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December, 1930

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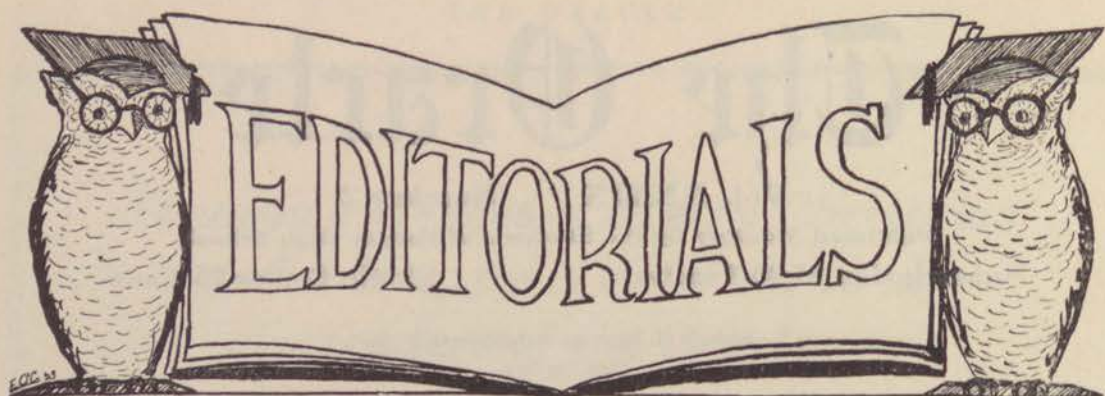
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*Honesty, loyalty, fairness, co-operation—all must go together
for final success.—Adolph Lewisohn.*

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

THE spirit of Christmas is in the air. It is a lovely spirit, an open season for remembrances and good times. Already there is a holiday aspect in all the homes. Good things are waiting on the pantry shelves. Every nook and corner is a hiding place for some secret gift. The Christmas tree has been spotted and the festoons and tinsel are all prepared. Everyone is struggling with a long list of presents for no one must be forgotten, and everything must be done that none of the loved ones will feel neglected. It may be that John will receive two pairs of skates, and Mary three sleeping dolls—but what of it? The spirit behind the giving will be the same, the wish to bring a little more sunshine, a little more happiness. It will mean just a heartier laugh for it is easy to laugh when the Christmas feeling is in the air.

The festive air, the bright decorations and gaily decked shops are but an outward sign, the mantle in which we clothe our honest thoughts of good-will. There is a certain quality about this gayest feast day of the year that tinges every event, however trivial, with ceremony, and busy as we are, we turn always with renewed zest to planning gifts for others.

Christmas means more than following the age old custom of exchanging gifts. "For the gift without the giver is bare." The spirit of Christmas is "Peace on earth. Good will to men." Only those who have nourished this thought throughout the year can on Christ-

mas morn give more than the gift. The following story (about a prominent business man) is told in a recent magazine. This man had in the corner of his apartment a chest, and whenever he saw anything which reminded him of a particular friend, he bought it and stored it away. When Christmas came, the chest was full, not with gifts alone but with the spirit of brotherly love.

We may not be able to buy expensive gifts, but our attics are filled with discarded toys that would be greatly appreciated by those less fortunately situated. All of us have tucked away some where a "little toy dog—covered with dust" or a "little toy soldier—red with rust." Why not make these once dear toys presentable and some poor child gloriously happy?

May all who send good cheer and kindness on Christmas day hear the angel's song—"Peace on earth. Good will to men." T. R.

SIZING UP THE BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL BOY OF TO-DAY

To get the right slant on the Bangor High school boy of to-day, we must take into consideration two different opinions: first, that of the teachers; and second, that of the boy himself.

In an interview with the editor of the *Oracle*, one of the teachers spoke to this effect:—Although the mentality of the Bangor High School boy of to-day is as great as ever before,

he is less ambitious than the boy of a few years back. No football coach would think of having his team play another school if his club did not have a sufficient amount of practice, but still a few of the high school boys come to school prepared to tackle their lessons without preparing their homework. Fortunately this attitude applies only to the minority, nevertheless, this laziness on the part of the few is constantly lowering the record of the school.

The above opinion runs almost uniformly among the teachers, and it is amusing, on the other hand, to hear the "I love-me" opinions of the boy about himself. One of the boys said, "It isn't our fault our ranks aren't as good as they ought to be, for some of the teachers don't like us." This is a very poor excuse yet too many believe in it.

A review of last year's athletics at Bangor High School shows that among the boys there has been a great increase in attendance at high school games. One of the teachers commended this mark of school spirit. It may be truthfully said that the prosperous condition of the athletic association is due in a large measure to the active interest of B. H. S. boys in last year's basketball and baseball teams, and this year's football team.

The B. H. S. boy may "knock" his team by telling all his friends how bad the team really isn't, but even this talk doesn't dampen the spirit, and athletically B. H. S. is soaring.

And how is the Bangor High School boy socially? Quite a shiek, isn't he? And how! Dances and everything. No one of the class of 1920 would ever have thought that the "boys" would hold seven or eight dances each year in the Assembly Hall. Why some of the boys are even giving dancing lessons!

Our greatest stride of all has been made in the R. O. T. C. Bigger and better rifle club, better discipline, more senior cadets, new colors and new long pants are the boasts of R. O. T. C. Just think, a rifle club to which one out of every three boys in the school belongs. No other High School society can boast of such popularity. There are twenty-eight seniors taking drill, an increase of more than

800%. R. O. T. C. is now really being enjoyed by the "soldiers."

Every day in every way the B. H. S. boy is finding about him newer and bigger interests but only time will tell whether he really has the ambition to climb to the heights already reached by the boys of yesterday.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE ENRICHMENT OF HUMAN LIFE

Roberta Ingle, '32

THE end and aim of education is to bring each pupil to the most complete development of all the powers of the body and mind. Schools afford opportunity for growth, for culture, for power and for range of enjoyment.

First of all, going to school pays in dollars and cents. One who leaves school early is shut out from all the professions. He cannot be a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, a dentist, a preacher, an electrical or chemical engineer, or a modern architect. Of course a girl may get a place in a ten cent store as soon as the law allows her to leave school, and a boy who finishes the eighth grade, will probably find a position as an attendant at a soda fountain—both perfectly respectable jobs for a summer vacation, but both likely to have tragic consequences if continued after the school bell rings in the fall. Few important business positions go nowadays to young people with less than high school training; and the very large attendance at every American university shows very clearly that even college education pays.

But the best rewards of education are not in dollars and cents, although it has been found that every day in the four years of a completed high school course has been worth, to the average student, about ten dollars. There is a sluggish littleness in the common routine of mechanical tasks unless the mind has caught the secret of escape into broader fields. Training of the right sort gives a world-wide range to our interest in facts, makes us reluctant to

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"There is nothing that cannot be improved upon."—Henry Ford.

Looking Over the 1930 Football Season

By Lawrence Furrow '31

The football season started off this year with a new coach, and only four letter men. After weeks of hard work trying to get into condition, we succeeded in mastering our plays and were all set for our first contest,—a night game with Millinocket. Our faculty manager had everything ready to handle the large crowd that witnessed the game.

That night as the Bangor players dashed down the field for their practice before the game, the bleachers went wild. What spirit! It surely felt good to us to hear that noise. The Millinocket team then put in its appearance at the further gate. The loyal group of Stearns High rooters gave a rousing cheer to urge its team on to victory. After the agreement of the officials and captains, the teams lined up in their respective positions for the opening kick-off. Four periods of hard fighting found Bangor victorious, with a 20—0 score.

The annual game with Brewer was to take place the following Saturday. After a week of strenuous practice both teams were ready for a hard fought battle. At two-thirty o'clock the whistle sounded. The game was on! Neither team gained ground to any advantage. The Crimson late in the second period after throwing a long pass scored a touchdown, and succeeded in getting the extra point. Soon after, the half ended. The second half was a

repetition of the first,—neither team was able to score.

The following Saturday the intra-city struggle with John Bapst took place. This game was as hard fought as the first. Neither team showed much scoring power, but both displayed plenty of fight and a good defensive game. The game ended with a scoreless tie.

The annual conflict with Portland was staged at Bayside Park the following week. Portland completely outplayed, but did not out-fight, the Crimson. After a bitter struggle the Blue was again victorious, by a 7—0 score.

The fifth game of the season was played with Old Town, on a wet field which proved disastrous to the Crimson. Old Town with a grand and glorious fight beat Bangor 2—0. We have to admire them for the battle which they gave to Bangor, for although Bangor outplayed them, the final score is what counts.

The second contest with Portland took place on October 25. The Bangor players all that week had been razzed by many of the unthoughtful citizens of Bangor. In fact, there hardly seemed to be a friend in town. The Friday morning before the game it started to rain. It continued all day Saturday. The field was a sea of mud, making playing conditions almost impossible. As we came out of our dressing room we saw a few of the faithful rooters in the stands pleading for us to win

from our rivals. Determined to come through, Bangor settled down to its preliminary practice.

The whistle blew. Portland kicked off to Bangor. After the first play the teams were plastered with mud, and to recognize any one was almost impossible. The battle for the most part was waged in the center of the field, the ball going first to one team, then to the other, Portland being the best on rushes and Bangor gaining ground on punting. The half ended with neither team scoring.

The next half started after fifteen minutes of freezing in our dressing room. Bangor was completely outplaying Portland now. Towards the end of the last quarter, Portland with its back to the goal line tried to kick out of danger. This kick was blocked by Bangor! After the officials untangled the pile-up a Crimson player was found to be over the goal line! The point after touchdown failed, but the game was won. This was the first victory in twelve games for the Crimson over the Blue!

The next week we journeyed over to Auburn and after a heartbreaking game Edward Little won with a score of 7-0. Auburn was loud in its praise for the fighting Bangor players.

The Armistice Day game with Brewer ended after a poor showing on Bangor's part with a score of 7-6. By no means intending to take any glory away from Brewer for their fine victory, I would like to say that Bangor showed less football in this game than any displayed during the season. The loss cannot be blamed on any one player, as every one of us pulled a bad mistake somewhere during the game.

Many people in Bangor thought it was a

big joke to play Orono, but after that team defeated Old Town by a 13-6 score, public opinion changed; at the time for the opening kickoff it was a general sentiment that Orono's famous passing attack could not be stopped. Hundreds of rooters were on the sidelines cheering their respective teams on to victory. The bands were there: U. of M., and Bangor High, for their battle of music.

Bangor kicked to Orono, and at the very first play of the game it looked bad for us, as Orono got away with a thirty yard pass. This was about all they did, for we then took the ball on downs and started our offence going. We finally won, 20-0. Orono has a good team. The Bangor players have a lot of respect for their fine spirit.

Many people regard our record as a failure. But when we figure up our totals we feel it to be anything but that. In games, Bangor won four, lost four, and tied one which ended 0-0. Bangor has run up a total number of points of 59 to its opponents' 23. No team that we have played has scored over seven points against us; and as you look at our schedule you will find that we play some of the best teams in the state. We have a win over Portland that is in itself a credit to the school, as no Bangor team has done this for the past six years.


The only bad marks on our schedule are the Old Town and Brewer games, which were won 2-0, and 7-6, respectively. We have a win over Brewer earlier in the season by a score of 7-0.

I believe we have had as successful a season as any Bangor team in the past few years. I am proud to have been captain on the team which represented Bangor High this fall.



Why Latin is So Popular

Mildred Sawyer, '32.

O be discussing why Latin, the hated subject of so many students, is so popular, seems queer indeed. I never thought that Latin *was* popular at all,

much less, "so" popular; and upon consulting the dictionary, as to the meaning of "popular," I am still unconvinced as to its popularity.

According to Webster, "popular" means

"public." Now, Latin may have been "public" in the good old days of Caesar and Cicero, but whether it is now or not, seems to be a question. Does my reader think that such "public" signs as "No trespassing," "No smoking," and "Keep out, this means you," would accomplish this purpose if written in Latin? I am rather doubtful. I am afraid they might get mixed up with "Free Crankcase Service" and "Hot Dogs."

"Popular" also means "vulgar." Latin is (supposed to be) "popular." "Popular" means "vulgar;" therefore, Latin is "vulgar." Now, that *is* a surprise. I understood that Cicero's orations were noted for their "beauty of diction." Is Latin really "vulgar"? I wonder.

The next meaning of "popular" is "crowded." At last! I have always considered my Latin book to be "crowded" with more "periphrastic conjugations" and "gerundives" than I would wish, and it seems that my opinion is shared by others.

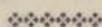
Webster also says that "popular" means "beloved by the common people." Now, I disagree strongly, there. The great majority of common people are ignorant of this subject; and, how many people who *do* know it, have you heard except in extreme sarcasm dear

reader, addressing their "Caesars" and "Ciceros" in terms of endearments." None, you say! How surprising! My own experience, exactly.

Another definition of this word is "inferior." I am learning more about Latin every minute! I have often wondered why Latin became a dead language. Now I know that it is because it is inferior to others. Latin is also "conceited." *That* meaning fits—or ought to. Why shouldn't Latin be "conceited," since it is so much older than other tongues and since it is the base of so many languages?

Then, there is the best meaning of all—"epidemic." I can see a slight connection there, too. An "epidemic" of a disease always leaves some traces behind—such as scars or nervousness. Latin has the same effect. You must never speak of Latin to a high school student for at least six months after graduation; for if you do, he will shudder violently, and a wild light will come into his eye. That is your signal to escape while you can.

O, my dear reader, I beg your pardon! Upon second glance, I find most of these meanings, herein quoted, are obsolete. I certainly am sorry for taking up your time. Perhaps Latin is "popular" in spite of my statements to the contrary. What do *you* think?



Autobiography of a Word

William Saltzman, '34

Listen here, ye children, and ye will hear a most wondrous tale. I, the "Linking Verb Is," set forth in this year of wonders to seek the great city, "Grammar."

On the first lap of this journey I met a most dangerous giant, "Ignorance." A hard battle I had with him, but a gallant knight rode into the fray and killed "Ignorance." When I asked him who he was, he answered, "I am 'Public School'; ye will hear more of me," and at that he disappeared.

I kept on going and met a terrible dragon,

"Foreign Immigration," whose tongue was famous for killing parts of speech. I fought until I could fight no more, and at this point the gallant knight, "Public School," again saved me by taming the dragon's tongue with his sword, "Education."

I again walked up the trail and met the old stubborn mule, "Incorrect Speech," who stood in my way. I tried and tried to push him out of the road, but it was no use; the mule just stood there. As I was almost in despair, "Pub-

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Christmas, 1914

Edward L. Waterman, '32

THREE men crouched in a fire-bay off a frontline trench somewhere in France. Eeee-BAM! A shell burst, and the three ducked and then slowly arose.

"This war is getting on my nerves," said Lieutenant Sir Raymond Lansing, "I've been out here since September, and here it is almost the first of January—I say this is Christmas isn't it?"

"So it is," agreed Lieutenant Eric Norwin, "and what a Christmas! Do you remember when we came out? They told us we would be home and the war won by Christmas. Home—I don't ever expect to see it again."

"Now, Eric," said the youngest of the three, Lieutenant Paul Maykings, "that's no way to talk. Think what would happen if the whole blooming army should get like that. Why, the Boche would walk all over us."

"Well, I'd stay and fight in the mud and vermin for the next ten years, if I could get home for this Christmas," said Norwin. "I'd like to see my wife and nippers again. Tonight, the wife and I would send them off to bed and tell 'em to go right to sleep or jolly old St. Nick would pass 'em up in his rounds. Then after the kids were gone, we'd set up the tree and lay out the gifts and turn in ourselves. And tomorrow morning—"

"Aw, shut up," growled Lansing from his seat on the fire-step, "you've nearly got young Maykings in tears with your silly ranting, and I dare say you've made me feel not a bit cheerful either."

For a few minutes not a word was spoken. Each of the three men sat thinking of his own home and his own Christmas.

Lansing was the first to speak. "What are you thinking of, laddie?" he asked Maykings.

Maykings sighed, "Home," he answered, "just think if it hadn't been for this rotten war, I'd still be going to Oxford. I'd be going home for the holidays, down to the family

place in Kent. I can see it now, the old house decorated with holly and bits of evergreen and a jolly Christmas tree. How I wish I were there now! I should have stayed there. Anyway I should have finished school before I came out. I wasn't made to stand war. It's driving me mad, this knowing that every minute may be my last. I'm a bleeding coward that's what." He buried his face in his hands and was quiet.

"Really, laddie, I wouldn't say that," said Norwin placing a comforting arm across the boy's shoulders, "it's just a spot of homesickness."

"Right," agreed Lansing, "that's all it is, and now let's go into the dugout and get some food and rest. You know we attack tomorrow."

"Bright idea," said Norwin getting to his feet. "A little warm food will make us feel a bit brighter. Come on."

The three arose, walked along the muddy trench to a dugout, and descended to their Christmas supper of thin soup, tough bully beef and weak tea.

All along the front, men stood waiting in the trenches—waiting for nine o'clock—to go over the top and plunge into that maelstrom of death and destruction. A heavy barrage from the British and French artillery pounded the German trenches until it seemed that nothing could live in such a terrible bombardment. In the British trenches some men waited patiently for the hour; some swore and fretted, and some muttered silent prayers for safety.

Norwin and Maykings stood waiting in the trench. "Seen Lansing?" asked Maykings.

Norwin turned from watching the shelling, "Not this morning," he answered. "Heard he went up the line for orders from the major. He ought to be back soon."

For a while both watched the bombard-

ment until Lansing sauntered calmly down the trench and stopped near them. "Cheerio, fellows," he greeted them, "Merry Christmas."

The two turned. "Thanks," said Norwin. He smiled grimly. "Looks merry doesn't it?"

Lansing sat down on the fire-step and lit a cigarette. "I've the orders," he remarked casually. "We three are to lead these two platoons across. We can stay together going across since our work is to keep with the men and defend the German trenches when we get them against a Counter 'attack.'"

"I'm certainly glad that we'll go together," said Maykings. "I have an horrible fear of being shot in the stomach and taking hours to die alone and out there in No Man's Land."

Lansing tossed his cigarette away and arose. "Don't talk like that, laddie; you'll come out all right," he said.

"Maybe," said Maykings dismally, "but, as I said last night, I'm a coward."

"Now cut that talk," snapped Lansing, "and get set to go over. We've only a minute and a half."

They stood tensely their eyes on their watches. Slowly the minute hand crept on toward the twelve. Nearer, nearer, and then it was nine o'clock. The shelling stopped, whistles blew along the trench, and with a cheer the men went over the top.

The enemy rifle and machine-gun fire opened up, tearing great gaps in the British line, but on they went until it seemed that they would reach the enemy trenches. Then the German artillery went into action and dropped tons of red-hot steel on the gallant British, forcing them to retreat. Slowly, fighting every inch of the way, they retreated to their own trenches. There they returned the fire of the enemy, and bullets flew thick and fast across No Man's Land.

Norwin, Lansing, and Maykings had gone over the top with the rest, and, although many about them were wounded or killed, they went unhurt until the German artillery started shelling. A shell exploded almost at their feet. Lansing was tumbled into a nearby shell-hole

with a wound through his chest; Norwin's left leg was badly mangled, and he lay moaning with pain, unable to move. Maykings was struck on the head by a piece of shell casing. If he had lacked the protection afforded by his helmet, his skull would surely have been crushed, but, as it was, he was only knocked unconscious.

When Maykings awoke, he looked about him, bewildered. Slowly his senses came back to him, and he looked about for help, but the British had already retreated. Then he looked about for his companions and saw Norwin lying a few yards away and crawled to him. When he had bandaged Norwin's wound and dragged him into a shell-hole, he found Lansing unconscious in the bottom of the shell-hole with his body half in a pool of stagnant water. At first Maykings thought he was dead, but, on discovering that he still breathed, he bound up his wound with bandages from Norwin's first aid kit.

After making the two wounded men as comfortable as possible, Maykings thought of getting back to the British trenches. He decided to have a look about, but no sooner did he lift his head above the edge of the shell-hole than a hail of bullets from a German machine-gun struck the ground about him, and he ducked back. Realizing the impossibility of escape, he stayed in the shell-hole with Lansing and Norwin.

Slowly the day wore on. Norwin suffered greatly from his wound but was conscious and, at intervals, conversed with Maykings. Lansing was delirious or unconscious most of the time, and both of the wounded men suffered intensely from thirst.

All day long they stayed there. Late in the afternoon Lansing's condition began to grow worse, and, to add to their distress, early in the evening their water supply gave out. Terrible pain twisted the faces of the wounded men into grotesque expressions of torture; but not a word of complaint, escaped their lips. Maykings realized that he must get help or Lansing and Norwin would die.

"You can't get out," protested Norwin,

"you'll be killed before you've gone a yard."

"That's the chance I'm taking," said Maykings, "if we stay here, we'll die anyhow, and now I may be able to make it under cover of darkness."

Without another word Maykings crawled over the edge of the shell-hole and disappeared into the darkness. Slowly he crawled along on his stomach toward the British line. A star-shell burst over head, and the flare floated slowly to earth. Maykings lay still until the light from the star-shell had faded away; then he crawled on about fifty yards more and stopped to get his bearings. When he started on his way again, his boot struck an empty canteen which rolled into a shell-hole with a loud clatter. Instantly a storm of bullets struck about him, and he felt a sharp blow on his left arm. He tried to move it, but it remained limp and numb at his side.

He continued on his way; every inch seemed a hundred yards and every yard a mile. Slowly he approached the British lines; his arm pained intensely, and it seemed that he would never reach his goal.

Suddenly his coat ripped on barbed wire, and he lay still fearing another hail of steel. A voice from the darkness challenged him in a decided Cockney accent. "Who goes there?"

"Friend," he answered in great relief.

"Advance and be recognized," said the voice.

Maykings crawled to the parapet and climbed down. The man, recognizing an officer, saluted.

"Take me to your captain," ordered Maykings.

He was taken to a dugout where the captain sat at a desk pouring over a pile of papers. The captain looked up when Maykings entered. It was the commander of Maykings' own company. "Maykings!" he cried. "We all thought you were dead. Why, you're wounded. I will have a man take you to a dressing station."

"It's only a scratch, sir," said Maykings. "I'll be all right. I was marooned in a shell hole with Lansing and Norwin; they're both wounded—Lansing may be dying. As soon

as it got dark I came in for a rescue party."

"I'll send a detail with you as soon as your wound is dressed," said Captain Brailey, and he called his orderly who was standing outside.

When Maykings, with his arm in a sling, reported for the rescue work, he found six men waiting for him. They climbed over the parapet, and crawled toward the shell-hole, going slowly to avoid making any noise and stopping every time a star shell burst. Maykings hardly felt the burning pains that shot up his arm as they push on with the rescue. At last they reached the shell-hole, and the two wounded men were loaded on stretchers brought for that purpose. In the same slow, quiet manner, they made the trip back.

When they reached the trench, the wounded men were sent to a dressing station, and Maykings started along the trench to the captain's dugout. Suddenly the trench seemed to spin around, and then everything went black.

Makings awoke in the dressing station. He sat up and looked about. His arm swathed in bandages hung in a sling. On his left lay Marwin and Lansing both too weak to take much interest of what was going on. He shut his eyes and was lost in a mental survey of the rescue when the faint and familiar voice of Norwin made him sit up. "So you're awake at last," said Norwin, "a bloomin' hero like you shouldn't spend all his time sleeping."

"How is Lansing?" asked Maykings.

"He'll be all right," was the answer, "got him through the right chest. Didn't even touch his lung, but it'll send him home to Blighty for a few months."

Maykings looked puzzled. "Blighty?" he queried.

Marwin grinned. "Sure," he said. "They are sending us home to recuperate."

"It sounds too good to be true," said Maykings wearily.

"Not only that," Marwin continued, "but you, the timid one, are getting a D. S. C. for your hero stunt. How is that?"

You get a blinkin' medal, and you go home to the family estate in Kent for a visit; Lansing

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A Conciliation by Agreement

A One Act Play

by

W. S. COLE, Jr.

CHARACTERS

Assistant Engineer, later Major, Charles
Young, U. S. A.

Major, Randolph, C. S. A.

Chief Engineer, later Colonel, Barton, U. S.
A.

Assistant Engineer, later Captain, James
Holmes, U. S. A.

Orderly.

Messenger.

Scene

S. W. Tennessee.

Time

Spring 1860

Spring 1865.

ACT I

Scene I

Chief engineer's cabin, near Glendale Tennessee, littered with papers and instruments. Barton looking over a blueprint by the window. Spring 1860.

Enter Holmes whistling.

HOLMES: Hello Chief.

BARTON: Hello Jim, how did you make it on that cut today?

HOLMES: All right for the crew. We haven't got enough men though.

BARTON: I know it, but what can we do about it right now. The heavy work is all done by negroes down here; there isn't enough vagrant white labor down here to do a job like this and the planters own the blacks. We will have to wait until we can get some from Nashville. Where's Charley?

HOLMES: He went down the line. Said he wanted to see what those fellows on the grade job were doing. He'll be right back.

Enter Young downcast.

HOLMES: Well speak of trouble and here it is. Why the unhappy, mournful, and downcast appearance.

YOUNG: Worse than that. I went down to take a look at the work on that grade about half a mile back. There's a bridle path that crosses the lines about there. It isn't used much now since the railroad cut across it. Well, as I got about there a fellow about twenty-five or so rode out and started to climb the grade to cross the tracks. There were some men working there and one of them, a young free negro about sixteen, threw a shovel full of dirt over his shoulder, not knowing that there was anyone about. It hit the horse right in the chest. I don't blame the horse for jumping but he caught his rider by surprise. That fellow took about as neat a throw as you would hope to see. He alighted at the top of a little hollow and slid the whole length of the incline on the seat of his breeches. The negro was too surprised to do anything but stare. These negroes don't think very quickly as a rule. The young fellow picked himself up in a hurry and when he turned around I saw that a fair sized piece of the seat of his breeches had become detached in the skirmish. He was some mad. There was some good thick mud at the bottom of the pit to make matters a little more

picturesque if not more pleasant. In about two jumps he was out of that hollow and started for the negro, with his riding crop in his hand and his eyes blazing fire. The negro knew that there was going to be no time to apologize but he didn't run. He just waited, too frightened to move. By the time I arrived that negro had taken a darn good licking, these Southerners don't know how to treat a man. I don't believe in the equality of the white and black races by any means, but beating up a fellow who didn't dare to fight back for fear that he would be lynched is against my principles and besides, the negro was working for us. In about two minutes I'd rendered that fellow unfit for social exhibits for the next few weeks.

HOLMES: Well I don't see anything to mourn about in that. You licked him didn't you? He must have got in a terrible blow with his crop to give you that red welt on your face.

YOUNG: That isn't the worst of it. He didn't hit me with his crop; he didn't have time. Just as I got through operating on him Judge Randolph and his daughter, Emily, came out of the same path. You remember her don't you, Jim, the girl we met at Major Houston's last week?

HOLMES: Don't be absurd! How could I forget her? I'm going over and call on her next Sunday.

YOUNG: Well call it off. It seems that this fellow I licked is her brother. She's the one who gave me the facial decoration.

HOLMES: Brother?

YOUNG: Yes, brother. She rode up to me and landed her riding crop right in my face. The old Judge cussed quite a lot and made some remarks about honor, gentlemen, pistols, etc., but I was so surprised that I couldn't even think, much less say anything. Young Randolph managed to pull himself together enough to mount his horse. He said that although he wouldn't be honored by so doing, he would derive considerable satisfaction out of settling this affair with me later.

BARTON: What did you say?

YOUNG: I said that it looked to me as if it was finished but that I was going to stay

around here until the railroad was finished in case he wanted anything special. Can he cause any trouble to the road, chief?

BARTON: No. This is a New York company, you know.

HOLMES: There's trouble enough though. Gosh! but she was beautiful.

BARTON: Well let's eat. Light the lamp, Jim; open a can of that corn beef, Charley.

YOUNG: Sure thing, chief.

HOLMES: Right-o. I should think that you'd use more discretion when you get into a fight.

YOUNG: I wish I could. Say answer me this, will you?

HOLMES: What?

YOUNG: What kind of horses do they make this brand of corn beef out of?

Scene II

Headquarters 143 U. S. Infantry, Town of Glendale Tennessee.

Spring 1865. Colonel Barton and Captain James Holmes seated at a table.

Enter: Young in Major's uniform.

MAJ. YOUNG: Hello gentlemen. Chief—or rather Colonel—

COL. BARTON: That's all right, Charley. I'll be Chief again in a little while. These rebels won't hold out much longer.

MAJ. YOUNG: That's right. But I was going to say that I ran across the railroad that we were building when the war broke out and we had to stop construction because Tennessee seceded. They haven't used it since; it's all grown up to bushes. The sight of it was reminiscent though. Have you forgotten that beautiful Randolph girl, you were so crazy over, Jim?

CAPT. HOLMES: Randolph girl? What Randolph girl?

MAJ. YOUNG: I thought likely. In all probability, not more than forty of the best looking girls in America have claimed your attention since Miss Randolph. I haven't forgotten her though. My face ached for a week after she hit me. I felt rather bad at the time about spoiling your chances. Remember now?

CAPT. HOLMES: I remember what your face looked like but Miss Randolph is rather vague.

MAJ. YOUNG: Well—there you are.

Orderly rushes in and salutes.

ORDERLY: Confederate troops approaching from the Bennock road, sir, five miles distant.

COL. BARTON: Gentlemen, to your posts. Orderly have the bugler sound Assembly.

They rush out, Col. Barton buckling on his sabre.

Scene III

Same—5 hours later.

Enter Colonel Barton and Major Young.

MAJOR YOUNG: That was certainly a lucky stroke when we went down that old bridle path and then up the railroad to the road. That cut-off of two miles enabled us to surprise them in a royal fashion. They didn't know whether there was a brigade or a battalion opposite them. How many did we capture?

COL. BARTON: I don't know yet. Captain Holmes will be in with the figures right off.

Enter Captain Holmes.

COL. BARTON: What were the results, Jim—er—Captain?

CAPT. HOLMES: Four killed and ten wounded for us, Colonel, twenty killed and nineteen wounded for the rebels. We captured two hundred and three—the whole battalion. A lucky stroke, they didn't have time to get under arms so there weren't more killed.

COL. BARTON: That's fine. Where's their Major?

CAPT. HOLMES: I'll bring him right up, sir.

Exit Captain Holmes.

COL. BARTON: I don't suppose we'll find out anything from him but I'm curious to know where the rest of his regiment is. With two hundred prisoners on our hands, we've got to watch out.

Enter Captain Holmes and Confederate Major.

MAJ. YOUNG: My word!

COL. BARTON: Control yourself, Major. What's the matter anyway?

MAJ. YOUNG: Why it's Randolph, the fellow I had the fight with down by the bridle path four years ago.

COL. BARTON: I hope it's a happy reunion. Have a chair, Major.

MAJ. RANDOLPH: Thanks, I will. Let me assure the Major that there are no grudges on my part. I've experienced a slight change of view during this War.

COL. BARTON: Where's the rest of your regiment, Major?

MAJ. RANDOLPH: I have nothing to say, sir.

COL. BARTON: Why were you detached?

MAJ. RANDOLPH: I'd be delighted to accommodate you by answering, but it just isn't done, you know.

COL. BARTON: Well we don't force you.

MAJ. RANDOLPH: Thank you, sir.

Enter Orderly.

ORDERLY: Messenger from Brigade, sir.

COL. BARTON: Send him in.

Enter Messenger.

MESS.: Letter from General Faulker, sir.

COL. BARTON: Orderly, see that the Lieutenant receives refreshments.

ORDERLY: Yes, sir.

Orderly and Messenger go out. Colonel Barton opens the letter.

COL. BARTON: Gentlemen, this letter from General Faulker says that Lee surrendered two days ago. The war is over. It won't be necessary for you to go to headquarters, Major. I'll parole you and your men here.

MAJ. RANDOLPH: Thank you, sir. I've feared this for some time. The South is exhausted. Slavery is gone and with it the South that I love. The question of state rights is settled for all time. We must now work for the good of the Union.

COL. BARTON: You are right and I hope that the politicians will let you alone.

MAJ. RANDOLPH: We have faith in Lincoln's fairness, sir.

MAJ. YOUNG: You and I had a little

(Continued on Page 51)

ALONE

Elizabeth Schiro, '32

QON board the S. S. Hamburg which was on its way from Germany to America in November, 1893, was a group of emigrants anxiously awaiting the day when they would arrive in New York Harbor. In each heart was that eagerness to emerge from the ship into the Land of the Free. It was a long and tedious journey until finally on December twenty-fourth, the "Hamburg" sailed into the harbor of New York.

In her usual majestic fashion, the Statue of Liberty greeted the ship. Little did each passenger know of the hardships which he must undergo in this bountiful land.

The throng of novices disembarked from the ship and meekly went forward into their new surroundings.

In the crowd was a slight German girl, from beneath whose faded blue veil could be seen a charming young face, encircled with soft flowing golden hair, shining forth. Together with the crowds, Gretna Kahn hastened, and with the rest was taken into New York City. Once in the big city, all went on their way. Some people were met by their friends, others appeared to know their whereabouts, but Gretna remained friendless and penniless in this vast country.

Now, it was growing dark and a soft snow began to fall. It was Christmas Eve when all hearts were joyful.

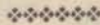
Slowly, Gretna walked down the quiet street.

As she gazed into a shop window, she saw a holly wreath and her thoughts went back to her old home in Germany. How cheerful Christmas had been when the family were all together; how she would sing carols to her friends on that night of nights. She would have given her very life to be back there again and greet Saint Nicholas with the kiddies. But—all this had past, and here she was, half frozen and half starved, in a strange land.

The church bells could be heard in the distance chanting one of the favorite ancient hymns, "Come All Ye Faithful."

Gretna listened for a moment, and then sang forth the same hymn in a voice as lovely as that of a nightingale. She had not been singing long before people from all around were gathering close about her to listen to a voice more enchanting than they had ever heard. Greatly surprised by the gathering of people, Gretna stopped singing, only to be urged on by the by-standers. She sang until her condition of hunger and cold overcame her, and she dropped to the ground, exhausted.

When Gretna awoke, she found herself in a home glowing with the warmth of a fireplace and cheered by the presence of a huge, highly ornamented Christmas tree. A kind woman was feeding her hot broth while a jolly middle aged man was telling her that he recognized her to be the daughter of Herr Kahn, his former neighbor in Germany.



The M. O. H. Club Does Something Big

Helen Tremble, '32

THE Hammon Twins, Margaret and Molly, and their most intimate friends, belonged to the Make Others Happy Club which they had formed after hearing an inspiration talk from their sixth grade teacher. Since this club had been formed, many good and helpful things had been done by it, and the girls and boys in

the club had changed from thinking only of their own fun and good times to thinking also of the good times of others. Every Christmas the club had a party in the Town Hall for all the poor children. At this party the girls and boys had an entertainment for the children, and Fatty Brown stuffed himself and a few pillows into a Santa Claus suit and gave out

rag dolls and pincushions to the girls, and jack-knives and tops to the boys.

On Hallowe'en what fun they had! What a party they had in the Town Hall! The walls of the hall rang with laughter and cheers. The hall and the children were especially dressed for the occasion and what a wonderful time they had! Tubs of water with bobbing apples in them were in the center of the floor, and the costumed figures of the children darted all around the hall.

Besides these parties, the children enjoyed many coasting parties on School Hill and skating on School Lake, at the foot of the hill. The M. O. H. Club members benefited from these gatherings as well as the children for whom they were held. But they weren't satisfied with doing small things like this; they wanted to do something big.

In the early fall while they were hunting around for something to do, they decided to have a bazaar. Not only the members of the club but also the village children were to take part in it. Instead of having this entertainment in the Town Hall, it was to be held in the park as it was warm weather. Booths were put up under the shade of the trees, and everything from candy to flower pots was sold. Tables and chairs were placed under the trees, and cooling drinks of lemonade and iced tea were served. The village children had never had so much fun at any of the parties as they had taking part in this bazaar. The most wonderful entertainment was given by the village children, who felt very proud as they had arranged the program themselves with little help from the club. The parents of the children were admitted to the entertainment free, and more than one grateful parent of the village came to thank the members of the club for helping their children.

After the Bazaar was over and Christmas was approaching, the M. O. H. Club members

first heard of the Widow Black, who lived in an old shack out in the country. She lived all alone with her parrot, Jeremiah, and a few chickens. She had a very hard time getting along on the little money she received for the few eggs she got from the chickens. Here, thought the boys and girls of the club, was a chance to do something besides arranging a party for the village children. The annual party for the village children was held the afternoon before Christmas, and on Christmas Eve, the members of the club piled into three sleighs loaded down with things for the Widow Black, and started on their way to do something big.

"Jeremiah, I guess we had better go fix the chickens for the night. I wish we might have a little fire, but we must save the wood for tomorrow to celebrate Christmas Day. I used the last bit of tea this morning so we will have no tea to-morrow," said the Widow Black to her parrot as she bundled herself up to go out to fix the chickens for the night.

As soon as the door closed after her, in trooped the boys and girls with the good things to eat and the Christmas tree. They filled the wood-box behind the cook stove and built a fire in the stove and in the fireplace. In front of the blazing fire in the fireplace, they put the decorated Christmas tree. The things to eat they piled high on the table in the center of the room. The tea kettle was singing merrily on the stove. When the Widow Black was heard mumbling to her parrot as she came back into the house, the boys and girls slipped out.

"Land sakes, Jeremiah, what is this?" With tears streaming down her face, the Widow said, "The good Lord has answered our prayers, Jeremiah."

The boys and girls of the Make Others Happy Club, peering in at the window, felt that at last they had done something big.

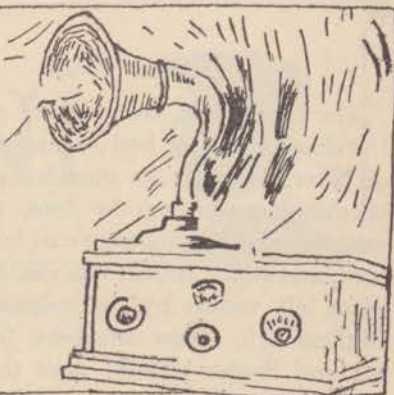
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

Fr '29



"There is no failure for the good and brave."—Archbishop Trench.

CLASS ELECTIONS

The two upper classes have elected their officers for the year; and the following are those chosen to pilot the Senior class through the process of graduating:

President.....Don MacKinnon
Vice-President.....Carroll Blanning
Secretary.....Louise Rosie
Treasurer.....George Carlisle

The Juniors have chosen for their leaders through that Junior event, the Exhibition, these favorites:

President.....Joe Mullen
Vice-President.....Thelma Butterfield
Secretary.....Helen Tremble
Treasurer.....John Bartlett

SNAPDRAGONS

The Snapdragons, the freshman girls' debating society of Bangor High School, elected their officers for the coming year at the regular meeting, October 14. The officers are:

President—Mary Gulnac, Vice-President—Jean Kent, Secretary and Reporter—Esther Fenlason.

The question for debate for the next meeting was assigned, with Claire Libby and Mary Kellan for the affirmative, and Carolyn Long and Nettie Nason for the negative.

A club song, "Snapdragon Pals," was sung at the close of the meeting.

LIBRARY NEWS

During the school-year of 1929-30, Mrs. Carroll's English classes gave the following

books to the school library:

Eadie—I Like Dying.

Ellsberg—On the Bottom.

Page—Everybody's Aviation Guide.

Chase—Silver Shell.

Chase—Uplands.

Furness—New Variorum Shakespeare — Macbeth.

Garnett & Gosse—English literature.

Boynton—London in English literature.

Dole & Gordon—Maine of the Seas and Pines.

Miss Thomas' Home Room (311) gave:

Sandburg—Abe Lincoln Grows Up.

The Silver Shell, by Mary Ellen Chase.

A shining, iridescent shell from an unknown shore brings adventures and happiness to Judith and to the children of the light-house keeper on a lonely island off the Maine coast.

Uplands, by Mary Ellen Chase.

The lives of three young people in Maine uplands furnish material for a story which has the same tragic beauty as *Mary Christmas*.

Abe Lincoln Grows Up, by Carl Sandburg.

This book is the first part of a longer biography of Lincoln by the same author, telling of his boyhood in the backwoods, until at nineteen, leaving home to make his fortune at New Salem, "Abe Lincoln grows up."

On the Bottom, by Commander Ellsberg.

Commander Ellsberg tells the story of the raising of the S-51; of the perilous work inside the submarine and in tunneling thru the clay in order to get chains under the ship. The book is illustrated by photographs taken at all stages of the long and thrilling battle.

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club, composed of students from the classical course, had an interesting meeting on November 20. An amendment to the Constitution, concerning the dues, was voted on and accepted. Votes were cast for a new treasurer, and Betty Brown was elected to take the place left vacant by the resignation of Ruth McDonough. New members, from the Junior and Senior classes, were taken into the club, and signed the roll of members.

ASSEMBLY

On Friday morning, November twenty-first, we heard a very interesting speaker at the Assembly exercises. Rev. Joseph W. Beach, director of the Near East Relief in Soviet Armenia, spoke for a short time about the ways of living among those people with whom he has been in close contact during the last five years. He told very dramatically of the long process that must be gone through to make a loaf of bread in that country. Mr. Beach is planning to return to Soviet Armenia to carry on his work under the Near East Foundation.

HOME ROOM PROGRAMS

The new plan for home room programs has been very successful, and some interesting discussions have been given in the Monday morning periods. Under this plan, a chairman for one program is chosen to pick a committee to carry out some interesting program for a particular Monday.

In room 211, one Monday, with Betty Russ as chairman, examples of correct invitations, acceptances, and introductions were given. For her program, Katherine Epstein chose to have her committee tell about the donor, the subjects, and the artists of the many pictures about the home room.

Mr. Prescott's home room pupils, for their Monday program, each brought some interesting or amazing fact to tell to the others.

The pupils in room 101 sponsored a debate on the question of the value or lack of value

in high school sororities and fraternities.

Room 309 won first place in the home room competition.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club is pleased to announce that Principal Taylor and Dean Connor have been made honorary members of the Debating Club; and that the students who so kindly contributed their talents for the vaudeville at the Debating Club Dance have been made associate members of the club.

The schedule for November-December meeting of the club has been completed, and each member is doing his utmost to make this the best season in the history of the Debating Club.

DRAMATIC CLUB

On December 12, the Dramatic Club is to present two humorous plays, "The Kleptomaniac" by Margaret Cameron and "Wurzel Flummery" by A. A. Milne. Tryouts were held on November thirteenth, fourteenth, and seventeenth, and the following casts were chosen:

The Kleptomaniac

Mrs. John Burton (Peggy)..... Louise Rosie
Mrs. Valerie Chase Armsby—a young
widow..... Winifred Brown
Mrs. Charles Dover (Mabel)..... Natalie Sanders
Mrs. Preston Ashley (Bertha)..... Phyllis Peavey
Miss Freda Dixon..... Frances Flynn
Miss Evelyn Evans—a journalist
..... Frances Clough
Katie—Mrs. Burton's maid..... Dorrice Trickey

Wurzel Flummery

Robert Crawshaw, M. P..... Leonard Ford
Margaret Crawshaw (his wife).....
..... Christine Curran
Viola Crawshaw (his daughter)..... Geneva Fogg
Richard Meriton..... George Carlisle
Dennis Clifton (a solicitor).....

..... Gorham Levensellar

(Continued on Page 49)



"When you and I were young—"

Henry P. Gulnac, '30, is the recipient of a scholarship at Union College where he is now a freshman. Pres. Frank Parker Day of the College announced that 58 scholarships averaging about \$285 a piece and totaling \$16,395 were distributed this year among the undergraduates.

Four Maine students are among the thirty-one at Wheaton College who qualified for the Dean's List this semester with scholastic averages of 85 or above. Two of this number are Charlotte Thompson and Ruth Jordan of the class of '28.

Betty Spangler, '29, was chosen vice-president of the Sophomore Class at Wheaton College at a mock-wedding in which she took the part of the maid-of-honor.

Helene Mosher, '26, who for the last few years has been living in Berkely, Calif., is now in New York City for concert work and further study. Miss Mosher has been the mezzo-soprano soloist at Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church for the last three years, and her splendid voice is familiar to a wide circle of friends through her church and concert work. All of her local study has been done with Harrison Ward, well-known baritone and teacher. Louis Graveure, internationally known singer, said last year of Miss Mosher: "I believe she will make a great success as a concert singer."

Bangor High School will be glad to hear that Norman Cahners, ex-'31, who is a student at Phillips Andover, won his 'A' Saturday, Nov. 9, in the game with Exeter. This annual football clash between Andover and Exeter is one of the oldest and most prominent events in the foot-ball world. Fortunate, indeed, is

the boy who wins the coveted letter. Among the notables at the game were Mr. and Mrs. Gene Tunney.

Evangeline Hart was recently the winner in the State Audition Contest held at Portland. Miss Hart is the pupil of Wilbur S. Cochrane and is a popular member of the musical circle. She expects to participate in the national contest in December.

Rosemary Allen, '21, instructor in English and Dramatics at Cony High, directed the difficult comedy, "The Goose Hangs High," at the opening of the Cony Alumni Hall. "The Goose Hangs High" was once presented in Bangor by the Carroll Players, and although a modern comedy is far from easy for amateurs.

Charlotte Cahners, '30, has the distinction of having been chosen as one of the editors of the Lasalle school paper known as the Lasalle Leaves. She is also taking a leading role in a theatrical performance which the college is putting on during the holiday festivities.

Recent marriages among B. H. S. graduates are:

Lillian MacDougall, '25, to Harold A. Fuller.

Agnes C. Sullivan, to Eugene J. Lee.

Ruth B. Epstein, '29, to Samuel A. Lenhoff.

Helen B. Russ, '25, to Kenneth G. Powers.

The engagements of Henry S. Dowst '22, to Margaret Mairs, and Rose Maynard, '28 to Cornelius J. Russell, Jr., have been announced.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"Fear is the great enemy of humanity."

BAPST AND CRIMSON TIE IN ANNUAL CLASH

Before a crowd of over 2,000 enthusiastic football fans, John Bapst High School upset the dope bucket when they held their Big Crimson Rivals to a scoreless tie.

In the stands there were many loyal Crimson and White followers who would have given their heart, soul, and last dollar to have seen the Harlow Street eleven mow the other club down. But such was not the outcome, and everyone in the vast throng which filed through the gate at the finale was loud in his praise for the great fight of the warriors in Purple.

It must be remembered that this was Bapst's big game of the season, and that "Mull" had not drawn his club to a fine edge, for their big struggle with Portland at the Forest City was yet to come.

First Period

Doherty kicked the new pigskin to Haggerty, who skirted from the ten yard line to the thirty before being dropped. Bangor tried the line twice and then sent Burr back to punt; the Crimson end lifted the ball to Dunc McDonald who brought it back nine yards to midfield.

Bapst was unable to make the required ten, and kicked the ball to the Crimson machine. Furrow, Baker, Libby, and Haggerty made first down at three yard clips.

Another two cracks at the line netted small

gains, and Burr whipped a pass to Haggerty for ten and a first down. The Purple club dug its toes into the turf here and took the ball on downs. They were unable to gain and the play see-sawed back and forth at midfield in a punting duel until the quarter ended.

Second Period

Bapst had the ball in her possession on her own 38 at the start of the second frame. On the first play, Hickson slipped off right guard for twenty yards and a first down. A clear field lay beyond him but Libby saved the day by bringing him down.

Korsky on the next play, was stopped by York for a five yard loss, and the Purple kicked to Bangor's 28.

Bangor, trying to slip a play through right tackle, was stopped for a four yard loss, and Burr then reeled off a pretty boot to Bapst's 30 yard strip. Hickson and Babine in trying to find holes met a stonewall. McDonald got off a poor punt of ten yards, but Libby fumbled, and the Purple recovered for a gain of eight yards.

Three rushes netted eight yards, and McDonald kicked to Bangor's thirty. The teams mixed things up from here to midfield, the period ending with the ball in Bapst's possession on Bangor's forty-five.

Third Period

In the third period Bangor kicked 40 yards to McDonald who came back 13 yards to open

the play. Babine picked up two yards, and Hickson went through guard again for 13 yards and first down. Bapst fumbled and recovered for no gain. McDonald on a wide end run lost 12 yards, and Hickson picked three through the line.

Bapst dropped back to punt and got off another poor punt, but again the Crimson fumbled, and the Purple took the ball on recovery on Bangor's 48. McDonald wiggled through the line for 10 yards and a first down. Babine made a yard. McDonald then shot a pass to Hickson for 12 more and another first down.

The Purple machine continued registering 4 yards, two, then lost five on a penalty; Babine lugged the pigskin 13 yards for another first down.

The play was in the shadows of the goal posts now, and the Crimson warriors, with their backs to the wall, would not yield another inch; three line plays and a pass went for naught, and the Crimson took the leather on downs.

Burr kicked to Korsky at the 45, and he was dropped in his tracks. Hickson got 6, and Babine five for a first down. The period ended with the ball in Bapst possession on the 34 strip.

Fourth Period

The Crimson, seeming to receive a punch from some where, gathered some additional "kick," and the play from then to the fadeout was waged in Purple territory. Furrow made 12 yards in three plays for first down bringing the ball to the 45 yard line.

The Crimson let loose a sky attack but failed to make it function, one pass, a pretty 20 yard heave from Burr, slipped through Furrow's arms as he stood on the 22 yard line with a clear field ahead. Failing to make the distance, Burr kicked to Bapst at the 6 yard line. The Purple tried three plays, with their backs to the wall, and McDonald kicked from his goal line to the 40 yard line.

The Purple eleven as a whole captured the spotlight of the game with the individual plays

of Hickson, Babine, McDonald and McDougall of Bapst coming in for plenty of recognition. The work of York, Furrow, Haggerty, Libby and Thompson deserves mention.

BANGOR (0);

BAPST (0)

Burr, lere, Corey, Spellman
Thompson, lt.rt, McDougall
Harper, lg.....rg, Burke,rg, Morrill
Knaide, c.....e, Clukey
York, rglg, McDonald,lg, Blin
Hewes, rt.....lt, Doherty
Hunt, re.....le, Chisholm
Leavitt, qb.....qb, Korsky
Libby, lh.....rh, Babine
Baker, rh.....lg, McDonald
Furrow, fb.....fb, Hickson,fb, McPhee

Officials: Kent, Maine, referee; Jordan, Notre Dame, umpire; Goodrich, Colby, headlinesman. Time four 10-minute periods.

BANGOR LOSES TO PORTLAND

As was generally expected, the crimson eleven of Bangor High, met defeat in the first of her two annual clashes with Portland High, 7 to 0. The heavier Bangor team was out-classed from whistle to whistle and had but one lone opportunity to score, and that failed to materialize when a toss went bad on the Blue 13-yard line in the third period. This schoolboy clash, usually a brilliant one, was rather a dull and drab affair, despite the fact that more than 3000 fans, 500 of whom were from Bangor, filled the stands at Bayside Park.

The Bangor delegation of rooters, headed by the local championship band, provided plenty of support for their pigskin warriors. Nevertheless, the punch was not there, and the Mulvaney men were forced not only down to defeat, but to their eleventh consecutive shutout by the Portlanders. It seems that Portland holds the upper hand in their football encounters with Bangor in years of late.

There might have been a different score at Bayside Saturday, but for the toe of Johnny Burr, whose excellent kicking, no doubt, held the margin of victory as slim as it was, 7 to 0.

Time after time, Johnny booted Bangor out of danger after the men of Fitzpatrick muffed opportunities to cross the last white marker. Bangor made but two first downs; therefore, the story of their downfall, for a pair of ten yard gains could hardly be expected to cop a verdict in any man's football game.

Bangor, winning the toss and choosing to defend the East goal, received the kick-off, but running into a stone wall on the first play, quickly returned the ball. Portland swung into a running stride with four drives at Bangor's weak left side, and reached the 25-yard line. Connors and Blaisdell plugged away to bring the leather to the 2-yard line, where, on a tackle play, Connors fumbled, the ball being recovered by Baker. Burr kicked out of danger to the 40-yard line, but the Blue machine, clicking on all twelve, started another drive that terminated on the 40-yard line, where the Crimson took the ball on downs. Burr again kicked out of danger.

Portland's lone tally came during the middle of the second period, after a drive, featuring several brilliant runs by Elowitch, had carried the ball to the 2-yard line. Connors scored, and Manley added the additional point via the place kick route.

Bangor had its one chance to tally in the third period when Connors fumbled on his own 29-yard strip and York recovered for the Crimson. Bangor, however, could not take advantage of the opportunity, and the play fizzled when Connors retrieved his error by intercepting a pass on his own 13-yard marker.

The honors for the day for Bangor were captured by Burr, York, and Knaide; while for Portland, Elowitch and Connors had the spotlight.

PORTLAND 7

Flaherty, le }
 Drummond, le }
 Dodwell, lt. }
 M. Pistaki, lg }
 Porter, c }
 Nalbach, rg }
 Buckley, rg }

BANGOR 0

re, Ferry
 rt, Hewes
 rg, York
 c, Knaide
 lg, Harper

Ward, rt. } lt, Hart
 } lt, Thompson
 Kelley, re. }
 Blaisdell, qb. } qb, Haggerty
 Elowitch, qb. } qb, Leavitt
 Elowitch, lhb. } rhh, Baker
 Manley, lhb. } rhh, Stewart
 Connors, rhh. } lhb, Libby
 Elowitch, rhh }
 Gallagher, fb } fb, Furrow

By periods:

Portland..... 0 7 0 0—7

Touchdown made by Connors. Point after touchdown, Manley (place kick). Referee, McDonough, Augusta; Umpire, Mathews, B. C.; Head linesman, Young, Maine.

OLD TOWN ELEVEN DEFEATS BANGOR

An inspired and ever alert Old Town team handed "Swede" Mulvaney's Crimson gridders a 2 to 0 set-back on the mud-soaked outer Broadway athletic field before 1500 schoolboy followers. It was the second time in history for a Green eleven to reverse the count on Bangor High and came as a surprise to the followers of both teams. The field was mud-soaked by the hard driving rain.

The invaders registered their lone two points half way through the first period when the crimson had been nailed for a brace of 8 and 10-yard losses. A high, wild pass from Knaide at center floated over Burr's head who was standing on his own eight yard line, waiting to punt. Burr, on recovering the pigskin behind his goal line, was nailed by a mass of Green players who had swept through the local's line.

Shortly before this, the Curran machine had put in an appearance on the Crimson two-yard line. Bangor's stonewall defense stopped a drive that fell short by feet. Old Town had recovered Libby's fumbled on the Crimson 27-yard line on the second play after Hewes had been dropped in his tracks with the kick-off on the 30-yard strip.

Bangor held the edge in first downs registered and gained considerable more yardage

from scrimmage, but the 20-yard line was the nearest that the Green would allow her to approach the "up-rights." The Crimson really threatened but once during the afternoon despite the fact they seemed to have the edge.

Bangor's threat was in the final stanza when a brilliant sky attack forced Old Town to back track from Bangor's 30-yard line to their own 20. Here, however, the Canoe City Eleven refused to yield another inch and took the ball on downs.

The story is Old Town was in there all the time with a great deal of fight, and always giving their utmost. Stuart and Burr shone for the locals in the backfield, and the work of York and Hewes in the line came in for recognition. For Old Town, Violette, Shumway, Guerin, Murray, and Nelson captured the individual glory.

THE SUMMARY

OLD TOWN (2)	BANGOR (0)
King, le.....	re, Ferry
Harris, lt.....	rt, Hewes
Craig, lg.....	rg, York
Guerin, c.....	c, Knaide
Violette, rg.....	lg, Newman
Thibreau, rt.....	lt, Hart
Cunningham, re.....	le, Morgan
Shumway, re.....	le, Farwell
Murray, qb.....	qb, Leavitt, Haggerty
Moran, lh.....	rh, Baker
Taylor, rh.....	rh, Stuart
Nelson, fb.....	lh, Libby
	rh, Brown, Burr

Officials: Kent, Maine, referee; McGinley, Bates, umpire; Manter, Bowdoin, headlinesman.

Time: Four 10-minute periods.

FIGHTING CRIMSON BREAKS BLUE JINX AFTER SIX LONG YEARS

A rejuvenated, fighting, and not to be beaten, Bangor High School football team, heeded not the driving rain, the cold northeast wind, nor the mud-soaked gridiron, as they emerged in triumph in a 6 to 0 victory over their ancient rivals from Portland in their 73rd annual

encounter. It was certainly a different looking bunch of boys that hung the defeat on the Blue warriors, from those who took a beating at the hands of the up-river boys from Old Town on the Saturday before. They had the punch and above all the fight that was so noticeably lacking in that last encounter. Bangor had at last shaken off the jinx that has caused them to go down to defeat time and time again in the last six years. It was indeed a glorious victory for the Crimson jerseyed gridsters, and they deserve all the praise that can be given them. Bangor has her Stewart, and her Furrow, but it was her big John Burr that enabled her to put the game on the ice. John's punting was superb. His fifty and sixty yard spiraling boots were the biggest factors in the Crimson victory. His ability to place them must not be forgotten. Another cog in the Big Blue defeat was the work of Harry Stewart, crimson halfback. The only time during the game that anyone on either side really got free, was when Harry weaved, side-stepped, pivoted, and stiff-armed his way to a sensational fifteen yard run in the last half that gave the boys their incentive to score.

Again, it was Stewart who, receiving a pass while running counter to his goal line, turned about, evaded Manley, a big gun for Portland, and carried the ball to Portland's one yard line.

Here the Portland line made the greatest stand that has been made in many a year. She held for four big downs, big because, if any of them were successful, it would spell defeat. After the last Crimson plunge, and the heap of players were finally dragged off, it was found that all but three inches of the ball was across the last white marker, and that it was first down for Portland. Undaunted by this however, the Crimson, who were expecting a kick, broke through on the very first play and blocked the boot of Manley, and Elmer Hewes, veteran tackle, fell on the ball for the touchdown.

Portland really showed signs of its ability to hit the old line and advance the ball down the goal strip, but due to fumbling and kick-

ing that was not up to par, they failed to cash in. Early in the first period, after an exchange of points, they pounded the line for gains that brought three first downs in a row, and as the quarter ended, they had advanced the ball to the twenty yard line. As the second quarter opened, Portland tried four times to break through the Crimson line but failed to register first down. Here Burr got off a beautiful sixty yard punt which put the ball into Portland's territory, and here the ball remained for the rest of the period.

In the third period Bangor, with her back to the wind, and aided by Stewart's beautiful runs, brought the ball within scoring distance, and in the final period, with the ball within scoring distance, aided by a pass in which Stewart figured prominently, brought the ball to the one yard line. From here came the blocked kick and the touchdown.

Much can be said of the loyal Bangor High School band, who braved the driving rain storm, to watch their favorites. Many of the old "grads" were also there, and there was a gleam in the eyes of almost everyone, as the long sought for score came.

After the game the rooters came into town in the true style of victors. They fairly went wild; it was a new experience.

After the game, due to the efforts of Phil Somerville, the members of both squads were treated to a fine banquet. Principal Taylor of Bangor acted as toast-master, and the banquet ended by each team cheering the other.

The summary:

BANGOR (6);	PORTLAND (0)
Burr, le.....re,	Kelly, Drummond
Hartt, lt.....rt,	Ward
Harper, lg.....rg,	Nalbach, Buckley
Knaide, c.....c,	Porter
York, rg.....lg,	Pistake, Kerrigan
Hewes, rt.....lt,	Dodwell
Ferry, re.....le,	Flaherty, Rideout
Haggerty, qb.....qb,	Blaisdell, Elowitch
Stuart, lhb.....rhb,	Manley
Libby, rhb.....lhb,	Connors, Blaisdell
Furrow, fb.....fb,	Gallagher

POWERFUL RED EDDIES DOWN HARD FIGHTING CRIMSON CREW, 7 TO 0.

A fighting Bangor grid machine repulsed three assaults on their goal line, but the raging Red Eddies would not be denied and in the fourth period secured the ball on the Bangor 30-yard stripe, when a Crimson punt went almost straight up in the air. Vaillancourt uncorked a beautiful forward to Daunis, who romped to the Bangor four yard marker before being downed. Jordon carried the ball across in two line smashes that gave Edward Little a victory of 7 to 0.

A 25-yard pass from Leo Vaillancourt to Captain Frank Daunis put the ball a couple of strides from a touchdown in the second period; but the half ended after two rushes had failed to move it up a bit. Once again, a fumble by Jordon lost the ball to Bangor on their 10. The third time, Libby, who starred all day for Bangor, intercepted a pass on the goal line. Starting the second half, Edward Little received the kick-off. Vaillancourt and Graffam ripped through big holes which the Eddies' forwards tore in the Queen City ranks, carried the ball from their own 20, with six first downs, up to the 4-yard line.

Bangor got out of that scrap without being scored on, but shortly after the teams had changed goals for the last period, Vaillancourt punted to the 2-yard line, and the Eddies started back again after Burr had returned the kick to the 22. Bangor next quite successfully batted down a pass into the end zone.

Punting under pressure, Burr hoisted a weak kick that traveled only 10 yards to Spencer on the Bangor 30. One pass was grounded, and a thrust at the line netted only two yards; Vaillancourt again heaved a long forward pass to Daunis for 23-yards, putting the ball on Bangor's 5-yard line. Jordon required two rushes to carry it over, and Vaillancourt pushed over the extra point.

Libby backed up the Bangor line in great style, and his fine tackling stopped several Edward Little rushes. Pete Furrow, Crim-

(Continued on Page 43)



"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

There have been a few changes in the hockey schedule since the last issue. Castine will be unable to play us this year, and E. M. C. S. and the University of Maine Freshmen just once each, leaving only four games for the season.

BANGOR vs. M. C. I.

The first hockey game of the season was played with the fast M. C. I. team at Broadway Park, on Oct. 10.

It was a hard fought battle all through, but the girls from Pittsfield were destined to go down in defeat. The first half was fought, for the most part, in the center of the field, until the last minute when Bangor's forward line made a sudden rush on M. C. I.'s goal and Tremble put the ball through, making the score at the end of the half, Bangor 1; M. C. I., 0.

The second half opened with Steve at center in Tremble's place, Michaud as center half, and Silke in as right half for Hayes.

Shortly after the period opened, Warren scored a point for M. C. I. making the score even. But, this wasn't for long, for Stover poked another one through for Bangor on a penalty bully at M. C. I.'s goal line. Then came another one for M. C. I. by Webber and two more for Bangor, both by Stover, making the final score Bangor, 4; M. C. I., 2.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Stover for Tremble; Michaud for Stover; Silke for Hayes.

M. C. I.: Kinney for Tozier; Garrity for Stacy; Rutherford for Reed.

Referee: Rogers of U. of M.

Time: Two 20-Minute Halves.

Bangor Line-up:

L. W. West
L. I. Sanders
C. Tremble
R. I. Wiggin
R. W. Bradford
L. H. Allen
C. H. Stover
R. H. Hayes
L. F. Cunningham
R. F. Rosie
G. Shapliegh

M. C. I.

Tozier
Bailey
Warren
Webber
Clark
Stacy
Lagoris
Wren
Reed
Hubbard
Staples

BANGOR vs. M. C. I.

The second game was also played with M. C. I., but this time at Pittsfield on Oct. 31. This was a dark affair all around for the Bangor girls. The skies were overcast, the field muddy, and the Bangor team was lacking its usual spirit.

The first half was uninteresting, except for the three times when M. C. I. rushed the ball down the field each time ending up with a goal. The half closed with the score Bangor 0; M. C. I., 3.

The next half Bangor tightened up a little so M. C. I. was able to get but one hard fought for point. The final score was Bangor, 0; M. C. I., 4.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Cunningham for Jones; Michaud for Tremble;

Time: Two 15-minute periods.

Bangor Line-up:

L. W. West

L. I. Sanders

C. Tremble

R. I. Wiggin

R. W. Bradford

L. H. Allen

C. H. Stover

R. H. Silke

L. F. Cunningham

R. F. Rosie

G. Shapleigh

M. C. I.

Tozier

Bailey

Warren

Webber

Clark

Stacy

Lagorie

Wren

Reed

Hubbard

Staples

R. W. Bradford

R. H. Silke

C. H. Stover

L. H. Allen

R. F. Rosie

L. F. Jones

G. Shapleigh

Packard

Tapley

Mercer

Jackson

Tyler

Scribner

Jones

BANGOR vs. MAINE FROSH

Our last game of the season was fought out at the University of Maine on November 20. It was by far the fastest and hardest fought game that has been played this year.

During the first period the play was very even, centering around no particular part of the field, but near the end of the first half one of the Freshmen managed to get a goal, making the score at the half, Bangor, 0; Freshman, 1. The second period opened with a speedy goal for Bangor by Stover, followed soon after by two for Maine. It began to get dark at this point, and the play became a little wilder than it had formerly been. The play resulted in two more goals for the Frosh, and one more for Bangor, by Tremble. The score at the end of the game was, Bangor, 2; Frosh, 5.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Jones for Cunningham.

Maine: Bunker for Zeitman; Myers for Newman.

Referee: Lenyel of U. of M.

Time: Two 20-minute halves.

Line-up:

Bangor

L. W. West

L. I. Sanders

C. F. Tremble

R. I. Wiggin

R. W. Bradford

L. H. Allen

C. H. Stover

R. H. Silke

L. F. Cunningham

R. F. Rosie

G. Shapleigh

Maine

Cummings

Allen

Colburn

Young

Haney

Newman

Davis

Zeitman

Brown

Deane

Morrison

BANGOR vs. E. M. C. S.

This game took place at Bucksport on Nov. 15, and went down as another victory for the Crimson.

During the first of the first half, the Crimson's forward line rushed the ball down the field and Mildred Bradford socked it through for the first score of the game. Bucksport threatened Bangor's goal only once during the first half, and this, through the medium of fine team work, ended in a goal, leaving the score at the half a tie.

The second half was very uninteresting with all the play centering around Bucksport's goal, though the Bangor girls couldn't seem to get up enough push to put the ball through. However, during the last half-minute of the game, the girls made a *real* rush ending in a goal by Nat Sanders, making the score for the game Bangor, 2; E. M. C. S., 1.

Substitutions:

E. M. C. S.: Osborne for Jackson; Chase for Jones.

Referee: Plummer of Bucksport.

Time: Two 15-Minute Halves.

Line-up: Bangor

L. W. West

L. I. Sanders

C. F. Tremble

R. I. Wiggin

E. M. C. S.

Jewel

Bulmer

Felker

Cimballek



"According to the value."

From Other Schools

"The Jester"—Ellsworth, Me.

Besides being a good jester, it's a good newspaper. Biography seems to be the thing in Ellsworth—no less than four in one issue; keep it up; it's different. A few cuts would add to some of the departments.

"The Eagle"—Fort Kent, Me.

We agree with you that the *"Eagle"* is small, but, to be trite, it's "quality and not quantity" that makes a thing worth-while. It's a nifty little paper.

"Stephens Broadcast"—Rumford, Me.

Stephens evidently has some smart alumni, for we find on three of the *"Broadcast's"* four pages at least a third of a column devoted to praise of them. That's good spirit. Says the principal (of Stephens?) to a tardy pupil:

"Why are you late, young man?"

Replies the pupil:

"Coming to school I saw a sign, 'Go Slow—School Ahead.'"

"Pish-Ship"—Presque Isle, Me.

The Ship appears to be an Annual; but it must take a whole year to get out as good a paper as that. We might say that we think that some good jokes would be acceptable. There is so much poetry, and it is so good we'd like some day to copy a poem or two, especially "To Virgil." It can easily be seen that the Seniors of Presque Isle High suffer as much because of Latin as the Seniors of Bangor High.

"Unionite"—Grand Rapids, Mich.

We think the *"Unionite"* is one of the neatest papers ever. We like the drawings; we like the literary department—oh especially the literary department! We like all the news; in fact, we like the *"Unionite."* Come again!

Well! Well! North Coventry High in Pottstown, Penn. has a radio says *"Norco News,"* and on the day of the first game of the World Series, classes were cut short so that all those who wished to do so might listen to the game. No doubt that radio will be popular!

"W. S. N. S. Tip-Top"—Machias, Me.

In the girls' dorm at Washington State Normal School they have a radio, too, but the heartless teachers didn't shorten classes to listen to the World Series; all that they arrived in time to hear was the final score.

From the Colleges

We welcome the friendly *"Maine Campus"* from the U. of M. *"Chin and Chatter"* is a crisp column which well deserves its place on the front page.

"The Bowdoin Orient"—Brunswick, Me.

Humor is our weak point; so we are glad to read in the *"Orient"* that *"The Growler"*, an independent humorous magazine published by students of Bowdoin, will make its first appearance shortly before Christmas house-parties. As for the *"Orient"* itself, the editorials are right there.

PERSONALS



"Think fast."

Breathe Deeply

(As told to the Personal Dep't by His Honor H-l-s Cole)

IN these times even the dentist feels the necessity of reorganization. In ancient days—those pre-war ones—a patient bound upon the unpleasant adventure of an extraction was conducted to a gloomy room, where, after half-an-hour with views of the Fourth Bridge (first-edition photographs) and an account of the Derby of Jubilee year, a glum-faced woman in black would open the door and the patient, now thoroughly depressed, would follow her into the practical department. The dentist stood at attention half-way between the door and his abominable chair, and somewhere in the back-ground another gentleman, like an executioner seeking to avoid recognition, effaced himself behind the gassing apparatus.

But things are getting brighter. About a month ago, I made an appointment to have a tooth extracted. A jolly, jazzy little thing opened the door and led me into a bright and airy winter-garden.

"Now," she said, "what can I get you?" "Let me see," she continued—"there are some illustrated papers that came over by the Paris air mail, or here's a crossword puzzle nearly finished—I simply had to tear the last gentleman away from it. Or would you like a game of billiards with Mr. Robinson? He's waiting for his daughter. The cigarettes are on that table over there."

She left me, and I, feeling numb, helped myself to a cigarette, introduced myself to Mr. Robinson and strung for the break.

Just as I was on the point of defeating him in fifty up, (there always must be some little snag) the bright young thing appeared again, and together we flitted into the operating room. The dentist and the anesthetist greeted me cheerfully and simultaneously.

"I was just telling him," said the dentist, "about that shot of yours at the fifth on Saturday. I was playing the fourteenth with old Perkins. It was a mashie-niblick, wasn't it?"

"No," I replied, "only an ancient deep-faced mashie."

"You want plenty of face on a mashie," said the cheerful anesthetist, "specially if you take turf."

By this time I was in the chair and a twin to the other bright young thing had moved the gassing apparatus into position with the discretion of a well-trained butler.

The anesthetist picked up the mask; there was no sense of hustle. He dangled it like the lorgnette of an elderly duchess.

"I don't know whether you're interested in racing," he said, "but I've got a brother at New-market who has the winner of the Manchester November Handicap in his pocket."

"What is it?" I asked as he put the mask to my face.

"Breathe deeply," was the reply, and I heard no more.

I awakened with the usual feeling of exhilaration which follows gas diluted with plenty of oxygen, and, with my first coherent statement, I complimented all hands on the per-

formance, which indeed was most adequately staged. But I had quite forgotten the allusion to the Manchester November Handicap.

Except upon rare occasions I do not interfere in any way with the history of the turf, but the other day I happened at the club to hear some reference to this fixture. It was sufficient. Instantly I recalled the circumstances and the name of the winner.

I now propose to inspect the sporting papers, and, if "Breathe Deeply" still appears on the list of runners, I shall back him. I shall put all my new dentures on him. Ex.

CHIPS OUT OF THE WOOD PILE

S-d-y E-st-n, '31: I saw my doctor about my loss of memory.

Bill H-nt, '32: What did he do?

S-d-y E-st-n: Made me pay in advance.

She: What was the greatest war song ever written?

He: Here Comes the Bride!

G-o-ge C-rl-le, '31 (groaning): What is the cure for sea-sickness?

H-ck Mc-nn-s, '31: Give it up.

Nit: Did you observe Fire Prevention Week?

Wit: Yes, I got into the office earlier—the boss was threatening to "FIRE" me.

C-l Knaide, '31: When I started in life, I resolved that my motto should be "Get thee Behind Me, Satan."

H-l B-k-r, '31: Yeah, well, there's nothing like starting with a good backing.

"Ira" D-le, '32: I've been looking for work this morning.

"Abe" Ke-n, '32: What for?

Ira D-le: Idle curiosity. Just to see what it looks like.

Al-x-na M-ch-d, '31: Did you ever read Robinson Crusoe?—it's a great book.

'Pete' F-rr-w, '31: I had a rooster once, by the name of Robinson, but I killed him.

Al-x-na M-ch-d: Why?

'Pete' F-rr-w: Because he "Crew So."

Miss C-us-ns, (in history class): When did the revival of learning begin?

Students (in chorus): Just before exams.
—Puppet.

SONNY BOY

The day was dark and cloudy. Rain threatened. But Bangor High's oldest living undergraduate, unabashed strode lightly down Main Street, clad in the very latest wrinkle in ultra stylish abbreviated khaki pants, his pretty knees bravely exposed to the elements. A few paces ahead of him tottered a little old lady with a bundle under her arm. Accidentally, the package slipped and fell to the ground. Quick to seize the opportunity for service, up stepped our hero, raised the bundle from the ground and returned it to the lady. She smiled, "Oh, thank you sonny! And how many merit badges have you?"

—The Dartmouth.

WORSE THAN THAT

Longfellow could take a worthless piece of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth sixty-five thousand dollars.—That's genius.

There are some men who can write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth a million dollars.—That's capital.

The U. S. can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth twenty dollars—That's money.

There is a man in Paris who can take a seventy-five cent piece of canvas, paint a picture on it and make it worth a thousand dollars.

—That's art.

A man can take a fifty-cent article and sell it for a dollar.—That's business.

I could write a check for ten thousand dollars, but it wouldn't be worth a cent.—That's tough.

I'm so absent-minded, that I often think I forgot my watch; then I take it out and look at it to see if I have time to go back to get it.

—That's Heck!

'SID' EPSTEIN WISECRACKING ON THE HEADLINES

Gillette Merges With Auto-Strop.

—*Boston Transcript*

All the better to shave you with, my dear.

Poultry Weaker; Butter Steady.

—*Cleveland Daily*.

—and potatoes almost out on their feet.

U. S. Consul in Spain Hurt in Rail Mishap.

—*Boston Globe*.

An old spinach custom.

Morrow Viewed Clearing Field For Mr. Hoover.

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

Hoover going 50 yards for a touchdown.

Yale Charm is Won By Pittsburgh Boy.

—*Cleveland Daily*.

Ah! The Vallee in the coal fields.

(Mr. Epstein's personal views of everyday affairs is valued greatly by this department, and the hope is expressed that he will continue to favor us with his excellent work).

Football Mother: Son, you're looking fine, but what is that behind your left ear?

Football Man: My right one, mother.

What do you want for Christmas, John?

Yule do.

"A Delusion, a Mockery and a Snare"

Band Boys Beware!

Evening, Mr. Murch! Where's that big blond daughter of yours? Thanks I'll ankle right in.....What? Oh, that's all right; I can go in even if she does have company. I'm an old pal, you know!.....

"Well, well, girl friend, cheating on me again hey? Who is the dirty dog?.....Mr. Howe? First name. And, I suppose.....No? Too bad! Well baby, this party's dying on its feet, and you just know that I'm the boysie to bring it back to life!

"Have the nicest treat for you two. Here she is, snuggled under my coat—my little golden-hearted banjo, just quivering to tell you folks how blue, blue is! If you don't mind Mr. Howe, that's my favorite chair. Can't

do my stuff unless I'm comfy.....Thanks a lot. Now, folks, what'll it be? Name your tune. I play anything you can think of, and some you can't.....Oh, that's all right, girl friend. Your mamma will love it. There's nothing better for a sick headache than a little blue music, when it's played by a big blues singer like me! Say, it will fix any pain you've got. Listen to this:

Carry me back to the land of cotton,
I don't care if the cotton's rotten,
For I'm kind of rotten too-oo-oo,
Oh, I'm kinda rotten too!

"Going out on the porch? Swell idea! I love to croon in the moonlight. Move over, Mr. Howe, let me sit in the middle, so's we can all hear. Whoa! There went a string! But don't worry folks, I fix. Just tie a knot in it, and it'll play as good as ever. Vo-co do-do, dum-de-rum-dum! A little sour perhaps, but the show must go on. Now, we're set.....

"What? What's that? No whispering behind my back!.....Oh, sure! Let's all go for a ride. Just we three, and my baby banjo.....certainly, we can all fit in! I've been in tighter places than this.....Get a lap robe? Why woman, I won't be needing a lap robe! Well, O. K. have it your own way. Where is this rug? Just a second folks, I'll be right with you.....

"Hey there! Hey, wait a minute!.....Well! Of all the low-down dirty tricks! And I thought that girl was a pal of mine!"

—Marge

"You look sweet enough to eat,"

He whispered soft and low.

"I do," the fair one answered,

"Where do you want to go?"

Farmer: "Haven't I told you not to let me catch you in this orchard again?"

Urchin (running): "You ain't caught me yet, guv'nor!"

"No, I can never be more than a sister to you"

OK, sis, loan me two-bits."

Hee: "Aren't the stars numerous to-night?"

Shee: "Yeah, and ain't there lots of them!"

Mistress: "Hannah, have you seen Miss Jones' fiance?"

Hannah: "No, ma'am, it ain't been in the wash yet."

Boastful Painter: "I painted a picture of a face once that was so natural I had it shaved every Saturday."

"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Johnson?"

"Yes, but Miss Smith didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday."

Barker: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I've sold this tonic for twenty five years, and never once heard a word of complaint.

What does that prove?"

Sceptical Listener: "That dead men tell no tales."

Oh, Gerald, please describe again how you made that touchdown—Fido gets so excited!"

"I'm starting a laundry at the corner of South Road and North Road."

"Ah, ha! Dirty work at the Cross-roads."

A LITTLE TALK ON CORRECT DANCING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEEDY

Just as soon as the music starts and you can no longer control your feet, put a grin on your face to cover up the blank places and run boldly across the smooth floor to the best dancer in the hall and ask her for the first dance. She will no doubt be a little bit surprised, but will rise, and it is then that you grab her and step down the hall, silently counting to yourself, one, two, three, four, glide, turn, slide, etc.

If you should happen to know the tune that the orchestra is playing, don't fail to help out the volume by whistling; it makes things so much more homelike. Don't let a little thing like fox-trotting, or waltz, bother you. Remember, the more you make up in

dancing, the better you are judged. When the music stops, be sure to applaud and make enough noise so that everyone in the hall will know you are present, having a good time, that's what.

We all know that Money can Talk, but Here's a New One!

Ellsworth bride is shot on eve of wedding by finance.

HEADING IN BANGOR DAILY COMMERCIAL

And now we have the modern hitch-hicker, who starts out at night with phosphorescence on his thumb.

And Diogenes probably stopped looking for an honest man when his lamp was stolen.

Exchange.

L—ra H—ch—t— I love these old time songs, Don't you?

G—m—ie L—u—m—s—e—r—You said it! I could listen all night to

"Your the cream in My Coffee" and "I Gotta Go Where You Go!"

B—ll N—w—mn—Say, Fordy, you're walking with one foot in the gutter!

L—n—d—F—rd—Well, well, so I am—I thought I was lame.

Pooh! We've had miniature courses at our boarding house for years! *Exchange.*

He—Every morning you are my first thought.

She Your roommate tells me the same thing.

He—Oh! but I get up an hour before she does. *Ex.*

You kick him, Bill, my shoes are Cowards. *Ex.*

Party:—I just got a check from home.

Rough:—Pay me the five dollars you owe me.

Party:—Wait till I tell you the rest of the dream.

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The man who tucks his napkin under his chin may be reminded that it is unreasonable to expect a shampoo at the dinner table.

Finger Bowl—

A first experience with a finger bowl will determine whether a man is by nature a dabbler or a diver.

Forks—

Suspicion naturally attaches itself to those who hold their forks upright and draw their knives across them after the manner of cello players.

Spaghetti Beginners—

Nose bags are quite permissible for beginners with Spaghetti.

Food Carried from the Table—

Should be concealed in your pocket or hat.

Asking "Father for Her Hand."

Don't Let Her—

accompany you to the library door and shove you in. That indicates reluctance and queers you with Papa from the start.

Step Lightly in—

and say, "Well, Old Whiskers!" If he is of a playful disposition, he may hurl an ink-well at you, in case he does dodge gracefully so it will break a mirror; then call out merrily, "Strike one!"

Pleasant Relations—

having thus been established, approach the subject by saying you are willing to take the girl off his hands.

At This Point—

if you hear a hissing sound like an escape valve near the keyhole, pay no attention; you can with her get square when you are married.

If Papa says—

he cannot pay over her dot for a month, you should reply heartily that you can love her thirty days for herself alone.

When you are Leaving—

you must pretend not to notice that the

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front door is so securely locked that they are five minutes letting you out.

Note:

The Personal Department wish to state that the continuation of this feature, "Etiquette a la Carte," depends largely on your response.

Dad: Why did you get seventy-one in German?

Son: Well-er-er, you see Dad, that's par for the course.

Business Man: So you want a job. Can you keep books?

College Grad: No.

B. M. Can you sell my goods?

C. G. No.

B. M. Can you be an executive and boss men?

C. G. No.

B. M. Well, what can you do?

C. G. Oh, I could marry your daughter.

HEADLINES

"Complete Skull of Missing Link Found in Java."

—How would you like to find that in your coffee?

B-tty Br-wn, '32: What do you think of these talking movies?

Th-m-s Re-de, '32: Don't like them—they wake me up.

She: How can I get to the nearest hospital from here?

He: That's easy, just stand out in the middle of the street in the center of all that traffic and close your eyes.

Leo H-gg-ty, '31: Do you know I've had this diamond in pawn for two hundred dollars?

B-rn-e C-st, '31: You have had that small, cheap diamond in pawn for two hundred dollars? I don't believe it.

Leo H-gg-ty: Well, I have. I put it in two hundred times—a dollar each time.

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THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Oi! Oi! Another Fumble! What do they think they are playing out there, drop the handkerchief? Of all the bonehead plays I ever saw! Those guys ought to be digging ditches."

"But look at all that terrible mud, and it's raining so hard they can't see."

"Horse Feathers! It's their business to see. At a time like this, a forward pass! And they call it a football team! Take him out! Take him out! He's dead from the neck up!"

Oh, the poor man! He got kicked in the stomach. He's unconscious!"

"I'll say he's been unconscious all the time. Come on now boys: try that hidden ball again, and hand me another laugh. What did I tell you? Sweet mamma! At a time like this they try the hidden ball! What those boys don't know about this game would fill a library."

"Well, my gracious, if you knew so much about football, why didn't you go out for the team when you were in College?"

"Who, me? Say, I should be a sap like that! Work my head off and probably break my neck or get Charley horse in my leg like a billiard ball, just to give a thrill to a bunch of dumb-bells sitting in a grand stand that wouldn't know good football if they saw it? Not for your Uncle Ned. Come on, you dummies, get out there and fight!"

When Lawrence Staples fell out of his chair in Chemistry, Mr. Thurston said "Don't mind that, it's only physical change and we're studying Chemical change."

L-ll-an C-ff-n '31: Whaddya mean saying I'm stupid? Apologize—say you're sorry!"

'Don' P-rk-r '31: I am sorry you are stupid!

In our opinion a genius is a man who can re-write a traveling man's joke and have it accepted by the Woman's Home Companion.

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."

—Caveman.

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"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."

G-ne-va E-st--n, '32: I can't see how you can learn to be a prize-fighter through a correspondence school. How can you get any practice?

D-ve R-ch, '31: Oh, I get the practice licking stamps.

Mrs. ———: Today has been such a miserable day. Everything went wrong. I baked a pie for you, and the dog ate it (goes into a spasm of tears).

Mr. ———: You baked a pie for me and the dog ate it! Well, don't cry, dear, we'll fix that, I'll buy you another dog.

Vaudeville Singer: And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die.

Listener (rising): Is Miss Laurie in the audience?

Sam:—Why are you wearing that old sweater in class? Haven't you any shirt?

Al:—Sure, I have lot's of shirts, but they are both in the wash.

There is only one more thing to be feared. Warner Bros. and the Sunshine Biscuit Co., might combine to make talking animal pictures.

Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no," explained Mr. Binks, cheerily, "my engine died here and I'm digging a grave for it.

Mr. So and So: How is your son getting along in his music?

Mr. Kern (proudly): Well, it isn't proper for me to compliment my own son, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours, listening to his playing.

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BOYS' ATHLETICS*(Continued from Page 26)*

son captain, reeled off a thirteen yard run for Bangor's only gain of any distance. Hart was also in on a heap of plays. After the game, the Webster Junior High team of Auburn defeated the B. H. S. Freshman 7 to 0. The summary:

BANGOR	EDWARD LITTLE
Burr, le.....	re, Darling, Capaon
Hart Thompson, lt.....	rt, Cross, Hager
Harper, lg.....	rg, Bates, Gross Hager
Knaide, c.....	c. Richards, Steward
York, rg.....	lg, Rogan
Hewes, rt.....	lt, Yakawanis
Ferry, re.....	le, Daunis
Haggerty, Leavitt, qb.....	
.....qb, Valliancourt, Maguire	
Libby, lhb.....	rhb. Graffam D. Nichols
Stuart, rhb.....	
.....lhb, Spencer, Hubbard G. Nichols	
Furrow, fb.....	fb, Jordon, Benoit
Bangor.....	0 0 0 0—0
E. L. H. S.....	0 0 0 7—7

BREWER DEFEATS CRIMSON 7—6

Before a great throng of spectators the Brewer High eleven upset Bangor by the close score of 7—6. This was the second gridiron victory over Bangor in 27 years.

It was courage and glorious fight that held the crimson line in check throughout the game, even when the Bangor team, after an 81-yard march, surged over the final white stripe, just 20 seconds before the final toot of the referee's whistle. With the seconds slipping by, the crimson chose to let Libby try for the extra point. Libby had lugged the leather nearly every inch of that 81-yard journey, but this time he failed. With but eight seconds to go Brewer was not to be denied, and as the ball nestled down in the crimson halfback's arms, an Orange and Black horde swept over him. It was all over; Brewer had tucked away a victory.

Bangor made seven first downs to Brewer's five. Four of these were made in the Crimson's long drive, or rather Libby's long drive, in the

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final period. In that long march Bangor gave signs of much hidden power, power that was anything but apparent throughout the first three periods.

It took three attempts for Brewer to break through that rugged Crimson wall on the two yard line, but break through they did, to register the second touchdown ever scored by Brewer against Bangor. The other was in 1928 when Brewer won 6—0 at Brewer.

It was a great football game from beginning to end, a game that will go down on the books as a decided credit to both victor and vanquished. Both teams entered the game on an even keel; there was no favorite. There was not any weight advantage for either team. The crimson died fighting, falling short by but a split-second of making the game a deadlock.

BREWER (7);	BANGOR (6)
Hooper, le.....	re., Burr
Ford, lt.....	re., Hewes
Gilbert, lg.....	rg., York
LaCrosse, c.....	c., Knaide
Winchell, rg.....	lg., Harper
Sparks, rt.....	lt., Hart
Palmer, re.....	Thompson
Blackman, qb.....	le., Ferry
DeLaite, qb.....	qb., Haggerty
Miles, lhb.....	Leavitt
Grossman, rhb.....	rhb., Stuart
Graves, fb.....	l.....hb. Libby
	fb., Furrow

BANGOR CRUSHES ORONO IN POST SEASON GAME

A perfect day, a perfect crowd, and a perfect football game drew the curtain on the 1930 season at the outer Broadway Athletic Field. A heretofore undefeated, inspired, determined Orono team offered a glorious fight to "Swede" Mulvaney's raging Crimson charges. The final score was 20 to 0 in favor of Bangor.

Bangor had drilled and drilled to manufacture a defense that would render Orono's passes null and void. But the big minute had arrived; and the first thing that was offered

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to the spectators, after Hatt had received the opening kick-off on the 20 yard line and galloped to the 35 line before being downed, was a 35 yard bullet peg, Fortier to Black.

Haggerty on the first play slipped off right tackle and skirted 40 yards to bring the ball to the 33 yard stripe. Furrow hit the line for three yards, again for four more, and Libby got a couple off tackle for first down. Then Libby pegged Haggerty a beautiful pass successfully terminated on the nine yard line. Two more bullet rushes by Libby and Furrow placed the pigskin exactly on the last line stripped line. Furrow in crossing the goal line fumbled, but the loose ball was recovered by Hunt for the first score. Burr registered the extra point via the place kick route.

The fireworks opened again when one of Fortier's passes was intercepted by Stuart on his own 30-yard line, and through a broken field he side stepped, twisted, and squirmed for 70 yards and the second score of the game. The run, one of the prettiest ever seen on a local gridiron, brought the stands to their feet as he dodged through the whole opposing eleven. Burr's place kick for the extra point failed.

The final tally of the game came in the opening minutes of the fourth period, climaxing a drive started at the close of the third, and ending with the ball on Orono's three yard line. Haggerty had reeled off a neat 20 yard run, coupled with a 28 yard pass, Stuart to Libby, to put the Crimson in scoring position.

BANGOR (20); ORONO (0)

Burr, le.....	re, Beaulieu
Thompson, lt.....	rt, Perkins
Hart.....	r.....g, Gass
Harper, lg.....	M. Myers
Newman.....	c, King
Knaide, c.....	lg, H. Myers
Reed.....	Sullivan
York, rg.....	Small
Hewes, rt.....	lt, Hardy
Hunt, re.....	Spencer

(Continued on Page 51)

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STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 20)

BAND

The activities of the High School band during the last few weeks have been many and varied, and in almost all cases most interesting to the band members. The work of the band in the Armistice day parade has been commended very highly, and the display of marching ability given by the band shows that it is coming back to its splendid form of former years.

At the appearance of the U. S. Army band under the direction of Captain W. J. Stannard, the high school band opened the program by playing a famous march written by Mr. Stannard, and later in the program the Army band dedicated one of its selections to the band that has been crowned New England champions for three years, namely our own cadet band. It was also at this program that Mr. Robinson directed the Army Band as it played the Stars and Stripes Forever.

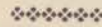
At the assemblies of the school the band has in recent appearances shown great improvement; this is perhaps due to the fact that there have been new members added, thereby causing the band to have a greater volume, an improvement that is appreciated by the student body in general.

Another great event in which over half of the members of the band participated was the all-state band. This band was composed of the best high school musicians in the state, and the fact that there were over forty members from our organization speaks very highly of our standing. The all-state band, which was under the direction of Mr. Robinson, played at a concert given at the Teacher's Convention and was a great success.

The new members who have been admitted to the band have nearly filled the trumpet section, and have greatly helped the French horn section. There are still, however, many members in the Junior band, who will soon be promoted to the Senior organization, and,

(Continued on page 53)

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A CONCILIATION BY AGREEMENT

(Continued from Page 16)

affair some years back, sir. Perhaps it would be best if we shook hands on it.

MAJ. RANDOLPH: With pleasure. You see this war has given me a different attitude on several things and I wish to apologize for what I did that day. To me a negro was nothing. It's different now. In '62 we raided here and I was shot in the leg in a running fight. I couldn't move and, to make the situation worse, the bullets were whistling close. A negro, whom some one in our column had forced to do camp duty, ran through the hail of bullets and carried me to shelter. By that time I had fainted but when I recovered I asked to see him. It was the same negro whom I had beaten when you rightly licked me, Major. I feel different about negroes now. I believe that the freeing of the slaves will result in a deplorable economic condition in the South but I cannot but look upon them now as human beings. If you will give me my parole now, Colonel, I'll be going. I haven't been home for two years you know. It's just a little day off. I'll be honored if you gentlemen will consent to be my guests tomorrow night.

COL. BARTON: Certainly. Just sign this paper, please.

MAJ. YOUNG: What became of your sister, Major?

MAJ. RANDOLPH: She married an officer in a Mississippi regiment, Major. He was wounded and they went to live on his plantation.

MAJ. YOUNG: Well, it's just as well, Jim, that there are lapses in your memory.

CAPT. HOLMES: Yes. I suppose it is—in a way.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 47)

Morgan	le, Day
Haggerty, qb.	qb, Fortier
Libby, lh.	rh, Black
Stuart, rh.	lb, O'Leary
Furrow, fb.	fb, Hatt

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When bigger and better wars are fought the
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Senior: What size shoe do you wear?

Fresh: Size two and a half.

Senior: What?

Frosh: Yeah, two cowhides and half a keg
of nails.

Exchange.

H-n-y Fl-nn: Did you hear about Helen
Kane rooting for Minnesota against Purdue?

B-ll Fr-a-r: No, what about it?

H-n-y Fl-nn: Poo-poo-purdue.

Don't sell the old homestead, Grandmother,
Turn the old barn into a hot dog stand.

Don't Shoot Pard!

"Oh, what a funny looking cow!" said the
chie young thing from New York. "Why
hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons why a cow does
not have horns," replied the farmer. "Some
are born without horns and do not have any
until the late years of their life. Others are
de-horned, while still other breeds are not sup-
posed to have horns at all. There are many
reasons why cows sometimes do not have horns.
But the chief reason that this cow does not
have any horns is that it isn't a cow at all. It's
a horse."

Exchange.

Si-v-a Al-ert: What are you doing?

Mi-n-e Al-ert: Writing a book.

Si-v-a Al-ert: What a novel idea!

Our idea of nothing at all is a bladeless knife
without a handle.

In the game it's grit.

In spinach it's terrible.

"You're crazy," said the mattress to the
quilt.

"Joe has a glass eye."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No; it just came out in the conversation."

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORD

(Continued from Page 10)

lic School" appeared with his squire, "Daily Practice," and they soon pushed "Incorrect" out of the road into the ditch, and I was free to go on.

After this my going was easy, and at last I reached "Grammar City" in the country of "English." To my surprise I found out that the gallant knight, "Public School," was king of "Grammar City," and ye maybe sure, my children, I was very proud to have been saved by "Public School."

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 49)

when these boys are admitted, the number of the band will be swelled to nearly its last years' quota.

With the opening of the basket ball season, the band will again make its appearance at the games held at the City Hall.

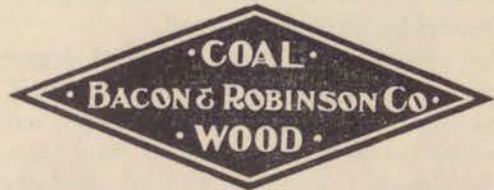
GLEE CLUBS

This year the two glee clubs of the school are unusually busy. The girls' glee club which is perhaps the most active sang at the Teacher's Convention and made a very fine showing. It is expected that they will make an appearance at assembly before the Christmas holidays. Many of the clubs were members of the festival chorus, and part of the chorus success at the Festival Concert can be accredited to their glee club practice.

The boys' glee club has already organized and very promising results are expected when it is really in full swing. The glee club for the boys was first organized last year under the direction of Mr. Wilbur Cochrane, and it is hoped that the success of this year's club will be as great as that of last year.

City Slicker: When does the five-fifteen train gets in?

Station Master: Waal, it generally gets in just a little behind the engine.



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THE SCHOOLS AND THE ENRICHMENT OF HUMAN LIFE

(Continued from Page 7)

accept mere hear-say, and shows us how to test information and appearances. The reasoning student, unlike the news-gathering, gossip values facts as part of a net-work of cause and effect which it is his duty and pleasure to understand for the common good.

This last phrase suggests the third degree of training. When facts have been collected, tested, and explained, it remains to put our knowledge to practical use. This third function of schools is finding a steadily widening application in every school that attempts to teach by doing, and to prepare for thoughtful citizenship by developing right attitudes.

The fourth possible service of schools is the training of feeling and taste, so that we come to appreciate life for the rich thing it may be, and to act with consideration for the interests of our fellow-men. Only the rankest kind of narrowness attempts to express the value of an object of art in dollars and cents. We must live, to be sure; eat, wear clothing, and sleep in a house in winter, but the best part of life is that which shall not be "by bread alone." Culture like other graces cannot be bought and sold, but must be lived through. The big danger of leaving school too early is the danger of personal littleness.

College days do more than others for mental freedom, broad-mindedness, and taste. When we come along toward the end of our journey, we know that no part of the way has been more worth training than the way toward a bachelor's degree in the liberal arts and sciences.

CHRISTMAS 1914

(Continued from Page 13)

goes home to Mayfair where he can glut his blasted soul on tea and muffins, and I spend a few months with the wife and nippers. Wasn't such a beastly Christmas after all, eh what?"

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