

OCEANIC



1929



The
Oceanic

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THE OCEANIC

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Dedication

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

To Our Highly Esteemed And Beloved Friend And Teacher
Mrs. Walter Dolley
In Appreciation Of Her Faithful And Untiring Service
For The Good Of Our High School.





MRS. HELEN DOLLEY



Back Row: Robert Drew, Paul Shorey, Lorimer Lombard, Roger Vervella, Raymond Guilford, William Wood, Wesley Mingo, Hiram Parish.
Front Row: Alberta Snow, Ruth Wight, Helen Thurston, Marguerite Leger, Lorraine Lombard, Gladys Berry, Pauline Miles, Delia Snow, Hazel Brown.

Editorial Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
LORRAINE LOMBARD

ASSISTANT EDITOR
GLADYS BERRY

SCHOOL NOTES
MARGUERITE LEGER

ALUMNI
RAYMOND GUILFORD

EXCHANGES
HAZEL BROWN

ATHLETICS
PAUL SHOREY

LITERARY
DELIA SNOW

ARTISTS
LORRAINE LOMBARD
ROBERT DREW
HELEN THURSTON
ALBERTA HARDING

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RUTH WIGHT
ROGER VERVILLE

BUSINESS MANAGER
HIRAM PARISH

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM WOOD

Editorials

OUR SCHOOL BUILDING

We, as students of Old Orchard High School, think that in the near future we should have a new building. We try to keep our school in good order, but it is hard to study in such an old building. To get the most out of school, one should be surrounded by modern equipments.

School days and school life have changed since the days when you went to school. The greater part of our days are spent in school in the winter time. The State Law now demands that we have all modern equipments in the school. To produce better scholars, we must have modern things to work with.

Probably you will say, "Well, when I went to Old Orchard High School that building was good enough for me, and if it was good enough for me, it surely is good enough for you."

In answer to this we say, "You must remember that time wroughts many changes."

THE BOYS' CLUB

Recently a good organization was established in Old Orchard. It was the Boys' Club. The Club was formed to better the actions of our boys and to keep them away from degrading places of activity.

In a little town like Old Orchard there are no regular activities. The Library is only open two days a week and the boys have nothing to do but get themselves into trouble.

A few citizens of Old Orchard suggested that a Club of some sort be organized to keep our boys busy. The Boy Scouts have turned over their treasury to this new Club, thereby making only one Order in town for the boys to belong to. So far this Club has proven to be a success. Athletics is one of its main objects. The boys have begun practicing basketball so soon. This winter they plan to make a skating-rink for hockey and a few other sports.

As this Club is only beginning, we cannot yet tell its effect on our boys, but we know that with the help of the parents and friends, it will not fail to make our boys better Americans.

BANKING

To bank regularly is to save for a rainy day. The boy or girl who puts five or ten cents in our School Bank Thursdays is a wise boy or girl.

For weeks the little boys and girls in the elementary building have been banking. They enjoy it, and it teaches them to save. There are three rooms which almost always get a hundred per cent in banking. We have a School Bank Honor Banner, which is given to the hundred per cent rooms each week. The children work hard for this banner, and are pleased when it comes to their room. We are pleased with the way the parents are helping us with our banking and appreciate deeply the way they allow their children to bank with us.

We hope that this good work will continue for a long time.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Out for School Spirit!
That's how we'll win!
Shout for your team with vigor and vim,
Not to sit down and say with a groan,
"Guess I can't holler, might's well go home."
The way to win is to yell and shout,
To make yourself heard, and help the rest out!

Our games are great fun,
You'll enjoy them, I know;
So come with your lungs in good order,
And cheer for our teams with a yell,
For you know how we need you,
And all your good friends,
To help us win in the end.

In defeat or in victory, we will always be sports,
For School Spirit will never be lacking!

Berry and Lombard, '28.

School Spirit is the brace of any school. Everyone should help and try to make his team the best ever. Why not start now? Go to the games and school entertainments and root and push for all your might. It helps the ones taking part and it gives you a good time. Start today and do something to help the school!

JUNIOR, SOPHOMORE, FRESHMAN MESSAGES

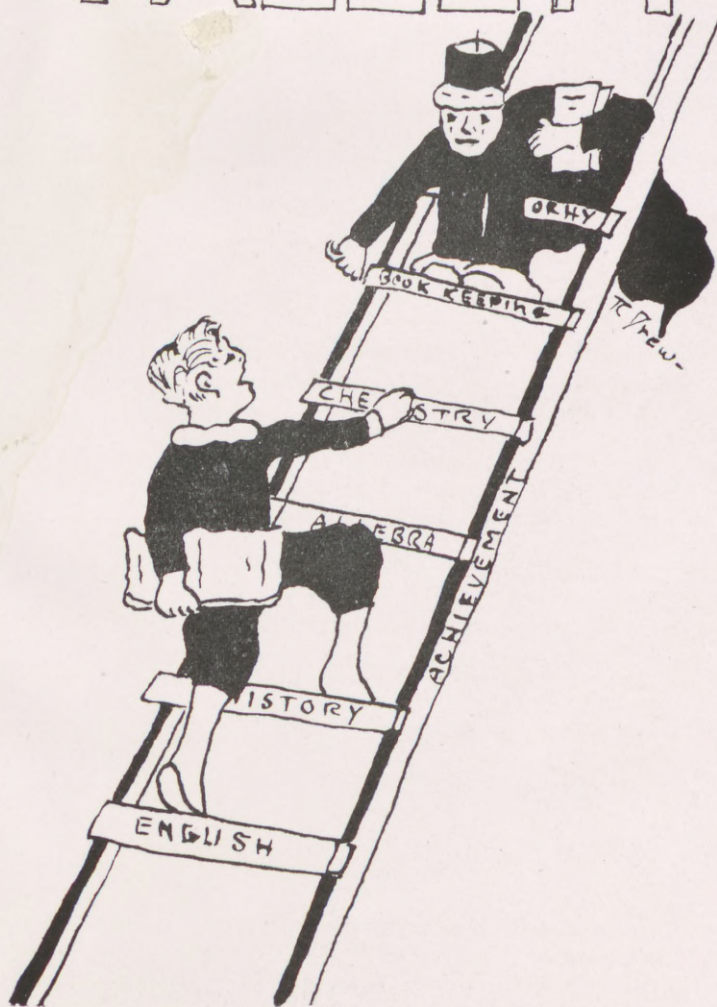
HERE'S OUR INSTRUCTIONS TO YOU!

Don't give up because you have "flunked."
Don't use coarse language, it makes you common.
Don't confide; secrets are safest untold.
Don't doubt; some people are truthful.
Don't envy your friend; he has trouble as well as you.
Don't be silly because you know how.
Don't worry; it will make you look old.
Don't fret; it injures digestion.
Don't rush; haste makes waste.
Don't meddle; it is a sign of ill-breeding.
Don't use unscrupulous methods; dishonest gain will end in loss.
Don't delay; now is the time.
Don't tattle; now gossip will poison your mind.
Don't idle your time; it is more valuable than money.
Don't let discouragement prevent you from trying.
Don't boast; you might take a tumble.
Don't despair because you have blundered; the best men make mistakes.
Don't condemn; unless it is just.
Don't cheat; it is a crime to defraud.
Don't lie; truth is more convincing.
Don't be a slave to fashion; her origin is bad.
Don't make statements that you cannot prove.
Don't borrow; it is hard to pay back.
Don't count the minutes before school ends.
Don't forget yourselves.
Don't growl because your neighbor rides while you walk; even Fords give out.
Don't hate your neighbor if he is smarter than you; beat him to it.
Don't do all these things and you will be like us—THE SENIORS.

BE ORIGINAL

Few people appear natural nowadays. In the old times men and women had individuality and enjoyed living their own lives. Why can't we "Be ourselves"? Have a personality all your own and make it one worth having. Be original, never copy. You may pretend for a time, but your friends will soon find you out. You may deceive them for a while, but it won't last long. Give to the world your best, and never affect to be what you are not.

FACULTY





Back Row: Doris Ripley, Christine Wyman, Elsie Van Ness, Helen Dolley.
Front Row: Phyllis Bean, Frank H. Jewett, Principal; Winifred Scott.

MR. JEWETT

Another lucky year! We still have our beloved teacher and friend with us. He is always ready to help and encourage our school to do its very best.

Mr. Jewett is a graduate of Bates College.

MISS BEAN

Domestic Arts and General Science have become very popular this year. This is all due to Miss Bean's efforts and helpfulness. We are very glad to have such a teacher.

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

MISS VAN NESS

We are all glad that Miss Van Ness came back for another year. With her ready help and cheerful spirit the school is certainly honored.

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

MRS. DOLLEY

We considered school as not having started until Friday came and Mrs. Dolley cheerfully (as usual) entered the room for singing. We were all pleased to learn that she was to lead us again this year.

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

MISS RIPLEY

This is Miss Ripley's first year with us, but already she has become our friend and helper. She is active in music and is creating much interest in all the subjects she teaches.

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

MISS SCOTT

Again we have Miss Scott to help us learn French. We are very glad that she liked us well enough to come back for another year.

Miss Scott is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire.

MISS WYMAN

We are glad that Miss Wyman is with us again this year. She teaches the seventh grade, and although we don't have her in the High School, we are glad she is here.

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

"IF"

(After Kipling)

If you can do the job when others blunder,
And get the answer that will stand the test,
If you can get the gang to think well of you,
And say, "He's good," "he knows his work t
If you can help the chap that's having trouble,
And fill him with the courage that he needs,
If you can praise the other fellow's progress
And give him all the credit for his deeds,
If you can win your way with those above you
Because you're on the square and do your stuff,
If you can understand your present limits
And never go too far—yet far enough—
If you can say a good word for the Business
And help to keep the errors on the run,
You will be picked for supervision,
And what is more, you'll fill the job, by gum!

—F. H. Bigelow.



SENIORS



ALBERTA SNOW "Bertie"

Glee Club (3, 4); Class Officer (3, 4); Health Club (2, 3); Tennis (2); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (4).

"Bertie" is the prim and proper girl of our class. She studies a lot and plays a lot but she can do it. "Bertie" is going to be a teacher. Make 'em mind, "Bertie."

LORRAINE LOMBARD

"Rain"

Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Banking Teller (2, 3, 4); Health Club (2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3); Tennis (2); Art Editor (3, 4); Public Speaking (3); School Plays (2, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4); President of Class (4); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Vice-President of Class (3); Sec. of General Assembly (4); Basketball (2, 3); Volley Ball (2); School Prize (3).

"Rain" is the most popular girl in school. She is a good friend of both young and old. Her one ambition is to be a great musician. Here's hoping that she will succeed.

DELIA SNOW "D"

Glee Club (4); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (3, 4); Health Club (1, 2); Class Officer (1, 4); Tennis (2).

"D" is the retiring member of the class. She is willing to help and push the school. Delia is going to Farmington Normal School next year. Farmington is going to have a fine girl.

GLADYS BERRY "Gay"

Basketball (2, 4); Speaking Contest (2, 3); Second Prize (2); Glee Club (2, 4); Assistant Editor (4); Class Secretary (2, 3); Tennis (4); School Play (4); General Assembly Officer (4); Health Club (1, 2); Secretary of Glee Club (4).

"Gay" proves the proverb, "Gentlemen prefer Blondes." She loves sports and attends all our school games. She is one of the few who can play a lot and study a lot and get away with it. "Gay" also wants to go to Portia's Law School. Luck to you, also, "Gay."

RAYMOND GUILFORD

"Ray"

Public Speaking (2, 3); Class Treasurer (1); School Play (2, 3); Class President (3); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Class Vice-President (2); Senior Play (4).

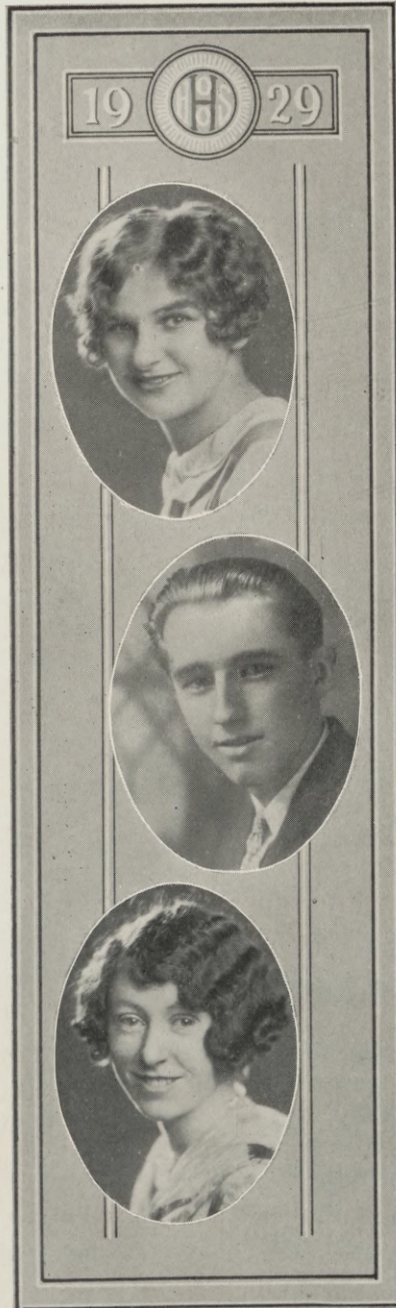
"Ray" is the only boy in the class so of course he is the sheik. He is going to college and he hopes some day to be a professor. Maybe we will see him back in Old Orchard High again. We wish you luck, "Ray."

MARGUERITE LEGER

"Peggy"

Basketball (2, 4); Glee Club (2, 4); School Prizes (1, 2); General Assembly Officer (4); Health Club (1, 2); Tennis (4); Class President (2); Class Treasurer (3); School Play (4); Vice-President (4); Volley Ball (2).

"Peggy" is a jovial girl with a smile for everyone. She is interested in sports and is a great help in Basketball. "Peggy" and Gladys are always seen together. Peggy's ambition is to go to Portia's Law School. Luck, "Peggy."



School Calendar

OLD ORCHARD SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1928-1929

Fall Term, 15 weeks—Term opens Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1929; closes Friday, Dec. 21, 1928.

Winter Term, 11 weeks—Term opens Monday, Jan 7, 1929; closes Friday, March 22, 1929.

Spring Term—Junior-Senior High School—10 weeks and 3 days. Term opens Monday, April 1, 1929; closes Wednesday, June 12, 1929. Elementary Schools—10 weeks. Term opens Monday, April 8, 1929; closes Friday, June 14, 1929.

Intermissions and Holidays

Columbus Day, Friday, Oct. 12, 1928.

State Teachers' Convention, Oct. 25 and 26, 1928.

Armistice Day, Sunday, Nov. 11, 1928—Monday, Nov. 12, 1928, observed as holiday.

Thanksgiving Day and the day following.

Christmas Vacation, Dec. 22, 1928, to Jan. 6, 1929 (incl.).

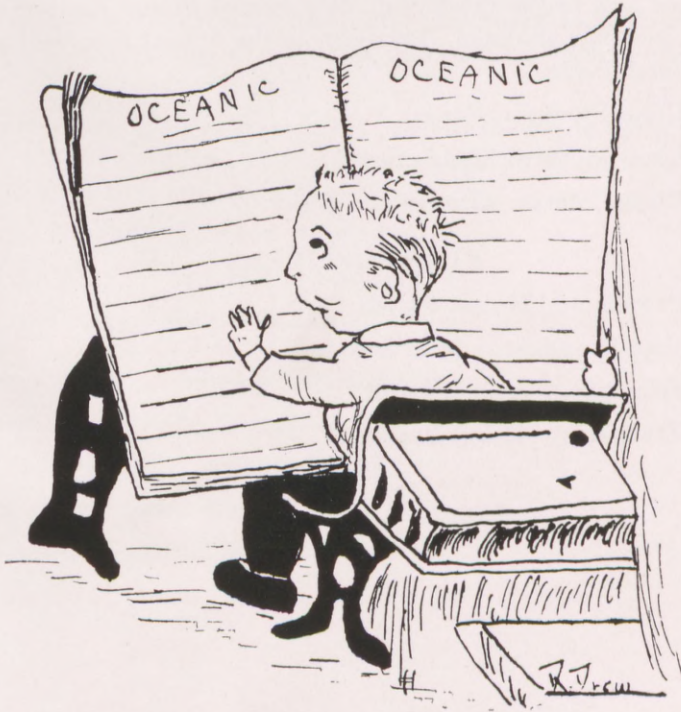
Washington's Birthday, Friday, Feb. 22, 1929.

Spring Vacation— Junior-Senior High School—March 23, 1929, to March 31, 1929 (inclusive). Elementary Schools—March 23, 1929, to April 7, 1929 (inclusive).

Patriots' Day, Friday, April 19, 1929.

Memorial Day, Thursday, May 30, 1929.

CLASSES



Class of 1930

We entered Old Orchard High School on September 14, 1926. Two of our four years in high school have passed and we are now in the third year. We started in our Junior year with two new students. This year in the School Fair we have the Food Table.

Class Flower: Pansy.

Class Motto: "Be Square."

Class Colors: Orange and Black.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Hiram Parish.

Vice-President: John Stoddard.

Secretary: Avis Kimball.

Treasurer: Hazel Brown.

Class of 1931

We started in high school September, 1927, as Freshmen, a very green and noisy class. Re-entering in September, 1928, as Sophomores, a little less noisy and the green fading, we have hopes of catching up with our class motto, "Strive and Succeed," in the next two years.

Some of the girls in this class have already made quite a record in Basketball and we may expect them to be an honor to our class as time goes on.

Class Flower: Crimson Rose.

Class Motto: "Strive and Succeed."

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Nellie Fitzgibbon.

Vice-President: William Wood.

Secretary: Irene Gagne.

Treasurer: Alfred Brown.

Class of 1932

Ever onward! We, entering high school, twenty-two strong, have carried out the spirit of our class motto. We are taking part in the school activities, having seven players on the basketball squad. They are: Theresa Corbeil, Virginia Degrace, Rena Morgan, Ruth Shorey, Miriam Simpson, Helen Thurston and Ruth Wight.

On Hallowe'en the girls in our Domestic Arts Class gave the teachers a party. There were about fifteen present.

Our class has the two highest scholastic marks, Helen Thurston and Ruth Wight ranking over ninety.

Class Motto: "Ever Onward."

Class Colors: Blue and Silver.

Class Flower: White Rose.

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Helen Thurston.

Vice-President: Rena Morgan.

Secretary: Miriam Simpson.

Treasurer: Dorothy Miles.

Class of 1933

When we entered the Junior High we were twenty-two strong, but we are now a class of fourteen.

We are all members of the Junior Red Cross, two members already having qualified for the Gold Star.

Some of our activities last year were to help earn a piano. We gave a play and a supper to pay for the piano. Also, we had the Fish Pond at the School Fair.

Thus far this year we have had no class activities except the usual Friday morning performances.

Class Motto: "Forget-us-not."

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

Class Flower: Purple Lilac.

CLASS OFFICERS

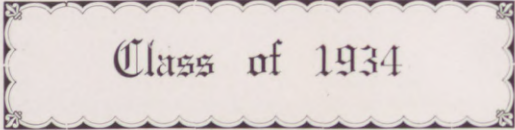
President: Ransome McNally.

Vice-President: Francis Hogan.

Secretary: Donald Feeney.

Treasurer: Louis Simpson.

Class Reporter: Roger Verville.



Class of 1934

CLASS OF 1934

Class Colors: Rose and Gray.

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

Last September twenty-one boys and girls awaited entrance to the Junior High School. It was to be a great adventure for the boys and girls alike, as it meant manual training for one and domestic arts for the other.

The special courses have lived up to our expectations with bookracks and stocking dolls, necktie racks and aprons.

We have just held our first Class meeting with the following results:

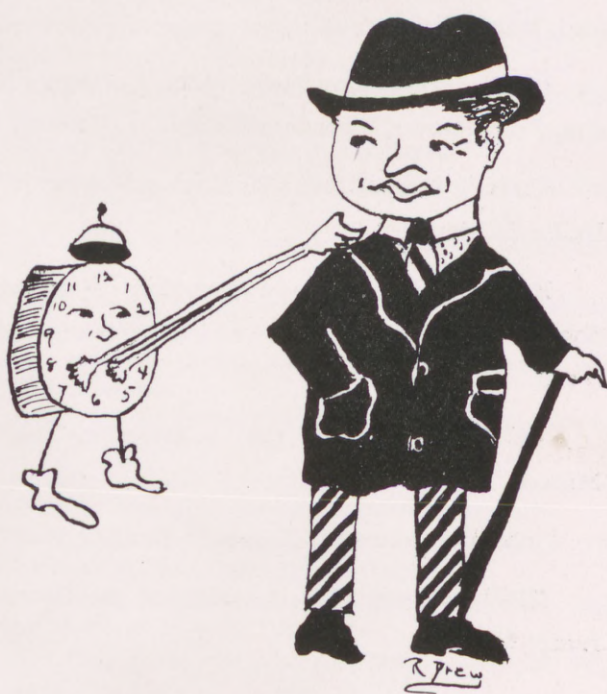
President: Elizabeth Macleod.

Vice-President: Atillio Angelosante.

Secretary: Charles Cotey.

Treasurer: James Thurston.

ALUMNI I



OFFICERS FOR 1928

President: John Crowley.

Vice-President: Marguerite Guilford.

Secretary: Mabel Worcester.

Treasurer: Richmond Lord.

Auditor: Theodore Mingo, Jr.

Arrangement Committee: C. R. L. Snow, Lillian Cleaves,
Lewis Fowler, Jr.

Entertainment Committee: C. R. L. Snow, Nellie Guilford, Edith Kirkpatrick.

Nominating Committee: John Crowley, Marion Goodwin, Fred Fowler, Theodore Mingo, Jr., Thelma Lord.

Visiting Committee: H. Dayton Benway, C. R. L. Snow, Nellie Guilford.

Esther Snow (28) is attending Farmington Normal School. Old Orchard will soon have another teacher to its credit.

William Fitzgibbon (28) is attending the University of Maine.

John Peterson (28) is now in Jamaica Plains, N. Y.

Elbridge Lary (28) is attending the General Electric in Lynn, Mass.

Flora Staples (28) is training in the St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Me.

Ruth Cleaves (28) is attending Gray's Business College at Portland, Me.

Virginia Sutherland (2) is playing in the Sutherland Orchestra in Sanford.

Mathilda Dennis (27) is working at Pine Point.

Theodore Mingo (27) is receiving instruction at Gray's Business College at Portland, Me.

Marguerite Guifford (27) is still with us here at Old Orchard.

Vera Allen (27) is now at Gorham Normal School. This is her second year there.

Erma Collins (27) is still training at the St. Barnabas Hospital at Portland.

Irene Gray (27) is again attending Westbrook Seminary at Portland.

Christine Dolbier (26) is attending the Connecticut Agricultural College at Storrs, Conn.

Lewis Nichols (26) is working in Portland.

Karl Benway (25) is working for the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in Chicago.

Gilbert Luce (25) is in the Senior Class at the University of Maine.

Phyllis Huff (23), the Professional whistler, is connected with a radio broadcasting station in Montreal.

Carl Lewis (23) is connected with the Goodrich Tire Company at Philadelphia.

Zora Fowler (23) is in North Grafton, Mass., training for a nurse.

Iva Lutes (18) has been a teacher at Haverhill, Mass., for several years but is now attending Columbia University.

Edward Lord (17) is managing the local office of the Cumberland County Power and Light Company.

The 25th Annual Banquet of the Alumni was held May 25, 1928, at the Moulton House, Dunstan.

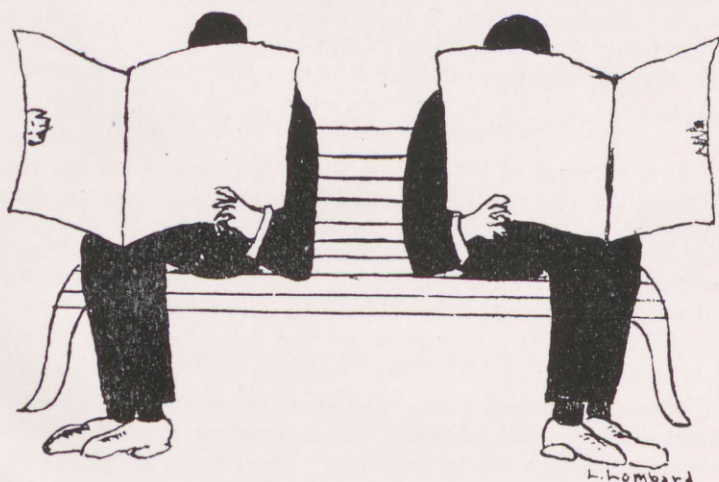
The Senior Class was the guest of the Alumni at their last meeting.

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI

Fannie E. Milliken, Abbie Titcomb, Charles W. Gorham (deceased), Katie W. Snow, Marion Paterson Littlefield, Hester A. Clement (deceased), John L. Guilford (deceased).



SCHOOL



NOTES

SCHOOL MUSIC

Much credit should be given to Miss Ripley, who is so patiently instructing the high school in music this year. Special credit is given this year to the pupils who take music. The one-half point credit is earned by being present at every rehearsal. If absent three times, pupils do not get their credit. This is the first year that so much credit has been given for music, but it interests the students very much more to take music.

HOME NURSING

The Sophomore Class is the only class that takes Home Nursing. Miss Ferguson, the York County Nurse, comes to the Old Orchard High School every Friday. The girls are improving right along, due to the helpfulness and ability of both Miss Ferguson and Miss Bean.

NOVEMBER 7—EDUCATION WEEK

The purpose of Education Week is to interpret the work of the schools to the people, to let them know what is going on in the schools and to know the real value of education. Miss Scott read to the high school Wednesday morning on the Purpose of Education Week. The article was well read and very interesting.

ATTENDANCE CONTEST

The Attendance Contest started at the beginning of the school year by Mr. Jewett. This contest includes all the rooms in the high school building. The record is being put on the bulletin board every six weeks. Room 3, which is the main room, is ahead so far. We hope that everyone is helping their room by not being late or absent.

Sept. 13—Meeting of the teachers was held at the high school. Miss Johanson, the York County nurse, spoke on "The Six Point Child" and special health work to be carried on in schools all over the state. The new County Nurse, Miss Ferguson, was present.

Oct. 19—Rev. Sinden spoke at the morning exercises, led by the Junior Class.

Oct. 23—Mrs. Fannie Drummond of Oberlin, Ohio, national lecturer and organizer of the W. C. T. U., spoke at the Old Orchard High School Tuesday afternoon, on the value of this organization.

Oct. 30—The Freshman Class gave a Hallowe'en party and entertainment to the teachers of the high school Tuesday evening.

Nov. 2—The Tables for the Fair, which is to be held on December 14, were picked by the presidents of each class. The Senior Class will have the Japanese table. The Juniors will have the Food Table. The Sophomores will have the Fancy Table. The Freshman Class will have the Candy Table. The eighth grade will have the Cake Table. The seventh grade will have the Fish Pond.

Nov. 6—The Sophomores of the Home Nursing Class went to the Webber Hospital Tuesday morning. Two of the girls went with Miss Ferguson in her car and the rest of the girls went with Miss Bean in another car. The girls now know how to make a patient's bed and also how to give a baby a bath. The Sophomore Class is enjoying the study of Home Nursing.

Nov. 9—Armistice Day was celebrated on Friday at the morning exercises, led by the Freshman Class. Elizabeth Collins read a poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," which was very interesting. Rena Morgan gave a reading, "On Armistice Day." Ernest Murphy and Cyril Patterson recited a poem, "In Flanders Field." Ruth Wight read "In Flanders Now." The morning exercises were enjoyed by the high school and the eighth grade and Miss Simpson was in charge of the program.

Nov. 16—The morning exercises were led by the Sophomores. A scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was given by the following boys: Gordon McAllister, William Wood, Lorimer Lombard. Albert Jordan and Robert Collins were in charge of the program.

Nov. 21—A special program was selected bearing directly upon the Constitution, at the morning exercises, led by the eighth grade. The songs were "America" and "America, the Beautiful." The eighth Graders that took part explained in talks on the Constitution what the value of the Constitution is as a foundation for our laws; the three divisions of government—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. The citizen should become thoroughly familiar with the fundamental laws.



Back Row: R. Drew, P. Shorey, D. Verville, C. Murphy, C. Fernandez, R. Snow, M. Simpson, R. Morgan, C. Paterson, G. Shorey, C. Brown, R. Jones, E. Murphy, V. De Grace, C. Libby, O. Snow, L. Lombard.
Third Row: F. Sutherland, P. Smith, V. Sutherland, H. Dalley, Director; A. Bryant, H. Snow, H. Fitzsimmons, T. Hillson, H. Brown, A. Snow, D. Pheeney, F. Hegan, D. Miles, P. Miles, S. Correll, R. Verville, R. McNalley, H. Simpson.
Second Row: E. Leger, A. Jordan, M. Leger, G. Berry, G. McAllister, C. Parker, D. Snow, D. Marshall, R. Shorey, W. Mingo, A. Kimball, T. Corbiel, R. Wight, H. Thurston.
Front Row: A. Brown, L. Lombard, R. Drew, I. Leger, F. H. Jewett, Principal; I. Cagne, H. Parish, L. Anglossen'e, W. Wood.

SCHOOL NOTES

On December 14, the school gave an Operetta. The whole Glee Club took part and it certainly was good. We were coached by Miss Ripley, who deserves a great deal of credit for her work. Miss Dolley, our music supervisor, coached the solos and helped in every way possible. The Operetta was "The Ghost of Lollypop Bay." The story was laid in a girls' camp on the shore of Lollypop Bay. Across the bay was a boys' camp, most of the boys being quite friendly with the girls. The whole thing was very exciting, with many ghosts and scary places. But everything comes out all right, with Marcus Johnson, the ghost, trying to scare Dinah so as to comfort her. Everyone had a grand time. There was a dance afterwards, with music by Florence Sutherland and her orchestra. The cast of characters is as follows:

Miss Jemima Steel, principal	Delia Snow
Mary	Irene Leger
Midge, Mary's chum	Irene Gagne
Molly, Mary's chum	Lucy Angleosante
Dinah, a colored maid	Lorraine Lombard
Professor Flint, boys' principal	David Marshall
Dick	Robert Drew
Harry, Dick's pal	William Wood
Tom, Dick's pal	Hiram Parish
Marcus Adam Johnson	Alfred Brown

Chorus, Glee Club



ATHLETICS





TEAM WORK

It's all very well to have courage and skill,
And it's fine to be counted a star,
But the single deed with its touch of thrill
Doesn't tell us the man you are,
For there's no lone hand in the game we play,
We must work to a bigger scheme,
And the thing that counts in the world today
Is, how do you pull with the team?

They may sound your praise and call you great,
They may single you out for fame,
But you must work with your running mate
Or you'll never win the game—
For never the work of life is done
By the man with a selfish dream,
For the battle is lost or the battle is won
By the spirit of the team.

You may think it fine to be praised for skill,
But a greater thing to do
Is to set your mind and set your will
On the goal that's just in view;
It's helping your fellowman to score
When his chances hopeless seem,
It's forgetting self till the game is o'er,
And fighting for the team.

—Edgar A. Guest.





Back Row: Miriam Simpson, Irene Gagne, Ruth Shorey, Gladys Berry.
Front Row: Thersa Corbiel, Nellie Fitzgibbon, Manager; Irene Leger, Cap'tain; Virginia De Grace, Marguerite Leger.

BASKETBALL

This year it has been made possible for both the girls and boys to play basketball. The school has the girls' team and the Boys' Club has the boys' team. The girls organized a team, although they lost some good players last year. The boys are having their first year in basketball. They formed a Boys' Club and from the club picked a team of those who could play the best.

The girls played their first game on December 7, 1928, with Scarboro, and lost, although they played well.

O. O. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
M. Ledger, rf	1		
I. Ledger, lf	3		6
DeGrace, c	6		12
T. Corbeil, c			
G. Berry, sc			
N. Fitzgibbon, lg			
I. Gagne, rg			
			—
			18

S. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Scammon, rf	8		16
De Caste, lf	6		12
H. Harmon, sc			
Shaw-Jellerson, sc	1		2
De Caste-Shaw			
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EXCHANGES



EXCHANGES

Our OCEANIC has been sent to the following:

- "Cantania," Canton High School, Canton, Maine.
- "The Leavitt Angelus," Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, Maine.
- "The Pilgrim," Plymouth High School, Plymouth, Mass.
- "Jester," Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Maine.
- "The Cycle," Woodsville High School, Woodsville, N. H.
- "Salemica," New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.
- "Observer," Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.
- "The Clarion," Oxford High School, Oxford, Maine.
- "Laconean," Laconia High School, Laconia, N. H.
- "The Gale," Revere High School, Revere, Mass.
- "Painter," Kimball High School, Rumford Point, Maine.
- "Rastrum," Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine.
- "Hilltop Breeze," Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine.
- "Pine Needles," Mattanawock Academy, Lincoln, Maine.
- "Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.
- "Blue and White Banner," Putnam High School, Putnam, Conn.
- "Thermapolitan," Hot Springs, Thermapolis, Wyoming.
- "The Magnet," Madison High School, Madison, Maine.
- "The Easter Echo," Eastern High School, Baltimore, Md.
- "The Graphic," Amherst High School, Amherst, Mass.
- "The Mirror," Pattern Academy, Pattern, Maine.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following papers:

1. "The Acorn," Oakcliff High School, Dallas, Texas.
Your paper shows real work.
2. "The Laconian," Laconia, New Hampshire. Your literary department is very good.
3. "The Pointer," Rumford, Maine.
4. "Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.
Where are your exchanges?
5. "The Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.
We enjoyed your "Medicine Man" very much.
6. "Richmond Hi News." A very good weekly.
7. "Portland Racquet," Portland, Maine.
8. "Pennsylvania Triangle," Philadelphia University.
9. "The Chronicle," South Paris, Maine.
10. "Orange and Black," Brunswick, Maine.
11. "Black and Gold," Canajohane, N. Y.
12. "The Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.
13. "Burdette Lion," Burdette College, Boston, Mass.
14. "Trumpet," Valders, Wisconsin.
15. "Lincoln Spotlight," Thomas, Minn.
16. "The Alewife," Warren High School, Camden, Maine.
17. "Megunticook," Camden High School, Camden, Maine.

18. "Pep," Mexican High School, Mexico, Maine.
19. "The Pilot," Mechanic Falls, Maine.
20. "Broadcaster," Mechanic Falls, Me.
21. "The Tabula," Tarrington, Conn.
22. "The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.
23. "The Pine Needles," Lincoln, Maine.
24. "The Signboard," Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.
25. "Emerson College News."
26. "The Venture," Hallowell, Maine.
27. "The Hebronite," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US:

We could not ask for a better paper than the OCEANIC; well organized all the way through and a fine literary department.

OCEANICS have been sent to the following:

- "The Hebronite," Hebron College, Hebron, Nebraska.
- "Red and Black," Roger High School, Newport, Rhode Island.
- "Lookout," Derby High School, Derby, Connecticut.
- "Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.
- "Boomerang," Fairfax High School, South Dakota.
- "Megunticook," Camden High School, Camden, Maine.
- "Richmond Hi News," Richmond, California.

AS WE SEE YOU:

- "Megunticook," Camden, Maine: A well planned paper and a fine athletic department.
- "Richmond Hi News": A well planned weekly magazine.
- "The Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.: A very interesting paper. Your drawings are very amusing.
- "The Burdette Lion," Boston, Mass.: A very fine lot of poems are in your paper.
- "Trumpet Valders," Wisconsin: A very enjoyable paper. Come again.
- "Lincoln Spotlight," Thomas, Minn.: Your paper surely is a spotlight on a dark day.
- "Black and Gold," Canajoharie, N. Y.: A fine little paper.
- "Orange and Black," Brunswick, Maine: An unusual collection of drawings. Very interesting. Why not add a few jokes to your paper?
- "Chronicle," South Paris, Maine: Your paper shows a good deal of work. You have a fine looking building.
- "Pep," Mexico, Maine: A wonderful paper. No fault could be found with you. You use a novel way in your exchanges.
- "The Hebronian," Hebron, Maine: A fine literary department.

A MODERN WAY TO KEEP THIN

A South Street housewife asked her husband to copy a radio recipe. He did his best, but two stations were coming through on the same wave length. This is what he got:

Hands on hips, place one cupful of flour on shoulders, raise knees, depress toes and wash in one-half cupful of milk.

In 4 counts raise both legs and mash 2 hard-boiled eggs through a sieve.

Repeat 6 times. Inhale 1 teaspoon of baking powder and 1 cup of flour. Breathe through the nose, exhale and sift.

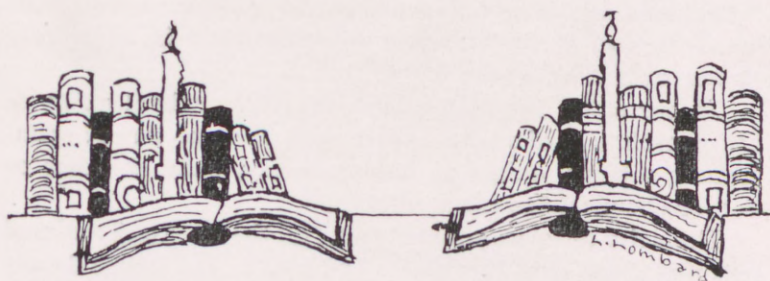
Attention, jump to a stride. Stand and bend the white of an egg backward and forward overhead, and in 4 counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut.

Hop backward and forward in boiling water, but do not boil into a fine, long thread.

In ten minutes remove from fire and dry with a towel. Breathe deeply, put on bathrobe and serve with a one-egg sauce.



LITERARY



FIRE PREVENTION

We are realizing more and more how much our country and its wealth depends upon us. If we are heedless of the rules of fire prevention we suffer a great loss of property and life.

Our National Government has taken a great step toward prevention of forest fires. Watchmen are stationed on lonely mountain tops to watch for the first signs of smoke among the trees of the surrounding forests. Airplanes also patrol forest areas to lessen the danger of forest fires. There has been a National Fire Prevention Association for more than thirty years. One of its laws is that all theatres, churches, banks, schools, town halls, and other public buildings shall have doors which open outward.

There are fire marshals in many of our states who make laws regarding fire prevention and who inspect buildings.

In New York State one of the laws regarding schools reads as follows: "All of the doors of class rooms shall open inward." This gives each teacher more control over her class, so that in case of a fire she can keep the children from rushing out in a panic without her permission. It is well to have the children of a school so very well trained by frequent fire drills that in case of a real fire, they will march out in an orderly manner, as if it were only one of their fire drills.

In our state, one of the laws regarding school safety is that on each floor of a school there shall be some way of extinguishing a blaze, either by having handy, pails of water or hose, or chemical fire extinguishers.

Each city or town, while obeying all the state and national laws, may make laws for itself. Some cities and towns do not allow bonfires at all while others have passed ordinances saying that no one can have a bonfire after twelve, noon, within the city or town limits.

Our own town has some very excellent fire prevention laws which have been passed in an effort to save lives and property. The following are some of the laws of Old Orchard regarding fire prevention:

No one may start a bonfire without a permit from the Fire Chief.

No one may erect a building without a permit from the

selectmen, who investigate to see if the building will be a safe one.

If any building, in the opinion of the selectmen, is too near any other so that there will be danger of a fire spreading if one starts, it must be moved or changed by the owner if the selectmen think best.

No wooden building shall be erected nearer than three feet from the edge of the lot on which it is to be erected, unless the wall on the edge is built of a fire resisting material, to the under side of the roof.

If the selectmen think that any chimney, flue, or other heating apparatus is dangerous the owner must make it safe.

All chimneys shall be constructed of brick, and they shall have doors near their bases to permit them to be cleaned easily. They shall not be built within one inch of any wood-work. They shall not rest on the ground.

Every smoke pipe should be at least nine inches away from every wooden floor, ceiling or partition, unless protected by asbestos or a metal shield, and every pipe shall be guarded by a double metal collar with an air space of not less than four inches, when running through any stud or wooden partition. No smoke pipe shall project from any outside wall or window.

All buildings hereafter constructed or re-roofed shall be covered on the roof with some approved fire resisting material.

Many serious fires are started by carelessness. Often they are caused by children playing with matches, by boys carrying matches in their pockets, by carelessness in throwing used matches in waste-paper baskets, wooden boxes, and so forth, by carelessness about cigarette and cigar stubs, by lighting fires with the help of kerosene, by careless use of benzine, and other explosive cleaning fluids, by leaving fats and oils on stoves, by open fires in fireplaces, by use of defective electric appliances, by leaving electric flatirons with the current turned on, by leaving paper, wood or old rags near a hot stove, by overheated stoves, by defective chimneys, and by thawing out pipes with open flames.

Spontaneous combustion is another cause of fires. We should never let oily rags and floor-cloths accumulate. All ham-bags, butter and lard papers, greasy cloths from sewing machines, lamps, and fresh paint, should be burned immediately.

We have had several large fires in our cities which have destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property, and many lives. Chicago has had two large disastrous fires. One was started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow, who kicked over a lantern and the other started in a large theatre. Now, modern barns are lighted by electricity, and flashlights are used instead of the dangerous lanterns. New York has had several large fires also.

Every year now, an active fire prevention campaign goes on in Fire Prevention Week. Talks are broadcasted over the

radios to make people "fire conscious." These campaigns are also extensively used in schools, firehouses and industrial plants.

We have found that fire can be either our worst enemy or our best friend. It is through the proper use of fire that we have gained our civilization. Our pre-historic ancestors lived in hot climates because not knowing the use of fire, they could not inhabit colder zones. We have learned that people living in the cooler climates, with the use of fire are more industrious, resourceful, and healthier than the people who inhabit the hot regions of the earth. Since fire is so necessary to us we should be careful to keep it our servant and never let it become our enemy.

Helen Lee Thurston, '32.

TEACHER'S PRESENT

"Did you buy teacher's present?" shouted Johnnie as I entered the house last Christmas eve.

In all my hustling I had forgotten the most desired present—the teacher's. I would have to go up town again.

As I stepped upon the New York subway and was about to deposit my dime, an invisible hand jerked my arm—my dime was gone—nowhere to be seen. I deposited another dime. Twenty cents to ride three blocks in an awful mob! There were crowds of late Christmas shoppers who, like myself, no doubt had forgotten someone's present, pushing each other like a pack of wild Indians. Elbowing my way to the door, I managed to get out at Forty-fifth Street. Crossing Times Square, I slipped and found myself sitting in the middle of the street. All traffic held up—What roars of laughter reached my ears. I hastily got up and reached the sidewalk. Where to go? What to do? I looked up. "Ye Olde Corner Book Store," in bright lights, blazed before me. I walked in the store. Rows and rows of books stood before me. On the very bottom shelf was a little book with a red binding which caught my eye. It was the "Bridge of San Luis Rey." "Just the thing," thought I. I paid the book-seller and soon reached home, after dropping the book several times.

"Here's your present, Johnnie. Thank goodness, I haven't lost it."

I handed the book to him, glancing at it. I saw large, golden letters—"FAIRY TALES FOR CHILDREN."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Far back from the road, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, stood an old, deserted farmhouse. The shingles had long since fallen from the roof and some of the windows were cracked and broken.

Although the house looked old and shabby, there was a homey look about it as it nestled back from the trees and flowers that surrounded it.

Up one side of the house a vine gracefully climbed to the roof and in back a lovely vineyard stood temptingly with its clusters of juicy grapes.

The lawn, though it needed cutting, was very green and fresh, and at one side of it ran a little brook, murmuring and bubbling as it danced along.

The house is one that leaves a lingering thought of childhood days that might have been spent in a house similar to this one.

Miriam Simpson, '32.

A MODERN HOUSE

The house, a large, gray one with white trimmings, has a wide, inviting porch lined with flower boxes. Vines, now tinged with the autumn colors, climb to the second story windows. A large brass knocker ornaments the front door, and there are pretty draperies in the windows. A gravel driveway leads around the house to a small, gray garage. The front lawn is always well kept, and in the middle of it is a little pond for goldfish.

This up-to-date dwelling and its pretty surroundings are very pleasing to the eye.

Helen Lee Thurston, '32.

ON A DEY AT SCOLE

We staiyt scole wel nye aight and fifteen Fyrst we usyally hath a psalm tyken frym the Bible or aftyne a gyde syng frym faymus maen. Aftyр the rydings hath we wel nye fifteen mynutes dyvotyd to moosic The younge maydyns woulde fyrst go ovyр thir payrts so as to be sire of it. A moanyng sounde is haird thoes art the laddys too bayshful too synge too loude. Aftyр the laddys gait ovyр thair bayshfulness the maydyns and laddys synge to gaithyr. It saitanly synds fyne and a plaisir for to hair thaim.

It is wel nye aight and thairty aivery one passys to thair vayryous classys which art alwais vairy interystyng.

Chaucerian,

Hildagarde Kane, '30.

AN HONEST CROOK

The stairs of the old boarding house creaked as the little tow-headed boy trudged up the long, winding flights. Hesitating on the last landing, he looked around him with an air of disgust at the poverty-stricken building.

The long climb had tired him and it was with a dejected air that Johnnie, the son of an international crook, walked towards the dark rooms where he and his father lived.

As he went down the dark corridor he was halted by a low voice from his father's bedroom.

"Aw'right, Bill," said John Wurlington, Sr., "we'll do the job t'night."

The voice sank to a whisper and Johnnie moved slowly down the corridor. He knew what would happen. They were going to rob a steel mill. They would wait until Cyril Downs, the president, had gone home, and then—his father would be caught.

What could he do? Nothing, but wait until morning.

In the morning Johnnie awoke with a start. Was his father all right? He jumped into his little ragged suit and ran down the corridor. His father's door was locked!

As he turned slowly to go back to his room, two rough-looking policemen stopped him and told him to come with them.

They walked until they came to a large brick building with iron bars protecting the windows.

The Jail! His father had been caught!

But Johnnie soon learned that his father had died while robbing the mill.

Johnnie was adopted by Cyril Downs, the man his father had robbed. He lived in luxury and was very happy. We next see him when he is twenty-two years old and a junior partner in the Downs Steel Mill.

* * * * *

John Wurlington, Jr., stepped quietly into the office. Cyril Downs was seated at the mahogany desk and Gloria Pitman was talking, "Very well, Mr. Downs, I'll do my very best. Your son may not want me here, but as you have asked me, I'll try it."

Johnnie learned that his foster-father was going to the West Indies. A week after he went Johnnie received a telegram which said that he had died while sleeping in his cabin.

Everything was left to Johnnie, and he and Gloria were left to run the business.

A month went by smoothly and the business was improving.

One day, while playing tennis with Gloria, Johnnie noticed that she was very quiet and unconcerned. When they

changed sides he stopped her and asked, "What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing at all," burst out Gloria, sarcastically. "I always thought you were crooked. You enjoy robbing people, don't you? Oh, yes! You needn't stand there and look so innocent! The people you took the stocks from were friends of mine!" Here she turned and walked haughtily towards the house.

"Gloria!" Johnnie ran and caught her by the arm. "You can't believe that I'm a crook! Listen to me!—When my father died he left a letter saying that before I could inherit his money I must do three crooked things and not get caught. I took the stocks from your friends, but I returned them. I took jewels, but I returned those also. I wouldn't do another crooked thing now, Gloria, to get all the money I could own. If you love me enough to marry me, Gloria, we'll let the money go."

Gloria had been standing quietly all this time.

Now she turned slowly to Johnnie and said: "I see it all now, dear. I do love you and I am so ashamed of myself for believing that you were a crook. Can you ever forgive me?"

Johnnie could easily, and he did quickly.

Lorraine Lombard, '29.

A SPECTRE

At night it appears like a large ghost with arms outstretched. It has two eye-like places, a short branch for a nose and for a mouth a wide cut from an axe. Two large branches make arms, and the few leaves look like sparse and scanty locks of hair. Through the branches at the foot the wind whistles, and the spectre on the lonely road groans with spook-like sounds.

Ruth Wight, '32.

THE DARK LOOMING OBJECT

I looked up to see a huge black object coming directly toward me. It seemed to rumble and growl as if ready to devour me. The glaring headlights of the object, which was really a truck, looked like two huge eyes staring at me in the darkness. I could not move. So great was my terror that I stood riveted to the spot, expecting any moment to be swallowed up by this huge monster. I heard screams and then all was still, for I was unconscious. For many days afterwards I could see in my mind that huge object.

Rena Morgan, '32.

"BIANCA"

Among the vast crowd of spectators in the arena, the most conspicuous person was Bianca Delorès. This beautiful senorita of old Madrid was the daughter of Senor Blaise Delorès, the famous matador, that was to enter the contest to be conducted that day. Sencrita Delorès was waiting patiently for her father's entrance. His number was sixteen and now the fifteenth matador was about to battle with the angry bull.

"Was her father to be the next victim of these fierce bulls," thought Bianca.

She prayed fervently. Oh! if the good Dios would only make something happen before it was his turn. The fifteenth victim was carried out—dead.

Senor Blaise Delorès, the sixteenth contestant, walked proudly to the pit. A shout went up! Cheer after cheer applauded the famous matador. The bull was set free. With a loud roar, he darted upon Delorès, but Delorès was too quick. He instantly jumped aside. The bull then dashed forward, but again Delorès escaped his sharp horns. This made the bull angrier, he ran around the arena several times without stopping, as if he was planning to attack his opponent unnoticed.

"What was this bull up to?" thought Delorès.

Then Delorès knew that if he didn't act quickly he'd never go out of the arena alive. He charged after the bull, who, taken unaware, was instantly thrown to the ground; then Delorès grasped his horns and after several twists the bull was conquered.

In the royal box sat Bianca, resembling the painting of a Spanish senorita with her gown of white satin and a long braid of hair lying on each shoulder. She now ran to greet her father, who clasped her warmly to his heart.

"I knew you'd win," she whispered.

"God bless you," he whispered.

After extending many congratulations to Senor Delorès, the vast crowd slowly began to disperse.

Senor Delorès and his daughter were about to leave the arena when suddenly they heard the whirl of an aeroplane. It seemed as if the pilot was looking for a landing place. He spied the immense ground of the arena and quickly but majestically flew to the earth.

The large crowd that had been on their way home now rushed forward to the plane.

The first to reach the plane was Bianca and her father. Their first glimpse of the plane was a very bright golden spectacle. They soon recognized it as the "Golden Cloud" with its lone pilot who was flying around the world to further aeronautics. Soon a large crowd gathered around the plane. Bianca and her father were the first to greet him.

"Welcome, stranger," spoke Senor Delorès.

Cheer after cheer rent the air. The pilot was then lifted out of the plane, on the shoulders of the mob. Senor Delorès addressed the crowd and then they cleared a space for him in the center.

"In behalf of the city of Madrid, I welcome you to our midst," spoke Delorès. "It would, indeed, give me pleasure," continued the famous matador, "if you would be my guest during your stay in Madrid."

The pilot, Roger Crosby of Devonshire, England, acknowledged the invitation in a hesitant manner.

He was a very boyish looking chap, blue-eyed and fair skinned, a typical Englishman.

Crosby soon won the hearts of all the natives by his bravery and charming ways. Every night a banquet, ball, or entertainment was performed in his honor.

Several weeks passed before Crosby returned to England, where he was to receive many medals of honor—but when he finally took off he carried with him the heart of Senorita Bianca.

Gladys F. Berry, '29.

A YOUNG MAN'S FOLLY

A young man, of perhaps twenty years, came down the shady street. He was deep in thought. Was it only last night that he had met the girl of his dreams? Only last night that her smiling blue eyes looked into his grey ones? Yes, but it seemed months to the young man who had fallen in love for the first time.

"Where is she now?" he wondered. Perhaps he would meet her as he went to work.

Hark! Can't you hear those light footfalls on the street behind? He could. He looked, and was disappointed, for instead of a beautiful young woman, he saw a child of about seven years walking toward the Corner Store.

Still hoping for just one glimpse of her face, he walked slowly on toward the office. As he neared his destination, again he heard footsteps. Could it be she? No, it was that ugly school-teacher, with her glasses way down on the end of her nose.

Would he never see the girl of his dreams again? His spirit rose, as he heard the slow step of someone coming down the almost deserted street. It certainly must be she this time. But, alas! for his hopes. The only person in sight was an old, old woman coming painfully down the street.

A. E. K., '30.

LUCKY—AND HOW!

Jack Harlan was good looking. Tall and of dark complexion, he was the object of several admiring glances from the women in the trolley car in which he was riding.

He looked happy at this moment, for his thoughts were pleasant. He had a good position with the A. G. Spaulding Co., a large New York firm which handled athletic goods. Awaiting him at his destination, a comfortable flat in the residential district, was his wife, Anna, and his daughter, Ruth.

Ruth was at the door when he arrived home and ran to him, shouting: "Mama, Mama, Daddy's here."

Twenty-four hours later Jack again ascended the stairs outside his home but this time he was not met at the door by a joyous seven-year-old girl. Instead it was a sad and tearful Anna who stood ready to greet him.

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, quickly.

"Ruth is sick," said his wife. "She didn't feel very well after dinner so I called a doctor. She has grown worse and the doctor says she has pneumonia."

Jack went to the sickroom and tiptoed—oh, so carefully—to the bedside. It was a quiet and subdued-looking Jack that came from the sickroom a few minutes later.

For ten days Jack knew the same sad home-coming. At last, on the tenth day, the doctor pronounced Ruth out of danger.

The twelfth day after Ruth was taken sick Jack wore a worried and preoccupied look as he stood outside the door of his home. He was very quiet during supper and nearly jumped when his wife said, "What has happened, Jack, you look worried?"

"Oh, nothing, I'm just a little tired, I guess," answered Jack, with an attempt to evade the question. However, this did not satisfy Anna and before supper was over Jack admitted that he had lost his job. "A. G. Spaulding has failed and the firm went into the receivers' hands this morning," was the way he put it, and his face, usually smiling, was very grave.

"Never mind, dear," said Anna, a smile lighting her face, "it won't be long before you will have another position."

Jack sat down to read the evening paper and did not move for several minutes. Finally, he looked up and made as if to speak. Instead he sat very quietly and watched Anna, who was doing some housework. For the first time he noticed that her face was thinner, dark circles, too, were appearing under her eyes.

"How tired she looks," he thought. "Ruth's sickness has been too much for her. She must have a rest and I a job."

Ten days later Jack was still reading the want ads. He was desperate. There were doctor's bills to be paid, Anna had also had a nervous breakdown three days before and had gone to a quiet country town to rest.

"These last ten days were bad enough," mused Jack, "but the last three days—," here he was interrupted by a knock, and upon opening the door with an impatient jerk saw a messenger boy waiting with a telegram.

"Probably more bad news," he muttered, and added, bitterly, "that's all that is coming my way now."

It proved to be a message from a law firm in a distant city saying that an uncle of his had died and left considerable money in stocks, all of which was to go to Jack.

A week later he received the stocks and a small amount of money. The stocks he immediately turned over to his broker, J. H. Whitman, to handle.

Eleven weeks have passed. Jack's home is again brightened by his wife and daughter, both robust and healthy.

"Ten weeks ago I received the money which made me moderately rich," said Jack, "and now I"—but he broke off, for Anna had gone to answer a knock at the door. She came back bearing an envelope with a message inside. Jack looked at it and this is what he read:

"Your stocks are worthless, but I saved \$2,000 from the wreck.—J. H. Whitman, Broker."

Raymond Guilford, '29.

LATE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

My Christmas shopping was done and it was with a feeling of relief that I rushed through the swinging doors of the station. On track two was a westbound passenger train, over which I must cross to get my own train, which was going east.

It moved! But to my horror it was moving westward! With the first jerk, my bundles flew in all directions. As I was scrambling to recover at least a part of them, the conductor peered inquisitively from the doorway. Between jumps for bundles, I explained my predicament to him. My explanation woke him up considerably and he hurried to see about stopping the train.

With grinding of brakes and screeching of a whistle, the train came to a standstill. I jumped hurriedly to the ground and fell, of course, in a snowdrift. I sat there, to the amusement of the passengers, and watched the roaring train until it disappeared behind a curve.

At exactly eleven o'clock that night a lonely, wet figure dragged itself into the deserted station. It was I—very much the "worse for wear" after my three mile walk.

Lorraine Lombard, '29.

BOOK REVIEWS

SORRELL AND SON

Warwick Deeping

This book shows the sacrifices the father made for his son, while the mother was enjoying herself, caring nothing about anyone.

I like the book because it teaches one that selfishness does not pay. We see that Mr. Sorrell slaved and worked hard during his life, trying to do his work honestly. He did all he could possibly do to teach his son to do right. Christopher's mother was selfish. She soon found out that selfishness does not pay in the end. Sorrell died happily to know that he had done everything that was possible and that his son appreciated this fact. The mother lived unhappily, knowing she had done wrong. The lesson we learn from this book is "Selfishness does not pay."

CLAIRE AMBLER

Booth Tarkington

This is a very fascinating novel of a young girl. The scene is laid in Europe. The author has written many other novels of the same type. The book consists of three parts: The Birth of Thought, Raona, Twenty-five. The leading character is Claire Ambler. While Claire is spending her vacation in Raona she becomes quite fond of a soldier. He has not long to live because of being injured during the war. "Why doesn't Claire tell the soldier she loves him?" "Does he know that she loves him?" If you read part of this novel you are bound to go on. Who would resist finding out all about this pretty young Claire Ambler?

The author has written, "Claire Ambler is very good form of writing and it is interesting to any young American Girl."

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY Thornton Wilder

This is an interesting and well-written book. Mr. Wilder makes Brother Juniper (a monk) the leading character of the story and writes the story around his efforts to prove why the accident of the falling of the bridge happened to the five who were killed. Brother Juniper believes that the death of the five people was the best thing for them and that it was planned by God. The story is written in five parts:

Part One: "Perhaps an Accident"—in which is told the time and place of the accident and the intentions of Brother Juniper to write the lives of the people who died.

Part Two: "The Marquesa De Montemayor"—the story of a queer, lonely woman who wanted to love someone and be

loved in return. She has an orphan come to live with her and she is just beginning to love her when the accident happens.

Part Three: "Esteban"—the story of twins, Manuel and Esteban, who were brought up by nuns and were shy and quiet. Manuel falls in love with the Perichole (an actress) and dies in the end.

I consider this the best and most interesting story in the book.

Part Four: "Uncle Pio"—the story of an old man who had to take care of the Perichole. He is very good and kind to her and in the end her son is out with Uncle Pio when they go down with the bridge.

Part Five: "Perhaps an intention"—In which is shown that we do not govern our lives, but they are governed by God.

In my opinion this book is very different from any I have ever read, but it is written so well that I did not consider it a waste of time to read it.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

Willa Cather

This is a very interesting book. It has good character sketches and also good description. The book is divided into three different parts or books. The name of the first book is "The Family," the second book is "Tom Outland's Story," and the third book is "The Professor."

In the first book you find out about the family and where they lived. Dr. St. Peter is the most important character. He is a man that likes to be alone and wants to write all the time, but his wife changes his plans for him.

The second book is about Tom Outland. Tom Outland is another important character. His parents died when he was young. He gets acquainted with a man named Blake. They go to New Mexico. While they are in New Mexico they have some very interesting times.

In the last book comes the climax. It has a fitting climax for the rest of the book.

THE GREENE MURDER CASE

S. S. Van Dine

In the sinister old Greene mansion was the scene of mysterious shooting in which Julia Greene was shot. Ada, an adopted daughter, was wounded.

"Who killed Julia Greene? Why was Ada wounded?"

These were the problems to be solved by the clever detectives, who were never before so puzzled. You'll meet the "psychological detective" who solved the Canary murder case.

Chester Greene, brother of the murdered sister, is also murdered the following night.

Investigations revealed no clues.

Several weeks later the "Psychological Detective," Vance, is called to the District Attorney's office and word that Ada Greene had something to tell him.

"What did this wounded girl want of the famous detective?"

It is a story that grips. You begin reading this fascinating story and you will never leave it until you find what the "psychological detective" solved. A thrilling plot, which thickens, and the exciting climax are all well-written.

WHOA! HOW'S THIS?

MAN descended from the ape,
Never changes as to shape;
All his very best intentions
Cannot alter his dimensions.
WOMAN, from fair Eve descended,
Can be narrowed or extended.
Always in conditions pink,
She can bulge or she can shrink,
Take off here and put on there
To the measure of a hair.
Just for fun or on a bet,
She can change her silhouette
Till her mother, when she spies her
Almost fails to recognize her.

Paris thunders: "Girls, be thin!"
And the beanpole shape comes in.
London, in due time observes;
"Ladies, it is time for curves."
And at once, no whit confounded,
All the gals are sweetly rounded.

Women are a fickle sex,
Now concave and now convex.
Sometimes tiny, sometimes bigger,
Fluctuating as to figger,
Watching with observant glance,
London, England; Paris, France.



JOKES

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

"You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear."
That was often said to mother
By the girls of yesteryear;
But the girls now tell their maters,
As they start out for a spin,
"You must wake up early, mother,
Someone's got to let me in."

Miss Bean (during General Science Class): "What do we get from the sun?"

Lorimer: "Freckles."

Miss Ripley (in Music): "Take a pencil and breathe deeply."

Miss Scott: "How do we show the possessive case of a word?"

Elizabeth: "By adding atmosphere and 'S!'"

Miss Bean (during General Science): "The earth travels around the sun; what travels around the earth?"

Maud: "Tramps."

Mr. Jewett: "What is a circle?"

Alfred: "A square without any corners."

Miss Bean: "On which side of your body is your heart?"

Lucy: "On the inside."

Miss Ripley (during music period to Lorraine): "Pound out the boys."

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice without: "It is I."

Peter (peevd): "Get out of here; we don't want any more school-teachers."

Nellie: "Who was the man who kissed you last night at the dance?"

Irene: "AT what time?"

M. Leger (while talking to Gladys): "We gave the referee fifty bucks to let us win the game."

Gladys: "And still you lost?"

Leger: "Yeah,—the umpire was crooked."

Prof: "Why don't you answer me?"

Rodney Drew: "I did, Professor, I shook my head."

Prof: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle away up here, do you?"

A. Kimball: "Can you drive with one hand?"

H. Parish: "You bet I can."

Kimball: "Then have an apple."

Hiram Parish: "If you keep looking at me like that, I am going to kiss you."

Irene Leger: "Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

Marguerite: "What is wind?"

Gladys: "I don't know."

Marguerite: "Air in a hurry."

Delia (to Lorraine): "Why is a man like toothpaste?"

Lorraine: "Because you have to squeeze him to get anything out of him."

Sparks Libby was arrested for assault and battery and was brought before the judge.

Judge Mewer (to prisoner): "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks. I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

Judge (after recovering his equilibrium): "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."

Alfred Brown: "Say, William, who was the girl you were with last night?"

William Wood: "Aw! That was my mother."

Albert Jordan, a Pine Point resident, a "Divil" with the ladies.

Gordon McAllister, a gentle soul with a sweet and pleasant disposition.

Bud Snow: "Mother, may I ask for things like a soldier?"

Mrs. Snow: "Why, yes, darling."

Bud: "Then pass the darn beans."

Mrs. Snow: "Why, Oscar, do soldiers swear like that?"

Bud: "Do they? Well, I should hope to spit in your mess kit."

Hilda: "My word! That golf player is a drug fiend."

Teressa: "You don't say. How do you know?"

Hilda: "He admitted it himself. He just said he took six shots on one hole this morning."

Hiram Parish: "I would like to interest you in this cotton gin—the cotton gin, you must remember, is one of the world's greatest inventions."

David Marshall: "Is that so? Well, send me up a dozen bottles. I will try anything once."

Plucky, peppy, punctual, persevering.—The Editors.

Which is which? Ask us.—P. Martin, '31, N. Martin, '31.

Is she quiet?

Well I guess

She's a little too quiet

We must confess.

Alberta Harding, '31.

He has a hand in every matter.—Hiram Parish, '30.

I got the time and the place,

But it's the trouble in getting the girl.

Alfred Brown, '31.

Not too fat!

Not too lean!

Of this particular class

Mistress Mary is Queen.

Mary McDowell, '31.

Young, sweet, tender, even yet!—Bud Snow, '30.

She is terribly tall and awful thin,

And always forever works like sin.

Pauline Miles, '31.

I love the boys and the boys love me.—Irene Leger, '31.

Here is surging, silent power.—Nellie Fitzgibbon, '31.

An Idea wanted! Ten dollars reward.—Paul Shorey, '30.

Marooned! Lost but not left!—Clarence Libby, '30.

Ye Gods, protect me from men!—Ruth Wight, '31.

A happy, laughter-loving soul she is.—Elizabeth Collins,

Greens in the raw state.—Freshmen.

At last I have found the fountain of youth.—Albert Jordan, '31.

Data brought up to date.—Mildred Knack, '32.

Lacking precise information, I am at liberty to speculate.
—Robert Drew, '30.

The smart silhouette of the moment.—Ada Bryant, '32.

Made to order only.—William Wood, '31.

Chic as she's practical.—Gladys Berry, '29.

Success ahead for you.—Avis Kimball, '30.

Individual as well as smart.—Helen Thurston, '32.

Just full of endless thrills.—Hazel Brown, '30.

Forgetful temporarily.—Lorimer Lombard.

I'm here part of the time; and part of the time I'm not.—
David Marshall, '30.

The blackhaired one of the Sophomore Class,
Who is so smart she can't sleep. Alas! Alas!
Lucy Angelosante, '31.

A silent creature, thoughtful, grave, sincere.—Hildegarde Kane, '30.

His only work is to kill time.—Rodney Drew, '30.

With charity for all and malice toward none.—Alberta Snow, '29.

What a strange drowsiness possesses him!—David Marshall, '30.

A modest maiden, yet self-possessed.—Lorraine Lombard, '29.

Perhaps he'll grow.—Robert Collins, '31.

Shy! Shy! but oh, my!—Hildred Fitz-Simmons, '31.

In school and out she is always the same,
I'll tell you who it is 'cause you'll never guess her name.
Irene Gagne, '31.

Some come here to sit and blunder,
But I come here to work like thunder.
Theresa Snow, '31.

Lost, but not least.—Clifford Brown, '32.

Quiet, but still there.—Theresa Corbeil, '32.

This year's special.—Virginia Degrace, '32.

He often speaks but seldom thinks.—George Shorey, '32.

Always smiling.—Rena Morgan, '32.

God made him, therefore let him pass for a man.—Cyril Patterson, '32.

Why am I compelled to go to school when I know more than the Seniors already?—Maud McSweeney, '32.

Innocent, but willing to learn.—Dorothy Miles, '32.

I am only just a little girl.—Ruth Shorey, '32.

A true friend of all she meets.—Marjorie Watkins, '32.

Bright and red-headed. Who are they?—M. Leger and D. Snow, '29.

If you seek a model, look at me.—Irene Pettingill, '32.

A wanderer from the wide-open spaces.—Gordon McAllister, '31.

I love the ladies.—Wesley Mingo, '30.

Divinely tall and most divinely fair.—Miriam Simpson, '32.

Love making! That's my weakness now!—Raymond Guilford, '29.

They considered him as exact as the multiplication table.—Ernest Murphy, '32.

You may be whatever you resolve to be.—Seniors.

Wouldn't it be funny if:

Gladys wasn't a "Berry."

Bud blossomed.

Brownie was an elf.

Bill didn't blush when the girls spoke to him.

The eighth graders waited until they were Freshman before they got so fresh.

Snow melted.

Lucy's name was "Angel."

All the Snows united and made a drift.

William Would (?).

Brown turned black.

Peg had a wooden leg.

A certain Senior left the teachers alone.

Miss Van moved the school.

Jordan was in Palestine.

Alfred was named after (AL).

Hiram was "Seeing Nellie Home."

Drew couldn't draw.

Marsh got his feet damp.

"Gil" had a Ford.

Kane was made of sugar.

"Mac" was a truck.

The Glee Clubs weren't full of glee.

Old Orchard won the State Basketball championship.

Name	Known As	Appearance
Raymond Sawyer	"Ray"	Bashful (?)
Lorraine Lombard	"Rain"	Calm
Delia Snow	"Dede"	Plump
Alberta Snow	"Bertie"	Tired of life
Marguerite Leger	"Peggy"	Athletic
Gladys Berry	"Gay"	Coquettish
Robert Drew	"Bob"	Sheiky
Hazel Brown	"Hay"	Childish
Avis Kimball	Avis	Saucy
Wesley Mingo	"Wes"	Angelic (?)
Hiram Parish	"Fisher"	Large
Hilda Snow	"Sugar-cane"	Dreamy
Oscar Snow	"Bud"	Sunny
Thersa Snow	Thersa	Everything
David Marshall	"Dave"	Rustic
Paul Shorey	Paul	Meek
Clarence Libby	"Clar"	Lengthy
Lorimer Lombard	"Buddy"	Wise
William Wood	"Bill"	Good-looking
Lucy Angelonante	"Lu"	Sedate
Ruth Snow	"Ruthie"	Dignified
Irene Leger	"Reenie"	Hilarious
Irene Gagne	Gagne	Talkative
Pauline Miles	"Paule"	Up and coming
Phylliss Martin	"Mike"	Look alike
Naomi Martin	"Ike"	Look alike
Hilda Fitzsimmons	Hilda	Demure
Alberta Harding	"Bertie"	Oh! so shy
Hazel Emery	"Silly"	Silly
Nellie Fitzgibbons	"Fitz"	Dumb
Virginia Degrace	"Vige"	Ministerial
Virginia Rix	"Red"	Cute
Ruth Wight	Ruth	Very busy
Helen Thurston	Helen	Studious
Elizabeth Collins	"Lizzy"	Flirty
Rodney Drew	"Rod"	Herculean
Donald Feeney	"Don"	Good-looking
Francis Hogan	"Red"	Childish
Roger Verrille	Roger	Handsome
Miriam Simpson	"Miry"	Pensive
Ruth Shorey	Ruth	Boyish
Gordon MacAllister	"Mac"	Good-natured

Saying	Hobby	Destiny
"Oh, Heck"	Farming	Horse-doctor
"Get me"	Tickling the ivories	Lady Paderewski
"No, Really"	Sewing	Wife
"Ha-a-a"	Typewriting	School ma'am
"P-l-e-a-s-e"	Heart-smasher	Lawyer
"Honestly"	Plaguing the boys	Judge
"You said it"	Professor	Pres. of the U. S.
"Think so"	Acting foolish	Nurse
"I'll say so"	Acting silly	Unknown
"I suppose so"	Getting a girl	Peggy Joyce's future
"Hi, there"	Out driving	Cwner of grocery
"Dizzy"	Movies	We don't know
"What?"	A bit of everything	College Prof.
"Get out"	Eating	?
"Aw, quit it"	Chemistry	Camel King
"Shut up"	Saco	Bookkeeper
"Gosh"	Resting	Dentist
"You bet"	Tennis	Engineer
"Aw, no"	Blushing	Latin Prof.
"Goodness"	Books	Nurse Maid
"Yes, me"	Writing notes	Lectruess
"Youse"	Dancing	Jazz-hound
"Gee, you're fresh"	Having a good time	Rosa Ponsella
"Jumpers"	Studying	Poetess
"Why?"	Writing love poems	Pianist
"All right"	Talking	Pianist
"I think so"	Acting	Farmerette
"Don't"	To get Anthony	Heiress
"Shucks"	Skating	Farmerette
"I dunno"	Doing nothing	Mrs.
"Go to soak"	Basketball	Show girl
"Huh"	Making noise	(Miss) Reporter
"Yes, teacher"	Being good	Teacher
"What?"	Tennis	Preacheress
"Gosh"	Flivvering	Vamp
"Oh, sure"	Text Books	Chemist
"All right, dear"	My girl	Rudolph Valentino
"Maybe"	Seen and Heard	Actor
"You tell her"	History	Evening News Editor
"What's that?"	Posing	A Society Susan
"Aw shut up"	Selling Papers	Poultry Farm
"Are you mad"	Two Girls (?)	Elocutionist

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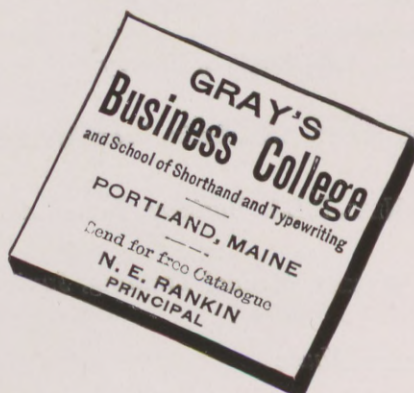
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