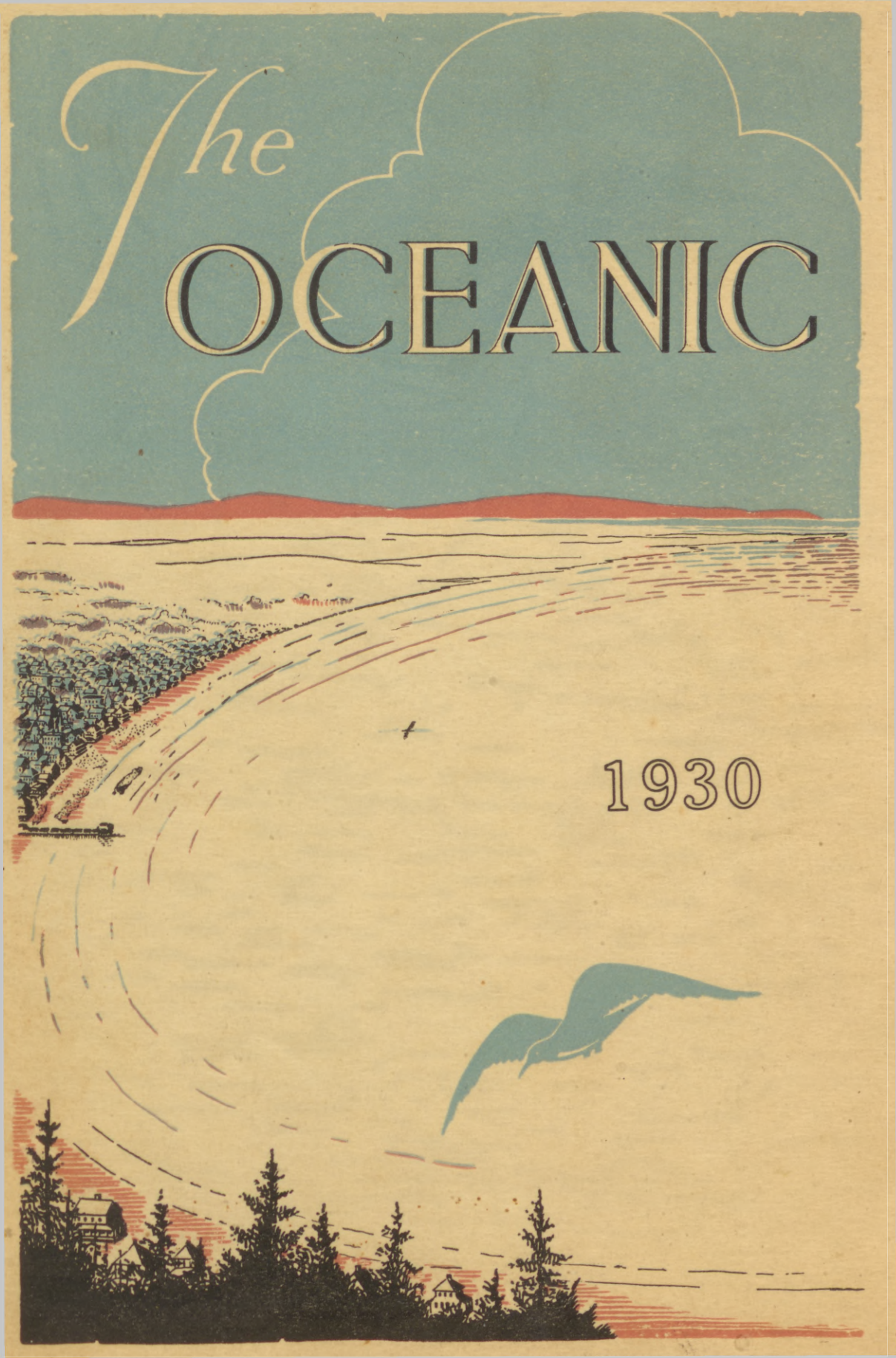


The OCEANIC

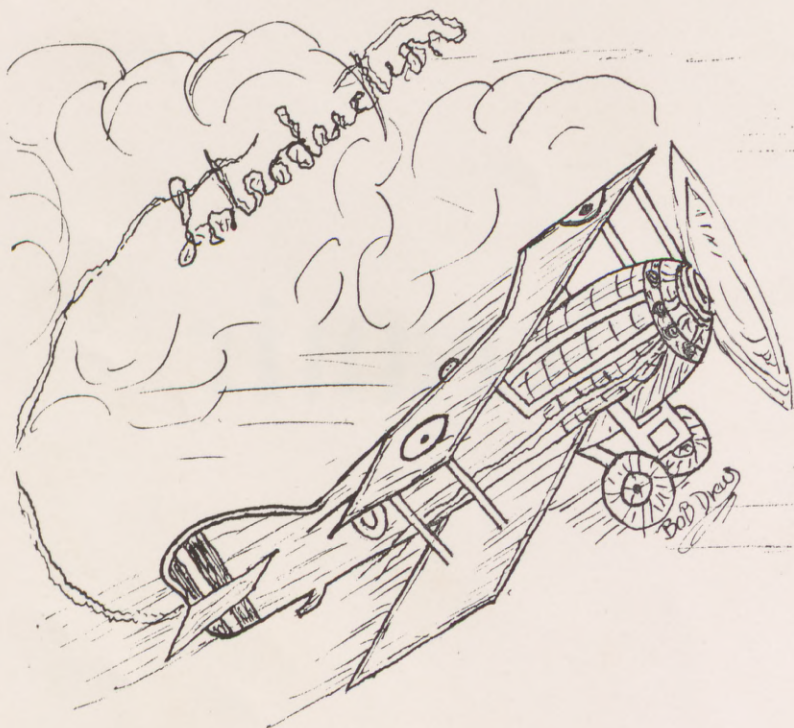
1930



The

Oceanic

1930



THE OCEANIC

Published Annually by the Students of
Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Maine

VOL. XIII

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Dedication

We, The Students Of Old Orchard High School
Respectfully Dedicate This Issue
of the

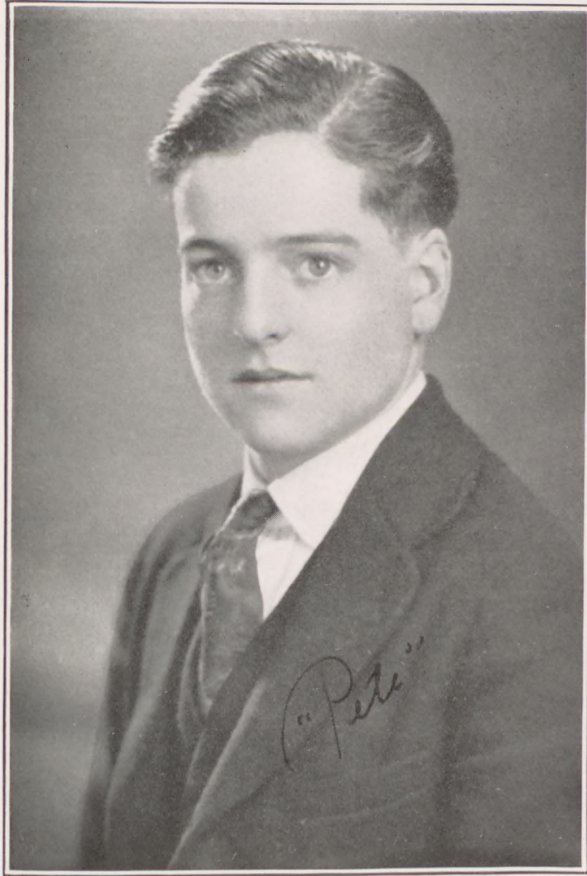
Oceanic

to the Memory
of

John Peterson

A Loyal Friend, a True Member of the Class of 1928,
and an Upholder of the Highest Ideals
for which the Spirit of
Old Orchard High School Stands.





JOHN PETERSON, '28



Back Row: R. Drew, M. Simpson, G. McAllister, O. Snow, D. Marshall, N. Fitzgibbon.
Second Row: I. Day, I. Leger, C. Patterson, W. Mingo, R. Jones, L. Lombard, R. Morgan, P. Miles.
Front Row: T. Snow, H. Brown, H. Parish, D. Miles, W. Wight, R. McNalley, W. Wood, L. Angelosante.

Editorial Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HIRAM PARISH

ASSISTANT EDITOR
HAZEL BROWN

SCHOOL NOTES
DAVID MARSHALL
IRENE LEGER
RUTH WIGHT

ALUMNI
GORDON McALLISTER

EXCHANGES
LUCY ANGELOSANTE

ATHLETICS
WESLEY MINGO

LITERARY
PAULINE MILES

ARTISTS
ROBERT DREW
MIRIAM SIMPSON
DOROTHY MILES

PHOTOGRAPHIC
OSCAR SNOW
LORRIMER LOMBARD
RENA MORGAN
IRENE DAY

PERSONAL
TERESA SNOW
NELLIE FITZGIBBON
CYRIL PATTERSON
ROGER JONES

BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM WOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
RANSOM McNALLEY

Editorials

KIWANIS AWARD

The Kiwanis Club of Biddeford and Saco offered a ten-dollar prize to each of the three schools in their district for the student in the senior class who had shown the most progress in school work, athletically and scholastically, and who had been the greatest asset to the school during his high school career.

This prize was won last year by Lorraine Lombard, who was always working for the good of her school. It has not yet been announced this year whether it will be offered again or not, but it is the hope of the students that it will be, because it gives them an added incentive to do better work and to participate to the fullest extent in all school activities.

WHAT NEXT?

What next? How many people ask that question. Especially those people who are just finishing high school. What shall we do in the future? If a life occupation is to be chosen, we want to choose the work that appeals to us the most, something that will interest us as long as that work is continued.

The next question is, Are we fitted for the work which we have chosen? Do the positions with respectability, advancement, higher wages appeal to us the most? If they do, we should start now to prepare for the position which we have chosen.

If one of us was to buy an automobile, there would be much discussion to which would give the best service, the price, which would be in style the longest, which style will best suit the needs of the family, and many other questions.

As a professor from Northeastern University says, "Why not spend as much time in selecting your life occupation which will be used the rest of your life as an automobile which will be used only a few years."

DENTAL WORK

It has been the pleasure of the School Board to announce that there would be a dental hygienist come to our school this year for the purpose of inspecting the teeth of the students. The hygienist will clean all the teeth of the pupils free of charge if they would like to have it done. As it is the first time inspection has been carried on under a dental hygienist, it is expected that every student will be willing to take part in doing his or her share in seeing that the school has, by the end of the year, a one-hundred-per cent dental record.

PATIENCE

What would you call patience? Winston's dictionary defines it as the power to endure and persevere in something undertaken until it is accomplished.

If we pupils in Old Orchard High School would persevere a little longer in our studies and would endure a little more personal discomfort for our sports, much more would be accomplished. It takes patience to keep practising basketball from day to day without seeming to make any progress, and it takes patience to keep studying without making as many A's as we want.

But with endurance and perseverance practised, a change will soon be seen as a reward of patience.

Patience has been the foundation of many of the great things accomplished in the world and will continue to be as long as this universe exists.

MANUAL TRAINING

Recently we have had a new manual training department added to our school under the supervision of Mr. Roberts. As it is the first time it has been introduced, the students had to build their own room and assemble their equipment.

It was finally decided to use a portion of the basement in the new school building. This had only a sand bottom, so our first task was to lay a cement floor under the direction of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Mewer, who kindly loaned us the use of his cement mixer. When the cement was dried we put up the partitions, and the first part of our work was finished.

The work benches were our next problem. Mr. Roberts helped us in the construction of these benches, and in a few weeks we will be ready for work.

One day in each week is to be devoted to mechanical drawing or in drawing plans for our future work in the workshop.

H. P., '30.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

Our magazine shelf in former years has always contained a number of different magazines, among them "Popular Science," "Literary Digest," and "Time."

Recently it has been made possible for one class to have enough copies of the "Literary Digest" and "Time" to use individually. This plan has worked out favorably among the students. Instead of twenty students having to use four copies of the "Digest," as was the case last year, each student has his own copy.

Another good result of this plan is the comparing of events from current affairs with things that we are studying in our United States History.

In studying transportation, we learn around 1750 that almost all traveling and freightage was carried on by water. Since then transportation has been gradually changed to railroads. Now the government is trying to bring back the use of waterways again.

Many questions of National interest which need real study, such as affairs of the government, foreign affairs, politics, etc., are discussed in the "Time" and "Literary Digest."

We pupils certainly appreciate the generosity of our town in making it possible for us to have the "Time" and "Literary Digest."

OLD ORCHARD SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1929-1930

Fall Term, 15 weeks—Term opens Monday, Sept. 9, 1929; closes Friday, Dec. 20, 1929.

Winter Term, 11 weeks—Term opens Monday, Jan. 6, 1930; closes Friday, March 21, 1930.

Spring Term—Junior-Senior High School—10 weeks and 3 days. Term opens Monday, March 31, 1930; closes Wednesday, June 11, 1930. Elementary Schools—10 weeks. Term opens Monday, April 7, 1930; closes Friday, June 13, 1930.

Intermissions and Holidays

Columbus Day, Saturday, Oct. 12, 1929.

State Teachers' Association Convention, Oct. 24 and 25, 1929.

Armistice Day, Monday, Nov. 11, 1929.

Thanksgiving Day and day following.

Christmas Vacation, Dec. 21, 1929, to Jan. 5, 1930 (incl.).

Washington's Birthday, Saturday, Feb. 22, 1930.

Spring Vacation—Old Orchard Junior-Senior High School—March 22, 1930, to March 30, 1930 (inclusive). Old Orchard Elementary Schools—March 22, 1930, to April 6, 1930 (inclusive).

Patriots' Day, Saturday, April 19, 1930.

Memorial Day, Friday, May 30, 1930.





Back Row: F. Roberts, D. Ripley, Prin. F. H. Jewe't.
Front Row: H. Dolley, B. McIntyre, P. Bean, E. Van Ness,
M. Hatch.

MR. JEWETT

Favorite Expression: "It's up to you."

Mr. Jewett never gives up hope. He came back again this year to be the same friend and helper that has helped us all through our school days.

Mr. Jewett is a graduate of Bates College.

MRS. DOLLEY

Favorite Expression: "That's fine."

Mrs. Dolley came back again this year with the same smile and as ready to help us as ever. Everyone always welcomes Friday morning because that means Mrs. Dolley will be with us once more.

Mrs. Dolley is a graduate of New England Conservatory of Music, and has studied in New York and Boston.

MISS McINTYRE

Favorite Expression: "All right, be quiet." "Please."

Altho this is Miss McIntyre's first year with us she has become such a helper and good pal that we should hate to lose her. Her ability to teach French, we are sure, is unsurpassed.

Miss McIntyre is a graduate of Bates College.

MISS RIPLEY

Favorite Expression: "I'll see you at three o'clock."

We are very glad that Miss Ripley liked us well enough to come back for another year.

She has created such an interest in History that we always welcome the third period in the afternoon.

Miss Ripley is a graduate of Westbrook Seminary and Tufts College.

MISS VAN NESS

Favorite Expression: "Let's get down to business."

Without Miss Van Ness we would certainly be lost. She is the one who coaches us in our plays and keeps a smile on our faces when things look most discouraging.

Miss Van Ness is a graduate of The Emerson School of Oratory.

MISS BEAN

Favorite Expression: "Sh!" "Keep quiet."

We are very glad to have Miss Bean with us again this year. Her willingness to help and efforts to please have made her a popular teacher of the faculty.

Miss Bean is a graduate of Gorham Normal School and Simmons College.

MISS HATCH

Favorite Expression: She hasn't any.

Miss Hatch comes to us from Concord, Massachusetts. Under her teaching the seventh grade is progressing by leaps and bounds.

Miss Hatch is a graduate of Hebron Academy and Gorham Normal School.

MR. ROBERTS

Favorite Expression: "Stop that talking."

We are especially glad to welcome Mr. Roberts to our school because we have been looking forward to manual training, now it has become a reality.

Mr. Roberts is from Northeastern Engineering School.



UNDERSTANDING

"Not understood," we gather false impressions
And hug them tighter as the years go by;
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions
And thus men rise and fall and live and die,
"Not understood."

"Not understood," how often trifles change us.
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us
And o'er our lives there falls a chilling blight,—
"Not understood."

But understood, through friendliest relations
Established by great cruisers of the air,
We come to see that other leading nations
Have interests and affections which we share
When understood.

When Zeppelins have spanned the last of oceans
And nations live in friendship, side by side,
Then Man will lay aside his warlike notions
And in God's sight as Man be justified
And understood.

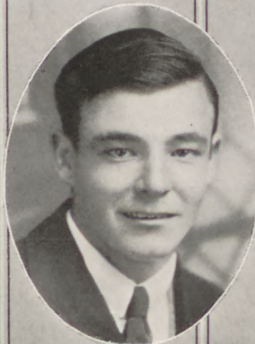
John J. Langenbach,
Past President, Raymond, Wash., Club.

From Feb., 1929, issue of "Kiwanian."





19  30



HAZEL BROWN "Pat"

Health Club (1); Class Treasurer (3); Class Secretary (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (1, 3); Assistant Editor (4); Operetta (3); School Plays (2, 3); Senior Play (4).

"Pat" is classed as the school girl wonder in the class of 1930. Without her ability to carry on the outside activities of our class we would all be lost. "Pat" says that she would like to be a school teacher, and we hope that some day she will land a position in O. O. H. S.

"After the battle comes the reward."

RODNEY DREW "Babe"

Glee Club (3); Operetta (3).

If "Silence is Golden," "Babe" is a Millionaire. We wish we knew him better because we know there is real friendship there. He has always shown an interest in reading books, so we think he is going to become an author. But whatever he does we wish him the best of luck.

ROBERT DREW "Bob"

Art Editor (3, 4); Glee Club (3); Operetta (3); Speaking Contest (1, 2).

"Bob" is the "Artist" of the class. No matter what you want drawn he can do it (if he wants to), but if he doesn't, leave him alone. "He can't be driven." More than one person has found that out while "Bob" has been in O. O. H. S. "Bob" has a hobby for driving automobiles; it doesn't matter what kind as long as it's headed for East Grand Ave.

AVIS KIMBALL "Kay"

Health Club (1); Class Secretary (3); Biology Club (2); Operetta (3); Senior Play (4); School Play (1); Glee Club (3, 4).

We hear your aims are to become a teacher. Sometime think of your school days at O. O. H. S., and don't be too strict with the pupils. We wish you luck, "Kay."

WESLEY MINGO "Wes"

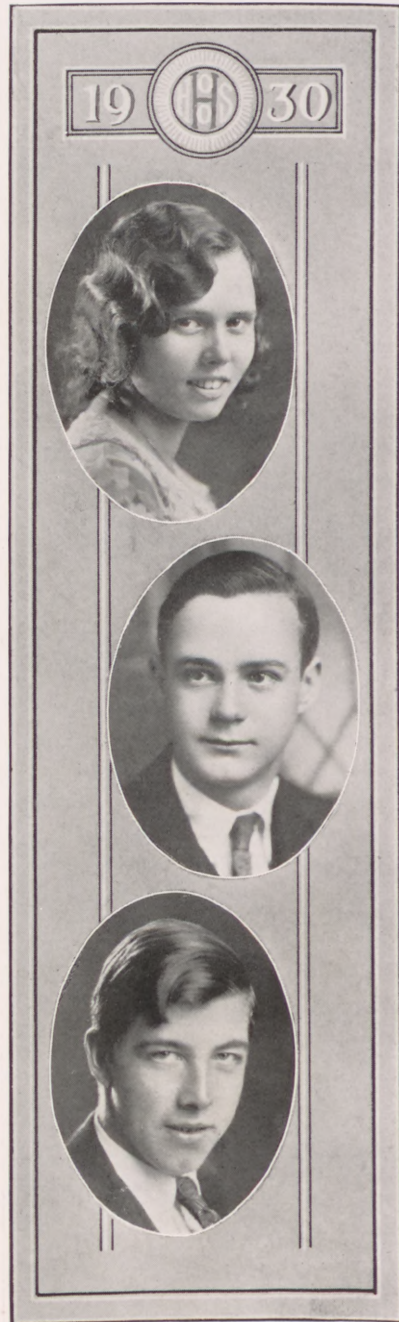
Class President (2, 4); "Oceanic" Board (3, 4); President General Assembly (3); Glee Club (3).

Wesley has been a cheerful, dependable worker for our class. A good athlete, a good friend, a good sport. We know that he will succeed in whatever he tries.

DAVID MARSHALL "Dave"

Treasurer (1, 4); School Play (3, 4); Editorial Board (4); Senior Play (4); Glee Club (1, 3).

No one would recognize this tall scholarly young man as the "harum-scarum" youngster of former days. His sense of humor has made him a capable actor in the school plays, and he has already shown business ability as a treasurer and mechanic.





HIRAM PARISH

"Hi"

Assistant Business Manager of "Oceanic" (1); Business Manager (2, 3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Class President (1, 3); Class Treasurer (2); President of General Assembly (4); Public Speaking (1, 2, 3); First Prize (3); State Speaking Contest (3); Glee Club (1, 3); School Play (1, 2, 3, 4); Senior Play (1, 2, 3).

What would we do without Hiram blowing into class about ten minutes late. As a public speaker Hiram is a second Daniel Webster. Hiram is keeping his future to himself. Nevertheless, his classmates wish him success.

TERESA SNOW

"T"

Health Club (1); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (2, 3); Senior Play (3, 4); Operetta (3); Editorial Board (4).

"T" is the youngest girl in our class, and is some "Baby." Her dimples tell us she has a smile for everyone. "T's" ambition is to climb the ladder of success to the top rung, which for her is to be the second Miss Van Ness.

OSCAR SNOW

"Bud"

"Silence speaks for itself."

Vice-President (1); "Oceanic" Board (4); Glee Club (3).

Although we have not heard what your plans for the future are, you may be sure that whatever you do, you have the best wishes of your classmates at Old Orchard High.

PAUL SHOREY

"Sparky"

"Oceanic" Board (3, 4); Glee Club (3); Senior Play (4).

Paul is one of the many boys of our class. His quietness in school should be an example to the undergraduates of Old Orchard High School. Paul, or "Sparky" as he is known by his classmates, spends all of his time on his studies, he never has time to misbehave in school. Your classmates are wishing you luck in whatever you undertake in the coming years.



Class of 1931

We started school in September, 1929, as Juniors, with a class of thirteen. Although that is an unlucky number, we hope to succeed, as our class motto is "Strive and Succeed." In the school fair this year we had the food table.

Class Flower: Crimson Rose.

Class Motto: "Strive and Succeed."

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: William Wood.

Vice-President: Lorimer Lombard.

Secretary: Naomi Martin.

Treasurer: Nellie Fitzgibbon.

Class of 1932

The Sophomore Class is still carrying its motto gallantly —“Ever Onward.” We are using our talents in all school activities, including basketball. The players are Ruth Shorey, Ruth Wight, Miriam Simpson, Teresa Corbeil and Rena Morgan.

We had the fancy work table at the school fair and also took part in the Glee Club Minstrel in the evening.

The following are our class officers:

President: Rena Morgan.

Vice-President: Edna Woodman.

Secretary: Teresa Corbeil.

Treasurer: Ruth Wight.

Class Motto: “Ever Onward.”

Class Colors: Blue and Silver.

Class Flower: White Rose.

Class of 1933

This year we are entering the first year of high school.

We are a class of seven boys and eight girls.

At the school fair this year we had the candy table, on which we realized a fair profit.

In our class this year we have much talent: a saxophone player, some piano players, some actors, and a few basketball players.

Class Motto: "Forget-us-not."

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

Class Flower: Purple Lilac.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Irene Day.

Vice-President, Delice Verville.

Secretary: Roger Verville.

Treasurer: Louis Simpson.

Class of 1934

Class Colors: Rose and Gray.

Class Motto: "Do it and do it right."

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Elizabeth MacLeod.

Vice-President: Evelyn McNally.

Secretary: Rosalie Brown.

Treasurer: Laurretta Corbeil.

In September, out of the twenty-one pupils that entered Junior High School last year, only seventeen were left to begin their work in the last year of the Junior High. Since the first of the year the class has dwindled until only fourteen are left.

We have entered, to the best of our ability, all the school activities, especially in plays and the school fair. At this last fair we had charge of the cake table.

At our first class meeting we elected our class officers.

Class of 1935

September 9, 1929, twenty boys and girls entered Junior High. All looked forward to manual training and domestic arts.

At the school fair we had the grab bag. A Santa and three brownies sold the grabs.

Our first class meeting was held Dec. 6, 1929.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Tom Emmons.

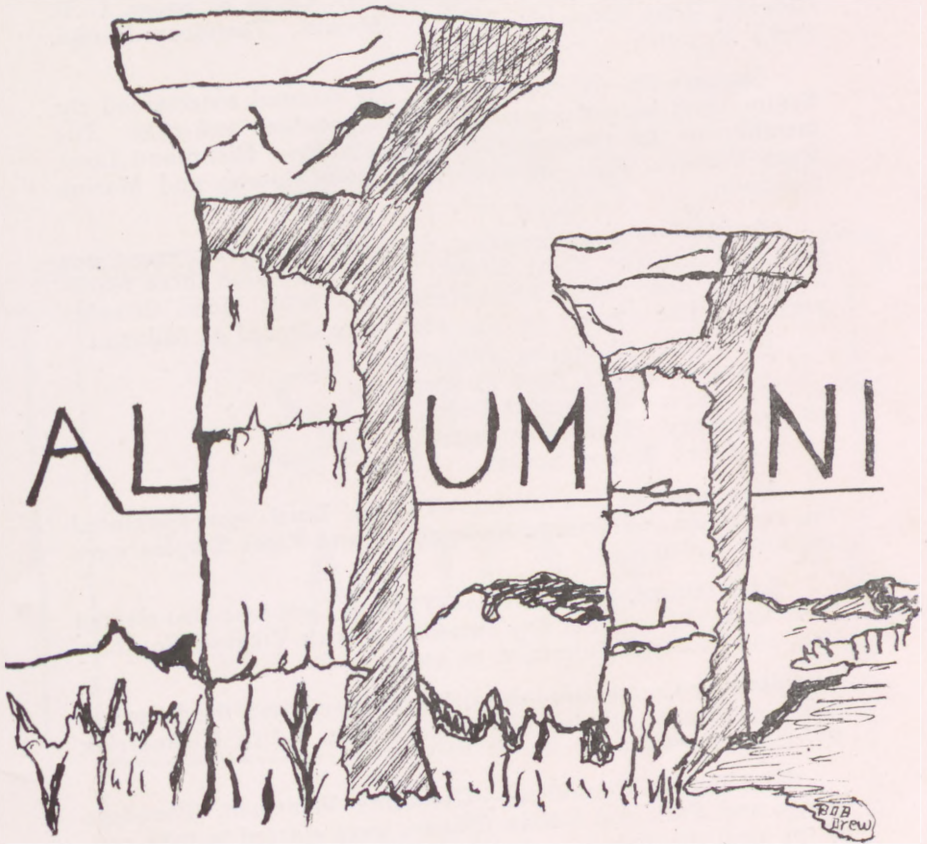
Vice-President: Frank Jewett, Jr.

Secretary: Adrian Lagueux.

Treasurer: Alan Kirkpatrick.

Class Colors: Red and White.

Class Motto: "Struggling Upward."



Alumni Association

January—It was voted to change Constitution and By-Laws but as yet have not agreed. Those present at the January meeting were Marie A. Worcester, Clyde R. Snow, L. F. Cleaves, John Crowley, Wesley Mewer, Theodore Mingo, and J. R. Lord.

January 28—At this meeting the Alumni entertained the Seniors and served ice-cream, cocoa, cookies and cake. The members at the meeting were John Crowley, Richmond Lord, Ruth Cleaves, Miss Guilford, Theodore Fowler and Marion Goodwin.

April 22—Annual meeting, nineteen members present, one honorary member, Katie Snow. There were also three teachers: Miss Bean, Miss Ripley and Miss Scott. John Crowley presided. The officers for the year were elected as follows:

President: Catherine Whitman.

Vice-President: Fred Fowler.

Treasurer: Richmond Lord.

Secretary: Marie Worcester.

Auditor: Esther Snow.

Arrangement Committee—Thelma Lord was appointed the chairman and George Kirkpatrick and Flora Staples were appointed as helpers.

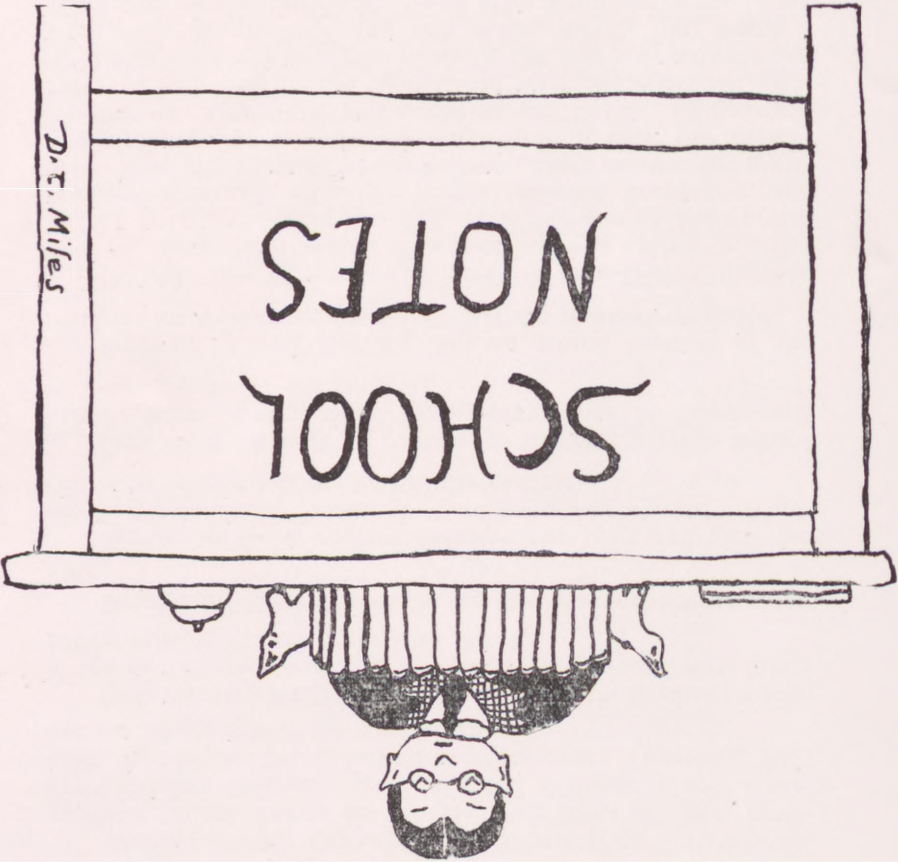
Entertainment Committee—Thelma Lord was also elected to serve as chairman at this committee, with Virginia Southerland and Florence Lombard to assist.

Visiting Committee—Mrs. Hazel Davis had the honor of being chairman and for her helpers Mrs. Edith Kirkpatrick and John Crowley.

Nominating Committee—Catherine Whitman, Theodore Mingo and Ruth and Lillian Cleaves were elected to take care of the next election.

May 17—Banquet at the Benway at Dunstan, had a very nice time and quite a number present.

October 28th—At this meeting there were eleven members present. Miss Whitman presided. It was voted to try and have a play sometime during the year in order to obtain funds. They had refreshments at this meeting also. Those present at this meeting were Catherine Whitman and Fannie Emmons, Ruth Cleaves, Richmond Lord, John Crowley, Theodore Mingo, Marie Worcester and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.



School Notes

September 29, 1929—The girls' basketball team held their first meeting. Nineteen girls signed up. Irene Leger was elected captain and Teresa Corbeil manager.

October 3—Old Orchard High School Glee Club was organized. Those elected for officers were Rena Morgan, president; Miriam Simpson, secretary, and William Wood, treasurer. It was decided to have a meeting every Thursday, with one meeting a month for a social time.

October 19—Mr. Rudmen from Baypath Institute spoke in the exercises at morning assembly. He gave a very interesting talk on "Choosing a Life Work."

October 22—Rank cards for the first six weeks were given out.

September 9—A contest between the boys and girls for the best attendance during the first term was started. A social is to be given at the end of the contest.

October 2—A spelling contest for the Senior High School began today. Every third Wednesday Miss McIntyre will give out words for the contest.

October 24 and 25—We had no school because of the teachers' convention in Portland. All the teachers attended.

October 31—The monthly social of the Glee Club was held on Hallowe'en night. The meeting was called to order by the president, Rena Morgan. The secretary's report was read and accepted. After the regular singing, an auction was held. Miss Ripley was the auctioneer. Each person was given about twenty beans and directed to save at least five for refreshments. One bean was equal to one dollar. Some were very comical, that is, the things that were auctioned off. After the auction, refreshments made by the domestic acts classes were sold. Sandwiches cost two beans, punch, four beans a glass, and candy, one bean. Soon after everyone went home good and happy.

November 1—The morning assembly was in charge of the eighth grade. John Hayes led the usual exercises, after which a short play, "Friday Afternoon in the Village School," under the direction of Miss Van Ness, was presented. Blanche Cook took the part of the teacher. Her pupils were Betty MacLeod, Evelyn McNally, Fannie Freeman, Florence Lake, Rosalie Brown, Gertrude Freeman, Laurretta Corbeil, Marion Keith, Catherine Murphy, George Emery, Joseph Quinn, Attelio Angelosante, Francis Emery and Linwood Gailey.

THE BRIGHTVILLE INDOOR CHAUTAUQUA

General Manager, Cyril Patterson

Stage Manager, Wesley Mingo

Monday

The Southern Magicians

Hermann, the fake Roger Jones

Uneeda Bill Francis Hagan

Assistant Attelio Angelosante

Tuesday

The Coonville Jubilee Singers

Edmond Magrath Interlocutor

Rena Morgan Reader

Members of Chorus

Hazel Brown

Avis Kimball

Teresa Snow

Fannie Freeman

Irene Day

Constance Parker

Miriam Simpson

Hiram Parish

Marion Keith

Adeline Stewart

Francis Hogan

Roger Jones

Thelma Hilson

Mildred Knack

Cummings Magrath, Accompanist

Wednesday—The Dramatic Club

"Peanuts"

The Girl Delice Verville

The Peanut Seller Ernest Murphy

"Hired and Fired"

Jim Black Hiram Parish

Superintendent David Marshall

Thursday

"Farmers' Night"

Ramson McNally Presiding Farmer

Address George Emery

"Recreation Farmers' Wives"

Address Roger Verville

"Old Times vs. the New"

Friday

"Chautauqua Entertainment Company"

Marjorie Watkins, Cummings Magrath Pianists

Delice Verville Soloist

Evelyn McNally, Rosalie Brown, Elizabeth MacLeod,

Lauretta Corbeil Dancers

Elsie Van Ness Reader

November 8—Hazel Brown and Adeline Stewart were leaders in the morning assembly in charge of the Senior Class. The choruses to the "Pagan Love Song" and "The Vagabond Lover" were sung by the whole school. Mrs. Helen Dolley gave two very pleasing vocal solos, "Where My Caravan Had Rested," and "The Slumber Boat." Hazel Brown, Adeline Stewart and Avis Kimball gave a short sketch, including jokes and school news. The program ended with two piano solos, "Ol' Man River" and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," by William McGrath.

November 15—The Junior Class had charge of the morning assembly. Irene Leger and Naomi Martin led. The program began with musical readings, "Gee, I Wish I Was a Caveman's Kid," "The Little Red Schoolhouse," and "The Little Boy Who Stuttered and the Little Girl Who Lipped," by Miss Van Ness, accompanied by William McGrath. Gor-



"Walking"



"Pals"



"Posing"



Younger Set



"Pals"



The Twins



Lovers



"Pals"



"Props"

don McAllister and Lorrimer Lombard told about the trip they took to the University of Maine. They included in their speeches their stop at Bates to see Raymond Guilford, '29, the Bowdoin-Maine game at the U. of M., and the Bates-Colby game at Waterville.

November 18—A representative of the L. G. Balfour Co. met the Freshman and Sophomore Classes to decide on the class rings or pins. He is drawing up a design for the school and will put it on rings or pins.

November 22—The Sophomore Class, led by Hazel Emery and Teresa Corbeil, was in charge of the morning assembly. Rena Morgan was first on the program, with a very humorous reading, "Facing the Empty Outlook." Then Dorothy Miles, Miriam Simpson, Ruth Shorey and Hazel Emery gave a short sketch entitled "The Jonesville Railroad Station." Mildred Knack gave a short poem, "The Revival of Learning." The program ended with two piano solos, "Fireflies" and "Sweet-heart of Sigma Chi," by Miss Doris Ripley.

Principal F. H. Jewett spent Thanksgiving at Dexter, Maine; Miss Doris Ripley at her home in Andover, Maine; Miss Beulah McIntyre at her home in Berwick, Maine; Miss Phyllis Bean at Laconia, N. H., and Miss Elsie Van Ness at Littleton, N. H.

December 6—The Friday morning assembly was in charge of the Freshman Class. Thelma Hillson led the program, which began with a reading, "Women's Dress," by Roger Jones. A short play, called "Here Comes the Groom," was presented. The following are the characters:

The Groom	Delice Verville
The Bride	Dorothy Tibbetts
Maid of Honor	Thelma Hillson
Best Man	Irene Day
Bishop	Francis Hogan
The Wedding Guests:	
"Lis'beth Ann"	Virginia Rix
Her Brother	Irene Pettengill
Melissa Tuttle	Jeannie Smith
Emmy Tuttle	Caroline Jordon

The play ended with a song, "The Wedding Bells," sung by the whole wedding party, accompanied by Roger Jones at the piano and Edmond McGrath, the saxophone.

December 6—Muriel Crogan and Helen Grant from Thornton Academy visited school during the morning.

December 17—Visitors from Thornton Academy visited classes today.

January 24, 1930—The morning assembly was in charge of the Sophomore Class. The program which follows was led by Miriam Simpson and Ruth Wight:

A reading by Dorothy Miles. An orchestra composed of Marjorie Watkins, piano; Hazel Emery, violin; William Mc-



"Bud"



"Bashfulness"



All Alone Caught



"Startled"



Four Horseman



"Name It"



HOME



Three Rusty Peers



Wood Bros.



Smiles



"Going up"

Grath, saxophone, and Leon Jones, drums, gave two selections from "Rio Rita." A Melodrama with Hazel Emery as heroine, Cyril Patterson as the hero, and Ernest Murphy was presented. A vocal solo by Teresa Corbeil accompanied by William McGrath followed. The program ended with a reading, the subject of which was "Freshmen," by Rena Morgan.

January 14—Representative from the M. M. Perkins Printing and Engraving Company interviewed the Senior Class in regard to Commencement programs and invitations. After examining them it was decided to place our order with that company. At the same time individual members of the class ordered their name cards.

January 15—At three o'clock the first division of the Junior-Senior High School gave Lincoln's Gettysburg Address before the faculty.

January 16—Mr. Patrick of the State Department visited our Manual Training Department and was well pleased with what Mr. Roberts has done.

January 17—The Juniors, led by Clarence Libby, furnished the entertainment at Friday morning assembly.

January 17—The boys' and girls' basketball team furnished a lunch of clam chowder, hot cocoa and doughnuts to the visiting team of Kezar Falls.

January 21—Everett Ledger, former student of Old Orchard High School, visited the various classes today.

January 22—Miss Guilford, a member of our School Board, visited classes today.

January 23—The American history class listened to Ramsay McDonald's disarmament speech from the Naval Conference in London.

January 24—The American history class listened to Andre Tardieu's disarmament speech from the Naval Conference in London.

The rest of the school gave their renderings of Lincoln's Address on following nights and from these divisions the following were chosen to speak before the school in January:

Hiram Parish, Robert Drew, Leon Jones, Roger Jones, Cyril Patterson, David Marshall, Gordon McAllister, Lorrimer Lombard, William McGrath, Teresa Corbeil, Rena Morgan, Ruth Wight, Hazel Brown, Avis Kimball, Nellie Fitzgibbon, Teresa Snow, Miriam Simpson and Irene Leger.

From this group twelve will be chosen to speak in the final contest. It was announced that Old Orchard would take part in the National Oratorical Contest again this year. The winner will compete with the other schools of this section and the winners of the final contest at Washington will be given a trip to Europe.



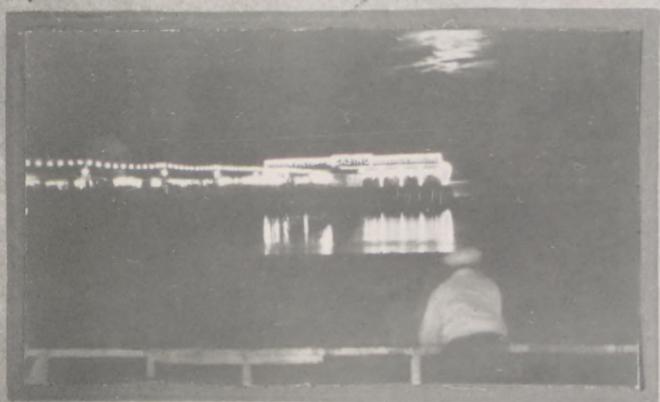
"Sophs"



Dad and the Boys



Two and Two



Moonlight at Old Orchard Beach



"Freshies"



Comedy ?

SCHOOL NOTES

1930.

Feb. 2—The final tryouts for the speaking contest were held this morning and the division chosen is as follows:—

Boys

W. McGrath
R. Drew
G. McAllister
D. Marshall
R. Jones
H. Parish

Girls

R. Wight
N. Fitzgibbons
T. Corbeil
R. Morgan
T. Snow
M. Simpson

This division was chosen by the members of the faculty as judges.





"Greens"



"Big Chief"



"Thought"



"Smiles"



The Gang



"The Sheikh"



Who?



Harmony?



Which?



ATHLETICS

The girls and boys had a very successful season last year, the girls winning seven games out of ten and the boys winning three games and losing three games. This year the boys and girls are going out and try to better last year's record if possible. The girls lost four members of their team, but the boys have all the regular players they had last year. The boys are going under the name of the Old Orchard Boys' Club, all of whom are members of the local club and conform to the Secondary Eligibility Rules in regard to age.

The 1929 schedule with results follows:

GIRLS

Date	Opponents	Place	O. H. H. S.	Opp.
Dec. 7	Scarboro	Scarboro	18	30
Jan. 18	Wells	Wells	25	23
Jan. 25	Kennebunk	Kennebunk	25	8
Feb. 1	Alfred	Alfred	31	26
Feb. 9	Scarboro	Old Orchard	10	18
Feb. 15	Alfred	Old Orchard	25	21
Feb. 19	Wells	Old Orchard	42	9
Feb. 26	Waterboro	Waterboro	11	20
Mar. 1	Kennebunk	Old Orchard	28	14
Mar. 8	Waterboro	Old Orchard	20	7

BOYS

Date	Opponents	Place	O. H. H. S.	Opp.
Jan. 18	Wells	Wells	27	19
Feb. 19	Wells	Old Orchard	27	19
Feb. 26	Waterboro	Waterboro	17	49
Mar. 8	Waterboro	Old Orchard	22	21
	Somersworth	Somersworth	17	43
	Somersworth	Old Orchard	17	19





OLD ORCHARD BOYS' CLUB BASKETBALL TEAM
Cossette, Coach, Berry, T. Mingo, Parish, DeGrace, W. Mingo,
Daley, Capt., McAllister.



Back Row: M. Simpson, Wight, Smith, Hillison, Watkins, Pettingill,
Morgan, Rix.
Front Row: Day, Corbeil, Mgr., I. Leger, Capt., Shorey, Fitzgibbon.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The season of 1930 opened on December the 10th with the girls playing at Kezar Falls. Kezar Falls had a good team and defeated Old Orchard, the final score of the game was 68 to 13. The second game came on January the 10th. In this game the Old Orchard girls made a fine showing, but were defeated, with Old Orchard making 15 points to their opponent's 21. On January 17th the Scarboro High girls came to Old Orchard and again the girls were defeated, making 13 points and Scarboro 34. The girls have still the biggest part of the season ahead of them and hope to win the majority of the games.

The schedule of the games are:

- Dec. 10 Kezar Falls High at Kezar Falls.
- Jan. 10 Kezar Falls High at Old Orchard.
- Jan. 17 Scarboro High at Old Orchard.
- Jan. 24 Alfred High at Alfred.
- Jan. 28 Buxton High at Old Orchard.
- Feb. 7 Alfred High at Old Orchard.
- Feb. 14 Scarboro High at Scarboro.
- Feb. 19 Waterboro High at Waterboro.
- Feb. 21 Wells High at Old Orchard.
- Feb. 28 Buxton High at Buxton.
- Mar. 14 Wells High at Wells.
- Mar. 21 Waterboro High at Old Orchard.



OLD ORCHARD BOYS' CLUB BASKETBALL

The season of 1930 for the boys has been one bad break after another. The opening game was on December 10th at Kezar Falls, the boys scoring nine points to their opponent's 48. When Kezar Falls came to Old Orchard, the Old Orchard boys held them down to the close score of 27 to 23. Still a jinx pursued the team. Somersworth High boys came to Old Orchard and defeated the boys by a score of 26 to 22. The boys having eleven good games ahead of them hope to win the majority of them.

The schedule of the games are as follows:

- Dec. 10 Kezar Falls High at Kezar Falls.
- Jan. 10 Kezar Falls High at Old Orchard.
- Jan. 17 Waterboro High at Waterboro.
- Jan. 22 Somersworth High at Old Orchard.
- Jan. 24 Alfred High at Alfred.
- Jan. 28 Buxton High at Old Orchard.
- Jan. 31 Berwick High at Berwick.
- Feb. 7 Alfred High at Old Orchard.
- Feb. 14 Somersworth High at Somersworth.
- Feb. 21 Wells High at Old Orchard.
- Feb. 28 Buxton High at Buxton.
- Mar. 8 Berwick High at Old Orchard.
- Mar. 14 Wells High at Wells.
- Mar. 21 Waterboro High at Old Orchard.





Exchanges

We are glad to see so many of our old friends back again this year, and we are glad to welcome so many new friends.

AS WE SEE YOU

"The Pep," Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine: We like the way you arrange your Exchanges; we also like your jokes.

"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine: We are glad to have you in our Exchange column; your athletic accounts are very good.

"The Elm," Wethersfield High School, Wethersfield, Conn.: A very interesting book, very good stories. Why not have a larger Exchange column?

"The Caduceus," Norway High School, Norway, Maine: Your Editorials are well written. Why not add a few more jokes to your paper?

"The Chronicle," South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine: We enjoyed your "Poet's Corner."

"The Acorn," Oakcliff High School, Dallas, Texas: Your paper is very good in every respect; your book certainly shows a lot of school spirit.

"Bristol High School," Bristol, Vermont: Why not more jokes? They would improve your book.

"Beall High School," Frostburg, Maryland: Very interesting and attractive paper.

"Richmond-Hi News," Richmond, California: Very good weekly paper; a very good joke column.

"The Hebronite," Hebron, Nebraska: Very interesting paper. Why not add an Exchange column to your paper?

"The Clarion," Stratford, Conn.: Glad to have you in our Exchange column.

"The Enterprise," Keene High School, Keene, N. H.: Why not add a few more Exchanges to your Exchange column and comment on more of them?

"The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Maine: A very good school book. Glad to have you in our Exchange column.

"Cony Cue," Cony High School, Augusta, Maine: Your cuts are very good. Your book is one of the best we have in our Exchange list.

"Cambridge Review," Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.: Your stories are very good. We enjoyed your joke pictures.

"Brown and Gold," Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.: Very interesting paper.

"The Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas: Your cuts are excellent. We enjoyed your "Medicine Man." You have a fine set of stories in your Literary Department.

"Red and White," Norwich Free Academy, Conn.: Why not add an Exchange column to your paper?

"Hebronian," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine: You certainly show a lot of "School Spirit."

"Millbury High School," Millbury, Mass.: We enjoyed your stories.

"The Ship," Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Maine: Very good poetry; your book shows a lot of school spirit.

"Red and Black," Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.: Your departments are all good. We enjoyed your sayings in "Pat the Senior."

"The Cue," Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.: We enjoyed "The Method," in your Literary Department.

"The Spotlight," South Hadley High School, Holyoke, Mass.: We like the way you arranged your Exchanges. As a whole your magazine is very good.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

Your book is very interesting, very good jokes and stories. You certainly show a lot of school spirit. You could improve your book by adding a poetry department to it.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following papers:

"The Chatter," Palestine, Texas.

"The Megunticook," Camden High School, Camden, Maine.

"The Tabula," Torrington, Conn.

"The Jester," Ellsworth, Maine.

"The Magnet," Madison High School, Madison, Maine.

"The Hilltop," Otterville High School, Otterville, Mo.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.

"The Owl," Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.

"The Lancastrian," Lancaster Academy, Lancaster, N. H.

"The Rostrum," Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine.

"The Attic," Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J.

"The Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

"The Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

Our OCEANIC has been sent to the following schools:

1. "The Lookout," Derby High School, Derby, Conn.

2. "The Spotlight," South Hadley High School, Holyoke, Mass.

3. "The Acorn," Oakcliff High School, Dallas, Texas.

4. "The Gale," Revere High School, Revere, Mass.

5. "The Advance," Salem High School, Salem, Maine.

6. "The Pointer," Kimball High School, Rumford Point, Maine.
7. "The Emblem," Lewis High School, Southington, Conn.
8. "Fep," Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine.
9. "Red and Black," Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.
10. "The Pilot," Mechanic Falls High School, Mechanic Falls, Maine.
11. "The Tabula," Torrington High School, Torrington, Conn.
12. "Life," Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vt.
13. "The Lancastrian," Lancaster Academy, Lane, N. H.
14. "The Early Trainer," Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
15. "The Owl," Middletown High School, N. Y.
16. "Richmond-Hi News," Richmond, California.
17. "The Caduceus," Norway High School, Norway, Maine.
18. "The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.
19. "The Chronicle," South Paris, Maine.
20. "The Broadcaster," Sangerville High School, Sangerville, Maine.
21. "Burdette Lion," Burdette College, Boston, Mass.
22. "Cony Cue," Cony High School, Augusta, Maine.
23. "The Trumpet," Valders, Wisconsin.
24. "The Cyde," Woodsville High School, N. H.
25. "Hebron Academy," Hebron, Maine.
26. "The Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.
27. "Black and Gold," Canajcharie, New York.
28. "Orange and Black," Brunswick, Maine.
29. "The Boomerang," Jairfax High School, Jairfax, South Dakota.
30. "Cambridge Review," Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Mass.

31. "Lincoln Spotlight," Thomas, Minn.
32. "The Exponent," Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.
33. "Angis," Beverly High, Beverly, Mass.
34. "Deerfield Arrow," Deerfield High School, South Deerfield, Mass.
35. "The Clarion," Oxford High School, Oxford, Me.
36. "L. G. S. Messenger," Townshend High School, Townshend, Vermont.
37. "Leavitt Angelus," Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, Maine.
38. "The Pilgrim," Plymouth High School, Plymouth, Mass.
39. "The Jester," Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Me.
40. "The Jabberwack," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.
41. "The Observer," Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.
42. "The Academy," Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine.
43. "The Ogdensburg Academy," Ogdensburg, N. Y.
44. "Beall High School," Frostburg, Maryland.
45. "The Hebronite," Hebron, Nebraska.
46. "The Chatter," Palestine, Texas.
47. "The Milachi," Milachi High School, Milachi, Minn.
48. "The Enterprise," Keene High School, Keene, N. H.
49. "The Attic," Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J.
50. "The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.
51. "The Hilltop Breeze," Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine.
52. "Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.
53. "Blue and White Banner," Putnam High School, Putnam, Conn.
54. "Blue and Gray Journal," Castine High School, Castine, Maine.

AVIATION AT OLD ORCHARD BEACH

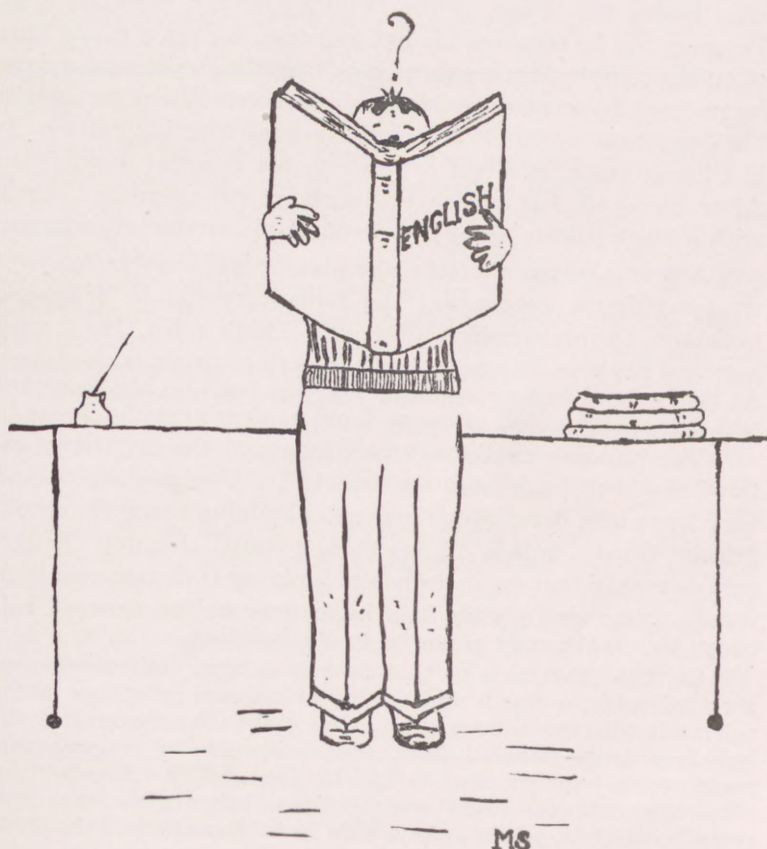


THE PATHFINDER



THE YELLOW BIRD
Insert Pilot Assolant

LITERARY



Literary

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD

As a church bell from a distant German town softly tolled 9 o'clock on a stormy night in September, 1930, a man, heavily wrapped, pushes open the door of a dark, gloomy house. The house is situated on the outskirts of Rotenberg, and the short muscular-built man, with extremely short legs, who enters the house, is the famous German chemist, Herr Wagner. As he removes his hat and coat, we see a round face of ruddy complexion, a pair of blue twinkling eyes, and a very large head covered with blond curly hair. When he speaks his deep bass voice reverberates through the laboratory. It is a harsh voice, in direct contrast to his cheerful disposition. After laying his hat and coat on a chair, and covering himself with a black rubber apron, he prepares his atomic experiment.

A few minutes after the chemist enters, another heavily-wrapped figure approaches the laboratory. It is Wagner's assistant, a short slender fellow with a high voice. He is very pale and his blue shifting eyes show a very nervous character. At his heels trots a dachshund, who sits back on his haunches and launches a weird, uncanny howl as they near the house.

The building that these two men and the dog have entered, sits well back from the street. Its windows are behind very large iron bars, which make the building resemble an old prison. On one side is a huge moss-covered chimney. A narrow dirt walk that leads up to the building is overgrown with weeds. Near one corner is a huge door under a small balcony; this is the only entrance to the building.

On the other side of this door is a large hall containing a round table, a couch and a cabinet. A few paintings and a mirror is all that adorns the barren walls. At the end of the hall is a large paneled door, that leads into a long narrow room, with benches and tables in the middle. Around the sides are cabinets filled with bottles, other glassware and some apparatus, while at one side is a laboratory sink. This is the laboratory of Herr Wagner, the German chemist.

As the assistant entered the building, a death-like feeling seemed to have crept over him. The dog also seemed to sense the same premonition, for he whined and looked wonderingly at his master. The assistant then hearing his partner in the laboratory entered, to find him bending over, looking through

a microscope. Before him is a puzzling array of laboratory apparatus.

"Hello, Wagner, how are you?" said the assistant.

In reply the chemist grunted unintelligibly as his expert fingers began making the necessary wire connections. When he was through, he straightened up, smiled at Hoffman and jerked his arm towards the jumbled mass of mechanism.

"Take a look and tell me what you think of it," said the chemist, as he began wiping his hands on a near-by towel.

Hoffman slowly approached the apparatus, his white, nervous hands went unsteadily over the wires to see if they were all connected; he bit his lip as he looked through the microscope, and a nervous pang was growing in him that told him something terrible was going to happen. When he raised his head from the microscope, his face was an ashen color, and his hands twitched nervously at his sides.

"Everything looks all right to me Wagner," he said. "But—but something tells me there is going to be trouble. What if an explosion should take place, we wouldn't have a chance in a thousand of getting out of here. What do you say we give it up?"

"No, I'm not giving it up," said Wagner. "Since that prophet told you that you were going to get injured, you've been nervous. We are going through with this just the same. You go over and look through the microscope and tell me what happens when I close the connection."

Wagner's brow puckered and he clenched his teeth so tightly that the muscles in his cheek stood out like bands of steel. His neck reddened, and the cords there swelled almost to the bursting point. His mild blue eyes turned to a steel-colored grey, and a worried look grew in them. His hand tightened on the switch until the knuckles turned white. He slowly brought the connection nearer together, and then closed them with a jerk. He then turned to see his assistant jump back in surprise. A deathlike look spread over his features. This was quickly followed by a blinding flash, and through it he heard his assistant's last words: "Shut off the current, shut off the current," being shouted crazily. As Wagner turned to obey the command, there was another blinding flash, and the great chemist was thrown into oblivion. The blinding flash was quickly followed by a deafening roar, as many atoms began breaking. On all parts of the globe huge buildings and other man-made structures flew off in tiny pieces. The earth became an inferno as huge fires broke out. The people were killed by falling debris, burnt to death, or dismembered by the atomic force. In a very few minutes the earth was demolished by the pulling of a small switch, thus breaking a minute but powerful atom.

Rodney Drew, '30.

"TUG" WINS

Chief Schenninski puffed thoughtfully at his pipe, tipped his chair back against the wall of the station and looked at the well-kept station lawn with pride. As he glanced at the men lying on the grass, talking and smoking, he experienced a feeling of friendliness. Presently one of the men looked at his watch rather anxiously, and the Chief called to a young man mowing the lawn, "All right, Tug, ring for drill."

Tug obeyed, and soon the doors opened before the trucks with their apparatus. Extension ladders were put up to their full height, and were held, swaying slightly, while a man went to the top, swung across by a rope to another ladder and then down to the ground. When the Chief took his turn, instead of climbing down the second ladder, he jumped, calling only a minute before to the men with the net. A tub of water was sitting near the ladder and the men had to hold the net over the water to catch the Chief. Letting it go a little slack, they let him fall into the water. This afforded much amusement for the onlookers, but there was one who did not laugh—Tug Czartaski. His thoughts were with a young girl on the third floor of a Madison Street tenement house.

Josephine Midura, the seamstress of the Polish section, occupied a small room in this tenement house. Although she was young and pretty, these assets did not bring her work in a dull season. This afternoon she was working on a child's romper, which was being made for a little girl in the tenement. While she sewed she listened to Mrs. Smith, on the third floor, talking to Mrs. Jones on the second floor.

"You know, Sarah," she was saying, "I've a feeling that this old house is going to burn before long. Did you ever think of that?"

"Well, no, I never did, but I shouldn't be surprised. It will either burn or fall down," Mrs. Jones replied, as she hung the last shirt on the line.

As the door slammed behind Mrs. Smith's robust figure, Jo went to the window, where she saw Tug coming swiftly down the narrow street. Deeply engrossed in thought, he hardly looked about him until he reached the tenement, where he did not wait to be let in but made his way to the third floor.

After a few moments of pleasant conversation, Jo, looking prettier than the red rose she had in her hair, told him sadly that she supposed she must go home.

"I haven't any more work to do. I finished the last piece this afternoon," she said.

"But, Jo, you can't go home yet. I'm going to be promoted and then we'll be married. The Chief told me again yesterday that he would promote me soon," Tug replied quickly.

"That's what he's said for the last three months," Jo re-

turned disgustedly. "I'm tired of your promotion that you're going to have some day. That doesn't help us any now."

And so the argument continued until eleven o'clock, as arguments will.

"Listen! what's that?" Jo cried as the clang of a bell broke the silence.

"The fire alarm," Tug replied, already half-way down the stairs.

At the station he found all in confusion. The bell was still clanging, rousing hastily-dressed men, who were sliding down the center pole, and in two minutes the trucks were on their way to the Polish section.

"Out of the way!" yelled the Chief, as the trucks stopped before the tenement house. The firemen sprang from the machines and hurried to put up the apparatus. For ten minutes every man worked courageously. Tug, descending the ladder, glanced toward the group which had just left the building. Josephine was not among them. Quickly he made his way toward them shouting, "Where is Josephine? Is she out?"

"No," a little girl cried. "She's trying to get Grandma Davis out."

"Where is she? What floor? Is anybody else with her?" Tug demanded, starting for the ladder.

"Up there on the fifth floor, by that window," the little girl replied, pointing to the part of the building which was not yet burning but toward which the blaze was swiftly approaching.

Breathlessly the onlookers watched the ascent of the fireman. Up, up he went, not once glancing at the blaze, now almost to the fifth floor. A race between a man's grit and the fire's fury held the crowd spellbound. Now the fifth floor was reached, and he broke the window with difficulty and climbed into the burning building. All eyes were on that window on the fifth floor. He appeared again soon, carrying an elderly lady and dragging Jo with his free arm. He cautiously climbed on the fire escape, leaned far over, and dropped the elderly lady into the net below.

"Quick, another net," he called, supporting Jo on the window sill. The net was spread, as a shout of warning was heard from below. Too late! The side of the building swayed, then fell, flinging the man and woman into the debris below. Firemen rushed to the rescue, but the Chief was the first to reach them. Raising the girl, he tossed her back to the next fireman, then, stooping, raised Tug and carried him carefully out of the crowd.

There was a hush in the crowd as the two bodies were laid side by side on improvised stretchers. For the next few minutes the doctors were alarmed by their condition, and when the ambulance arrived, the Chief, himself, accompanied them to the hospital.

Three hours later, Tug opened his swollen eyes painfully and recalled the fire and accident with difficulty. Where was Jo? Did they save her? He must know at once. In reaching for his clothes he touched a hospital cot. Raising himself cautiously, he saw her lying quietly within reach. "Jo!" he exclaimed.

Quickly the Chief, who had been sitting on the other side of the room, dropped his paper and came to Tug's side.

"My boy," he said, "you had a terrible fall, but you will be able to accept your new position as Assistant Chief in two weeks."

"Good," Tug replied. "Does that mean an increase in pay?"

"It certainly does," the Chief replied. "Oh, hello, Jo," he continued, as she opened her eyes.

"Tug," she whispered, "is this Heaven or am I dreaming?"

"No, Jo, this is far from Heaven, but it's all the same to me as long as you are here," he replied, as the Chief tiptoed clumsily from the room.

A. Kimball.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS

Damer Langriske and Timothy Cannon were off for Alaska. They had written several stories about this land of gold and snow, without having seen it. Now with plots and ideas bubbling over in their minds for new stories, they decided to spend several months in the north collecting material for these stories.

Late one evening in December, four months after their arrival, Damer and his dog Karl were slowly following a hard-packed trail over a lonely Alaskan ridge. Karl's rough black and brown fur hung thick and heavy. Large brown eyes, spaced far apart in his massive head, showed no trace of wolf blood. His sturdy legs carried him silently over the trail.

"Karl, old boy, we must leave all this soon and go home. I would like to know what enemies we have here and why they want us out of the way. Three times they have nearly done for us, but we'll fool them yet."

Above, in the cold polar sky, glowed thousands of stars like yellow, lifeless eyes. Far into the north stretched the white gloom of the frozen snow. At the foot of the ridge the white waste was broken by the black blot of the forest. Near at hand, on the top of the ridge, the heavy trees gave place to thick bushes, with here and there a fallen tree beside the trail. Damer sat down on one of these and called Karl to him. He came slowly with many backward looks and growls.

"No, boy, you mustn't chase rabbits tonight. Come here and be quiet."

Suddenly Damer was seized from behind by strong arms that bore him to the snow. Shots were fired at Karl but his rapid jumping from one man to the other prevented him from being hit.

"I can't hit that dog, he has a charmed life, for heaven's sake run," screamed a frightened voice from the darkness. Two men sprang from the bushes and with Karl at their heels began to run swiftly down the trail. With a great deal of difficulty Damer called him back and turned towards the cabin.

The room Damer and Karl entered was not very large, just large enough to be cozy and not crowded. The plain board floor was covered with heavy bear rugs. The hewn log walls were rubbed to a dull hard polish. In the north end of the room stood a big box stove. Opposite, against the south wall, was a lounge covered with furs. Within easy-reaching distance was a well-filled bookcase. In the center of the room was a small round table and on it a plain oil lamp.

Nervously pacing between the table and the stove was Timothy Cannon. Timothy was Irish. His reddish brown complexion was crowned with crisp black hair. His heavy lips and square chin well became his determined handsome face. As Damer and Karl entered he gave them one swift look and said, "Again! Well, I've found out what it's all about. I've had a visitor myself while you've been out. This trouble started over our gold nuggets, that old map and the legend about the nuggets hidden in a cave. The night I was caught out in that storm I stayed at a trapper's cabin. During the evening they told me about two men who were supposed to have struck it rich during the early eighties. When they started out with their gold for civilization, one became ill and was unable to travel. The partner left him and all the gold in a cave while he went for help. He found help but on the way back he died. The cave has never been found, but it is said that before the partner died he made a map showing where it was, but that, too, was never found."

"Yes, but what has that to do with all this shooting and these rough-house performances?"

"Wait. After the trappers had gone to bed I took out my last letter from home to read over again. It was in my wallet with that old map left from our last treasure story and the gold nuggets Black Crow gave us when we were at his place last summer. I looked up and found one of the trappers watching me from his bunk. He saw the map and nuggets, and that legend was still fresh in his mind. The next morning when I told them that we were only here to get new material for our stories, they acted as if they didn't believe me."

The men passed a quiet night and early the next morning set out for a cave they wanted to look over before they left for the States. Karl had gone off hunting while they had been at breakfast and was nowhere in sight, so they went off without him.

The cave or passage was not far from the cabin and ran in under a steep, snow-covered mountain. The men had not been inside more than fifteen minutes when there was a rush-

ing roar and the opening was found to be blocked with snow. The men looked at each other for several minutes without speaking, then Damer set to work. The candles they always carried were lighted to save on the flashlights, flat rocks were found to serve as shovels and they began to dig themselves out.

It had only been a small slide and after several hours of hard digging, daylight was seen. With this glad sight to cheer them, they sat down. Damer rested his well-shaped head on his hands, the candlelight flickered fitfully over his thin red hair; then as he straightened his figure, the light shone on his strong, attractive face, and lighted up his fine, sensitive nose that contradicted the hard lines around his mouth and chin.

A few minutes more of shoveling and the opening was large enough for them to crawl through.

"That wasn't so bad, but as there is more snow coming down, perhaps it will be better to move," said Damer, looking at the sky.

The walk to the cabin seemed long to the hungry men; it was late afternoon and their last meal had been breakfast. However, the sight that met them as they opened the door drove away, for a minute, all thoughts of hunger. Drawers were pulled out and their contents thrown in every direction; books were lying around, some open and some with their bindings torn off, and the rugs and the furs from the lounge were piled in a heap.

"The rascals even opened this letter from home. They want us back in the office; I suppose that means we must leave at once." Timothy turned towards Damer with a letter that he had found on the table, but Damer was busy looking through some papers. He finally looked up with a smile and said, "They got the map this time. I had it packed in this box with these papers. Oh, what would I give to be able to watch them search for that treasure. The directions are simply 'Northern Alaska, Little Bend Lake, forty steps north, thirty east, and four south'; I wonder if there is a Little Bend Lake here?" Damer's blue eyes shone under his bushy tangled brows.

Both men busied themselves in getting supper. Every now and then one would stop to laugh over the thoughts of the treasure hunters looking for the treasure cave that did not exist outside of their story. They were too tired to straighten out the living-room and after a few remarks about their escape from a heavier slide, went to bed.

The next day was spent in packing what things they had brought into the north with them, and in cleaning house, as Timothy called it. When the sun rose on the second morning after the snowslide, it found them ready to leave. Karl, harnessed to a small sled, stood in front of the cabin waiting for

the word to go. Damer and Timothy stood looking at the forest and the rising sun. They had learned to love the place and hated to leave it. The word was given to Karl and they were off along the solid trail where traveling was easy. Soon they were only small moving dots fast disappearing into the south.

Adeline Stewart, '30.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

"What do you consider true friendship?" said Dick Hartley to his chum, Dave Darrin.

This speech took place in Dick's home-room at Smithtown High School, where Dick, Dave Darrin, Ben Taylor, and Dan Darrin were talking.

"To me true friendship means sacrificing anything—money or even my life for a friend," answered Dave.

"Some day," said Dan, who, by the way, was known in the school as Danny Grim, being the fun-loving one of the four, "you may get a chance to give us a better example." Little did he realize at the time just how true his words were going to prove.

The season being winter the boys were spending a lot of time on the ice trying for a position on the hockey team, which so far was very promising.

Finally Saturday arrived, as it always does, and after dinner the boys made for the ice to don their skates for hockey practice. Before starting to practice Dave was skating idly around without a care in the world when suddenly he heard a loud cry and looking around he saw that Ben Taylor had skated on thin ice and it had given away. At the same time a piece of ice had hit him on the head, which had stunned him, but of course Dave did not know that until later. Before sinking, Ben had had mind enough to utter a cry which was heard by all.

Dave, being the nearest, started for him, at the same time looking for a board, but he was unable to find one at hand, so instead of stopping like some would, he went and slid into the water. Glancing around in the water he saw Ben sinking fast so he dived quickly, although it chilled him to the bone, and grabbed Ben by the collar of his coat. Then Ben grabbed Dave around the neck like drowning men do, but Dave gave him a sharp hit on the head, which stilled him immediately, and struggled to safety.

Willing hands were waiting to pull them out of the water and soon they were near a fire, all wrapped up, and none the worse for their narrow escape.

Shortly after, when Dave was fully recovered, Dick saw him.

"Dave," he said, feelingly, "that was a fine example that you gave us on true friendship."

Lombard, '31.

LITTLE CÆSAR

By Mr. R. Burnett

In *Little Cæsar*, Mr. R. Burnett gives us a very vivid description of the underworld.

Possibly this may bring about a police reform in dealing with gangs. Although the story has no definite plot, the rapid action and quick succession of the many events fascinates us.

A brief summary of the story is as follows:

It begins in Little Italy, the northern end of Chicago, the home of Italian gangsters.

After the hold-up of a cabaret in which a policeman is killed, Sam Vettori, the leader of this gang, is displaced by a young gun man, Rico. Afraid of nothing, Rico eventually becomes head of a number of gangs, the terror of filling stations, etc., for a year.

On information given by one of his gang, the police break up the "gang" and Rico is hunted for the murder of the policeman.

Rico escapes and on going to another town finds himself ignored by the underworld.

Again he becomes leader of another gang, only to be betrayed by a drunken member of his own gang.

His life is ended by a bullet from the guns of the police.

Pauline Miles, '31.

The coach of Milton's football team blew the whistle, signalling for the boys to stop playing. "All right, boys, no more practising tonight. Go home and get a good rest. You know tomorrow is the big day and you are going to come up against one of the best teams in the state. So long, fellows, report at the 'gym' at twelve-thirty tomorrow noon." Saying this the coach went in one direction and the boys in the other.

The next day dawned bright and clear, with just a snap in the air. All the boys were rested and ready for the game, that is, all except Harley Davis, captain, who had been out until one o'clock at a party the night before. Not one lesson prepared for the morning, all in, and the big game coming this afternoon. Every class was a failure, but at last the morning was over and he dragged himself out to practice about fifteen minutes late.

"Jump into your suit, Davis, in five minutes we make the first kick-off and, boy, it has got to be good," shouted someone as he came into the gym.

The game was over. Milton had lost 28-14 in the first game of the season. Every fellow on that team had played his best, but Harley's best did not equal one-third of what it had been last year. As Harley came off the field the coach said, "I'll see you outside in thirty minutes, Davis."

When Harley came outside the coach was waiting for him, "You aren't going to like what I have to say, Davis, but

someone needs to show you just what you are. It's your fault that we lost that game today, you know it as well as I do. I don't know how you keep it up, no studying and staying out every night until after midnight, but I do know that you can't stay on the team much longer at this rate. You have a condition to work off already, besides being down in all your other subjects. Next week exams are coming and the week afterwards the most important game of the year. We can win, Davis, if you will stay in nights and do your level best. But first you have got to make good in your examinations or they will take you off the team. Think it over and see which will suit best."

As Harley walked home, he thought over what the coach had said about staying on the team. He knew he could never study enough in a week to pass those exams satisfactorily, but he had to stay on the team. As he neared his home he saw Jack Deering, a classmate, coming down the street. Jack had been partially crippled when a small child, and as he could not join any of the athletic games, he spent most of his time in studying. Jack and Harley were the best of pals in spite of the difference between the two boys. Knowing that Jack could help him, if anyone could, Harley told him all about his troubles concerning lessons and football. "You've got to help me somehow, Jack. You know how I feel about staying on the team. If I crammed every night for a month, I could never catch up enough to take those exams and pass."

"Leave it to me, Harley, until Monday morning. In the meantime you had better be catching up as much as you can, and for Heaven's sake, stay in nights so you'll be ready to play a winning game against Greenville. Trust me, I'll get you through the exams all right if you do as I say. So long, see you Monday," and with this parting Jack limped up the street.

"Jack's a good pal if there ever was one. He'll probably go to Mr. Lewis and have me excused from exams on the plea that I'll improve," mused Harley, as he went whistling toward home.

But that wasn't what Jack did, as Harley was to find out on coming into Room 23 unprepared to take the history test. Nothing was said until Jack took the seat opposite Harley in the back row. Then Jack pushed a paper in his hand and whispered, "Here's the answers to the test, copy them and you'll pass this exam all right."

One thing that Harley had never done was cheat, everyone in Milton knew that, but with these answers right before him and as the prospects of getting put off the team loomed before him, he couldn't resist. After doing it in history, it wasn't so hard to do the same thing in all the other exams. Anyway, he would never do it again.

When the papers were passed back Harley's ranks were sufficient to keep him on the team. He practised football faithfully every day until even the coach said, "If Harley kept it up they couldn't lose this game." Davis did keep it up and when Greenville came down to play Milton they went home licked by a score of 48-9. Such cheering and calls for the best captain Milton had ever had.

But Captain Davis was not to be seen. Immediately after the game he had gone to Principal Lewis' office dressed just as he had rolled from the mud of the football field, to tell him all about copying another fellow's work in exams. After he had finished the principal said, "Harley, you have won two victories today—one for your team and one for your conscience, and I want to thank you for playing through this game, even though you knew that you would have to leave Milton. If you decide to come back, write me or come and see me at the end of a year."

Hazel Brown, '30.

"It All Depends on You," "Honey," said "The Vagabond Lover" to "Louise," as they followed "The Weary River" under the "Carolina Moon." "I'm Only a Tramp" taking "The Road to Mandalay" but "After Thinking It Over" I'd rather be "Singing in the Rain" than "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine."

"Am I Blue" when you're "Mean to Me." "Who Wouldn't Be Blue?" but "You Were Meant for Me" so try and "Break-away."

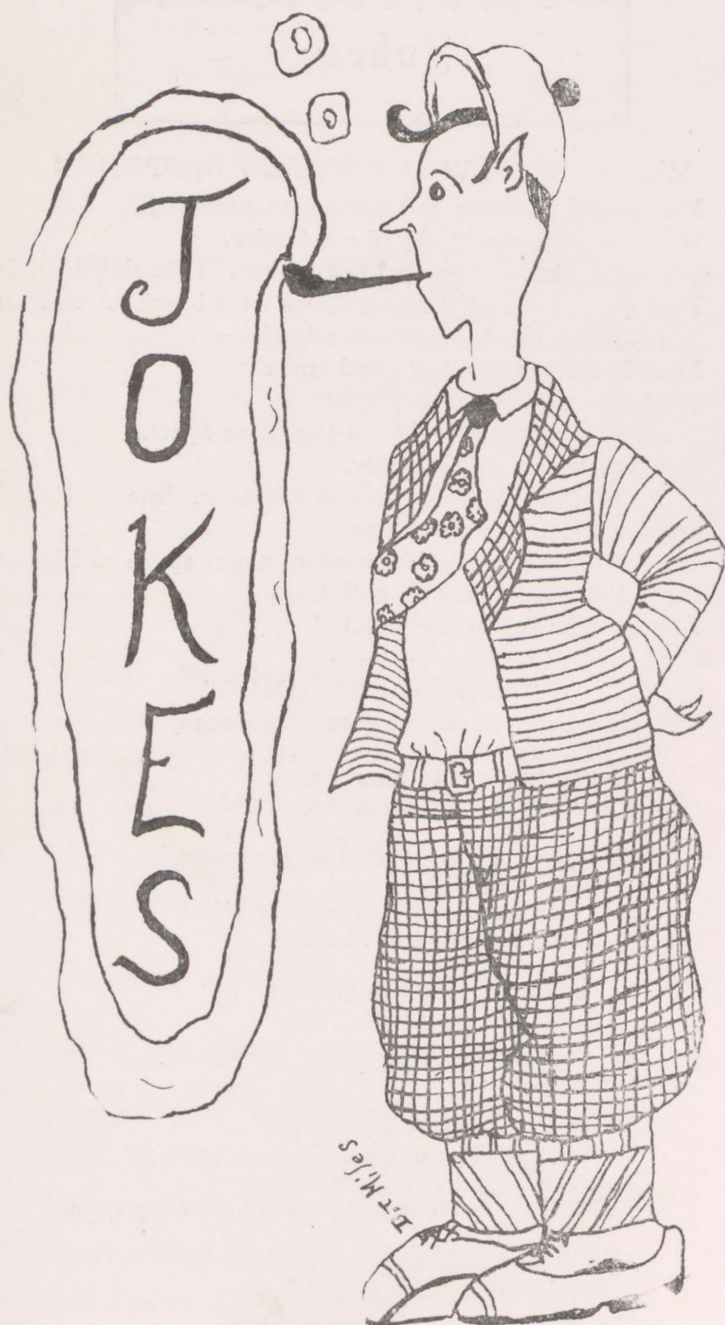
"When My Dreams Come True" the "Dream Train" will carry me to "A Bungalow, Radio, and You" in "Sleepy Valley" under "My Blue Heaven" where I'll find you, "Little Pal."

Hazel Brown, '30.

ON HORSEBACK

Two beautiful horses dashing along at a great speed. Faster and faster they galloped, sending clouds of dust in all directions. Helen, the rider of one horse, was trying with all her power to make her horse out-distance the other. Five hundred dollars' reward and oh! how she wanted and needed it. Already her weak heart was pounding painfully against her ribs. Nearer and nearer the horses plunged on their exciting race to the goal. At last—the goal was reached and Helen, weak and spent, but gloriously triumphant, received the reward.

Mariam Simpson.



Jokes

WE WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Pauline Miles never had her lesson prepared.
Hazel Brown would act like a Senior.
We did not have so many good dancers in the eighth grade.
Two girls of the Sophomore Class were in school on time.
We lost our good singers at school.
Miss McIntyre lost her good smile.
We lost our good piano player.
Some of the pupils could tell the twins apart.
The Freshmen would study.
McAllister and Marshall got to school on time.
Patterson lost his curly hair.
Billy Wood forgot to blush when a girl spoke to him.
Irene Pettengill went on a diet.
Lombard forgot to say "GEE."

"TO THE FRESHMEN"

Now listen to me, ye green Freshmen,
You're altogether too wild;
You've just got to take it easy
And make your noise more mild.

Of course, we know that you're crazy,
That all you do is rave,
But just forget your freshness
And see if you can't behave.

For example, take the Seniors,
Notice the way "We" act;
You'll see that the teachers admire us
Because of our use of tact.

Straggling to class one by one,
About thirty minutes late you come;
You probably think it's a secret,
But they know that you're all chewing gum.

As a final word, my Freshmen,
Before taking my fond adieu,
We Seniors used to be Freshmen,
But never as fresh as you.

Hazel Brown, '30.

The cruel New England winter—1929 and 1930.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven—Phyllis and Naomie.

Like monument in Grecian Art—M. Simpson.

She walks in beauty, like the night—Teresa Corbeil.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching—Freshman Boys.

Give me three days to melt her fancy—Irene Day.

He is intent on winning—Wesley Mingo.

For I, too, am young and ever happy—Marjorie Watkins.

Alas, that day of agony—Examination Period.

He runs like a hound, climbs like a monkey, digs like a woodchuck, dives like an otter, swims like a fish, fights like a bulldog and in it all works like a beaver and is as busy as a bee. Who?

Women! Women! What a blessing—Hiram Parish.

I would like to stress the need for more intensive effort—Eighth Grade.

Slow motion with a lot of noise—Lewis Simpson.

The worm turns—John McGrath.

For delight so sweet, I would die at her feet—Leon to Irene.

Dearer to me than all, though fair you be—Hiram to Miriam.

Nothing much, this heart interested—Irene Day.

Not yet a beauty—Hazel Emery.

Woman is fickle, false altogether—Paul Shorey.

Those eyes so lustrous and clear—Delice Verville.

Only a peach blossom—Dot Tibbetts.

He who never felt fear—Bob Drew.

I cannot imagine it ever—Teresa Snow.

Proud to do her bit for the High School—Virginia Rix.

Obviously on the warpath—William Wood.

Don't tell me there are no girls in heaven—Roger Jones.

Men are creatures of habit. I am only a man—Gordon McAllister.

I'll give them schooling as long as they will take it—Faculty to Freshman Class.

I am well satisfied as I am—Lewis Simpson.

I have never trusted in girls—Clarence Libby.

He is chock-full of Algebra from tip to toe—David Marshall.

Let me do the lion's share—Walter White.

Mother, call me at 10.00. I want to get up at 7.00—Bob Drew.

Let me, your willing slave, attend you home tonight—John to Rena.

What have I now but a heart that is broken—William Wood.

Young and full of hope—Jean Smith.

Moves like a feather borne on the breeze—Irene Pettingill.

Who of life's pleasure never has tasted—Freshman Class.

Miss McIntyre: "How long did you sleep last night?"

Irene Day: "My full length, five feet and one inch."

Mim (in shoe store): "I want a pair of very squeaky shoes, size ten."

Clerk: "Squeaky shoes? Who for?"

Mim: "For Daddy, so Hiram can tell when he's coming down the hall."

Wesley: "What is an average student?"

Mr. Jewett: "The one who sleeps in class, but doesn't snore loud enough to attract attention to the teacher."

Miss McIntyre: "Have you ever had Latin?"

Hazel Brown: "Yes."

Miss M.: "What is the word for wine?"

H. Brown: "Vinum."

Miss M.: "Will you decline it?"

H. Brown: "Not on your life."

Sailor: "They have dropped the anchor."

Hazel Brown: "Gracious, I was afraid they would, it's been hanging outside for some time."

Bob Drew: "Have you ever been in love?"

Clarence Libby: "That's my business."

Bob D.: "How's business?"

Miss Ripley: "Hogan, I think I hear you talking without permission."

Hogan: "That's perfectly all right, I'll give you permission to hear it."

Mr. Jewett: "I have punished you to impress this lesson on your mind."

Rodney: "Aren't you mistaken as to the location of my mind?"

Motor car manufacturers are rapidly immortalizing our presidents. We had the Cleveland; we have the Lincoln, and now comes the Roosevelt. Why not "The Coolidge, America's Silent Six?"

Lady (giving order to waiter on Pullman): "I'll have that nice big chocolate eclair."

Waiter: "Sorry, Madam, that ain't no eclair—dat am mah thumb."

Miss Ripley: "Who wrote the greatest war song in the world?"

White: "Mendelssohn!"

Miss Ripley: "What is it?"

White: "Here Comes the Bride."

By all sad words
By tongues or pen
These are the saddest,
"Flunked again."

Name	Known As	Appearance	Saying	Hobby	Destiny
Hazel Brown	"Pat"	Nobody's business	Huh	Riding a Ford	Teacher
Robert Drew	"Bob"	Bashful	What	Studying	Chemist
Avis Kimball	"Kay"	Childish	Whoopee	Flirting	Teacher
Rodney Drew	"Babe"	Sheiky	Oh, sure	History	Professor
Wesley Mingo	"Wes"	Good-natured	All Right	English	Fire Chief
Hiram Parish	"Fisher"	Plump	Gosh	Singing	Rudy Vallee
David Marshall	"Dave"	Wise	You bet	Resting	Professor
Teresa Snow	"T"	Pleasingly Plump	Why	Laughing	Bookkeeper
Paul Shorey	"Sparky"	Tall	Oh, Yes	Writing	Engineer
Oscar Snow	"Bud"	Cute	Says You	Cooking	Electrician
L. Angelosante	"Lu"	Smiling	Honest	Reading	Nurse
Robert Collins	"Bob"	Short	But	Bossing	Hunter
Hazel Emery	"Hay"	Crazy	Wousey	Talking	Hairdresser
Dean Cole	"Coal"	Important	Be a pal	Visiting Peggy	Married
N. Fitzgibbon	"Nel"	Slim	Darn It	Writing Notes	Wife
Albert Jordon	"Al"	Bashful	Aw, Heck	Playing Cards	Chef
Irene Leger	"Rennee"	Flirtish	Youse	Raising Heck	Dancer
L. Lombard	"Bud"	Moderate	Gee	Reading	Elocution
C. Libby	"Libby"	Slow	Yup	Doing it	Preacher
G. McAllister	"Mac"	Swift	Ha	Algebra	Coach
N. Martin	"Me"	The same	All Right	Whispering	Mrs.
W. McGrath	"Billy"	Lengthy	?	Piano	Paderewski

P. Martin	"Phil"	The same	Tee Hee	Whispering	Another One
William Wood	"Billy"	Smiling	Aw, No	Latin	Husband
Pauline Miles	"Paul"	Bright	Yes or No	Working	Teacher
E. Murphy	"Murphy"	Dumb	Think So	Resting	Unknown
Dorothy Miles	"Dot"	Saucy	Is that so	Talking Back	Lectures
Teresa Corbeil	"T"	Neat	What	French	Teacher
Rena Morgan	"Re"	Wise	Bless your collar buttons	Dom. Arts	Nurse
C. Patterson	"Pat"	Nervous	So	Plaguing	Barber
M. Simpson	"Mim"	Stately	I don't Wanna	Dom. Arts	Nurse
Ruth Shorey	"Ruth"	Tomboy	Keep still	Biology	Farmerette
M. Watkins	"Margy"	Dreamy	Look	Talking	Pianist
Ruth White	"Ru"	Studious	That So?	Basketball	Dean
Irene Day	"Nick"	Childish	Huh	Flirting	Actress
F. Hogan	"Red"	Small	Shut up	Miss Mac-	Priest
T. Hilson	"Thelma"	Large	I do	Tennis	?
L. Jones	"Jonesy"	Snappy	Gee	Fooling	Judge
R. Jones	"Jones"	Silly	Where's the candy	Dancing with Hazel	Doctor
C. Jordan	"Care"	Meek	I don't care	Eating	Pianist
John McGrath	"John"	Handsome	You bet	English	Saxophone
R. McNally	"Mac"	Whitty	Oh, Sure	Running Errands	Carpenter
I. Pettingill	"Irene"	Skinny	Oh, Dear	Sewing	Dressmaker
Virginia Rix	"Red"	Tiny	Maybe	Painting	Show Girl
J. Smith	"Jean"	Dumb	Oh, Miss Bean	Books	Poetess
L. Simpson	"Simp"	Pensive	Aw, shut up	Being Hateful	Actor
D. Tibbetts	"Dot"	Demure	Yuh	Looking Nice	Vamp
D. Verville	"De"	Very busy	You tell her	Talking	Singer
R. Verville	"Ville"	Handsome	Why	Making a Noise	Editor
W. White	"Walt"	Meek	Don't	Quiet	President



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Mr. (explaining a lathe): "Suppose you put a stick of wood on a lathe and take Robert Collins, for instance—"

Miss Van Ness (at the football game during quarter): "What's this?"

Miss Ripley: "Quarter, I guess."

Miss Bean: "I thought it was fifty cents (thinking they were referring to the admission fee)."

Would-be Suicide: "Don't rescue me. I want to die."

Swimmer: "Well, you'll have to postpone it, I want a life-saving medal."

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"Well," replied the instructor, "I should think the natural thing should be a funeral."

Babe: "May I borrow a pen?"

Teacher: "Borrowing is not permitted."

Babe: "Will someone lend me a pen, then?"

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He: "You were no spring chicken when I married you."

She: "No, I was a little goose."

Hogan: "Now lie flat on your back and work your feet
as though you were riding a bicycle."

Suddenly Simpson stopped.

Hogan: "Why did you stop?"

Simpson: "I am coasting."

Parish: "I'm raising a mustache. What color do you
think it will be?"

Mingo: "Gray by the way it is growing now."

Miss Ripley: "What is the chief cause of divorce?"

Hogan: "Marriage."

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Miss Ripley: "Who was the King of France during the Revolution?"

Bud Lombard: "Louis the thirteenth, no, the fifteenth, no, the fourteenth, no, the—well, anyway, he was in his teens."

Here's where I shine," said Irene, as she found she had lost her vanity case.

Hiram: "How long could a person live without brains?"

Avis Kimball: "Let's see—how long have you lived?"

Miss McIntyre: "What was the matter with you in this quiz?"

Bill Wood: "I put grease on my hair and my brains slipped."

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TELEPHONES 1610—1611

N. Martin: "Why, we've seen Greta Garbo in this picture before!"

P. Martin: "No, in the other one she had on a black and not a beige scarf."

McAllister: "Can I make a down payment on a bowl of soup?"

McGrath: "Don't the fast trains ever stop here?"

Parish: "Yep, had a wreck here once."

Rena: "They say Hiram is wandering in his mind."

Miriam: "Oh! That's all right, he can't wander far."

Marshall: "I want some heavy underwear."

Clerk: "How long?"

Marshall: "All winter, of course."

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"I'm sorry, lady, but you'll have to put that cigarette out. There's a gentleman in the car."

It was the first time the baseball player had ever played golf. He hit one straight down the fairway, then shouted, "Which way do I run?"

Leger: "I am crazy about you."

Mingo: "Well, run along, this is no insane asylum."

Clerk at Five-and-Ten: "You can have anything in here for a dime."

Shorey: "I'll take that little blonde behind the candy counter."

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Rena: "How do they get peanut butter?"

Dot: "Easy. Feed the cows peanuts."

Prof: "Tell me the name of a German philosopher."

Patterson: "Can't sir."

Prof: "That's right."

Wood: "My love for you is like a red, red rose."

Fitzgibbon: "Yes, I notice that you have rather a flowery line."

Englishman: "What's that bloomin' noise I 'ear outside, this time of night?"

American: "Why, that's an owl."

Englishman: "Of course it is, but 'o's 'owling?"

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Miss Bean: "Why do frogs croak?"

Murphy: "They can't live forever!"

Hazel: "Away out here where there's nothing going on
I never know what to do with my week-end."

Avis: "Why don't you put on a hat?"

Bob: "What would your mother say if I were to kiss
you?"

Irene: "Lose a bet. She said you haven't got the nerve!"

She: "I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

He: "Morris?"

She: "No, Fred."

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Bud: "How can I teach a girl to swim?"

Bill: "Take her to the beach, lead her in, put your arms around her and ——"

Bud: "But she's my cousin."

Bill: "Aw, push her in the water."

Hiram: "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Wes: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

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Miss Ripley: "What really happened to Ophelia before she drowned?"

Jordan: "I suppose she came up three times."

Miss Bean: "What liquid doesn't freeze?"

Dot Miles: "Water!"

Marjorie: "I didn't see you at church last night."

Bill: "No wonder, I took up the collection."

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The best worker in the Senior Class is Bob Drew.

The best typists in school are Pauline Miles and Phyllis Bean.

The most studious girl in school is Hazel Emery.

Miss Ripley (in American History Class): "Libby, what is the twelfth amendment?"

Libby: "Woman Suffrage."

Miss Ripley: "No, what did they need before suffrage?"

Libby: "Women."

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"Saved by the bell," sighed Bud Snow, as he walked out of history class.

Robert Collins: "What is your idea of rigid economy?"

Albert Jordan: "A dead Scotchman."

Teacher: "Do you play the piano by ear?"

Roger Jones: "No, my neck isn't long enough."

Miss Bean: "Name all the different kinds of eggs you know?"

D. Miles: "Fresh, stale, and rotten."



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Rodney Drew: "I've lost my new car."

Mingo: "Why don't you report it to the sheriff?"

Drew: "He's the one that took it."

Miss Ripley: "If a child is born within the three-mile limit of the United States, it belongs to the United States."

Hogan: "Gee, I thought it belonged to its parents."

Marshall: "What is it that lives in a stall, eats oats, and can see equally well at both ends?"

Hogan: "By me."

Marshall: "A blind horse."

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At a certain state fair a woman won the rolling pin contest and her husband won the one-hundred-yard dash. I wonder if there is any connection between the two.

Marshall: "When I got this bottle of tonic home and read the label, I saw it wasn't meant for me, so I brought it back."

Shorey: "That's a good tonic."

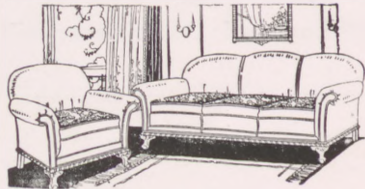
Marshall: "Maybe it is, but it says on the bottle for adults and that's something I never had in my life."

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H. Brown: "I don't like the looks of that halibut."

H. Parish: "Well, madam, if it's looks you're after, you had better buy goldfish."

Lombard: "Bill, did you ever hear that story about the Scotchman who left fifteen cents on the counter?"

Wood: "No."

Lombard: "You never will."

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We wonder when some of the Freshman Class will settle
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We wonder if the eighth grade girls and Senior girls will
settle down and be serious.

Do you know that some of the boys bring "Love Story"
magazines to school?

We wonder if these boys need many of them for reading.

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We still have a teacher that blushes.

The Sophomore Class has the school's vamp.

Mr. Roberts should have a private office over to the other building.

The most serious-minded girls in Junior-Senior High School are Betty McLeod, Lauretta Corbeil, Evelyn McNally.

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Miss McIntyre: "Who said, 'I came, I saw, I conquered'?"

Mac: "Oh, seize her."

Mr. Jewett: "If a cube is three feet high and six feet wide and has a volume of seventy-two cubic feet, what is the length?"

Drew: "That's what I want to know, too."

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1. Tell him what you are going to say.
 2. Say it.
 3. Summarize what you said.
 4. Write him a letter.
-

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Hiram: "Acting without audiences is what brought me here!"

Teacher: "James Oglethorpe, an Englishman, established a colony in America for ex-convicts and criminals. Can anyone name the colony?"

Bud: "It must have been Chicago."

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