The OCEANIC

1926

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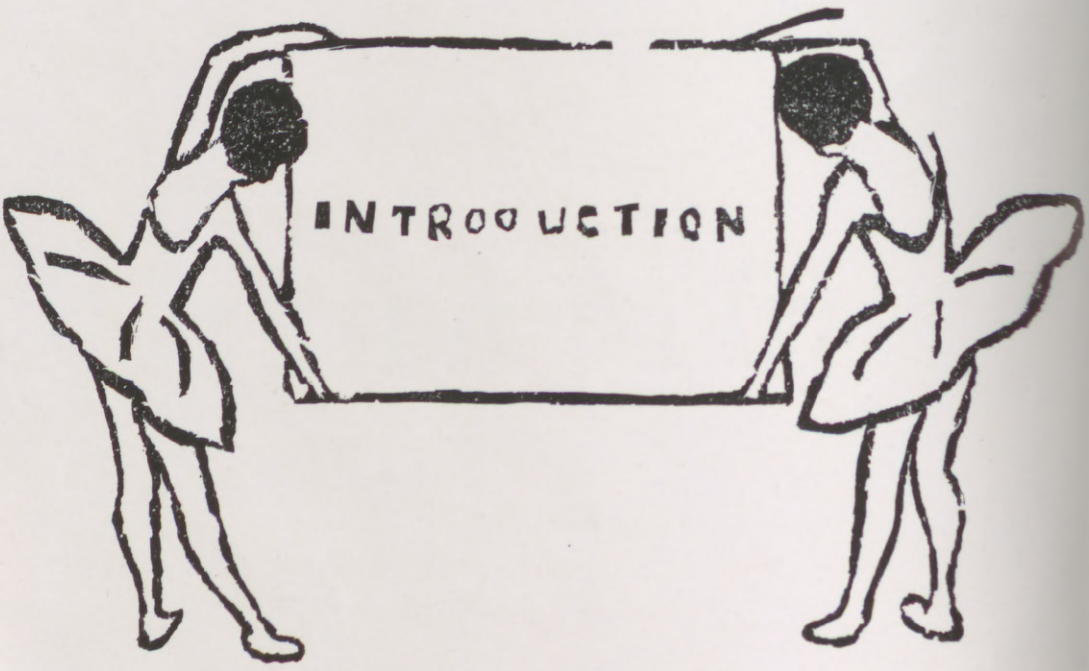
INTRODUCTION

THE OCEANIC

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Old Orchard High School Old Orchard, Maine

Vol. IX March 1926 No. 1

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Dedication

to

Our beloved Friend and Teacher

Mrs. Marie Blackman Gregory

in sincere appreciation

of her years of

faithful service and untiring devotion

to the students

of

Old Orchard High School

we dedicate this issue

of

The Oceanic

MRS. MARIE BLACKMAN GREGORY

In Memoriam

In loving tribute to the memory of Judge Percy N. H. Lombard, our loyal friend, a true hearted alumnus, a steadfast upholder of the highest ideals for which the spirit of Old Orchard High School stands.

JUDGE PERCY N. H. LOMBARD

Editorial Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
FRED FOWLER

ASSISTANT EDITOR
CHRISTINE DOLBIER

SCHOOL NOTES
MARGUERITE GUILFORD

ALUMNI
MARION GOODWIN

EXCHANGES
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ATHLETICS
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BUSINES MANAGER
WILLIAM FITZGIBBON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
ARTHUR DUHAMEL

Editorials

THE OCEANIC.

"The Oceanic" is a record to Old Orchard alumni and friends of our activities and interests.

In this issue we have endeavored to put the best of all material. We have taken as our motto in all departments, "Co-operation and Enthusiasm." We have tried to introduce new features and originality. The Literary Department especially has been greatly enlarged.

We shall enter this issue in the state contest for school papers, as we have done for two successive years. Our first issue entered won second prize; with this issue we hope to make good and bring home the first prize.

OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY.

A library is very important in any school. In fact, it seems quite necessary to have a library of some kind.

Our library is very small, yet we ought to be proud of the valuable books which we have in it.

We thank the town very much for the books they have bought us and we are very grateful for the books that have been given us.

As a school, let it be our aim to take good care of the books we have and help in enlarging the number of our collection.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

Student Government is one thing that is not found in Old Orchard High School. Why? I wonder. Many schools have it and it proves successful. It should, for rules made by the students are more easily obeyed by them than those rules laid down for them by others.

Many schools boast that rules made in their schools are rules kept by everyone.

Perhaps you, Old Orchard High School students, have never thought that we too could have a Student Government. However, it is never too late to begin. If other schools have tried it, then Old Orchard High can. What is more, we could make it a success!

September 15. School opened.

BEES IN A BEE-HIVE

Did you ever wander out into the country and discover bees in or about a bee-hive? If you haven't you have no idea how interesting a scene it is.

How busy are the bees as they go in and out the hive! How happy they seem as they come back ladened with honey! How they work together, constantly obeying the queen! How proud they are of their little hive! Small it is, but it is their home. They all are truly "busy as bees."

Did you ever stop to think that we could benefit by their example? Let us help to make our school better; always working toward one goal, doing our part in everything, obeying the orders set before us, never heedless of our studies, ever proud of our school, boosting it at every opportunity. If we do this, shall we not possess that "school spirit" of which we are so justly proud?

THE DIPLOMA.

A diploma is a testimonial that the individual who has received it has attained a certain degree of education. It is a great help to the boy or girl who is seeking a position. Many business men will not employ anyone who has not a high school education.

It is said that within itself a diploma is worth only the paper on which it is written, but its real value lies in the energy and the steadfastness of character which is necessary to earn that diploma.

We hope that in the future every boy and girl will have the opportunity and the desire to earn a high school diploma.

Faculty

"Order is heaven's first law."

A Lancaster
H. Dolley

F. Porter
F. H. Jewett

G. Lombard
E. Childs

Our Faculty

Mr. Jewett, Bates '14, A.B. "Prof."

"Let's be quiet."

This is the ninth year Mr. Jewett has been our principal. He is forever working for the good and interest of the school, and with his leadership we have made many improvements.

Miss Lombard, Bates '23, A.B. "Bunny"

"Pay attention to your own work."

Miss Lombard teaches English and History. She is also a coach in Basketball and leader of the Girls' Health Club. Her help is much appreciated by the pupils.

Miss Childs, Colby '25, A.B. "Bill"?

"I think you have plenty to do."

Miss Childs was new to us this year, but we soon found out she was one of us. She has introduced tennis into the school, besides helping us master Latin and French.

Miss Lancaster, Simmons '25, A.B. "Ad"

"No, you can not."

We were very sorry to lose Miss Blackman, but our sadness was turned to gladnes when we really knew Miss Lancaster.

Miss Porter, Maine '25, A.B. "Polly"

"Now we will begin at the beginning."

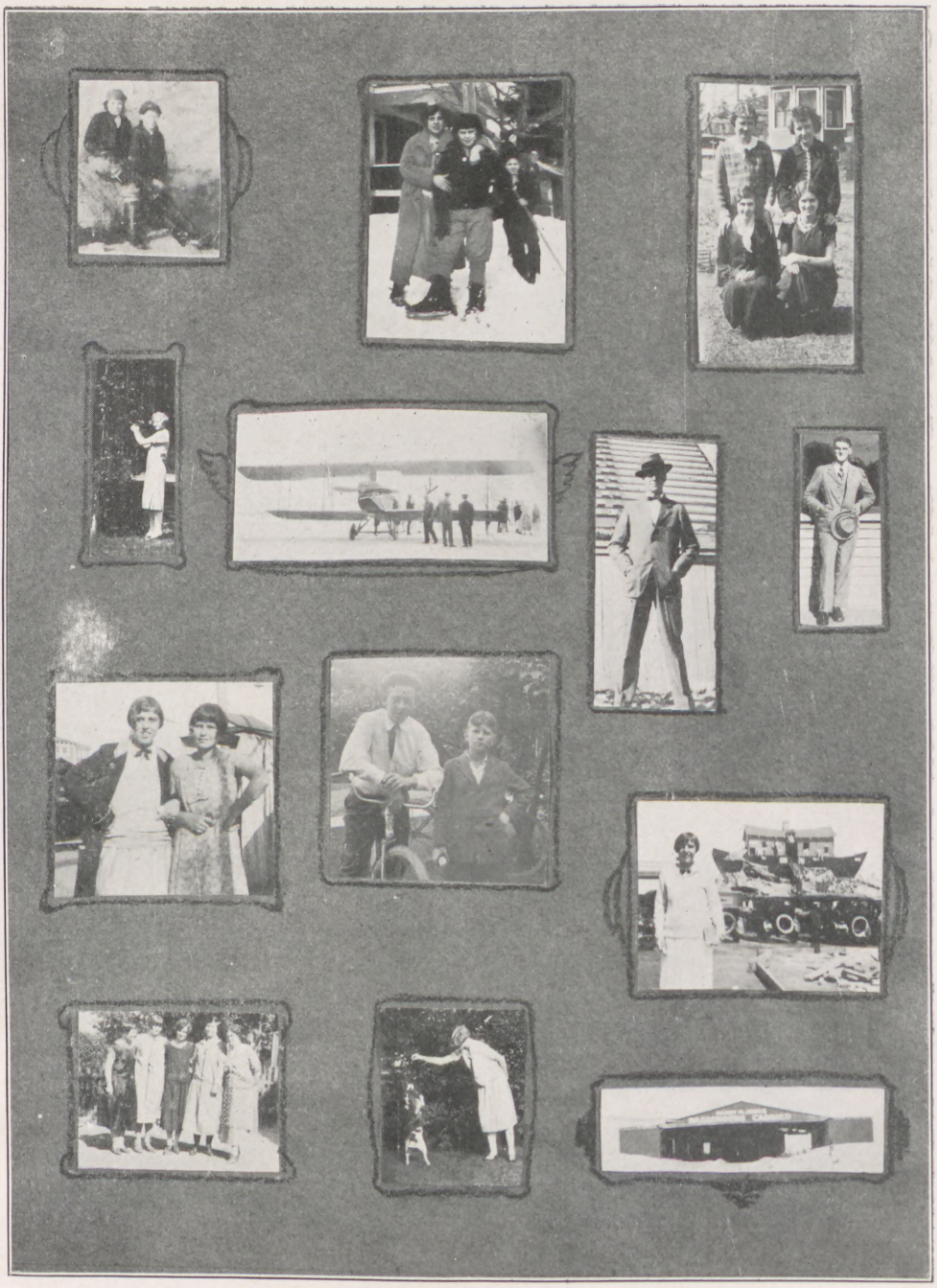
Miss Porter has charge of the Junior High, but part of her time is spent in teaching Freshman Math. and Typewriting. We don't know whose fault it is, but Typewriting has become very popular this year.

Mrs. Dolly. "Dolly"

"Let's settle down to business."

Mrs. Dolly has charge of the school chorus singing and Glee Club. She has also worked up a school orchestra. She always has a splendid program prepared for us, so that we look forward to the music period with great pleasure.

Mrs. Dolly has studied in New York, Boston, and in the New England Conservatory.



Seniors

Success comes to the class who pursue their life work, "with all the heart."

HERBERT LEWIS NICKELS, JR. ("Nick").

"Oceanic" Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (1, 3); School Play (3, 4); Class Secretary (3); Treasurer (4); General Association Treasurer (3); Vice-president (4); American Legion essay contest, local prize (3); Tennis (4).

"Nick" is the boy with the big voice. He has taken part in many school activities and has always been ready to help. At present "Nick's" interest is centered on a college career, and we all wish him good luck.

CHRISTINE DOLBIER ("Christy").

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Secretary of Class (1); Treasurer of Class (2); Vice-President of Class (3); President of Class (4); Prize Speaking (2, 3); School Plays (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Health Club Secretary and Treasurer (2); President of Health Club (3, 4); Health Club Numerals, Treasurer of General Association (4); Orchestra (3, 4); Basketball (2); Volley Ball (3); Tennis (4); Perfect Attendance (3); Treasurer of Glee Club (2); Athletic Manager (3); Legion Essay Prizes, Local second, State third (3).

On June 13, 1909, Christine lighted her way into the world. For twelve years she has struggled along with us through the grades and high school. She has been our most active member. Christine is planning on going to college. Good luck to you, Christine, throughout your college course and afterwards.

LEWIS M. FOWLER ("Lew").

School Play (2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (3); General Association Secretary (3); Class Vice-president (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2).

Lewis is the promoter of our winter carnivals. He is always willing to help and has the interest of the school at heart. His ready smile and constant good nature have made him popular with the upper classes and the hero of the youngsters. Here's wishing you success with the S. & H.

EVELYN CANN ("Pitoots").

Health Club (2); Orchestra (3); Glee Club (3).

"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilights, too, her dusky hair."

Our Evelyn is really a very talented member of our class. Her favorite pastimes are music and toe-dancing. Of course we are not sure but we think that she will soon become a brilliant social butterfly. We are happy to claim her friendship now and we will be very proud of her in later years, whatever she may do. She has already gone ahead of us, for she is the possessor of a sparkling diamond.

FRED A. FOWLER ("Freddie").

"Oceanic" Board (2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (2, 3); School Play (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); General Association President (3, 4); Class President (3); Secretary (4); Basketball (2).

Fred has been the backbone of the "Oceanic" for the last three years. He is one of the most impressive of our public speakers. Besides all these and still other activities, he stands very high in his studies and is exceedingly popular with both the boys and girls, especially the latter. On account of his record in high school we know that he will succeed in whatever he undertakes. Here's wishing you good luck!

MARIAN AUGUSTA GOODWIN ("May").

"Little—but O my!"

Speaking Contest (1, 3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Class President (2); School Play (2, 3, 4); Health Club (2, 4); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Perfect Attendance (2, 3); School pianist (1, 2, 3, 4).

Marian is the smallest in our class in stature only. She is our little actress. She is quite a literary fan and can do French to perfection. N'est ce pas, Marie? We do not know whether she will be a librarian or a French teacher, but there is a bright future ahead of her.

CATHERINE DOROTHY MARSHALL ("Dolly").

"A smile will go a long, long way."

Class President (1); Secretary (2); Treasurer (3); Editorial Board (3); Basketball (2, 4); Volley Ball (3); School Play (3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Health Club (2, 3, 4).

Dolly always greets you with a smile. She is good natured, but always speaks her own mind. There is a saying "Thin ones for pleasure, but fat ones for comfort." May you win the world with your smile.

FAVORITE SAYINGS IN '26.

Marian Goodwin ..... "Linotype it!"
Christine Dolbier ..... "Terms—strictly cash"
Dolly Marshall ..... "When do we start basketball?"
Evelyn Cann ..... "There's no place like home"
Fred Fowler ..... "All's fair in love and war"
Lewis Fowler ..... "Eureka"
Lewis Nickels ..... "Veni, vidi, vici"

As a class, it has always been our motto to "Try, try, again." During the four years we have lived up to that exceedingly well.

We entered high school in the fall of 1922 with ten members and have lost only three of that number in our course. Out of the seven, there are three who have not been tardy or absent for two years and a half, while two othes have kept this record for a year and a half. We have always taken part in the school plays, the speaking contests, and all the other activities of the school.

Now, as Seniors, we look back on the happy days spent in Old Orchard High and are very sorry that this is our last year.

Undergraduates

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Class of 1927

JUNIOR CLASS

We've shifted gears from Sophomores to Juniors this year and hope to shift again in the future. No longer Sophomores and Freshmen, spurned by other classes of superior knowledge and experience, we have earned a place among the Upper Classmen.

Our class numbers twelve, but we're hitting on all twelve and hope to increase the size of our motor by next year.

Class officers as follows:

President: Teddy Mingo.

Vice President: Edna Eldridge.

Secretary: Vera Allen.

Treasurer: Irene Gray.

Back Row, left to right—H. Parish, L. Degrace, R. Murch, W. Fitzgibbon, N. Emmcns, S. Andrews, T. Mingo, A. Jeffries, A. Duhamel, R. Sawyer, E. Lary, J. Peterson, B. Cann.

Second Row, left to right—D. Cole, J. Duhamel, W. Chanakas, G. Grover, A. Harding, F. Martin, N. Mart'n, M. McDowell, N. Fitzgibbon, E. Roberts, W. Marshall, E. Harwood, M. Larochelle, E. King, V. Sutherland, T. Ross, R. Cleaves, E. Collins, N. Davis, L. Shorey.

Third Row, left to right—P. Shorey, E. Eldridge, R. Jeffries, V. Allen, G. Day, A. Collins, M. Leger, L. Lombard, A. Lodge, L. Fowler, A. Snow, G. Berry, D. Snow, M. Guilford, I. Grey, F. Staples, P. Berry, J. Smith.

Fourth Row, left to right—M. Dennis, E. Goldberg, H. Emery, L. Angelosante, V. Degrace, M. Andrews, I. Leger, H. Kane, G. DeGrace, P. Miles, M. Crogan, F. Wahls, R. Parker, H. Brown.

Front Row, left to right—C. Crogan, W. Freeman, P. Foster, D. Marshall, A. Brown, E. Hattersly, A. LeBrun, W. Wood, C. Lewis, T. Tibbets, W. Mingo, W. Freeman, L. Lombard.

Class of 1928

Ten of us left the green horn class to undergo the duties of the Sophomores. We hope that we may enter our Junior year with the same number. We have a greater part of the orchestra in our class. We take part in all the school activities with the old school spirit. Our class motto is, "Watch us Climb;" class flower is rose; class colors are Blue and Gold. Our class officers are as follows:—President, J. Peterson; Vice-President, T. Ross; Secretary, L. Shorey; Treasurer, V. Sutherland.

Names	Nicknames	Favorite Studies
Virginia S.	Babe	School Vamp
William F.	Fitzie	Singing
Elbridge L.	Ebbie	Dom. Arts
Aleck J.	Jeff	Latin
Bernard C.	Dimples	Primping
Flora S.	Flody	Antiques
Ruth C.	Bobby	Physics
Leroy S.	Darrell	Girls
Thelma R.	Teddy	Love
John P.	Pete	Food

This ends the History of the illustrious class of

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Class of 1929

HISTORICAL OUTLOOK OF 1929.

Class Motto: Step by step.

Class Color: Crimson and gold.

Class Flower—Crimson rose.

Our history is chiefly an outlook at present. Alas, we are only Freshmen. We are enjoying ourselves, nevertheless. We like the variety of studies, the new responsibilities, our larger and more numerous activities. Our history is only in the making, but every one of the seventeen of our Class is determined that his and her part shall be done in such a way that the outlook of Old Orchard High will be brighter because of 1929.

Our class officers are:

President: Lilly Fowler.

Vice President: Arthur Duhamel.

Secretary: Annie Collins.

Treasurer: Raymond Sawyer.

Class of 1930

School started September 18, 1925. There are fourteen pupils in our class. There are three new teachers this year: Miss Porter, Miss Childs, and Miss Lancaster. Miss Porter took Mrs. Cushman's place. Miss Lancaster took Miss Blackman's place the last of September. Miss Childs is our history teacher. We had charge of the ice-cream table at the fair. Our class colors are orange and black. The class officers are:

President: Wesley Mingo.

Vice President: John Duhamel.

Secretary and Treasurer: David Marshall.

Class of 1931

GRADE SEVEN

We are happy to be in Old Orchard Junior-Senior High School although we are its youngest members. Our class of thirty-five is striving to make our number count for the best in all school activities.

President—Phillip Foster.

Vice-President—Lorimer Lombard.

Secretary—Naomi Martin.

Treasurer—Irene Leger.

Alumni

A GREETING.

We bring you the greetings and congratulations
  Of the Alumni Association of Old Orchard High,
And as you go on your mission throughout our loved nation
  Perhaps some Alumnus will see you go by.

For there are more than a hundred throughout the land scattered
  From our own fair Atlantic to the far western coast,
From Canadian border to Rio Grande River
  And cypress and coral of which Florida boasts.

I'm sure they would notice the splendid appearance
  Of the old home town paper of Old Orchard High,
And think with a smile of the old "High School Sparkle"
  And the changes that come as the years have passed by.

We would bring you a message from every Alumnus,
  But the list,—it would make my story too long;
There are so many that we have lost sight of
  And some have solved the great mystery of the life that's beyond.

But those that we've followed, we're proud of their record
  From the pioneer class to the most recent date;
Each a success in whatever vocation
  Whether rendering service in church or in state.

Maybury has been many years apart from us
  To positions in life he has ever been true,
And given himself to his church as a layman
  Ever willing to serve in the good he can do.

And Edith, his sister, though long ago with us,
  We are proud of the successes she's met
In work educational, she's giving life's service.
  To her, honors have come that we'll not soon forget.

Lyons chose the splendid vocation of farmer
  On his fertile acres of land,
And makes the desert rejoice like the race
  For everything grows at his hand.

And here are the Wights who fitted right here at Old Orchard High
And here they have lived and prospered, as the years have gone quickly by—

And the Whitmans, Rev. J. Fremont, in the church where his labors are known.
As an orator, apart from sound preaching, he's famed for his sweet silver tone.
And Charlotte, his younger sister, now in a home of her own.

And the next generation of Whitmans, true to Old Orchard High;
Katherine, now at Bates College to prepare for life's work by and by.

September 25. Freshman Reception held in Town Hall.

And there are the Crowleys, Johnny and Bill,
  Who render good service, whatever the need;
They can always be depended upon,
  In school, business or church, and we're sure they'll succeed.

The Cleaves girls, five in number, have passed the high school test;
Each one useful in her calling, filling life with cheer and zest.

The Worcesters and Wings, the Emmons and Marshalls;
  Places of trust they're all called to fill.
McPhee now in Boston, Harry Duff down in Texas,
  All the problems of life they work out with a will.

The Snows, we all know of their lives and successes,
  Only Clyde remains with us, to every good he is true.
While Merton preaches the gospel, and many lives blesses,
  Chester, a business man in the South, wins confidence too.

Ollie Pillsbury, one that honors out where the West begins,
Librarian in a big city, the friendship of many she wins.

And Eleanor Wright, we remember, she went on the stage for a time
But now she has husband and children, off in a far distant clime.

The Mewers all were graduates, in the war went over seas,
Clinton is one of our business men—Wesley, Judge Mewer, if you please.

And now come the Allen sisters, Jennie, Sadie, and May,
Most courteous as "Hello girls," on duty every day.

Lewis, Lary, and Gilbert at the University of Maine.
  Iva Lutz a successful teacher, now in Haverhill, Mass.
Teachers, matrons and nurses, none are working in vain,
  School days back in Old Orchard taught them their work must pass.

The Benways, Karl and Dayton, at the head in work or play
Now writing ads to boost our town, or insurance every day.

There's Geraldine Waterman with love for all nations
  And those now in darkness, she's longing to cheer;
When the ship comes to bear her across the broad ocean
  We'll bid her "God Speed," as she goes without fear.

And Goodkowsky known as "Babe" in his class
  Will soon be at Harvard for the study of law.
How would you feel to have sentence pronounced
  By Goodkowsky—the judge—Wouldn't it fill you with awe?

The last message we bring, is from the only two members
  Of Old Orchard Alumni, of young cupid the prey;
George Kirkpatric and Edith, lovers from childhood,
  In rich wedded bliss they're living today.

Full twenty-one years, as an organized body
  We've fostered good feeling as the years have gone by,
And altho we're back numbers, the best we would wish you,
  Your friend, an Alumnus of Old Orchard High.

October 1. Miss Blackman presented piece of silver by school.

LIST OF GRADUATES OF THE OLD ORCHARD HIGH SCHOOL.

1885—Lizzie L. Maybury (Milliken) (Deceased).
Gilbert H. Maybury, Portland, Maine.
Allie M. Banks (Mrs. John C. Rich).
Mamie McAllister (Mrs. Charles A. Buck).
Nellie L. Guilford, Old Orchard, Maine.
Alvin G. Lyons, Old Orchard, Maine.
Alice Towle (Harmon), Waverly, Mass.
Lillie Jameson (Mason) (Deceased).
Roland J. Lane.
1890—Percy F. Googins, Kennebunk, Maine.
Willie Guilford (Deceased).
Walter Phillips (Deceased).
Martha Hancock (Deceased).
Florence P. Leavitt (Adams).
Mae Brown Pitman (Deceased).
Edith A. Maybury.
1892—Wymie E. Dresser (Milliken) (Deceased).
Emily Fiske (Cram), Old Orchard, Maine.
Minnie Robinson (Deceased).
Agnes M. Duff (Scammon), Portland, Maine.
1896—Grace Dennet (Milliken), Old Orchard.
1897—Ollie E. Pillsbury, Chicago, Ill.
Percy N. H. Lombard (Deceased).
John W. McPhee, South Boston, Mass.
Clement P. Wight, Old Orchard.
1898—Lena G. Wight, Old Orchard.
Henry P. Duff, Houston, Texas.
1899—Margaret P. West, Boulder, Col.
Nellie I. Maddox (Martin), South Portland.
Rev. J. Fremont Whitman, Minneapolis, Minn.
1901—Ethel M. Wight, Old Orchard.
Clyde R. L. Snow, Old Orchard.
Rev. W. Merton Snow, Concord, N. H.
1902—Catha L. Gorham (Sears), Old Orchard.
Eleanor M. Wright (Rainmuth), Los Angeles, Calif.
Charlotte M. Whitman.
1903—Inez M. Dean (Marshall).
Langdon Chandler (Deceased).
1904—Grace Cheney.
Fannie C. Emmons, Old Orchard.
George E. Kirkpatrick, Portland, Maine.
Edith E. Luce (Kirkpatrick), Portland, Maine.

October 2. Health Club Have Bacon Bat on beach.

1905—Bertha M. Wing, Old Orchard.
Mabel A. Worcester, Old Orchard.
Chester C. Snow, Daytona, Florida.
Michael M. Dunlea, Westbrook, Maine.
1906—Lena E. Wing (Maloy), South Portland, Maine.
Raymond L. Emmons, Old Orchard.
Alice E. Chute (Smith), Saco, Maine.
1908—Lois M. Thomas, Old Orchard.
Wesley M. Mewer, Old Orchard.
1909—Henry F. Worcester, Old Orchard.
Lillie D. Clark (McSweneey), Old Orchard.
1911—Grace Wing (Tisdale), Portland, Maine.
1912—Alonzo Tibbetts, Biddeford, Maine.
J. Harold Hague, Springfield, Mass.
Gladys Byron (Gourville), Portsmouth, N. H.
Edward Perkins, Boston, Mass.
1913—Lena E. Glazier (Downey), Maynard, Mass.
Elizabeth Murphy, Old Orchard.
Fay Batchelder, St. Petersburg, Fla.
1915—Helene Libby (Day), Saco, Maine.
Helen Crowley (Deceased).
Harold Burnham, Miami, Fla.
Gladys Kirkpatrick (Deceased).
Hazel Cleaves (Davis), Ocean Park.
Elizabeth Scripter (Mingo), Waterville, Me.
Cecil Scripter.
1916—Ruth Hutchinson (Angis), Old Orchard.
Clinton Mewer, Old Orchard.
1917—Harriet Cleaves (Andrews), Old Orchard.
Emma Murphy, Old Orchard.
Edward I. Lord, Old Orchard.
1918—Iva Lutz, Haverhill, Mass.
Mildred Clark (Kasper), Old Orchard.
Helen Robinson (Gray), Old Orchard.
Florence Cleaves (Lombard), Saco, Maine.
1919—Lena Goldberg, Boston, Mass.
Martha Morris (Robinson), Portland, Maine.
William Crowley, Old Orchard.
Earnest Baker, Pine Point.
Ada Conary, East Blue Hill, Maine.
1922—Lillian F. Cleaves, Old Orchard.
Mae Allen, Sanford, Maine.
Richmond Lord, Old Orchard.
George Lary, Old Orchard.
Walter Cockerille, Old Orchard.
John Crowley, Old Orchard.

October 2. "Athletic Fun Fest" held in the Town Hall.

1923—Jennie M. Allen, Old Orchard.
Sadie F. Allen, Old Orchard.
Phyllis Huff, Old Orchard.
Katherine L. Whitman, Old Orchard.
Francis Burnett.
Zora W. Fowler, Saco, Me.
Carl H. Lewis, Old Orchard.
Helen D. Mewer (Perley), Texas.
1924—Harvey D. Benway, Old Orchard.
Thelma I. Cleaves, Old Orchard.
Mahlon P. Lary, Old Orchard.
Alma L. Emmons, Old Orchard.
Helen Marshall, Old Orchard.
Reginald Lewis, Old Orchard.
Gilbert I. Luce, Old Orchard.
1925—Geraldine Waterman, Portland, Me.
Karl Benway, Old Orchard.
Harold Goodkowsky.

ALUMNI OFFICERS FOR 1925

President: Katherine L. Whitman.
Vice President: Mahlon Lary.
Secretary: Mabel A. Worcester.
Treasurer: Clyde R. L. Snow.
Auditor: Emily F. Cram.
Arrangement Committee: Grace Milliken, Richmond Lord, Fannie Emmons.
Entertainment Committee: Grace Milliken, Phyllis Huff, Alma Emmons.
Nominating Committee: Katherine Whitman, Zora Fowler, Nellie Guilford, Thelma Cleaves, Edward Lord.
Visiting Committee: Edith Kirkpatrick, Clinton Mewer, Percy N. H. Lombard.*

* Deceased.

LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERS.

(Prior to High School and Class of 1901.)

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

* Deceased.

October 28. The tennis finals were played off.

School Notes

School Notes

March 18. The speaking contest was held at the Town Hall. The program for the evening was as follows:

Elbridge Lary ..... How "Rube" Played
Thelma Ross ..... Commencement
Lewis Fowler ..... Valley Forge
Marion Goodwin ..... A Railway Lesson

Glee Club Selection

Arthur Lewis ..... Lafayette
Edna Elbridge ..... Marguerite
Lewis Nichels ..... Pompeii
Marguerite Guilford ..... Old Ambrose

Glee Club Selection

Fred Fowler ..... Lincoln at Gettysburg
Christine Dolbier ..... Joan Dacosta
Karl Benway ..... The Greater Republic
Geraldine Waterman ..... How the Whale Got His Throat

Orchestra Selection

The decision of the judges was given and the medals were awarded. The winners of the first prize were Geraldine Waterman and Karl Benway. The winners of the second prize were Marion Goodwin and Arthur Lewis. These prizes were bronze medals.

September 15, 1925. Old Orchard Junior and Senior High School opened with the record attendance of one hundred and one pupils enrolled. The speakers for the morning exercise were our Superintendent, Mr. Heald, the Chairman of the School Board, Mr. Snow, and Rev. J. E. Clancy.

September 22. Mr. Marsh, representing the Curtis Publishing Company, visited our school. He suggested a plan by which we could earn money for our school building by selling three magazines—"The Country Gentleman," "The Ladies' Home Journal," and "The Saturday Evening Post."

September 25. The Freshman Reception was held in the Town Hall. Nearly all the high school students were present. After all had met the faculty in the receiving line, games in the form of a State Track Meet were enjoyed by all. Sandwiches, lollypops, and lemonade were served as refreshments.

October 29-30. School closed for Teacher's Convention.

September 29. End of the Curtis Publishing Company's Contest. One hundred and thirty-three subscriptions were sold.

October 1. The Health Club had a Bacon Bat at Lion's Den. After the girls had sung several Health Club Songs, a silver cream spoon was presented to Miss Blackman as a farewell gift.

October 2. The Junior Class made up the program for the morning exercise, a duet was played by Miss Lombard and Miss Childs. At this time the school, represented by Irene Gray, presented Miss Blackman with a silver pie knife as a parting expression of the school's appreciation and regard.

November 9. The Health Club went on a Hare and Hound chase.

November 17. Work was started on play. All the cast was present.

November 23. Dr. Pepper examined pupils. The examination was of teeth, throat, and heart.

November 25. School closed for recess of four days for over Thanksgiving.

November 30. School re-opened for three weeks of school before Christmas.

December 3. Dr. Brown examined the pupils' teeth. There was a great improvement in the teeth this year over last. Many more perfect teeth were found this year than of any previous year.

December 4th, the annual School Fair and Play was held at the Town Hall and was very successful. The six booths did unusually well.

The play was a great sucess. The name of the play was "Patty Makes Things Hum."

The cast was as follows:

Hyacinth ..... Flora Staples
Mrs. Greene ..... Christine Dolbier
Mrs. Smith ..... Vera Allen
Captain Little ..... Fred Fowler
Captain Braithwaite ..... Aleck Jeffries
Helen Braithwaite ..... Ruth Cleaves
Patience Little (Patty) ..... Marion Goodwin
Mr. Greene ..... Lewis Nickels
Mr. Smith ..... Lewis Fowler
Hope Dunbar ..... Thelma Ross

December 8. Girls started basketball practice.

There were three acts. The first act was in the living-room of Mrs. Greene's home. The second act was the same as the first. The third act was an out-door scene. The proceeds of the play went to the Senior Class.

December 16. The Misses Lombard, Lancaster and Childs gave the seniors and juniors a party in Miss Lombard's room in the high school building. Games were played by all. Nearly all of both classes were present. Refreshments of chicken patties, cookies, and punch were served. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all those who attended.

December 17. The Health Club met at the home of Ruth Cleaves to sew on Christmas stockings for Portland branch of Junior Red Cross. These stockings were to be filled with things for the entertainment of the wounded ex-service men in hospitals and homes.

The committee for the entertainment of the evening was, M. Goodwin. The topic for the evening was "Exercise." Miss Childs demonstrated.

December 18. Six folios of school work and letters for international exchange were sent to the Red Cross Rooms.

December 18. The school had a Christmas Tree in the afternoon. Each scholar received at least one present. While Santa Claus and Jack Frost (Flora Staples and Gladys Day) delivered these, all enjoyed eating bags of candy. Irene Leger did a fancy dance and Virginia Sutherland showed us some of the steps of the Charleston.

December 18. School closed today for a two weeks' vacation over the Christmas holidays after a very successful term.

January 19. The three upper classes gave the Freshmen a party for perfect attendance. The Freshmen had a larger percentage present than the three upper classes combined. The contest of perfect attendance started at the first of the year and lasted until Christmas vacation. Games were played by everyone present. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, punch and cookies. All spent a very enjoyable evening.

January 21. The Health Club met at the home of Christine Dolbier. The subject for the meeting was "Fresh Air." Those of the committee were Erma Collins, Delia Snow and Thelma Ross. A booklet of pictures was made to send to children in a fresh air hospital. Refreshments were served of ice cream and cookies.

Exchanges

Exchanges

"The Academic Observer," Utica Free Academy, Utica, New York.

"The Academy News," Hartland High School, Hartland, Maine.

"The Arcturus," Caribou High School, Caribou, Maine.

"The Bates Student," Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

"The Blue Owl," Attleboro High School, Attleboro, Mass.

"The Burdett Lion," Burdett College, Boston Mass.

"The Crescent," Samuel D. Hanson High School, Buxton Center, Maine.

"The Dumbbell," Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

"Emerson College News," Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Massachusetts.

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

"The Islander," Bar Harbor High School, Bar Harbor, Me.

"The Kalamazoo High School News," Kalamazoo High School, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"The Northland," Washburn High School, Washburn, Me.

"The Olympian," Biddeford High School, Biddeford, Me.

"The Pennsylvania Triangle," University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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

"The Puvian," Portland University, Portland, Maine.

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

"R. H. S. Searchlight," Richford High School, Richford, Vermont.

"The Signal," Thomas Jefferson High School, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"The Shreveport High Life," Shreveport High School, Shreveport, Louisiana.

"The Spectator," West Waterloo High School, West Waterloo, Louisiana.

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

"The Wichitian," Wichita High School, Wichita, Kansas.

"The Windiman," Windham High School, Windham, Me.

WHAT YOU THINK OF US

"Oceanic" We feel acquainted with all of you,
On account of your pictures, you know,
We're glad you got the state contest prize,
The paper surely can't be ranked low.

"The Windonian," Windham Center, Maine.

"Oceanic" — "The Oceanic" of the Old Orchard High School is one of the best papers that we have seen. "Puvian," Portland University, Portland, Maine.

"Oceanic"—The quotations and cuts are an asset to your attractive Year Book. "Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

WHAT WE THINK OF YOU

"The Wichitan," Wichita High School, Wichita, Kansas. We admire the great number of pictures in your book.

"R. H. S. Searchlight," Richford High School, Richford, Vermont. An interesting paper. Call again.

"The Pennsylvania Triangle," University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. You have a very good magazine.

"The Blue Owl," Attleboro High School, Attleboro, Massachusetts. A very good Literary Department.

"The Academician," Utica Free Academy, Utica, New York. Your book is well arranged.

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

H. A. Walter

Athletics

Athletics

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Tennis is a new sport introduced this year under the supervision of Miss Childs. All who wanted to play tennis could practice daily during tennis periods right after school on the Old Orchard House Courts. Mr. Currier, of the Old Orchard House, made it possible for the use of the courts. The practicing continued throughout September and October. All who had had ten practices could enter into the tournament. The third week of October the semi-finals were played off by both boys and girls. Edna Eldridge and Christine Dolbier finished in the semi-finals for the girls. Robert Murch and Lewis Nickels for the boys. The finals between Murch and Nickels were played off Wednesday, October twenty-eighth, at two o'clock. The exciting sets made Murch victor 6-2 on the first set and 6-0 on the second.

BASKETBALL

The first game of the season was played with Scarboro at Scarboro. Our girls lost by a score of 35-7, although they played hard.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
T. Ross, rf	2	1	5
E. Eldridge, lf	1		2
C. Dolbier, c			
R. Jeffries, c			
L. Lombard, sc			
I. Gray, sc			
R. Jeffries, rg			
C. Marshall, rg			
L. Lombard, lg			
F. Staples, lg			
			7

S. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
McKinney, rf	7	1	15
D. Oleson, lf	10		20
Bowley, c			
Wentworth, sc			
Lary, rg			
Erkhart, rg			
E. Oleson, lg			
			35

The second game was played with Kennebunkport at Kennebunkport. Our girls lost. The score was 28.10.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
T. Ross, rf	1		2
E. Eldridge, lf	3	2	8
C. Dolbier, c			
I. Gray, sc			
F. Staples, rg			
G. Day, rg			
			10

Subs.: A. Lodge, R. Cleaves.

K. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Wakefield, rf	8		16
Seward, lf	6		12
Clough, c			
Twombly, sc			
Sawyer, rg			
Seavey, lg			
			28

For the third game the girls played Cape Porpoise at Old Orchard. They played a good game on their own floor and won by a score of 33-21.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
T. Ross, rf	7	1	15
E. Eldridge, lf	9		18
R. Jeffries, c			
I. Gray, sc			
F. Staples, rg			
G. Day, lg			
Sub.: L. Lombard.			
			33

Cape Porpoise	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
F. Newman, rf	9		18
M. Cluff, lf	1	1	3
L. Stanley, c			
M. Gott, sc			
E. Newman, rg			
R. Twambley, lg			
			21

Subs.: Landry, Denstadt.

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any particular plan;
Nor blest with any peculiar luck—
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question, he does not "guess;"
He knows and answers "No" or "Yes."
When set to a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles till he's put it through.
So he works and waits till one fine day
There's a better job with larger pay;
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the men whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor or trouble shirks;
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
The man who wins is the man who tries.

Literary

Literary

THE ECCENTRIC AUNT.

I swung onto the step just as the train started to pull out. It had just dawned on me the meaning of my room-mate's last words, "I forgot to tell you that she is very eccentric." Eccentric! Horrible! These two words were synonyms in my vocabulary. However, I could not turn back. No, I would stick it out. I had not been in love with the scheme of impersonating my room-mate to an aged aunt, but my room-mate couldn't leave college, and the aunt must be visited.

The journey was short, with none of the terrible accidents I had prayed for. As I stepped into the station, a hand tapped me lightly on the back and a soft voice called my room-mate's name. I turned languidly, only to jump back, shuddering. A Chinaman! All Chinese seemed eccentric to me. He appeared not to notice this, but led the way to a car waiting at the curb. This car was driven by a Chinese chauffeur!

There is an old adage about familiarity breeding contempt. This was not the case with me, for when I arrived at the house it seemed fairly teeming with the loathsome yellow-skins. A Chinese butler met me at the door and, in fact, when I saw the shuffling Mongolians in every room I entered, I was nearly frantic.

Even the rooms themselves—but let me give you a brief description of the place. It was situated far out in the country. The broad green fields surrounding the house stretched away in a gradual slant to a dense forest, in which every tree appeared to have the same height and color. Nearer, the gardens of beautiful flowers were arranged in such wonderful designs and with such perfect order that they must have been laid out by the gods. The house, I should have said mansion, was painted a spotless white, with dark green blinds on huge windows set at exact distances from each other. In fact, one word would describe it all: Regular. I immediately decided that one of the aunt's eccentricities, and certainly not a strange one for an old maid, was regularity.

This idea was soon shattered, for when I entered the house I found that it was full of small rooms that had the appearance of untidiness. They were clean enough — one could not find a speck of dust anywhere — but not a piece of furniture was in place. This fact was accentuated by the rooms themselves. The walls numbered anywhere from three to eight, and were covered with gruesome pictures painted on

the wall itself. It was also impossible to pass from one room to another without either ascending or descending three or four stairs. The rooms were dim and full of shadows. Adding to this the gliding forms of the hated servants, it was indeed a spooky place. Just as one word would describe the exterior, one word would describe the interior: Irregularity.

Finally, I was ushered into the presence of the eccentric aunt. All the way on the train I had been forming a picture of her. She would be an old, wizened-up lady, with a scarce amount of white hair, old-fashioned goggles and a high, shrill voice. She would be attended by old servants in ancient livery. She would either be in a creaking wheel-chair or an antique, high posted bed. After my arrival, the opinion vanished. I decided not to be surprised at anything. I wasn't. She seemed to fit in naturally with her surroundings. As I entered the room she stood in front of a fireplace. A huge Chinaman slouched before her. He was jabbering something that by his attitude appeared to be an alibi. She was evidently disgusted with him, for, turning, she picked up a blazing ember and deliberately hit him in the face with it. Altho he must have suffered the most horrible pain imaginable, he did not move a muscle. With one hand she threw the stick back into the fire and with the other pushed the poor creature, with a burn on the side of his face as big as the palm of my hand, toward the door. Then she looked at me. It was too much for my pent up nerves to stand. With tears in my eyes, I dropped on my knees and confessed the whole scheme, at the same time pleading to be led from the terrible labyrinth. She granted my request willingly enough, but swore dire revenge on my poor room-mate.

Lewis Nickels, '26.

WHEN THE ONE YOU LOVE LOVES YOU.

Down Memory Lane in Sunny Tennessee came Little Blue Eyed Sally, who was Too Tired to Follow the Swallow All Alone. So she stayed where the Lazy Daisies Grow.

Her Dream Daddy, who was the caretaker of The Garden of Roses, became alarmed. No Wonder. He kept saying, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally, That Old Gal of Mine." He told Her Dear One, who also became alarmed. He said, "Maybe the Pal That I Loved Stole the Gal That I Loved and, though fearing for her safety, I'm Smiling Through My Tears. Oh, Sally, If You Hadn't Gone Away. I wonder, now, Who's Taking Care of the Caretaker's Daughter."

In the meantime, The Dreamy Melody of the winds in the trees put her to sleep, and she became a Dreamer of Dreams. It was this that made her Linger A While. When she awoke all was dark, because it was Three O'Clock in the Morning.

Her sweetheart at home was saying, "I Wonder Where My Sweetie's Hiding." He searched along the Saw Mill Road, and when he arrived At the End of the Road, he saw his Sally coming through the woods. He ran and, putting his arm gently around her, he whispered in her ear, "Don't You Want a Little Loving? Let Me Call You Sweetheart and I'll Take You Home Again, Pal O' Mine." They walked home, and when they arrived near the End of the Trail she whispered in his ear, "Let Me Linger Longer in Your Arms, I Want a Lot of Loving Because I Love You."

The next day they sailed away In a Little Birch Canoe, and now they have Tea for Two in a Little Rendez-vous.

Irene Gray, '27.

CHINA TOWN.

One day as I was out walking my steps turned toward China Town. Why? Who knows?

The sun was going down in the west and as I looked toward China Town it appeared as if it had been bathed in blood. My heart turned over at the sight.

The place looked deserted, the buildings were so close together; the blinds closed tightly and I wondered if I wasn't dreaming.

Suddenly something happened. All was black. When I came to, my head was aching. Slowly I shook my head, sat up and looked around. My heart turned over twice and then stopped beating for two minutes. The room was lit by one candle, the shadows seemed filled with unknown people. I closed my eyes for a minute. When I opened them the room was black, far darker than the darkest night. I wanted to scream, but my throat felt dry and I couldn't make a sound. Quickly the room filled with light—red, orange, green lights; then one terrible unearthly scream and I was on my feet. Who screamed? The next moment all was black again and when I came to I was lying on a bench in the park. In my hand I found this note, "Come no more to China Town."

"Hip Sang"

Evelyn Cann, '26.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.

(A Sketch)

As my mind wanders back to some of the happiest moments of my life, I recall with pleasure, how, not long ago, I gloried in mountain climbing. To climb mountains and have pleasure in doing so, is and has been a desire of many. To start out at the bottom and gradually work one's way to the goal, the summit, is the ambition of all ambitions.

One crisp November, with the wind blowing gently, the sun shining brightly, and the sky a clear blue with small, billowy white clouds dotting it all over, I decided to make my initial climb. The air, with its crispness and its freshness, was new to me. Surely, the name is appropriate, "THE LAND OF THE SKY," no name could fit it any better. Its atmosphere was pure.

As this is to be my first climb, I choose Beau-Catcher, at the bottom of which lies my home. Beau-Catcher, so called because of the many couples seen on it, is the lowest and nearest, so I naturally choose it. I follow the road until I come to a trail. I decide at once to follow it. After climbing over rocks and stumbling over tangled vines for a time, which seems like hours, I am all out of breath. As my heart is beating extraordinarily fast, I sit down to rest. Suddenly spying another path leading from my right, I decide to explore it. Soon I notice that the path widens. There half a dozen shacks stand in a row along the mountainside. Who lives here, and what for, are my first thoughts. I might as well find out, so I plod right ahead. Soon the path ends and I find myself at the brink of a huge stone quarry in the heart of the mountain. I quickly back away, lest my foot slip and I be pitched headlong into the gloomy waters of the quarry below. A sign on a tree opposite me gives me warning, "PRIVATE PROPERTY, TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW." I must get out of here, for surely I do not want to be caught on anyone's property. After ten minutes of brisk climbing, I reach the summit, having left the quarry and its dark waters behind me. Here I stand on "Lover's Bridge," which divides the mountain, and from which one sees the long, winding road, the city below, and the mountains for miles and miles around. A view well worth the climb. To the left I can see plainly "Pisgah" and "The Rat's Back." Directly ahead lie many mountains, among which I can faintly discern "Mount Mitchell," the highest of them all. To the right I can see lower mountains, which I know extend even to Kentucky. Behind me are

darker peaks, seemingly a dark blue, and below a valley which is still green in places. Below is the ever busy city, extending over miles and miles, but appearing as a miniature city made of doll houses.

The mountains blend perfectly with the sky, for they appear to be a dark blue, "The Blue Ridge Mountains" of western North Carolina. After gazing in silent admiration for a long time, I decide to go home by the railway. Climbing down from the bridge to the road is no easy matter, for huge rocks cover the pathway. After reaching the road, I walk gaily along, humming to myself. Mountain air and views are great spirit revivers. The road is not like other roads, but is forever winding in and out, in and out, always bringing new views to the walker. By and by I hear a splashing and a rushing noise in the distance. Turning a curve abruptly, I behold a sparkling, rushing waterfall of mountain water, falling from the reservoir above. A drink of mountain water by the wayside! Would I miss it? No! I scramble up. After making a cup of my hands, I scoop up the water. How cold it is! How refreshing after my climb! Drinking until I can drink no more, I decide to come this way again. Scrambling down, I soon reach the lower earth and near my home. Turning into my own street, I find myself climbing my own steps at home, at last. Taking a last view of the mountains in the distance, I close the door and sit down to eat a hearty lunch.

B. Ruth Jeffries, '27.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

I awoke early one morning in June to find myself so wide awake that it was no use to stay in bed. It was just daybreak. The dew was slowly disappearing from the glass, the birds were beginning to sing, and the sun had just begun to color the horizon.

It was indeed too lovely a morning to stay in bed. I hurried dressing, went quietly downstairs, found my bird book, and was on my way. How pretty were the flowers that grew by the roadside! How cheerily the birds sang as they busied themselves finding worms and building nests! How proud the trees looked as they swayed to and fro!

I had not gone far when I saw a very narrow path nearly hidden by bushes. My curiosity was aroused. I wandered through the winding lane until I thought it led to nowhere; then, all of a sudden, a tiny clearing came into sight. The path widened and led up to a low rustic gate. This gate was

like the entrance to enchantment. I opened the gate and gasped with amazement. Could it be possible that such a sweet and cosy place existed? The rustic gate surrounded a cottage entirely covered with vines and flowers. A gravel walk bordered with white rocks led up to a little square piazza, which was entirely shaded from the morning sun by morning glories that grew up to the roof. The shack itself was entwined by woodbine and other climbing vines. On each side of the path were beds of dainty flowers that seemed to nod "How-do-you-do" as the breezes brushed them. At the cottage door stood an arch covered with rambler roses sending out fragrance from the many blossoms to all who entered the house. As I was about to enter, I saw above the door a sign, evidently the name of the cabin, "The Rose Bud." What a pretty and suitable name, I thought!

On entering, I felt like "Alice in Wonderland." What perfectly picturesque things were placed here and there! What quaint furniture and rugs of antique designs were arranged in the four rooms! Every room was decorated very prettily with odd souvenirs and old novelties. The kitchen was in perfect order, the dining-room looked very inviting, with even the table set, and the living-room was very cozy, with a lounge in one corner covered with plenty of pillows to make one comfortable. Yes, there was a fireplace, too, filled with large birch logs all ready to light. There, nearby, sat a basket of wood to keep the fire going. The bedroom looked as if it had not been used that night, but I could tell that everything was in proper order. There was a simplicity about the cottage that made one feel at home. It was just a love-nest, and who could be the owner, for there wasn't a soul around?

This question stayed in my mind for some time. Suddenly I realized it must be late. I rushed out the door and, sure enough, the sun was well on its journey, the birds were more quiet, and the dew had all disappeared. I ran home and arrived just as the family began eating breakfast; but to this day I still wonder who could have been the lucky owner of the little Rose Bud.

Christine Dolbier, '26.

RAISING THE DEAD.

(Reproduction of story told by Dr. House.)

A young student just out from college was trying to preach the gospel. His speeches were well chosen and well spoken as far as words and forms were considered; but his voice would not carry. It was very low; almost like a whisper, as though he was afraid even to hear his own voice.

One day, a friend of his, an older minister, told him to practice his sermons out loud. He agreed, saying, "Oh yes, that is very well, but where? I cannot do that in my room, as others will be disturbed."

"Well," said the minister, "go out into the cemetery, and I am sure you will find no one there."

The student agreed. One night, as the moon was shining very bright, he made ready to go to the cemetery, taking his Bible with him. It also happened there were others in the cemetery, a young man and his girl. (Strange, the minister did not see the couple and they were unaware of his presence although they were not twenty-five yards apart.)

The student soon found a place to rest his Bible on a tombstone, the same height as that of a pulpit and where the moonlight shone on it. With just his head appearing above the top of the stone he began to preach in a loud voice about the resurrection and the dead. The young couple seeing only his head and hearing a loud voice, stood up, looked around and then ran in different directions. The student seeing first the girl and then the man was as terrified as they were. Thinking he had raised the dead, he ran all the way home.

When asked why he came home so early he said, "If I can't preach, what can I do? Why! as I was preaching, the dead rose from their graves all around me, and fled."

The young student never found out whether or not he had raised the dead, but he never preached in a cemetery again.

Ruth B. Jeffries, '27.

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE DENTIST.

My first trip to the dentist was a bad one. I went on my bicycle. I arrived there a little early. As I was sitting in the office, I heard the drill going. Just the sound of that drill made me shiver.

When I sat in the chair the dentist looked my teeth over, then he started to drill on one. He put a lot of things in my mouth, and then asked me to talk. All of a sudden he hit the

nerve. I thought he had killed me. Then he put a lot of gold in the cavity, more I thought, than it would ever hold. After he was through he said, "Come up again next Saturday."

"All right," was all I said.

E. S. P. Lary, '28.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE EVENING.

My friend and I were walking through a lonely wood road one evening. We had been to visit my aunt and were taking a short cut home. Suddenly we became conscious of footsteps quite close behind us. We looked around but saw no one. We walked faster, but so did the footsteps. We were really frightened and did not know what else to do but run. As it was early in the evening, we tried to console ourselves with the thought that our follower could not harm us if we only outran him to the main road. We ran as fast as possible, at the same time trying to see who was behind us. When we finally reached the main road, we glanced back and just caught a glimpse of a man slinking behind an old barn which stood a little distance from us. His purpose evidently was to intercept us at a point farther down the road.

Just then, we saw an automobile. We called to the driver who stopped the car quickly. Very fortunately the driver proved to be my chum's brother. He took us home and on the way we told him of our fright.

When we arrived at my chum's, she immediately told her father of our fright. He laughed heartily, which greatly surprised us. Later we found out why he laughed, and indeed it was a good joke. It was he who had frightened us.

Marion Goodwin, '26.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The saying, "Dead men tell no tales" is not true. The murderer is always found out. If he doesn't leave his finger prints, he leaves something he can be traced by.

A case came before Scotland Yard one day. It seemed as if there wasn't a thing to trace the killer by. A young detective was given the case.

He went to the house of the murdered man. Nothing was out of place that he could see. There were no finger prints. The crime had been committed by an expert.

Near the place of the murder lived an old detective, retired from service. He often helped out when a case was very hard. The young detective, we will call him Jack, called on him for some advice, as he was Jack's teacher in the art of trailing men.

"Hello, Jack, how are you making out?"

"Not so well, Mr. Rankins."

"I am not going to help unless it is a case without a clue."

Jack started to tell him about the broken matches he had found on the table, but suddenly decided not to.

"This seems to be a case without a clue all right," answered Jack.

Suddenly Jack turned pale. Mr. Rankins was breaking up matches just the same as the ones Jack had found.

The old detective was the guilty man. He hated the man, Mr. Kink, who had injured him when he was young. Accordingly he had killed him, as he thought, without leaving a trail; but Jack, his own pupil, discovered it.

Murder will out.

Evelyn Cann, '26.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN A BOAT.

It was a cloudy day in September; the waves were dashing high on the rocks, the wind was blowing a fierce gale from the east that lashed the sea into foam. The sea gulls were screaming, answered by the fierce howl of the wind and dull booming of the waves on the rocks.

It happened this way: Our well had run dry and we (Bill, my chum, and I) went over to the mainland to get some water. We shoved the dory off and leaped in. The waves smashed against the boat, threatening to swamp us, but we finally managed to right it and get away from the rocks. When we were half way across to the mainland, we sighted quite a number of seals. As we wanted to get a close look at one, we started to chase them. We sped on and on. So intent were we on the chase that we did not notice time and distance, and when we looked back our island was nowhere in sight. It seemed to us that the ocean had swallowed it up in its fury. After having stopped the chase, we began to notice that the wind was rising and the water began to have a threatening appearance.

I shouted to Bill to look around to see if he could sight the island, but no island was in sight. I began to get a little bit afraid, so started to row furiously, which of course soon tired me out.

At last Bill jumped up and, waving his arms, cried, "Look! Look! There is land off there to the left." Sure enought, there, way off in the fog, we could make out the dim lines of an island.

I began to row faster and faster, till at last we grounded. Oh! what a relief — for in our mad row we had been going around and around our own island and had at last landed on it. This is how my exciting experience ended.

A. G. Jeffries, '28.

Jokes

Personals

DAILY OCCURRENCES IN O. O. H. S.

In One Act.

Scene 1.

Scene: Old Orchard High School grounds.

Time: Just before 8.15 A. M.

Gladys Day (yelling). Hey! throw that ball here, Marguerite. I'm on your side.

Marguerite Leger (shouting excitedly). Here you go, then, catch.

Lewis Fowler. Aw, Jeff! I've got your number. Isn't Patty a nice sweet child? Have you begun taming her yet?

Aleck Jeffries. Oh! Go and lay an egg, will you?

Christine Dolbier. Say! now, Buster, you don't mean to say Curly really could, do you?

(Suddenly a bell is heard ringing—Ding a ling a ling.)

Irma Collins. Ding bust that bell; it never gives me any peace at all.

Scene 2.

Scene: Assembly room on the second floor in the high school building. Piano is in the corner, with the wise old owl sitting on top as it has done for many years, blinking at the students. Principal's desk at the center front, with Mr. Jewett sitting peacefully in it and making a memorandum of those absent.

Time: 8.15

Vera Allen (in a whisper). Marian, do you know that it is your morning to play for morning exercises?

Marian Goodwin (jumping). Gee Whiz, I forgot entirely all about it. (She pulls out her singing books and begins to find some songs.)

Mr. Jewett: Were you talking to Miss Goodwin, Miss Allen?

Vera Allen (demurely). Yes.

Mr. Jewett. You may change your seat.

Vera Allen. Sir?

Mr. Jewett. What was that?

Vera Allen. I did not quite get what you said.

Mr. Jewett. I want you to take this front seat, here on the boys' side.

Vera Allen. Now?

Mr. Jewett. Yes, so that you will not forget to.

Millie Dennis to Vera. Oh, Vera, I wish I were you. (Seeing Mr. Jewett looking her way, she quickly attends to business.)

(Having some songs, Marian walks up to the front board and writes two numbers on it. Pupils are heard coming up the hallways.)

(Marian sidles over to sit at the piano. Bang! She has missed the piano stool, and sits on the floor, but she quickly gets up and sits in the right place. Then she begins to play, "March of the Wooden Soldiers." The Freshmen march in and are seated. Miss Goodwin looks around, and meanwhile stops. She suddenly sees the Junior High coming also, and starts up on "Our Director March" having forgotten the other. When the pupils are all seated, she ends with the "Connecticut March.")

(The teachers are sitting on opposite sides of Mr. Jewett, in the front of the room.)

Miss Lombard. We will sing on page 38, out of the Brown Book, "Questions," which is one of our favorites.

(Miss Goodwin plays very well this time, not making one mistake.)

(At the end of the song Mr. Jewett speaks to Fitzgibbons, saying, "If you can't behave yourself, you may be dismissed.")

(Willie decides to obey.)

Miss Lombard. Turn to page 211, to the eighth selection. (Reads.) Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, etc.

(Repeats the Lord's Prayer.)

Miss Lombard. Sing on page 97, "The Slumber Song," but I'm afraid we won't get much sleep here. (The roof is being shingled!)

(After the song, Miss Lombard gives a very interesting talk on "The Evolution of the Hot Dogs." Many learn a great deal from Miss Lombard's interesting talk. Miss Lombard has visited a frankfort factory during her vacation this summer, and is well able to reveal what she saw.)

(Miss Childs whispers to Miss Lombard, and then announces, "There will be no Tennis practice tonight, as it is too cold.")

(A sigh is heard from those in front.)

(Teachers leave the room.)

(Miss Lombard rings the dismissal bell and nods to Miss Goodwin, who begins to play "Under the Double Eagle March." With this the Junior High pupils march from the assembly room, and the usual routine of the morning follows.)

B. Ruth Jeffries, '27.

Mr. Jewett (in geometry): "Where would you put your compass?"

Bernard: "On the ground."

Mr. Jewett: "Hardly, you all have some thickness to your heads."

Neal Emmons: "You ain't got no brains."

Raymond Sawyer: "No brains? Why man, I got brains I ain't never used."

Professor: "Sawyer, spell professor."

Raymond: "P-r-o-f-f-e-s-s-o-r."

Professor: "Leave out one of the 'f's!"

Raymond: "Yes, sir, which one?"

Mildred Dennis (giving directions to chauffeur): "Go straight ahead to the left."

Did he do it, Millie?

Dolly Marshall: "I hate course dinners."

Christine Dolbier: "What's the matter with them? Are they too fine for you?"

Miss Porter (in Math. I): "What is Evolution?"

Edna Harwood: "The theory that we all came from monkeys."

Miss Childs (in Latin I): "What English words are derived from plurimus?"

Aleck Jeffries (brightly): "Pleurisy!"

One day a ragged, rough-looking peddler called at the home of a respectable family. A small daughter of the house answered his knock. "Is your mother in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered, the child.

"Tell her a gentleman wants to see her," he requested.

"No, sir, I can't. I am never allowed to tell lies," she answered sweetly.

Miss Childs: "If you boys want to talk, I'll give you the floor."

Duhamel (in Math I): "Thirty-five apples divided by five apples equal seven boys."

Sawyer (to Miss Childs in Latin I): "How do you decline two in the singular?"

Teacher: "Why do you always add up wrongly?"
Scholar: "I don't know."
Teacher: "Does anybody help you?"
Scholar: "Yes, my father!"
Teacher: "What is he?"
Scholar: "A waiter!" —Ex.

Flora: "How's your father?"
Ruth: "He has paralysis."
Flora: "I know, but how is he?"
Ruth: "Oh! He's not kicking." —Ex.

This toast to Teddy Mingo,
Who talks all kinds of lingo,
Who wore out both his lamps,
Hunting for postage stamps!

Poet Davis.

Mr. Jewett: "Isn't the wheel larger than the axle?"
Mingo: "No, the axle is smaller."

Mr. Jewett: "What do you measure weight in?"
L. Fowler: "Feet."

Heard in banking:—

Teller: "What was your mother's name before she was married?"
Depositor: "She didn't have any."

Miss Childs: "If anyone finds a pair of sneakers left on the tennis court Friday night, please report it to the desk."

Miss Lombard (in English): "I will put the advance lesson over here on the sideboard (side board)."

Miss Porter (in Math. I): "If you cancel, you won't have to reduce."

Some of our heavyweights ought to take up cancellation.

Mr. Jewett: "Jeffries, wake up."
Aleck: "I can't."
Mr. Jewett: "Why not?"
Aleck: "I ain't asleep."

Mingo: "How do you spell associate?"
Miss Lombard: "Two 's's' and one 'c'."

Mr. Jewett: "What is force measured in?"
Mingo: "Time."

Fred Fowler: "Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried potatoes, and I'll have them lean."
Waiter: "Yes, sir, which way do you want them to lean?"

Mr. Jewett: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."
Neal Emmons: "Why, no, I didn't, professor, not in the least."

Miss Lombard: "Give a sentence with the word 'loquacious' in it."
Bobby Murch: "She bumped into me and I told her to loquacious (look where she was) going."

Doctor (to Sambo who was burning the grass on the lawn): "You're foolish to do that, Sambo. You'll make it as black as you are."
Sambo: "Wal, don't worry, sah. Dat grass'll grow out again as green as you is."

Miss Lombard: "Were you rude enough to laugh out loud?"
Teddy Mingo: "I laughed up my sleeve, but there was a hole in the elbow."

There are two ways of getting through high school; the faculty of working, and working the Faculty.

Students in the Sophomore Class were finding assigned words in the dictionary. The word "silly" had been assigned to one person.
Miss Lombard: "Did you get silly?"

Miss Lombard: "Give a sentence with the word 'icebound' in it."
Bernard Cann: "If I work hard, Icebound to get ahead."

Marian Goodwin: "If you know so much about grammar, what are clauses?"
Simon Andrews: "Easy, they grow on cats."

Mr. Jewett (in geometry): "What is a circle?"
Edna: "A circle is a portion of a plane bounded by a straight line curved in all its points."

First girl: "How can I find her house at night?"
Second girl: "It says 'Day' on her house."
First girl: "Yes, but I couldn't see 'Day' at night."

Mr. Jewett: "I think you might talk a little more intelligently if you had more sleep before coming to class."
Norman Davis: "Yes, sir, but you see, I have only one class before this one."

Marguerite Guilford: "I want to buy some lard."
Clerk: "Pail?"
Marguerite: "I didn't know they had it in two shades."

Mr. Jewett: "Is it good to go in bathing after a hearty meal?"
John Peterson: "No, you won't get it there."

Mr. Jewett: "What do you mean by length?"
Leger: "Width."

A telephone call is often an engagement ring.

Tourist: "Want a ride?"
Erma Collins: "No, I'm walking to reduce."
Tourist: "Well, yer lost. This is the road to Boston."

Bernard, in French, came to a word he did not know.
Miss Childs (prompting him): "Barque (bark)."
Bernard look confused.
Miss Childs: "Barque, Bernard."
Bernard (glancing nervously at his classmates): "Bow-wow!"

Mr. Jewett: "How often does the tide come in?"
Mingo: "Every two hours."

Miss Childs: "The freshmen may pass down stairs now. The boys stay here. The girls can't go yet."

Fred Fowler: "Why do you young ladies like to go to church?"

Ruth Cleaves: "On account of the hymns (hims)."

Mr. Jewett: "What is the difference in depth of low tide and high tide?"
Mingo: "Fifty feet."

Miss Lombard: "After you have written all you can, you may write the rest on paper."

Mr. Jewett: "Is there any pressure on your head?"
Mingo: "Hair."
Mr. Jewett: "Is it heavy?"
Mingo: "When it is wet."

Ruth Jeffries: "What is the usual state of mind of those Domestic Arts girls?"
Edna Eldridge: "About sew, sew."

Marian Goodwin: "How do you get down off an elephant?"
Christine Dolbier: "You climb down."
Marian: "Wrong, you don't get down off an elephant. You get it off a goose."

Miss Lancaster: "What is cold boiled ham?"
Winnie Marshall: "Oh, that's ham boiled in cold water, isn't it?"

Thelma Ross: "One day Edna saw a ghost in her back yard, and going out of the door she began talking to it."
Lily Fowler: "I don't believe it because she wouldn't be able to understand it."
Thelma: "Oh, yes, she could. You know she is studying Latin which is called a dead language."

Favorite expressions of the faculty:—
Mr. Jewett: "Leave the class!"
Miss Lombard: "I'll forgive you this time."
Miss Childs: "Be careful, you're getting noisy."
Miss Lancaster: "NO you canNOT! ! ! ! !"
Miss Porter: "Mingo—! ! ! ! !"

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