

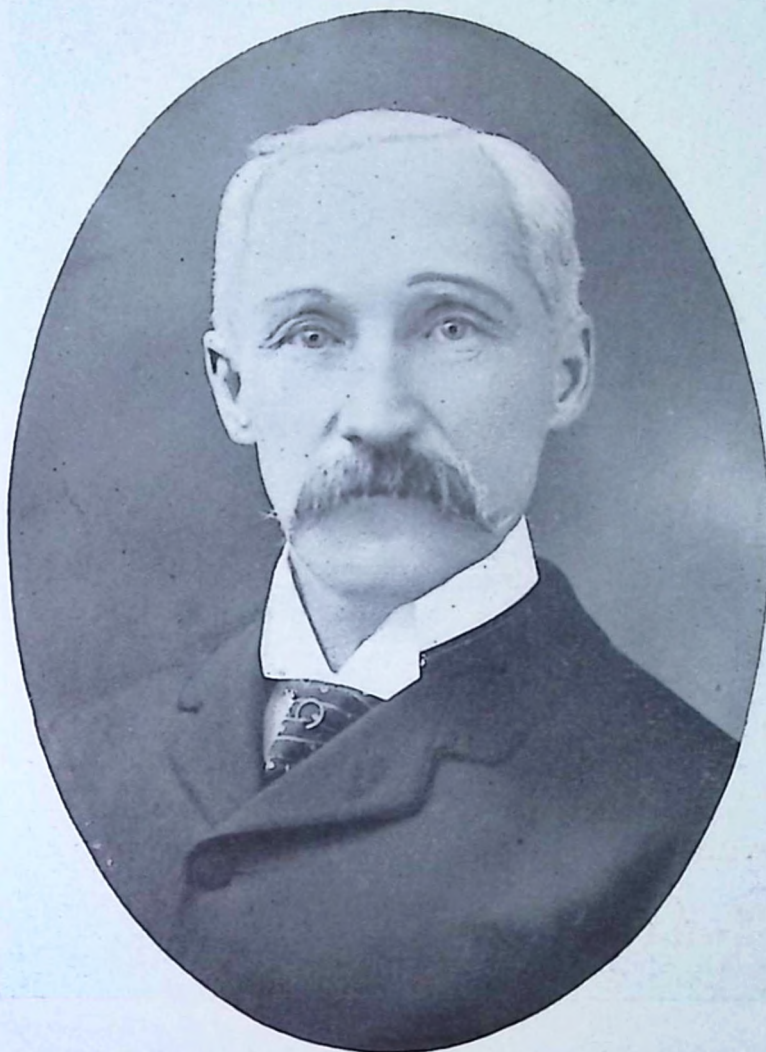
THE
WHIRLPOOL

1937



PENNELL INSTITUTE

GRAY MAINE



Dedication

GEORGE W. NEWBEGIN

*We, the Junior Class of Pennell,
wish to dedicate this, our edition of the
WHIRLPOOL,
to the late Mr. George W. Newbegin.
Mr. Newbegin will ever remain in our memories
as the kind and interested benefactor
of our School.*



In Memoriam

ANNIE E. BAILEY

We, the Junior Class of Pennell, wish to pay our last respects to Miss Annie E. Bailey.

In 1919-1920 Miss Bailey taught at Pennell and, under her supervision, the first edition of the WHIRLPOOL came out in 1919.

Miss Bailey had a distinctive teaching career and in 1926 was given the award as the outstanding teacher in the State of Maine.

She spent many years of her life in Gray and will remain in the hearts of the townspeople as one of its outstanding citizens.

She passed away April 11, 1937.

EDITORIALS

Stick-to-it-iveness

Jim Fisher had come to Smith University a year before. Although his parents were not very wealthy and would have to endure many hardships, he was sent to his father's Alma Mater. Everything had gone well, until about two months from the end of his first year. Then in one of his father's letters he read this: "Our financial situation is desperate. I am afraid you will have to come home." Jim wrote right back and this is what his father read: "I wouldn't come home now if I were paid to. I will make out somehow."

His father wondered at this, but when Jim came home at the end of the year he told his father a very queer story, which made his father very proud. This was Jim's story:

"Immediately upon my arrival at college Jack Johnson, the millionaire's son and his crowd began to taunt me. I was not as good as they because I roomed at the 'poorhouse' and ate at Mrs. Murphy's dining room. They called me a 'sissy' and many other names. It made me angry and now I've decided to go back next fall and beat them at their own game, football."

"But son, I have no money to send you to college," replied the father sorrowfully,

"I don't care, father, I have a job at college. I wait on the training table at meals and every day I tend furnaces about the college."

"Well, son, it's up to you. If you think you can manage it, I'll help you all I can."

When September came, Jim again started for Smith University. When he arrived, the first thing he did was to add his name to the list of football volunteers, posted on the bulletin board. Next day was the first practise, at two-thirty in the afternoon. Jim got there early but at the appointed time he found many other boys there and he began to wonder how he could ever make good, but he stayed. The boys were told to report to the different coaches and assistants. Jim went to the backfield coach and told him that he would like to try out for the right halfback position, for that was the position that Jack Johnson held on the varsity.

Jim knew nothing about football but he had a fine mind and paid attention every minute. Jim had a wonderful body, broad shoulders, slim hips, and well muscled legs. Although Jim had such a body as this he had always been a student not an athlete, but he was destined to change his ways.

He developed very quickly into a good football player, all he needed was experience. In his sophomore year Jim played in only a few games. He played two full games, while Jack Johnson was recovering from a sprained ankle he had received in a football game. He went in for a few minutes in nearly every game. Jack Johnson did not think much about it but in Jim's junior year Jack became alarmed at finding himself on the bench more and more. He plotted against Jim and the coach but he was found out and expelled from college.

Jim then played all the games. He was the best all round player that had

been known in the last twenty years of football. In his junior and senior years he was named as "All-American player" for both years, a feat never before accomplished at Smith University.

--Linwood Clark

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The Convict Ship

One day, several years ago, a convict ship docked at the State Pier in Portland, Maine. This ship was of the old Norwegian windjammer type and had taken sixty days to cross the Atlantic Ocean. The officers who sailed the ship, slept on the main deck because of the gruesomeness of the lower decks. This old ship was built during the 18 hundreds in Melbourne, Australia and is still sailing.

The masts were built of teak, the hardest wood known. The hull is of planks several inches in thickness and from bow to stern on both sides there were large, crude arrow heads. These arrows were also printed on the sails. It was the ship's mark and every prisoner was branded with it on the palm of his hand.

About midships of the main deck is the captain's quarters. In here are several documents, rules and orders, guns and swords on display. All over the deck are capatans for raising and lowering the sails and anchors and the only windlass in existence. Around the bulwarks are many instruments of torture; most of them designed by the one-time captain, Captain Price. The helmsman's post is in the stern and is protected by a large steel casing from storms.

Down on the first deck is the first set of cells. These are very small, being only about 6 to 8 feet square. In many of the cells are wax figures of the most notorious criminals of the day. These figures are claimed to be the most life-like in the world. In the bow of the deck is the women's cell. This is a large room heavily barred. There was little light in the cells and what there was came through a small grating in the top of the door, from a few lamps. For ventilation there are about four gratings cut in each deck. Some of the cells, in times when there were many lawbreakers, were filled with 8 or 9 people.

The second deck is much the same except for two things. In the bow of this deck is kept the drinking water. Also the first two cells were dreaded by all prisoners. These were called "The Black Holes". In these the bow of the ship curved. In the side of the cell was a large ring. To this the convict was handcuffed by one arm so that he was half-standing and half lying. It was in these two cells that many men went insane.

The third deck is below the waterline. In those cells the prisoners were put in solitary confinement. They were dark, cold and damp, and many also went insane here.

Now back to the main deck. The convicts each day were given an hour's exercise. Each had a ball and chain and were forced to keep walking. If any one did not obey orders he was flogged severely. The person was tied to a y-shaped object and all the other prisoners gave him one lash with each hand. Afterwards they were placed in a salt bath. In the bath several men drowned themselves. Once a guard had just been married. One evening he brought his

wife on board and left her in his cabin. A prisoner who had a grudge against him escaped somehow. When the guard went off duty he returned to find his wife on the bed with her throat slashed. The murderer was found and was hung.

In those days a person was arrested and sent on a convict ship for just some small thing. Once a woman was sent on one just for stealing a small handkerchief.

There was once a whole fleet of these convict ships which sailed all the seas, but now the Melbourne is the only one in existence.

--David Kupelian

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EDITORIALS

Showing The Way

After Columbus had reached what he believed was the Orient by sailing westward, some of his critics declared that it was a very easy thing to do. Taking an egg, he asked how many could make it stand on its end. No one could; so, he broke the shell a little on one end and easily made it balance. Then they said that anyone could do that. "Yes," he said, "it is easy after you are shown how." Columbus did not become rich or popular for his discovery and even died in jail. After it was discovered that the new world was a separate continent it was named for another man. Columbus had shown the way; it was up to others to explore it.

Until 1927 it was thought impossible to make a solo airplane flight across the Atlantic. After Col. Lindbergh did the supposedly impossible, many others have done it. After Lindbergh had shown the way it was easy for others to follow.

Almost anyone can follow someone else's example. Too often people think, "I could have done that," about some great accomplishment. Maybe others besides Columbus could have reached America first but it took him to actually do it. Perhaps others besides Lindbergh could have made solo flights across the Atlantic but it remained for him to show the way. We should try to show the way in our lives and not wait for others to go first. We should lead, not follow. Only in this way can we become true leaders.

-- James Russell.

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Untidiness

Untidiness is a very disagreeable word that covers a broad range of subjects. One might apply it to clothes, work, writing, city conditions and personal appearance.

It is usually the lazy, careless person that has this dreadful habit, the person that gets up at one minute to eight and expects to be at work by eight, while on the other hand it may be a person that lacks education in good-grooming. No matter how poor a person may be, ragged clothes may be clean and the person respected as much, if not more than the wealthy man.

There is not one single good reason for a person being so slack as to pin his clothes together with safety or common pins. Getting scratched is not pleasant, and I'm sure every one could secure needle and thread at any time. Other common habits of people are: failing to shine dusty shoes, failing to replace shoe strings that have been broken and tied in a million places. Besides wasting time, a person is only making himself more untidy. Hair that is combed, fingernails cleaned, skirts and pants that have been pressed, sweaters that have been mended even though they cover up dirty elbows, that also applying to stockings that cover up unsightly heels, have a great effect on other people.

One of the first things an employer asks and looks for in an applicant is his personal habits and efficiency.

If a person isn't the kind that can take criticism in good sport, some advice to him is to keep well groomed.

It is said by some teachers that to look into a pupil's desk will reveal the habits and nature of a pupil. For example, if a dirty, cluttered desk is found chances are a pupil's room at home would be untidy.

While speaking of school, books that have been scribbled on, possibly due

to nervousness all show a person's habits. No one wants to read a book or paper that is blotted, with two or three colors of ink on it and dirty fingerprints on the paper. That person will have to master a great deal in this subject of untidiness if he wants to succeed and be able to earn a living.

Untidiness in the homes and streets make excellent places for breeding disease germs. Filth is germ's boarding house until the germ finds a place on the body or in food. Cities and health departments have helped in lessening these unsanitary conditions by health crusades and organizations.

One of the most helpful hints, I think, that have made people self-conscious is the advertisement of "B.O." Even if a person is not guilty of this offence he takes it to heart.

We should all have "tidiness" for our pass word.

--Evelyn Morrill

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Peace

Every country, state, and person begs for peace, yet our great governments are having a race for war. Many societies have been formed to prevent war. Just before the World War there were over one hundred of these societies. Their slogan was: "We will stop this war by keeping out of it," but after we were forced to enter, the societies then changed their slogan to: "We will stop the war by winning it."

Not so long ago a peace conference was held in one of the Central American states, the object of this gathering was that every country could express its ideas on the reduction of the army and navy and the slowing up of building new ships. After each speaker had voiced his idea, a small, tanned man arose, addressed the officers, then made the move that each country should disarm completely. The other members were overwhelmed! How should he dare to even suggest this at a peace conference?

People say that we are directly headed for war and if it ever does come we will be much worse off, than after the Great War. If that is true I don't see how these conditions and countries would have the least idea of causing trouble. Everyone suffered, and still we are suffering, from the results.

I am a girl, but if I were a boy I am sure I would hate to think that when I was a bit older I would have to join the army and suffer all the war tortures instead of making something of a career to help bring peace and happiness.

-- Marie Pousland.

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High Schools

The present school system as it is today had its beginning three hundred years ago with the establishment of the Boston Latin School. This gave to the American people the principle of free public education; an opportunity for each individual to receive training in the subjects that are so necessary for everyday living. We have found it feasible to meet the expenditures of the school system by taxation, that is, by taxing the people and they are being educated more and more. As time goes on, they are being educated in the achievements, and possibilities that can be accomplished through the proper management and workings of a well balanced system.

Why did children hate to go to school in the "Good Old Days"? Take a look back and see what they went through while trying to secure an education. They

had to walk to school, which might be anywhere, from one to five miles away. When they got there they sat on benches with no backs. They studied Mathematics, English, Geography, Latin, and Greek, many of which held no interest for the normal boy or girl. This was not all, they generally had to suffer from the cold during the winter. I do not mention the summer because very few pupils went to school in the summer. They stayed at home and worked. Winter was the only school session for them.

You may ask: "Well, don't they hate to go to school now?" I don't think so as a rule. There is too much to interest them in school now. For instance, there are sports. Every school has athletic teams of some sort, and is there any boy or girl who is not interested in sports?

The subjects taught in the High Schools of today are somewhat different from those taught in the past. We still have English, Arithmetic, History and Geography, but we have added to the curricula, such subjects as Home Economics and Manual Training. There was little money spent on education when our grandparents went to school. The schoolhouse was a small and cheaply constructed building. It was built sometimes for as little as six hundred dollars. The only expenses of running it were for fuel and for a teacher. The wood was often supplied by some farmer who sent his children there and the teacher generally taught for his board at some of the pupils' homes; so, the running expenses were small. To-day, the cost of running a school is very high. There has to be heat, light, pencils, paper, books, teachers, janitors, and many other things which help to incur expense. Large schools, which teach such subjects as biology, chemistry and physics have to have special laboratories for these classes.

This may give you some idea of the cost of running a modern high school. Of course the expense is tremendous, but isn't it worth it? As time goes on it is hoped that the public High Schools throughout the United States will continue to improve and give to the future generations all they could hope to have along the line of training for education and culture.

--Ronald Colley

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Safety First

"Safety First" should be the motto of every person whether pedestrian or driver.

When walking, always walk on the left hand side of the road. When a car comes toward you, step off the road enough if necessary so that they will not hit you.

A driver should observe all traffic rules. He does not have to drive as though he has only a minute to get to his destination.

Fast and careless drivers often send innocent people to an untimely death or maim them for life, thereby breaking up homes and causing much suffering and sadness.

Much is being done by traffic officers and "safety drive" directors to eliminate these terrible accidents that are happening all around us.

The fault does not always lie with the driver. Many times children and sometimes older people do not pay attention when they are crossing the street. Children are being taught in school to be careful when crossing the street.

Parents who allow children to play in the street are not only endangering the life of the child but also the lives of the driver and occupants of the car that tries to avoid hitting him.

We little realize the number of deaths caused by automobiles throughout the country until some of our dear ones are victims of one of these accidents. Some of the faults of the pedestrians are: dodging out between parked

cars, running across the street when they should be walking, jay walking and many other things that the foot person does.

If all the people, who are killed and maimed in one week, could be brought together in one place for the people who drive and walk carelessly to see maybe they would be more careful what they do in the future.

Thus I wish to leave with you the impression, that safety, first, last and always is the best policy.

--Earla Whitney

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Transportation and Communication

Since time immemorial, man has used some method of signaling through space. Cyrus the Great is known to have used a mysterious system of signals by which he could send a message across the Persian Empire in one day, a distance which could not be covered by a horseman in less than thirty days. Roman soldiers sent signals by moving their shields into a definite position or by flashing them in the sunlight.

The American Indian built a smoke fire on a hilltop to send signals. .

Biblical history contains many references to smoke signals and it is believed that signals were sent in this manner from the Tower of Babel. .

The Semaphore System of communication, called the telegraph, was later used.

None of these methods could be employed at night or even in the day time with low visibility.

Communication at night, by flashing lights has been in use for many centuries. It is believed that the Chinese first started this method.

Paul Revere in 1775 aroused the Minute Men between Boston and Concord by signal lamps in the belfry of the old North Church.

Later, guns, cannons and bells were used as signals.

The fact that electricity could be sent through a wire of considerable length was first demonstrated by Stephen Gray in 1729, but it did not occur to him that he had made a great discovery. .

The discovery of electro-magnetism by Oersted in 1820 may be said to have been the culminating episode in the development of the electric telegraph.

The electric telegraph was realized at last as the result of a chance conversation between Samuel F. B. Morse and Dr. Charles T. Jackson.

At first it was a crude method but it became more and more modern as time went on. Finally from the men's chance conversation, the ocean telegraph sprung up, the fire alarm telegraph, the telephone which was introduced by Alexander Graham Bell and Albert ^{Marconi} an Italian Scientist.

All these methods have been improved immensely as time went on. One thing more is being developed quickly, that is television which enables us to see the performers of the radio as well as hear them.

In years to come there will be many more improvements which will make us look upon the inventions of our time as very crude rather than very modern, as we suppose today.

--Doris Manchester

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Perseverance

Perseverance is ability to continue in a given course in the face of discouragement. This ability is a common trait of all great men. When all seems to go wrong they kept on by force of will, sometimes obstinately, against opposition and remonstrance. Not giving way to opposition, nor to seemingly immovable difficulties which block the path to success, they strove on only seeing their goal.

Such was the life of many a successful man; Napoleon, Hannibal, and Washington as commanders; Washington, Lincoln, Caesar, and Jefferson as politicians and statesmen; Pasteur as a scientist; and, Franklin as a business man. To all these in the past and to many others belongs one of the most necessary human attributes.

Nor were only people of the past blessed with this great trait. No, not at all; for many men of high station at the present time only gained their position through struggle and the hard climb to reach the top.

But not all are famous by any means, although, by persevering,, fame is helped. If one perseveres he can do many other things which others, more impatient, give up as useless, in disgust and other helplessness. Perseverance is a close friend of patience, and forcefulness.

Perseverance bears great reward, if not in material gains, in the satisfying knowledge that as much as possible has been done to complete the designated work. So, when ever possible, let perseverance help you in succeeding. Adhere to the possibilities perseverance offers, -- and succeed!

--Anthony Eaton.

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Work

The majority of people find that work is very tedious and monotonous. Some of us seem to think that life becomes humdrum with working day after day. Perhaps we never stop to think what we might do if we had no work to perform. There are some who like to shun work and shift it onto the next fellow's shoulders. What would happen if everyone maintained that attitude? Many people who have had no work and nothing to occupy their minds have strayed along the wrong paths and certainly have not proved themselves worthy of life. To illustrate the evils of idleness we may take the child of a wealthy man. If he is not properly taught and trained the right habits and taught to do for himself he seldom does anything truly great. We were all put here to accomplish something in life but if we don't know how to go about to accomplish anything we are lost.

Usually a person, when he gets along in years, likes to think back and think of the worthwhile things he has done and if he has done many, he has a feeling of contentment and satisfaction. On the other hand, if he has led a hectic worthless life he has a rather dismal and unpleasant retrospective. He realizes then that he could have derived as much pleasure from work as play. So, if we attain and keep the spirit that work is something more than toil we will never have that to regret in later years.

--Wilma Qualey

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CHARLOTTE LAURA BENNETT

"Laura"

Senior Drama, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Home Economics Club, 4; Prize Speaking, 3; Athletic Club, 1, 3, 4.

When Laura gets to giggling,

It seems she never stops.

But I think the most of us agree

That Laura's quite the tops.



RONALD HENRY COLLEY

"Joe"

Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Baseball, 4; Manager of Basketball, 3; Treasurer of Class, 1, 4; President of Athletic Association, 4; Senior Drama, 4; WHIRLPOOL Board (Sports), 3; Prize Speaking, 3; Graduation Usher, 2, 3.

Ronald owns that blue Chevrolet

That tears up and down the street.

He always has a happy gang with him,

So if he and Satan should meet.



CHARLOTTE SOPHIE FOSTER

"Shorty"

Volley Ball, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Harmonica Band, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; French Club, 3; Business Manager of WHIRLPOOL, 3.

Charlotte is a little stout,

But her lips never pout.

She is clear of all guile,

And always wears a sunny smile.



JAMES HENRY HALL

"Jimmy"

Houlton, 1933-36; Pennell, 1937. Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Vice-President of "H" Club, 3, 4; Boxing, 1, 2; Sports Editor of *Highster*, 3, 4.

Always willing to do what he can,

Always ready upon any demand,

Laughing, joking, always gay,

He adds to the joy of the day.



JEANETTE HARMON

"Aunt Lyd"

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 3, 4, 5; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Senior Drama, 4; Athletic Association,

Jeanette joined us this last year,
And was the "old maid" in our play.

She will never, never fall in last

Because she's happy and gay.





GERALD MARTYN KIMBALL *"Martin"*

F. F. A., 1; Orchestra, 2; Vice-President, 2; Manager of Baseball, 3; Prize Speaking, 3; Joke Editor of WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Senior Drama, 4; Captain of "Green" Magazine Drive, 4.

Gerald was a bashful chap,
Treating girls with disdain.
Now his last year at Pennell,
That spirit is on the wane.



DORIS CAROLYN MANCHESTER *"Do" and "Do-Do"*

Orchestra, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 3, 4; Drama, 4; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletics, 3; Athletic Association, 1, 2, 4.

'Twas last year when Doris spoke,
Laughed so much we all did croak;
All did shout it's not enough,
We want more of "Old Doc Pluff."



EVELYN ARDELLE MORRILL *"Bin"*

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Volley Ball, 1, 2; French Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Secretary of Girls' Athletics, 4; Prize Speaking, 3; Secretary of Class, 3; Vice-President, 4; Assistant Editor of WHIRLPOOL, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Harmonica Band, 3; Student Council, 3; Graduation Usher, 3; *Pen-all News*.

Evelyn possesses the brains of the class,
And she also has a good school spirit;
For when the class is down and out
She will try to cheer it.



MARIE GENEVIEVE POUSLAND
President of Class, 2, 3, 4; President of Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking Contest, 1, 2, 3, 4; Lydia Spears Contest, 2; Volley Ball, 1, 2; Class Drama, 4; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Class Marshal, 3; Literary Editor of WHIRLPOOL; Vice-President of French Club, 3; Triangular Speaking Contest, 1, 3; Graduation Usher, 1; Captain of "Gold" Magazine Drive; *Pen-all News* Board, 3; U. of M. Speaking Contest, 4; Lydia Spears Contest, 4.

Marie is always full of fun,
And willing to do her part;
When there's work to be done,
She works with all her heart.



EARLE HERBERT SAWYER *"Speed"*

Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 1, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Editor of WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Editor of Sophomore Department of WHIRLPOOL, 2; Senior Drama, 4; Class Vice-President, 3; Class Secretary, 4; *Pen-all News* Editor, 3; Magazine Drive Manager, 4; Class Bum, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sawyer is a ladies' man,
Does he know how to throw it;
If he can't get a blonde, he takes a brunette,
Another thing—he's a poet.

CHARLOTTE ELLEN VERRILL

"Charlie"

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Volley Ball, 1; Athletic Association, 1, 3, 4; Harmonica Band, 3; French Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, 3; Business Manager of WHIRLPOOL, 3; Candy Manager, 3, 4.

Charlotte is a sunny lass,
And has a laddie gay;
Better than going to school, I know,
She'd rather go away.



EARLA NORA WHITNEY

"Earla"

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Prize Speaking, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; French Club, 3; Athletic Club, 3, 4; Locals Editor of WHIRLPOOL Board, 3; Locals Editor of Pennell News, 3.

Earla is a student,
She never makes a noise;
She just pays attention to her lessons
And never minds the boys.



MARION OLIVE WHITNEY "Whit" or "Marry"

Pennell Institute '33, transferred to Windham '34, '35, back to Pennell part '35 and '36. Home Economics Club, 4; Drama, 4; Vice-President of Class, 1; Glee Club, 1, 3; Girls' Athletics, 1, 4.

Marion is cheerful and full of fun,
Always has her lessons well done;
She is versatile and gay,
Loves to work and loves to play.



MARJORIE WINSLOW

"Midge"

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Girls' Athletics, 3; Prize Speaking, 3; Candy Manager, 3, 4; Alumni Editor, 3; French Club, 3; Home Economics Club Treasurer, 4; Treasurer of Class, 2, 3; Assistant Business Manager, 4; Volley Ball, 3.

Huge discoveries lie in small packages,
I've heard my elders say,
Well, that's certainly true
In the little town of Gray.





ATHLETICS

SPORTS

A meeting was held on Feb. 4, 1937, for the purpose of organizing the Athletic Association. The students decided to organize in two groups, girls and boys.

The boys elected the following officers: Ronald Colley, President; Linwood Clark, Vice-President; and James Hall, Secretary-Treasurer. It was decided to assess each boy fifty cents regardless of whether or not he participated in any sport.

The girls decided to assess each girl thirty-five cents. They elected the following officers: Marie Pousland, President and Evelyn Morrill, Secretary-Treasurer.

The association has earned money by selling magazines and seeds.

Basketball

Although Mr. Wardwell tried very hard to secure the use of the Transient Camp gym to practise basketball in, it was impossible to do so because there was no way of heating it and of course it could not be used without heat. Much disappointment was felt among the boys, but they had to console themselves with the thought that the school might have a gym of its own next fall.

Baseball

In the spring of 1936, with an unusually large squad of boys reporting for practise Mr. Wardwell picked the following team to represent the school in the various games:

Catcher: R. Thibodeau
Pitcher: R. Wallace and L. Sawyer
1st Base: G. Delorme
2nd Base: R. Colley
S.S.: E. Leonard
3rd Base: W. Hinds, L. Sawyer and L. Clark
Outfield: R. Wilson, L. Clark, W. Hinds, W. Hancock and E. Sawyer.

Pennell played 12 games during the season; winning 5 and losing 7, for an average of .417. The scores for the various games were:

*Pennell - 7	Greely - 6
*Pennell - 3	Freeport - 4
Pennell - 9	Gorham - 8
*Pennell - 8	New Gloucester - 7
Pennell - 0	Gorham - 3
*Pennell - 1	Freeport - 8
Pennell - 0	Gorham - 12
Pennell - 1	Fish Hatchery - 6
*Pennell - 28	Greely - 5
Pennell - 1	New Gloucester - 2 (15 innings)
Pennell - 9	Fish Hatchery - 7
Pennell - 2	Alumni - 8

* League games

A meeting of track candidates was held and the following officers were elected: Earle Sawyer, captain, and Anthony Eaton, manager. The date for the indoor meet is March 27, 1937. The following team was chosen to go: A. Eaton, R. Colley, E. Sawyer, R. Sawyer, U. Roberts, D. Parsons, J. Russell, W. Hancock.

Our boys, lacking facilities for training, were unable to compete with any success against the stronger opposition of the Falmouth and Scarborough High teams. The material for the following year looks very promising for only two members of the team will be lost by graduation. The new gymnasium will offer a very good place for early training if equipped with the proper equipment.

The following places were won by Pennell:

R. Colley	-- 3rd in standing hop, step and jump	
Relay team: Colley, Hancock		1
Sawyer, Roberts	-- 2nd in relay race	3
		<u>4</u> total pts.

Wearers of the "P"

Baseball: Class of '36 -- R. Thibodeau, R. Wilson, L. Sawyer, G. Delorme, R. Wallace, Edmund Leonard.

Class of '37 -- R. Colley, Mgr. Kimball.

Class of '38 -- L. Clark

Class of '29 -- W. Hancock

Basketball: Class of '36 -- R. Thibodeau, R. Wilson, L. Sawyer, R. Wallace, E. Leonard.

Class of '37 -- R. Colley

Class of '38 -- L. Clark

Track: Class of '36 -- R. Thibodeau, R. Wilson

Rifle: Class of '36 -- G. Delorme

--Linwood Clark '38

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A L U M N I

Officers of the Alumni Association:

President	-- Ina Fogg, '00
Vice President	-- Ernest Libby '31
Secretary	-- Elsie Megquire
Treasurer	-- Marion Hawkes '28
Executive Committee	-- Mrs. Jennie Cole Carroll Foster Maynard Dolloff '30

1936:

Ruth Clark -- Employed at Yarmouth
George Delorme -- Employed at Poland Springs
Arlene Hall -- working at Naples
Marvin Harmon -- living at Dutton Hill
Ruth Hitchcock -- working at Gray
Elizabeth Knudsen -- working in South Portland
Estelle Lawrence -- University of Maine
Shirley Leavitt -- postgraduate at Pennell.
Edmund Leonard -- post graduate at Pennell
June Muzzy -- working in Saco.
Lillabel Pousland -- Maine School of Commerce
Norma Prince -- post graduate at Pennell
Eloise Russell - working at New Gloucester
Lawrence Sawyer -- living at North Gray
Margaret Sawyer -- University of Maine
Anna Simpson -- University of Maine
Robert Thibodeau -- living at Gray
Robert Wallace -- A & P Store, Gray
Ross Wilson -- Bowdoin College

1935:

Ruth Barton -- University of Maine
Helen Caswell -- Working at Simpson's
Glendon Cobb -- Working in Portland
Priscilla Dunn -- Working in Portland
Alice Leavitt -- Working in Portland
Robert Merrill -- University of Maine
George Muzzy -- A & P Store, Gray
Bernice Nason (Mrs. Arthur Harmon) -- living at Gray
Gertrude Nason -- living at Dutton Hill.
Adah Richards -- North Gray
Eleanora Simpson -- Business College
Elizabeth Whitney -- working at Cape Elizabeth
Nancy Webb -- working in Portland
Phyllis Winslow --
James Wilkinson -- living at Portland

1934:

Lillian Wallace (Mrs. Sherman Cray) has a daughter
Dorothy Edwards -- Gorham Normal School

1933:

Elinor Chipman -- teaching at Windham
Lawrence Carter -- living at Gray

1931:

Jean Brackett -- teaching at Poland

1931, continued:

John Hancock -- Manager of First National, Mechanic Falls.

Arnold Tripp -- University of Maine

1930:

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dolloff have a son

Phyllis Leavitt (Mrs. John Bentley)

1929:

Willard Caswell has moved to South Gray

1928:

Norman Cole - teaching at Falmouth High School

Winnifred Cobb -- Teaching at Primary School, Gray

Marion Hawkes -- teaching, Dry Mills.

-- James Russell.

EXCHANGES

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

You have a very good paper. Your French department is interesting.

Pilot -- Mechanic Falls High School, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

We like your display of pictures. You also have a good joke section. What do you think of the "Whirlpool"?

The Tatler -- Addison High School, Addison, Maine.

You have a good literary department.

Sokokis -- Limerick High School, Limerick, Maine.

The account of your athletics is very interesting and complete. We like your idea for the exchange department.

The Nautilus -- West Paris High School, West Paris, Maine.

You have an attractive paper both inside and out.

The Corona -- Bridgton High School, Bridgton, Maine.

You have a good joke section.

The Pharetra -- Monson Academy, Monson, Maine.

The account of your year's activities is complete and interesting. You also have some excellent jokes.

Eureka -- Woodstock High School, Woodstock, Maine.

You have an interesting poetry department.

The Crimson Rambler -- Standish High School, Standish, Maine.

On the whole we think you have a well arranged book, but don't you think a few more pictures would be worth while?

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

You have a good year book.

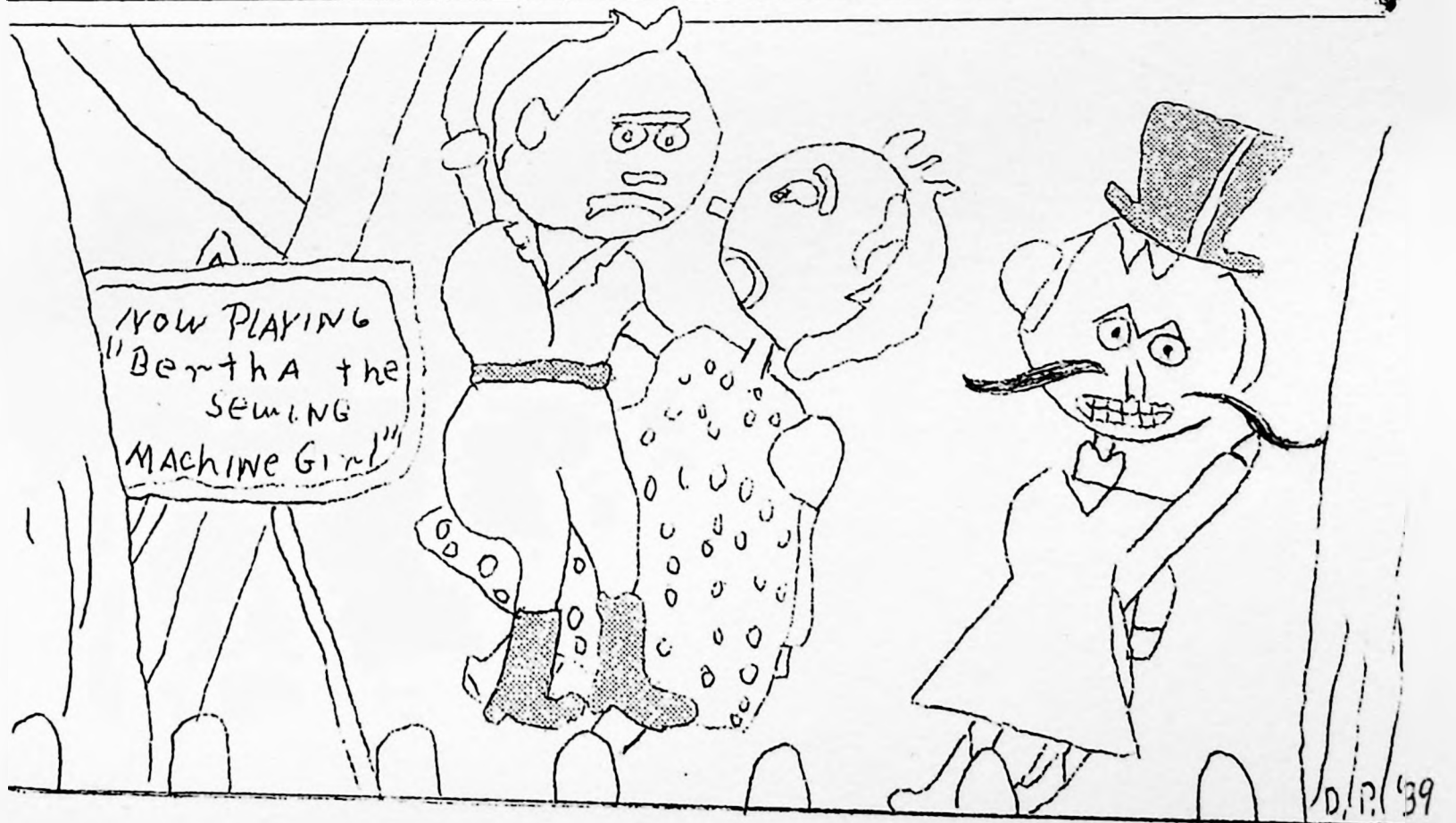
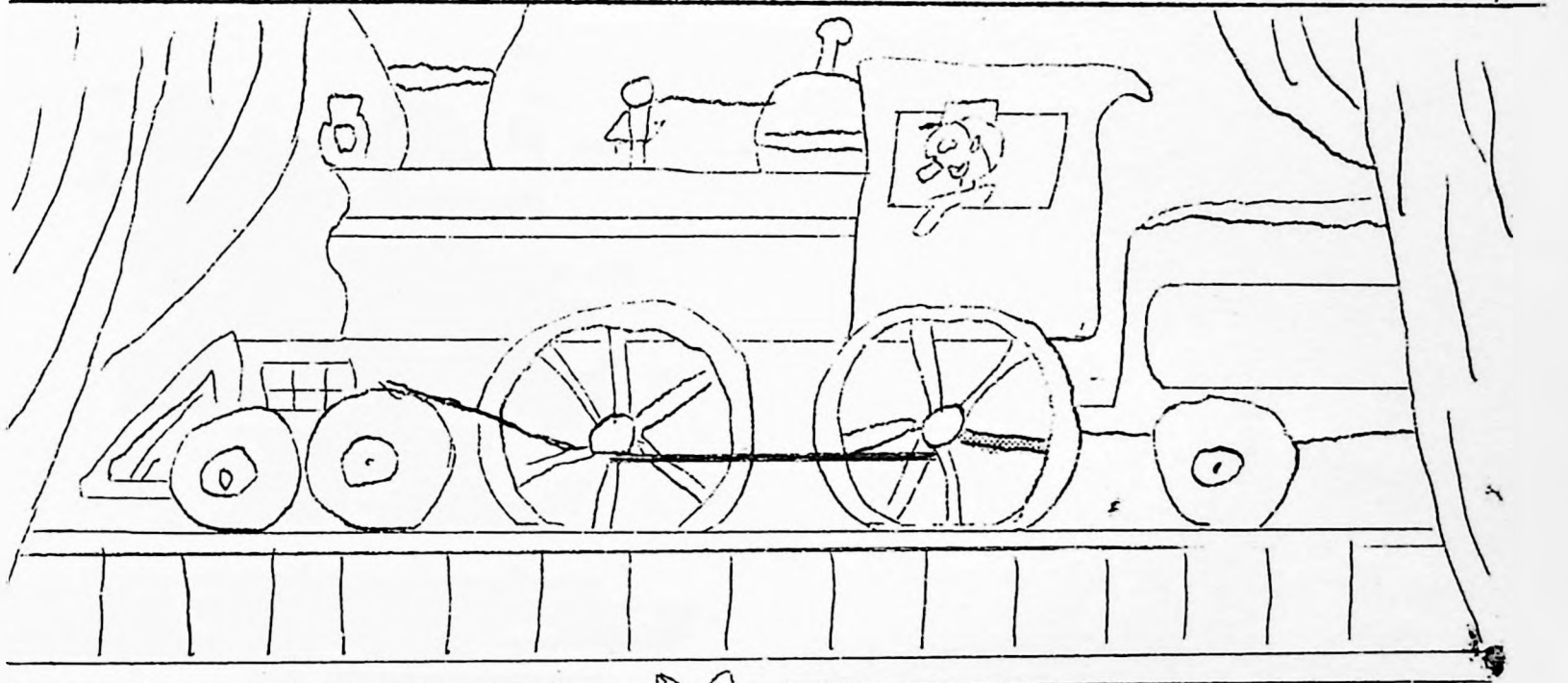
Chronicle -- South Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.

Having illustrations with some of the stories is a clever idea.

The Blue and White -- Westbrook High School, Westbrook, Maine.

We think yours is the most attractive, interesting and complete book we have received.

ACT ONE PLAYS



ONE ACT PLAYS

The Ransom

Characters

Snake Burke ----- Short, fat, head of the gang
John Finn ----- A member of the gang
Tom Pell ----- Another member
Jimmy Bell ----- The kidnaped child of ten years.

Setting

A camp in the mountains surrounded by trees, and a large rock nearby
Time
July, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

As the curtain rises we find all the cast seated around the campfire. Jimmy is tossing sticks about, Tom is almost asleep, Snake is writing the ransom note, and John is cleaning his gun.

Jimmy: Gee, it's hot! Why do we have to keep the fire burning? I'm having the grandest time of my life, guess I'll go down to the brook and take a little dip.

Snake: Oh, no ya don't, kid. You stay right here, or else ---

Jimmy: O.K. I get ya but why are you keeping me penned up? You told me that daddy asked you to take me for a vacation. Say, what makes Tom's nose so red?

John: (laughing) Ain't that a hot one! ha! ha! What makes Tom's nose red?

Jimmy: Well, what is it?

Snake: Confound your wagging tongues, I can't even think to spell. How much had we ought to make it?

John: About \$2,500 is plenty for this little two legged sky-rocket.

Jimmy: I don't like the names that you call me. But gee, will you tell me what makes the grass green?

Snake: Can you beat that kid! I never saw a little half pint that could ask so many questions. Next he will ask how many it takes to make twelve.

Jimmy: How did you know that I wanted to know that?

Tom: He'll drive us all to the mad house if we don't get rid of him pronto.

Snake: Shut up, who is running this gang?

Tom: O.K. boss, but make this a rush order.

Snake: Take good care of camp while I'm gone and have the grub ready when I come back. Be sure to keep the kid entertained or there won't be any dough for you.

(Snake exits)

Jimmy: Let's play Indians, huh? If you don't I'll run away.

Tom: Come on John we'll have to amuse the kid. How do you play this game?

Jimmy: Well, you two are going to be the Indians and I'm an old pioneer. Your tribe is going to raid my stockade and so I want to find out when. You must stand over by that tree. I'll sneak up behind you and stab you with this stick, then I'll drag you back to my camp by the hair of your head and torture you until I can find out the night that you are going to come to my stockade. See? This is going to be lots of fun.

John: For some reason or rather I don't seem to like this idea about torturing us but come on Tom we have to stand over here.
(The two men go over to one side and stand back to the kid, he tiptoes lightly behind them then shouts:

Jimmy: Whoopee! Victory! YIPPEEEEE!
(Jimmy hurls sticks at them and they fall, then he rushes over to them and jumps on them)

Tom: Stop, kid that wasn't in the bargain.

Jimmy: That's all for now. (He drags them by the collars over to the rock and begins to tie them up. He tied Tom to a tree).

Tom: This is the first time that any human has ever tied me up. What are you going to do with John?

Jimmy: Scalp him.

John: (screaming) Get away from me kid I've had enough. First you almost break my legs and now you think you're going to scalp me!
Nothing doing, I'm quitting.

Tom: You can't quit, remember what Snake said.

John: That's right, only I wish that Snake was here to get some of this with us.

Jimmy: Now I'm going to burn Tom at that tree, how will you like that?

Tom: Don't do it kid. Say, Tom take all the matches away from that crazy little monkey.

John: I would but my hands are tied. If I had a free hand I'll bet that this kid wouldn't sit down for a week.
(Snake enters)

Tom: Gee, I'm glad that you've come back Snake, now untie us.

Jimmy: No, let me untie them.

John: Well, Snake tell us quickly, what did you get?

Snake: This is what I got:
Will not meet your demands.
I'm offering you some: bring the kid back with \$500.
Or else--

Snake: We'll keep that kid until they come through. Won't we?

Tom: W-e-ll I-I-

John: Aw, let's do as they say. Or that kid will put me in the booby-hatch.

Snake: To tell the truth the kid was getting on my nerves too. So let's break up camp.

Jimmy: Have I been kidnapped? Boy, if I'd have known that I would have given you some real excitement. I like it here! I don't want to go home!
(With all the things packed Snake takes the kid under his arm kicking and yelling:)

Jimmy: I won't go home, I don't want to go home!

--Marie Pousland

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The "Fiddler's Ball"

Time: Middle of afternoon.

Characters are: Ed Jones -- an old hick farmer
Sue Jones -- Ed's wife
Jim Lawson -- another farmer
Sade Lawson -- Jim's wife

Ed: Say, Jim do you suppose we can go to-night?

Jim: I don't know. You know Sade is dead against poker games.

Ed: I know, I know, but you could tell her you were going somewhere else.

Jim: Where, old pal?

Ed: Oh to-night they're giving down to the old hall, some sort of a fiddler's ball, and you might say you were going to that.

Jim: Yeh, but Sade would want to go along.

Ed: You could tell her that it was only for men.

Jim: All right Ed, I'll try anything once.

(Jim goes home and Sade is waiting for him)

Sade: Well, Jim, where have you been this afternoon?

Jim: Oh, just down to the store talking to the boys.

Sade: Well, that's a nice way to waste your time.

Jim: By the way, Sade, did you know they're giving a fiddler's ball to-night down at the hall?

Sade: No, are they?

Jim: Yes, and I would like to go.

Sade: Well, I would be glad to have you go but you must be in by half past ten.

Jim: All right Sade I'll be in.

(Scene takes place later in evening)

Jim: I had an easy time getting out, how about you?

Ed: No, I had quite a time explaining to Sue where I was going.

Jim: Let's hurry the game begins at seven o'clock.

Ed: Here's hoping I'm lucky tonight, I need a new pair of shoes.

Jim: How much money have you? I've got exactly four dollars and eighty-three cents.

Ed: I've got three dollars and a half.

(After the game, on the way home)

Jim: Not so bad though, made nearly ten bucks.

Ed: Yes, you won and I lost, now what am I going to tell Sue?

Jim: Tell her anything, tell her you lost it. By the way Ed what time is it?

Ed: To be exact, it is two minutes past twelve.

Jim: Jumping grasshoppers, what will I ever tell Sade?

Ed: Now for a good excuse you might say there were a large number of speakers and it took a long time for them all to speak.

Jim: All right but if Sade asks you about it, don't forget.

(Next morning at breakfast table at Jim's home.)

Sade: I thought I told you to be in last night at ten thirty. Nice time of night to be pulling in.

Jim: Yes, Sade, I know but it was like this.

Sade: No excuses, Jim. I understand. I am going over to see Sue this morning.

(Later at Sue's home)

Sade: What do you think Sue Jim never got home last night until after midnight?

Sue: I know all about it. Ed tried to tell me the ball kept open until that time of night. I know better because I heard Tom Jones and Bill

Green go home a little after ten and besides what do you think I found in Ed's pocket? Poker chips.

Sade: What? Really? And they said they were going to the fiddler's ball. You just wait until I get my hands on Jim.

Sue: Well, I fixed Mr. Ed. He's out in the back yard sawing up two cords of wood. What do you say if we go in town to the movies this afternoon?

Sade: All right. I'll see you later.

(At Sade's house)

Sade: Jim Lawson, what have you to say for yourself? I know where you were last night, playing poker, now just hand over the money and get to work cleaning up that shed.

(After the movies)

Sue: I guess Sade we got even with them guys for foolin' us. Don't you?

Sade: Yes, and you know Sue I wouldn't mind if Jim played poker every night as long as I got ten dollars, but I wouldn't let him know it.

--Charlotte Verrill.

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"Just A Mistake"

Characters

Mary Standing
Joe Standing
Grandma
Mrs. Standing
Mrs. Addie Snoop

Scene: The Standing living room about 8:00 A.M.

Mary:

Mary: An attractive girl about 19. Very lively, wearing evening clothes.

Joe: Brother of Mary, attending college, wears white flannels.

Grandma: A stern old lady, wrinkled with age. Very near sighted.

Mrs. Standing: A middle-aged woman. Calm and understanding, wearing street clothes.

Mrs. Addie Snoop: An extra large gossipy woman. Always prying into others' affairs.

As the curtain rises the Standing home is brightly lighted. The family is in the living room. Joe and Mary are hurrying to get dressed for the Junior Prom.

Mary: Oh, Joe, for heaven sakes hurry up and change your clothes. John will be here for us any minute now.

Grandma: (a trifle deaf) Now who'd that girl say she was a-goin' with?

Mrs. Standing: Why I believe she said John Mason, any objections?

Grandma: (disgusted) Well! I admire her taste. She runs around with every Tom, Dick and Harry. Why don't she pick up a man. That Johnny reminds me of a monkey on a stick.

Mary: (her temper rising) I don't suppose you were ever a girl were you Grandma?

Grandma: Yes (sarcastic) and when I was a girl I chose a man that would make me a good husband. One that I wouldn't have to support. Of all the ideas you young people have.

(Horn blows outside and Mary and Joe rush for the door).

Mrs. Standing: Now dear, don't stay out too late, and be a good girl. I wish you would be in by 12:00. You know last night it was 2:00.

Grandma: Yes, when a girl 19 years old stays out till 2:00 somthings got to be done about it.

(Knock on the door is heard, Mrs. Snoop enters).

Mrs. Snoop: Good evening, Mrs. Standing. Didn't I see Mary and Joe going out with John Mason? I don't see why you let your children go around with that boy. Don't you know what the neighbors are saying about him? I should think your daughter would want a man with money. I suppose she'll be getting married pretty soon, won't she?

Mrs. Standing: I don't pry into my daughters affairs.

Mrs. Snoop: Now I wouldn't say anything for the world, I guess I wouldn't not a tiny bitty word (sniffs around) Don't I smell cabbage?

Mrs. Standing: Yes, we had a boiled dinner this noon.

Mrs. Snoop: Now ain't that a coincidence Jake and I just love boiled dinner (hints to Mrs. S. but she refuses to take the hint). Why the last time I had a boiled dinner I bet the whole neighborhood had boiled dinner with me. Say, did you know Sarah Bean is going to get a divorce?

Mrs. Standing: Why, no, I didn't.

Mrs. Snoop: Well, she is, and I would if I was her with a husband like she's got, out all times of the night. Well, I got to be travelling I've something to tell Mrs. Mullen.

(Mrs. Snoop goes out side door.)

Grandma: If that woman ain't a busy-body I never see one.

Mrs. Standing: You'd better go to bed now grandma. The children won't be home till late. I'll sit up and wait for them to lock the doors.

(Grandma goes up stairs feebly and Mrs. Standing sits down in chair to read, soon she falls asleep.)

(Four hours later)

Mary: I wonder what the house is lighted for? Do you suppose mother is sick?

Joe: No, I don't think so, probably she's waiting up for us.

Mary: I hope not, you don't look very presentable.

Joe: (ashamed) Well, I can't help it if Jack gave me this shiner, Sue was my girl and nobodys else. Wait'll I get him to-morrow.

Mary: (relieved) Well, I'm glad you didn't make a scene in the dance hall or our name would have been mudd. Now don't you tell mother about John, I want to.

Joe: Don't worry. It's not my marriage.

(Enter the house)

Mary: Be careful of that door! Don't you remember it squeaks? (door squeaks).

Mrs. Standing: (half asleep) Who's-there?

Mary: It's Joe and I, Mother, is everything all right?

Mrs. Standing: What time is it? (looks at clock and then at Joe) Why Joe what on earth happened to you? Tell me quick! Have you been in an accident?

Joe: Why, mother, it's nothing, I-er-er I-er-er --
Mary: He means to say that he and Jack Rae had a fight over Sue but wait'll
you hear my news (excited).
Mrs. Standing; What news?
Mary: John proposed to me.
Mrs. Standing: But you didn't accept him?
Mary: Yes, I did, mother.
Mrs. Standing: (very angry turning white) My daughter marrying John Greene,
I guess not!
Mary: Joe get mother some water she's going to faint. (Joe starts for kitchen).
Mrs. Standing: No, I'm not I have no idea of fainting.
Mary: But mother, John - - -
Mrs. Standing: (crying, hysterical, calls to Grandma). Wake up Grandma, come
down stairs quick. Mary has --
Grandma: (wakes and comes down slowly).
Mrs. Standing: Mary has (sob) has promised to marry that good for nothing
John Greene.
Grandma: Never shall I have a grandson. I'll disown you as my granddaughter
I'll - - -
Mary: But you don't understand.
Grandma & Mrs. Standing: Oh yes we do!
Mary: But John's uncle just sent him a telegram to-night while we were at the
Green Gables that he had inherited \$50,000 from his grandfather.
Mrs. Standing: (becoming more quiet) Well, think of that.
Grandma: \$50,000, h'm that's a lot of money. I always did think John was a
fairly good boy but I didn't want to tell you so. It might have
made you swell headed. (Grandma hugs Mary).
--Evelyn Morrill.

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A Nerve Straining Evening

The scene is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Staples,
a young author and his wife.

The time: 7:00 P.M.

It is the night that a performance of one of
Mr. Staples' plays is to be given at the local
theatre.

Mrs. Staples: You know, I have a feeling that Aunt Jane is going to visit us
soon. I feel it in my bones.

Mr. Staples: Yes, and she thinks I'm practising law. She'd cut me off from
my inheritance if she knew I were attempting to write. Joan will
you fix my tie? The taxi will be here in about ten minutes. For
heaven's sake where's the clothes brush, Joan? I guess by the
looks the dog took a nap on my dress coat. Say, Joan, do you
think I ought to make a speech, tonight?

Mrs. Staples: Why, of course you'll have to make a speech. Now, let's see
you rehearse it.

(Mr. Staples making a curt bow gives a very brief speech)

Mrs. Staples: (Quite displeased at her husband's attempt at speaking). Don't
bend like that. You look as though you'd break in two. Do it

more like the Europeans. Bend from the waist. And your speeches
It's far too short.

(Mr. Staples attempts to correct his errors when
the door bell rings).

Mrs. Staples: Oh, John! Who could that be now?

Mr. Staples: Oh, it's probably the taxi-cab driver. (He goes to the window)
Good lord! It's Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Staples: Oh, John, what'll we do now?

Mr. Staples: Take your coat off! We mustn't let her know we intend to go
anywhere. We'll rush her off to bed and then we'll go.
(Aunt Jane enters)

Aunt Jane: Oh, hello folks! Are you going somewhere?

Mrs. Staples: Oh no, Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane: What are you all dressed up for, then?

Mrs. Staples: Oh, in the city the people always dress up in the evening.

Aunt Jane: Well, then, I guess I'd better go and change my dress.

Mr. Staples: Oh no, Aunt Jane, you'd better not. You must be awfully tired
after such a long trip. You must go to bed. I'll get the bed
ready for you. Come now.

Aunt Jane: I'm not going to bed. Why, the idea. It's only 7:30 now. I'll
go change my dress and go wherever you're going. I take it you
are going somewhere. (Exit Aunt Jane).

Mr. Staples: Joan, the taxi will be here in five minutes. What are we going
to do with her?

Mrs. Staples: You put on your coat and hat and say you're going out after a
newspaper. You can skip over to the theatre and I'll be over as
soon as I can get rid of her.

Aunt Jane: (Aunt Jane comes back into the living room) How's the law busi-
ness now, John?

John: Hmmmm. Well it's rather slack just now.

Aunt Jane: I suppose so. Especially with you younger ones.

John: I guess I'll go after the paper. I won't be long.

Aunt Jane: You needn't bother. I have the evening paper right here in my
bag.

Mrs. Staples: John, I think you'd better go to the drug store anyway. I feel
a terrible headache coming on. Get me some bromide.

Aunt Jane: I have that right here in my bag, too. By the way, John, didn't
I see your name in the paper as author of a play that was to be
given at the Roxy theatre tonight.

Mr. Staples: Oh, no, Aunt Jane, it couldn't have been me. It must have been
someone by the same name. There are a lot of people by the name
of "Staples" here in town.

Aunt Jane: Whose picture is this here on the table?

Mrs. Staples: Oh that. That's just one of my favorite actresses. Mary Baker
is her name.

Aunt Jane: It seems to me that Mary Baker was the name of the actress who
was to take the leading feminine role in the play by John Staples
tonight. You can't fool me any longer John. Come on. Let's go
to the performance. I knew you could do it, John. I'm proud of
you. I hope your drama is a success. And it will be, Author
Staples!

(The taxi horn is heard outside).

--Wilma Qualey.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Happy Valley

One day many years ago in a small Italian town two old people were sitting outside their cottage door admiring the beautiful sunset, garden and flowers. Their scant supper had been eaten and the day's labor over when the sounds of children shouting and dogs barking were heard far down in the village.

Not often did travelers pass through this town and when they did the neighbors would treat them with little kindness, dogs would rush at them and children throw stones at them.

Betsy and Daniel were quite poor having to work hard for a living. Daniel toiled hard in his garden and carving furniture while Betsy made butter or was doing one thing or another about the house. Their food was seldom anything but bread, butter, milk, vegetables or honey, but any weary traveler that passed by their door was always welcome.

Their cottage stood on a small hill a short distance from the village. Tall beautiful oaks grew great and high making the country very beautiful. Years ago people believed there was a large roaring river there but now only a small brook meandered through the town to supply the inhabitants with water.

While shaking their heads and talking to one another about how these ungrateful people taught their children to be no better than themselves, an old feeble man approached on foot. He was very humbly dressed, his clothes muddy and torn by the fierce dogs. He carried an old staff with carvings of two snakes on it. Throwing himself carelessly on the bench when he reached the cottage he asked Betsy if they could spare a slice of bread for an old man that was hungry and tired. Betsy prepared some supper for him but began to make apologies for the poor meal she was forced to set before her guest.

"Do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the stranger.

Eating his bread and milk the stranger requested to be shown to his place to sleep. Betsy and Daniel would have gladly talked a little longer but the stranger refused to answer their questions telling them he wished to retire.

After being shown to a small, dark room in the rear of the cottage the stranger lies down on the bed and is asleep in five minutes. His dreams take him back to his childhood when his father was a sea captain, who sailed around the world and traveled into distant lands. This particular dream was his living again his journey into the Sahara the overstretching desert from the Atlantic to the Nile.

Old Captain Stone was a great sea rover. He had been brought up on a ship from a very small child, so the sea spirit was sort of in his blood. He mingled with the tough and rough sailors until he became one of them. About the age of eighteen he married the cook later having a child. The child, which was a boy, loathed the sea despite Old Captain Cook's training him for a sailor. On one of their voyages which took them to North Africa,

Capt. Cook took it into his head that he wanted to trade with the Arabs in the Sahara. The crew was ordered ashore to be fitted out and in less than two hours the caravan was organized, camels and all. Far out into the desert they travelled on the hot sand. No trees, no houses, no nothing but red and brown sand. Now and then there was a breeze but how warm. More than once the Captain said: "If I could smell that good salt sea I'd never step foot on land again." Slowly step by step the camels covered the ground. Poor, slow creatures, lucky they can hold enough water for three days because oases are few and far between. Great traders filled this arid land but not to travel alone for it is dangerous in the desert. Many perish because of lack of water. Not only man but beast.* Skeletons lay most anywhere in the desert. I remember one night, the tents had been pitched and camels tended when the chief of the caravan came running to my father, Capt. Cook, telling him a sand storm was on its way and about to strike us. We all became frantic because we had heard stories that people perish in these. Soon it came and how the wind blew the sand filling our eyes and clothing with the yellow dust. By morning the storm was over but tracks of previous traders were covered so we had to rely on the judgment of the Chief to guide us.

The heat was getting my father after our two day trip making him delirious. He would tell us how he could see date palms and springs bubbling over with pure cold water. His spells were becoming so frequent now it worried us but the Chief said we were nearing an Arab trading where we could find relief.

That evening we entered the village which was a hum-drum of odd noises, drums were beating in one tent to induce people to enter to enjoy a dancing scene. Another tent featured a fortune teller wrinkled with age ready to tell your past and future. After stocking up with food and trading a few articles we started out on the lone Sahara. Now and then clouds gathered but no rain came. Once another caravan came in sight perhaps a half mile away but passed in another direction. The atmosphere was so dry and clear that we could hear them at a vast distance.

Toward the end of our trip my father not quite recovered would now and then see a mirage. It might be a city with tall buildings like castles or a beautiful lake. He kept telling us how near we were to them but they never appeared. We travelled to Cairo where we took a boat for the port where our vessel was anchored. This was my only experience in the Sahara.

By the time the old man that was weary had dreamed of his younger days it was time to arise. Getting up and feeling much refreshed and after eating some of Betsy's home made muffins he got ready to leave. But although he looked poor it was no sign he was. Leaving a small box on the bed he departed from the cottage thanking Betsy and Daniel for their hospitality. After he was out of sight Betsy returned to the bedroom finding the box. Opening it there were gold coins worth hundreds of dollars. It was no mirage that Betsy saw. The traveler could not be located so Betsy and Daniel took the money and built them a new cottage like they had always wanted in "Happy Valley".

-- Evelyn Morrill

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The Lost Atlantis

Captain William Jacobs was now a grown man of about the age of thirty-eight. The story of his working up to be a Captain begins with his early boyhood vacations.

It was about thirty years ago when "Bill" first became interested in the sea. It was during a summer vacation that Bill's parents spent two months on the sea in their small yacht. During the first week of the vacation, Bill became very sea sick and stayed in his cabin a great deal of the time. As time went on he became more accustomed to the sea-life and sea-sickness did not bother him any more.

It was one warm, calm day in June that Bill and his father were on the deck of the ship watching the birds as they hovered over the sea and glanced into the distance to see if they could see another ship coming toward them. At this time their own ship was travelling quite fast and it would be disastrous to hit another ship at this rate of speed. As they looked through their glasses they could see a small ship coming towards them. As the ship neared them, they noticed that the name on the ship was the "Atlantis I". When the Atlantis passed their own ship, Bill noticed that it was a very modern vessel and that the people on board were all dressed in naval uniform.

"What kind of a ship is that, Dad?" asked Bill.

"It is one of 'Uncle Sam's' Coast Guard Cutters," replied his father.

Bill stopped and gazed in amazement and again asked, "Who is 'Uncle Sam'?"

"Well, son, it is a nickname that is given to the United States," replied his father.

"What is a cutter, Dad?" asked Bill.

"It is a ship that protects the coast of the United States from enemies and also answers S.O.S. calls from ships that are in trouble on the sea."

Bill thought for a few moments and then said, "You know, Dad, I'm going to be a Captain on one of those ships when I get older."

"Good for you," replied his father with a broad smile on his face.

It was a few days after this that they returned home and the vacation was over. It was a familiar job to be back at their daily tasks. For the next few days, all that Bill could talk about was that he was going to be a Captain of a ship. He told many of his friends about this, and all they did was laugh at him.

As time went on, and Bill became older he would soon be graduated from high school. The last year of high school seemed to go very slowly but at last he graduated. Soon after his graduation his father asked, "Now that you are through school, Bill, what are you going to do?"

"Well, Dad, for a long time I have been making plans to join the United

States Navy, and now I am going to," replied Bill.

"Well, son, if that is your desire, I will not interfere with your plans," replied his father in an agreeable manner.

The next year Bill joined the Navy and didn't like it at first. After the first year of training, Bill became much more interested in the Navy and liked it very much. He had passed all the requirements and was now ready for promotion.

Bill was now only 23 years old but because of his faithfulness, etc., he was made a Captain. Immediately after this promotion he was stationed on the cutter "Atlantis II" which had just been finished being built. As he read the name his memory turned back to when he was a boy. The next day his crew of sailors were chosen and he was ready to take over his new post.

For a long time he had very little to do, but one day he received orders from the head commander to go to aid a ship which had just sent in an S.O.S. call. Captain Bill Jacobs gave his orders to the sailors and the cutter set out immediately to help the ship in need. After a short cruise the "Atlantis" came upon the troubled ship and towed it into the coast.

This was a much easier task than Bill had expected it to be and it was all over in a very short time.

It was a few days after this that the "Atlantis" was sent out to look for a ship that had been having trouble. As the "Atlantis" cruised along a strong wind came up and Bill realized that a storm was approaching. Bill ordered all hands on deck and to be ready to face the danger which would probably be theirs. As he was giving his orders, a huge wave washed up over the deck. As soon as it was over Bill noticed that three sailors had been washed overboard. Bill ordered an S.O.S. to be sent immediately. Again another wave washed over the deck but nothing was damaged this time. The wind had become much stronger and in a few minutes Bill noticed that the ship was beginning to sink.

"Lower the life boats!" ordered Bill. "All sailors take to the life boats except 'Joe' and 'Weopy'."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailor as they lowered the boats and took to them. Bill and the two sailors stayed on the Atlantis to try and save. They worked very laboriously but without any success.

"Lower the last life boat!" ordered Bill.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailors as they lowered the boat. As soon as it was lowered Bill and the two sailors got into it and started toward the coast as the Atlantis sank out of sight. Before they had gone very far they were picked up by the Cutter "Jackson" and were brought back to the Coast Guard Station. When they landed Bill was ordered by the Commander to go to his office and tell the story. Bill told how he had lost three sailors and how he had tried to save the "Atlantis" but met with little success. After he had finished his story the Commander said, "Captain, you have done your duty and stuck to your ship until the end and in appreciation I give you this medal." The Commander pinned the medal on Bill's coat and Bill said, "I have done nothing but my duty as all good sailors would have done."

It was only a few days after this that Bill was stationed as Captain of the new Cutter "Jonesville". He took his new post immediately and again went to do his duties.

He wrote to his parents about his new appointment and was praised very highly by them in a return letter.

Since this time Bill has made much progress in the Navy and by the time he was forty-five he was made an Admiral. He has done his duty and has served his country to the best of his ability and has accomplished his boyhood ambition with "flying colors".

--Ronald H. Colley '37.

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The Episode on Grey Street

It was late afternoon and the sinking sun was beginning to make the small dingy buildings along Grey St. cast long shadows which conveyed an unpleasant feeling to one who might chance to glance down that street. The very atmosphere was ominous. Two boys of about twelve were strolling lazily down the street. One lolling along with his hands in his pockets scuffed through the dust and occasionally kicked a stone that came in the way of his tread.

The other was attempting to whittle a short stick with a rusty knife he had picked up in the street. They were both dressed in the habitual clothing of those who have the misfortune to dwell in the slums.

Jackie broke the silence, "Aw gee, did ya ever sec anythin' like this. Nothin' to do. There never was any excitement here. What'll we do, Bill? Why don't you sugest sumpin' to do instead of jes' mopin' along whittlin' that old piece of wood."

"Well, brightness, why don't ya do a little thinkin' yourself for a change? I've been doin' all the sugestin' for the last week. Boy, can I sugest, too! 'Member the last real excitin' thing we did. That was sure fun. We came near gettin' caught though. If it hadn't been for me, we would of. I sugested that didn't I?" Bill's chest began to swell. He lauded himself as being the biggest little "tuff" on Grey St.

"I tell you what," Jackie suddenly replied as though an inspiration had come to him. "Everythin's a lot more scary at night and there's a moon, too, now. Ya know what people been sayin' for the last two days -- that there's been noises down roud that old Riley house. Nobody's been livin' in it for a long time. P'raps some gangsters have a hideout there. We could kinda snoop around anyway. We could make believe we were a couple of detectives. It would be kinda spooky in that old house. I noticed the other day that one of the winders was gone. We could climb through that. We'd better take my brother Jim along, too. He might be a big help at capturin' whoever 'tis ya know, Bill, you never can tell what big men there may be in there."

So at seven o'clock that night the two small boys with Jack's brother started on their adventure, unknowing of what adventure did lie before them. They reached the big old gray house which stood in from the street. It had a

dilapidated old picket fence in front that might have once been white but now it was turned almost black by the train smoke, weather and markings of children. They approached the window. The older boy lifted them both on his shoulders until they could reach the sill. After they had all entered, Jim flickered the flash light around the room in which they were in. Nothing could be found but dirt and cobwebs. They tried several other rooms but the results were the same.

The boys had had a growing sense of disappointment for some little time now and they had about given up hopes.

"Aw heck, we don't wanta leave now. If we can't find anyone else here why I'll make believe I'm a criminal hidin' here and you two jest see if you can find me. You go outside a while while I find my hideout. I'll bet you can't find a trace of me anywhere." It was Bill who had made this challenge.

The other two considered the proposition for several moments.

"All right," Jack returned, "but it won't be much fun chasin' a tame thing like you around."

Bill's vanity had been hurt by this, of course, and he broke in, "You wait, I'll make it plenty scery for you yet." So they went outside.

After what seemed ample time for Bill to have secured a hideout, they started their search.

Bill had immediately thought of the cellar as being the most gruesome place he could find to seek refuge from two such bold and daring detectives. He started creeping down the stairs as noiselessly as possible. He began to have a queer sensation come over him. Naturally Bill wouldn't admit it was fear. He reached the end of the long dark stairway. A small shaft of light from a street light coming through the small, dirty, cellar window gave him sufficient light to see his way around. He turned and began to prowl toward a coal bin where he thought he could hide. Suddenly he stopped. A low groan came from the direction of the corner. He saw something white fluttering. Someone seemed to be struggling, trying to free himself from clanking chains. Brave Bill didn't stop to look twice. He stumbled up the stairs and gasping he called to his two chums. "I jes' saw a ghost! A ghost, I tell you!"

His friends started to laugh but they decided to assure Bill that it was his imagination. Bill pointed out the place and they crept toward it. The groaning had become louder now. Jim turned the flashlight toward the coal bin. They were horrified by the sight that met their eyes. An old man with a small face and dark leery eyes lay on the floor with a white sheet tied around him. He was kicking as much as his bonds would permit but a gag prevented him from uttering anything but guttural sounds. They released the chains and took the gag from his mouth. He began in a loud beseeching tone, "Don't let him get me! Don't let him get me! He said he'd kill me when he came back! He took all my clothes and left me with just this sheet so that I couldn't get away. He'll kill me, I know he will."

The boy tried to calm the perturbed man but he kept on rambling.

Then steps were heard coming up the walk. The door was unlocked and a man entered. A strange expression swept across the old man's face. The

hospital.

He said that the old man had evidently come into the house and chained himself in the cellar.

The fanatic on hearing the detective's statements broke into mad laughter. Presently two more men came in and carried him off.

The boys looked at each other in utter astonishment, somewhat awestruck by the course of events. They agreed that they had had their share of excitement for that day and so they parted at the old picket fence.

--Wilma Qualey.

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The Mansion On The Cliff

Old Mr. Merriweather was dead. It had been his last wish that he should be allowed to remain alone in his mansion on the cliff on the night before the burial. Considering the treasures that were in the house this seemed foolhardy. But -- since he left no relatives -- when the coroner and the undertaker departed they left the gloomy old place deserted and locked up.

There it stood -- tall and grim and foreboding -- a stark figure against the graying sky -- its severeness somewhat relieved by the majestic old elms that were at its sides.

Mr. Merriweather had had a lonely life and as far as anyone knew, had not had any friends. He was eccentric, and commonly called queer. Since he had become ill, however, some of the neighbors had come to extend sympathy and offer aid. * All of which was a pretense. Their sole thought was that perhaps they would be rewarded. He was reputed to have fabulous wealth. He had never spent much of it because after the death of his beautiful young bride he had gone into voluntary exile.

His only servant had been an odd little urchin that he had picked up, one Petey Bartlett.

Petey used to go down to the store and buy the supplies but he never spoke to anyone. He merely performed his duties and spent his spare time in the magnificent library. Altogether he led a strange existence for one so young; but doubtless infinitely better than if he had been left to his fate on the streets.

When the old fellow died, Petey had disappeared.....

In one of the cheap "dives" in the heart of London a group of surly-looking men sat conversing excitedly, yet, keeping their voices pitched low.

"Dis sure will be a soft lay-out if we play the cards right," said

one, obviously a subordinate.

"Shut yer trap," was the gruff reply from the one who seemed to dominate them. "Now dere ain't likely to be no 'bobbies' aroun' dis dump, so we'll have a clear coast. Now see -- we'll band together like this --" and he talked on outlining the plans.

"Gee, I don't like 'stiffs'! It gives me the 'creeps' to think of prowling aroun' in the dark with dat old geezer stretched out 'cold' no more'n ten feet away from me."

"Yeller," sneered the big fellow, who, behind his air of bravado also had a kind of queerish feeling about being around a corpse. (He'd always sorta figured there was something about a guy after he'd died that -- well, he just couldn't figure it out.) But none of his secret fears did he relay to his companions. He only jeered at them.

They got up and went out into the street.....

Across the deserted house and the cliff, night was casting her first shadows. There seemed to be an almost ominous silence. In one spurt of glory the sun sank down below the horizon and darkness came to the English countryside.

A swift and cutting wind came up and swept across the cliff, causing the elms, even, to bow their stately heads.

It was twelve, midnight. Along the winding path to the house, were seen flickering lanterns ascending laboriously.

They reached the top. They spoke in muffled whispers -- not because they thought they needed to exercise caution but because, although none would admit it, all were a little fearful at what they were about to do.

They easily unlocked a window and entered. It had become musty smelling even in this short time. Some of the men darted glances here and there as if they expected something to jump at them from the shadows.

They weren't exactly sure where the body was but expected it to be in the parlor. Accordingly, they shied away from that room.

The leader bravely ventured forth into the great study, favorite room of the old man. All was very quiet and he made all the noise he could to still the feeling of dread that the very silence aroused in him. His band followed him. Ah! There was the trophy case which alone contained a small fortune.

There were heavy velvet drapes at the south end of the study. He went toward them and rather gingerly parted them. He was violently surprised. There was the coffin! He only said, "Well, here's the old feller." Then as he viewed the casket with something of awe his eyes suddenly dilated with horror. The cloth that covered the head and shoulders of the body moved --! He screamed and, terrified, cried out to his companions. They dropped the loot they had been gathering and fled. "A ghost!" someone shouted inanely. All courage had departed from them and they only stopped to breathe when they had stumbled and run half way down the path.....

Nonchalantly, Peter Bartlett stepped from behind the big morris chair in a remote corner of the study -- walked over to the casket and said, "Well, sir, I couldn't let them do that to you." And with a tear on his cheek which proclaimed that beneath his veneer of indifference there were some tenderer emotions, Petey lifted the cloth and from beneath it picked Esmerelda, the day old kitten that he had found in the barn the night before and walked out.

--Sarah Wilson,

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The Red Banshee

A parallel case to that of "The Hound of Baskerville" is the strange case of Sir Roderick Fenton. The following is my account of the singular circumstances.

One evening while I was seated comfortably in my study, my man knocked and entered.

"Who might be calling this late hour?" I inquired, on observing the card in his hand.

"Here is his card, sir. Shall I show him in?" he answered, at the same time handing the card to me.

"Certainly," I replied, noting the name, Sir Roderick Fenton, one of the most moneyed country squires in England and knowing that if I were retained by him in my profession as a private detective surely I should be rewarded a handsome fee.

"Ah! Good evening, sir. Are you not the renowned pupil of the illustrious Sherlock Holmes, Lester Cartwright," exclaimed a pompous, and somewhat nobleman as he was ushered through the study door, interrupting my study of the card. He stood, then, for a minute puffing and blowing, and then sank down in a nearby chair.

"I am Cartwright," I replied, "but not a pupil of Holmes certainly, but rather a contemporary." I smiled as I said this for in my heart I am one of the most ardent and admiring pupils of that great master, but I could not allow my rugged ego to suffer such a billing.

"Although I deduce the facts that you are greatly worried, and have come on the night train from Dover where your summer home is, and that you wish my aid, I know nothing of your plight," I continued after a short pause.

"How do you know this," he exclaimed in surprise, looking around him with frightened glances.

"You will say it is absurdly easy, when I explain," I said. "Your boots, I observe, are covered with a powdery white substance which I take to be chalk, and all certainly know of the famous chalk cliffs at Dover which is a well known country estate resort. From that you can form your own conclusion. As to your nervousness, your actions speak for themselves. Seeing that

your boots aren't polished I surmised that you had traveled recently, which of course would be tonight."

"Why, how simple it appears now," he said.

"Now, please let me know what I can do," I said impatiently.

"I shall start from the beginning," he announced. "As you probably know, the Fenton family is one of the most noble families in the annals of English history. In the year 1663 a black-sheep, a most villainous man came into possession of the estate, without doubt by foul means. He hated his relatives who hated him as vehemently. He, on his death bed, vowed that a crimson wraith should haunt his successors to the estate. This legend has prevailed throughout the years up to this time.

"Now, Mr. Cartwright, I pride myself on being a sensible man, and I do not believe in the supernatural, but recently I have had a great fright.

"Two years ago my older brother died in a mysterious manner. The coroner owed his death to a heart attack, but I have reason to believe that his death was not natural, but connected with this grim and fantastic tradition. He apparently fell dead while strolling about his grounds near the chalk cliffs. Recently two natives, quite reliable ones, too, report strange shapes seen near the spot where he fell. His features were fixed in horror.

"But last night I, myself, learned the cause of his death, or at least part of it. It was a terribly dark night, the sky being overcast and shutting out the moon and stars. Not a breath of air was stirring except close to the sea's surface. I heard a noise near the cliff, and, fearing burglars, I went outside the house to see what was happening. Suddenly my hair stood on end, for, rising slowly and hideously, a scarlet ghost appeared above the edge of the cliff. Rooted to the spot I stood and stared at the wreathing mist. Then suddenly I reached for a stone and threw it at the apparition. The stone went through it and splashed in the sea. Slowly then the wraith became larger and larger, leering, twisting, and twining. It seemed to approach. It uttered a hollow groan and floated above the ground. At the second groan, I turned and fled, and glancing over my shoulder I saw a second wraith join the first. They both stood in bright relief, clad in their blood red robes, against the night. All around them a solid blackness gathered, but directly behind them a grayish haze mingled with their vague everchanging shapes. That, Mr. Cartwright, is my horrible experience." With this story finished, he lay back exhausted.

I sat for a while and thought in silence. Then I all at once had solved the whole incident and the preceding events.

"You may set aside your fears," I said, "for there is no such thing as the supernatural."

"But I heard it speak," he cried, "and saw the stone go right through it myself. Surely you can --"

"Let me explain," I broke in, "and describe the thing exactly as it happened."

"Go on, please," he encouraged.

"Well, my dear sir, I make a guess that you only have two servants

who have been in the family a long time, also that recently you have written your will."

"Quite so."

"I happen to know that you are the last of the Fenton family. Therefore it is reasonable to suppose that you left everything to your two housekeepers."

"That's right."

"And it is true, too, that these servants are married or possibly about to be."

"They're married," he corrected.

"They are the only ones who have access to the kitchen, aren't they?"

He nodded his head.

"Now," I continued, "I shall describe last night's episode. When you approached the cliff you saw nothing. Then, suddenly, the head of what you assumed to be a supernatural being came into sight, rather jumped into sight. You probably smelled a sulphurous odor, or smoke at least. Then the apparition rose, not steadily, but with a hesitating motion.

"In the first place, I should charge the servants with the murder of your father. This is how it was done. Knowing that they, at the death of you and your father, would receive a considerable estate, they conspired to remove you both. This method which they took is based upon an ancient method of conjuring.

"Last night at supper you refused the desert, probably your favorite one, because a headache had been provoked by your fear at the tales of the natives, didn't you?"

"Exactly, but how --"

"Mere guess work, aided by experience," I broke in. "After leaving the house you saw the apparition when investigating a queer noise. It greatly frightened you."

"Why, yes, rather," he ejaculated.

"Now if you had been in the habit of taking dope, or even not in it, what might happen if you had happened to take an overdose that night."

"With my heart weakened in that way, I probably would have dropped dead."

"Precisely. Then a picture projected by an electrified camera upon a wall of smoke caused by a fire covered ^{with} wet or rotten wood, would have been the cause of your death aided, very probably by cocaine, or marilwana. I should advise you to telegraph the constabulary to arrest your servants and investigate the overhanging cliff for such a machine which is moved by a windlass at the bottom of the cliff. I should hasten to punish the ungrateful culprits,

and now, sir, if you have no more business, be on your way and leave me to my rest."

"Good evening, sir, and thank you," said the miserable lord as he marched out.

The next day I received this communication from Scotland Yard.

"Dear Cartwright,

Congratulate me. Through the help of Sir Roderick, and, of course, my own Scotland Yard have solved the Fenton crimes. By the way how did you know the solution before we solved it?

Lisgrade."

--Anthony Eaton

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Where Marigolds Grow

Bob Cranston saw her, first, on the observation platform of a train leaving Salt Lake City, Utah. The next time, they met in a Park Avenue penthouse, fifty-five stories above the sidewalk.

Although Bob could not describe her accurately to a third party, he knew every one of her delicate features by heart. How his pulses throbbed when he looked into her clear, blue eyes and watched the pulse in her pretty, white throat!

Perhaps I had better explain here that Bob had formerly called himself a "self-made" bachelor and in his own words he "was going to bring his children up the same way". This was his judgment, and he thought he would always stand by it, until he saw Mildred. Then, his mind changed overnight, and his friends correctly said that "he was in love".

Bob was a civil engineer in Butte, Montana, when his big chance came to superintend a dam construction at Marlok, twelve miles from Salt Lake City. He was just going home to New York City for a visit to his mother, when he saw -- Mildred. From that moment onward, his search for her and her identity began.

It so happened, that while Bob was home, his mother and he were invited to a party at the Cromwell's penthouse. Bob was dancing merrily along with an acquaintance of his, when he spotted Mildred again. His heart gave a wild leap and for a moment, he thought he should die of joy. The next moment reason returned and he bent to ask his dancing partner, "Who is the girl in the velvet evening gown?"

"Oh, she's Mildred Wentworth, heiress to the Wentworth millions," answered his partner gaily. "She's a regular fellow, too. She likes the outdoors and is not a bit stuck-up."

Bob nodded absently and when the dance had ended, he escorted his partner to her seat, and went in search of the lovely vision. He found her

seated between two personable young men, eating an ice cream of gigantic size.

Ben paused before her and as she glanced up, he said swiftly, "You don't know me, Miss Wentworth, but my name is Bob Cranston, I'm free, white, and twenty-five years of age. I've been wanting to meet you all evening and, now, may I have the next dance?"

The girl glanced into the face of the tall, bronzed man and decided that she liked him. Turning to the two men with her, she said quietly, "Excuse me, fellows, while I dance with Mr. Cranston. Toby, you hold my ice cream for me and I'll come after it when the dance has finished."

She melted into Bob's arms and he soon found out that she danced like a "divine angel". Conversation flowed easily from her, and she kept up a running line of chatter. When the first dance was over, Bob convinced her that they should dance the next, and the next, and the next, until at last Mildred happened to think of poor Toby waiting with the ice-cream. They ran to the hallway hand-in-hand and stopped abjectly at a sorry sight.

Toby had fallen asleep holding the cone of ice-cream, and it had melted all over his tuxedo. Mildred gave a little low cry and flew to awaken him. During this process, Bob was busy tidying up Toby's tux and when Toby awoke, he looked fairly presentable. He received the condolences of Bob and Mildred, and Bob took Mildred home in a taxi. At her doorstep, he deigned to ask her for a date.

"Meet me where the marigolds grow," she answered and entered the house before he could say another word.

The next day, he called at her home, and was informed that she had left for Europe on the early morning boat. He almost went frantic and packed hastily for a trip abroad. He landed in France and found that Mildred was about a week ahead of him. He found her destination to be a resort in Switzerland. He proceeded there and saw her sking in the distance, but failed to attract her attention. Bob found where she was registered, but she had checked out three hours earlier. The clerk told him that she had gone to Germany.

Bob thought Berlin was a very pretty city, but, in his mind, he knew it would have been prettier, seen with Mildred. Each day, he set forth to find her, and, each night, returned to his hotel, dejected and forlorn. Each rising sun saw hope rise anew in his bosom, and each setting sun saw this same hope, crushed into fragments after another futile day of searching a sea of faces. Twice, he thought he saw her slim form ahead, but he was doomed to disappointment both times.

Then, suddenly, one evening, he saw in an English newspaper, the announcement that she was about to conduct a walking tour through England. Immediately, he called for his baggage, checked out, and in nine days, he was in London. He bought a walking outfit, and started on a tour of his own, hoping to meet Mildred by chance.

One evening, just at sunset, covered with dust and his tongue parched by the heat, he entered a beautiful garden in a little village about two hundred miles from London. Before him, he saw cool water flowing from a fountain in the rocks, framed by a trellis of yellow flowers. Far back in his mind,

this aroused a memory and as he neared the fountain, and the aroma of the flowers came to him clearly, Bob knew the answer. They were marigolds, and she had said, "Meet me where the marigolds grow."

The bells of a nearby cathedral were chiming softly, and Bob thought he could detect her dear presence near him. The darkness was fast gathering now, and a dim figure was seen entering the lower end of the garden.

Immediately, Bob's heart gave a tremendous leap and he bounded down the steep path straight for a little figure clad in a dusty, brown walking suit. A glad cry greeted his ears, and in a moment she was enfolded in his arms, to be kissed again and again until she lay gasping for breath.

When she could finally speak, she said, wonderingly, "Isn't it strange we should meet where the marigolds grow?"

--Earle Herbert Sawyer.

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He Who Gives Quickly Gives Twice

The day is February 4th, 1937. The daily five o'clock rush is on at the subway station.

Sammy Pepper, the little red-headed newsboy cries, "Extra! Extra! Read all about the latest developments in the flood area!"

Frederick Beal hurried into the station, bought a paper and started for the gate.

Near the gate a gentle-faced woman was standing trying to make her voice heard in the din. "Help the flood derelicts! Contribute to the Red Cross Fund!"

"Oh, bother! Why should she have to be standing right there in the way?" fumed Beal. "Makes a fellow feel like a cad not to help, but I need all I can save to get a radio for the new car."

Sammy, who had by now sold all his evening papers, was formulating a plan in his mind. He counted his change and he had made a dollar and a half. He figured, "Now, thirty-five cents to pay for the papers and fifteen cents for a quarter of a pint of that cough syrup for mum. Well, that leaves a dollar. Not very much, but perhaps 'twould help one c' them poor fellows down there where it's all flooded."

With which noble plan in his heart he moved toward the lady who held the box. He shyly, but proudly stretched forth a grimy little hand filled with change. He said timidly, "P'raps, ma'am, this'll help somebody down where the flood is. I've counted it out and it's a dollar." Then he hurried away to get his mum's medicine.

The lady spoke softly, with tears in her eyes, "God bless his little heart. And he needed mittens, too."

The man, who had been getting a dollar changed into dimes, observed the touching little tableau and was suddenly contrite. "What a selfish beast I am!" he berated himself, "hesitating to give money for such a worthy cause, and all because I didn't want to give up a radio."

He dropped a five dollar bill into the box, then hurried through the gate and into the subway, with a warm glow about his heart.

-- Wilson.

A Fairy Tale

Long, long ago, down South, in the land of cotton where mocking birds sing and everyone is happy, and gay, there lived a kinky-haired little darky called George.

George, like many other boys, hated to do the chores around the plantation house where his Mammy worked, as cook. Also, George disliked very much the fact that he must go to school. On various occasions he wandered off into the woods where he lay in the damp, spongy moss and listened to the birds, calling and scolding one another.

One bright, sunny morning George decided that he had had enough education for a while; so, he started off on one of his not infrequent jaunts into the woods.

The sun, in all its fiery splendor, sent the full blast of its scorching rays down upon George's wooly head, as he trudged slowly along the dusty, winding road that led to his favorite haunt.

Suddenly George heard a flutter in the bushes just ahead of him and a little brown rabbit with the brightest, roundest eyes you ever did see scurried out from bushes that lined the road. When George caught sight of the rabbit he gave a sharp, piercing whistle.

Instantly the rabbit stopped, sat back on his haunches and regarded the boy with an innocent round-eyed stare. When he moved toward the animal it scurried off into the woods.

It wasn't long before George had trained the rabbit to come hopping out of his briar patch home when he heard the boy whistling, "Maryland, My Maryland."

As a reward for a prompt appearance George would pull from his pocket a crisp, orange carrot for his small woodland friend.

One fine summer afternoon as George was strolling along the familiar road to keep his appointment with his friend, he saw a hunter, rifle in hand, disappear into the denser thicket just ahead. Even after the man became invisible George could hear the strains of the tune he was whistling, it was "Maryland, My Maryland".

George started running in the direction from which the whistling came. His only thought was to keep that man from calling out his pet.

All at once George stopped dead still. The whistling had ceased. In another second the sharp report of a rifle shot struck the stillness.

Everything in the woods became quiet. The birds stopped their insistent chattering. The frogs in the nearby marshes ceased their throaty singing and sat blinking on their lily-pad islands. A grayish cloud slid lazily and silently across the face of the sun, mercifully tempering its blistering rays.

Once more George started for the thick pine grove. Even before he reached the spot he saw the bright red spots on the fresh green leaves. He knew that the loudest, shrillest whistle in the world could not bring his

little brown friend.

Gradually the birds resumed their happy chirping; the frogs resumed their peculiar throaty creaking. The cloud had passed and the sun was once more booming down on mother earth.

In fact, the only unhappy thing about the scene, was a little colored boy sitting on a log, one elbow resting on his knee and his chin propped on his hand, gazing sadly off into space. From the other hand dangled a big yellow carrot, it slid to the ground and lay among the soft damp moss and cool brownish leaves.

-- James Hall

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To A Newsboy

A tattered cap on your sunny curls,
A ragged coat on your straight little back
Battered old shoes that dart about --
Hurrying to dodge the auto's track.

All those things one fails to see,
All these things seem not worth while --
Once one has glimpsed in the gray old street,
The infinite wealth of your gallant smile.

Daily you peddle your papers there --
There in the center of so much strife
Gaily smiling and debonair,
Peddling the sordid tales of life.

Keeping your chin up all the while,
Crying the news that will sell the sheet,
But above all -- your glad young smile,
Brightening the day in that dingy street.

And so, little chap, God's blessing on you,
With your sunny curls and your tattered sack,
You have a gift, bestowed on few
A gallant smile -- and your shoulders back!

--Sarah Wilson.

The Sea

The foaming sea beats wildly
Against the rocky shore,
The fleeting waves receding
Gather to return once more.

The gulls flop lazily in the air
And float toward the waves, beating;
The ships leave from the quiet port
With sails set, silent, flooting.

-- Arthur Higgins

Prize Speaking

For two whole years I had my fun,
Hearing the orators one by one.
But now my pleasure is swiftly gone,
My turn has come -- prize speaking is on.

I have no idea what piece I'll choose,
I know I'll get up there and shake in my shoes.
I bet I'll stumble and then forget,
The sad fates of some others is with me yet.

Well, now you know how a speaker feels,
Before he gets up and starts to "speak".
I'm certain that you will entirely agree,
That prize speaking isn't what it's cracked up to be.
-- Sarah Wilson

Extra Hours

I'm sure we all have looked at the clock
When the hands pointed exactly to three
But no, we couldn't yet go home
We had been told to stay after school, you see.
Perhaps we had been giggling
Or whispering or chewing gum
And maybe we had been talking back
In short, we'd been having fun.
When life is so short it seems a shame
That we can't refrain from being bad
But when we have sat until 4:30 o'clock
I think we wish, to ourselves, we had.
When the end of six weeks rolls around
Three's in conduct seems quite the fad
And once more we start all over again
Resolving never again to be bad.

-- Grayce Thompson.

On Virtue

When you start climbing in your life's career,
And all about you say, "It's not worth while,"
Collect your thoughts, and to them blandly smile;
But don't forget; you must keep your head clear,
Remember; though your death may be quite near,
Your short life's work will be upon God's file,
And let us hope that you'll do nothing vile.
That all your days you will be of good cheer;
And you will have the golden rule as a guide;
And, most of all, a conscience clear you'll keep.
If these are true, you'll get reward, my friend;
For, having done no deed that you would hide,
You'll be on top; and not in dungeon deep.

--Vivian Boyd.

The Flood

The silent river in the spring,
Flows gently along the grassy shore
We hear the birds as they sing
A song we'll love forever more.

But now as the silent stream begins
Its yearly rise for troublesome fame,
We must forgive our daily sins,
When the river was calm and tame.

The water rises foot by foot,
And along the shore we see
The soiled land we once set foot,
And hoped it would always be.

But now the water has risen above the land,
That which we all love so well,
And people weep as they leave the land
On which their home and they had hoped to dwell.
--Gerald M. Kimball.

Springtime

Springtime, glorious springtime!
Has come to us again
With longer days and sunshine
To brighten the hearts of men.

And much they need you springtime
To give them courage, courage strong,
To face the many heartbreaks
That are coming all along.

We are always glad to greet you
As you come to us each year
We look forward to your coming,
And meet you with great cheer.

The warm, bright days you've brought us
In the latter days of March
Will urge along the bright green leaves
Of maple, elm and larch.

-- Wilma Qualey.

The Call of Spring

The snow has gone from the hillside,
And the sap from the maples we bring.
The first robin perched on the grape arbor,
Tells us it soon will be spring.

The winding brook on the meadow,
Has opened and started to sing.
The pussy willows in the swamps,
Whisper it soon will be spring.

Winter has given us pleasures,
Many days we have had our fling.
Skating, sliding and skiing,
But oh! How we welcome spring.

Soon we will turn out the cattle,
And hear the cow bells ring.
I'd gladly exchange the winter,
For the gracious welcome of spring.

-- June Hall.

The Vacant Homestead

The house stands lonely; stark
Against the clouded sky;
And in the sordid, darkening gloom,
It echoes with a sigh.

"Once I saw happy faces;
A family called me home,
But now I lumber vacantly,
And live my life alone.

'My panes are dirty and broken,
My paint not in its youth,
The rooms are bare, untenanted;
Forsaken, I hold aloof.

'Far from the crowded life, I stand;
Far from the city's crowd,
Beaten by weather and civil stress,
My pride lost, my head bowed.

'I can't complain of my full life;
I seek no great reward;
I've gladly sheltered human kind,
And done the work of God."

-- Anthony Eaton

My State of Maine

When the sun and wind; with the snow and rain;
With all the beauty any state can contain;
The trees, the rivers, the lakes,
All the beauty that God makes
Are found in "My State of Maine."

With Mt. Katahdin (an Indian name),
Mooshead Lake and Penobscot River have lain
From time's beginning, today they are
Still existing. People come from afar
To see them in "My State of Maine."

Other states look on with disdain,
Thoughts of jealousy upon us rain,
Living in it day by day,
I'll always be proud to say
That I'll always be true to "My State of Maine."
--William Duplisea.

My Fishing Sloop

The ship lies at its berth in rest,
Tossed on the ocean's obbing crest;
Slowly, peaceful night draws nigh,
While the fishers-fleet sails by.

Drying in the falling sun
Are the sails; their work is done;
The sturdy masts, hand hewed of oak,
Await their work for fisher-folk.

For early in the morning fair,
The weight of salty sails they bear,
But now their heavy work is o'er;
They toss in slumber near the shore.
-- Anthony Eaton

In the treasure chest of memories
The happiest one of all
Is the thought of our present days
Spent at Pennell Hall.

Days are not all sunshine
Days are not all rain
These days we are always thinking of
And wish the time would not end.

Pennell is always with us
Our happy days we hold dear,
When we think of the days filled with sunshine
We think of the days spent here.
-- Ava Megguier

Whistling

When I'm in trouble I always find
That the very best way to bring peace of mind --
-- Is to whistle.

Whatever the song or whatever the sorrow
I live thru today and think naught of tomorrow
-- And Whistle --

The day is long and the night brings fears,
But I think I can bear all the joys and tears
-- If I Whistle --

The song that I Whistle may reach some sad heart
If to someone happiness I may bring a small part,
-- I'll just Whistle.--
--Marion Whitney.

Originality

Is there a thing which we can do
Or write or say or think,
Which has not yet before appeared
In someone else's ink?

Perhaps the words are not the same,
The style may be quite new,
But what it means has been, it seems,
Expressed by others too.

A modern writer tries to voice
A fine opinion, new,
But after all is said, he finds
The Greeks believed this too.

--Marjorie Winslow.

Teasing

Though to tease at times is pleasing,
And some kids think it's fun,
Yet I must not keep on teasing
If I'm hurting anyone.

When to plan some trick I'm trying
I must pause and think awhile:
Will this joke start someone crying
And not only make them smile:

For no joke is worth the saying
If it hurts, that's surely plain,
And no trick is worth the playing
If it causes others pain.

--Marie Pousland

Patient Climbing

A picture often comes before me,
One of which I'm very fond --
A boy standing on a winding road
Looking wistfully beyond.

The road leads up to the horizon,
Clear up to the shining blue sky,
But he never appears in that glory
Because he's not willing to try.

Now as on Life's road we are journeying,
And while overhead soars the dove,
Do we choose to remain in the valley,
And just gaze at the heights above?

Or have we the ambition to climb
And win through the uttermost strife,
Where we will be as ones looked up to,
That have fulfilled their tasks in life.

Now I think that this little incident,
Might to us a lesson teach;
For it's only by patient climbing
That the greatest heights we reach.

-- James Hall.

The Land of Sunshine

In the land of good old sunshine,
Where the tourists love to go;
There's a stream of silvery water,
That is free from ice and snow.

It is here that birds are singing,
And the music is sweet and low;
And the merry couples are dancing,
In the land of little snow.

From the hill we see the river,
With it's lovely, even flow;
And the small boats are floating,
In the water with no ice or snow.

The sun is shining brightly,
As the merry couples roam;
Through the streets and lovely orchards,
And along the river Nome.

Sometimes we can hear the water,
As it flows along its course;
We love the land of sunshine,
And the water with its force.

--Ronald H. Colley.

Read It And Weep

I live at the foot of one little hill
And the bottom is the top of another,
I ride to school with my papa
And ride back home with my mother.

I live halfway between two large schools
You couldn't call either a college,
To one they go for nothing at all
The other for seeking of knowledge.

I go to school to learn what I can
I learn what I can when I go,
I go to school when the weather is fair
And I go when there's rain or snow.

The first thing I see, when I get there to school
And open the door to the hall,
Is the part of the bird that you might call the "Will",
And the other you might call the "Small"

I don't see why folks run around
And waste all their time in the parks,
While I go to school so I won't be a fool
And listen to St. Matthew by "Marks".

I really believe that I'd go to school
No matter how much it might cost,
I'd go if the snow came clean to my knees
I'd go in spite of the "Frost."

I don't see a thing that should keep one at home
Not either a boy or a girl,
If you can't go to school with a Queen or a Duke
You can go to school to an "Earle."

I aim to be there in the morning on time
Never to be late or tardy,
For I know when I've got there and parked my wrap,
I'm quite apt to turn around and see "Wardy."

I take my lunch in the place 'cross the way
I eat my soup in a bowl,
I believe the supplies come up from the store
And are all put together by "Low'll."

--Arvilla Humphrey.

Skating

Over the ice we go gliding,
On our skates we're swiftly sliding,
Up and down the glass lake;
While its cold, -- Its time to skate.

All the girls and all the boys,
Take their fill of winter joys,
The best of fun is swiftly gliding,
On our skates so swiftly sliding.

We build a fire near the lake,
To light and cheer us while we skate;
Then there are the weenies roasting,
And the sticky marshmallows,

Oh! Its jolly in the firelight,
Oh! It's pleasant in the moonlight,
The joys of skating, -- swiftly gliding,
While on the ice we go smoothly gliding.

-- David Kupelian

It Takes Courage

They advance toward the foe, ten thousand strong,
They advance very slowly, to avenge their wrongs;
They capture the enemy and turn about,
They call to their comrades with joyous shout.
It takes courage.

They buck the line, ten yards to go,
They all listen for the word "go";
They hear it, and all plunge forward,
They block their opponents, the ball moves onward.
It takes courage.

On battlefield, football field, or just at home,
There are always those things left to be done,
That take courage.
--Linwood Clark.

BOOK REVIEWS

1. "The Tudor Wench" -- An historical novel by Elswyth Thane of whose biography there is no account. However, the author has written several novels of this type, among them "Mary Stuart" and "Prince Charlie".

A scene I liked especially was the one in the royal garden late at night. Elizabeth, only thirteen years old, had slipped out of her chamber and gone to meet Ferdinand, the sixteen year old page boy whom she loved. He had promised to be her protector and guardian. She shyly kissed him and then she ran back to her room, fearful lest he be caught in a tryst with her and be severely punished.

My favorite character was Elizabeth Tudor. Why? Because she was warmly human, and such a really lovable child. She had a charming personality and was very democratic. She had a strong will, and determination which marked her as a true child of Henry VIII.

The character I liked least was Thomas Seymour. He was selfish and vain. His fancy for Elizabeth seemed to me, ludicrous. He married Catherine only to gain his ends and treated her abominably.

The theme of the story is how a regal, lovable little girl grew up to become queen of the greatest empire in the land.

Synopsis.

Elizabeth Tudor was the daughter of Henry the VIIIth by his second wife Anne Boleyn. There was a question as to her legitimacy since he had divorced Catherine of Aragon only through a law made by himself. Mary was his daughter by Catherine. By gentle Jane Seymour, his third wife, he had Edward Prince of Wales. These, then, were the three children who grew up together. Mary, who was older, was sour and bitter because of her mother's mistreatment. In spite of herself, however, she had to love precocious little Bess. Because Elizabeth was the daughter of his one great love Anne Boleyn, she was Henry's favorite. She was haughty and dominating and very much like her father, too.

Little Edward, who was frail, was her especial pet. The odd child loved his Elizabeth very deeply.

Mary was a staunch Catholic and her brother and sister were Protestants.

Elizabeth was a very studious young person and many manuscripts of her painstaking translations of Latin and French are on record.

Thomas Seymour, a courtier desirous of power, paid much attention to her and used to annoy her by his amorous advances.

Ferdinand, a page boy, was her pet. She fell in love with him when she was but thirteen and they used to keep secret trysts. Seymour found out about it, somehow, and, in a jealous rage, had one of his henchmen push the boy into the river. Elizabeth grieved over his death and it is believed when he died, there died the only love of the virgin queen.

Jane Seymour, Edward's mother, had died soon after his birth. Then

Henry had married Anne of Cleves, a plain, stolid German woman, of whom he soon tired, and put her into exile. Then he married Catherine Howard who was a good mother to the children.

One evening they were all gathered together. Elizabeth defied her father openly and he became very angry. He made himself sick over it.

Then he married Catherine Parr. Shortly afterwards, he died, still angry with Elizabeth.

There was great furore in the kingdom. Everyone realized that Edward, who had automatically ascended the throne, was young and very frail. Death seemed imminent. Indeed, after less than a year or so the young king did die. He had never wanted to be king, anyway. All he had been was a figure-head. The only thing he cared about was Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, now sixteen, was possessed of charm and became popular with the people. Mary realizing this, foresaw that her path to the throne would not be clear. After several revolts and much strife because she was a Catholic, however, she became queen. She had Elizabeth exiled. Having been "old" all her life, she had never been popular. She decided she wanted a husband. Therefore, after much persuasion, Philip of Spain married her. He was very much younger than she. She never realized her greatest desire of having an heir and finally died at the age of forty, a broken old woman. Meanwhile, however, she had received Elizabeth back into her good graces.

And now had come the triumphant moment for which Elizabeth had been waiting ever since she was four years old. She -- was to become Queen. In great splendor she was crowned and acclaimed by adoring subjects.

The little girl who had said with regal tones in her voice -- "But I come first, I am a princess!" had now reached the heights --. She was mistress of all she surveyed, Queen of the English realms. The Tudor wench had grown up.

Finis.

The most emphasis in the "Tudor Wench" is character. The chief part of the story is character sketches of the various courtiers and royalty of the time. Plot, however, is important.

Elizabeth Tudor -- the Tudor wench.
Mary Tudor -- sour and bitter daughter of Catherine of Aragon
Edward Tudor -- frail little son of Jane Seymour.
Thomas Scymour -- husband of Catherine Howard.
Ferdinand -- a page boy.
Henry VIII -- imperious old father of Elizabeth.
Catherine Howard-- 5th wife of Henry
Lady Jane Grey -- nine days a queen.
Earl of Leicester -- a courtier.

The book is very interesting. It is important English history told in such a charming and readable manner that it would appeal to anyone.

--Wilson

"I Found No Peace" -- by Webb Miller.

The following is a short review of a book relating to the travels and the life of one of the greatest foreign correspondents of our time; Webb Miller, who has sought peace for twenty years and has not found any anywhere.

In 1916 he left his job as a cub reporter for the "Chicago American" in Chicago and went to Mexico to cover the pursuit of Pancho Villa. From Mexico he went to Europe as a correspondent for the United Press during the War.

After the World War he covered the fighting in Spanish Morocco, the Gandhi revolution, in India, and Italy's invasion of Ethiopia. Although he found no peace, he did watch for twenty years of world history from ringside seats. As a foreign correspondent he rose to the top, in his profession.

When he was a boy he turned sick at the sight of blood or any violence, but his reports of revolutions and wars stand out because of his sensitiveness. Miller always carried a copy of Thoreau's "Walden", which he reads whenever he is upset. He always gets his news, and generally gets it first, when national leaders declare wars and revolutions.

Born on a tenant farm in Michigan and educated in a little country school, he is now a well known personage in international affairs. He is a shy fellow and will walk around the block several times before going in to interview a notable. He carries a cigarette case on which are the names of Clemenceau, Hitler, Gandhi, Lloyd George, Dollfuss, and many other famous men whom he knows intimately.

He is now in Spain covering the revolution and as his book comes off the press he writes "I find no peace."

--Kupclian

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"Uncle Nicholas", by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday Doran \$2.50.

This story by Hugh Walpole is a vivid picture of typical family life. The influence is distinctly English.

It tells of the life of Charles and Fanny. Fanny was very contented and thought her family ideal until her gay, errant brother Captain Nicholas entered her life again after twenty years. With him came his eccentric little daughter Lizzie.

Nell and Romney and young Edward were Fanny's children. Edward and Lizzie struck up a grudging acquaintance of sorts.

Matthew and Grace, Charles' brother and sister, are minor characters, but none the less real because of this.

Nicholas had charm and exerted it at all times. He had a very disruptive influence on the family and gained intimacy with the various members in turn only through mild or perhaps not so mild, as the case may have been, blackmail.

Charles, Fanny's devoted husband for years, suddenly and unaccountably strays. Nell and Romney are extremely serious and present a surface of sophistication. Nicholas' welcome was far outstayed and family relationships were becoming strained and unbearable.

The author has woven the plot dexterously and after the climax gives an impression of a modern ending. It really is just the good, old-fashioned ending dressed up.

The characters are so alive and so representative of bewildered people of this day that the greatest charm of the story is in them not in the story itself.

It is interesting reading and from it one may derive moral benefit as well as pleasure.

The story is written in the familiar Walpole style and will win great favor among Walpole readers.

-- S. Wilson

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"An American Doctor's Odyssey", by Victor Heiser, M.D.

Doctor Victor Heiser, the author, is one of the most prominent doctors in the annals of modern medical history. When a boy, Heiser lost his parents in the Johnstown flood, but saved himself by good fortune. Partly influenced by this experience he decided to become a doctor. The "Odyssey", however, tells of his struggles and success.

"An American Doctor's Odyssey" is a remarkable personal story of a distinguished American doctor who has traveled all around the world for more than thirty years. He dedicates his life to the prevention of disease. His friends are many, from headhunters to millionaires. His work has carried him throughout most of the tropical world. Sululand, Polynesia, Hawaii, North Borneo, Labuan, Melbourne, Singapore, the South Seas, Brunei, Sarawak, Kandy, Java, Sumatra, Fiji, Ceylon, India, Palestine, Egypt, and Ethiopia are a few of the numerous places which have benefitted from his work.

Supported by the Rockefeller Foundation he has probably helped in saving more human lives than any other living person. His own account is one of the recent non-fiction best sellers. His work is reviewed favorably by all the leading critics.

The following are excerpts from feature reviews.

Chicago Tribune:

"Intensely interesting, plummy with anecdote and dry wit, a truly human document and truly fascinating."

Saturday Review of Literature:

"For all the world might be Dr. Heiser talking . . . a book anyone would enjoy."

Boston Transcript:

"Has all the qualities of a best seller . . . deals with a fascinating sub-

ject expertly handled."

Special mention should be made of the style. It is an autobiography simply written, and interestingly presented. It is not merely an account, but a fascinating story written in a manner and a career so recorded that it even excels fiction in its plot; a battle against sickness and death. His trials and successes are set forth unaffectedly, faithfully and honestly. The book is not written for its literary merit although it is excellent in this respect, but to bring to the layman a true account and an understanding of the work of the medical profession and the advancement of medical science.

The book describes the ignorance of man where disease is concerned and of his unnecessary fear or horror. Dr. Heiser tells in a vivid picture of the treatment for tropical diseases, of medical diplomacy, and of necessary actions to be carried out by medicine to make the world disease proof.

This book is suited for all high school students and for all others, older. By no means miss reading this vivid portrayal of the work of medicine in the world's affairs.

-- Anthony Eaton

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"Magnificent Obsession", by Lloyd C. Douglas; published by Willott, Clarke and Co.

"Magnificent Obsession" contains 330 pages and 21 chapters. It is a book written for older people. One's interest is kept at its height throughout. It includes many different types of characters. It is of a humorous, religious and pathetic content. It is one of few books that has a real, convincing and satisfying plot. Incident follows incident with impelling force. Nor does one lose his interest completely when the climax is reached. There is a medical touch throughout. Love, accident, injury and death all play their part in portraying a character which is possessed by one ideal. That ideal is to find something that one of the leading characters spiritually feels.

The hero, as one first reads about him is a young man who always seems to be wandering. He is very wealthy. His father had left him a medical education support, but he failed to use his money for that purpose. He was loose in moral and conduct.

One day he accidentally discovered a man whose philosophy he thought rather fantastic at first. But gradually he began to approve of it. That philosophy was that if a person was always doing something for someone but keeping it entirely to himself he would be obsessed by a great power which he called a magnificent obsession. He could perform anything he desired to if he really wanted to.

Through the young man's carelessness, the woman he loved was knocked down by a speeding car and because of the injury she had a pressure of blood on her brain which caused her blindness. He began to study to be a brain specialist. After many years he became a great surgeon. There was one thing he wanted to do. Give eyesight back to the one he loved.

Read this great novel and find for yourself how these two unhappy

souls finally regained permanent felicity!

One reads the novel with a feeling that he has read a strong book and he never will feel quite the same. One closes the cover with a feeling of supreme satisfaction.

--Wilma Qualcy

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LOCALS

PERSONALS

Locals

School opened Sept. 8, 1936, with Mr. S. E. Marks taking the place of Mr. F. L. Stuart as principal. The enrollment totalled 90. There were:

4 Post Graduates
14 Seniors
17 Juniors
27 Sophomores
28 Freshmen

Those pupils having left school during the year are: Norma Prince, Shirley Leavitt, and George Delorme, all Post Graduates.

Those pupils transferred from other schools are: Lillian Sabino, Helen Heald, and Harry Lauritsen.

Those visiting school during the year are: Mr. Andrew Johnson, Helen Caswell, James Wilkinson, Robert Thibodeau, Barbara Askey, Virginia Segars, Millicent Sanborn, Virginia Barton, Estelle Laurence and Margaret Sawyer.

Freshmen Reception was held on October 8, 1936. Sidney Leavitt, president of the Sophomore class gave a welcome address. Elizabeth Cooper spoke in behalf of the Freshmen. The evening program started with games and dancing. Refreshments were served.

The Senior Drama, "Ready Made Family", was given December 18, 1936. It was an hilarious 3 act play, well done by the cast.

The orchestra was organized under Miss Frost, for the purpose of playing at school entertainments. The personnel of the orchestra are: Madeline Merrill, piano, David Kupelian, William Taylor, violin and Dean Durgin saxophone.

In the fall the Home Economics Club gave a party. There were dancing, games and refreshments. A prize was given for the best hobo costume, which was received by Russell Pennell.

Also, in the fall, the Alumni tendered a reception to the school and the new principal.

In February, 1937, the Freshmen gave a Valentine Party.

On March 12, 1937, the annual Prize Speaking Contest, sponsored by the Juniors, was held. Marie Pousland, who spoke "China Blue Eyes" and Earle Sawyer, who spoke "White Hands of Tellham" won first places. Sarah Wilson and Linwood Clark won second places. The Pennell Team won the Triangle Contest held March 26, with Marie Pousland winning first place for girls. Miss Pousland entered several other contests and won distinction.

On the morning of May 6, Mr. William Hindle of India and Windham Hill spoke to the students under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

May 12, the Home Economics girls went on their annual picnic over to Little Sebago.

At the end of the fourth ranking period, the class parts were issued

by the principal.

Evelyn Morrill -- Valedictory
Marjorie Winslow -- Salutatory
Ronald Colley -- Honor Essay
Charlotte Foster -- History
Marie Pousland) -- Gifts
Gerald Kimball)
Earle Sawyer)-- Prophecy
Charlotte Verrill)
Marion Whitney -- Class Will
Laura Bennett -- Presentation of Gifts to School
Jeanette Harmon -- Address to Undergraduates

The Annual Commencement Exercises will take place June 11, 1937.

-- David Kupelian.

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Marion Whi T ney

Doris Manc H ester

E velyn Morrill

Charlotte Fo S ter

Jam E s Hall

Jea N ette Harmon

Gerald K I mball

R O nald Colley

Ma R ie Pousland

C harlotte Verrill

L aura Bennett

Earl A Whitney

Marjorie Win S low

Earle S awyer

--Marie Pousland



J O K E S



Mr. Clark: Well, son, how are your marks?

Lindy: They're under water.

Mr. Clark: What do you mean, under water?

Lindy: Below "C" level.

Mr. Marks; (explaining a drawing of the bee): This is a perfect female.

Donald Pennell: That's the first one I've ever seen.

1st Junior: What do we have in English today?

2nd Junior: Nothing.

1st Junior: Well, we'll all have our English done for the first time this year.

Marie: Sarah, why is it you don't go into a restaurant unless you can sit near the street window?

Sarah: Didn't you ever notice they give more to the ones that sit next to the window?

Mr. Richards: Hall, what are you chewing?

(Hall, reaching in his pocket after candy)

Mr. Richards: Never mind your pockets, I want whatever is in your mouth.

Hall: I swallowed it.

Mr. Marks: Colby, what do you get when you multiply 10×32 ?

L. Colby: What?

Mr. Marks: What do you get when you multiply 10×32 ?

L. Colby: The answer.

Mr. Marks: (in Biology) How long can you stay under water, Miss Hayos?

Miss H.: Until my breath gives out.

Mother: (to son) Have you been down to greet your new nurse, Jimmy?

Jimmy: No, mother.

Mother: Well, go down and give her a great big kiss.

Jimmy: What? and get my face slapped like Dad did? I should say not.

Mr. Richards: (discussing "Imagination Begins at Homo") Now use your imaginations and suggest improvements about the room.

J. Hall: The writing on the board looks pretty terrible, Mr. Richards.

To illustrate humiliation, Mr. Marks gave the following example:-- It seems that a man and his wife living in the country went to a baked bean supper. Said the wife: "When my husband began to scratch his head with his fork, I was so humiliated that I dropped all the beans off my knife."

Wilma: I heard you were out on a joy ride last night.

Sarah: It's not so. None of us were killed or even injured.

Solid Comfort

"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host. "You'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning, one of the guests awoke his companion. "Change places with me, Dick," he groaned. "It's my time to be on the feather."

An elderly lady, afraid of passing her destination, poked the street-car conductor with her umbrella. "Is that the First National Bank?"

"No, mum," replied the conductor, "them's my ribs."

Scene: Kit inspection on the British transport lines.

Officer: Driver Jones, you have only one spur here. Where's the other?

Jones: Blimey, must have left it sticking in the 'oss, sir.

Smoking a cigarette, a small boy advanced upon the ticket office and demanded a half-fare ^{ticket} to Binghampton.

"What," cried the booking clerk, "a kid like you smoking a cigarette?"

"Kid be blowed," was the indignant reply. "I'm fourteen."

"Full fare, please."

There was an earthquake recently which frightened the inhabitants of a certain town. One couple sent their little boy to stay with an uncle in another district, explaining the reason for the nephew's visit. A day or two later the parents received this telegram: "Am returning your boy. Send the earthquake."

Mr. Richards: Where did your ancestors come from?

James Hall: Africa.

Professor: I forgot my umbrella this morning.

Student: How did you remember you forgot it?

Professor: Well, I missed it when I raised my hand to close it after it had stopped raining.

What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving a duck, it should slip off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?

Be very courteous. Say, "May I trouble you for that duck?"

The professor, to impress upon his class the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important and one hundred if it was very important.

The next day he was speaking with his back to the fire when suddenly he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundredYour coat's on fire, professor."

Tony had just bought a tankful of gasoline, and the station attendant was going through his little ritual:

Attendant: Check your oil, sir?

Tony: No, it's O.K.

Attendant: Got enough water in your radiator?

Tony: Yes, filled up.

Attendant: Anything else, sir?

Tony: Yes, would you please stick your tongue out so I can seal this letter?

"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak."

"Well, what do you want me to do, get up and oil it?"

A chap was arraigned for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge: What is your name, occupation and what are you charged with?

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

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

A. Strout: Last Saturday night my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor.
Mildred Hayes: My! You must have been embarrassed.
A. Strout: Oh, no! Taylor had them on.

1st Twin: I let sis have my raincoat and now I need it.
Friend: Why did you lend it to her?
1st Twin: Because she was wearing my new dress.

Mr. Richards: Hall, why was General Lee a good leader?
Hall: He wasn't any good.
Mr. Richards: What do you mean, he wasn't any good?
Hall: If he'd been any good he would have won the war.

Lindy: What is your occupation?
Harry: I used to be an organist.
Lindy: Why did you give it up?
Harry: The monkey died.

Madeline Merrill and Laura Thompson were walking along a street crowded with Christmas shoppers. They accidentally bumped into each other.
Madeline: It looks as if there was a famine where you came from.
Laura: It looks as if you were the one that caused the famine.

Warning to French I students:
Don't leave off accents - especially if you are sensitive. When "le professeur" asks you to conjugate the verb "répondre", be sure it's "je réponds". Otherwise he'll scrawl "extraordinary" beside it. (Note: je reponds means "I am laying eggs".)

Colley: What caused the collision today?
Kimball: Two motorists after the same pedestrian.

Taylor: How do you spell "needle"?
Mr. Richards: Why, n-e-e-d-l-e of course.
Taylor: Oh, no! N-e-i-d-l-e, what good would a needle be without an "I"?

J. Hall: Dr. Fixit is setting my aunt's broken leg.
Gerald: But Dr. Fixit is a tree surgeon.
J. Hall: Well, that's all right. My aunt's leg is a wooden one.

Johnny spun the knobs of his new world-wide receiving set, listened to roar of static a moment, then shouted excitedly, "I've got Brazil. I can hear 'em cracking nuts."

Tough Egg: Is your husband at home, Ma'am?
Lady: Well, if he's finished his revolver practice, he's out back playing with our bloodhounds. Did you want to see him?

Mr. Richards: What is so horrible about dead bodies in hot countries?
J. Hall: There is no life in them.

No Chances

Cowboy: My podner and I are taking a trip through the desert next week. He's taking along a gallon of whiskey for rattlesnake bites.
Visitor: What are you taking along?
Cowboy: Two rattlesnakes.

Flash in the Pan

"What's the row over at the carnival?"
"A fake dentist sold the fire-eater a set of celluloid teeth."

Doris: The more they come the worse they look.
Marie: I'll bet you weren't the first one in here.

Mr. Richards: Earle, you're whispering.

Earle: Yes, but what can you do about it?

Mr. Richards: Do about it, why you can stay one hour after school.

"You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside."

Toll-bridge man: Fifty cents.

Colley: Sold. I'll walk the rest of the way.

Mr. Richards: Clyde, what are the exports of Cuba?

Clyde: I don't know.

Mr. Richards: You don't know where you get your sugar?

Clyde: We usually get ours from the neighbors.

The one ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son said: "Don't let on that you're watching him. There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallowing it."

Two old settlers, both bachelors, sat in the back woods. They were taking about cooking.

"I got one of them cookery books once, but I couldn't do anything with it."

"Too much fancy work in it, eh?"

"You've said it. Every one of them recipes began -- 'take a clean dish' -- that settled me."

Customer (nicked by the razor): Hey, barber, give me a glass of water.

Barber: Whassa matter, hair in your mouth?

Customer: Naw, I just want to see if my neck leaks.

"Conductor, help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout and have to get off the train backwards. The porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me another shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination now."

E. Sawyer: Were you sick with the flu, Marie?

M. Pousland: Boy, was I sick. Why, every night I looked in the victim list for my name.

Little Boy (to his father): I just killed five flies; two ladies and three gentlemen.

Father: How did you know two were ladies and three were gentlemen?

Son: Two were on the mirror and three were flying around the beer bottle.

Harry: Do you know why I left home?

J. Hall: No, why?

Harry: Because I couldn't take it with me.

Judge: You are charged with speeding. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Hall: You can decide for yourself, Judge, you passed me just before I was pinched.

Diner: Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup.

Waiter: Yes, but you know how turtles are.

Lady (at almond counter): Who attends to the nuts?

Clerk: Be patient, I'll wait on you in a minute.

WISE SAYINGS

Compliments are like perfume -- to be inhaled, not swallowed. -- Read. Dig.

Some of these new cars can't be choked in traffic. We find the same trouble in back-seat drivers.

DICTION DITTIES

A football quarterback playing out his love problems with laterals and forwards in the big game. (Movie Magazine).

There isn't any special reason why people jump out of tenth story windows except that few newspaper reporters know how to spell twelfth. (Farm Journal)

He's a self made man, a horrible example of unskilled labor. (Readers Digest)

Eggs fried with their eyes open. (Readers Digest.)

More mortgages on that place than paint. (Readers Digest)

Life fades like a match in a gust of wind. (Readers Digest)

If the earth turns on the peoples wisdom it is bound to stop soon. (Readers Digest)

He has as much personality as a suit on a hanger. (Hist. of Am. Gov.)

The water was too thick to drink and too thin to plough. (Hist. Am. Gov.)

I hope that the high horse he is on throws him. (Readers Digest).

He's got a mind as unstable as jelly. (Readers Digest)

A memory like a mirror. (Readers Digest)

His column is about three and a half yawns long. (Winchell)

He's too dull to entertain even a doubt. (Winchell)

The wind turned him around like a corkscrew. (Original)

His panic was like the "Charge of the Light Brigade". (Original)

Diamonds that sparkled like dew drops in the morning sun. (Original)

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