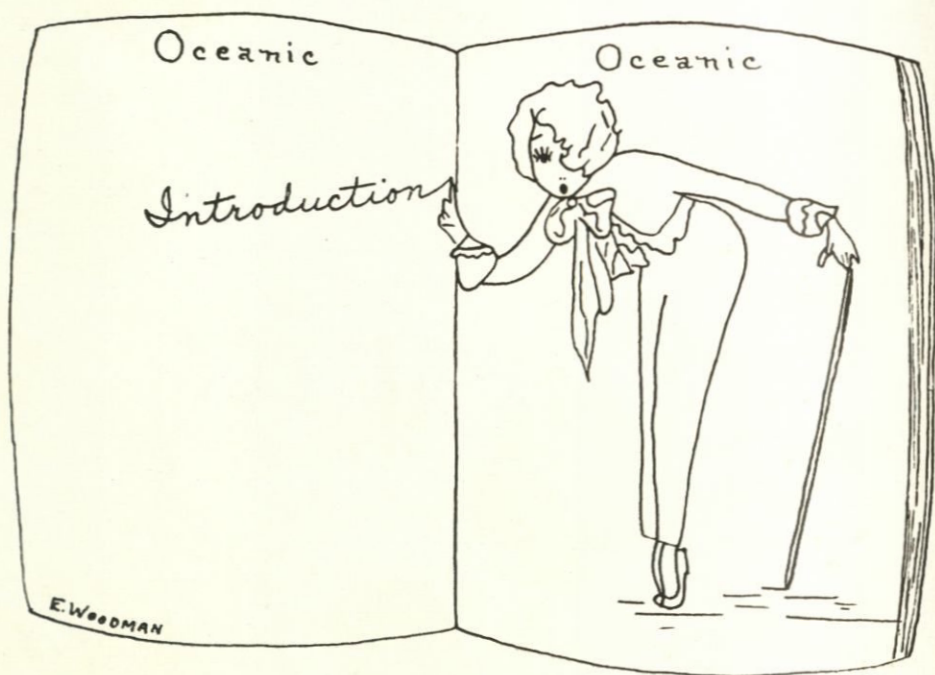


The OCEANIC

1931



The
Oceanic
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THE OCEANIC

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

VOL. XIV

1931

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Dedication

We, The Students of Old Orchard High School
respectfully dedicate this issue
of the

Oceanic

to our former principal

Mr. Frank H. Jewett

a loyal friend and an upholder of the highest ideals
for which the spirit of
Old Orchard High School Stands



MR. FRANK H. JEWETT



Editorial Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
WILLIAM S. WOOD, JR.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
WILLIAM C. McGRATH

SCHOOL NOTES
PAULINE MILES

ALUMNI
RUTH WIGHT

EXCHANGES
NELLIE FITZGIBBON

ARTIST
DOROTHY MILES

LITERARY
RENA MORGAN
IRENE DAY

ATHLETICS
THERESA CORBEIL
CYRIL PATTERSON

PHOTOGRAPHIC
IRENE LEGER
PERSONAL
LUCY ANGELOSANTE

BUSINESS MANAGER
RANSOM McNALLEY

Editorials

BASKETBALL

This year the high schools of York County have banded together to form a basketball league. It is the first of its kind in this section, and although it is in its infancy, it shows promise of doing "big things." A prize has been offered to the best team in the league. All the participants are trying their best to get the prize and so the winner will have to have a good team.

Old Orchard High School shows promise of having winning teams this year. Most of the players are veterans, although we can boast of a few new notables.

This is the first team that the boys have had for a number of years. Before this, the Boys' Club of Old Orchard have been playing in conjunction with the High School girls' team. The boys have won quite a few games this year already, most of the games having been with larger schools.

The teams' chief ambition this year is to win the League Prize and the County Championship. We have already won all of the League games that we have played this year and we hope to win the rest. Here's the best of luck to the teams and may they win both the girls' and boys' league prizes.

A NEW BUILDING

At least there are prospects of Old Orchard Beach having a new high school building. For many years there has been much talk about the building of a new school. But it has only been talk. It seemed for many years that the only way we would get a new building would be to burn the old one down.

The students have, in my estimation, done all in their power to show their worthiness for this building. And I believe that, given the proper equipment, they would show their appreciation by much better work in all fields of studies and sports.

Let us all "talk up" this subject the best we can. Once we have the people of the town talking about and realizing our need, we are almost sure to get results.

Come on, now, let's all pull together for the same goal, a new building! Best of luck, Old Orchard High!

DEBATING

Something new; to us, at any rate. We have always had our speaking contests, plays, etc., but now it is debating. Usually, when a call is made for volunteers for something new

and different, a large number of students flock to the initial meeting. True to form, more than a dozen pupils came to the first session of the debating class. All but seven have dropped out, one by one, since that time. However, Mr. Hamlen, who is in charge of the class, is not downcast, for he realizes that a few always find out that they are not as interested in the subject in hand as they originally believed they were.

Each year Bates College sponsors a number of interscholastic debates on a question which is of national importance. The subject of the question is decided by the participants in the debates of the preceding year. The question selected this year is concerned with the national chain stores, and, stated formally, is: "The chain stores are a menace to the best interests of the American public." Mr. Hamlen sent to Bates for reading matter and in a few days all kinds of bibliographies, magazines, debating guides, and digests arrived. In fact, there is enough material in these papers and booklets received to carry a team through any debates and on either side of the subject of chain stores. All the material is sent to a high school wishing to enter the debating league on the receipt of an admission fee of a few dollars.

I have found out that the majority of the students are taking this subject because of the fine training it gives in speaking. Many of us, I fear, are sadly in need of a bit of this especial training, judging from our actions when we rise in class and try to express ourselves. Therefore, I advise everyone who can to enter this class at the start and remain with it to the finish.

"THE HIGHEST HONOR"

The word honor has an attractive sound. Especially is this true to the boy or girl of high school age. They are willing to work hard to show their prowess in basketball, baseball, or other sports. Isn't this true because they consider being a good athlete is an honor to themselves and to their school?

Again, we find the students competing eagerly with each other in public speaking or debating. Is it because there is a prize offered to the best speakers? Possibly I, personally, do not believe this is the only reason. More than the money is the honor that comes to the boy or girl who is considered worthy of participating in the finals.

I cannot leave this subject of honor without referring briefly to conduct. To act in such a way as to bring honor to oneself, to one's school, home, and community, is a splendid goal in life. There are a few students in our school whose conduct has been wholly worthy. They can only be highly commended for their loyalty, coöperation, and good will.

None of these mentioned above bring the highest honor. This comes only as a result of a rare and successful combination of the three with a fourth, which I will call scholarship. The first thing thought of in that connection is the rank obtained in one's subject. That is usually taken as an index of one's ability. Better still, it is an indication of application, industry, and ambition. This honor, as so conceived, is best symbolized by membership to the National Honor Society for Secondary Schools. I am personally convinced that a local chapter of such a society will prove beneficial. By the time you are reading this, I hope that we will have our own chapter. Here's to the success of its members in school and in life. May they always be an honor to their school, their homes, and their community.

Charles E. Hamlen.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH SCHOOL CALENDAR,

1930-1931

Fall Term, 14 weeks—Term opens Monday, September 15, 1930; closes Friday, December 19, 1930.

Winter Term, 12 weeks—Term opens Monday, January 5, 1931; closes Friday, March 27, 1931.

Spring Term, 10 weeks; Junior-Senior High School, 10 weeks 3 days—Term opens Monday, April 6, 1931; closes Wednesday, June 17, 1931.

Intermissions and Holidays

State Teachers' Association Convention, October 30 and 31, 1930.

Armistice Day, Tuesday, November 11, 1930.

Thanksgiving Day and day following.

Christmas Vacation, December 20, 1930, to January 4, 1931 (inclusive).

Spring Vacation, March 28, 1931, to April 5, 1931 (inclusive).

Patriots' Day, Sunday, April 19, 1931 (holiday observance Monday, April 20, 1931).

Memorial Day, Saturday, May 30, 1931.

(Columbus Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday and Arbor Day observed with appropriate exercises in the schools.)


TEACHER

$$\begin{array}{l} 2 \times 1 = 3 \\ 2 \times 2 = 4 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 42 \\ \times 30 \\ \hline 10 \\ \hline 72 \end{array}$$



DOE MILES

FACULTY



Back Row: F. Roberts, F. Porter, Prin. C. E. Hamlen.
Front Row: P. Bean, H. Dolley, A. Brown, B. McIntyre.

MR. HAMLEN

Favorite Expression: "Let's have it quiet."

Although Mr. Hamlen is new to us this year we have come to appreciate him very much. He is always ready to stand by and help us all he can.

Mr. Hamlen is a graduate of Bates College.

MRS. DOLLEY

Favorite Expression: "That's fine."

As ever, Mrs. Dolley was smiling when she returned to us this fall, and even after these trying weeks of trying to get us to sing, she is still smiling.

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

MISS MCINTYRE

Favorite or most frequent saying is still: "Sit down and BE quiet, PLEASE."

Miss McIntyre has charge of the seventh grade home room this year. However, she is still the teacher of French and Latin, and one of the most capable teachers in the school.

Miss McIntyre is a graduate of Bates College.

MISS BROWN

Favorite Expression: "Any questions?"

It was a lucky day for us when Miss Brown came to our school. She is a fine teacher and

we have learned to like her a great deal during the few short months she has been with us.

Miss Brown is a graduate of Tufts College.

MISS BEAN

Favorite Expression: "Quiet, please."

Miss Bean has charge of the Domestic Arts Department again this year. Judging from reports she has been making it even more interesting than before.

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

MR. ROBERTS

Favorite Expression: "O. K."

This is Mr. Roberts' second year with us. He has certainly made manual training a subject worthy of your attention, in other words, he has made a success of it.

Mr. Roberts attended Northeastern Engineering School.

MISS PORTER

Favorite Expression: "Oh, Min."

Welcome to our old friend; for let it be known that Miss Porter once before was one of the faculty of Old Orchard. Your old friends and many new ones, too, are glad you returned.

Miss Porter is a graduate of Gorham Normal School, the University of Maine, and Gray's Business College.



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.



DOT.
MILES.



LUCY ANGELOSANTE "Lu"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Operetta (2); Editorial Board (3, 4); Chemistry Club (4); Glee Club Librarian (4); Senior Play (4); Class Treasurer (4); Class Play (4).

Lucy with her cheerful smile and helping hand has made our four years in O. O. H. S. seem short. We hear she is planning to enter Farmington Normal next fall. Best of luck, Lucy!

WILLIAM C. McGRATH "Bill"

President of Class (4); President of Chemistry Club (4); Assistant Editor of "Oceanic" (4); Treasurer of Glee Club (4); Senior Play (3, 4); School Pianist (3, 4); Glee Club Pianist (4); Speaking Contest (3, 4); Class Play (4); Basketball (4).

Bill made his first appearance in our Junior class, and soon became very popular. We think of him as being a great pianist, a real orator, and artist, and an intelligent pupil. We sincerely hope that your ability at playing the piano will, in the future, bring you wealth and happiness.

PHYLLIS MARTIN "Phil"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chemistry Club (4); Vice-President of Chemistry Club (4); Senior Play (4); Editorial Board (4); Class Play (4).

Although Phyllis has been the quietest member of our class, she has always been willing to lend a helping hand with a smile. We are not quite sure of her future plans, but we believe that she is planning to go to Business College. Anyway, "Phil," your classmates wish you the best of luck in all your future endeavors.

NELLIE FITZGIBBON

"Shrimp"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (1, 2); Class Treasurer (3); Basketball (1, 2); Basketball Manager (2); Acting Captain (2); Tennis (2); School Prize (1); Perfect Attendance (1, 2); Banking Teller (2); School Play (2, 4); Speaking Contest (2, 3, 4); Second Prize Speaking Contest (3); Chemistry Club (4); Editorial Board (3, 4); Senior Play (4); Class Play (4).

Nellie has been a good dependable worker for our class and a very good friend. Her basketball career was a very brilliant one. We have found that her speaking has been a great asset to the class. We don't know what your future plans are, Nellie, but your classmates wish you luck in whatever you undertake.

WILLIAM S. WOOD, JR.

"Bill"

Editor-in-Chief of "Oceanic" (4); Business Manager (3); Assistant Business Manager (1, 2); Class President (3); Vice-President (2); President of General Assembly (4); Vice-President of General Assembly (3); Speaking Contest (1, 2, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer of Glee Club (3); School Plays (1, 2); Senior Play (1, 4); Music Prize (2); School Prize (2); Banking Teller (2); Operetta (2); Essay Contest (3); Second Prize Essay Contest (3); Chemistry Club (4); Chairman of Student Council (4); Tennis (2); Chairman of Glee Club Entertainment Committee (4); Class Play (4); Basketball (4).

'Tis said that Bill wishes to become a Chemist of some sort; at any rate, he seems to enjoy Chemistry Lab. a good deal. Bill's been about everything a lad can be in four short years. We hear, too, that he aspires to the U. of M. Best of luck, Bill.

NAOMI MARTIN "Nome"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Essay Contest (3); Senior Play (4); Chemistry Club (4); Class Secretary (3); Class Vice-President (4); Editorial Board (4); Class Play (4).

We all regret leaving "Nome." Though she has surely been a great pal to us during the four years at O. O. H. S. Her greatest desire is to be a secretary and we know that she will realize this ambition by her stick-to-it-iveness. All the luck in the world, "Nome."





IRENE LEGER "Renee"

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Basketball Team (2, 3, 4); Speaking Contest (1); Operetta (2); Senior Play (1, 4); Editorial Board (1, 3, 4); Tennis (2, 4); Class Play (4).

Irene has been one of our basketball stars. She has been captain of the team for two or three years. Her help in athletics and other school activities has been much appreciated. She is the school's best dancer, and we hope that her dancing ability will bring her luck and fortune in future years. Our advice, Irene, is to watch out for the undergraduates.

PAULINE MILES "Polly"

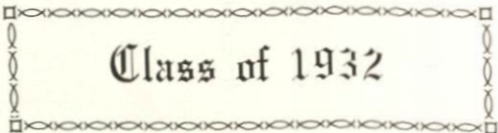
Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Glee Club (4); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Senior Play (4); Chemistry Club (4); Class Secretary (4); Class Play (4).

Pauline is one of the jolliest members of our class. She is always able to find something to laugh about. However, she does manage to stop laughing when it comes to tests. Pauline has her mind on being a librarian. We all hope you will be successful throughout your years.

Classes



Doc.
Ailes.



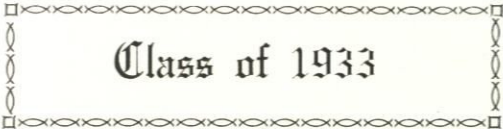
Class of 1932

President: Ruth Wight.
Vice-President: Cyril Patterson.
Secretary: Louise Woodman.
Treasurer: Rena Morgan.

Class Motto: "Ever Onward."
Class Flower: Carnation.
Class Colors: Rose and White.

JUNIOR HISTORY

Oh, nineteen thirty-two is a glorious class!
We've many faults, but let that pass.
There's many a victory we've won, you know,
And this is our song we've a right to blow
About making good since we first came here
And the pace we have set since our Freshman year.
But if we go back to that primitive date
There'll surely be so many things to relate
We couldn't begin to tell you them all,
For our "Oceanic" would be truly too small.
So be it fun or knowledge,
Or skill at any game,
Oh, nineteen thirty-two is the fore
To her undying fame.
Now get together, classmates,
And do the best you can
In a rousing cheer for the class of 1932.



Class of 1933

Class Motto: "Forget-us-not."

Class Flower: Purple Lilac.

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

CLASS HISTORY

We entered our second year of high school with sixteen members in our class. At the school fair we had the cake table and were very successful. We are well represented in athletics, having both boys and girls on the basketball teams.

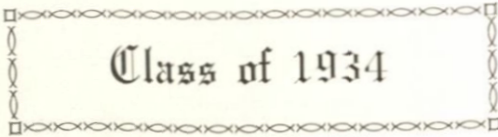
Our class officers are as follows:

President: Ransom McNally.

Vice-President: John McGrath.

Secretary: Walter White.

Treasurer: Delice Verville.



Class of 1934

Class Motto: "Always Faithful."

Class Colors: Green and White.

OFFICERS

President: Attilio Angelosante.

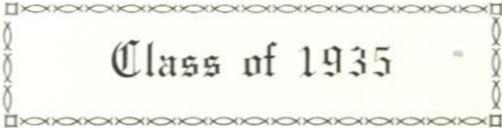
Vice-President: Count de la Feuilliez.

Secretary: Betty MacLeod.

Treasurer: Samuel Henderson.

As freshmen we started the year right by having the Freshman Reception. After that we thought our worries were over, but we had to make ready for the school fair. We had the food table. The booth was made to represent an Old-Fashioned Garden with a stone fence and hollyhocks climbing up it. An arch of evergreen was over the top. It made a pretty entrance. We made good profits.

We have much talent this year, consisting of two basketball subs, Lauretta Corbeil and Betty MacLeod, also two piano players, three tap dancers, one cornet player. The class is quite an ambitious one.



Class of 1935

When school opened we had twenty-two members in the class. After the Christmas vacation we had three new members added.

The class had the fancy work table at the school fair and were very successful.

Class Motto: "Struggling Upward."

Class Flower: Pink Rose.

Class Colors: Crimson and White.

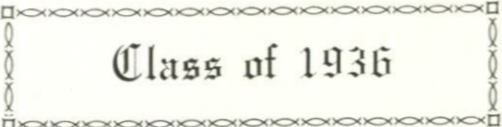
OFFICERS

President: Frank Jewett.

Vice-President: Lawrence Tibbetts.

Secretary: Betty McSweeney.

Treasurer: Eleanor Ross.



Class of 1936

Our class began the year with twenty-four pupils. We put on two short plays at assembly when we had charge of it. We had the grab bag booth at the fair, and we had the grabs on a Christmas tree.

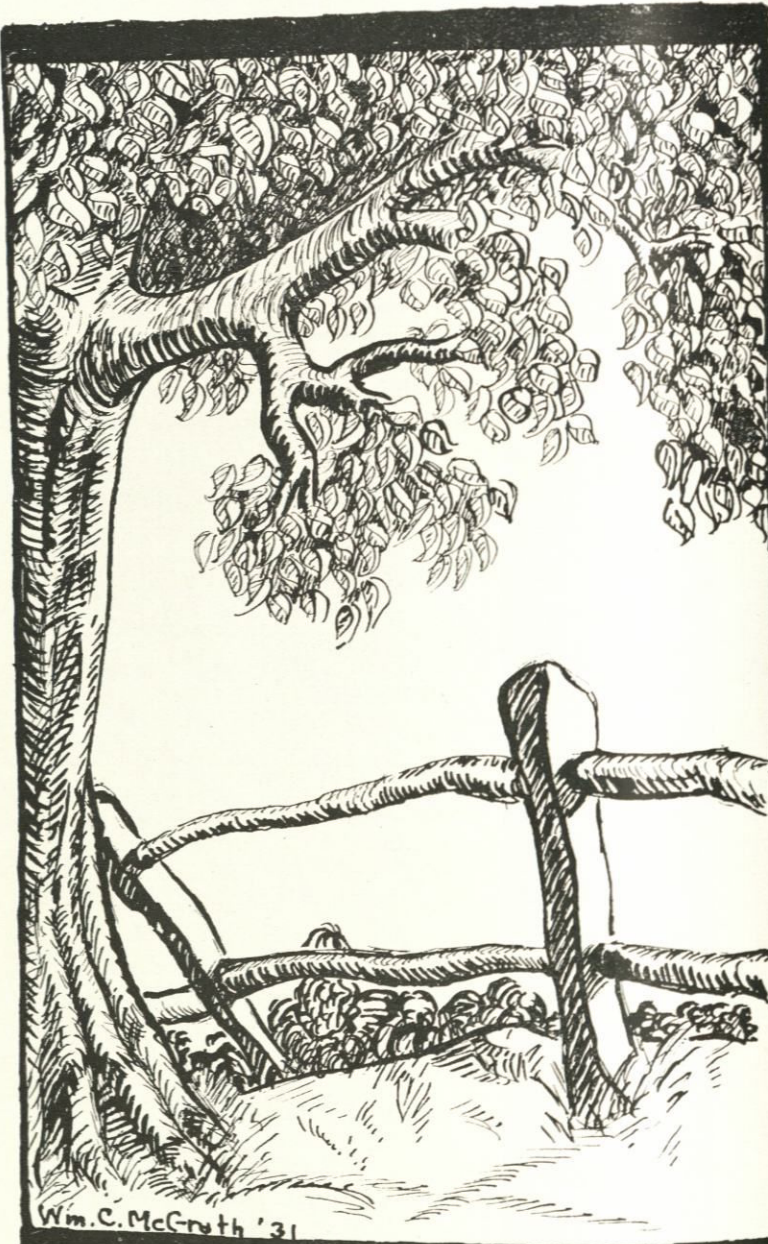
OFFICERS

President: Shirley Mewer.

Vice-President: Lorraine de la Feuilliez.

Treasurer: John Marshall.

Secretary: Gideon Abbott.



-ALUMNI-

Alumni Notes

The Old Orchard High School Alumni hold their meetings three times a year—the last Monday in January, in April, and in October. The Annual Business Meeting comes in April.

On April 28, 1930, the following were elected as officers for the year 1930-1931:

President: H. Dayton Benway.
Vice-President: Ruth Cleaves.
Secretary: Mabel A. Worcester.
Treasurer: J. Richmond Lord.
Auditor: Lewis Fowler.

At the same meeting the following committees were elected:

Committee to Arrange for Banquet—Virginia Sutherland, Flora Staples and Catherine Whitman.

Entertainment Committee for Banquet—Virginia Sutherland, Marguerite Leger and Clyde Snow.

Committee for Visiting School—J. Richmond Lord, Virginia Sutherland and Flora Staples.

Nominating Committee—H. Dayton Benway, John Crowley, Fannie C. Emmons, Gladys Berry and Alberta Snow.

The Universalists Men's Club of Biddeford presented a drama, "The Spinsters Return," at the Town Hall on April 30. Half the proceeds were for the benefit of the Alumni.

On May 23, 1930, the Annual Banquet was held at Grant's at Oak Hill. There was a good attendance.

Wesley Mingo, '30, and David Marshall, '30, are taking post-graduate courses at Old Orchard High School.

Hiram Parish, '30, is at Thornton Academy taking a commercial law course.

Avis Kimball, '30, and Hazel Brown, '30, are attending Farmington Normal School.

Alberta and Delia Snow, both of the class of '29, are attending Farmington Normal School.

Marguerite Leger, '29, and Gladys Berry, '29, are working as telephone operators.

Lorraine Lombard, '29, is attending Lassell Seminary.

Raymond Guilford, '29, has a position with the Underwood Typewriting Co. at Middletown, Conn.

William Fitzgibbon, '28, is a junior at the University of Maine.

Ruth Cleaves, '28, is working in the local office of the Cumberland County Power & Light Co.

Virginia Sutherland, '28, is conducting dancing classes.

Christine Dolbier, '26, is teaching in Yarmouth.

Gilbert Luce, '24, is cashier of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Montreal, in the Newark, N. J., office.

Iva Lutz, '18, is a teacher in the Bridgewater Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass.

Edward Lord, '17, is the manager of the local office of the Cumberland County Power & Light Co.

Henry Worcester, '08, is superintendent of the claim department of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Ltd., of London, England, at the office in Cleveland, Ohio.

Esther Snow, '28, is teaching school at Dunstan.

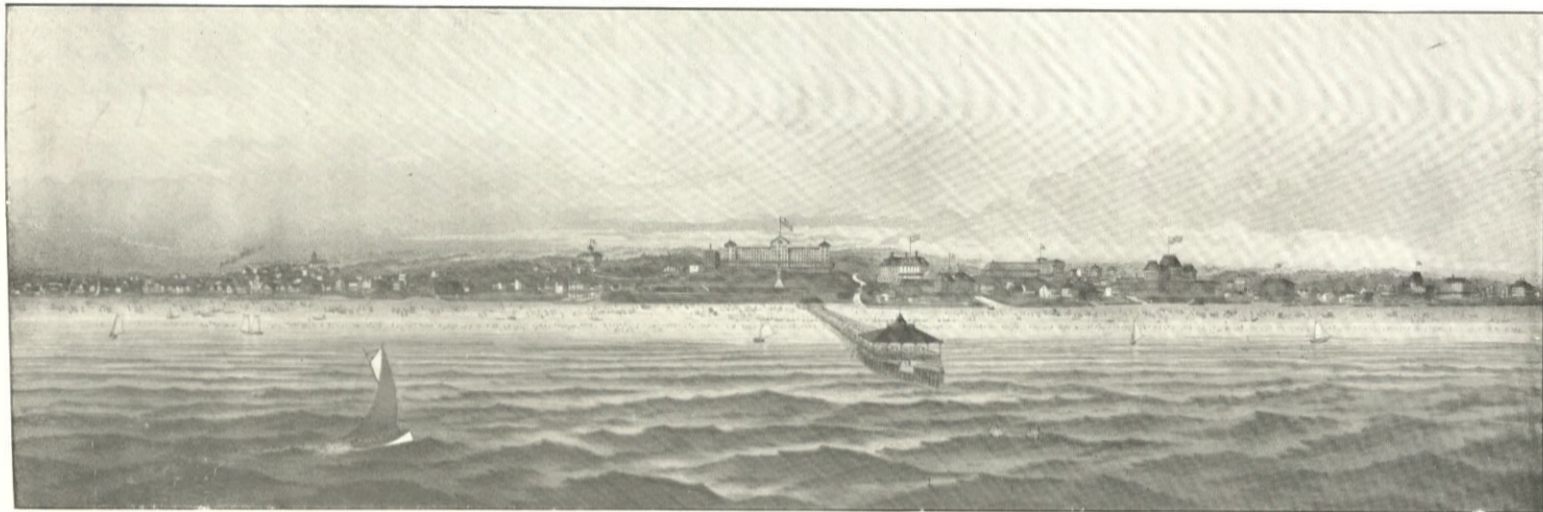
Bob Drew, '30, is studying to become a priest.

Rodney Drew, '30, is attending an electrical school.

Theresa Snow, '30, is attending a business school in Portland.

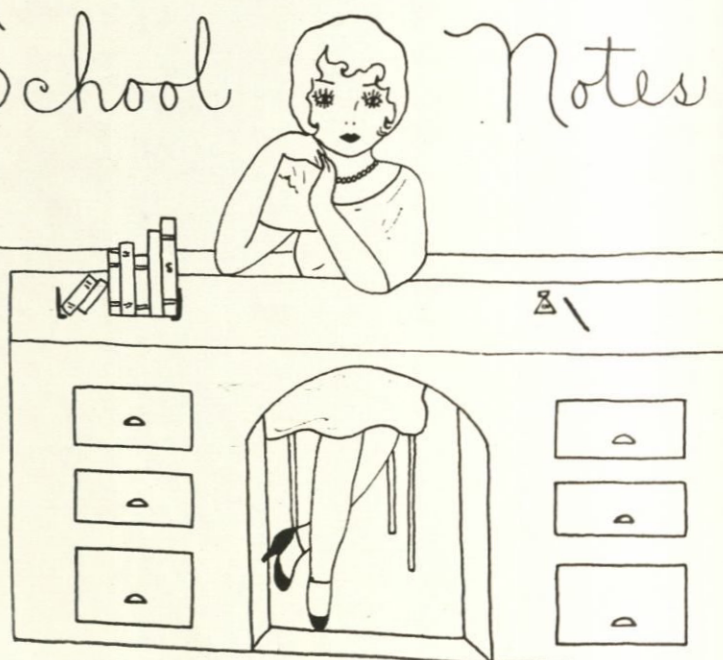
Paul Shorey, '30, is working with his father.





OLD ORCHARD BEACH IN 1888

School Notes



E. WOODMAN

School Notes

September 22—The different members of the school, who were interested in taking up tennis, met after school. There were twelve girls interested.

September 23—The different members of the school who were interested in cross-country (or track) were asked to meet after school. There were five boys interested in this.

September 24—The old editorial board was called together to choose the new members for the editorial board for this year.

September 25—Miss Madeleine Pike came to visit school today. She is a friend of Rena Morgan.

September 26—We had a general assembly this morning. Mr. Hamlen gave a very interesting speech and there was a little entertainment given by the editorial board of last year's "Oceanic." The leaders were William Wood and William McGrath. The speakers were Ruth Wight, who talked on School Notes; Lucy Angelosante, Exchanges; Pauline Miles, Literary; Dorothy Miles, Department; Irene Day, Photographs; Nellie Fitzgibbon, Personals; and William Wood, the duties of the Business Manager. The program was ended by Mr. Hamlen, who announced the plans for the coming week, which will be Freshman Week, and next Friday night will be held the Freshman Reception.

September 29—The Freshmen and Sophomores had a contest between them. The games played were tug-of-war for boys, balloon races for both girls and boys; also three-legged race for boys and girls. The last game played was a plain race. The final score was 34 to 30, in favor of the Sophomores.

October 1—After school the girls of the Sophomore and Freshman classes held another athletic contest in which the Sophomores won, 29 to 14. The games played were, throwing basketball overhead, bag race, relay race, and an ordinary race finished the program.

October 2—The boys of the Freshman and Sophomore classes finished the athletic contests, which were very successful.

AVIATION AT OLD ORCHARD BEACH



THE PATHFINDER



THE YELLOW BIRD
Insert Pilot Assolant

October 3—General Assembly: "America," sung by the school, began the program. Next, the 62nd psalm was read and the Lord's Prayer. "The Red, White and Blue" was sung by the school.

A very interesting talk was given by Mr. Hamlen and he introduced William Wood and William McGrath as the Editor-in-Chief and Assistant Editor of the school paper. Miss Porter was introduced as the teacher to aid the board. The Editorial Board was given warning that some time in the future they would have to put on a play to show what was in the "Oceanic." The officers of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman, and the Eighth Grade classes were introduced. All classes were told they must have a class cheer. Mr. Hamlen announced a horseshoe tournament for the following week. The students taking part in cross-country, track, tennis, basketball, and football were introduced. Mr. Hamlen read a poem by Edgar Guest entitled, "There Will Always Be Something to Do." "Tenting Tonight," sung by the school, finished the program.

October 3—Freshman Reception held at Town Hall. Senior class was in charge. The Freshmen were dressed in old-fashioned clothes and had to do some tricks. Games and dancing were enjoyed by everyone. There was candy, ice cream, cake, and punch on sale. There were about a hundred present. It was a great success.

October 6—The basketball girls held a meeting. Irene Leger was re-elected captain and Rena Morgan, manager.

October 8—Our boys had a Horseshoe Tournament, the opposing team being the Buxton High School boys. The final score was 21 to 12, in favor of Buxton.

October 10—The four upper classes decided to have a Hallowe'en Party on October 21. The committees elected were as follows: Entertainment, John McGrath, Pauline Miles, Irene Day; Advertising, Walter White, Dorothy Miles; Refreshment, Rena Morgan, Louise Woodman and Roger Ver-ville.

October 14—Notice was given this morning that the attendance of the pupils for this month was that twenty-three out of thirty-six students had perfect records.

October 16—A Glee Club was formed. The officers for this year are: President, Pauline Miles; Vice-President, Edna Woodman; Secretary, Rena Morgan; Pianist and Treasurer, William McGrath.

October 21—The Masquerade Party for the four upper grades was very successful. Prizes were given for the most attractive costume, which was awarded to Pauline Miles, and for the most amusing costume, which was given to Irene Leger. Barbara Martin sang several songs. Louise and Edna Woodman gave a fancy dance, with Mrs. Woodman at the piano, and Rena Morgan gave a short selection. Dancing and games were enjoyed for the remainder of the evening, with William McGrath at the piano. Refreshments were served. The teachers present were Miss Bean, Miss Hatch and Mr. Hamlen.

October 22-23-24—We had no school because of the teachers' convention in Bangor. All the teachers attended.

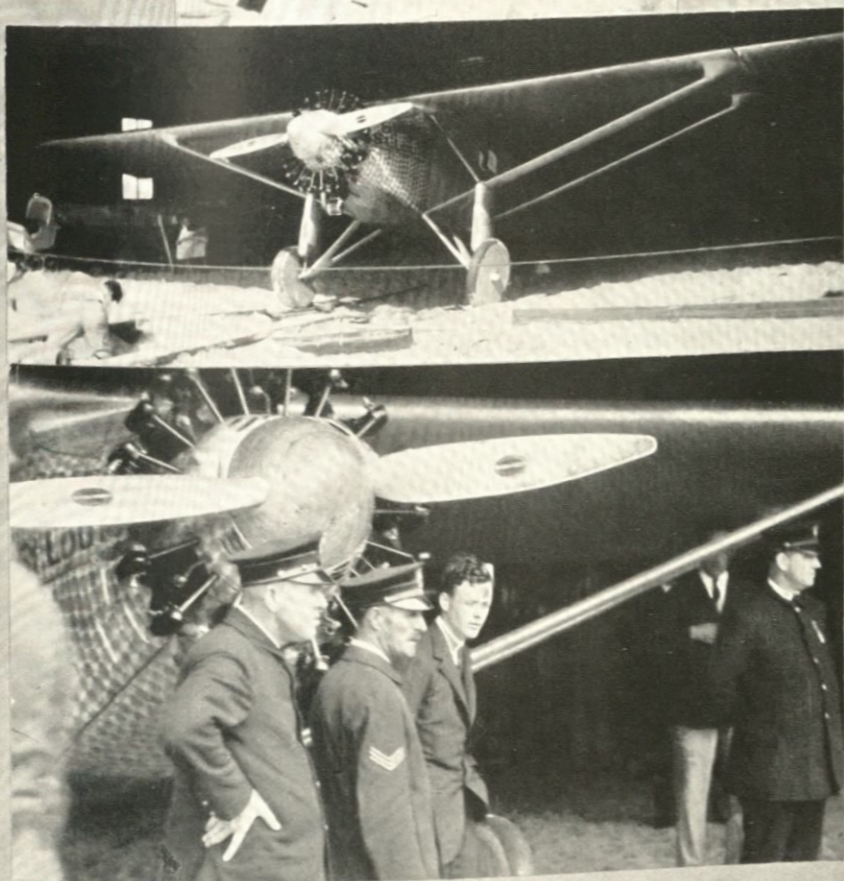
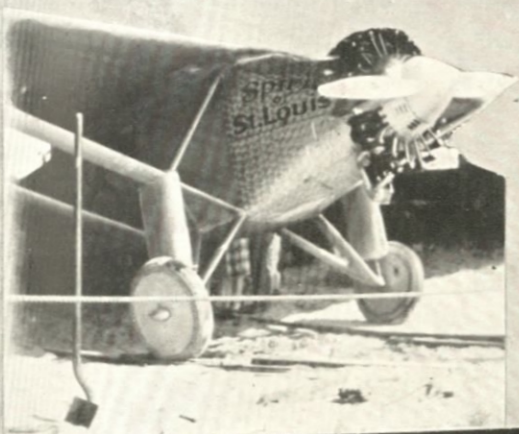
October 27—Mr. March, from Crowell Publishing Co., came and gave us an interesting talk on magazine salesmanship. There was a Manager and Captains of each side drawn up. The manager was William Wood. The captains of the Black Pirates were Ruth Wight and Rena Morgan. The captains of the Red Pirates were Pauline Miles and William McGrath. The money obtained went to help the Athletics of Old Orchard High School.

October 29—Ten members of the Chemistry Class at the high school met in Miss Brown's room after school to form a Chemistry Club. The officers elected were William McGrath, President; Vice-President, Phyllis Martin; and Ruth Wight, Secretary. Meetings will be held every two weeks on Wednesday afternoon.

October 30—The Senior High School Glee Club met after school. A program committee was appointed: William Wood, Ruth Wight and Dorothy Miles. Lucy Angelosante was appointed librarian. It was voted to include the Freshman class in the Club.

November 5—Final announcement of the winning team in the magazine contest was announced today. The Black Pirates had 60 points more than the Red Pirates. Approximately \$32 profit was made towards the basketball funds.

November 15—The Senior Class went to Portland to have their pictures taken.



LINDY AT OLD ORCHARD BEACH

November 18—The Sophomore class chose their class rings. The Freshman class also chose theirs.

November 19—The Chemistry Club had a business meeting and afterwards tried out a few experiments. Dorothy Miles and Lucy Angelosante were nominated to take charge of the program for next meeting.

November 25—Ruth Wight had charge of the program for the third period in the morning, which was set aside for General Assembly. William Wood and Mr. Hamlen gave out the prizes to those who sold over two magazines. Barbara Martin, Rena Morgan and Dorothy Miles each read a Thanksgiving selection. Mr. Hamlen told a short Thanksgiving story and then talked on school socials, which include the fair and suppers, also Senior Play. A song was sung by the school, which brought the program to an end.

December 5—The Glee Club had a very interesting meeting. The program consisted of two talented young people from the fourth grade: Josette Bernier gave a piano solo; Robert York a violin solo. Barbara Martin also sang two popular songs and William McGrath played two piano solos. Mrs. York was a guest at the meeting.

December 6—General Assembly. The Sophomores were in charge. The first thing on the program was a saxophone solo by John McGrath. Next, Judge Mewer gave us a very interesting speech on "Looking Forward to College After Leaving High School." He gave everyone a chance to ask any questions they wanted to and planned to answer them.

December 10—General Assembly, in charge of the Freshman Class. "The Greatest Gift to God," a little playlet. The cast was as follows: Mary, Betty McLeod; Fairy, Evelyn McNally; Helen, Florence Lake; Josephine, Rosalie Brown; Alice, Laurretta Corbeil; Jack, Leslie Eastman; Santa Claus, Attilio Angelosante; Mother, Catherine Murphy; Neighbor, Fannie Freeman. Another playlet was on this same program; the name was "That Bag." The cast was: Mother, Betty McLeod; and Daughter, Evelyn McNally. We all sang Christmas Carols, which ended the program.

December 18—The Senior Class gave their play:

"THE MYSTERY OF THE THIRD GABLE"

Characters

(In order of their first appearance)

Roy Lane Cyril Patterson

Mrs. Lane	Lucy Angelosante
Sally Sherwood	Pauline Miles
Tom Sherwood	William Wood
Bridget O'Shaunnessey	Irene Leger
Judge Sherwood	William McGrath
Mrs. Sherwood	Naomi Martin
Janet Morgan	Phyllis Martin
Jane Morgan	Nellie Fitzgibbon
Roger Hadley	Alice Brown
Simpson	Wesley Mingo

In the afternoon the Junior-Senior High School had their annual fair at the Town Hall. Both came off very satisfactory to everyone.

December 19—The Christmas Social. William Wood, president of the General Assembly, took charge. The program was as follows: Song by School, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing;" Poem, "The Approach of Christmas," by Samuel Henderson; Recitation by Rena Morgan, "A Letter to Santa Claus;" Harmonica Solo, Francis Hogan; Poem, "Being Dad on Christmas Day," by Franklin McAllister; "Christmas Candle," Thelma Hillson; Solo, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Barbara Martin; "Christmas Tree That Went Walking," Betty McLeod; Poem, "A Boy at Christmas," by Frank Jewett; Dance by Lauretta Corbeil, accompanied by Betty McLeod at piano; Song by School, "O Come All Ye Faithful;" Poem, "Under the Roof Where Laughter Rings," Gideon Abbott; "Snooping Around," Donald Thompson; Girls' Sextette, Florence Lake, Betty McLeod, Lauretta Corbeil, Evelyn McNally, Betty McSweeney and Barbara Worcester, sang "Silent Night, Holy Night;" Reading, "Christmas Tree That Went Walking," by Lorraine de la Feuilliez; Song by School, "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." This program was ended by the distribution of presents by Attilio Angelosante. A few mothers were present.

January 8, 1931—Glee Club meeting was held after school. The president, Pauline Miles, took charge. After the business meeting the program committee took charge. The program was as follows: A tap dance by Lauretta Corbeil and Evelyn McNally, and accompanied by Betty McLeod at the piano; piano solos by William McGrath; songs were sung by Mrs. Dolley, and accompanied by Miss Porter and William McGrath; songs chosen by Lucy Angelosante were sung by all the school.

January 7—The Editorial Board and the basketball players went to the Elite Studio to have their pictures taken for the school paper.

January 8—The Senior Class is in preparation for a new Senior Play to be given in the spring.

January 14—A General Assembly was held this morning with grade 8 in charge of the program. Raymond de la Feuilliez and Francis Emery were the leaders. The program was: Brief readings of men born in January—Paul Revere, Lawrence Tibbetts; Alexander Hamilton, Tom Emmons; Benjamin Franklin, George Emery; Daniel Webster, Richard Lagneux; Edgar Allen Poe, Donald Thompson. Playlet, "In the Sewing Society," Mrs. Smith, Shirley Cornell; Miss Gray, Margaret Murphy; Miss Jones, Margaret Day; Mrs. Brown, Eleanor Ross; Mrs. Greene, Barbara Worcester; Mrs. White, May White; Johnny Smith, Frank Jewett, Jr. Recitation, "Seeing Things at Night," Helen Cook. Playlet, "A Sick Pupil," Robert Graham, Walter Norrad; Mrs. Graham, Elizabeth McSweeney; Jane, Eleanor Ross; Dr. Cureall, Leon Grover; Miss Westover, Ruth Martin; Harry, Raymond de la Feuilliez; Joe, Frank Jewett, Jr. Recitation, Helen Cook. The playlets were coached by Miss Bean.

January 21—General Assembly was held this morning with the following program: Alfreda Spoffard was the leader. As this is National Thrift Week, the pupils of the 7th grade presented a thrift play, "Old Man Spendthrift," with the following characters: Harry Brown, Donald Lake; Beth Brown, Bessie Margone; Ted, Edwin Cook; Mrs. Brown, Isabelle Kasper; tramp, Franklin McAllister; announcer and messenger boy, Gideon Abbott. A recitation, "Winter's Gold," was given by Alfreda Spoffard. A play, "Fourteen," was given, with the following characters: Mrs. Pringle, Eleanor McGrath; Elaine Pringle, Lorraine de la Feuilliez; Dunham, the butler, Dean Jewett. The plays were coached by Miss McIntyre.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Those students in the school who have received the average rank of "B" and over in all their subjects for the entire fall term are as follows:

Post Graduates—David Marshall, Wesley Mingo.

Seniors—Lucy Angelosante, Nellie Fitzgibbon, Pauline Miles, William McGrath, William Wood.

Juniors—Ruth Wight, Edna Woodman, Louise Woodman.

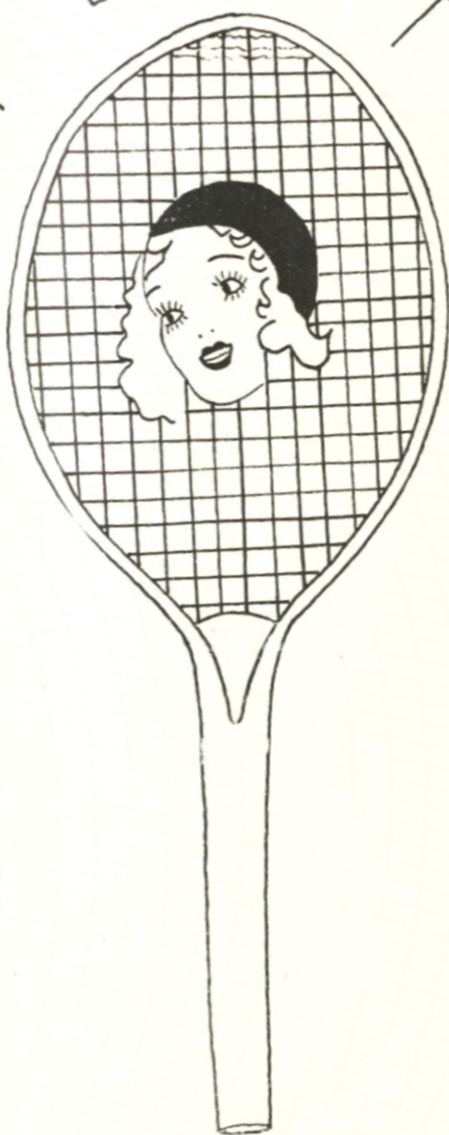
Sophomores—Rosemary Cummings, Irene Day.

Freshmen—Elizabeth McLeod, Evelyn McNally.

Eighth Grade—Frank Jewett, Jr., Elizabeth McSweeney, Lawrence Tibbetts, Donald Thompson.

Seventh Grade—Dean Jewett, Frank Wholley.

ATHLETICS



E. WOODMAN

BOYS' BASKETBALL

For several years Old Orchard High School has had no athletics to offer its boys. This year has shown a change, however. Just before the Christmas vacation a call for basketball candidates was issued. Mr. Hamlen, our principal, and Mr. Roberts, the manual training instructor, took over the job of coaching the team. Over a dozen fellows answered the call of the coaches and practice was well underway before the vacation began. By faithfully attending every practice and receiving hours of careful coaching, the boys gradually rounded out a team with some very promising material. During the last week of the vacation a practice game with Scarboro seconds was played. Our team led to the last quarter but then Scarboro took the lead to win, 29-26.

After our return to school in January, we again took on Scarboro for a practice game. This time we played their first team in our own hall. Again the score was in their favor, their team taking the game, 16-15. In these two games our team showed up well considering the fact that they had no previous experience, and that the high school has had no team for over five years.

Our first league game came with Waterboro on January 16th, in our own hall. There are four schools in this league: Waterboro, Buxton, Alfred and Old Orchard. A cup is offered the winner of this contest. The Waterboro boys were favored to win this game on account of both their size and their former experience. In spite of this fact our boys came through with an unexpected victory, 36-24. This was the first league game, and so the first team played the entire game. McAllister, a former Boys' Club star, was chosen captain. The line-up is as follows: rf, Verville; lf, Patterson; c, McAllister; rg, Hogan; lg, McNally. Other members of the squad are: Legieux, Angelosante, McGrath and White.

On the twenty-third the boys went to Buxton, hoping to win another victory, but Buxton proved too much for us and they easily took the game, 37-13. In spite of this defeat, the boys have broken even and hope for a fairly successful season. Many thanks are due to the coaches who have surely worked hard to give us a team that is an honor to Old Orchard High School.

Cyril Patterson, '32.



Back Row: F. Hogan, J. E. McGrath, Coach Roberts, A. Legieux, R. McNally.
Front Row: R. Verville, G. MacAllister, Captain, C. Patterson.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Three cheers for our girls, who have come once more to thrill and amuse the people with their worthy team. This year they have decided to enter the "New Central York League," and hope to win the trophy, for they are rapidly progressing. Those included in the league are: Buxton, Alfred, Waterboro and Old Orchard. They have already played two games, one with Kennebunkport High School, the other with Waterboro High School, and have certainly shown very good spirit in defeating both, the former by a score of 41 to 20, the latter, 43 to 9. We hope that they will show just as good or even better spirit for the rest of the games.

The players are: Irene Leger, Captain; Rena Morgan, Manager; Ruth Wight, Virginia Rix, Irene Day, Teresa Corbeil, Maude Cummings, Edna Woodman, Jeanne Smith, Lauretta Corbeil, Betty McLeod.

The schedule for this year is as follows:

- January 20—Old Orchard High at Wells.
- January 23—Old Orchard High at Buxton.
- January 30—Alfred High at Old Orchard.
- February 10—Wells High at Old Orchard.
- February 13—Old Orchard High at Alfred.
- February 20—Kennebunkport High at Old Orchard.
- February 27—Buxton High at Old Orchard.
- March 6—Old Orchard High at Waterboro.

Our girls are greatly encouraged by their wonderful cheer leaders, Louise Woodman and Barbara Martin, who certainly show great interest in the matter.





Back Row: E. McLeod, E. Woodman, M. Cummings, J. Smith, L. Corbeil.
Front Row: I. Day, T. Corbeil, I. Leger, Captain, R. Morgan, V. Rix, R. Wight.

Although our girls last year only won three games and tied one out of twelve, they surely didn't show the same enthusiasm this year. The first game this year was played at Kennebunkport and the second was played on their own floor with Waterboro High.

The summary for both games was this:

OLD ORCHARD HIGH

Virginia Rix, rf,	9	5	23
Irene Leger, lf,	8	2	18
Teresa Corbeil, c,	0	0	0
Maude Cummings, c,	0	0	0
Irene Day, sc,	0	0	0
Rena Morgan, rg,	0	0	0
Teresa Corbeil, rg,	0	0	0
Ruth Wight, lg,	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	17	7	41

KENNEBUNKPORT HIGH

D. Seawood, rf,	10	0	20
J. Ward, lf,	0	0	0
Anne Clark, c,	0	0	0
Ward, c,	0	0	0
B. Laflame, sc,	0	0	0
Baker, sc,	0	0	0
E. Goodwin, rg,	0	0	0
Stanley, rg,	0	0	0
B. Anderson, lg,	0	0	0
Lake, lg,	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	10	0	20

Referee: Nunan of Sanford.
(First League Game)

OLD ORCHARD HIGH

Virginia Rix, rf,	6	1	13
Louetta Corbeil, rf,	2	0	4
Irene Leger, lf,	12	2	26
Betty McLeod, lf,	0	0	0
Maude Cummings, c,	0	0	0
Teresa Corbeil, c, rg,	0	0	0
Irene Day, sc,	0	0	0
Edna Woodman, sc,	0	0	0
Rena Morgan, rg,	0	0	0
Ruth Wight, lg,	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	20	3	43

WATERBORO HIGH

Field, rf,	3	1	7
Berry, lf,	0	2	2
Brook, lf,	0	0	0
Gilman, c,	0	0	0
Ricker, sc,	0	0	0
Watson, rg,	0	0	0
Smith, lg,	0	0	0
Thompson, lg,	0	0	0
Woodward, lg,	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3	3	9



EXCHANGES



Exchanges

We are glad to be made acquainted with so many new friends, and to see our old friends back again.

WE ARE PLEASED TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE FOLLOWING:

- "The Clarion," Holden High School, Holden, Mass.
- "The Owl," Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.
- "Emerson College News," Boston, Mass.
- "The Index," Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.
- "Springfield College Bulletin," Springfield, Mass.
- "V. A. Life," Vermont Academy, Bellows Falls, Vt.
- "The Acorn," Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Texas.
- "Hebronian," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.
- "The Chatter," Palestine, Texas.
- "The Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.
- "The Lancasterian," Lancaster Academy, Lancaster, N. H.
- "The Racquet," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.
- "The Broadcaster," Sangerville High School, Sangerville, Maine.
- "Four Corners," Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine.
- "The Angis," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.
- "The Hilltop Breeze," Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine.
- "The Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.
- "The Reflector," Millbury High School, Millbury, Mass.
- "Volunteer," Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.
- "Nasson Nugget," Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.
- "Harbor Beacon," Sullivan High School, Sullivan, Maine.
- "Bates Student," Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
- "Northern Light," Fort Fairfield, Maine.
- "Hilltop," Atterville High School.

AS WE SEE YOU

"Pep," Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine: We think that all of your departments are well developed.

"Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine: Your paper shows much work.

"The Live Wire," Newport High School, Newport, Maine: You have a good literary department.

"The Oracle," Bayview High School, Milwaukee, Wis.: You are new to us. You have an unusually good poem department.

"Reflector," Millbury High School, Millbury, Mass.: You have an excellent literary department and very fine cuts.

"The Enterprise," Keene High School, Keene, N. H.: You have a good literary department—but why not add a few more exchanges?

"Cony Cue," Cony High School, Augusta, Maine: Your magazine is one of our favorites but why not have more jokes?

"Brown and Gold," Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.: You have a lot of news for a small paper.

"Richmond-Hi-Nus," Richmond, California: We like to receive your newsy little paper.

"Polymnian," Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.: You are new to us. Your book shows a lot of work.

"The Marksman," La Salle Military Academy, Oakdale, L. I.: We are glad to have your magazine. Why not add a few more exchanges?

"The Index," Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.: You have very good stories and fine sketches.

"The Hebronite," Hebron, Thayer County, Neb.: Your paper shows a lot of school spirit.

"The Spotlight," South Hadley High School, Holyoke, Mass.: A very good literary department.

"The Chronicle," South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine: You have an excellent magazine and we admire your cuts.

"The Clarion," Oxford High School, Oxford, Maine: You have a fine poets' corner.

"Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: You are new to us. You'll soon have some famous playwrights.

OUR "OCEANIC" HAS BEEN SENT OUT TO THE
FOLLOWING SCHOOLS:

"Four Corners," Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine.

"Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

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

"Hebronite," Hebron, Thayer County, Nebraska.

"Marksman," La Salle Military Academy, Oakdale, L. I.

"The Spotlight," South Hadley High School, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"The Elm," Wethersfield High School, Wethersfield, Conn.

"Richmond-Hi-Nus," Richmond, California.

"Acorn," Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Texas.

"Nasson Nugget," Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.

"Totem," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

"The Gleam," Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

"The Cedar Chest," Toms River High School, Toms River, N. J.

"The Mirror," Patten Academy Juniors, Patten, Maine.

"Pep," Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine.

"The Reflector," Millbury High School, Millbury, Mass.

"The Cue," Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

"Oracle," Bayview High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Harbor Beacon," Sullivan High School, Sullivan, Maine.

"The Lever," Skowhegan High School, Skowhegan, Me.

"The Quill," Gardiner High School, Gardiner, Maine.

OUR EXCHANGE LIST INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING:

"The Trumpet," Valders High School, Valders, Wis.

"The Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.

"Oracle," Bayview High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Ye Chronicle," Pomona High School, Pomona, Calif.

"The Caduceus," Norway High School, Norway, Maine.

"Forest Echo," Forest High School, Dallas, Texas.

"Windonian," North Gorham Academy, North Gorham, Maine.

"The Cue," Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

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

"The Pythia," Winter Harbor High School, Winter Harbor, Maine.

"Academy," Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine.

"Long Pointer," Provincetown High School, Provincetown, Mass.

"Brown and Gold," Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

"Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton High School, Derry, N. H.

"Deerfield Arrow," Deerfield High School, South Deerfield, Mass.

"The Cedar Chest," Toms River High School, Toms River, N. J.

"Pharetra," Monson Academy, Monson, Maine.

"The Gleam," Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

"Panorama," Binghamton Central High School, Binghamton, N. Y.

"Boston University News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"The Ship," Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me.

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

"Red and Black," Roger High School, Newport, R. I.

"Bulletin," Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

"Cycle," Woodsville High School, Woodsville, N. H.

"Cambridge Review," Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Mass.

"Richmond-Hi-Nus," Richmond, California.

"Pep," Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine.

"The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

"The Elm," Wethersfield High School, Wethersfield, Conn.

"The Chronicle," South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.

"The Reflector," Millbury High School, Millbury, Mass.

"Four Corners," Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine.

"Hebronian," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

"The Cue," Albany Academy, Albany, New York.

"The Spotlight," South Hadley High School, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"The Acorn," Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Texas.

Bristol High School, Bristol, Vermont.

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

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

"The Enterprise," Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

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

"The Pythia," Winter Harbor High School, Winter Harbor, Maine.

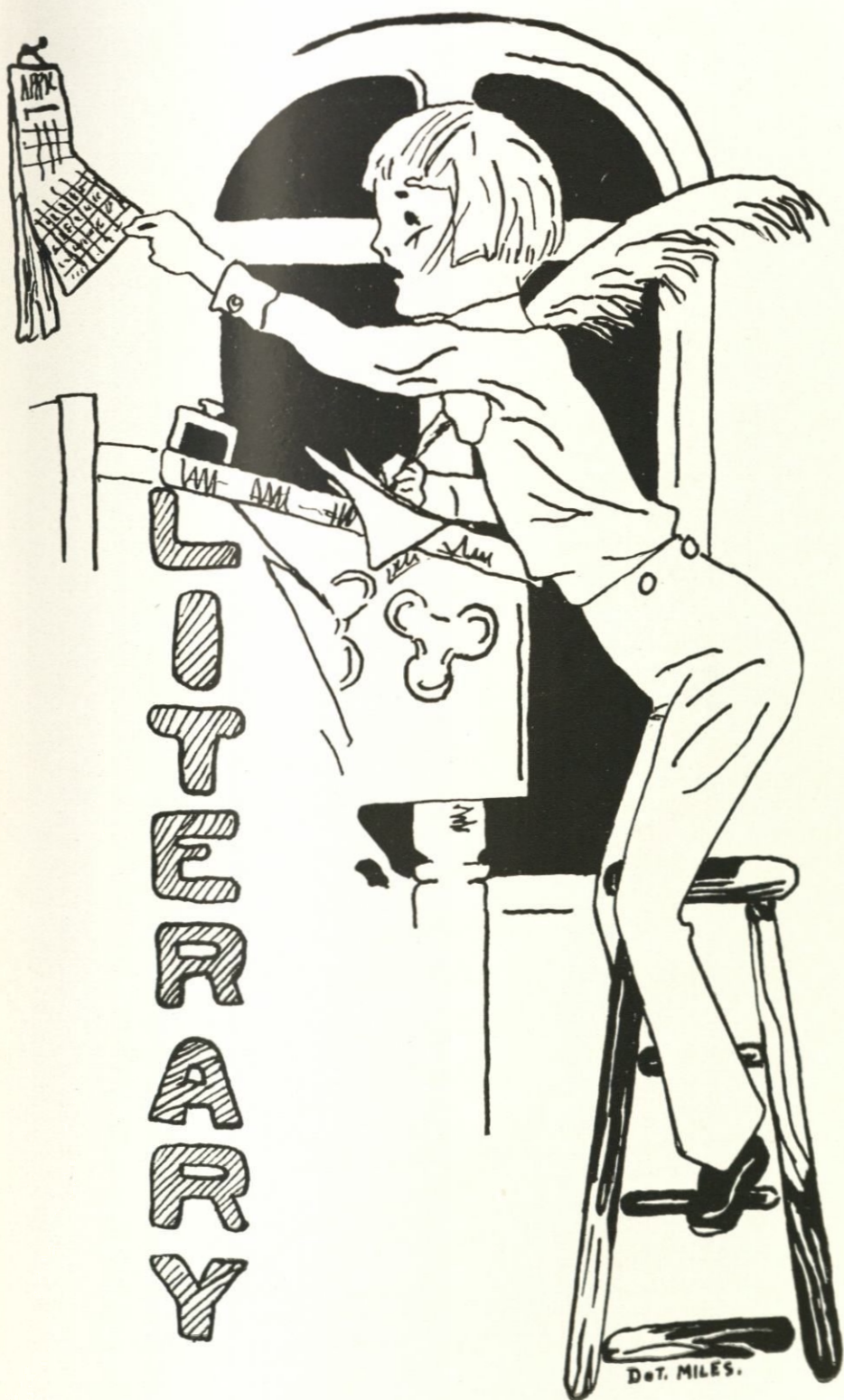
"Academy Herald," Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine.

"Nasson Nugget," Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine.

"Long Pointer," Provincetown High School, Provincetown, Mass.

- "Harbor Beacon," Sullivan High School, Sullivan, Maine.
"The Northland," Washburn High School, Washburn, Maine.
"The Mirror," Patten Academy Juniors, Patten, Maine.
"Vermont Academy Life," Vermont Academy, Vermont.
Western University, Middletown, Conn.
"Junior Argonaut," Junior High School, Aberdeen, Wash.
"The Live Wire," Newport High School, Newport, Maine.
Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.
N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine.
"The Index," Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.
"Peddie News," Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J.
"The On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.
"The Delphian," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.
"Bates Student," Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
"The Bee," Roger Ludborn High School, Fairfield, Conn.
"Hi-Spirit," Enosburg Falls High School, Enosburg Falls, Vermont.
"The Triple," South Side High School, Memphis, Tenn.
"The Academy-Scolium," Merion Station, Pa.
"The Polymnian," Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.
"Howland Hi," Howland Academy, Howland, Maine.
"The Homespun," Central High School, Breeboro, N. C.
"The Monad," Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.
"The Vail Deane Budget," Vail Deane High School, Elizabeth, New Jersey.
"The Rose Leaves," St. Rose High School, Belmar, N. J.
"The Bexley Journal," Divinity School of Kenyon College, Gavier, Ohio.
"Gryphon," Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
"The Leger," Alexander Hamilton High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"The Banner," Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.
"The Strathcone Oracle," Strathcone Academy, Outremont, Canada.
"Northland Light," Fort Fairfield, Maine.
"Central Star," Central High School, Dickson, Tenn.
"The Quill," Gardiner High School, Gardiner, Maine.
"The Laurel," Farmington High School, Farmington, Me.
"The Irvonian," Irving School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York.
"The Lever," Skowhegan High School, Skowhegan, Me.

- "The Navillus," Berwick High School, Berwick, Maine.
"Besse Breeze," Besse High School, Albion, Maine.
"Karux," Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.
"Baker Junior News," Denver, Colorado.
"The Pinnacle," Meredith High School, Meredith, N. H.
"Chatter," Palestine High School, Palestine, Texas.
"Megunticook," Camden High School, Camden, Maine.
"Jester," Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Maine.
"The Ship," Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me.
"Red and Black," Roger High School, Newport, R. I.
"Magnet," Madison High School, Madison, Maine.
"Bulletin," Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
"Hilltop," Otterville High School, Otterville, Missouri.
"Lancasterian," Lancaster Academy, Lancaster, N. H.
"The Attic," Nutley High School, Nutley, New Jersey.
"The Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.
"Blue and White Banner," Putnam High School, Putnam,
Conn.
"Cycle," Woodsville High School, Woodsville, N. H.
"The Trumpet," Valders High School, Valders, Wis.
"The Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.
"Angis," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.
"Stephens Broadcast," Rumford, Maine.
"L. G. S. Messenger," Townshend, Vermont.



DET. MILES.

Literary

AN ACROSTIC

- O stands for Old Orchard High, praised by one and all,
L is for Loyalty for we are ready at any call,
D is for Dictionary when it's almost time to spell.
- O is for Obedience, a word we all know well,
R is for the Recess-bell, telling us to make our flight,
C stands for our school Colors, the good old blue and white,
H is for Hamlen, beloved principal of our school,
A is for Athletics, of which we all know the rule,
R is for Respect, which we owe to everyone,
D is for Discipline, when we are having too much fun.
- H is for History, which we like more and more,
I is for Ideal, changing o'er and o'er,
G stands for Graduation, when at last we must part,
H stands for Honor, coming from every heart.

Louise Woodman.

"THE HUNCHBACK"

On a little back street in the city of London, a police whistle was heard shattering the stillness of the night. Pat O'Grady, the night cop on the next beat, hustled between alleys to find out what had happened. Levinski, a little Jew who owned a curio shop on the next street, was running up and down screaming. Mike Kelly, who was the one who had blown the whistle, was trying to quiet him down, but to no avail. Levinski stopped his pacing when Pat came up and ran over to him and told him that a dead man was in his shop. Mike and Pat rushed into the shop but found nothing. Both were becoming very agitated when a voice out of a room beyond said in a half moan and half laugh, "Poor little hunchback, poor little hunchback." Both men rushed to the door to

open it but it was locked. They turned to Levinski, who had followed them. He had a grin on his little wizened face that was sickening to look at.

"Where is this dead man you were talking about?" asked Mike, with a show of asperity.

"He was in there," sniggered Levinski.

"Then open this d—— door and be quick about it," cried Pat.

"I cannot open it if I have not the key," said Levinski, shrugging his shoulders.

The two cops looked at each other in bewilderment. Then Pat and Mike put their shoulders against the door, but couldn't get it open. They tried again and again but it wouldn't budge. Pat had regained his wits by this time and began searching the shop. He was just going to pick up a dagger when the Jew gave a scream and began cowering in a corner. Pat put down the dagger, gave a queer smile, turned on his heels and left the shop. Pat went to the nearest telephone and called up New Scotland Yard and told the inspector what had happened. He returned to the shop feeling easier in his mind.

When Pat returned to the shop he found the Jew pacing up and down murmuring to himself, while Mike was smoking a huge black cigar and watching the Jew. Ten minutes later the Inspector and two detectives arrived from New Scotland Yard. Pat told them all he knew, also about the voice they had heard. The Inspector then spoke to the Jew, asking him what he knew, and the Jew told them a story that seemed rather far-fetched to the simple-minded Mike.

The Jew began his story after several attempts. "Last month a gentleman with a hunchback came into this shop to see me about a dagger he wanted to sell. Well, it was a very fine dagger and very old. The hunchback told me he had found it in India. I gave him a very large price for this dagger and considered the matter closed. I didn't see the man again until tonight when he came back and wanted to know if he could have the dagger back. I told him it was impossible because I had promised it to a man who was coming in to get it in a few minutes. He told me that he would wait for this man so that he could make terms with him. A few minutes later the man came. He gave his name as Colonel Aberwaite. He asked me for the dagger so I went to get it. When I was gone I heard a shot and when I hustled back into the shop, the hunchback and the Colonel were gone. I ran into that room

(pointing to the door the cops had tried to open) and found the Colonel dead on the floor. Then, of course, I ran to get help. As soon as I got through the door somebody shut it and I heard the key turn in the lock. I then went out and got these policemen and I think you know the rest," he finished lamely.

At last the silence was broken by a woman's scream coming from the other room. They all jumped up, rushing to the door. They braced their shoulders against it and pushed at once, again and again. At last some of the panels gave away. The Inspector put in his hand, turned the key and they all stumbled into the room.

On the floor stretched out was Colonel Aberwaite. In the corner was a young girl, gagged and bound to a chair. There was a long gash across her forehead. One of the detectives quickly set her free while the other called for an ambulance and also for the coroner at Scotland Yard.

When the ambulance arrived the girl was hustled to a hospital. The police had not as yet been able to make her conscious.

The coroner arrived and verified the time, about an hour and a half, which fitted the Jew's story. They arrested Levinski on circumstantial evidence and then broke up to wait until morning to continue the investigation.

A week elapsed before anything happened. A meeting was being held at Scotland Yard while they were waiting for the girl, whom they had found, and Levinski, the Jew, whom they had let go, finding no more evidence. About a half hour later the girl arrived, and with her was a very short, old man. The large hump on his back made him seem even shorter than he was. The police gave a start when they saw him but that is all the emotion they showed. They sat down, and just then the Jew arrived. The Inspector requested the girl to tell her story.

Her story was the same as Levinski's, except that the Jew had said nothing of the girl who had come with the hunchback. She told them her name was Joan Helleck, and that she was living in a large apartment with her maid and the man servant, who was the hunchback.

"When I saw Colonel Aberwaite (whom I had met before) dead, I fainted. When I became conscious I was tied to a chair in a room I had never seen before. I screamed but somebody put a dirty rag in my mouth and hit me over the head. That is everything I know," she said in relief.

The Inspector then motioned to Mike that he could question them if he wished. Mike looked squarely at the Jew and said, "I accuse you of the murder of Colonel Aberwaite." Silence followed for a few seconds, until it was broken by the Jew's jumping up and screaming, "It's a lie! It's a lie!" Mike calmly pushed him back into his chair with a slow smile. "Prove it," cried Levinski.

"Very well," said Mike. He rang for the clerk. "Show Mr. Helleck in, please," he told him.

The Jew jumped up as Mr. Helleck came in. "You!" he cried, "you're still living!" The girl, who called herself Joan Helleck, ran to him and cried, "Father!" While all this was going on the hunchback had remained quietly in his chair, but now he jumped up with a snarl and leaped for the door. Mike stuck out his foot and tripped him up.

"Oh, no you don't, my friend," he said mockingly. After everyone was settled, with two policemen holding the hunchback, Mr. Helleck told them an odd story.

"Ten years ago my family and I moved to India on missionary work. With us were Colonel Aberwaite and my man servant, the hunchback here. We got along well until my wife died three years ago. This hunchback, who calls himself Anatole Stamba, began to forge checks in my name and in Colonel Aberwaite's. I of course discharged him. Then my daughter arrived in India from a school where I had sent her. Two months later Colonel Aberwaite was called away to his home here. After he had gone Stamba came back and begged me to take him back, because he said he could get no work because of his disfigurement. Like a fool, out of pity, I took him back as my servant. One night he came to my room to get the dagger. I woke up and he shot at me. Thinking he had killed me, he threw me in an empty well near the house. I didn't know what he told my daughter had happened to me, but when I regained consciousness and at last got myself out of the well, more dead than alive, they could not be found anywhere. I then collapsed and have been in a hospital for more than two years, partly insane. At last I traced Stamba here in London with my daughter. The Colonel must have been killed because Stamba thought he knew too much about the dagger which he knew I never let out of my sight for it has very important papers in the hilt. Levinski was so afraid of Stamba that he killed the Colonel when he told him to, thus making Levinski the actual murderer but the hunchback the indirect cause."

Two months later the papers gave the verdict of these two men. Levinski was sent up the river for a life term of imprisonment while Anatole Stamba, the hunchback, was put in an insane asylum, where he died four months later. Helleck and his daughter have returned to India, where he will continue his missionary work.

Dorothy Miles, '32.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

The day was dull and cold. It made one's cheeks tingle, and the warm blood race through one's body. It had been like this for about a week without any sign of snow, and here it was almost Christmas. The children were getting tired of such dull days with nothing to do. If it would only snow they could have a great deal of fun coasting.

The shop windows were prettily decorated with red and green. Tiny Christmas trees, trimmed with colored lights, decorated the different homes. Only one thing was lacking and that was the snow.

Then, almost as if by a magic word, tiny white snowflakes began to appear, some going one way, some another, as if they were playing tag. Soon the air was filled with the tiny white flakes.

In a little while everything was covered with a lovely crystal-like blanket. The drifts were piled high against the windows. Oh! how happy the children were, as they played in the snow. Some were trying to make snowmen, although the snow was quite soft, and others were making big, round snowballs.

The tiny snowflakes had been very welcome, not only because it was so near Christmas, but because it was the first snowfall of the year.

Rena Morgan, '32.

A MELODY OF WORDS

"If I Could Be With You" when I'm going down the "River Colorado" then you'd know "I'm Yours" but "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You." So "Give Me Something to Remember You By," "Dear Little Bay State Girl of Mine." It's a "Cheerful Little Earful" when you say you love me. Then, "Mia Cara," dance the "Kiss Waltz" with me, and we will go down "The River of Golden Dreams." "I'm Just a Lonesome Lover" and I know you are a "Little Spanish

Dancer," so to make it more like "Romance," "Lady, Play Your Mandolin," and then it will be "Bye, Bye, Blues" when you say those "Three Little Words."

Betty McLeod, '34.

THE MYSTERY OF TAIRYDELL

In a large house on the corner of South Street lived a wrinkled and very old man. This little old man was a mysterious figure in the little village of Tairydell, Vermont. He came to the little village nearly five years ago.

His entrance into the town was not as remarkable as one would believe from the mystery which surrounded him. He had merely ridden into the town in Hiram Jones's one horsepower Ford, Tairydell's only taxi. Even Hiram, one of Tairydell's best talkers, could learn nothing from him but his name, which he gave as Daniel O'Hara.

The house in which he lived seemed almost as old as its occupant. It had once been extremely beautiful, with a large, formal garden in back, which was now overgrown with weeds and grass, but here and there could be seen a climbing rose bush which seemed to be a reminder of days when this garden had once been the prettiest in Tairydell.

In the center of the garden was a beautiful fountain. Around its base were several large stones which had been imbedded so long in the earth that they seemed immovable. In the center of the fountain were two lilies beautifully carved from marble, and from which water had once spouted, but now the springs had long been dry.

What seemed so strange to the people of Tairydell was the fact that the little man never seemed to work, yet he was paying high taxes on the old house and he never seemed to lack money. Always when he paid for his groceries or other things the storekeeper would see a substantial roll of bills of large denomination come out of his pocket.

But for four or five days the mystery man had not been seen, and it had been reported that all of the doors were bolted. At first Tairydell was only curious but soon it became alarmed. Finally the people of Tairydell went to investigate. The men broke down the door and a small courageous group entered the house. Soon there came a cry of amazement from those within the house. Other people hurried in, only to fall back at the sight which met their eyes. There on the floor lay the mystery man of Tairydell and in each hand he clutched a roll of bills. This aroused the curiosity of the people and they be-

gan to search the house. Their amazement at finding bundles and bundles of money in other rooms could not compare with their astonishment at discovering a counterfeit money-making machine in the attic.

So the mystery of Tairydell which had puzzled the inhabitants for five long years was at last cleared up.

Evelyn McN 1/2, '34.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

Judge York's daughter, Alice, was missing! That was the only thing thought about for days in Brassmount. She had been in her room, studying, at seven o'clock, and at seven-thirty, when her mother went upstairs to get a book, she was gone.

The police scoured the countryside, without a clue. Mrs. York was nearly sick with worry and the Judge was unable to attend to business.

The Boy Scouts from the neighboring town had heard about the mysterious disappearance and came over to find out all about it. They asked to examine her room. The textbooks were just as she had left them, but folded up in the back of her English book was a letter. It read:

"Dear Alice: When your Uncle Charles died he left a sum of money to be given to you when you were fifteen years old. Please do not say anything to anybody about this letter and come to my house for the money as soon as possible. Love, Aunt Mathilda."

Mrs. York was amazed to think that she or the police had not thought to look in the textbooks. She and the Judge hastened in their car to the aunt's house and found their daughter safe and sound.

Betty McSweeney, '35.

A MODERN LOVE LETTER

"Dear Sir,"

"If I Could Be With You," "Sonny Boy," in "Our Bungalow of Dreams" "Where the Golden Daffodils Grow" instead of "Hanging on a Garden Gate" "Watching the Clouds Roll By," I'd be "Sitting on a Rainbow" "Singing a Song to the Stars."

"Though You're Gone" "I Still Get a Thrill Thinking of You." "Yesterday," "When the Organ Played at Twilight" "The Song Without a Name," "Me and My Shadow" were "Wandering" "Lonesome in the Moonlight" down "Memory Lane" until "Three O'clock in the Morning" "Thinking of You."

We all make "Mistakes," "Honey," but "You Were Meant for Me" and "I Can't Do Without You." I "Miss You" so "Let's Start Over." "If I Had You" "We'd Make a Peach of a Pair." "I'm Confessin' That I Love You Over Again." "You Appeal to Me," "Honest and Truly." Just "Three Little Words": "I Love You." "Oh! You Have No Idea"—"You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "Mia Cara." "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?" But "You Will Come Back to Me, I Know," "Someday—Somewhere."

"Did You Mean It," that "June Night" in the "Moonlight and Roses?" "Remember," when "You Whispered Love Songs to Me," or were they "Little White Lies?" You've been "Mean to Me" since "The Breakaway," but now "Can't We be Friends," "Beloved"? "I Loved You Then As I Love You Now" and "I'll Always Be in Love With You." "Why Do You Do Me Like You Do Me?" "I'm Still Caring" so let's "Forget the Past" and "Side by Side" "Just a Little Closer" we'll be "Roll, Roll, Rollin' Along." "When My Dreams Come True" I'll be "Drifting With You Along Dream River." "Whoopee!" "Here Comes the Sun," so "Cheer Up and Smile."

"By the Way," don't be "Too Busy" Sunday 'cause "I'm on My Way"—"I Gotta Have You." Will arrive "Eleven Thirty Saturday Night" "Just Like a Melody From Out of the Sky" with "A Big Bouquet for You."

"Until the End,"

"Louise."

Nellie Fitzgibbon, '31.

A LOVE SONG OF SONGS

"Sweetheart," "If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I Were the Only Boy," it would be "Just Like in a Story Book." "I Don't Want to Dream," but "What's the Use of Living Without Love" and "Wasting My Love on You"? Some day you'll hear that "I'm Singing Your Love Song to Somebody Else" but "Remember" that "You're the One I Care For."

Why, "Honey," you mean you do "Love Me"? I've been "Living a Life of Dreams" but "Little Did I Dream You'd Fall in Love With Me." "Bye, Bye, Blues," now I can "Cheer Up and Smile" for "I'm Yours" "Always in All Ways."

Louise Woodman, '32.

THE GLORIOUS EVE

The large, decorated hall, in which the contest was to be held, was crowded with the excited audience, anxious to hear the last speaker in order to get the results, and among the throng were several prominent persons, from different parts of the state, who were to serve as judges.

At last! Marie, the last speaker, bowed and returned to her place, exhausted, her heart filled to the brim, her legs almost failing her, and her hands, blue from the clinch in which she had involuntarily kept them during her oration, for fear of hesitating or leaving out the most beautiful part, which she had dreaded so much.

It is over! Will the judges ever come to their decision?

Yes, the moment of relief has come, and Marie, triumphant and over-excited from the two hundred dollars and the trip to Europe, which were given her as the reward, joyfully received the spontaneous applause and compliments from the pleased group.

On her way home Marie kept repeating to herself these words, "The main thing is to do greatly what we choose to do," for those were the final words which left the greatest impression upon her mind during the long night, and for many years after.

Teresa Corbett, '92

THE SHIP

It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the new ship rode at anchor, preparing to start on her first voyage. The wind blew over the bay, making the little ripples which are often seen on the water. The anchor was raised, and the ship glided out of the harbor, looking very proud and stately.

That night a sudden thunderstorm arose, and the wild waves dashed toward the shore and struck the rocks, making a roaring, white foam. In this terrible uproar the little ship was tossed back and forth and the lightning flashed upon it. The waves still continued to dash harder and harder against the rocks. It seemed as though hardly a piece of iron could be kept from being shattered to pieces in a gale like this.

Suddenly, there was a frightful sound of splitting wood and a splash in the water. Then cries for help followed, but no lifeboats could be of avail in this storm, for the ocean had no mercy. Some of the men caught hold of pieces of the mast but the women and children were not strong enough for this.

Another great splash and the ship and its crew disappeared.

The wind and the waves were quiet now, and the storm stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The sea was as beautiful as ever, and seemed innocent of the terrible deed it had done.

Edna Woodman, '32.

A DREAM

Everyone, from nobility to wandering street-lads,
Build their castles in the air;
The King may dream of a sweet country lass,
The boy, to have half of a rich man's share.

But my castle is not a castle at all,
'Tis a small bungalow I choose for my home,
And by the silver glow of the waterfall
I find a paradise where I love to roam.

Sometimes, when the nights are warm and clear,
We will stroll in the garden of ours,
And the moon will shine o'er this place so dear,
The home of birds and flowers.

Then again, when the wind howls without,
And we know 'tis the end of the day,
The red, red glow of my library lamp
Will "drive dull care away."

The tongs of my fireplace shall be of iron,
For use, not for lacquered repose;
And there'll be another chair opposite mine
For the one who cares, and who knows.

Edna Woodman, '32.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

The Prestons lived on an isolated farm several miles from the nearest village and hidden by a strip of woods from the neighbors a short distance away. Doris, the only child, was just fifteen. She had never been left to care for the farm for a whole evening before, but now Mrs. Preston thought she was old enough to be left alone. So one night in autumn Mr. and Mrs. Preston left home before dark for the village, where they were to attend a meeting. They were to return late in the evening.

Soon it became dark. Doris lit the lamp and sat down at the table to do her home work in Latin and Algebra. The clock on the mantel ticked on and on. All that could be heard was its tick-tock-tick-tock, the scratching of Doris' pen or the rustle of the paper as she turned a page. At half-past eight she closed her school books and put away all her work. Then from a bookcase she took a story that she was reading and settled herself in a comfortable chair to read until bedtime.

She had read only a few moments when a faint knock sounded at the door. Rousing herself, she jumped up quickly. Who could it be at this time of night, she wondered. Surely it was not a neighbor. Her heart was in her mouth as she crossed to the door. When she reached there she could scarcely turn the knob with her icy fingers. At last she gained enough courage to open the door. A gleam of light fell on the steps outside, where Doris saw the figure of a boy, clad in dirty, ragged, and ill-fitting garments. He staggered toward the open door and fell forward into the hall, moaning.

Doris was perplexed. What could be the matter with this poor boy? She lifted him and tried to drag him to the sofa near the door. Evidently his foot was painning him for he kept moaning and mumbling something about his foot. When Doris had placed the boy on the sofa she unlaced his dilapidated shoes and removed his torn stockings. Then, seeing that one foot and ankle was quite swollen, she ran to get hot water, liniment, and clean cloth for a bandage. She soaked the injured foot and bandaged it as best she could. After that she made hot ginger tea and forced her patient to drink that. Finally, when she had covered him with warm blankets, he fell asleep.

Doris put more wood on the fire and sat down to think. It was late now and nearly time for her parents to return. This had been a hectic evening and she would be glad when they arrived to remove the responsibility from her shoulders. Several times she rose to see if the boy was all right, and each time she found him sleeping peacefully. So, picking up her book, she began to read, but gave it up when she nodded once or twice over the story.

At last she heard an automobile in the distance. It was surely Mother and Daddy. She went to the window to look. Yes, they were turning up the road now. In another minute they were stopping before the house.

Doris was at the door to meet them and to quiet their

questions. She led them to the sofa and told them about the boy, who was still sleeping. Mrs. Preston said it was best to leave him where he was for the night. She would sleep in the next room so that she might hear if he called during the night. Soon the house was quiet and all were asleep.

* * *

In the morning Doris awoke early and went to see if the boy was awake. He was not, so she went to help her mother with breakfast. While she was setting the table she heard the boy stirring, so, calling her mother, they went to see their guest. His ankle evidently did not pain him much now, but when Mrs. Preston touched it he begged her to leave it alone. When Mrs. Preston had bandaged it again, she went into the kitchen and left Doris to entertain the guest. She returned soon with a basin of warm water, soap, a wash cloth and a towel. When the boy's face was washed and his hair combed he turned toward the girl and her mother. They both exclaimed with surprise, for instead of the boy they expected to see, there on the sofa lay their new neighbor, Mary Andrews.

"I know you're surprised and I hoped you would be," their guest began. "I owe you both an explanation. Last night I dressed up in some old clothes I found in the attic, and knowing that Doris was alone, I thought I would try to frighten her. I got through the woods and nearly here, I think, when I turned my ankle. I knew I hadn't far to go so I tried to keep on, determined that I wouldn't let Doris recognize me. I decided just now that I had fooled you enough. Mother hasn't worried because I said I might stay all night. You were lovely to care for me as you did."

"That was nothing, and we were glad to do it. Still, I'm glad you weren't a little waif. Now you will have to stay here for a few days until your ankle is better. We'll have a great time," replied Doris.

"I've learned my lesson not to try to fool anyone again," declared Mary, the mysterious guest.

Ruth Wight, '32.

"DUDE" GAINS A CUB

It was a bright Saturday morning when Ted, who was better known as "Dude," started his cleaning. The district boss was coming and "Dude" had hoped for a raise. He unpacked his drawers, smiled ruefully at his tuxedo, then utter-

ing a sigh, he packed it well down out of sight. This done, he made his bunk, took a large mirror from the wall, his "pride" as Dick called it, gathered his shaving materials and ambled off in search of the brook.

In thirty minutes, his toilet finished, he started for the bunkhouse. He was walking back across the clearing when he was startled by a yell from Dick, his closest companion and roommate. Believing it to be a joke he paid no attention.

Soon his curiosity was aroused by a whine from behind him. Turning, he saw a small bear cub tottering after him with slow and hesitating steps. Looking beyond the cub, he turned white as he noticed the cub's mother, two hundred yards off, coming at the rate of an express train. Soon her bloodshot eyes would see him, then what—?

Ted knew that it would be useless to try to beat the bear to the corral as she had just seen him. He turned to run for a tree on the edge of the clearing. Throwing a quick glance over his shoulder, he caught his toe in a root and lost consciousness, the mirror crashing into a thousand pieces.

Dick had told him afterwards that he had shot just as "Dude" stubbed his toe, while the bear (that was twenty-five yards in rear at the time) kept coming, finally rolling upon "Dude." "We shore thought yuh was dead," said Dick, while the others nodded their agreement. Then they all rambled off, telling how they had had experiences with "bars."

"Dude" woke up three weeks later in the bunk that he himself had made. As he regained consciousness he felt a rough, sticky something on the side of his face. Turning painfully he saw that Dick had set the cub on the stool by his bedside.

"He figgered hisself a fair exchange for the mirror," said Dick, caressing the cub's fat, sleek side.

Frank Jewett, '35.

DOING RIGHT

Canada is noted for its winter games and sports all over the world and it takes pride in its clean sportsmanship and also in playing a hard game. This incident I am about to tell you happened in the province of British Columbia in the small city of Rothesay.

Rothesay has a population of about ten thousand people and their main sport is hockey. Rothesay is noted for its great

success in the game and has lost but few games. The people will fight to the last to win a game for their city. One night they were to play a team from Seattle for the cup that had been with the Rothesay team for four years. Imagine how they felt about such a contest! They just had to win that cup so it could rest another year among the trophies at the City Hall. Both teams were made of the same caliber, that is, "Never quit till the game is over." The house was packed and both teams were cutting pretty figures on the ice. Paul Standing, the captain of Rothesay, is now coming on the ice from the dressing room and the crowds let out a roar that sounds like the shot heard around the world. The referee calls the two teams together and gives the final directions about playing a clean game, no slugging, no tripping, etc. They now line up, the puck is thrown in, and the game is on. The crowd is cheering so hard that it is very difficult to hear what is said. The game goes on and it's very difficult to tell which team is the better. Three quarters have passed and as yet neither side has scored. Both teams have retired to their dressing rooms for the rest period of ten minutes before the last quarter. Phil Duncan is talking to the coach and here is what he said, as the coach remembers it.

"We have to win this game because if we don't it will break Paul Standing's heart, and—"

He never had time to finish that sentence for the bell rang for the last and only chance to win. It was during the last two minutes of play that the puck was between four players, all trying to hit it with their hockey sticks out to their team. All of a sudden the puck comes shooting out and Paul Standing takes it on the end of his stick through the defence and makes the winning goal for Rothesay. You can imagine the cheering that followed such a feat! After the noise subsided the crowd dispersed and the teams went to their dressing room to get ready for the banquet. The coach came over to Phil Duncan and asked him how that puck happened to come out so clean when there was no room to use the hockey stick. Phil replied, "I just had to see our team win so I just gave it a kick with my skate and sent it out to Paul."

Nothing more was said about this incident till the city officials asked Paul to make his customary speech at the banquet. They gave him a merry round of applause and all of a sudden the laughing and clapping stopped because of the look on Paul's face. Paul stepped forward and said, "I do not like

to say this, but it has to be done. I have come to apologize to the people of Seattle because one of my players kicked the puck out of the mix-up with his skate in that last quarter that won the game. It hurts to say this but I think that the cup rightfully belongs to Seattle and I hope next year Seattle will give us a chance to win it back honestly."

Gordon McAllister (Author), '32.

THE TRAFFIC OFFICER

My name is Michael Crowley. I am a traffic officer in New York City. I was born on October 12, 1949. I am the only child of John Crowley, a respectable man, who is fairly well-to-do. I am a traffic officer in the downtown section of the city and have charge of the aerial traffic, the highest level of New York.

The aerocar, which is used for transportation now (1973), is a small torpedo-like plane. It has no wings; its motive power is received by power broadcasts from the Central Power Syndicate of New York. I am kept up in the air by my airsuit, which is insulated from gravity.

To check the cars and give cross-traffic a chance, I have a pistol which shoots a ray that cuts off the power from the cars. At night I help the chief in his traffic problems of the three upper levels.

In January, 1972, a man by the name of Jedidiah Jones prophesied that the world would end on Friday, May 13, 1973. The force regarded him as a harmless fanatic, but decided to keep an eye on him. I was told to follow him and report.

I followed him around for a year. He went all over the world with his prophecy. As May approached, he suddenly became semi-hysterical. At his meetings he would swear on a stack of Bibles that the world would end. This mystified me as he had never before been so sure.

One day he left New York in his aerocar. I followed him to Death's Valley in the Southwest. He stopped in the desert and entered a hidden cave by a secret entrance.

Inside this cave was a row of switches. He threw in a couple of them and the earth began to tremble. I immediately shot him and examined the switches. They led to vast stores of nitroglycerin and a new high explosive that made T. N. T. look harmless.

I then buried Jedidiah Jones and reported my find. I suddenly remembered that it was May 13, 1973.

For my services I was made a member of the World Safety Committee. This made me one of the world's most powerful men.

Thus Mike Crowley became Sir Michael Crowley of the World Safety Committee.

Roger Verville, '33.

THREE COUNTRY GIRLS

Once upon a time there lived in the country three little girls, Marjorie, Nancy and Rita.

One day Marjorie, the oldest, asked her mother if she could go down town with her sisters. Her mother said she could if she took good care of them. So Marjorie went out and called to her sisters. They came hurrying and Nancy asked her what she wanted. Marjorie asked them if they would like to go down town with her. She told them that her mother said that she could go down town if she took good care of them.

The three girls got ready and started for town. It was such a warm day that they decided to walk. Their house was a distance of two miles from the town. The first thing they did was to go to the ten cent store.

While they were shopping in there, heavy, dark clouds settled in the sky. When the girls came out of the store it was beginning to get dark. Marjorie told her sisters that they would probably have time to get home before the storm broke.

They started walking home in a great hurry and presently they came upon a lonely spot in the road where Mr. Jones's haunted house was located. It had been said around the town that Mr. Jones had hanged himself in his room on the first floor of his house. Nobody dared to go near the place.

As they neared the house it started to rain very hard. Marjorie said to her sisters, "Come on, girls, we'll have to go into the house." At first Rita, the youngest of the three, objected. She said that she was scared, but in the end she went.

The three girls entered the house very quietly. They were but two minutes in the house when they heard a strange noise. The noise was coming nearer and nearer toward them. All of a sudden they noticed in the distance a tall figure dressed in white. It was gliding toward them as swiftly as the wind with its arms outstretched and waving. As it reached the doorway Rita gave a scream that nearly shook the house over. The figure in white gave a loud groan and disappeared.

The three girls at the same time turned around and ran outdoors as fast as their legs could carry them. They ran all the way home in the pelting rain.

When they got home their mother asked them what happened. But they were out of breath and it was fully ten minutes after that Marjorie could relate their experience of the afternoon.

When their father came home that night their mother told him what happened to Marjorie, Nancy and Rita that afternoon. He immediately went to Mr. Smith, his neighbor, and asked him to accompany him to that haunted house. Mr. Smith agreed to go. When they came near the house it was all dark; they entered very quietly. All of a sudden they saw the figure dressed in white coming near them. Both men jumped on him and threw him down. They took off the sheet which was wrapped about the figure and found out that it was Mr. Day, the richest man in town. The father of the three girls asked him to make an explanation. So Mr. Day began.

He said that last week he heard a noise under the window of his room outdoors. He got up and went to see who it was. He saw two men with a ladder trying to get to his room but the ladder wasn't long enough, and they went away. Mr. Day thought that they were trying to get his money.

One day while he was taking a ride in the country he noticed this empty house. He thought to himself that it would be a fine hiding place for his money. He said that he was counting his money in this very house when he heard footsteps and thought it was the two men who tried to get in his room last week. So he took the sheet which served as a covering for his money bags, and wrapped it about him like a ghost, and so frightened, without meaning to, the three girls, who maintain to this day that they saw a real, live ghost.

Lauretta Corbett '34

MARIE'S HAPPINESS

Marie La Selle was the daughter of a rich man. She was a freshman in college. She was not happy, even though she had everything a girl could want. She wondered why she was not happy. None of the other girls chummed with her, she was so cheerless. Her father and mother had noted her unhappiness and had tried to help her overcome it, but it was of no use. Marie continued to be unhappy.

Two days before Christmas Eve, Marie went down town. In front of one of the toy shops she saw three children, a little boy and his two sisters. They were gazing longingly into the

window, each child picking out the toys he would like to have for Christmas. Marie noticed that the children had on ragged clothes and were shivering. Her heart softened as she saw them. She went to them, asked what their names were, and where they lived. After they had told her, Marie went back to the college with a happy heart and a cheerful smile. All the girls noticed the change in her. The next night was the night before Christmas and what do you think Marie had planned? She was going to hire a sleigh and a horse, dress up like Santa Claus, and take a sleigh load of things to the poor children.

Christmas Eve came. Marie was bubbling over with high spirits. She donned her costume and drove off in her sleigh, which was packed with things for the poor family. She drove down a poor-looking street and came to a gray-colored house with sagging steps. Marie stepped out of the sleigh, went to the door and knocked. A neatly dressed, sweet-looking woman came to the door. She looked very surprised to find a Santa Claus on the steps. She asked Marie what she wanted. Marie said she thought she needed a little happiness, so she had decided to play Santa Claus. Mrs. Montes (the lady) protested, because she was afraid that it would cause Marie too much trouble, but Marie would not listen. She went into the house, filled the children's stockings and scattered toys all about. She even gave the mother and father clothes. She gave all the children clothes, too. The whole family was very much pleased. That night when Marie was in bed, she was astonished at the happiness she had found. Her father and mother noticed the great change and were very much pleased. All of Marie's friends invited her to parties. They were amazed at her cheerfulness. From then on Marie was one of the most popular girls in the college.

Betty McLeod, '34.

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Jokes

ALL THE WORLD IS A STAGE

"Those Three French Girls"—Teresa Corbeil, Lauretta Corbeil, Mildred Knack.

"Along Came Youth"—Roger Verville.

"Little Accident"—Leslie Eastman.

"The King of Jazz"—William McGrath.

"The Bad Man"—Francis Hogan.

"Sisters"—Edna and Louise.

"The Life of the Party"—Irene Day.

"The Big Trail"—School Street.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Study Hall.

"Good News"—Any Holiday.

"Born Reckless"—McAllister.

"War Nurse"—Rena Morgan.

"Show of Shows"—Senior Play.

"Strictly Modern"—Dot Miles.

"Honey"—Dot Tibbetts.

"The Man Who Came Back"—Bob Henderson.

SHAKESPEARE'S COLLEGE COURSE

Freshman: "A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior: "As You Like It."

Senior: "All's Well That Ends Well."

Mr. Hamlen asked Rena and Barbara if they had any excuse for being late so often.

Rena answered: "Why, yes, Mr. Hamlen. There's a sign down the street that says, 'School ahead, go slow,' and we do."

Helen Cook.

THE MULE

The mule he has his faults 'tis true,
And so has man;
He does some things he should not do,
And so does man;
Like man he doesn't yearn for style
But wants contentment all the while,
For mule—he has a lonely smile—
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good,
And so is man;
He eats all kinds of breakfast food,
And so does man;
Like man he baulks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness,
The mule's accused of mulishness,
And
so
is
man.

Helen Cook.

LOVE

Love is a feeling that you feel
When you feel like you're going to feel
A feeling that you've never felt before.

Love is a fire without insurance,
Love is an inside unforgettability
And a tickle around the heart you can't
get at to scratch.

Helen Cook.

Nurse: "But why sleep in your glasses?"

Patient: "I'm so near-sighted I gotta sleep in my glasses
so I can recognize the people I dream about."

Edna: "Why did you decide to take up aviation?"

Francis: "'Cause everybody said I was no good on earth."

Cyril: "I've been lucky at Bridge, but the horses are
terrible."

Louise: "No wonder, you can't shuffle the horses."

John: "That song will haunt me forever."

Irene: "It ought to, you murdered it."

Phyllis: "You were out with my dream boy last night."

Naomi: "Dream boy! I thought he was a nightmare."

Nellie: "I could kill you."

Bill: "Then you need a hunting license, my dear; I'm
an Elk."

WE WONDER WHY:

Barbara and Rena are always late?
Dorothy Tibbetts would like to live in Saco?
Irene Day likes the Scotch?
Mildred Knack spends her spare moments in the Cloverdale?
Bill Wood never loses his smile?
Ruth Shorey likes to visit McSweeney's Drug Store?
Edna Woodman would like to attend Thornton Academy?
John McGrath likes East Grand Ave.?

Here at last, there's come to pass
An intelligent Sophomore Class,
With no name in halls of fame,
Yet in work they are unsurpassed.
With no change they're quite the same,
Even when they have work not done,
With a way, as teachers say,
Of enjoying a lot of fun.
Only a few, but what they do,
As surprising as it may be,
It's a fact, just bet your hat,
On a class that is called "33".

Together in any weather,
No matter where we may go,
Far or near we wish good cheer
To the Sophomores that we know.
Mildred Knack.

Bill: "Will this road take you to Beanville?"
Farmer: "No, you'll have to walk."

"That strikes me funny," said the man as he fell on his elbow.

Looking over a dictionary of small town words, here are a few definitions I found:

Town Pump: A shoe worn by society when it goes to the city.

Watering Trough: A great place to put the gold fish when you go away for the week-end.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay;
You'd hardly expect a girl, you know,
In the summertime to shovel snow.

Miss McIntyre: "Won't you sing something, Mr. Roberts?"

Mr. Roberts: "There are so many strangers here."

Miss McIntyre: "Never mind them, they'll be gone before you get half through."

Father: "What is that stuff in my new car?"

Paul Wight: "That's only traffic jam."

Gideon Abbott: "I could dance on like this forever."

Betty McSweeney: "Oh, don't say that; you're bound to improve."

Barbara Worcester: "Do you know what happens to little girls who draw pictures on people's sidewalks?"

Eleanor McGrath: "Sure, they go to college and take architecture."

Rosalie Brown: "Do you take lodgers?"

Lauretta: "Well, what lodge ees et you belong to?"

HOLD THAT LINE

(The Charge of the Mad Brigade)

Half a block; half a block;

Half a block onward—

Packed into motor cars

Rode the six hundred.

It was bargain day in Vaughn and Ragsdal's basement. The feminine populace held sway and pity the poor man who attempted to get even so far as to the bottom step.

Floorwalkers were walked on, clerks were almost killed by the mad rushes of the bargain hunters, and even they (the women) were sorry-looking humans. Their hats showed dents, their gowns showed rents—still they had saved thirty cents—noble six hundred.

Nellie: "Remember the time we got caught in the revolving door?"

Bill: "Why, that wasn't the first time we met."

Nellie: "No, but that was when we started going around together."

Mr. Hamlen: "Tell what you know about the Mongolian Race."

Patterson: "I wasn't there, I went to the football game."

They are telling the story of a Scotchman whose wife wanted to take a trip. He kept her at home by telling her that travel broadens one.

Billy wrote a note to his mother saying he was tired of it all, then dove into his grapefruit.

Miss Porter: "What is a feminine ending?"

Barbara: "It means that the woman always has the last word."

Postmaster: "This letter needs another stamp. It's too heavy."

Louise: "Why, that will make it heavier still."

Mr. Hamlen: "Name one important thing which we did not have one hundred years ago."

Patterson: "Myself."

Magets: "Hey, where are you going to put that dirt?"

Mr. Roberts: "Oh, I'll dig a hole somewhere and put it in."

Miss Bean (entering room): "Order, please."

Dot Miles (absent-minded): "Egg sandwich."

Mildred (in Chemistry): "It says here to line the iron with asbestos paper, fill with red phosphorus and ignite."

Miss Brown: "Well, what's the matter?"

Mildred: "I can't find the bottle of ignite anywhere."

Pauline: "My cousin has quadruplets."

Bill: "What, one of those things that walks around on four legs?"

Ruth Wight: "So you are the only survivor of the wreck. Won't you tell us how you came to be saved?"

Teresa Corbeil: "Sure, I missed the boat."

Cyril Patterson, the engineer of a train in India, had been told not to do anything unless receiving instructions from the superintendent. A message came to the superintendent and this is what it was: "Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions. Signed, Cyril."

Don't worry if your tasks are hard
And if your marks are low;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Naomi: "Why didn't you eat the soup the waiter gave you last night?"

Lucy: "I didn't like it so he changed it and brought in another kind."

Naomi: "Why didn't you eat that?"

Lucy: "I didn't have any spoon."

Barbara: "Say, Rena, what's a Scotchman's greatest extravagance?"

Rena: "I don't know."

Barbara: "Wearing a necktie under a beard."

Phyllis: "I read in the paper the other night that a woman 90 years old has never seen an automobile. What do you think of that?"

Pauline: "Probably that's why she has lived so long."

An efficient traveling man is one who always rides the same railroad so his wife's towels will match.



Name	Known As	Appearance	S-ying	Hobby	Destiny
Lucy	"Lu"	Pleasant	Really	Reading	Teacher
Pauline	"Polly"	Bright	Gee, Gosh, Golly	Typing	Librarian
Phyllis	"Phil"	Happy	That's right	Eating	Secretary
Naomi	"Ncme"	Demure	I don't know	Flirting	Secretary
Irene	"Renee"	Flirtish	Sure	Dancing	Tel. Operator
Nellie	"Nel"	Neat	Gosh	Working	Mrs.
William	"Billy"	Laughing	Gee	Combing his hair	Principal
Wm. McGrath	"Bill"	Stately	Yes	Drawing	Artist
Leslie	"Lel"	Fresh	Oh, Yeah	Making noise	Public Nuisance
Fannie	"Fan"	Graceful	Really	Whispering	Pianist
Evelyn	"Eve"	Tiny	Huh	Dancing	Actress
Attilio	"Till"	Studious	Oh, Yeah	Going out	Priest
Lauretta	"Let"	Bashful	Oh, Yeah	Dancing	Nun
Rosalie	"Rosa"	Cute	Gee, but	Eating	Mrs.
Katherine	"Kath"	Happy	Where's the candy	Working	Teacher
Roswell	"?"	Jolly	No	Studying	Mrs.
Florence	"Flo"	Meek	I don't know	Algebra	Camp Keeper
Betty	"Bet"	Tiny	Sure	Playing	Actress
Charlie	"Charles"	Wise	Oh, I know	Whispering	Professor
Samuel	"Sam"	Whitty	Oh, Yeah	Plaguing the girls	Math. Teacher
Barbara	"Bob"	Pleasingly Plump	Cry-ie	Singing	Physical Instructor
Ruth	"Ruthie"	Quiet	Sure	Reading	Teacher
Rena	"Ra-Ra"	Demure	Cri	?	Nurse
Dorothy Miles	"Dot"	Peppy	Hey, Nut	Tall-ative	Artist
Edna	"Eddie"	Sweet	Aren't you flip	Dancing	Private Secretary
Teresa	"T"	Stately	Oh, Yeah	Basketball	Teacher
Louise	"Lou"	Vampish	Maybe	Dancing	Physical Instructor
Cyril	"Pat"	Classy	Typing	Oh, yeah	Engineer
R. Shorey	"Ruthie"	Happy	Oh, yes	?	Teacher
Ernest	"Murphy"	Childish	Muttering	Talking	Farmer
Robert	"Bob"	Good Looking	My gosh	Loafing	?
Name	Known As	Appearance	Saying	Hobby	Destiny
Irene Day	"Renee"	Cute	Oh, Mac	Basketball	Actress
Roger	"?"	Good Looking	No Kidding	Flirting	Selectman
Francis	"Red"	Handsome	Poopa poop a doo	Dancing	Actor
Ransom	"Mac"	Fast	No	Working	Aviator
Thelma	"Thel"	Happy	Sure	Working	Teacher
Delice	"Dice"	Plump	Gosh	Playing	Nurse
Dorothy Tibbetts	"Dot"	Petite	Please	Flirting	Actress
Jeanie	"?"	Plump	Oh, Yeah	?	Teacher
Mildred	"Millie"	Dreaming	Oh, Yeah	Dancing	Dancer
John	"Magets"	Jolly	Oh, Irene	fooling	Second Rudy
Walter	"Walt"	Bashful	Ah	?	Minister
Virginia	"Red"	Childish	Oh, Yeah	Basketball	Dancer
Irene P.	"Renee"	Thin	Oh, Yeah	?	?

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Rena: "Do you think so?"

Hogan: "Yes, there was just the ghost of a resemblance to the original air."

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Dot: "Well, night rates are cheaper than day rates."

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We buried Ruth Shorey with a moan;
Adjectives caused her death, we fear,
And brought her sorrowing to her bier.

Count de la Feuilliez and his bride
Lie 'neath the sod here, side by side;
English killed the count, they say,
While she from grief did pass away.

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'Twas the Freshman girls, so they say,
By their giggles, wore her life away.

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The Martin twins, who recently died
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It's Barbara Martin, who was so cute,
Alas, she sang too many boop-poop-a-doops.
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Gideon: "How about those that walked, Miss Brown?"

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Mike: "I'm a sailor."

**Judge: "You don't look like a sailor; I don't believe you
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Mike: "Do you think I came from Ireland in a Ford?"

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The president of the Junior class
Lies buried under this mossy grass;
'Twas trying to run so many affairs
Brought death to her quite unawares.

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Pat: "Nobody gave it to me, I had to fight for it."

Sophomore: "Did you ever take Chloroform?"

Freshman: "No, who teaches that?"

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David: "Pale?"

Lucy: "No, a glass will do."

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