

CLASS
Colors
Green & White

THE BREEZE
1921

CLASS motto
Be
Squares

F. H. R. '21.



GREETING

We are aware that we are very incapable of portraying our school life and the efforts of our teachers.

We hope that our efforts to picture these will be appreciated and enjoyed by our readers; that anything mentioned herein will be taken in the same spirit as it is given.





Dedication.



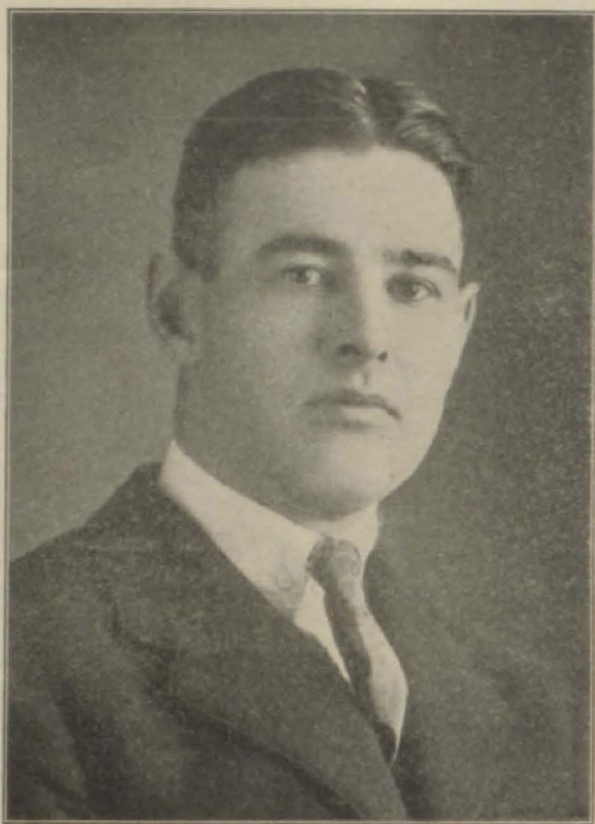
This edition of the Breeze is respectfully
dedicated to our Principal,
ALDEN W. ALLEN

OUR TEACHERS

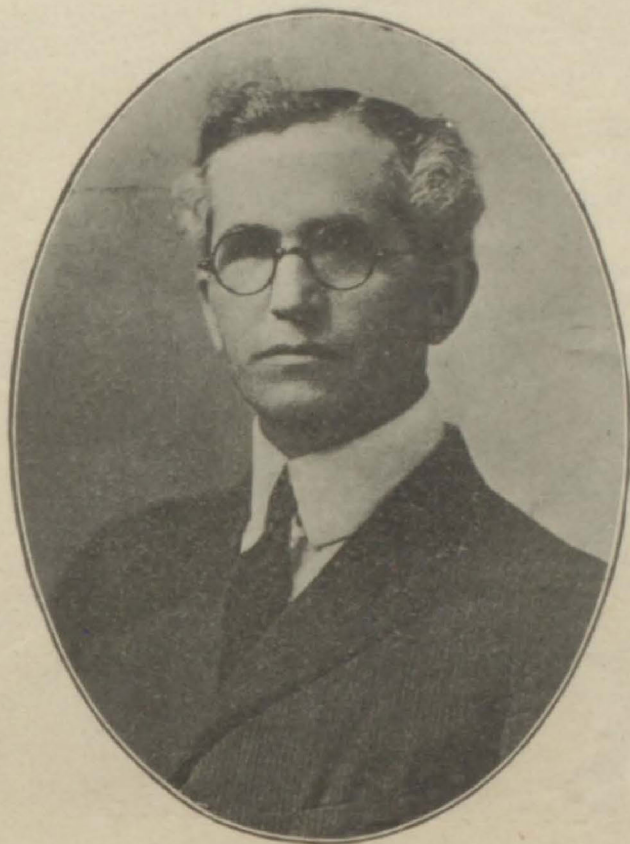
June is coming, and we're leaving
But one word before we go,
We've had the very best lot of teachers
Anyone could ever know.

And we want to thank them warmly
From the bottom of our heart,
Each has helped us with our struggles
Each has helped us bear our part.

And when out upon life's ocean
We will not forget the way
And the methods which were practiced
In the old M. H. S. days.



MR. ALDEN W. ALLEN
Principal of Milo High School



MR. A. L. SHOREY
Superintendent of Schools, Milo, Maine



THE FACULTY

Trefethon

Donovan

Dean

Megquire

Treworgy

Jellison



CLASS 1921

THE BREEZE

Vol. XXI

MILO, MAINE, APRIL, 1921

No. 1

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF
THE MILO HIGH SCHOOL

Printed by Fred D. Barrows, Foxcroft, Maine

CLASS OF 1921

Enrollment of Seniors

Allen, Nathaniel	Macklin, Ruth
Anderson, Amelia	Repscha, Albert
Brackett, Madalene	Richardson, Faye
Cary, Adelja	Rogers, Cathleen
Cook, Gladys	Savage, Hoyt
Crosby, Claire	Savage, Irene
Day, Grace	Skoog, Dagmar
Downs, Beatrice	Strout, Audrey
Ellis, Agnes	Tibbetts, Elmira
Ellis, George	Towne, Frances
Foss, Dorothy	Webber, Marion
Fowles, Vera	Weeks, Mary
Frohock, Richard	Weir, Fredricka
Hovey, Edmund	Whitney, Ralph
Littlefield, Clara	Shaw, Frank

EDITORIAL BOARD

Beatrice E. Downs, '21,	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
Marion L. Call, '22,	<i>Assistant</i>
Richard Frohock, '21,	<i>Business Manager</i>
Ila Gray, '22,	<i>Assistant</i>
Faye Richardson, '21,	<i>Literary Editor</i>
Eddie Hovey, '21	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
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Gladys Cook, '21,	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
Grace Day, '21, Mary Weeks, '21,	
Marion Webber, '21, Frank Shaw, '21,	<i>Jokes and Slams</i>

MOTTO:

"Be Square"

B²

COLORS:

Green and White

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Ralph Whitney.

Secretary—Frances Towne.

Vice President—Cathleen Rogers.

Treasurer—Grace Day.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

—1920—

Sept. 13—School opened.

Sept. 25—Football game at Milo, H. C. I. vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 2—Football game at Foxcroft, F. A. vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 5—School attended military funeral of Blair Thomas.

Oct. 9—Football game at Milo, Newport vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 12—Football game at Lincoln, Mattanawcook Academy vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 16—Football game at Milo, F. A. vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 23—Football game at Milo, Greenville vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 26—Football game at Milo, Brownville Junction vs. M. H. S.

Oct. 28-29—Teachers' State Convention at Bangor.

Oct. 30—Football team attended the game at Orono, U. of M. vs. Colby.

Nov. 6—Football game at Brownville Junction, B. J. vs. M. H. S.

Nov. 11—Football game at Foxcroft, E. A. vs. M. H. S.

Nov. 25-29—Thanksgiving recess.

Dec. 8—Teachers' County Convention at Milo.

Dec. 10—Basketball game at Dexter, Dexter vs. M. H. S.

Dec. 17—Basketball game at Greenville, Greenville vs. M. H. S.

Dec. 17—School closed for Christmas vacation.

—1921—

Jan. 3—School begins after Xmas vacation.

Jan. 4—Lecture on "Man the Masterful," by Prof. Brown of Colby College (benefit A. A.).

Jan. 7—Basketball game at Milo, Dexter vs. M. H. S.

Jan. 14—Basketball game at Milo, Guilford vs. M. H. S.

Jan. 21—Basketball game at Milo, Greenville vs. M. H. S.

Jan. 21—Dance, benefit M. H. S. A. A.

Jan. 28—Basketball game at Abbot, Abbot vs. M. H. S.

Jan. 31—Boxing Match, benefit A. A.

Feb. 3—Senior Play, "Step Lively."

TEACHERS

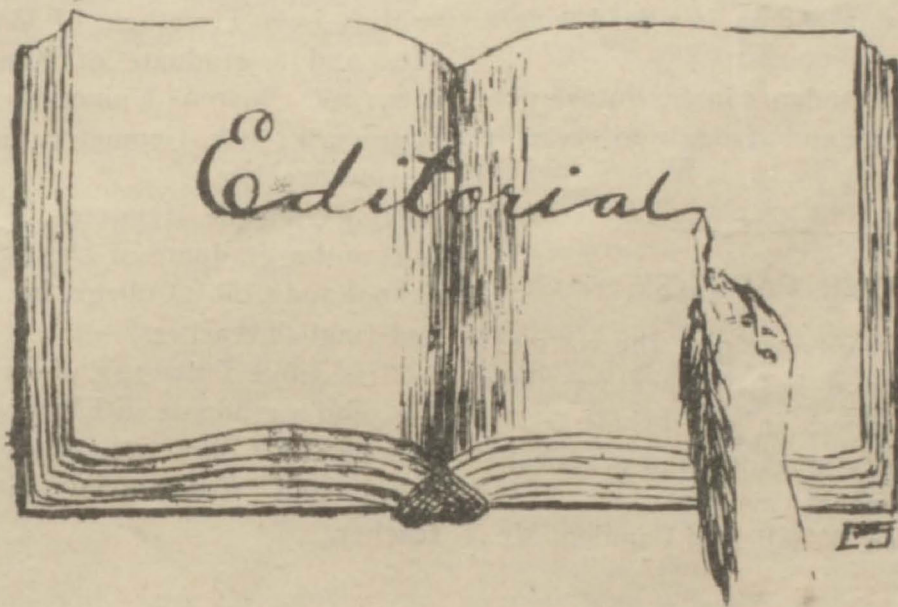
Mr. Alden W. Allen
 Mr. Arthur Jellison
 Mr. Irving Donovan
 Mr. R. D. McAllister
 Miss Lois Trefethen
 Mrs. Onata L. Deane
 Miss Gertrude Megquier
 Miss Annie Treworgy

SCHOOL BOARD

Dr. H. A. Snow Mr. A. L. Ward
 Mrs. Gertrude Newman

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What is School Spirit? Most of us think of High School as a place to have a good time, to study a little and to do the things we like to do, but where is our school spirit? We might define school spirit as being "the co-operation of a student body working for the good, welfare and uplifting of their school". The students of our High School should be a body of congenial

and enthusiastic individuals who work, play, struggle and press onward together.

Any school, whether large or small, is exactly what we as a student body make it. We, indeed, seem to have a lack of school spirit. In order to improve this fault every one of us must take a part in Milo High School Activities. The coming activities, such as

basketball, baseball, school plays, and various other functions, offer us a splendid way to show our spirit. In order to make these affairs a success we must have the universal support of our student body. Athletics are not supported by our High School. We, as a student body, calmly sit back and refuse our support. This situation makes it difficult for our boys and girls who take part in athletics. Show your school spirit by attending the games.

We might define the spirit here as "laizy faire". We must look a little broader than our own selfish limits and create some real school spirit. Such a spirit as we now have is a dead weight to progress.

Let us as students in the future perform our part and struggle to preserve unity.

OUR FACULTY

To our faculty we give the warmest of thanks and best wishes for their kind-heartedness in our behalf.

The faculty is made up of practically all new teachers this year:

Mr. Alden W. Allen of Camden, Me.,

and a graduate of Colby College, Waterville, Me., is our principal.

Mr. Arthur P. Jellison, of Hancock, Me., and a graduate of Higgins Classical Institute and Lowell Institute of Boston, Mass., is our Science, Ancient History, Modern History, and Physics teacher.

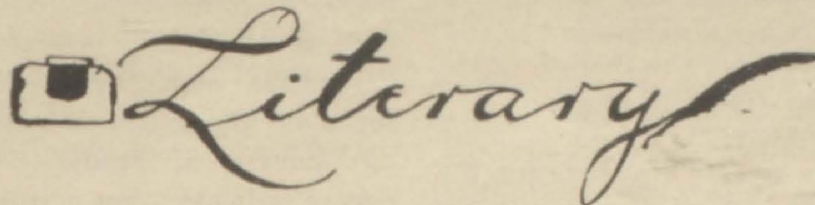
Mr. Irving R. Donovan, of Bangor, Me., and a graduate of Bangor High School and University of Maine, is our English teacher.

Mrs. Onata Deane, of Milo, Me., and a graduate of Eastern Maine Conference Seminary and Doe's Business College, is our Commercial teacher.

Miss Lois Trefethen, of Waterville, Me., and a graduate of Kent's Hill, Me., and Boston University, is our History, French, Geometry, and Math. Review teacher.

Miss Gertrude Megquier, of Weston, Me., and a graduate of Danforth High School and Colby College, is our Latin and English teacher.

Miss Annie Treworgy, of East Surry, Me., and a graduate of Ellsworth High School and Colby College, is our Algebra and Commercial Geography teacher.



SALUTATORY

To me has been given the honor and privilege of welcoming parents, teachers, friends and schoolmates of the Class of 1920. We shall never forget the four happy years we have spent at dear old M. H. S., and shall retain them in our memories as priceless treasures which we have endeavored to earn by labor and study.

Now that we are about to face some of the deepest and hardest of life's problems, let us recall one of Longfellow's verses:

Life is real! Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

With this in our memories, some of the obstacles of life may be a trifle more easily overcome.

Superintendent and Members of the School Board: We welcome you here tonight as we participate in these closing exercises of our high school life and we realize that occasionally you have come in contact with problems which have been difficult to solve. Once again we extend to you our appreciation of the help which you have given us.

Members of the Faculty: Our sincere greeting we give you tonight as we come before you for the last time

as a class. It is our heartiest wish that we might also welcome those who guided us through our first three years at M. H. S. But to you we extend our thanks and gratitude for the help you have given us during the school year, which comes to a close tonight.

Townpeople: Our indebtedness to you is great, and we hope that we have proved ourselves to a certain measure worthy of the sympathy and encouragement you have given us. As this is our last opportunity to express our thanks, we wish to make it most sincere as we greet you tonight.

Parents: The heartiest of welcomes we extend to you. You, who have helped us, and made easier the path which we have trodden for four happy years. Our successes have been to a great extent due to your kind help and co-operation, and as we welcome you we hope you will always bear in mind the appreciation of your interest in us.

Undergraduates: Greetings to you who have helped to make our way smoother and happier. We sincerely hope that you will always meet with the best success, as we feel sure that you are deserving of all good things that may come your way. Many thanks to you for the aid you have given us, and may you always be as willing to give help to those in need of it as you have to us.

Classmates:

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay,
Ye were so sweet and wild,
And distant voices seem to say:
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child."

Tonight, as we are together for the last time of this school year, I am sure that every member bears a welcome to those assembled here as witnesses of our exercises. May we be deserving of their every good wish and be as they have been to us.

And now that we are on the verge of coming face to face with life, let us do so with brave and unflinching hearts. Perhaps Fortune may be kind enough to bring us together again, and with this in mind let us until that time live as worthy as we have endeavored to live these four years just passed. May each in his heart cherish the friendship made in M. H. S., the friendship most lasting in our whole lives.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Once again, Welcome.

M. M. M.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—WHAT?

With High School days over, a very definite problem confronts us. What position are we to occupy in life? That question is not an easy one to answer. Before this, nearly all questions could be answered by reference to books or teachers, but now here is a different proposition, for no one can decide for us, neither can we find the solution in a textbook. The reason for this is that

not all people are adapted to the same kind of work, and therefore each must learn for himself, by his own experience, that which he is best fitted to do.

Perhaps some of us had already formed definite ideas when we selected our course of study. The college course indicates that a student intends to continue his work in college if possible; the commercial course signifies a desire to take up some line of work in the business world, while the choice of the English course shows that the student has not formed any definite plans for the future. Yet in the case of any one of these courses, it is evident that they are but beginning and that should a person wish, he could easily change to a totally different line of work and yet be assured that what he has learned is always of value to him.

For nearly every High School graduate, the question is first of all, what profession shall we choose. Those who go to a higher institution of learning simply put the question forward for a time, unless they enter a specialized school, which means that they have definitely fixed upon their profession. For girls, teaching or commercial work offers a chance for real service to the community, often without further study. For the boys, the choice is even more varied, in fact practically without limit.

To what extent has the High School course fitted the graduate? In many ways his outlook on life has been broadened and his interest aroused. History has shown him the development of human life, and taught him the true meaning of his country and her

place in the world. The great lessons in the life of the nations are true when applied on a smaller scale to business and commercial activity. Human life changes little and the young man who considers earnestly the facts of History will be of sober judgment and keen understanding in business.

Geography, Economics, and Mathematics have provided him with an indispensable store of facts which he uses every day. The study of English likewise means skill in the use of a valuable tool in one's dealings with fellow men, and all the other studies, whatever their direct object, helps us to get a broader, sounder conception of whatever task he undertakes.

A High School training means, in the second place, a responsibility in the community. After the question of livelihood has been settled and we are at work, new questions present themselves. We find ourselves not only in a business world of activity and keen competition, but also in a political world with pressing problems. Here again our training stands us in good stead. If History and Economics give us an insight into business, so do they assist in giving us a true idea of the world. We will not blindly accept the age in which we live as the greatest in history, nor think because all things are modern they are right. We will learn to reserve judgment on important subjects until sufficient evidence is at hand to form a true conception. A League of Nations is not necessarily good or bad, nor do all the propaganda and newspaper articles affect the question for one who wishes to see the right. Yet the High School graduate will always be ready to receive new

ideas, to take broader points of view; he will look upon additions with favor, but act upon them only with moderation.

As graduates of High School, then, we will fill a responsibility, to select our profession with care and with a view to the welfare of the community, to assume full share of the burdens of life, to fulfill our duties as citizens, to work for the right and for the best, as far as our vision goes, and always to keep an open-minded, tolerant attitude toward the world and our duties in that world.

F. B. M., '20.

"A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH"

A bough snapped under its weight of snow, with a sound startlingly like the report of a rifle, and Dupres jumped from his place by the small campfire, his eyes aflame with fear. Many and fast were the thoughts that flashed through his mind. Suppose the "mounted" had found his trail that day, what then? The "mounted"—that word alone seemed to mean his doom.

He even pictured himself starting suddenly to his feet as a gloved hand gripped his shoulder and a cool though stern voice muttered, "Dupres,—Pierre Dumont."

But on the other hand, had he not covered his trail well since leaving the post? The utmost care had he taken to hide that trail from prying eyes, and yet he knew that the "mounted" were skilled trailers. Then, slowly, his safety became confirmed in his mind. Of course they had not found his trail, for

was he not an experienced woodsman, and had he not successfully obscured more than one trail from the eyes of the trap-thieves?

With these thoughts, he slowly nestled his huge frame into a resting place by the fire. He was soon dozing, and at times his head would droop, only to be pulled suddenly erect as he gathered his thoughts with an effort. Yet, slowly, sleep overwhelmed him, and soon tired from his all-day hike over the cold Yukon snows, he slept.

How long he slept, he did not know, but he awoke, with the stars shining and a cold sensation of something round and steely pressing against his cheek. His first impulse was to brush it away, and his hand was raised to do so, when that cool, stern voice muttered one word, "reach".

With this word his thoughts quickly gathered, his eyes opened, and he "reached".

The two men faced each other there in the northern night: one the hunted, the other the hunter; one with a look of utter dejection and hopelessness on his face, as the fear of the law became dominant in his mind; the other with a stern, hard look of one performing an official duty.

Then the officer, stepping forward, quickly relieved Dupres of his revolver and hunting knife. He then motioned his prisoner to march ahead of him toward the post.

About five miles of the return trip had been covered, without a word from either of the two men, when the officer, O'Connor by name, suddenly broke the silence by the question, "Dupres, I wonder if you really shot Pierre Du-

mont."

Dupres started, for the question had come so unexpectedly, and turned to stare at O'Connor. His glance wavered and fell. "Why, yes—I killed him—the cur," he said, somewhat hoarsely.

O'Connor whistled softly to himself, and his eyes met those of his captive as he spoke: "Dupres—your revolver, I see, is a .38; the hole through Dumont's heart was just forty-five hundredths of an inch in diameter."

"Meaning what, Monsieur?"

"Just this," returned O'Connor, "that the bullet that made the hole was a .45 and not a .38."

The look in Dupres' eyes changed, changed from that state of hopelessness and dejection to an appealing gaze in which mingled both fear and sadness.

"You know?" he muttered. "Please, please, monsieur, do not tell."

"Yes, I know," answered the officer, "you are trying to shield that Gene—your son; but why did he do it—why did he kill this man?"

"It was just a quarrel," replied the prisoner, a gleam of satisfaction coming into his eyes. Then, upon receiving no interruption, he continued: "Gene, my son, had been losing furs which he had caught in his traps, and one day as he was going the round of his traps he came to a fox caught in one of them which had not been stolen. Now, my Gene is cunning, and instead of carrying the fox home, he waited for the trap-thief to appear. He did not have long to wait, for within the hour he came, attracted by the struggle of the fox. He had stooped to kill the animal, when Gene stepped from the bushes and rightfully called him the thief.

Pierre resented it and reached for his gun, but he did not know how quick my Gene was, and he died with his gun half drawn."

Dupres paused, his eyes glittering with hate as he thought of the man, now dead, who had violated the unwritten law of the North.

The officer thought of this, too, and passing the weapons back to the other, he made known the fact that it was his duty to get Gene, and get him he would.

O'Connor quickened his pace, and was forging ahead, when Dupres' hand was laid on his shoulder. "But wait, Monsieur," he heard him say, and then as he turned, "My Gene is where no 'mounted' can trail him."

"What?" thundered O'Connor.

"He is dead," calmly assured the other, "that halfbreed of Pierre's killed him as he was coming home."

The officer was himself again when he asked: "Then why did you run away to make us think you had killed him?"

"Ah! does not the man see?" asked the other, "what do I have to live for when all that I have in the world is gone—my son?"

Thus was the cloud of mystery lifted and understanding slowly came to O'Connor as they again resumed their journey.

Now they were on the outskirts of the trading post as the officer suddenly stopped. Distinctly he had heard the metallic click of a revolver being cocked, and quickly he ducked to one side. The next instant the report rang out, but instead of hearing a bullet whistle past him, he heard a groan

from Dupres. Turning, he was just in time to catch the other from falling. Gently he laid him down as he glanced at the wound. It was a death-wound, he knew; but death had not yet claimed its victim, for even as he eyed the wound a word issued from the paling lips. O'Connor bent close to hear: "Ah!" he heard the dying man say, "Is it not too far to carry me now, Monsieur, to the grave of my Gene and beside it lay me to rest?" He paused, and then, "The grave is under the old elm near the church, and now—good-bye." His eyes closed, and he quickly passed into the presence of his son.

O'Connor relieved the body of its weapons and wrapped it in his camp blanket. He then carried it the short distance there was, to put it in its last resting place.

Arising from his work, he cast a vengeful glance toward the post. "Perhaps," he muttered, "I have yet an arrest to make."

He was thinking of the halfbreed who had caused this double tragedy of the North.

G. H. F. E., '21.

JACK HARDING'S OBEDIENCE

"Hello, Jack, what are you going to do tonight?" asked Philip Nolan, who was standing on the sidewalk with his chums near the place where Jack was working.

"I've got to get in this wood first."

"Come on and go fishing with us and put the wood in when you get back. You'll have plenty of time then."

"I would like to go well enough, but

I promised the lady who lives here that I would put the wood in for her tonight and I guess I better stick to my promise."

"Oh, bother with the wood," said Phil, "and come along. It doesn't look like rain and it won't do any harm if you don't get it in until tomorrow."

"That's the way I feel about it, too, Phil, but I guess I'll finish the job just the same. Say! I'll tell you what; if you fellows will help me put the rest of the wood in the shed, I'll go with you. It won't take more than fifteen minutes."

"Say! That's a bright idea, we fellows doing the work and you getting all the pay. We won't do it."

"Well, all I'm getting is fifty cents, and I couldn't divide that among four of us very easy, so I guess I won't go this time, fellows."

"All right, then," retorted Phil, "I guess we better be going, or we'll never get there. So long, Jack."

"So long, boys!" shouted Jack; "hope you have good luck."

Jack went back to his work with a rather sorrowful heart, though he had not shown it in the presence of the boys. He worked about an hour longer and succeeded in getting in the wood. There was about half an hour left before supper time. He went in the house, got his pay, came out, and was about to start away when he thought of an errand he had to do for his mother, so off he started on his way downtown.

On his way home Jack thought that he would go around by the post office and see if there was any mail. He went to the window, got his mail, and

was turning around when he caught sight of a notice with the word "Lost" on it. He read it over and found that it referred to a pocketbook belonging to an insurance agent who was staying at a hotel in his town, and he also found that there was a generous reward offered to the finder of the purse. Jack's mind was on the pocketbook. Just as he was thinking how lucky he would be to find it, his eye caught sight of something which on close inspection proved to be the pocketbook. Jack let out a war-whoop and started for home on the dead run. On his arrival he told his mother all about it, and she immediately got ready and started for the hotel with Jack. They found the insurance agent there. Jack gave the agent the pocketbook. The man grasped it with eagerness and hastily examined it, finding nothing missing. He asked Jack where he found it, also a few other questions, and told him that he had lost it that morning.

The man wired to insurance headquarters that night, and the next day a reward of \$500 was presented to Jack. His chums were all envious of him, and Phil said laughingly, "If we had stayed and helped you get in the wood, would we have had our share?" and Jack said, "Sure." For many days Jack was the hero of the town because of his obedience in fulfilling his promise.

H. P., '24.

THE LAST OF THE ELAINES

If you have never kept a goat you cannot imagine how many different kinds of trouble a goat can get into

without even trying.

This story is about a particular goat—Billy. Billy belonged to Jimmy, a jolly-faced, freckle-nosed boy. Next door to Jimmy and Billy, the poet, Waldo Griffin, lived a lonesome life.

On a beautiful June morning, the very best one of the year, Jimmy tied Billy to a gate-post in his yard and left him to crop the grass. Instead of eating grass, Billy ate a portion of his rope and found himself free.

Next door, the poet was seated on a chair in his garden, writing on a sheet of paper. He was lonesome that day and wanted to see some of his friends from his home town. Then he remembered someone there, Elaine Walker, who considered herself to be an especial friend of his. Waldo recalled her to mind vividly—an old maid with a painted face. Some lines came into his mind that seemed to fit her, so he wrote them down.

His back was toward Billy, and nothing could be easier than to walk through the half-open gateway and into Waldo's garden. So he walked quietly through and nibbled the poet's coat. It gave Waldo a complete surprise, and before he knew what he was doing he had lifted his foot and given the goat a vicious kick on the nose. If he had stopped to think, doubtless he would never have done it.

Billy backed several feet, then lifted poor Waldo right through the air and into Jimmy's yard. The sheet of paper that he had been writing on flew in the opposite direction into his other neighbor's yard.

Waldo landed on his back, and it was a few seconds before he knew where he was. It took him a few more to find

out that no bones were broken.

After he limped home he sat down in his garden again and thought things over. He remembered the first day he came to town and how lonesome and friendless he was. And how, after he had been in his new home for several weeks, he had gained a few friends but had never caught a glimpse of the neighbor who lived at the left of him. He had heard people talk of her beauty and he knew she had the most wonderful garden he had ever seen. More than that he did not know.

Meanwhile, she had gone into her garden to gather some flowers, with the sun shining on her golden hair and bright, pure face. It was among the pansies that she found the sheet of paper—the fateful sheet. She picked it up, and before she realized it she had read it. She did not feel angry, but a dull throbbing came to her head. Was not her name Elaine? Was not this verse meant for her? It was certainly meant for no one else. This is what she read:

ELAINE

Her cheeks are as red as roses
 Until she has washed her face;
 Her lips the color of blueberries
 That grow around this place.
 Her laughter is as musical
 As a fire-bell's alarm,
 Her hair is the color of hay
 That grows on any farm.

Yes, she knew her next-door neighbor had sent it. He was a poet, and he probably thought the lines sounded smart. Thus she reasoned.

Then she glanced over the fence and saw the poet looking in her direction. He seemed to be wrapped in thought,

for he did not notice that she was looking at him. She noticed at once his tall, well-made form, and clear, strong features. She could not keep herself from admiring him, even though he did write that hateful verse. Something in his face compelled her to.

Then he came out of his dream and saw her. His face turned red and he stammered something. Her face turned red, also, and she stammered something. She had meant to totally ignore him, but somehow she could not.

They stood where they were for a full minute — she on one side of the fence and he on the other. Then, without any warning they both burst out laughing. The ice was broken. At the end of ten minutes he was over in the garden with her, everything was explained and made right, while both of them looked perfectly contented with the world.

The next morning Elaine found another sheet of paper in her garden. This time her heart throbbed, instead of her head, for this is what she read:

THE TRUTH ABOUT ELAINE

When I look into the heart of a rose
I look into the heart of you.

When I look at the stars above
I see your eyes of blue.

When I look at your cheek, my love,
I see a red rose so sweet,

Then I look at the heavens above
And thank God we ever did meet.

Then she looked up, and Waldo was looking at her from the other side of the fence. This time he was not day-dreaming, was not wrapped in thought. This time he was looking at her with eyes that shone with love.

In just exactly two seconds he was over the fence, and after that the view

is shut off. Just listen to this coming from behind the tallest rose bush: "Yes, dear." "Good old Billy." "And we'll keep a goat." Then, "Goats always make the best kind of Cupids, don't they, dear?"

W. H., '22.

EVE'S INHERITANCE

It was Spring; the clear bosom of the water, reflecting the brilliant morning sky, with its sunlit clouds, displayed all the blending rainbow hues of rose, violet, azure, gold and green. The shore on the right hand was a wide range of high, wave-like, wooded hills, rising one behind the other until their outlines were melted amid the vapors of the distant western horizon. The shore on the left bank was a wall of lofty, rugged, moss-covered cliffs, whose tops were lost among the clouds.

On the water could be seen a small, white boat, with an old man at the helm; in the other end, a young girl about eighteen years of age, dressed in a white and blue sailor suit, her hat held in one hand, while the other trailed in the cool salt water. The wind lifted the masses of shining auburn hair from around the flushed, eager face, and revealed a pair of deep blue eyes, which matched the sea with its brilliant morning lights, gazing with keen pleasure at the beautiful surroundings.

The girl was Eve Annis, who had always lived with a maiden aunt in the hot, crowded city. Her aunt was very glad to be rid of Eve, when the news came that her father's brother had died and left her his stately old country

house, which had not been used for years, but was to be opened by Eve and an oldish lady whom he had chosen for her companion and guardian. Looking before her down the river, she could see the bright green island, with the stately old pillars of the country house, lifting themselves with pride among the tall, green trees. Oh, how wonderful the country is," said Eve to herself. In a few moments the boat had stopped at the wharf, and the old man helped her to jump safely to the rockbound shore, then, leading her through the wonderful old Colonial garden, filled with every imaginable flower, to the open door of the mansion, where Mrs. Ashe, Eva's companion, was waiting for her. She was such a dear little old lady, in black silk, with real lace at the neck and wrists, that Eve knew from the very first moment that she would love her.

For a few days Eve was perfectly contented, just roaming from room to room, each one filled with its massive old furniture, and taking long walks in the garden and nearby woods. A longing for the companionship of young people soon presented itself. Had she only known it, she was not to remain long without young company, for something unheard, unthought of, was to present itself shortly.

There was a wing of the house which was not used, and nowhere among the great string of keys to rooms, cellars, pantries, etc., could be found a key to open this part of the house. Now to Eve, as to most young people, this part of the house was a great temptation, and from early morning until late at night she was scheming some way to

enter those closed doors. Who could tell what might be there? Gold and jewels, and Oh, stacks of fairy-story things. One night, while sitting in the library, which was quite near the closed ell, Eve heard a strange noise, probably only a rat. This made her determination all the stronger to see behind those closed doors. It happened one day, when Eve was looking through the many old trunks in the attic, that she came across a key, unlike any she had ever seen before. An idea at once presented itself to see how it would fit the mystery door, as she had christened it. That night, after Mrs. Ashe had retired and everything was silent, Eve took her key and tiptoed silently to the door, and to her surprise, after giving the key a slight turn, the door opened noiselessly. She found herself in a long, low room, furnished with rich old Colonial mahogany, and—wonder of wonders! on the hearth a bright fire was burning, and before it, or could her eyes be deceiving her?—was a young man, about twenty-five years of age, tall and slender, with dark brown hair, and dark, dreamy eyes. And what was that before him? Coming a few steps nearer, she saw that it was a painter's easel, on which was an unfinished picture that he was working on, and from the crude and unfinished outlines she saw before her the face of a girl, and, would wonders cease happening?—the girl was herself.

The artist was so absorbed in his work that he did not know that she had entered for some seconds; then, raising his eyes, he saw her. Eve noticed that he turned pale, but he knew

the situation must be looked squarely in the face, so he rose, and with the courtesy of a lord, took her hand and said, "Miss Annis, this is indeed a surprise, but how came you here?" Eve was too much taken aback to answer for some minutes. She at last dropped into a chair and told him how she had been so curious about the closed ell, how she had found the key, and now, with a smile, said, "Here I am." The young man said nothing for a while; then, taking a seat opposite her, he answered, "Well, little Miss Inquisitive, as you have found me, I might as well tell you everything. I would rather tell you than anyone else," and his eyes held a new light as he said this, but Eve only noticed how the firelight made his eyes dance. He settled back in his chair with a sigh of content and continued in a voice that was low and well accented, "I am Rethel Dow." He expected the girl to give an exclamation of surprise, but she only raised her eyes and said, "Go on."

"I am the son of the richest man in Texas. My father wished me to study to be a chemist and physicist, but I was born an artist; it is a living, throbbing part of me. I could not, as hard as I tried to please my father, make a failure of myself by choosing a life work that did not interest me. I made arrangements with your uncle for a part of this house, where I could live and paint as I chose. You will, no doubt, think me a coward to act in this way, but it seemed my only hope."

Eve had remained perfectly quiet while he was telling this. Now she looked up and said, "No, I do not think you a coward. You would have been

far more of a success if you had stayed with your father and showed him and the whole world that you could master every obstacle and at last prove to him that there was but one way to success." and now she said, rising, "I must be going."

Rethel rose also, and taking her hand, said, "Little girl, I'm going to take your advice. Tomorrow I leave here for the city, to show my father and you that I am not a coward. Until then, good-bye. When I've conquered I'm coming back to you."

Days, weeks, months and even years passed. Eve heard no more of the artist, and had almost begun to believe her visit to the closed ell a vision, or a dream, when one day in early June, just five years since Eve had arrived at this wonderful green island, the gate opened, and up the garden walk came a young man. Eve recognized him at once as Rethel Dow. The same artist as of old; only a firmer and more determined look about the mouth. He soon saw Eve sitting in the little summer house by the fountain, and came and sat at her feet. He told her how he had conquered every difficulty, and could now be an artist without having to hide away from the world. "And, little girl," he continued, "do you remember what I told you almost five years ago?" Eve did not answer, but he could tell by the soft color that stole into her cheeks that she did. "Do you know that you have been before me, coaxing me to victory, and it is to you, to whom I owe everything?" Then, there in the old fashioned garden, was told the same tale that has been told

ever since the beginning of time, and will never grow old.

C. B. LITTLEFIELD, '21.

CLASS ROLL

NATHANIEL WELLS ALLEN.

Tama is very studious:
At arguing never slow,
But as for calling on the girls
He certainly doesn't go.

Tama played Baseball his Sophomore and Junior years. Although it is not natural for him to lisp, he does it to perfection, as he showed us in the Senior Play.

Luck go with you.

AMELIA ALVERNA ANDERSON.

To know her is to love her,
Though she is very shy:
She's much admired just the same:
One's true friend till she dies.

Amelia is a very studious girl and always minds her own business, which is unlike the most of our female members.

MADALENE BRACKETT.

In Milo High she's won honors,
And next year when at "Maine",
May she still hold to her standards,
And uphold her High School name.

Rusty surely will meet fame; she has the knack of succeeding in whatever she undertakes, and has never been known to shirk her duty.

We wish you luck at Maine.

ADELIA ELTHA CARY.

A merry student from Derby comes,
As careful as can be;
Always bearing the same kind smile,
A loving maiden is she.

Pat enjoys a joke, even if it is at her own expense. This is very different from most people. Through your toil

of Stenography in Business College, remember you have the best wishes of your classmates.

GLADYS MURIEL COOK.

She's the sweetest little dancer
In the whole of M. H. S.,
She has friends in every country,
About ten thousand, more or less.

Gladys is one of the most studious girls. She is always ready to help and we appreciate it. We prophesy for you a brilliant future as a nurse.

CLAIRE ALICE CROSBY.

From the opening bell in the morning
Till the closing bell at night,
You will find her studying hard at her desk
And working with all her might.

She is an ideal student. As Mary, she was the hit in our play. Claire, we expect you to raise the standards of M. H. S. while at Colby.

GRACE HELEN DAY.

She's a merry little maiden,
With the smile of a coquette;
If she isn't pretty careful,
She'll get caught in Cupid's net.

Grace is the class treasurer, which explains why we get along so well on the financial sea. She has done so well in this line that we expect to see her the Secretary of the Treasury Department some day.

BEATRICE ELLA DOWNS.

Dear little Bee is an ideal girl,
In work or play never slow,
And the only one failing she has
Is writing to Orono.

Bee is the most esteemed and sensible female of our class. If we wish advice we always go to her. She was

our President for our first two years. May you always help others as you have us with your wisdom.

AGNES CECILIA ELLIS.

She's a brown-eyed damsel,
With a sparkle in her eye;
Short, cute and very smart,
But with boys, she's very shy.

Peggy is the class stenographer. She will reach perfection in Business College next fall. From the quality of the stories she writes, we expect her to be a literary light some day.

GEORGE HERBERT FRANCIS ELLIS.

George Ellis is our little man,
He is a Derby lad;
He always has his lessons well,
And is never blue or sad.

George is very much different from the rest of our boys, as he is quiet. He is very business-like; a real artist at the typewriter. Some day he will become one of the trustees in Wall Street.

DOROTHY MINART FOSS.

She doesn't like to study;
She doesn't even flirt;
She's just our quiet little maid,
Whose interest is her work.

Dorothy is one of the quiet members of our class; but when she speaks she utters naught but wisdom. She will attend Business College.

May your future be bright.

VERA MAY FOWLES.

She comes on the train in the morning;
Goes back on the train at night;
Cares not for a day's hard labor;
She's living her life just right.

Vera comes from Boyd Lake to enjoy the advantages of our school and companionship. We thank you for the preference of our school, and in return you have the best wishes of Class of '21, for your success as a nurse.

RICHARD RANDALL FROHOCK.

Dick is the great violinist;
He plays with his might and will;
But one great failing he has
Is visiting Parlen Hill.

Dick played Basketball in his Junior year and made a mark in Football his last two years. He is the antidote for blues in the Senior Class.

GEORGE EDMUND HOVEY.

Eddie is our class orator;
Someday he'll rank with Burke,
And his part in any work or play
He's never known to shirk (?).

Eddie is our class attorney, too. A crack-shot in Basketball in his last three years. Wherever Eddie goes he will make friends.

CLARA BELLE LITTLEFIELD.

So merry, so jolly,
So full of fun;
Oh, Clara, without you!
Our crowd would be glum.

Clara is the originator of a lot of fun, of which the teachers are well aware. Clara holds the love of the Class of '21. We look to her for all our fun.

May you make others as happy as you have us.

ALICE RUTH MACKLIN.

Her cheeks are like the roses,
Her brow is like the snow;
May her life be long and happy
Wherever she may go.

Ruth was one of our soloists in the Minstrel Show, and a member of the orchestra during her Sophomore year. She is one of the live wires of the class and took part in the Senior play.

ALBERT HENRI REPSCHA.

He is one of our star athletes,
A winner in every game,
And in the toilsome game of life
We're sure that he'll meet fame.

"Rep" was pitcher on the Baseball team his Sophomore and Junior year, and a good Football man and a good Basketball player.

When you get to college, we expect you to be one of the best of all round athletes.

FAYE LESLIE RICHARDSON.

Sometimes silent, sometimes thoughtful,
Always full of glee;
She is our beloved classmate,
Always happy as can be.

Faye, with her sweet disposition and smile, has won many companions. She is always ready to help when called upon. She is an ideal maid, as she showed us in the Senior play. Keep up your sunny ways and you will win friends wherever you go.

CATHLEEN MAUDE ROGERS.

Gentle, graceful little maiden,
With a smile for one and all;
She's an ideal friend and classmate,
Always true to duty's call.

Cathleen is pianist of the school orchestra and class elocutionist, as she showed in Junior Exhibition.

IRENE GRAHAM SAVAGE.

Never known to meddle,
Never seems displeased;
She will meet her life's great struggles
With a calm, collected ease.

Irene brings to our minds the song "Irene", where it calls her "a little bit of salt and sweetness." She is a good classmate and will attend business college. We wish you success and happiness all through Life.

HOYT BERNARD SAVAGE.

His classmates call him Tarzan;
A winsome, dark-haired boy,
One of our perfect athletes,
Chuck full of fun and joy.

Hoyt is an all round athlete: Sophomore year, football, basketball, and baseball; Junior year, football, basketball, and baseball; Senior year, football and basketball.

Hoyt is one of our several members that will attend U. of M.

FRANK EVERETT SHAW.

He's a pompous, merry, light-haired lad,
With merry eyes of blue,
Always jolly and full of fun,
But to the girls he's never true.

Frank was on the football team his last two years in school, and a strong center in basketball his Junior year. He has played in the high school orchestra for four years.

DAGMAR ADELE SKOOG.

Fair-haired, good-natured,
Busy as a bee,
In all the town of Milo
There's no one happier than she.

Dagmar is the class artist. She has a double in the Senior Class, and this fact has caused much merriment and many mistakes. May your future be as bright as your and your double's hair.

AUDREY JUNE STROUT.

She has been an ideal classmate,
We couldn't ask for more;
With her she brings joy and gladness
When she enters at the door.

Audrey will attend business college. She is an ideal classmate. We wouldn't change her if we could. We wish you the best of luck.

ELMIRA WINNIFRED TIBBETTS.

Quiet, red-cheeked maiden,
Always kind and good;
A truly ideal classmate,
With a shy and bashful mood.

"Mike" is one of the silent members of our class. She believes in speaking only when spoken to. May happiness follow where'er you go.

FRANCES LUCILE TOWNE.

She is calm and silent,
And full of modest grace;
With always a smile of happiness
On her pleasant face.

Frances is our class secretary; at this she can't be beat. She has the born executive ability of handling class affairs. May you retain your sweetness and unsophistication through life.

MARION ELIZABETH WEBBER.

She's a merry little maiden,
With her sparkling eyes of brown;
Here's a secret—please don't tell it—
She would make a first-rate clown.

Marion is one of our witty members, always ready with a joke. With her winning smile and personality she will win many friends at business college.

MARY SHERMAN WEEKS.

Just look at the smile that shines in her eyes,
And the merry look on her face;
Although *at times* she is quiet,
Of ill-nature there's never a trace.

Mary has the best disposition of anyone in the class. She is like Pollyanna, there's always something to be glad about. As a nurse, she'll be a success, as her disposition enables it.

FREDERICKA GRETCHEN WEIR.

She's the cutest little maiden
In the Class of '21.
Always ready for a frolic,
Never misses any fun.

Freedy is the spirit of fun and good nature. Sometime, you will be as large as the rest of us, perhaps not in size, but when you get to Beal's next Fall we expect big things from you.

RALPH EARL WHITNEY.

Ralph is our Class President,
A Senior wise and good,
An ideal for his classmates,
Of a bright and lively mood.

Ralph played Baseball in his Sophomore and Junior years. He is always ready to do his part. Success to you at business college.

INITIAL HITS

- N. W. A.—Nothing Worries Allen.
A. A. A.—Amiable And Ambitious.
A. E. C.—Always Ever Cheerful.
M. B.—May-Be.
G. M. C.—Graceful Merry Coquette.
C. A. C.—Certainly A Crackerjack.
G. H. D.—Great Hearts Defend.
B. E. D.—Brainful, Entertaining,
Dignified.
G. H. F. E.—George, He Fools
Everyone.
A. C. E.—Agreeable, Changeable,
Earnest.
D. M. F.—Declines Much Fun.
V. M. F.—Valiant, Mirthful, Faith-
ful.
R. R. F.—Really Rather Fearless.
M. E. W.—Modest Every Where.
M. S. W.—Many Sweet Ways.
E. G. H.—Eagerness Got Him.
C. B. L.—Certainly Bothers Lewis.
R. A. M.—Rather Accept Maynard.
A. H. R.—A High Rank.
F. L. R.—Fair, Lively, Reliant.
C. M. R.—Careless, Merry, Radiant.
H. B. S.—Happy Boyish Smile.
I. G. S.—Independent, Generous,
Saucy.
F. E. S.—Filled (with) Everlasting
Smartness.
A. J. S.—Always Jesting Sweetly.
E. W. T.—Every Word Tells.
F. L. T.—Friendship, Love, Truth.
F. G. W.—Frolicsome, Goodlooking,
Winsome.
R. W.—Rather Wilful.
D. S.—Dances Sublimely.

THE MILO HIGH SCHOOL STATISTICS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Known as</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Lives for</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>
Allen	Tama	Old enough to argue	Ambition	Call it off!
Anderson	Amelia	Not too old	Bostonian life	Crazy!
Brackett	Rusty	Just right	Oh, someone	Good Lord!
Cary	Pat	Young	Dancing	Do tell!
Cook	Cookie	We can guess	Happy moments	My land!
Crosby	Claire	Between 15 and 20	Great honors	Gosh!
Day	Grace	Old enough to flirt	Only one	Hon—est!
Downs	Beat	Not too old	Morals (Morrills)	Certainly!
Ellis G.	George	Can't find out	Vacation	Say, now!
Ellis A.	Peggy	Hard telling	Nothing	Oh! Shoot!
Foss	Dot	Sunny side of 40	3.30 P. M.	I know it!
Fowles	Vera	About 25	Pr.mping	Hasn't any!
Frohock	Dick	Second childhood	Good times	Heavens to Betsy!
Webber	Mary Anne	About 10	Merry-making	Oh! Gee!
Weeks	Mary	Kiddish	Enjoyment	Oh! Boys!
Hovey	Eddie	A little boy	Bluffing teachers	(Inexpressible)
Littlefield	Claribel	Guess	Vamping	Oh! The Devil!
Macklin	Rufus	Old enough to know better	More than one	Rea—lly!
Repscha	Rip	Not old enough to flirt	Studying	Aw—Gee!
Richardson	Faye	Too young	Entertaining	That's it, shure!
Rogers	Kittie	Don't ask me	Frankness	Why!
Savage I.	Irene	Aged	We don't know	Funny, ain't it!
Savage H.	Tarzan	Dunno	Plaguing the girls	Nuts!
Shaw	Bill	Fair, fat and forty	The girls	Oh—?—ell!
Strout	Strouty	I won't tell	His visits from <i>Me</i>	Goodness!
Tibbetts	Mike	Unknown	Married life	Oh! Shucks!
Towne	Francis	Very young	Society	Great Cicero!
Weir	Freedy	Only a child	Jimmy	Land Sakes!
Whitney	Whit	Old enough	Baseball	Holy Smut!
Skoog	Dag	Just about	Others	For pity's sake!

THE MILO HIGH SCHOOL STATISTICS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Greatest Failing</i>	<i>Expression of Countenance</i>	<i>Self Estimate</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>
Allen	Arguing	Blank	There are a few like me	Killing time
Anderson	Being good	Peaceful	I know enough	Sitting in the sun
Brackett	Whispering to Frank	Winsome	All right (mebbe)	Writing letters
Cary	Sticking out her tongue	Coquettish	Par excellence	Dancing No. 1
Cook	Going to dances	Pleasant	Not too young to wear the ring	Dancing No. 2
Crosby	Teasing	Gracious	Above others	Reading
Day	Giggling	Innocent	No better than others	Writing notes
Downs	Writing to Orono	Sad	Morally right	Dreaming
Ellis G.	Being perfect	Mournful	Just right	We wonder
Ellis A.	Scowling	Composed	Ordinary	Whispering
Foss	Shorthand	Kind	I guess I'll pass	Talking?
Fowles	Hair dressing	Contented	100%	The mirror?
Frohock	Knowledge	Droll	Clever lad	Visiting Parlen Hill
Webber	Making mistakes	Always the same	Little girl	Shorthand
Weeks	Being sober	Gleeful	Sweet	Company evenings
Hovey	Talking too much	Witty	Smart Boy	Being late
Littlefield	Falling in love	Thoughtful	Couldn't be better	Writing poetry
Macklin	Tardiness	Oriental	O. K.	Keeping late hours
Repscha	Hasn't any	Solemn	Myself, I'm correct	Plaguing Faye
Richardson	Falling down	Lively	Not much	Studying
Rogers	Boys	Dutiful	I'm it	Idleness
Savage I.	Asking questions	Sober	Quite smart	Eating
Savage H.	Being bossy	Questioning	Chance for improvement	Sleeping
Shaw	Girls	Flirtatious	Don't give a darn	Staying home evenings
Strout	Laughing	Grinning	Above the ordinary	Writing to U. of M.
Tibbetts	Thoughts of Brownville Jct.	Sweet	Satisfied	Staying up late
Towne	Latin Shark	Serene	Pretty fair	Keeping still
Weir	Joking	Impish	Cute	Thinking of Jim
Whitney	Bashfulness	Business-like	Good enough	Writing shorthand
Skoog	Hasn't any	Perplexing	Perfect	Playing piano

SENIOR PLAY

"Step Lively," a two-act comedy, was given at the Chic Theatre on Thursday evening, Feb. 3, 1921, before an audience that filled the house.

In many ways "Step Lively" was the most pleasing and successful play which has been presented by Milo High in recent years, and may well serve as a goal of achievement for future classes. The characters were well suited to their parts. To those members of our class who gave so freely of their time and effort too much credit cannot be given.

Special credit is due to Miss Megquier, one of the faculty, whose able supervision made the production possible.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

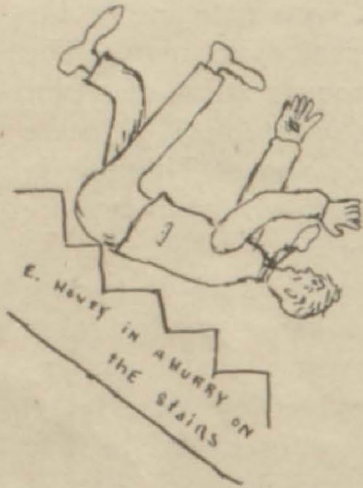
Joseph Billings, a mill owner.....	Albert Repscha
Joseph Billings, Jr.	Frank Shaw
Theodore Cunningham.....	Ralph Whitney
Mary Smythe, Billings' sister.....	Claire Crosby
Beverly Smythe, Mary Smythe's daughter	
.....	Ruth Macklin
Juliet Smythe, Mary Smythe's daughter	
.....	Clara Littlefield
Rose Marie Smythe, Mary Smythe's daughter	
.....	Marion Webber
Gwendolyn, her niece.....	Audrey Strout
Martha Holton, Billings' niece.....	Mary Weeks
Lucille Loveland, of the "Winsome Winnie Company"	Madalene Brackett
Carrie Arry.....	Grace Day
Nora, the maid.....	Faye Richardson
Jerusha Billings.....	Frances Towne
Horatius Thimple.....	Nathaniel Allen

"Uncle Joseph" was amusing in the character of a cranky old man. The extremely ludicrous antics of Aunt Mary in her frantic attempts to locate a pair of tan shoes, and of Thimple, in his peculiar English drawl, kept the audience in an uproar.

Joe, Jr., in his part as an up-to-date college man, who has a good opinion of himself in contrast to the natural instincts of the capable detective, Jerry, were remarkably well portrayed. The striking manner and dress of Lucille Loveland, together with her lap-dog, were typical of the modern show-girl. Carrie Arry's bold display of her administration for Ted, the secretary, the dramatic efforts of Beverly and Juliet, the mischievous pranks of the child, Rose Marie, the service of the demure maid, the well acted parts of Martha Holton and Gwendolyn Smith, all combined to bring the plot to a satisfactory and happy ending.

The members of the cast gave of their time and talent a week later to present this same play for the benefit of the American Legion. This was greatly appreciated by the members of the Post. Both productions were successful financially.

The following week the play was again presented at Lake View before a crowded house. The net proceeds of this trip were over \$25.00.



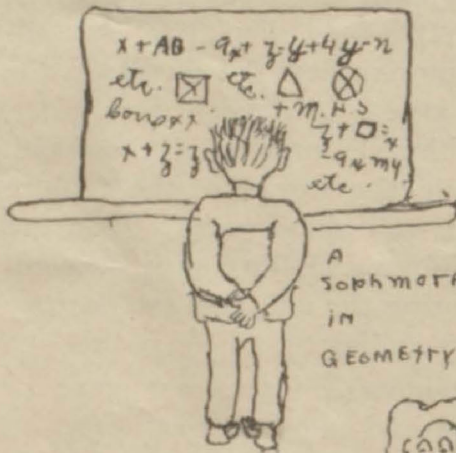
E. HARRY IN A HURRY ON
THE STAIRS



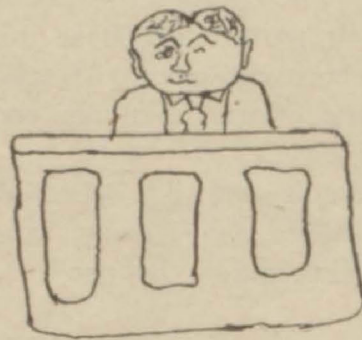
A WOULD BE
PRIZE-FIGHTER AFTER
AN AMATEUR BOUT



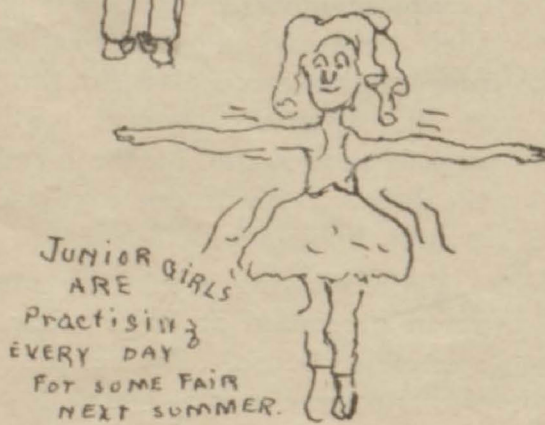
FRESHMEN ARE



A
SOPHOMORE
IN
GEOMETRY



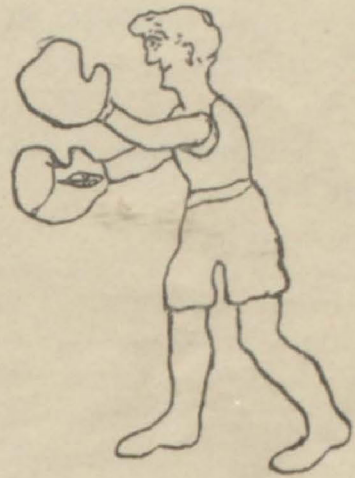
MR. ALLEN
SLEEPS WITH
ONE EYE
OPEN.



JUNIOR GIRLS
ARE
PRACTISING
EVERY DAY
FOR SOME FAIR
NEXT SUMMER.

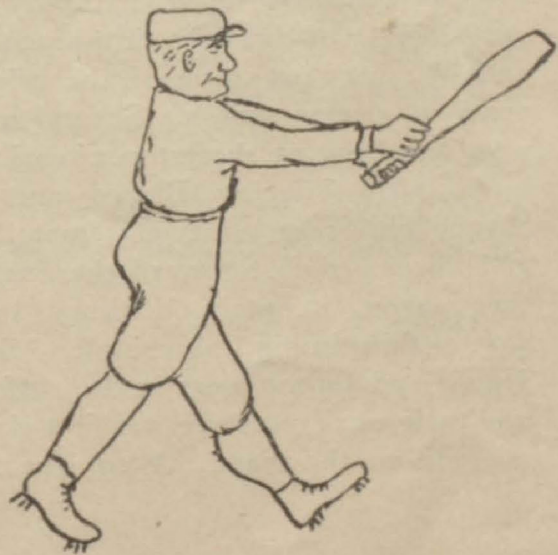
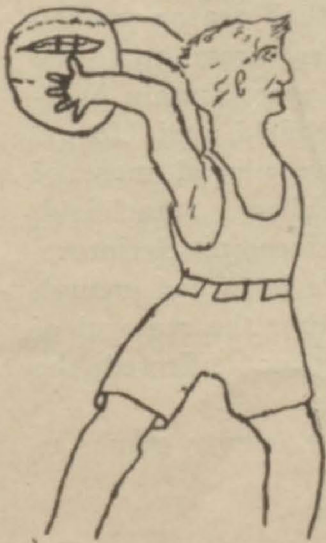


A SUB
BASKET BALL
MAN BEFORE
GOING INTO
A
GAME.



ATHLETIC

NOTES



ATHLETIC NOTES

The letter men of Milo High School are as follows:

Charles Wallace	Donovan Lancaster
Stanley Weir	Ernest Arsenault
Harry Lovejoy	Ted Gould
Richard Frohock	Nathaniel Allen
Ralph Whitney	Frank Shaw
Lawrence Stanchfield	Verral McLain
Albert Repscha	Claude Harmon
Harry Peakes	Charles Doble
Lawrence Hamlin	Archie Dannis
Frederick Harris	Richard Harmon
Glen Brawn	Eddie Hovey
Don Stanchfield	

In the Spring of 1920 baseball was not much of a success. The first setback came when Bobbie Lutterell was forced to quit because of heart trouble. The season was well along before a suitable man could be developed to fill his position.

Savage was tried out behind the bat and made good from the start. Repscha was our slab artist and pitched against hard luck and poor support all the season, with the exception of one or two games. Call played his usual steady game at first; Lancaster, naturally an outfielder, was brought into second, and his work was one of the bright spots in a poor season. Several men were tried out at shortstop after Lutterell left. Lovejoy, Brawn, and L. Stanchfield were all evenly matched, and developed fast toward the end of the season. Captain Whitney took care of third in big league style. Allen, Harris and Jepson were in the outfield and their work out there was first class, a credit to the team. Allen was our

heavy hitter, and some of his swats were a la Babe Ruth.

We did not have a winning team with such good individual material to start the season. Team play was a minus quantity, and a valuable though costly lesson had been learnt. We have forgotten the past and are looking ahead.

School opened the middle of September. We were glad to welcome Mr. Allen as our principal. His reputation as an athletic and coach was well known to us.

In football, we had an average season, winning four and losing four, our old rival, Foxcroft Academy, succeeding in winning three straight games from us, but not without a fight.

Every man on the squad worked for a winning team. They all were good, only some were better than others. Captain Frohock, Doble, Repscha, and Dannis easily fall among the latter. The team was handicapped in not having a steady coach. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

The prospects for another Fall are very good, as there is some promising material in the Freshman Class.

When the basketball season opened a large squad of men turned out. We had left from last year Captain Wallace, Savage, Stanchfield, and Hovey. The men who have played most of the games are Wallace, Stanchfield, Hovey, Savage, Harmon, Scripture, and Arsenault. We have had enough first class men so that the removal of any one man has not affected the strength of the team.

The scores of the county games to date are as follows:

At Greenville — Milo 20, Greenville 68.

At Guilford—Milo 16, Guilford 42.

At Milo—Guilford 25, Milo 35.

At Milo—Greenville 25, Milo 53.

At Abbot—Milo 16, Abbot 14.

At Milo—Sangerville 28, Milo 10.

We have more games in basketball to be played with Foxcroft Academy, Abbot and Sangerville. The team has won three and lost three county games, so we have a fair chance of pulling out even at this end of the season.

The girls' team surely is a credit to the school. They have won two games out of three, and were beaten the one they lost by only two points. Some of the players were new and without experience, but they are lucky to have Miss Megquier, one of the instructors in school, as coach.

The girls on the team are: Ila Gray, Manager; Mary Archibald, Eva Brockway, Madeline Brackett, Ellen Fowler, Inez Stevens, Abbie Savage.

Miss Gray is manager and also a strong player on the team. Miss Brockway is captain as well as a star guard. Miss Stevens, practically a new player, with only a small part of last season's practice on the second team, came out strong this year. In the first game she caged nine of 'em. The prospects for county championship sure looks good for the girls of M. H. S. Go at 'em, girls; you are there in basketball.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held, and E. Hovey was elected manager of the baseball team.

Hoyt Savage is captain of the base-

ball team and should surely prove to be a good one. Savage is a three-letter man and covers lots of ground in each. He will make a good recruit for the U. of M. to work out, and should make good down there.

With Mr. Allen as coach and Repscha and Savage as battery, we look forward to great things in the Piscataquis Baseball League, in which we understand a cup is offered to the champions. The teams in the League will be:

Foxcroft Academy

Greenville High School

Monson Academy

Brownville Junction High School

Guilford High School

Milo High School.

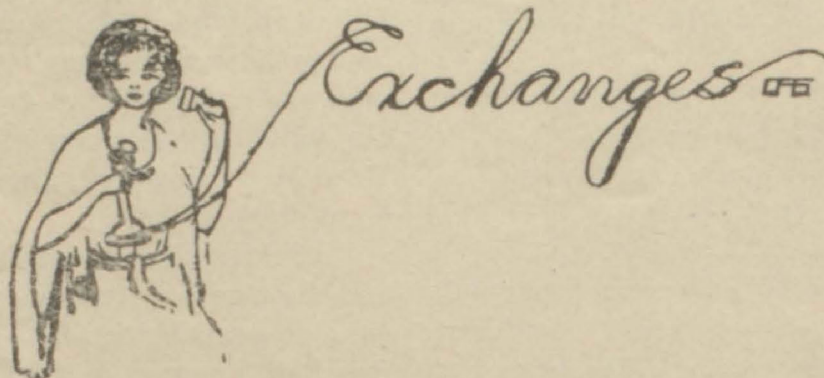
Games with Dexter have already been arranged. Others with Millinocket and Lincoln are pending at present. There is also talk of an Aroostook trip.

There is nothing like co-operation in a school to make it a success. The students have had to keep up in their studies in order to play on the teams. Many athletes were down, but thanks to the kindness of Mr. Allen and all the other teachers, who have given extra time, have their work up-to-date.

We all hope to see Mr. Allen stay next year. We know the value of a good teacher.

Surely it is the beginning of good Athletic teams in Milo High School. "Long live the dear old School of the Black and White."

E. H., '21.



We have gladly welcomed a few Exchanges. We regret that many of the papers have not arrived in time for us to criticise before our paper is published. We have received the following:

The Lancastonian, Lancaster Academy, Lancaster, N. H.

The Red and White, Sanford High School, Sanford, Me.

The Megunticook, Camden High School, Camden, Maine.

The Jester, Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Me.

The Pep, Mexico High School, Mexico, Me.

The Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.

The Pilot, Mechanic Falls High School, Mechanic Falls, Me.

The Pharetra, Monson Academy, Monson, Me.

The Hebron Semester, Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.

The Chatter-Box, Millinocket High School, Millinocket, Me.

P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me.

The Aroostookan, Mars Hill High School, Mars Hill, Me.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Lancastonian: You have a very interesting paper, especially the literary department. We were disappointed not to find any class pictures.

The Red and White: Yours is an all round good paper. We surely enjoyed it. Come again.

The Megunticook: Your editorials and snapshots are very interesting. An exchange list would improve your paper.

The Jester: Your literary department and locals are well worth mentioning and your alumni is certainly a credit to you.

The Pep: Your literary section and "Pep" jokes are very good. We also think your school is blessed with a poet.

The Shamokin High School Review: We were glad to add your paper to our list. Your poetry section is one of the best we have seen. Why not increase the number of Knocks?

The Pilot: Your paper was very interesting, especially the literary section. It expresses a great deal of school spirit. We would have liked a few more pictures and also a few more cuts and jokes.

The Pharetra: Your literary section is surely complete. Why not have a larger athletic schedule and a few more jokes? Your paper is also minus an exchange column.

The Hebron Semester: We think your school does well to publish a paper so often. We would suggest that your advertisements would be better either at the front or the back of the paper, instead of on every other page. Also a few short poems would enliven your paper.

The Oracle: Your paper is one of the finest we have received. We liked the way the different articles were arranged, and your pen pictures show unusual merit. Why not have a larger exchange list?

The Chatter-Box: Your paper shows that you certainly have a large athletic schedule. Your alumni notes are good. But would it not improve your paper if you had more jokes and also an Exchange column?

P. I. H. S. Flyer: We congratulate you on being capable of publishing your school paper weekly. It certainly is very interesting. Come often.

The Aroostookan: Your paper as a whole is very interesting, especially the "Grinds". Why not have a longer Athletic column?

The following are Exchanges which we expect to receive later after THE BREEZE goes to press:

The Sea Breeze, Thomaston High School, Thomaston, Maine.

The Northland, Washburn, High School, Washburn, Maine.

The Bouncer, Madison High School, Madison, Maine.

The Signet, Dexter High School, Dexter, Maine.

The Scroll, Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Maine.

The Log, Island Falls.

Greenville High School Paper, Greenville, Maine.

Presque Isle High School Paper, Presque Isle, Maine.

Easton High School Paper, Easton, Maine.

Mars Hill High School Paper, Mars Hill, Maine.

Lee Academy Paper, Lee, Maine.

Fort Fairfield High School Paper, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

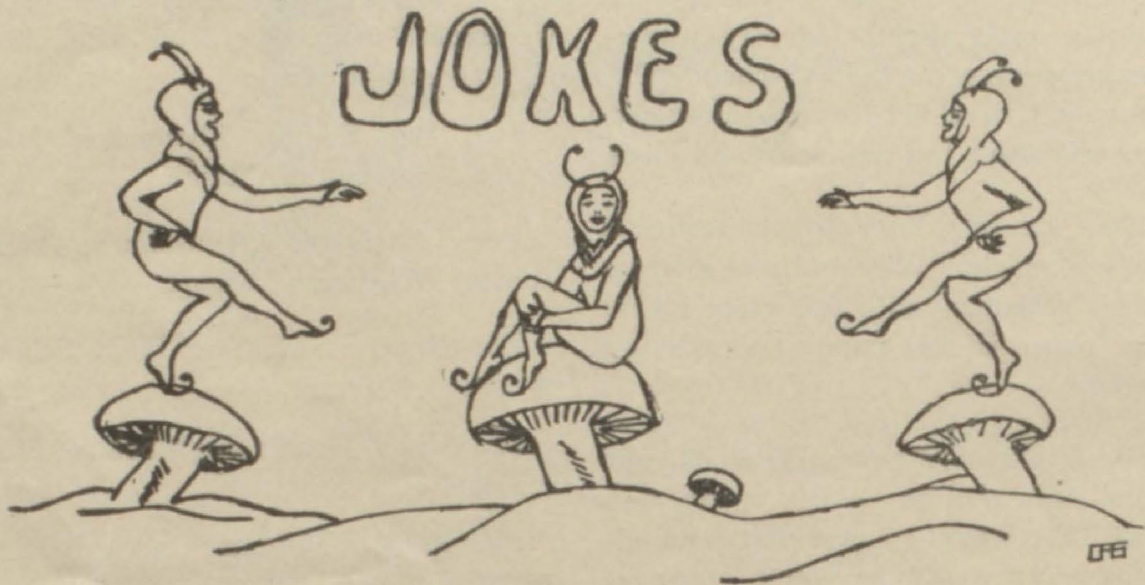
Hampden Academy School Paper, Hampden, Maine.

Brownville Jct. High School Paper, Brownville Jct., Maine.

Machias High School Paper, Machias, Maine.

Foxcroft Academy School Paper, Foxcroft, Maine.

Brewer High School Paper, Brewer, Maine.



She is quiet, small, shy, and there's mischief in her eye.

Emily Anderson, '24.

She's a Freshman, Oh, yes, we know, but she's a *quiet* one.

Mildred Chapman, '24.

We see her from day to day,
But she always remains in the same quiet way.

Frances Daggett, '24.

Have you any books?
You never use them.

Dorothy French, '24.

What have we done today?
Sophomores.

Who, then, is free?
The wise man who can govern himself.
Lawrence Hanscom, '24.

Our mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
Seniors.

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.
Norman Scudder, '24.

The important question of the day in the Senior room, "When is Teachers' Convention?"

Ahead, then keep pushing and elbow your way.

"Freshman in the Coat Room."
As shy and quiet as a maid could be.

Eva Morrison, '22.

The very sunshine loved her.
Beth Brawn, '24.

What a smile Carolyn gave me.
Bert Webber, '24.

My imagination is in healthy working order.
Eddie Hovey, '21.

What we do will determine what we shall be.

Seniors.

Studying one's lesson aloud is good practice.

Don Stanchfield, '22.
A good beginning is a thing half done.
Beatrice Downs, '21.

Bitter pills may have blessed effects.
Miss Trefethen.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse.
Freshmen.

The same flower that smiles today, to-
morrow may be dying.
Miss Megquier.

Study mankind, as well as books.
Claire Crosby, '21.

Nothing can be well done, that is done
out of reason.
Miss Trefethen.

Always speak the truth.
Dick Frohock, '21.

So many men, so many kinds—
Boys of M. H. S.

Man's chief good is an upright mind.
Mr. Jellison.

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.
Miss Megquier.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When the world flows on like a song,
But the man worth while is the man with a
smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.
Mr. Donovan.

If you want a greater place, you simply
grow greater, then they can not
keep you down.
Marshall Blair, '22.

Instead of my books, I prefer outdoors,
And along with that riding near the Moor(e)s.
Ellery Good, '24.

My two eyes often stray,
And usually it is where the Seniors stay.
Archie Dannis, '24.

We have seen her for quite a while,
But never once have we seen her smile.
Madaline Cary, '24.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my children, to the glad refrain,
And in spite of all sorrow and older sinning
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and Begin Again.
Freshmen, '24.

Leave it to Pauline,
She knows.
Pauline Hall, '24.

Alas! they are dead from their ears up.
Freshman in Com. Arith.
Freshmen, '24.

We got so discouraged,
We often say,
We have completed safely,
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
One more ——— Day.

Take a day off and grow up.
Edwin Page, '24.

Books don't interest me!
Thelma Hovey, '24.

You're all right, Bub, but you don't
know nothing yet.
Vernie Howse, '24.

Getting up is growing up.
Lewis Deane, '24.

I hope some day to become a house
(Howse).
Nellie Harmon, '24.

I expect to become a "good girl some
day".
Florence Moore, '24.

Look it up!!!!
Miss Megquier.

To the Juniors:
We like you better with each pass-
ing year.
Seniors.

I'll look no more at Burt (???) lest my
brain turn and topple right down-
ward.
Carolyn Daggett, '23.

- She lives to dance.
Adelia Cary, '21.
- I saw the bright eyes and brainless
little heads of about seventy half-
grown chicks.
Freshmen.
- You seem to be weary.
Donald Pierce, '24.
- To Mr. Allen:
We find your advice wise counsel.
Seniors.
- Sobbing was heard all over the room
when vacation was pronounced.
??????
- Some people have a notion that the
world was made expressly for
them.
Mildred Dean, '22.
- There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in str'ving.
Albert Repscha, '21.
- Know what you want to say, then say
it.
Pauline Hall, '24.
- In the world, the penalty of being late
is the loss of some advantage that
would else have been gained.
Hoyt Savage, '21.
- A good name will shine forever.
Faye Richardson, '21.
- Failures are to heroes' minds the step-
ping stones to success.
Freshman.
- You cannot dream yourself into a character;
You must hammer and sledge yourself one.
Lillian Porter, '22.
- Foolish pride is laughed at by every-
one.
Mildred Deane, '22.
- When he's good, he's very good,
But when he's bad, he's horrid.
Eddie Hovey, '21.
- Make good use of your time.
Certain Freshman.
- Grumblers are the only thing in this
world at which it is right to
grumble.
Ralph Whitney, '21.
- Trust not an inquisitive person.
Thelma Rand, '23.
- He is miserable that knows not how to
spend his time.
Lawrence Hamlin, '24.
- Rise early, live soberly, and apply thy-
self with industry.
Thelma Hovey, '24.
- Every calamity may be overcome by
patience.
Mr. Jellison.
- Beaut'es in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Edna Fowler, '24.
- We can be a pumpkin in one summer, with the
accent on the "punk",
We can be a mushroom in a day, with the ac-
cent on the "mush",
But we cannot become Seniors that way.
Sophomores, '23.
- I know all there is to know.
You can't tell me anything about that.
Lawrence Hanscom, '24.
- Children, we are laughing at you.
Freshmen, '24.
- Mr. Jellison's greatest trial.
Lewis Dean, '24.
- The way to gain a good reputation is
to endeavor to be what you desire
to appear.
Clara Littlefield, '21.
- Just take a "Squint" over my way once
in a while and see how I get along.
Cathleen Rogers, '21.
- A little bit too cute.
Florence Moore, '24.

- It's Jimmy—my puppy.
 Freedy Weir, '21.
- It ain't much fun to loop the loop,
 especially in auto'biles.
 Gladys Cook, '21.
- Mother's little curly-headed guinea pig.
 Frank Shaw, '21.
- Slim at the waist is she?
 Myrtle Chase, '22.
- I have lots of fun
 With my false teeth.
 Dick Frohock, '21.
- Nothing worries me, but my hair.
 Vera Fowles, '21.
- There's a little bit of bad in every good
 little girl.
 Grace Perkins, '23.
- If I was only smaller.
 Velma Ewing, '24.
- As studious as can be.
 Ellen Fowler, '22.
- We cannot understand why she appears so quiet
 and shy,
 We know she's not.
 Inez Stevens, '22.
- Who will I go with?
 Oh, I guess I'll take "Gus" (Harris).
 Mary Weeks, '21.
- There's a ramble,
 Then a rumble,
 Then a scramble.
 Football Boys.
- Alas! there sat a girl in the seat beside
 him, and he fell in love with her.
 Albert Repscha, '21.
- Remember, Clara, the night has a
 thousand eyes.
 Clara Littlefield, '21.
- Methinks he seems no bigger than his
 head.
 Edwin Page, '24.
- For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Ted Mayo, '24.
- Do not take your work so serious, life
 is short.
 Amelia Anderson, '21.
- She can always translate her Latin,
 even at sight.
 Claire Crosby, '21.
- To her he vow'd the service of his days,
 On her he spent the riches of his w't;
 For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
 Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 Grace Day, '21, and Chas. Doble.
- And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till all the seas go dry.
 Glen Brawn, '23,
 and Inez Stevens, '22.
- My little feet
 Like snails did creep.
 Hoyt Savage, '21.
- The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
 Maud Dean, '23.
- Please don't look at me, I'm bashful.
 Stanley Weir, '22.
- I love the girls—but they don't love
 me.
 Nathaniel Allen, '21.
- Shyly he always looks up—but where
 does he look?
 Frederick Harris, '22.
- My adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar.
 Freedy Weir, '21.
- Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless.
 Rosabelle Bowdin, '22.

- In came Lawrence,—one vast substantial smile.
Lawrence Stanchfield, '23.
- They also serve who only stand and wait.
Alton Jellison, '24.
- Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.
Harry Lovejoy, '22.
- His thoughts were higher than the hills.
George Ellis, '21.
- There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.
D. S., '23, to D. H., '23.
- Look, I polished my shoes this morning,
can't you smell them?
Audrey Strout, '21.
- Please don't disturb him;
He is peacefully sleeping.
Edwin Sturtevant, '24.
- Where broken faith has never been known,
And the blushes of first love never have flown.
Amelia Anderson, '21.
- He found the one he sought for;
squeezed her SOME, and let her go.
E. H., '21, & D. S., '21, at noon hour.
A noisy man is always in the right.
Brooks Monroe, '24.
- A peach! but bashful.
Frederick Harris, '22.
- Who says we haven't musical talent in
the Freshman class. Just hear
Vernie House blow his—nose.
"I wish Miss M. Souther to understand
that I know nothing about French
II."
Mr. Donovan.
- A simple child, that lightly draws its
breath.
Edith Canney, '23.
- Look at the size of some of our Freshmen.
What next!
The sweetest flower that ever grew.
Edna Kittredge, '23.
- Oh! that those lips could clearly express
a complete thought.
A. Cary, '21.
- His spirit charms us.
Mr. Donovan.
- Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong.
Don Lancaster, '22.
- Look what fools these Freshmen are!
'Twas I, but 'twas not I.
Dick Frohock, '21.
- Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice.
E. Hovey, '21.
- Uneasy lies the head that wears a
crown.
Prof.
- Sleep on! ! !
Everett Boober, '22.
- I am small but awful powerful.
Edwin Page, '24.
- Sweet, though in sadness.
Addie Savage, '24.
- Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.
J. S., '24, and M. L., '24.
- It spreads like a sort of dog's madness.
Hazing Freshman.
- My mind tossed and surged with the
ocean.
George Walsh, '24.
- The most completely lost of all days,
is the one in which we have not
laughed.
Seniors.

- My motto is, "After Work, Play."
Madalene Brackett, '21.
- We can grow.
Everybody can grow.
Freshmen, '24.
- A studious girl.
Arline Souther, '24.
- Some men talk like wise men, but act
like fools.
V. H., '24.
- We all are striving for the higher
peaks (Peakes).
Mabel Lancaster, '24.
- Never make a mountain of a molehill.
Sophomores, '23.
- I forget what I ought to remember,
and remember what I ought to
forget.
Verna Woodbury, '24.
- Oh, why do they roast us? We'll
never get over this?
Freshmen, '24.
- To the Juniors—
Oh, well, we know what is your trial
today; not very long has it been
out of our way.
English Literature.
- Success is so hard to endure.
Sophomores, '23.
- What would I do if I couldn't giggle?
Audrey Strout, '21.
- We get no sympathy from this crowd,
they respect not our feelings.
Freshmen, '24.
- Of lives to live we have but one,
So go it, kiddo, while you're young.
Donald Stanchfield, '22.
- The fact that we're not buried is no
proof that we're alive.
Sophomores, '23.
- A word once uttered can never be re-
called.
Ruth Macklin, '21.
- Apply yourself to learning and honest
pursuits.
Raymond Scripture, '24.
- Order and method render all things
easy.
Mr. Allen.
- If you keep your tongue a prisoner,
your body may go free.
Eddie Hovey, '21.
- Anyway, when a girl has red hair, it's
a safe bet that it is natural.
Dagmar Skoog, '21.
- The sunshine of her smile,
Shows gladly all the while.
Edna Brockway, '23.
- I think the view in Brownville is just
great.
Bertha Chapman, '23.
- Let me rest.
Maurice Allen, '23.
- A lot of mischief and fun and noise.
Richard Harmon, '23.
- I'll not be a quitter.
Lawrence Henderson, '23.
- She has the art of being pleasant.
Nellie McDonald, '23.
- A good little girl
We're all glad to know.
Alice Brown, '24.
- M. H. S. has no great attraction for
me.
Una Smith, '24.
- Turn back the universe
And make me five or ten.
Clothilde Stevens, '24.

- I'll take a good, long breath at the end
of this school year—I don't have
time to take any now.
Dorothy Foss, '21.
- A sincere person.
Selma Anderson, '23.
- I never hurt myself studying.
Lillian Degerstrom, '24.
- And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved.
Gwendolyn Howse, '23.
- In rosy beauty, and in prime of years.
Mary Ramsdell, '24.
- Fair flower, that dost so comely grow.
Harriet Kittridge, '24.
- Both mighty and wise.
Don Lancaster, '22.
- I'm happiest when I'm hugging the
girls.
Vernal McClain, '22.
- Fair, with eyes of blue.
Elwell Downs, '22.
- The cute little cherub.
Frank Shaw, '21.
- I'm just beginning to learn to flirt.
Albert Repscha, '21.
- Round of eye and full of glee.
Abbie Savage, '22.
- Very quiet and industrious.
Ernest Arsenault, '23.
- These strict rules are the trial of my
life.
Fred Gould, '23.
- She opened her mouth with wisdom.
Beatrice Hall, '24.
- Quietness is his watchword.
George Gordon, '24.
- Mischievous—but quiet about it.
Darrell Drinkwater, '23.
- I'm happy when I'm busy.
Harry McNeil, '24.
- If you would have others think well
of you, set an example by thinking
well of yourself.
Lida Hall, '24.
- A man with a high aim in life seldom
carries a gun.
Erwin Wiley, '24.
- A wise man always knows when he
has had enough.
Arthur Johnson, '24.
- Birth is an accident from which some
people never recover.
Walter Johnson, '24.
- As idle as a painted ship upon a paint-
ed ocean.
Vera Fowles, '21.
- He who rises late never does a good
day's work.
Dick Frohock, '21.
- To her he swears an eternal friendship.
Edith Buzzell, '23,
and Earl Smith, '22.
- I like to flirt with Freshman boys.
Bertha Perkins, '23.
- My father won't let me go home with
the girls.
Earl Syphers, '23.
- The dear, romantic child.
Peggy Ellis, '21.
- What the book don't say, I can easily
invent.
Eddie Hovey, '21.

I have nothing else to do sometimes
but catch flies, to pass the time
away.

Thelma Hovey, '24.

He's as solemn as an owl,
But when he does smile,
Oh! you'd be surprised.

Kenneth Carr, '23.

None are so deaf as those who will not
hear.

Sophomore Latin Class.

Still waters run deep.

Lola Canney, '21.

Take care of your pennies — and the
chances are your dollars will be
blown in by your heirs.

Linden Cristie, '24.

The man who makes hay when the sun
shines doesn't have to borrow his
neighbor's umbrella when it rains.

Claude Harmon, '23.

Better one small cheer than a big howl.

Thelma Burrill, '23.

It's easier to know what to do than it
is to do what you already know.

Harry Miles, '22.

An angel—minus the wings.

Eugene Cotter, '23.

Don't be too modest.

Ila Grey, '22.

Sooner or later most of us get what
we deserve.

Vernon Ellis, '23.

I am taking a tonic to make me grow
short.

Grace Stackpole, '24.

The merry little dancing girl.

Mildred Hall, '24.

Gossiping is my greatest ambition—in
school.

Harry Peakes, '24.

I think I've got my share—of studies.
Ora Strout, '23.

I'm awful lonesome now.

Cecil Messer, '23.

The makings of a man.

Clyde Davis, '24.

I like the Freshmen pretty well.

Florence Mayo, '23.

Don't look so sad—it isn't true.

Earl Smith, '22.

You can't be beat—in basketball.

Eva Brockway, '22.

Knowledge often causes a lot of worry.

Evelyn Henderson, '24.

A true blue sport.

Chas. Doble, '22.

One way to face difficulties is to turn
your back on them.

Leon Mowatt, '24.

The success of your aim may depend
upon your target.

Delwin Shaw, '23.

Blessed is the peacemaker.

Beatrice Rand, '23.

Don't allow yourself to be carried away
by enthusiasm—unless you have a
return ticket.

Uldine Paddock, '24.

Back talk is a great quarrel promoter.
Charles Wallace, '22.

Keep your troubles to yourself and
they will not expand.

Edith Buzzell, '23.

Everything comes to him who waits—
including all kinds of hard luck.

Maynard Cooley, '24.

I'm glad the Insane Asylum is not in
Milo.

Irene Savage, '21.

Everybody's friend is nobody's confidant.

Wilda Hutchinson, '22.

Lov would last longer if it really were blind.

Elmira Tibbetts, '21.

With graceful walk and head held high,
Striving to attract the public eye.

Marion Call, '21.

Some people work hard trying to accomplish useless things.

Helen Keniston, '23.

The person who is looking for trouble seldom has to go away from home to find it.

Raymond Scripture, '24.

He simply smiles and smiles;
We wonder what 'tis all about.

Rethel West, '24.

Sometimes people fail to accomplish anything worth while because they are too busy criticising some other person's work.

Olive Hall, '22.

Many are called, but few want to get up.

Arden Cooley, '24.

A good bluff makes more noise than great riches.

Daisy Page, '24.

Most girls are as modest as styles will permit.

Edna Allen, '24.

She wears her hair in curl,
Of nature she is sweet;
Nowhere a happ'er girl
You'll seldom ever meet.

Ruth Martin, '22.

She is as smart as she can be,
For she always studies, you see.

Winefred Howse, '22.

The girls envy him his complexion.

Paul Noyes, '24.

Fair, and always on the level.

Mrs. Deane.

Her humor gives us pleasant thoughts.

Miss Treworgy.

POETRY

Dear little man-hater,
With a cold, proud heart,
Will you never be hit
By "Cupid's Dart"?

Frances Towne, '21.

To Miss Trefethen:

Speak roughly to the Freshies,
And beat them when they sneeze.
They only do it to annoy,
Because they know you'll tease.

Latin is a language
As dead as it can be;
It killed the Ancient Romans,
And now it's killing me.

Latin Students.

Hard to the heart of a Senior
Is a punishment justly inflicted,
When it means an after school session
And the Professor compares them to Freshmen.

Freshmen Per Order.

Beware, Freshmen who are always unawares,
Mr. Allen is forever lurking on the stairs.

Graceful is her walk,
Dainty is her hand;
Little does she talk,
For her mind is in Squintland.
Cathleen Rogers, '21.

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us sad;
But the smiles that "Marg" sends 'round the
main room
Are the smiles that make us glad.

A Senior had a pretty dress,
The dress, it is no more;
She tho't she spilled some H₂O;
Alas, 'twas H₂SO₄.
B. Downs, '21.

It's great to have many privileges,
But awful when carried too far,
That's just what Prof. tho't we had done,
So our privileges he did debar.
Seniors.

There's a bunch of boys in Milo,
I guess you'd call them slow;
They're as fast as running water,
With the thermometer 40° below.
(A man hater.)

To the Freshmen:
When the doors were first swung open,
Wildly they came dashing in,
Round of eye, and mouth wide open,
Frail and sturdy, thick and thin.

The blush of rose stood on her cheek,
Her eyes were solemn, soulful and meek,
For no one has as much knowledge as she,
On this, of course, you'll all agree.
C. A. C., '21.

She's with us in our sorrows,
She's a comfort in our woes,
May her life in the veiled future
Bring her joy where'er she goes.
B. Downs, '21.

THE JOLLY JUNIORS

Prop open your eyes
With a rolling pin,
And see the Juniors
Come waddling in.

Behold the Juniors,
Fat and thin!!
Don't they look great
As they all strut in?

Behold the Juniors,
Short and tall!

They actually *know*
That they know it all.

Behold the Juniors,
Three dozen strong.
They're always right—
When they aren't all wrong!

Behold the Juniors!
What beautiful things,
With their angel faces—
Minus their wings.

Behold the Juniors
Of '22!
They're actually smarter
Than I, or you.

Behold the Juniors!
They keep each rule,
They surely are
The salt of the school.

Behold the Juniors!
Well, I just guess
They're really a credit
To M. H. S.
W. H., '22.

THE CLASSES OF M. H. S.

Just children from their cradles,
Are these Freshmen all so small;
They are tiny, mischievous and childish,
And we're afraid they'll NEVER grow tall.

The Sophomores all are gaining
In glory, wisdom and height;
They're not half as green as last year,
In which we all delight.

The Juniors we need not mention—
Their fame is spread world-wide;
Their class is composed of dancers,
And there'll be none when they've died.

The Seniors all are terrible,
So everyone does say;
But just the same they'll "Get there"
Through study, work and play.
G. D., 21.

A is for Amelia, a Senior so fair,
B is for Bertha, who has flaxen hair,
C is for Cathleen, who the piano does play,
D is for Doble, whose preference is (Day),
E stands for Eddie, a boy brave and fearless,
F is for Frank, who plays with the "Peerless",
G is for Glenn, a Sophomore boy,
H is for Harry, whose name is Lovejoy,
 I stands for Inez, a Junior so dear,
J is for Jimmie, who left us last year,
K is for Kittredge, of which there are two,
L is for Lola, who is kind and true,
M is for Minnie, a new freshman girl,
N is for Nathaniel, whom the questions do
 whirl,
O stands for Olive, so meek and so mild,
P is for Porter, a fairy-like child,
Q is for "Queer", there are many of these,
R is for Richardson, who is such a tease,
S is for Selma, who is happy and gay,
T is for Thelma, who finds plenty to say,
U is for "US", that means the whole school.
V is for Vera, who minds every rule,
W stands for Webber, just beginning to flirt,
X Y Z I'm afraid I must shirk.

A WANDERER

Slow the evening sun is setting
 O'er a world of smiles and tears;
 Soft the gentle ra'n is falling
 As the twilight hour appears.

In the distance ring the church-bells,
 Chiming out a peaceful lay,
 As the sheep file from the meadow
 At the golden close of day.

I can see it as I stand here,
 In the crowded city street;
 See my home among the pine trees,
 And the friends I'd like to meet.

But I know that I'm a wanderer,
 Destined ever more to roam,
 Far away from friends and loved ones
 And the cottage I call home.

C. B. L., '21.

A CRUNCHERS

There's a bunch of girls in the Senior Class,
 I think they number five,
 They're always happy and full of fun,
 And very much alive.

They call themselves "A Crunchers",
 A very funny name;
 But then it's being different
 That's given them their fame.

To any kind of a good time
 They're right there on their feet,
 And as for parties and marshmallow roasts
 They surely can't be beat.

It's too bad that their stay's so short,
 In dear old Milo High,
 But when they're gone we won't forget
 And often for them sigh.

Anon.

MY DREAM

'Twas Christmas night, and on the roof
 Old Santa did appear;
 He had a sled chuck full of toys,
 And twenty wee reindeer.

He was so round, and small, and fat,
 I almost had to grin;
 He was dressed in fur and velvet,
 From his ankles to his chin.

And such an awful mess of toys,
 I never saw the like;
 There were sleds for John and Prudence
 And a teddy bear for Kike.

He never said a single word,
 But down the chimney slid,
 And when I made a little noise
 Behind the divan hid.

I stepped behind the curtain,
 But, sadly, caught my toe;
 And as I fell, a loud voice said,
 "Give her some H₂O."

Alas, my dream was ended,
 And I opened my eyes to see;
 And there sat Prof., as usual,
 With the class in chemistry.

C. B. L., '21.

THE SENIORS

On the morning that school opened,
As the clock struck half-past eight,
Into the main room we all filed,
Thirty Seniors tall and straight.

Mindful of our real importance,
We, the highest class of all,
Cared not for lower classmen;
They were fresh and green and small.

Soon our studies held our interest,
Sometimes deep and hard to learn;
But well worth the hours of study
Was the knowledge we must earn.

Sometimes we were very childish,
Made the teachers scold and fret,
But we think they all forgave us,
For they are not grey as yet.

Sometimes it was we who scolded,
When solutions would not come
To our problems, though we worked them
From the morn till setting sun.

Then how much we prized our teachers
Dawned upon us clear and plain;
They have never tired of aiding,
Tho' we'd caused them needless pain.

Oft at eve we sit and ponder
On these years at Milo High;
Were we really quite successful—
Did our greatest chance slip by?

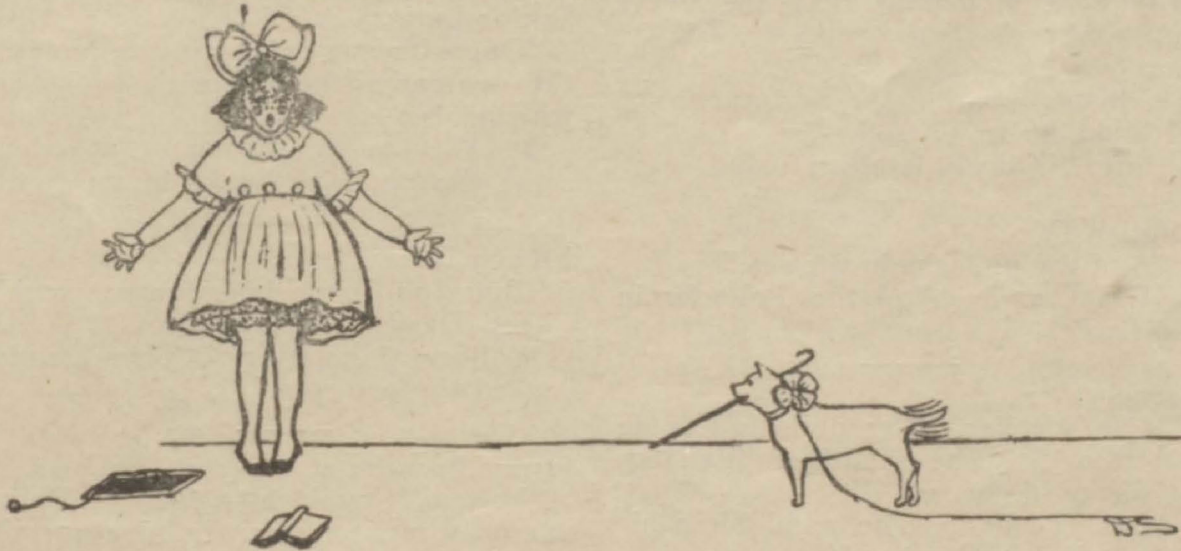
For to us the small word "study"
Meant oftentimes a sacrifice,
Exempt'ng us from all the pleasure
In the world of snow and ice.

But we find that oft'times pleasure
Comes with study hard and dry,
For we've gained a priceless treasure
We'll not lose as time goes by.

Go to others who are spending
Golden years in M. H. S.;
Profit by our needless errors;
Study hard and do your best.

B. E. D., '21.

Breezes From The Class-Room



Crosby, '21, during a debate in English Class: "I had rather hear an old maid talk than see a bunch of Old Bachelors standing on the street corners smoking their pipes and spitting out the juice.

French IV:

"Jusqu'aux bords de l'horizon le ceil est bleu." (At the end of the horizon the sky is blue.)

Miss Richardson, '21: "At the end of the horizon the sun is blue."

Mr. Jellison, in Ancient History:
Miss Hall: "Where is Egypt?"
Reply: "In the Northwestern part of Australia."

Giving a proof in Geom. Review:
E. Hovey, '21: "A point is the shortest distance between two straight lines."

In Latin IV:
"Magister volvitur in caput." (The pilot is thrown headlong into the water.)
Miss Crosby, '21: "The magistrate turned around on his head."

Senior Latin:
"Osucla libavit watae." (He kissed the lips of his daughter.)
D. Frohock, '21: "He kissed the eyes of his daughter."

Senior French:
"Elle prit des habits de veune quitta plas." (She put on clothes of mourning that she never left off.)
M. Brackett, '21: "She put on clothes of mourning that she never took off."

McAllister, reading the Scripture:
"Make haste, O God—"
Enter Frohock, late, per usual.

English IV:
"And the pollacks in the sea."
Miss Cary: "And the Pollocks in the sea."

French IV:
Miss Weeks: "Les poils follets de son crôue." (The wind blew his silky hair from his brow.)
Miss Weeks: "The wind blew his silky hair from his head."

In the Main Room:
Miss Megquier: "Mr. Lancaster, will you please look at Miss Souther so she'll turn around?"

In the Main Room:
Miss Treworgy, to Don L., '22: "Little boys should be seen and not heard."

English III:
Miss Megquier: "Write a sentence with the word cadaver in it."
Miss Howse: "We met the cadaver on the way to camp."

In the Main Room:
Miss Treworgy to Tippto, '24: "Take your gum out and put it behind your ear."

Senior French:
"Elle aussi suspendue a' son bras." (She also arm and arm with him.)
Crosby, '21: "She also suspended from his arm."

Senior Home Room:
Mr. McAllister: "What's the matter, Frohock, were you talking?"
Frohock: "No, sir, whispering."

Senior Latin:
"Oppositasque evicit gurgite moles." (It overcame the opposite banks in whirlpools.)
M. Weeks, translating: "It overcame the opposite banks in gurgles."

French III:
"Puis Joli-Coeur dansa un pas seul." (Then Dandy dances alone.)
Wallace, translating: "Then Dandy danced the one-step."

Junior French:
"Mon maître m'avait acheté, au Dejin une peau mouton, dont le laine portait un dedans." (My master bought me at Dejon a sheepskin coat, of which the wool was turned in.)
M. Chase, translating: "My master brought me at Dejon a piece of muton, of which the wool was turned in."

English IV:

McAllister: "For what was Washington noted?"

H. Savage, '21: "He writes letters."

Senior English:

Donovan: "What does pious mean?"

Miss Downs: "Holy."

Mr. Whitney, in loud whisper: "I have a pious stocking on."

In American History Class, '22:

Miss Trefethen: "Miss Dean, name six towns settled by Massachusetts Bay Colony."

Miss Dean: "Well, Salem and 'Medford' are two."

In American History Class:

Miss Trefethen: "Give an account of the life of the Puritans the first winter in America."

M. Blair, '22: "The Puritans got along very well the first winter; most of them died."

Sophomore English:

Mr. McAllister: "Miss Rand, where was Pompey in 44 B. C.?"

Miss Rand: "Pompey is dead. I don't know where he went."

Senior French:

Miss Trefethen, explaining the use of the subjunctive after the verb *il faut*.

To B. Downs, '21: "Use *il faut* instead of *Devoir*; you know there is a difference between moral (Morrill) obligation and necessity."

Junior English, '22:

In English Literature, Don Lancaster, reciting "Gulliver's Travels," stops suddenly and says: "Don't believe it, though; it's all a lie."

Sophomore Word Study:

Chaise—A two-wheeled one horse.

M. Allen, '22.

Equation—A sign in Mathematics.

N. McDonald, '23.

Prof., in Freshman Arithmetic:

To Walter Johnson: "How many places have you in the number 10,000?"

"Four," was the answer.

"No, you have four ciphers and a zero."

Senior French:

"*Sa Coiffe était en forme de coquille.*" (Her head-dress was in the form of a shell.)

F. Towne, '21: "Her hair was in the prevailing style."

Senior English:

Mr. McAllister: "Miss Crosby, do you understand the question I just asked you?"

Miss Crosby, '21: "I thought I did, until you said something else."

WE WONDER WHY

Lillian Porter, '22, is unable to get along any farther than ABC in the alphabet?

Dick has the toothache so much?

Cook and Downs', '21, experiment in chemistry was a failure, when they used lead shot for sodium nitrate?

Lillian Porter, '22, always looks forward to Wednesday night?

Beth Brawn has become so attached to the "Monroe" Doctrine?

There are so many Halls in M. H. S.?

Faye loves Joy?

Beatrice is so Frank?

WANTED

For the Freshman Girls — Pads to put on their knees to prevent hurting themselves when falling on their knees going upstairs.

By Weeks and Richardson — The stairs leading to the classrooms padded so it will be more convenient and less painful to fall downstairs.

By Grace Day, '21—A sidewalk leading to the high school building.

By Lewis Dean—A chew of gum.

By Ruth Macklin—A steady fellow.

WE WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

If Curly McClain should forget his kid curlers.

McClain, '22.

If Dick's teeth should stay in?

D. F., '21.

If Eddie Hovey should forget to talk?

If Paul Noyes should laugh?

If the Freshmen should bring dolls to school? Why, we wouldn't be able to tell which was which, from their size.

If Mary Weeks ceased to laugh?

If Gladys Cook should forget her mittens, and wear a hat?

To Bee, if the trains should stop running between Milo and Orono?

If "Marg's" admirers should all propose at the same time?

If Donovan should ever get angry?

If Faye should get a new seat in Geometry, would she fall out?

If Carolyn Daggett should flirt with Burt Webber?

If Repscha should wink at Faye?

If Don should take a vacation?

If Grace Day should whisper?

If Tipppo should forget to grin?

If Jerome should flirt?

If Claire did not know her lesson?

If Adelia missed a dance?

If Eddie should fall in love with Dagmar Skoog?

If Bert Webber and Paul Noyes should change their seats the last period in the P. M. (Ask Carolyn.)

∴ Enrollment of Milo High School ∴

SENIORS

Allen, Nathaniel	Macklin, Ruth
Anderson, Amelia	Repscha, Albert
Brackett, Madalene	Richardson, Faye
Cary, Adelia	Rogers, Cathleen
Cook, Gladys	Savage, Hoyt
Crosby, Claire	Savage, Irene
Day, Grace	Shaw, Frank
Downs, Beatrice	Skoog, Dagmar

Ellis, Agnes
Ellis, George
Foss, Dorothy
Fowles, Vera
Frohock, Richard
Hovey, Eddie
Littlefield, Clara

Strout, Audrey
Tibbetts, Elmira
Towne, Frances
Webber, Marion
Weeks, Mary
Weir, Freda
Whitney, Ralph

JUNIORS

Allen, May

Howse, Winifred

Anderson, Selma	Hutchinson, Wilda	Downes, Elwell	Peakes, Harry
Archibald, Mary L.	Lancaster, Donovan	Erving, Velma	Pierce, Donald
Blair, Marshall	Lovejoy, Harry	Fowler, Anna	Quint, Gertrude
Boober, Everett	Martin, Ruth	Fowler, Eva	Ransdell, Mary
Bowdoin, Rosabelle	McClain, Vernal	French, Dorothy	Savage, Addie
Brockway, Eva	Miles, Harry	Good, Ellery	Scripture, Raymond
Call, Marion	Morrison, Eva	Gordon, George	Smith, Una
Canney, Lola	Porter, Lillian	Hall, Beatrice	Souther, Ar'ene
Chase, Myrtle	Savage, Abbie	Hall, Lida	Stackpole, Grace
Dean, Mildred	Smith, Earl	Hall, Mildred	Stevens, Clothilde
Doble, Charles	Stanchfield, Donald	Hall, Pauline	Strout, Jerome
Fowler, Ellen	Stevens, Inez	Hamlin, Lawrence	Sturtevant, Edwin
Gray, Ila	Weir, Stanley	Hanscom, Lawrence	Tippo, Arnold
Hall, Olive	Wallace, Charles	Harmon, Nellie	Walsh, George
Harris, Frederick		Henderson, Evelyn	Webber, Bert

SOPHOMORES

Allen, Maurice	Henderson, Lawrence
Arsenau't, Ernest	Howse, Gwendolyn
Braun, Glenn	Keniston, Helen
Brockway, Edna	Kittredge, Edna
Buzzell, Edith	Mayo, Florence
Burrill, Thelma	McDonald, Nellie
Canney, Edith	McDougal, James
Carr, Kenneth	Perkins, Bertha
Chapman, Bertha	Perkins, Grace
Cooley, Maynard	Rand, Beatrice
Cotter, Eugene	Rand, Thelma
Daggett, Carolyn	Scudder, Norman
Deane, Maude	Shaw, Delwin
Drinkwater, Darrell	Souther, Marguerite
Ellis, Vernon	Stanchfield, Lawrence
Gould, Fred	Strout, Ora
Hackett, Doris	Syphers, Earl
Harmon, Claude	Messer, Cecil
Harmon, Richard	Webber, Bert

FRESHMEN

Allen, Edna	Kittredge, Harriet
Anderson, Emily	Lancaster, Mabel
Bradeen, Luella	Lewis Mildred
Braun, Beth	Littlefie'd, Minnie
Brown, Alice	McDonald, Thomas
Cary, Isabel	McKeen, Edward
Chapman, Mildred	McNeil, Harry
Christie, Linden	Monroe, Brooks
Cooley, Arden	Mowatt, Leon
Daggett, Frances	Noyes, Paul
Dannis, Archie	Paddock, Uldine
Davis, Clyde	Page, Daisy
Deggerstrom, Lillian	Page, Edwin

Downes, Elwell	Peakes, Harry
Erving, Velma	Pierce, Donald
Fowler, Anna	Quint, Gertrude
Fowler, Eva	Ransdell, Mary
French, Dorothy	Savage, Addie
Good, Ellery	Scripture, Raymond
Gordon, George	Smith, Una
Hall, Beatrice	Souther, Ar'ene
Hall, Lida	Stackpole, Grace
Hall, Mildred	Stevens, Clothilde
Hall, Pauline	Strout, Jerome
Hamlin, Lawrence	Sturtevant, Edwin
Hanscom, Lawrence	Tippo, Arnold
Harmon, Nellie	Walsh, George
Henderson, Evelyn	Webber, Bert
Hovey, Thelma	West, Rethel
Howse, Vernie	Wiley, Erwin
Johnson, Arthur	Woodbury, Verna

CLASS OFFICERS
JUNIORS

President—Donovan Lancaster.
 Vice President—Marion Call.
 Sec'y and Treasurer—Inez Stevens.
 Class Colors—Crimson and White.
 Motto—"Plus Ultra—More Beyond."

SOPHOMORES

President—Fred Gould.
 Vice President—Glen Braun.
 Secretary—Thelman Burrell.
 Treasurer—Doris Hackett.
 Class Colors—Old Rose and Silver.
 Class Motto—"With us the future lies."

FRESHMEN

President—Harry Peaks.
 Vice President—Mabel Lancaster.
 Secretary—George Walsh.
 Treasurer—Grace Bradeen.
 Class Colors—Purple and White.
 Class Motto—"Work and Win."



'95

Carroll B. Ramsdell is a successful farmer, in town.

Ethel Brown Hobbs is living in town.

Mae Mitchell Stanchfield is living in town.

Nora Hodgkins Ladd, deceased.

Wendall Hobbs is proprietor of "The Lodge from the Beach," at Sunapee Lake, N. H.

Clara Mitchell Sherburne is landlady of sporting camps on Lyford Ponds.

'96

Susie Bumps Kittredge is living in Bangor, Me.

E. Howard Doble, M. D., is practicing medicine at Presque Isle, Me.

Katherine Hanscom Thompson is living in town.

Martha Jones Prescott is living in town.

Melvin Bishop is station agent at Blanchard, Me.

'98

Cora Bradeen Dutch is living in town.

Bert W. Pineo is conducting a dry goods store in town.

Malcolm L. Doble is Internal Revenue Agent at Bangor.

Elwood M. Brackett is one of the firm of M. G. Brackett Co., in town.

Ralph Leonard is cashier for the A. T. Co., in town.

Ralph Pineo is superintendent of the woods department for A. T. Co., in town.

Florence Daggett is living in Foxcroft, Me.

Helen Ford Dyer is living in Dover, Me.

Clinton D. Kittredge is conducting a department store in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

James McFadyen, M. D., has a private hospital in town.

Charles Stone is chemist for Merchants' and Miners' Shipbuilding Association in Newport News, Va.

Annie Doble Sinclair is living in Machias, Me.

Jennie Leonard Luttrell is living in town.

Minnie Mitchell, deceased.

F. Mortimer Durgin, deceased.

Arthur Sherburne is in Kansas City, Mo.

Irving Clement is one of the Clement Drug Co., in Wellesley, Mass.

Elizabeth McLeod Bacon is living in Bangor, Me.

Hollis Hall is bookkeeper in the office of North Station, Boston.

'99

Blanche Hamlin Christie is living in town.

Dan F. Christie is employed by the A. T. Co., in town.

Grace Hanscom, deceased.

Alfreda Holbrook Fabian is living in Derby, Me.

Royal Brown is a pastor in East Providence, R. I.

Antoinette Ford Burnham is living in Bardwell's Ferry, Mass.

Roscoe Relick is a dealer in petroleum products at 51 N. Yorktown Ave., Tulsa, Okla.

'00

Frank Wilder is a successful farmer in town.

John Ryder is in Portland, Me.

Austin Black, M. D., is practicing in Bath, Maine.

'01

Mittie Hall is employed by the A. T. Co., in town.

Edith Foss Kittredge is living in town.

Leon G. C. Brown is a successful lawyer in town.

Susie Perrigo Jenkins is living in town.

Edith Lyford Thompson is living in Derby, Me.

Donald Brown is postmaster in town.

Amy Shaw Luce is living in Holyoke, Mass.

Bertha Clarke Leonard is living in East Aurora, N. Y.

'02

Clinton A. Brown is a farmer in town.

Eva Ward Thompson, deceased.

Silas Ricker is a farmer in town.

Byron Bishop is working in the Auditor's Office, in North Station, Boston, Mass.

Jennie Cranmore Ladd is living in town.

'03

Cora Potter Hall is living in town.
Rose Holbrook Brown is living in town.

Clara Lovejoy Cottle is living in town.

Rose Doble Stone is living in Newport News, Va.

Elton Clement is a photographer in town.

'04

Abbie S. Gould is teaching in Hartford, Conn.

Lovina Ingalls Johnson is living in town.

Florence Leonard is employed by Steinert's Music Store, Bangor.

Myrtle Cunningham Huntington is living in Dexter, Me.

Lula McNamara Haskell is living in Bangor, Me.

'05

Myrtle Paddock Ladd is living in Brownville, Me.

Hattie Packard Littlefield is living in town.

Guy Monroe is employed in the car shops in Derby, Me.

Lydia M. Rhoda is teaching in town.

Samuel Bradeen is a civil engineer in Halifax, N. S.

'06

Flora Wiley Wingler is living in town.

Elizabeth Freeze Sherburne is living in Sebec, Me.

R. Allen Moores is a traveling salesman for Brown, Durell Co., Boston.

Dana Gould is employed in the office of the A. T. Co., in town.

Charles W. Mills is superintendent of the A. T. Co., in town.

Melvin Kittredge is employed in the car shops, by the B. & A., in Derby, Me.

Eva Hagar Spaulding is living in Dover, Me.

Grace Hagar Dixon is living in Sebec, Me.

Georgia Daggett is training in the Newton Hospital in Newton, Mass.

Aileen Nesbit is living at 14 Drake Ave., Burlingame, Cal.

'07

Mollie Ingalls is employed in the office of the A. T. Co.

Edna Packard Smith is living in Chesuncook, Me.

Bessie Snow Young is living in town.

Charles Leonard is employed by D. H. Rollins & Co., in Portland, Me.

Elizabeth Shaw McKeen is living in town.

Della Clarke Barnes is living in Bristol, Conn.

Ethel Bishop has a private hospital in Bangor, Me.

'08

Alice Gould Rowe is living in town.

Henrietta White Maine is living in Island Falls, Me.

Helen Freeze Sterling is living in town.

Sadie Riggs Blood is living in Foxcroft, Me.

George E. Rowe is employed in the A. A. Craft's Store in Greenville, Me. Willis Gould is living in town.

Herbert Moore is clerking for the A. T. Co. in town.

Forrest Deane is employed in the purchasing department of the B. & A., Bangor, Me.

Agnes Day Sawyer is living in Medford, Me.

Dicia Henderson Horne is living in town.

Maurice Gould, deceased.

Hulda Donald Swazey is living in Dover, Me.

'09

Helen Ingalls Shaw is bookkeeper for the Milo Electric Light Co., in town.

Maude Perham Stanchfield is living in town.

Minnie Boober Henry is living in Portland, Me.

Minnie Potter Perham is living in town.

Glenn E. Stanchfield is conducting a general store in town.

Harry Gould is property clerk in the Soldiers' Home in Togus, Me.

Henry Ricker is employed in the car shops in Derby, Me.

Frank Doble is employed by the A. T. Co., in town.

Eva Clarke is teaching in Torrington, Conn.

Carl Deane is employed by the Boston Excelsior Co.

Alice Livermore Woodsworth is living in Houlton, Me.

Ralph Drinkwater is traveling salesman for the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Portland, Me.

Reginald Monroe is employed by the Standard Oil Co., in Corlinga, Cal.

Virginia Gould Rollins is living in Ogunquit, Me.

'10

Sally Hamlin Gilbert is living in Hartford, Conn.

Irma Leonard is employed by the Kineo Trust Co., in town.

Bessie Davis Clarke is living in town.

Ruth Scripture Ellingson is living in town.

Ruby Lovejoy Boober is living in Gardiner, Me.

Agnes Shaw Chase is living in town.

Annie Cushman Webb is living in Bangor, Me.

Ruby Page is stenographer in the B. & A. office, in Derby, Me.

Ruth Daggett Cole is living in Mulbury, Fla.

Marjorie Gould Ford is living in Bangor, Me.

Lora Danforth is teaching in Millinocket, Me.

Helen Page is teaching in Foxcroft, Me.

Perley Wells is living in town.

Lawrence Doble is a blacksmith in town.

Ellen Levenselor is employed by the A. T. Co., in town.

Stanley Waterhouse is on the police force in Hartford, Conn.

Leroy S. Bradeen is employed by Fay & Scott, in Dexter, Me.

'11

Raymond Hamlin is employed in the office of the A. T. Co.

Hazel Ramsdell Fernald lives in Belfast, Me.

Gertrude Hobbs Kittredge lives in town.

Ida McKenney is employed in the office of the A. T. Co., in town.

Carlton Cook conducts a service station for Exide batteries here in town.

F. Auril Rogers is working at Clark's Store, in town.

Carroll Gould is employed as clerk in the store of the Milo Farmers' Farmers' Union.

'12

Stanley E. Drake is a successful farmer in North Brownville, Me.

Cecil McIlory is teaching mathematics in Bangor High School.

Alden Bradford is in Bassano, Alberta, Canada.

Grover Bradford is a scaler for a lumbering company, in St. Francis, Me.

Jessie M. Sturtevant is teaching in Everett, Mass.

Floyd Strout is teaching in Old Town, Me.

Edith Atwood is teaching in Lowell, Mass.

Doris Clark Stimpson is living in Greenville Junction, Me.

Stella Day Dean is living in Derby, Me.

Effie Ward Ladd is living in Barnard, Me.

'13

Walter Sturtevant is teaching in Brooks, Me.

Emily McKeen is working in South Brewer, Me.

Ethel Whidden Bragg lives in Calais, Me.

Helen Wingate Maguire lives in town.

Hazel Weaver Ricker lives in town.

F. June Freeze is employed at the office of the A. T. Co., in town.

Prudence Colwell Gray is living in Dover, Me.

'14

Alton Bodge is working in the C. P. R. office at Brownville Junction, Me.

Hilda Bradeen is employed by the Worcester Envelope Co. in Worcester, Mass.

Della Gould is working in Brackett's Dry Goods Store, in town.

June Parlen Ross is living in Brookline, Mass.

Dorothy Churchill is teaching in Presque Isle, Me.

Elvira Gibson is employed as stenographer by the Lowell Electric Light Co., Lowell, Mass.

Nellie Hamlin McLaughlin is living in town.

Oscar Hamlin is teaching in Portage, Me.

J. Paul Hamlin is employment manager for the A. T. Co.

Neil Daggett is employed by the Union Bag and Paper Co. in Chicago, Ill.

Doris Randall, deceased.

'15

Daisy Buswell Sinclair lives in town.

June Gray is assistant superintendent of schools in Roxbury, Maine.

Leah Perham Tourtilotte lives in Sangerville, Me.

Mildred Reay is teaching in Monson, Me.

F. Roland West is employed by the P. C. F. Co., Great Works, Me.

'16

Marjorie Hathorn is working as bookkeeper for a hardware company in Augusta, Me.

H. Allen Monroe is chief clerk to the general storekeeper in the B. & A. office in Derby.

Frank McIlory is agent for the Eastport Transport Co., in Lubec, Me.

Everett Downs is employed in Boston and is attending Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Lindley Reay is employed in the C. P. R. office at Brownville Junction.

Harriet Tibbetts Newhouse is living in Springfield, Mass.

Iola Wise is accountant to the general storekeeper in the B. & A. office in Derby, Me.

Maxine Stanchfield is stenographer to the mechanical superintendent in the B. & A. office in Derby, Me.

Lillian Bell Call is employed in the office of the A. T. Co.

Virginia Brackett is clerking in Brackett's Dry Goods Store in town.

Ida Downs Blanchard is living in Sebec, Me.

Marvel Fabian is employed in Boston, Mass.

Pearl Morrill Hamlin lives in Portage, Me.

Clara Farmer is teaching in Muskegee, Okla.

Doris Currier is employed as stenographer in the office of the B. & A., Bangor, Me.

'17

Gladys Gordon Cook is living in town.

Ethel Martin is teaching music in the schools in town.

Gertrude Gould Packard is living in Sebec, Me.

Wilda Davis is teaching in Castine Normal School, Castine, Me.

Margaret Skiffington Bunker is living in town.

Albert Daggett is employed by the Keokuk Electric Co.

Dana Templeton is employed by the A. T. Co., in Kineo, Me.

Milford Clement is working for a motor Co., in Cincinnati, O.

Marion Owen Pollard is living in Ashland, Me.

Blanche Mayo is teaching in North East Harbor, Me.

Edwina Weeks has completed her training in the Memorial Hospital in Pawtucket, R. I., and is doing private nursing.

Barbara Brockway Simpson is living in Bangor, Me.

Dorothy Cook is employed in the B. & A. office in Derby, Me.

Leah Stanchfield is employed in Brownville, Me.

Beatrice Whitney is living in town.

Liza Berg is teaching in No. Haven, Conn.

Albert Skiffington is an agent for the P. O. Square Garage, in town.

Walter Darrell is a clerk in the Dover Bank, Dover, Me.

Gladys Pierce is teaching in Rumford, Me.

'18

Bernice Strout is a milliner in town.

Linnie West is employed in the B. & A. office, in Derby, Me.

Newman Moores is working in Derby, Me.

Lillie Sturtevant is attending Shaw's Business College, Bangor, Me.

Winnie Alexander is employed in the B. & A. shops in Derby.

Linwood Webber is employed by the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Chante Field, Rantoue, Ill.

Percy Hamlin is employed in the carpenter shop in the A. T. Co.

Carl Brown, deceased.

Manley Wood is employed in the B. & A. office, Derby, Me.

'19

Janice Moore is teaching in Machias, Me.

Nora Ramsdell is teaching in Brewer, Me.

Shirley McLaughlin is bookkeeper for Mr. H. Robinson, in town.

Jennie Morrill Decker lives in town.

Hilda Parlen is employed by the Kineo Trust Co., in town.

Julia McDougall is employed in New York City.

Etta Sturtevant Cookson lives in town.

Etta Hamlin lives at home.

Doris Cook is living at home.

Myrtle Weir is attending Beal's Business College, Bangor, Me.

Thelma Mills is employed in the office of the A. T. Co.

Maurice Dannis is attending Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

Alice Doble is attending U. of M.

Stanley Schriver is attending U. of M.

Virginia Shaw is employed in the telephone office in town.

Arthur Peakes is attending U. of M., Orono, Me.

Margaret Page is teaching in Derby, Me.

Theodore Monroe is attending U. of M., Orono, Me.

'20

Amy Pierce Ladd is living in town.

Daniel Lovejoy is working with his father, lumbering, in Medford, Me.

Alto Clement Valenti is working for the Kineo Trust Co. in town.

Murray Kittredge is attending Stetson University in DeLand, Fla.

Linwood Chase is working in Abbott, Me.

Chauncey L. Monroe is working as mail carrier in town.

Lorin Howe is a mail carrier in town.

Myra Reay Connors is living in New York City.

Frank Morrill is attending U. of M., Orono, Me.

Hazel Black is attending Miss Gilman's Business College.

Hazel Greenough is employed in the post office, in town.

Frank Call is working in the woods for the A. T. Co.

Florence Stetson is in Medford Center, Me., teaching.

Marjorie Mills is attending Miss Gilman's Business College.

Lewis West is employed in the B. & A. shops in Derby, Me.



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