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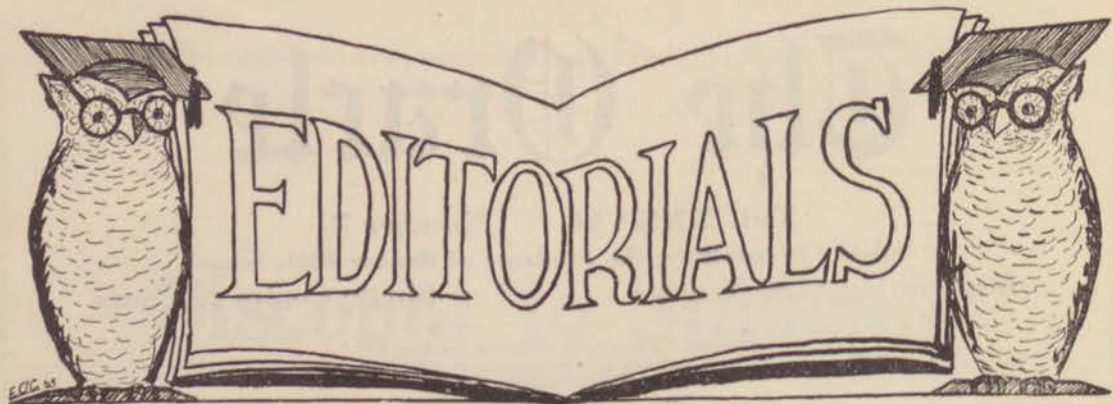
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"Procrastination is the thief of time."

GET A HEAD START ON COLLEGE

A GREAT many of us intend to enter some higher institution of learning next fall. To do this, some of us are required to take examinations next June, while others are striving to attain certificate grade covering their four years' work in Bangor High. Early preparation is the best way—perhaps the only way—to achieve admittance to college. Primarily, each student must fully understand the requirements of the college he intends to enter; having done this, his chief object should be the completion of these requirements. Principal Taylor, as in the past, is only too eager to discuss with each member of the three upper classes, what the college of his choice expects from his high school course; and he will gladly help us in every possible way. It is the duty of everyone who has college in mind to consult with Mr. Taylor at the earliest moment.

Anyone who thinks but a moment about the numerous benefits derived from college life will not hesitate to outdo himself in preparing for such a worthy object. Not only the higher knowledge gained, but the friendships formed, the development of responsibility and self-reliance, the broadening of the mind—these and many other benefits serve to make a college course the best four years of one's life. The youth becomes a man; he learns to stand on his feet, and prepares himself to face the bizarre yet interesting ways of life.

We repeat, let us not put off our work of preparation until too late. We go to school for an education, which Professor Huxley once

described in the following words: "Education is doing what is supposed to be done, when it is supposed to be done, whether you want to do it or not."

Go to college now, not next September!

TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

TRUE Christmas spirit is a thing which is sometimes lacking in many of our American homes of today. It is leaving only the semblance, the mere shell, of its true self behind. This "shell" is the giving of gifts.

In a well-known magazine there appeared the other day an article telling of the advantage of a permanent out-door Christmas tree. Given among the advantages of such a tree was this one in particular: the clutter around an indoor tree would be done away with.

We all know how fretted the family is the twenty-sixth of December. Mother has had all the work and planning to do. After a hectic Christmas Day, what is more tiring to her than the sight of a house cluttered with Christmas trimmings which greets her eyes on the "morning after the night before." Dad is in hardly a lovable mood, for Junior's electric train and Mary's new fur coat, which she "just had to have," made a far larger bill than he had intended to pay. But of course Junior and Mary are delighted, although they would have liked to have had money enough to get Mother a good scarf, and Dad a pair of slippers instead of the necktie. The train and coat hold their charm but for a short time, however,

and what Christmas spirit Junior and Mary had, is soon lost.

Is this the Christmas spirit which we should have? This spirit is not like that which this holiday should bring. Christ was born to bring "peace on earth, good will toward men." This giving of gifts merely satisfies our selfish desires.

The spirit of Christmas should go on throughout the year. Why? The reason is obvious. What good did the coming of Christ do us, if we merely celebrate the spirit of his birth one day in the year? Certainly, we should practice this spirit throughout the year.

How can we do it? Do not think that if we "do a good turn daily" as the Boy Scouts do, we are fully practicing this spirit. Indeed no, that is merely following a given maxim. What we should do is to do each act or deed unselfishly. That is an important factor. Christ did all his life those deeds which have lived on, quite unselfishly; we should follow in his foot-

steps in our manner of doing things.

Still, unselfishness must not be a lone factor in Christmas spirit. A wealthy man may tell his secretary to write a sizeable check for every deserving charity drive that comes to his attention; yet, the philanthropist would have no large degree of unselfishness in his soul. He would not benefit in any way in regard to his Christmas spirit. He would, it is true, have a spark of unselfishness, yet with that spark must needs go an accompaniment of love; and, indeed, we oftentimes receive a gift, or see an action, in which is brought to light that accompaniment of love, and it is of more worth to us because of the sentiment portrayed therein. There is nothing for us to do which can be definitely set down, except that whatever we do earnestly should be done unselfishly and with a sincere feeling.

Let us try during this coming year, both as individuals and as a school, to do more to carry on the true Christmas spirit.—C. R.



The Technical Course

By Michael Luosey, '29

MY PURPOSE is to outline and explain briefly the subjects taken up by a student in the Technical Course at Bangor High School. This course was made up to enable boys to learn manual training and at the same time to prepare them to enter college if they desired to do so.

In the first year of High School, the Technical student has wood-shop, mechanical drawing, and algebra, besides Ancient History and English. During two periods each day for half of the school year the Technical student is in the wood-shop, and under the direction of Mr. Holyoke he tries hard to learn the different joints used in making cabinets and boxes, also how to turn out candlesticks, lamp-stands, and other fancy wooden articles on the wood-lathes. Besides these he learns how to run the machines common to most lumber mills, namely: the surface planer, the buzz planer, the

cutting off saw, and the band saw, and also how to use correctly the various hand tools. During the last two years a number of teachers' desks have been made entirely by the students and are fine examples of workmanship.

For the other half of the year, during two periods each day, the student can be found in the room assigned for mechanical drawing, perched high upon a long-legged stool and bending over his drawing board, frantically using his triangles and long pencil in order to picture correctly the different solids in their many positions. In this he is carefully supervised by Mr. Potter, an expert draftsman and fine teacher. Mechanical drawing is one of the most interesting and also one of the most trying studies, for when you think you have everything perfect, the instructor usually

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*"Oh! Nature's noblest gift, my gray goose quill;
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will."*

A Cat in the Kitchen

By Beulah M. Smith, '29

FOOTSTEPS came down the corridor outside the kitchen in the Big House. The door opened and the Mistress appeared, carrying in her arms a sleek black cat, whose green eyes blinked lazily.

"Katie," called the Mistress, imperiously.

"Well, mum," came the answer, as there appeared from the pantry a cook, unmistakably Irish in appearance, wit, and temper.

"Katie," repeated the Mistress, "Miss Channing has refused to continue with Carol's French lesson this morning unless I remove Capers from the schoolroom. She says that he bothers her and distracts Carol's attention from the lesson. I can't have him with me as I'm going to be busy, so will you just let him stay here until lunch time?"

Katie eyed Capers, who was properly named, suspiciously. He stared back, blinking, apparently innocent, but Katie could discern a spark of mischief behind the blank stare, or was her imagination running wild?

"Well, mum," she said, "I niver did have no faith in black cats, the Divil betake thim, but I'll take care of him if he behives himself."

The Mistress deposited Capers on a chair, where he primly sat, and turned to leave the kitchen. At the door she stopped and remarked, "By the way, Katie, be sure to have lunch on time this noon as guests will be here. And, as this is your afternoon off, leave things

nearly ready for dinner. The master has ordered some more of your fruit cake, so will you please make a loaf of that?" With this she closed the door behind her, leaving Katie muttering angrily. Katie's youngest child had been naughty that morning, and now here was the mistress heaping work on her already loaded shoulders besides that cat of which nobody knew any good.

In the meantime Capers had jumped from the chair and was strolling about, looking things over. He walked into the pantry and seeing a nice high shelf, jumped into it. Capers gloried in getting on or in places where no cat should ever be. Katie, entering, removed him from the shelf and placed him gently on the floor. Gently now—but more of that later!

Capers went into the kitchen and jumped into the woodbox. Katie prepared the ingredients for the fruit cake, arranging the spice boxes on the shelf, laying the raisins to be chopped on the board beside the boxes, and getting the necessary bowls, cups, and spoons. Then she went to the kitchen to put more wood in the stove. She reached into the woodbox with one hand, removing the stove lid with the other. Capers, lying in the woodbox, saw the hand come reaching into his chosen bed and reaching his black forepaw up, gave it a sharp dig. Katie shrieked and dropped the

stove lid. "Hivin protect me, and phwat was that?" she exclaimed. Then, remembering Capers, "The Divil betake that cat!"

When she turned to recover the stove lid, which had rolled to a remote corner of the kitchen, Capers leaped from the woodbox, ran into the pantry, and jumped once again to the shelf from which he had previously been removed and on which Katie had placed the spice boxes and raisins. He spied the raisins, and perceiving that here was something to be rolled, gave one a little pat with a black paw. It rolled delightfully, so he tried another. This one went on the floor. He peered down at it, but not wishing to jump down quite yet, turned to roll the raisins nearer at hand. Soon raisins were flying in all directions. Not contented

with these alone he overturned the box of whole cloves and sent those flying. By this time the stove was replenished with wood, and Katie returned to the pantry. Seeing the state of affairs there she stopped, unable to say or do anything, so astounded and enraged was she. Then Capers was removed from the shelf and sent scuttling for the kitchen, this time not so gently.

The cat turned, gave Katie a look of disgust, and jumping onto the table by the window, looked out. The grocer's boy was coming up the walk. Capers gave a purr. Was it of anticipation? The boy entered and placed the basket of groceries on the table. As he did so a bag fell out on its side. When

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Vehicles in Ancient Rome

Anonymous

WHEN a Roman matron went spinning down the Appian Way to attend an afternoon tea some two thousands of years ago, she didn't stand with haughty brow in a two-wheeled chariot—no matter what impression moving pictures or popular fiction may have given you. She usually rode in a much more comfortable vehicle. In fact, whether they could afford it or not, she and her husband and their friends rode around in so many various kinds of cars that the city fathers of Rome had their worries about traffic regulations.

While the two-wheeled chariot was, of course, widely used, the Roman citizen would probably use a four-wheeled car called the *carucca*, from which is derived the modern French word *carrosse*. The *carucca* was for both town and touring.

Your rich Roman did not stop at a mere Duco or nickel finish when ornamenting his cars. Enormous sums were spent in decorating his *caruccae* with plates of bronze, silver, or even gold, and in fitting them with luxuri-

ous cushions and draperies, and sometimes finishing them in ivory.

The speed car was a comfortable two-wheeled gig called the *cisium*, drawn by one, two, or three mules.

Other models included the *carpentum*, a luxurious car; the *thensa*, for transporting images of the gods; the *pilentum*, a covered carriage with seats suspended by straps, reserved for the use of Roman ladies only, and woe to the man who rode in one!

Roman streets had their ambulances, too—the *arcera* to carry invalids or infirm persons. They were so called because they were constructed of squared boards; this *arcera* resembled a huge box.

The wide-spread use of vehicles made an important element in Rome. As in the chief centers of the automobile industry today, a world of workmen lived from this industry. In fact, it has been said that under Roman civilization, the art of carriage-making was first developed.

The Romance of Cheese

By Catherine Lewis, '29



HE origin of cheese dates back so far that it cannot be said with assurance who first discovered it.

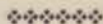
Ages and ages ago, so legend tells us, a lone Asian traveler, preparing for a journey, filled his canteen (made from a dried sheep-stomach) with milk. Starting out early in the morning, he plodded on hour after hour through the heat of the day. Having a long, hard journey before him, he did not stop for his noonday meal but trudged along through the mountain passes until long after nightfall. It was then that his thirst became so great that he stopped to refresh himself with a drink of milk. Unable to pour any liquid from his canteen, and puzzled as to what had happened to the contents, he cut open the skin and there, much to his amazement, he found in place of the milk, a mass of white curd. In his haste, the traveler had selected a sheep-stomach which had not quite dried and in which the "remain" was still active. It was the action of the remain which had curdled the milk.

Few people would be inclined to associate romance with cheese, and yet looking back through the ages, long before America was known to the world, or even before the time

of Christ, we find that cheese constituted one means of reckoning wealth among the wandering tribes of Asia and southern Europe. Cheese is a food with a history which dates back farther than any other prepared food now in use, with the possible exception of butter. The Greeks were familiar with cheese-making at the time of Homer. Hippocrates mentions cheese made from mare's milk, and also from goat's milk. Sheep's milk was employed for cheese-making by the early Egyptians. The existence of cheese is thought to date back to about 2000 B. C.

There is much romance about cheese. We find the boy David of Bible times carrying rich gifts and dainties to the young warriors in camp, and among other things were ten cheeses for the Captain.

We find it among patriarchs and prophets of Bible times, in the palaces of forgotten Kings, and at the feasts of Roman Emperors. Later, when the great conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity was in progress, cheese was an important food in the defender's army, and was a part of the booty to be gained by the invading hordes.



The Last Straw

By Edgar Au Coin, '30



LIEUTENANT Bud Craig set his trim Spad down on the field in a perfect landing and taxied over to the hangar of his squadron. Then he climbed out and proceeded to the spot where the rest of his flyers were standing. With an angry look he stopped in front of Roy Ames and said with a sneer, "What is your alibi this time, Ames? In the hottest fight of the reason you put your tail between your legs and run for home. It isn't the first time, nor the second. I'll tell you; you're yellow."

Ames swallowed and managed to stammer, "My engine was missing and I couldn't get any altitude."

The other three busied themselves taking off their helmets with shamed eyes, for who liked to see a comrade branded a coward?

Ames stood speechless as Craig managed to rasp, "I'll give you one more chance. If you don't make good, you're through. I've stood this long enough."

Nothing more was said and the flyers hurried to their quarters. As they moved off,

Craig said to the other three, "Let's forget it."

But if Craig could forget it, Ames could not. He was not yellow! It was the dread of being shot down in flames, being burned alive. Ever since he had been in that barn back home as a boy, he always remembered the flames. The sides of the barn were a mass of flames. He never recovered till months afterward, and had had that dread ever since. But he would show them.

The morning of the eighth dawned clear and bright. In the early morning, the field was alive with action. Lieutenant Craig called his flyers together and said with a grim voice, "You know that ammunition base we've been trying to get so long? Well, we have direct orders to clear it up. Those 'Archie' gunners in there are dead shots and only a direct hit on the base would finish it. Who is going to try it? Who is going to be a little angel (or devil) for Uncle Sam?"

One flyer offered to, but Ames, usually in the background, took one look at his chums and said, "Use straws; the one who gets the straw with the joint in it, goes." He picked up five straws and offered them to the other men. They drew, nobody getting the right one, until only one was left. They all looked at Ames and he gulped, and nodded.

As they prepared to draw off, Craig shouted, "The rest of us will get the Archie gunners, and Ames, the base."

They then prepared their uniform and went to their planes. Then in V formation they headed for their destination. They soon

arrived at the spot, and the other four planes dove and blew up the gunners while Ames climbed to a high altitude. Then going into an almost perpendicular dive, he headed for his target. The throttle was wide open and the air screamed through the struts. As he was only a few feet from the ground, he let his bombs go, and in the ensuing explosions, the ship was tossed from side to side. As he gained altitude, a squadron of Fokkers came upon him. He was joined by his comrades, but their ships were heavier and they were being outfought. A Boche was in his rear, a most advantageous position—for the Boche. But, with one last effort, for his engine was missing, he gained altitude, looped, and came up right in behind the enemy. He let go with his machine guns, and the Fokker fell to the earth in flames. His flight was relieved by a fleet of British Camels, who arrived at the right moment.


Ames managed to reach home, but wrecked his ship in landing and was taken to the hospital in a serious condition. In his bed, he thought of his comrades. They came to see him, and when the whole troop of them were there, Craig took back all that he had said. Ames asked Craig to get the picture of his mother, and Craig told his buddies of it afterwards.

"When I looked in his pocket," said Craig, "I found this." He showed them a straw with no joint in it.

"He framed it so that he would have to go," said another of the fellows; "he was not yellow after all. He chose the 'Last Straw'."

Christmas in the Country

By Margaretta Warren, '30

HE Hardy family lived on a big farm in Maine. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, George, and Evelyn. There being no high school in that town, George and Evelyn, who were juniors, attended a high school in the next town.

The Davidsons, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Edgar, and Mary, lived in a large city in North

Carolina. Edgar and Mary, cousins of George and Evelyn, were also juniors in high school.

One Friday evening, early in December, while the Hardy family was eating the evening meal, Mrs. Hardy suddenly asked, "Children, how would you like to invite your cousins, Edgar and Mary, to spend the Christmas Holidays with you? You know Edgar and

Mary have never been to the country or so far north as this, and I think they would enjoy it; and besides you spent your summer vacation with them in Carolina and liked it very much indeed, didn't you?"

"Yes," agreed George, "I had a fine time with Edgar last summer. Everything down there is just great, yet I'd rather live in my dear old State of Maine."

"So had I," rejoined Evelyn. "But, Mother, please invite them right away, for I do want Mary to come to see me."

Here Mr. Hardy spoke, "Why not invite the whole family for Christmas, Mother, for you haven't seen your sister for nearly five years."

"So I will," said Mother Hardy.

Friday, December twenty-first, was an exciting day for George and Evelyn, for so many things had to be done before the next day, when their aunt, uncle, and cousins would arrive. Mother Hardy said that Evelyn reminded her of a child six years old, for she flew around so and didn't seem to get anything done; George wasn't much better.

Finally the longed-for day came. George and Evelyn were at the station an hour before the train arrived, and when it did puff in, such a greeting as there was!

"Now that I have you up here I am going to show you all there is to see in this county," George said to Edgar.

When they were going home in the car Edgar observed, "I suppose that's snow on the ground, isn't it, George? I never saw any before!"

"Gee! what a lot you've missed," replied George. "We're going skating tomorrow morning and then skiing in the afternoon. Do you know how to skate, Edgar?"

"Yes, I do, George. I'm thankful that I can do that. You see, we had a skating rink down home."

Monday morning the first thing George did after breakfast was to feed the pigs. "Say," Edgar asked, "who cut the noses off those pigs?" This sounded very funny to George and he laughingly explained that they were

born that way. "What is that?" was Edgar's next question, pointing to a queer looking contraption.

"That's a milking machine," was the reply.

"A milking machine?" repeated Mary, who had just entered the barn with Evelyn. "Well, I always did wonder where milk really came from. Father always said it came from cows, but I suppose this a new way to make it."

At this, there came an explosion of laughter from both George and Evelyn. Mary, of course, seeing nothing funny, asked what the matter was.

"Why don't you see," explained George, "that machine is to milk the cows with," pointing toward the cow stalls.

"Well, how dumb I am," sighed Mary; "it will take me forever to learn all about this place."

After the stock in the barn were fed, the four young people went skating and spent the cold morning pleasantly. Games of tag and races were enjoyed, which the country cousins nearly always won.

After one race Edgar said, "That was a close one and I lost my breath."

"Good gracious," laughingly replied George, "let's go hunt for it, quick!"

The after-noon of that day was spent in skiing and sliding. Edgar went head first into the snow the first time he tried the skis. Mary declined skiing and kept to the sled, which she declared was much more fun.

"How do you know?" asked Edgar. "You haven't even tried skiing."

"No thanks," replied Mary.

"But it is lots of fun," Evelyn said. "Why, Edgar, you look like a snow man. If you only had whiskers and long white hair, you would make an ideal Santa Claus."

Edgar had just started down hill for the second time when she finished saying this and he started to laugh. Consequently he fell down and looked more like a snowman than ever.

Tuesday and Wednesday were very warm, so Mr. Hardy cautioned George and the others to keep off the pond. Thursday, however,

dawned clear and cold. The young people went sliding before breakfast on the crust, which was the result of the warm days and the fall in temperature.

After breakfast, George had a few chores to do and Evelyn had to wash the dishes, so they sent Edgar and Mary off to explore the outdoors by themselves.

"Edgar," Mary said suddenly, "let's go down by the pond and see if the ice is safe. It must be, for Uncle Fred said that it would be quite safe after a cold day."

"All right," agreed Edgar. "If it is safe, we can go back and get George and Evelyn after a while."

The pond appeared safe enough to Edgar and Mary, so the latter suggested that they put on their skates, which they had left in the boathouse near the shore of the pond, the last time they went skating. They skated around near the edge of the pond for a little while, then Edgar said, "I'll bet I can skate across the pond quicker than you can."

"Oh, Edgar, I know you can," was the answer.

"Well, there's no fun here. If I can't get you to race with me, I'll race with myself."

"All right, Edgar; I'll watch you. Now get ready and I'll count. Ready? One, two, three—go!"

Off sped Edgar. Mary watched her brother with sisterly pride as he skated swiftly toward the opposite shore.

Suddenly she heard a queer noise, a kind of crackling, and then a loud report that sounded to her like a gun shot. The next instant she saw the ice give way beneath her brother, and he sank into the black water. He grabbed at the sides of the hole as he slid in, well knowing that if he went under the ice there would be no hope.

Mary was paralyzed with horror for fully a minute, then she gave a piercing shriek and started for the shore. Just before she got there she turned her ankle and fell. When she tried to get up she found that she couldn't, and thought that it was broken, for sharp pains were shooting through her leg.

Edgar, in the meantime, was frantically trying to get himself out of the water, but the ice around the hole was so soft that it broke easily. The water was icy cold and in a few minutes Edgar's limbs were nearly numb. He felt sleepy, too. He remembered then that Mary was there somewhere and looking up he saw her in a heap near the shore. "Help!" was all he could say. Then Mary took up the cry. The minutes passed like hours and she had nearly given up hope when she heard George's shout and saw him coming, followed by his father.

"Get the long rope in the boathouse, George," commanded his father. "Why, Mary, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, Uncle Fred, I turned my ankle and fell, and as I can't get up, I think it is broken. But don't mind me; get Edgar—quick!"

George reappeared with a rope which Mr. Hardy took, and shouting encouragement to Edgar, began to coil. He quickly threw it toward Edgar and it fell easily within the struggling boy's reach, yet he had hardly enough life left to grasp it; but he did hang on until they succeeded in getting him out of the hole and back upon solid ice.

Mr. Hardy helped the nearly frozen boy to his feet and forced him to walk to get him warm. Then he said to his son, "George, you stay with Mary until I take Edgar home; then I'll come back and get her."

Mr. Hardy took Edgar home and left him in the care of Mrs. Hardy and Evelyn, who rubbed him until he cried out; then Mrs. Hardy gave him a hot bath and some hot chocolate before putting him to bed.

Mary was brought home on George's sled. Upon examination, Dr. Page said that her ankle was not broken, only sprained, but that she had better stay in bed for a day or so.

"I didn't know that so many things could happen in two hours," Evelyn said, after the cousins had been carefully attended to.

Only Mr. and Mrs. Davidson came to the table with the Hardys that evening. "How thankful we should be," Mrs. Davidson exclaimed fervently to her husband, "that even if

our children have been in so dangerous a place, we still have them with us."

"Yes," replied Mr. Davidson, "let us thank God."

Friday was a quiet day on the farm. Saturday wasn't so quiet, for Edgar was feeling fine after his cold plunge, and Mary managed to limp around. The doctor said that her ankle would be quite well in a week.

Saturday night Mrs. Hardy fed them on baked beans. When Edgar entered the dining room he immediately cried out, "Whoopee! beans!"

"You feel quite well now, don't you, Edgar?" asked his Father.

"Yes, this is a great place up here Dad. I wish we lived in Maine."

"Then you didn't get enough of it day before yesterday?"

"No!" came the answer from both Edgar and Mary at the same time.

"I was afraid that you would want to go home tomorrow, but I don't believe by your answer that you will. The fact is, I have a surprise for you children. I bought the farm across the pond from here which was for sale, this morning. You know your mother isn't very well and this country air will do her good."

"Oh, gee, Dad, aren't you great," cried Edgar.

"Oh, Daddy, did you really?"


"Yes, really, daughter. Are you glad?"

"But what do you know about a farm, Dad?"

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John Persuades Dad to Let Him Have a Roadster

 OHN was home for his Christmas vacation, the first vacation he had spent at home since he entered college that previous September.

It was very apparent that John had something "up his sleeve." Each time he went to approach the subject his courage failed him. But finally, one night when he and his father were alone in the living-room, he took his courage in both hands and at last began.

"Dad," he said, "all the other fellows at college have cars of some kind, and I would like very much to have one in the spring."

His father thought a moment and then said, "Why am I sending you to college? Do you think I want to make 'a copy-cat' of you?"

John was disgusted. What an absurd idea! A "copy-cat!" He thought for a moment and then said, "I suppose you are sending me to college in hopes that some day I might be president of the United States."

His parent's patience was exhausted. "Whether I'm sending you to college in hopes that some day you might be president of the United States or not, you are not going to

have a car, and that's final!"

John gave up in despair that night. But he hadn't given up hopes yet, though. So he borrowed a car from one of his friend one day and went down to the office to get his father. He drove home with the greatest care, hardly going over fifteen miles an hour.

That night he started again hinting about a car.

"How do you think I drive, dad?" was his first question.

"Well, with me in the car you drive very moderately, but when you have three or four fellows in the car I don't know just how you would drive—but still I have a good imagination."

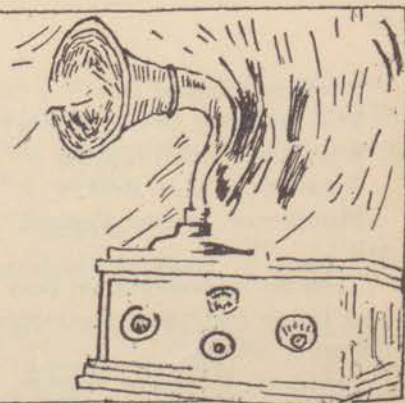
There were just a few more days of vacation left, so one night John went to his father and said, "Dad, what is your main reason for not letting me have a car?"

"Well, John," replied his father, "a car is a very expensive article for a fellow in college, but still that isn't my main objection. Think of the disgrace it would be for you to 'flunk

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BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

F²⁹



Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags.

Just a little over a month ago the first issue of the "Oracle" for the year 1928-29 was published. Now, tho it seems only a very short while, another incomparable "Oracle" has appeared, sure of a hearty welcome from the students and faculty of B. H. S.

Even in this short month we notice many changes—take the weather for instance. The leaves have fallen and in some miraculous manner have disappeared from our streets, leaving in their stead bare, brown, frozen ground. Hallowe'en, with its attendant witches, black cats, jack-o-lanterns, tick-tacks, ghosts, and what not has come and gone. Of course most of us, Freshman excepted, have outgrown our cute little carved pumpkins with that dangerous-lighted candle within, but for us old sophisticates there were innumerable parties of all kinds.

Armistice Day, which was celebrated very quietly here in Bangor (Brewer made the only noise we heard), is only a memory now. All over the State football games were waged; many people from Bangor journeyed over to Brunswick to the annual clash between Bowdoin and Maine. Right here in Bangor, we had our first night football game, which proved an interesting and thrilling novelty to all of us.

On November 28, school closed for the Thanksgiving holidays. How we all rejoiced in turkey, cranberry sauce, and pains around the belt line! And then, too—cheer up, everyone! It won't be long now before Christmas and Santa Claus are here.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION

This year Bangor was hostess to the thousands of teachers who assembled here for their twenty-sixth Annual Meeting, October 24, 25, and 26. Bangor High School, with its offices for registration, and exhibits arranged through the corridors and gymnasium, presented an interesting, everchanging panorama. The Girls Athletic Honor Council of B. H. S. received compliments on all sides from the many teachers who patronized the lunch room, run for their benefit, and incidently to raise money for the girls' athletics of the school. No time or effort was spared by the girls to make the lunch room an attractive, cheery place for the visiting teachers. All kinds of delicious food were on sale during the two days, and at the end, when all expenses were paid, the girls had realized a tidy sum to add to their finances.

CLASS ELECTIONS

The last of October the Senior class elected its officers for the coming year. This year the officers are the same as last. They are as follows:

President, Robert Russ.

Vice-President, Polly Brown.

Secretary, Emily Thompson.

Treasurer, John Murray.

Member of Athletic Council, Henry Colburn.

A little later, the juniors held their election, and the following officers, who are also to serve as the Junior Ring Committee, were elected:

President, Donald Day.

Vice-President, Mildred Haney.

Secretary, Ruth Blanning.

Treasurer, Elliott Reid.

Member of Athletic Council, Hugh Campbell.

Then the sophomores got busy and it wasn't long before their class was represented by the following officers:

President, Lawrence Furrow.

Vice-President, Carroll Blanning.

Secretary, Louise Rosie.

Treasurer, George Carlisle.

Member of Athletic Council, Harold Baker.

The Freshmen, although very young to ponder over such weighty matters, followed the example set by the upper-classmen and elected the following children:

President, William Frasier.

Vice-President, Jacqueline Johnston.

Secretary, Faith Holden.

Treasurer, Isadore Leavitt.

EDUCATION WEEK

The week of November 5 was Education Week in all Bangor Schools. Although no special exercises were held in the High School, the building was open to the inspection of parents and friends. Thursday and Friday of that week were devoted to the quarterly exams. 'Nuff sed!

Principal Taylor, on Wednesday of the same week, made a speech before the Kiwanis Club concerning the true value of education. Six students also spoke on the following subjects: Frank Blaisdell on English, Michael Luosey on the Technical Course, Pearl Thompson on Commercial course, and Alpheus Lyon on history. Edward Gross gave a declamation and Mildred Haney presented a humorous reading. "Mike" Luosey's noble effort appears elsewhere in this issue.

LIBRARY

The public library, with its usual generosity, has added to the high school library two very recent books:

The Caravan Girl, by Margaret Aspinwall.

The Luck of Oldacres, by Elaine Goodale Eastman. Mrs. Eastman, with her sister Dora, when the two were mere children, was co-author of a book of poems which was widely read. In young womanhood she married an able and outstanding graduate of Dartmouth College who was a Sioux Indian. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman have taken a very prominent part in organizing schools and teaching in the Dakotas. In mature life Mrs. Eastman has returned to New England and has written this new book, which is already very popular.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

On November 8, the Latin Club held a novel and entertaining meeting, the purpose being to build a miniature city of Rome. Each member contributed some building made of either cardboard or soap. When finished, the exhibit proved very realistic.

The Dramatic Club, under the able supervision of Mrs. Bridgman, has spent two entertaining and profitable afternoons in the Assembly Hall. At one meeting, Mrs. Bridgman explained in great detail the technical stage terms generally used. At the next meeting she gave a very interesting talk on the origin and use of the one act play. No definite plans have been made yet for the future, but it is expected that a public presentation will be given sometime in December before the Christmas recess.

The Snapdragon society has followed the example of the forenoon debating societies, and boys and girls now debate together. November 13, John Bartlett, Donald Gibbons, and Thomas Reed held up the affirmative of the question, "The period between 1900 and 1914 was better for human happiness than the period between 1920 and 1928." Viola Hart, Marcia Allen, and Christine Reynolds spoke for the negative. Open rebuttal followed. A vote by ballot gave the decision to the affirmative.

MUSIC

BAND

As the second quarter of the school year begins, it sees the Bangor High School Band, of which so much is expected, slowly but surely rounding into shape.

It must be realized that when the band is featured as a part of the R. O. T. C. unit or at a foot-ball game, it is greatly handicapped; every member has his part to play, and when one player is removed, especially an experienced musician, the result is very noticeable. Several members of the band are commissioned officers in the "army," several were on the football squad, and two or three can claim the unique distinction of being members of all three organizations at the same time. The absence of these boys explains why some of the appearances of the band have not been so "hot" this fall.

The band, however, being nearly complete in number, made a splendid showing in Portland. It received a great ovation as the P and B were formed in front of the respective stands. The following morning a picture of the band appeared on the front page of the *Portland Sunday Telegram*, along with an article which praised highly the playing, marching, and especially the fine spirit of the unit. The principal of Portland High School gave the band a high compliment, also praising its spirit and excellent appearance.

The band has charmed high school audiences at assembly by rendering the following selections: The introduction of the overture, "The Calif of Bagdad," "Straussiana," a combination of four of the most popular waltzes by Strauss, and "The Spirit of Youth." It has also played the "Bohemian Dance" and "Eleanor," and is now working on many new marches which will be greatly appreciated (as usual) by the *intelligent* student body.

Work has begun on the piece required for the band contests next spring, an exceedingly difficult selection by Carl Busch, "A Chant from the Great Plains." This selection contains intricate solos for most of the instru-

ments, and the piece as a whole is so difficult that it is hard to say what it will eventually sound like; but it is safe to state that it is a very interesting number.

EXTRA !!!

Three prominent members of band impeached!

"Hornblower" Hersey, "Dinglefoot" Briggs, and "Lovely" Lyon were ejected from aforesaid organization when they were caught playing so expertly that the rest of the players became jealous. However, these excellent young gentlemen, who have done so much for their school and country, were re-instated when it was found that the band could not function without them.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra is certainly continuing the good work it started early in the season. It has made several interesting presentations at assemblies, including "Ethopian Dance," by Leo Delibes, in which we hear from our star clarinet section, "Let's Go," a favorite march by H. J. Woods, Ballet Music No. 2 from "Rosamunde," by Franz Schubert, and "Three Morris Dances," which is old English music.

At one of the sessions of the Teachers' Convention, the orchestra played a few enjoyable selections, including "Miniature," by Goedicke, and "Ancien Minuet," in this selection the teachers were favored with a trombone solo by "Hula" Sawyer.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was as featured at the Teachers' Convention; three selections were rendered. In the first, "The Hawthorne Tree," Gertrude White was the soprano soloist. The second number, "Solveyg Cradle Song," Regina Warren was soprano soloist. The final number was "Sigh No More, Ladies."

There is just a possibility that the Girls' Glee Club will appear in assembly some time before Christmas. We certainly hope that this possibility will materialize.

MILITARY

The commissions which were awarded for the R. O. T. C. Regiment and took effect last month are as follows:

David Colpitts, Regimental Commander.
M. Luosey, Captain and Regimental Adjt.

FIRST BATTALION

E. Kingsbury, Commanding.
S. Gilman, 1st Lieutenant and Adjt.

Company A

M. Crowley, Captain.
J. Mullen, 1st Lieutenant.
A. Conners, 2nd Lieutenant.
H. Colburn, Color Sergeant.

Company B

C. Gallupe, Captain.
A. Miller, 1st Lieutenant.
J. Wilshire, 2nd Lieutenant.

Company C

J. Finn, Captain.
W. Smart, 1st Lieutenant.
D. Bean, 2nd Lieutenant.

SECOND BATTALION

W. Ludden, Commanding.
F. Blaisdell, 1st Lieutenant and Adjt.

Company E

J. Bradbury, 1st Lieutenant, commanding.
H. York, 2nd Lieutenant.
E. Johnson, 2nd Lieutenant.

Company F

G. McKenney, Captain.
J. Burrill, 1st Lieutenant.
L. Ford, 2nd Lieutenant.

Company G

H. Gulnac, Captain.
B. Striar, 1st Lieutenant.
J. Murray, 2nd Lieutenant.

BAND

N. Ordway, Captain.
C. Baumann, 1st Lieutenant.
E. Morgan, 2nd Lieutenant.

C. Jacques, 2nd Lieutenant.

A. Lyon, 2nd Lieutenant.

On the afternoon of November 7, warlike preparations might have been seen in Broadway Park. Fluttering guidons were posted, hoarse commands were shouted, and companies formed themselves in their respective positions. Finally, under the direction of Lieutenant McKenney and Sergeant Clarke, order was restored from chaos, and the battalions, headed by the band, marched around the field several times in preparation for the Armistice Day parade. When the reviewing officers were satisfied as to the appearance of the Regiment, one battalion was formed, and officers and men marched to the athletic field to see the football game.

The commanding officers of this year's Regiment are well qualified for the commissions which they have received, and all worked hard to attain the ranks they now hold. Lieutenant-Colonel David Colpitts has had previous military training at Fort McKinley, Portland Harbor, is a member of this year's football squad, plays cornet in the band, and takes much interest in the activities of the R. O. T. C.

Emmons Kingsbury, Major 1st Battalion, has worked up from the ranks until he is now second in command. He has served in many capacities and takes much interest in the Regiment. Emmons knows his drill!

Walter Ludden, Major 2nd Battalion, who plays solo baritone in the band, has had training at Fort McKinley and has also served at Camp Perry, Ohio.

The company commanders and Lieutenants as well as the men themselves deserve much credit for their good work in the Regiment.

The time used in preparation for the Armistice Day parade was very well spent, for Lieutenant McKenney and Principal Taylor received many congratulations from prominent Bangor citizens on the exceptionally fine appearance which the High School Regiment presented. Among these was a letter from

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R. O. C. T. OFFICERS



Back row, left to right—John Wilshire, Charles Jacques, Edward Morgan, Austin Miller, Henry Gulnac, James Burrill, James Mullen, Leonard Ford.

Third row, left to right—Dexter Clough, John Murray, Eugene Johnson, Lorenzo Hackett, Harold York, Alpheus Lyon, Wendall Smart.

Second row, left to right—Bernard Striar, George McKenney, Harry Crowley, James Bradbury, Carl Baumann, Nelson Ordway, Roderick Mullaney, John Finn.

Front row, left to right—Clifford Gallupe, Albert Conners, Emmons Kingsbury, David Colpitts, Michael Luosey, Walter Ludden, Frank Blaisdell.



"Search, O Youth, the Pages of History."

We were very pleased to note the articles contributed for Education Week by our former dean, Miss Mary Robinson, our present dean, Miss Rachel Connor, and Mr. Herbert, of the English department. We are proud indeed to have our teachers represented in this line of work.

Weddings of interest this month are:

Bessie Adams, '25, and Kenneth A. Woodbury.

Annabel McNeil and Charles P. Cushing.

Helen C. Bowen and Forest A. Bragg.

Pearl W. Hersey and Henry S. Coe.

Edrie H. Mahaney and Vinton T. Rathburn.

Audrey Peavey, '28, and Ruel J. Hanscom.

Anna V. Durant, '26, and Granville C. Chase.

Barbara E. Pierce and Eugene O. Skofield.

William J. McCarthy has been elected president of the Junior Law Class at the Catholic University, Washington. While in Bangor High School he was treasurer of his class for four years. He also won the Junior Medal.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Maynard are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Joan. Mrs. Maynard was prior to her marriage, Dorothy Ireland, '26, and her husband was of the class of '27.

Mr. James A. Black, and his wife, née Ruth Crowell, are also receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, James Albert, Jr.

Class of 1924

Donald Taylor and Harvey Boyd, Bowdoin '28 and '29 respectively, are associated with

the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company in this city.

1925

Among the recent graduates of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital are three Bangor High School Alumnae: Audrey Lewis, Sarah Lewis and Helen Stewart. Miss Stewart is now taking a course in Public Health Nursing at Simmons College.

Prescott Vose and Phillip Smith are Seniors at Bowdoin.

Helen Russ and Eleanor Whittemore have entered their Senior year at Simmons College.

Helen McDonough is at Farmington Normal School.

The engagement of Phyllis Schriver to Prescott Vose has been announced.

Mary Robinson, Ruth Meservy, Jack Atwood, George Noddin, Karl Larsen, Roderick O'Connor, and Charles O'Connor are at the University of Maine. Mary Robinson is Captain of the Varsity Hockey Team.

1926

Gorham Robinson is a Junior at Bowdoin.

Helen Carson is teaching school at Hancock Point.

Edna Dearborn is teaching in Brooks.

Thelma Dyer is teaching in Dixmont.

Doris Richardson is also teaching.

1927

Rosamond Taylor and Gertrude Knowles are continuing their course at Emerson College of Oratory.

Phyllis Dunning and Constance Chalmers are completing their studies at Laselle Seminary.

Phyllis Hedin, Charlotte Thompson, and Ruth Gordon returned to Wheaton this year. Miss Gordon has been elected President of the Sophomore class.

Hilda Powers is at Gorham Normal School.

Louise Grindle and Thelma Shea are attending the University of Maine.

Mabelle Rogers is taking a special course

at Yale University.

The engagement of Irene A. Murray to Joel Nichols has been recently announced.

1928

Barbara Eaton, Estelle Burfitt, and Dorothy Dorr are at Gorham Normal School.

Rosa Homer's engagement to Louis Kelley has been announced.

Harry Hasey and Stewart Mead are taking a P. G. course at B. H. S.



CONTES FRANÇAIS

Histoire du Poinçon d'Argent

Par JANET YOUNG, '29

La dame du Château de Bellevue se réveillait après un sommeil semblable à la mort. Les garde-malades inquiets relâchèrent leur vigile, et exprimèrent leurs remerciements par des soupirs.

La belle forme sur le canapé se remua faiblement, et ses lèvres s'ouvrirent à peine entendues.

Le médecin s'inclina pour entendre ce qu'elle essayait de dire. Quand il se leva il dit: « Madame a été dans un sommeil qui ressemblait à la mort, mais elle vit encore. Dieu merci! Elle veut, maintenant parler avec son époux en tête-à-tête. »

Se trouvant seuls, l'homme tomba à genoux auprès du canapé, et lui saisissant la main et la baisant ardemment, s'écria: « Ma chère, ma chère — ne me quittez jamais! Ma chère! »

La dame sourit faiblement, et reprit: « Je veux que vous me fassiez une promesse. Oui? Quand les médecins diront que je suis morte, je veux que vous preniez ce poinçon-ci et le plongiez dans mon cœur pour vous assurer de ma mort, » et elle prit un poinçon d'argent de son peignoir. « Voulez-vous faire cela pour moi? »

Enfin, le malheureux, tout en larmes, promit ce qu'elle voulait.

Quelques années après la dame retomba malade, et ne recouvra pas la santé. Enfin les médecins déclarèrent qu'elle était morte.

Ce soir-là, le pauvre homme, pour accomplir sa promesse, s'introduisit dans la chambre où reposait la belle forme de sa dame. Il baisa cette main froide; puis, pleurant amèrement, plongea le poinçon dans son cœur.

Dieu! Était-ce seulement le mirage d'une imagination trop surexaltée? où avait-il entendu les belles lèvres soupirer faiblement?

La Brebis Malade

Par PAULINE SIEGEL, '29

UN berger, en traversant une ville, remarqua qu'une de ses brebis était souffrante. Enfin, elle se coucha au bord de la route, et fut laissée comme morte.

Quelques moments après, un garçon passa par là, et, voyant le pauvre animal, vint à elle et lui donna une tape à la tête. La brebis ouvrit les yeux, et jeta un coup d'œil sur la figure sympathique du garçon.

« Elle veut de l'eau, » pensa-t-il, et il alla à une fontaine près de là. Après avoir rempli

d'eau son chapeau, il revint en toute hâte à la brebis. Le pauvre animal ne fit pas attention à lui d'abord; puis elle leva la tête, et apercevant l'eau, la but. Voyant ceci, le garçon fut charmé. Son chapeau n'était pas imperméable, de sorte qu'il fut obligé de courir à la fontaine deux ou trois fois pour quérir de l'eau, et à chaque fois, la brebis en but quelques gouttes.

Elle parut revenir à la vie, et le garçon trouva du bonheur à la voir se lever lentement et s'approcher de lui.

« Je la mènerai chez moi, et je la garderai, » dit-il, notant que le berger était disparu.

Heureusement pour les deux que la maison du garçon n'était qu'à quelques pas de la ville; car ce fut avec grande difficulté qu'il put induire la brebis à marcher tant soit peu. Mais enfin, elle se rendit dans un enclos confortable. Avec le temps elle devint forte et en bonne santé, et toujours, plus tard, elle montra la plus grande affection pour son jeune maître.

Voisins Ennemis

Par CLARICE Y. PENNEY, '29

UNE querelle commence dans le voisinage! Prince et Timmy ont la plus grande haine l'un pour l'autre.

Il y a neuf ans, quand Prince arriva, tout était calme. Il était le seul petit chien dans le voisinage, et il était le seigneur de tout ce qu'il voyait.

Cinq ans plus tard vint Timmy. Il était très rusé. Mais comme il s'enlaidissait peu à peu, bientôt on lui procura une muselière.

Chaque chien devint l'ami d'une famille particulière, ainsi s'éleva la jalousie. Enfin, ils en vinrent aux coups, le combat débuta par des insultes.

« Toi petit vagabond! Qu'est-ce que tu peux avoir à dire autour d'ici? »

Timmy reprit vivement: « Tout était bien jusqu'à mon arrivée; mais quand on me vit, on changea immédiatement d'opinion à ton égard.

« Prends garde à ce que tu me dis petit nabot, » reprit l'autre.

Dès ce moment commença la lutte, le chien d'arrêt anglais gagnant une brillante victoire sur le rusé chien terrier.

Timmy décida de se tenir tranquille s'il était possible, et ne désirant pas répéter cette épisode peu amicale, ne fut que trop heureux d'accepter l'amitié de Timmy.

Ainsi les deux chiens furent d'accord sur le vieux proverbe: « Aime ton voisin comme toi-même. »

Ma Maîtresse

Par PATRICIA BYRNES, '29

ADMIRER la figure de ma maîtresse était alors mon seul plaisir; sa présence dans une salle était plus joyeuse que la feu le plus lumineux. Je n'ai pas encore oublié ses défauts vraiment; je ne le puis; car elle me les rappelait souvent. Elle était fière, sans cœur, inférieure à toutes les descriptions: au fond de mon âme, je savais que sa grande bienveillance envers moi était compensée par une injuste sévérité pour beaucoup d'autres. C'était aussi une rêveuse d'une manière inexplicable ainsi, plus d'une fois, quand, envoyée pour lui lire quelque chose, je la trouvais seule dans sa bibliothèque, la tête inclinée dans ses bras; et, quand elle relevait la tête un froncement de sourcils sombre, presque malicieux, assombrissait ses traits.

Je crois que sa mauvaise humeur, sa sévérité, et ses défauts précédents (qu'elle avait maintenant vaincus) avaient leur source dans un destin cruel. Je sentis qu'elle était naturellement une femme de meilleurs principes et de plus pures idées que les circonstances avaient développés: l'éducation avait instillé, ou la destinée avait encouragé. Je pense qu'il y avait un matériel excellent chez elle; bien qu'à présent, il se mêlât quelque peu gâté et embrouillé. Je ne puis nier que j'ai souffert de son affliction, quoi que ce fût, j'en sais si peu, et aurais donné beaucoup pour pouvoir la soulager.

BOYS'

ATHLETICS



Stand Up and Cheer for Good Old Bangor!

BASKETBALL

The basketball season is approaching and with "Eddie" Trowell coaching and "Flash" McDonnell, who was one of Bangor's football stars both last year and this year, as captain, a combination should be developed that can take the measure of any team that can be produced by any school in the state.

Although most of Bangor's big basketball stars like Kenneth Mason, Edward Callinan, William Welch, Arthur Tapley, and last year's captain, Fred Gillen, have left B. H. S., we still have, besides McDonnell, "Moulder" Murray, Ralph Brown, "Bob" Russ, and "Ossie" Heath, all of whom were on the squad last year; and together with whatever new material turned out this year, under the leadership of "Flash" McDonnell, we all expect something only a little short of perfect, and we should have a team that will live up to the highest traditions of our school.

If everybody wishes to have a winning team this year, as surely everybody must, then he should support the team by attending the games and prove his loyalty to the team and to the school by his cheering.

"Most of last year's veterans have left us; but when we take into consideration the fine squad which has turned out, we should develop a winning team for Bangor High," says Captain McDonnell. "With every student behind us at every game, we will certainly capture our share of victories in 1929."

Due to the efforts of Manager Lawrence Lynch, a fine schedule, in which are seven home games, has been arranged:

Saturday, Dec. 29—Millinocket at Bangor.

Saturday, Jan. 5—Brewer at Bangor.

Friday, Jan. 11—Westbrook at Westbrook.

Saturday, Jan. 12—Portland at Portland.

Wednesday, Jan. 16—Old Town at Old Town.

Saturday, Jan. 19—Augusta at Bangor.

Saturday, Jan. 26—Portland at Bangor.

Saturday, Feb. 2—South Portland at Bangor.

Friday, Feb. 8—Millinocket at Millinocket.

Friday, Feb. 15—Augusta at Augusta.

Saturday, Feb. 16—South Portland at South Portland.

Saturday, Feb. 23—Deering at Bangor.



CAPT. JOHN N. McDONNELL

Saturday, March 2—Old Town at Bangor.

PORTLAND 12; BANGOR 0

A crippled Bangor eleven, after a hard fought contest, lost its first game of the season at Bayside Park Saturday, Oct. 13, by a 12-0 score.

The team was greatly weakened offensively by the injury of two of its veterans, co-Captain Murray and "Flash" McDonnell, both of whom, although forbidden by doctors to play, started in the game, but Murray only played a part of the first and last quarter as the protector for his nose, which was broken the week before, was continually knocked from his face, while McDonnell played the first and part of the second and then no more until the last quarter.

There was no scoring in the first period, but just after Taylor was substituted for McDonnell in the second period, Kimball rushed to Portland's 39-yard line, and in the third period Captain Diamon dashed 65 yards for Portland's first touchdown.

The second and last touchdown came in the last part of the fourth period. Kimball attempted to kick from behind the line, but was blocked by Dunbar, who was out of the second tally.

Bangor played an excellent game, but due to the great courage of the Crimson and their fighting spirit, defeat was theirs until the final whistle.

LEWISTON 13; BANGOR 0

Bangor would have scored had it not been for the Lewiston defense. Kimball succeeded in reaching the ball before it reached the goal, and the Crimson lost another fight Saturday, Oct. 20, with a 13-0 score.

Lewiston scored in the first of the game when they recovered their own kick-off and after a few plays through the line and around the end, they reached the goal. The next touchdown was in the last quarter.

Bangor had several chances to score during the game, but failed each time to put it over. Toward the end of the first half, after Coach

McGinley sent in his first eleven, the ball was taken from midfield to the ten-yard line, where it was lost on downs.

In the third quarter, after a bewildering aerial attack, Bangor had the ball in scoring distance again, but after a penalty on the twenty-yard line for rough play, and a few more for off-side, they were out of scoring position.

Striar played a good game and was on the receiving end of many long passes, while McDonnell and Murray were great ground gainers, often going through the line for ten or fifteen yards.

PORTLAND 12; BANGOR 0

The Bangor eleven played Portland in the first game played on the new athletic field on Saturday, Oct. 27, losing 12-0. The game, making Portland's seventh victory over Bangor.

The new field was dedicated. A short parade from the front of the School to the field, after which the game was raised. When the guests were seated in the special section of the bleachers, the referee tossed the ball to the referee and the game began.

Bangor played exceptionally well, but the Crimson's line in the Portland line so that McDonnell, and Furrow were coming through by line bucks and end passes.

The first touchdown was in the third quarter when Bangor fumbled and Portland's line rushed to Bangor's 16 yard line, Diamon taking the ball over the goal. The Crimson's fighting spirit surged up and they again shredded Portland's line until Murray, McDonnell, and Furrow advanced the ball 48 yards, when they were forced to punt.

The second counter came in the fourth quarter when, as the Crimson were trying hard to score, one of their lateral passes was snared by Kimball, who rushed it 42 yards to the goal, thus making sure Portland's victory.

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Play the Game High and Straight.

BANGOR 5; M. C. I. 0

The first home game of the season took place at Broadway Park, October 10, against M. C. I. Although M. C. I. put up a good fight, the Crimson lassies at the end of the first half were ahead with a score of 3-0.

For fully ten minutes the game was played without either side's scoring, until Polly Brown made the first goal for Bangor. Soon another goal followed, also made by Polly, and then another, made by Emily Thompson.

M. C. I. generally plays a lively game, but this one was rather slow and uninteresting to the spectators.

When the whistle blew for the second half, the girls were on with the same fighting spirit in them. During this period Coach Richardson made two substitutions: Allen for Collins, and Welch for Penney.

Bangor's line-up:

RW., Gross.
RI., Carson.
CF., Brown.
LI., Thompson.
LW., Collins.
CH., Craig.
RH., Penney.
LH., McLeod.
RF., Stevenson.
LF., Jones.
G., Hutchings.

Goals: Bangor, Brown, 3; Thompson, 2.

Referee: Miss Rogers, U. of M.

Timer and Scorer: "Stubby" Burrill.

Time: Two 30-minute periods.

BANGOR DEFEATED BY U. OF M. FRESHMEN

The Crimson lassies met their first defeat of the season when they played the Maine Freshmen, November 6, at Broadway Park. On a slippery and muddy field the teams played. The first goal of the game was made when Lewis scored for U. of M. Another goal followed made by Churchill, also of U. of M. Bangor fought hard in the first period, and although constantly threatening, could not score.

Thus the first half ended—Maine, 2; Bangor, 0.

Early in the second period Carson and Brown made a goal each for Bangor, tying the score. The second period was contested evenly, with neither team gaining any advantage, until Moore made a goal for U. of M. The Bangor girls put up the fight of their lives, but to no avail. The game ended with a 3-2 score, favor of Maine.

Both teams were exhausted, but not one girl gave up fighting until the very end.

"Kay" Trickey, '26, "Stubby" Burrill, '27, and Anna Buck, '28, certainly can wallop the ball for the U. of M. Freshman team.

"Mickie" Craig, Gross, and Carson played a good game for Bangor.

The line-ups:

Bangor	Maine Frosh
RW., Gross.....	Moore
RI., Carson.....	Findlan
CF., Brown.....	Churchill
LI., Thompson.....	Lewis

RW., Allen.....Ross
 RH., Penney.....Thomas
 CH., Craig.....Burrill
 LH., McLeod.....Stevens
 RF., Stevenson.....Soule
 LF., Welch.....Trickey
 G. Hutchings.....Buck

Substitutions:

Bangor: Jones for Welch, Collins for Allen, Sanders for Carson, Vanadestine for Penney.

Goals:

Bangor: Carson, 1; Brown, 1.

Maine: Lewis, 1; Churchill, 1; Moore, 1.

Referee: Miss Lenglen, U. of M.

Timer and Scorer: Blaisdell, U. of M.

BANGOR BEATS CASTINE

The second home game of the season was with Castine Normal, October 23. Although Castine had won the first hockey game, played at Castine, we must remember that it was the second team that played.

With five ex-Bangor veterans on the Castine eleven, it was expected that the Crimson ladies would fight hard for victory. And believe me, fight they did! With Grace Faulkingham, highlight of Bangor's hockey team in the past, breaking through the half and full backs for a goal, it was no wonder that the spectators received many thrills.

Brown, Thompson, and Craig made a goal each for Bangor early in the first period. Faulkingham scored twice for Castine during the first half, and although Castine threatened several times, the Bangor girls held them.

The score at the half was Bangor, 3; Castine, 2.

During the second half Castine kept Bangor busy, and due to the work of Penney, Gross, and Carson, who played defensively, many plays towards their goal were stopped. When the final whistle blew, the score was Bangor, 5; Castine, 2.

Faulkingham and Kittrege starred for Castine.

A collection was taken at this game, and those attending either had forgotten their

pennies or had spent them before they came to the game—anyway, the girls received a benefit of two dollars and seventy four cents (\$2.74). We hope that in the future, when the hat is passed about, that by the time it reaches the last person, it will be overflowing. What about it?

The line-up:

Bangor	Castine
RW., Gross.....	Seavey
RI., Carson.....	Hale
CF., Brown.....	Faulkingham
LI., Thompson.....	Nye
LW., Allen.....	Dinsmore
CH., Craig.....	Frutade
RH., Penney.....	Dolan
LH., McLeod.....	Lyman
RF., Stevenson.....	Campbell
LF., Jones.....	Kittrege
G., Hutchings.....	Gifford

Substitutions:

Bangor: Welch for Jones, Vanadestine for Penney, Collins for Allen, Novak for McLeod, Sanders for Carson.

Castine: Reed for Hale, Sprague for Dolan, Murphy for Sprague.

Goals:

Bangor: Brown, 3; Craig, 1; Thompson, 1.

Castine: Faulkingham, 2.

Referee: Miss Lenglen, U. of M.

Timer: L. Culley.

Scorers: P. Evans; O'Connor.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

BANGOR DEFEATS MAINE FRESHMEN IN SEASON'S FINAL GAME

The Bangor High School girls' hockey team defeated the Maine Freshmen 3-0 at the Maine field in Orono, November 16, and thus avenged their first defeat in six years, received at Broadway Park two weeks ago at the hands of the Maine Frosh.

Not once was the Crimson eleven threatened by the opposing team. The work of the Crimson forward line in dribbling the ball within scoring distance was exceptionally good, and the speed of our girls was too much

(Continued on page 51)

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM



Left to right—Coach Hilda C. Richardson, Fern Allen, Annie Gross, Arlene Stevenson, Pearl Hutchings, Emily Thompson, Clarice Penney, Captain Marjorie Craig, Mary Carson, Manager Eulalie Collins, Pauline Brown, Evelyn Welch, Natalie McLeod, Lydia Jones.

Photo by Farrington



A fair exchange is no robbery.

The Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.

We think most of your cuts are very good. Why not have some good stories in your literary department? There are many typographical errors in your magazine.

The Echo, South Portland, Me.

You have a fine paper. We think your "Spotlight" is a good idea. Your news items are very well written. Why not have more jokes or some Personals to liven up your paper?

The Red and White, Sanford, Maine.

Your paper is well arranged. Your cartoons are very well drawn, especially the one for the Sports Department. Some stories would improve your paper.

The Pythia, Winter Harbor, Maine.

Your stories are fine and some of your poetry is very good. Why not have some cuts for your departments? There must be some artists in your school.

The Milachi, Milaca, Minnesota.

We think your paper is very interesting. Your write-ups are very good and your jokes are very humorous. Why not have some stories in your paper?

The Monad, Belleville, New Jersey.

You have a good magazine. We think "The Two Strangers" is very well written. Your cuts are very good.

The Kodak, Cheboygan, Michigan.

You have an interesting magazine. We think more stories in your Literary Depart-

ment would improve your magazine. Why not have cuts for more of your departments?

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

Your "Hoot Mon" is good and your "Along the Dramatic Trail" is very humorous. Can't anybody in your school write stories?

The Horlick Herald, Racine, Wisconsin.

Your paper is very complete and your school news is very well written. We think that more stories in your Literary department would make your paper more interesting.

The Whisp, Westbury, Long Island.

Your paper is very well written. Some Personals and some more jokes would give your paper more brightness.

The Golden Lion, Julesburg, Colorado.

Your paper is very well arranged and your news is interesting. Now just have some girls and boys write a few stories.

The Stephens Broadcast, Rumford, Maine.

You have a good paper. We think your cartoons are very well drawn. Don't your students ever say or do funny things? There are no Personals to say so.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following papers:

The Maine Campus, University of Maine.

The Purple and Gold, Milton, New Hampshire.

The Advance, Jamesburg, New Jersey.

The Washington Tattler, Tampa, Florida.

The Blue and White, Kingston, Jamaica.

PERSONALS



Laugh, Clown, Laugh!

CLASS-ROOM CAPERS

A Two-Act Play

Time: 8:00 after the annual trip to Portland.

Place: Any class-room in B. H. S.

Enter Brown, Black, White, Smith, Howard Day.

Teacher: Well, we will call the roll. Marques.

Brown: Here.

Teacher: McDonnell.

Smith: Here.

Teacher: Colburn.

White: Here.

(And so on down the roll.)

Teacher: Ah, fine, everyone present.

(The door opens and in come Colburn, Marques, and McDonnell.)

Teacher: Well, well, visitors. Sit down, gentlemen. Very glad to see you.

This morning I shall endeavor to show you the.....(A snore from Day breaks in on him)

.....You can very easily tell what are the most important.....(Another snore interrupts him)

.....All this goes to prove that he greatly influenced the.....(Colburn and Marques fall asleep and McDonnell carries the bass of the trio. Soon the teacher notices that all are asleep, and tiptoes over to his desk, sits down, and soon drowns out all the other snorers, even Day, who sounds like the Pine Tree Limited. This continues until the gong rings, awakening the teacher, who jumps to his feet.)

Teacher: That's all for today, gentlemen. The assignment for tomorrow is the next chapter. Good morning.

Curtain (quick)

Economics Prof.—“Take all your profits and all your losses, and what have you got?”

Class (in unison)—“Magnolia!”—*Ex.*

“What a unique town,” said the bright student.

“Unique?”

“Yes, from the Latin *unus*, meaning one, and *equus*, meaning horse.”

Question in exams—Tell something about the life of John Milton.

Ans. He got married and wrote “Paradise Lost” and then his wife died and he wrote “Paradise Regained.”

So I said to her: “Do you remember the boy that used to pull your pigtails at school?” And she said: “Oh, is that who you are?” And I said: “No, that was my father.”—*Ex.*

We hear that “Ray” Newell, '29, has been seen driving a truck around Bangor. We always knew you'd do something big, “Ray.”

Teacher—Who was Columbus?

Frosh—The gem of the ocean.

He—Can you keep a secret?

She—I'll tell the world.

Experienced man desires strong assistant to help him open a jewelry store. Address Jim McC—, Home for Disabled Street-Sweepers.

Wanted—A barber in a drug store to shave ice for the soda-fountain.

Nit—My father is an excellent sculptor.
 Wit—Well, he certainly made a fine bust
 out of you.

Freshman (to girl walking down the street)—
 May I come too?

She—You'll never come to, unconscious.

Sap—Why did he have a profile picture

taken for graduation?

Head—He was too lazy to shave the other
 side of his face.

Frosh—Ouch! I just bumped my crazy-
 bone!

Junior—Comb your hair different and the
 bump won't show.

PESTIMONIAL

Dear Professor,

I am writing this letter in order to tell you what I think of the grades you gave me and to express my heartiest appreciation of you. Any person who would give such an array of marks as those I received from you is wonderful, and the man who criticizes the ones that you gave me, is a darned fool, through and through. I know well to what small extent my work warranted high grades. I do not think that I was entirely deserving of A's in all my subjects, but I find to my great surprise that nothing was ever farther from the truth than that you helped to cause my undoing and flunk me out of college. Accept my heartiest thanks for helping me so much in all of my work. I do not think that I am alone and separate in wishing you happiness. I am sure my feeling is shared even by those who have had the worst possible luck.

Of course, this is my personal opinion, but I think that it is true. In fact, I think that if we all knew you were to die tomorrow the general feeling of grief in all hearts would be so great that the whole college, including undergrads, faculty, and myself, would get a terrible let-down and not even the worst drunkards would want to get together for a great celebration. I firmly believe that any man who is not, like you, generous, loving impartial, firm, and always just, can thus secure the everlasting, undying enmity of his students easily. He who does not live up to these principles which have led you must be without a particle of doubt deserving of all and any slams which any student expresses and must have fully earned all criticisms that may be aimed at him.

I will close, thanking you from the bottom of my heart. The thing that precludes completely anything I could do to add to your happiness, is the love of your friends. My only prophecy for your future is that you will very probably be carefully and thoroughly engraved in the memory of all. If I am wrong, I'll be willing to be hanged, drawn, and quartered by some loving friend like myself.

Very truly yours,

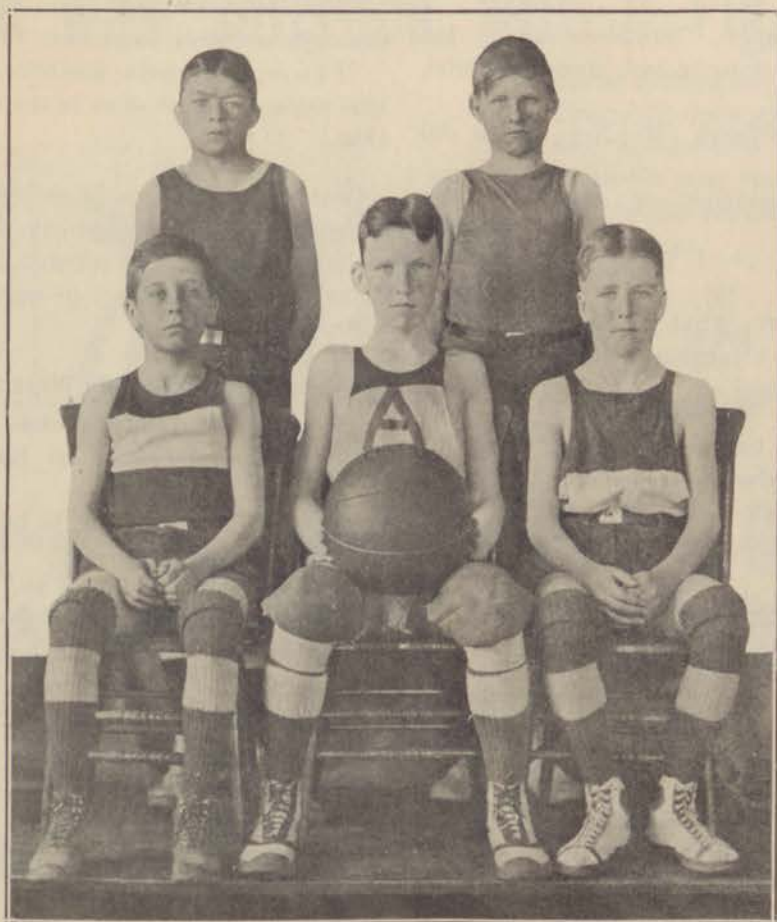
A Student

P. S. Now, you imbecile, read it, skipping every other line, and see how it sounds!

—College Humor.

EXTRA!

EXTRA!



EXTRA!

EXTRA!

Due to the extraordinary acumen and cleverness of our special reporter, Etta Leach, we have been enabled to secure the first authentic picture of the probable 1929 basketball team, which we are herewith reproducing for your enlightenment and edification.

From left to right, seated, we have "Lovely" Lynch, playing 'way back, "Has-been" Heath, playing jump, Mike McGoofus, playing just back. Standing on the left is Alpheus Soof, who came to us from Burnham Polytech. Alpheus is stationary forward. (The coach couldn't get him to move, so he had to put him in as stationary.) On the right we have

"FEET" FURROW, our star ringman, basketballer extraordinary, and bench-warmer plenipotentiary. The boys are coached by Pill Hunt, Harvard '67, who has a great reputation in these parts.

Captain Furrow says: "Just get behind the boys (we'd like to) and the boys will be behind you."

With this bunch of stars, coached with all the peerless skill of Coach Hunt (the coach), we should have a very successful season this year. Our readers will be kept informed through this department of any new developments in the line-up or the out-look.

He—I hear you made the football team.

Ha—Oh, the other boys helped a little too.

“Shiek” Saunders, '30—Hear about the fella invented a thing to look through a brick wall with?

“Angel-face” Clough, '30—No. What did he call it?

Saunders—A window, sap.

Polly B—n, '29—I believe this school's haunted.

Bud Fl—n, '30—What makes you think so?

Polly—Haven't you heard everyone talking about school spirit?

“I guess I've lost another pupil,” said the professor as his glass eye rolled out.

Admiring young Frosh—And what do you do for exercise?

“Silver-tongued” B—k—y, '29—I let my flesh creep.

“Jim” McC—, '29 (to fellow-passenger on Boston Boat)—Now what's the idea in bringing that up?

“Cliff” G—, '29—What would a cannibal be if he ate his mother's sister?

“Larry” H—I'll bite, what?

“Cliff”—An aunt-eater, bonehead!

R—n, '29—That's funny.

L—n, '29—What's funny?

R—I was thinking.

L—Ha! Ha! That is funny.

“Sleepy” Reid, '30—Have you heard the daddy's song?

“Hamhead” Hillman, '30—Spring it.

Reid—Buy, Buy, Pretty Baby!

Doofy Don—That's terrible! Have you heard the landlord's ditty?

Reid—All right, go ahead.

Donald again—Get Out and Get Under the Moon.

Mr. P.—What are nitrates?

B—gs, '32—Half the day-rates.

“Brown won a prize at the skating contest yesterday.”

“Not Ralph Brown? Why, he's the worst skater in seventeen continents.”

“I know. This prize was offered to the man who made the most stars in the ice in a given time.”

And then there's the Scotchman who took his girl to the free city art exhibit, told her to walk quickly, and then pointed out that by so doing they got the effect of watching moving pictures.

If Certain Famous People Were Living Now—

Ulysses, from Veazie, spends twenty years trying to cross the street at State and Exchange.

William Tell & Co. are in big-time vaudeville.

Ben-Hur drives Yellow Cab.

Lucretia Borgia is employed concocting new mixtures for leading bootleggers.

Edward the Confessor does ditto for *True Story Magazine*.

Michel Angelo conducts daily comic strips.

Horatio accepts job as night watchman on Brewer Bridge.—*Ex.*

“That sure is some end run,” mused the flapper as she gazed pensively at the toe of her stocking.

“Down by the riverside they met—

Did Romeo and Juliet.

Her hand in his he placed and said,

‘Fair Juliet, I would thee wed.’

‘Indeed?’ she queried, ‘come, let us go,

Get in the boat and Row-me-o.’

And as the hours quickly sped,

A lunch before his love he spread.

Says he, ‘Come, let us eat, my pet.’

And Rom-e rowed while Juliet.”

E. Kingsbury, '29, (to awkward squad)—A rifle bullet will go through more than a foot of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads.

(Continued on page 34)

Adam was satisfied with a Fig Leaf



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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 32)

He held the gun to his head, a look of anxiety, eagerness, and fear crossing his face. He grew tense, and gradually, expectantly, applied pressure to the trigger. At last a deafening detonation, a resounding bang, and the time-keeper sat down to watch the Big Game kick-off.

Popular Fiction

"Let Bygones Be," by Gones.

"Yes," by George.

"Rock-a," by Baby.

"The Fly," by Night.

"Missed," by A. Mile.

"Benjamin Franklin's Auto," by Ography.

Gallup Gallup Gallup!

Nok Nokk Nokkk!

"Who's there?"

"Paul Revere."

"Mr. Ross ain't home."

"All right, Betsy, I'll be right in."—*Ex.*

Lil pickanninny

Looks jes' like his poppy,

Don' know what to call him,

Less'n it's Carbon Copy.

—*Literary Digest.*

The meanest teacher we've ever heard of is the one who borrowed a knife from a student to sharpen a pencil so she could mark him down a flunk.

(Portland, on the eve of the big game).

Soph—Let's sleep in the gutter.

Frosh—Why?

Soph—There's plenty of room and running water.

Storekeeper—I don't like the ring of this half-dollar.

"Al" L—n, '29—What do you want for fifty cents, a peal of bells?

I lost my canary yesterday,

A flutter soon I heard;

He flew out of my ink-well—

Bye, Bye, Blackbird. —*Ex.*

Rules for Freshmen

I. Don't pinch the Seniors without permission. (Never pinch things, anyway.)

II. Don't chew gum when the teacher is looking.

III. Don't ever come to school with your lessons unprepared.

IV. When a Senior speaks to you (if you should chance to be so honored) bow deeply, blush, keeping your head down and drawing circles on the floor with the toe of your shoe, and in a shy, hesitant voice say, "Y-yes, sir."

V. Don't speak or act without the permission of a Senior.

VI. Don't make faces at the Sophs. They were Freshmen once, and they are trying as hard as they can to forget it.

VII. Don't hang around the corridors after school, 'cause the faculty will get you if

you
don't
watch
out!

Bill M—v-n, '32, (taking quarterly exam)—
What's the date?

Teacher—Never mind the date. This exam is more important.

Bright Bill—I know it, but I want to have something on this paper right, anyway.

P—y S—rs, '29—And what did they say when your horse fell into the swimming pool?

R—D—mm—d, '30—Everybody yelled, "Pull out the plug!"

A flirtatious young Freshman girl sat down between two Senior "he-men" and said coyly: "A rose between two thorns!"

One of the brutes said to the other: "Yes, or a tongue-sandwich."

Teacher—What's the best way to get rid of this radical?

Henry Flynn, '31—Rub it out.

(Continued on page 36)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 34)

Some Cow.—Want ad in the *Wichita Falls Times*—"For Sale—a full-blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens, and several stoves."—*Santa Fe Magazine*.

A Grammarlogue

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street; she is of course feminine. If she is singular, you become nominative. You walk across to her, changing to the verbal and then becoming dative; if she is nor objective, you become plural. You walk home together. Her brother is an indefinite article and her mother is accusative and becomes imperative. You talk of the future and she changes the subject. Her father becomes present and you become the past participle.—*Ex.*

Poor Child ! ! !—If fresh milk does not agree with the baby, boil it.—*Ex.*

Knows His Janes. — Wife — "Remember now, meet me at the Biltmore for lunch, at twelve."

Lawyer—"Very well, dear, but please be there by one, as I have an appointment with a woman client at three and can't wait any longer than two, if I am to meet her at four."
—*Judge.*

Sticking To It.—"American chewing-gum has gained a foothold in Japan," says an exchange. Its faculty for gaining a foothold is its most unpopular feature in this country—*Boston Transcript.*

Consistency.—"Do you act toward your wife now as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now."—*Ex.*

"I'm going to marry a pretty girl and good cook."

"You can't. That's bigamy."

Touchdown—"I played golf yesterday for the first time."

"How did you make out?"

"Fine! Made a home run right at the start. I batted the ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the entire course before they found it."

Getting Business.—The Boss—"Miss Brown, you have been telephoning for a full half hour."

Stenographer—"Excuse me; it was a business conversation."

The Boss—"That so? Very well, but please don't address our customers as 'Honey' and 'Darling.'"

"Do you have to work long hours?"

"No, only the regulation length—60 minutes each."

Nothin' doin'.—Sydney Shields, well-known Southern actress, has an old negro mammy from the South in her employ. The other day a colored man appeared at the door seeking work. The woman met him and the following was the conversation between the two:

"I don't reckon you-all knows of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin', does you?"

"Yes, indeed, I doesn't."—*Bangor Daily News.*

More English Schoolboy "Howlers"

"The sun never sets on the British Empire because the empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West."

"Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives."

"The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin."

"The immortal William is a name applied to the former German Emperor."

"The masculine of vixen is vicar."—*The Living Church.*

Both Arms Free—Girl—"Let's drive in the park."

Boy—"Naw, let's park in the drive."

(Continued on page 45)

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

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The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are 1400 students enrolled at the school.

Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

Graduates of any of the above courses may continue their work in the Graduate School of the Institute. The Master's Degree is conferred upon the satisfactory completion of one year's work and the Doctor's Degree for three years' work.

The method of instruction is unique and very thorough, and in all departments the laboratory equipment is unusually complete.

Interesting illustrated pamphlets giving information regarding the courses of study and the methods of instruction and containing views of the campus, buildings, and laboratories, the student activities, and the work of graduates, may be had by applying to the Registrar.

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THE TECHNICAL COURSE

(Continued from Page 7)

finds a dimension left out or, perhaps, a line that should be dotted.

Then there is algebra. This seems to most of the students their most difficult subject, and often the teacher is asked, "What's the use of algebra?" But algebra makes one think, and when a student once starts doing his own thinking, he will begin to learn. Algebra develops the desire to do a thing over and over until it is correct.

In the second year of his course, the Technical student finds English and algebra only a little more advanced than the previous year. But now he has something new, machine-shop; this subject is liked, I think, by nearly every student who takes it. For, during two periods each day for half of the school year the student puts on his apron, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to work amid the noise and grease of the machines. Here he learns how to cut threads on the lathes, to temper steel, to bend iron, and to grind tools. He also learns to run the milling machine, the drill press, and the gas forge. Thus, taking all into consideration, this half year in the machine shop is one of the most profitable and pleasant a student has during his four years in High School.

For the other half of the second year, mechanical drawing is again studied, but this time it is quite different from first year drawing. The student now learns how to make blue prints and the different types of drawings—for example, cabinet and oblique drawings. Some of the students even prepared the blue prints for the long desk now in the High School office. This desk was made by the students in the wood-shop.

The third year of his High School life still contains English, but now plane geometry is substituted for algebra, and physics for drawing and shopwork. Physics is in my opinion the best and nearly the most interesting of all. It explains all the common things we see and feel everyday all around us. It explains why one falls forward when one jumps off a fast-moving train, or why beating a carpet removes

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56 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

the dust, and a great many other ordinary happenings. It also explains the principles used in the flying of airplanes and the floating of heavy steel ships.

Then he comes to the last year of his High School career. Plane geometry now gives way to solid geometry and trigonometry, while half the year is given to English and the other half to advanced algebra. Chemistry now replaces physics and the student learns many things which astound him. For instance, he learns how chlorine, a deadly gas, when mixed with sodium in the right proportions, forms common salt, which is necessary for life. He also learns the uses of various chemicals for commercial purposes and their effects when combined.

This Technical Course fits a boy for various jobs in the mechanical world. The knowledge obtained in the machine shop is sufficient to secure a job for him in most of the machine shops, while the experience gained in the wood shop enables him to obtain employment in the lumber mills. Then there are the draftsmen. The draftsmanship learned in High School is a great help for any boy who desires to be a draftsman. Besides fitting a boy for his life work it also furnishes many subjects necessary for a student who desires to enter college to further his education. The Technical Course, all in all, ranks equal with the other courses and is a great course for any boy with a taste for machinery or who likes to see the wheels go 'round.

A CAT IN THE KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 9)

he had gone Capers patted the bag with an inquisitive paw. Ah, a rattle! Another pat! And another rattle! He *would* like to get into that bag! Whish! It was on the floor and he after it. He landed—in a mess of yellow and white stickiness. His wish had been granted. The bag *had* contained eggs!

Katie, hearing the crash, came to the door. Seeing the mess with the cat in the center of it, she planted herself, arms akimbo, and stared.

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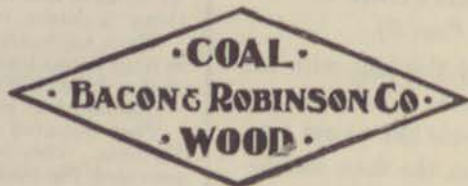
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Then, with a glance of wrath, she went for the mop, muttering: "Shure, and did the Misthress think I had nothin' else to do but watch a nhasty black cat and clane up after him, meself?"

At last the scrambled eggs *a la chatte* were cleaned up and the cake was put into the huge pan, ready to slip into the oven. Katie opened the door of the oven and went to the pantry to get the cake. Holding the pan of batter high and walking carefully she started for the oven. At the same time Capers, deciding to wash some of the egg from his fur, sat down, directly in Katies' path. She didn't see him—until too late! She stepped on his tail, Capers yowled, Katie screamed and sat down—kerplunk!—with the cake pan sitting jauntily on her head. The cake batter, soft and sticky, covered her from head to foot. "Blub! B'ub!" she stammered, waving her arms direfully. Capers sat down and gazed at her, astonished. The door opened and the mistress, who had heard the scream, stood and gazed, also. "Blub! Blub!" this time more emphatic, came from the doughy figure. The Mistress took everything in and started to laugh.

"Oh, Katie," she gasped. "You do look funny!"

"Blub! Blub! Blub!" came from the space which was Katie's mouth. But this time the corners turned upward and the 'blubbing' took on a rirthful rote. Irish wit had prevailed over temper after all.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 14)

asked Edgar, without waiting for Mary to answer.

"More than you suppose, Edgar, for before I married your mother I lived on a farm as she did."

"Oh," breathed Mary again, "I'm so glad. Aren't you, brother?"

"No language will tell how glad I am," was the reply.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 36)

B. H. S. does not take up the study of "Bulometry" as the questions are too hard for us to solve—let alone the problems! We follow a proverb that no one invented: "That which we can not do, we will not make any further attempt at." But the voices in the rear wish to know some of those difficult questions, as they think they are getting brighter every day. Here they are—see if you can answer them. If so, do not bother to send them in as there will be no prize.

1. Why do the teachers insist on shuffling those cards?

2. Why doesn't someone change some of those stale notices on the Bulletin Board? (Because they want us to memorize them.)

3. Why do the Freshies still get lost going from one room to another?

4. Why don't the bells ring for no school?

5. Why do teachers try to catch us in exams on things we never heard of?

(Why not listen and hear of them?—Teacher.)

6. Why doesn't the school buy an elevator so we won't have to walk upstairs?

7. Why do we rarely see A's now on Report Cards?

8. Why is the class of 1929 so bright?

9. Why don't some of our unknown orators speak in assembly?

10. How did it happen that the "Oracle" got rid of it's debt?

Landlord (to Gridley T., '30)—I'm afraid this bed isn't long enough.

T.—Never mind, I'll add two feet more when I get in.

"Jim" M.—, '30—Got a match, Tom?

"Tom" H.—, '29—No, but here's my lighter.

"Jim"—How the heck am I going to pick my teeth with that?

Prof. (in history class)—In which of his battles was Custer killed?

Bright Student—His last one.

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BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 24)

All of Bangor's line played well, but the outstanding ones were "Bernie" Striar, Colburn, Luosey, Campbell, and Marques, all of whom played exceptionally well on offense and defense.

WATERVILLE 0; BANGOR 0

Bangor and Waterville played a scoreless tie Saturday, Nov. 3, on the new athletic field. The game was played under the worst of conditions. A driving rain, together with a sea of mud, robbed it of many spectacular plays.

Bangor's goal was seriously threatened in the second quarter, when Waterville's left half, Joler, completed two passes to Gould, which placed Waterville on Bangor's 15 yard line; here a series of passes, which, if completed, would have resulted in a touchdown, were blocked by McDonnell and Murray.

Owing to the muddy, slippery field, both teams resorted to punting in the first quarter, while during the last three, they resorted to offensive tactics, but neither team succeeded in getting within scoring distance.

E. M. C. S. 7; B. H. S. 6

Bangor lost the first night game ever played in Maine, to E. M. C. S. by a score of 7-6 on Friday evening, the ninth of November.

Near the end of the first half, E. M. C. S., after receiving Luosey's punt, paraded the ball to the Crimson's twenty-six yard line, where a pass placed them on Bangor's 2 yard line. From here, after it took them three downs to make one yard, Welch finally took it over for the first touchdown.

In the last quarter, a pass from Luosey to Murray placed the Crimson team on the five yard line, where "Moulder" Murray took it

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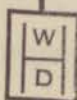


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over, but our men failed in their effort to tie the game by making the extra point.

The field was surrounded by large floodlights, making it so light that the plays could be followed almost as closely as in the daytime, and to aid this, the helmets were painted white and a preparation of white-wash was used on the pants.

BREWER 7; BANGOR 0

The celebration of Armistice Day, Monday, November 12, will not soon be forgotten, either by Bangor or Brewer, for on Brewer's new athletic field the Orange and Black won over the Crimson eleven the first game in twenty-six years.

Although there was no scoring until the last quarter, both teams fought hard and fast throughout the entire game. The first three quarters were a continual struggle, with each team threatening the other's goal several times.

In the fourth quarter, when Miles blocked Luosey's punt, Brewer advanced the ball, in three plays, to Bangor's one yard line, and Haggerty put it over. Graves secured the extra point by a place kick.

Bangor was not up to its usual form Saturday; "Flash" McDonnell was Bangor's star in the game, making many long gains by end runs and forward passes.

MILITARY

(Continued from page 18)

Mayor Wilson, written to Mr. Taylor, expressing his deep appreciation of the results accomplished through Lieutenant McKenney's work, and his hope that the school will continue its interest in the Military Course and make the Regiment an organization that our city and state will be proud of.

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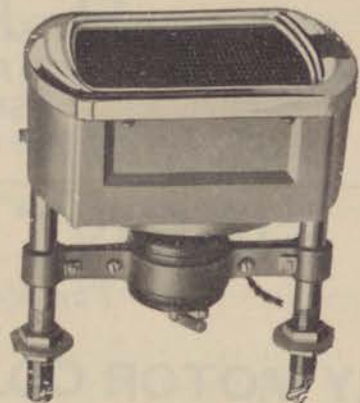
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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 26)

for the Freshman team to overcome.

The score at the half was 2-0, Bangor.

During the second half both teams fought gamely, with the Crimson team constantly threatening to score.

The Frosh were on the defensive for the most part of the game, their defence being their best game.

The final score was 3-0, Bangor.

Burrill, Trickey, and Lewis showed up well for Maine, while Carson, Brown, Craig, and Gross starred for the Crimson.

Summary:

Bangor

Maine Frosh

RW, Gross	Moore
RI, Carson	Findlan
CF, Brown	Churchill
LI, Thompson	Lewis
LW, Allen	Ross
RH., Penney	Thomas
CH, Craig	Burrill
LH, McLeod	Stevens
RF, Stevenson	Soule
LF, Welch	Trickey
G, Hutchings	Buck

Goals: Bangor, Carson, 1; Thompson, 1; Brown, 1.

Substitutions: Vanadestine, Jones, and West.

Referee: Lenglen, U. of M.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

Coach Richardson deserves much praise for the manner in which she brought the hockey team through this season, and although next year's hockey team will miss the fine playing of the Seniors of this year, there will be six Juniors left to form the team, which we hope will make another successful hockey season.

The thirteen girls making their letters are Captain Marjorie Craig, Manager Eulalie Collins, Annie Gross, Clarice Penney, Pauline Brown, Emily Thompson, Mary Carson, Fern Allen, Natalie McLeod, Arline Stevenson, Lydia Jones, Evelyn Welch, and Pearl Hutchings.

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JOHN PERSUADES DAD TO LET HIM HAVE A ROADSTER

(Continued from page 14)

out' and then be obliged to 'pack up' and come home. You would never forgive me for letting you have a car and you would always hate yourself for wanting one."

"But, dad, I have gotten very good rank for my first semester in college, and if you will let me have a car I will promise to keep it up."

"Well, John," said dad, "It is a long time until spring; you go back to college and I will be thinking it over very carefully."

John was somewhat encouraged at this remark. The next term just dragged, but before long he had finished another semester with his ranks higher than before.

At last John returned home to spend the Spring vacation. After receiving a hearty welcome from his family his next words were, "Dad, have you decided about my car?"

Dad replied, "I have decided to let you have a car under these conditions. If you have a car you must keep your ranks up just as high as they were before you had your car. If I see that your ranks are getting lower you shall have your car no longer."

The following week John returned to school in his shiny new roadster. About a month or so after John returned to school a letter came to his house from the Dean of the college.

When John's mother picked up the letter she immediately thought, "John's ranks must be getting poorer or else he has gotten into trouble with his car." She did not dare open it until John's father came home to lunch. His wife handed him the letter with trembling hands. Mr. Brown opened the letter and to his great surprise and his wife's great relief it was an inquiry as to whether he approved of the subjects which John had selected for the following year.

When John's ranks were sent home they were practically the same as his previous ranks. He had won the car and managed to keep it during his whole college course.

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