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THE PENNELL
WHIRLPOOL



PENNELL INSTITUTE

GRAY, MAINE

In Memoriam



*To the Pioneers of Maine,
who made this State possible,
Pennell Institute respectfully
dedicates this issue.*

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Tradition states, and there are good grounds for accepting this as history, that America was discovered in 1000 A. D. by Leif. This does not mean that he was the first discoverer of America, but that he was the first white man to discover it. Leif called this new-found land Vinland because of the abundance of grapes. Since then there has been much controversy over the place where Leif landed, and various points in Labrador, Nova Scotia, Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island have been named. His discovery had little to do with the subsequent history of either this country or the old world; for at the time of Columbus all records of this first discovery were missing, and Columbus, when he set out, had no knowledge of any country between him and Asia. Columbus rediscovered America; but Cabot was the first, other than Leif, to discover Maine.

During the next few years many discoverers saw Maine. On Sunday, the 9th of August, 1607, a party of colonists landed on the shore of St. George's Harbor.

In the period before the Revolution, Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, produced men such as Sir William Phipps and Sir William Pepperell.

During the Revolutionary period, Maine, still a part of Massachusetts, gave much aid to the colonies. When Boston Harbor was closed, wood and supplies were sent to its aid from our southern towns. In 1774 arms were secured and bands of minute men were organized. When news of the battle of Lexington and Concord reached Maine, troops were at once sent but were ordered back to guard the seacoast. Falmouth was burned by landing parties from a British squadron. Many Maine men accompanied Benedict Arnold to Quebec. Maine's record was honorable at Valley Forge and at many battles of the Revolution. Maine also suffered much from invasion and gave aid to other parts of the country during the War of 1812.

Throughout the years following the Revolution, Maine had sought separation from Massachusetts. The first Maine newspaper, "The Falmouth Gazette," established in 1784, was started solely for this purpose.

In 1785 a notice was printed in the "Gazette" calling for a meeting of men from Lincoln, York, and Cumberland Counties to consider separation from Massachusetts. William Gorham was elected president. This movement practically died out in 1787. Some years later a new movement sprang up and separation was finally obtained. William King was elected the first governor, and Maine was admitted to the Union in 1820.

Since then our history, or at least the main facts, has been general knowledge. Our state has done its part for the Union; and, although we have never produced a president, we have produced many other great men.

And now this centennial anniversary should remind us of Maine's history and the men who took part in it. This should be an inspiration for us to set our ambitions high; and, although we may fall short, we should do our best for the glory of our state and of our nation, and last, but not least, for ourselves.

As we, the class of '21, are engaged in making up the second issue of "The Whirlpool", we look back upon the improvements made during the last few years and see how well the alumni have stood behind their Alma Mater. Electric lights have been added to the growing list of alumni achievements. Also, the town has put a steel ceiling into the assembly hall. But, as ever, more things are needed for the betterment of Pennell Institute to keep her a class "A" school. Laboratory work would be made a great deal more efficient by the addition of electricity. An electric furnace, a cheap but very useful thing, would be indispensable after being used a little while.

Also, we would remind the town that, although a great hubbub was made, nothing has been done in regard to manual training. Would it not be better to erect a building on the grounds large enough for manual training and a gymnasium, than to move some other building here which later would have to be made larger for the demand of other things? And would not a course in domestic science be desirable? We do not and could not expect everything at once but we believe that since manual training has had a favorable hearing with the townspeople, it should be put through.

School Spirit

One of the things that make a school rank high is its spirit. There are plenty of opportunities for the spirit of a school to show itself. One of the best ways to show it is in supporting athletics. While Pennell has the last few years supported athletics very well, there is still plenty of room for improvement.

The basketball team was backed by the school to a student. Perhaps it was because it was something new; but, I am sure they will behind the team another year as they did the last, I am sure they will see a different score in the reports.

But the baseball team, while it is backed by the students at times, has not the support of every member of the school, as it should have. When a plea was made to the students to subscribe money to buy bats for the team, everyone contributed something. That certainly is the way it should be. But when an entertainment or a supper is to be given to raise money for the team, many of the students do not think they should be asked to help. Some say they help to raise the money and get no benefit from it. If they do not directly, they do indirectly. If the ball team goes anywhere with new suits, plenty of other paraphernalia, and a large number of "rooters", the people of the other towns immediately say, "That is a good school and the students are bound together so as to help each other and the school."

But the support of the athletics is not the only way in which school spirit can be shown. The appearance of the building and the grounds would be a great deal improved if every one would pick up any paper, sticks, or other disfiguring things about the grounds and inside. Don't say you did not put it there, and therefore should not pick it up. But do it for the school's sake.





The Images

In the land of Wabanaki
 On the shores of Lake Sebago
 Dwelt a lovely Indian Maiden,
 Tall and straight as any pine tree,
 Lived here with her chieftain father
 In the tallest, whitest wigwam.
 Here she roamed about the forest,
 Making friends with all the wood-folk;
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Perched upon the mossy cliff-side
 Or upon the swaying branches
 With his saucy tail up-pluming,
 Waited, waited for her coming,
 For the beautiful Waneta.

Far away across the waters
 Of the lovely Lake Sebago
 In another land and country
 Lived a young Algonquin chieftain.
 Many times, ignoring danger,
 Came he to the Wabanaki,
 Saw the beautiful Waneta,
 Saw her haughty chieftain father.
 But he could not claim this maiden,
 Loveliest of all the women,
 For, alas! there was a hatred,
 Blood-feud, old and deep and bitter,
 'Twixt his tribe and the Algonquins.
 Now he made his visits secret,
 Kept his tryst far from the campfire
 Near the shores of Lake Sebago.

Here he told her all his conquests
Over bear or other foeman ;
First he told her of his wigwam,
Then his new Cheemaun for sailing.
They were standing thus at twilight,
When they heard far in the distance
Mingled noises as from feasting
At this hour among the Indians.

"Hush!" she said. "It is K'chiskotek,
The great council-fire, K'chiskotek
There will soon be war between us,
'Twixt my tribe and the Algonquins."

Late that evening he departed,
Went to fight among his people.
But he never would forget her,
Ne'er forget his lovely sweetheart.
And he cautioned her at leaving,
"Come here every eve at twilight,
Come and watch for me at twilight,
For I may be waiting for you,
For my lovely starlight maiden."

True to him, the falling shadows
Found her on the cliffs at twilight.
As the pale night-sun was rising,
Lighting up the limpid waters
Of the lovely Lake Sebago.
Thus she waited for her lover, ----
While the whip-poor-will, Wawonaissa,
Broke the lonesomeness of evening,
Thinking, dreaming of the future,
There a wondrous thought came to her.
Quickly went she to her wigwam.
Took her Oulamon, her red paint,
Pigment green, and yellow ochre.
Then she in the glow of sunset
On the terraces of granite
Painted many, many pictures.
First of all was Mishe-Mokwa,
Greatest bear of all the woodlands,
Telling of her lover's combat
With the great bear of the forests.
Then his great Cheemaun for sailing
Grew beneath her hands' strange cunning,

THE WHIRLPOOL

Wampum strings, her lover's totem.
Now she wished to paint her pictures
Where the rock was smoothest, sheerest,
Rising out of Lake Sebago
Straight and steep as falls a raindrop.
 Growing on the rocky terrace,
Clinging to its smooth gray edges,
Drooped a mass of strong wild grapevines.
Touching the vine, she was thinking
Wondering if the vine would hold her,
Trustingly she stepped upon it,
Clinging to its strongest branches.
Painted she her lover's wigwam,
Then beside the lonely dwelling
Painted many other pictures.
Now at last all was completed,
All was ready for her sweetheart.
Now she stood upon the terrace,
Gazing at her work completed,
Then she went back to the village.
There the warriors were preparing
For the war with the Algonquins.
All their war-gear had been mustered,
Mustered ready for departing.
And Waneta could not stop them
Though she pleaded with her father.
But the haughty Indian chieftain
Would not listen to his daughter.
 Passed Waneta to the cliff-side
And sat down upon the ledges.
All was still about the forests
And the lake was at its calmest.
Soon she slumbered in the quiet,
Dropped asleep in the pale moonlight.
In the land of dreams she wandered
Far away across Sebago,
In that other land and country.
Now she heard the din of battle,
Saw the awfulness of fighting.
Then she saw her true young lover,
All resplendent in his war-gear.
Round his neck were strings of wampum:
On his head were eagle feathers.

Then she saw a brave leap at him
From the shelter of a pine tree,
Saw him raise his heavy war-club,
Then she saw her lover falling,
Sinking backward 'mong the bushes.
Ah! the awful deed, it woke her!
Was it but an idle vision?
Yet it troubled and disturbed her,
For she felt it was prophetic.
On the cool gray rock she painted,
Drew her true Algonquin's likeness,
Painted there her Indian lover,
Painted him as she had seen him,
With his many strings of wampum
And his shining eagle feathers.
It was lifelike when 'twas finished,
Very best of all her pictures.
Then she went back to the wigwam,
Waited patiently for evening,
Then to seek again the cliff-side
There to wait her lover's coming.
All the warriors of the village,
Were bedecked with gaudy war-paints,
Panting, eager for the war-trail.
So the braves embarked for battle,
And Waneta, always faithful,
Sought her cliffs of many pictures,
Heard the ripple of the paddles
Die away and lapse in silence,
Stood there, watching, watching, waiting
With a sinking heart her lover.
Then she sought her lover's picture,
Gazing at it in the moonlight,
Dropped upon the ground beside it,
Fell asleep there in the silence.
In her dreams she saw Sebago,
Deep and lovely Lake Sebago,
Saw the blue-green rippling water,
Sparkling, shining in the moonlight.
Far away on Lake Sebago,
Sailing down a path of moonlight
Like a long and graceful shadow
Came a white canoe and slender.

THE WHIRLPOOL

As the lovely craft drew nearer,
In the stern she saw her lover,
In his hands a silver paddle,
Rising, falling in the moonlight,
Dripping with the sparkling water
Of the moonpath's molten silver.
Now she saw her lover clearer,
Coming nearer, beckoning to her;
And she rose and went to meet him.
Meanwhile 'mongst the fierce Algonquins,
Tribesmen of the Wabanaki,
Fighting bravely to the finish,
Fighting hard to kill the leader,
Bravest of Algonquin warriors.
Ah! at last a brave has seen him,
Standing in a place of vantage
In the woods of the Algonquins.
And the brave who thus had seen him
Crept up to him, slowly, surely,
Catlike were his stealthy movements;
Very, very careful was he,
For he knew that fame would greet him
If he killed that famous warrior.
And he knew that the Algonquins
Would lose heart and fail without him.
So he crept up nearer, nearer,
Till at last he stood close by him,
Like a wildcat leaped and struck him,
Saw him fall among the bushes.
Then he rushed to tell his chieftain
Of the life that he had ended,
Of the foeman's wily warrior,
Best of all Algonquin warriors.
Thus they killed Waneta's lover
And subdued the fierce Algonquins.
Then returned across Sebago
From their victory triumphant.
Now the chief, Madockawando,
Would return and tell his daughter
Of the battle and the vict'ry.
When they neared the sandy lake-shore,
He beheld upon the cliff-side
Many strange and darksome objects,

Thought he saw a brave concealed there,
 And he hurried there to kill him.
 Changed were his impassive features,
 When he saw Waneta's pictures.
 Thus he found his daughter's paintings
 And his lovely, sweet young daughter;
 There she lay in all her beauty
 Close beside her lover's likeness.
 Round her hair were bands of wampum;
 All her dress of whitest doeskin
 Was inwrought with beads of wampum;
 On her feet were shoes of deerskin
 Wrought with beads and quills of poreupine
 Shaped and dyed in many colors.
 Thus she lay there in the moonlight,
 But her spirit had departed
 To the land of the Hereafter.

In his grief Madockawando
 Made the ground quite sacred to her;
 Images he called her pictures.
 All remained as she had left it.
 Now we see Waneta's pictures
 Standing guard down through the ages
 O'er the shining deep blue water
 Of the lovely Lake Sebago.

CECILE LEAVITT, '21

Henry Straffords Soldiering

Henry Strafford's life as a soldier was passed in the region about the Madawaska River in the northern part of Maine. A dispute over a tract of territory in that region between the French and the Americans was ended for a period by the French ceding the property to the Americans. The French living thereabout, however, were not satisfied with the action of their government, and with the assistance of some Indians, whom they bribed, they started trouble, which resulted in a series of skirmishes and minor battles known as the Madawaska war. In the end the American were victorious and took possession of the territory undisturbed.

Henry Strafford, a life-long resident of Gray, was at the time of his inspiration to go to war, sixty-eight years old. He was a compara-

tively small man with long hair and beard. His life was devoted principally to hunting and trapping and he was a great woodsman. When the war broke out, he was very eager to pit his skill against that of the Indians.

He tried to enlist and was laughed at and told he was too old. He went out angrily and wrote a letter to an old friend of his, Major Estabrooke, and told him of his desire to go to war and of the action of the recruiting officers. The major wrote to the recruiting officers and told them that in spite of his age Henry would show some of the younger soldiers a few things. He also told them that Henry was a great woodsman and the right sort for such a method of warfare as the Indians would employ. The result was that Henry was made a soldier and sent to Fort Madawaska near the river bearing the same name.

Henry soon proved himself to be a soldier of great ability and his advice was often asked even by the officers. He was a man of few words, one who did more thinking than talking. Respect and admiration increased for him every day.

Finally, after he had been in service about a month, an incident happened that terminated Henry's popularity and made him disliked and scorned by all the soldiers. The reason was this: one day, after having defeated a party of Indians, the soldiers came upon an abandoned camp formerly occupied by the Indians. In this camp they found an Indian child left there by the Indians in their haste to escape. The soldiers were at a loss to know what to do with it. Some wished to take it with them, while others argued that it would be better to leave it there, so that the Indians might return for it. Their dispute was abruptly ended by the arrival of Henry, who coolly drew his dagger and dispatched the child with no more feeling than one would have in killing a snake. This act hurt his reputation more than any other could have done. Some of the soldiers would have nothing to do with him and the rest kept away from him as much as possible.

He realized only too late the folly and cruelty of his deed and the unpopularity it had gained for him. He repented, but what good did that do him? What he must do was to redeem himself in some way. How to bring this about he did not know. At last, however, an opportunity presented itself. It was very dangerous and the chance of coming out alive slight. His chance was this: On a certain spot just on the outskirts of the fort a picket had been killed and scalped every night for nearly a week. It was an important post and must be guarded. Henry would probably never be called on to guard this

post, as he was too good a man to lose. If he should volunteer for duty on this post and contrive to bring down the Indian or Indians who had been killing the picket every night, he would regain the respect of his fellow soldiers. He must do it.

That night he volunteered to guard this post and was accepted. He made his regular rounds, back and forth, until it began to grow dark; then he dropped back behind a clump of bushes with a tree to his back and watched. In a few moments he thought he saw some bushes move just slightly about fifty yards in front of him. He watched the bushes where he had seen the movement, and about every minute he would see them move. He also noticed that nearly every time the bushes moved, he would hear a fox bark. As the time went by, he realized by the direction of the barking that the would-be fox was making a circle and now must be about a hundred yards behind him. He waited a few moments and then fired into the clump of bushes, which had just moved, and behind which he had just perceived the dusky outline of a redskin. With a yell and Indian fell out of the clump of bushes, and at the same time another leaped toward Henry from behind. Henry, however, was ready for him, knowing by the circling of the barking fox what the trick was and met him with clubbed musket. One blow was enough to put the redskin into everlasting sleep. In the morning when a detachment of soldiers came to bury Henry's remains, they found him calmly seated on a stump with a dead redskin on either side of him. He told them of his night's experiences, and immediately they congratulated him and shook hands with him.

Two days later an orderly told him that the captain and his staff wished to see him. Henry immediately reported, not having the slightest idea of what was going to happen. He was addressed by the captain thus:

"Private Strafford, you have, by safely guarding a post where six men have been killed in six consecutive nights, and by killing the Indians who did the trick, proved yourself a soldier of great ability. Not only that, but your skill and wisdom have several times relieved strenuous circumstances. Lieutenant Harvey, as you know, has been killed; and after a conference we have decided that you are the man to succeed him. Will you accept?"

Henry accepted and again was held in greatest regard by his fellow-soldiers. He proved himself as capable an officer as he had a scout. A short time later, one afternoon, when an encampment of Indians had been defeated and their wigwams set fire to, Henry and a few others heard a noise like that of a child crying. He realized

the Indians had left a child in the wigwam and that it would soon be burned to death. He rushed in and carried the child out in his arms just as the burning wigwam collapsed. The soldiers regarded him closely and curiously, wondering what he would do with the papoose. Henry took him—the child was a boy—back to the fort and cared for him until the war was over. He would have brought him back to Gray; but, having learned of the child's parents from an Indian prisoner, he returned him to them.

Soon after this he retired from the service and returned to his home in Gray, where he delighted the children telling them of the Indians and his experiences with them.

LEONARD, '21

A Harrowing Experience

It happened that I had been reading ghost stories from an old Hallowe'en book. After a time I became restless and wished to go visiting. Curled up in an arm chair, I made my plans. I would go over to my uncle's to see Lillian.

Suddenly I found myself at her house. She was very glad to see me and anxious to entertain me; so we thought we would make molasses candy. We did not have as good luck as we had planned with our candy, because it would not pull well, and when I next thought about getting home it was dark. It had clouded up and the stars were not shining.

Lillian told me she would go a piece with me if I were afraid, but—oh no—nothing would touch me as all wild animals had left Raymond with the exception of a few monkeys. The road from my uncle's to the main road is rather a creepy place to travel through after dark, because of the woods so near. I had hardly got started by the woods when I saw two ghosts beckoning to me among the trees. I started to run, but got into the mud so deeply that I was securely stuck. Then the two ghosts came up and offered to help me out.

After they had helped me out, they tried to lead me off into the woods, but I got away and started for home as fast as I could. As I left them, they shouted, "Look out for the gypsies!" and then I heard a voice shout, "Frances!"

I looked around and saw two gypsies chasing me at their full speed. I watched them too closely; for, just as I thought I was going to get home before being caught, I ran with some force into a large

pine tree. Just as I was falling back on the ground, I heard someone call very loudly, "Frances!"

Then all was still for a few moments. When I came to myself, the gypsies were placing me in one of their covered wagons. We rode over a very rough road and I was being bounced dreadfully. After going over the rough road, I heard one of the gypsy women say, "Now for the water." At the mention of water I shivered. I had hardly done so before it seemed as if I was going to be drowned in ice-water and sink all my troubles, but I shouted,

"Ouch! !"

Then I heard my mother say, "Well, I should think it was time you were waking up! I've shaken you till I can hardly stand, and have given you an ice-cold shower-bath. Come! It's seven o'clock and you must start for Gray in half an hour."

FRANCES COLE, '22

The Impossible

I tried to write a poem
Once upon a time.
I couldn't get the meter,
And I couldn't get the rhyme.

I thought I'd write a ballad,
But I couldn't make a verse.
And then I tried a romance
To find my case much worse.

My head was growing dizzy;
My feet were getting cool;
I can't write no durn ole poem,
'Cause I never learnt no rule.

WILSON, '21

The Marriage of the Adriatic

When Venice was at the height of her glory, an annual ceremony was performed, which was called "The Marriage of the Adriatic". On Ascension day the Doge of Venice, in his ship of state, rode out the Lido canal and dropped into the Adriatic Sea the most beautiful ring that it was possible to secure. The ceremony was very impressive; with the casting of the ring into the sea, the Doge repeated these

words: "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of true and lasting domination." After this ceremony had been performed, the people proceeded to return to Venice, and the remainder of the day was given over to rejoicing.

In the year 1489, Agostino Barbarigo, then Doge of Venice, sent out the usual decree, imploring all men skilled in the art of making jewelry to put forth every effort to see if a ring could not be produced, which should surpass any ring used in the past for "The Marriage of the Adriatic".

This decree was the cause of unusual excitement, for it had been rumored that the contention to produce the ring which should be chosen would be even more bitter than usual. It had even been whispered that foul means might be used. All Venice was keyed to a high pitch of excitement.

The crucial day arrived. Every one who had entered the contest for making the ring was almost overcome with nervousness. The rings which were shown that day have had no equal since. The sight was dazzling. Beautiful rings of gold, set with precious stones, were brought. Rubies, emeralds, diamonds, pearls and all other priceless jewels were there in abundance. At last, after much consideration, the ring was chosen. It was the work of Andrew Donatello, one of the wealthiest jewelers in Venice. The disappointed contestants took their rings and wended their way homeward, some sad, some angry, a few discouraged, but the greater number resolved to try again the following year.

A few days later, the Doge received by special messenger word from Paul Palladio, one of the wealthy nobles of Venice, that he had entered the contest, unknown to anyone else. He declared that he had a ring more beautiful than the one which was chosen could possibly be. The note seemed rather aggressive, but the Doge was very anxious to procure an especially beautiful ring and he sent word that he would examine the ring the following day if Paul Palladio would bring it to the castle.

Near the royal palace in Venice, there was at the period of this story a continuous arcade of shops and cafes, which was occupied nights by a picturesque throng of promenaders. When the band was playing and the picture wreathed in moonlight, the whole seemed like the scene of an enchanted dream.

Agostino Barbarigo, the Doge of Venice, loved beautiful scenes as much as any other passionate Italian. As was his custom, with his royal guard, he set out that evening for his ride. As he

neared the arcade of shops he saw a man a little ahead of his carriage who seemed to desire a conversation with him. He had the carriage stopped and asked the man what he wished. Palma Tintoretto, for this was the man's name, replied that he must see the Doge alone at once. The Doge invited the man to enter his carriage, for the man seemed very curious and acted as if he feared very much that the Doge would not listen. They were driven back to the castle, Palma Tintoretto would not speak about his mission on the way; he simply said that he could not talk until they were more in privacy. When at last he was alone with the Doge and a few attendants, he told the Doge that he had a ring for Ascension day. He was very humble but was firm in his belief that this ring excelled any thing that could possibly have been shown before. This seemed hardly credible, for, although the man was not shabby, he was by no means dressed in the height of fashion and his clothes were not costly, and how could one afford to make the most beautiful ring in all Venice if one could not afford to dress well? However, Agostino Barbarigo was not inclined to lose the most beautiful ring procurable by simply judging the man incapable of affording the same; besides, the man might have reasons of his own for dressing like that. So Palma Tintoretto was ordered to produce the ring. This he did, after being assured that that no one else should enter the room until he was through.

The Doge looked at the ring dazedly for fully a minute, then he snatched it from the hands of the maker, crying excitedly in Italian, "It is found, it is found! It is procured! Oh! It is wonderful, beautiful, magnificent." Then he sprang from his seat and kissed Palma Tintoretto on both cheeks. Immediately he fell to examining the ring again. No man could have kept his eyes from it long.

It was indeed a work of art, a wonderful creation. On the wonderful circlet of gold was a tiny miniature of the Bucentaur, the ship from which the marriage ceremony was performed. It seemed as tho it must be a dream. How was it possible to make so small a miniature so perfect? Gold where the Bucentaur was gold and with precious stones used for different colors of the hangings, the ship was a perfect copy of the Bucentaur, except for its size. Rubies were used for the crimson velvet covering of the upper deck, the gold braid and tassels were there, there were the two tiny cherubs supporting the shell-shaped canopy. Most wonderful of all were the gold figures representing Prudence and Strength, one on each side of the chereubs. It was all the exact representation of the Bucentaur, even to the flag made of jewels which rose over the ship. The Bucentaur rested on a

sea of sapphires, while the background was the sky, which was a marvel of colors, a veritable Venetian sunset.

After gazing at the ring for several minutes, the Doge rose, again kissed Palma Tintoretto on both cheeks and congratulated him on his success. He then explained that he must withhold his final decision until he had seen a ring, which a man named Paul Palladio had promised to bring. He noticed that Palma Tintoretto turned pale at these words and clenched his hands while he gazed steadily ahead of him with his jaw set.

He dismissed the maker of the wonderful ring but could not dismiss that strange look from his mind. During the night he was awakened several times by the thot of it. He wondered; Why should the name of Paul Palladio cause Palma Tintoretto to look like that? What did it mean? Was the look one of fear or hate? What was the secret in this man's life?

It was the day before Ascension Day. The Doge had received no word from Paul Palladio. He was slightly surprised at this for the note he had received from this man had seemed so sure and self-satisfied. However, the absence of the man did not trouble him greatly for he was confident that no ring could excel the one received from Palma Tintoretto. But, in order to give the man his chance, he sent messengers to inform him that, if his ring was to be considered, it must be brot immediately. The messengers were not able to find him. His servants said he had left that day to see the Doge. The Doge thot this rather strange and sent messengers to search for him. He was not worried as much as might be expected for Paul Palladio was known to be a reckless and frivolous man and he might have deserted his mission for the sake of a good time.

In the afternoon, no word had been received, so the Doge sent out a proclamation that the choice of the ring had been reconsidered since the arrival of a more beautiful one and that the final choice was the work of a young unknown jeweler, Palma Tintoretto.

This young unknown jeweler had been in love with Maria Mocenigo. She was born in a place of higher rank than he. She was in fact the descendant of one of the former Doges. Her family had been averse to her marriage with Palma Tintoretto but finally consented to give Maria to him if he would make himself famous. This had been hard work, for he was not exceedingly wealthy. Now he had made the ring. It was a success. Of course he had received, besides fame, a handsome reward in money. Now he was a wealthy and famous man. The day that the Doge issued the decree, the name of Maria Mocenigo became Maria Tintoretto.

Ascension day arrived. Palma Tintoretto and his wife were the idols of the day. They were taken out to the sea, to witness the ceremony, in the Bucentaur. It was customary to take the designer of the ring, but, never before had such a ring been seen, consequently, never before had such honors and attentions been showered upon the maker of the ring. It was a day to be remembered. As a mark of his respect and admiration, the Doge received Palma Tintoretto into the select circle of nobles of Venice. The day of celebration ended in a whirl of happiness for nearly every one.

The next day, the messengers sent to Paul Palladio returned, but not without news. With them they brot the man himself. He was pale and haggard, his clothes torn and dirty. He told his story to the Doge. It was pathetic. There was plenty of evidence. The case was brot to trial. This was Palladio's story.

"I had made a ring, the most beautiful ring ever seen. I was so sure of it's winning your favor, that I wanted to bring it as a surprise, after you had judged the others. Therefore no one except my most trustworthy servants was told of the thing which I was attempting. I sent the note to you. The following day I meant to start with the ring, in fact, I did *start*. I went alone for, by doing so, I thot to attract less attention than with a body guard of men. When part way to my destination, I was attacked, the ring stolen and I taken and hidden in an old shed guarded by two powerful men. I have heard the chosen ring described. It is the ring I made."

At this statement, the thot of the strange look which had crossed Palma Tintoretto's face, at the mention of Paul Palladio, came back forcefully to the Doge. In a trice he had decided. It was fear that had made the man act so strangely. The look itself was one of fear.

Paul Palladio, when asked if he had any grounded suspicions, hesitated, but, urged by the judge, replied, "There was a woman, Maria Mocenigo. I loved her but she defied me. She loved another, a poor worthless fellow, Palma Tintoretto. Her parents favored my suit but she would not marry. At last her parents consented to the marriage with Palma, on the condition that he should become wealthy and famous. He has become so thru the possession of that ring. It was my ring, I know from the description. She told him of it and he stole it, I am sure."

Witnesses were brot and questioned. Several of Paul Palladio's servants confessed that they had seen Palma Tintoretto on their master's property, and declared that he had questioned them about a certain ring which he believed Paul Palladio was making. The men

who had guarded Paul Palladio, after he was seized, were caught and also brot to court. They admitted that they were hired by Palma Tintoretto. The evidence was overwhelming.

At last, came the time for Palma Tintoretto to defend himself. His story was convincing. He declared that he had, for years, saved all his money. He had worked day and night, he had even lived in want at times. At last he had saved enough money to purchase the material, then he had made the ring. He could not produce any witnesses, he had been too secret about it, but, nevertheless, several attempts had been made to steal the ring. From that he gathered that some one had learned of it. He begged them to give him time to gather any possible proof.

The people could not believe him. He had no proof and Paul Palladio had. No, Palma Tintoretto way lying, Paul Palladio was speaking the truth. They were convicted. The judge decided that such a serious case must be settled at once. No time could be lost. Palma Tintoretto was sentenceded to death.

His wife had become involved by part of the evidence. It seemed that she had aided him. Such unlawful acts must not continue in Venice. The originators of the crime must be punished.

The next day the Bucentaur was again launched. Once again Maria and Palma Tintoretto rode upon it. But, how different were the circumstances! It had been decided that Palma Tintoretto's crime was chiefly against the sea, so the sea must avenge it. On this day, instead of being the idols of the people, Palma Tintoretto and his wife were jeered at and mocked by the crowd. They were once again taken to the place where the 'marriage of the Adriatic' had been performed, but today instead of a ring dropped as a token of marriage, two human beings were flung into the sea as an atonement for the wrong done.

Palma and Maria Tintoretto took their punishment bravely. As they sank, the last time, under the waves and as the sky became a glory of an Italian sunset, there came to the Doge the remembrance of the wedding ring which Palma Tintoretto claimed he had made. The sunset and scene were so nearly the same that it caused him to wonder if this resemblance could have any meaning. This thot caused him no slight uneasiness.

The Bucentaur went slowly back while the gondolas which had been out to watch the proceeding followed. A few people were sorry but most of them felt that a great wrong had been atoned for.

A year passed uneventfully; then Paul Palladio became the victim of a fatal fever and on his death-bed confessed the plot and lie of which he was the instigator. His witnesses had all been bribed. The whole affair had been planned simply that he might make Maria regret that she had chosen Palma Tintoretto in preference to himself. It was all the result of jealousy and rejected love.

When this confession was made known, the people of Venice turned their bitterness from Palma Tintoretto to Paul Palladio. The name of Tintoretto became spotless and has ever since been honored.

It was about this time that the slow downfall of Venice began. Many people thought that the unjust death of Maria and Palma Tintoretto was the cause. Perhaps the sea had been angry. This was, at least, the superstition held by many people; and, altho the marriage ceremony still continued to take place, many people had lost all faith in it.

For many years afterwards, when the sunset was unusually beautiful and resembled the one represented on that fatal ring, people would say, "It is a message from Palma Tintoretto. He is foretelling some great calamity."

ALICE W. SWEETSER, '21

When the Germans Shelled Pennell Institute

The Germans advanced to the Institute by way of Dutton Hill, upon the innocent members of the Sophomore class who were industriously studying at the time the siege began, about ten A. M. There occurred a battle that raised the estimation of the Sophomore class in the eyes of the Gray citizens more than anything else could have possibly done. I am sorry to say it, but the Gray citizens are very stolid. Anybody else could have told the worthiness of the Sophomore class. It took a battle in which many of Pennell's most esteemed pupils were lost to make the town fully realize the wonderful value of the Sophomores.

As we were studying, a thing which we very rarely did, a shell dropped near a tree growing beside the Institute and blew it up in the air for about a hundred feet. When the tree came down it landed on top of the Institute.

There was a Sophomore boy who was a very gallant gentleman, E. K. He had previously given speeches as to how seriously prohibition had affected the country in general. This gentleman, to quiet the Sophomore girls, who were much frightened, got up to give a speech.

He was waxing eloquent and doing his duty with a good will, as I suppose it was; anyway his forehead was running with sweat; he frequently called for water; he had his shirt sleeves rolled up, and the veins on his forehead were sky blue and as large as a bat. The Freshies of course were carrying him the water, as they well knew the iron-handed Sophomores. E. K. drank as he talked. The speaker was thrown forward very swiftly and suddenly, and struck forcibly on his head. But he kept on delivering his speech, as though he had it on his mind, and could not keep it there.

Prudence now demanded a retreat, so we went up stairs, as the Institute was surrounded with German soldiers. We went into the book room, then into the attic. But here was a terrible predicament, totally unlooked for. Bill Russell, a delicate, fragile fellow of about five feet nine, had wedged himself into a trapdoor of two feet four, and in a pitiful voice, was crying, "Fellows, don't leave me. I can't go up or down. I'm stuck right here." We fellows, who had climbed up higher by jumping on Bill's shoulders, got him down.

Of course we couldn't leave Bill, so we came down stairs, girls and all. The Germans had bayonets and the bombs which they had thrown. If they had been counting on Bill's presence, they would, of course, have brought a good round supply of ammunition, but they expected no serious resistance. Bill, anxious to repay us for not deserting him, caught hold of a radiator, and with this, a toy for him, he made them retreat with large gaps in their ranks. In this manner we kept the Germans back until we reached the village, where we received reinforcements.

Bill was rewarded for his bravery and strength, by both parties. The Germans gave him an Iron Cross. The town voted to give him a Croix de Guerre. As a result of the battle, John Walker was scared to death and was buried gray-headed, while E. K. is regarded as an orator, second only to Daniel Webster.

COFFIN, '22

A Hunting Trip

Three years ago last fall I went out partridge hunting. I knew a good place where there were old apple trees on which the partridges feed. I walked a long way before I got to this place. I found it at last; but the bushes had grown among the trees, so it was hard to see the birds before they flew.

I had gone but a little way when I thought I heard a partridge fly, but it was only a dog chasing a rabbit. The rabbit came out in front of me; but I was looking for partridges, so didn't see it until it was going into the bushes out of sight. It was late in the afternoon; so I started for home without any game. I felt pretty badly because I hadn't got anything; but, as I was walking along, wishing I might see something, there was a partridge in the road in front of me! I fired. It didn't move and I thought it must be a rock, but the closer I came to it, the more plainly I could see that it was a partridge. I picked it up and started for home, as happy as anyone could be.

PRINCE, '22

I Wonder

I wonder why man should think he is of worth
 In this great scheme of things that revolves round the earth.
 I say, "Moves round the earth", but I do not intend
 To imply that the earth is the center or end,
 But merely to state that this earth is a part,
 Will be at the end, and so was at the start,
 Of this incomprehensible, fathomless plan
 Of which we know only our own earth and man.

I wonder why man should think he owns this sphere
 When he doesn't yet know for what reason he's here.
 Or it may be there isn't a reason at all
 Except that he's so unimportant and small
 That it's better to let the wee parasites stay
 Than it would be to put them all out of the way.
 Or perhaps he's not seen by the ruler in charge,
 To whom even things like this earth don't look large.

I wonder why man should think this little world
 Is the only of those that are every day hurled
 By the master in space upon which can exist
 An intelligent man. And why does he insist
 That all other bodies are so hot, cold, or small
 That no kind of life can exist there at all?
 When to him who rules all, stars and planets may seem
 Just like dust to the earth to the rest of his dream!

SWEETSER, '20

A Confederate Soldier

It was Memorial day and Corice, the brown haired, bright eyed, sixteen year old granddaughter of Edward Deane, was on her way to the cemetery. Her arms were filled with flowers, her looks were enough to make anyone who looked on her face forget his troubles.

Corice was soberly happy as she went on her way to place a wreath and a bunch of flowers on her grandfather's grave. Her grandfather had fought in the Civil War. While at his grave, the thought came to her that there might be some graves on this beautiful Memorial day which might not be adorned even by a wreath. As she had a few extra ones, she determined to find some of these graves and place wreaths on them and maybe it would make some heart lighter — at least, it would make her happier to think that she had made good use of her extra wreaths.

After disposing of one or two of her wreaths, she came to a lot on which the grass was unmown and the stones slanted and covered with moss. For this one she selected her largest and prettiest wreath.

Next she came to one with a large stone surrounded by many small ones. An inscription on the larger stone showed that it had been erected for a man, the father of many small children. The father had died in service. The thought came to Corice, "Would these children have died if they could have had a loving father's care, or was it their lot to be taken to their heavenly home soon after their entrance into an earthly one?" This no one was able to tell, but Corice placed a large wreath on the father's grave.

Corice, in her wandering, came upon the lot of Amos Colley upon which she noticed the stones of many of the family. Among them was the one of Charles Colley.

Suddenly Corice recalled the story of Mr. Colley. During the Civil War Mr. Colley left home with a number of other young men to fight for the cause of the North. When the war was over and the soldiers were returning from the south, Mr. Colley did not come back with them.

It was reported that he had fallen during an engagement in the south. But his body had not been returned with the rest. A communication was sent to the south for the return of his body.

Immediately a body was sent home in a tightly closed casket. When the casket was opened, it was found that instead of the body of Mr. Colley it was that of a Confederate soldier. It was clothed in a

Confederate uniform and not covered with an American flag. The body was buried and a stone erected by the town, bearing the inscription: "Here lies a Confederate soldier."

Upon recalling the story of Mr. Colley, Corice set out to find the grave of the unknown man. After a long walk she came to it. It was a small, ill-kept lot with one small marker.

Many thoughts came into Corice's mind while she stood looking at it. "Who was this man?" "Where did he live?" "Had he a family?" All these questions Corice answered for herself.

In her imagination, she pictured him as a rich land owner, esteemed by everybody who knew him, having servants at his command, living with his wife and small family in a mansion—nearly a palace—enjoying all the luxuries that any man might wish and marching away for a cause that he considered right. And here he was buried in an enemy's cemetery never to be known in this part of the country as anything but a southern soldier. In the south there are people wondering where he is laid at rest, hoping that it is on southern soil and that his grave is being well cared for.

Corice wondered if Mr. Colley's grave was being cared for. Although his body was in southern soil, some kindhearted person might feel it his duty to care for the grave of his enemy's unknown hero. She could only hope that this might be true. With a feeling of compassion she placed a wreath and a bunch of flowers upon the grave of the unknown Confederate soldier.

MARGUERITE MORRILL, '21

Joseph Orono

Joseph Orono was born in a log cabin on the outskirts of Acadia. His mother was a daughter of Baron St. Castine and had married a man by the name of Charles Orono, who was half French and half Indian.

When Joseph was five years old, his father and mother were massacred in an Indian uprising. During the fight the chief saw the boy and was about to kill him with his tomahawk when he was struck by the strong resemblance of the lad to his son, who had recently died. The chief decided to take the boy in place of his own and that night, amidst a solemn ceremony, the little blue-eyed white child was adopted into the tribe. The next day the Penobscots returned to their village on the shores of Moosehead Lake.

Here in the wilderness of northern Maine Orono grew very strong. He loved the wild, free life that he led and soon learned all the woodcraft and cunning of the savage. He became very skillful in the use of the bow and arrow and at the age of eighteen he was excelled only by the chief himself. As woman suffrage had not been heard of by the Indian squaws, he did not have to work but spent most of his time with his loyal and devoted friend, Deerfoot, hunting and fishing.

One day Deerfoot was sent with a message to the Iroquois; and, while resting before his return he overheard an old brave telling about the wonders of the great West. On his return, he told Orono all that he had heard about the wonderfully large herds of buffalo and the great river many miles wide called the Father of Waters. When Orono heard about these things, he could not rest until he had seen them, and, as soon as the winter snows had melted on the hillsides, he started with his friend, Deerfoot, on this long and dangerous journey, part of it thru hostile territory.

After traveling for many days they came to the Ohio River at the place which is now called Cincinnati. There they rested for a week, built themselves a canoe and gathered some provisions. Here they got their first glimpse of a large buffalo herd. They were awakened one night by a loud rumbling like distant thunder coming nearer and nearer. The noise grew louder and louder as the animals approached and for the first time the two Indians trembled with fear; but, on seeing the cause of so much noise, they quickly took to the trees nearby and watched with wonder the moving sea of animals rushing blindly forward. Thousands and thousands of tossing heads and flying manes passed beneath and all around them. These monarchs of the plain had undoubtedly been startled by some unknown cause and the pressure of those behind had prevented them from stopping sooner.

Early the next morning the travellers launched their canoe on the Ohio and began the last stage of their journey to the Mississippi. This last part of their voyage was much easier than the first; about all they had to do was to drift with the current and keep away from snags.

That night, before landing, Orono shot two ducks from the canoe with his bow and arrows, and these they ate for supper.

They drifted by easy stages, having no cause for hurry, and at last reached the chief object of their voyage early in the fall. Although this mighty river was a wonderful sight that none of their tribe had ever seen, it did not quite correspond to the glowing account of the Iroquois brave who had added much from his own imagination.

Having a desire to see what lay beyond, they crossed the river to view the country. One day about a week later, Deerfoot, seeing a patch of fur in a thicket, launched an arrow at it. To his surprise the small patch of fur that he saw proved to be a full grown grizzly bear. With a growl of pain, the bear rushed at Deerfoot and, before he could escape, struck him down with a blow from his powerful paw. Orono heard the growl of the bear and quickly bent his bow almost double with his great strength and sent his arrow straight down the open jaws of the bear. The shock of the arrow striking a vital spot stunned the bear for a moment, then, leaving Deerfoot, he started for Orono, but fell dead as soon as another arrow from the fatal bow reached its mark.

A party of Wyandotts returning to their village from a hunt heard the growls of the bear and the cry of Deerfoot and hastened to the spot. The chief, Timendaquis, seeing the misfortune of Deerfoot, had his warriors make a litter for the man while he and Orono bound up the wounds. The Indians carried the wounded man to their village and the chief invited the two to stay with him.

After lying in a semi-unconscious state for a few days, Deerfoot succumbed to the fever caused by his wounds and died on the first of December over a thousand miles from his home.

Orono grieved very much for his tried and trusted friend who had been his companion on this long journey, sharing his hardships and pleasures. As the winter progressed, a great liking sprang up between Joseph and the Wyandott chieftain; and, when the winter snows had gone, Orono decided to remain with the Wyandotts instead of returning with his tribe.

In the athletic contests that took place in the village during the winter months the Penobscot was unexcelled in strength. As he had never ridden a horse, not having need of one in the forests of Maine, he could not ride like the Indians of the plains, who, without saddle or bridle could guide their mounts in any direction by the pressure of their knees.

Orono grew very fond of buffalo hunting and flying over the plain bare-back in pursuit of animals. The meat of these animals was the chief diet of these Indians and the hides were used for blankets. Much of the meat was cured for future use.

Joseph Orono lived a very happy life with his new friends and expected to remain with them until his death had not the arrival of some news during his later years changed his plans. This news was that his father was dead and that the tribe was very much in need

of a leader; so, seeing his duty, Orono returned to his former home to take the place of his father.

When he returned to his village after a long and wearisome journey, he was hailed as one risen from the dead by the people who had not forgotten him.

He was quite old when he took his father's place as ruler; and, when America threw off the tyrannical yoke of England, he sided with America. He was also, next to Colonel John Allen, the means of saving Maine for the Union. Some years later, Orono seemed to have trouble with his tribe and, with some of his followers, retired to Fort Halifax on the Kennebec, where he died at the age of one hundred and twelve years.

KENT, '21

Gray in 1960

In 1920, Gray was but a mere settlement, and the buildings were of a very common style. The streets were common dirt roads. As the town prospered, things began to change, and this is how 1960 finds Gray.

It is a small city with grand and magnificent buildings. The store that was run by Mr. Bangs, known under the name Cole, Marsden and Co., is now a building of enormous size, nearly as large as the City Hall in Portland, and it is managed by Byron Hanson, a man of sixty-three years. John Walker now runs the Falmouth Hotel No. 2 named after a big hotel in Portland forty years ago. He has such a business that he employs Guy Prince as meat man and his wife, Mrs. Prince, a North Gray girl, in charge of all his young waitresses.

The streets are paved and a new water system from Sebago Lake has been established. The population has greatly increased on account of several manufacturing plants that have developed. There is a large bank in the village. The roads are macadamized, and Little Sebago Lake is one of the greatest summer resorts in New England.

In a large, new hall, many lectures and entertainments are enjoyed. Here Walker always has special business; one of his hobbies is lecturing. I remember back in English class how he gave us a talk on Woman Suffrage. Of course, he was only a young man, but he was an expert then; anyway, he used all the large words he could find, trying to keep within his bounds as to the meaning of them, yet sometimes losing control and making a slip that sounded rather badly; but forty years makes quite a difference with him as with all.

RUSSELL, '22

A Daring Rescue

Beth Morris moved to Newton just as high school was beginning, and entered the Newton High School as a Sophomore. Beth was a very attractive girl and had every advantage, for her family had all the money they needed to make themselves comfortable. Before the first term of school had passed, she was very prominent in all her classes. She could learn quite readily and almost always had her lessons. In this way she won the hearts of all her teachers. She was always with the young people outside of school and at last she became a favorite with all the boys and almost all the girls.

There was one girl, however, who did not like Beth. Her name was Shirley Roberts. She had always been popular before Beth came. She was prettier than Beth, but did not care about studying her lessons. When Beth began to be prominent, Shirley grew jealous, as was soon apparent. Shirley was Sophomore class president because no one knew Beth when the officers were chosen. The next year the class decided that they had better elect Shirley again because she made a good president, although almost everyone preferred Beth.

During the last term of Beth's junior year, her class was to give a drama. There was a great deal of talk about the parts. When the English teacher announced the cast, she gave the leading lady's part to Beth. Shirley was very disappointed when she heard this, although she received a very prominent part, but, as the last straw, Dick Ladd was to be leading man. Shirley thought there was no boy in school quite as attractive as Dick. Dick liked Shirley, but he began to think, like all the rest, that Beth was a little more interesting. Still, he didn't think he had much chance because, whenever Beth allowed a boy to walk beside her, there were always others ready and she showed no preference for any.

At last Shirley's anger got the better of her and she determined not to let Beth play the leading part with Dick. Shirley owned a very pretty runabout so she planned to take Beth for a ride on the day of the drama, to go out on a lonely road quite far from Newton, and suddenly find she had no gasoline. She had already asked Beth to go and Beth had accepted, but with some wonder about Shirley's change of heart toward her.

A week before the play was to be given, Shirley's little sister, Virginia, went out riding with her father, who had some business at a man's house about a half mile from Beth's home. He went into the house, leaving Virginia to hold the horses. Suddenly, from around

a bend, came an automobile rushing on at full speed. The horses were frightened and off they started as fast as they could go. Virginia tried very hard to stop them, but they could not be controlled. She sat back on the seat and tried to jump; the horses stopped with a jerk. She sprang out and there was Beth on the ground at the horses' feet. Beth heard a great noise and had run out to see what it was. When she saw the horses, she rushed to the road and seized their bridles. She knew no more until she found herself lying on the bed with two doctors working over her.

At last it was decided that she was not much hurt and would be able to take her part in the play. When Shirley learned about this, she came at once to Beth and confessed the plan to take her off so that they couldn't get back in time for the drama. She said she was very sorry that she had even thought of such a thing. Beth forgave her and they have been the best of friends ever since.

The play was a great success and Shirley acted her part remarkably well. A dance followed the drama. Beth's brother asked her for the first waltz, and Dick waltzed with Shirley, which pleased her very much. After the dance, as Shirley and Beth were together, Dick came along in his automobile, and told both of them to jump in and he would take them home. Shirley stayed at Beth's that night. As she lay in bed trying to sleep, she wondered how she could ever have been jealous of a girl like Beth, who had shown so much courage and such a forgiving spirit.

KATHRYN SWEETSER, '22

Paul Akers

Paul Akers was born at Westbrook, Maine, July 10, 1825. He was christened Benjamin, but his playmates nicknamed him St. Paul, so he was later known to the art world as Paul Akers, the sculptor. He was the eldest of eleven children. His family was poor, his father being a wood-turner; they were self-educated, liberal, poetical, and impractical.

He worked in the mills at Westbrook, but did not find this congenial. One day he said that he would jump off the Saccarappa bridge if he had to work there any longer. He seemed lazy. When he was still quite young, it was noticed that he had artistic ability. His first effort was a wooden rooster for a weather-cock. In 1850 he opened a studio at Portland, Maine, and made busts of the poet, Longfellow, and of other noted men.

Later he fell in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, who had obtained a divorce from a husband that had advertised for a wife. Her home was in Strong, Maine. They were married in Portland, where she was employed on the staff of the "Advertiser." She was the author of many poems, of which the most famous is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother".

Paul studied art at Rome for some years, and he registered later at the hotels as Akers of "Roma Italia". He returned to this country in 1858. He died from tuberculosis, at Philadelphia, on May 21, 1861.

Some of his best known works were: "Una and the Lion", "St. Elizabeth of Hungary", "The Pearl Diver", and "Benjamin in Egypt". "The Pearl Diver" is the original of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun". His bust of Milton has been called by critics "A Man Angel".

ELEANOR DENNIS, '23

In Defense for Ruth Stevens

You have probably read in the history of Gray
How the settlers came, drove the red men away;
How they fashioned a meeting-house, built up a fort,
And lived for a year with but deaths to report.
Then further along, perhaps half a page down,
You read of a birth in this wilderness town:
"October the sixth, '66, in the morn
The first male child, Daniel Cummings, was born."

"But why 'first *male* child'?" you naturally ask.
And to answer you is not a difficult task.
For the author has put in a footnote below
A statement explaining what we want to know.
The statement is this: "In the year '64
Ruth Stevens was born." Just this, and no more.

It is plain to the reader that in the time when
The history was written the women and men
Were not on equal footing and did not have fights
Over suffragists' movements, amendments, and rights.
For the men ruled the women—quite gently, perhaps;
But the feathers, you notice, were stuck in men's caps.

Just look at Dan Cummings. You get the impression
His name heads the whole pioneering profession.

Then look at Ruth Stevens, not mentioned at all
 Except in a footnote in printing so small
 That I doubt if a person reviewing the book
 Would once give the passage so much as a look.

There are, perhaps, people who side in with Dan
 And think that a girl when compared with a man
 Is not as important and can't do as much.
 To enlighten such people 'twould take but a touch
 Of our heroine's life, who, while doing her part
 As the wife of James Doughty, whose hand and whose heart
 She had taken in marriage, worked hard every day
 After sending the children to school or to play.
 And perhaps, as she worked at her washing, sometimes
 Dan Cummings would pass with his rifle and lines;
 Or perhaps he would stop on his way from the brook
 And tell how a whale got away with his hook.
 And perhaps he would sit there an hour or more'
 And then wander off to some other man's door.

Now if I wrote a history of Gray in the past,
 The name of Ruth Stevens would come far from last.
 And if anyone's name must appear in a note,
 I think I should make Daniel Cummings the goat.

SWEETSER, '20

A Football Victory

Somerville High had arranged to play Exeter High in a football game. It was the last of the series and both sides were claiming the championship. If either lost, it was to give a supper to its opponent in one of the largest hotels of Boston. Somerville High had lost one of its best men in the last game. His name was Hillman. He got excited and angry and punched his opponent. Somerville was penalized severely and lost the game. The spectators had hissed at him and his school-fellows treated him in a contemptuous way. He thought the whole world had turned against him.

On Friday, Exeter High came down with a fast-looking team. Their signals and practicing went off like clock work, and the locals were getting worried. The player that took Hillman's place was injured in the first part of the game and Somerville had to stop to put

in another man. After a consultation and much arguing, the coach decided to put Hillman in.

When Hillman walked into the line, Exeter's men noted his mightily shoulders and muscles. Hillman decided to play clean, even if he were to be killed. After the game started, he played a clean and remarkable game. He tore great holes in the other line. Now he was receiving the ball, now passing it, and guarding the runner.

The opposite side was steadily forced back. Exeter tried hard to get Hillman to fighting. Feet were put out in an attempt to trip him, and all sorts of contemptible tricks were played. Admiration shone in the eyes of his teammates, as they saw him playing gamely on.

When he made a forty yard run with the ball, the crowd cheered him till it was hoarse. As he was rising to his feet, someone fell on his shoulder. A snap and a crack and he knew that his shoulder was nearly dislocated. In an instant he saw red and started for the fellow, then stopped short, and took his place in the line.

The game was a tie and Exeter High School had the kick-off. One of the Somerville men caught it, and made a splendid pass to Hillman, who was off with the speed of wind. He carried three men and the pigskin to victory. Then his own men seized him, swung him up on their shoulders, and marched off the field.

All the crowd had seen the effort to put Hillman out of the game, by the intentional drop on his shoulder. All the Somerville men who had made bitter remarks were now eager to apologize.

The supper was enough to tempt the appetite of any dyspeptic; at the beginning the coach made a speech:

"I have been earnestly requested to speak as a representative of the students. The next year this school will have its strongest man on the gridiron as captain. You all know of whom I speak, one who has been treated as an outcast, but who proved his worth in the greatest game of the series. Captain Hillman, I am going to present you this gold medal with the compliments of all Somerville High men."

KENT, '22

The Route Between Turner and Portland

The class of '21, Pennell Institute, was preparing to write stories for the school paper. Among the subjects given us by our teacher was "The Route between Turner and Portland in the Early Eighties,"

which I have attempted to describe here. Now to get material for this subject would have been difficult had I not met a short time before with a strange experience, which I have set down here.

My brother and I had gone gunning. We had gone up on Colley Hill, where we separated, intending to meet again at Mayall's tomb and compare our results. About half an hour after we had separated, I came to the old Stoddard lot and, seeing an inviting stone, which had once been the doorstep of the Stoddard house, to sit upon, I leaned my gun against it and sat down. As I was a little tired from my walk, instead of looking for something to shoot, I allowed my mind to wander. Soon a queer sensation came over me. I turned around and saw growing up the old Stoddard buildings with their weather-beaten clapboards and arched doorways. From the house came an old man, who sat down upon the stone beside me.

Before me extended a much-traveled road; and, upon hearing a noise at one end, I looked and saw a great drove of cattle just coming into view. I watched this eagerly until it had passed out of sight, having counted in this black and white mass of dust-covered animals nearly five hundred cattle driven by a dozen men and twenty dogs, which kept them in the road by running along beside them and snapping at the hind legs of the unruly ones.

When this had passed, I heard a voice, and, looking about, I saw at my side the old man who had come from the house behind me. He was telling of an incident that had happened to one of the drovers. The cattle had been frightened while the drover was in the midst of them. They had at once stampeded, and the drover was able to save himself only by running with them until they had been stopped, and then, when he was found by his companions, he was nearly dead from exhaustion.

Then he told me of the places of interest along the road.

"A short way ahead", said he, "there stands a woolen factory, said to have been one of the first ever built in America. This factory manufactures nearly all the woolen goods used in the surrounding district, the wool being obtained from the farmers owning sheep near by.

"Next in interest", he continued, "come the taverns, where travelers stop for food and get the news from the keepers. These taverns are situated three to six miles apart. The taverns, especially those at West Falmouth, Gray, and Danville, are the most important parts of these towns. Here people come and discuss the topics of the day. Here dances and other social events are held. And here, when their work is done, come the farmers, who drink, play cards, and otherwise

amuse themselves. The taverns also serve as postoffices for their respective towns, the mail for which is brought from Portland at regular intervals by four-wheeled coaches. These coaches also carry passengers and baggage."

Suddenly, while I was still listening to the old man's story, there came a great shouting of men, and the road, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to be full of turkeys. While I was watching them, some began to fly to roost in the nearby trees, and soon all this great flock was following their example, for it was dusk and their roosting-time. As for the men, after several futile efforts to get the birds back into the road, they gave it up and walked back to a place where they could sleep.

Then, again, I heard the old man talking. He was telling of other events which took place along this road. He told of the flocks of sheep which were driven to be slaughtered at Brighton, of the farmers carrying their wares to the city markets.

"They start," he said, "about four o'clock in the morning in order to get their products ready to sell in the forenoon."

He told of the scenes during the harvesting time, of the coaches that went rumbling by, of the events about the woolen mill which stood about half a mile away, and of the recent celebration caused by the news that Maine had been admitted to the Union.

He was in the midst of a story about the early settlers, when another great noise was heard. This time the buildings, the road and the old man seemed to melt into the background of the forest, and suddenly I woke to my surroundings and realized that I had been asleep. Behind me stood my brother, grinning at the joke he had played by firing his gun near my ears.

JOHN ANDREWS '21

RETURN

I have waited so long.

Now the town is before me.

A queer, joyful feeling increases each moment;

My comprehension is inadequate;

But I am happy.

The town is really here—

The street,

Each house

One after the other,
 The church,
 And the patch of grass in the square.
 My house appears,
 Plain
 And yet transfigured.
 There is a new spirit about it
 That comes out and envelops me.
 I go up the rough-hewn rocks
 That serve as steps,
 In the doorway
 Waits mother.
 How little she is,
 And yet how big—
 The whole of life!
 Even the old scrubbed floor speaks a welcome;
 My black cat rubs against my legs.
 I am at home.

In Colonial Times

In early colonial times the white people and also the Indians were very hospitable. "Much welcome, much welcome, Englishmen," was the first intelligible welcome that the Pilgrims received at Plymouth. The Indians often shared their food with the Englishmen and in return they were given tobacco and aqua vitae. We know that in the early part of the seventeenth century, before the Indian wars, there was a certain friendship between the first settlers and the red men. An Indian would steal noiselessly to the settle in the inglenook; if he were cold, he warmed himself by the blazing hearth; if weary, he slept, wrapped in his blanket; if hungry, he was supplied with food by the housewife; and would depart as quietly as he came. In return for her hospitality, the Indian would bring the young housewife a roast of venison, or a string of trout.

Dancing has been popular in this state since the first dance recorded in 1675, at Amarisoggin. There were many dances and balls but the most splendid was oddly described by little Mary Merrick, then visiting Hallowell. She wrote to her mother: "We did not go out to tea, but left home at quarter past seven. — There were upwards of a hundred there. — The carpet was taken up and we commenced

dancing to a violin and clarinet. — We danced till past nine, when we were marched upstairs, where there was a very splendid supper set out. — After supper we danced again until 11:30." As for the supper, there was: ham, turkey, pork, cakes, puddings, whips or custards put at each place, almonds, sweetmeats, apples, pears, peaches and raisins. The hostess was Ann Warren, a girl of twelve. Bangor was noted for its many and bounteous social events. Hannibal Hamlin has expressed something of his sentiments as to dancing in these lines:

"And last, not least, the social dance,
Where we have seen the winning glance
From beauty's eye — bright, sparkling, fair,
Play o'er the forms assembled there —
All — all are scenes so strongly set
In memory that we'll ne'er forget."

After marriages in the colonial time blackberry wine and molasses cakes were served. When a woman was in debt, she was married in a thin smock or blouse, so her husband would not have to pay her debt. This was called a smock marriage. When a river was flooded so the couple could not get across to the minister's, they would stand on one side and the minister on the other. The minister married them by signs and with a megaphone.

Any sprightly social gathering ending with a mug of hot flip, was called a frolic. In the frolic class were listed raisings, huskings, spinning and quilting bees, wood-choppings and apple-parings.

In the old days the name neighbor meant something. A great many of the hamlets were settled by families from the old country. A brotherly feeling prevailed, so they took their work and pleasures in company. A moose or a bear slain by one was for the use of the entire community. No matter how great was the magnitude of the work, as many as were needed turned out to help.

Visits were made at all hours of the day; if in the morning, the visit usually extended until after dinner. Visitors from a distance stayed over night. They frequently visited in groups.

The fashions of the early days were quite different from the present. Belles attached long trains to their gowns of rich brocade; the skirts, opening in front, were trimmed and sometimes had an embroidered stomacher. In walking, they threw their trains over their arms, displaying dainty silk stockings and sharp-toed, high-heeled slippers of brocade. Men wore tongs (trousers) and a checked shirt and sometimes short brown trousers known as skilts. They wore as many ruffles, if not more, than the women.

One of the many entertainers was General Knox. His house was always open to his friends. These lines are quoted from Holman Day's poem, "When General Knox Kept an Open House";

"From Penobscot to the Kennebec, from Moosehead to the sea,
Was spread the forest barony of Knox, bluff Knox;
And the great house on the Georges, it open was and free,
And around it, all uncounted, roved its bonny herds and flocks.

* * * * *

Oh, welcome was the silken garb, but welcome was the blouse,
When Knox was lord of half of Maine and kept an open house."

LILLIAN HANCOCK '23



Athletics

BASKETBALL

This year, for the first time in the history of the school, indoor basket ball was introduced. A community association under the name of The Gray Athletic Association was organized for the purpose of promotion of athletics in the community. By individual contributions a sufficient sum was collected to hire and equip a hall to play basket ball in.

The school, with the aid of Mr. Steeves's coaching, organized a team. Of course, never having played before, we could hardly expect to be equal to other teams that had played for some time. Sickness prevailed during the winter months; and this, along with having a small hall to practice in, handicapped us greatly. We played six games with other schools; two with Greeley Institute, two with Gorham High School, and two with New Gloucester High School. Of the six games we lost the first four and won the two with Gloucester.

Although we did not have very great success in basket ball this year, nevertheless we hope next year to be more successful. We have got started and learned the rules of the game and therefore are better prepared for next year. We also hope that we shall be able to convince the town of the necessity of a gymnasium, which we hope to have in the near future.

BASEBALL

This year through the activity of Mr. Steeves, our coach, and Merton Sweetser, our manager, the Polygon League was formed, consisting of the four schools, New Gloucester High School, North Yarmouth Academy, Greeley Institute, and Pennell Institute, for the purpose of promoting better baseball.

During the winter term each school sent two delegates to Pennell, who met and determined upon certain rules to be followed and made out a schedule. It was decided that every school should play a straight school team and that the winning team should receive a cup to be bought by the schools in the league. At the close of the season the winning team should give a banquet to the other three teams.

Up to the present time we have played five games, four of which we have won. Our first game was played with New Gloucester High

School at New Gloucester on the fourth of May. We won by a score of 9 to 5. The features of the game were the pitching of Quint and the batting of Kent.

The score; Runs, Pennell, 9, New Gloucester, 5; Hits, Pennell, 12, New Gloucester, 5-- Batteries, Tufts and Birch; Quint and Leonard. Struck out: by Quint, 12; by Tufts, 5. Bases on balls: by Quint, 7, by Tufts, 2.

The second game was played with North Yarmouth Academy at Pennell. This game was played in a rainstorm and was our way throughout. The game ended with a score of 25 to 8 in our favor. The features of the game were the batting of Quint and the catching of Sargent.

The score; Runs, Pennell, 25; North Yarmouth Academy, 8. Hits, Pennell, 18, North Yarmouth Academy, 7. Batteries, Outhouse and Sargent; Hanson and Leonard. Struck out: by Hansen, 8; by Outhouse, 6. Bases on balls; by Hanson, 4; by Outhouse, 10.

The next game was played Saturday, May 15, with Greeley Institute at Greeley. This game, the closest thus far played, was won by Greeley with a score of 8 to 7. We led up to the sixth inning, when a shower came up and delayed the game for half an hour. The game was poorly played on both sides.

The score; Greeley Institute, 8; Pennell, 7. Hits, Greeley, 6; Pennell, 11. Batteries, Lowe and Barton and Bryden; Quint and Hanson and Leonard. Struck out: by Quint, 9; by Lowe, 5; by Barton, 2. Bases on balls; by Quint, 8; by Lowe, 2; by Barton, 3. Hit by pitcher; by Quint, 3.

The fourth game was played with New Gloucester High School at Gray, May 19th. The feature of the game was the pitching of Quint. Gloucester took the lead in the seventh inning, piling up five scores in that inning, making the score 6 to 4; but Pennell came back in the eighth and ninth, closing the game with a score of 7 to 6.

The score; New Gloucester, 6; Pennell, 7. Hits; New Gloucester, 4; Pennell, 13. Two-base hits; Leonard, 2. Batteries; Martin and Tufts; Quint and Leonard. Struck out; by Martin, 2; by Quint, 15. Bases on balls; by Martin, 1; by Quint, 2.

May 29th Pennell played Greeley Institute at Gray. The feature of the game was the hitting of Chase and Cambell and the base-running of Cambell. Greeley took four scores in the first inning and held the lead until the seventh inning, when Pennell brought in five runs. The game closed with a score of 9 to 6.

The score: Greeley Institute, 6; Pennell, 9. Hits: Greeley, 10; Pennell, 12. Batteries; Lowe, Barton, and Bryden; Quint and Leonard. Struck out; by Quint, 7; by Barton, 1; by Lowe, 4. Base on balls: by Quint, 3; by Lowe, 4.

From now on our schedule is as follows:

June 5, Pennell vs. North Yarmouth Academy at North Yarmouth

June 11, Pennell vs. Mechanic Falls; Pennell vs Pennell Alumni at Gray.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Pennell Institute	4	1	800
Greeley Institute	4	2	667
New Gloucester High School	2	4	333
North Yarmouth Academy	1	4	200





As far as the reporter has been able to learn, the following are the changes in the Alumni since the publication of "The Whirlpool" last year:

1890

Mrs. Ethel I. Pierce has changed her place of residence and is now living on Frye Street, Lewiston.

Miss Annette W. Libby by error last year was recorded as milliner. She is employed in clerical work in Portland.

Mrs. Clara Goff Johnson lost her father during the winter.

1893

Mrs. Susie Hall Sawyer lost her father during the winter. She is now proprietress of R. G. Hall's drug store.

Leonard B. Tripp, after discharge, moved to Gray with his wife and son to live with his mother, Mrs. C. F. Tripp.

1894

Mrs. Edith Allen Cobb is teaching at West Gray.

Miss Bessie Cummings, because of poor health, gave up her school last winter and returned home but expects to resume her work this fall.

1897

George L. Freeman is manager of engineering for the Kippawa Engineering Company at Mattawa, Ontario, Canada. He has charge of the \$6,000,000 company.

Mrs. Ida Morrell Lord is living at present at Nova Scotia, where her husband is working. She expects to return to New York soon with her husband and daughter, Nora.

Mrs. Bessie Anderson Morrill and Mrs. Ruby Wilson Merrill, state president and state secretary of the W. S. R. C., were given a reception by the George F. Shepley Relief Corps on May 7th.

Annie E. Bailey lost her mother in the early part of '20.

Guy W. Chipman is principal of the Friends' School, New York City.

1899

Mrs. Lena McConkey Day's daughter Florence is salutatorian this year at Gorham High School.

Charles W. Pennell is manager in a foundry at Providence, Rhode Island. He has two children, Susan and Charles W.

1903

Mrs. Jennie Bohlsen Sawyer has a daughter, Margaret Claire.

True C. Morrill is superintendent of Bangor Schools. He has been chosen as representative to Madison, Wisconsin, from the state of Maine to the convention of teachers and superintendents to be held in June.

1900

Wilbur P. Hancock worked during the winter as clerk for Rines Brothers. He married Josephine T. Davis on May 15th.

John C. Cummings has a son, Frank Arnold.

1904

Mrs. Ellen Libby Dunn, a victim of influenza, passed away in the winter of '19.

Leon C. Manchester is serving on the grand jury.

1906

Miss Edith Fogg is working in the plush mill at Sanford.

1907

Florence A. Small became Mrs. Harry Foye in the fall of '19 and lives at Woodfords.

Albert N. Whitney has a son, Edwin Fuller.

1908

Miss Mabelle Hunt is preceptress at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield.

William C. Osgood is at Ox-bow, where he is teaching and preaching.

Roy F. Webb is clerk at Lyman Chipman's, Portland. He has a daughter, Annie Marie.

1909

Ruth E. Freeman married Raymond Bowden, head of the boys' department, Brockton Y. M. C. A. She has one daughter, Romena Georgia.

Gertrude Merrill graduated from Bates in 1914. During the war she served in the Salvation Army, and is now training in the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Philip N. Dow is teaching at Bloomfield, Conn. He is principal of high and grammar school.

George Hill is clerk at Bliss & Richardson's, Portland.

J. Frank Hill is teaching at the Millinocket High School. Both served during the war, George at Camp Devens and Frank at Newark, N. J.

Archie A. Quint married Daisy Mildred Hackett. They have two daughters, Frances and Arlene. They are living at 6 Exeter St., Portland.

Dana Russell graduated from Bates in 1914. He lives at Gray. He married Arline Hunt, and has two daughters, Julia Eloise and Edith Hunt.

Earl Whitney married Maggie McIntosh. He served in the army but returned to Gray when peace was concluded. He has one daughter, Earla Nora.

Fred T. Whitney married Reina Colley and lives at South Gray. They have two children, Orrin and Elizabeth.

1910

Alice Brown Hitchcock has a daughter, Ruth Christena.

Mrs. Besse Libby Cobb has a son, Clyde Stuart.

Albert E. Leighton is draftsman at the branch office of the Kippawa Company, Temiskaming, Ont.

1911

Mrs. Harriet Webster Whittaker has a son, Albert Webster.

Mrs. Ruth Hamilton Pelton married Mr. Collins of Yarmouth. Her father died the past winter.

Walter Leighton since his discharge from the service has been employed at Berry's Garage. He married Stella Leighton of Walnut Hill and resides at Gray.

Mrs. Helen Merrill Lawrence has a daughter, Estelle Merrill.

1912

Mrs. Inez Burns Prince has a daughter, Dorothy Wilma.

Perley W. Lawrence has been employed at Berry's garage since leaving the service.

Mrs. Bertha Libby Hodge has lived since her marriage at Tampa Florida.

1913

Mrs. Muriel Stinchfield Blake has a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Morrill have a daughter, Evelyn Adelle.

Miss Edith E. Merrill is teaching at New Gloucester.

Philip N. Libby is employed at the office of the Kippawa Engineering Company, Mattawa, Ont.

Joseph McDonald is clerk at the Service Club, Portland.

1914

Miss Elva Gilman graduates from University of Maine this spring.

Miss Eva Bishop is working in the plush mill at Sanford.

Frank Woodbury has bought a home in Lewiston. His father is living with him.

1915

Mrs. Velma Snow Segars has a daughter, Lauris Luella.

Miss Julia Bishop is teaching at Boothbay Harbor.

Miss Catherina Woodbury is teacher of English and history in the high school at Mexico, Maine.

Miss Rachel Foster is teacher at Standish.

1916

Miss Adelle Snow is teaching at Brunswick, Maine.

Henry Butler graduates from University of Maine in June with honors.

Miss Alberta Roberts is teaching at Wells Depot, Maine.

1917

Thirza McConkey has left her position at Sabbath Day Lake for one at Bald Hill, New Gloucester.

Virginia Morrill married George Maxwell and is living at Gray. They have one son.

Miss Mary R. Sweetser after graduating from Gorham Normal School accepted a position at Gray Intermediate.

Harvey N. Berry is working at the Warren Paper Mills, Westbrook.

Miss Marion K. Fogg is working at the Sanford plush mill.

Miss Percie Snow is substituting as teacher at East Gray for Miss Eleanor Russell, who has been ill most of the winter.

1918

Miss Gertrude Berry after her course at Gray's Business College, has accepted a position as bookkeeper at Amesbury, Mass.

Miss Elsie Duplisea is teaching at New Gloucester.

Miss Louise Libby is employed at the S. D. Warren Mills.

Miss Gladys Merrill is taking a business course at Portland High School.

Miss Ruth Morrell is completing her junior year at Gorham Normal.

Eva Morrill married Virgil Libby recently and is living in Portland.

1919

Miss Alice M. Lawrence after a term at the Knight school, Windham, is teaching in Cumberland.

Miss Mary E. McConkey is teaching at North Gray.

Miss Margaret S. Thompson has resigned her teaching position at Dry Mills on account of ill health and is now at Gray's Business College.

Miss Susie S. Spiller is employed in the primary room of the New Gloucester School.

Kenneth D. Huston is driving on a milk route at Woodfords.

Carl T. Duplisea is working at Burrowes' Screen Factory in Portland.

Russell J. Coffin is a freshman at Boston University, where he acquired a scholarship the first semester.

S. Allan Coffin has recently entered the merchant marine.

Raymond W. Roberts has returned from University of Maine and is helping his father on the farm.



Another rather unfortunate year has passed for the school on account of sickness. On account of the influenza we have been obliged to lose a period of two weeks.

We also had the misfortune of losing Miss Bailey for a few weeks on account of her mother's illness. During her absence, with the cooperation of the students and teachers, we got along fairly well. After a week of school, with students as substitutes, we were happy in getting Mrs. Adams for a substitute. She was able to stay with us for only two weeks. After she left we got Miss Marie Blackman, who taught for a week. At the end of that time Miss Bailey returned.

Owing to the fact that the school has been so broken up, we were unable to do much the first two terms in the line of entertainment. The one big thing that we did gain was basket ball. With the help of Mr. Steeves we made quite a success of this. The boys cleared out Smith's Hall and without any great expense we equipped a gymnasium suitable for basket ball. There were two teams, a girls' team and a boys' team.

We have been able to give only three sociables at Pennell Institute Hall this year. An entertainment preceded the last one. It consisted of musical numbers, reading, and shadow pantomime.

This year the seniors gave their exhibition although quite late in the season. It was entitled "A Scrap of Paper." It was a French play and proved to be a success. It was presented March 12th, 1920, at Stinson Memorial Hall and again April 16th at the same hall for the benefit of the athletic association.

April 30th the juniors presented their Junior Drama, "The Magistrate". This also was very successful. Memorial Hall was

filled to its utmost capacity. The Juniors also decided to repeat their drama at Cumberland Centre on May 15th for the benefit of the athletic association.

EXCHANGES

This is "The Whirlpool's" second volume and first exchange list. For that reason, our list is somewhat small. In what papers we have received, however, there has been excellent work along certain lines. For instance, some papers contain better poetry, more interesting stories, or smoother editorials than others. But no one paper is superior to all others in every department. We criticise them in the departments where they show their best work.

The following are our exchanges:

"The Laurel", Farmington High School, Farmington, Maine.

"The E. L. H. S. Oracle", Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

"The Crescent", S. D. H. High School, Buxton, Maine.

"The Academy Bell", Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine.

"The Windonian", Windham High School, Windham, Maine.

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

"The Outlook", Porter High School.

"The Record", Littleton High School, Littleton, New Hampshire.

"The Laurel": The jokes are interesting. The author of "Old Round Foot" has a vivid imagination.

"The E. L. H. S. Oracle": This is the most balanced paper that we have received.

"The Crescent": The jokes and the exchange list are the most interesting we have seen.

"The Academy Bell": The jokes and stories are excellent. We also like the idea of inserting photographs.

"The Windonian"

"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

"No, thank goodness! Mine are light brown."



SENIOR JOKES

Merton in Chemistry: Mr. Smart, I saw in the paper that they have discovered a new way to make vinegar from birch trees.

Mr. Smart: I've known that since childhood.

Barker: If we leave here at seven and don't get into Portland until nine, then how the deuce do we leave Portland at ten and get home at ten?

Marine recruiting officer to a group on the campus: Are there any fellows here that would like to enter the service?

Bold Freshman: Wait and see our principal; perhaps he'll sign up.

We wonder whose letter it was that Mr. Smart found that began, "Dear Anie", and ended, "From Ruth".

1920 Riddles

Why is Soule beloved by all? Because she is short and sweet.

Why is it that Emily can't get her chemistry lesson? Because her brains are few and far between; a few in her head and a few in her feet.

Why would Frances Cushing make a good watch? Because she keeps good time.

Why does Grace go to the post office every noon? Perhaps she expects to meet the mail.

How can Charlie remember what he has in all his lessons? He keeps an assignment book now.

Why does Anderson like to sit on the back seat in French class? Ask him.

Why does Marion wear an emerald? Because she is green.

Why aren't Karl and Merton riddles? Because they have studied chemistry almost a year.

JUNIOR JOKES

It is not always the pupil who is nervous. There was a visitor in school. Mr. Smart was hearing Junior algebra. All were working very studiously at the board. Alice raised her hand.

Mr. Smart: What do you get for the answer?

Alice: May I erase these topics?

Mr. Smart: Yes; that's right. How many get the same answer?

Charles: Ils s'arretaient. They got arrested.

Miss Wentworth: What are the names of the places mentioned in our lesson to-day?

Pupil: I don't know.

Miss Wentworth, sarcastically: Very good answer, but it's nearly worn out.

Roscoe (reporting on the life of Sir Walter Scott): He was born and brought up with his grandfather.

Miss Bailey: "Birds cannot fly unless they have a tail to steer themselves with."

Ruth: "Then why don't they clip hens' tails instead of their wings to stop them from flying over the fence?"

If you know Chester, you will get the point.

THE JUNIOR CLASS were asked to pass in sentences using the words "augment" and "argument".

Melville passed in the following: "Chester has augmented for seventeen years, for fifteen years he has been in constant arguments."

Joseph, translating in Cicero: We, separated in two places, carried on the war.

Miss Wentworth: Quite remarkable, Mr. Leonard.

Give five known facts of Shakespeare's life. He was born, he lived, he ate, he drank, and he died — supposing it was Shakespeare at all, and not Bacon.

Cecile, glancing at a picture on the wall: Ruth, doesn't Alice look like Frances Willard?

Ruth, thinking Cecile referred to one of her numerous acquaintances; Does she? I don't know her.

Miss Bailey, dictating a quotation from Pope:

"He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Joseph: Did she say *die* or *dive*?

Marguerite, reciting in history: The treace peaty was signed between France and Germany. We wonder if that's relation to the league of nations.

Egbert, translating in French: He was surrounded on all sides.

Miss Bailey: But, Egbert, that verb means *to bow*.

Egbert: Well, how could he bow on all sides at once?

What's the Point?

In Math III there was the following answer: 13725.35701xyz 4.08. Paul read one, three, seven, two, five, point, three, five, seven, O, xyz plus four, point, O, eight.

Considerable Nerve

Bertha told Miss Bailey that she would hate to teach in a high school because the students always knew so much more than the teachers.

After having read Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", a Junior passed in an examination paper that said that Gray's masterpiece was a "Clergy in a Country Courtyard."

Joseph, reading with affecting expression the part of the melancholy Dane:

Thrift! Thrift! Horatio! the funeral baked beans
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table.

Examples of local color from Junior composition: Scene, Venice: time, 1492; enter the expressman in time to meet the 7.30 train. The villain, moreover, murders the hero by shooting him with a revolver.

Among the Junior papers which were supposed to contain words formed with the prefix *arch* was found a paper that contained the name of a new fowl, an archduck.

Melville, translating: She was dreaming of compliments — — — while picking the wings of a chicken.

Miss Bailey: But what does *gelinotte* mean?

Melville: It doesn't mean chicken. But I didn't see what sense it would make to say she was picking the wing of a wooden hen. (Wood-hen.)

John with animation: Just then Juniper cast his thunderbolt.

Cecile explains that the Puritans were called Roundheads because they had their heads cut off.

SOME OF THE JUNIORS COMMON EXPRESSIONS

A—Alice: Look out, you'll tear my hair-net.

Cecile, I haven't looked at a one of my lessons.

Aren't I?

B—Bertha: M'Lord.

I haven't got my Chemistry. Honest to goodness!

C—Cecile: Why, Alice Sweetser!

I may can't.

Boy!

Not really?

Chester: (Pleadingly) Won't you, please?

Hey! got your French?

Charles: Oh Lor'.

Hey, Egg!

E—Egbert: Not by a jug full.

Hey "Camie".

H—Harold: By Juv!

Harland: What sort of a kind of a one?

I—Inez: He's so cute!

He's just crazy about me.

J—Joseph: Hey! you's guys!

John: Aw, how do you get that stuff?

Say, Ruth.

M—Marguerite: Get-tout!

What did you *say*?

Melville: My car needs exercising.

P—Paul: Really?

I'm sleepy!

R—Ruth: I don't believe that. That can't be true. Of course not.

Roscoe: Well *logically* it would be— — — —

Well *scientifically* it would be — — — —

SOPHOMORE JOKES

Miss Wentworth: What would you do if you should receive a note with R.S.V.P. at the bottom of it?

Lillian Witham: I should write back and ask them what they meant.

Miss Bailey: John, what is the literal translation for, "Il s'est lavé les mains et la figure, il s'est brossé les dents, et il s'est peigné"?

John Walker, feeling very important: He washed the face and the hands to himself, he combed the teeth to himself— —" Then a roar from the class.

John Walker, in a debate: When that the poor have cried, the farmer hath wept. A union should be made of sterner stuff.

CLASS ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED:—Chickens to kill. Address Lily Bud, chicken-killer.

WANTED:—A good book on the French language. Address Jennie Foster.

WANTED:—An opponent to debate on Woman Suffrage, affirmative side. Address John Walker.

WANTED:—Remedy for scornfulness. Address Edward Kent.

LOST:—A geometry, number 40. Address Clarence Quint.

WANTED:—A new way to comb the hair. Please answer at once. Address Marion Roberts.

WANTED:—A Jew's-harp. Address Ernest Coffin.

One day in Biology we were practicing grafting. Frances Cole and Florence Brown had to bud an apple tree. After working steadily for ten minutes or more they said that they had finished and criticisms were in order. At last an uncommonly bright student ventured, "Does it make any difference that that bud is on upside down?"

Overheard in a debate: Resolved that the farmers form a union in the United States.

John Walker: Mr. Kent, I understood you to say that hay sold

for \$35 and \$45 a ton. It's funny; we had hard work to get \$10 for ours."

Mr. Kent: Yours wasn't good for anything.

Mr. Smart: How much are x plus $(-x)$?

William: $2x$.

Mr. Smart: Let x represent two miles. If you should start from a certain point and walk two miles, and then walk back two miles, where would you be?

William: Nowhere.

Imagine:

Clarence without his hair combed.

Florence not writing Poetry (?).

Ernest not smiling.

Kathryn not looking haughtily down upon a world which does not appreciate her.

Edward Kent without that sweet temper of his.

Frances studying.

John being anything but a good boy.

Harriet wearing an invisible pug or going without her dinner.

Guy making a noise.

William playing a piano.

Marion not dancing.

FRESHMAN JOKES

Lillian's sentence on board: George Washington was first president of the United States; Thomas Jefferson, second.

Miss Wentworth: "The grammar is correct, Miss Hancock, but John Adams was second."

Alva in Civics: "Lillian M. N. Stevens graduated from Foxcroft Academy and Westbrook Cemetery."

Dana, reciting in Current Events, mentioned Governor Wooden and General Lowd.

One day a member of the Civics class, when reciting on a current event, said that two new *tubs* (tubes) were to be laid under the Hudson.

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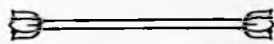
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Miss Bailey in marching practice: Keep just the length of your arms apart. And keep that distance even if the person ahead of you is away downstairs.

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In Biology: What other food-substance beside starch do seeds produce?

John Walker, explosively: *Beans*

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A Friend

Mr. Smart to Bertha in chemistry: What is ether?

Bertha: Ether is a — a — a cosmetic.

The Hillis' Lectures

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Charles ,translating: Ce meme soir la fievre declarait. This same evening they got married.

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Chester in examination on the subject of narration: All antidotes have a climax. Indeed, yes!

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CLASS of 1920

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CLASS of 1923

Miss S. M. Wentworth, CLASS of 1919

Mr. Smart to Charles in chemistry: Name the kinds of Quartz.

Charles: Yellow warts, green warts —

Mr. Smart: That will do, Charles.

Miss Wentworth: What kind of wood is used in the paper-making industry?

William: Pulp.

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From a Sophomore paper: "The moon was shinning."

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