriet Carmichael, '33; Marjorie Dunn, '35; Winnefred Campbell, '35; Alma Burnell, '32, and Christine Larson, '33.

On account of our limited number of girls we were handicapped in both practices and games, because the regular team had to play the whole game, while other teams had other girls for substitutes. In winning the games our team was not a success, but we feel that it was in showing our school spirit and in gaining experience for next year.

Alma Burnell, most faithful in coming to practices, leaves us this year. We certainly will miss her. Our regular team remains the same as this year.

Our line-up was: Forwards, Maurine Hayes and Belna Burnell; centers, Hazel Campbell and Bessie Frye; guards, Myra Cannell, Harriet Carmichael and Christine Larson. All these girls won their letters and also Alma Burnell won hers for four years of faithful practice.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Woodman, our coach, and the substitutes, who have practiced so faithfully.

Schedule for 1931-32:

- Nov. 25—Greely, 29, at Cape Elizabeth, 67.
- *Dec. 12—Greely, 8, at Gorham, 45.
- *Dec. 18—New Gloucester, 27, at Greely, 22.
- *Jan. 9—Windham, 50, at Greely, 13.
- Jan. 12—Greely, 8, at Northeastern, 38.
- Jan. 19—Northeastern, 30, at Greely, 21.
- *Jan. 29—Gorham, 39, at Greely, 17.
- *Feb. 5—Greely, 22, at New Gloucester, 31.
- *Feb. 12—Greely, 7, at Windham, 50.
- Feb. 19—North Yarmouth, 32, at Greely, 15.
- Mar. 2—Greely, 18, at North Yarmouth, 44.

*Indicates League Games.

C. M. L., '33.

Alumni Notes

CLASS OF 1926

Belmont Adams is teaching at South Paris.

Donald Barton is working in Portland.

Amy Burnell is Mrs. Edward Dow and is living in Orono, Maine.

Howard Emery died January 7, 1927.

Ella Ross is Mrs. Harris Corey and is living in Cumberland Center.

Thelma Strout is Mrs. Leon Burnell and is living in Cumberland.

Ola Watson is Mrs. Vernon Roach and is living in Providence, R. I.

Daisy White is Mrs. Kenneth Levitt and is living in Cumberland Center.

CLASS OF 1927

Clyde Baston is working in Portland.

Richard Blanchard is at home.

Norman Brackett is working in New York City.

Elizabeth Curit is working in Portland.

Florence Emery is working in Portland.

Shailer Hayes is working at home.

Pearl McLaughlin is Mrs. Stephen Huston and is living at West Falmouth.

Hilda Porter is working in Portland.

Eleanor Shaw is at home.

Ruth Tame is Mrs. Irwin Burnell and is living in Cumberland.

CLASS OF 1928

Lee Adams is working in Cumberland.

Maude Chadbourne is Mrs. Howard Peterson and is living in Cumberland.

Haven Jordan is at home.

Grace Libby is Mrs. Harold Pierce and is living in Bucksport.

John Merrill is attending Bowdoin College.

Stanwood Searles is attending the University of Maine.

Charles Small is at home.

Alice Vaughan is Mrs. David Plummer and is living in Raymond.

Marian Wade is Mrs. Belmont Adams and is living at South Paris.

Earle Watson is working in Portland.

CLASS OF 1929

Stanley Blanchard is attending the University of Maine.
Reta Brackett is teaching in Cumberland.
Norman Brown is working in Cumberland.
Ruth Burnell is attending Gorham Norman School.
Raymond Corey is attending Gorham Normal School.
Robert Nelson is attending Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Howard Lowe is living in West Falmouth.
Leigh White is working in Cumberland.

CLASS OF 1930

George Brackett has joined the Navy.
Janet Collins is working in Cumberland.
Helen Emery is attending Gorham Normal.
Iva Jordan is working in North Yarmouth.
W. Laurence Montague is working in Portland.
Edith Reed is Mrs. Joe Kelly and is living in Portland.
Warren Shaw is working in Portland.
Nellie Smith is attending Farmington Normal School.
Roger Vaughan is working in Yarmouth.

CLASS OF 1931

Estelle Blanchard is attending the University of Maine.
Elizabeth Cashman is at home.
Vyra Hamilton is working in Walnut Hill.
Marion Larsen is attending Westbrook Seminary.
John Morrison is working in Cumberland.
Paul Merrill is working in Cumberland.
Dorothy Strout is attending Farmington Normal School.
A. M. C., '32.

Alumni Letters

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.,
April 7, 1932.

To the Editor:

In the first place, Bowdoin is a small college with high scholastic requirements. Not only are the entrance requirements stiff, but the courses require diligent work in order to graduate. It is rated on a par with Harvard, M. I. T., Yale and colleges of that class. The faculty consists of an ample number to give individual attention, and each department is in charge of men who have excellent minds and keen judgment. There are approximately five hundred and fifty stu-

dents. This means that each student is able to get individual attention when he needs it without having to worry about time. With a large student body, an instructor might have only an hour for twenty or thirty men.

At present the athletic teams are in a slump. The upward trend is in progress and in a couple of years winning teams will again be in vogue at Bowdoin. Prospects are very bright for winning the state track meet this spring. However, the athletic system is very well organized and practically all kinds of sports are offered. It is not a machine where physical exercise is procured alone. It is possible to make real contact with the coaches who are interested in the fundamental purpose of life, that is, to be healthy, in mind, body and spirit.

There are a number of minor things which I might speak of as being worthy of Bowdoin, but I think these two phases are most important. I am glad to be at Bowdoin and feel that it offers wonderful opportunities to anyone who will go after them. Nothing much is accomplished in this world without working for it.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN B. MERRILL.

PRATT INSTITUTE

Pratt Institute is located in Brooklyn, New York. It is a co-educational institute, having an enrollment of about two thousand students, divided up into four main schools, School of Science and Technology, School of Fine and Applied Arts, School of Household Science and Arts, and School of Library Science.

The School of Science and Technology offers three different courses, Electrical, Mechanical, and Chemical Engineering. The length of each course is two years, about one-third of the time being spent in the laboratories and shops and the remainder in the class room. Graduates of the courses are prepared for any technical or supervisory position in the industrial concerns of the country.

The School of Fine and Applied Arts trains students for the Art profession, including Architecture, Teacher Training and different phases of Illustration.

The School of Household Science and Arts offers training to women students who wish to study dietetics, costume design, homemaking and institutional management.

The School of Library Science gives technical training to students who wish to become librarians of special, educational, or public libraries.

The requirements for admission to any course at Pratt is by special interviews and examinations, these being held in June and September of each year. The shortness of the courses at Pratt is to enable students who must have economy in time or money, to sooner prepare themselves for their chosen line of work.

The school has varsity baseball and basketball teams, playing some of the leading colleges in the country. It also maintains class teams in all leading sports.

The tuition at Pratt is one hundred and seventy-eight dollars (\$178.00) a year, and with economy, together with living expenses, the total cost is about eight hundred dollars (\$800.00) a year.

Scholarships are given to some students who are in need of money in their second year, and also positions may be obtained around the school which bring in some extra money.

The school offers a well organized placement service to its graduates, and in normal years, satisfactory employment may be expected at graduation.

Respectfully submitted,

Robert L. Nelson.

Cumberland, Maine

April 5, 1932

To the Editor,

Westbrook Seminary and Junior College fills a real need of the present day high school girl graduate. It may especially serve those who graduate from nearby high schools, such as Greely, for local girls by entering the Junior College may have their first two years of college work while living at home. By enrolling as a day student, college expenses for the first two years may be greatly reduced.

After graduating from Westbrook the student is equipped with a well rounded social and cultural training. The student wishing to continue in college work may transfer from Westbrook to other institutions for further education.

The courses of Westbrook have the same content as those of the Freshman and Sophomore classes of any college, which include sciences, mathematics, languages, literature and social sciences. There is also a course in secretarial studies. One of the outstanding features of Westbrook is the completeness of its music course.

Westbrook may be of special help to the girl who on her graduation from high school is undecided as to which line of work she wishes to enter. Because of the small classes, the flexibility of the program and the personal conference system, individual attention may be given each student.

For extra curricula activities there are, the Press Club, Riding, Glee and Dramatic Clubs. In athletics, basketball, archery and horseback riding are most popular. Teas, dinners and dances, at which the day students are active, furnish chances for leadership and growth of self confidence.

Sincerely,

Marion Larsen, '31.

Exchanges

We exchange with the following:

"The Pinnacle", Meredith High School, Meredith, N. H.

"The Four Corners", Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine.

"The Caduceus", Norway High School, Norway, Maine.

"The Pip", Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine.

"The Windonian", Windham High School, Windham, Maine.

"The Pennell Whirlpool", Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

"The Pine Cone", Cornish High School, Cornish, Maine.

"The Live Wire", Newport High School, Newport, Maine.

A. M. C., '32.

JOKES

Miss Woodman: "What took the place of the cowboys after the passing of the frontiers?"

Searles (dreamily): "Trolley cars."

Mr. Davis (Algebra class): "Well, Miss Hamilton, read the example."

Elizabeth: "Find the sum of $2x - 1$ and $y + 2$."

Mr. Davis: "What do you do when you find the sum?"

Elizabeth: "Subtract."

Blanchard (in Physics class): "Sound hits one ear before it does the other."

Mr. Davis: "Impossible. Your ears are too near together."

Ekberg: "Lincoln was at the Gettysburg Battle Ground giving a speech to the dead people."

Mr. Crandall (after explaining complex sentences): "Are there any questions?"

Bright pupil: "May I sharpen my pencil?"

IMAGINE

Blake not going to sleep in physics class.

Blanchard not seeing how everything works.

"Frankie" getting excited.

The Algebra class having a good lesson.

Gerry studying.

"Angie" not smiling.

A window not being broken at Greely.

"Mergie" not messing up the boys' hair.

NEEDED AT GREELY

A muffler for Maurine's sneeze.

Windows made of rubber.

A new bell in English room.

Someone to keep track of the Freshies.

New librarians.

PENS THAT SLIPPED

And they stopped on the way home and ate a road house.

Bacchus was the god of swine.

Definition of vacuum: A vacuum is when air is removed and vacuum takes place.

There were a few *fur* trees on both sides of the walk.

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