

THE DAILY KNYON



MAY 1933

35c

Dedication

The students of Greely Institute
dedicate this edition of THE GREELY ANNUAL to

MR. AND MRS. MYRON LEIGHTON

in recognition and appreciation of their service and friendship

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Editorials

We have this year found it necessary to condense our paper. We believe, however, that, as is often the case, this is an advantage, because we have cut out so much material that had become stereotyped. We feel that in its present concise form it will accomplish just as effectively its purpose of keeping our graduates and friends acquainted with the activities of Greely. We particularly wish to thank our advertisers who have made this edition of the ANNUAL possible.

SCHOOL NEED

Nothing is needed more in Greely Institute than a study room, where no recitations are held. If the pupils had a room, where they could do some deep concentrating without recitations going on to disturb them, it would give them more time to study, and they could study more intently. Of course it would be necessary to have a teacher in charge of the room to keep the students busy. Now, if you think about this, I am sure that you would agree that it would be a very desirable improvement.

B. J. F., '33.

RECREATION

Recreation is one necessary phase of our social life which is often neglected. People living in this age must have, and, in many cases, do have interests outside their business. The school boy and girl need to become interested in extra curricular activities which they can follow through life. These interests are worthy and are to be praised. In the present and in the future, the people of the world must have some "let down" from the mental strain of an active life in the social and business world. There are many cases of students in some of the greatest colleges of our country, losing their minds because of their strenuous preparations for examination. This would not happen if, from early childhood, they had formed desirable and stimulating habits of recreation. It is evident that there is a real need of diversion and perhaps an education in choosing the diversion best suited to the individual needs. Our life will become more complex, not simpler, and along with this growth will be increased necessity and desire for recreation.

LECTURE COURSES IN SCHOOLS

A lecture course, that is open to the public, is a benefit to any school. The parents will co-operate with the teachers and pupils. The parents also derive a benefit from such lectures as those McMillan gives about the far north. Operatic concerts would acquaint the student with stories and music of the most famous operas.

There might be a slight deficit at first as there would not be enough money to pay the artists, but in a few years everyone would be taking an interest in the course and would be attending the lectures. The school would have other things to look forward to besides dances and athletic games. A lecture course also brings the people in touch with the world of music, adventures, explorations, and literature.

L. S., '33.

ACTIVITY PERIOD

Beginning last September an extra period was introduced into our schedule, devoted to activities such as basket ball, baseball, volley ball, track, drama, club meetings, and any other extra-curricula work. The main object of this change was to afford an opportunity for each student to be interested and busy in some activity during this period. This innovation enables those who go on the bus to take part in these activities, whereas formerly they could not play on the athletic teams or take part in dramatics unless they walked home. The co-operation of teachers and pupils has made this period successful and beneficial.

M. D., '35.

Literature

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

"G'wan, you wouldn't know how to pull a half-pound fish out of the water if one was crazy enough to bite at any bait you give him," a six-foot blond informed his friend.

"Hal's right as far as he went, but he's no better than you. If I couldn't catch a bigger trout than either of you overgrown fatheads, I'd eat the roll of bills I've got in my pocket." Craig, who made this statement would have hesitated a long time before eating any such meal, because he was a prosperous storekeeper and was known to have usually a large roll of bills in his pocket but because of his two hundred forty pounds of muscle and his wonderful ability to protect himself he was never molested in the little Maine town on Moosehead Lake.

Ed, to whom this last remark had been made, had for the last ten minutes been idly dangling his long legs from the counter, listening in grinning silence to the argument of his friends. He was always content to listen to differences of opinion of any of his friends so long as he was not drawn into the argument, but when they got to joking about him it wound up with the laugh on the other person.

As Craig finished his last remark, Ed silently slipped off the counter and walked on slightly bowed legs to Craig. As he stood looking down at the owner of the store his blue eyes were twinkling like a mischievous boy's who had succeeded in smuggling some cookies from the pantry.

"Maybe I am a rotten fisherman," he said with a slightly southern drawl, "but I never had no six inch trout haul me into the water."

Craig turned red at this because when he and Ed were fishing one day when they were boys, a small fish had actually pulled him from a slippery rock into the water.

"I'll admit," Ed went on, "that Hal is a good feller with a rod, but if I couldn't beat him I'd go back west where I belong without taking the rest of my year's vacation."

After a while Craig convinced them that it would be a good idea to take a week's fishing trip. He said that while he was a guide he ran across a small river just chock full of trout in the northern part of the state. They planned to start in two days, get off at the station nearest their destination and walk the rest of the way.

About an hour before sunset they had their plans all made and Hal and Ed started for the edge of the village where they had rented a shack to live in for a month, although Hal said the ground was just as good to sleep on.

"Well here we are," groaned Craig as he mopped his hot face with a red bandana. "I've been a guide for six years but I never walked eighteen miles on a day so blamed hot as this."

They had left Moosehead at six o'clock at night and arrived at the station at eight the next morning.

After they had rested for a while Ed and Craig started putting up the tent in a fairly open spot on the edge of the river. Hal said he would get some boughs for a bed because he knew Ed and Craig would want to sleep after such a long cold walk. Craig swore at him and Ed told him if he didn't shut up he would get a cool swim in the river. At this Hal promptly went down the river in search of boughs. He finally found some about two minutes' walk from camp. While he was cutting he saw a large trout jump for a fly in the middle of the stream. "Oh Boy!" he ejaculated, "Wait and see what the two worst fishermen in the U. S. say when I bring you in for dinner tomorrow."

Then he fell to cussing heartily as a large fish hawk swooped down and caught the fish as he jumped again. "I'll kill you the next time I see

you, you——," he muttered. "Catch my fish, will you!"

After this Hal forgot boughs and went farther down stream in search of more likely places to fish. He was seated on the bank watching another fish get supper when a voice rang out that brought him to his senses.

"What do you think we're going to do, ring for a maid and tell her to make our beds and build our house?" Ed wanted to know. "You've been gone just an hour. If we were all like you we would go to sleep tonight sitting on the bank watching the water go by."

"Aw, lay off, will you. You've probably been fishing yourself for half an hour," he told Ed weakly. "I bet I'll find the tent flat on the ground and Craig fishing when I go back."

"No you won't, either, but I'm going fishing now and you get back to camp and make those beds," he shouted over his shoulder as he disappeared down stream.

Hal finished cutting the boughs and went back to camp and made the beds. He had just finished when Ed appeared with a four pound trout. Craig told him it wasn't much of a trout but Ed said he liked baby ones to begin with and that he needn't eat any of it if he didn't want to.

"Gee! that was a good supper," Hal told them as they were seated around the camp fire.

"Well don't you s'pose we know it?" Ed exploded.

"You fellers make me sick talking about that fish," the guide told them. "Wait until I get going."

"Well who said that was a fish?" the catcher asked him. "I call that a minnow. It was only a bite for a twelve pounder that came to play with a Golden Grouse and a Royal Coachman I tried to make him take."

They went to bed, Hal and Craig thinking that Ed was lying and Ed, wondering how to catch the fish,—which was no joke.

For the next days joyous fishermen kept bringing large fish into camp. At the beginning of the fifth day Ed got his two companions to go up stream with him. About a half a mile from camp was a place where the water came down over the rocks, lingered a moment then rushed off to see what new adventure it could find. Both Hal and Craig had been here but neither had got even one strike. Nevertheless Ed stopped at the foot of the eddy and said, "Boys, there's a big trout in here that I've been trying every day to get. I could look down stream and when I saw either of you coming I would throw a rock into the hole and go down stream so you wouldn't catch Alexander the Great."

"You're crazy," burst out Craig, "and I'll prove it."

"Go ahead," offered Ed. "Only be careful because Alex is an awful fighter. I had him once but he jumped so high that he threw the hook."

Hal did not say a word. He had seen a strange light in his companion's eyes and long experience told him that when that look appeared, Ed was telling the truth.

Craig carefully attached a black gnat to his leader and mounted a large rock overlooking the hole.

"Careful, Craig," Ed warned. "A rock was your Waterloo one day, you must remember."

"Aw shut up will you? I know what I'm doing," was the only reply Ed got.

Craig made a beautiful cast into the middle of the eddy and let his line float down stream.

Bang! The reel screeched, as Alexander struck the fly, followed by a huge splash as Craig, startled by the enormous weight of the fish lost his balance on the smooth, round surface of the rock and toppled into the water.

"Just like old times hey, Craiggy my lad?" roared Ed as he recovered the fish pole with the fly still on the leader, but minus the fish.

"Come, little lad, let pop hang you on the line to dry while papa catches the naughty old fish," laughed Hal as he got his rod ready.

Craig crawled out on the bank, purple with rage and cold. "If you catch that fish before we go home I'll give you ten dollars," he bellowed.

"In other words," joked Ed, "there's a reward of ten dollars for Alex dead or alive."

Craig swore at him and retired to a grassy spot where the sun stole down through the trees. Here he could watch the sport and dry off at the same time.

Hal made a good cast and the fly settled lightly on the edge of the eddy. Hal believed, as did the others, that Alexander would not strike again that day but, whiz! out of the water he came to take the fly in his mouth and dart away. Ed stood dumb with amazement for a moment then rushed to Hal's side to watch the battle between man and fish. Craig jumped from the mound on which he had been sitting, ran to the water's edge only to slip and roll in again. He quickly gained his feet, however, and knee deep in water shouted directions which were heard by nobody but a squirrel in a

tree overhead and a bear picking blackberries a mile away. For fifteen minutes the battle raged. Alex tried all the tricks he knew (or so the watchers thought) to get away but none were successful. Finally Alex was hauled ceremoniously to the shore. As Hal stooped to net him, he turned and said, "Better kiss your ten——"

Splash!—Alex had lifted his tail and tried the last of his tricks. As Hal brushed the river water out of his eyes, he saw Alexander swimming wearily to his hidden retreat among the rocks far below the surface of the river.

Then Ed and Craig broke loose while Hal sat down weakly and looked at the spot where the great fish had disappeared.

"Of all the fool tricks," gasped Ed, while Craig roared with mirth. "You had him easy but you had to go to work and tell Craig to kiss his money good-bye."

"Aw, what are you guys laughing about?" muttered Hal, just discovering that they were laughing. "Both of you hooked him and then lost him, didn't you?"

"That's right" said Ed suddenly, and Craig stopped his laughing, picked up his rod, and started for camp where Ed and Hal found him a half hour later, reading a love story magazine.

The rest of the trip was fruitless as far as the great trout was concerned. Hal managed to take first place by catching a six-pound trout, Ed second place, and Craig was only a half-pound behind Hal.

Just before they left for home Craig wrote a note and got the others to put their names under his. It read thus:

Alexander: If we cum up here agen we will surely visit you but if you are hooked expect no mercy.

Craig tied two large "Honest to God" flies to the note and gave it to the waters of the river to deliver. As it floated out of sight behind a point, the three happy fishermen started for home.

OUR RAGTIME CIVILIZATION

Everyone must have seen at sometime one of those rag dolls so common for children to play with—one of the kind called "Raggedy Andy" because it is made from scraps of cloth put together in the form of a doll. Our American civilization reminds me of that doll.

Just as there is a mixture of colors and qualities of cloth, so are there people of various races in our America. Within the different nationalities represented are several types or qualities of individual groups. I find upon analyzing these types that they consist of four main classes. There is first the wealthy class. This class is not represented (barring some exceptions) by the wisest and most learned people. The members of this group have earned money in excess of their needs, or invested money has been left them at the beginning of their careers. They immediately invest this surplus in stocks, bonds or some other money catcher which gradually keeps increasing and yielding more income until some day it bursts, just as a bubble does, and then where is the rich man? Just where he is today. If he has been wise in his investments there is probably one or several combined, yielding an income upon which he can live comfortably. It is not among these wealth-hoarders that we find our greatest scholars, statesmen and scientists; they are blinded by their greed for money and ease. This class buy their education and diplomas but they are so taken up with amusements and social engagements that they do not find time to study deeply. This is a gay piece of silk in the rag doll's head.

Another piece of cloth contributing to the construction of the head of our American doll is of more serviceable broadcloth. This piece represents the intellectual ranks which often have to put forth great effort to earn their education, whether in school or by experience. In either case a diploma is earned,—in the first a diploma of the regular type, in the latter a diploma of self-satisfaction and self-reliance. These workers get a great value from this coercion. It gives them a mastery of work and affairs that make them successful in the line that they choose in life. In this way the present depression is doing the youth of today much good.

The hands and arms of the rag doll, made of heavy denim of different colors, represent the working class. This great group is the tool and helper of the two classes just described. In the present complex of American civilization there are many represented in this class, each doing his part and deserving a fair chance in life.

Finally, there are the social parasites with which our ragtime civilization is adorned. In this number, there are those who were foreigners and came to our country illiterate and ignorant of American life and work. There are also members of our own race feeding upon the work and fruit of others. This problem is no more impending than formerly. The presence of this group has always been a problem and still remains a problem, one which our present day youth will try to solve.

So, in our civilization, our social groups are like patches on the body

of "Raggedy Andy"—of varied strength, usefulness and form. But we do not want the several groups blended into one perfect group,—that would not be human nature. What we do want is to keep the lower social group front becoming an over-sized patch thus distorting the shape of the doll.

Like the rag doll with his hair of yarn are our modern industries. There are all kinds represented, large concerns and small ones, those of standard quality, and of cheaper quality.

Like Raggedy Andy's protective suit is our government with its very essential parts for protecting the people and ruling them wisely, but these are decorated by many useless departments, comparable to the collar of frills on our rag doll's suit. Here too, are found various assortments. After all, our ragtime civilization is not so bad as it might be, for what would we do if all this variety were not presented.

M. H. C., '33.

ROPING CATTLE ON THE ROUND-UP

Not many years ago I owned and managed the "Circle A" ranch. The ranch house was a large green and white building, two and a half stories in height. The horse stable was on the ground floor and the living quarters for the help were on the other floors. My horse stable had stalls along the front with a few vacant, so that if I needed hired help, they could keep their horses in them. On the second floor were the bunks and a large room where at their leisure my ranchmen played cards and chess.

A room furnished with a bed, chairs, and desk answered for my office. This was very convenient because I could see all over my ranch, and just see the 3-H ranch belonging to my sister. Some might think that it was lonesome here for me, but, since we had a telephone and there was much business to attend to, it was far from it.

The range on which the cattle pastured was a green plain and as smooth and level as one could wish. It was just right for my business. We never had any rain or snowstorms to bother us.

My hired men were regular cowboys with their big hats, gay colored neckerchiefs, shirts, and chaps. Everyone of them had a revolver and rope or lasso.

Their names would tell anyone that they were experienced cattle men. For instance, my foreman was called "Arizona." I never did know his full name and we never asked questions as long as a man behaved himself and

kept within the law. Then there was "Bear Cat." He seldom rode a horse but was one of the best ox drivers I knew. He also acted as stable boss when he was around the ranch house. "Riding Kid," whose real name was Bob Gray, was my best horseman and knew just how to break green horses. "Bronco Bill" Tugle was a big, good-natured man always ready and willing to do anything I might ask of him. There was one man on my ranch who was in great demand at times. This was the Doctor, or, as we called him, "Doc White." He could cure a sick cow, extract a bullet from a man's leg, and he even went to court to tell the different effects of sickness and accidents upon people. John Stevens lost a leg when he was run over by a heavy wagon. He had a peg leg on which he would thump around when he was walking. Now as the most of us at the ranch house had read "Treasure Island," the men nicknamed Stevens "John Silver." Poor John was killed by a cattle thief one night.

Liza and Ben Black were two negroes who also worked on my ranch. They came to our ranch one day after having been all over Branhall, the district in which we lived, trying to get a job for their board. They were tired and weary when they arrived and as I needed more help in my stable I hired them. Since I happened to have two extra bunks for them to sleep in, I was not inconvenienced, except that I was kept awake by their snoring in the next room.

On the next day, which was Saturday, I gave Liza the job of scrubbing floors. After she got through she said, "Dat is one thing ah don't lak to do, 'cause it gets ma hands dirty."

I didn't say anything to her, but I couldn't see that her hands looked a bit dirtier than before she began. Ben Black, however, turned out to be one of the best workers on my ranch.

Last but not least was my cook. A very quiet man but very smart with his hands. He could take a dish from the table and make it disappear while mumbling a few words which I could not understand. The boys would not gamble with him because he could deal the cards so that he would win, but all liked him and his cooking. His name was Sing Lou, and, although he was a Chinaman, he was what the boys called a good scout.

I remember well my last round-up. We had a good time but it was very hard work. Ben Black harnessed up four horses to the wagon and helped Sing Lou load in a week's provisions and all other things necessary for a stay out of doors, such as a tent, blankets, extra clothes and spare ropes, saddles and extra harnesses which might be needed because of accidents. The work was hard and rough and we always had to have extra

things so as not to lose time by having to go back to the ranch house after something. Arizona and I always rode together to boss the work and keep account of what was being done. We led the way toward the great cattle herd, followed by Riding Kid, Bronco Bill and John Silver driving about a dozen horses to have a fresh mount during the week. The wagon followed with Ben Black driving. Doc and Sing Lou rode anywhere on the load where they were comfortable. Liza stayed home and looked after things and I always felt safe with her there because she was so capable and strong that she would not only do the housework but would feed and take care of all the stock that was left there.

We had gone only a short distance when we were joined by another outfit made up almost the same as mine. This one was owned by my brother, whose brand was the "Diamond M." Then we made our plans and went where they had a large bunch of cattle grazing. Here we made camp, pitched our tents, made a camp fire, and the cooks got busy and with their potatoes and stoves soon had a meal ready. After a short rest in their blanket rolls, the cowboys from the two ranches were ready for work. Their horses were saddled with the greatest of care as a broken strap or a loose buckle might mean loss of a life or at least a bad accident.

The two wagons with the cooks were settled in camp, and the rest of us on horseback rode up to a large herd of cattle, and then the work started. The Riding Kid with a "Diamond M" cowboy rode into the bunch of cattle and began driving out the old ones, which were headed into a gang by themselves regardless of brand. Bronco Bill and another man from my brother's ranch looked after these and kept them moving toward the ranch where they were put in corrals. Later my brands were separated and sold. The other brands were sent back to the other ranch owners who sent back my cattle in return. These were all together so they had to have different cowboys come to sort them out.

Young cattle were looked over to see that they were healthy and had no broken legs, and then they were turned loose, but the cowboys were very careful to see that they strayed back into the herd that was to be inspected.

When they came upon an animal which did not have a brand, one of the cowboys threw his rope completely over the body while another man coming up from the opposite direction threw his rope over the head, and of course this caused the cow, horse, or whatever animal it was, to be thrown. These men always saw to it that it was the nigh and not the off side that was up. Then Bear Cat, or some man that did not do much riding, branded the letter or sign on the animal's hip. When we had examined all

the cattle and horses in this bunch, we moved to the next one and went through the same movements of making camp and assorting and branding the cattle.

When they came to assort these brands, I found that I had one missing. The first thing I did was to take my best cowboy and go over to my sister's ranch, for when I found anything missing I usually started there. I didn't say anything to her but went straight to the stables. There I found conspicuous evidence that one of my animals had been rebranded. I reported this to the sheriff and we very soon had a trial. The jury decided that she was guilty and the judge sentenced her to two weeks in jail.

Herds were sent back to the corrals and when we got to the end of the range we met the "T-H" and "Triangle A" gangs which had been working their range. The camp then grew to four wagons, and cowboys were sent back to their home ranches to take back the cattle which belonged to them. In this way all four ranches exchanged cattle.

We then broke camp by taking down the tents and loading the wagons. Each outfit, as a ranch crew is called, drove home and things were quiet for another six months.

During these round-ups the men rode around the cattle while I traded a little and prepared for the yearly rodeo which I may tell you about some time.

People who have known me since I was born know that with the exception of climbing Mount Washington with my high school class, I have never been out of the state of Maine. Since this state is not a cattle-raising state like those out West, this story of ranch life leads them to believe either that I am a great reader of books, or that I have a vivid imagination. In each case they are wrong.

This is a true story which all happened in my childhood days when with my brother and sister and other children who lived near us, I used to play a game called cowboys.

Our "equipment" consisted of toy animals, houses, men, and in fact everything needed to make a western ranch. The houses were made of wood and cardboard painted various colors. The wagons were of wood, while the men and animals were cast of lead. Each player had a lead figure representing himself which he used as if it were in real life. Possibly we had more disputes and law suits than is common in the West, but most of our quarrels were settled without drastic destruction of property or life.

A. M., '35.

ON CHANGING A TIRE

Flat tires are a scourge to enjoyable motoring. Suppose you were on a trip to Colorado for two weeks. You are riding along gayly when suddenly a peculiar jouncing sensation is felt in the rear. To bring the car to a standstill is the work of a moment. You climb out over a pile of luggage and find a tire flat. Well, that's easy to fix. Just put on the spare and proceed merrily on your way.

But what's that? The tire you have on the rear is that old worn out thing that you thought you threw away a month ago. The new one, you remember, is in the garage under the work bench. Now the only thing to do is to get out the old repair-kit and get to work.

Ugh! The "blame" rim is stuck to the wheel. This fact is emphatically impressed on your mind as with two or three grand yanks the car almost comes over on top of you. Under the car you go and bang the rim with a little dinky hammer, while that of a blacksmith would be more appropriate for the occasion.

There! The rim's off! Now to tackle that tire. How are you going to get it off the rim? Use the tire-iron, of course. Where is it, anyway?—not under the seat nor on the running board. Oh yes! It's at home on the shelf. The reason for this lack of foresight is that you thought a tire-iron wouldn't be needed on that trip. Have you ever tried to cast around for an implement to use when one is needed badly? It's no use. Don't try it.

At last an idea arrives. Grab the jack handle to use! It's stuck and won't come out. A gigantic pull, and out it comes, letting you sit down in the road about three yards back. The car starts backward and gently rolls off the jack. If you can see through the blue air, it would be a good idea to leave the car alone and repair the tire. That's completed in an hour.

After that is finished, the car has to be jacked up again, but the jack is too large to go under the car in its present position. What can a body do now! When you were a kid in high school the class studied levers. At that time you thought there would be no use for them, but now you can remember the instructor's saying, "Some day you will need to be able to use levers." That day is here. There's a nice sapling up there and a stone here. Open your penknife, climb up the embankment, and get to work. A half hour finishes the task. Lay the sapling across the rock just in the middle and push down. The car comes up as easily as if a derrick were pulling it. The next problem is to get the jack under the car. But great guns! How were you expected to think of that?

Now the only thing to do is to place the jack against the axle so that it will fall into place as you lift the car. After great wriggling and pushing and pulling you get the jack set and lean on the sapling. Relief of reliefs! The jack falls into place, you throw the sapling away, put the tire back in its accustomed place, screw it on, and pump it up. Then pick up all the tools scattered around. Step on the starter and off you go in a cloud of dust. Of course, the time you wasted changes your whole trip from pleasure to worry. "How long will that tire last?" revolves continually in your mind, keeping time with the speedometer as it ticks off the miles.

J. S., '33.

School Notes

GREELY ORCHESTRA

This year the Greely Orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Oscar Jones, our music instructor.

There are eight members in the orchestra: Maurine Hayes, Hazel Campbell, and Christine Larson (piano); Ruth Larson, Harriet Carmichael, and Virginia Searles (violin); Wayne Merrill (saxophone); Ray Brown (drums).

The orchestra plays each Wednesday morning in assembly. It has also played for the Senior play, prize speaking, Junior high play, and Freshman play.

Although our orchestra is not very large, we have enjoyed working together and wish to thank Mr. Jones for the help he has given us.

V. J. S., '35.

STAMP CLUB

Stamp collecting is not only an entertaining but also an educational and profitable pastime. It includes instructions in History, Geography, Literature, and Science, besides foreign phrases and numerical values.

A Stamp Club has been formed at Greely. Most of the members seem to object to the fact that a written composition about some country is required each week. This paper does not need to be long. Two or three paragraphs should be sufficient if the most important facts are told about the country.

This club meets every Thursday during Activity Period.

H. B. S., '36.

HOME ECONOMICS

There are thirty-three in the Home Economic classes. Twenty are from the Junior High, fourteen from the seventh grade, and eight from the eighth grade. Eleven are from the Freshmen and Sophomore division, and two from the Junior and Senior division.

Last year, the Freshmen and Sophomores made clothes for needy children. This year they are studying dressmaking, foods, and home nursing.

The Senior division has taken up problems of dress, nutrition, dietetics, and child care.

The seventh grade pupils have been taking up foods and the elements of sewing.

The eighth grade prepared and delivered three large Thanksgiving baskets for poor families in Cumberland Center. They have also taken up home nursing and dressmaking.

On March 17, the Home Economic class gave an interesting exhibit of everything that had been made this year.

Both divisions co-operated in planning, preparing, and serving the food at the "Father and Son" banquet given at the Methodist Church on April 28.

M. W. S., '33.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior play, "Good Morning, Glory," was presented December 2, with the following cast of characters:

Maxy Macy	Myra Cannell
Eva Bigson	Maurine Hayes
Mrs. Antonio Sylvester Garibaldi Mussolini	Christine Larson
Glory Gammon	Bessie Frye
Claire Gammon	Harriet Carmichael
Florabelle Fleepepper	Marjorie Smith
Frankie James	Leigh Stanton
Harold Hines	Walter Ekberg
Joey James	Marshall Wilson
Mrs. N. G. Fleepepper	Ariel Hanson
Howard Hershey	Wayne Merrill

The play was coached by Miss Arlene Woodman. The general public considered it the finest Senior presentation in several years.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club this year is under the supervision of Mr. Oscar Jones, the music instructor at Greely Institute. There are thirty-five members in the chorus.

The club made its first public appearance on February 17, at an entertainment held in the Assembly Hall at the Institute. In addition to selections by the chorus, a duet was sung by Leigh Stanton and Hazel Campbell.

This club meets for fifty minutes every Monday morning in the Assembly Hall. It has been a success this year and we hope that it will continue to be in the coming years.

H. G. C., '34.

SENIOR CLASS PARTS

The class parts of the Senior class of Greely Institute were announced March 29, by Principal Otto Davis. Harriet Carmichael received the honor of valedictory; Christine Larson, salutatory; Maurine Hayes, history; Marjorie Smith, honor essay. The class selected the following parts: Leigh Stanton, prophecy; Walter Ekberg, presentation of gifts; Bessie Frye, essay; Marshall Wilson, essay.

Commencement exercises will be held June 16 at the Congregational Church.

AGRICULTURE

The class in Agriculture I and II began its class work with the study of poultry. Agriculture III and IV worked on agricultural engineering until late in the fall and then began its major course in farm management.

We had a very successful poultry judging team consisting of Marshall Wilson and Ervin Morrill that won the cup presented by the Cumberland Farmers' Club.

We have been very successful in our project work. Although the prices of products were very low, we received a net profit of \$740.00.

During January, February and March we worked every Monday on a project for the following year. Following is a list of major projects with minimum requirements: (1) corn—one-half acre market, one acre other; (2) dairying—two milk cows, three calves; (3) potatoes—one acre; (4) poultry—200 day-old chicks, fifty hens; (5) truck garden—one-quarter acre; (6) field beans or peas—one acre.



Back row— Coach Miss Porter, B. Frye, H. Carmichael, M. Dunn, V. Searles.
Front row— B. Burnell, H. Campbell, C. Larson, M. Hayes.



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Back row— C. Burnell, H. Smith, G. Campbell, R. Stearns, R. Brown.
Front row— Maurice Wilson, Marshall Wilson, Coach Roberts, K. Jones,
E. Farmer.



G. Campbell, W. Merrill, F. Brown, M. Wilson, R. Brown, K. Leighton, E. Farmer.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back row— G. Campbell, M. Wilson, R. Brown, Coach Woodman, L. Stanton, W. Merrill, W. Ekberg.

Front row— M. Cannell, B. Frye, A. Hansen, H. Carmichael, M. Smith, C. Larson, M. Hayes.



M. HARRIET CARMICHAEL

"HETTIE"

Glee Club 3-4; Orchestra 3-4; Debating 4; Dramatics 4; Basket Ball 3-4; Prize Speaking 4; Scholarship Contest 3; Valedictory.

"Hettie" plans to be a doctor. Her perseverance will take her far. Perhaps she'll specialize in illnesses of the heart.



FRANK BROWN

"FRANKIE"

Baseball 4-5; Basket Ball.

"Frankie" is pining his young life away for a fair blossom which the spring breezes wafted to Lewiston.



MARJORIE W. SMITH

"MARJIE"

Glee Club 2-4; Dramatics 4; Prize Speaking 1-2-3; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 3; Secretary of Class 4; Track 1-2; Volley Ball 4; ANNUAL Board 4; Honor Essay.

Marjorie had a hidden motive for studying Home Economics. You know what they say about the easiest way to a man's heart.



MAURINE A. HAYES

Glee Club 2-3-4; Orchestra 2-3-4; Dramatics 4; Prize Speaking 1-2; Basket Ball 2-3-4; Track 2-3-4; Volley Ball 4; Tennis 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 2; Secretary and Treasurer of 4-H 3; Scholarship Contest 3; ANNUAL Board 2-3-4; Class History.

Maurine's sense of humor is contagious. If all her giggles were placed end to end, there would be universal hysteria.

ANGELA CASHMAN

"ANGIE"

Glee Club 4-5; Orchestra 4; ANNUAL Board 3-4. Reticent. That adjective best describes Angela. In fact, her shyness prohibited us from having her picture for publication.



GEORGE E. CAMPBELL

"SOUP"

Baseball 2-4; Basket Ball 3-4; Track 3-4; Cross Country 3-4; Stage Manager Senior Play 4; Glee Club 4.

A young lad who goes along with Jones to Gray occasionally. Evidently the girls in Cumberland are passe.

BESSIE J. FRYE

"BESSIE"

Glee Club 4; Dramatics 4; Basket Ball 1-2-3-4; Prize Speaking 1-2-3-4; Class Treasurer 4; Editorial Board 3-4; Track 2; Volley Ball 4; Essay.

"Bessie's" training in elocution may stand her in good stead. Five minutes' head start in an argument will be a great advantage.

LEIGH STANTON

Transferred from Durham, N. H. Glee Club 3-4; Dramatics 4; Basket Ball 4; Baseball 4; Tennis 4; Track 3; President of Hi-y 4; Vice President of Class 4; Class Prophecy.

Leigh was the popular idol of all the "jeunes filles," but, alas! when he appeared in the Senior play, they discovered that he stuttered.

CHRISTINE M. LARSON

"STINNIE" or "TONY"

Glee Club 2-3-4; Orchestra 3-4; Debating 4; Dramatics 4; Basket Ball 1-2-3-4; Alumni Prize 1; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 1; Vice President of Class 2; President of Class 3; Track 2-3; Delegate to 4-H Camp 3; Secretary and Treasurer of A. A. 4; ANNUAL Board 1-2-3-4; Salutatory.

Christine's efficiency is evident in everything she undertakes. Of course a slip-up in dates doesn't really spoil a record.

RAYMOND M. BROWN

"RAY"

Glee Club 4; Orchestra 4; Business Manager of Senior Play 4; Basket Ball 4; Basket Ball Manager 3; Baseball 3-4; Prize Speaking 4; Track 4; Cross Country 4; Vice President of Class 2-3; Vice President of F. F. A. 3; President of F. F. A.; Delegate to 4-H Camp 3; Treasurer of Hi-y 3; Secretary and Treasurer of Hi-y 4; Vice President of 4-H 2.

Ray is a native son of Cumberland. To show his home town spirit, he has sworn eternal hatred toward natives of other towns, especially Gray.

T. WALTER EKBERG

"FAT"

Glee Club 3-4; Debating 4; Dramatics 4; Prize Speaking 2-3-4; 4-H County Champion 4; Vice President of A. A. 3; President of A. A. 4; President of Hi-y 4; Secretary of Hi-y 3; Vice President of F. F. A. 4; ANNUAL Board 4; Presentation of Gifts.

Fat is a comical fellow who has furnished the sunny side of our four years at Greely.

MYRA CANNELL

"MYRA"

Dramatics 4; Prize Speaking 1-2; Track 3; Basket Ball 3; Scholarship Contest 3; Editorial Board 4.

A girl with a past of which we are ignorant as it all passed in East Deering.

MARSHALL I. WILSON

"JOEY"

Glee Club 3-4; Debating 3-4; Dramatics 1-4; President of the Class 1-2-4; Track 4; Basket Ball 3-4; Cross Country 3-4; Vice President of F. F. A. 2; ANNUAL Board 3-4; Essay.

Our Cross Country star who receives his training by running down Tuttle Road and turning to the left. What's down there, I wonder.



Each member has to write up a project plan which he is required to follow throughout the year. These projects were selected because of community importance, farm importance and personal reasons. Each student must have two definite aims. Written reports are made of all plans, developments, and results. From all this experience he gains operative and managerial ability.

The project is scored on points of self-labor, net profit, labor income, and increase in production over the production standards of the state.

In last year's project contest the Greely Institute boys made an unusual record for which we are justly proud. They not only won the district prizes, but won three out of the nine possible state prizes. The boys who were honored with state prizes were as follows: Maurice Small—first prize in sweet corn; Wesley Shaw—second prize in poultry raising; George Campbell—third prize in gardening.

This year we also hope to be among the state winners, as the returns from the district contest gave us a first and second place in plant production, the individual honors going to Maurice and Harold Small.

PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual prize speaking contest was held at the Congregational Church on March 24th. The contestants who had been chosen to speak were: Bessie Frye, Hazel Campbell, Virginia Searles, Audrey Morrill, Belna Burnell, Harriet Carmichael, Walter Ekberg, Wayne Merrill, Carlan Burnell, Maurice Hamilton, Raymond Brown, and Leigh Stanton.

After the decision of the judges the first prizes were awarded to Bessie Frye and Walter Ekberg. The second prizes were awarded to Virginia Searles and Leigh Stanton.

The winners of the Greely contest took part in the Triangular Contest at Yarmouth, April 7, with North Yarmouth Academy and Freeport.

HI-Y

In the Hi-Y group we elected as officers, Leigh Stanton, President; Walter Ekberg, Vice-President; Raymond Brown, Secretary; and Dr. H. B. Stanton, Leader. Meetings are held each Thursday.

As a change from the usual program we have no regular rites. We take up old and new business as usual and then have a general discussion on a subject that has been chosen at the former meeting.

DEBATING

This year a Debating Club was organized under the direction of Mr. Crandall. During the three winter months the club held its meetings on Tuesdays and Thursdays during activity period. Following is a list of our debates and speakers.

I. Resolved: "High School examinations should be abolished." Affirmative, Ariel Hansen, Christine Larson, Harriet Carmichael; Negative, Hazel Campbell, Wayne Merrill, Ralph Stearns.

II. Resolved: "The United States should keep out of all European alliances." Affirmative, Marshall Wilson, Maurice Hamilton, Harriet Carmichael; Negative, Vincent Irish, Wayne Merrill, Walter Ekberg.

III. Resolved: "The United States should give the Philippines immediate independence." Affirmative, Ariel Hansen, Christine Larson; Negative, Leigh Stanton, Hazel Campbell.

IV. Resolved: "At least fifty per cent of state and local revenues should be derived from other than tangible property." Affirmative, Ariel Hansen, Walter Ekberg; Negative, Christine Larson.

The first two debates were held in assemblies, and the third at an evening program sponsored by the school. The fourth was a non-decision debate between Freeport High School and Greely.

FUTURE FARMERS

The Future Farmers elected the following officers for this year: Walter Ekberg, Vice-President; George Campbell, Secretary; Wayne Merrill, Treasurer; Ralph Stearns, Reporter; and Mr. Roberts, Advisor.

At Cumberland Fair the Future Farmers had a booth where they sold candy, soft drinks, ice cream, and hot dogs.

The annual Future Farmer "Father and Son" banquet was held April 29, 1933. The speakers were Professor Brown of Bowdoin College, Chester Hall of the Portland Y. M. C. A., Robert Rollins, Herman Sweetsir, and Walter Ekberg, '33, toastmaster.

This summer we plan to send one or two of our members to the Lake Cobbosseecontee Conference, June 23rd.

V. M. I., '35.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

Each Wednesday morning the Junior and Senior High School groups hold a joint assembly. This year the students have enjoyed talks by Mr. Lucas, Mr. Hall from Portland Y. M. C. A., Mr. Moulton, a missionary from India, and by Halvor Merrill and Nelson Blanchard of the class of '32. In addition, there have been debates, topics by pupils, and various forms of entertainment. During the first fifteen minutes Mr. Jones conducts a singing period.

The more important of assembly programs sponsored by students were: "Magic Experiments in Chemistry," by Ariel Hansen and Harriet Carmichael; a meeting conducted by Future Farmers following the rules of parliamentary law; a drama, "Leave It To Liz," written by Hazel Campbell, '34, and presented by the Junior class; a program put on by Christine Larson's 4-H Club of Junior High girls. On Wednesday, May 3, the groups met to bid farewell to Mr. Lucas who is retiring from the ministry and is going to Massachusetts to live.

D. J., '34.

Athletics

CROSS COUNTRY

Nine men responded to coach Roberts' call for a cross country team. Four of the nine were letter men from last year. Our first meet was held at Gorham Normal School where we ran against Pennell, Windham, and Gorham Normal School's second team. Greely won the meet with almost a perfect score, 18 points.

The next meet was run on Pennell's course, with Windham and Pennell. Greely won again with a larger score of 24 points.

The final meet was held officially on the course at Gorham Normal School to decide the winner of the Triple C Shield. Greely won with the small score of 29 points, while Pennell placed second with 50 points, and Windham third with 52 points.

At the cross country supper held at West Cumberland, Trustee H. P. Sweetser accepted this shield from Mr. Hall, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in behalf of Greely Institute.

The team took a trip to Orono, where they ran in the State Meet. Greely placed eighth in the State. The letter men were Captain Wilson, Kenneth Jones, Herman Smith, Maurice Wilson, George Campbell, Ralph

Stearns, and Carlan Burnell. The team wish to express their sincere gratitude to their coach, Mr. Lewis P. Roberts, who gratefully gave his time to the development of a cross country team at Greely Institute.

R. M. B., '33.

BASEBALL

The baseball team played a few games with nearby schools last fall but the real season opened this spring. About eleven men reported to practice. Eddie Farmer was elected manager. Several games have been arranged with the schools of the Triple C League and three have been played.

BOYS' BASKET BALL

The Greely boys' basket ball season opened with ten men reporting for practice. This year's team was handicapped by having only one experienced man from last year's squad.

The team played its scheduled games with the schools of the Inland Division of the Triple C League, Windham High, Gorham High, and New Gloucester High, besides non-league games with Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth.

Those to receive letters this year are Captain Marshall Wilson, Raymond Brown, Frank Brown, Kenneth Leighton, Wayne Merrill, Leigh Stanton, and Manager Edward Farmer.

Next year's team will be built around two-letter men, Wayne Merrill and Kenneth Leighton.

E. S. F., '36.

Girls Athletics

BASKETBALL

Our basketball season began in November. Coached by Miss Natalie Porter, we practiced two nights a week.

Our first game was with New Gloucester. As one can see by the score, which was 18—16, it was a very interesting as well as exciting game. Later,

besides the schools in the regular League, we played two games with Falmouth High and the Alumni.

We were not very successful in bringing home a victory each time we played, but we know that we fought to the finish in every game.

The line-up for this year was, forwards, Belna Burnell and Maurine Hayes; centers, Harriet Carmichael and Bessie Frye; guards, Hazel Campbell and Christine Larson.

We wish to thank Miss Porter for her efforts and the Junior High girls for making our practices possible.

C. M. L., '33.

VOLLEY BALL

Last fall we added volley ball as a new outside activity to our schedule. Miss Natalie Porter was our coach. Our only games were with Falmouth High. During the early part of the fall we practiced on our outdoor court, but as it grew colder we were compelled to use the gymnasium. Practice has started again and several games have been planned.

C. M. L., '33.

TRACK

Each spring we start practicing for the Annual Triple C Track Meet. Last year the meet was held at Deering High. Those representing Greely were Hazel Campbell, who placed first in the basketball throw, Belna Burnell, who placed third in the potato race, Maurine Hayes and Christine Larson.

This year an all day field day has been planned, which is to be held at Cumberland Fair Grounds. All schools having members competing in the meet will be closed for the day.

C. M. L., '33.

Alumni Notes

CLASS OF 1929

Stanley Blanchard is attending the University of Maine.
Reta Brackett is Mrs. George Peterson and is living in Yarmouth.
Norman Brown is working in Cumberland.
Ruth Burnell is attending Gorham Normal School.
Raymond Corey is attending Gorham Normal School.
Robert Nelson is living at home.
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 teaching in Cumberland.
Iva Jordan is working in North Yarmouth.
W. Laurence Montague is working in Portland.
Edith Reed (Mrs. Joe Kelly) is working 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 attending Gorham Normal School.
Vyra Hamilton (Mrs. John Thompson) is living at home.
Marion Larsen is attending Westbrook Seminary.
John Morrison is working in Hebron.
Paul Merrill is working in Cumberland.
Dorothy Strout is attending Shaw's Business College.

CLASS OF 1932

Maurice Small is living at home.
Earle Blake is living at home.
Nelson Blanchard is attending the University of Maine.
Freeman Brown is taking a P. G. Course.
Harold Searles is working in Cumberland.
Raymond Vaughan is working in Cumberland.
Halvor Merrill is attending the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield.
Gertrude Brown is attending the Maine School of Commerce.
Alma Burnell is living at home.
Dana Chase is living at home.
Minnie Larsen is living at home.

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"What do you want me to write?"

"Ask her if she will go to the cross country upper with me."

"Are you supposed to be funny?"

"I suppose I am if you think so."

"You should know better than try to kiss me in public, shouldn't you? You'll pass in a crowd and I still love you with a rope around your neck."

"O. K. When not in public?"

"Anytime that is convenient for you."

"If you mean that, you must be. I'm looking forward to it, but I'm not going with him. I thank you but I can find my own way of going. You don't have to. First it's Blank and then it's Blank. I wonder who will be next."

"My gosh, but she's top-heavy."

"You would. Now, Blank, there's a nice little girl for you. Believe it or not."

Dear Silly:

If you want Blank why go ahead and take him. If you don't, why leave him alone. By that I mean if I catch him up there tomorrow morning or any morning after that I'm through, so you can take your choice. I hate to keep writing to you about different fellows and I should think that if you care for me as you say you do, why not leave other fellows alone. Well, I won't write any more now. So will close.

—Simple.

P. S. If you are sitting by Blank tomorrow morning I'm through. I won't bother to come up at all. If you are, why you can return my ring too, if you are.

COW SLIPS

"Ballust is thrown out when wishing to descend."

"Artificial ice is made by filling a refrigerator with water and using heat to freeze it instead of cold." —(Susie Barter).

"This book is exciting and expiring." —(Senior book report).

Edna Nelson: "Tennyson married Elizabeth Browning in 1850."

Maurine Haynes (reading the above statement): "Well, when did he?"

Myra (in Sociology): "What is a 'miner,' an insane person?"

Harriet: "All states don't have their elections in September."

Miss Woodman: "Well, when do they have their September elections?"

H. Campbell, translating: "Ten oncle a-t-il du pain encore?" (Has your uncle still some bread?): "Is your uncle in pain again?"

