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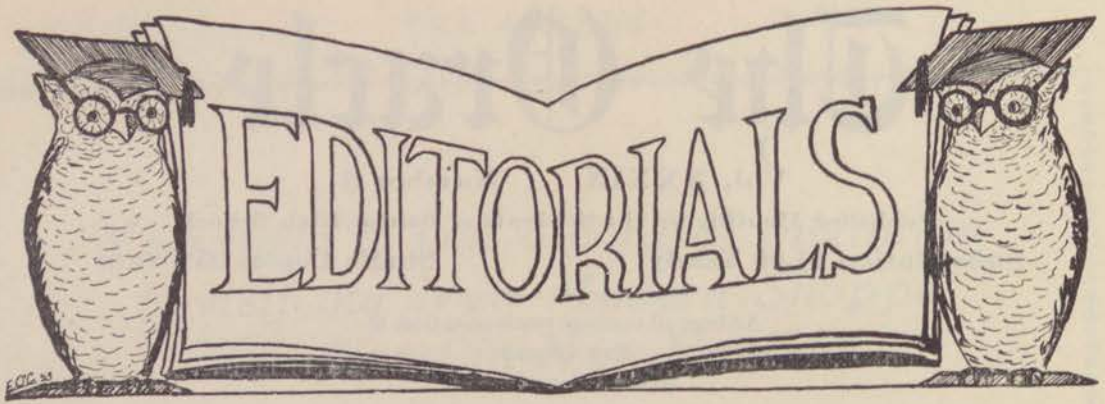
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"So act that none may feel ashamed to meet the eyes of other men."—Homer.

I RESOLVE

The new year has come and we are wondering just what it has in store for us. Before us is unfolded the vista of an entirely new year. Shall it be as good or better than the preceding year? That can best be answered by each one individually. What we may expect from the new year depends not upon any other person but upon ourselves. We must pave our own way and not follow in the footsteps of others who have gone before or we shall fail. If we search the backward path carefully and make resolutions to do better in the future, we can certainly make the road ahead much easier during the new year. Success may not come at once but that does not mean that we are failing. Before giving up New Year's resolutions, thinking that they are of little value, consider the significance of the statement from the diary of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving, having from the earliest times almost that I remember been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing." A magazine writer commenting on this says, "The world does not agree with Dr. Johnson's estimate of himself. Great men are always humble-minded. Who can say that Johnson would have forced himself to write his great works through so many dreary years of poverty if he had not strengthened himself with good resolutions?"

We can not not all have Dr. Johnson's kind of success, but at least we can remember that all

the good and lasting things in life have been achieved by men who knew that they must seek some worthwhile plan and carry it out. Those men knew how to make New Year's resolutions and follow them throughout the year. Their steadfastness of purpose is what made them achieve their object. New Year's resolutions must be something besides a mere show, if results are expected. They must be durable and must influence the whole life of the person. They must be as steadfast in purpose and as clear in mind as this resolution which Lincoln is said to have made. As a youth Lincoln saw so much cruelty and oppression to the slaves that he determined to free them some day. This determination followed him throughout his life. While he held minor legislative positions, he upheld the rights of the slave; and finally, when he became president, he brought his resolution to a successful fulfillment. Why can we not resolve to have some definite aim in view and strive to gain some small measure of success by doing each day's work to the best of our ability? Why not cooperate more readily in all that concerns the upholding of the High School standard? Why not make our rank a little higher and why not help along the school activities? These accomplishments require some effort it is true, but only by cheerful cooperation can we reach the goal of real success.

Besides making the new year much better for ourselves, we can also make it a better year for our friends. Maybe we have not been as friend-

ly and as helpful as we should have been. New Year's day is an excellent day for renewing friendships. Very likely also there will be an opportunity when we can bring a kind word to some friend who is ill, or perhaps we can cheer him who feels a little downcast. Why not try spreading happiness around us? That would surely be a worth while resolution. T. R.



The Schools of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Mildred Sawyer



HOW different are the schools of today from the schools of yesterday! The little red schoolhouse, celebrated in song and story, has, for the most part given way to the big red schoolhouse, which may, in the future, be considered just as inconvenient and ill-managed as we opine its predecessor to be.

How discouraging it must have been to a teacher, just graduated from school herself, to face a room filled with twenty-five or thirty pupils, varying in age from six to eighteen years and in grade from the first to the ninth! How much individual attention could she give any of them—the little tots, struggling with the alphabet, the eight and ten-year olds, trying to grasp the arts of spelling and writing, or the older boys and girls, learning numberless English rules which they could not understand? None of course. There were fifteen minutes for this and twenty minutes for that, and if Johnny Brown just *couldn't* remember the table of nines, where could the time come from in which to help him?

However decided changes have taken place in the last twenty-five years. It is true that half the children of the United States still live in the country and attend rural schools. But how different are they from the rural schools of the past. Towns are grouped into districts, one large schoolhouse is built for each district and every morning a bus calls at each house where there are children and takes them to

school. Even free lunches are provided. Better teachers are available and the school is not much different from city schools.

Just as great an improvement is noticed in the city schools. The majority of them are graded, so that there is but one grade to a teacher. In the grammar schools, where there is more than one room of each grade, there is a teacher for each subject. All the grades are visited at least once a month by special teachers for writing, drawing, physical training, music and the like. The high schools are so arranged that one may have a choice of courses. If a boy or girl is planning to go to college the classical course, which specializes in languages, is the one to choose. If he plans to do office work, there is a commercial course which trains him efficiently in shorthand, typewriting and bookkeeping. Home economics and general courses, as well as many others, taught by trained instructors, are provided for those inclined in other directions.

There are now special schools for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the mentally deficient, as well as for wayward boys and girls. Nor must we omit the night schools and correspondence schools which are such a great help to many who attended those schools of yesterday, which were lacking in so many advantages.

It is hard to predict how the schools of the future will be conducted. There will be, without doubt, in the next twenty-five years as great a change as there has been in the last quarter century. The radio and motion picture industries will probably play more and more important parts in the education of the children of the pupils in our educational institutions today. Radio sets, equipped with television, will in all probability, be installed in rural, as well as city schools, so that French, Latin and other foreign language lessons, conducted by learned professors may be enjoyed by those who can not afford expensive teachers as well as by those who can. Thus more uniform instruction will be possible. College will probably play a more important part than ever and more good will be obtained from them because of this standard preparation.

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"Literature is the garden of wisdom"—James Ellis.

They Walk In Beauty

A One-Act Play

By Minnie Alpert

Place: A grove on Mount Olympus.

Time: A night in 1930.

Principal Characters:

Helen of Troy.

Paris.

Homer

Virgil.

Supplementary Characters:

Various of the principal Grecian gods.

Various of the principal heroes of the Iliad,
the Odyssey, and the Aeneid.

SCENE I

Scene: In the center of the stage there is a huge banquet table at the head of which on a raised dais are two empty thrones. Beside the thrones on a lower level are two purple-covered chairs evidently awaiting guests of honor.

Synopsis: The stage is silent for a moment, then Aphrodite enters with a torch, lights the tapers, and pulls a bench into a shaded corner of the grove in the foreground of the stage. She lifts her hand as if in signal and smiles to herself as she leaves the stage. Immediately, as soft music is heard and nymphs dance about among the trees in the background, Paris enters with Helen and they seat themselves upon the bench.

Paris: Ah, such music! And a night young, and soft, and perfumed. 'Tis fitting. Oh,

Helen, it was upon such another night.

Helen: Upon such another night three thousand years ago! Since then we have tasted of love and hatred, of good and evil. We have experienced life and death, we know the secrets of both, we have nothing more to learn. And yet you prate of a night gone since three thousand years. Upon such another night!

Paris: And still the very stars in heaven cannot match the beauty of your eyes.

Helen: And once I thought you were the only one who could whisper such sweet flatteries in my ear. For three thousand years men have loved and women been beautiful. For three thousand years men have whispered: 'The very stars in heaven. . . .' Three thousand years. . . . No wonder the world is disillusioned, bah!

Paris: Three thousand years and the world is disillusioned? Disillusioned? Why? Not three thousand years, nor three million years can change the beauty of the stars, can change the beauty of your eyes. Helen, thy beauty is to me.....

Helen: I heard that three thousand years ago.

Paris: By the very gods, Helen, I swear.

Helen: By the very gods do you swear your love for me. By the very gods! The eternal gods! The immortal, *pagan* gods! *Pagan* gods, do you hear?

After three thousand years even the gods are dead. The gods at whose altars once we worshipped, the gods who guided our destinies. Because of us ten thousands of warriors died, not because of the gods! Because of us....!

SCENE II

As Helen speaks the music becomes louder and louder until finally a crash of chords cuts off her words entirely. The nymphs disappear from the background as the music breaks into a stately grand march. At the head of a procession enter Jupiter and Juno, and seat themselves upon the thrones. Beside them in the places of honor are a tall, awkward, young man, and a bearded bent old man. Following them a crowd of men, heroes of the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Aeneid,—and a galaxy of gods and goddesses gather about the table. Fruit, nectar, and ambrosia is brought in, and the feasting is begun. Suddenly Jupiter rises and the room is hushed.

Jupiter: Friends, tonight we ghosts of those things past are gathered in peace. No longer do thunders roar at the shaking of my locks; no longer do lightnings flash at anger in my eye. No longer do men have faith in us. Gone is our day of glory. We are dead. I am but a ghost, another God rules in my place. And even my life, our life, men would take from us. They say that we never existed....

Athena (springing up from her place): O Father and King of Gods and Men, thus do I address you. We never did exist. You say that we gods are dead. We never lived except

in the minds of those who conceived us, except in the minds of men. They lived and followed the course of their lives not, as they thought, because of us; for we lived only because of them. They were the creators, we—the created. They, the concrete things, were the gods, we—the clay in their hands, things of inconsequence, creatures of their imagination. Gods, are we? Dead gods, pagan gods. A God. How long does a god live I ask you? As long as he is the plaything of man. Dead, are we? We never lived.

Jupiter: Too true. (Homer rises) Ancient bard, dost thou wish to speak?

Homer: O Jupiter, Athena has spoken. Words of wisdom fall from her lips. True, too true, as thou hast said. But, why should the thought be hateful to you. I worshipped thee once, I worship thee still. You are immortal because of me and those like me. You are immortal not because of what you were, but because of what I thought you were. And yet there was something that inspired me,—something alive and living. It was you.

(As Homer seats himself Virgil arises).

Virgil: You did live, we, the poets, made you immortal, but you lived before we were born. You lived not because of us, but because of him and him and him. Because of Ulysses, because of Achilles, because of Hector, because of Aeneas. You lived because of Helen and Paris. They loved, Troy fell, Rome rose. Because of them, because Helen was a queen and also a woman, because Paris was only a man. You lived because of men and women who dared to live their lives fully. You lived! You were the art, the self-expression of the Grecian and Roman peoples. You lived! You walk in Beauty.

SCENE III

As Virgil ceases speaking, the music begins again,—this time low and sweet. The nymphs dance and the stage is silent. Helen turns an encouraging face toward Paris.

Helen: For knowledge and sophistication I

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FRECKLES

A. Jean Utterback, '31



His name was Freckles, so of course you know what color his hair was. Yes, it was red. Bright coppery red, and all curly like the shavings planed from a piece of wood. His eyes were greenish-grey, very nearly the color of cat's eyes.

He tramped down the dusty country road with a fishing-pole over his shoulder and a can of angle-worms in his hand. It was such a bright sunny day he had to whistle, even if he didn't want to. However, it was easy to tell by the mournful tune that something was wrong.

This was the trouble. You see, his sister had been very cross this morning and the first thing when he had come down to breakfast, she had started in on him.

"Freckles, what have you got on those old over-alls for? You are a disgrace in them. You know I don't want you to wear them."

"Well, I got to put on somethin'. You won't let me paint in good clothes. I'm goin' to paint my automobile."

"Oh all right."

After breakfast Freckles went out to the barn to work on his automobile. It was a noble structure, made from a soap box. The wheels weren't all of the same size, but that didn't matter much. Two tin cans were nailed on front for lights. But best of all was the seat! Two lovely rose silk pillows served very nicely for cushions—that is until about an hour later, when his sister made her appearance. Freckles had just finished giving his car its first coat of paint and stepped back to survey it with a gleam of pride, when he heard a step and turned around.

"Freckles, have you seen my best pil— Why, what on earth are you doing with them? Where did you get them? Oh, you horrid boy."

"Hey, leggo' my ear. I found 'em on the grass. How'd I know they were any good? I ain't hurtin' 'em."

"Give them to me this minute! Just look at yourself, you're all covered with paint."

"Oh, get out of here!"

"What do you mean by talking to me that way? I shall surely tell your father and you won't get an air-rifle for your birthday."

With these words she picked up the paint can and threw it. The paint went all over the barn and the can hit Freckles on the forehead, making a big bump. You see, Freckles' sister had red hair too.

Freckles looked rather dazed for awhile, but finally walked to the shed, took his fishing pole, and started off. When he parted the bushes near his favorite fishing hole, he saw a young man already fishing there. He turned around and said to Freckles: "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, my gosh, another cross one! What you kickin' about? This is my own private place."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be cross. I guess I had better go now."

"Oh, you can stay. I don't care."

"My goodness, Sonny, what happened to your head? There's a great big bump on it."

"I know it. My sister did it. She got mad. She's been terrible lately—so cross. Usually she takes my part, but gee, she's sure down on me now."

"That's hard luck."

"I'll say so. She's goin' to tell pa not to give me a gun for my birthday. Ain't that terrible?"

"I should say so. You don't know what the matter is with her, do you?"

"Nope. I guess she's been cryin' too, 'cause her eyes were all red. Maybe its 'cause her feller ain't been to see her for two or three days."

"Do you think so?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. She liked him awful much I think."

"This is interesting. What's her name?"

"Marjorie. Marjorie Banks."

"And you're Freckles?"

"Yup, but how did you know?"

"Ah, I just do."

"We better keep still. We'll never catch no fish."

After about fifteen minutes of silence, Freckles looked longingly at the mess of fish beside his companion. He then looked at the bare ground beside himself.

"Gee, what'll sister say if I don't take home no fish!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will stay here about an hour longer, I'll give you all my fish. How's that?"

"Gee, that's swell! Sure you don't want 'em?"

"No. I guess I'll go see if I can't get your sister into a better humor."

"I don't think you can," replied Freckles,

after a doubtful glance at the young man. "She just *hates* overalls, especially when they're fishie."

"I'll fix that all right. So long, Sonny?"

About noon, as Freckles entered the yard with his (or rather the young man's) string of fish, the smell of fresh ginger-bread, his favorite dessert, reached him. His sister ran to the door to meet him.

"Oh, what a lot of fish! Aren't they beauties!"

Freckles stared at her in amazement.

"You poor dear! Look at your head! I'm awfully sorry, really I am. Come, let me fix it."

He gasped for breath.

"I think you'll get a gun for your birthday. I spoke to your father about it."

As Freckles went up stairs to wash he said under his breath: "My gosh, she must like overalls after all."



The Diary of Us

Annie Morven, '32

WE got the idea of writing this diary from reading a book about a certain famous man called Lindberg. I am just a common, black cat with a neat white vest and dreamy green eyes, and Bozo, my partner in mischief, is a white bull dog with a large, heart-shaped black spot over one eye.

We live with an old couple named Harriet and Charles and their two children, Perry and Jane.

Perry is thin, twenty and red headed. She's frightfully in love with a boy named Howe. They don't pay much attention to us. I don't see why.

Kate is a sort of member of the family; she cooks and gives Bozo scraps. I guess she likes him better than me, although I honestly can't appreciate her taste.

Bozo is the only one who likes Jane. She

romps with him sometimes. Harriet says she's a tomboy. And for all the intelligence she shows she won't be born for several years to come. Why, she picked me right up by the tail the other day and played cowboy and Indian by swinging me around by the tail and shouting "whoopala!" "whoopala!" Naturally I didn't purr.

Bozo and I can't tell you all that happened to us, but we're going to give you a peep into our famous *Diary of Us*.

The first—

I am in disgrace—a bad way to start off the month. Nobody speaks to me. It was all Bozo's fault too, and he is strutting around with a big pink bow on his collar. Isn't that the injustice of the world! Today being Sunday, Bozo and I sat in the front hall and watched the family troop off to church. Then

out of a clear sky, Bozo said "Let's play chase and leap." It's a great game — chasing, leaping, and dodging, and is really lots of fun. From the hall we scampered into the living room; and I ask you, "Is it my fault that I am a better jumper than Bozo?" Bozo jumped on the wicker chair, and I chased him. Then when he sprang at me, I ducked, leaped for the mantle piece, missed it and managed to save myself by clawing at the canary cage. The door of the cage flew open, and Aloysius was such a tempting morsel. I can't quite decide whether he was really worth a day in solitary confinement in this spooky cellar.

The sixth—

Tonight everyone, even that horrid, spiteful Jane (she put water in my cream this morning) went to something called the "talkies." Neither of us has ever been to that place; so we can't make out whether it's a place where nice people or mean people, like that hoodlum Jane, go.

We hadn't had the freedom of the house since the first of the month, and it was awful still down cellar. Bozo made me nervous with his shivering. I tried to curl up on some rags near the furnace and steal a snooze but no use. Just as I was dozing off, something went Z-I-P. Bozo cuddled up to me, and whispered in a hoarse voice, "I thought the war was over." Bozo is an awful "sap" if I do say so. I guess he heard about the war from Algernon, the parrot, next door. Z-I-P went the sizzling sound again, and, before I could twist my whiskers, BANG went the noise. A geyser of something wet his Bozo on the eye, and then we went on the other side of the cellar. Not until the family came down to bank the furnace did we discover what had exploded. Trickling from the shelf beside the furnace were the remains of Harriet's raspberry preserves.

The eleventh—

Bozo and I have been good all day—In fact we have been taking quite an intelligent interest in what is going on around us. Harriet and Charles have been talking all about margin today, and Bozo and I have invented a

new game called "The Bull and the Bear." We know a lot about politics, too. Perry said she was going to vote for the young, good looking giant with the football shoulders, and Howe got mad. Maybe he had that thing called jealousy. Out in the hall we heard Charles explaining something about ballots and X's to Harriet.

The fourteenth—

I had a fight today. Everyone loves me and appreciates me. It happened this way. That snippy Jane swiped some cookies from Kate and took her "bike" and Bozo off on a picnic. She shut me in the house, but I didn't mind much. Sugar cookies and long runs are bad for the liver. By and by cook let me out, and, as there was nothing much to do, I sat on the back steps and snoozed. In my dream I heard something growl, and I opened my eyes just in time to see Murphy's big collie dog making for me. I ruffed my fur and looked my most ferocious, but he kept on coming. With one spring I was firmly planted on his back. What a ride I had across our back lot right up to Murphy's front door where Mrs. Murphy rescued her precious pup and sent me racing up a nearby tree. Probably my family and the Murphy's aren't on speaking terms now.

The Thirteenth—

Bozo and I played "Bull and Bear" today with most disastrous consequences. Accidentally I pounced upon some fuzzy lilac yarn which was all knotted up on some long sticks. When I couldn't get my paws out of the stuff Bozo gallantly tried to help me. First he bit the bony sticks and pulled them away from the yarn. But the soft lilac fuzz clung to my long nails, and he had to chew the skeins in two. At last I was free, but what a costly rescue!

Something told us all was not well; so, when we heard Kate coming down stairs, we scampered out doors to our favorite hiding place behind the garage. Soon cook appeared at the back door with a luscious looking bone in her

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A Visit to Lincoln's Birthplace

Mary C. Robinson



DOES the Pan stop at E-town?" said the ticket agent to Information.

"Yes," replied Information, a youth at a neighboring desk.

This was good news to us; for if the Pan-American, the express train to New Orleans, had not stopped at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, we might have had to return to Louisville to take it. As it was, we took the local train from Louisville to "E-town" and arrived at our destination at about 8.30 A. M. The station seemed to be empty except for two men who were obviously loafers.

"Aren't there any taxis to be had?" said I to one of these men of leisure.

"Why, yes, there are some taxis over there," he replied, pointing to some abandoned machines at the end of a long board walk.

I walked to one of these, waited a while, and then said in un-schoolma'am-like English, "Does anybody belong to this taxi?"

In the course of a few minutes a leisurely man appeared from somewhere and said, "Lady, did you want a taxi?"

"Do you know the way to the Lincoln Birthplace?" was my answer.

"I suppose I have driven a thousand people there," he replied.

After that things moved rapidly enough. We were driven over a peaceful road, the Dixie highway, through a beautiful country, diversified with rolling hills, and in less than half an hour were in Hodgenville, the town where Abraham Lincoln was born. The Lincoln farm, however, the actual birthplace, is three miles beyond the town.

On the crest of a high hill is the granite memorial within which is the little log cabin in which, on February 12, 1809, the baby was born who was to influence profoundly the history of his country and the world. The building is not unlike in appearance the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. It was out-

lined against a bright blue sky flecked with white clouds, and made a noble and imposing appearance, which was enhanced by the long flights of stone steps that led up to the entrance.

A chain surrounds the log cabin itself, but when I asked if we couldn't go inside the custodian said, "Yes, I guess I'll let you in if there are only two of you. When there are big crowds I don't allow it."

It was a wonderful experience to be alone in that tiny cabin.

The chimney, built of logs, is not the original one, nor is the stone fireplace of which it is the outlet; but both are reproduced as nearly as possible, according to the recollections of people whose memories went back to the time when both were undisturbed. For the cabin has not always remained in this spot but was taken down, log by log, and exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893; every log was carefully marked and a post was left standing in the middle of the floor space, so that the building could be put back, as it finally was, in exactly the spot it came from.

The chimney is only half the height of the cabin itself and looked to me very unsafe, but probably it was lined with clay, and it doubtless served the purpose of the Lincoln family.

Chiseled upon the walls of the memorial, besides the tribute to Lincoln, himself, is an appreciation of his parents. The earlier biographies dismissed Thomas Lincoln as ignorant and shiftless. Unquestionably he had no opportunity to get an education; but in early manhood, by his own hard work, he had earned enough to buy this hundred-acre farm for his little family, ample evidence of his thrift, industry and initiative.

About half way up the hill is the never-failing spring which made the farm doubly valuable. Here Nancy Hanks Lincoln did the family washing, and here her little son

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The Plan That Didn't Work

Nathalie Sanders, '31

TILLIE Mason leaned far out of the window, as her little brother went down the drive, and called, "Don't go far away, Freddy, because I'm going to take you to the Museum of natural history this afternoon."

"I'm only going for a little walk, Tillie," replied Freddy, as he hurried down the street in search of the "gang." Freddy found the boys on the corner, and after talking over the baseball prospects he said, "My sister, Tillie, is taking me to the museum of natural history today! Have any of you fellows ever been there?"

He was greeted by chorus of exclamations, "Oh boy, have I?" "It's awful,"—"Gosh, it's nearly as bad as going to school."

"I didn't know it was so bad. What's in it anyway?" asked Freddy. "It's got all kinds of bowls an' skeletons of great big animals, an' mummies, an' great big rocks, an' a lot of pictures of old places, an' things," replied the boys.

"Gee, an' the way my sister talked I thought I was going to see something swell!"

"Gosh, I feel sorry for you, if you have to go there! Isn't there some way to get out of it? Listen, make up some excuse! Tell your sister the museum burned down last night; tell her no visitors are allowed today, or tell her the mummies scare you, and if you can get out of going to the museum come on over an' we'll have some baseball practice!"

Freddy departed saying to himself, "Tillie double crossed me! Who wants to look at skeletons, an' rocks, an' pictures, an'—an'—what are mummies, anyway?"

"I'll try an' make up some good excuse."

When Freddy arrived home, he met his sister just getting ready to leave.

"Listen, Tillie, there's no use going to the museum today, because I just found out it's closed." "Don't be silly, dear, it's open every Saturday afternoon," replied Tillie. "Yes, but didn't you hear the news? One of the mummies died, an' they're having the funeral this afternoon."

"Why,—the idea," gasped Tillie, so Freddy called to the boys, "It's no use, Fellows, it didn't work."

Autobiography of a Battered Coin

Robert Cumming, '33

NIGHT reigns in a little valley of Greece. We are at the scene of one of the noblest battles of history—Thermopylae. Thermopylae, where East met West; where a new world strove against the forces of an old world; where men fought and died and in dying gave the new world its birth!

It is quiet now in this valley and the night air is scented with odors from the nearby mineral springs. There is no sign to forecast the tragic

scene of the morrow—all is calm and peaceful. On one side of the pass there lies encamped a mere handful of Greeks, while on the other side is the largest muster of men in all history. On one side is bravery and honor, on the other, luxury and indolence. During the previous day Xerxes had ordered his Medes to bring the handful of Greeks to him as prisoners, without harming them, for he wished to see what manner of men were these who refused to let the ruler of

the world pass. Even as Xerxes, in agony for his army, rises from his golden throne, once more the Immortals of Persia are being repulsed by the pitifully few Greeks. As this slaughter goes on, the Great King becomes more and more humiliated. Is he going to let this handful of Greeks block his way toward world conquest? Egypt, Media, Phoenicia, Babylonia, Assyria, Ionia were his. Is this small peninsula of Greece to be a nation that dared defy him? Thus the king ponders and in his perplexity he calls to him his chief seer who prophesies cryptically that if Xerxes uses his greatest force, he will conquer, yet eventually this same force will cause the downfall of Persia.

Yet again Xerxes sends forth his Immortals, and, as often as they dash forward, they are are thrown relentlessly back. Surely there is no greater power in his kingdom than the Immortals. Once they defeat the paltry handful of Greeks, he will know how to prevent them from endangering Persia.

The day slowly passes. Night deepens as Xerxes tries to think of his greatest force. He prays, as he has never prayed before, to all the known gods and some gods which he has invented for his own purpose. Finally he delivers a long petition to his god, Ormuzd, the moon-god, the god of light. Now he lies and watches for an omen, for surely the moon god is a true god. Suddenly through a slit in his tent steals a moonbeam which shines broad on my gold surface, causing me, the gold daric, to glitter. I am the greatest power in all Persia! His inspiration has come! "Artabamus," the king calls, and his Greek attendant immediately enters, bowing deeply with profuse salaams. "You say Thermopylae is the only way over the mountain," the Great King inquires?

"My Lord, anointed of heaven, my grandfather on my mother's side, perhaps you have heard of him as a great leader of the Thessalonians, it was he—

"Enough, slave, go to the point. Do you not know of another trail over the mountain?"

"Oh! a thousand pardons anointed of kings," continues the trembling Greek, "but the brain of an old man likes to wander. My grand-

father, the greatest of Thessalonians, often called the greatest Greek of the time. Your servant is greatly honored from being decended from him. It was—"

"Dog, you shall not see sunrise if you do not cease your prattle. Xerxes of Persia is not a man to be trifled with."

The Greek casts himself at the feet of the king imploring mercy, but The Lord of the Earth kicks him away so that his foul Greek body may not harm the clothes of the ruler of the world. Finally after much gasping on the part of the Greek, the Emperor learns that the slave's grand-father had led a Thessalonian army by a second way to attack the rear of the Phocians during some ancient war. The attendant is promised death if he cannot find the man who knows the path. The Greek departs into the night with the king's warning ringing in his ears.

He returns with a hungry-eyed fellow who says his name is Ephialtes. The bargain is reached and the king flings me to the Greek who puts me in the purse nature gave him, namely his mouth, and that is the last I hear. In a very few minutes we stop and a gruff voice orders my new owner to crawl in. Soon the Greek removes me from his mouth! We are in a small ragged tent through which the sea air creeps in and dulls my luster. While I am looking about me, the Greek rubs me in his fingers, nervous and trembling. Muttering some phrases in Greek, he replaces me in his mouth and falls into a troubled sleep.

The rest is known to history—how Ephialtes led a band of Medes over the other trail—how the Persians fell on the Greeks, front and rear—how the Spartans to a man died fighting. I was the greatest force in Persia—Persia the greatest country in the world—I was the greatest force in the world. In my jubilation I could have defied Xerxes himself. Great I that could be the greatest force in Persia, powerful enough to bring her victory or downfall.

I soon discovered that my new master was more of money-getter than a fighter. He was clever enough to avoid danger at Salamis, but during the next year at Platea his luck changed.

(Continued on Page 45)

How Can I Keep From Laughing at the Wrong Time?

Faith Holden, '32

ONE of the most embarrassing of my many failings is my unconquerable inclination to laugh at the wrong time.

Something undeniably funny happens in school. Merriment prevails for a moment or two, then subsides. Perhaps fifteen minutes later, I remember the humorous incident, review it in all its vivid newness, regard it from every point of view, and embellish it with imaginary happenings, until my fatal sense of humor, unable to endure the strain any longer, bursts out in an exceedingly idiotic grin. My neighbor on the southeast regards me with a mildly tolerant smile, or the teacher gives me a disapproving frown, temporarily suppressing my buoyant spirits. But my troubles are not yet over. With ever-increasing humor, the original event recurs to my mind again and again. I often find myself chuckling over memories of funny incidents which occurred several years ago. These spasms of merriment always seize me at the most inopportune moments, usually in some public gathering, where I suffer inexpressible agonies

from the cold, inquiring stare, which seems to frequent those places where my little idiosyncrasy is most likely to be noticed.

Akin to the question of when not to laugh is the problem of what to laugh at. I have, in my family, a number of unreasonably humorous relatives, who go into gales of laughter at my most innocent and serious observations, and who remain perfectly sober when I make some particularly apt, caustic remark. How am I to tell what is funny?

The attitude of my grandfather is especially puzzling. Since nearly everything he says is funny, naturally I laugh every time he speaks; but occasionally, when he makes a grave remark on some important subject, my countenance lights up with a spacious smile, until I notice that the rest of the company remains solemn. Concealing my mortification under a haughty, indifferent manner, I retire into my gloomy thoughts, with the stern determination never to laugh again. But my good resolutions always fail me at the critical moment.

How can I keep from laughing at the wrong time?



How to Deal With a Book Agent

Geneva Epstein, '32

BOOK agents are general nuisances. Many boys, attending college, peddle magazines in order to obtain sufficient funds to pay for their tuition. As Bangor is the largest city near the University of Maine, it abounds in book or magazine agents.

Most usually the minute the door is opened, the agent asks if he may please speak with the lady of the house. If she is in all the


better—but if she isn't, you'll do! Most of them are very clever, and excuses such as 'not interested' or 'very busy' are not very often accepted.

Recently one of these agents came to my door, and, as I saw him coming, I decided that I would be very alert and would under no circumstances let him put any schemes over on me. As soon as I opened the door, he greeted

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A Disagreeable Morning

By "Zack"

HEN you talk about a disagreeable morning. I can tell you about a much more disagreeable one. Saturday morning dawned warm and sunny. How glad I was that this particular morning was so lovely! Why? Because I was going on a hike with some other fellows. We had planned it all the day before—we were going to take our lunches and spend the day at "Lovely Lake." What a good time we were going to have! And just imagine—a much longed-for swim in cool, refreshing water. How everyone would envy us!

Suddenly I remembered that I hadn't asked Mother if I might go, for she had been out yesterday afternoon and hadn't returned until after I had gone to bed in the evening. I hurriedly threw on my clothes and ran down stairs. I found Mother in the kitchen making toast for breakfast and Father sitting at the dining-room table with his head buried in a newspaper. When I questioned Father and he said he guessed it could be arranged, I could have jumped for sheer joy but my pleasure did not last long, for Mother calmly announced that other plans had already been made, and from the tone of her voice I knew they were not pleasant ones.

I ate my breakfast downheartedly, scarcely realizing what I put in my mouth. When Mother wasn't looking, Father threw some sympathizing glances in my direction. He knew what it was to be kept home from a jolly picnic to carry out Mother's plans for he had once been a boy himself and had had many such disappointments in place of the expected good times.

After breakfast Mother suggested that I wash the dishes as she had a lot to do and very little time to do it in, because she was expecting guests for tea and would have to get her Saturday morning's work finished before they arrived. Naturally I felt the same way toward washing dishes as any other small boy—

in fact I was tempted to smash every one of them but I knew that severe punishment would follow. So what can a fellow do but calmly wash them? Finally the last dish was put away and I breathed a sigh of relief although I held my breath as I waited for my next order, fervently hoping that it wouldn't be making beds, for that is a sissy's job, and, if "the kids" found out about it, I would never hear the end of it. It *wasn't* making beds but it was nearly as bad for I had to dust the parlor—Mother called me her "little parlor maid." Now isn't that enough to make any fellow mad? It did me and how I envied and still do envy those boys who have sisters who can be their mother's "little parlor maids."

After I had finished dusting the parlor Mother said I might beat the smaller rugs. Before I was half through, I thought with envy of those fellows who were splashing about in the cool water while I was beating rugs in the hot sun. By the time the rugs were beaten well, dinner was ready. Of course it was a good dinner and I enjoyed it; nevertheless I still wished I was on that picnic.

Evidently the morning was disagreeable only to me, for Mother seemed very much pleased with the help she had received. After dinner was over, I jumped up from my chair, donned an apron, and started to clear up the dishes but Mother said she had some other plans for me. I was to be rewarded for my morning's work and the only way she could think of that would please me was to let me go to see the wild west picture at the theatre on the corner and have an ice cream soda afterwards. My afternoon was *very* pleasant, the theatre was cool, the movie was GREAT; the ice cream soda was Cold but best of all—I was envied by the other fellows whose mothers' wouldn't let them see it because they were tired after their day's sport. So you see it sometimes pays to stay home from a good time to do what your mother has planned.

SHIPWRECKED

MY corner of the nation's playground is a little island off Mt. Desert. Here on a fine day, one can see the slopes of mighty Cadillac and those of the lesser mountains rising from the sea.

My story, however, is not of the blue water and the green hills; but of one of those days when the fog comes in and obscures everything with its cold clammy hand.

It was on such a day that I had to cross the fourteen miles of open water to the mainland where my father was waiting to join his family. As I left the wharf, I could see scarcely a boat's length ahead, while the fog deadened the chug-chug of my engine. Indeed "the fog was so thick, you could cut it with a knife" as the coast people say. Through the mist came the dismal booming of the reed horn at Duck Island while in echo Mt. Desert and Egg Rock repeated its accents.

Suddenly, after about two hours chugging, land loomed up on the starboard bow. Contrary to my better judgment I ported the helm and grated on a ledge. In a split second I reversed the clutch, jumped overboard, and attempted to shove her off; all in vain. I shut

off the engine and prepared for a stay on the reef, for the tide was ebbing fast and would not return for five or six hours.

Luckily the boat was not damaged except for some caulking that had been loosened by the collision. Since caulking was unavailable, I filled the cracks by using very hard grease as a substitute for putty. This temporary repair would last at least until I got home. Next I removed the spark plugs and put them in my overcoat pocket for I did not want to be delayed by damp ignition.

Suddenly I was conscious of a hitherto unnoticed appetite. Heating some tinned soup over the boat's lantern I drank it readily. Once, about an hour after I had finished my lunch, I heard a boat pass; but otherwise silence reigned supreme save for the rippling of the waves, the breaking of the surf on a more exposed shore, and the monotonous booming of the fog-horns.

The hours passed like years. All things must come to an end however, and about three hours after midnight the "nearwreck" floated; and I took my bearings, grasped the wheel, and guided my boat to a welcome home.



An Adventure in Nature Study

Newell Avery, '33

IF you haven't anything particular to do, meandering through the woods is an interesting pastime. I once spent the afternoon in that way.

I am lazy, as many can testify; therefore I didn't wander long through the woods but sat down in a cool shady spot.

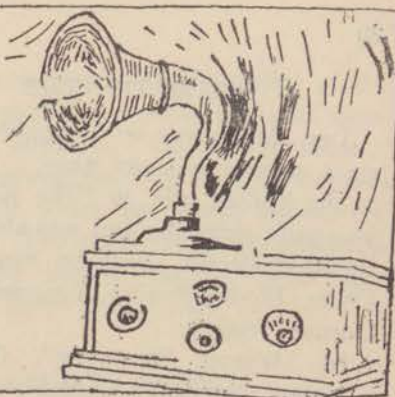
I had heard that, if you keep perfectly still in the forest, many, otherwise timid animals, will come out in the open where you can see

them. I tried the experiment with great success. First a sneaking red fox poked his nose slyly through the underbrush as if he were surveying the forest, but didn't want anybody to see him. Then a small brown bird suddenly fluttered up from a nearby clump of grass almost startling me from my position. I wondered what had aroused the little bird. She flew to a dead branch nearby and sat there

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BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

F 29



*"The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects
he peruses"—Marcus Aurelius.*

ASSEMBLY

We had an interesting speaker in Dr. Barker, at one time personal physician to President Taft. Dr. Barker is reputed to have spoken to more high school students than any other person. We can easily see that all those to whom he has spoken were very well interested and gained benefit from his fine talk.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRY-OUTS

The annual Junior event, the famous Junior Exhibition is rapidly approaching, and the Juniors are busy making ready to do their best at that affair. The forty who were winners in the first try-outs and have now attained the privilege of saying that they have made the semi-semi-finals are, with fear and trembling, awaiting the 15th and 16th of January for it is then that their next ordeal will come. The whole school surely wishes them luck in their undertaking, and congratulates those who have been successful so far.

Girls—Rena Allen, Aimee Barnes, Betty Brown, Mae Cohen, Carolyn Currier, Betty Dill, Mary Economy, Geneva Epstein, Vivian Farnham, Dorothy Friedman, Dorothea Higgins, Jacqueline Johnston, Lena Lavoot, Ruth McDonough, Arlene Merrill, Anora Peavey, Frances Reynolds, Louise Rice, Constance Street, Evelyn Tracy.

Boys—Linwood Barker, John Bartlett, Louis Bowdoin, Donald Graham, Russell

Hawkes, Abraham Kern, Calvin Knaide, Albert Landers, Isadore Leavitt, Samuel Levine, John McDonough, Fred Littlefield, Joseph Mullen, Simon Nisenbaum, Thomas Reed, Donald Scanlin, Temple Smith.

LATIN CLUB

On Thursday night, January 1st, the Latin Latin Club held its annual Saturnalia, in accordance with the custom of the Romans in setting aside a special time to worship Saturn.

Katherine Epstein was chosen to preside over the program of the evening. A short play was given with Joan Cox, Charles Wilson, Robert Kurson, Frederick Newman, Woodford Brown, Norman Taylor, Richard Higgins, and Raiph Wentworth as the actors.

The whole group sang a few Latin songs, led by Betty Dill and Frances Reynolds.

A guessing contest was held, in which each one described some character in Roman history or mythology, and the others guessed who was being described. Those who were most successful in the guessing were Beryl Warner and Betty Brown. As a reward for their excellency in knowledge of Roman characters, the winners had first choice among the gifts. Then, also, as a reward for merit, the members of the cast of the play were allowed the next choice. Those who attended the celebration but had not taken active part in the play were the last to receive gifts.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Two plays given on December 12th were a great success in many ways. Louise Rosie, in the leading role, in "The Kleptomaniac", was quite charming and was ably assisted by Winifred Brown, Nathalie Sanders, Frances Flynn, Phyllis Peavey, Frances Clough, and Dorrice Trickey.

In "Wurzel Flummery", Geneva Fogg, Christine Curran, Leonard Ford, George Carlisle, and Gorham Levenseller, made a fine cast.

Those who took part in these plays put many hours into their rehearsals, and deserve great praise, as does also the dramatic coach, Miss Darthea Rideout.

DEBATING CLUB

After several try-outs in which other debaters were eliminated, Robert Cumming and Robert Kurson, with Kenneth Kurson for the rebuttal, were chosen to uphold the negative side of this year's Bowdoin League question, "Resolved: That American Industry Should Adopt a Five-Day Working Week." Those chosen for the affirmative team were Persis Barnfield and Constance Hedin, with Mildred Rolnick as alternate.

On December 12th our Negative team went to Hallowell and their Negative team came here to take part in the debates. The two Affirmative teams were victorious, with 5—4 decisions in each case. At Hallowell, Kenneth and Robert Kurson tied for the position of best speakers, and Robert Cumming tied with a Hallowell speaker for second place. At Bangor, Persis Barnfield was unanimously voted best speaker, and Constance Hedin tied with a Hallowell speaker for the second place.

On January 9th, the same teams will debate on the same question with Cony High, one Bangor team going to Augusta, and one Augusta team coming here.

MILITARY

A new set of national and regimental colors has been received from the United States Army

Quartermaster Depot at Philadelphia. They are beautifully made and were purchased by contributions and profits made at the last military ball. The regimental color has the seal of Bangor and the R. O. T. C. emblem embroidered upon it in fine needlework. As soon as tripods are received, the colors will be displayed at various places in the city.

The area of the arsenal has been increased by the removal of the steps leading into the gymnasium on the boys' side. The entire old arsenal is now used for the storage of rifles which are issued by name, a school number, and the U. S. ordinance number.

All men who have had more than one year of drill are attending lectures and classes every Monday and Wednesday instead of drill. They will study and recite on military science and tactics, such as map reading, scouting and patrolling, first aid, and shelter, and advance and rear guard.

The first year drill men have been assigned lessons in the Basic Manual and are to study military courtesy, and the school of the soldier with and without arms.

* * * * *

The members of the rifle teams have been selected and are now training Monday and Wednesday nights and Saturday forenoon in preparation for the Corps Area match and the Hearst Trophy match. Last year the team won second place in the latter.

The number of Rifle Club meetings has been shortened this year in order that members may have more time for scholastic study.

ORCHESTRA

The High School Senior Orchestra is working very hard, and is making rapid strides forward, both in number of members and in the selections played. The required number for the State contest is receiving attention, as is the piece "The Blue Mediterranean". The latter selection is fairly difficult, and the flute and clarinet play important parts along with the other instruments. The Orchestra is also playing marches, written for orchestras, from

the famous R. B. Hall book. The band, too, uses this book of famous marches. Among the pieces in the book written by R. B. Hall, is the march entitled, "Greeting to Bangor."

The only public appearance that the orchestra has made aside from the Friday assemblies, was at the Dramatic Club plays, given at the High School the Friday before the Christmas recess. Much of the success, both socially and financially, of the plays, is due to the fine work of that musical body.

The general student body of the school does not fully realize the great importance of these musical organizations that the school supports, and it is interesting to note that many schools the size of Bangor, and in some cases larger, cannot support one musical organization.

BAND

The number of members of this year's Bangor High School Band is rapidly approaching the total of those in last year's, and at each rehearsal new faces are seen. The clarinet and trumpet sections are rapidly being filled, and the other sections are very well balanced.

Almost everybody, from the students to the general public, missed the band at the basketball games the first part of the year, and its appearance at the last few games has added a great amount of color to the already exciting games. Before the games and at the half there is "nothing doing", so to say, and the peppy marches played by the band go a long way toward entertaining everybody. Another advantage of having the band play at the games is the fact that it gives the thirty or forty odd members a chance to see the game free of charge. This is only another instance of the many advantages of being a band member. Librarian Eugene Johnson has the band books in perfect form and totally complete.

At the present time the band is working on selections that are to be played at chapel. With the band playing at assembly one week and the orchestra the next, the students have the advantage of listening to real, classical,

but at the same time, very interesting pieces. One piece of special interest to the band members is the selection, "On the Mountain," a light, interesting, and decidedly harmonious bit of music, in which the basoon figures very prominently. The music shows the wonderful sound that the basoon has, and it is very interesting to listen to that part.

LIBRARY NEWS

"A great book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty."

Miss Mary Ellen Chase, when in Bangor a short time ago, kindly autographed those of her books which are in our High School Library. The books are:

Uplands
Mary Christmas
Silver Shell

Among recent improvements in the Library is the addition of a vertical file. Its contents will be useful as well as interesting to those in the High School. In this file are to be assembled pictures and clippings on many subjects. These are easily referred to, and will make a welcome addition to the material already available for those who seek for information on the subjects related to their studies or interests.

There are numerous new books in the Library, among which are "The Black Angels" and "Early Candlelight" by Maud Hart Lovelace and "Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything" by C. R. Cooper.

The Black Angels

This is an interesting story, told in a charming manner, of the Angel family in Minnesota. From the elder Angel, who had come from Scotland, to the Angel grand-children, every member of the family was musical, and their journeys through Minnesota as "The Angel

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" Preserve friendship "—Stabeans

The following Alumni of B. H. S. were in Bangor during the holidays:

Michael Luosey, '29, Naval Academy.

Donald Yates, '27, U. S. Military Academy.

Ruth Gordon, '27, Charlotte Thompson, '27, Phyllis Hedin, '27, Cynthia Jones, '29, Betty Spangler, '29, Wheaton.

Elizabeth Woodward, '29, Lydia Jones, '30, Leslie Kindergarten School.

Hugh Conner, '28, Robert Bell, '28, Joseph Houlihan, '28, Thomas Perry, '28, Holy Cross.

Raymond Prince, '30, Chandler Redman, '30, Eugene Brown, '30, Frank Allen, '29, Stewart Mead, '29, Bowdoin.

Gridley Tarbell, '30, Culver Military Institute.

Eaton Tarbell, ex-'31, Wassokeag School.

Clarice Penney, '29, Evelyn Haney, '29, Rosamond Taylor, '29, Emerson.

Mildred McGuire, '28, Sargent.

Paul Karnes, '29, employed by the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Philadelphia.

Clifford Gallupe, '29, employed by the American Tel. and Tel. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Henry Colburn, '29, George Shean, ex-'30, Michael Crowley, ex-'31, James Milan, ex-'31, Kent's Hill Seminary.

Elizabeth Mongovan, '30, Mount Ida.

Charlotte Cahners, '30, Pearl Thompson, '29, Laselle Seminary.

Norman Cahners, ex-'31, Andover.

Newell Kurson, '29, Dartmouth.

Charles Bragg, ex-'29, Williams.

Danforth Hayes, '28, Amherst.

Pierce Webber, ex-'27, Charles Webber, ex-'28, Harvard.

Dorothy Clough, '25, former School Librarian, Columbia.

Ruth Dunning, '30, Una Peavey, '29, Smith.

Dexter Clough, '30, Exeter.

Herbert Clough, '28, Haverford.

Wilfred Finnegan, '30, Edward Morgan, '30, Hebron.

Eleanor Cross, '28, Sylvia McLaughlin, '28, Simmons.

Bernard Saunders, ex-'31, Tilton School.

Jack Dunning, ex-'31, employed by the American Radiator Co., Boston.

(Continued on page 49)

IN MEMORIAM

The death of Mrs. John M. Fallon, youngest daughter of Mrs. Daniel McCann and the late Dr. McCann, of Bangor, occurred at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston.

* Mrs. Fallon, formerly Miss Kathleen McCann, graduated from B. H. S. in the class of '23, and from the College of Sacred Heart in the class of '27. Her death is deeply felt by the people of Bangor.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle"—Herbert.

CRIMSON'S NEW MENTOR MADE RED EDDIES CHAMPS

Arthur D. 'Swede' Mulvaney, who brought Edward Little High of Auburn out of an athletic ruck, and who lifted the school to a State pinnacle, took over the coaching reins left vacant by the resignation of John Quinn at Bangor High this fall. The new Crimson mentor is a graduate of Bangor High and of the University of Maine in the class of '22, and his coaching record is one string of outstanding successes.

Serving two years at Arms Academy, Sherburne Falls, Mass., as teacher of mathematics and instructor of athletics, he made an unusually successful record. A like success marked his two year stay at Kennebunk High School, where he served as principal of the school and coach of all athletics. He left Kennebunk to go to Auburn, where he has coached football and served as instructor in mathematics for the past four years.

Mulvaney's leaving Auburn will be widely regretted, although it has been known for some time that he would probably resign. His remarkable success would be bound to attract the attention of larger schools, and Auburn could not stand their bids.

When Mulvaney went to Edward Little High, he found it decidedly in the ruck. The school had experienced success in basketball, but in no other sport. For years the Auburn team passed up football entirely.

In three years he placed the Red Eddies

among the State leaders, and during the past two years won the Maine football championship. His elevens ended the supremacy of Lewiston, and that, to many, overshadowed their state championships.

In a way, 'Swede' is starting all over again. He will find Bangor High in about the same situation that he found Edward Little. The school has been backward in sports for years, with its leading sport, football, giving fans very little to cheer about.

Mulvaney was a grid star of no mean calibre at Bangor High, and later at University of Maine, he was a guard and all-Maine selection for two years. Moreover, 'Swede' is nothing if not a fighter, and he is sure, with an equal break on material, he can do for his old school, Bangor, what he did for Edward Little.

B. H. S. ATHLETES NOW IN BASKETBALL TOGS

Once more the athletes of Bangor High change football uniforms for the light and flashy basketball uniforms. 'Swede' has a great abundance of material to use this season, and many should win their letters.

For stars this year, we find big 'Sid' Epstein, letter winner of last season, back at jumping center. 'Sid' certainly is a good pivot man. Next in line comes 'Charlie' Bradbury, who also played on last year's team. 'Charlie' has an eagle eye and is one of the most competent scorers on the quintet. 'Izzy' Leavitt, Libby, and Flagg, who all saw some service last

Financial Statement of the Department of Athletics, Bangor High School for the Baseball and Track Season Ending June 24, 1930

	GAIN	LOSS	
Balance of previous audit			\$1,257.85
INCOME:—			
Patron tickets	\$155.00		
Student tickets	95.00		
Other income	34.36		
EXPENSE:—			
Baseball and Track equipment		\$319.89	
Miscellaneous		210.72	
Conditioning field		86.70	
SCHEDULE:—			
Brewer at Bangor	7.00		
Orono at Bangor		24.30	
Bapst at Bangor	12.30		
Bar Harbor at Bangor		22.00	
Belfast at Belfast		15.00	
Belfast at Bangor		18.20	
Bar Harbor at Bar Harbor		20.00	
Orono at Orono	1.00		
Bapst at Bangor	11.55		
Brewer at Brewer	18.53		
Bapst at Bangor	63.45		
Banquet and Theatre (Championship team)		42.00	
Track			
Tournament at Orono		32.80	
Penobscot County Meet		23.00	
State Meet		9.00	
Bates Meet		8.75	
	\$398.19	\$832.36	
		398.19	
Loss for season		\$434.17	\$434.17
Balance at end of season			\$823.68
Represented by:			
Checking Account		\$216.29	
Savings Account		607.39	\$823.68

Bangor, Maine, June 24, 1930.

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

LIONEL L. COOK,

Auditor.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE FOOTBALL SEASON
ENDING DECEMBER 5, 1930.

	Gain	Loss	
Balance at beginning of season.....			\$823.68
INCOME:			
Students' Season Tickets.....	\$364.00		
Patron Tickets.....	235.00		
Rent of Athletic Field.....	21.85		
Miscellaneous.....	12.14		
Sweater Dance and Inter-Class Games.....	87.75		
EXPENSES:			
Expense of Athletic Field.....		\$352.27	
Football Equipment.....		1,056.45	
Miscellaneous.....		182.45	
SCHEDULE:			
Bangor and Millinocket, at Bangor.....	\$332.06		
Bangor and Brewer, at Bangor.....	116.20		
Bangor and Bapst, at Bangor.....	149.90		
Bangor and Portland, at Portland.....		\$350.85	
Bangor and Old Town, at Bangor.....		11.44	
Bangor and Portland, at Bangor.....	536.16		
Portland Banquet.....		105.05	
Portland Reception.....	41.58		
Bangor and Auburn, at Auburn.....		80.00	
Bangor and Brewer, at Brewer.....	404.20		
Bangor and Orono.....	272.31		
	\$2,573.15	\$2,138.51	
	2,138.51		
Gain for Season.....	\$434.64		\$434.64
Balance at end of season.....			\$1,258.32
Represented by:			
Checking Account.....		\$639.79	
Savings Account.....		619.53	\$1,258.32

Bangor, Maine, December 30, 1930.

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

LINEL L. COOK, Auditor

year, are playing a big part on this year's big five. Flewelling and Haggerty are also good men and keep the first string men on the jump for their positions at all times. Last, but not least, we come to Howard Kominsky, who plays a brand of basketball that warrants a good portion of the periods before the season is over.

Now the season has started, and, with these stars, the local five has crushed the Alumni and literally trampled all over the Brewer quintet. On their first trip away from home, they beat Edward Little, and were beaten by Portland. That is a good record for any team to start on, and we have every reason to hope that our B. H. S. basketball team will bring the trophy home this year.

BANGOR QUINTET WHIP ALUMNI IN FIRST GAME

The Bangor High School's young but clever basketball team, handed their more experienced brothers a 35 to 23 lacing in the first schoolboy tilt of the season. The game was rather dull but the victory was a big feather in the caps of the Crimson hoopmen.

Mulvaney gave ten of his squad a taste of action during the evening's warefare, and of these, six were members of the lower classes. The forwards were looked after by Charley Bradbury, a veteran of last season's five, Mac Flewelling, Izzy Leavitt and Leo Haggerty.

'Sid' Epstein carried on the brunt of the work at center until the final stanza, when he was relieved by Jack Thompson. Epstein held the berth on last year's five and is playing a far better brand of ball this season. Epstein will be lost by graduation.

For guards this year, Libby, Flagg and Kominsky are receiving the first cali. For their first game under pressure, they all delivered the stuff Saturday night.

Although the ranks of the team are filled with light and young timber, there are plenty of accurate eyes, and a real aggregation is fast taking form. The Alumni hopped into an early lead in the fray when 'Jake' Shean whipped the netting a little over a minute

after the opening tap. But they soon lost their lead, when the high school pulled ahead and hung to its substantial lead. At the end of the first period, the school boys were out front 11 to 4.

The Crimson mentor kept juggling his club about throughout the second and third frames, but his cohorts kept rolling them in, and were leading 19 to 12 at the half, and 24 to 22 at the three-quarters mark.

In the final period the high school gradually forged ahead to be out in front when the final curtain dropped 35 to 23, the Alumni scoring but a single point in the last eight minutes.

The bright new uniforms that Faculty Manager of Athletics, Phil Somerville, had purchased for the teams gave plenty of color and added brilliance to the fray. Phil clad the Alumni in specially made suits with the lettering A-L-U-M-N-I across the front.

THE SUMMARY

Bangor High (35)	(23) Alumni
Flewelling, rf 1.....	lg, Colburn 1
Leavitt, rf 1 (1).....	rg, McDonald 1
Bradbury lf 7 (1).....	c, Callahan 2
Haggerty, lf.....	c, Chaison
Epstein, c 3 (4).....	lf, Shean 3 (1)
Thompson, c.....	rf, Goodin 4
Libby, rg 1 (1)	
Kominsky, rg	
Flagg, lg (1)	
Burke	
Kominsky	

Referee, Kamen, Maine.

Time, four 8-minute periods.

CRIMSON RUNS WILD OVER BREWER

Bangor's crack team smeared Brewer High 46 to 18 in a fast game. They literally walked away from their opponents.

The opening period of the game was not so good, however. The Crimson supporters, to put it mildly, were worried during the first half. Bangor was the first to score, Epstein putting his club into the lead via the foul route.

But the lead was taken away, and for two periods the audience was on pins and needles Bangor leading 6 to 4 at the end of the first period, and 13 to 12 at the half; but it was frequently on the short end of the scoring during that time. Led by Carleton Delaite, Pat Miles and Phil Grossman, the visitors fought stubbornly. Even after the Crimson had put on her spree, and the Orange and Black points were dropping into the scorebook few and far between, this trio kept the ultimate winners on the move.

The larger floor was what undoubtedly cracked the Orange and Black team. This disadvantage and a poorer shooting game accounted for their defeat. The passing of the Crimson team during the first half was slow, and their drive towards the invader's goal was stormed at mid-floor.

Bradbury, Leavitt, Epstein, were the 'Big Shots' for the Crimson. Libby also played a good game.

The summary:

Bangor (46)	(18) Brewer
Bradbury, rf 8.....lg, Grossman 2	
Flewelling, rf.....lg, Hooper	
Leavitt, lf 4.....rg, Pollard	
Flewelling, lf.....rg, Hooper	
Haggerty, lf 1.....c, Wood 1 (1)	
Epstein, c 1 (4).....c, McDonald	
Kominsky, c.....lf, Miles 2 (1)	
Thompson, c.....lf, Brown 1	
Flagg, rg 2.....rf, DeLaite 1 (2)	
Kominsky, rg	
Manning, rg	
Libby, lg 2 (1)	
Burke, lg	

Referee, Roundy, Colby.

Time, 4 10-minute periods.

CRIMSON VICTOR OVER EDDIES IN FAST GAME

Taking the lead early in the first period and maintaining a margin throughout the game the Bangor High basketball team hurtled one more obstacle last night taking the Red Eddies, 23 to 20, in the fastest, hardest fought game ever played in the new Edward Little High gym.

It was the third straight victory for the Mulvaney coached five that has thus far this season annexed a total of 104 points to their opponents 64.

Guy Flagg, Crimson guard, broke the ice on the scoring for the evening putting Bangor in the lead via the foul route shortly after the opening whistle. Vallancourt whipped the netting soon after for a basket to give Auburn a 2 to 1 lead which was immediately taken away never to be held again during the game. The encounter was waged at top speed from whistle to whistle and was sprinkled with rare bits of basketball that had a major game crowd always on edge.

Charley Bradbury for Bangor and Vallencourt for the Eddies were the shining lights of the game, Bradbury accounting for 12 of the Crimson's points and the Red Taylor guard registered 13 of his club's counters in addition to playing an A-1 floor game. Much of the individual limelight was captured by Flagg and Kominsky who were in on every play.

Swede Mulvaney's return to Auburn where he made such a tremendous hit with the Shoe City sport followers while athletic director at Edward Little High gave the game additional color. Ollie Berg, former Hebron and now coaching South Portland High School was the referee.

The Bangor hoopmen swing into the Forest City tonight for the fist of the annual two games with Jimmy Fitzpatrick's Portland High quintet.

The summary:

Bangor (23)	(20) Auburn
Bradbury, rf 6.....lg, Dennis 1 (1)	
	Adams
Leavitt, lf.....rg, Vallancourt 5 (3)	
Libby, 2	
Epstein, c 1.....c, Brogan (1)	
Flagg, rg 2 (1).....lf, Nichols (1)	
	Wilkins
Kominsky, lg.....rf, Cloutieu (2)	

Referee—Berg. Time, four eight minute periods.

(Continued on page 43)



“Among friends”

Boston University News, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

As a newspaper, you surely fulfill your mission. We never in our life heard of so many different clubs in one school! Almost all newspapers have some jokes, though.

Emerson College News, Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

If we might be allowed to criticize our elders, we'd say that the paper seems rather dry. Some jokes, or at least news, humorously written, would improve it.

The *Oracle* feels honored indeed to receive a number of the very first edition of *Oxon Life*, from Oxford College, in Cambridge, Mass. You certainly have made a good start, and we wish you all success in the future.

The *Colby Echo* records that a new extra-curricular organization is being formed in Colby—the Colby Camera Club. There are also rumors of a polo club. The State of Maine, ably assisted by Colby College, will get there just the same, believe you us!

The *Recorder*, Central High School, Syracuse, N. Y.

The material on the front page of the *Recorder* is stated differently from that on the front pages of most school newspapers. The conclusion is that the news editor has a way with him.

The *Uxbridge High Spotlight*, Uxbridge, Mass.

We once thought that all clever papers came from big schools, but we've changed our mind. By the way, Frederic Garcelon, B. H. S. ex-'31, is editor-in chief of this peppy paper.

The *Miliachi*, Milaca High School, Milaca, Minn.

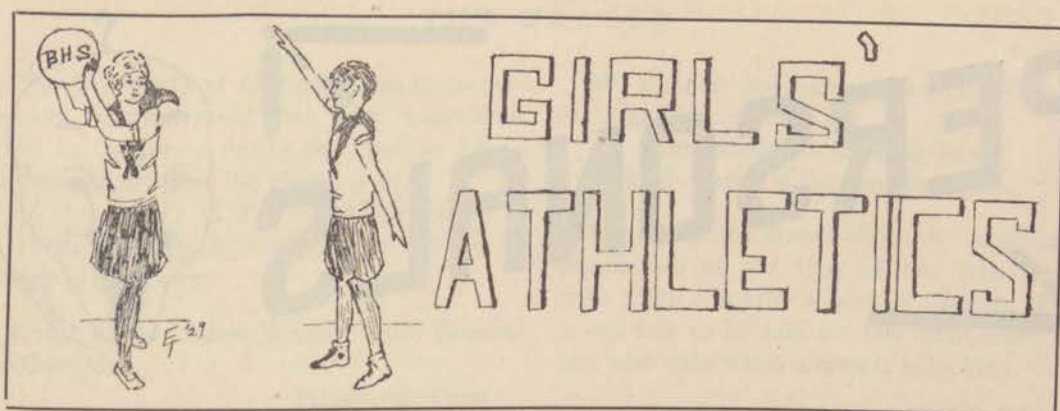
At Milaca a new system, known as supervised study, has been introduced. The two sessions are divided into six periods, and twenty minutes of every recitation period is given over to study in that subject, so that each pupil has to spend at least twenty minutes on every lesson and can also get aid from the instructor. There are no regular assemblies. The system is the subject of much discussion and argument, however, among the students.

We've discovered a June, 1930, issue of the *Echo* from South Portland, Maine. A paper that must be a credit to the school.

The *Islander*, Bar Harbor, Me.

In the senior write-ups at Bar Harbor, each one states his hoped-for vocation and a wish for the class. Another feature is the Student Assembly. Every one is eligible and becomes a member upon payment of three dollars. Membership in the Student Assembly grants one many privileges, such as free

(Continued on Page 41)



"As thy days, so shall thy strength be"—Deuteronomy.

On December 1, about forty girls turned out for varsity basketball. Among the candidates were three of last year's letter men: Mildred Bradford, Nat Sanders and Barb Stover.

It was necessary to cut down the number of games played this year, and the schedule is as follows:

Bangor vs. Old Town at Bangor—January 9
Bangor vs. Bar Harbor at Bangor—January 16
Bangor vs. Old Town at Old Town—January 21
Bangor vs. Brewer at Brewer—January 30
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor—February 20
Bangor vs. Bar Harbor at Bar Harbor—March 6

With Miss Oltar coaching, a favorable season is predicted.

The following is the list of those who reported at the beginning of the season:

C. Reynolds	L. Rosie
T. Silk	D. Trickey
H. Tremble	T. Sullivan
E. Wiggin	R. Allen
G. Hibbard	J. Johnson
G. Perkins	N. Sanders
B. Stover	M. Bradford
L. Chaison	D. Chalmers
M. Hass	M. Landon
T. Grant	N. Bither
M. Chase	M. Dauphinee
A. Peavey	E. Doane
B. Dill	G. Smith
H. Hawes	D. Jones
M. Howard	D. Cunningham

R. Fellows	V. Farnum
A. Crowell	F. Hayes
L. West	W. Brown
L. Hastings	C. Myers
G. Robinson	E. Graves
	H. Dunning

On December 19, a cut list was posted. It is as follows:

Forwards	Guards
B. Stover	R. Allen
M. Chase	M. Bradford
H. Tremble	E. Graves
T. Silk	A. Peavey
A. Crowell	E. Doane
G. Robinson	G. Sadars
N. Sanders	T. Sullivan

Centers	Side Centers
F. Hayes	L. Rosie
C. Reynolds	E. Wiggin
D. Chalmers	L. West

ALUMNAE vs. BANGOR

On January 2 a practice game with some of Bangor High's former stars was played in the High School gymnasium.

The Alumnae, though they lacked practice, played a fast game and proved to everyone that they had far from forgotten their old tactics.

On the opening whistle the Alumnae got the ball and Emily Thompson made two successive

(Continued on Page 41)

PERSONALS



OUR SID

Presenting Mr. Sidney, Samuel, Little Pal, Sonny Boy Epstein for the real pleasure of our Oracle readers.

This gallant, dashing young piece of humanity is the pivot man of our dear old B. H. S. and a right and comin' Senior. (S'funny what they'll pass as a Senior tho.).

(1) Graduated from kindergarden of Squeedunk Corners (You remember that big fire).

(2) Sought further education in the local school of dancing. (Feet were no obstacle to Sid).

(3) Then turned to Boy Scout Work. (What he can't scout ain't wuth mentioning).

(4) Then B. H. S. got that long waited "break". Sid Epstein entered our institution of learning! They called him a "wow", but he didn't mind it—no—he kept right on and

rose to the heights of fame—and now look where he's standing—right on top of the world, 6 ft. off the ground.

Good looking? Girls—here's your big moment. Why when he strolls down the avenue with that manly stride even cousin 'Mick' sighs to himself and wants to know why some people have all the good looks (?). And girls—at the basket ball games when Sid rushes out on the floor, clad in his natty uniform—don't your dear little hearts miss a beat or two—now don't they—sure they do—why it's only natural.

Gentle? as meek as a lamb. (Bless his heart). Wouldn't harm a flea, altho this writer must admit his blows are a trifle OVERWORKED. (That's O. K. Sid, you're forgiven—but for my sake take it easy when you read this).

The University of California has in its possession apparent proof that huge mastodons lived in California during the Phocene Age, a million years before the glacial period.

(I. P.). The Dartmouth.

Them were the days when they used to do things in a big way.

Rudy Vallee Claims Women More Romantic than Men.

—Pittsburgh Press.

—and perhaps Rudy ought to know.

Jailed for Throwing Wife's Dog Out Window.

—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Dog - gone!

TRUE FACTS (?)

Some sports are like shoes—the cheapest ones always squeak the loudest.

It's easy to forgive those who lie about you, but darn those who tell the truth.

What some people know would fill a book. What they don't know would fill a library.

The friends we can trust are the friends who never ask us to trust them.

Laugh and your face laughs with you. Kick and you're quarantined.

Love may be blind but the neighbors generally have their eyes open.

Isn't it annoying to be taking a bath when opportunity knocks at the door?

Apple caused the first downfall of man. Banana the second.

When you get in deep water, keep your mouth shut.

Kipling must have been thinking of a patent cigar lighter when he wrote "The Light That Failed."

"I took one look at him and I knew that I loved him, and that he had money."

My mother was born in London Wall and my grandfather before her.

Interviewer in Evening Paper

This, of course, is the usual sequence.

At a recent speech-day, a headmaster complained of the type of boy who always cribs when a master's back is turned. There is still less to be said for the intelligence of a boy who cribs when a master is looking.

THE VEGETABLE ORCHESTRA

"Musical Instruments"

Apples, potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips. Price according to quality. Delivered in City and Suburbs. —New Zealand Paper.

We have heard of a man who could make a noise like a turnip, but the voice of the parsnip has not yet been heard in the Old Country.

THE PERSONAL DEPARTMENT

WISHES TO THANK

THOSE

THREE

Who have so kindly handed contributions in. (We advise the remaining student body not to over-work.)

BIG FIGHT ! ! ! ! !

The biggest fistic battle of the year will take place in the B. H. S. gym March 15, next, between K. O. Cole vs. AN ORACLE TICKET Seconds for Cole: "Huck" McInnis, Sam Fraser.

Seconds for ORACLE TICKET: Leonard Ford (and he's plenty).

This seems to be a real "grudge" battle and all indications point to a packed house.

The Oracle picks the TICKET to win by a K. O. in the earliest rounds.

It is said that Costa Rica's entire army consists of one band. Still, if it's a jazz band, it ought to keep off a lot of enemies.

Major (to G. C-r-l-le, 31): "Why aren't you taking drill this year?"

George: "I can't, I've got water on the knee."

Major: "That's nothing. Wear pumps."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old and never rode on a railroad train.

Sampson gave a performance that brought down the house, but he never bragged about it afterward.

George Washington never studied tree surgery yet he fixed his father's Cherry Tree.

Prof. L. H. Ford Jr. Says: School is a great life if you don't weaken.

College is a place where one spends several thousand dollars to get an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

The only difference between a Freshman and a Traffic cop is that you can get in a word or two with a traffic cop.

We wonder if Jack Thompson has to do his hair up on curl papers every night.

We recently learned that our esteemed classmate, Ralph Dyer, was the most wonderful baby. People came from miles around to see him. Yeah—They wondered what it was!

Prof. (in testing materials lab.): "Now I want the class to understand that, while some of the wool fibres they will inspect under the microscope are dyed various colors, this does not mean that they came from red sheep or yellow camels."

Voice: "And steel wool doesn't come from hydraulic rams!"

Corporal: "Squads right!"

Rear Rank: "After all these years, he admits it."

A college man may get a kick out of a letter with a check inclosed, but there is nothing more exciting than to open a package of laundry to see what you have.

—Colby White Mule

She: "Look, Harvard's gonna kick off!"

Son of Eli: "Heck, they've been dead for years."

Teacher: What four words do pupils use most?

H-n-y F-y-n: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct!

HERE'S A PUZZLE FOR ALL YE STUDENTS

(Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it, and with the one given make up the new word which is defined. Winner will receive a complimentary Oracle. Pass in results to Babe Lieberman or Betty Russ.

(1) Scramble TRIES with a T and get something in a tree.

(2) Scramble TRAIN with an E and get something in your eye.

(3) Scramble CHESTY with an S and get some old fashioned lawnmowers.

(4) Scramble HAULING with an S and get something to do with jail.

(5) Scramble LONGER with an M and get a poor dog.

"Waiter; it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

"Sorry, sir, but you know how turtles are."

Broad Education

It's a grave problem choosing a college. One can't be sure whether a big university or a small college will make a boy's father the wiser.

"Vanderbuilt Ineligibles ruled Ineligible To BE Ineligible.

—Headline in Nashville Tenn.

They'd better punt.

Fable

Once a boy kicked a foot-ball into a house, breaking one window pane and one vase, and the man of the house came out laughing, saying, "Tut, tut, tut, I was a boy myself once; here's your foot-ball."

When a Scotchman keeps a muzzle on a dog it's mealtime.

Teacher: "Willy, what did Sir Walter Raleigh say when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for Queen Elizabeth to walk on?"

Willy (ardent movie goer): "Step on it, kid!"

Ex.

"Your car is at the door."

"Yes, I hear it knocking."

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."

Americanisms

Driving like heck to nowhere only to find it's late and you'll have to hurry back.

Preaching about cleanliness and then looking all over town to buy a suit of clothes that won't show the dirt.
—Banter.

Then there was the quarterback who was so expert at the hidden ball system that he lost the ball.

We know a man who's getting so bald-headed that he has to tie a string around his forehead to tell how far up to wash his face.

—Punch Bowl

He: "You know your're not a bad looking sort of girl."

She: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

He: "Well, we're square then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

—Annapolis Log.

There was a timid knock at the door.

"If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my leg."

"Well, it ain't here," exclaimed the woman as she slammed the door.

Exchange.

"Where does she get her good looks?"

"From her Dad."

"Handsome man, eh?"

"No—druggist."

He (at 11:30 P. M.): "Did you know I could imitate any bird you can name?"

She: "No, I didn't. Can you imitate a homing pigeon?"

At a dinner party a very absent-minded professor was seated next to a charming woman.

"Don't you remember me, Professor," she smiled. "Why, some years ago you asked me to marry you!"

"Ah yes," said the professor, "and did you?"

Exchange.

Al: "I saw that old lady give you something for helping her across the road."

Bill: "Yes, she said, my good man, here's something for a cup o' tea!"

Al: "And what was it?"

Bill: "A lump of sugar!" Exchange.

"What will the girl of eighteen be in ten year's time?" asks a critic. Twenty One!

Exchange.

Frosh: A guy who believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Rabbit and naval disarmament.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Him: What's the awful racket?

Her: Grandma ain't used to her new teeth and just broke a saucer drinking her tea.

Exchange.

Babe Lieberman told us in English class one day that Silas Marner's breath came in short pants. Well, Well, Well! We never knew that before.

We see by the turnouts at the recent basketball games that the lowly Freshies are fast catching on to the ways of their superiors and are now tripping the light fantastic with the best of the upper classmen at City Hall. Give them half a chance, and they may be Sophomores yet.

We just bet that "Pete" Furrow hated to leave that great big shiny red fire engine. Santa Claus brought him. He did tho', knowing that the old school wouldn't be the same without him.

The Author's Club

Consternation and dismay reigned in the lobby of the Author's club. Faces of old members were blanched. At the desk a throng were standing, luggage at their sides, some with golf clubs and tennis rackets, apparently settling bills. Old friends were mournfully and affectionately bidding good-by to one another. Two taxi drivers and a policeman were leaving together, and a famous base ball player could be seen going through the swinging door.

The famous Author's Club had been existing for years. Way back in the last century

PHONE 1080

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TELEPHONE

it had flourished. The only requirement for admission was to have written a book, and thus it had become the literary center of the world. Everyone who had published at least one book belonged to it.

But now due to modern times the old club was forced to make a change. It was hard for the house committee to do it, but it had to be done. The club was being overcrowded and some change was necessary. And so almost one-half of the famous old Author's Club was asked to resign. The Committee had made a rule that all of its members must be able to read and write!

Exchange.

Insurance Agent: "Madame, is your husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes, he is in the barn with the cattle."

I. A.: "Shall I have any trouble finding him?"

Lady: "No, he's the only one with whiskers."

Clerk (exhibiting golf club): "I know exactly what you want—that extra thirty yards at the end of your drive."

Customer: "No, it's the first thirty yards I'm worrying about."

And this to Russ Hawkes

"Long live Russ, the high school blade,
He took a girl to the Big Parade."

(P. S.—The R. O. T. C. on Armistice Day.)

Teacher: What makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience troubling you, Thompson?"

Jack: "No, it's these darn O. D. shirts."

Teacher: Have you ever read "Don Quixote?"

Stude: No, but I've seen 'Squirt' Flynn.

Pete F-r-r-w, '31: Are you the man who cut my hair the last time?

Barber: I don't think so—I've only been here six months.

Mac Fl-ell-ng, '32: Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods.

Hal Y-rk, '32: What happened?

'Mac': The tramp escaped.

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PUTTEES—BREECHES—TOQUES—SCHOOL COLORS

And Dangerous

To ride in a rumble
Seat is now absurd,
Unless you are dressed
Like Admiral Byrd.

The young man dashed from the piano and hastened to the hall to shout the great tidings to his wife. "I've got it, darling!" he called. "I've got it—my great radio theme song for the Steinberg Soap Suds Syncopators."

Believe it or Not

(Better not believe it)

William P. Applewagon, of Lima, Ohio, was born with his nose upside-down and every time he sneezes he blows his hat off.

'Goamie' Levenseller in French class says: "I thought FAIRE was supposed to be followed by a preposition before it."

Father: What does this fifty on your chemistry examination mean?

Brightness: I don't know unless it's the temperature of the room.

'Cal' Kn-id-e, '32: I say, did you hear the new heavy weight champ song?

P-ul H-rp-r, '31: No, what is it?

'Cal' Kn-id-e: I got a feeling I'm Fouling.

And then there was the absent-minded professor who laid his umbrella in the bed and slept in the bath tub.

Some Of These Days We're Goin' To Receive a Contribution. (Figure it out).

NUTTY NEWS

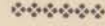
(Conducted by the Oracle Board)

—We will offer a substantial prize to the person or persons who will recite the word *Toy-Boat* aloud three times in rapid succession. This must be performed in the presence of a member of the Oracle Board. Anyone except the Oracle Board and their respective families may compete. COME ONE, COME ALL, AND TRY AND DO IT!!!

Bill N-wm-n, '31, (in lunchroom): There's sand in this bread!

Oh, that's to keep the butter from slipping.

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Ladies' Shoes Dyed to match Gowns
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HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED 50c
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Now is the time to have your Felt Hat
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Wool Jackets	Leather Jackets
Skates	Slickers
Traps	



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OPPOSITE BIJOU THEATRE

The Post-Card Addict Takes The Stand

Q—What do you sleep under?

A—I sleep under blankets.

Q—How often do you sleep under blankets?

A—I sleep under blankets every night.

Q—What kind of time are you having?

A—Am having lovely time.

Q—What other kind of time?

A—Am having swell time.

Q—What other kind of time?

A—Am having fine time.

Q—Any other? Think hard now.

A—Let me see. Oh yes. Am having punk time. Place full of mosquitoes, food bum.

Q—Just answer the direct questions, please; never mind the mosquitoes. Now what does X mark?

A—X marks my room.

Q—Does it always mark “my room?”

A—No. When feeling jocose, one may buy a post-card view of the state penitentiary or the insane asylum, mark a cross on one of the windows, and write, “X marks your room.”

Q—If passing thru Newport, Rhode Island, what does the post-card addict do? That is, assuming that he feels jocose?

A—Why he gets a picture of the Robert Goelet mansion, or Mrs. Vanderbilt’s chateau, writes, “This is where we are stopping,” and sends it that way.

Q—Describe the procedure of the post-card fan at Saratoga Springs.

A—He buys a post card of a horse and writes on it, “Everything here reminds me of you.”

Q—Assume that you are in Washington, You want to send a post card to a friend with a sense of humor, How would you go about it?

A—I would get a post card of the Washington Monument and write on it, “This is where we are stopping.” I would add something about having dinner with the President that night.

Q—How would you refer to the President?

A—Oh, as “Herbie” of course.

(To be continued next month)

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\$6.50 cash and \$6.50 per month on installments.

We buy standard machines of all makes.

Special RENTAL rates to students.

EXCHANGES

(Continued from Page 28)

admission to all athletic contests held in Bar Harbor, except one in each sport. The *Islander* would be improved by scattering the ads around more, not shoving them all onto the back pages.

The *Crescent*, Buxton Center, Me.

The Samuel D. Hanson High School and everything in it, except a rank book (of all things) burned last spring. School is being kept in the town hall and the church vestry. Church dinner tables are substituted for desks. We admire the school that can keep its spirit through such misfortunes.

The *Red and White*, Rochester, N. Y.

A well-developed paper. We congratulate you on having a cut for every department. Please extend our sympathy to the author of "Being Tall."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 29)

baskets for them. Then Tremble got to work for Bangor and the score at the quarter was a tie. The next period the Alumnae ran away with the game leaving the score 14 to 4 in their favor at the end of the second quarter.

After the half Bangor braced up and began fighting in real earnest. This sudden rally saved the day and for a time the score was again tied. Apparently Bangor was destined to be defeated, though not badly, by the more experienced Alumnae, and the score at the end of the game was Alumnae, 22; Bangor, 19.

Line up

Stover, rf (2).....	(4) rf, Crane
Silke, (2).....	(2) Haney
Tremble, lf (15).....	(16) lf, Thompson
Reynolds, c.....	c, Collins
Hayes	
Wiggin, sc.....	sc, Welch
Rosie, sc.....	
Bradford, rg.....	rg, Craig
Peavey, rg.....	
Sanders, lg.....	lg, Carson
Smith, lg.....	lg, Crane

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SUGGESTIONS****SPECIAL BASKETS OF
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Mixed Nuts**

SALTED NUTS--FRESH DAILY**BANGOR FRUIT CO.**

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Bangor, Me.

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Photographs of Distinction

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\$1.00 - PERSONAL STATIONERY - \$1.00

200 sheets bond paper, 6 x 7, printed with your name and address, and 100 envelopes to match, printed on back flap. PRINT copy plainly and enclose with \$1.00. Paper will be sent you by mail.

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Factory, 75 South Main Street, Brewer

L. A. PAUL COMPANY, Inc.

Dodge Brothers Motor Vehicles—Dodge Brothers Trucks

Full Line of Parts

Telephone 1206—BANGOR, MAINE

Automobile Accessories

BOYS' ATHLETICS

*(Continued from Page 27)***BANGOR LOSES TO PORTLAND BY
ONE BASKET**

After starting out with a wonderful burst of speed and forging ahead to take a 23 to 12 lead at the half, the Bangor High School team lost out to Portland High by a score of 33 to 35 in one of the most exciting and thrilling games ever held between the two schools.

It was not until the last few minutes that the Blue machine started to push the Crimson, and the crowd that watched the game were at times in a great uproar.

Early in the game Bangor took the lead by some nice baskets by Bradbury and Flag aided by the beautiful defensive work of Libby.

"Sid" Epstein at center got the majority of the tip-offs, and it was just a tough break that the Crimson in their western invasion were not totally successful.

Bangor had by far the fastest team, and are eagerly awaiting the chance to even the score, when the Portland boys come to Bangor.

The game was hard fought and at times fairly rough. During the course of the game, 28 personal fouls were called. The fact that the winning basket was shot during the last 45 seconds of the game gives some idea of how close the game really was.

The summary:

Portland 36	Bangor 33
Blaisdell, lf (2).....	2 rg, Kominsky
Flaherty, rf 1 (3).....	(1) 1 lg, Libby
Peters, c lf 6 (3).....	lg, Leavitt
Connors, c rf 3.....	(1) 2 c, Epstein
Brown, c.....	4 rf, Flag
Kohanan, lg 1 (2).....	(1) 6 lf, Bradbury
Backen, lg 1 (2)	
Shepard, rg 1 (1)	

Referee, Roundy. Time, four 8-minute periods.

Yes, and by-the-way, when you have a cold, think of EPHI (PRONOUNCED F. I.)

(Ask K. M. K. about it. It puts him to sleep every night.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BATTERED COIN

(Continued from Page 15)

In the course of the battle he was sent to the front with water, and, do what he might, he could not escape this duty. He was sorely wounded, and I was taken as part of the spoil. After the conflict, I was given to a poor man as a reward for bravery. I journeyed with him several years and brought him good luck. Eventually I was exchanged for a fishing smack which went down in a gale. For a while I was passed from mouth to mouth, from hand to hand like the commonest of Greek coins.

I travelled to Phoenicia and accompanied Hanno on his famous voyage. That voyage was the biggest incident in the life of that father of navigation, but to me it was merely another commonplace happening. On my return I came to be part of the fabulous wealth of Tyre. I lay with thousands of other coins in a great treasure vault. Years past, decades past, centuries past, and I saw nothing of the world. I learned from the steady stream of coins that kept coming into the coffers that Persia had practically fallen, and that the little village of Athens, which I had once visited, was now the center of the civilized world. Time flew by and Athens fell; meanwhile Macedonia was finding herself under the hand of Phillip. Macedonia—could that be the country through which we had passed on our way to Greece—a forest filled with uncouth savages? Suddenly the influx of wealth into our chamber ceased; then we were sealed up and I knew no more.

A day came when Tyre was filled with a clamor which faintly reached our ears. The door was wrenched open exposing the face of the king and a few of his servants. While they were occupied in removing a few coins, a band of stalwart young men broke in, killed the king, and proceeded to carry off the treasure. The leader of the band, a young impetuous youth, seized me and a few other valuable coins leaving the rest to be brought on by servants. The man, I learned, was Alexander and he took me on his campaigns for good luck. With him I went

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W
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and Auditor*
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Cambridge Oxford Grey Young Men's Suits at \$25.00 with 2 Pair Trousers

VERY SMARTLY TAILORED, AND WILL WEAR

through the snow-covered passes of the Punjab, rafted the Brahmaputra, and shared his hardships. On his return he lost me at Alexandria. With me went his luck. In a short time he died and his empire fell. I lay buried in a rubbish heap for many centuries.

One day I again saw the light of the world. I was unearthed by a man called Napoleon and, supposing I was an Egyptian coin, he kept me as a souvenir of the Battle of the Pyramids. I brought him good luck until he gave me to a peasant as a bribe and then his fate changed.

While I lay buried in Egypta great empire had risen only to fall; after I was unearthed another great empire rose only to fall. After Napoleon's downfall my peasant owner sold me to a museum in Chicago where I am at present.

The world rests quietly now, but what will the westward progress of United States find in China and Japan—new great powers? What will happen when the spot light of history moves still farther westward to the cradle of civilization in the Tigres valley—I know not the answer, but of this I am certain,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 21)

Family Concert Troupe" are full of jolly, as well as difficult, experiences.

Early Candlelight

Delia DuGay and her numerous brothers grow up in the frontier country of Minnesota, in the shadow of a great fort and with a strong military influence about them. Jasper Page, a favorite with everyone, Indians, frontiersmen, and military officers, helps the DuGays through many difficulties and makes a life-long friend of Delia.

Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything

Do you know that camels are naturally stupid? How dogs became members of circus troupes? That a hippopotamus is easily frightened? That a zebra grows weak as he

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34 SUMMER STREET—BANGOR

grows older? That baby leopards are delicate? That elephants, as well as bees, have their ruling queens? All this and more is told in this interesting book about the circus animals.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 22)

Alice Herrick, Simmons.

Patricia Byrnes, '29, Rosemont College.

Allison Hill, '25, John Kazutow, '27, McGill.

Prudence Guth, '27, Houlton School Department.

James Mullen, '30, Clark School.

Helen Banks, '30, Farmington Normal School.

Ruth Smith, '28, Tufts.

Harold Annis, '28, University of Rochester.

Evelyn C. Welch, '30, Boston School of Physical Education.

Josephine Thompson, '29, Wellesley.

The following marriages of B. H. S. graduates were announced.

Mary Rose Ferris, '20, to Ernest Khoury.

Thelma Grant, '29, to Charles C. Parks.

Julia Byrnes, '26, to William F. Largay, '23.

Ada Peters, '25, to Dr. J. Jerome Peters.

Mildred E. Phillips, '24, to Lieut. Donald P. Hilton.

B. H. S. is indeed proud to acknowledge that Bangor's new chief executive, Mayor Norman E. Whitney, graduated from its ranks in the class of 1911.

Eleanore Peavey Berry, '27, is the newly appointed secretary to the mayor.

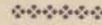
Cold Facts Upon Which We Do Not Harp

Dr. ——— says color-blindness occurs most often in people of high intelligence. Only one per cent of the women examined are found to be color blind. (I should smile).

Victim (cheerfully): "It's all right old man."

Motorist: "Well, you needn't be so beastly familiar."

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The Students' Barbers

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L. H. THOMPSON, Printer
BREWER, MAINE

THEY WALK IN BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 9)

exchanged romance. Oh, evil day upon which that bargain fell. Paris, it was upon such another night in a garden. Do you remember? A night soft, and young, and perfumed.

Paris: And still the very stars in heaven cannot match the beauty of your eyes, O, Helen.

Helen (softly): You flatter me.

Paris: By the very gods, Helen, I swear.
(Curtain).

THE DIARY OF US

(Continued from Page 12)

hand. I could see the water druling down Bozo's jaw as he peeked around the corner. When she said, "Come Bozo," out he trotted, never suspecting that she would play him false. Wagging his stub of a tail, he sidled up to her, but, as he reached up for the bone, she grabbed him by the collar, and he is in the kennel for the rest of the day.

The thirty-first—

Bozo and I have been wondering all the morning why the double parlor is full of small square tables. It seems they have something to do with the latest kind of entertainment. Anyway there are a lot of women sitting around them, and they all have pieces of card board in their hands. There must be funny writing on the card boards because the ladies are all saying such queer things. Little Grace White just said, "Rudy Valle will be on the air in a few minutes. Isn't he devine—so soulful and passionate." Bozo and I looked out of doors to see what was in the air, but there is so much mist we can't see a thing. We are going to bed now and sleep into the middle of December the first which is tomorrow, and I can't tell you about that day because it isn't here yet. So with Eddie Kenton we say, "Our life is in your hands."

Compliments of

The Green Archer

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193 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.

The School of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 7)

More than this, I can not hope to foresee, for who can tell how methods of teaching will alter, how science will progress? But this I *do* think: the changes will be always for the better, always for the progress of the human race.

A VISIT TO LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

(Continued from Page 13)

must have come many times a day for a drink of cool water. The spring is walled about now, and one walks to it over a smooth stone pavement, but above it bends an oak tree which was there in Lincoln's childhood. This tree is propped up carefully with curved supports that can hardly be distinguished from its own low reaching branches; tree surgeons have filled up every cavity of the trunk and the old oak may last another century.

There are few perfect things in this world, but this visit to Lincoln's birthplace was one of them.

AN ADVENTURE IN NATURE STUDY

(Continued from Page 18)

seemingly scolding at nothing.

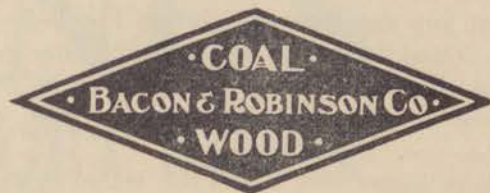
All at once I noticed a small black and white animal slide out from beneath a log. There was only one name for him!

So it was he that had alarmed the little mother. Apparently she had a nest of eggs in the nearby grass and the heavily scented animal was making for it.

As he passed by me, fear that he would detect my presence gripped my heart, and I held my breath. Although I felt sorry for the little brown bird, nothing could have persuaded me to remain any longer in that vicinity. My ambitions as a nature-seeker were satisfied.

Fireman: "Is the fire down the road, sonny?"

Bill Hunt, '31: "Yes, but you'll have to be quick, it's gone out twice."



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Phone 88

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Knitted Sportswear

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SCHOOL AND STREET

BUY

MARINETTE

The Aristocrat of Knitted Wear

Sweaters \$5.75 to \$10.00

HOW TO DEAL WITH A BOOK AGENT

(Continued from Page 16)

me with a complimentary copy of a movie magazine. Naturally I accepted it with pleasure. But—this was not the end of his story! He was so sure that I would enjoy this magazine that he passed me a slip of paper to sign. As my parents had always taught me to read what any document said before I signed on the dotted line I read the words, "I enter my name for a three years' subscription of the Movie Magazine for the very low price of \$———. Signed———."

Very happy that I read this before signing it, I looked up at the salesman and smiled. He passed me a fountain pen, but I told him very firmly that I was not interested in subscribing to this magazine. That did not greatly please him, but he asked me once more, still very pleasantly, if I would not help him out. His argument now became very touching and sentimental. He told me how much my subscription meant to him. If he failed in his canvas, he would probably have to give up school, and, after all, it meant so little effort on my part. Still very determined that I would not accept any subscriptions, I soon had a very great surprise. The book-agent's expression changed like a flash, and with this, his disposition also, and before I knew it, he had asked me for the complimentary copy which he had given me!

After this experience, I think that if ever I have to deal with another book-agent, I shall be more careful before I accept his gift.

In dealing with such salesmen, one must be very consistent, not too kind-hearted nor sympathetic, a little curt, perhaps, and certainly very firm and sincere in one's statements and decisions.

"Little girl, is Johnny home from college yet?"
 "Either that or the car has been stolen."

The Latest Excuse

You can't flunk me, I'm insane.

THE KLYNE STUDIO

Cor. State Street and P. O. Square
 BANGOR, MAINE

Compliments of

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141 State Street, Bangor, Maine

SPORTSWEAR

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YOU can enjoy all the convenience, all the help, all the delicious frozen desserts, that a General Electric Refrigerator brings—and at the same time positively reduce living expenses. By protecting fresh fruits, vegetables, meats and other foods from spoilage, the General Electric begins to save from the moment it is plugged in. It saves by enabling you to buy in larger quantities, at lower prices. Most of all, it saves labor and time in preparing the thousand and one meals of the year.

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simple mechanism is hermetically sealed in the Monitor Top—protected against moisture and dirt. The compact General Electric motor consumes far less current. Cabinets are All-Steel, with maximum food capacity, and raised on legs to permit ease of sweeping. See the complete line at our showrooms—choose your model.

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Have you any Wool?

. . You certainly should have plenty of it in your wardrobe for spring! Woolens of novelty weave with a pebbly or crepey surface are leaders in the fabric fashions for 1931. Monotone woolens are especially smart for--

Dresses, Suits Ensembles and Spring Coats

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\$ 10 and
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