

# *The* OCEANIC

1928



The  
Oceanic  
1928



# ~ Introduction ~



# THE OCEANIC

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

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Dedication  
to  
our beloved friend and teacher  
Miss Ethel Childs  
in appreciation  
of her  
services so generously rendered  
we, the students of  
Old Orchard High School  
dedicate this issue of  
The Oceanic



ETHEL CHILDS





R. Sawyer, R. Cleaves, E. Snow, H. Parish, F. Staples, W. Marshall, E. Lary  
L. Lombard, V. Sutherland, W. Fitzgibbons, editor-in-chief, I. Leger, W. Wood

## Editorial Board

### EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WILLIAM J. FITZGIBBON, '28

### ASSISTANT EDITOR

VIRGINIA SUTHERLAND, '28

### ALUMNI

ESTHER SNOW, '28

### SCHOOL NOTES

RUTH CLEAVES, '28

### EXCHANGES

RAYMOND SAWYER, '29

### ATHLETICS

DELIA SNOW, '29

### LITERARY

ELBRIDGE S. P. LARY, '28

### ARTIST

LORRAINE LOMBARD, '29

### PERSONALS

FLORA STAPLES, '28

W. MINGO, '30

M. LEGER, '29

IRENE LEGER, '30

WINIFRED MARSHALL, '29

### BUSINESS MANAGER

HIRAM V. PARISH, '30

### ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

WILLIAM WOOD, '31



## Editorials

### OLD ORCHARD AS AN AIR PORT

For the past few years many planes have visited Old Orchard Beach. Some were brought here by the American Legion Aviation Meets. This year there has been a number of the popular planes land here. Among the planes to land here are the trans-Atlantic planes Royal Windsor, Old Glory, Dawn, The Spirit of St. Louis, and the round the world plane, The Pride of Detroit. At the present time the Hazzard Shoe Company has a hangar here.

The main thing that makes Old Orchard Beach so popular as an aviation field is the fact that it is so smooth and hard, making it possible for heavy planes to take off. Both sea and land planes can land here. There is no doubt but that Old Orchard will be an air port when commercial aviation is developed in this section.

### PARENTS' AND TEACHERS' CLUB

It has been suggested that a parents' and teachers' club be started so that the parents could learn more about what is going on in the schools and also get the teachers views of subjects as well as their children's views.

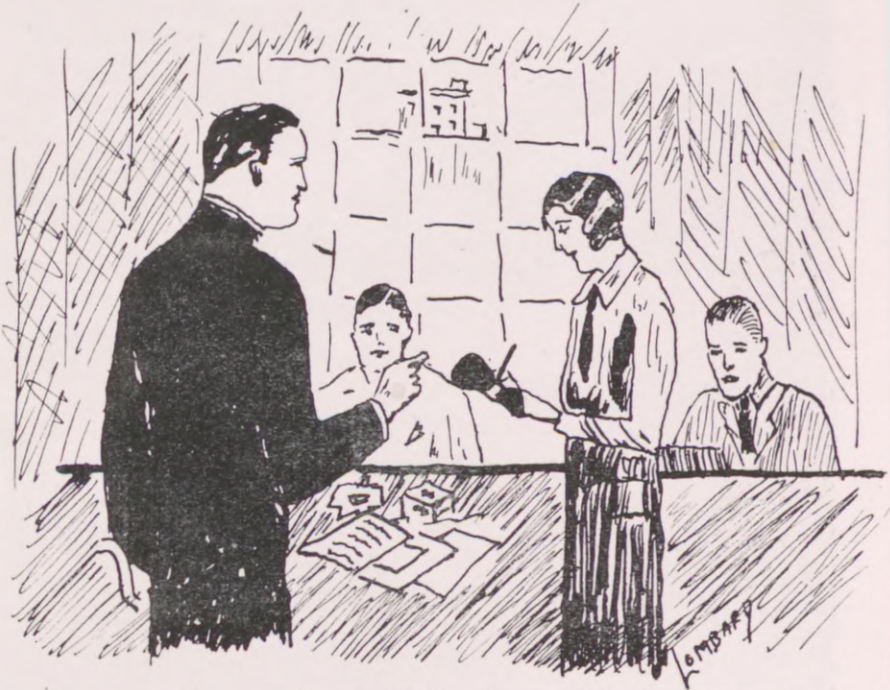
A club of this sort would probably bring in outside speakers who would be a benefit to both teachers and parents. We hope that in the near future this can be arranged.

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### HOME NURSING

This year the Domestic Arts course has been made more interesting by the visits of the county nurse every Friday morning who gives a two-period talk on the care of the sick, the care of babies, first aid and all health subjects. The first of the year county nurse Miss Avery instructed us and lately her work has been continued by Miss Johansen. Any of the girls in High School have the privilege of hearing her talks.

# FACULTY







C. Wyman, F. H. Jewett, H. Dolley  
B. E. Wright, E. Van Ness, S. J. Roberts, W. L. Scott

## MISS VAN NESS "Elsie"

Favorite Expression: "Supposin' you park your gum in the wastebasket."

We are glad Miss Van Ness is here again to teach us how to handle all our business, especially helping us with our "Trial balances." She is the coach of our plays and Public Speaking.

She is a graduate of Emerson College of Oratory.

## MISS SCOTT "Scottie"

Favorite Expression: "Parish."

Although this is Miss Scott's first year with us, she has become one of us. She is a friend of us all. She is our instructor in foreign languages.

She is a graduate of University of New Hampshire.

## MISS WYMAN "Christy"

Favorite Expression: "Now I expect my boys to be good."

We are glad to welcome Miss Wyman back with us again. She is always ready to help us in every way she can.

Miss Wyman is a graduate of Gorham Normal School and has attended a number of summer schools.

## MRS. DOLLY "Dolly"

Favorite Expression: "Thank you very much."

Mrs. Dolly, our music instructor, makes our music pe-

riod a very pleasant one. She also works hard with the orchestra.

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

## MR. JEWETT "Franky"

Favorite Expression: "Let's be quiet there."

Mr. Jewett has been with us many years but he never seems to give up hope. He is always ready with new ideas to improve the affairs of the school.

Mr. Jewett is a graduate of Bates College.

## Miss Wright "Bee"

Favorite Expression: "Now boys."

This is Miss Wright's second year with us and she is just as cheerful and patient this year as last. She is the teacher with the smile.

She is a graduate of Bates College.

## Miss Roberts "Quack"

Favorite Expression: "Let's stop all the talking."

Miss Roberts has been with us two years as Domestic Arts teacher. She is certainly teaching the girls to be good housewives.

Miss Roberts is a graduate of the University of Maine.





## TRUE NOBILITY

Who does his task from day to day  
And meets whatever comes his way,  
Believing God has willed it so,  
Has found real greatness here below.

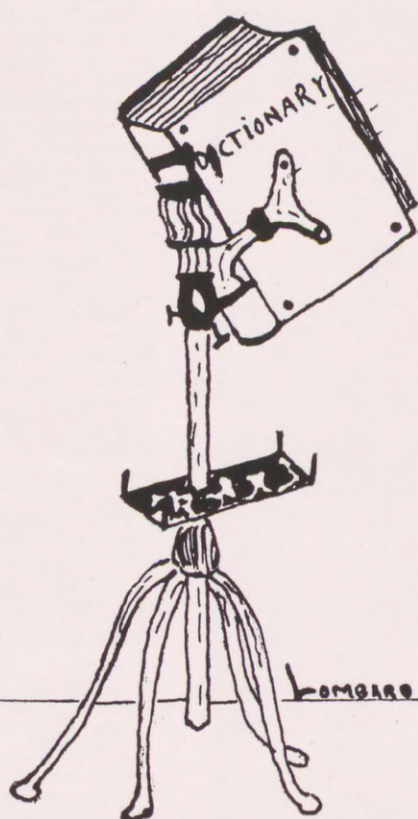
Who guards his post, no matter where,  
Believing God must need him there,  
Although but lowly toil it be,  
Has risen to nobility.

For great and low there's but one test :  
'Tis that each man shall do his best.  
Who works with all his strength he can,  
Shall never die in debt to man.

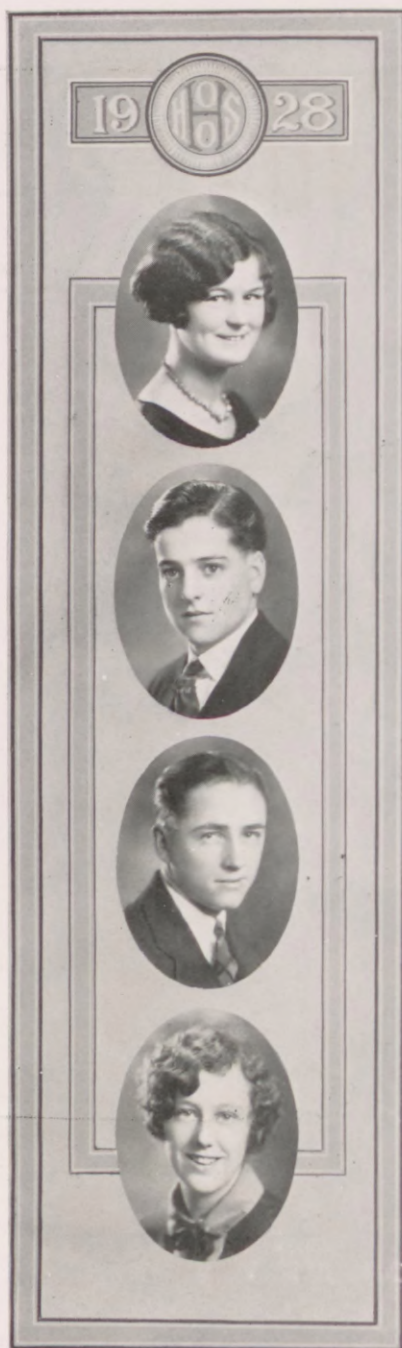
—Edgar A. Guest.



# SENIORS







#### RUTH CLEAVES "Rufus"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Volley Ball (1); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Basketball Manager (4); Health Club (1, 2, 3); Class Treasurer (3); Class Secretary (4); School Plays (2, 3, 4); "Oceanic" Board (4); Banking Teller (4).

"Rufus" is a good student as well as star athlete. She has been the ever shining light in our school activities. Her only weakness is "boys." Who? Oh, no, that would be telling.

#### JOHN PETERSON "Pete"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3); School Plays (3, 4); Tennis (2); President of Class (1, 2, 3).

"For whom do you comb those beautiful locks, neat in their Simplicity?"

"Pete" is the boy with the "golden" voice. He is also talented as an actor. He is always willing to help and is interested in all school activities. We're not sure of his future plans but we expect to hear of him as the proprietor of a well-known hardware store. However, we know he will succeed in anything he undertakes.

#### WILLIAM FITZGIBBON

"Fitzie"

Business Manager (2, 3); Assistant Business Manager (1); Treasurer of General Assembly (3, 4); Class Treasurer (4); Editor-in-Chief (4).

"Haste thee nymph and bring with thee Jest and youth jollity."

"Fitzie" is planning to enter college next fall. His future plans are to be a professor. Here's hoping that ten years from now Old Orchard High will be honored by his professorship. Best wishes from your classmates, "Fitzie."

#### ESTHER SNOW "Snowy"

Plays (3, 4); "Oceanic" Board (4); Health Club (1, 2, 3); Speaking Contest (4); Banking Teller (4); General Assembly Officer (4).

We always envy those who have a variety of accomplishments. Esther is always ready to do her part in typewriting and when it comes to acting she can always furnish us with a laugh. We know that she will be a success in whatever work she may undertake.

### ELBRIDGE P. LARY "Ebbie"

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President of General Assembly (4); Class President (4); School Plays (1, 2, 3, 4); "Oceanic" Board (3, 4). "It's just your type that'll do the trick."

We are not sure just why "Ebbie" wants to go to college for he has his trade handed down from his ancestors—"Ebbie's" the plumber's son. If it's the H<sub>2</sub>O pipe "Ebbie's" the boy to fix it—either for the better or for the worse.

If we need a speaker, comedian, mathematician or musician, you can call on "Ebbie"—he's right there.

### FLORA STAPLES "Flody"

Basketball (2, 3, 4); "Oceanic" (3, 4); Public Speaking (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2); Orchestra (1); School Plays (1, 2); Health Club (1, 2); Class Vice-President (3); First prize in Spelling Contest (3); Captain Basketball Team (4); Tennis (2); Librarian (2).

"Let's give three cheers for our 'Flody' Who entered basketball to win. It surely sounds like good school spirit. But the real cause was to make her thin."

"Flody" is the "Starter" of the class or the girl with all the ideas. Her ambition is to write stories. We know she'll be a success because she is skilled in telling them. As an athlete she's a WOW. "Flody" is well-known as the all 'round good sport.

### VIRGINIA SUTHERLAND

"Babe"

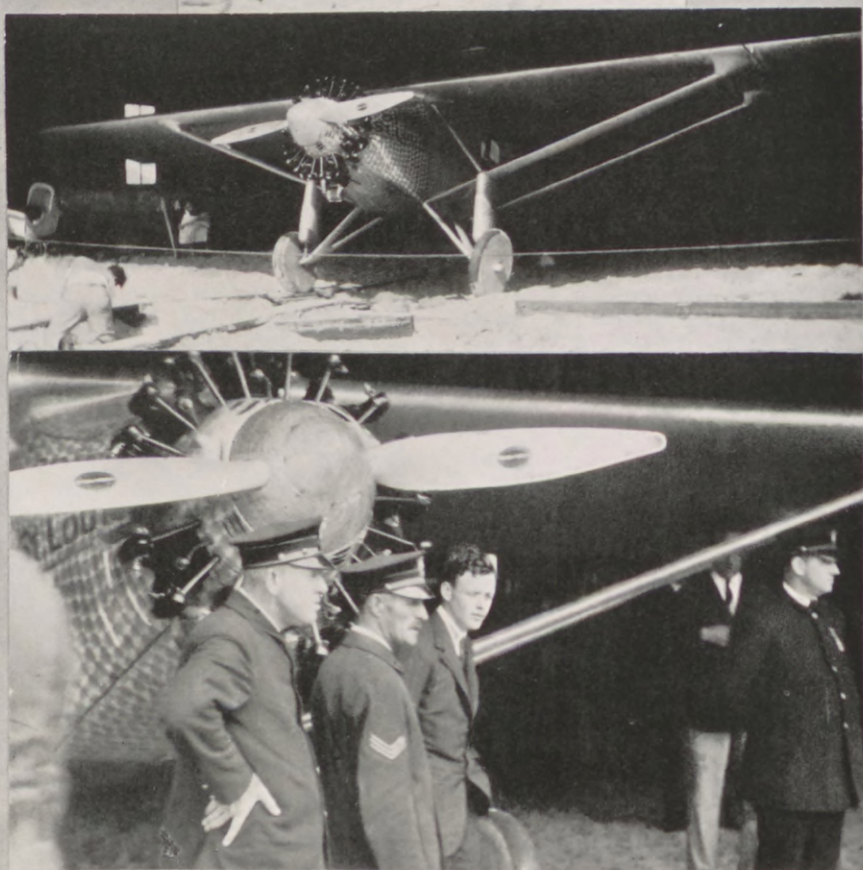
Basketball (1); "Oceanic" (1, 3, 4); Class Treasurer (1, 2); Class Secretary (3); Vice-President (4); General Assembly Secretary (3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader of Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Health Club (1, 2); School Prize (2); Tennis (2); Cheer Leader (4).

"For self-control Babe is a winner. No sweets at all, she must get thinner."

"Babe" is noted everywhere for her talent in musical lines. For six years she has been a professional saxophonist. She puts the "uke" in ukelele and she can certainly pet the ivories on any piano. She is also a talented singer and dancer. No school activity can be mentioned but "Babe" is right there. It is plain to see why she is so popular, always willing to help, always smiling, that's "Babe" every time.







"LINDY" AT OLD ORCHARD





## Class of 1929

Motto: Step by Step.

Colors: Crimson and Gold.

Class Flower: Crimson Rose.

When we started in 1925 we had 18 members but we have decreased until there are only nine left.

As a small class we are well represented in athletics for three of the girls have gone in for basketball.

The Juniors had the candy table at the annual fair.

### CLASS OFFICERS

President: Raymond Sawyer.

Vice-President: Lorraine Lombard.

Secretary: Gladys Berry.

Treasurer: Marguerite Leger.

## Class of 1930

Class Flower: Pansy.

Class Color: Orange and Black.

Class Motto: Be Square.

When we entered High School, September 14, 1926, there were eighteen of us. We are Sophomores now and not quite so green. Our class is now decreased to thirteen, an unlucky number, but we are going to be lucky in the time which we spend in Old Orchard High School.

The class officers are as follows:

President: Wesley Mingo.

Vice-President: John Duhamel.

Treasurer: Hiram Parish.

Secretary: Adeline Conant.



## Class of 1931

Class Flower: Crimson Rose.

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

Class Motto: Strive and Succeed.

On September 13, 1927, the Class of 1931 entered High School as Freshmen. Though we are a trifle green, we hope to improve with age. Twenty-four of us entered and though there are only twenty of us left, we seem to be as noisy as ever.

The class officers are as follows:

President: Nellie Fitzgibbon.

Vice-President: Irene Leger.

Secretary: Paul Glaude.

Treasurer: Alfred Brown.

## Class of 1932

Class Motto: Ever Onward.

Class Colors: Blue and Silver.

Class Flower: White Rose.

In September, we, the Class of 1932, entered the Eighth Grade, to start our High School career, with a class of thirty pupils, but of course since then the number has dwindled.

Our class activities have included taking charge of the cake table at the Annual School Fair, at which time we added a fair amount of money to our class treasury. We have also become members of the Junior Red Cross Society, and at the present time, we are planning to produce a short play to enable us as a class, to donate a sum of money to the American Red Cross Society for its relief work, and thus feel we have done our little bit.

We have also exhibited our numerous talents in several other ways. Once, through the play we put on at our Christmas Tree, for parents, friends, and incidentally for our own amusement, and also once at our Friday Morning Chapel, when we entertained the rest of the school with a short pantomime, entitled "Miss Iva Newway's School."

In entering upon our new class work we met several new teachers, including Miss Wright and Miss Scott. Now that we are acquainted with them we are all getting along very happily together. And we hope, that as we go farther along in our school life, that we will remain as friendly and co-operative a class as we are at the present time.

As we write, Miss VanNess, our homeroom teacher, wished to say, that her Springtime wish for all of us, and you as well, is that one and all has the best of luck during the coming years of school, and a very happy vacation. Also, that as a class, she has enjoyed the Class of 1932 very much.

President: Virginia Yates.

Vice-Presidents: Edna Woodman, Wesley Shorey.

Secretary: Rena Morgan.

Treasurer: Marjorie Watkins.



## Class of 1933

### CLASS HISTORY

#### Class 1933—Grade Seven

Last fall there were twenty-two of us but now there are only fourteen.

This year we are trying to help the other grades at the Elementary Building to earn a piano, which we feel is badly needed for our music work. We have helped with one supper already. We very much appreciate the royal support that was given us to make it a real success.

We have two members who qualified for the gold star in health. The rest of us are doing all that we can to win the gold star before spring.

We are all members of the Red Cross, the Junior division. Last fall we elected the following class officers:

President: Delice Verville.

Vice-President: Donald Feeney.

Secretary: Constance Parker.

Treasurer: Roger Verville.

# A LUMNI





- George Lary '22—Philadelphia, Penn.  
 Zora Fowler '23—Worcester, Mass.  
 Helen Perley '23—Just returned from Texas.  
 Jennie Allen '23—Married—Mrs. James Powers.  
 Sadie Allen '23—Married—Mrs. Harris.  
 Mahlon Lary, '24—Berkeley, Calif.  
 Gilbert Luce '24—Attending the University of Maine.  
 Thelma Cleaves '24—Married—Mrs. Edward Lord.  
 Dayton Benway '24—Scout Master.  
 Harold Goodkowsky '25—Boston University.  
 Karl Benway '25—Cleveland, Ohio.  
 Lewis Fowler '26—Employed in the S. & H., Portland, Maine.  
 Catherine Marshall '26—Employed in the Western Union, Portland, Maine.  
 Lewis Nichols '26—Attending the University of Maine.  
 Christine Dolbier '26—Attending Nasson Institute.  
 Erma Collins '27—Nursing in St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Maine.  
 Vera Allen '27—Attending Gorham Normal School.  
 Irene Gray '27—Attending Westbrook Seminary.  
 Theodore Mingo '27—Attending Gray's Business College.

President—Nellie Guilford  
 Vice-President—John Crowley  
 Secretary—Mabel Worcester  
 Treasurer—Clyde R. L. Snow  
 Auditor—Fred Fowler

#### ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

J. Richmond Lord  
 Fred Fowler  
 Marion Goodwin

#### ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

J. Richmond Lord  
 Florence Lombard  
 Thelma Lord

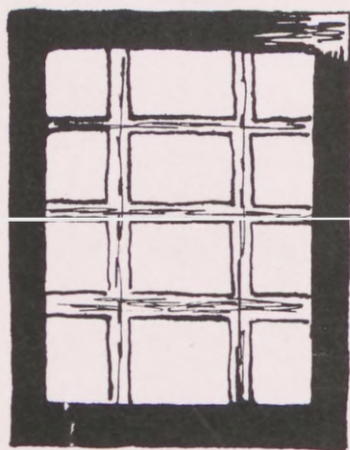
#### NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Nellie Guilford  
 Lillian Cleaves  
 Emma Murphy  
 William Crowley  
 Lewis Fowler

#### VISITING COMMITTEE

Nellie Guilford  
 Fannie Emmons  
 John Crowley

# NOTES





## THE ORCHESTRA

For six years Old Orchard High has been favored with a school orchestra which has earned much commendation under the efficient leadership of Virginia Sutherland.

They have a varied programme of both classical and semi-popular music with excellent rhythm and good tone production for so small an organization.

Much credit should be given to Mrs. Dolly who has so patiently instructed them in all of their work.

The members of the orchestra this year are:

Lorraine Lombard—piano.

Paul Glaude—violin.

Virginia Sutherland—saxophone.

Adeline Conant—violin.

Elbridge Lary—cornet.

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Feb. 18—Cape Elizabeth students gave play in Town Hall.

Feb. 23—Girls' basketball team played the Lady Pepperell team at Biddeford. The score was 42-5, in favor of Biddeford.

Mar. 4—Old Orchard girls played Scarboro girls at Scarboro. The score was 39-4, in favor of Scarboro.

Mar. 11—The play, "The Dutch Detective," was given at Cape Elizabeth. Cast of characters: Elbridge Lary, Vera Allen, Hiram Parish, Flora Staples, John Peterson, Irene Gray, Arthur Duhamel, Marguerite Guilford, Raymond Sawyer, Frances Walls.

Mar. 11—Basketball game at South Portland.

Mar. 14—Girls' basketball team played Sanford (Velmo) team at Town Hall. Score was 14-10, in favor of Sanford.

Mar. 18—Basketball game in Town Hall.



ORCHESTRA

L. Lombard

E. Lary, P. Glaude, V. Sutherland



Mar. 24—Speaking Contest was held at Town Hall. Carlton Crogan and Irene Gray won the first prizes and Elbridge Lary and Gladys Berry the second.

Apr. 28—Elementary School entertainment.

May 12—The Senior play, "The Treasure Hunters," was given at the Town Hall.

May 13—County Speaking Contest held at Wells. Carlton Crogan was our representative.

May 20—Alumni banquet at the Dunscroft.

May 31—"Treasure Hunters" repeated at Cape Elizabeth.

June 12—Baccalaureate sermon.

June 14—Commencement.

June 15—School closed for summer vacation.

Sept. 13—School re-opened.

Oct. 12—Columbus Day. No school.

Oct. 27-28—Teachers' Convention. No school.

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. No School.

Nov. 24-27—Thanksgiving.

Nov. 30—School Fair play and play given at Town Hall.

Dec. 16—School closed for Christmas vacation.

Jan. 2—School re-opened.

Jan. 4—Students and basketball girls examined by Dr. Pepper.

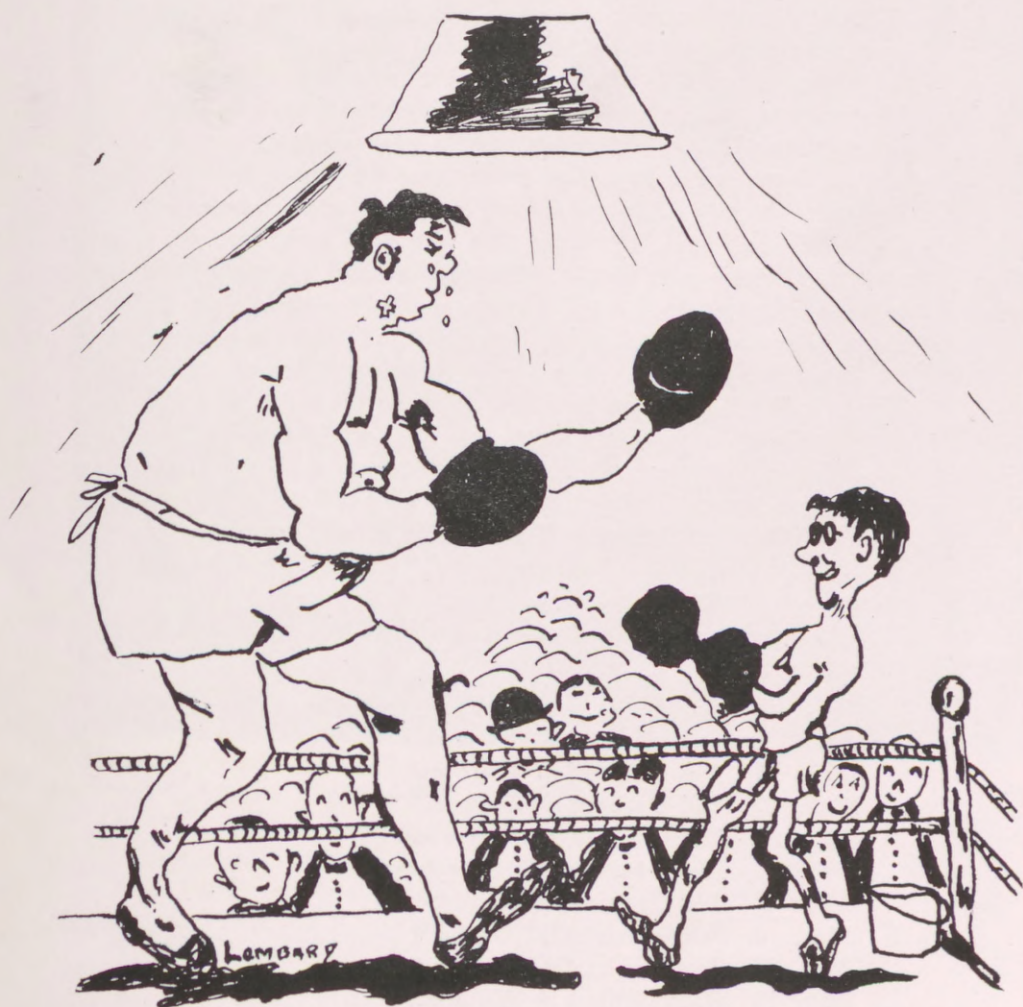
Jan. 10—Miss Johanson gave Health Talk to the Junior-Senior High.

Jan. 10—Students had teeth examined by Dr. Brown.

Jan. 19—Students were weighed and measured, also had their eyes examined.

Jan. 25—Speakers chosen for the Speaking Contest. Girls: Esther Snow, Lorraine Lombard, Teresa Snow, Irene Leger, Winifred Marshall, Gladys Berry. Boys: Robert Drew, Elbridge Lary, William Wood, Paul Berry, Hiram Parish, Raymond Sawyer.

# ATHLETICS





## THE ATHLETIC SIDE OF IT

Any spectator might exclaim, what a healthy looking bunch of girls, who are they? And the answer would be, that's the basketball squad. The veterans—Winnie Marshall, more commonly known as "Knock-'em-out," who jumps for the team; Gladys Berry, called "Tornado," who plays side-center; Captain Staples or "Cyclone" who guards the poor opponents; and her fellow guard, Irene Gagne known as the "Killer." Last but not least our two forwards, Peggy and Irene Leger, known as "Lightning" and "Sparky."

Other honorable members of the squad are Manager Cleaves who plays a swift game and who knows how to shoot every time; Nellie Fitzgibbons who plays side-center and how? Good, we'll say; not much gets by our guard, Lil Fowler; Virginia Degrace is only in the Eighth Grade but she rivals our best forwards, that she will sometime be a champion we have no doubt. Not enough can be said of the remaining members I shall name for only for their help we should have no one to practice against and without practice we could never win. They are as follows: Hazel Emery, Marjorie Watkins, Virginia Yates, Verena Morgan, Madeline Bernier, Dot Garland, Dot Miles.

Miss Wright, our coach, I'll say she is and a good one too, patience is her middle name and she richly deserves it, anybody would never deny that if they saw the swift team she has produced. Old Orchard High School is noted for its good sportsmanship. In losing or winning they are always smiling. With their new suits they look as good as they feel and that is very much so.

The schedule for the year of '28 is as follows:

- Feb. 3 Gorham at Old Orchard
- Feb. 7 Old Orchard at Scarboro
- Feb. 17 Old Orchard at Gorham
- Feb. 21 Old Orchard at Kennebunk
- Feb. 24 Kennebunk at Old Orchard
- Mar. 2 Old Orchard at Waterboro
- Mar. 9 Scarboro at Old Orchard
- Mar. 16 Scarboro at Old Orchard
- Mar. 16 Old Orchard at Waterboro
- Mar. 23 Waterboro at Old Orchard



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

G. Berry, M. Leger, R. Cleaves, I. Gagne, I. Leger  
N. Fitzgibbons, F. Staples, captain, W. Marshall





## DEFEAT

No one is beat till he quits,  
No one is through till he stops,  
No matter how hard Failure hits,  
No matter how often he drops,  
A fellow's not down till he lies  
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around,  
And batter his frame till he's sore,  
But she never can say that he's downed  
While he bobs up serenely for more.  
A fellow's not dead till he dies,  
Nor beat till no longer he tries.

—Edgar A. Guest.



# EXCHANGES





- "The Blue Owl," Attleboro High School, Attleboro, Mass.  
"Winslow High School Periscope," Winslow, Maine.  
"The Breeze," Stonington High School, Stonington, Me.  
"The Northland," Washburn High School, Washburn, Maine.  
"Station E. L. H. S.," Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.  
"The Aegis," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.  
"The Four Corners," Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine.  
"Orange and Black," Brunswick High School, Brunswick, Maine.  
"The Hebronian," Hebron, Maine.  
"The Chronicle," South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.  
"The Excelsior," Kennebunkport High School, Kennebunkport, Maine.  
"Emerson College News," Emerson College, Boston, Mass.  
"Kents Hill Breeze," Kents Hill Seminary, Kents Hill, Maine.  
"The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.  
"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.  
"Rostrum News," Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine.  
"The Signboard," Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.  
"The Crescent," Samuel D. Hanson High School, Buxton Center, Maine.  
"The Quill," Barret Manual Training High School, Henderson, Ky.  
"Tiger Tales," Orlando Senior High School, Orlando, Fla.  
"The Broadcaster," Sangerville High School, Sangerville, Maine.  
"The Tattler," Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.  
"The Mirror," Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.  
"Richmond Hi-Nus," Richmond, Calif.  
"Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.  
"The Caduceus," Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery, Cambridge, Mass.


#### WHAT WE THINK OF YOU

- "Golden Rod": A very good paper. It is a credit to your school.  
"The Tattler": An excellent paper. Don't you think a literary department would help make it better?  
"The Four Corners": This is one of our best exchanges.  
"Station E. L. H. S.": A great paper. Come again.  
"The Crescent": You have a fine literary department.  
"The Breeze": A very fine and interesting athletic department.  
"The Signboard": Yours is a new paper to us and we appreciate its value.

# L I T E R A R Y







## Literary

### A SCARE

The woods around the camp were covered with snow and everything was quiet and peaceful. At the foot of a hill, in front of the camp, three girls emerged, laughing and talking. They were covered with snow and looked as if they had been sliding. Ruth Blaisdell, Mary Stevens, and Harriet Brown made up the group.

Ruth Blaisdell's father had let them have his hunting camp for a week. It was about twenty miles from Ruth's home and was connected with it by a telephone. The girls had been at the camp for four days now, and they were certainly having a grand time.

"Come on, girls," cried Ruth, "we have just time enough to get dinner and go snowshoeing again before dark."

They hurried around the camp and before long there was a dinner fit for a king set on the table for them to eat.

After quickly cleaning up and leaving the camp in good order, with fires carefully checked, they started off as happy as three healthy girls could be. Ruth led the way, as she was more familiar with the place. They took an old woods road, for Ruth was sure that she knew where she would come out, but much to her astonishment she could not see one familiar scene. She hated to admit that she was truly lost, however, it was true. With confidence she started off in a northerly direction, which proved to be wrong. On and on she led the way, until Mary was aware that they were going into danger.

"Ruth," she cried, "what are we going to do?"

Just then she saw a cabin further on in the woods. Frightfully creeping up to the cabin, they saw it was deserted. It was getting dark and cold now and the girls knew that they would have to spend the night in that awful cabin. What if somebody should come or a hermit lived there? What would they do? But each one calmed her fears, and crawled inside. Ruth found an old cot at one side of the cabin while the other girls rolled themselves into blankets and slept on the floor.

At about three o'clock the next morning, Ruth was awakened by a loud roar by the door, which was shaking.

"Mary, Mary," she whispered, shaking her friend, "somebody is shaking the door. Get up quick and push the door so they won't come in!"

So, pulling the sleepy Harriet out, they piled chairs and tables up against the door and then waited in terror for the next thing to happen.

The roaring kept on and they could hear footsteps on the rickety, old piazza.

Finally, Ruth could stand it no longer. She crept over to the window and looked out. Was that a bear? Yes! Old Bruin was traveling up and down outside. The snow, crunching beneath every step, gave the still air a weird sound indeed.

After a short time, which seemed years to the waiting girls, Bruin ran down off the steps and disappeared into the woods. Evidently, the old deserted cabin was his sleeping-place.

"Did you ever see such a long night as this has been?" asked Harriet, as the first rays of dawn appeared in the sky.

After it got light, the three girls started for camp again. By luck, they took the right path and soon found themselves among familiar surroundings.

At about the middle of the afternoon they reached camp. Calling up Ruth's father they told him to come after them as soon as he could for they had had enough for one camping trip.

Lorraine Lombard, '29.

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#### A WINTER PASTIME

Ice fishing is one of the best pastimes for those who love the out-of-door life. When the ice is thick and clear of snow, that is the time to go ice fishing.

This sport brings you near nature which is very beautiful in the winter time. The exercise you get makes a fellow feel like new when he returns to the city. Ice fishing is very thrilling. When the flag goes up, and you run to the hole and pull in a large fish a feeling goes over you that no one can explain. After your first fish you feel repaid for going on the trip.

If you go on an ice fishing trip you will never forget it, especially the experiences you get from nature.

I remember the experience I had on my last trip. As we lay on our cots watching the fire in the fireplace one night, we had a visitor. The door was open and our catch for that day lay in a box just outside the door. All of a sudden we heard the boards on the roof crack after a loud thump, then we heard scratching sounds on the piazza. The sound came nearer and nearer until it was near the door, then it stopped. Someone made a noise and our visitor was off in a hurry. The next morning we found that our visitor was a bob-cat trying to get something to eat. You do not realize the thrilling pleasure there is on one of these trips until you go on one.

William Fitzgibbon, '28.



## JACK LEWIS AT HOME

Jack Lewis was quite a fellow about town; he had a good voice and could bang out an accompaniment on a piano, and was always in demand for all the parties. He never refused. He went everywhere, he knew everybody, and everybody knew him. About the only place he never was seen in was his own home. It is true he slept there and had his breakfast there, a little late; but outside of that he was little seen.

One day his father met him on the street and stopped him.

"Jack," he said, "what have you got on for Thanksgiving evening?"

"Nothing in particular, dad."

"Come somewhere with me?"

"Sure, dad. Where'll I meet you?"

"Well, say the City Hotel at half-past seven. We'll have a great time."

They shook on it, and promptly on Thursday at half-past seven, Jack was in the lobby of the City Hotel. His father was already there and without speaking led the way to a waiting taxi. When they were in and started, his father explained: "We're going to call on a lady. Used to know her well when I was a young man."

They drove around a lot of streets and finally pulled up at the door of their own house.

"She's staying with us," said his father.

They got out, went in, and with all due formality Jack was introduced to his mother and sister. Jack thought it was funny and started to laugh. His mother and sister shook hands with him and his mother said:

"I remember you when you were a boy, but I haven't seen much of you lately. Won't you sit down?"

It began to seem less funny. They had hardly been seated, though, when Mary, his younger sister, came through the curtains from the dining-room carrying a tray with lemonade and cake.

"Why, Jack," she cried, and laid the tray on the end of the piano, "why, Jack Lewis, how are you?" and shook his hand, "why, I haven't seen you since the Ferris' party two weeks ago. Why, how are you?"

"Say, look here—" began Jack.

But his mother broke in with the smooth request:

"Won't you sing for us, Mr. Lewis?"

Well, Jack sang and drank lemonade and ate his share of the cake, and played Thanksgiving games with the girls, and when they were tired, they sat down and his mother told a couple of anecdotes of his boyhood, at which they all laughed a little, and at last they got up to go to bed.

His mother and father shook hands with him, and his mother said:

‘Won’t you come again?’

Jack said he would; and when he went upstairs he was doing a lot of thinking.

Marguerite Leger, '29.

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### CATCHING BOOTLEGGERS

On a beautiful day in June a happy crowd of young people gathered in front of the home of Marion Johnson. It was Friday afternoon and they were going to Mr. Johnson's summer cottage for the week-end. There were twelve in the party. The cottage was just a few miles from the city and they were all going in automobiles.

The party reached their destination early in the evening. They had supper and spent the rest of the evening singing and talking. During the evening Marion told them an interesting story about things that had taken place near there the summer before. She said that every night they would see flashes of light which they believed were signals. They would sometimes hear strange noises down in the cave not far from the house. A group of men had investigated the cave but had found nothing. The boys listened intently. They were very much interested in what Marion was telling them.

The next day was spent in bathing, playing tennis, and other sports. That evening they went to a dance at the casino. It was very late when they returned home so they retired immediately. They had not been in bed long when Jack Bowers suddenly woke up. He looked about the room a few moments wondering what had made him wake so suddenly. He got up and looked out of the window. He saw nothing but the inky blackness of night. As he was turning from the window his eye caught a quick flash of light from the direction of the cave. Two more flashes followed, then there was a pause. Suddenly he saw an answering flash of light coming from the cliff above the cave. Jack watched these signals for some time, then a thought presented itself to his mind. Why not go down to the cave and see what's up?



The thought had no sooner come to his mind than he acted upon it. He dressed quickly and silently slipped out of the house. He took a short cut down to the cave. He wormed his way among the rocks as best he could in the darkness. As he neared the cave he heard a murmur of voices. Now he crawled stealthily nearer until he could make out three figures. These figures moved about quickly and seemed to be carrying heavy boxes. As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness he could see a small boat pulled upon the beach. As he watched he saw that the men were unloading boxes from the boat and carrying them into what seemed to be a cave.

Finally they stopped unloading and sat down to rest. They began talking in low tones. Jack moved closer that he might hear what they said.

"It's funny that Jim hasn't given us the other signal yet," said one.

"Give him time," answered another.

"He's had plenty of time to get things ready and give us that signal," argued the first man.

"Maybe he's been caught," volunteered the third.

"Aw, of course he hasn't been caught. Didn't we get away with it all last summer without anybody's disturbing us?"

They waited a few minutes in silence but the signal did not come.

"Let's flash him again and see what happens," suggested the third member of the group.

They all got up and walked towards the boat. Jack saw them lean off the front of it, then there was a flash of light. They flashed it three times towards the cliff and waited, but there was no answering signal from the cliff. This puzzled them.

"Something's happened," exclaimed one.

"Let's go up and see what's the trouble," suggested another.

"But what about our stuff here?"

"Oh, that'll be all right, come on."

After the three men got out of sight Jack sat still wondering what he should do. Finally he decided to go down and look things over. He went down to where he had seen them deposit the cases. He found twenty of them piled on top of each other. He looked at the labels.

"Just what I thought," he murmured to himself.

Upon examining the boat he found that a spot light was attached to one side of it. This was what they used for their signaling. He looked at the other side and in the darkness he could just make out the name Tom Kane. Jack gave a low whistle. Kane was a well known bootlegger. It had been known for several years that he was transporting liquor to various places but the police had never been able to catch him.

Jack's one hope was that he could get the police before the men left. He dashed up the rocks and ran to the driveway where he had left his car. He sprang in and went out of the yard and out in the road at a break-neck speed.

Having told the police his story he rushed out of the station with the chief and two officers at his heels. In a very short time they were back to the cave. The chief gave orders to hide and wait for the return of the bootleggers. They didn't have to wait long for in a few minutes five figures came into the cave. Four of them were walking together and in front of them they led a young fellow who was gagged and bound.

As they came within a short distance of those hiding, they stopped.

"You see, young fellow, it doesn't pay to butt into other people's affairs. You haven't gained a thing, just got yourself into trouble. I guess you'll have to take a little trip with us now. You've seen too much, it wouldn't be safe for us to leave you here now. Come on, boys, let's get going."

All of this was said by one of the three fellows that Jack had watched.

Jack saw the chief beside him straighten up and walk towards the group. He and the officers followed.

"Don't hurry, boys," said the chief.

The men didn't move an inch. They stopped and seemed frozen in their tracks. The chief walked up to the men while Jack walked over to the young fellow. He recognized him as one of the party. He quickly cut the ropes on the hands and took the handkerchief from his mouth. The chief asked the boys to go back to the police station with them. On the way the young fellow told Jack what had happened. From his room he had seen the flashes and had gone up on the cliff to investigate. He had found the other man answering the signals of those in the cave. In trying to get nearer he had slipped and betrayed himself. The man discovered him and they had a struggle. Then the other three men came up and



gagged him and made him walk down in front of them.

They reached the jail and the four men were put into cells. The chief summoned the two boys into a private room. First he asked them their names and several other questions, then he asked them if they realized what they had done for the police and the state. He then gave them a bit of Kane's history. Finally he told them they could go and as they went out he told them that they should be rewarded.

A month later the two boys received a letter from the governor thanking them for what they had done and with each letter was a check for a large sum of money which the governor himself had given them as a reward for the service they had done to the state.

Ruth Cleaves, '28.

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#### A SCENE TO BE REMEMBERED

It was a mild, clear and calm summer night. The sky was without a cloud; the winds were hushed. The moon had just risen and the stars shone with a spectral brightness. The Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign; while the great bear, in the north, could be seen safely guiding the mariners out at sea.

Such was the glorious spectacle I witnessed about two o'clock in the morning. Twilight was timidly approaching; the intense blue of the sky began to soften. The smaller stars suddenly disappeared; the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the north and the west remained unchanged. The wondrous heaven was changing. It seemed as if invisible hands were shifting the scenery of the heavens; the glories of the night had dissolved into the glories of the morning.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky. The whole concave was filled with the in-flowing ocean of radiance. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of morning were thrown wide open and day, decked in glories too severe for the gaze of men, began her course.

Gladys F. Berry, '29.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a small farmhouse near Pine Point, Maine. It had been vacant for about ten years, and as it was a very pleasant little house, people wondered why no one ever lived in it. The man who owned it would not even move into it himself. So one day he put a sign on it that it was for sale. About two weeks after, a man came to look at it. The owner told him it was haunted and that lights had been in it many nights. He vowed no ghosts would frighten him, so the place was sold and the man began to move his family then. The next day, Mr. Brown, the man who bought the house said:

"I believe that man must be crazy to tell me this house is haunted."

Possibly he was, but he did not want to sell his house on that account. The second day passed all right, but the second night about eleven o'clock, a knock was heard at the back door. Mr. Brown listened, and soon another rap was heard. By this time Mrs. Brown was awake, and they both listened very eagerly. He had not told her that the house was haunted, so she spoke to him, and asked him to go to the door. He got out of bed and went to the door. There was nothing to be seen and he did not know what to tell his wife. He knew he would have to tell her something, so he decided to tell her the house was haunted.

During the rest of the night strange noises were heard all through the house. Neither he nor his wife was able to sleep any more. They heard the stove covers rattling, and the dishes on the table were being moved about. They even heard the key turn in the front door. Their own door knob rattled. It was a very bad night for them. The next day they did not try to do much settling, but thought they would try one more night, and if it proved to be anything like the second night they would move out the next day.

When they went to bed that night all the windows and doors were locked, and the house was searched from top to bottom for ghosts. The third night was very much the same as the second, but the family did not move out the next day. They discovered that the noise was being made by rats. Soon the rats were all killed and no more noises were heard. Many imaginary noises were heard, such as the door knobs rattling but no real ghosts were seen or heard anywhere.

Mathilda Dennis, '27.



## POPULAR SONG TITLES

"One Summer Night" "Charmaine" was "Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover" into "Muddy Waters" "Wondering" what to do "On a Dew Dew Dewy Day" after "Sundown."

"Two Little Pretty Birds" were "Side by Side" in a "Blue Heaven" flying to "Where the Wild Wild Flowers Grow," "Underneath the Wabash Moon," when they saw "Charmaine" "By a Rickety Rackety Shack" "Under the Moon" "Wondering Who" was "Lonesome Tonight" for a "Love Baby."

They heard her say, "No Wonder I'm Happy" "Me and My Shadow" are "Headin' for Harlem" with "Just a Memory" of "Paradise Isle" where "Sometimes I'm Happy" and others "I'm So Blue."

They said, "By By Pretty Baby" "Because" it is "Nesting Time" and "Day is Done."

Virginia Sutherland.

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AN OLD SAILOR

I see an old sailor sitting in front of his cottage with a pine in his mouth, and gazing longingly out to sea, where in the distance is seen a five-masted fishing schooner under full sail riding the water like a swan in a pond. This old salt has a far-away look in his eyes and as I look at him I sometimes see him smile and other times see him with the back of his weather-beaten hand wipe a tear away which has started down his scarred and rugged cheek. He doesn't see me for I'm sitting on the sandy beach with my back against a moss-covered rock, and as I look at him, I seem to fancy what is passing through his mind.

I see him first as a little tot playing with his toys on the sandy floor of his home in far-away Newfoundland and every once in a while he stops playing to gaze through the open doorway onto the beach and watch the seagulls rise from the beach and swoop along the crested waves of the sea in search of food. He suddenly gives out a joyful giggle and claps his hands in joy as he sees a seagull soar up from the water into the air with a small fish between his bills.

Sixteen years have passed through his mind and I fancy

I see him as a lad of seventeen years sitting in the doorway of his home, and in a rocking chair beside him is the gray haired mother knitting a pair of woollen stockings. His father having died two years before and there being no one to support the home he has asked his mother if he may go in September sealing on the good ship "Walrus." She has consented and I see him bidding his mother a fond farewell and telling her not to worry, for he will be back in a few months. It is nearly two years later when he returns to find that his mother has died nearly a year before. Weeks pass into months and months pass into years and after twenty years of loyal service as mate of different schooners I see him captain of the greatest fishing schooner that ever plowed the deep, the "Charles W. Morgan." Five more years have passed and one sunny morning as the "Charles W. Morgan" pokes her nose into Gloucester Harbor and ties up at the wharf he is called to the company's office and is told that he is to be pensioned on half-pay for the rest of his life. He then goes back to his beloved schooner, collects his belongings, bids his men and the "Charles W. Morgan" a fond farewell and retreats to this cottage on the shores of the mighty Atlantic.

Just as I finish my dreaming, the sun sinks in the west, the "Charles W. Morgan" disappears over the horizon and giving the ex-skipper of the famous fishing schooner of all time a farewell look, I go my way.

Robert Drew, '29.

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### SERVING

"If any little love of mine  
    May make a day the dearer;  
If any little song of mine  
    May bring a joy the nearer;  
God grant that I may speak the word  
    And take my bit of singing  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
    And set the echoes ringing.  
If any little love of mine  
    May make a life the sweeter;  
If any little care of mine  
    May make a friend's the fleeter;  
If any little lift may ease  
    The burden of another;  
God give me love and care and strength  
    To help a sister—brother."

—Selected.



## THE FOOTBALL

I'd like to know why they always keep me locked up in this dark closet for I've been here for nearly a week already. Here comes someone now to take me out into the sunshine. The knight of the football field reaches up to take me down, and I notice on his sweater two large O's. He takes me out where another knight grabs me, and begins to take out my windpipe, which is the small hose that they put air into my lungs. When they have this out, they squeeze me till all the air is out of my lungs. They then put my windpipe around the edge of a pump and begin filling my lungs with air. When they think I'm hard enough, they lace me up and carry me into the middle of a large field around which I see a large crowd watching us. All of a sudden I hear a shrill whistle, and looking up to see where it came from I get an awful kick in the back that sends me flying through space. Looking down I hear many people yelling about two O's and I wonder what they mean. Looking up I see the azure sky coming towards me, and then I begin to sink. The sky is going away, and the people are coming nearer. Just as I think I've touched the ground a knight catches me and begins running. Then he is tackled and, oh! I think I am dead as the knights pile on top of me. After being thrown around the field for about two hours, the knights stop playing and begin cheering. They are praised and clapped, but not a word of praise to me. I cuddle up in the captain's arms trying hard to hide my scarred features until I am picked up and the mud cleaned off, leaving to view those big scars that I got to give the other fellows praise. A man then picks me up and paints on me, "O. O. beats B———, 36-0." I am then placed in a show window to be admired and then I decide that this isn't such a tough job after all, because I have won the game for Old Orchard High.

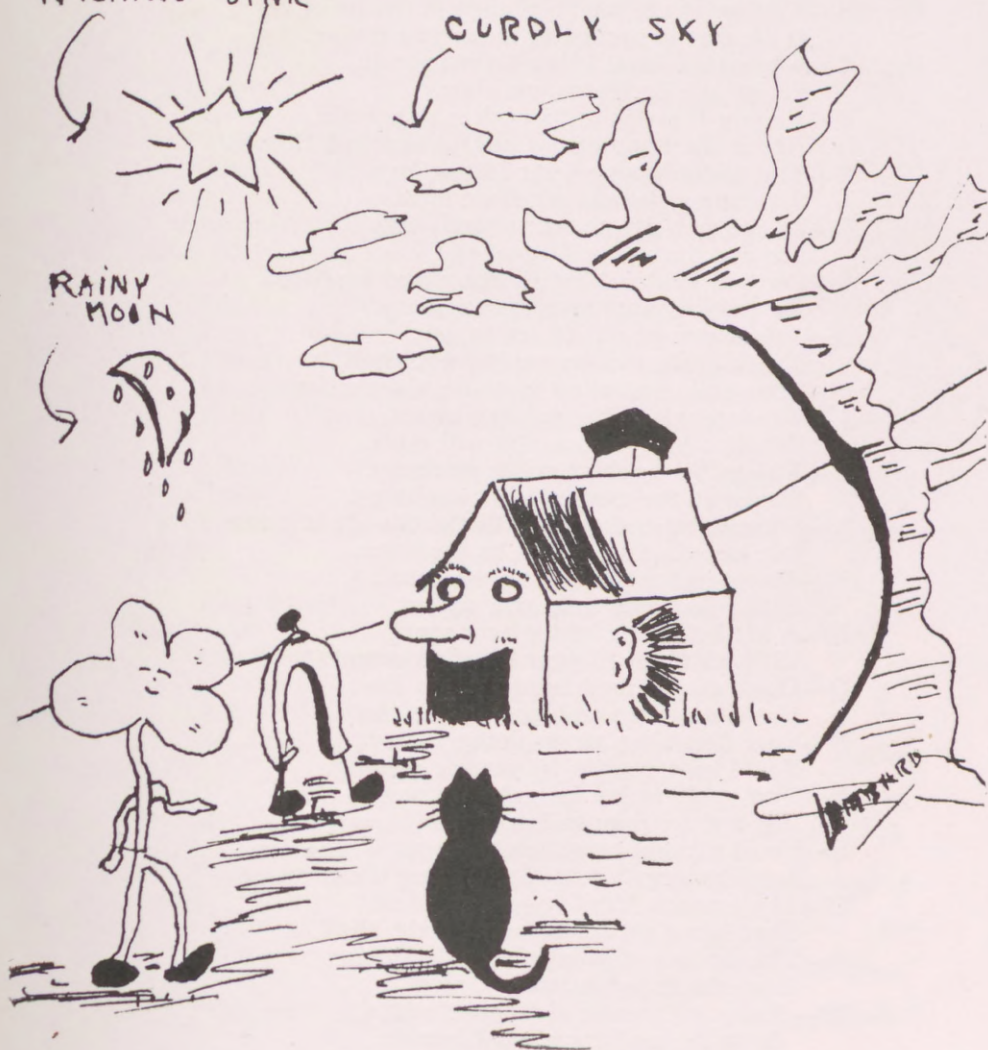
Rodney Drew, '30.

# JOKES

WISHING STAR

CURDLY SKY

RAINY  
MOON





# Jokes

## FORTUNES

Take the first letter of your first name,  
And your future and fate will conform to the same:

- A—Choose one if you are shrewd;  
    No safety lies in multitude.
- B—A blow on the pier, a plunge in the brine,  
    Is all that is needed to make you divine.
- C—A heartless flirt! You'll penance do,  
    For all the innocents you slew.
- D—To you I'm afraid it's useless to preach,  
    About the temptations of Old Orchard Beach!
- E—You count among your future joys,  
    Six little girls, and six little boys.
- F—Be merry now, no more you'll laugh,  
    For you have your bitter-half!
- G—On Old Orchard Beach entranced you'll be,  
    By charms more rare than scenery.
- H—When you go out to sea to fish,  
    You'll catch the very thing you wish.
- I—Your sole recreation to cause a sensation.
- J—Lawn tennis is the pastime sweet,  
    Where a life partner you will meet.
- K—Enjoy the sunshine while you may,  
    Too soon the chance will pass away.
- L—Some natures change with the change of name,  
    But like the rose you'll be the same.
- M—Happy when single but not content,  
    Marry in haste and soon repent.
- N—A life both long and wisely spent,  
    With children to your heart's content.
- O—Don't choose for a motto "Both Best,"  
    But choose one and look at the rest.
- P—Ever dreaming, never doing,  
    You'll gain naught by seaside wooing.
- R—You nobly strive to make it known,  
    'Tis bad for man to live alone.
- S—Avoid all that cruel temptation,  
    Assail young folk in the summer vacation.
- T—The greatest blessing you will find,  
    That Love should be completely blind.
- V—The darling of your heart's devotion,  
    Is on the broad Atlantic Ocean.
- W—Away with pride and cold disdain,  
    Or you'll too long a maid remain.
- Y—Last of all but not too late,  
    Fortunes come to those who wait.

Winifred Marshall,  
Flora Staples

Miss Wright (in American History): "They put a tax on whiskey."

Raymond: "Openly?"

Miss Wright: "Certainly."

Raymond: "What about the Prohibition Act?"

Ruth: "If I was your English teacher, I'd jump off the pier."

Flody: "If I was your pupil, I wouldn't wait until I got to the end."

Dick: "May I have this dance?"

Flody: "Sure, if you can find a partner."

Harold: "Would you like to go to a swell dance with an entertainment and supper after?"

Lil: "Sure, I'd love to."

Harold: "Good, buy a ticket off from me."

Ebbie: "We have a black pig and we call him Ink."

Lorraine: "Why?"

Ebbie: "Because he runs out of the pen."

Johnny: "Why do some girls want to look as bad as they can?"

Bob: "Ask some of the girls that are letting their hair grow."

Miss Wright: "Flora, which is the most important city in Maine?"

Flora: "Saco."

Bob: "I think I'll commit suicide."

Winifred: "Good—but turn off the gas when you're through."

Mr. Leger: "You must learn to economize, think of the future. If I were to die where would you be?"

Peggy: "Oh, I'd be here—the question is, where would you be?"

Hiram: "Don't the girls look sweet in their basketball suits?"

"Yes, the girls do."

Lil: "I hear Bernard has given Gladys the air."

Win.: "Yes, but she's still walking on it."



Miss Wright (in English): "Were Evangeline and Gabriel married?"

Milly: "No, but they were buried together."

Miss Wright (in English): "Give a sentence using 'badly' as an adverb."

Babe: "I have a severe cold, therefore I smell badly."

Raymond (reading excitedly): "And when the nocturnal illuminator was extinguished she found herself in a precarious dilemma for——"

Ebbie: "Oh, skip over that silly part."

### CRACKS AND DITTIES

A certain man in Old Orchard has offered the Old Orchard basketball team \$5.00 for every game they win. Some of the members are getting thin wondering how they are going to spend all their money.

We expect good co-operation from Raymond and Babe this year in the cheering.

An entertainment was held last November 10th, the school board and faculty being the guests of horror.

We wonder to whom or what charity institute the Seniors of '28 are going to leave their money????

Any time that the classes wish to remain, Miss Sutherland will be glad to give a lecture on the subject of "Animal Life in Nicaragua."

Would we be rich if we had all the money that Johnny Peterson spends for Slikum?

What does the "M" on Babe's sweater stand for?

I found a Latin book the other day. I wonder how I would be rewarded if I returned it to the pupil.&@ "&\$@?!!

Mr. Lary should be an example to the underclassmen—by overstudy he is now forced to wear glasses.

Mr. Fitzgibbons reports that the Pine Point road has been growing steadily worse every night since last spring.

Mr. Richard Drew has left town and is missed by all his friends; but his younger brother is still here. (May the above words bring cheer to a certain member of the Senior class.)

Wouldn't it be a good idea to have an extension put on Esther Snow's seat?

Roads well worn—Pine Point and Ocean Park.

We wonder if a certain member of the faculty will always be "right."

Name	Flower Represented	Meaning
Esther	Heliotrope	Devotion
Ruth	Daffodil	Unrequited love
Babe	Dandelion	Coquetry
Flody	Asphodel	Death
Ebbie	Marigold	Contempt
Johnny	Narcissus	Vanity
Fitzie	Sweet William	Gallantry
Gladys	Yellow Rose	Jealousy
Lil	Tulip	Hopeless love
Winnie	Osealis	Pangs of regret
Lorraine	Fern	Sincerity
Bob	Candy Tuft	Indifference
Raymond	Orange Blossom	Marriage
Marguerite	Lotus	Forgetfulness
Delia	Four-Leaf-Clover	Good luck
David	Honeysuckle	Friendliness
Paul B.	For-Get-Me-Not	True love
Hiram	Anemone	Frailty
Hazel B.	Pansy	Thoughts
Buddy	Oak Leaf	Patriotism
Paul G.	Cowslip	Youthful beauty
Wesley	Hollyhock	Ambition
Irene L.	Fox Glove	Insincerity
Irene G.	Hyacinth	Sorrow
Nellie	Palm Leaf	Victory
Rodney	Daisy	Simplicity
Adeline	Laurel	Fame
Alberta	Lilac	Fastidiousness
Milly	Shamrock	Loyalty
Mr. Jewett	Amaranth	Immortality
Miss Scott	Calla	Pride
Miss Wright	Violet	Modesty
Miss Van Ness	Myrtle	Beauty's crown
Miss Roberts	Cornflower	Delicacy
		Winnie Marshall,
		Flody Staples,



Names	Whose Pet	Ambition	Future
Raymond	Miss VanNess'	To be a screen lover	Professor at O. O. H. S.
Hiram	Nellie's	An actor	A statesman
David	Lil's	Manufacture a New Brand	A priest
Rodney	Miss Roberts'	To run a harem	Hermit
Paul G.	Winnie's	Pres. of U. S.	Mayor of Saco
Ebbie	Lorraine's	Play cornet	Comedian
Johnny	Miss Wright's	Teacher	Adv. for beautiful hair
Fitzie	Esther's	To find favor?	Husband?
Bob	Miss Scott's	To be a fireman	A Mormon

Names	Middle Names	Occupations	Ambitions	Boy Friends
Lily	D—Dumb	Calling 352	To enter partnership Rex Co.	Harold —
Marguerite	F—Foolish	Asking questions	To have long hair	Ebbie
Esther	L—Love	Training a Senior	To live at the half-way	Fitzie
Lorraine	H—Hotty	Playing in Murdock Orchestra	To join the union	Stan
Flody	M—Modest	Training a "Sacoite"	To rule a colony—of Irishmen	Dick
Winifred	V—Virtuous	Riding on the M. T.	To learn to drive the Dodge	Bob
Ruth	A—After	You'd be surprised	To get married	Dick
Gladys	F—Fickle	Getting your number	Pres. of the Information Bureau	Bernard
Babe	J—Julius	Assisting Raymond	Wrecking the Ford	The Marine

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