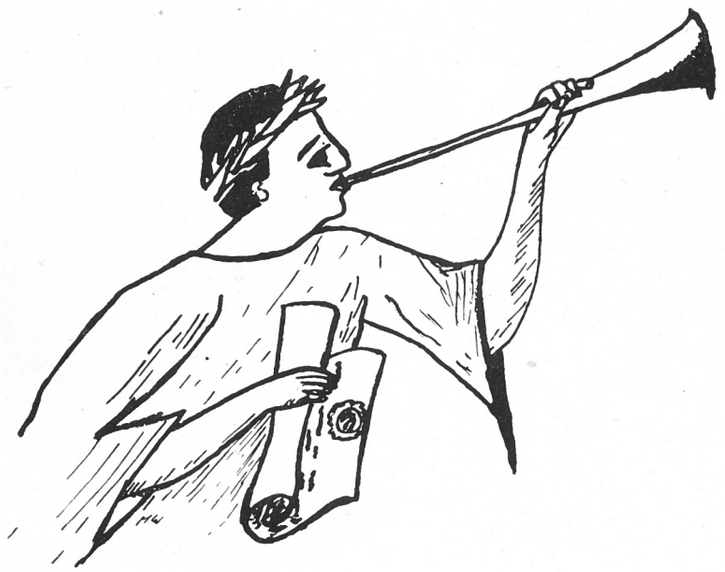
THE TRUMPET

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE

1920

The Trumpet





DEDICATION

This Trumpet is dedicated with the deepest respect

to

STANLEY R. OLDHAM

Principal of Maine Central Institute

as a token of appreciation for his friendship and guidance to each and all of us.

FOREWORD

"Genius is the capacity for *work*." Altho this book is the result of many hours of hard *work* on the part of the members of the Board, in presenting it to the public we can hardly claim for ourselves the title of geniuses. In your criticism we ask that you be fair. Altho the book represents our best efforts, we realize it has many faults.



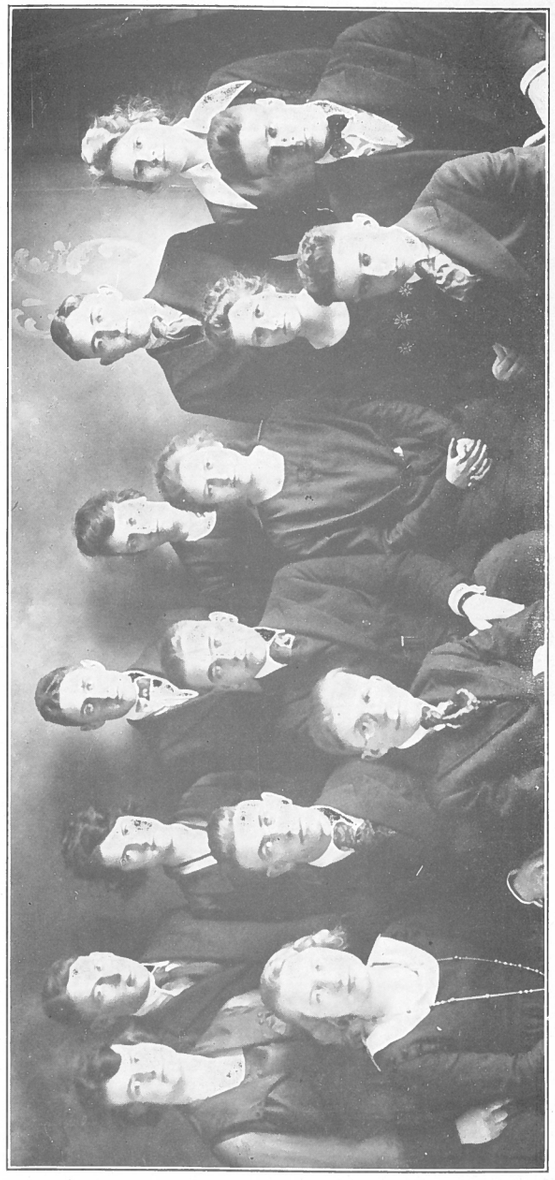
MISS FISHER



MISS DOLLEY

To Edna M. Fisher and Mira L. Dolley, our beloved class teachers, we express our gratitude for their friendly efforts in our behalf.

Would that some power the gift would gie us
To see ourselves as they have seen us;
But better still 'twould be to tell
If they saw us as we see oursel'—



THE TRUMPET BOARD

The Trumpet Board

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Editorial

The word is given! The class of 1920 marches out for the last time together. With a hope of success and with loyalty in their hearts they go to perform the work assigned by a Master hand.

The nation is calling for men and women who with earnest endeavors will carry on the work of the greatest and best country in the world.

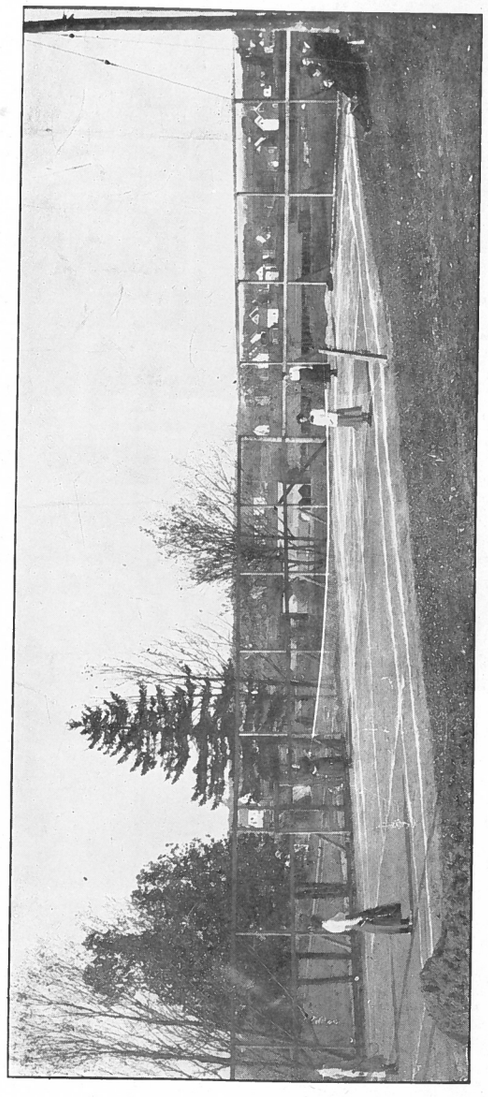
It is your opportunity, Seniors of Maine Central Institute, do not let it go by. It is your duty as sons and daughters of America to make a success of your lives, "to give the best that you have" to the world and the helping of fellow-men.

Let your aspirations be high, strive for that which is noble and good, spread friendship and kindness wherever you go.

Life is a long and endless series of choices. We choose our schools, our courses, then choose our hours and our professors. We choose our friends, and our clothes, and our automobiles. Our life's way is completely strewn with cast-off ideals and ideas. Every day, every hour, and every minute, I can truly say, we are making decisions. Every decision we make is not a unit in itself, but a stepping stone to the next. Anyone who has done any mountain climbing knows how disastrous it may be to step on a loose stone. Good judgment and common sense help us make good habits to use as Alpine sticks on our climb to our places in the Sun.

Thus, we see two school destinies worked out:

I.	II.
Circulation	Application
Visitation	Registration
Inoccupation	Presentation
Confiscation	Concentration
Examination	Good recitation
Notification	Commendation
Trepidation	Reputation
Palpitation	High notation
Elimination	Admiration
A vacation	Felicitation
An obligation	Graduation
Declaration	Congratulation
Poor calculation	Education
Sad culmination	Fine vocation
Extermination	Destination
and Stagnation	Preservation
the Termination	of the Best Nation
	in all Creation



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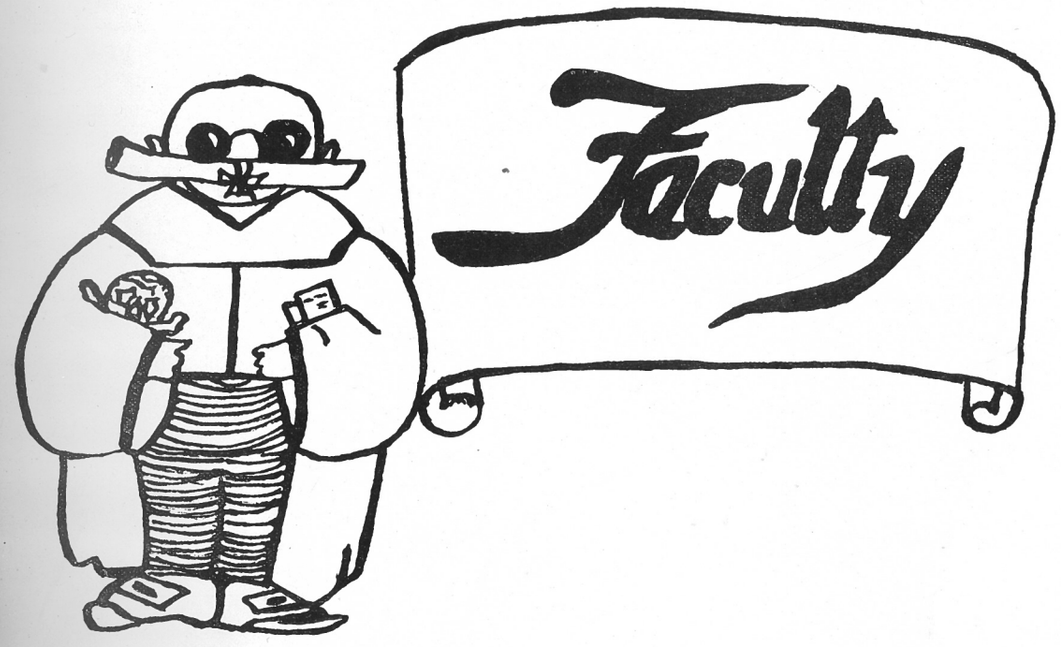
Alumni Association

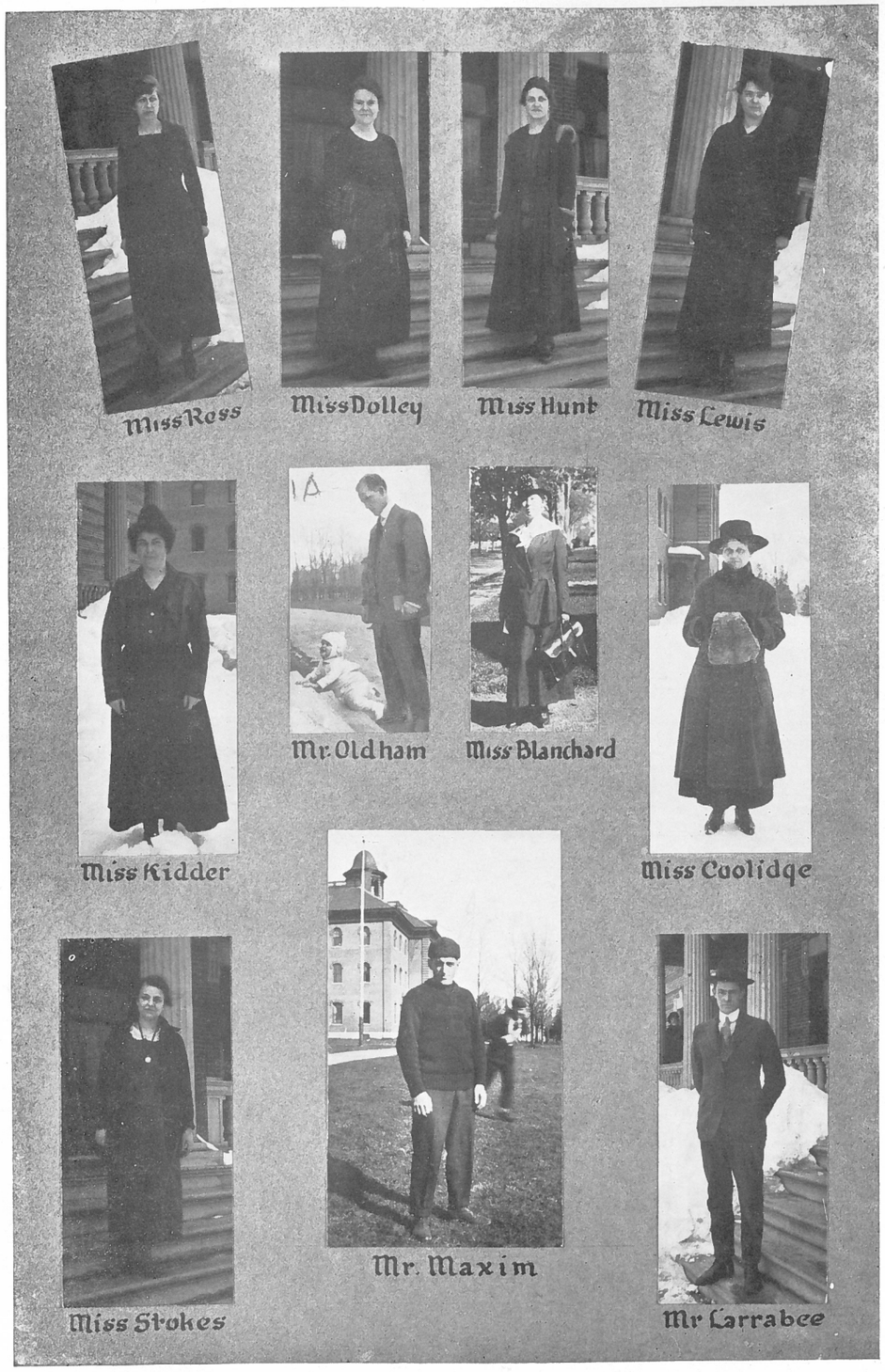
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FRANCES P. KIDDER, A. B. (Bates College) Latin.

ERNEST LARABEE, A. B. (Bates College) Chemistry, Physics, General Science.

HOWARD T. PIERCE, A. B. (Bowdoin College) Algebra, Commercial Arithmetic, Geometry, Music.

C. FERNE ROSS, B. S. (University of Maine) Chemistry, Cooking, Sewing.

MIRA L. DOLLEY, A. B. (Colby College) French, Commercial Arithmetic.

MABELLE HANCOCK HUNT, A. B. (Colby College) Preceptress, Algebra.

RUTH MARIE STOKES, B. L. I. (Emerson College of Oratory) English, Public Speaking.

MARION FRANCES LEWIS, A. B. (Bates College) English, Vocational Information.

HORACE MAXIM, A. B. (Bates College) History, Economics, Athletics.

EMMA B. COOLIDGE, (Beals Business College) Typewriting, Shorthand.


Seniors



James Wesley Ames. "Wes."

Born in Medfield, Mass., Oct. 25, 1900. Graduated from Walpole High School, 1919. Entered M. C. I. 1919. 'Varsity football; Basket ball (4); Manager of Baseball; Trumpet Board; Glee Club; Track Team. Preparatory Scientific Course. Home Address, 206 Common Street, Walpole, Mass.

After school had fairly started who should appear on the campus but J. Wesley Ames, a fair specimen of Massachusetts young men. Timidly he entered Prexy's office, and it was then that he was ranked as one of the dignified Seniors. Altho bashful at first, this gradually wore off and things began to happen. After looking over all the young ladies in school, he seemed unable to make a choice, and as his motto is evidently "Variety is the spice of life," he made every one gasp at the cruel way in which he treated a number of the hearts of the fair sex. But we must overlook this carelessness, for we all know that down deep in his heart, there is a warm spot for a certain little Madamoiselle down in his old home town. May you be just as true in other things as you have been to this little maiden, Wesley.

Helen Andrews.

Born in Ashland, Maine. Attended Ashland High School. Came to M. C. I. fall of 1919. Member of M. C. I. Orchestra.

Whack, puff, hee, hee, ahachoo—Are we having a bomb attack? Oh no, it's just Helen blowing into her eight o'clock. Helen has a smile and a fiddle, she always wears the smile, but she doesn't always carry the fiddle, it goes right along beside her tho' doesn't it? Huh—what I mean? The time never seems to hang heavily on her hands perhaps because she's musical and can beat time—and perhaps not. Even tho' she's not on time she has a good time and so do her friends. M. C. I. and M. C. R. R. will both miss her when she sallies forth to conquer the cold and critical world.

Elsa Coombs Bates. "Bates."

Born in Orrington, Maine, Oct. 15, 1901. Islesboro Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. Preparatory Classical.

1. 'Varsity Basket Ball,—Medley. 2. Secretary of Sorosis, Alumni Prize Speaking, Sophomore Play. 3. Carnival, Vice President of Sorosis, Basket ball "M." 4. Baseball, President of Sorosis fall and winter, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Trumpet Board.

Home address, Islesboro, Maine.

We used to think that Elsa looked rather cold and icebergy—but that was before we saw her smile as we have seen it has proved irresistible. Elsa doesn't make very much noise but she is right there when it comes to lessons, "Ain't she now?" And as for co-education she has taken her Ph. D. in that branch of learning. If she takes to wielding that dishmop and broom we hope she will not take to the rolling pin.

We don't need to wish you happiness. Elsa sure will be having it anyway. But one caution—don't burn the toast. We have heard that burnt toast sometimes causes slight misunderstandings.

Frances Pearl Bearce. "Bearce."

Born in Springfield, Maine, July 8, 1900. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. Prize Speaking (1) (2); Carnival play (1); Vice-President of class (1) (2) (3) (4); Sophomore play, Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Convention at Lewiston (3); Cabinet (3) (4); Editor-in-chief of Trumpet, 'Varsity Debate.

This priceless Pearl is perhaps the most valuable jewel in our collection of precious stones. But unlike ordinary pieces of glass, she reflects the glow of friendship wherever she goes. Because of its peculiar value and brilliancy and the fact that all men are attracted by jewels, this particular one has been sought after far and wide. But of no avail! The rightful possessor has been found and will some day claim his property. Good luck, Johnny—

Doris Frances Berdeen. "Dot."

Born September 24, 1901, Pittsfield, Maine. Attended the Pittsfield Public Schools.

The only trouble with Doris is she's so noisy! She cuts up awful in classes too. Some people are just naturally good, I guess, and Doris is one of them. She never cuts Chapel, nor hollers and I don't believe she throws spit balls very often. Doris will succeed in whatever she undertakes if she follows the same motto that she has in school.

Count that day lost
Whose lowly setting sun,
Sees from thy hand
All work and quizzes not done.

Florian E. Berube. "Togo."

Florian E. Berube, the little Frog from Lewiston, appeared in our midst as an upperclassman a few years ago and is still pursuing his studies here. He is a cute little chap, not very tall. His voice is very musical and he can sing like a real southerner. He is employed in the kitchen and when "Togo" wipes off the sideboard with his bartender sweep of the rag, you can readily see that he is 100% efficient. Florian has the makings of a great athlete if he only would train a little. Did I mention women? Well—he certainly makes a hit with them whenever he's around. And I could mention one in particular, who lives near our Dormitory, and certainly adores him. Summing it all up, he is one whom we and his roommate will miss very much and there certainly will always be a warm corner in our hearts for that loyal little Frenchman, "Togo" Berube.





Arlene Helen Buzzell. "Squash."

Born in Costigan, Maine, August 19, 1901. Preparatory Classical. Entered M. C. I. in fall of 1916. Freshman Prize Speaking (1); Sophomore play (2); Inter. Prize Speaking, U. of M. Carnival play, secretary of class (1) (2). Reader of the Glee Club (3) (4); Trumpet Board.

Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

Here is the girl who reads the poems,
And never asks us why,
So you bet we'll miss the ring of her voice
When she's gone from old M. C. I.

Those who knew Arline in her grammar school days will tell you she has always been the same, as far as disposition is concerned (?) But alas, how she has shocked us during the past year while advanced Math. and thoughts of the opposite sex have caused her many a sleepless night.

However, to her we give our thanks because she has ever been willing no matter how large the audience to mount the platform and speak her little piece.

Thomas Elmer Chambers. "Buddy."

Born at St. Albans, September 14, 1902. Attended public schools at Corinna. Entered M. C. I. in 1916. Preparatory Scientific Course. Freshman Prize Speaking; Sophomore Prize Speaking; Junior Prize Speaking; Lyford Prize Speaking (2) (3); Glee Club (3) (4); Junior Play; 'Varsity Debate (3) (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); Class Treasurer (1) (2); Class President (4).

This young man with the curly hair, has made a name for himself at M. C. I. without half trying. Prize Speaking, Debating, and other such disagreeable things have been his hobby.

However, altho a busy gentleman he has had time for other affairs, love affairs in fact, for Elmer has a weakness for the girls. Many and varied have been the victims, but even with a large number to choose from there seems to be no special favorite at this time of writing.

We have learned to depend on him when there was work to be done and in this our Senior year, we are glad to call him our class president.

Edith Marion Estes. "Daddy."

Born at Lynn, Mass., June 27, 1902. Attended Unity High School for 2 years. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1918. Home address, Troy, Me.

Bang! went the waste can. Silence! Whither came the sound? Of course everybody is silent, even Daddy, who studies from morning till night. Not even waste cans or comb concerts make an impression upon this studious dame. Nevertheless where would the class of 1920 be if it were not for these few who spend their many spare hours burning the midnight oil?

Myrle I. Gerald. "Topsy."

Born in Canaan, Maine, Nov. 17, 1900. Attended Unity High School four years. Came to M. C. I. fall of 1919. Special Course in Commercial Studies.

Efficiency! No.—We don't know what that word means, but we suspect it must mean something like Myrle. Between working in the office for Mr. Oldram, tending telephone for Miss Hunt, and doing odd jobs for the teachers, Myrle has little time to spend on the frivolities of life. But then of course she is taking a P. G. and ought to be more calm and dignified than the rest of us. Her eyes always look as tho' she had just been told a most amusing secret. We're too polite to ask what she is smiling at most of the time; but we hope it isn't us! Some day, Myrle, please tell us the joke.

William Getchell. "Bill."

Born in Oakland, Maine, Sept. 14, 1900. Pittsfield Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. fall 1916, Freshman Prize Speaking; English Scientific Course. Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

Bill entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. He is a quiet sort of a chap and not much was heard of him during his first two years. In his Junior year he became interested in a certain young lady and now Bill is hardly ever seen without Anna. The garage business seems to interest Bill most, next to Anna, and he is usually tinkering on a "Lizzie," during his spare time. We all wish him success in the future.

Gladys E. Gleason. "Gladys."

Born at Canaan, Oct. 1, 1901. Graduate of Canaan High School '18.

Gladys Gleason has come unto us from the land of Canaan, she tarryeth not long among us, but speedeth soon on her way to higher and nobler things.

She greeteth all her fellow beings with a cheery countenance and a pleasant good morrow. For one of our brethren especially, she has a great and pleasing love. In quietness and diligence she performs her daily duties and her reward is seen in her many friends.

P. S. We got the Bible Literature idea from the religiously named town she hails from.





Vera Frances Goodale. "Shorty."

Born in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, Aug. 21, 1902. Attended Public Schools in Troy, Maine. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916.

Medley (2); Carnival (1); Glee Club (3-4); leader (4); Manson Prize Speaking (prize); Junior play (3); Domestic Science Course.

Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

Hard up for someone to sing for you in that last minute social you are getting up? Ask Vera; she can real honest to goodness sing; and what is more you won't have to coax half an hour before she consents to help you out.

And what a captivating Priscilla she does make! Really, it's too bad that kerchiefs and grey gowns have gone out of style. But when we see that Khaki coat hurrying along the walk ahead of us, we realize that modern dress has its advantages; for no kerchief could blow so jauntily and betray so plainly the energy of the wearer. Did you ever see Vera dawdling? We never did, and we're willing to go one step farther and declare that, for her, it's one of those things that simply isn't done.

Robert Alvan Goodell. "Bob."

Born in Windham, Vermont, Jan. 4, 1902. Graduated from Brooksville Grammar School and attended Brooksville High School three years. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1919. 'Varsity Debate Team.

When debate is the all important factor and the argument becomes hot "Bob" is right there with the goods. After he first blew in we were undecided whether he was going to run the school or have full charge of the Boys' Dorm. We soon discovered his true standing, however—that of a mighty good all-'round sport. As far as we know he has never separated the "white beans" in the Senior class from the "black."

Raymond Corliss Goodwin. "Punk."

Born in Stetson, Maine, Oct. 12, 1898. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1915. English Scientific Course. Football (4); Manager of football, 1917; Manager of Basket ball (4); Track Team, 1917; Cheer Leader (4); Chairman of House Committee (4); U. S. Army 2 years, including Foreign Service with the 79th Division.

They say that our cheer leader,
He ain't got no pep.
He's got pep every step
Every step—every step.

Punk should have graduated in 1918, but in the springtime when he should have been wearing the laurels, he wore the khaki, for Uncle Sam in France. As for the ladies, Punk always made a hit with them. Before he was in the Service, they liked him—but since he returned, he just can't keep away from them, am I right Virginia? But we must mention athletics. Altho against hard competition, he stuck out for the team each year, and this year certainly showed his ability on the gridiron. He is also a capable Manager as is shown by his management of our great football team of 1917, and is now managing our Basket Ball team. We shall certainly miss you Punk and hope you have a great time at Bates next year.

Eugene Gonya. "Nig."

Montague, Maine. Montague High School. Entered M. C. I.)fall of '17. Preparatory Scientific. Basket ball (3); Capt. (4);; Baseball (3) (4); Football (4).

Eugene Gonya entered the class of 1920 in the Junior year and was soon after given the title of "Nig." He is a wizard at basket ball, and has helped M. C. I. to win many a victory. Nig is also good at football, track and baseball, making the team in all three sports.

He formerly had small regard for girls but this senior year has marked a great change. We all feel sure that Nig will win as high regard everywhere as he has at M. C. I. and we wish him the best of success.

Cornelius Carlisle Hagerthy. "Kid."

Born at Sedgwick, Maine, Jan. 1, 1901. Attended Sedgwick Public Schools. One year at Brooklin High, three years at Sedgwick High, and one year at Hebron. Entered M. C. I. in 1919. Post Graduate. 'Varsity football team 1919.

Listen to that name. Doesn't it sound as if it came from the encyclopaedia of classical cognomens? And yet in spite of his name, his equiline nose, and his dignified demeanor, he has proved himself a missing link in the pigskin punters this fall—that is, the link was missing until Hagerthy got there.

If you want to catch a glimpse of this youth you had better happen down to the station—most any night in fact and there he will be—with, with, with—err— a navy reefer, a blue hockey cap jauntily perched on his capitol dome, a twinkle in his eye, and a fiddle under his arm. No, he doesn't play it himself, you see it's this way—Oh Heck,—You know the rest.

Iva Harding. "Skeeter" or "Reddie"

Born in Detroit, Maine, May 14, 1900. Attended common schools at Detroit. Entered M. C. I. with 1920 class as a Freshman.

Iva's going to be a "sten,"
So she says—sometime
And you bet that we are glad
Because we know she'll shine.

For no matter where you look,
In this world anywhere
There's nothing half so bright
As the red of Iva's hair.

We really know so little about Iva, that we are afraid we might do her an injustice by writing more. We are positive her Detroit friends could tell us a more interesting tale.





Marion E. Harris. "Babe."

Born at North Newport, Maine, Oct. 25, 1901. Graduated from Stetson Grammar School in 1916. Entered M. C. I. 1919.

There's Marion—a noble product of the town of Stetson, who appeared at the beginning of the Senior year at M. C. I. We often wonder why Marion never fails to catch the four o'clock on a Friday night. There must be a reason for this. There must be some great attraction in Stetson. Probably the fortnightly dances. Many a moth has fluttered around Marion's little candle, but of course she has no time for boys. She is a shark as everybody knows and we wish her as good success in life as she has had at M. C. I.

Maurice Hanson. "Student."

Hartland Grammar School, Hartland Academy. Entered M. C. I. the fall of '18. English Scientific.

Maurice Hanson, the Hartland smoke-stack, is one of the most popular boys in the class of 1920, tho' he did not join us until our Junior year.

In the summer Maurice is seen at every dance within thirty miles of Hartland, and always with that friendly, Hello-kid grin that wins him a hearty welcome wherever he goes.

Maurice strongly asserts that he lost his class ring down the sink-spout but we have it from reliable authority that a young nurse at the E. M. G. Hospital at Bangor is wearing it. May your days of illness be long and happy, youngster.

Basil William Hunt.

Porn in Lincoln Sept. 23, 1900. Y. M. C. A. Cabinet in 1918. Played on 2nd Basketball Team 1919. Substitute on 1st team. Made letter Freshman track team 1917.

Basil has a creed; he believes in three things; long walks, pepsin gum, and proverbs, especially the one which says: "A miss is as good as a mile," in fact a little better. Why this thusness, there's a reason—send for a pamphlet, "The Road to Waverly."

But Basil has not only a creed, he has a grin and a gift of gab. Witness the carnival play wherein both were right on the job. Was he a great Percival or Joshua or whatever it was? We've forgotten the name, but anyway it was a glorious performance.

With such an equipment—grin, gift of gab, and girl, Basil will surely meet with all success.

Marion Johnson. "Johnson."

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Debate Team (4); Glee Club (3) (4); Manson Prize Speaking (3).

Marion, who is not too tall or too short, too slim or too fat, with her brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, is one of the popular young ladies who entered M. C. I. with the Freshman Class.

To her Prexy gives honors, medals, and everything that belongs to students of her high standard. Marion is a true farmer's daughter, and if she can saw wood as well as she can saw the violin, she is certainly a help to her father. We thot her a typical old maid but this year we changed our minds. Her only fault is that she takes a "Knapp" too often.

Minnie Jordan. "Min."

Born at Waltham, Maine, July 19, 1901. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1917. Prize Speaking (1); Interclass Basket ball (1); Sophomore Play (2). Normal Course. Address, Pittsfield, Maine.

There is Minnie. No, she can't stop a minute, because she is on her way to the library to look up some work for Junior English. Junior English? Why, yes; didn't you know Minnie is "doing" M. C. I. in three years? and taking music lessons, playing basket ball and accumulating much wisdom for the 'varsity debating team all at the same time? We can't make out just why she is so anxious to leave us; but perhaps after her experience on the D. T. she is in a hurry to be some kind of a public speaker, M'everything.

Cecil McLaggan. "Cec."

Born at Detroit, Maine, October 1, 1902. Pittsfield Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. 1916. Preparatory Scientific Course. Basket ball (3) (4); Track (3); Baseball (3).

Cecil has been with us all four years and his school spirit and grit has carried him thru two long seasons of practice in baseball, basketball, football and track. He was awarded his letter in basket ball and made the team in baseball and track. Altho Mac reports regularly for Athletic practice and makes the sporting news part of his religion the name "McLaggan" never appears on the "Perfect Attendance List."





Kenneth Henderson — Deacon

Tall, calm, and red-he ded Henderson keeps his own particular place among us. You may think th t he doesn't get a joke but watch for that twinkle behind those gold-rimmed specks! The Deacon (for by that title is he best known), believes in doing all things well even to having the measles and slinging hash; especially in arranging a little extra time on those week-end visits home? Who is she, Kenneth?

Bernard Dunham Henry. — "Bunny."

Born in Heath, Mass., November 22, 1901. Attended Grammar School at Pittsfield. Entered M. C. I. in fall of 1916. Preparatory Classical Course. Junior Play (3); Assistant Manager Football, (3); Manager Football (4).

Bernard is almost without fail "dressed up" and we have often times wondered if he chooses his next day's attire over night.

Full well do we know that such persistence will reap no reward. Altho "Bunny" with his divine countenance, rosy cheeks and chestnut hair could attract the attention of scores of young ladies he, unlike most men, scorns all but one. To his classmates we have naught to say but to those who are not acquainted with the affairs at M. C. I., we would whisper that her name is Elsa.

Evelyn M. Janes. — "Jansie."

Born at Worcester, Mass, Oct. 20, 1901. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. Member of Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Class Secretary (3); Preparatory Classical Course. Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

Behold! this dark-eyed brunette, who hails from Waverly Ave., that far away country, next door to the North Pole regions (so Basil says). Of course this is why she is never on time for class, and she has broken the record for tardiness a long time ago. We will have to admit tho that when she gets there she knows a lot, and she is one of the few who never weary of Aenead's wonderings. Evelyn is accomplished in many things, but excels in one. She can tumble down the most gracefully of any human being known to us, having practiced the same for a number of years. Nevertheless with all your faults we love you still, and while granting you our best wishes, we desire to extend to Basil, your future better half, our deepest sympathies.

Ethel M. Lee. — "Reddy."

Dark Harbor, Maine. Born, January 31, 1903. Graduated from Islesboro High School 1919. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1919. Soloist in Glee Club, pianist in Choral Society and Orchestra. Soloist in Priscilla.

There's music in the air,
And brightness in her hair
She'll get A's
As long as she stays
It surely pays
Ethel,
Hello,
Good-bye,
Yours for 1920,
Of M. C. I.

Albert Lawrence Martin. — "Al."

Born April 18, 1901, North Attleboro, Mass. Graduated from North Attleboro High School, 1919. Entered M. C. I. 1919. Trumpet Board; Basket Ball; Secretary of Thrift Club; Post-Graduate Course. Home address, 54 Grove Street, North Attleboro, Mass.

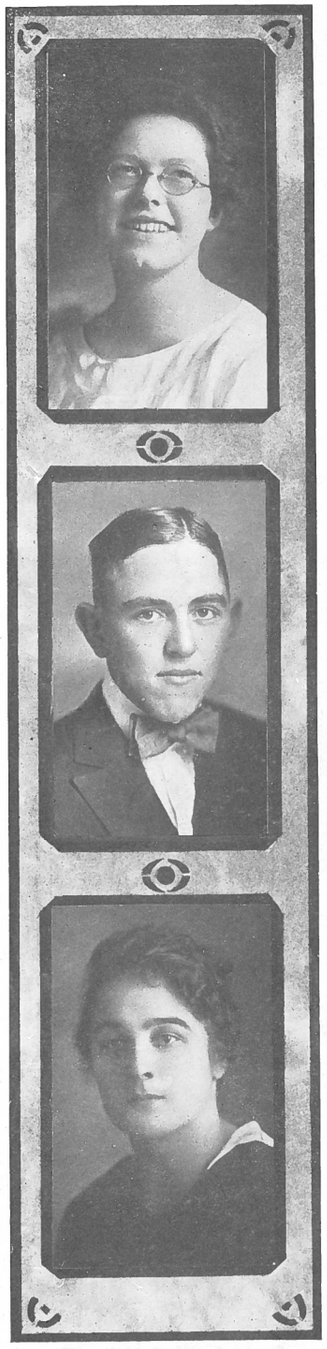
Altho a new comer he is assuredly a valuable addition to our class. As for loyalty he has set a high standard for his fellow students. Getting a bonfire together may be fun, but it is one of the "dirty" jobs which we are inclined to shirk. Did you say Algebra? It holds no terror for him. He says Quadratics are as easy as the simplest problems in addition.

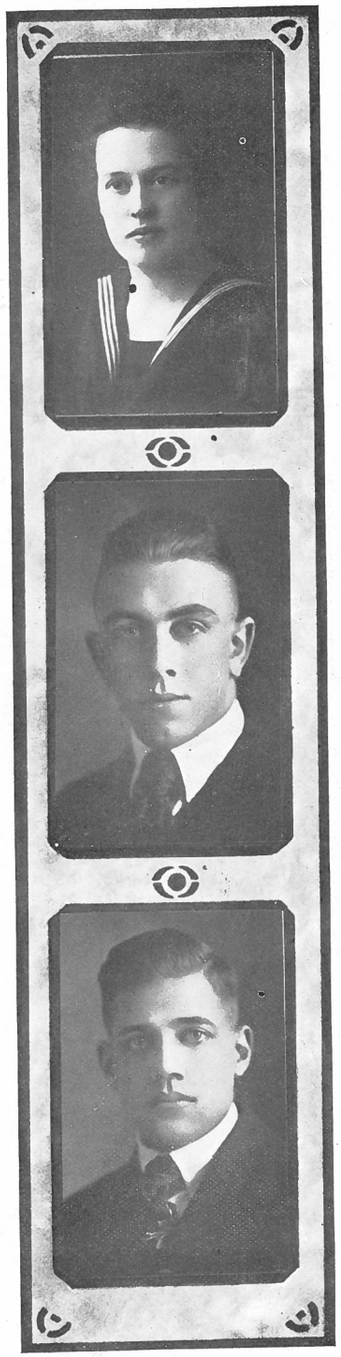
Olga Millett. — "Millett."

Palmyra, Maine. Born Oct. 5, 1900. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1917. Alumni Prize Speaking.

Olga came to us three years ago from the under growth of Palmyra; we took little notice of her at first but in spite of being so small she soon got acquainted and getting acquainted with Olga means starting something.

Olga entered into Athletics and has the honor of being able to produce two or three school letters. Since she has become a senior Olga has taken upon herself the great responsibility of quelling all the wild and wooly freshmen in the Girl's Dorm. Where ever you may go Olga, we wish you the greatest success.





Martha Pease Mitchell. "Mart."

Born in Shirley, Maine, Oct. 25, 1900. Graduated from Shirley Grammar School, 1915. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. English Scientific Course. Home address,, Shirley, Maine. Carnival (1) (3); Medley (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3) (4); Assistant Manager of Glee Club (3) (4); Secretary of Sorosis (3); Basket ball (1) (2); Sophomore Play (2); Minstrel Show (3); Opera, Joan of Arc (2); Opera, Priscilla (4); Junior Baseball team; Captain of Sunset Division (4); Cheer leader (4).

When we first saw Mart, we thot that sure she was a quiet little dame but after the comb concert, we changed our minds. When she laughs in her own peculiar way, she spreads the contagion of good cheer and drives away all reserve and unhappiness. She is an inveterate chatter-box and is always found out of her room in study hours. Here's for the best of luck, we know you will give happiness wherever you go.

Mart goes down street, morning, noon and night,
And comes back "escorted" in great delight,
Laughing and talking all the way,
You see them together day after day.

Martin Clinton Moran. "Marty."

Howland, Maine. Born May 9, 1901. English Scientific. Graduated from Howland Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. Football (3) (4); Capt. Class Track (1) (2) 3); Class Treasurer, (2) (3); Vice-President of Amicinia (3); Asst. Mgr. of Trumpet (4); Vice-Pres. of Y. M. C. A. (3); House Committee (4); Asst. Mgr. of Baseball (3); Capt. of Rainbow Division (4); Medley ('18).

Accomplishments, has he any? Well I should smile! Can he dance? Can he? Is he an athlete? Look him over. Can he write poetic prose and prosaic poetry? We refer you to "Who's Who." Can he sling hash? I'll say so. Does he like the movies? Look over his cash account. Does he study the fashions? He's a good dresser. Does he chat with Prexy on special occasions? Does he flirt with the girls? Ask 'em.

Here's to you M. Moran
From the class of 'twenty
Of good luck and success
May you have a plenty.

Angus Morey. "Gus."

Born in Washington, D. C. Attended Westbrook Seminary, Ellsworth High. Entered M. C. I. in 1919 as a Senior. 'Varsity Debate Team. Home address, Orono, Maine.

This young man was a perfect gentleman, is anything but bashful. In spite of the fact that he joined us rather late in our school career, he has made himself indispensable to several members of the class.

He's been around a lot
And he knows a lot of folks,
And I spect he's gaining knowledge
While we write these jokes.

Here he comes, there he goes
All dressed up in his
Sunday clothes.

Erma Morey. "Big Morey."

Born in Thorndike, Maine, December 17, 1901. Attended Unity High School two years, M. C. I. two years.

When you hear a giggle in the hall you may be sure that it is Erma. When anyone else gets cross Erma always manages to keep that even disposition of hers. Erma's mind does not crave much on text books but only her intimate friend knows that she is a good bluffer. This wise Erma has many mottoes. One is, never to confine herself to studying for any length of time; another is that she will accept invitations from any of our fellows, having no preferences and many a lucky one takes advantage of her square ways of treating them. Keep on smiling, Erma, it will pull you over many a rough road.

Catherine Mudgett. "Cath."

Born in Boston, Mass., Sept. 18, 1900. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. From Pittsfield Grammar School. Festival Chorus (1) (2) (3); Freshman Prize Speaking (1); Winner of Manson Prize (3); Joan of Arc (2); Martha (2). Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

Catherine used to write us rhymes
Almost every day
But now she joins us down street,
To pass the time away.

Oh, yes, she's working at the "lib"
Sorting books and such
Says she sees a lot of people,
But she never gets in Dutch.

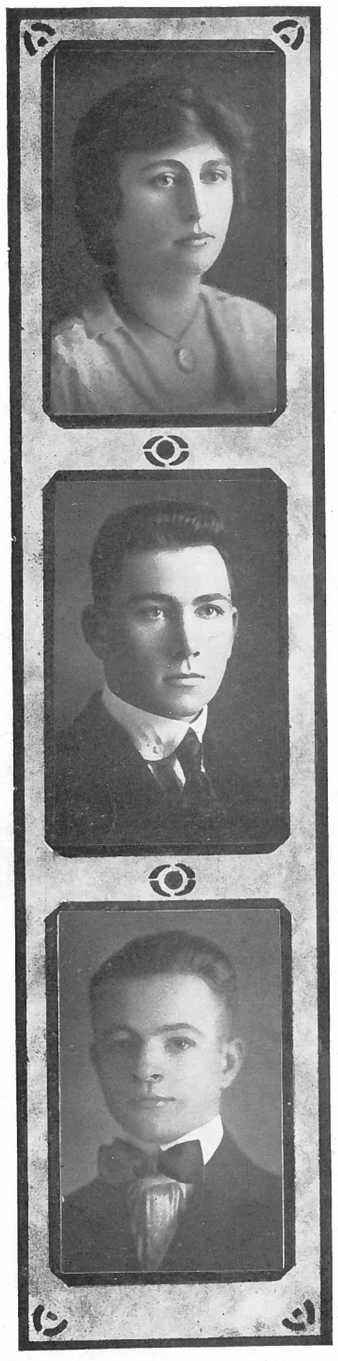
Well we know her aspirations
From teaching down to movie shows
Yet we're glad she's one of us
No matter where she goes.

Henry Nason. "Hank."

Born in Pittsfield, Maine, 1901. Pittsfield Public Schools. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. English Scientific Course. Class track (1) (2) (3); Freshman Prize Speaking (1); Carnival (1) (3); Manson Prize Speaking (1).

Hank entered with us in 1916 and has been with us ever since. He is quite a lover of nature and many of his French absences are directly due to his wanderings in the woods. Friend Nason is occasionally seen at the movies with a member of the opposite sex but as a rule hardly ever notices the women. Hank has the happy faculty of making people laugh and he is forever making us roar with his odd remarks in the class room. When we need any volunteers for class work he is always among the first to respond. We wish Henry the best of luck and hope he finds some winsome maiden and has a happy married life.





Mildred Noble.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," is Mildred's motto, even if this picture does deny it. The camera man did not do you justice, my dear, and we miss your cheery smile. It's a long way from Grove Hall to Maine Central Institute, but the longest way around is sometimes the sweetest way home. Last summer Mildred drove a "Lizzie," and she is now frantically praying for an early spring. Be careful, remember the speed limit.

Ralph Donald O'Roak. "Poky."

Born at Sherman, Maine, June 4, 1900. Attended public schools of Pittsfield. Entered M. C. I. in 1916. Football (4).

This gentleman who is better known as "Poky" came to the class of 1920 as a meek and mild freshman back in the ancient year of 1916.

Poky is well up in the world for he stands about six feet tall in his stocking feet and keeps on growing.

Altho' rather slow he is not so slow but what he made his letter in football this fall.

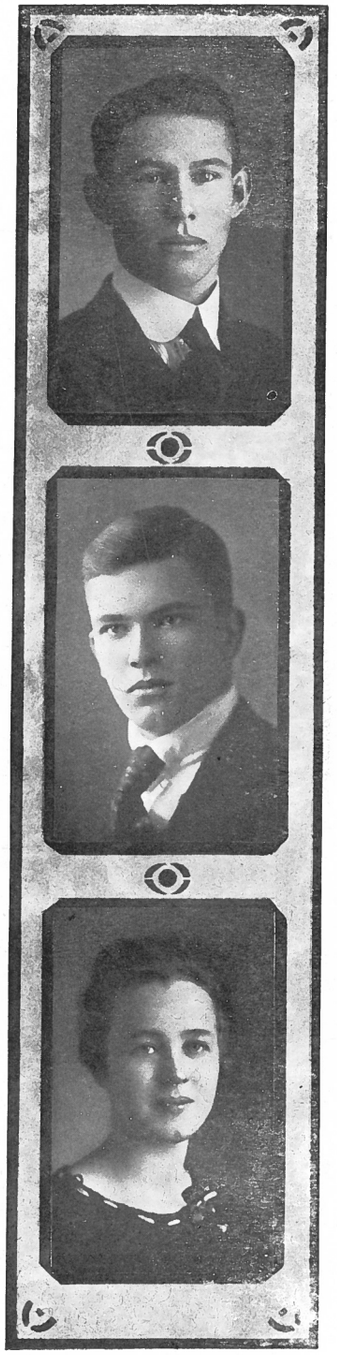
This little boy is somewhat interested in the insurance business by all appearances for he visits "Jones' Insurance Office," about every morning.

We all hope this little fellow of six feet stature, a happy and prosperous future.

Eben Averill Osgood. "Eb."

Born at Kingman, Maine, Aug. 15, 1900. Kingman High School one year. Entered M. C. I. as a Sophomore in 1915, as a member of the class of 1918. Football (4); Basketball (3) (4); Preparatory Scientific Course. Home address, Kingman, Maine.

Eben came here many years ago and is still in our midst. He hails from the village of Kingman and they are all proud of him there. When he first came here, he was quite a difficult young man for the fellows to handle, but after persuasion he decided to change his outlook on life. Eben was progressing finally, but oh how he hated women. While always courteous and respectful to them, one could see that he regarded them with distrust. Then Eben left school and we hear of him in the Irish Navy. And lo and behold, he returned to pursue his studies here. But what a change! He is not at all bashful and how he does like the women. A new one every night, and think of the hearts he breaks. Eben is a good friend to all, very kind hearted, and one who will ever be thot of as a good classmate and friend.



Raymond K. Palmer.

Have you seen those glasses? Behind them you'll always find Raymond K. To this future photographic artist, Hail! The movie world is waiting anxiously for his debut. We hear that he has already had several offers from Thomas H. Ince. Though he has escaped unscathed from the M. C. I. girls' loving glances, we tremble for him within the radius of the charms of Mary Pickford and her sparkling star rivals.

Wallace Percival.

Pittsfield, Maine. Wallace Percival—that sounds a good deal like little Lord Fauntleroy, but the original isn't a bit like that. What is he like? Well, that's a question that demands deep meditation. We've never been able to find out what lies behind that very nice smile. Wallace, Colonel House and Herbert Hoover, all have one quality in common—they have the faculty of keeping their thots strictly to themselves. We have heard that such a clammy attitude is characteristic of true greatness and so we're all ready, Wallace, to play in the band, march in the parade, wave handkerchiefs or do anything else that seems appropriate when the time comes. Go to it.

Ethel Reed. "Eth."

Born in Harmony, Maine, Aug. 4, 1901. Graduated from Harmony Grammar School in 1914. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916.

Carnival (1) (3) (4); Medley (1) (2); Manson Prize Speaking. Opera Joan of Arc (2); Minstrels (3); Girls' Baseball Team (3) (4); Girls' Basket Ball Team (1) (2); Captain (3) (4); Captain of Rainbow Division (4); Girls' Glee Club (4); Marshal Sorosis (4); Opera Priscilla (4); Sophomore Play (2); Opera Esther (3).

In the fall of 1916, this little maid stepped off the "Harmony Express" and wended her way towards the Institute. She has been with us all four years and has been a live wire in our class. She was one of the mourners after the class of 1919, and is very interested in Brown University. She is also much interested in the Marines. Ethel is always ready for fun and she is exceptionally good in talcum powder fights.

This jolly demure little lass,
Is one of the best in the class
Her sweet charming smile
You can see all the while
As long as the "Day" lasts.



Victor Reed. "Vic."

Born at Harmony, Maine, Jan. 12, 1903. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1919. Home address, Harmony, Maine.

In 1919 Victor Reed, one morning, came down from Harmony on the Hartland Peanut Roaster, and began his career at M. C. I. Not being here before he felt a little out of place, but remembering that he was from Harmony, he quickly joined with the rest of us, and as far as we know he is all right.

Dora Sands. "Do Do."

Born in Quebec, Jan. 15, 1902. Newport Grammar School, E. M. C. S. Entered M. C. I. spring term of 1918. Home address, Newport, Maine.

Joan of Arc; Medley (2); Glee Club (3) (4); Sorosis (3) (4). Y. W. C. A. (2) (3) (4); Priscilla (4); Carnival (3); Basket Ball (4).

At the end of our Sophomore year, a bright spot appeared on the horizon. We soon recognize this as the brilliant locks of Dora who came all the way from the plains of Newport to settle in our midst.

When Dora first came to M. C. I. she was a special favorite of many apparently healthy and sturdy hearts, heedlessly thinking that "Variety is the spice of life."

We think that Dora must be going to start a men's hat store, for we have noticed several of the boys appearing hatless, and we inquiring, it always was the same answer, "Oh, Dora's got my hat." Maybe she considers this collection an addition to her room, but none of us know. Here's the best of luck to Dora.

Roy L. Simpson. "Simp."

Born in Dixmont, Maine, Jan. 2, 1901. Dixmont Public Schools. Entered M. C. I. 1916. Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Manson Prize Speaking; Secretary of Y. M. C. A. (3); President of Y. M. C. A. (4); English Scientific Course.

Roy's motto is "Never let your school work interfere with your regular studies." We can't understand why Roy can't get a girl———guess it must be because his favorite hymn is "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds," (his affections are elsewhere). The Senior Class got a great shock when Simp got religion. He began by teaching Sunday School. After all we don't want you to get the wrong idea of Simp, because he is a mighty good sport, and a great favorite with all of us.



Frank Slipp. "Slippery."

Born in Houlton, Maine, July 2, 1902. Attended public schools in Houlton. Attended Pittsfield Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. in 1916. Alternate Freshman Prize speaker. Sophomore Prize Speaking. Alternate Junior Prize Speaking. Class treasurer (4).

That's where our money goes and there is something doing if it doesn't, too. I can see him now sitting there in the outer office calmly studying the class roll while I extracted from my roll (ahem) my last dollar bill so I could flunk my exams. Well, as I was saying, Frank has a very benign expression and what he says you may believe, and pawn your soul upon it. He lives out of town aways and we've had some mighty good times out by his place. It's my private opinion that he will be sitting in the seat of the mighty one of these days. He sort of impresses one that way—latent power—I guess that is what you call it.

Harry Small. "Pete."

Born at Pittsfield, March 12, 1900. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. Class track (1) (2) (3); Class Baseball (1) (2) (3); Captain 2nd team baseball (3); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Opera Martha (2); Opera Joan of Arc (2); Boys' Glee Club (4); Opera Priscilla (4); Football Squad (4). Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

This chap from the swamps of Pittsfield, like all of his brothers, is a good hunter and after every snowstorm Pete has many a tale to tell of the deer that he has slain and of the experiences that he has been thru. Pete is a great orator and also a good singer, and when there is a roughhouse started Pete is generally in it. Pete is a great chap for correspondence, and is often seen sending messages to unknown places by the way of a Freshman. His favorite pastimes are chewing gum in class, cutting classes and chapel, trying to flirt with the girls. Outside of these faults Pete is a good fellow.

Eleanor W. Smart. "Kid."

Born at Stetson, Maine, July 15, 1902. Graduated from Stetson Grammar School in 1916. Attended Stetson High School three years.

Two's company, so the saying goes, and Eleanor Smart is one of them and Marion Harris is the other. You look out of the window or in the front row in chapel or at Y. W., or in the reading room and there you'll see them laughing away at their jokes on each other.

Eleanor lines up to her name in class anyway, she always says she doesn't know and then reels it off by heart.

Her nick name must have something to do with her character. I suppose it stands for the peppy part of her nature.



Roy Burton Spaulding. "Roy."

Born at Pittsfield, Me., Nov. 1, 1902. Entered M. C. I. fall 1916; Alternate Alumni Prize Speaking (2); Course, English Scientific. Home address, Etna, Maine.

Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you Roy Spaulding. He's never done anything very exciting. I don't even believe he's been on pro; he doesn't cut classes or chapel, but he doesn't often adorn the honor list. People like that always seem to get there somehow. Just naturally get by. Some famous guy said "None ever made a friend who never made a foe," but we maintain that Roy is living contradiction of this rule—the exception that proves the rule, you know.

Lillian Elizabeth Staples. "Lib."

Born at Colebrook, N. H., 1902. Attended Schools at Colebrook and Sebago Lake, Maine, and Pittsfield Grammar School. Entered M. C. I. in 1917. Freshman Prize Speaking; Alumni Prize Speaking; Sorosis; Girls Glee Club (3) (4); Domestic Science Course. Address, Pittsfield, Maine.

This fair young damsel entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1917 as a Freshman. After a while Lib decided that she was too smart to remain there so she asked permission to enter our class which was granted to her. Lib always wears that sweet smile for everyone, and even she is too slow to catch a fellow and hold him, as the photographer said. We hope that she will be able to find one some day, who can keep pace with her, but we advise her not to pick out the red headed kind. The class of 1920 is proud to have such a smart lassie, and we know that Elizabeth will make a fine place for herself in this world some day.

Sterling Tarbell. "Red."

Born in Meddybemps, Maine, Jan. 31, 1901. Attended the Public Schools of Meddybemps and Grammar School, Pittsfield. Entered M. C. I. 1916. Captain Sophomore Baseball team; Alternate of Junior Prize Speaking; Marshal of the class; Played basket ball during Junior and Senior year; Business manager of Trumpet.

"Hello, Sterling. How goes the world?"
"Oh, swell. Done your Algebra yet?"
"Of course! Want it?"
"What do yer think?"
And exit Red.

For a man on the job, he's right there. And if he could crown all the guys he'd like to as well as he has crowned himself, this world would be a bright place.

Sterling's pep
Has made his rep
In things he's led.
We wish you luck
For you've got pluck,
Good-bye, Red.

Thelma Twitchell.

That wee small voice is about to lift itself in other institutions of learning. All good things must come to an end and so our years of companionship here are soon to be among the things gone by.

Many a cupid-pierced heart testifies to the charms of this raven-haired, rose cheeked, amythest-eyed, pearl-toothed, shell-eared, ruby-lipped damsel—We join with them in bidding her a tearful farewell.

Vera Thomas. "Vee."

Born in Providence, R. I., June 1, 1902. Graduated from Pittsfield Grammar School 1916. Entered M. C. I. fall of 1916. English Scientific. Carnival (1) (2); Minstrel Show (3); Pitcher for Girls' Baseball (3); Capt. of the Yankee Division (4); Fairy Dance (1); Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Y. W. C. A. Treasurer (2); Secretary (3); Cabinet (4); Sorosis Treasurer (1) (4); Opera Priscilla (4); Opera Esther (2); Sophomore play (2); Junior Play (3); Trumpet board (4).

During the first two years of "Vee's" course here, she cast a dim, peaceful light about her, but listen—the only strange thing about her is that she never seems to mind a visit from the Doctor, and when he doesn't come she turns White.

But never mind "Vee," dear, do just as you wish. Only remember that you shouldn't stand on the steps, etc., talking with young gentlemen.

A lass here with eyes of brown,
And dark brown hair upon her crown
And lips of red so 'tis said
Enough to turn a wise man's head.

Margaret Lothrop Tucker. "Tucker."

Born at Steep Falls, Maine, Sept. 6, 1901. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. Carnival (1) (3); Medley (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2) (3); President (4); Glee Club (3); Manager (4); Bible Class Teacher (2) (3) (4); Chaplain of Sorosis (2) (3) (4); Minstrel Show (3); Opera Joan of Arc (2); Opera Esther (3); Opera Priscilla (4); Junior Play; Junior Baseball Team; Trumpet Board (4).

If you ever hear a small voice inquiring, "What's the joke?" you may know it is Tucker. She is perfectly capable of understanding a joke, after some kind person has used all his patience explaining the point to her. Tucker is a notorious fudge maker, and by things we hear, she must be a good entertainer, for she usually practices over week-ends. Her skill in bluffing is the despair of the Senior Class. The best of luck to you, Tucker.

Here's a girl who from Steep Falls came,
Who every day is just the same.
We know she likes old M. C. I.
Because we never hear her sigh.





Amasa Stewart Varney. "Shakey."

Graduated from St. Albans Grammar School, '16. Attended Hartland Academy '16-'18. Entered M. C. I. fall '18. Manson Prize Speaking.

Stewart joined our ranks in the Junior year and has been quite a help to us. He cut up quite a few pranks last year, but this year he realized that he must reform, so now he is a good example of stern and stately senior. "Shakey" used to sling hash a bit but has now retired. He still likes to dance and the first of the year ran around with a certain under-class maiden from his home town. But no more women for him! Here's to you, "Shakey," we wish you the best of luck.

Mary Ann Haynes Whitten. "Mary."

Born April 12, 1900, Tillymook, Oregon. Entered Newton High, Mass., 1913. Entered M. C. I. 1918. Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Trumpet Board (4).

If you are ever in a puzzling situation just call on Mary, she can help you in any difficulty. When ever you need a ready helper on comimttees or some one to make posters, Mary is right there willing to do her bit and a little besides. She is never more happy than when taking the girls to her room and giving them delicious cakes and cookies. Her head is full of pranks and tricks which she tricks the girls with. The one problem is to keep her quiet, but really, the girls like her noise. She can smile a smile that will warm your heart on the coldest day and bring sunshine, however gloomy you may feel.

Hiram Elma White. "Ram."

Born in Pittsfield, Maine, July 3, 1901. Attended Public Schools in Pittsfield. Entered M. C. I. in the fall of 1916. 1919 Track Team; 1918 Football Team.

Hiram White came with us in the fall of 1916. He is from the old school town, Pittsfield. We do not hear much of Ram for the first two years. In his Junior year we find Hiram is going out for athletics and making track his main standby. Ram is one of the sober fellows who says very little and does much. We do not find him going with the opposite sex until his Junior year. We then see him taking a great fancy to the movies. After taking his last stand in life we wish Hiram the best of success and a happy future.

Webster W. White.

This auburn-haired young fellow arrived in the fall of 1916. He immediately became noted for his dry and witty murmurings and all the fellows liked him. "Gramp" tried hard for all the teams and undoubtedly would have made them the next year. Then the great World War spoiled his plans. Feeling it his duty to serve his country he enlisted in the fall of 1917 and went to France. Then this year he returned to his Alma Mater to finish his secondary school education. Webster is a whirlwind on the gridiron and has led his team to victory in many games, being mentioned for the mythical All-Maine Team. "Gramp" gathered up many new expressions in his trip abroad that keep us laughing continually. He has one fault, the women are attractive to him, and two especially, whom he cannot decide which is the most beloved. We shall all miss him next year, but wish him success wherever he goes.

Alice Kaskalynn Whitten. "Polly."

Born in Thorndike, Maine, Sept. 4, 1899. Attended Bangor and Pittsfield Public Schools. Prize Speaking (1) (2); Manson Prize Speaking (3); Member of Glee Club (3) (4). Member of Sorosis and Y. W. C. A.

Oh, Alice K. Whitten
You shy little kitten
You sure have been smitten
Quite hard.
Altho' you're quite staid
We're rather afraid
That you'll not be an old maid
Plus tard.

Despite of these rumors which might lead one astray, Alice goes to church on Sunday, studies her lessons, and behaves properly at all times.

Vivian V. Whitman. "Viv."

Born in Pittsfield, Maine, July 29, 1902. Entered M. C. I. 1919. A member of Sorosis. Home address, Pittsfield, Maine.

"Calories" is Vivian's middle name we are sure. For she learns in the store grades and prices and later, in the lab the food values and correct proportions for using. There must be some motive behind this earnest pursuit of ordinary information. Two plus two occasionally make four, so we feel positive that some mere man will reap the fruit of her earnest efforts.





Evelyn Moreau.

Everyone likes Evelyn and of course Evelyn likes everyone. She went away to Boston for a while to a real classy school, but when she returned, much to our surprise, we found her the same little trump as before. If you ever want to find this lady, go to the moving pictures first and if she is not there go to her home on North Main street and I'll wager ten to one that you'll discover her nicely curled up in a comfortable chair, a box of Apollo's best at her elbow and Rinehart's latest production in her hand.

"The simple life for me," says Evelyn.

Senior Class Officers



President	Elmer Chambers
Vice-President	Pearl Bearce
Secretary	Vera Thomas
Treasurer	Frank Slipp

Class Yell

Riper—riper—ree
Riper—riper—ree
The best class of all are we
The purple and white
Ki—yi—yi
Zum—Zee—Zi
1920 of M. C. I.

Senior Class, 1920

Wesley Ames
Helen Andrews
Elsa Bates
Pearl Bearce
Doris Berdeen
Florian Berube
Arline Bussell
Elmer Chambers
Edith Estes
Myrle Gerald
William Getchell
Gladys Gleason
Vera Goodale
Robert Goodell
Raymond Goodwin
Eugene Gonya
Cornelius Hagerthy
Maurice Hanson
Iva Harding
Marion Harris
Basil Hunt
Kenneth Henderson
Bernard Henry
Evelyn Janes
Marion Johnson
Minnie Jordan
Ethel Lee
Albert Martin
Cecil McLaggan
Olga Millett
Martha Mitchell
Martin Moran
Angus Morey
Erma Morey
Catharine Mudgett
Evelyn Moreau
Henry Nason
Mildred Noble
Ralph O'Roak
Eben Osgood
Raymond Palmer
Wallace Percival
Ethel Reed
Dora Sands
Eleanor Smart
Roy Spaulding
Roy Simpson
Frank Slipp
Harry Small
Elizabeth Staples
Sterling Tarbell
Thelma Twitchell
Vera Thomas
Margaret Tucker
Victor Reed
Stewart Varney
Grace Willey
Mary Whitten
Hiram White
Alice Whitten
Vivian Whitman
Webster White

Juniors



Junior Class Officers, 1921



Clifford Chisholm	President
Hildred Craig	Vice-President
Irene Reynolds	Secretary
Burnham Ragon	Treasurer

Class Yell

Rickety—hi, Rackety—yi
1921—M. C. I.
Hurray!—Hurrah!
Hurray!—Hurrah!
1———9———2———1
Sis—Boom—Bah!

Junior Class, 1921

Lawrence Bagley
Marion Broderick
Clifford Chisholm
Ethel Collomore
Hildred Craig
Melvina Day
Etta Emery
Clyde Emery
Fred Fuller
Sadie Gillespie
Flora Gilman
Frank Ginnetti
Earl Gordon
Virginia Higgins
Hope Hodgdon
Lottie Hopkins
Carl Huff
Hadley Johnson
John Laughton
Rena Laughton
Edna Leathers
Evelyn Leathers
Edna Lenfest
Vernon Lenfest
Harvey Mitchell
Marjorie Moore
Florice Nickerson
Gertrude Parsons
Edwina Philbrick
Jennie Phillips
Burnham Ragon
Angie Pushor
Irene Reynolds
Rodney Rollins
William Silsby
Francis Smiley
Nelson Smiley
Galen Swett
Franklin Wakefield
Maitland Wentworth
Carlton Wiley
Halvah Williamson
Alice Wilson
Freeman Withee

Sophomores



Sophomore Class Officers, 1922



Austin Wentworth	– President
Anna Damon	Vice-President
Marguerite O'Roak	– Secretary
Bernard Knowles	– Treasurer

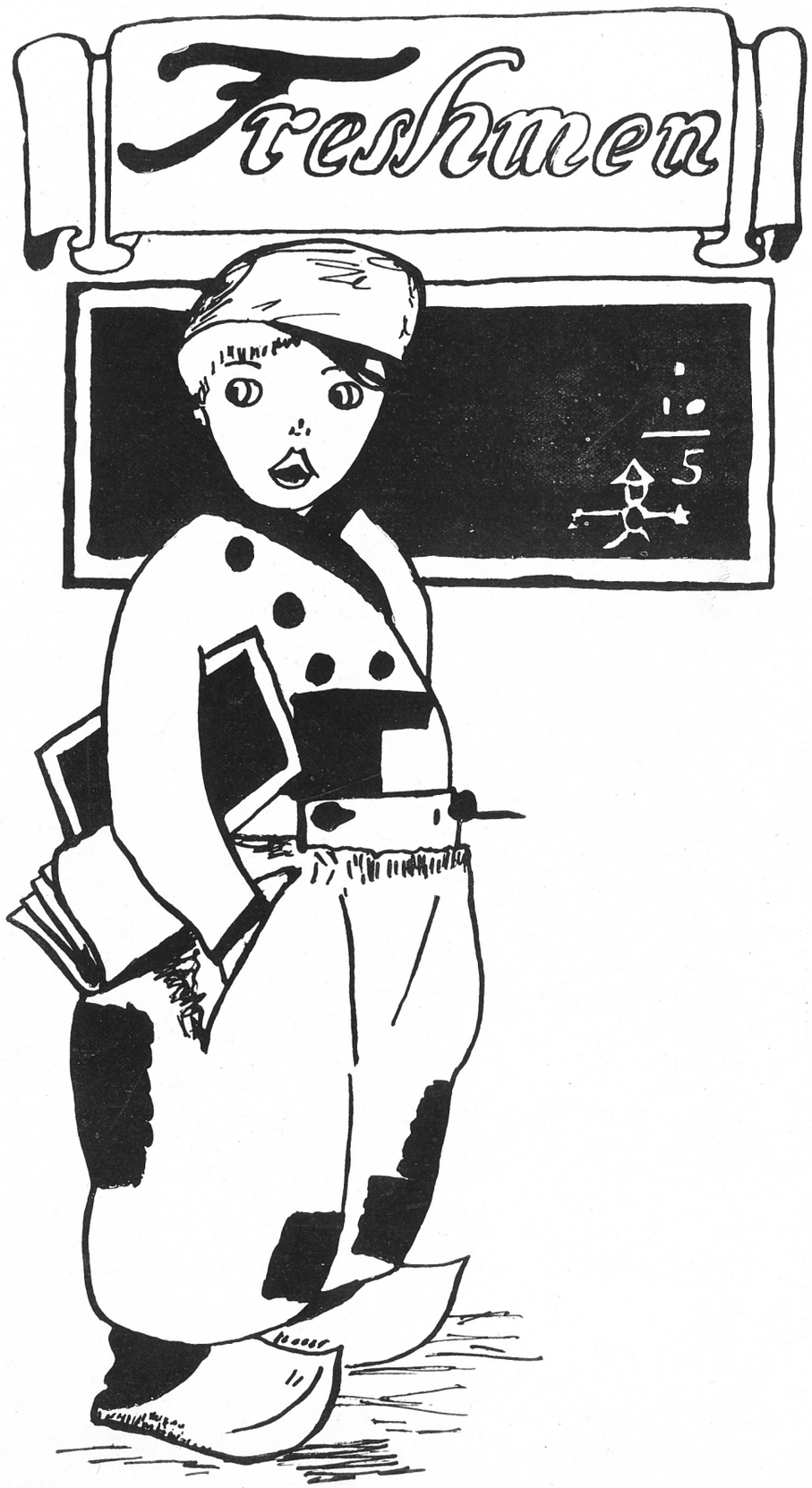
Class Yell

Possunt quia, posse videntur,
Ki Lichity, hatchity, hatchity ha,
Boom, Boom, ah!
Red and White and Victory too,
We the Class are '22.

Sophomore Class, 1922

John Armstrong
Ruth Barker
Violet Bartley
Viola Basford
Leona Blaisdell
Clara Brawn
Edna Childs
Dorothy Clay
Wilbert Cook
Irma Davis
Anna Damon
Volney Damon
Stanley Fuller
Constance Goodwin
Gwendolyn Hanson
Ethel Harris
Arthur Haynes
Sarah Henderson
Edward Higgins
Glenis Humphrey
Reginald Johnson
Frederick Kinch
Bernard Knowles
Grover Libby
Hallis Little
Adelaide Marsh
Pearle Moody
Muriel Morey
Marguerite O'Roak
Mildred Pennell
Audrey Raymond
Warren Roncho
Peter Simmons
Leo Smith
Gilbert Spear
Edna Taylor
Eleanor Taylor
Leland Thurlow
Mary Rhodes
Richard Tibbetts
Louis Trimm
Mildred Tripp
Arline Twitchell
Eleanor Weeman
Austin Wentworth
Hilma Wingate

Freshmen



Freshman Class, 1923

Bryant Anderson
Bert Atwell
Arthur Blaisdell
Alton Blaisdell
Meredith Blanchard
Hazel Boston
Edward Brown
Leroy Brown
Marion Bussell
Lulu Buzzell
Norris Bussell
Verna Carlton
Marion Childs
Mary Cianchette
Floyd Collamore
Mary Cowan
Ralph Craig
Lyle Cunningham
Carroll Day
Henry Drew
Beatrice Drummond
James Dufault
Colby Eldridge
Rena Emerson
Mabel Fairbrother
Mary Friend
Lydia Getchell
Clayton Goodrich
Margaret Goodwin
Orman Hall
Helen Hanson
Gladys Hathaway
Grace Howes
Manly Huff
Virginia Hunter
Marada Johnson
Donald Lancey
Melbourne Littlefield
Arabelle McCrillis
William McFarland
Eugene Menard
Max Moon
Perry Morse
Helen Newhouse
Herbert Newhouse
Ralph Noble
Marion Norris
Grace Osborn
Ruth Palmer
Helen Pooler
Leroy Ragon
Beulah Randell
Ray Randlett
Parker Robinson
Earl Steen
Lloyd Stitham
Rhodora Thompson
Fern Tiffany
Albion Tuttle
Martha White
Florence Wilson
Quintine Wright
Ray Young



Debating Team

Varsity Debate trials were held Jan., 1920. Those chosen to represent the affirmative were: Elmer Chambers, Pearl Bearce and Angus Morey. Alternate, Minnie Jordan. Those chosen to defend the negative were, Robert Goodell, Marion Johnson, and Harry Small. Alternate, Eben Osgood.

These students have shown promising ability in class Debates and, under the coaching of Professor Oldham, should develop into winning varsity teams.





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Girls' Glee Club

Marion Johnson
Evelyn Janes
Alice Whitten
Ethel Lee
Martha Mitchell
Ethel Reed
Arline Bussell
Vera Goodale
Dora Sands
Elizabeth Staples

Edna Childs
Dorothy Clay
Edna Taylor
Mildred Tripp
Ethel Harris
Marguerite O'Roak
Muriel Morey
Gwendolyn Hanson
Evelyn Moreau
Margaret Tucker
Vera Thomas

LEADER—Vera Goodale

MANAGER—Margaret Tucker



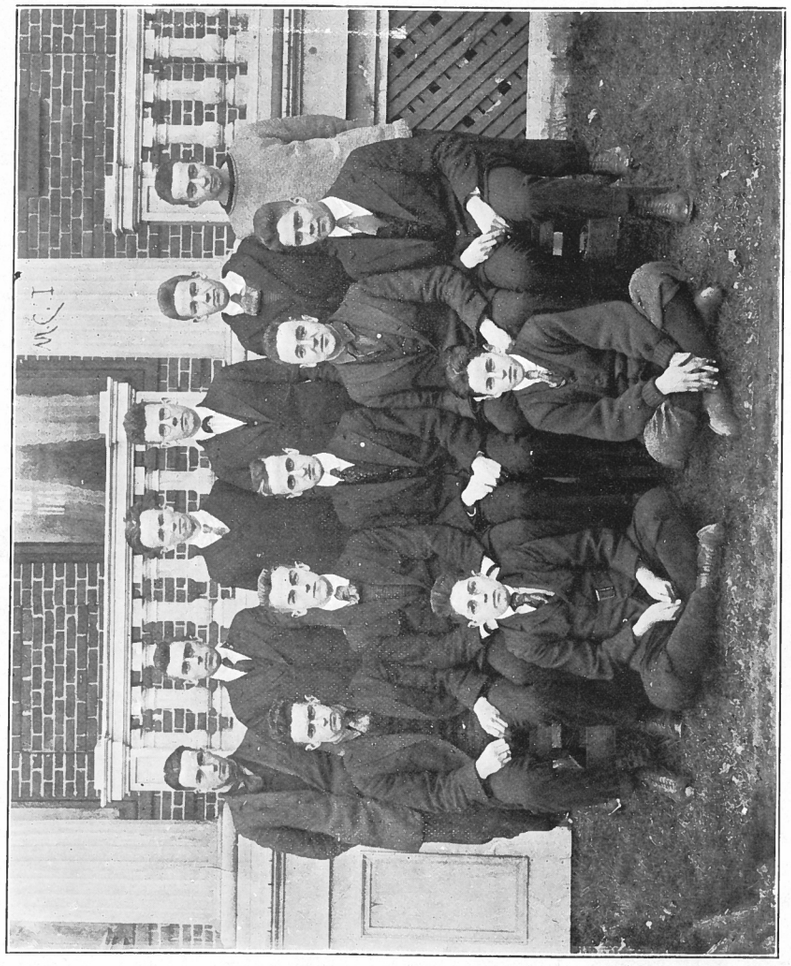
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Ethel Harris
Marguerite O'Roak
Muriel Morey
Gwendolyn Hanson
Evelyn Moreau
Margaret Tucker
Vera Thomas

LEADER—Vera Goodale

MANAGER—Margaret Tucker



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Boys' Glee Club

Wesley Ames
Frederick Kinch
Roy Simpson
Elmer Chambers
Angus Morey
Norris Bussell
Harry Small
Basil Hunt
Arthur Haines
Harvey Mitchell
William Silsby
Ralph Craig
Bert Atwell

M. C. I. Orchestra

Violins

Marion Johnson, Helen Andrews, Norris Bussell, Dorothy Clay
Irene Reynolds Lloyd Stitham

Trombone

Maitland Wentworth

Clarinet

Bert Atwell

Cornets

Roy Simpson Fred Fuller

Viola

Marguerite O'Roak

'Cello

Harry Small

Drums

Vera Thomas

Piano

Ethel Lee

Priscilla

The comic opera "Priscilla" was presented in Union Hall on Friday evening, February 6, under the direction of Mr. Howard Pierce.

The plot of Priscilla is the familiar story of the courtship of Myles Standish. Myles Standish, a man of war and unaccustomed to love-making, is in love with Priscilla, but asks John Alden to woo her for him. John Alden tries, but fails to present a good case for Standish because he himself is in love with Priscilla. When John Alden finds that Priscilla does not love Standish, he asks for her hand and she accepts him. Then Myles Standish takes Barbara, a pretty Mayflower bud, for his wife.

The opera was produced by mostly M. C. I. talent with the help of a few townspeople. The chorus was made up of the boys' and girls' glee clubs and much credit was given them for the success of the play.

The cast was as follows:

Priscilla		Vera Goodale
John Alden		Norman Haskell
Myles Standish		Frederick J. Kinch
William Bradford (governor)		J. Wesley Ames
Higgins (merchant)		Mr. John Little
Squanto (an Indian)		Norris Bussell
Resignation	"Mayflower Buds"	Florence Buxton
Barbara	"Mayflower Buds"	Ethel Lee
Faith	"Mayflower Buds"	Muriel Morey
Prudence	"Mayflower Buds"	Vera Thomas

Red Mill

Con Kidder	Robert Smith
Kid Conner	Theodore Little
Jan Van Borkem	Frederick Kinch
Franz, sheriff	James Halliday
Willem	Wesley Ames
Capt. Doris Van Damren	William Fairbanks, Jr.
Governor of Zeeland	Horace Buxton
Joshua Pennefeather	Roland Coney
Gretchen	Vera Goodale
Bertha	E. Lee
Tina	Florence Buxton
Countess de la Fere	Helga Spaulding

Given by Pittsfield Choral Society May 20, 1920. It was a great success and was enjoyed by a full house. The jokes of Con and Kid were very amusing and splendid work was shown by all that took part.

A large chorus of about fifty boys and girls chosen from the M. C. I. glee clubs greatly added to the performance.



Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. this year as well as several other organizations has been unable to accomplish much positive work. Roy Simpson as president cooperated with Margaret Tucker, Y. W. C. A. president in forwarding the religious work of the school. Several joint meetings have been held in Society hall. Both organizations have assisted with Bible Study.

Y. W. C. A.

One of the most flourishing organizations at M. C. I. this year is the Y. W. C. A. Nearly every girl in school is allied to it in some way or other, and those who are the most active, agree that it is a vital part of their school life.

We had our annual informal joint reception with the Y. M. for new students and teachers the first Friday of the year and all helped to make it a success.

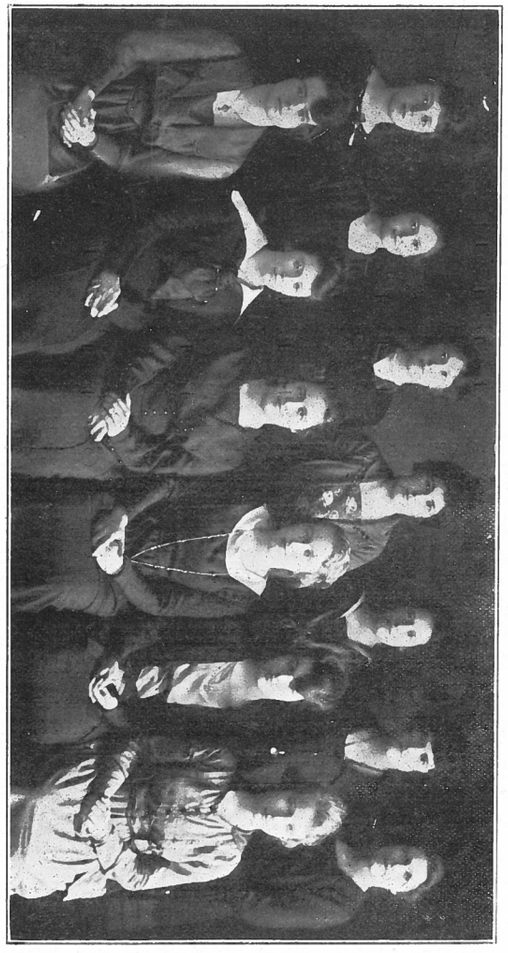
Our second function of importance was the tea, when all the new girls and new teachers learned of the purpose and work of our organization and at once enrolled to pledge themselves as loyal workers.

Our never to be forgotten Hare and Hound chase is of enough importance to merit a special place in our "Trumpet."

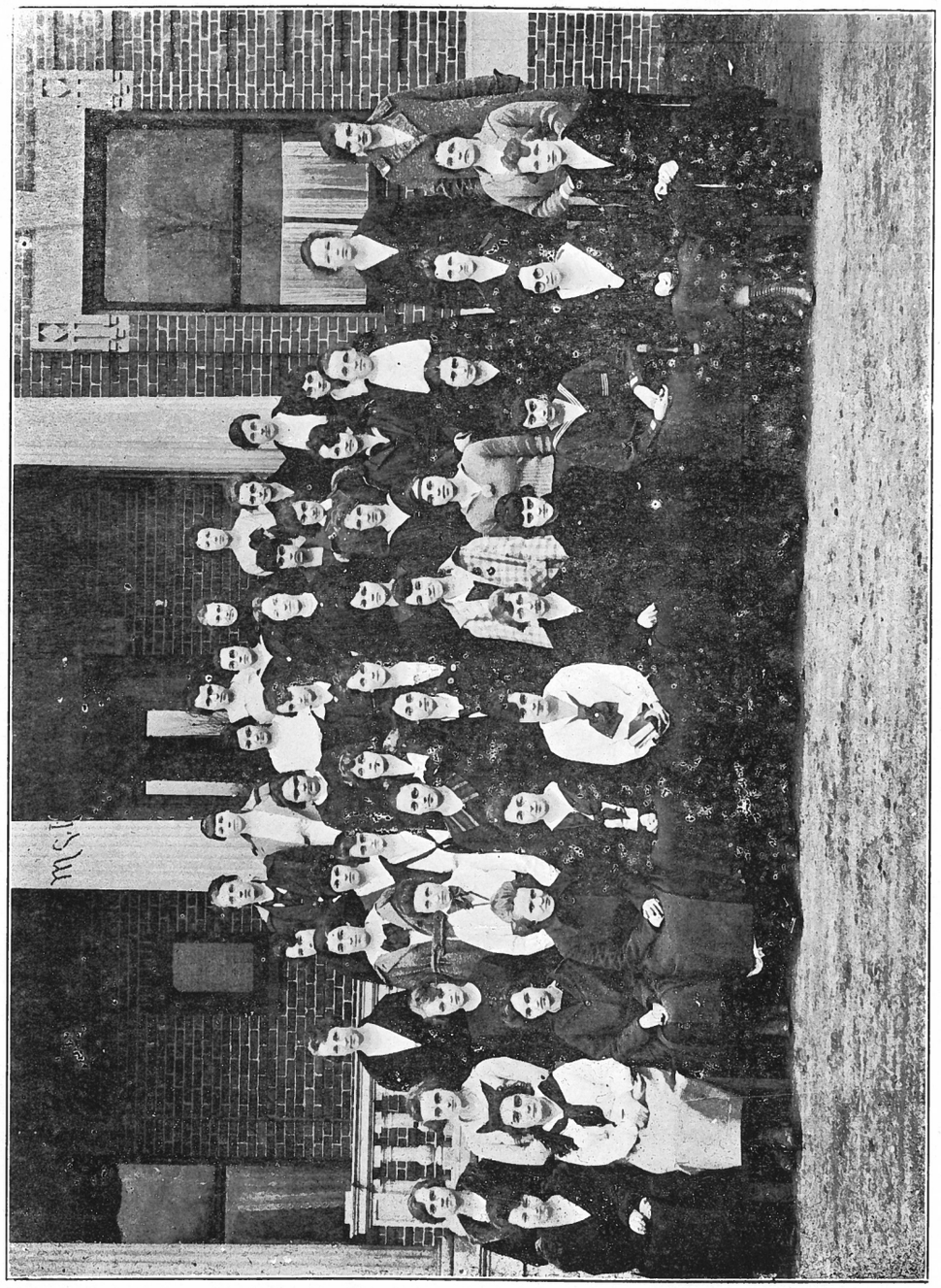
Our programs this year have been both educational and inspiring. One Tuesday evening Miss Marjorie Blanchard royally entertained us with a piano recital. Our Class teacher, Miss "Dolly" on another evening took us with her to Camp Maqua on Lake Thompson, and made us wish that we might spend a summer at the same camps. Our Mrs. Ford, a true friend of Y. W., gave us one of her inspiring talks shortly before she left for the west. (Our advisor) Miss Kidder, entertained us one evening with an account of her trip to the New York Y. W. convention.

I wish we had space to tell of more of our weekly gatherings, but this gives us a glimpse of the many phases of Y. W. C. A.

President – – – – –	Margaret Tucker
Vice-President – – – – – –	Melvina Day
Secretary – – – – – –	Eleanor Taylor
Treasurer – – – – – –	Sadie Gillespie



Y. W. C. A.



SOROSIS

Sorosis

Sorosis is the girls' literary society at Maine Central Institute.

A girl doesn't know what she's missing if she doesn't join Sorosis when she first comes to M. C. I.

We have plenty of pep and lots of good times, especially at initiation. That's where the fun comes in. Green ribbons and reversible clothing meet our eye at every corner.

We try to have interesting meetings, not only to have fun, but to learn something also. At present we are studying the lives of great Maine men.

We have our colors, motto, password, ritual and pins which have proved to add interest and dignity to the order.

Our meetings are once every two weeks on Thursday night.

One of the biggest times of the year is when Sorosis entertains Amicinia. We have an entertainment, social and—O, yes, refreshments, too.

Miss Ross, our faculty advisor, deserves much credit for her faithfulness and willingness to help us, as well as other members of the faculty who are always ready to lend us a hand.

Elsa Bates, '20 – – – –	President
Hope Hodgdon, '21 – – –	Vice-President
Vera Thomas, '20 – – – –	Treasurer
Helen Hanson, '23 – – –	Secretary
Hildred Craig, '21 – – –	Marshal
Sadie Gillespie, '21 – – –	Chaplain

GENERAL ATHLETICS





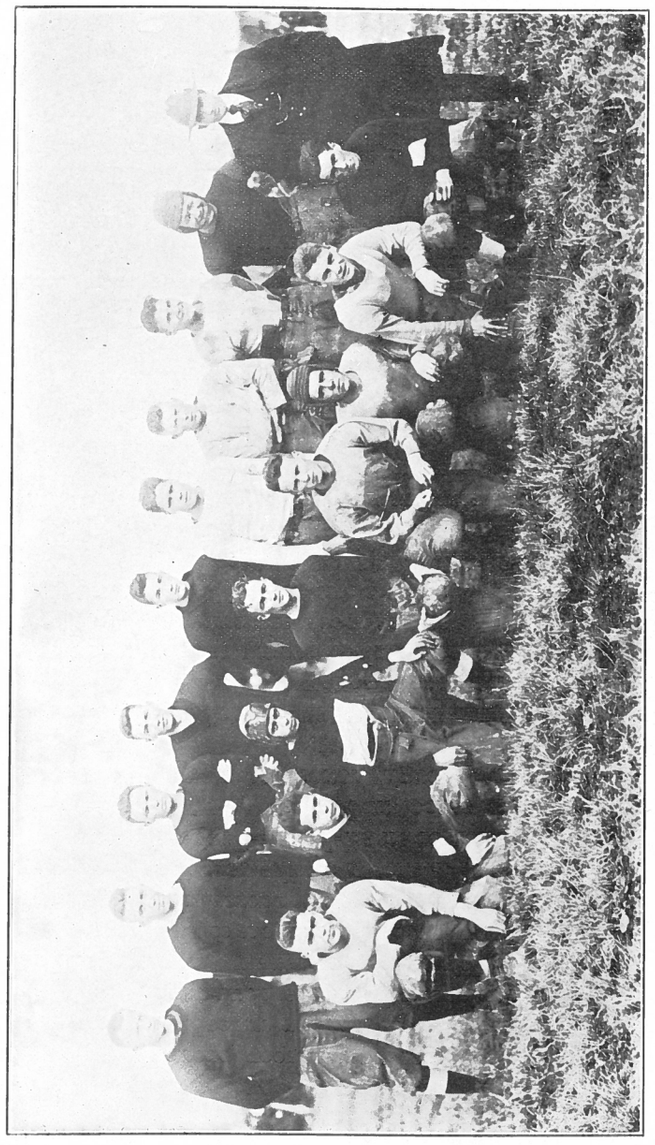




Athletic Council

The Athletic Council is composed of the Principal, the managers of the teams, the coach, and three men from the town. The following are the members for the year 1919-'20:

Stanley R. Oldham
William McGilvery
Dr. Carl Coffin
Harry Conforth
Horace Maxim
Bernard Henry
Raymond Goodwin
Angus Morey
Clyde Emery



1919 FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

Football at the beginning of the season of 1919 looked anything but like a championship. Old Town High School held us to a scoreless tie in the first game.

Practice and that spirit of win or die, which has always been so characteristic in the M. C. I. football teams, soon brought our bunch of rather inexperienced men into, what football men call, "a powerful well oiled machine." Literally outplaying beyond a doubt such teams as Waterville High, Bangor High, and Westbrook Seminary, in the last three games of the season and gaining as much right to the State Championship as any school in the state. Altho in nearly every contest the team was outweighed, they were not outplayed, as is shown by the fact that M. C. I. placed three men on the Coachs' selection of an all-Maine-Prep-school team. This being one more than any other school in Maine.

The work of the team brought honor and glory to the school, but many of the players distinguished themselves.

The whole backfield was very noticeable, McLean at quarterback, unanimous choice for all-Maine, proved a very faithful and efficient general, besides kicking all the goals; and disheartening several teams by his famous drop kicks. Captain White at half back not only proved himself as one of the best half backs in the state by gaining all-Maine choice but was a very able leader, always having the confidence of the men. These two men along with Ames at half back and Goodwin at full back made up one of the best balanced backfields in Maine Prep schools.

In the line there was a mighty struggle for positions. The personnel being always in doubt. Jacobs and Fabbri were the only noticeable men that stood above any others. The playing of the latter was noticeable because of the fact of its being his first year chasing the pigskin. He was our third all-Maine man. Hagerthy at center was the find of the season playing the last four games without a slip. Up until this time center had been the cause of much worry to the coach and captain.

No small amount of credit is due to scrubs whose hard, earnest, efforts,

were instrumental in developing the champions that represented the old Alma Mater. Every man that earned the insignia of his school should consider it an honor that few football men have had; and those who did not make the much coverted "M" should swallow the lump and say, this year it is worn by a better man.

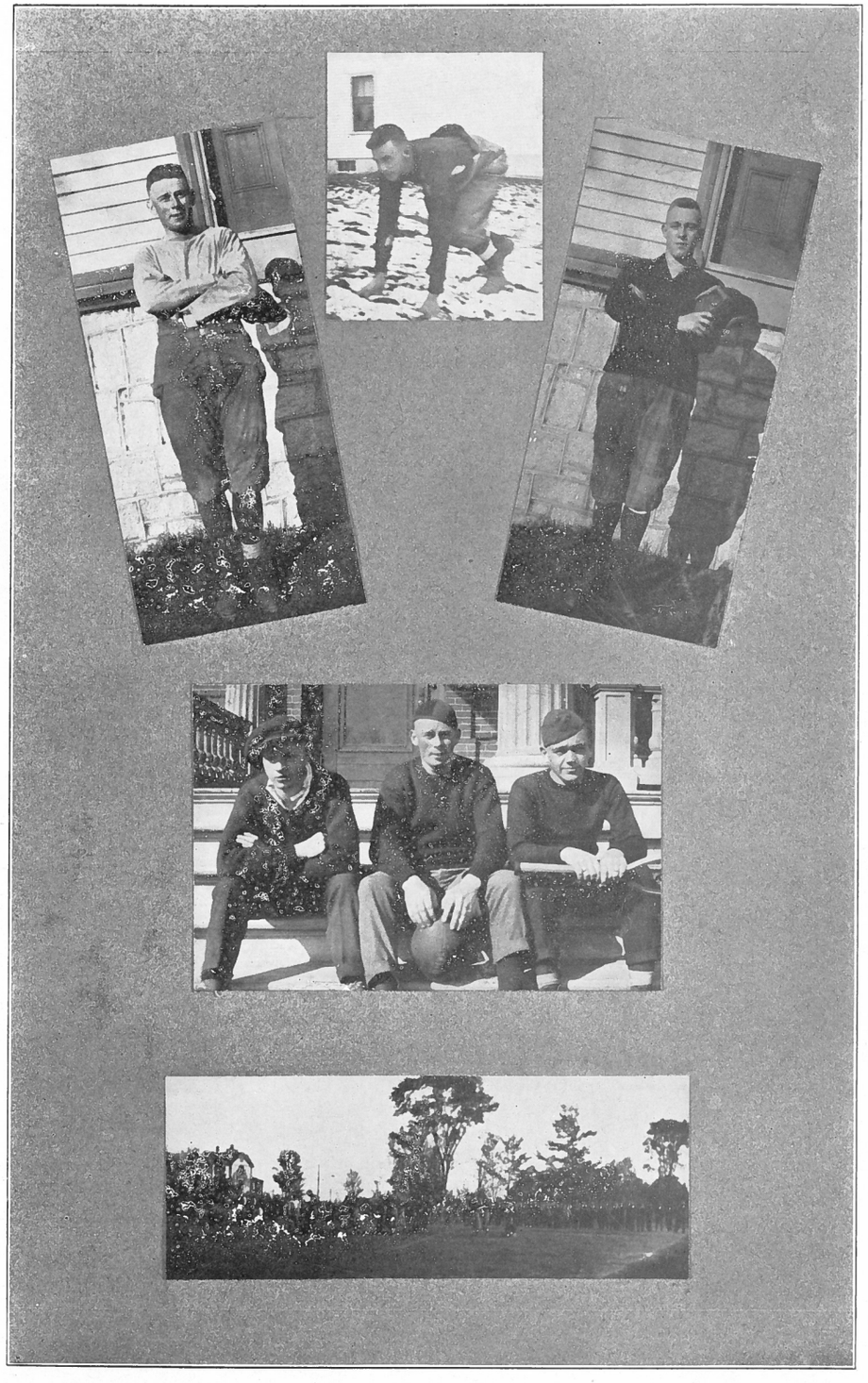
In Capt. Ragon we have a fighting leader for next year and the class of 1920 wish him the success we ourselves had this fall. Here's to Captain Ragon, may he gain a championship in 1920.

When the wire came we had won from our dear friends of Bangor High, many cheers could be heard from all corners of the earth. Were we happy? Well, I should say yes!

Albert Martin with Peter Simmons and those who had not gone to this wonderful game borrowed the express trucks and away they flew to everybody's back door to gather up the rubbish for a bonfire. This was completed and everybody was waiting with longing eyes for the heroes. But during supper, the telephone rang and Albert Martin appeared in the dining room with a long face. Some one had burned our afternoon's work, but nothing discourages us. Not even Miss Lewis' O's could have stopped us from building another. The girls offered their services to wash the dishes and away the boys went to scrape again the stores and back yards. Believe me, the dishes were washed in short order and away we flew to the excited throng. I guess we were really crazy for we did not stop at taking just what was handed us but we must have door steps, signs, etc.

Pretty soon the band appeared playing, and the throng of excited people crowded around the enthusiastic students. As the fire was set before the appointed time many mad and furious people could be heard giving their views on the subject. But as the train pulled in, the heroes descended from the train, and away we came up to the Institute. The heroes then thot that Pajamas were the proper robes for such an occasion, and everything from pink to green were represented in the throng.

After much cheering the happy students went to the land of Nod, dreaming of future victories.



Football Banquet

A very fine banquet was given to the members of the M. C. I. Football team, November 24, at the girls' dormitory dining hall by the girl's Domestic Science Class, under the direction of Miss Ross.

Mr. Oldham was toastmaster for the evening, speeches were made by Captain White, the newly elected captain, Burnham Ragon, Coach Maxim and other members of the team. Singing and cheering was led by cheerleader Goodwin and a splendid feed was enjoyed by all. Those present were:

Manager Henry, Captain White, Coach Maxim, Professor Oldham. Goodwin, Osgood, Moran, Lishness, Ames, Ginnetti, Ragon, Wentworth, McLean, Wakefield, Small, Little, Williamson, O'Roak, H. Johnson, Armstrong, Emery, Withee, Jacobs, Gonya, Martin, Tibbetts.

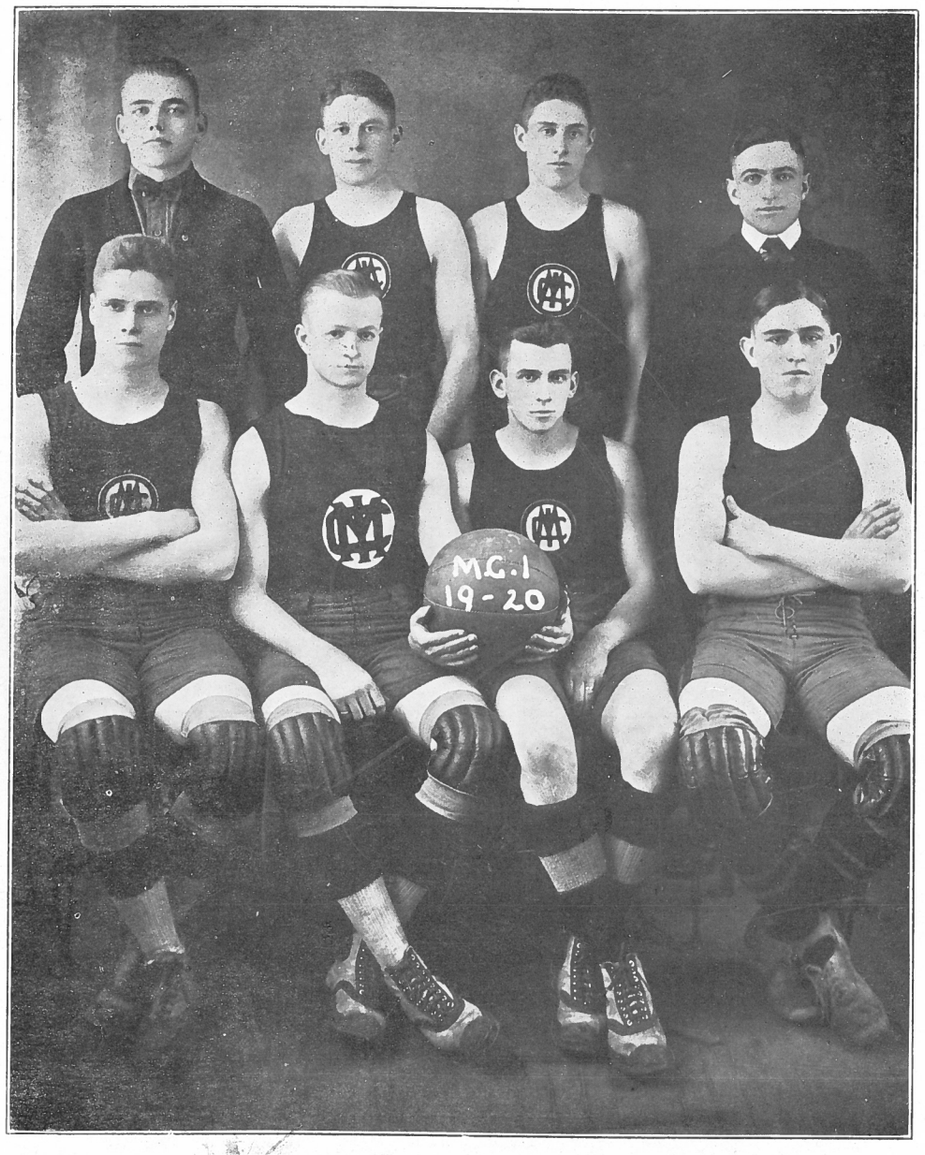
Track Season, 1920

Our track team as yet is an entirely unknown quality. The graduation of Clarence Emery and Day in the '19 class took away eight first places and two seconds. This is enough to cripple any man's track team. Ours received just this, but we still have men developing to fill the place of these exceptional stars. Our motto is, "No one is so good, someone else can't do just as well." With this as a stimulent our track team is working faithfully and hard to uphold the glory and honor of the grand old garnet and black.

As a result we made a good showing at the Bowdoin Indoor Meet. Ames in his first race ran a dead heat, with the man expected to win the race, in record time. The relay team ran a strong race and showed they had run before, each man doing what was expected of him.

If this spirit of, "I'll do my best," stays with us this spring, as in past years, we will be proud of our boys and hail them as champions.





BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball, 1919-1020

Basketball as a sport was invented in 1891 to fill in the gap between football and baseball. The first printed book was issued in 1892, and almost immediately it was taken up with favorable impression. At first it was played only in the Y. M. C. A., later in 1906 colleges and many associations adopted it until now girls, boys, and men enjoy equally the favorite indoor sport of James Naismith.

This winter Capt. Gonya was our only veteran and around him we have built a team that M. C. I. should be proud to call its own.

Even tho we have met defeat at nearly every turn, we have not lost our old habit of sticking. And as our team can claim no record this year, may the underclassmen, who have worked under the good management of Capt. Gonya and Coach Maxim, go in next year with victory in their veins.

Athletic Carnival

Alumni and spectators both agreed that M. C. I. maintained her usual high standard in the athletic carnival this year. The true carnival spirit pervaded. Union Hall was never prettier than when decorated with the colors of the Maine colleges brightly contrasting with the dark evergreen which lined the hall. One of the most interesting features this year was the participation of the girls in athletic sports. The program in detail is as follows:

Friday, March 12, 7.30 P. M.
Concert by Boys' Glee Club
Under direction of Mr. Howard Pierce
Basket Ball Game
M. C. I. vs. Newport
Score—M. C. I., 7. Newport, 6

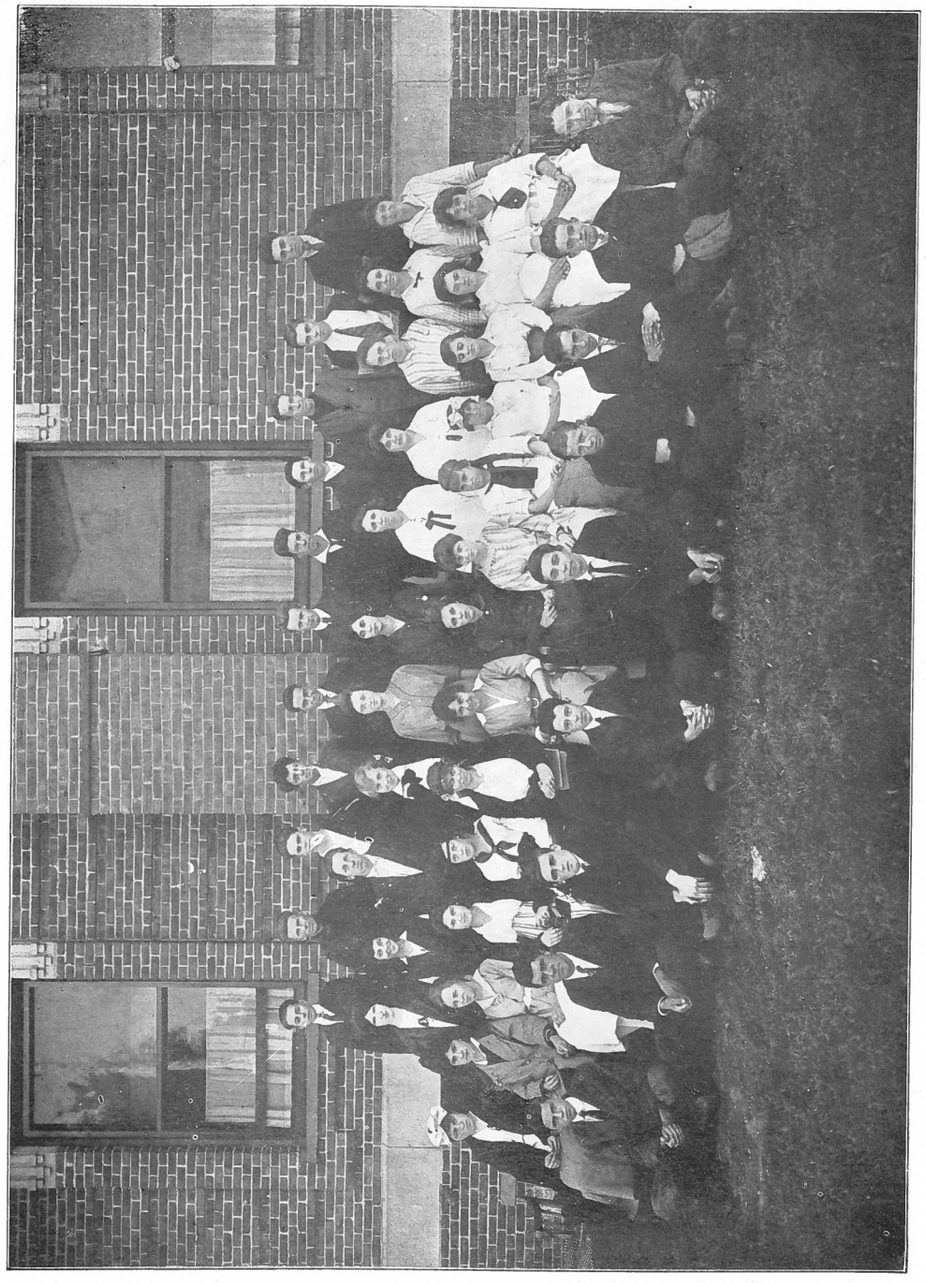
Saturday, March 13—11.00 A. M.

1. Grand Parade
   Postponed until next year—rained
2. A magical performance—C. S. Carter
3. Dances—Girls' gymnasium class
4. Negro Sketch—Frank Ginnetti-Stanley Fuller

Preliminaries
Potato Race Trials
Standing Broad Jump
15 Yard Dash
3 Standing Broad Jumps
15 Yard Hurdles
Running High Jump
Potato Race, Semi-Finals

7.30

1. Finals were held in the evening
   Points
   Seniors—
   Juniors—
   Sophomores—
   Freshmen—
2. Basket Ball Game
   M. C. I. vs. Alumni
3. A Bachelor's Banquet
   Cast
   Major Pomery—Sterling Tarbell
   Dick Foster—Basil Hunt
   Nat Stillman—Burnham Ragon
   Mrs. Mortimer—Margaret Tucker
   Della Mortimer—Ethel Reed
   Constance Oldfield—Vera Thomas
   McGinnis, servant—Hallis Little



SENIOR CLASS TAKEN IN FRESHMAN YEAR

The Freshman Hike

During our Freshmen year the biggest event was the annual class hike, and we, now as Seniors, look back and (Oh, dear) recall the good time we had.

Oh how excited we were over this and how we looked forward to the day which dawned bright and clear.

Where did we go? Down by the old mill stream. What did we eat? Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone? What did we do? Baseball, three deep, n'everything.

It is now seven o'clock and we must return to the Institute, ramble, scramble, one grand leap to Powers Hall. "Red" Tarbell made one of his brilliant remarks which ended in "The Bunny Hug" with no one in particular. This started the social off with one grand bang. Martin Moran, having come from the great town of Howland, was playing Hello-and-Goodbye, forgot what he was doing and grabbed M. Mitchell and began to waltz. But we all soon found that it is a forbidden fruit.

Then like all green Freshmen we tried to cheer. At first we sounded like the comb concert company but soon the seniors were surprised and thot we had borrowed Captain Ross's fog horn.

This ended our first public appearance and like all good children we went home to bed.

The Sophomore Hike

Our Sophomore year, after much discussion we decided to go up on Grove Hill.

On the chosen day, we started out armed with a dipper, a spoon and two plates. We found a shady spot by a spring and there we built a fire and started the supper.

Basil Hunt started the ball rolling by falling into the spring, after which we all went thirsty, not daring to drink the water.

We played all sorts of games and when the supper was ready we all found a comfortable place and ate hot dogs, beans, rolls, pickles, cake, and cookies to our hearts' content.

When it began to grow dark we piled more wood on the fire and Miss Fisher read several selections for us. Then we sang school songs and broke up the party with cheering.

We had a social when we came back, to which we invited the rest of the students. When the evening ended everyone voted a very enjoyable time.

The Junior Hike

Now we are Juniors. This year we can have two of those glorious hikes. One bright September afternoon we went down to Frank Slipp's. Elmer Chambers and some other boys carried the eats. As for the rest we went the longest way. We found a nice cozy shanty in which Miss Neff nobly aided by some of our girls prepared the supper.

After we had played a few games, what a good supper we had! Having eaten our fill, we gayly returned to the Institute to crown the good time we had all enjoyed, with a ripping good social in Powers Hall.

The next of these good times came in the spring when we all forgot our hardships and spent a few hours in the country, near Manson's farm. After hunting for the spring a long time we were about to give it up when a wee voice cried, "le voici." Now that the spring was found, we started with the eats, Red Tarbell carrying the beans, in the direction from which came the call.

Just at the point when Sterling was climbing the fence the handle separated from the bean pot and lo and behold! the beans were spilled. "Why Sterling!" "Oh, how could you!" "Oh, never you mind, they are just as good." Now they are all picked up and we are on our way.

The fire is built and the coffee made. We are eating. Pie is seen flying in the air and why, what happened to Martin's head? 'Twas all pie. After singing and cheering we left for the Institute and had one of the best socials in Powers Hall. This ended the second Junior hike.

All's swell that ends swell.

Senior Class Ride

Like many other events in the history of the world the Senior class ride was looked forward to with great eagerness.

For three long years had the class of 1920 planned on the arrival of this wonderful day and when it did finally come you may be sure that the enthusiasm had not been lessened by the waiting.

September 29, was the day set apart by the faculty and various committees and we firmly believe that for once they were endowed with a gift of foresight for never did the sun shine brighter or never was the air more clear and crisp than on that morning. It was surprising to see students who always persisted in being late to eight o'clocks come trooping up to the dormitory at seven-thirty on this particular occasion.

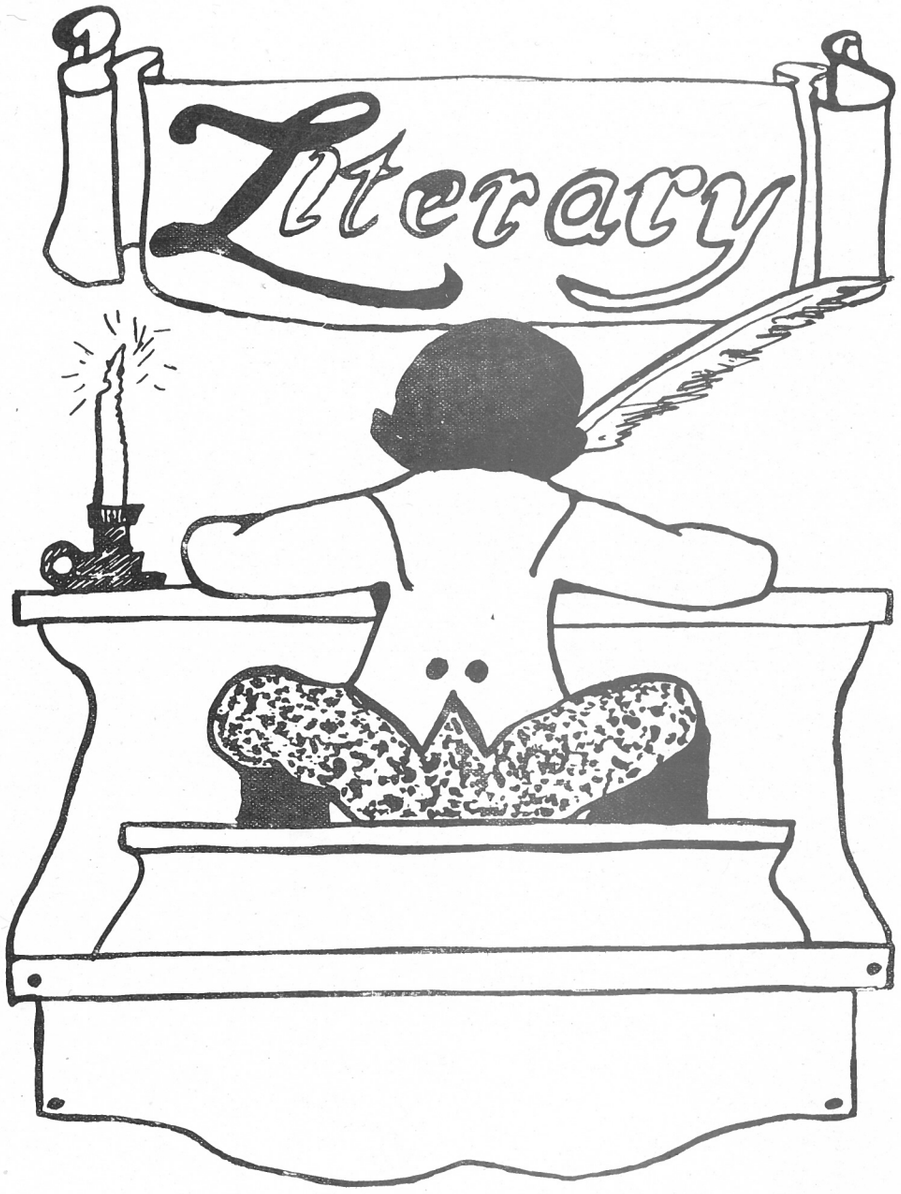
Automobiles were the means of conveyance chosen to carry us to Unity and it was a goodly string of "Lizzie's" and "Super-six's" that were soon on the road to Windemere Park. Although an early start was made, the sun was quite high in the Heavens before all of us reached our destination. Breakdowns and blowouts always need consideration on an auto trip.

The forenoon was spent walking, roaming, riding, and strolling and you may be sure it was a hungry bunch that lined up for beans and hot dogs at mess time. How good everything tasted and how we enjoyed it, thanks to Mrs. Bussell, Mrs. Craig and our own Miss Dolley. The beauty of it all was however that there were no dishes to wash. Tin plates and spoons could easily be dipped into the pond while those of paper were discarded entirely.

It would be difficult and impossible to ever attempt describing the events of that afternoon. Those who have known the joys of a Senior class ride do not need any description whatever, but those who have not will have to imagine sixty young people "turned loose" in a most delightful place, on a most glorious day and with school cares left miles behind. The result is not hard to picture and it is needless to say that time did not hang heavily on our hands.

Just before leaving we all gathered around and had our pictures taken. There was some difficulty in getting the cars straightened out for the homeward journey as, strange to say some did not prefer to go back in the same "Lizzie" they went in. Perhaps you will think that this was the end of the day's fun, but if so you are mistaken. At seven o'clock there was held in the girls' dormitory a banquet just for the Senior class. If we appreciated beans and hot dogs for dinner we appreciated salad and ice cream for supper more. Raymond Goodwin made an excellent toast master and jokes, songs and cheers continued thruout the evening or until ten o'clock. Late as the hour Mr. Oldham gave his permission for a social in Powers Hall. Such fun as we had! It came to an end at last however. A day never to be forgotten by the class of 1920.




Literary

Vim and courage every day
In our work and in our play,
Fame and victory, do or die
Taken together make M. C. I.

Girls----100 Per Cent Perfect

When the war was declared with Germany the call came for men—men to fight—men who could pass the stringent examination which all must pass to become members of Uncle Sam's army. How did the boys measure up? It is true that thousands were rejected but the thousands that went to form the United States army proves that at least a few are ready to take up civilian life again, being 100 per cent perfect.

Could we girls make as good a showing? In the war work few girls were required to pass careful examinations but of the number applying for examination those who did pass were fewer still. Few indeed could go shoulder to shoulder with the boys into the trenches but now that the boys are home we can and must go shoulder to shoulder with them about our daily tasks. But even in the home we do not measure up. "What is the matter with our girls?" is the nation-wide question, and the answer might be found by applying the old proverb, "As a man thinketh so is he."

The trouble with our girls is their mental attitude toward health. Of course every one cannot gain health by thinking they have it but they can make one long stride toward health by thinking, "I will have it," and then living in such a way as to gain it.

Girls, we, the future mothers of the race, must make ourselves 100 per cent perfect if we would have our nation of the future the greatest nation of the world.

With Apologies to Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of that illustrious class in the twentieth year,
On the first days of June the story doth go,
You, my youngsters, are too young to know
But to me the tale is quite clear,
Prex said to his friends, "Never such a class
In all of the years gone by
With so many medals and honors did pass.
Out thru the halls of old M. C. I.
Such wonders they did and such was their fame
That in my memory they e'er will remain
Ready to work with courage and vim
Thru every course that they did begin
Victory was theirs as nice as a pin."

Class History

All great events are recorded, and so the history of the class of 1920 must be written. The sad part I am going to leave out. We all saw sadness enough in our Freshman year and besides the valedictorian has to have something to write about.

Never will I forget those first days of registration! With our teeth chattering and our knees trembling we invaded the office as fast as our turn came. Prexie saw green and thought green until I know he must have likened the office floor to a nice grassy meadow.

However, after a few weeks we did improve both in manners and knowledge and some kind member of the faculty was heard to remark that the '20 class showed quite marked ability—at times.

According to custom the spring term we were allowed to organize and amid great cheering and pondering we elected Miss Fisher our class teacher and Donald O'Brien our president. What else happened during that our Freshman year I will leave out. The slams, knocks, and cruelties imposed upon us by the lordly upper-classmen we have forgotten, in the vain efforts to retain them.

With a brighter future before us we returned to M. C. I. the next fall as Sophomores. We gave a social which was voted quite a success and "My Uncle's Boots" was staged very well with the help of Miss Fisher. The only thing really worthy of mention is that we trimmed the seniors and sent Arline Bussell to Orono as a delegate to the prize speaking contest held there. The remainder of the year was spent in wading through geometry theorems and winning Caesar's wars.

That air of sheepishness which so rightfully belonged to us at first, was beginning to wear away and in its place came an air of superiority a feeling that became fully established when the end of the year was reached and we realized that we were upper-classmen.

This year things happened and in looking back to our Freshman childhood we thought how peaceful we were, when the only things expected of "greenies" were good lessons and obedience to rules. Junior parts was the first big problem to confront us. How we labored thru them! Such

tales of woe did we present to Miss Fisher's unwilling ears! These terrible articles could not be copied from a Who's Who or a World Almanac. It was every man for himself and how we scratched the night before. Many a scholarly lass or lad climbed the platform with the last few sentences in their minds, perhaps, but not on paper. I am a little ahead of my story as many will perceive and I nearly forgot the Junior-Senior reception.

Physically and financially we put our whole strength into that all important event. Miles and miles of crepe paper were cut into the narrowest of strips, the dormitory was left bare of rugs and chairs and every store down town was searched for the cheapest bargain on ice-cream and fancy cookies. It was a big success and we certainly "did ourselves" for those cold-hearted Seniors, inwardly praying, however, that the next year's decorations and refreshments would be even more elaborate.

Finally the spring term ended and with joy and exultation we realized our position of Seniors.

Thus it was that with peace in our hearts and "good will toward men" we started on the last year of our career at M. C. I.

The absence of both our class teacher and president left us for a few days stranded but Miss Dolley and Elmer Chambers were soon chosen to fill the vacant chairs. They proved worthy of the positions and put things "thru" in such a way as to cause the other classes to wonder and envy. Sixty-five in number were we and such a class, with such ideals and aspirations needed some reward. That class ride, who shall describe it! No one, altho some brave person has vainly attempted to do so on other pages of this book.

But all things must end and our school life at M. C. I. is almost over. Even now graduation is looming before us and with a smile and a tear we will soon go out from the sheltering walls of Maine Central Institute.

1920

Our lives are the leaves' lives, they bud, bloom and decay.
The evil we do as the frost's work which mars the whole of our day.
The days of our life are numbered like the leaves that fall from a tree,
We've got to choose the right way, if we're ever going to succeed.

Today as we stand at the cross roads considering the various paths
May we do right in choosing the one which lies the nearest our hearts
For the thing that we like to do is the thing we can do the best.
And is not that wherein lies the hidden secret to success?

But a moment pause and wait and make sure the path which shines
Is the path which will lead to those distant hazy lines;
To the castle that we builded out of youth's vague fancy free
And know the way we've chosen is the way for you and me.

There's a path where silvery poplars cast their shadows by the way;
Where the birches in the sunlight glisten in their white array,
But there's one path long and steep where lofty pines line either side,
That path is calling you and me—we follow the steps of our guide.

See the poplar's trembling, breaking, under the cruel tempest's wrath,
See the birches quivering, shivering, all along that other path,
Now look and see what happens to the way so steep to climb
The tempest sweeps like an inland breeze thru those deep rooted pines.

The path of the pines is the path of success and it's calling me and you
To that castle way, way up high, where our dearest dreams come true.
It is calling, calling, calling, even calling on this day,
We go—and dear M. C. I., you helped us choose the way.

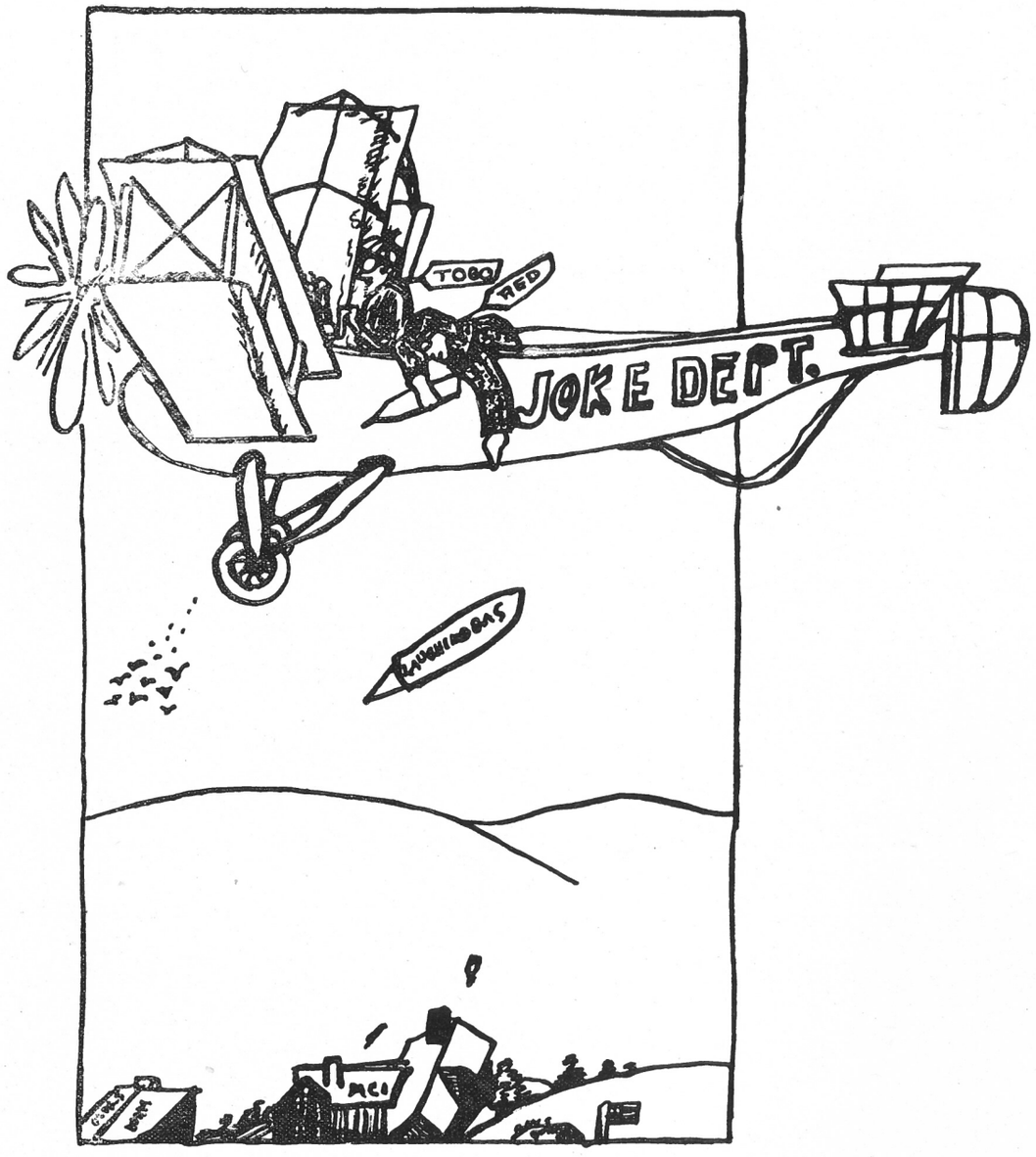


Sept. 17 School opens.
" 18 Hello Day. Everyone gets acquainted.
" 19 Social to New Students in Powers' Hall.
" 20 M. C. I. 0; Oldtown, 0.
" 23 Moran discovers he likes to "Reed."
" 27 M. C. I., 3; Waterville, 0.
" 29 Y. W. C. A. have a hound chase.
" 30 Senior Class ride.
Oct. 1 New Barber arrives at Boys' dorm.
" 2 No school. Too cold.
" 3 Glee Clubs social in Powers Hall.
" 4 M. C. I. 19; Skowhegan, 0.
" 6 Trumpet Board elected.
" 7 Vera discovers her favorite color is not white.
" 9 Boys' Glee Club organizes.
" 11 M. C. I., 0; Bangor, 22.
" 15 Sophomore Class hike.
" 16 Sorosis start it with new whim.
" 18 M. C. I., 46; Skowhegan, 6.
" 22 Freshmen Hike.
" 23 Exercises held in honor of Roosevelt.
" 24 Social in Powers Hall.
" 25 M. C. I., 37; Waterville, 0.
" 27 Looking forward to teachers' convention.
" 29 Students depart for recess.

" 30 Teachers' Convention.
" 31 Teachers' Convention.
Nov. 3 Students return.
" 4 Girls start banking their ears in.
" 5 Several girls join the S. A. T. C.
" 7 M. C. I. regains old football pep.
" 8 M. C. I., 6; Bangor, 0. Big celebration.
" 11 M. C. I., 18; Westbrook, 0. Armistice Day.
" 12 Gloomy day, morning after. Togo unable to attend Latin class on account of sore throat, caused by too much cheering.
" 13 Togo's voice begins to return. Preparations for the class pictures to be taken. Lecture course.
" 14 ¼ lb. Social in Powers Hall.
" 15 A sunshiny day, and an unusually good picture at the Bijou.
" 16 Peter Simmons changed rooms unexpectedly.
" 17 Martha Mitchell came to chemistry on time.
" 18 Group pictures taken.
" 19 Trumpet pictures taken. Everybody got a cold.
" 20 Girls' Glee Club concert in Union Hall. Scarcity of handkerchiefs.
" 21 Reserved seats at the Bijou for Dorm. girls.
" 22 Roast chicken for dinner at Girls' Dorm.
" 23 Breezy Stories latest magazine.
" 24 Football Banquet.
" 25 Gramp combs his hair in middle. There's zero in the air.
" 26 Turkey's heads extracted without pain. Students depart for Thanksgiving vacation.
Dec. 1 Students return.
" 2 School begins and every one returns looking fatter than when they went home.
" 3 The French room turns into an art gallery.
" 4 Waiters in dining-room cited for bravery.
" 5 Albert Martin has some sewing done on his head. "A stitch in time saves nine."
" 8 Senior Algebra class gets along without "Gramp." White and Eben Osgood once more.
" 9 It was so slippery out that our feet refused to hold us up.
" 10 M. Tucker recommends "Good Housekeeping" for all University men to read.

" 11 Many soldiers appear at the girls' Dorm. Horrors! 10 days for some one.
" 12 Fast Basketball games with Alumni. Everyone perfect. No news.
" 13 World coming to an end to-morrow. Parker Robinson celebrates by having his hair shaved off.
" 14 End of the World postponed on account of examinations.
" 16 Sophomore preliminaries. Everyone saying pieces at once. Last day of classes.
" 17 Final exams. begin. Everyone plugging harder than ever.
" 18 More exams. More plugging.
" 19 Still more exams. School closes for vacation. Merry Christmas.
Jan. 6 School opens.
" 7 Nobody late for chapel.
" 8 Peter Simmons has appendicitis caused by eating peach stones.
" 9 Wanted—two ass. cheer leaders to help Mr. Genetti.
" 10 A skating rink in the process of being made.
" 11 Long lost suppers on Sunday P. M.'s returned.
" 12 Alice Whitten had a great fall.
" 13 Lost, "The Miracle Man."
" 14 "La Marselliase" for dinner.
" 15 Temperature falling.
" 17 A fine snow storm.
" 18 Cheer up—quiet hour will soon be over.
Feb. 2 Miss Hunt is very busy today.
" 3 A new S. A. T. C. formed.
" 4 Boys' night. Everybody dresses up.
" 5 Everyone is changing rooms.
" 6 Lost—A bar of Fairy Soap.
" 7 Everyone busy. No gossip.
" 8 Quiet hour once more.
" 9 Everyone has his lessons.
" 10 Flora Gilman breaks the record for high jump.
" 11 "Punk" takes a week off for rest.
" 12 Lincoln's birthday.
" 13 Friday night. Everyone goes to the pictures (?)
" 14 Valentine's Day. Many hearts lost.
" 15 A day of Recuperation.

" 16 At it again.
" 17 Everything comes to him who waits (?)
" 18 Genetti has his hair trimmed.
" 19 "Gus" Morey forgets to get up to breakfast.
" 20 "Togo" and "Dizzy" go on a strike.
" 21 Miss Ross is on the blink.
" 22 All is peaceful.
" 23 A certain slippery spot in front of the Institute.
" 24 Y. W. C. A. meets and decides "What to wear."
" 25 Boys' night. Taffetas and pumps are out.
" 26 Polly and Clyde discover that the piazza lights are off.
" 27 An unlucky day.
" 28 The Hartland Squirt Gun goes off the track.
" 29 Somebody's birthday.
Mar. 1 Forty foot drifts appear in our midst.
" 2 Dorm. boys return from shoveling Hartland and Harmony out.
" 4 Great excitement in Debate. Mitchell's championship debate team makes a record.
" 5 Martin Moran takes his annual vacation.
" 8 Hartland train refuses to run. Margaret Tucker stranded in Hartland.
" 9 No excitement.
" 10 Martha makes a record in track.
" 11 Varsity Basketball chosen. More black and blue spots.
" 12 Carnival opens. M. C. I. trimmed Newport Girls, 7-6.
" 15 More Carnival. The morning after the night before. Wesley Ames sits on a tack.
" 16 Two pinks missing from Y. W. C. A. Banquet. Detectives are still on the trail.
" 17 Martin's annual vacation at an end. Note books due.
" 18 Track team goes to Bates.
" 19 Trumpet goes to press. Hurrah!


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SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

	Favorite Expression	Pastime	Fond of	Favorite song	Died of
Wesley Ames	I want to go home	Admiring photography	Girls	I'm a Devil in my own home town	Too much Sand
Helen Andrews	Oh, dear!	Walking with Cornelius	Music	God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again	Farming
Elsa Bates	That you, Bunny?	Automobiling	Football	Dear Old Pal of Mine	A hard nurse's life
Pearl Bearse	Oh, my Lord!	Sporting	John	Johnny's in town	Drinking tea
Doris Berdeen	I guess so	Avoiding boys	Dogs	You've Got to Stop Kicking My Dog Around	Serving ice cream
Florian Berube	Cut that stuff	Smoking	Ziras	Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here	Churning sherbet
Arline Bussell	Oh, darn!	Spouting	Review Algebra	The land of the free	Nobody can tell
Elmer Chambers	I'll tell the world!	Dancing	Lyford	Drinking cider thru a great long straw	Stage fright
Edith Estes	Ugh!	Studying	French	Jazz Baby	Still living
Merle Gerald	Oh, sugar!	Tatting	Moving pictures	Home Sweet Home	Playing violin
William Getchell	I'll say so!	Sleeping	Anna	Take Your Girlie to the Movies	Pulling plugs
Gladys Gleason	We don't know	Ask Hiram	Tripe	Fair Canaan Shores	Ask Hiram
Robert Goodell	Do you believe it?	Giving slams	Debating	Beautiful Penobscot	Not being able to swim
Raymond Goodwin	Let's go!	Study Room	Soldiering	Life is but a game of checkers	Hack driving in Stetson
Eugene Gonya	Hey, there!	Washing dishes	Red flannel Hash	When you see another sweetie hanging around	Too much hope
Vera Goodale	You bet!	Going to church	Ivory	Battle Hymn of the Republic	Singing in Grand Opera
Cornelius Hagerthy	Oh, Boy!	Carrying violin cases	Helen	Helen will you be mine	Too much sleep
Basil Hunt	Aw, come on	Riding a bike	Waverly	I'll be happy when the preacher makes you mine	Frozen
Maurice Hanson	Has the train gone?	Dancing	Smokes	Sweet Cider Time	Smoking
Iva Harding	Oh, shoot!	Helping Prexie	Prunes	Sorter miss you	What?
Marian Harris	Oh, tripe!	Reading the Gospel	Overland	How ya goin' ta keep 'em	Writing sermons
Kenneth Henderson	I gotta study	Playing fiddle	Chemistry	I love the ladies	Wine, women and Song
Bernard Henry	Is Elsa there?	Driving Buick	Cutting chapel	Love's Old Sweet Song	Heart failure
Evelyn Janes	I gut dat one	Translating Virgil	Basil	There's somebody waiting for me	Hunting
Marian Johnson	Did you get that?	Bluffing	Algebra and Ames	Oh, my dear	Studying

Minnie Jordan	Of all the gall	Waiting for the train	Earl	Oh Susie behave	Old age
Albert Martin	I ain't got none	Reading timetables	Florrie	Give me a smile and a kiss	Brain fever
Cecil McLaggen	What time is 't?	Talking to the ladies	Basketball	Oui, Oui, Marie	Laziness
Olga Millet	Gee Whiz!	Upsetting beds	M. B.	O, Where Has My Little Dog Gone	Apoplexy
Angus Morey	O, you devil!	Nobody knows	Orono	Sahara	Broken heart
Martin Moran	Rise and shine	Dumping beds	Dress suits	I gave her that	Probation
Erma Morey	Oh, you!	Movies	Gramp	When I'm Gone, You'll Soon Forget	Water on the brain
Catherine Mudgett	What's the matter?	French	Stein	Lonesome, that's all	Too much energy
Henry Nason	Beg your pardon	Typewriting	Booze	Sun of my soul	Overstudy
Mildred Noble	Most decidedly so	Making up French	Debate	Sugar plum tree	Sunstroke
Ralph O'Roak	Oh, Cu-s-s!	Insurance business	Bessie	Tulip Time	Chopping wood
Eben Osgood	Rowdy-dow	Music	Sadie	Yakka Hula Hicka Dula	Blueberry horrors
Raymond Palmer	Holy smoke!	Photography	The ladies	Can you tame wild women?	Bashfulness
Wallace Percival	Shave or a hair cut	Driving the old Maxwell	Irene	Sweet kisses	Nervousness
Victor Reed	Can you imagine it?	Traveling	Aunt Ethel	Who did it?	Too much excitement
Ethel Reed	WELL, well	Writing letters	Clarence	Where the River Shannon Flows	Mumps
Dora Sands	Howdy!	Dancing	Swiping caps	Ireland must be heaven	Sentimentality
Roy Simpson	To a certain extent	Attending church	Bible Study	A rose, a kiss, and you	Too much smoking
Harry Small	Warm ain't it?	Dressing up	Girls	Nobody seems to care	Love
Eleanor Smart	O, dear!	Studying	English	After all	Homesickness
Bernice Spaulding	Number, please?	Cooking	Earle	A Little Birch Canoe, and you	Over eating
Roy Spaulding	O, boys	Office work	Everybody	For me and my gal	Jerking sodas
Elizabeth Staples	Oh, my!	Smiling	Red hair	Eyes	Lonesomeness
Sterling Tarbell	O, Lawdy!	Kidding the girls	Office work	Everybody Shimmies Now	Too much dances
Thelma Twitchell	For the love of Pete!	Movies	Eben	She's had no loving for a long time	Wild life
Vera Thomas	Iiminy Christmas	Watching mail boxes	Chewing Gum	The Vamp	Natural causes
Margaret Tucker	Looks like the devil!	Eating hot dogs	Beefsteak	Life and Love	Heart failure
Stewart Varney	Yes, sir	Breaking hearts	St. Albans	Hong Kong	Overstudy
Grace Willey	Gracious!	Reading Snappy Stories	Dorm rules	The gay life for me	Flirting
Mary Whitten	Really	Drawing	Library work	My Laddie	Fighting the Trojan
Hiram White	I want to know	Clerking	Pickles	Mammy o' Mine	Debating
Webster White	What's on your mind?	Making decisions	Everything	In the hour of triumph	Alcoholic blues
Alice Whitten	O, my grief!	Praying	Flinch	Nearer, My God, To Thee	Most anything
Vivian Whitman	O, joy!	Making eyes	Sweet cider	Bubbles	Lock jaw
Ethel Lee	You chump	Playing the piano	The briny deep	Memories	Over eating
Martha Mitchell	How do you get that way?	Cutting classes	Gingersnaps	Love's Mystery	Palpitation of the heart

Who's Who at M. C. I.

1. The smartest
   Student Hanson?

2. The best looking
   Too many candidates.

3. The freshest
   Doris Berdeen?

4. The merriest
   Kenneth Henderson.

5. The laziest
   Edith Estes.

6. The worst grind
   Punk Goodwin.

7. The biggest fusser
   J. Wesley Ames.

8. The best natured
   Alice Whitten.

9. The most religious
   Gramp White.

10. The faculty rusher
    Togo Berube.

11. The most melancholy
    Martha Mitchell.

12. The class dude
    Angus Morey.

13. The biggest bluffer
    Marion Johnson.

14. The best dancer. Boys
    Raymond K. Palmer.

15. Ditto. Girls
    Alice K. Whitten.

16. The class gossip
    Olga Millet.

17. The best athlete.
    Frank Slipp.

18. The most likely to succeed
    Eben Osgood.

19. The crank
    Pearl Bearce.

20. The most bashful
    Vera Thomas.

Hula Hula

This wonderful organization which has been such an important factor among the under classmen at M. C. I., is slowly becoming extinct.

Although the Hula Hula has never been popular with the faculty, it has been a great aid to the school as a whole.

It must be understood that this order consists of upper classmen only and at the present time it can boast of very few charter members.

Many of the prominent business men look back to the Hula Hula as the starting point of their career, or rather the period when life began to appear to them as a serious problem.

The sole purpose of this society is to enlighten the under classmen and to give them a running start toward success.

It is with the deepest regret we announce that we are about to disband, as our new members are too delicate to carry on the great cause properly.

We wish to express our gratitude to the Rubber Club which has rushed to our aid at the slightest call.

For the year the officers are:

High Chief—Eben Osgood.

Bearer of the Paddle—Raymond Goodwin.

Judgment Passers—Webster White.

Martin Moran.

Kenneth Henderson.

Ames, J. Wesley—Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.—*Johnson.*

Andrews, Helen—Lose an hour in the morning and you will be all day hunting for it.—*Whately.*

Bates, E.—Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.—*Shakespeare.*

Bearce, P.—Knowledge is power.—*Beacon.*

Berdeen, D.—She is of sweet composure.—*Shakespeare.*

Berube,—"And laughter holding both his sides."—*Milton.*

Bussell, Arline.—Bid me discourse. I will enchant thine ear.—*Shakespeare.*

Chambers, Elmer—Shakes his abrosial curls, and gives the nod.—*Pope.*

Estes, Edith—"The best of me is diligence."—*Shakespeare.*

Gerald, Myrle—"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet."—*Shakespeare.*

Getchell, William—"He had a daily beauty in his life."—*Shakespeare.*

Gleason, Gladys—"Silence is the art of conversation."—*Anon.*

Goodale, V.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."—*Congreve.*

Goodell, R.—"Whose words all ears took captive."—*Shakespeare.*

Goodwin, R.—"A youth without fire is followed by an old age without remembrance."—*Anon.*

Gonya, E.—"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."—*Shakespeare.*

Hagerthy, Cornelius—"He hears music and feels his solitude people at once."—*Browning.*

Hunt, Basil—"My heart is as true as steel."—*Shakespeare.*

Hanson, Maurice—" For he was a scholar and a ripe and good one."—*Shakespeare.*

Harding, Iva—"How far that little candle throws its beams."—*Shakespeare.*

Harris, Marion—"Let justice guide your feet."—Hipparchus.

Henderson, Kenneth—"The Deacon swore as deacons do—with a "I do vum and I tell yeou."—*Anon.*

Henry Bernard—"He is well paid who is well satisfied."—*Shakespeare.*

Janes, Evelyn—"But now my task is smoothly done."—*Milton.*

Johnson, Marion—"She is too disputable."—*Shakespeare.*

Jordan, Minnie—"To be or not to be that's the question."—*Shakespeare.*

Martin, Albert—"Then he will talk—good gods—How he will talk."—*Lee.*

McLaggan, Cecil—"True modesty is a discerning grace."—*Cowper.*

Millet, Olga.—"The wise for cure on exercise depend."—*Dryden.*

Moran, Martin—"O, Heaven, were man but constant, he were perfect."—*Shakespeare.*

Morey, Angus—"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."—*Shakespeare.*

Mitchell, Martha—"Heart on her lip, and soul within her eyes."—*Byron.*

Lee, Ethel—"Oh, blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."—*Pope.*

Morey, Erma—"In youth the heart exults and sings
The pulses leap, the feet have wings."—*Longfellow.*

Mudgett, Catherine—"The short and long of it."—*Shakespeare.*

Whitman, Vivian—"Patience and gentleness are power."—*Hunt.*

Whitten, Alice—"With honest pride I scorn each selfish end."—*Burns.*

White, Webster—"With a certain condescending roll in his voice and a certain air of doing something genteel."—*Dickens.*

Nason, Henry—"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare.*

Noble, Mildred—"Cheerfulness becomes a woman at all times; mirthfulness requires a proper occasion."—*Mme. Necker.*

O'Roak, Ralph—"I was not born under a rhyming planet."—*Shakespeare.*

Osgood, Eben—"Trust not too much to an enchanting face."—*Virgil.*

Palmer, Raymond—"Fame comes only when deserved."—*Longfellow.*

Percival, Wallace—"Slowly he climbed but every step was sure."

Reed, Victor—"I love not many words."—*Shakespeare.*

Reed, Ethel—"An inviting eye and yet methinks right modest."—*Shakespeare.*

Sands, Dora—"Her words do show her wit."—*Shakespeare.*

Simpson, Roy—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—*Byron.*

Small, Harry—"I am well aware that I'm the 'umblest person living."—*Shakespeare.*

Slipp, Frank—"Drest in a little brief authority."—*Anon.*

Smart, Eleanor—"What's in a name?"—*Shakespeare.*

Spaulding, Roy—"A young man must labor when he would succeed in business of life."—*Woolson.*

Staples, Elizabeth—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like golden fleece."—*Shakespeare.*

Tarbell, Sterling—"And right then, I gave up the idea that he was a retired parson. Parsons don't talk like that."

Twitchell, Thelma—"Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind."—*Prior.*

Thomas, Vera—" Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor."—*Pope.*

Tucker, Margaret—"Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than sitting aside."—*Anon.*

Varney, Stuart—"Affairs succeed by patience, and he that is hasty falleth headlong."—*Sadi.*

Willey, Grace—"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

Whitten, Mary—"Be prompt in duty, heed the low voice of conscience."—*Whittier.*

White, Hiram—"He hath indeed bettered expectations."

Bed Dumpers

Clyde Emery — Clifford Chisholm — Colby Eldridge

Readers of the Rules

Mr. Moran — Mr. White — Mr. Goodwin — Eben Osgood

Water Dousers

"Togo" Berube — "Kid" Hagerthy — "Bob" Goodale

Shoe Shooters

"Reg" Johnson — "Dizzy" Armstrong — Perry Morse

Door Breakers

Bunny Knowles — Albert Martin — Carrol Day

Paddle Wielders

J. Wesley Ames — Frank Ginnetti — Fred Kinch

Goat Keepers

Wm. Silsby — K. Henderson — H. Williamson

Feeders of the Goat

V. Damon — F. Fuller — "Queenie" Bagley — Boob McNutt

Co-ed Rushers

President	Gramp White
Vice-President	Eben Osgood
Secretary	J Wesley Ames
Treasurer	Clyde Emery

Board of Directors

Shakey Drake Nig Gonya Franklin Wakefield

Board of Trustees

Frank Ginnetti Angus Morey Bernard Henry Bill Getchell

Honorary Members

Cliff Chisholm
Dizzy Armstrong
Sterling Tarbell
Basil Hunt
Fred Kinch
Reginald Johnson
Cornelius Hagerthy
Martin Moran
Elmer Chambers

Senior Flunk Society

This Society is poorly represented but the honored members are as follows:

President	Evelyn Janes
Vice-President	Marion Johnson
Secretary	Pearl Bearce
Treasurer	Arline Buzzell
Corresponding Secretary	Albert Martin
Aids	Vera Thomas
	Elmer Chambers
	Elsa Bates
	Edith Estes
	Olga Millet

M. C. I. Fifteen Years From Now

Principal—Harry Small—A very competent leader, partly due to the training received in the office of S. R. Oldham.

Preceptress ..... Olga Millet

Faculty—

Alice R. Whitten ..... Latin
Catherine Mudgett ..... French
Doris Berdeen ..... Elocution
Frank Slipp ..... Science
Sterling Tarbell ..... English
Florian Berube ..... Mathematics
Martha Mitchell ..... Household Economics
Eben Osgood ..... Musical Director

Athletic Coach ..... William Getchell

Janitor ..... Angus Morey

Miss Lewis went out for some fun,
But she came back home on the run,
Her complexion is marred,
By the chicken-pox scarred,
And they say she feels pretty glum.

Why is Marion Johnson like her violin?
Because she is never seen without a (beau) bow.

There was a young lady named Stokes
Who lives far away from her folks,
But she never looks sad
And she never gets mad
And she thinks that us kids are big jokes.

With grammar and spelling and theme
This here English course is no dream,
And lest we all flunk
With a most sickening plunk
For Miss Lewis we all put on steam.

There presides over a sewing machine
A young lady you may have seen
Miss Ross is her name
And great is her fame,
For she learns us to stew the rare bean.

This new and athletic guy
Goes round with a cold steady eye,
The football men jump
And they surely do hump
When that their Coach Maxim goes by.

Mr. Oldham's duties are many,
And of his leisure time there ain't any;
We've ne'er saw him frown,

And of all the men in town,
He's the best one, we'll bet you a penny.

Mr. Larabee, don't make no noise
And he sure understands girls and boys,
Gives us "A" like a man,
When ever he can,
And this causes numerous joys.

Miss Dolley, tho' not from Parie
Is as Frenchy as Frenchy can be
With her brilliant Cheveux
There is some class to her,
Il n's a pas personne belle comme she.

Little drops in English,
Little drops in French,
Make the lazy student,
Join the study bench.
M. C. I. Students.

Red Tarbell late to class.
Prof. Oldham, sternly, "Well?"
Red—"Not very, sir."

On the Y. W. C. A. hike the beans were left behind. Mr. Oldham received a message to send them down at once. He gave the driver of the car this order: "Take the beans down to the grave yard."

Fish is good brain food,
It is said to never fail,
We therefore recommend,
That the Freshmen eat a whale.
"Sophs."

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Maybe perhaps "It might have been."
But the sweetest words we know by heck
Are only these, "Enclosed find check!"

"Mon parrain," did-il, "il m'a laisse de l'argent" ("My god father," said he, "has left me some money.")
Eben, translating the above: "My god, father, he left me some money."

She's a decided blonde!
When did she decide?
M. Tucker

To get examples without pain or labor
Just borrow them from your nearest neighbor.
Red Tarbell.

The argument was hot and evidently both students and faculty were excited, for as Mr. Hunt arose and addressed the chair Prexie acknowledged him thus: "Mr. Affirmative."

Miss Dolley trying to think of a sentence to illustrate her explanation and apparently dreaming of home,
"The man whom you met is My Mother."

Mr. Pierce was rapidly explaining an algebra problem and several of the students were failing to grasp the significance.
Mr. Martin observing the fact exclaimed rather loudly,
"W—W—Whoa!"

The subject was Latin scansion and the following conversation:
Miss Nickerson—"I have my scansion all done."
Miss Kidder—"That's fine, how many feet have you."

To every homesick puella
Miss Kidder is certainly bella
But we wish haec and hoc
Would go right up in smoke
But you bet your sweet life we won't tell her.

There was a young lady named Hunt
Who does a wonderful stunt,
The Freshmen she teaches
And to them she preaches,
Until they dasen't say "I wont."

Wanted—A steam Crane to lift the grades of the M. C. I. boys. Write or telephone—S. R. OLDHAM.

There was a young duffer named Pierce,
Who in all his classes is fierce,
When chased by his wife,
He runs for life,
We predict a sad end for friend Pierce.

Two in a hammock
Already to kiss
When all of a sudden
They went like ʇɥıs

Gus, Gus, Oh Gasoline Gus.

M. Mitchell.

Those who did not know that ranks come out monthly were shocked into recognition of the fact when the school year was young. The English department suffered greatly in this respect at the end of the first month. For it was during those memorable days that Phoebe fell.

Alma Mater

Tune "Juanita"

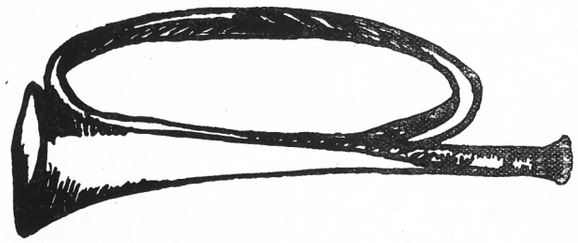
When in the far years
Twilight's golden mantle falls
And to our spirits
Memory softly calls
Then our vagrant fancies
Back thru time will lightly fly
To thy halls and campus,
Dear old M. C. I.

CHORUS

'Neath our honored garnet,
M. C. I. we pledge to thee,
Mater, Alma Mater, faith and loyalty.

Our hearts united,
Alma Mater in thy name,
Whate'er the call be,
Answer still the same,
So we stand together
Thru defeat and victory,
And we'll fight on, ever,
M. C. I. for thee.

The End Of The Trumpet



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