

The

Oceanic

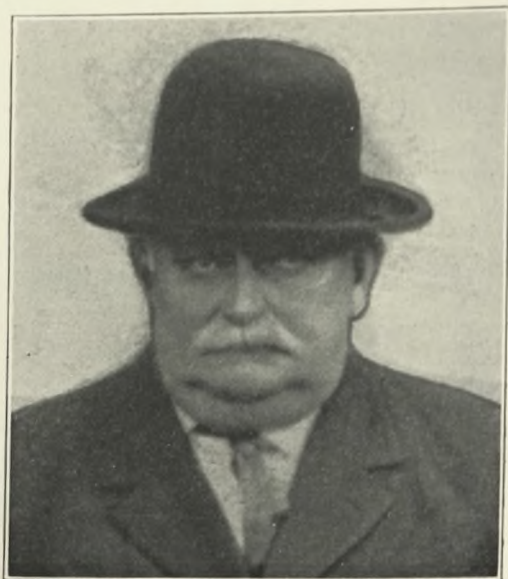


1924

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ELMER C. GOOGINS

To the memory

of

Elmer C. Googins

A most loved and respected citizen,
One whole-heartedly devoted
to the best interests of this school,
A true and loyal friend of all,
We dedicate this issue of

The Oceanic

BOOST.

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the school that you attend.
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling.
Boost the people 'round about you,
They can get along without you,
But success will quicker find them,
If they know that you're behind them.
Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor,
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker,
If you'd make your city better,
Boost it to the final letter.

Anon.

Editorial Board

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D. BENWAY

ASSISTANT EDITOR
A. EMMONS

SCHOOL NOTES
R. DAVIS

ALUMNI
T. CLEAVES

LITERARY
G. DUNN

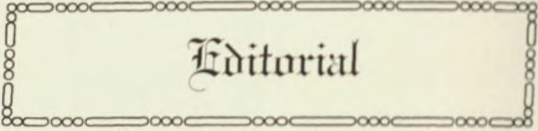
EXCHANGES
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G. LUCE

ARTIST
A. LEWIS

BUSINESS MANAGERS
L. NICKELS
F. FOWLER

PERSONAL EDITORS
N. MARSHALL
M. GOODWIN
E. LEDGER
V. SOUTHERLAND
L. LOMBARD



Editorial

We present this seventh issue of the "Oceanic" to the public with the hope it will meet with the same popularity as our previous issues. We have never yet been able to meet the demand. We trust that our loyal supporters will show the same enthusiasm which will make possible our success.



We have again been allowed the opportunity to remind the townspeople of the necessity of a modern and up-to-date high school building with adequate equipment. We really believe the majority of the voters of the town realize the need of such a building but do not realize that immediate action should be taken.

Unfortunately, a few of our taxpayers do not concur with the popular sentiment for a new building. We believe these few could easily be converted if they would but visit the buildings while school is in session, rather than pronounce things as "good enough" without knowledge of the prevailing conditions.

We are living today in a time that has changed greatly since the day when our present voters were scholars. The requirements for a modern education differs greatly from the requirements of thirty or fifty years ago. Surely the public must realize this.

If the fathers and mothers have the desire for their children to compare favorably with the children of other towns and cities they must use every effort to provide as good buildings and equipment as are provided for the children of other towns and cities.

Does it pay boys and girls to finish High School and then spend four years more in college? It surely does, according to figures quoted by the Indianapolis Board of Commissioners. They claim that the average college graduate is earning \$2,000 per year, and the average High School graduate \$1,000, while the student that left school in the elementary classes is only earning \$500 per year. According to these figures they calculate each day spent in High School is worth \$25 and \$50 for each day spent in college. This Board of Commissioners further state that only 34 per cent of the students that enter the fifth grade go on through high school.

Considering this fact one can easily judge how few of our leading men, past and present, are graduates from college. The Vocational Adviser quotes in part: "Only one in a hundred of our adult population is a college graduate, yet 36 per cent of our Congressmen have been college graduates, while 50 per cent of our presidents, 54 per cent of our vice presidents, 69 per cent of our Supreme Court judges, and 87 per cent of our Attorney-Generals have had college degrees."

A student may leave school early. He has had good fortune in the past and sees no reason why it isn't going to continue. He has always been popular among his associates. He secures a fairly good position at a fixed salary and steps out into the world. He wins praise for his work and thinking he can gain more he tries for a higher position. Here is where he stops. He is told there are others better fitted for the position. He may ask why. This is the answer: Back there when he left school he didn't think how much broader his interests would have been, how much easier it would have been for him to meet people, how many more friends he would have made, how much easier it would be for him to push upward, if he had only continued in his education.

This does not only apply to boys but to girls also. They have an equal chance today to press forward with the leaders of our country.

Many pupils in the school of yesterday and in the school of today say "I can't." It seems to be a phrase that will slip out easily, but after it is said more harm has been actually done than if the pupil had really failed in something. When he says "I can't," he throws up his problem and there is another failure, even if small, added to the world's failures. The result is, he gradually becomes more familiar with the phrase as his school years slip by and many an opportunity is lost. He may finish school but he has become so used to saying "I can't" that he fails in everything he tries to do, and the result of his life is failure.

Why not say "I can" and stick to the problem until it is finished? Why not set out for success and find it? It could be done if you'd only say "I can."

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND.

If you think you are beaten, you are.

If you think you dare not, you don't.

If you'd like to win, but think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost;

For out in the world, we find

Success begins with a fellow's will,

It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;

You've got to think high to rise.

You've got to hustle and struggle

Before you can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go

To the stronger or faster man;

But soon or late the man who wins

Is the one who thinks he can.

Faculty

"We arise and build it again."



Merie P. Blackman

Helen Williams

Mildred A. Fogg
Frank H. Jewett, Prin.

Helen Dolley
Gertrude Lombard

WRITE UPS.

For seven years Mr. Jewett has been our principal. We have always found him ready to help us in all our activities and willing to sacrifice his whole time to make our school better. He will coach the boys' basketball team as one of his many outside duties this year. Mr. Jewett graduated from Bates College.

For the third year Miss Blackman has returned to O. O. H. S. We find in her the same kind and helpful friend. She has made Domestic Science one of the most interesting courses in O. O. H. S. She also teaches a class in history. Miss Blackman is a graduate of the University of Maine.

Miss Lombard, a graduate of Bates College, is a new member of our faculty. Although she has been with us but a few months, her pleasing personality has won the highest esteem of us all. In English, History and Latin, she is proving her efficiency as a teacher. She will coach the girls' basketball team.

Another new member of our faculty is Miss Williams, our teacher of languages and instructor in typewriting. She is also conducting the Health Club program. With her agreeable ways she has won the highest regards of us all. She attended Colby College and also took a year's training at the Brooklyn Hospital Training School.

We welcome our old friend, Miss Fogg, back to O. O. H. S. We have always found in her a loyal and hearty co-operator in all our activities. She has the deepest respect of every one. A graduate of Gorham Normal.

Mrs. Dolley, our music instructor, has returned to us with the same good humor and a good supply of jokes. She certainly makes music an interesting study and we find the period all too short. Mrs. Dolley has studied vocal music in New York and Boston and also specialized on school music at the New England Conservatory.

Oct. 4. Freshman Reception.

A POEM.

Between recess and the noon hour,
When I am beginning to hunger,
Comes a time in the day's occupation
That is known as typewriting hour.

I hear resounding about me
The clicking of little keys,
The sighs of discouraged classmates,
Oh! we feel so ill at ease.

We're having a test; lasts a minute;
Our fingers; Oh! how they shake,
A mistake! What could be worse?
Ten from my rank it will take.

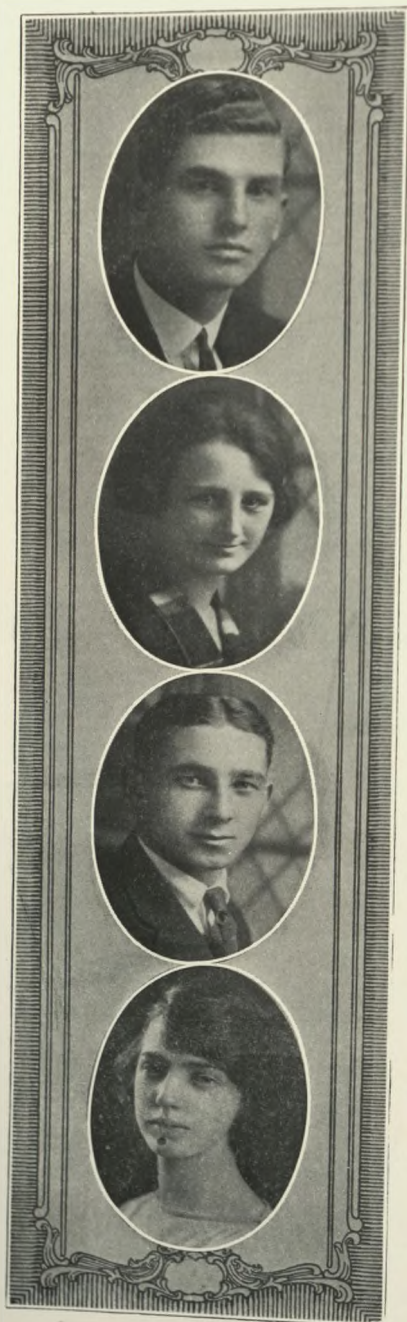
The minute is up, Oh heavens!
A pause, while we quickly look
To see the mistakes we've been making,
The teacher writes in her book.

Oh woe! The worst thing has happened,
The very worst thing has come;
I've spent a whole minute in typing
And not one correct word have I done.

Oct. 12. Columbus Day.

Seniors

"In full-blown dignity, see us stand."



HARVEY D. BENWAY

("Harve").

Class President (1); Basketball (1, 4); School Plays (1, 2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary Athletic Association (1, 3); Treasurer Athletic Association (3).

Here he is. Speaking of ladies that reminds us that until about a year ago they were as far from Dayton's mind as East is from West. Since then, however—Well! You had better look him up if you really want to know. He is a good scout. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," that's Dayton.

THELMA IRENE CLEAVES

("Peggy").

As blue as the sky
Are our Peggy's eyes.

Maine Music Festival (1); School Plays (3, 4); Vice President of Class (1); Class President (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Manager (4); Personal Editor in OCEANIC (3); Alumni Department (4); Health Club (4); Glee Club President (4).

Peggy was sacrificed on the altar of bobbed hair long ago but we must admit she looks very charming and still upholds the dignity becoming to a Senior.

MAHLON P. LARY ("Mick").

Basketball 2, 4; Football (2); School Play 2, 4).

Mick has struggled along with the rest of us for four hard years and is always the same Mick in work or play. Mick is planning on going to college, although he has said little about it to us. Only one habit has Mick—Sleep.

ALMA LINN EMMONS

("Al").

Speaking Contest (3); Exchange Editor (3); Assistant Editor (4); Treasurer of Class (4); Basketball (4); School Plays (3, 4); Typewriting Awards (3); Health Club (4); Glee Club (4).

Alma came to our High School from Biddeford High last year, and she has certainly earned the name of Senior. We are looking forward to seeing her a champion typist, for typewriting is her specialty.



HELEN MARSHALL (Nellie).

"Pleasant to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
Beautiful to look upon"
Is our Nellie.

Oceanic Staff (3, 4); Secretary of Class (3); Play (4).

We discovered that Nellie had an artistic temperament when she successfully filled the leading part in the class play. Just as she succeeded in this, we hope she may succeed in everything she undertakes.

REGINALD LEWIS (Reggie).

Basketball (2, 4); Football (2); Public Speaking (2); Class Play (2, 4).

Reggie Lewis is the good looking gentleman from the outdoor farm. He says it is only a mile and a half from his house to school and last winter the snow was only four feet deep, but he says the first hundred years is the hardest, after that you get used to it all.

Reg is right there when he gets hold of a basketball, too.

LAURA PEARL ROBINSON.

"A sweet, quiet little miss."

Oceanic Staff (2); Treasurer of Class (3); Speaking Contest (3); Health Club (4).

They say every class has a pupil called the brightest, so we have always considered Laura the genius of our class. In French she was in the limelight and none could cook better than she in Domestic Arts. Good Luck to you, Laura.

GILBERT LUCE ("Gibbie").

Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Plays (2, 3, 4); Secretary of Class (3); H. S. Winter Carnival (3); Basketball (2, 4).

"Gib" is the smallest of the class but only in size. If there is anything you don't know ask him.

We sincerely hope his greatest desire will be fulfilled and that he will blossom into a full-fledged scientific farmer.

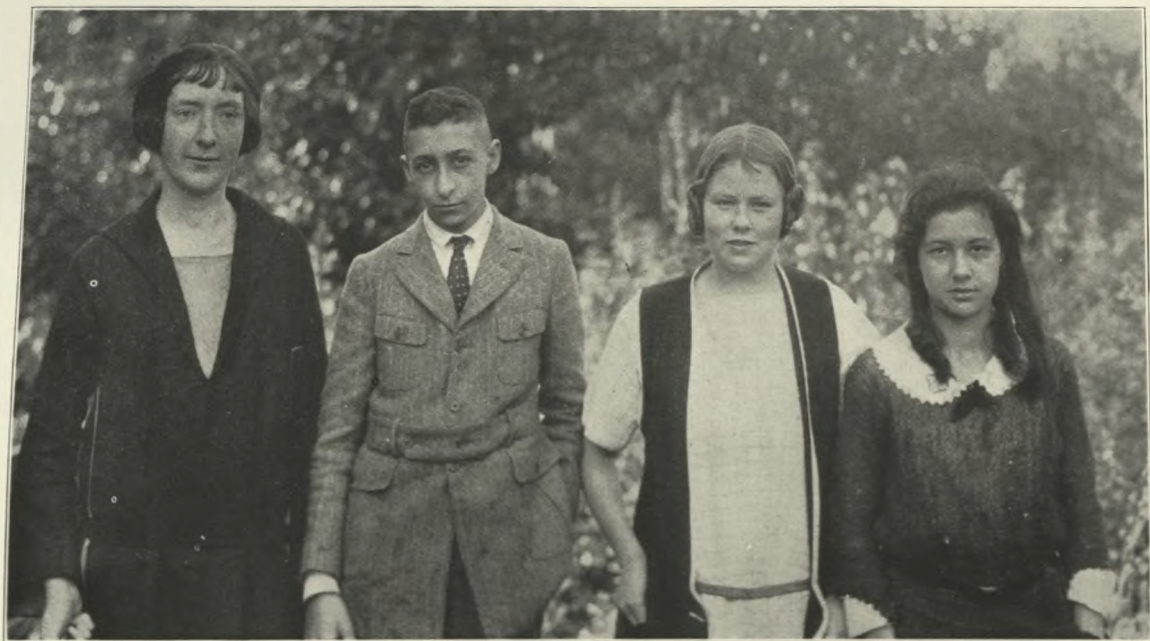
If you want to see the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school
It isn't your school—it's you!

Real schools are not made up by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a school from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make his, too,
Your school will be what you want it to be,
No, it isn't your school—it's you.

Anon.

Undergraduates

Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd—



G. Dunn,

H. Goodkowsky,

R. Davis,

J. McCarten

Juniors

In September, 1923, we pressed the self starter and shot into our Junior year at Old Orchard High School. We can not take on high all the hills, which are made up of such material as History, French and Latin, but we try never to shift into reverse. We intend to keep steering straight ahead and not slow down until we put on the brakes at our graduation in 1925.

Our class colors are pink and green.

Our Motto, "Knowledge is Power," and our officers for this year are:

President—Karl Benway.

Vice-President—Gertrude Dunn.

Secretary-Treasurer—Ruth Davis.



L. Fowler,

F. Fowler,
C. Marshall,

C. Dolbier,
M. Goodwin,

L. Nickles,
E. Cann

A. Lewis

Sophomores

Class Motto: Try, try again.

Class Flower: Pink Carnation.

Class Colors: Pink and Green.

In the fall of 1922 we entered High School as freshmen, with a class of ten. We added one, so we were eleven. This fall of 1923 we are back again as hard boiled Sophs. We had nine, but we lost one. Now we are eight, four boys and four girls. Nearly all of our class is talented in some way. We organized with the following officers:

President—Marian Goodwin.

Vice-President—Lewis Fowler.

Secretary—Catherine Marshall.

Treasurer—Christine Dolbier.



W. Ledger,	R. Jefferies,	V. Allen.	M. Prince,	E. Eldridge,	I. Gray,	M. Guilford,	N. Davis
	W. York,		H. Eastman,	E. Ledger	T. Mingo		

Freshman

Class Motto: Excelsior.

Class Flower: Violet.

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

We entered Old Orchard High School in the fall of 1923 with a class of fourteen, but, during the year, we lost four of our members.

We were all very green when we entered, but as we advanced the green wore off, and next year we hope to be the ten learned Sophomores.

The class officers were elected as follows:

President—Irene Gray.

Vice-President—Edna Eldrige.

Secretary—Marguerite Guilford.

Treasurer—Theodore Mingo.



E. Lary,

J. Peterson,
V. Sutherland,

L. Shorey,
L. Harding,

O. Larochelle,
T. Ross,

A. Jefferies
M. Titlebaum,

B. Cann,

R. Cleaves

P. Cornell

Grade Eight

At the beginning of the year we started with nineteen in our class. During the year we have lost six who moved away. We are interested in all of our school activities and often take part in different school events pertaining to both Junior and Senior High. We are very much interested in our Health Club and enjoy our physical training exercises. We are all members of the Junior Red Cross. We began the year with the following officers: President, Clyde Eastman; Vice President, John Peterson; Secretary, Oscar Larochelle; Treasurer, Ruth Cleaves; Executive Committee, Mae Titlebaum, Thelma Ross and Leila Harding.



W. Marshall, V. Lennon, M. Ledger, D. Prince, D. Hopkins, L. Lombard, L. Fowler A. Lodge, E. King
M. Larochelle, J. LeBrun, A. Springer, C. Michaud, A. Duhamel, N. Emmons, E. Harwood

Grade Seven

At the beginning of the school year in September, 1923, there were twenty-two in our class. During the year, however, we lost six of our members because of change of residence.

We are interested in all our school studies, and often take part in the different school recreations.

In order to keep us in good condition we keep a health record. We are all members of the Junior Red Cross and the Health Club.

We started the year with election of class officers. They are as follows: President, Lillie Fowler; Vice President, Marguerite Leger; Secretary, Charles Michaud; Treasurer, Clifford Freeman.

Alumni

The Alumni Association of Old Orchard High School is one of the most vital organizations connected with the school. The graduates are small in numbers, but we find good quality in those who have graduated. There is always a feeling of friendship between the graduates and the undergraduates.

The following is a directory of the Alumni Association:

- 1885—Lizzie L. Maybury
 Mrs. Chas. A. Buck (Mamie McAllister) Rochester, N. H.
 Gilbert H. Maybury Portland, Me.
 Mrs. John C. Rich (Alice M. Banks) Old Orchard, Me.
 Nellie M. Guilford Old Orchard, Me.
 Alvin G. Lyons Waverly, Mass.
 Alice Harmon (Towle)
 *Lillie Mason (Jameson)
 Roland G. Lane Pleasant Beach, Wash.
 1890—Percy F. Googins Kennebunk, Me.
 *Willie Guilford
 *Walter Phillips
 *Martha Hancock Boston, Mass.
 Florence P. Adams (Leavitt)
 *Mae Brown Pitman Brookline, Mass.
 Edith A. Maybury
 1892—*Wymie E. Milliken (Dresser) Old Orchard, Me.
 Emily Cram (Fiske)
 *Minnie Robinson Portland, Me.
 Agnes M. Scamman (Duff) Old Orchard, Me.
 1896—Grace Milliken (Dennett) Chicago, Ill.
 1897—Ollie E. Pillsbury Old Orchard, Me.
 Percy N. H. Lombard Boston, Mass.
 John W. McPhee Old Orchard, Me.
 Clement P. Wight Old Orchard, Me.
 1898—Lena I. Wight Houston, Texas.
 Henry B. Duff
 1899—Margaret P. West Boulder, Col.
 Mrs. F. F. Martin (Nellie I. Maddox) So. Portland, Me.
 J. Fremont Whitman (Rev.) Minneapolis, Minn.

1901—Ethel M. Wight	Old Orchard, Me.
Clyde R. L. Snow	Old Orchard, Me.
W. Merton Snow (Rev.)	Concord, N. H.
1902—Catha L. Sears (Gorham)	Old Orchard, Me.
Mrs. V. Kemble Reinmuth (Eleanor M. Wright)	M. Wright
	Los Angeles, Cal.
Charlotte M. Whitman	Mattapan, Mass.
1903—Mrs. Jack Marshall (Inez M. Dean)	Washington State
*Langdon Chandler	
1904—Grace Cheney	
Fannie E. Emmons	Old Orchard, Me.
George E. Kirkpatrick	Portland, Me.
Mrs. G. E. Kirkpatrick (Edith E. Luce)	Portland, Me.
1905—Bertha M. Wing	Old Orchard, Me.
Mabel A. Worcester	Old Orchard, Me.
Michael Dunlee	Westbrook, Me.
Chester C. Snow	Daytona, Fla.
1907—Lena E. Malloy (Wing)	South Portland, Me.
Raymond L. Emmons	Old Orchard, Me.
* Deceased.	
Alice E. Smith (Chute)	Saco, Me.
1908—Lois M. Thomas	Old Orchard, Me.
Wesley M. Mewer	Washington, D. C.
1908-09—First Sergeant Henry F. Worcester	
	Old Orchard, Me.
Lillie McSweeney (Lillie N. P. Clark)	Old Orchard, Me.
Grace Tisdale (Wing)	Portland, Me.
1912—Alonzo M. Tibbetts	Biddeford, Me.
J. Harold Hague	Haverhill, Mass.
Gladys Byron	Rochester, N. H.
Second Lieutenant Edward Perkins	Roxbury, Mass.
1913—Lena E. Glazier	Maynard, Mass.
Elizabeth Murphy	Old Orchard, Me.
Fay Batchelder	Old Orchard, Me.
1915—Helen Libby (Mrs. A. R. Day)	Saco, Me.
*He'en Crowley	Old Orchard, Me.
A. Harold Burnham	Old Orchard, Me.
*Gladys Kirkpatrick	
Hazel M. Davis (Cleaves)	Ocean Park, Me.
Elizabeth Scripture	Old Orchard, Me.
Cecil Scripter	Old Orchard, Me.
* Deceased.	
1916—Ruth Hutchinson (Angis)	Old Orchard, Me.
Clinton Mewer	Old Orchard, Me.
1917—Harriett L. Andrews (Cleaves)	Old Orchard, Me.
Edward I. Lord	Old Orchard, Me.
Emma Murphy	Old Orchard, Me.

- 1918—Iva Lutz Haverhill, Mass.
Helen U. Grey (Robinson) Old Orchard, Me.
Mildred Kasper (Clark) Old Orchard, Me.
- 1919—Lena Goldberg Old Orchard, Me.
Martha A. Robinson (Morris) Portland, Me.
William H. Crowley Old Orchard, Me.
Ernest T. Baker Pine Point, Me.
Ada M. Conary East Bluehill, Me.
- 1922—Walter Cockerille—Married during past year.
John Crowley—In the Express business.
Lillian Cleaves—Clerking at Ingalls' Store.
Mae Allen—Telephone office.
J. Richmond Lord—Working in Pepperell Mfg. Office, Biddeford.
- George Lary—Attending University of Maine.
- 1923—Katherine Whitman—At home.
Phyllis Huff—At home.
Jennie Allen—Telephone office.
Sadie Allen—Telephone office.
Zora Fowler—At home.
Helen Mewer—Proprietor of variety store.
Carl H. Lewis—Attending University of Maine.

LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERS.

- 1879 Fannie E. Milliken.
1892 Abbie F. Titcomb.
1879 *Charles W. Gorham.
1872 Katie W. Snow.
1901 Marion A. Litchfield (Patterson).
*John L. Guilford.
*Hester A. Clement.

The officers for April, 1923, for the ensuing year:

President—William Crowley.

Vice President—George Lary.

Secretary—Mable A. Worcester.

Treasurer—Clyde R. L. Snow.

Auditor—Nellie L. Guilford.

Arrangement Committee—Mrs. Edith Kirkpatrick, Walter Cockerille and Miss Mae Allen.

Entertainment Committee—Mrs. Edith Kirkpatrick, Miss Lillian Cleaves and John Crowley.

Visiting Committee—William Crowley, Nellie Guilford and Emily Cram.

Nominating Committee—William Crowley, Nellie Guilford, Ernest Baker, Fannie Emmons and Richmond Lord.

The Annual Banquet was held at the Old Orchard Country Club, May 18th.

Nov. 19. Mr. McGinley, Capt. Bates Cross Country Team,



School Notes

On September 11, 1923, Old Orchard High School began a new school year and a busy fall term. There was a large attendance. A big season was anticipated for all school activities. We hope each will be a success.

The Faculty this year retains three teachers of last year. Two new teachers have been added, which are Miss Gertrude Lombard and Miss Helen Williams. With this splendid corps of teachers we intend to accomplish much this year.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

October 4, 1923, a reception was given to the Freshmen by the upper classes.

Promptly at eight o'clock all the Freshmen were in evidence.

The Freshmen girls wore gingham dresses and shoes and stockings which were not mates. The boys were presented at the door with articles of clothing which strongly resembled aprons. Each Freshman was noted not only for his looks but also for the presence of his natural color, green. Each Freshman, after being introduced to the faculty by the upper classmen was presented with a lollipop.

During the evening games and music were enjoyed. Refreshments of ice cream and fancy cookies were served.

September 25, 1923, Health Club organized.

September 27, 1923. Because rain prevailed, the Health Club's corn roast was held in the High School building, instead of on the beach, as planned. Corn on the cob and sandwiches were served by the members of the Domestic Arts Class. This part of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed and every one ate to his heart's content. The rest of the evening was pleasantly spent with music and games. Several impromptu sketches were presented by members dramatically inclined. This entertainment was highly appreciated.

October 2, 1923. Glee Club meeting. Miss Thelma Cleaves was appointed chairman.

October 22, 1923. Mr. Libby, of the State Department of Rural Education, inspected our school and gave an interesting talk to the pupils.

Mrs. Dolley, our Music Supervisor, was in charge of a very interesting Musical Program at the Women's Club in November. A splendid program had been arranged, during the course of which the School Orchestra played several selections.

Nov. 23. "Daddy" Played at Cape Elizabeth.



By Request



At U of M



*The Long and
the Short of It*



Exchanges



Lassie



The Mgr.



A Winter Scene



*Editor-in-Chief
and Family*



The Siesta

The graduation of the class of '23 took place in the Town Hall on June 7, 1923. The hall was decorated with the class colors, yellow and blue. The salutatory address was given by Carl Lewis and the valedictory by Katherine Whitman.

The second annual National Education Week was observed in Old Orchard High School. A speaker gave a short talk each morning. Our first speaker was W. W. Harmon, the Commander of C. Fayette Staples Post American Legion. His topic was "Ballots, not Bullets." The talk was an appeal to use law rather than force.

Tuesday morning Mrs. Dolley, our music teacher, gave a short talk of the various stages in the development of musical instruments.

Mr. Heald, our superintendent, was with us Wednesday morning and gave a talk to us all and we all gave our strict attention.

Thursday morning Mrs. Griffin, County Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave a helpful talk on physical culture which everyone enjoyed.

Friday morning we listened to a short talk by Mrs. Fred Luce. Mrs. Luce gave a list of the new books just purchased by the local library. She urged the students of the High School to use these books at every opportunity.

Saturday, December 8, Dr. A. H. Thomas, Superintendent of Public Schools of the State of Maine, spoke in the assembly room of the high school building. He had plans for a modern high school building, which he explained. The townspeople were invited to be present and especially the School Board and Board of Selectmen. Also the teachers and a number of high school students were present.

Before the meeting, Dr. Thomas, School Board, Selectmen and the teachers were served a dinner by the Domestic Arts Class.

The menu was as follows:

Fruit Cocktail	
Escalloped Salmon	Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Peas	Hot Rolls
Cranberry Jelly	
Fruit Whip	Coffee

In March the annual Speaking Contest was held in the Town Hall. Ten students were chosen to compete for the prize, which was a gold fountain pen and pencil. Gertrude Dunn was given first place and chosen to speak at Biddeford in the County Speaking Contest.

Dec. 1. Red Cross Subscriptions Solicited.



Let's Go



Two Kings and a Queen



Mgr. Lary



Capt. Benway



On the Hike



"Teacher"



Just a Pose



Homeward Bound

On November 11, 1923, our school was asked by the local Post of the American Legion to take part in the Armistice Day parade, in which all organizations of the town were to anticipate.

Our school organizations were all in the line of march. Some of the activities represented were the Health Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, Oceanic and the Health Crusades. These activities were all made prominent by decorative posters.

Although we were not fortunate enough to win one of the cups given, we feel sure that our float and parade met with the approbation of the people of the town.

Our float depicted the High School which we hope to have. The one we now have was represented by a bird house.

After the parade the participants adjourned to the town hall where our school sang a few appropriate songs. Several well known men of the town gave speeches. During the program, Arthur H. Lewis, the winner of the essay contest given by the local Legion Post, was presented with a silver loving cup.

January 8, 1924. The School Orchestra played at the Local American Legion Installation.

January 9, 1924. A rally was held by the students to celebrate the efforts of the Basketball girls at Kennebunkport, also for the boy's Basketball team, which is to play against the Kennebunkport boys' team tonight.

The Athletic Association held a meeting to elect a cheer leader. Karl Benway was appointed and Gertrude Dunn was appointed Assistant Cheer Leader.

A Health Club was formed in O. O. H. S. this year under the supervision of Miss Williams. Many of the students were very enthusiastic about the club, despite the fact that the rules were somewhat strict, especially the one which stated that nothing but fruit should be eaten between meals. Although some of the students fell out of the race, a chocolate bar at recess proving too great a temptation for them to resist, many have kept closely to the rules and are being rewarded by rosy cheeks and good digestion.

The Health Club officers are President, Alma Emmons; Vice President, Gertrude Dunn; Secretary, Christine Dolbier.

As our school paper appears but once a year we find it necessary to print some of the interesting events which take place after the publication of last year's "Oceanic."

Dec. 2. B. B. Practice Starts.

ARMISTICE DAY PARADE



Orchestra



*(New Building)
Coming*



Red Cross



*(Old Building)
Going*



Junior Red Cross



*On the
March*



Health Club



Grade II & III



On November 9, 1923, in the afternoon, the school held its annual fair in the town hall. The booths were prettily and tastefully decorated, showing originality in all forms. The Sophomore Class, who had the food booths, took in the most money.

In the evening "Daddy" a comedy in three acts was presented to a large audience. The different parts were well taken, showing that both students and teachers had worked hard to make the play a success.

CHARACTERS.

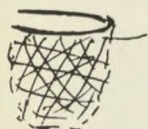
Mr. Wrexon Brown	Dayton Benway
Mrs. Wrexon Brown	Thelma Cleaves
Nellie Brown	Helen Marshall
Teddy Brown	Gilbert Luce
Mrs. Chester	Alma Emmons
Paul Chester	Mahlon Lary
Thompson, the butler	Reginald Lewis
Jane, the cook	Irene Gray

The money received from the sale of tickets will be used by the Senior Class for graduation expenses.

December 13, 1923. Mr. Marsh, the "Ladies Home Journal" field manager, called at school and in the afternoon gave a most instructive talk on Salesmanship. The classes were then divided into two sections. The highly noted names "Mutts" and "Jeffs" were given to the two sides. Thelma Cleaves and Mahlon Lary were captains of the "Mutts" who wore red ribbons. The "Jeffs" wore blue ribbons and their leaders were Marian Goodwin and Gilbert Luce. Christine Dolbier was appointed treasurer. A close contest ensued. The winner of the two sides was the "Jeffs."

On the last day of school, December 14, before Christmas vacation, the students held their Christmas tree. Carols were sung. Mahlon Lary as Santa Claus in a big fur coat passed out the presents. The gifts were jokes. Much laughter and amusement followed. As a parting gift the rank cards were passed out. This subdued the laughter for a few minutes. Everyone was wished a "Very Merry Christmas" and the students went home for a happy vacation, free from study.

Dec. 3. Faculty Pictures Taken.



ATHLETICS



Athletics

As we did not have basketball last year we were not sure whether sentiment would be in favor of it this year. However, when a meeting was called a record number attended. At the meeting we elected Mahlon Lary, Manager. Practice started the following week and suits were given out to the squad. Four of the players were on the team two years ago and several new ones are making a very good showing.

At a later meeting we elected K. Benway, Captain. The manager has the following schedule:

Alumni,	December 12
Kennebunkport, at Kennebunkport,	January 8
Scarboro, at Scarboro,	January 10
Freeport, at Old Orchard,	January 16
Kennebunkport, at Old Orchard,	January 22
Gorham, at Gorham,	January 25
Gorham, at Old Orchard,	February 1
American Legion,	February 22
Freeport, at Freeport,	February 27
Scarboro, at Old Orchard,	March 7

December 12, our first game of the season was played with the Alumni. It was a hard fought battle ending with a score of 27-24 in favor of the High School. The lineup was as follows:

O. O. H. S	Alumni
Benway, D., rf	Lord, R., rf
Lewis, R., lf	Tibbetts, A., lf
Benway, K., Capt., c	Crowley, J., c
Lary, M., rg	Burnham, H., lg
Fowler, L., lg	Crowley, W., rg

Substitutions, A. Lewis; Referee, Tabor; Timekeeper, Dolbier; Scorer, Jewett.

Dec. 6. B. B. Pictures Taken.



K. Benway,

D. Benway,

R. Lewis,

L. Fowler,

M. Lary

F. Fowler,

G. Luce,

A. Lewis

E. Ledger,

T. Mingo,

L. Nickels

On January 9, the Kennebunkport boys came to Old Orchard. This was our first game with a team from away. It was a long, hard fought game ending with a score of 10-9 in favor of Old Orchard.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
R. Lewis, rf	1		2
D. Benway	1		2
A. Lewis, lf	1		2
G. Luce			
K. Benway, c		1	1
L. Fowler, rg			
M. Lary, lg		3	3
			10
K. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Wakefield, rf	2		4
Goodwin, rf			
Doan lf	2		4
Lietch, c		1	1
Clark Whitcher			
			9

Referee, Jewett; Timekeeper, Lombard.

January 11, we journeyed to Scarboro. Our boys could not hold Scarboro down and when the game ended, sad to say, Scarboro were the winners, by a score of 24-13.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
R. Lewis, rf	3	1	7
D. Benway, lf	1		2
A. Lewis	2		4
K. Benway, c			
L. Fowler, rg			
M. Lary, lg			
			13
S. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Plowman, rf	4	1	9
Peterson, lf	4		8
W. Neilson, c	2		4
S. Nielson, rg			
Skillings, lg	1	1	3
			24

Dec. 7. Dr. Thomas Visits School.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

Once more the winter term opens and with it the 1924 Basketball season. Although we have only one "vet" left from last year's team, we feel confident that the new players will show skill and speed under the careful training of Miss Gertrude Lombard, who is a graduate of Bates College.

At a recent meeting held by the players, Miss Thelma Cleaves was elected Captain and Manager and has already completed the season's schedule. It is as follows:

Kennebunkport, at Kennebunkport,	January 8
Scarboro, at Scarboro,	January 11
Gorham, at Gorham,	January 18
Kennebunkport, at Old Orchard,	January 22
Gorham, at Old Orchard,	February 1
Scarboro, at Old Orchard,	March .7

January 8, the girls played the first game of the season at Kennebunkport. It was a hard fought game but the Kennebunk girls won by a score of 17-12.

Referee, Bentley; Umpire, Lombard, Timekeeper, Jewett.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Leila Harding, rf	2	2	6
Thelma Cleaves, lf	2	2	6
Alma Emmons, c			
Irene Gray, sc			
Katherine Marshall, rg			
C. Dolbier, lg			
Substitutes, R. Cleaves, rg.			

 12

Kennebunkport	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
M. McClak, rf			
D. La Pierre, lf	6	1	13
M. Wildes, rg	1	2	4
L. Clark, lg			
V. Benson, sc			
L. Doane, c			

 17

Substitutes, Benson, Sullivan, Numan.

Dec. 10. Health Seals Out.



GIRLS BASKET BALL

Back row—L. Fowler, C. Dolbier, A. Emmons, Miss Lombard, (Coach) V. Sutherland, L. Harding, R. Davis
 Middle row—M. Titlebaum, E. Eldridge, I. Gray, T. Cleaves, (Captain-Manager) R. Jeffries, C. Marshall, R. Cleaves
 Front row—L. Lombard, E. Harwood, T. Ross, E. King, A. Lodge

January 11, the girls played Scarboro at Scarboro. Our girls were beaten in a hard and fast game by a score of 17-16. The lineup is as follows:

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
T. Cleaves, rf	3	3	9
L. Harding, lf	3	1	7
A. Emmons, c			
I. Gray, sc			
C. Dolbier, rg			
K. Marshall, lg			
			16

Substitutes, R. Cleaves.

Scarboro	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
M. Pillsbury, rf	8	1	17
E. Knight, lf			
M. Libby, c			
A. Wentworth, sc			
Tena McKenney, rg			
A. Willman, lg			
			17

Referee, Lombard; Umpire, Williams; Timekeeper, Jewett.

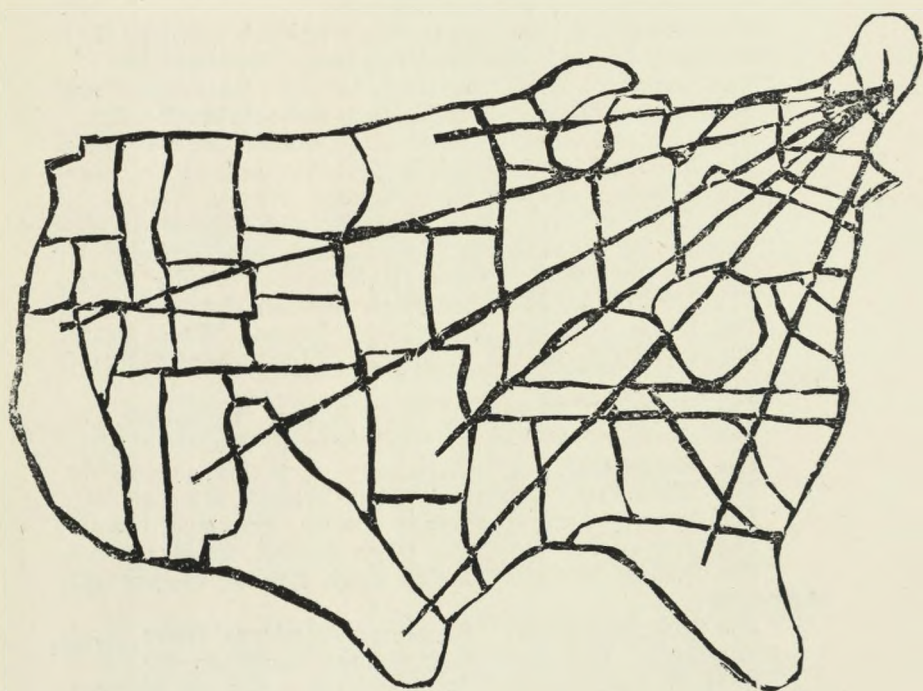
On January 8, the girls went to Gorham where a hard and fast game was played. Luck seemed to be against our girls for at the end of the game the score stood 28-17 in favor of Gorham.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
L. Harding, rf	1		2
I. Gray, rf			
T. Cleaves, lf	6	3	15
A. Emmons, c			
I. Gray, sc			
L. Lombard, sc			
K. Marshall, rg			
C. Dolbier, lg			
L. Harding, lg			

G. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
C. Russell, rf	10	1	21
B. Gallop, lf	3	1	7
E. Hoyt, c			
D. Parker, sc			
I. Wallace, rg			
Libby, rg			
L. Small, lg			
			28

I wish I was a little rock,
A sitting on a hill,
With nothing in this world to do
But just a sitting still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash,
But just set still a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh.

Exchanges



Exchanges

We are sorry not to see more exchanges this year, but hope to see some of our old stand-bys before long. The ones that we have received are the following:

- "The Acropolis," Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.
- "Academy News," Hartland Academy, Hartland, Me.
- "The Banner," Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.
- "The Barton News," Mobile High School, Mobile, Ala.
- "The Blue and Gold," Malden High School, Malden, Mass.
- "The Echoes," A. L. High School, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- "The Enicar," Racine High School, Racine, Wis.
- "The Clarion," Appleton High School, Appleton, Wis.
- "The Cycle," Woodsville High School, Woodsville, N. H.
- "The Cotton Ball," Taylor High School, Taylor, Texas.
- "The Chronicle," Hartford High School, Hartford, Conn.
- "The Daisy Chain," Waco High School, Waco, Texas.
- "Hillyard High Mallet," Hillyard High School, Hillyard, Washington.
- "The Hi-Nus," Richmond High School, Richmond, Cal.
- "The Monitor," Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.
- "The Maine Campus," University of Maine, Orono, Me.
- "The Marsaline," Marshall High School, Marshall, Mo.
- "The News," Dubuque High School, Debuque, Iowa.
- "The Orange R," Roseburg High School, Roseburg, Ore.
- "The Polaris Weekly," North High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- "The Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.
- "The Quill," Gardiner High School, Gardiner, Me.
- "R. H. S. Searchlight," Richford High School, Richford, Vermont.
- "The Signal," Council Bluffs High School, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- "The Senior," Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.
- "The Spud," Sherman High School, Sherman Mills, Me.
- "The Semaphore," Stoughton High School, Stoughton, Massachusetts.
- "The Spice Box," Avon High School, Avon, Mass.
- "The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.
- "The Waterborian," Waterboro High School, Waterboro, Maine.

"Wheaton College Record," Wheaton, Ill.

"The Quill," Henderson High School, Henderson, Ky.

"P. I. H. S. Ship," Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle
Maine

"The Essex Ways," Essex High School, Essex, Mass.

"The Emerson College News," Emerson College, Boston,
Massachusetts.

"The Dubuque News," Dubuque High School, Dubuque,
Iowa.

"The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Me.

"The Whistler," Island Pond High School, Island Pond,
Vermont.

"The Tennessee Farmer," University of Tennessee, Knoxville,
Tennessee.

WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS.

"The Marsaline," Marshall High School, Marshall, Missouri. An excellent paper. Call again.

"The Enicar," Racine High School, Racine, Wisconsin. We enjoy your fine paper. An especially good poetry department.

"The Spud," Sherman High School, Sherman Mills, Me. A well developed paper. Your recipe column is a good idea.

"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Me. You publish a nice little paper, but why not have a larger literary department.

"The Dubuque News," Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa. A lot of news for so small a paper.

"The Essex Ways," Essex High School, Essex, Mass. Your paper is well arranged, but I think snapshots would improve it.

"The Polaris Weekly," North High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota. A fine paper. It is very interesting.

"The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Me. A very well developed paper. Your stories are very interesting.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

"The Spud," Sherman High School, Sherman Mills, Me. The OCEANIC is a splendid paper. You have the largest exchange department of any of our exchanges.

"P. I. H. S. Ship," Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me. Your exchanges and literary departments are very good. Your paper shows that a great deal of time and work were spent in preparing it.

POEMS.

I

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly,
It rained all day that nite.

II

It was summer in the winter,
The hail came down like glass,
The barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood, sitting on the grass.

I

The organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
The sexton wrung the dishrag,
Someone set the church on fire.

II

"Holy Smoke"—the preacher cried,
As he madly tore his hair;
Now his hair resembles heaven
For there is no parting there.

Literary



PEACE VERSUS WAR.

Peace and War are the two extremes of which tranquility or strife in life are made up.

The very word War sends fear to the heart, for it robs mothers of their sons, makes men fight each other like beasts, causes little children to suffer and death and desolation to sweep the land.

In some countries people have been taught that "might is right." They have applied this erroneous belief in acquiring their desires by any means, whether honest or dishonest. If they are strong enough they succeed. They trample on the weak and proclaim to all the world that they are strongest. They ask everybody to look at their strength. They build up their wealth, live in luxury, and gain every wish by crookedness and deception.

Nations, like people, sometimes follow in this path called "might is right." Usually the road leads to disaster and ruin. In many cases nations have been known to desert all they knew to be honest and fair to plunge into a disastrous war, which gained them nothing in the end except the knowledge might is not always right.

There are four causes for War besides self-defense. The first is the desire for territorial expansion, the second, desire to wipe out a humiliating defeat; third, ambition of countries to turn aside popular aims into paths more satisfactory to their interests; and fourth, jealousy between nations.

Do not these four reasons prove that man is greedy and never satisfied with what he has?

War is really only the excitement and emotions of a great gamble. Men stake their lives against what they believe to be right and die believing it. It is a gamble, for they take a big risk that they may win, and they may not.

What is War but the admission of man that he is uncivilized, ignorant and a beast? If he were civilized he would arbitrate his disputes and be satisfied with his share of the world's lands and material goods. Instead he is always finding excuses for petty quarrels. If he is educated, he ought to have higher ideals; yet many times the ideals of men or countries are far below the simple ones of a man or country, which is known to be uncivilized and ignorant.

In the early centuries man knew no other way to settle a question except fighting; but in recent years a few men are slowly being educated to the thought that War is not the only way to settle disputes. Only a few years ago personal disagreements between two men were decided by a duel, which

was considered perfectly honorable. The stronger and more skilled swordsman won. Now duels are unlawful and disputes of that sort are settled in a lawful way. As this abbreviated form of War has been corrected, so ought real War to be stopped by submitting of quarrels to be decided in a lawful way.

Are wars in any way beneficial? They may guard an honest interest and prevent justice from being trampled on; yet could this not be avoided in many cases by arbitration? Yes, and one big reason is, in order that future generations should not be stunted and made weak because of the loss of young manhood, destruction of lands, heavy war debts, orphaned children and homeless people.

Peace, the other extreme, is the goal which is striven for, yet won only after bloodshed and death has had its sway. Once Peace was a political condition, between intervals when there was no war, or just a rest period. Now Peace is given as great a place as War. It has been carried a step farther by the Hague Peace Conference, which gives arbitration as the best method for keeping from War. Whenever disputes rise between nations, if they are submitted to the Conference, a terrible war may be averted.

To most people Peace is everything that is desirable. It means a thriving nation, flourishing cities, rising trade, growing manufactures and happiness nearly everywhere. No sons are away on the field of battle to cause mothers' hair to turn white by sorrow. There is plenty of work at a living wage, less poverty and comparative stability of the cost of living.

There is a Peace, though, that is undesired by peace-loving people, and that is armed peace. Armed peace means that a nation is constantly prepared for war. The result is heavy taxation on the people and countless other evils. Many years before the Franco-German War Germany was ready to declare war at any time. Every man of a certain age, but of a few exceptions, was required to enter the army or navy and train for war. These men were educated to think that might was right, and were made to believe it. Large war ships were built and kept constantly ready. New methods of warfare were invented, such as explosives, guns, aeroplanes, poison gasses and many other things. Was all this right? No. A nation should keep just enough army and navy during peace to guard its interests. Both these mighty factions should understand that Peace is one of the biggest things the world should strive for.

If we were to talk with some of the suffering French, who fought and lost their homes and loved ones in the Great War, would they tell us that War was right regardless of the cost? I do not think so. Instead they would plead that every nation strive to keep peace in the world. To them the remembrance of the fields of action with the screaming shells, yells of the victorious and groans of the dying, is but a terrifying nightmare.

In spite of the French desire for Peace they would lay down their lives again in a desperate gamble if their country called them. But are we to ignore their plea to keep Peace? It is for the nations of the earth to decide. To keep peace should be the motto of each nation, but the only way it can be accomplished is by teamwork and sensibly handing differences and quarrels to an able and wise body of diplomats, who will uphold justice, and by carrying out their decisions.

Alma Emmons, '24.

AN EVENING VISITOR.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mary Ryan as she ruefully cast the much detested Algebra book aside, "I simply can't do those horrid examples and I'm not going to try any longer." So saying she picked up her half finished novel and began reading.

Mary was a Freshman in high school. She was a very attractive girl of fifteen years of age, with light blue eyes and pretty, golden wavy hair. As Mary was the only child in the family naturally she was petted a great deal. When she went to the under-grade schools most of the teachers knew her well and rather favored her, but now she had entered high school it was an entirely different thing. Mr. Kink the Algebra professor, was simply disgusting, at least, Mary regarded him as such; and the other teachers,—well, they were all right in a way, but of course they had weaknesses. Everybody did, in Mary's opinion, except herself, and of course she was perfect.

On this particular evening Mary's mother and father had gone out visiting. As Mary was so backward in her Algebra Mother had frankly told her to stay at home and study, but as the old saying goes, "While the cat's away the mice will play," and Mary was one of those mice. So here she was now comfortably seated in her favorite rocker, just beginning to

get immensely interested in her book, when there came a knock at the door. Mary was really very much frightened as she was all alone, but she finally got up courage enough to go to the door. Cautiously she opened it inch by inch, and what was her surprise when she finally got the door opened, to find standing there Professor Kink, master of Algebra.

Mary's emotions knew no bounds. What could she do? She must be conspicuous indeed, gowned in this manner, with a soiled bungalow apron, her hair streaming down her back and her feet clad in those clumsy bedroom slippers. After a while, however, she remembered herself, and extending her hand to Mr. Kink exclaimed, "Why, good evening, Mr. Kink, I'm so surprised to see you. Really you must excuse my appearance for I didn't expect to have callers. Won't you come in?"

Mr. Kink, much against Mary's will, accepted the invitation to remain a few minutes. Mary politely ushered him into the living-room, the appearance of which was very untidy. The evening papers were strewn all around the room and the floor was adorned with candy paper wrappers, mingled with peanut shells. Saddest of all, there was her Algebra book spread out on the floor with the pages all crumpled.

Was it any wonder that Mary felt queer, as she offered Mr. Kink a chair?

Mary was wondering what she should do to entertain Mr. Kink, when she noticed that his eyes were fixed upon the Algebra book that was on the floor. "Miss Ryan," he seemed to be saying, "have you done your Algebra for tomorrow?" By all appearances it looks as though you would be among the students to get the ferruling tomorrow night." Suddenly, without warning, he grabbed her by the shoulders and began shaking her, saying, "I think I'd better give you your share tonight instead of waiting until tomorrow." Mary began crying.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter?" a sweet voice seemed to be saying in her ear. "Don't you realize it is eleven o'clock and time to go to bed?" Mary opened her eyes. Could it be true? She had only been dreaming. No, she wouldn't tell her mother what it was about. Saying a goodnight she carefully picked up the forsaken Algebra book, and tucking it under her arm, faithfully resolved to get up early in the morning and do those examples, for fear that horrid dream should come true.

Ruth Davis, '25.

CHA MING.

Cha Ming was a Chinese boy of fourteen years who lived with his parents in the city of Canton. He had lived there all his life in a little bamboo hut of two rooms. He had not had very much education for his father was poor. It is true that there were schools in Canton, but only the richer boys could go. Sometimes Cha Ming was very sad to think that he could not go to school, but nevertheless he had to work.

He was not old enough to work sixteen hours a day with the men as his father did, so he was errand boy for the merchants along the wharf; for Canton was a seaport where many ships came from many parts of the world. Sometimes he got paid very well for his work, but many times he received little.

Cha Ming's one hope and ambition was to get to America, but that seemed almost impossible, for it took money to travel. Every time an American ship would come into port it would make Cha Ming wish that he could go back on it. He wanted to know the American people, their language and customs. Always he hoped that he might meet some one that would tell him all about this wonderful country. So Cha Ming kept running errands and saving all his money, hoping that sometime he would be able to have enough to buy his transport.

As Cha Ming's parents were poor and not able to learn about our God, they still kept the old custom of worshipping idols. One day as Cha Ming was returning from an errand he thought, "Perhaps if I do something that will please the gods, I will be able to go to America." But just then something terrible happened. What was it? An explosion! Poor Cha Ming was in the midst of it. The explosion caused fire which spread rapidly and did much damage. How was he going to get out? There was fire all around him it seemed. Everything was red, then black—and then—he fainted and fell.

Everybody was looking out for themselves, but a man who was coming from the opposite direction of the fire saw the boy lying there. He ran to Cha Ming, picked him up and carried him to safety. Had he been there another minute the buildings would have fallen on him.

With tender care Cha Ming soon came to himself. But where was he? It was such a nice, clean and strange place. Who was this man beside him? All these things ran through his head.

He saw the man motion to the lady who was standing in the room, and she came and said in Chinese, "How are you?"

Jan. 11. Both Teams Played at Scarboro.

Will you please tell me your name?"

This Cha Ming did willingly, but he asked in a weak, frightened voice, "Where am I? Who are you? Who is that man?"

It was explained to him that the lady was a nurse and her husband was an American missionary.

Cha Ming forgot about what had happened for he had found some one who would tell him about America. Cha Ming was told that he must go to sleep and when he woke he should hear all about America.

Mr. Courtney, on hearing how interested Cha Ming was in going to America, arranged for him to go back with him. At last Cha Ming's desire was to be fulfilled.

Christine Dolbier, '26.

A HAUNTED FARM.

The farm which my grandmother's father bought was owned by a wealthy old shoemaker who disinherited his son because he married a girl his father did not like. The son came home to his father's to die and begged his father to look after his wife and little one. The father refused and the son died very unhappy. His father died soon after, also very unhappy, not telling where all his wealth was hidden.

One morning, as my grandmother was getting breakfast, her brother came tumbling into the room head-first. "What is the matter with you?" she asked.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "somebody kicked me downstairs."

"Why, there is nobody upstairs."

"I know it, but somebody did, just the same."

Now my grandmother, who slept in the front bedroom downstairs where the old shoemaker's son had died, was very puzzled.

One day, as she was talking to her cousin, her cousin asked, "Mary, did you ever hear any funny noises in the night or see any funny things?"

"What do you mean, noises and seeing funny things?"

"Why, just this, Mary. You sleep in the front room, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, tonight don't go to sleep. Stay awake and watch, and at twelve o'clock you will see the shoemaker's son sitting up in bed beside you. After awhile you will see the son enter the room and go into the closet. A little later the old man

Jan. 16. Boys Played Freeport.

will follow, then there will be a lot of noise, as if the old man and son were quarreling. Later, the son will come out and go away. Soon after, the father will leave. The father and son used to quarrel over money a great deal."

"Do you think I will sleep in there now?" asked my grandmother. "Never."

"Where did the old man hide his gold?"

"Was it in the closet?"

Evelyn Cann, '26.

THE HAUNTED MANSION.

In the town of Wildwood, New Hampshire, there stands a large stone mansion. This mansion had been deserted for nearly twenty years, but strange to say it had been kept in perfect order. Not a weed was to be found there in its well-gravelled drives, and the flowers bloomed beautifully. The white marble statuary was kept in its usual beauty.

Twenty years before, a man, a woman and their beautiful daughter, Diana, had occupied the house with a host of servants. One day as Diana was walking down the driveway, one of her father's horses went mad and tore out of the stable.

In his haste he knocked her over and trampled on her. She was killed almost instantly.

The shock of such a terrible death as Diana's killed her mother, who was an invalid. The death of his two loved ones grieved the father so that he left the mansion. He left the gardener and his wife to look after the estate. Five years later the report came to Wildwood that he was dead.

Things went on smoothly for about two years, and gradually the village began to forget the terrible tragedy. People never went there, as they were superstitious. Later they found out that the gardener's wife had died and that he was alone.

One night Bob Hollister was on his way home. As he passed the mansion the gardener seemed to be fairly thrown out of the huge gateway. His head was badly cut and he was unconscious when he fell. Bob hailed a passing carriage and rushed the man to the hospital but he died before morning, without giving a clue to what had happened.

After all these deaths the place was shunned and was commonly called, "Old Greyson's Mansion."

Soon after this, strange things went on at "Old Greyson's Mansion." At night strange lights appeared, blue and green and sometimes red, that illuminated the whole sky. No liv-

ing person could be seen about the place, although it was kept in perfect order. One or two daring boys went and peeped through the window and saw a tab'le laden with the richest food. One moment later an unearthly yell broke the stillness which frightened the boys away, never to return. This report spread through the town and the former "Old Greyson's Mansion" became the "Haunted Mansion." No one ever dared to go there afterwards. Many an adventurous young man would go in there to explore, but he never came out again and people believed them dead.

Finally, a man came to the town and declared that he would find out the secret of the "Haunted Mansion," or know the reason why.

He gathered together a body of armed men and started through the gate of the haunted mansion, in spite of the pleading of the townspeople.

He solved the mystery.

It seems that the report of the death of Mr. Greyson proved to be false. As he was unhappy away from his old home he had secured a few servants and had come back. As he wanted seclusion he had all these lights and unearthly noises to frighten people away. All the young men who had so bravely gone to the mansion had been kept c'losely confined. They were let out after the scheme had been discovered.

The mystery of the gardener's death was never solved, but it was always supposed that a tramp or robber had assaulted him, as he was alone in the mansion at that time.

The mystery of the "Haunted Mansion" is solved at last but it always will be a theme of conversation in the little town of Wildwood.

Marion A. Goodwin, '26.

AN HOUR IN THE LABORATORY.

The students file in and take their places at a bench. The teacher gets the apparatus for the experiments. Then there is about ten minutes of setting up apparatus. Each student is performing a different experiment. There are nine boys in all, four on each side of the bench and one on the end.

The first boy is sucking on a rubber tube, drawing up kerosene and water in two glass tubes. He then measures the liquid in each tube, then sets the figures down. He sucks them up to a different height and does the same thing over again.

The second boy has an apparatus for testing the stretch and breaking point of wire.

The boy next to him is pouring mercury into a bent tube with one end stopped up. He measures the length of the air column and the mercury column. He sets these down and figures out the pressure.

The fourth boy has a set of pulleys and finds their mechanical advantage.

The boy on the end has three spring balances hitched to ropes and finds the resultant force by pulling on the third balance.

The next boy is finding the density of coal and wood. He weighs the coal in air then in water. Then he finds the weight of an equal volume of water.

The seventh boy is finding the advantage of an incline plane by putting a board at an angle of 45 degrees. He then weighs a little car. He finds how many grams it takes to haul the car up the board, then he calculates the advantage by the formula.

The last boy is doing the experiment on sliding friction.

As soon as one finishes an experiment, he changes apparatus with some one else. This continues until the bell rings. Then they return the apparatus and go to the main room.

Gilbert Luce, '24.

BURIED TREASURE.

Jack was digging for rabbits and found a hole where some of them lived. He went home to get a shovel. He came back and started to dig them out. He dug for about fifteen minutes and had a hole about five feet deep when two big rabbits jumped out and ran. They surprised him so he did not make any attempt to catch them. He kept on digging, thinking that there might be more. He had only dug about five more minutes when another smaller rabbit jumped out. Jack was ready this time and hit the rabbit over the head, killing it with the shovel. Jack picked up the rabbit and was going to go home, when he looked into the hole and thought he saw something that did not look like dirt. He dug around it and at last uncovered it. It proved to be a small iron chest about two feet long, one foot deep and one foot wide. He pulled it out after much tugging and tried to open it, but it was so rusty that the cover stuck fast. He took it home and pried it open with a chisel. In it he found three canvas bags, each full of

gold from many different countries. On the bottom of the chest was tacked a letter, dirty and torn. Jack pulled out the tacks and unfolded the letter. It read:

"To the person who finds this chest:

I, James Barton, settled here, with a few other early settlers, and because of Indians, put my chest of gold in the ground, meaning to get it out later. In case I am killed or in some way or other do not come back, will the person who finds this please give the money to the colony or province, or whatever the country may be when found.

Thanking you kindly,
James Barton."

Jack knew the man was dead because the colony had become the State of Virginia. Jack took the letter and chest to his father who gave it to the State the next day.

Norman Davis, '27.

THE BICYCLE OWNER.

One warm day in June a group of girls between the ages of eleven and thirteen were clustered about a boy of about twelve. Gripped firmly by the handle bars, the boy held what once might have been called a bicycle, but which was now in a sadly dilapidated condition. The grips were gone from the handle bars. The frame was rickety. The tires were patched in many places. The mud guards were missing and it had never known the use of a coaster brake. However, it was a girl's bicycle and was at present the cause of much discussion.

"Oh, Raymond, please let me take your bike," one of the girls was saying, "Doesn't it look nice? You've got it all shined up. It looks like new. You haven't had it very long anyway, have you?"

"New, I should say not," the boy answered. "I guess not. Why, my mother had it when she was eleven, then my brother had it. Now I've got it, and next my sister is going to have it."

"Why, Raymond," exclaimed one of the girls, "I always thought that was new. You keep it so shiny and nice," lied another girl.

"Raymond, I wish you'd let us take your bike. We won't hurt it and if we do a little something to it, why you could fix it so easily 'cause your so smart about such things," continued one of the schemers.

"Why, they say Raymond's smart about everything," put

in another girl.

"Who says so?" asked Raymond, with a pleased expression on his face.

The answer came quickly enough, "Why, everybody says so, and why shouldn't they? Look at how clever you are."

"And what pretty eyes he's got."

"And how white and even his teeth are."

"And how curly and shiny his hair is."

Raymond's chest swelled, he grinned cheerfully. He was enjoying this immensely. He looked about for a moment, then, carefully laying down his bicycle, he turned a somewhat clumsy and not altogether successful hand-spring.

"Oh, Raymond, look out or you will break your neck." Then, as he stood flushed and elated, "I never saw such a clever boy as you are. Oh, Raymond, let Grace take your bike a while and you do tricks for us. Raymond was perfectly willing. This was the way it always happened, but while one of the girls was taking her turn on the bicycle, the others had to keep flattering Raymond, else he would have taken his bicycle and ridden home.

In about ten minutes Grace returned and another girl took the bicycle. So it went all afternoon until, while listening to a never-ending story, which Raymond was telling about himself, the girl returned, but just as she was about to jump from the bicycle there was a bang. The tire was gone.

Suddenly Raymond's face lost its happy expression and he stared at what had occurred in horror. "Now look what you've done. A new tire, too," he cried angrily.

"New!" Grace repeated, "New!" Why, it was patched a hundred times."

"Well, it was a good tire. Wait till you ever get that bike again. That was as good as new."

"New!" they cried, "the whole thing was nothing but a piece of junk."

"It is not. It is not," cried Raymond. "Give me my bike, I'm going home."

"Go ahead. We don't want the old hunk of junk. Take it and go home.

Raymond did so. The girls said they would never ride on the old thing again. Raymond declared they would never have the chance, and so the matter ended.

In a few days Raymond would again appear with his bicycle; again he would be praised and flattered, and again the girls would be taking turns on the bicycle.

Jokes



Bad Habits.

"Does Michaud own his own house or does he rent it?"

"Rents it."

"How do you know?"

"He strikes matches on the paint."

Teacher: "Now, Winnie, name the largest diamond."

Winnie: "Der ace!"

In some parts of Arkansas the teachers board around at different houses. A teacher boarded at Joe's house. One day Joe asked the teacher, "Say, Pa wants to know if you like pork?"

Teacher: "I certainly do. Tell your father there is nothing I like better."

Several weeks went by but Joe's father didn't have any pork, so the teacher asked, "How about that pork your father promised me?"

Joe: "Oh, that pig got well."

Seniors Characterized by Songs.

I Want My Anna (Winnie)	Dayton Benway
I'm a Jazz Baby	Gilbert Luce
I've Lived, I've Loved, I'm Satisfied	Alma Emmons
I'm a Devil With the Ladies	Mahlon Lary
The Sheik	Reginald Lewis
I Want To Be Loved Like a Baby	Laura Robinson
Wake Up Little Girl, You're Dreaming	Helen Marshall
I Love Me	Thelma Cleaves

Quieting a Lady.

Excited Lady (annoyed by intoxicated passenger next to her): "Conductor, do you allow drunken people on this train?"

Conductor: "Well, not usually madam, but if you sit still and keep quiet, nobody will know it."

Amy (going to bed one night began singing):

They sat on the steps at midnight,

Their lips were tightly pressed,

The old man gave the signal,

The bulldog did the rest.

Edna: "Some have (onions) on their feet."

M. Prince: "Is he interesting?"

M. Sawyer: "No! All he does is sit at the end of the sofa and talk."

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
That's Latin.

A litt'le boy with a lot of talk—T. Mingo.

"Where did the staircase under the pyramid lead to?"

W. Allen: "To the tombs where the kings lived."

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

William Fitzgibbon	Fitzie
Ruth Cleaves	Billy
Minnie Titelbaum	Coo-coo
Virginia Sutherland	Babe
Clyde Eastman	Kippie
Alec Jefferies	Jeff
Elbridge Lary	Ebbie
Thelma Ross	Bobby
John Peterson	Old Lady
Parker Cornell	Red

(As they were riding to Cape Cottage in an automobile, about 8:30): Edna: "There's the water over there and if you go past here at 7:30 you can see the Boston boat go by."

Irene (not noticing what she said): "Mmm, I can smell it."

(In Domestic Arts when the girls were talking about taking their rings off): "I only take my ring off when I take a bath."

"You must take it off often then, if you belong to the 'Health Club'."

"Not very much. I haven't had it off for nearly a year."

Walter: "I'm the smartest one in my General Science class."

Mother: "That's good. How many are there in it?"

Walter: "I'm the only one in the class."

Mr. Jewett: "Do any of you boys study a foreign language?"

Ruth Jefferies: "Yes. Algebra."

Teacher: "What is a hunch?"

Irene Gray: "A hunch is the masculine equivalent of feminine intuition."

Correct.

Lady Teacher: "Who can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"

Little Dot. P.: "I can. The man stopped shaving and 'gruesome' whiskers."

He Illustrated.

School Teacher: "Now, children, can any of you make a sentence, using the word indisposition?"

Rough Pupil (throwing off his coat and spitting in his hands): "Please, mam, if you want to fight, you stand in 'disposition'."

Miss Lombard to D. Benway in History: "Name the founder of Georgia."

D. B.: "Eh, well, it is a long name."

Miss L.: "That will do, Benway. It was rather long. The founders were eight noblemen."

What would happen if:

G. Dunn stopped making faces in Typewriting class?

Marion Goodwin was normal one day in the week?

Miss Blackman did not have her whispering list already for the Dom. Arts Class?

Ruth Davis would forget to talk about her weight?

Ruth Davis would stop talking about her special one?

Wanted

A beau for Ruth Davis.

A bottle of slickum for M. Lary's hair.

A dictionary of swallowable size for G. Luce.

A few more rings for some of the Freshmen boys.

A prune stone to remind G. Dunn of her favorite dish.

A miniature typewriter for G. Dunn so she will be able to practice indefinitely.

A new by-word for R. Davis, for she has worn out "For Heaven's Sake."

Miss Lombard to K. Benway in History: "Leave the room, Benway."

K. B.: "Well, you didn't think I was going to take it with me, did you?"

Miss Blackman to Dom. Arts Class: "What other kind of oil is there in household work besides olive oil?"

K. Marshall, brightly: "Castor Oil."

Freshman Funny Paper—

Vera Allen—Tillie the Toiler.

Teddy Mingc—Abe Kabbible.

E. Ledger—Mikie (devil's printer).

W. York and H. Eastman—Hans & Fritz.

W. Ledger—Sunshine (Jockey).

R. Jefferies—Polly Perkins.

E. Eldrige—Maryann.

Irene Gray—Aggie Riley.

M. Guilford—Tillie's Mother.

The Feanut stood on the railroad track,

His heart went flutter, flutter.

The No. 9 came rushing past;

Toot! Toot! Peanut Butter.

Dorothy Prince, '29.

Charlie Michaud: "Virginia, would you like to go to the dance tonight?"

Virginia S.: "Sure, Charlie."

Charlie: "All right, will you buy a ticket from me?"

John: "Esther K. is a decided blonde, isn't she?"

Oscar L.: "Yes! I was there when she decided."

Teacher: "Bernard, do you know the capital of Alaska?"

Bernard: "No'am." (Nome)

Millie F., going into Ruth C.'s house and seeing guns and swords hanging on the wall, said: "Why all the relics?"

Ruth: "Oh, I like to have arms about me."

Miss Fogg: "How many days has a year?"

Clyde: "325."

Miss Fogg: "How's that?"

Clyde: "Because 40 days are Lent."

Seniors

Name	Nickname	Highest Ambition	Famous Saying	Hobby
Reginald Lewis	"Reggie"	To be the school's Desperate Ambrose	(?) (?) ! —	Plaguing the girls
Thelma Cleaves	"Peggy"	To assist in reading meters	"Quit your kidding"	Giggling
Karl Benway	"Karl"	To become world's champion typist	"Woe is me!"	Eating
Mahlon Lary	"Mickie"	To sleep	"Kiss Me"	A bit of everything
Alma Emmons	"Heppy"	Unknown	"Honest?"	Eating enough to grow fat
Laura Robinson	"Midget"	Time will tell	"You don't say so?"	Writing notes
Gilbert Luce	"Gib"	To grow tall	"Hey! !"	Roller skating
Dayton Benway	"Wrex"	To secure a marriage license	"By jove!"	Using big words
Helen Marshall	"Nellie"	To become her "Daddy's" girl	"Eh?"	Heart smashing
Gertrude Dunn	"Gertie"	To appear witty	"Farewell to thee"	Blushing
Ruth Davis	"Tubby"	To be a great novelist	"Gosh"	Talking

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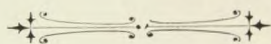
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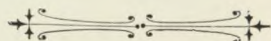
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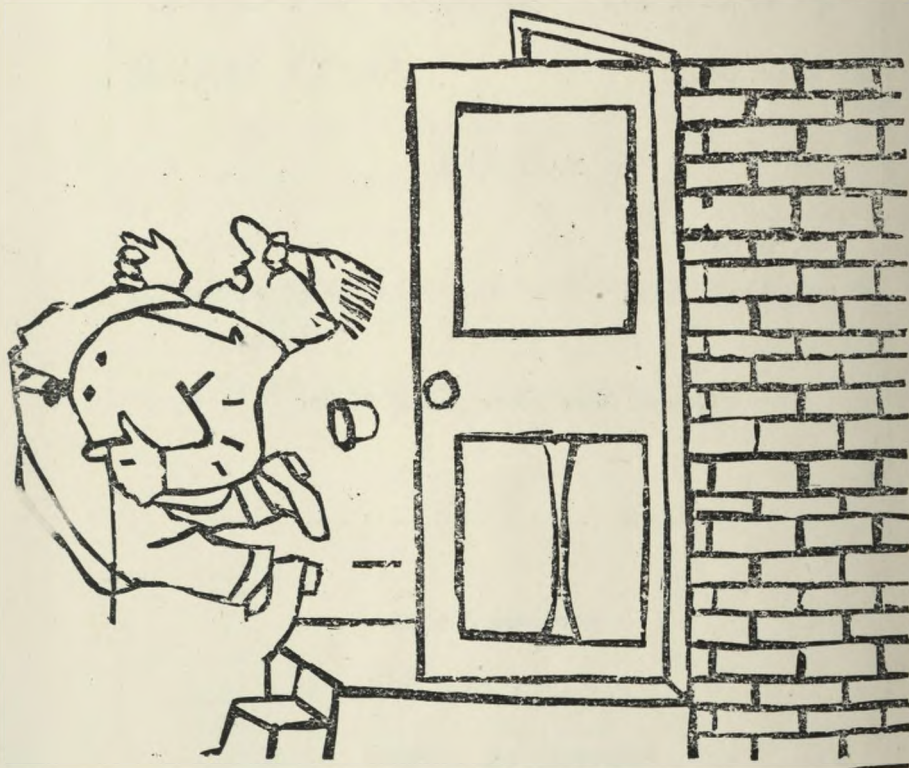
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