

# Junior-Senior High School

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

Tuition at minimum expense.

College Preparatory and English Courses,  
Manual Training and Domestic Science.

Excellent equipment, free books, individual  
attention and instruction.

Delightfully located by the sea-shore.

## FACULTY:

F. H. Jewett, A.B., *Principal*

E. M. Stanhope, A.B., *Languages*

E. G. Gerhardtts, B.S., *Science*

M. A. Fogg, *Junior Asst.*

For further information, address

F. H. B. Heald, *Supt.*

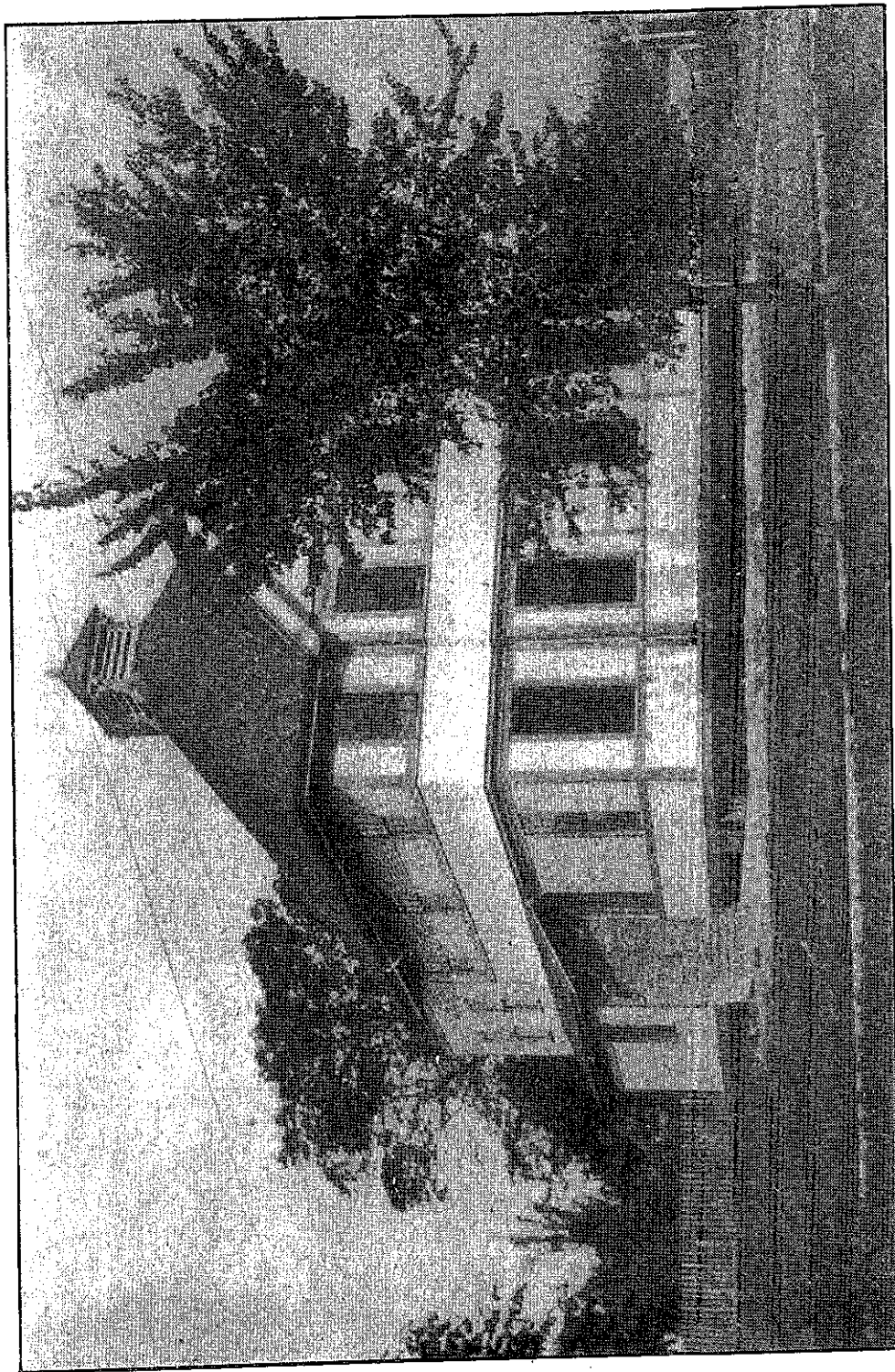
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C. A. Dolbier      Supt. F. H. B. Heald      W. W. Harmon

# Dedication

TO OUR  
SUPERVISING SCHOOL COMMITTEE  
TO WHOM WE WISH TO EXPRESS OUR  
SINCERE APPRECIATION  
FOR THE  
MARKED INTEREST AND UNTIRING EFFORT  
WHICH THEY HAVE SHOWN IN  
OUR WELFARE,  
WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE  
OF  
THE OCEANIC.



Old Orchard Junior-Senior High School



## Old Orchard High School

The Town of Old Orchard, when set off from Saco, February 20, 1883, took over and assumed the debts of the new High School building, built in 1881.

There was no High School at this time, but Rev. W. W. H. McAllister, who was elected our first Supervisor of Schools, urged that the town take advantage of the inducements offered by the State and organize such a school. In the first annual meeting, however, the matter was passed over and no appropriation made, but Mr. McAllister, feeling that we should have such an institution, circulated a subscription paper and succeeded in raising the sum of \$150.00 and at a special Town Meeting, held Sept. 24th, the money was accepted and the following day, Sept. 25, 1883, the High School began operation, with Mr. McAllister (who resigned as Supervisor) as its instructor.

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## Editorial Board

### *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

FLORENCE MILDRED CLEAVES, '18

### *SCHOOL NOTES*

LENA G. GOLDBERG, '19

### *ALUMNI*

MILDRED J. CLARK, '18

### *EXCHANGES*

HELEN U. ROBINSON, '18

### *LITERARY*

IVA V. LUTZ, '18

### *PERSONALS*

GERTRUDE M. WORCESTER, '19      GEORGE A. LARY, '21

DORIS M. THOMAS, '20      HAZEL M. MEWER, '22

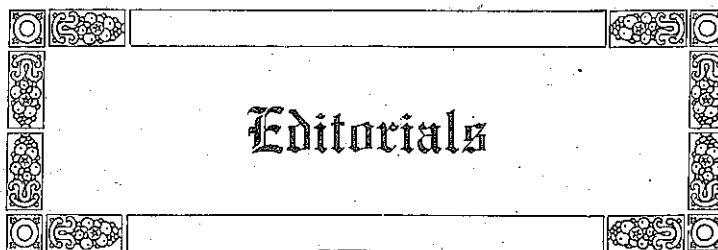
WINSLOW PILLSBURY, '23

### *BUSINESS MANAGER*

GLADYS G. CLARK, '20

### *ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER*

FLORENCE M. CLEAVES, '18



## Editorials

For the first time THE OCEANIC makes its appearance, and justly, with a touch of pride, does it feel that it is a representative of nearly the whole school. For a long time, those interested in the welfare of this publication, have tried to create enthusiasm and pride among the students for this method of competing with other schools. We think this has been accomplished, for material has been submitted by nearly every student of the Old Orchard Junior-Senior High School.

We—especially the Seniors—who have done our best to make this paper a success, sincerely hope to see another publication next year.

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The old system of the Old Orchard High School was this year changed to the 6-6 plan, adopting the Junior-Senior High for the last six years. The Junior High consists of what was formerly known as the seventh and eighth grades, and the Freshman year in High School. The Senior High consists of the last three years of regular high school work.

With this change came an increase in the members of the faculty. Under our present system, we have four teachers for high school work.

NOTE.—A copy of the course may be found on page 89.

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One of the essentials which make for a good school, is co-operation. Co-operation of the students, and co-operation of the parents.

Without the steady attendance, and the undivided attention of every student, little can be accomplished. The average attend-



ance of the students for last term was very low. This is apparently unnecessary and readily shows that the parents are not doing their part in helping to enforce the rules of the school. The result of poor attendance is the inevitable decrease of school spirit, which is the very worst condition that could come about.

During the summer season, the townspeople are busily engaged in the summer traffic. When winter arrives, they seem to feel the need of a rest. This is all very probable; but one should never become indifferent to the school life of his daughter or son. He should never cease to realize the vital importance of a good education. Why leave it all to the teachers? Visit the schools once in a while, and see what is being done. How much higher rank a student is going to strive to attain, if he feels that his parents are anxious for him to receive all A's instead of C's or D's.

One more word to the students.

Let us each and every one make a grand big effort to have perfect attendance during the rest of the year. Let us not forget the big contest that is on between the different Old Orchard schools. With just a little bit of exertion, we can put our school "over the top."

---

Among the many new courses introduced into our school this year, that of Manual Training is proving very interesting. There are three classes in the Junior department, and one in the Senior department. The equipment and room for this work, although not as adequate as might be expected in years to come, does very well for our present needs. We have already nearly a full set of tools of the Stanley type, which are available for the use of the students, at any time during the afternoon, when they do not have other studies. We hope to be able to add to this equipment from time to time during the year, so that eventually there will be sufficient supply to accommodate at least six students, working at one time.

The Domestic Arts Course, installed for the first time in the school in the fall of 1917, is to teach the girls efficient home-mak-

Sept. 25. Exchange of seats

ing. The course, as taken up by the Junior High, consists of hand-sewing on small, useful articles. Besides teaching the different stitches it teaches correct manipulation and independence in following directions. The course as taken up by the Senior High, comprises cooking and machine sewing. The girls learn to make their own clothes, both outer garments and underwear. The aim of the cooking course is the balanced and most economical meal, thereby saving the waste of money, food, and the human system.

This course is to be followed by one in Household Physics which teaches the care and manipulation of all the appliances in the house, such as: The heating, lighting, ventilation, and plumbing systems and labor-saving devices.

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We, the editors, wish to thank all of those who have advertised in this paper. It shows their interest in us, and our work, and we should express our appreciation by patronizing them as much as possible. Especially do we thank the out-of-town advertisers.

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The OCEANIC wishes to express its sincere thanks to Miss Helen Mewer, '22, and Miss Helen Prince, '20, for the artistic work which they so kindly contributed.

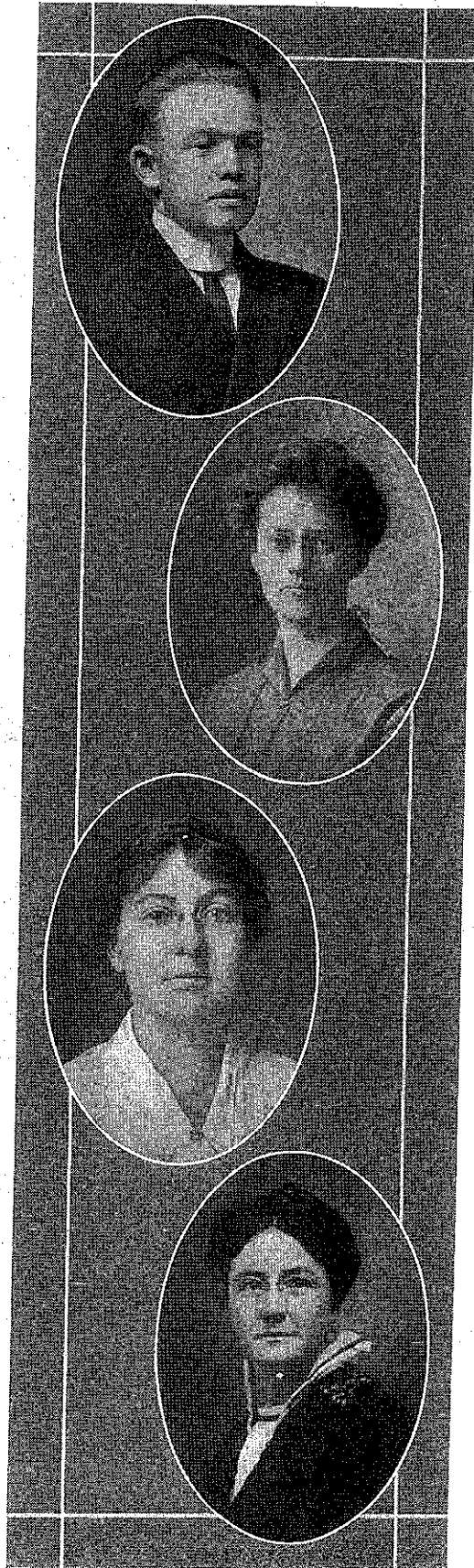
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As this is our first publication of THE OCEANIC we have no Exchanges, but we are sending out our paper to several schools, hoping to build up this department.





# Our Faculty



## *MR. F. H. JEWETT, A.B.*

Mr. Jewett is a graduate of Bates College. We are very glad to welcome him to O. O. H. S. this year. His efforts, characterized by enthusiasm and vim, have fanned our school spirit to a burning flame. Under his jurisdiction we have begun to realize the vital importance of making the most of our High School education. The interest he has taken in our school is not only greatly appreciated by us, but by the townspeople at large.

## *MISS STANHOPE, A.B.*

Miss Stanhope, also a graduate of Bates College, is our instructor in languages. Altho quite slight, she has proved herself to be quite efficient in commanding several armies of French classes, together with the large forces of English classes. Outside of school, Miss Stanhope is no longer a teacher, but is one of us.

## *MISS GERHARDTS, B.S.*

Miss Gerhardt, a graduate of the University of Maine, is our instructor in science. She also has proved an efficient teacher of physical training, having had charge of a class of thirty. The interest which she has taken in this and her regular work, is greatly appreciated by all of the students.

## *MISS FOGG*

Miss Fogg is a graduate of Gorham Normal. She has charge of a greater part of the junior high work. By her faithful and earnest work in the school and her charming personality she has won the respect and esteem of all.





## 1918

*"United We Stand."*

COLORS: Red, White and Blue.

It does not seem very long ago that fifteen of our happy band entered the Old Orchard High School in the fall of 1914.

As Freshmen, we learned together the essentials of English, Latin, Algebra, and Ancient History.

The next year our class had diminished. There were only eleven of us. We strove with squares, angles, triangles and circles until we were almost dazed. We also studied French, and some persisted in following Cæsar, on his great campaigns. When the third year came, our class had become still smaller; we were only six, in number.

Our Senior year finds our class decreased to only four. This is our busiest and happiest year, since we entered High School, and it is with dread that we think of leaving. The following officers are guiding us safely thru the year:

*President, IVA LUTZ*

*Secretary and Treasurer, HELEN ROBINSON*

*Vice-President, FLORENCE CLEAVES*

Oct. 1. Manual Training and Domestic Science Classes begin.

FLORENCE MILDRED CLEAVES  
"Tot"

First comes "Tot," the Vice-President of our class, and one of our faithful four. She got put out with Cæsar, in her second year, and this resulted in their separation in June, 1916. In September, 1917, she started in with a General Business course, probably seeing the need of some one to succeed her sister at Demeritt's Grocery Store, Ocean Park.

MILDRED JENNIE CLARK

Here comes Mildred, commonly known as "moderation." She must have everything perfect for she deliberates so much. She is always on time if you wait for her to come; otherwise she is generally late. Her one remarkable gift is reading in History. She reads as tho' she were trying to get ahead of the words.

IVA VIOLA LUTZ  
"Aunt Matilda"

"Auntie" has been with us ever since we launched our ship of school days, in the primary school. Whenever questions of difficulty arise, she is always on the spot, with superfluous suggestions. Having been on adventures with Virgil, and fought side by side with Cæsar and his valiant friends, Auntie is quite capable of settling disputes and "petty rows."

HELEN URSULA ROBINSON

This is Helen, the secretary of our class, better known as "boy catcher." When the boys from the Senior Class had gone, she stole one from the "Freshies." In spite of her admiration for the boys, however, she has remained with us all thro' our four years' career in High School.



### School Spirit

Wake up, Old Orchard High School!  
And show what you can do;  
Let no other school surpass you,  
Just to yourself be true.

Stir up your athletics,  
And have some red-hot games,  
Make victory your pass-word,  
And the highest of your aims.

Get up a good school paper,  
And publish it afar,  
So those who venture, in years to come,  
Will find the door ajar.

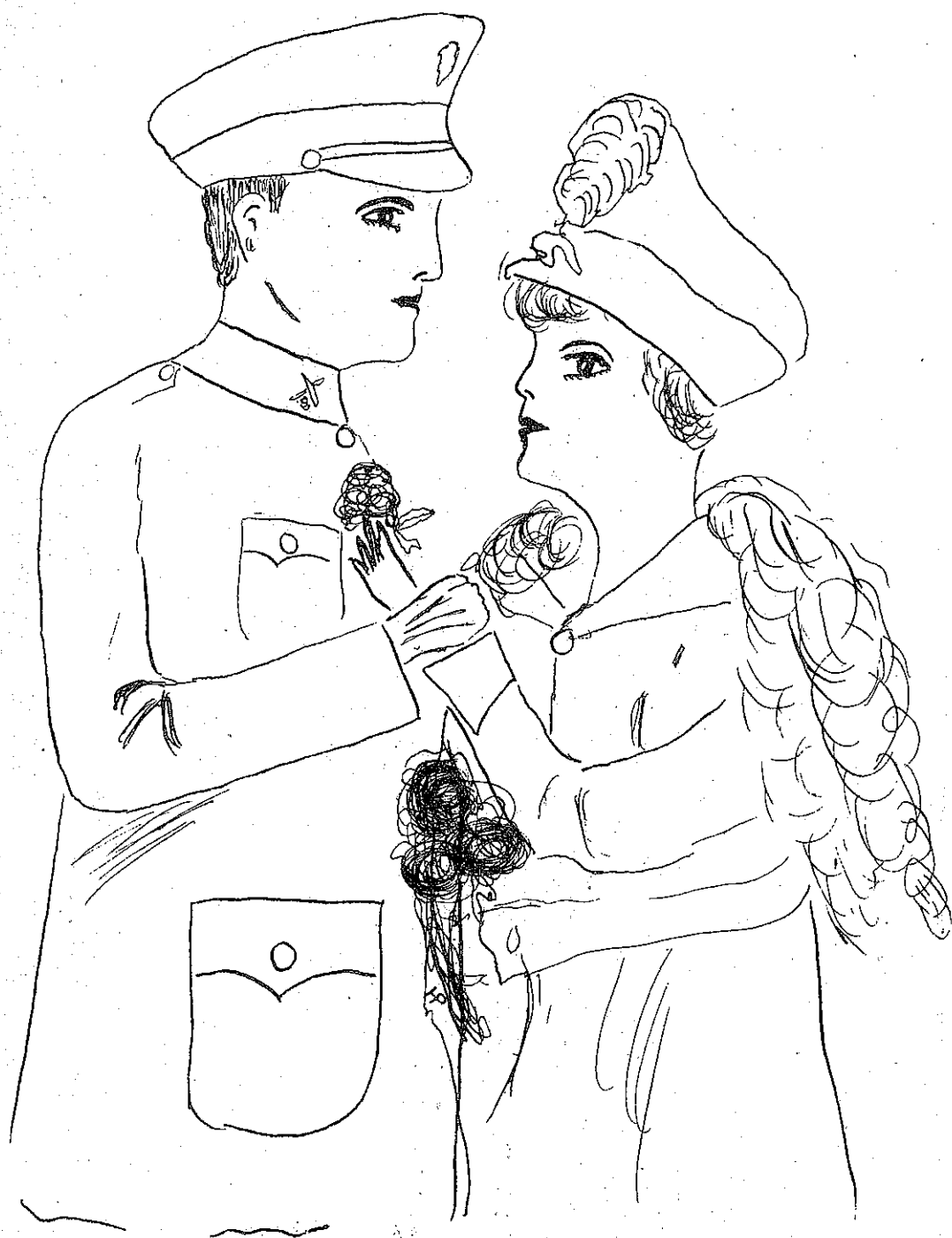
Dig in, and get some instruments  
To start an orchestra,  
You never will regret it,  
They do it everywhere.

Don't leave it to the teachers,  
To start the ball to roll,  
Get busy!! do the work yourself!!  
You'll quicker reach the goal.

Wake up!! Old Orchard High School;  
Let 'em put you to the test,  
Show them that what's in you,  
Is everything that's best.

Oct. 5. Junior High reception







E. Baker      M. Morris      G. Hutchinson      W. Crowley  
L. Goldberg      M. Fowler      G. Worcester

## 1919

Motto: *Step by Step*

CLASS COLORS: Black and Orange

When the Class of 1919 entered O. O. H. S. there were nineteen members. That first year was a year to be remembered. Not only did the Sophomores, but the Juniors and Seniors as well, help to make us look as green as Freshmen can. We all took the college course. The study that troubled us most was Algebra. My, how the principal tried to pump it into our uncomprehending craniums.

The Sophomore year began with only eight students, eleven having left the school. This year was filled with more or less trouble and sport. We then had our time to make fun of the Freshmen,—and pester them we did.

This year we have reached the stage where we think it is about time to get some studying done. There are only seven in the class this year, but we hope to keep them all until we finish High School.

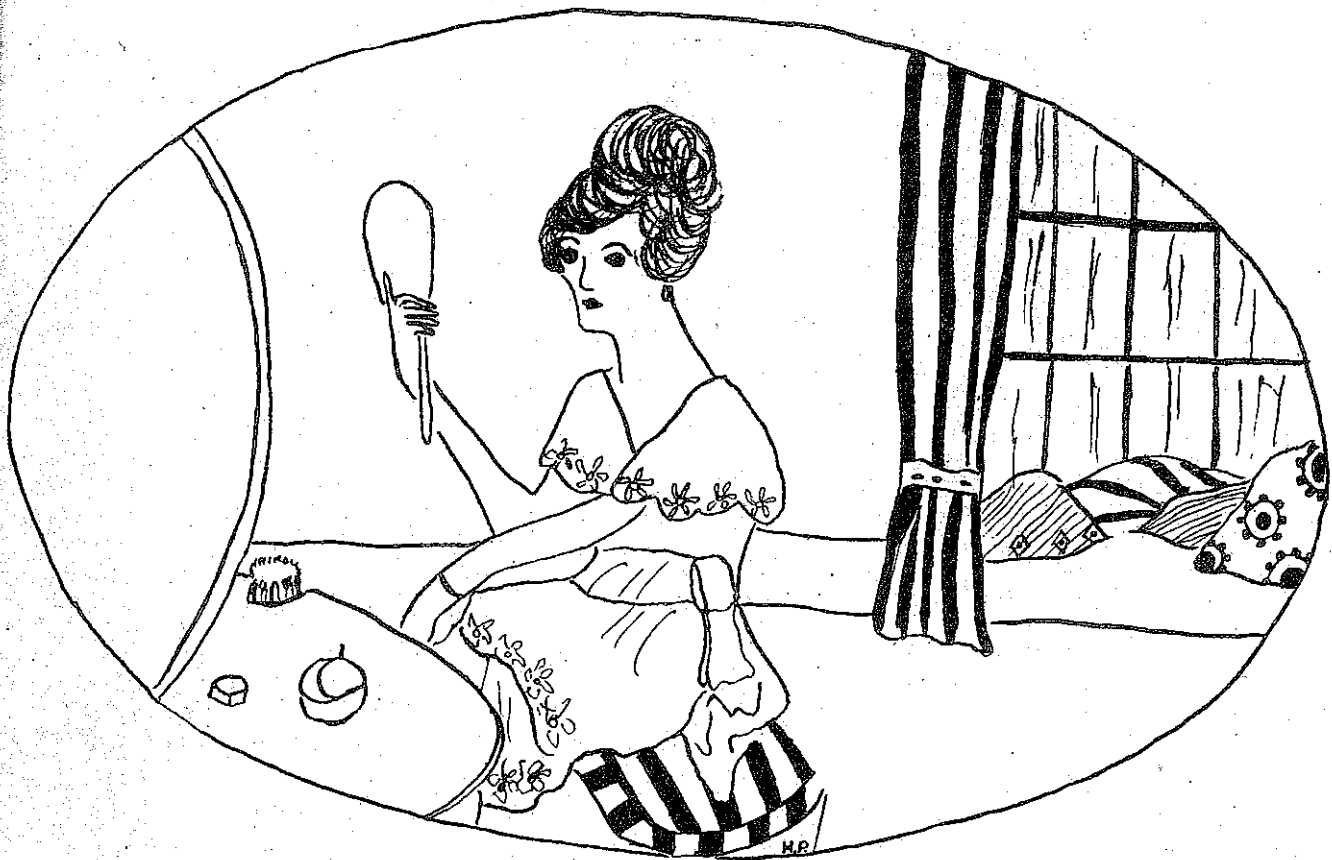
The officers of the class this year are:

*President*, GEORGE HUTCHINSON

*Vice-President*, ERNEST BAKER

*Secretary and Treasurer*, WILLIAM CROWLEY

Oct. 8. Editorial board appointed





## 1919

Again, each morning as we pass  
Old Orchard's streets along,  
We hear the voices of the class  
Ring out the school-bell's song.

The small boy's treble piping clear,  
The bigger boy's low growl,  
And from the boy who has no ear,  
A weird, discordant howl.

Let him who'd criticise the time,  
Or scout the harmony,  
Betake him to some other clime—  
No judge of Art is he!

Oct. 10. Orchestra rehearsal



A. Giftun      G. Clark      S. Felton  
E. Huntington      H. Prince      D. Thomas      D. Austin

## 1920

Motto: *Deeds not Words*

CLASS COLORS: Sapphire and Silver

When we entered O. O. H. S. the faculty was composed of Principal James H. Brewster and Assistant Miss Carrie E. Gile. Our class was composed of five members, four girls and one boy. In October the number was increased by the addition of two girls. For a few weeks during February and March our class numbered eight, and soon after two dropped out. In April we gained one more member and the year closed with seven of us looking forward to our Sophomore year.

In September, 1917, we came back to school with eight in the class. The faculty this year was composed of Principal F. H. Jewett and Assistants Miss Effie Stanhope and Miss Emma Gerhardt. We organized our class with the following officers:

*President*, GLADYS G. CLARK

*Vice-President*, DOROTHY M. AUSTIN

*Secretary and Treasurer*, ALMEDA E. GIFFUN

*Executive Committee*, FLORENCE COUSINS

DORIS THOMAS

ETTA HUNTINGTON

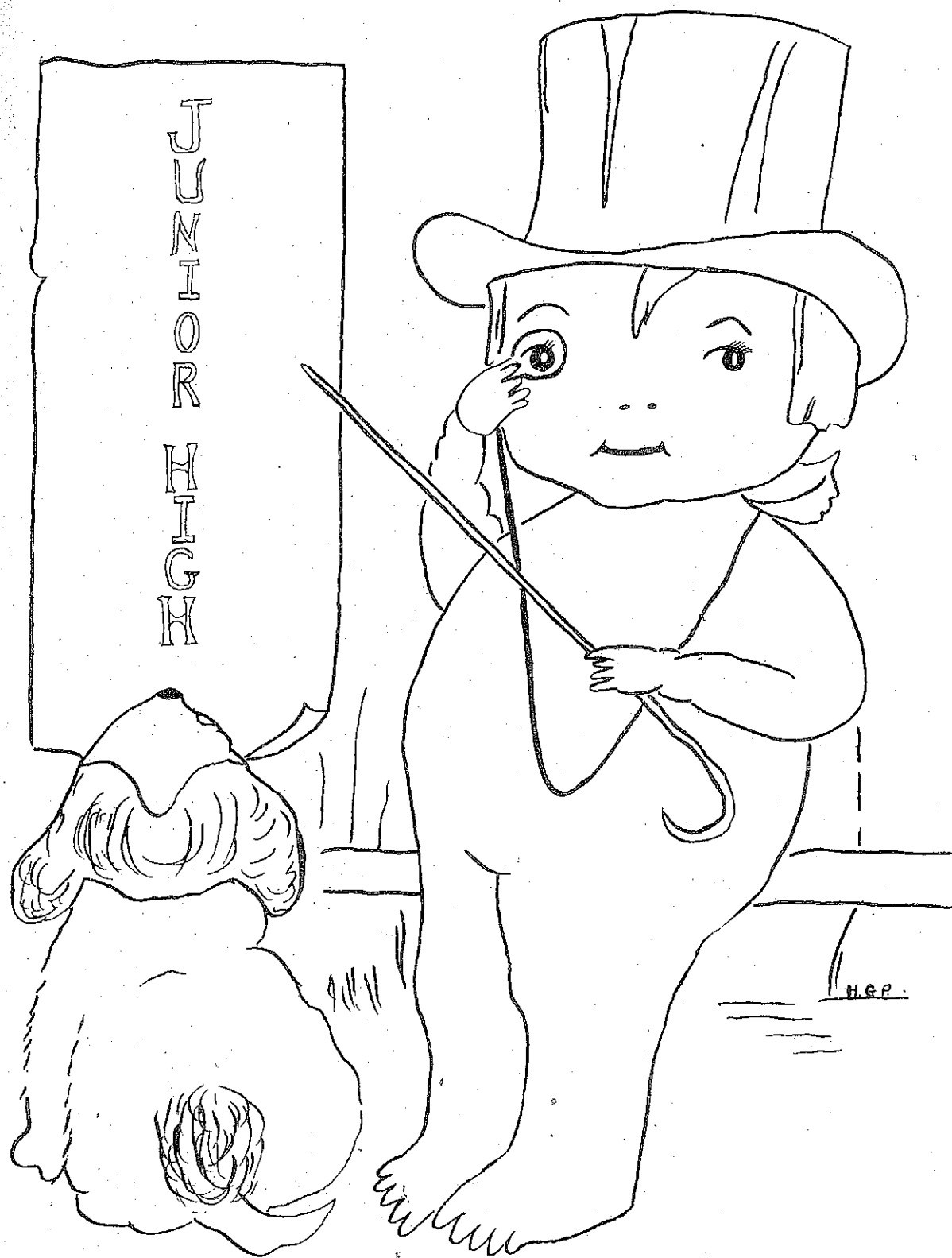
Early in the fall the Sophomores, together with the upper classes, gave a reception to the Junior High. In November we lost one member. In December we gave a social and entertainment. We are now preparing for Public Declamations.

Oct. 12. Columbus Day

**Quotation**

"Sow a thought, reap an act;  
Sow an act, reap a habit;  
Sow a habit, reap a character;  
Sow a character, reap a destiny."

Oct. 15. Usual Routine







R. Prince	J. Crowley	G. Roy	P. Gilman	N. Marshall	W. Murphy
	G. Lary		M. Edwards	R. Lord	

## 1921

Motto: *"Try and Trust"*

COLORS: Blue and Gold

Our high school career has been very short and "boyish," there being eight boys and only one girl in the class. Out of thirteen who graduated from grammar school in '17, only nine entered O. O. High School. During the first term about the only thing we had to dread was the Freshman Public Speaking Exhibition in the Town Hall. So far we are all alive and happy. Our officers are as follows:

*President*, WILLIAM MURPHY

*Vice-President*, RICHMOND LORD

*Secretary*, GEORGE ROY

*Treasurer*, MILDRED EDWARDS

*Executive Committee*, MILDRED EDWARDS

P. GILMAN

R. LORD

Oct. 16. Responsive reading books put into use

## The Junior High

M. F. A.	Makes Friendship Always
H. I. C.	Humorous Innocent Creature
H. F. M.	Hail, Flowery Minstrel
L. F. C.	Little Fairy Child
H. M. M.	Harmless Modest Maiden
F. A. M.	Fair and Matchless
P. M. H.	Pert Merry Heart
L. E. T.	Likes Edible Things
W. E. C.	Worth Every Cent
R. L. K.	Rather Likable Kid
M. F. C.	Makes Fine Candy
W. H. S.	Wonderful Helpful Scout
S. H. A.	Studies Hard Always
C. L. M.	Cute Little Man
L. G. M.	Little Garden Maker
E. L. H.	Every Little Helps
J. M. A.	Jocund Marvelous Acrobat
Z. W. F.	Zero Weather Forever
F. L. B.	Fine Little Boy
F. W. S.	Fine Woolen Stockings
L. M. Y.	Little Merry Youngster
I. M. P.	In Many Places
K. L. W.	Kind Little Woman
W. H. P.	Warm-Hearted Person
W. H. M.	Wait Here, Mother
R. E. O.	Reach Ever Onward
H. D. M.	Hey! Draw Me
H. D. R.	Hello! Demure Rarity

Oct. 18. Finds us in need of a bell hop







L. Cleaves

R. King  
L. Thomas

H. Marshall  
H. Crooker

F. Milliken  
M. Cotey

W. Cokerille  
M. Allen  
H. M. Mewer

## 1922

*"Work to Win"*

COLORS: Green and Gold

FLOWER: Snapdragon

Ten of us entered the eighth grade, in September, 1917. The first thing we had to dread was the reception given by the Senior High, to the Junior High, but we all survived without anything very serious happening. Our troubles are by no means over, however, for we have now to dread the public speaking, which is coming soon. Each of us has had his or her turn staying after school.

Our officers are as follows:

*President, FRANKLIN MILLIKEN**Vice-President, LILLIAN CLEAVES**Secretary, ROBERT KING**Treasurer, HAZEL MEWER*

Oct. 18. School pictures taken

### The Eighth Grade

The eighth class of Old Orchard High

Why! it's the smartest class, so smart, Oh my!

Why only yesterday or was it the day before?

Lillian T. didn't know what was two times four,

And Franklin Milliken the President of the class,

Doesn't get rank enough to pass.

Yes, the class is smart as smart can be,

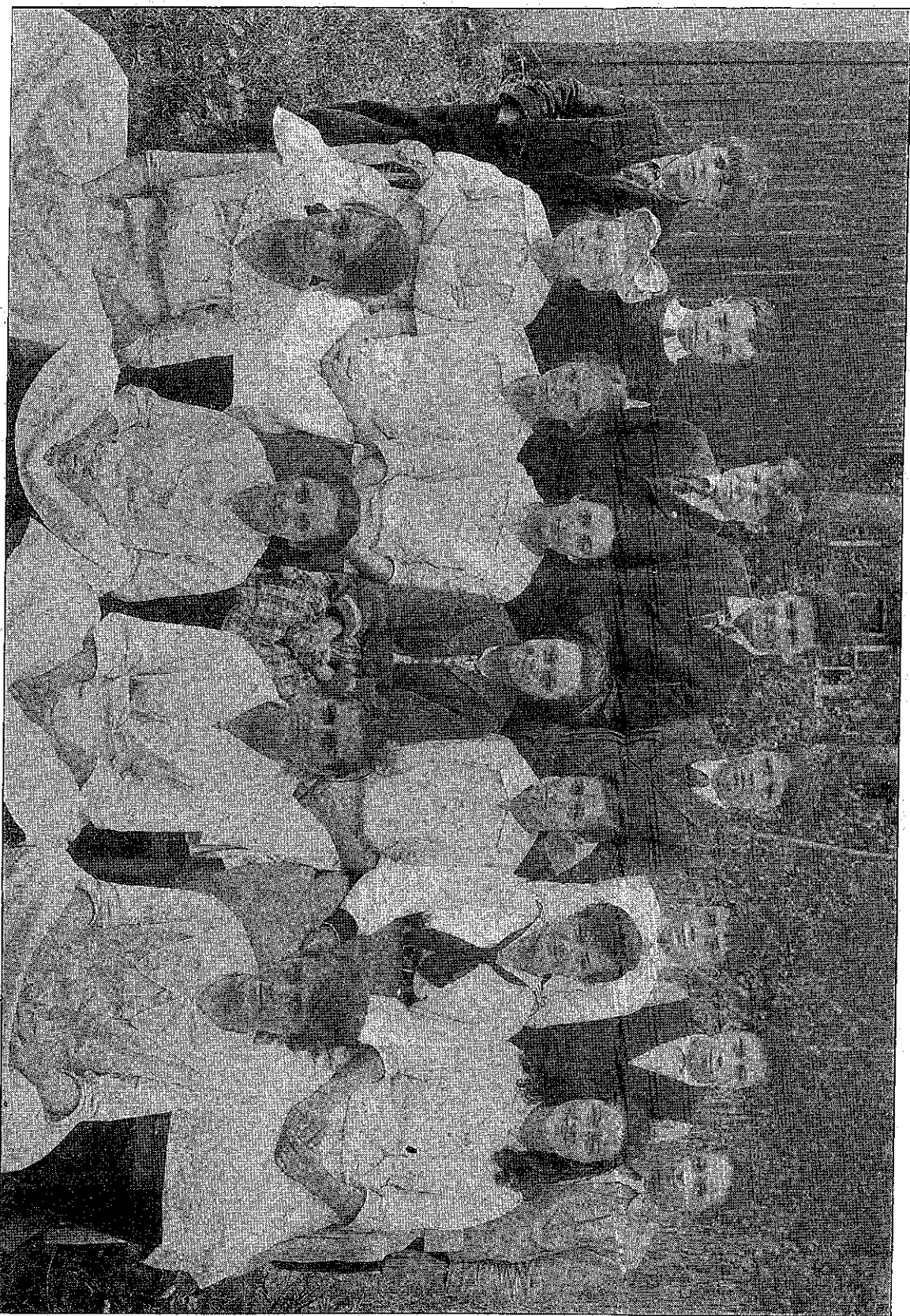
But I pity the teacher, Oh me, Oh me.

I'd tell you more about that class

But I simply can't because it won't pass (Censorship).







J. Morrill	L. Milliken	F. Southerland	C. Morris	W. Pillsbury	W. Melin	W. Stone	F. Butler
C. Whitman	L. York	J. Allen	P. Huff	H. Ricker	I. Peterson	H. D. Mever	
E. Hersum	S. Allen		R. Ordway		Z. Fowler		

## Grade 7

1923

Motto: "Do the right thing, at the right time,  
in the right way, and whether  
you want to or not."

CLASS COLORS: Pearl gray and old rose

In September, 1917, eighteen of us entered the seventh grade and were surprised to find ourselves in the Junior High School. We like the new arrangement very much, especially going to the Senior High room for opening exercises. We enjoyed the reception given us by the Senior High School. Though we are the youngest class we are the largest.

We organized our class with the following officers:

*President*, IDA M. PETERSON

*Vice-President*, KATHERINE WHITMAN

*Secretary*, LEONA M. YORK

*Treasurer*, WINSLOW H. PILLSBURY

Oct. 24. Special session at 10.30 for some of the girls

### School Notes

Our first social function was an informal reception given by the Senior High, in honor of the Junior High, on Oct. 5, at the Town Hall. In the receiving line were: Supt. F. H. B. Heald, members of the School Board, Faculty of the Junior-Senior High, and representatives of the different classes. Many interesting games were played, after which punch and fancy cookies were served.

November sixth: Professor Robert Paul, Principal of the Portland School of Modern Languages, visited us, and gave us a very interesting hour in French. It was with renewed interest that we resumed our work the following weeks.

November twenty-third: A social was given by the Junior Class, at the Town Hall. After a short but very pleasing program, games and music were heartily indulged in. Ice cream was on sale.

December sixteenth: A social in the form of a mock wedding was given by the Sophomore Class, at the Town Hall. After the ceremony, games were played, fortunes were told and "war kisses" were on sale. The evening was enjoyed by all.

The Freshman public speaking was held at the High School, Tuesday, Dec. 18th, and again, before a fair sized audience at Town Hall, Dec. 21. Each number was well given. Two flute solos were rendered by Miss Gerhardts, much to the appreciation of all.

The members of the Junior-Senior High School had the pleasure of listening to a most helpful talk given by Rev. Felix Powell, Dec. 10, 1917, in the High School room.

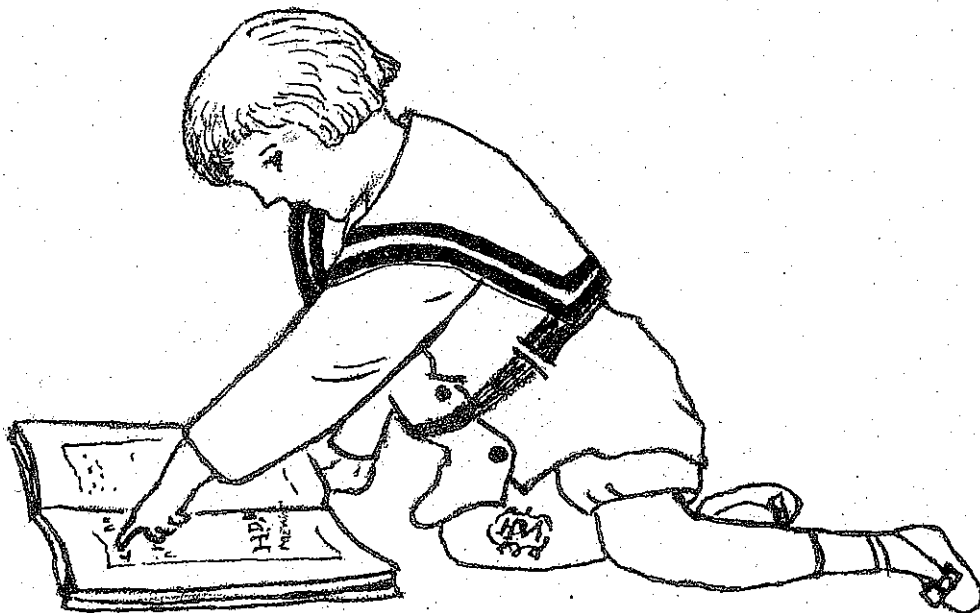
State Inspector of High Schools Josiah W. Taylor made his annual visit Dec. 13, 1917. On the same day we were visited by our Superintendent, Mr. F. B. H. Heald, Principal Veo F. Small and other teachers of the Oak Hill Schools. During the forenoon sessions we had a mass-meeting of the Junior and Senior Schools. Mrs. Lord conducted a very pleasing musical program and inspiring talks were given by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Heald, Mr. Small and Mr. Jewett.

We are cheerfully doing our bit as a school. Beside the work for the Red Triangle and the selling and buying of Liberty Bonds we have contributed generously to the drive for Thrift Stamps. Nearly every student owns a United States Thrift Stamp and the teachers own a United States War Certificate.

Representatives of the Red Triangle have been sent out by the Y. M. C. A. to outline what they are doing, both at home and at the front. Two of them visited us in November encouraging each member of the School to earn and give ten dollars (\$10) to the Y. M. C. A. for the Red Triangle by the following April. Several in our school pledged themselves to the work.



# LITERARY



## Literary

### Guess What I Am?

I was born out in the pasture back of the barn. Down near the brook I first saw light. I was one of a pair of twins—two happy youngsters. We played in the pasture, sometimes in the bushes which dotted it here and there and sometimes in the open field, where we would go bounding over the grass. I, being the better runner, took the name of Swiftfoot, while my brother was called Slowfoot.

All was happiness for us until one day when we were about three months old. We were out in a clearing which lies deep in the woods. Suddenly we heard an eagle scream, and before we could hide, my brother was borne off to his death by the huge bird. I will say, though, that he was struggling bravely the last I saw of him.

Soon after this I had an adventure of my own with a far different result. Wishing to test the skill for which my kind are famous, I went over to the barn. There I met a rat which I did not wish to have in the world, and I decided the world should be rid of him. We went outside and fought until we were both tired. We agreed to meet the next afternoon.

The next morning I went over to the barn and dug a tunnel just the size of my body through a mound of loam, right where we were to fight. At the appointed time that big, fat, overfed rat and I met at the mound. The fight began. I ran around the mound with the rat after me. Suddenly I dodged into the tunnel and came out on the other side. The fat old rat got stuck in the tunnel. I then came up behind him and killed him as "slick as a —."

Oct. 25. Mr. Jewett attends school convention at Bangor

### How Poems Are Made

I've been to school four years, and more,  
But have never made up poetry before.  
I've done my best and tried to think  
While washing dishes at the sink;  
I thought, and thought, and thought some more  
And still kept thinking while washing the floor.  
I think if I had to write poetry for a living  
'Twould be a long way to a good Thanksgiving.  
I need not tell you I am no poet  
For when you read this you will surely know it.

### A Dream of Yesterday and Today

It was Memorial Sunday, and the old veterans of the community had planned to attend the church service in a body.

As the bell tolled a last stroke the aged men, only eight in number, marched in, the two leaders carrying an American flag, while each soldier wore a smaller one in his coat. They advanced to their places in the front seat. Their minds quickened by the music, they recalled once more how they had marched in '61 and '65.

The service moved on. The choir rendered a beautiful anthem. The minister began his sermon. He praised the old soldiers and spoke many words for their bravery, yet in spite of this, one old man, tired and weary, fell asleep. The minister continued preaching and the soldier continued to sleep. He was having a beautiful dream and this is what it was: He dreamed that he was only twenty-one and that the Civil War was beginning, with the call for men to defend her colors and her rights. He was in college at the time and he could see all his old college chums as plainly as if it were yesterday. He felt his country calling him and he felt that he must obey the summons. He went home to bid his family good-by and started to look death in the face, not for adventure nor for the sake of winning renown, but to keep the

Nov. 6. Lecture to French Classes by Professor Paul

flag of freedom waving over all. The battles, the perils, the defeats, the hardships, all these he saw and seemed to take a part in. He fancied that it was all over at last and that he and his companions were marching home. What a welcome they received.

At this point his dream changed. He was again a lad of twenty-two but living in 1917 rather than in 1861. His country was again at war and was calling her men to the colors. He was in college, and feeling it his duty to enlist, he chose the Hospital Corps. After nearly a year's training he sailed for France. Immediately upon his arrival he began his work. There was such a demand for care for the wounded. Many died from improper attention. He witnessed many exciting and thrilling scenes, often barely escaping death himself.

As the local organ sounded the closing hymn the aged man awoke to find himself not in France but in America, in the church. He could hardly believe his eyes, the dream had been so real. He wished with his whole soul that his dream had been true, that he had found himself a man, young today instead of yesterday, that he might have an opportunity of helping to protect Old Glory for Uncle Sam, and of doing his "bit" along with the others.

### Playing Truant

One day a boy was going to school. When he saw the road leading to the river he said:

"I will not go to school, I will go fishing."

By and by the truant officer came to the school and the teacher said:

"Harry is absent."

The truant officer went to the boy's house. His mother said she had sent him to school. After looking around she saw that his fishing pole was missing, so the truant officer started for the river. When he reached the bank Harry saw him coming and hollered:

"Oh! see the nice speckled trout I have."

Nov. 6. Senior History Class had recitation on American Literature

The truant officer was so excited that he forgot what he came for and cut a pole and started to fish, too.

After they had caught enough fish they started for home. On the way they met the superintendent who said, "So this is what you think I hired you for. You may go get your pay and find another job."

The boy was severely punished. He never went fishing during school hours again.

### A Day at School

School makes me get up in the morn,  
I have a quick hunt for my hat.  
This helps to make me feel forlorn,  
Still worse when I fall o'er the cat.

Then on there comes that little green car,  
Ah! joy! you hear two pennies clack,  
When comes an awfully fierce jar—  
You get no change for your greenback.

In the hall we wait the call to jail,  
At last the worn bell loud does ring  
Off goes our final hope of bail,  
And into the schoolroom we sadly swing.

All too soon comes Arithmetic  
On many brows are anxious scowls,  
When all is over we feel sick,  
Though some of us look as wise as owls.

Soon comes a very great relief  
For along comes Master History,  
This is easy in my belief  
But some think it is a mean old story.

Nov. 14. Senior supper and entertainment

In time along comes Music so loud,  
During it all the pictures do rattle,  
Our teacher surely cannot feel proud,  
After hearing it I can think but little.

Now the welcome noon,  
Alas this respite  
Is gone all too soon,  
But we enjoy it.

Next comes the call to Oral English  
For this quickly comes Miss Stanhope,  
Even this goes from ear to ear—swish!  
For us I think there is no hope.

Now forty minutes of French or Grammar,  
That dinged old French has got me beat,  
And Grammar affects me in a like manner,  
Each of them give me very cold feet.

Now a good word for my teacher, Miss Fogg.  
You might think for an old styled rhyme,  
I would decide to call her a log,—  
But I won't—for in my opinion she is fine.

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### **The End of the Frigate Dauntless**

The frigate Dauntless was an old warship. It lay high up on the beach of the little seaport in Maine in which it had been built. It had remained there for many years, "just a useless old wreck," as some of the younger people called it. They did not know what a faithful ship it had been in time of need. The warship had seen much service, especially in the Civil War, and it was highly prized by the old seamen of the town whose hands had helped to make it, and whose sons and friends had fought on its once very clean deck.

Nov. 15. The A.M. after the night before

But the town was thriving and growing to be a popular summer resort. Some of the leading men thought that the sight of the old hulk on the beach among the other trim crafts of the sea, was very offensive, so they said that the boat must be burned, and that the very next night. People protested, and some became quite angry, but to no purpose. The men said it must go, and a workman was told to go down and set fire to it after dark.

One little boy was much troubled when he heard what they were going to do with the Dauntless. He was very sorry, because his grandfather was accustomed to sit in a chair by the window and watch the old frigate for hours, his eyes lighting up and his lips smiling at the memories it aroused. He knew that his grandfather could not bear to think of it being burned in disgrace. He set himself to planning and finally decided upon a scheme by means of which the old ship could go to its last resting place with honor. The next day a terrible storm arose. The waves came up and surrounded the frigate, embracing it as though tempting it to ride out on their crests once more. The boy slipped down and with a big knife cut the rope which held it. With a shudder the old ship sailed gracefully away over the waters.

The little boy ran back to the house and said to his grandfather:

"Look, the Dauntless will not be disgraced by being burned, but will find a good and suitable grave itself." Just then the old warship settled and slowly sank into the water. The old man patted the boy's head and said:

"Thank you, my lad, you did just right."

The next day when the people saw that the wreck was gone they cheered for the little boy who had set it free.

### **The Valiant Cockerill**

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The valiant Cockerill stands,  
With a brand new Boy Scout suit on  
And with clean face and hands.

Nov. 16. Editorial Board Meeting

He was a good boy at school today  
And got out at three-fifteen,  
A busier boy than Walter  
I bet you've never seen.

He has ten liberty bonds to sell  
And is trying to sell them tonight,  
And by-gosh! if he does sell them all  
I tell you he's all right.

Now this is all I have in mind  
And I cannot tell a lie,  
So I guess I'll have to say to you  
Ladies and Gents, good-by!

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### Mary's Good Luck

It was late in the afternoon when Mary left the small store where she worked. She was a poor girl and her mother and father were dead. As she turned the corner to go down to her boarding house she saw some girls looking into a window and laughing gayly. They were dressed in the very latest fashion. Mary had a glimpse of what was in the window as she passed them. It was filled with the latest styles.

"Oh, if I only had money enough to buy me some new clothes," she cried.

When she reached her room, which was small, bare and cold, she took off her hat and went over to the bureau. She took a small box out of the drawer and opened it. It contained just five dollars and thirteen cents. That was all she had with which to buy food for a month.

"Oh, what ever will I do," she moaned. "I just have to eat and that won't last very long with everything so high."

She sank into a chair by the small window. Looking out she saw an old lady trying hard to cross the street, but there being

Nov. 19. Rank cards given out—cheer up, better days coming



so many automobiles she did not dare to make the attempt. Mary was soon at her side and taking hold of her arm she assisted her to safety. The woman thanked Mary and asked her name and address, and the girl returned to her room, thinking no more of the incident. A few days later Mary received a letter asking her to call at an unknown house. Mary donned her coat and hat and started out. The address led her to one of the most beautiful streets in the city and to a most beautiful house. She thought it strange that she had been asked to come to this place but quickly ran up the steps and rang the bell. A trim maid opened the door. Mary told her why she had come and the maid led her to a lovely reception room.

In this room was the old lady whom Mary had helped across the street.

"I am so glad you came," said she. "My name is Mrs. Van Bruent and as you were so kind to help me across the street, I have made inquiries concerning you and I have decided to have you come and live with me, if you will do so. You will take the place of my dead daughter."

Mary was too surprised to answer at first, but she finally accepted. She was led to a beautiful room and the maid laid some lovely clothes on the bed and told Mary to put them on. The wonderful clothing was soon donned and her hair becomingly arranged. She looked in the glass and could hardly believe her eyes. Why, she was really pretty. Hearing a noise behind her she turned and saw Mrs. Van Bruent.

"Here are some jewels for you, dear."

At this Mary could control herself no longer and threw herself into the loving arms of Mrs. Van Bruent.

Mary never longed for lovely things again for now she had everything she wanted besides a lovely home. Mrs. Van Bruent was just like a mother to her, and never had reason to regret her meeting with Mary at the dangerous crossing.

### **Bobbie (The) King**

I happen to be busy now  
And haven't got much time,  
But I'll do the best I can for you  
And I'll try to make it rhyme.

I suppose you all know Bobbie King,  
Who sits in a back seat,  
Who in arithmetic and spelling  
They say cannot be beat.

Oh, Bobbie, he's a real good fellow,  
And has been right along,  
So I guess I'll have to praise him  
With this pretty little song.

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### **An Old Man's Dream**

The last story was done and having followed the hero in all his narrow escapes, each listener fell to wondering what he himself could tell.

At last up spoke "Si" Grindle, who is "nigh unto seventy years old." Says he, "Wall, I had a funny dream a night or two ago. You all remember Simp Small. I don't know of any man whose surname fitted him better, small! I never have or neved will see any one so small as him." "Why he would not even buy some oranges for his gal. After his gal said: 'Oh, Simp, ain't them nice looking oranges?' Simp says (I never saw a meaner man) says he, 'If you like to look at those oranges so well I'll stop and you can go and look at 'em.' When he finally did marry why he took a girl in town that had a throat trouble so she couldn't swallow, reckoned she couldn't eat, so he'd save on her fodder, but in two days the doctor had her fixed up and she was a heavy loss.

"Well, to get back to my dream. I found myself in my grave. When I had laid there about half an hour an angel came and asked

Nov. 22. M. M., '19, and M. E., '21, visit Scarboro High

me if I'd like to see what my chances were in Heaven. I told her I wouldn't mind and off we went.

"St. Peter asked me a whole string of questions and admitted me. At this point there were many wondering glances. The angel took me around, showed me the boxes containing souls of those waiting to be judged. After pawing them over the angel handed me one. She said that Simp Small's soul was in it. I took the cover off and looked in and saw the smallest speck I ever beheld. The angel said, "That's not his soul you see but the eye-winker of a fly, his soul being one millionth part of that!"

"So surprised was I that I stepped backward or meant to, but instead I seemed to roll through space and the next thing I found myself on the floor by my bed."

### Have You Heard of Me Before?

I am a little gray animal two and one-half inches long. I make my home in the ground part of the year, and the rest of the time I pick out some nice warm barn or house. This year I am living in an apartment in Mattapan.

I have a chance to hear all of the conversation and get into the sweets in the pantry. My home is not as warm as I expected it would be on "count of coal."

Last night as I started to nibble the plastering, I heard someone say that they had caught five sisters and three brothers of mine. If this were so I thought I ought to do something to avenge them. When some callers came I nibbled and shamed the people.

In my house is a beautiful young golden-haired girl. One night as I was very quiet and I heard talking I slid through a hole which I had made in the wall, I noticed a tall man with dark hair. He had an olive-drab suit on. I judged that this man must be one of Uncle Sam's soldiers. About a month after this I heard that the young girl was going to be married. While she and her parents were in the parlor on the day of the wedding, I went to

Nov. 23. Seniors all dismissed from English class—good work

the pantry and nibbled all the candies and ice frosting off from the wedding cake.

The next morning John started for France. Ruth said, "I insist that you take a piece of the cake, no matter if it is spoiled on top."

Finally John said he would. When he arrived in France and unloaded his sack, the cake was opened. John said, "Now I will have a feed of cake."

When he bit the cake out I popped. The soldiers have not ceased to plague John about his feed of cake.

### Robert Livingston White, Jr.

"Mother, how soon will the train be here?"

"In about an hour, dearie," answered a voice, soft and sweet, though touched with a note of weariness. The question was asked by a curly-haired, blue-eyed lad of seven years. He and his young mother were on their way to Hillsborough, where, his mother had told him, stood a beautiful little cottage, in which she had spent her first two years of married life. He had been born there, too, but had been taken to the city by his mother, soon after.

"Mother, may I go over to the fountain and get a drink? I'm big enough to reach," said the lad, squaring his shoulders. "Yes, dearie," said his mother. The lad went over to the fountain, but much to his disappointment found that he was not tall enough, after all. He stood on his top-toes, but to no avail.

Just as he was about to give up, a handsome young man stepped up and addressed him:

"Hello, sonny, do you need some help?"

"Well," said the lad, "if you'd just lift me up to that fountain a minute, so I could get a drink of water I'd be much obliged."

This was done. Why was it that a sudden pang shook the man as he put the lad on his feet again and got a good look at his beautiful, round face and honest blue eyes. "Are you all alone in this big station?" said he.

Nov. 23. Junior class social

"Oh, no, mother's over there in that seat waiting for me. We have got to wait an hour for our train."

"Let's go over here and sit down on this bench and have a little chat, if your mother won't mind."

"All right," said the lad, brightening at the thoughts of having someone to talk to. Somehow his mother didn't seem to feel very talkative today.

The man took the boy's hand and led him over to the bench, and as soon as they were seated, said:

"Well, my lad, I think it's about time we introduced ourselves; what is your name?"

"My name is Robert Livingston White, Jr. My daddy's name is just like mine. Mother says I must always love my daddy, but I never saw him. He left mother and me about a week after I was born."

At this the man turned very pale; then a sudden desire to take the child and fold him to his breast seized him. But no, he must show no excitement, just now.

"Tell me, Robert, what is your mother's name and where are you going?"

"Mother's name is Margaret White," said the lad proudly, "and we're going to Hillsborough. Mother says tomorrow is her ninth wedding anniversary and she wants to spend it at the beautiful little cottage where she and daddy lived so happily for most two years."

Just then the sweet voice of Robert's mother was heard calling for him. The poor man recognized that voice to be the one of his beloved Margaret, even though he had not heard it for seven long, miserable years. Why had he ever left her? would she ever take him back again? were questions which now flooded his brain.

"Robert, where are you? our train is most due," said Margaret. "Oh, mother, come here a minute, I want to introduce you to this kind gentleman who got me a drink of water."

But they needed no introduction for they had already seen each other, and each was wondering what the other would say. Much to Robert's surprise, his mother said, a little coldly:

Nov. 27. Colder than Greenland

"How do you do, Robert? Quite a stranger, are you not?"

"Yes, Margaret, but I don't wish to be a stranger any longer. For the past seven years I have had a chance to think good and hard, and to realize what a curse liquor is." When he saw by the expression on her face that her heart had gone out to him, and that she was not entirely indifferent, he continued:

"Believe me, when I tell you that I never have touched a drop of that cursed liquor since you sent me away from you, seven long years ago; for I immediately joined the Y. M. C. A. and have ever since been trying to aid the officials in crushing down that awful business, the liquor traffic. I have been trying all this time to make myself worthy of the love that you bore for me those two beautiful years. Now, Margaret, has that love entirely faded away? Don't you care just a little bit? Can't we go to Hillsborough together, and remain there in happiness for the rest of our lives?"

For answer she flung herself into his strong arms and looking up into his handsome face, said, softly:

"Yes, Robert, we can."

Just then a shrill little voice piped up:

"I say, mother, the train's coming."

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### How Jimmie Upheld the Flag

It was a cold winter night and Jimmie O'Brien, a poor newsboy, was walking home from work. He and his mother lived in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the city almost a mile away. It started to snow and the wind increased. Jimmie, shivering, drew the collar of his thin jacket more closely about his throat.

He decided to take a short cut to get home sooner. His way now lay in a bad part of the city. Nearly every nationality lived there and it was almost dangerous to walk in this section alone after dark. Jimmie continued resolutely onward. The wind and snow still increased. It seemed as if the bones of his body were frozen and soon he realized that he must stop at one of these houses to get warm or else perish.

Dec. 3. Usual routine.

He paused in front of a building for he thought he heard angry voices and someone sobbing. He stepped to the window and looked in. The sight that met his eyes made him forget that he was cold.

In the small room he could see people. On looking more closely he discovered a little boy crouching in a corner. He was crying and appeared very frightened. A large, brutal looking man was bending over him as though threatening to do something.

A frail woman was standing near by. It seemed as if she were pleading. She spoke in a foreign language which Jimmie could not understand. Her words seemed to make the man more angry. Suddenly Jimmie saw that the little boy held in his hand a small American flag, partly concealed by his coat. The man started to take it from him. Jimmie felt that it was time for him to interfere. He opened the door softly and entered. The man did not see him. Rushing up behind him and knocking him one side, Jimmie took the flag out the boy's hand and turning to the astonished people, cried:

"This American flag protects all of its citizens. You are a foreigner. You may be an enemy to this country; I cannot say, but I know you are doing wrong to try to take this flag from the boy. While you are living here you are under its protection and should obey and respect its laws. Has the United States ever done you any wrong?"

The man felt ashamed and lowered his head. Finally in broken English he replied:

"No, the United States has not wronged me, but my native country does not like her, and I was only doing what I thought was right. I see now that I was wrong."

Jimmie gave the flag to the boy and told him to honor and respect it always. As he moved toward the door the woman detained him trying to express her gratitude for his assistance.

Finally he started for home. He no longer felt cold. He was very happy for he knew that he had done a good deed that night, a deed of a true American.

Dec. 6. Senior Class rings arrive



### Freshmen

Here lies our Arithmetic  
Which we hate to pursue,  
And if love it you can  
We leave it to you.

As for General Science  
We do not understand,  
'Tis "mix this thing with that,  
And then let it stand."

"English," oh my goodness,  
It is a lovely thing,  
When teacher looks at one of us  
And says, "Now you begin."

In French it is conjugate this  
And pronounce that.  
But when we get through we know  
No more than a cat.

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### Did You Ever?

One would think that gate is never opened for the long grass and the great hemlocks grow close against it; and if it were opened, it is so rusty that the force necessary to turn it on its hinges would be likely to pull down the square stone-built pillars, to the detriment of the two stone lionesses which grin above the coat-of-arms surmounting each of the pillars.

One day when some boys were playing near the gate one of them said:

"Let's go over and see if the gate will open."

When they pushed the gate it swung slowly around without a sound. They took the path leading to the house, and, finding the door ajar, walked in. On the floor was a piece of paper with

Dec. 6. Sophomore class social—war kisses on sale



something written on it. One of them picked it up and read, "Look in chest in attic." He showed it to the other boys and they started up the rickety stairs. The boards creaked and the boys were afraid there might be some ghosts around. A step broke under one of the boys, but he was not hurt.

When they reached the attic they couldn't find the chest. After a while they did, however, and opened it. Inside was a piece of paper rolled up in a tattered old cloth. On the paper was written: "Take pickaxe and shovels and dig under big oak in the woods." The boys knew well enough where the oak was, for they had been there several times. They went home as quick as they could and got pickaxes and shovels and started toward the woods.

They found the oak and began to dig. They dug and dug, but they couldn't find anything. After a while one of them struck wood with his shovel. He dug a little deeper and found a small wooden box. He opened it carefully and took out another piece of paper. On it was written: "Curiosity killed a cat."

### The School Clock

I am a school clock. I was born across the water, in England. About the first I can remember, I was in a large factory with thousands of my brothers and sisters.

We had lived together in this factory for about three weeks, when one day a lot of men came into the shop where we were stored, and began to put most of us into boxes. From their conversation, I heard that a large shipment of clocks was to be started for America the very next day. I couldn't help feeling frightened for I had never been outside the factory. I knew America must be a long way off, for I hadn't heard much of that country. I was a little consoled, however, when I learned that hundreds of my brothers and sisters were going, too.

The next day we were taken out of the factory and loaded onto a big truck. My! how that thing thundered and squeaked after it started. In a very few minutes we were down to the wharf, where

there were lots of enormous steamships. Well, when I found that we were at the wharf, and were to be loaded on one of those big things to make our journey to America by water, I was scared to pieces. My hands trembled and my springs wound up tighter than ever at the thoughts of it. Then, too, I had heard the foreman tell how seasick his daughter had been when she went out on a short voyage. He said something about "feeding the fishes," too. I didn't know first what he meant, but I decided that once I got packed onto that big ship, I'd lie still and let some one else tend to the fishes.

Finally we were loaded on the steamer; the gang planks were taken up, and I could feel the ship move slowly. I was glad that I was situated near the bottom of the ship, for I really felt quite comfortable and safe. The vessel steadily increased her speed, until she was going very fast, indeed. Then it began to rock. There was something about the whole atmosphere that made me feel awful drowsy, and I guess I must have fallen to sleep and slept a number of days, for the next thing I knew the ship had stopped and I heard the familiar noise of the gang planks being let down. I knew we must have reached our destination. I had slept so long and had had such a nice rest, it seemed as if I was equal to most anything now.

They immediately began to unload my brothers and sisters. I had begun to wonder where they were taking them when the man came in and got me. He put me on his shoulder and carried me thus to a big truck, something like that in which I was carried to the wharf. Here lay my brothers and sisters. I was placed right on the very top. I was glad of this because I could see everything that was going on and learn perhaps by some chance where we were. This I was not long in learning, however, for we had not ridden much more than ten minutes when we stopped in front of a large building, most as large as the factory in which I was born. The truck driver got down from his seat and looked at the address on one of my brothers' boxes, and read aloud, "Mr. James H. Riley, Wholesale Dealer in Watches, Clocks, etc., New York City, N. Y." "Guess this is the place all right," he said.

Dec. 13. Visit by Scarboro High Teachers

We were again unloaded and taken into this immense shop and packed together. I was hoping we would stay for the rest of our lives, for really I was tired and sick of traveling so much. But about a month elapsed when I heard one of the managers say that he had just received an order for a dozen large clocks. Never before did I wish I was out of sight any more than I did then. Lo! and behold! I was the first one the man picked up when he came in. I knew that this meant another nice long journey.

Twelve of us were put into a truck much smaller and more rickety than the ones I had been riding in. Probably it was one of those Fords which I had heard so much about.

This time we rode quite a distance.

Then we stopped in front of a large depot. Here we waited for about ten minutes, when a freight train came rumbling thru! Then, we were taken from the truck and loaded onto one of the cars. The whistle began to blow and we were off again, I hoped for the last time.

We rode, and rode; pretty near all day I guess. Finally we reached our destination. Where, I knew not. We were taken from the train and set on the pavement at one end of the depot. Pretty soon a young fellow came up and asked the freight agent if there were any clocks there for Loring, Short & Harmon, Portland, Me.

The freight agent nodded his head and pointed to us. The young fellow hurriedly put us into a truck and started off like a flash. After a very short ride we stopped in front of the store. We were taken in, our boxes were removed, and we were set on a large shelf. Here we sat, day in and day out. I didn't mind, tho. for I was so tired of traveling.

One warm, sunny day in September, a man came into the store and told a clerk that he wanted to purchase a fairly large clock for a school-room. After looking at five or six of my brothers, he asked the clerk to take me down from the shelf so he might see me. This was done and the man decided that I was best suited for his purpose. Then he said to the clerk:

Dec. 18. Freshman speaking

"Send this one out to Old Orchard on the next train, will you?"

He handed the clerk the address, and I was immediately put into my long-forsaken box, hustled to the station, and boarded onto a train which came in just as we got there.

A great sense of satisfaction came over me as I felt that this would probably be my last journey, and I sincerely hoped it would be a short one.

Hardly had I ceased thinking of it, when the train came to a stop and the conductor hollered out, "Old Orchard!" I was surprised, but glad to have arrived there so soon.

Almost immediately I was hustled onto a rickety old express wagon and carried up over a hill. In five minutes' time, the wagon arrived at the school building.

The expressman carried me up the stairs into the main room of the Old Orchard High School and sat me down on one of the seats. I had just begun to wonder if this was to be my last resting place, when a big, fat man came thundering in and took me out of the box. He then nailed me to the wall, wound me up, and set me going.

Here I am at present and expect to remain the rest of my days. I am perfectly satisfied, however, for more than ever do I feel that the Old Orchard High School is the best place on earth.

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### **Extract from Historical Sketch of Old Orchard and the Shores of Saco Bay**

BY J. S. LOCKE.

A single pebble or a fallen leaf may turn the channel of the rivulet as it ripples down the mountain, and the river flowing from it may water fields and forests far opposite from its original course. Thus little events sometimes turn the current of human thought and change the character of nations.

The following incident, which occurred near the Penobscot River, led to the settlement of English merchantmen and explorers on the shores of Saco Bay:

Dec. 19. Exams begin

In 1605 an English exploring vessel, sent out by King James I. and commanded by Capt. Geo. Weymouth, was cruising along the coast of Maine. Previously to this the French government had explored the coast and laid claim to the lands, and the English government, in order to establish a claim, sent Weymouth on a voyage. He landed at several places and set up a cross in token that the Christian religion was to be there established and that the lands were the possession of his sovereign, James I. But Weymouth's Christianity was contradicted by his subsequent treacherous conduct. While at anchor near the mouth of the Penobscot River, he with his men visited the natives in their settlements. The English were astonished at their rude existence, and the dress, implements, and especially the fire-arms and the ship of the English were equally marvellous to the minds of the untutored natives. Weymouth lured them on board his ship and carried them to England. This event occurred in 1605, and led to the settlement at the mouth of the Saco River in 1616.

Upon their arrival in England Weymouth exhibited the Indians for money. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, a gentleman of wealth and distinction, took them into his family and taught them to speak the English language. From them he obtained a knowledge of the coast of Maine, which prompted him to make an effort to plant colonies on this shore. To test the severity of the climate, he sent a crew of thirty-two men, whom he says "he hired at great cost," and gave the expedition to the direction of Capt. Richard Vines, who arrived at the mouth of the Saco River in Sept., 1616.

Capt. Vines spent the autumn in exploring the coast and in traffic with the natives who had populous settlements on the Saco River. With Indian guides he went up the river as far as Salmon Falls, nineteen miles from the ocean. The adventurers selected a place for winter quarters. Having explored all the points along the shores of Saco Bay, they selected a spot in Lower Biddeford on the west side of the Pool,—a portion of land extending out into the water, known in local nomenclature as Lighten's Pint; but John Leighton dwelt there at an earlier period,

hence the correct name, Leighton's Point. Here Capt. Vines erected a log cabin. This was the first habitation of civilized man, within the limits of the present cities of Biddeford and Saco, and at this period our adventurers had no English neighbors nearer than Jamestown, Virginia. The ship was anchored in the Pool. The place of this winter expedition received the name of "Winter Harbor." This was several years before the settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritans, whose history has been the theme of the poet and historian for more than two hundred and fifty years.

For seven years after this first voyage of Capt. Vines he, with others, was busily engaged in transporting colonists to this coast, and settlements were made along the shores of Saco Bay at several points. We have but few records to throw light upon the transactions of those years, but in 1623 there were several families residing on each side of the Saco River, among whom were Richard Vines on the west side and John Oldham on the east. These two men received from Gorges a grant of all the lands within the present limits of Biddeford and Saco. The land was owned by the grantees, and the planters or settlers who came into the country took from them leases for which an annual rent was paid. There is a record of a lease made by Vines, for one hundred acres of land, for which the lessee was to pay "five shillings, two days' work and one good fat goose, annually, for one thousand years."

The occupation of the first settlers was principally fishing and lumbering. A few engaged in farming, among whom was Thomas Rogers, whose farm near Goose Fare Brook, became of so much importance that the early geographers designated it on the map as "Roger's Gargen." Rogers settled here in 1638. The trees which he planted remained more than a century and became the old orchard from which that place takes its name. Settlements were made along the Saco and Scarborough rivers, at Black Point (Prout's Neck), at Spurwink (Cape Elizabeth) and at Casco (Portland).

As the colonists had come from England, they brought with

Dec. 21. Christmas recess begins

them the customs of the mother-country, and tried to govern themselves according to those principles. In 1623 Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was absolute owner of all the lands from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua rivers, sent his son, Robert Gorges and two other gentlemen to Saco River with authority "to do what they should think just and fit in all cases, capital, civil and military." This absolute power was the first government of Maine. This failed and the plan of a general government was adopted, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges was appointed Governor. His government was not successful, and in 1636 Capt. William Gorges was sent to the colony as Governor, with commissions from Sir Ferdinando to several residents to act as councillors in the administration of affairs. On the arrival of the Governor with the commissions a meeting was held in the house of Richard Bonython, which stood on the east side of Saco River, near the lower Ferry, or just above the terminus of the Old Orchard Beach Railroad. This meeting of Governor and Councillors was the first court held in Maine, and the session lasted several days. It was an executive and legislative body, as well as judicial, and exercised a general control of all the affairs of the province. This form of government continued until 1652, when all the colonies in Maine were annexed to Massachusetts and became subject to her government and protection. In 1677 the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges sold all his lands in Maine to the government of Massachusetts for £1,250, and thus Maine became fully annexed to Massachusetts, and remained under her jurisdiction till 1820, when it became an independent State.

The oldest town records commenced in 1653. These are in the city clerk's office in Biddeford, and are volumes of much interest to those who would review the forgotten past. The petty controversies which were brought before the town for settlement are very amusing, and give us an idea of the rude condition of society in those early days. Attendance on public worship was rigidly enforced. "Traveling on the Sabbath" was punished by fine of 10 s. A man was fined for "walking a mile on the Sabbath to ask another for his boat next week;" another for "sailing out of the



harbor on the Lord's day;" and another for being "a common sleeper on the Lord's day at the meeting;" and the town of Scarboro was fined for not having a minister. Notwithstanding this strict religious government, the inhabitants were sometimes wayward, for a woman was fined for being a tale-bearer from house to house, "setting differences between neighbors;" and another woman was ordered to be publicly whipped "for abusing Capt. Bonython in slanderous and unreverend speeches." If an inhabitant was obnoxious to his neighbors, the matter was presented in town meetings. In 1670 a vote of the townsmen "forbids Abram Radner his abiding in this town," and as the name does not appear in town again, it is evident that Mr. Radner left forever.

For more than fifty years the settlers on this coast lived in peace with the Indian tribes that dwelt on the Saco River.

A circumstance which occurred on Saco River is said to have especially stirred up the tribes to attack the settlers. In the summer of 1675 an English vessel was anchored in the river. The sailors, seeing an Indian woman with her child crossing in a canoe, barbarously upset it to see if Indian children could swim by instinct. The child sank, and the terrified mother, diving, brought it to the shore, but it soon died. This woman was the wife, and this child the first-born son of Squando, a noted chief of the Sakoki tribe. Squando and his counsellors considered this an unpardonable insult, and they determined to be revenged. The western Indians, under Philip of Mt. Hope, had conceived the plan of exterminating all white settlers on the coast, and after this insult the eastern Indians decided to join them, and the settlement at Saco Falls was selected as the spot where the first blow was to fall.

Saco was burned Sept. 18, 1675, and two days after a party of the enemy entered Scarboro and killed several at Blue Point—a woman and six children of one family being among the number. Robert Nichols and his wife, aged people, were both slain and their house burned. At Black Point, Andrew Alger, or Auger, lieutenant of a company, his brother, Arthur, and two companions, were on an exploring excursion; they were attacked by Indians in

Jan. 1. New Years. All on vacation

ambush, an engagement ensued, and Andrew was mortally wounded while Arthur was killed. The two Algers, or Augers, came from Dunster Parish, in England, in 1650, and purchased of the Indians one thousand acres of land in what is now Scarborough. Arthur had no children; and John, son of Lieut. Andrew, inherited the whole estate, which he transmitted to five daughters, one of whom, Elizabeth, married John Milliken, of Boston, who, in 1727, purchased the interests of the other heirs, established his claim and settled with his family on the estate. The numerous families of Millikens in the vicinity descended from this John. Dunstan, a local name for a portion of Scarboro, is a corruption of Dunster, from which came the Algers, who were the first English settlers in that part of the town.

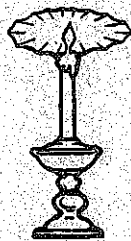
At Old Orchard, near Goose Fare Brook, Thomas Rogers' house was destroyed, and nine young men, including a son of Mr. Rogers, were attacked by Indians in ambush and all killed after a heroic defense of several hours. Their bodies were afterward found on the beach by the inhabitants, and buried near where the house stood.

The whole country was in arms. Men went to their business bearing the musket, and women worked with well-charged muskets beside them. On the field one farmer worked while another guarded the spot. At the public worship the laymen literally watched while the clergy prayed; armed men sat at the end of the seats, for the protection of the women. In church etiquette of today the men sit nearest the aisle, a custom which doubtless originated in those days.

There is always a cause to produce an effect; and the causes which have led to the greatness of Old Orchard are its own inherent attractions. Nature has here lavished her charms, and especially fitted the place for the distinction it receives. The ocean is always grand and impressive; at morn, when the rising sun burnishes its surface with gold and crimson; at noon, when its blue waters blend with the distant sky; at evening, when the rosy sunset lingers upon the waves; and tints the light clouds that float

like fairy chariots above it; and at night, when the moon overspreads its surface with spangles of silver.

Not only the ocean but the land here has its charms. Old Orchard is a crescent shaped shore, six miles in length—a smooth, solid, prairie-like beach sloping gently to the water, and the heavy rolling waves rising continually in the distant depths, chase each other in regular succession, and dash upon the beach their foam-crested heads. At low tide the beach is a smooth, solid driving-course, upon which hundreds of carriages may pass and repass without interruption. During the pleasure season thousands here assemble to engage in seaside sports; nothing can exceed the gayety and joyousness of the scene. For miles, gay equipages throng this wave-washed highway, and the surf is alive with jubilant bathers. The sportive find lively recreations, and the meditative find subjects for moral and elevating reflections.



Jan. 7. Attendance Contest begins between schools

# GRINDS



## Grinds

For a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
 A trouble is what you make it.  
 It's not the fact that you are hurt, that counts;  
 But only, how did you take it.

French II class finds it advisable to either learn to claim their belongings in French, or leave valuable articles at home.  
 Crowley nearly lost a jackknife the other day.

Poor little Freshmen!

We think Mr. Jewett is getting rather unreasonable lately—telling us to use our "beans." Guess he doesn't know how high they are.—Going up.

A mosquito lit on a Freshman's head,  
 It commenced to drill and drill;  
 It bored and bored, till 'twas almost dead,  
 And then—it broke its bill.

Miss Fowler has recently acquired an extremely nervous habit.  
 Molasses cookies are thought to be the cause.

Please don't ask Etta Huntington why she doesn't like to buy shoe-strings.

I love its giddy gurgle,  
 I love its fluent flow;  
 I love to wind my tongue up,  
 I love to hear it go.

MATTIE MORRIS, '19.

His only books were women's looks  
 And folly's all they've taught him.

WILLIAM CROWLEY, '19.

Jan. 28. Oceanic goes to press

In this money-making nation  
Who gives thought to reputation?

EMMA HERSOM, '23.

When I am grown to man's estate  
I shall be very proud and great.

RICHMOND LORD, '21.

Je suis un petit garçon  
Qui sais toujours bien ma leçon.

WM. MURPHY, '21.

A little too late is too much too late.

FRANCIS SOUTHERLAND, '23.

You must wake and call me early,  
Call me early, mother dear—for I am going to school today.

MADELINE FOWLER, '19.

Airy, fairy Lillian,  
Flitting, fairy Lillian,  
Laughing all she can.

LILLIAN THOMAS, '22.

She is a decided blond.  
When did she decide?

MILDRED CLARK, '18.

A Prince may fly as high as it will,  
But it must remain a Prince still.

HELEN PRINCE, '20.

All the speed is not in the spurs.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON, '19.

All sunshine and nothing else makes a desert.

RUTH ORDWAY, '23.

An ill calf may become a good cow.

WM. McLIN, '23.

An open mouth shows an empty head.

CLINTON MORRIS, '23.

As easy as an old shoe, and of as little value, too.

HARRY MARSHALL, '22.

You could not light upon a sweeter thing.

MILDRED COTEY, '22.

Be not everybody's dog that whistles you.

MILDRED EDWARDS, '21.

Bear the hen's cackle for the sake of the egg.

WALTER COCKERILLE, '22.

A silent tongue shows a wise head.

DOROTHY AUSTIN, '20.

All the great are dying, and I'm not feeling well.

GLADYS CLARK, '20.

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty waist.

JOHN CROWLEY, '21.

Be your own most useful friend;  
Cease on others to depend.

FLORENCE COUSINS, '20.

The pining of a sad spirit wedded to loneliness.

GERTRUDE WORCESTER, '19.



Just for a handful of silver he left us  
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

NORRIS MARSHALL, '21.

The fox and the hare, the badger and the bear,  
And the owl and the greenwood tree,  
And the cunning little rabbits, so engaging in  
Their habits, have all got a mate but me.

ERNEST BAKER, '19.

Witty above her sex.

HAZEL MEWER, '22.

There was a maiden lived by the sea  
And she was fair as fair could be.

CATHERINE WHITMAN, '23.

Courage needs eyes as well as arms. IDA PETERSON, '23.

Cows forget that they were calves. SENIOR HIGH.

Do not let your heart sink into your hose.

BILL CROWLEY, '19.

Everyone is wise after the business is over.

ROBERT KING, '22.

There's time, if you like,  
Once more to tell me this evening  
When you'll be acting the fool!  
Just now, it is painful.

PHYLLIS HUFF, '23.

Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam  
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

ALMEDA GIFUN, '20.

You may silence the teacher but you can't subdue the truth.

GEOMETRY CLASS.

It may have been so;  
I don't know;  
It may have been so,  
But then again——

GEORGE LARY, '21.

I slept and dreamed that French was beauty.  
I woke—and found that French was duty.

THE FRENCH CLASS.

As if I were laggard, more than they!  
Why in an instant I could reach the moon.

WILBUR STONE, '23.

Stay! look, oh, look! It is a lovely Boy;  
How peaceful he sleeps,  
While on his face the sunbeams play.

HARRY MARSHALL, '22.

Nay, I'll run a match  
With any of the winds and come in first.

ROBERT KING, '22.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with  
what we are.

MAE ALLEN, '22.

Noise is not a part of boys.

FRANK BUTLER, '23.

Success comes in cans; failure in can'ts.

ORAL ENGLISH CLASS.

Fault-finding is the poorest way imaginable of showing school  
spirit.

You can't be sweet without being neat.

HARRIET CROOKER, '22.

Better joke than croak.

LEON MILLIKEN, '23.

By my tasks of every day,  
By the little words I say,  
My allegiance I proclaim,  
Prove my right to bear my name.

FLORENCE CLEAVES, '18.

Where am I, Oh, where have I been.

LENA GOLDBERG, '19.

Great Ben himself could be no greater.

FRANKLIN MILLIKEN, '22.

Her smile is hard to read.

IVA LUTZ, '18.

Thank God you are alive. The world hath need of you.

EVERYONE.

Hark! Hark! I hear the dancing  
And a nimble Morris prancing—  
The bagpipe and the Morris bells.

CLINTON MORRIS, '23; MATTIE MORRIS, '19.

A little maid may cast a long shadow.

JENNIE ALLEN, '23.

Paul forgot to brush his coat  
And something lingered there;  
Now in the class today I note  
He lost out by a hair.

PAUL GILMAN, '21.

Be merrily wise and wisely happy.

SADIE ALLEN, '23.

She looked at our papers and groaned  
In syllables mirthless; why, Freshmen, they're worthless.

FRESHMAN ENGLISH CLASS.

Don't spend other people's money.

Every girl can keep house better than her mother until she tries.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS.

The Sophomores in the High School lead a life of hopeless despondency.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Ain't I swept every inch of this here schoolhouse myself and carried the trash out in a dustpan.

The Gummy-Gum'll get you if you don't watch out.

THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

You'd think it was a Dresden china doll until you found out different.

DORIS THOMAS, '20.

The rose's blush was in her cheek,  
You looked to catch a second peep,  
And when you looked, she smiled.

LILLIAN CLEAVES, '22.

Ring off, the line is busy.

ETTA HUNTINGTON, '20.

"Pillsbury's Best" eventually, why not now?

Absence makes the blond grow blonder.

HARRIET CROOKER, '23.

Silence reigns supreme.

HELEN RICKER, '23.

To save thee now, is past our pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.

MADELINE FOWLER, '19.

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

PAUL GILMAN, '21.

My eyes remember you,  
 Tho' other beauty comes within their gaze;  
 And my heart, too,  
 Remembers, and is faithful all its days.

Nothing may tempt me—love is true  
 And steadfast—yet—  
 Some evenings when the moon is new  
 My lips forget!

GERTRUDE WORCESTER, '19.

To the seven wonders of the world,  
 Add this, as number eight;  
 Girl's hair grows curly in front,  
 And in the back grows straight.

MATTIE MORRIS, '19, AND MILDRED EDWARDS, '21.

Some are wise, and some are otherwise. FRESHMEN.

Franklin Milliken's playthings are getting to be a puzzle; first,  
 a hairpin, then . . . . .

Miss Stanhope—French II—Voules-vous fermé la porte,  
 Monsieur Hutchinson?

Hutch—(confusedly)—“Huh??? Oh!!!! BANG!!!!

Overheard in the Corridor—First Senior—“Isn't it a shame,  
 there are only four of us this year.”

Second Senior—(optimistically) “Oh, well, we believe in  
*quality*, not *quantity*.”

Mr. Jewett (General Business)—“Hutchinson, read the tele-  
 gram you were to write.”

Hutch—“It's gone.”

Mr. Jewett—“Where?”

Hutch—“To New York.”

Freshman Oratory:

Mr. J.—“Where are the vocal organs located?”

G. L.—“In the abdomen.”

Mr. Jewett—(American History) “The clothier went out himself and bought his machinery; he went himself and procured his goods; he went himself and hired his men; he went himself and”——

Miss Cleaves—“Collected the money.”

Heard in English:

Miss Stanhope—“What does autocracy mean?”

Voice from the rear—“The Kaiser!”

### “NOT A HOBBY HORSE”

R. Lord—Arithmetic—“This chalk squeaks every time I bear down on it.”

Mr. Jewett—“Well, you don’t need to get on and ride.”

Heard in Science I:

Teacher—“When you eat your food, what happens to it?”

Freshie—“It disappears.”

Miss Fogg—(geography) “What is the difference between the Dead Sea and the Black Sea?”

Student—Eighth grade—“One’s dead, and the other’s dyed.”

“Did you take chloroform?”

“No, who teaches it, Miss Gerhardts?”

Cockerille thinks the dead should be buried in the ground. By the way, we wonder if he enjoyed his stroll with Miss Fogg?

Miss Fogg—“Now, Harriet, tell me the largest known diamond.”

Harriet—“The Ace.”

Freshman Science Class, Studying Heat:

Miss Gerhardts—“What is a conductor made up of?”

Mr. M.—“Animal matter.”

Mr. Jewett (in U. S. History, explaining Exam.):

"This next question, most of you had correct, but all of you had it wrong."

General uproar.

Miss Stanhope (French II.)—"Murphy, what is the French word for English?"

Murphy—"I don't know, but it sounds like angel."

Wonder What Would Happen If:

Gladys Clark should get thin?

Florence Cousins should stop drooping her chin?

Dorothy Austin should lose her frown?

Doris Thomas should have her dresses let down?

Almeda Gifun should lose that melodious trill in her laugh?

Etta Huntington should show her wrath?

Mattie Morris should get her Geometry lesson?

Did you know that:

Gladys Clark is looking like a shadow of her former self?

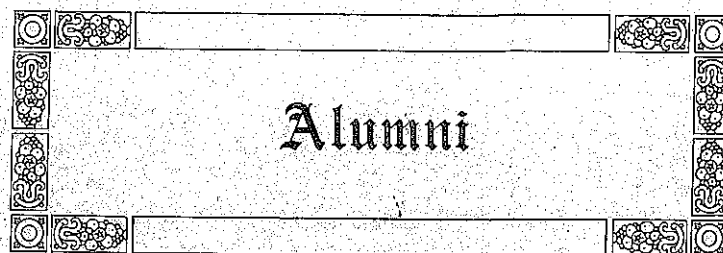
Almeda Gifun is wearing glasses?

Bill Crowley is a night hawk?

We all like evening sessions?

*Compliments of the  
Superintendent*





## Alumni

# The Old Orchard High School Pickle

Published in 1900

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This was the first paper ever gotten out by the students of the Old Orchard High School. It was not typed, but written by hand, the only copy being bound and given to the principal, Mr. R. D. Fairfield. The following are extracts taken from *The Pickle*

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### ALL IN A LIFETIME

For me to go into the details of my early life would be rather tiresome to the reader. Therefore I shall not dwell very long upon it, only to say that I was reared in a good family, and as I was the only child my mother endeavored to make me a model boy, which I was in her estimation. As I was not over and above handsome, I never was much of a pet among the opposite sex, altho as I had an even temper and a modest demeanor, I was liked very much in a genial way. So up to my seventeenth year I had not cared much for any particular young lady, but like the rest of my sex I fell in love. The object of my affections was a very fine looking young lady, of fifteen summers. At first she expressed a little desire for me, but it soon wore away until she would hardly speak to me. I wrote to her repeatedly to obtain an interview, but to no avail, and finally I gave it up in despair. No words can ever express the anguish of a rejected love but experience reveals all.

Imagine my surprise when one day the girl I loved came to me and said she wanted me to come to her house that afternoon to disclose to her the secret of my heart. Needless to say that I was overjoyed at this sudden turn of affairs and promised I would surely be there.

Two o'clock the time I agreed to be there, found me on the front steps. I rapped at the door rather timidly, and as there was no response I knocked again. This time she came and ushered me to the parlor. Had I been pleading the cause of another I might have done it in a bolder and more noble way. But to tell the truth I could scarcely say a word. She did most of the talking, confining her remarks, like John Alden, to her chum's beauty and affections.

How she, my dulcinea, had no friends and admirers, here was my chance, and I replied that I was her admirer and that I liked her better than any young lady. Of course she laughed at this and said I was only fooling. I assured her I was not fooling but meant everything that I said. I wanted to tell her in strong words that I really—"loved her"—but it was impossible, I didn't dare to. After four P.M. I took my leave feeling quite elated and happy. Next day I met her and she seemed quite embarrassed. "Willie," she said, "I have something I must tell you, promise me you will not get mad and I will tell you." I replied in the negative. "Well!" she said, "yesterday when you were at the house, my chum was under the sofa, and heard all your conversation with me. I am sorry I did it but it can't be helped." This hit me like a bomb, but I told her I would take it as a joke and let it all go by. I still have that same feeling of love for her, and probably always will. But I warn you, beware of sofas and lover's chums.

#### OUR NATION'S FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,  
There are flags of every hue,  
And under each are noble bands  
Who ever will be true.

But there's only one flag in this broad land  
It will always remain so, too,  
And ever united we'll take our stand  
For the glorious old red, white and blue.

And if a nation bold as brass  
Should try U. S. to "do,"  
We'd quickly send it straight to grass  
'Neath the grand old red, white and blue.

They say there soon will be a smash  
If war continues to brew,  
But we'll be ahead and come out with a dash  
With the glorious old red, white and blue.

For we're a good Christian nation  
And folks like us are few;  
And we'll stop at no way station  
With the glorious red, white and blue.

#### "MOUSIE'S PICKLE"

He was only a little mouse,  
With a twinkle in his eye,  
Who used to roam the house,  
And feed on cake and pie.

While in the pantry on the shelf  
Not once suspecting danger,  
He lost his balance and got caught  
By a hard-hearted stranger.

And then this mouse, who ever had  
To mankind bade defiance,  
Was offered as a sacrifice  
Unto the cause of Science.

Beneath the weight of his hard fate  
His dizzy brain was reeling,  
But a dose of O as you all know  
Removed "that tired feeling."

An overdose of N<sub>2</sub> O  
(I really wonder why)  
Caused him to smile a feeble grin  
Then laugh, as tho he'd die.

But I forbear to tell you all  
That rodent small passed thru.  
Enough to say he passed away,  
Calmly from C O<sub>2</sub>.

## LAD'S COMPOSITION ON "BREATH"

A boy fourteen years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going thru the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out of doors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't holler and run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had' rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."

## A CHEMICAL ROMANCE

Said Atom to Molly Cule,

"Will you unite with me?"

And Molly Cule did quick retort,

"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade

Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,

But she eloped with a rascal Base,

And her name is now Saltpetre."

"He entered the editor's sanctum

And vented his views unsought,

And next day was hanged as a bandit

For wrecking a train of thot."

## THE SCHOOL

The school is a place for acquiring knowledge. It embraces a system of mental training, which if rightly applied to the boys and girls of today, will fit them to become true men and women of to-morrow. There are few scholars who realize its advantages, and many who have the opportunity of attending school regularly, have to be compelled to go. Perhaps this accounts for the fact

that many of our greatest men and women have been those who, with difficulty, secured an education. It is not an uncommon thing for scholars to neglect their daily lessons, until at the end of the year they find themselves kept back, while their more faithful classmates are promoted to higher grades. And so it will be all thru life. The public school is one of the greatest privileges of American youth, altho many fail to discover it until years later.

### OUR CONVICTION

Time is so fleet of foot, and the various events of the seasons come and go so very rapidly that it seems strange that we have time to live, alone, much more live and learn. It was but a short time ago, seemingly, that the voters of the town of Old Orchard were called together to pass judgment upon the different items enrolled upon the town warrant for 1899. And yet in an apparently brief time a whole year has sped away, and once more the town warrant has been posted in our public places, and in a few short days the citizens will again cast their votes, we trust for the welfare and public good of our little town. At the regular town meeting last year two questions were left undecided, namely: Should the usual amount of money be appropriated for our high school, and should there be an appropriation made for the erecting of a town edifice large enough to contain all of the public offices, and to carry on our public business.

A second meeting was held for a decision on these two questions. Affirmative vote for both. . . . . And a rumor is in circulation to the effect that the town will not support the school for the coming year, for the simple reason that some of the citizens are complaining that it is doing no good, that it is merely a waste of good money, all of that bosh, and also because an added expense, nay, debt! has been thrown upon our shoulders by the building of our new town hall.

If the citizens who are now so strenuously kicking against the school would but take the trouble to call upon us and probe into this matter a little instead of standing on the street corners and

firing unjust accusations against the school, based upon nothing but that vague and shadowy rumor "hearsay," we would say nothing; but as it is, living in a land of liberty and people's rights, we feel that we should at least have a trial. If the parents of our school children would do their duty by them and bid them attend the school instead of allowing them to congregate in the lounging places of their—*elders* (more's the pity), and in the absence of parental authority, if our truant officers would do their duty, there would be nothing to complain of as far as attendance in our high school is concerned. As it is, they are allowed to go when they may, come when they may, and stay when and *where* they may. School one day, home the next, and somewhere else in the near future. And the result is: the precious advantage of education and culture of the mind is lost and the young men and women are deprived of the only thing that we give them—a good start in life—and are submitted to enter the struggles which confront us all, with their brains in an uncultivated condition.

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#### A WOMAN'S ANGER

A gale of wind direct from the pole  
Is better than a woman's anger,  
For the one tho cold brings peace to the soul,  
While the other brings only danger.

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#### POPULAR SCIENCE

It is curious that turning down the gas often increases the pressure and lessens the waist.

---

"Young man," said the professor as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply.

---

According to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.

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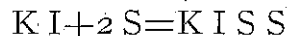
It has been said i is the happiest of vowels. It is the centre of bliss, while e is in hell. The rest are in purgatory.

## A SERIOUS PROSPECT

Little Bobby began attending church a few weeks ago, but it was not thought that the services had particularly impressed him. Last Sunday, however, the sermon was on the origin of Eve. The next day an unusually active game of tag resulted in Bobby's running into the house and calling to his mamma: "O, mamma, I've an awful pain in my side. Say, mamma, you don't suppose I'm going to have a wife, do you?"

"Translate, rex fugit," said the professor. "The king flees," said the dull boy. "But fugit may be also in the perfect tense, how would you render it then?" "The king has flees," came the response after some delay.

Potassium iodide and sulphur, under slight pressure give an exceedingly interesting result, as follows:



This experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and, instead, the reaction be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should only be attempted in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.

## DEFENDED BY THE SCRIPTURES

"God helps those who help themselves," said the enterprising student as he calmly "pinched" an apple from a young lady standing near.

"Thou shalt not steal," said the young lady as she pursued the young reprobate with a two-foot oak ruler.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," quoth he, as he finished the apple five minutes later while he surveyed the situation and the irate young lady, from the ridge pole of the house.

Teacher (sternly)—"Define metre."

Pupil (with an embarrassed air)—"Do you have reference to a 'date,' Sir?"

A shrewd little fellow who had just begun the study of Latin, astonished his teacher by the following translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man trap."



## THE FIRST GRADUATION

"And hardly a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year."

The present faculty of the Old Orchard High School might be sons and daughters of any member of the pioneer graduating class of Old Orchard.

With the flight of time it seems but yesterday when we were making ready for the great event, gathering field daisies for the decoration of the Tabernacle at the Camp Ground, for at that time the town had no public building or church edifice.

The decorations being completed, with the class motto "Pluck Wins" standing out clearly and all else in readiness, on that memorable nineteenth of June, the class of nine, six girls in white dresses and blue sashes and the boys in neat dark suits, marched to the platform before a large gathering of residents and summer people, who with program in hand followed the exercises.

Why, of course this historic class must establish a dignified precedent with its printed program for all the graduating classes to follow in the years to come.

One of these programs is in existence today and could a facsimile be reproduced for the OCEANIC it might be studied with great interest. Two undergraduates, friends of the class and owners of a toy printing press, volunteered the task of printing the programs.

Evidently dipping deep in the printer's pi and withdrawing a variety of size and style of type the programs were produced and greatly admired, the names of the printers being a conspicuous part of the program.

A picture of the American flag, with the class motto, graced one page showing the splendid spirit of patriotism of a generation ago as in the most enthusiastic boy of today who is ready to go with the flag over the top in the great cause of Democracy. We think of these two boys now as filling splendid and honored positions in the world, one of whom is the writer of books which can be found upon the shelves of the Old Orchard Public Library.

One of our most prosperous townsmen with waving arms orated on "The Men to Make a State."

The class prophecy was given to the writer of this little sketch

and with prophetic vision almost surpassing that of the prophets of old, each of "my beloved classmates" was most miraculously dealt with.

And it was with a pardonable pride that the prophet listened to complimentary remarks from a "gentleman from Massachusetts."

After the sixteen numbers on the program had been completed and the diplomas awarded, the pioneers to graduate from the public school of Old Orchard went their several ways, each filling his or her place in the world with no discredit to their *Alma Mater*.

NELLIE GUILFORD, 1885.

The Old Orchard Grammar School publishes a weekly paper called the *Grammar School Sparkle*. It is ably edited by Miss Lillie Jameson and Miss Nellie Guilford and is read by them every Friday afternoon in connection with other rhetorical exercises. All of the pupils contribute for its columns, and the result is a paper that would be a credit to much older heads. The paper contains poems both original and selected, a temperance column, continued stories written by the pupils, town items, puzzles, etc. —*Extract from the Daily Evening Times, May 11, 1885.*

### OLD ORCHARD HIGH SCHOOL STATISTICS

In his annual report of 1883 Mr. McAllister stated that there are "from 15 to 20 young people who are fitted to be in the High School." How many attended, however, I do not know, but the following year there was an average of eight for the winter term. School for the year was taught by James R. King, a former teacher in the Saco schools. Town appropriated \$200; State, \$200. 1885 School held fall and winter terms in H. S. building under W. H. H. McAllister. The two rooms in this building were so overcrowded that the Primary had to be held elsewhere. Town app. \$200.

1886 W. H. H. McAllister and Harry Fling, teachers. App. \$300.

1887 Harry Fling, teacher, at \$60 per month. App. \$300.

1888 Harry Fling, teacher.

- 1889 Harry Fling, teacher, class in Latin formed during winter term.
- 1890
- 1891 Miss Ida Newhall, teacher. Course included, penmanship, book-keeping and higher mathematics. Highest number pupils registered, 24. Edward M. Yates, Supervisor. App. \$450. Salary teacher, \$50 month.
- 1892 Ida B. Newhall, G. B. Littlefield (1 term), Howard P. Haines (1 week) and then Edgar M. Yates.
- 1893 Edgar Yates, teacher and Supervisor. School districts abolished and school management to be in hands of School Committee and Supervisor. Supervisor has two page reports on Manual Training and its benefits.
- 1894 First Superintending School Committee elected as follows: Ed. M. Yates, Jesse A. Randall.
- 1894 J. Wesley Duff, Chas. A. Leavitt, W. H. H. McAllister. Beginning of fall term, J. A. Nichols succeeded E. M. Yates as principal. Miss Lizzie E. Bowdoin as Assistant, had classes in a class room made by parting off the rear of the grammar room. Class in Greek formed for first time. Vocal music introduced.
- 1895 J. A. Nichols, teacher.
- 1896 J. A. Nichols, teacher.
- 1897 J. A. Nichols, teacher, new course of study.
- 1898 J. A. Nichols, teacher winter and spring term; R. D. Fairfield, fall term.
- 1899 R. D. Fairfield, teacher.
- 1900 R. D. Fairfield, teacher.
- 1901 R. D. Fairfield, teacher; E. W. Wight, teacher.
- 1902 Prof. E. W. Wright, principal to close of spring term, 1908.
- 1908 John S. Carver, Principal; Estella M. Beals, Assistant. Building enlarged so as to provide a large class room and a laboratory for H. S. Four year course of study approved July 15 and school becomes Standard High School.
- 1909 College preparatory course added to the English course. Either optional. Chas. B. Lamb, Principal; Lillian M. Small, Assistant.
- 1910 Lillian Small, Principal; L. Gertrude Jones, Assistant.

- 1911 Lillian Small, Principal; L. Gertrude Jones, Assistant.  
 1912 Helen E. Russell, Principal; L. Gertrude Jones, Assistant  
 1913 Helen E. Russell, Principal; L. Gertrude Jones, Assistant  
 (Spring); Beulah Hamilton (Fall).  
 1914 Vernon Marr, Principal; Carrie E. Gile, Assistant.  
 1915 Vernon Marr, Principal; Carrie E. Gile, Assistant.  
 1916 James H. Brewster, Principal; Carrie E. Gile, Assistant.  
 1917 School changed over to Junior-Senior High School with  
 four teachers as follows: Frank H. Jewett, Principal;  
 Effie M. Stanhope, Emma G. Gerhardt and Mildred A.  
 Fogg, Assistants.

## GRADUATES FROM OLD ORCHARD HIGH SCHOOL

†Deceased

1885

- †Wymie E. Dresser (Milliken)  
 Gilbert H. Maybury Portland, Me.  
 Allie M. Banks (Mrs. John C. Rich)  
 Mamie McAllister (Mrs. Chas. A. Buck) Methuen, Mass.  
 Nellie I. Guilford Old Orchard, Me.  
 Alvin G. Lyons Old Orchard, Me.  
 Alice Towle (Harmon)  
 Lillie Jameson (Mason)  
 Roland G. Lane Pleasant Beach, Wash.

1890

- Percy F. Googins Kennebunk, Me.  
 †Willie Guilford  
 †Walter Phillips  
 †Martha Hancock  
 Florence P. Leavitt (Adams) Boston, Mass.  
 †Mae Brown Pitman  
 Edith A. Maybury Brookline, Mass.

1892

- †Wymie E. Dresser (Milliken)  
 Emily Fiske (Cram) Old Orchard, Me.  
 †Minnie Robinson  
 Agnes M. Duff (Scamman) Portland, Me.

	1896	
Grace Dennet (Milliken)		Old Orchard, Me.
	1897	
Ollie E. Pillsbury		Syracuse, N. Y.
Percy N. H. Lombard		Old Orchard, Me.
John W. McPhee		Boston, Mass.
Clement P. Wight		Old Orchard, Me.
	1898	
Lena I. Wight		Old Orchard, Me.
Henry B. Duff		Ardmore, Col.
	1899	
Margaret P. Weat		Boulder, Col.
Nellie I. Maddox (Mrs. F. G. Marten)		Portland, Me.
J. Tremont Whitman (Rev.)		Minneapolis, Minn.
	1901	
Ethel M. Wight		Portland, Me.
Clyde R. L. Snow		Old Orchard, Me.
W. Merton Snow (Rev.)		Bridgton, Me.
	1902	
Catha L. Gorham (Sears)		Old Orchard, Me.
Eleanor M. Wright		San Francisco, Cal.
Charlotte M. Whitman		Roxbury, Mass.
	1903	
Inez M. Dean (Mrs. Jack Marshall)		Laconia, Mass.
†Langdon Chandler		
	1904	
Grace Cheney		
Fannie E. Emmons		Old Orchard, Me.
George E. Kirkpatrick		Buckfield, Me.
Edith E. Luce (Mrs. G. E. Kirkpatrick)		Buckfield, Me.
	1905	
Bertha M. Wing		Old Orchard, Me.
Mabel A. Worcester		Old Orchard, Me.
Michael Dunlea		Old Orchard, Me.
Chester C. Snow		Portland, Me.
	1906	
Lena E. Wing (Maloy)		Wiscasset, Me.

Raymond L. Emmons	Old Orchard, Me.
Alice E. Chute (Smith)	Saco, Me.

1908

Lois M. Thomas	Old Orchard, Me.
Wesley Mewer, U. S. A. Quantico, W. Va.	Old Orchard, Me.

1908-'09

Henry F. Worcester, U. S. A.	Fort Williams, Portland, Me.
Lillie N. P. Clark (McSweeney)	Old Orchard, Me.

1911

Grace Wing (Tisdale)	Portland, Me.
----------------------	---------------

1912

Alonzo M. Tibbetts	Old Orchard, Me.
Harold Hague, U. S. A.	Old Orchard, Me.
Gladys Byron	Westbrook, Me.
Edward Perkins	Old Orchard, Me.

1913

Lena E. Glazier	Lynn, Mass.
Elizabeth Murphy	Old Orchard, Me.
Fay Batchelder	Old Orchard, Me.

1915

Helene Libby	Old Orchard, Me.
†Helen Crowley	
Harold Burnham, U. S. A.	Fort Williams
Gladys Kirkpatrick	Old Orchard, Me.
Hazel Cleaves	Old Orchard, Me.
Elizabeth Scripter	Old Orchard, Me.
Cecil Scripter	Old Orchard, Me.

1916

Ruth Hutchinson	Old Orchard, Me.
Clinton Mewer, U. S. N. U. S. S. Penn.	Old Orchard, Me.

1917

Hattie Cleaves	Old Orchard, Me.
Emma Murphy	Old Orchard, Me.
Edward Lord, U. S. A.,	Old Orchard, Me.

## LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERS

(Prior to High School and of the Class 1901)

\*Deceased.

- 1879 Fannie E. Milliken  
1872 Abbie F. Titcomb  
1879 Charles W. Gorham\*  
1872 Katie W. Snow  
1901 Marion A. Patterson Littlefield  
Hester A. Clement

THE OFFICERS ELECTED APRIL, 1917, FOR THE  
ENSUING YEAR*President*, Nellie I. Guilford*Vice-President*, Ruth Hutchinson*Secretary*, Mabel A. Worcester*Treasurer*, Henry F. Worcester

(Hazel Cleaves elected in his place)

*Auditor*, Grace D. Milliken*Chairman of Entertainment Committee*—Clyde Snow, Gladys Kirkpatrick, Clinton Mewer.*Arrangement Committee*—Bertha Wing, Grace Milliken.*Visiting Committee*—Nellie Guilford, Mabel Worcester, Clement Wight.*Nominating Committee*—Nellie Guilford, Alvin Lyons, Hazel Cleaves, Mrs. Cram, Emma Murphy.

The annual alumni banquet is held in May of each year. During the year there are four regular business meetings.

## ALUMNI PRESIDENTS

- 1st Miss Ethel M. Wight  
2d Mr. Percy N. H. Lombard  
3d Miss Eleanor M. Wright  
4th Mr. Clement P. Wight  
5th Mr. George Kirkpatrick  
6th Mr. Chester A. Snow  
7th Mrs. Grace N. Milliken

- 8th Miss Bertha Wing
- 9th Miss Edith Luce
- 10th Miss Mabel A. Worcester
- 11th Mrs. Grace N. Milliken
- 12th Mr. Wesley M. Mewer
- 13th Miss Lena Glazier
- 14th Mr. Clyde R. L. Snow
- 15th Miss Nellie I. Guilford

## ALUMNI BANQUETS

- |                               |               |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 1st at Irving House           | June 16, 1903 |
| 2d at Wayland House           | June 11, 1904 |
| 3d at Seaside House           | June 26, 1905 |
| 4th at Moulton House          | Dec. 29, 1906 |
| 5th at Wayland House          | Dec. 28, 1907 |
| 6th at Cleaves Hall           | Dec. 18, 1908 |
| 7th at Riverton               | June 16, 1910 |
| 8th at Cleaves Hall           | June 9, 1911  |
| 9th at Wayland House          | May 27, 1912  |
| 10th at Wayland House         | May 28, 1913  |
| 11th at Congress Square Hotel | May 28, 1914  |
| 12th at Cleaves' Hall         | May 28, 1915  |
| 13th at Moulton House         | May 26, 1916  |
| 14th at Vesper Hotel          | May 25, 1917  |

*Compliments of*  
GEO. CASSEBOOM

*Compliments of*  
G. A. ANTHOINE

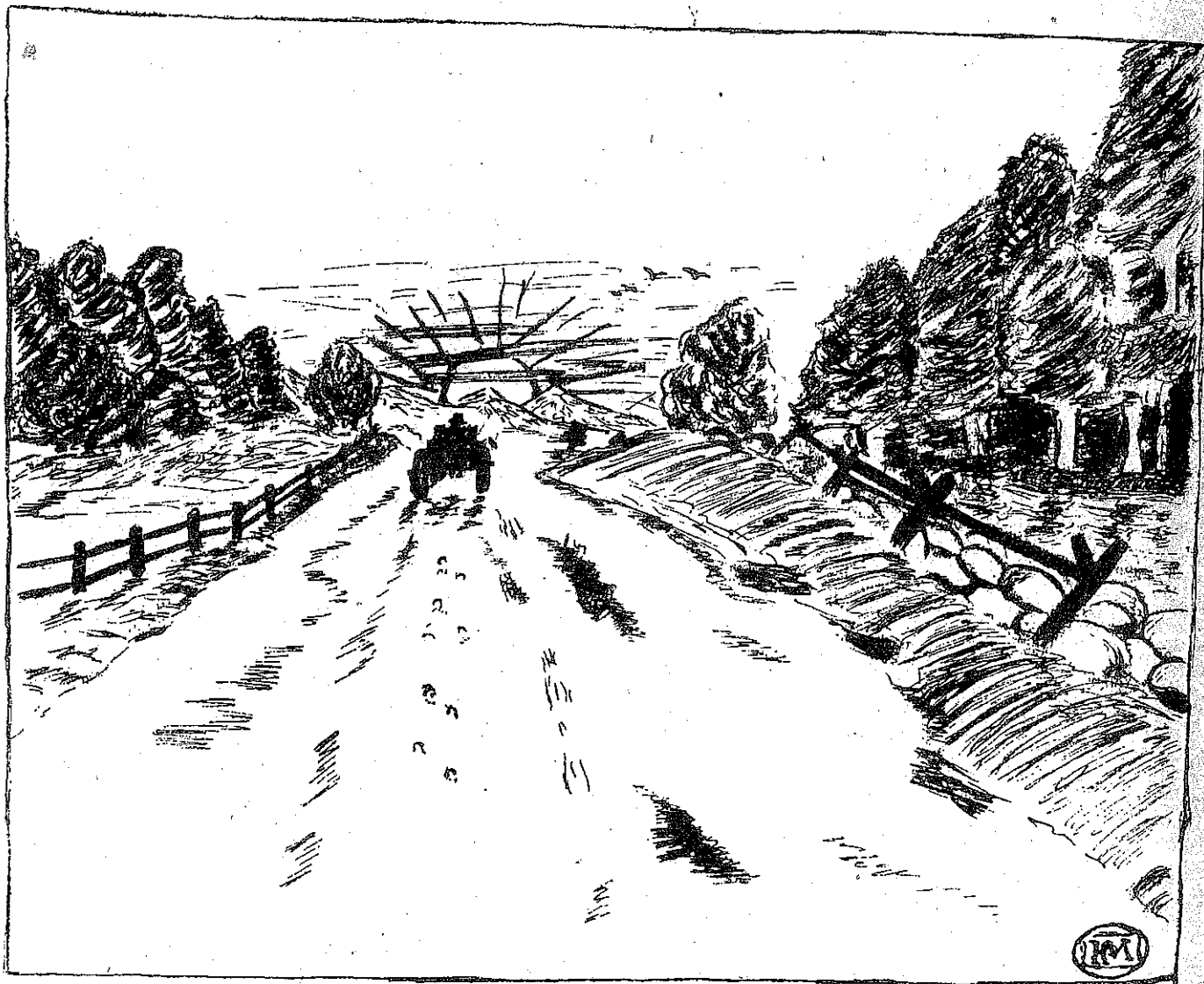


# TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

GRADE VII.			GRADE VIII.			GRADE IX.			GRADE X.			GRADE XI.			GRADE XII.		
English	1-2	2	English	1-2	2	English	1	5	English	1	5	English	1	5	English	1	5
Oral English	1-2	2	Oral English	1-2	2	Oratory	1-2	5	Oratory	1-2	5	Oratory	1-2	5	Oratory	1-2	5
Arith.	1-2	2	Arith.	1-2	2	Arith.	1	5	Algebra	1	5	Geom.	1	5	U. S. Hist. and Civics	1	5
Oral French	2-5	2	Oral French	2-5	2												
History	1-2	2	History	1-2	2												
Geography	1-5	2	Geography	1-5	2												
Reading	1-5	5	Reading	1-5	5												
Writing	1-5	5	Writing	1-5	5												
Spelling	1-5	5	Spelling	1-5	5												
Drawing	1-10	2	Drawing	1-10	2												
Music	1-5	5	Music	1-5	5												
Dom. Arts	1-2	3	Dom. Arts	1-2	3												
Mc. Arts	1-2	3	Mc. Arts	1-2	3												
Points			Points			Points			Points			Points			Points		
Periods per week			Periods			Periods			Periods			Periods			Periods		
Length of Per.			Length of Per.			Length of Per.			Length of Per.			Length of Period			Length of Per.		

Elective pupil may elect any 2 or more courses. He must have at least 12 points to complete the Junior course and at least 12 points to complete the Senior course.

Latin	1	5	40	Latin	1	5	40	Latin	1	5	40	Latin	1	5	40
French	1	5	40	French	1	5	40	French	1	5	40	French	1	5	40
Science	1	5	40	Science	1	5	40	Science	1	5	40	Science	1	5	40
Anc. Hist.	1	5	40	Eng. Hist.	1	5	40	Eng. Hist.	1	5	40	Eng. Hist.	1	5	40
Dom. Arts	1-2	3	40	Gen. Busi. and Civics	1	5	40	Gen. Busi. and Civics	1	5	40	Gen. Busi. and Civics	1	5	40
Mc. Arts	1-2	3	40	Dom. Arts	1	5	40	Dom. Arts	1	5	40	Dom. Arts	1	5	40
				Mc. Arts	1-2	3	40	Mc. Arts	1-2	3	40	Mc. Arts	1-2	3	40



THE END

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		100%

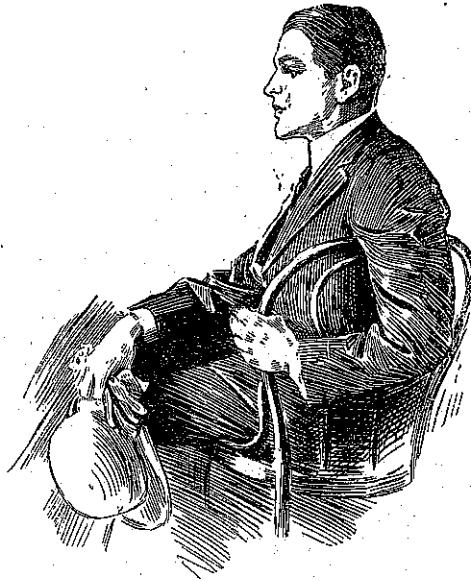
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MENTION THE OCEANIC

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Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us



We Make a Specialty  
of Class Photographs

and any class wishing to have their work done at our studio may have samples sent for examination, on request of the President.

<sup>1</sup> The style we shall supply this year is entirely new and up to date.

*Phone 610*

*Elevator Service*

**The Adams Studio**

515a Congress St.,  
PORTLAND, MAINE

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

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# STORES AND BOOTHS

## AT OLD ORCHARD

TO LET IN OCEAN PIER BUILDING AND OTHER  
LOCATIONS FOR THE SEASON OF 1918

Apply to Owner

JOHN W. DUFFY

521 Lowell Street

LAWRENCE, MASS

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Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us



*Tel. 440—267-R*

# **ANDREWS & HORIGAN**

**Groceries, Provisions  
Feed and Grain**

**BIDDEFORD, MAINE**

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

# LUCE & DOLBIER CO.

Old Orchard Street

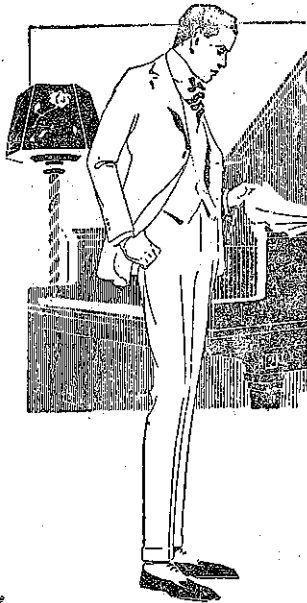
OLD ORCHARD, MAINE

DEALERS IN

**Fancy Groceries, Meats  
Fish and Provisions**

PATRONIZE A HOME STORE

# JOE THE CLOTHIER CO.



The Stein-Bloch Co. 1917

**BIDDEFORD and SACO**

*Specialists to Younger Men*

**Always Go**

**"Over the Top"**

**With New Stuff**

**WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE**

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

# HARMON REALTY CO.

Old Orchard, Maine

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COTTAGES, HOTELS, STORES FOR SALE  
AND TO LET

**LOTS FOR SALE**

## F. W. DEMERRITT

Dealer in Real Estate

**Provisions, Dry and Fancy Goods**

**HARDWARE**

*We make a specialty of Fancy Groceries and  
Canned Goods*

Our Motto: Good Goods at Fair Prices

**OCEAN PARK**

*Telephone*

**MAINE**

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us



# Boynston's Pharmacy

112 Main Street

BIDDEFORD

:

:

:

MAINE



DEALER IN

*Camera Films and Supplies*

All The News of Old Orchard

IS FOUND IN

## The Old Orchard News

Published every Wednesday the year round

*I. F. FERRIS, Editor*

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

***Specialists in  
Apparel for Men  
and Boys***

**HASKELL & JONES  
COMPANY**

**PORTLAND, MAINE**

**W. J. C. Milliken Co.**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

**ICE**

Gravel for Concrete  
Heavy Trucking  
Loam and Lawn Work

**BLACKSMITHING**

HORSE SHOEING  
and  
AUTOMOBILE FORGING

***SPRING FASHIONS***

— AT —  
**FOSDICK'S**

**BIDDEFORD STORE**

***Displaying All That Is New and Desirable for the Coming Season***

If you want to be stylishly dressed we have the goods—in patterns—  
in fabrics and in trimmings.

If we have the pleasure of showing you these goods, you will enjoy seeing them and  
we will both profit when you buy them.

**FOSDICK'S**

**BIDDEFORD**

THE PUBLIC AT THE PRESENT TIME  
DEMAND THE VERY

**BEST PICTURES**

ALL OF THE BIG STARS AND THE GREATEST  
FILMS, ARE SHOWN DAILY AT THE

**CITY OPERA HOUSE**

***BIDDEFORD, MAINE***

IF YOU ARE NOT A PATRON IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO BECOME ONE.

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

**Specialists in  
Apparel for Men  
and Boys**

**HASKELL & JONES  
COMPANY**

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**BIDDEFORD, MAINE**

IF YOU ARE NOT A PATRON IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO BECOME ONE.

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# RINES BROS. CO.

One of PORTLAND'S Largest and Best Dry Goods Department Stores

***Ladies' Suits, Coats and Dresses and  
Men's Furnishings***

Portland's only selling agents for  
the noted "AMERICAN" BRAND LADIES'  
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

This store sells reliable merchandise.  
It should be your shopping head-  
quarters when in Portland.

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## The Shaw Business College

### **COURSES:**

BUSINESS

SHORTHAND  
SECRETARIAL  
AND

TELEGRAPHY

BURROUGHS AUTOMATIC  
BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

**507 1-2 Congress Street, PORTLAND, MAINE**

F. L. SHAW, PRESIDENT

---

**—TRY—**

## Silver Lake Brand Can Goods

**THOMPSON-HALL COMPANY**

Wholesale Grocers

PORTLAND, MAINE

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## There is "no place like Holmes"

***For GOOD SHOES***

508 Congress Street

PORTLAND, MAINE

JAMES A. McFAUL, Manager

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# HOTEL VESPER

CHARLES CAMPBELL  
PROPRIETOR

*Tel. Connection*

*Old Orchard, Maine*

---

EUROPEAN PLAN  
\$1.00 PER DAY UP

AMERICAN PLAN  
\$2.50 PER DAY UP

## Hotel Brunswick

G. V. SEEMAYER, PROP.

*Private Baths—Elevator—Hot and Cold Water in  
Every Room—Long Distance Telephone in Rooms*

21-23 Preble Street

Portland, Maine

*"One-Half Minute from Monument Square"*

---

THE LEADING HOTEL IN MAINE'S LEADING CITY

---

## FALMOUTH HOTEL

LEROY D. MOULTON  
PROPRIETOR

*American and European Plan*

Portland, Maine

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## Why Not Try G. E. TWAMBLEY, JEWELER

IN SACO

*For Your Class Rings and Pins*

The very best service and quality  
goods assured you

**G. E. TWAMBLEY**

---

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

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**FIRST-CLASS  
SHOE REPAIRING**

With the best Machinery  
**Work Done While You Wait**

---

**WE CLEAN**

Hats, Panamas, White Shoes  
and any shoe work

---

**WE SELL NEW SHOES**

20% cheaper than any  
dealer in town

---

**SP. D. DROGGITIS**

---



ENGRAVINGS BY

The  
Electric City Engraving Co.  
Buffalo

---

**JAMES G. C. SMITH**

Smith Building  
Corner Main and Franklin Streets

**BIDDEFORD**

WATCH FOR OUR SHOWING OF

**SPRING MODELS**

In Ladies' and Misses'  
Coats and Suits

*About March 1*

New and Up-to-Date Designs  
at moderate prices

---

Compliments of

**C. B. CRAIG**

**Rex Sign Co.**

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Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

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**G. H. FENDERSON**

DEALER IN

**Pure Milk and Cream**

456 MAIN STREET

Telephone 555-M

Saco, Maine

---

**Old Orchard Variety Store**

**L. GOLDBERG & SON**

Proprietors

Telephone 21-4

Old Orchard, Maine

---



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THE AUTHORITATIVE SHOWING WHICH WOMEN DELIGHT IN.  
A PRESENTATION PAR-EXCELLENCE OF

—NEWEST SPRING STYLES—

**DRESSES, SUITS, COATS, WAISTS**

ON DISPLAY IN THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GARMENT  
DEPARTMENT NORTH OF BOSTON.

IT'S A  
PLEASANT  
PLACE  
TO SHOP

**LEWIS POLAKEWICH**

120 Main Street, BIDDEFORD

---

Patronize the Advertisers—they patronize us

---

## **IT IS NOT A PROBLEM**

To understand why our business steadily increases.  
This part is easily explained.  
VALUE—First for every dollar spent.  
SERVICE—In that your every need is anticipated.  
SATISFACTION—Never to our knowledge has a customer  
entered our shop displeased, and gone out dissatisfied.

**Go to ROWE'S**  
**FOR SHOES AND CLOTHES**  
SACO: "The Store That Satisfies" MAINE

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## **SHEA'S CORSET SHOP**

**177 Main Street, BIDDEFORD**

We are Exclusive Agents for

*Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets*  
*Redfern* *Gossard* *Modart*  
*Lady Ruth and the Amelia Corsets*

ALL FITTINGS FREE OF CHARGE

**BRANCH STORE IN SUMMER at 36½ Old Orchard St., Old Orchard**

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*Meet Your Friends at Our Fountain*

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## **PETER VICTOR**

**FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, ICE CREAM**  
CIGARS, TOBACCO, ETC.

Telephone 198-M

*A Good Place to Trade*

**87 Main Street, SACO, MAINE**

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## **The Biddeford Daily Journal**

When you read the war news each evening you get  
much of what the Boston papers print the next  
morning. READ THE JOURNAL.

**SOLD AT THE NEWS STANDS**

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Compliments of

*The*

**JONES PHARMACY**

**314**

**MAIN STREET**

**BIDDEFORD, MAINE**

**BIBEAU BROS.**

**The Quality Market**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Dealers in

**Meats and Provisions**

GIVE US A TRIAL—A trial Order  
will insure a Regular Customer.

*For Quality, Quantity and Service  
Call 110-380*

**Corner of Alfred and Main Streets  
BIDDEFORD, ME.**

**NUTSHELL  
LUNCH**

**315 Main Street  
and  
Franklin Street**

**N. LACHANCE**  
Proprietor

**BIDDEFORD, MAINE**

**E. K. WEYMOUTH**

DEALER IN

**Meats**

**Groceries and Provisions**

A GOOD PLACE  
TO TRADE

**MAIN STREET, SACO, MAINE**

*Tel. Connection*

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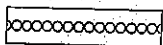
## Why Don't You Buy a Farm of Me

and be on easy street, as I have a large assortment to  
show you. Plenty of wood to burn and  
plenty to eat and milk to drink.

**W. M. DAVIS, Old Orchard, Maine**

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***Grass and Vegetable Seeds and  
Garden Tools***



## **SCALES HARDWARE CO.**

244 MAIN STREET, SACO

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**JEREMIAH CROWLEY**

**DRUGGIST**

When in Biddeford call at Crowley's Pharmacy, 5 Alfred Street, for  
your Drug needs. Everything in the Drug line. The goods  
are right and the prices are right.

CROWLEY'S PHARMACY, 5 Alfred St., Biddeford, Me.

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**D. F. LITTLEFIELD**

WHOLESALE

**Fruit and Produce**

***Canned Goods***

***Grocers' Sundries***

238-242 Main Street, SACO, MAINE

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*The Store of Progress*

# **BENOIT'S**

FRANK M. LOW & CO.

CLOTHIERS OF THE BETTER KIND

PORTLAND, MAINE

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We use **DEERING ICE CREAM** at all  
our social affairs. **DO YOU?**

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## **INSURANCE**

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, AUTOMOBILE, COMPENSATION

**MONTROSE E. HILL**

INSURANCE BUNGALOW

*Old Orchard, Maine*

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## **A. P. LARY**

PLUMBING, PIPING and HEATING

Old Orchard, Maine

Tel. Connection 42-3

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# YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Do you want the BEST at a fair price? If so, come  
in and see our latest finished in Sepia Brown

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

## **ELITE STUDIO**

Tel. 317-W

Biddeford, Maine

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# MILLIKEN & SNOW

Electrical Contractors

West Scarborough, Maine

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# T. L. EVANS & CO.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE

We carry complete lines of

**Crockery, Glass Ware, Silver Ware and Cut Glass**

***Kitchen Furnishings, Enameled and Nickel Ware***

***Tin and Wooden Ware, Baskets, Toys, etc.***

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# W. E. YOULAND CO.

York County's Largest Department Store

March 1st we shall have on display all that is newest and best in SPRING  
SUITS, COATS, WAISTS, DRESSES, MILLINERY  
and DRESS ACCESSORIES.

Also complete lines of beautiful SILKS, DRESS FABRICS and COAT-  
INGS at prices remarkably low considering market conditions today.

Complete assortments of YARNS, KNIT-  
TING NEEDLES, also Books of Instructions  
at moderate prices.

***Butterick Patterns and  
the Delineator on Sale***

**Main Street, BIDDEFORD, ME.**

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## **TIME TO THINK**

You should, of course, do all you can to win the War.  
But, you should not neglect your Home.  
Our two Stores can save you money on

### **FURNITURE**

**Call at ATKINSON'S**

**Biddeford and Saco**

**BOTH STORES ON MAIN STREET**

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## **Dinan, The Jeweler**

**253 Main Street**



**FINE WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING**

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## **JOHN F. DEAN**

**DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES**

**BIDDEFORD**

**MAINE**

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*Compliments of*

**YORK COUNTY POWER CO.**

**Tel. Connection**

**OLD ORCHARD, ME.**

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**Telephone 159**



# **Vermont Dairy Ice Cream Co.**

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

***ICE CREAM, SHERBET, ETC.***

**AUTO DELIVERY**

**PROMPT SERVICE**

***11 Milliken Street***

***OLD ORCHARD, ME.***

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*Compliments of*

**P. N. H. LOMBARD**

**Old Orchard, Me.**

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*Compliments of*

**W. P. SIMARD**

**Biddeford, Me.**

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*Compliments of*

**W. H. CASWELL**

**Old Orchard, Me.**

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# *The Journal Printshop*



An up-to-date house  
producing high grade  
Catalog, Book <sup>and</sup>  
Commercial Printing



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LEWISTON MAINE

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