







# Basketball Schedule and Scores for 1929-1930



	B. H. S.	Opp.
Sat., Dec. 28, Millinocket at Bangor - - -	26	21
Sat., Jan. 4, Brewer at Bangor - - -	25	20
Sat., Jan. 11, Portland at Bangor - - -	26	22
Wed., Jan. 15, Bangor at Old Town - - -	29	20
Sat., Jan. 18, Augusta at Bangor - - -	38	5
Thurs., Jan. 23, Bangor at Auburn - - -	22	20
Fri., Jan. 24, Bangor at Portland - - -	39	20
Sat., Feb. 1, South Portland at Bangor -	18	55
Fri., Feb. 7, Bangor at Millinocket - -	34	19
Fri., Feb. 14, Bangor at South Portland -	16	38
Sat., Feb. 15, Bangor at Augusta - - -	25	16
Sat., Feb. 22, Auburn at Bangor - - -	28	32
Sat., March 1, Old Town at Bangor - -	20	12



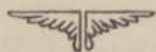
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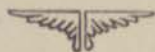
Cooked DINNERS Served

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CANDIES



11 Main Street, Bangor

# The Oracle

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## February, 1930

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*Proper public instruction should be the first object of government.*

#### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

AS in all high schools in general, at least three-fifths of the total student body of Bangor High is made up of girls.

The Officers' Club of the R. O. T. C., the Rifle Club, the Band, and the late Boys' Glee Club are the only organizations in this high school which do not boast membership rolls of at least eighty per cent girls.

But in spite of these statistics not one-twentieth of these girls go to girls' hockey and basketball games (unless they are a member of the squad).

Girls' Athletics, in general, in Bangor High totters along, year after year, winning championships, (when it's able financially to go to championship contests), on little or no income. We all know the old uniforms the girls wear at hockey and basketball. Why at basketball games one can see no less than four different kinds of suits and stockings among the team. Oh! that some kind philanthropist would settle a sum on the Girls' Athletic Honor Council! But there hasn't been any such luck, so the familiar candy sales sponsored by "Benefit Society" of the Honor Council are necessary to send the girl athletes down to Camden or over to Pittsfield.

At least half the girls who make up the three-

fifths of this student body should go to the games played by the girls in Bangor High. Cheer them on, come through with a good-sized crowd, girls, and help make Girls' Athletics in Bangor High profitable.

But, it's not all the fault of the students that Girls' Athletics isn't in its proper place in this school. Boys' Athletics, which is fortunate in having a faculty "comptroller" has had the tickets to boys' games put into "season-ticket" form, with a special reduced price and has placed its tickets through the home rooms. But Girls' Athletics prints at home tickets which can only be obtained from members of the various squads and the Honor Council who wonder why girls' games don't draw big crowds. For your next season's schedule, why not have season tickets printed at a real printer's plant and distributed around the home-rooms as Boys' Athletics does? Is there no member of the faculty of this high school who will shoulder the burden of handling the funds of Girls' Athletics to make it possible to run this important activity of the school in a proper and business-like manner?

Come on, let the faculty, the Honor Council, and the student girls in particular, unite to give Girls' Athletics the "break" it rightly deserves.

The following article shows how little we appreciate the importance of certain happenings taking place around us:

In March, 1809, two trappers met in the wilds of Kentucky and proceeded to swap the latest news.

"Hed eny luck?"

"Caught two reds and a beaver the other day."

"How is it with you?"

"Fair to middlin'—Shipped a dozen mink pelts to Lexington last week."

"Eny news?"

"Yeh—Bill Stebbins got back from Washington an sed that Jefferson stayed for Madison's inauguration, and didn't run away like Adams did when he was inaugurated."

"Is that so?"

"Yeh—and he said he seen the new chandelier in the White House that came from Paris—said it had a thousand candles and was covered with sparklers."

"What's the news up your way?"

"Thar are no news up ter Hodgenville that amounts to anything. Tom Lincoln's wife hed a baby last month en I heard she named him Abraham, outa the Bible. That's all I heard."

### THE NEW SCHOOL

THE death of Dr. Thomas Upton Coe in 1920 caused much sorrow among the people of Bangor. Dr. Coe had been one of the most prominent and public spirited citizens of the city. He had been for many years a member of the Bangor School Board. During his life he had amassed a great fortune and he was continually helping the many charitable institutions.

After Dr. Coe died it was found that he had left a considerable portion of his estate, to the city of Bangor, to be used either for a park or a school. The estate extends from the Kenduskeag Stream to Ohio Street.

This property is being well cared for and if you walk up Court Street, you will see on one side the Coe Mansion with its large lawn and garages; on the other side a park, at the entrance of which two guns or cannons are apparently guarding the park's broad expanse. As one walks through this, strangely shaped hedges can be seen. On the further side there are many trees.

It seems as if Dr. Coe must have foreseen the difficulties of the Bangor Schools when he left this marvelous estate to us. For at the present time at the Union Square school there are classes carried on in the basement, due to the crowded conditions of the school. This is unsatisfactory and undesirable as the ventilation is very poor and the artificial light is not good for the children's eyes.

It has been decided by the school board to convert a part of the Coe Mansion into two large classrooms in order to relieve the congestion in the Union Square School. These rooms will be large, and well heated. The light and ventilation will also be improved.

The city council has given a considerable amount of money over to the School Board with which they are to repair the newly acquired school. The new classrooms are expected to be in use for the spring term.

It may be that sometime in the future a beautiful school will be erected on the Coe estate.—H. L. K.







*The art of writing, like nobility, runs in the blood.*

## **The Life of an R. O. T. C. Cadet**

A Recruit

**I**T is Armistice Day, 1928, at the barracks. "Say, youse guys, why weren't you hoboes here at eight-twenty; here 't is thirty-nine minutes o' nine. Where the N. W. (which means "naughty word") were you? I'm beginning to get sore at youse guys," thus cooed the Top (which means the "Top Sergeant.") "Fall-in after you get your cartridge belts and rifles. Hey, Mullaney, where the N. W. did you get that green bow-tie? Didn't the 'Nited States Gov'm't give you a black fore-in-hand?"

"If you mean that strip of dark canvas, sir, I lost it," replied Mullaney calm-like.

"Lost it, what the N. W. do I care if you lost it? Why ain't you got it on, anyhow?" purred the Top on. "Go to the quarter-master, wit' a couple o' dimes, mind-ja, and get anudder."

"Company,—fall-in," booms from a little second "Lieuy." "Hey, MacCready, you guidon, d'ya know where your at? Get out in front, back o' the Cap'n. What! he told you to stay here? Well, it's all right I guess, but get outside of the guide. Right,—dress. Say, guidon, get the N. W. outside the guide, will ya? Back on the end, number 2,—front rank; gun at right-shoulder, left guide; number 3,—rear rank, extend your fingers and join. All

right, Front. Say, guidon, how many times I gotta tell ya to get outside that guide?"

Back comes the Top. "Didn't I tell youse guys to roll your putts in? What's that, Smith, you rolled your putts in? Like N. W. you did! Can't I see?" Smith proceeds to reroll his putts.

Finally, after much talking, Mullaney in his black fore-in-hand, Guidon MacCready on the outside of the guide, Smith in his rerolled putts, the two battalions with their cartridge-belts, and the officers in their Sam Brownes march out.

The guns begin to get heavy, long before the unit crosses the bridge, just as it leaves the barracks.

The battalions march a mile from the bridge before "halt" is given. They wait in column for nearly an HOUR. Something had gone wrong; nobody knew what.

Later they march to the Cemetery—a very pleasant place to go. Who would have thought a town was so large? The unit marches fully five miles long and hard. But then, the officers and the Tops have no kick coming. There are plenty of demoiselles in the village. They might talk fairly understandable English but are unable to "parley-voo" a little bit, even.

*(Continued on page 54)*



## A Day Aboard A Whaler

Eugene Johnson, '31

**S**EVERAL days of my vacation, my brother and I spent with some friends at Horseneck Beach on Buzzards Bay. We drove down from Fall River and arrived there at dusk. Every thing around had the smell and appearance of a fisherman's village. I could smell the thin fog that hung about the shore, and see, anchored in the cove, several small fishing vessels, just visible through the thin fog.

Down near the water a group of fishermen, silhouetted against the evening sky, were standing around a dory, that had probably just come ashore from one of the boats. The smoke from their pipes formed a cloud above their heads resembling the smoke from a steamer, passing over the horizon, probably bound for New York.

I noticed a familiar face among the group and recognized him as our friend Mr. Hughes whom we were to visit. He was very glad to see us and took us to his cottage where we spent the evening by the fire talking over old times.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Hughes announced that he would take us to New Bedford to see an old whaler. This was very pleasing to me because I have always had an interest in ships, especially old sailing vessels. From what I understood from Mr. Hughes' conversation, the ship would be on an estate owned by a certain Colonel Green who lived in New Bedford, and it was kept as a memorial of a trade that has long since vanished.

We drove down to New Bedford and to Colonel Green's estate. We went around a bend and from this point I could see the bay and the stately masts of the old whaler. Imagining her rocking to the swell in the bay, I was somewhat disappointed to find that she will never toss again to the ocean's waves. She has been mounted in a bed of sand and cement to preserve her.

Under her rusty anchor is painted in gilt the name "Charles W. Morgan." She was

probably named after some prominent whalesman of New Bedford. We climbed aboard her and went aft where in a glass case were some harpoons and other implements used in catching the whales. Besides these there were a number of ship's papers and a log book open to a page which was written in rather cramped hand writing, the date, April 20th, 1879.

At the top of the page an outline of a whale was stamped, I learned later that this meant that they had sighted one whale that day. The reading on the page started like this, "At eight bells, morning watch, the mast head hailed a whale in sight. Lowered away and after her but she dove before the boat reached her. Fair weather and strong winds." Every day a report similar to this was written by the captain.

Seeing a group forward by the "try works" we joined them. The try works is where the blubber from the whale is boiled into oil and then barrelled and stored below in the hold. It resembles an oven and a large pot over it where the blubber is boiled. The blubber is cut from the whale into small pieces about six inches square, and thrown into the pot. If it is put in on a large piece it will boil over and sometimes cause a fire. Every inch of the whale skin is done like this. This was all explained to us by Cap'n George Fred, the captain of the Charles W. Morgan on her last voyage for whales.

Captain George Tilton, for this is his real name, is a big yellow headed Yankee, who comes from the old school of "down east" sea-farers. He was very willing to explain about any part of his ship and also usually added some incident, which he was reminded of by the question, that occurred in his younger sea-faring experiences.

I asked him if they lowered a boat as soon as they saw a whale. "Why sure" he said,

*(Continued on Page 53)*



## A Tale of Ancient Teutons

Virginia Flint, '32

**G**ET up, Adler," comes the shout in my ear in the early morning. "Get up, lazy one. Have you forgotten this is to be the day of your first great hunt?" I quickly arise and pull my garment of skins to my shoulders, sling a club from my belt, and with javelin in hand, I bound out to join the hunters. Soon we leave the village of huts, then the clearing where the cattle are grazing, and we enter the deep forest.

As the men talk and boast of their adventures, I listen; then I, too, brag of my killing of a rabbit with a stone shot from a sling. But the jeers of the men silence me, and I sullenly resolve to kill a bear, single-handed, to prove I am the greatest hunter of all.

I am lost in dreaming of my own cleverness but I now realize that I, Adler, the Eagle, am alone.

I think how brave I was to wander away from the other hunters. I heard their calls, but I thought only of the glory of this, my first great hunt, trip to kill a bear and return to my father, Lowe, the Lion, chief of our village and boast that I, alone, had killed a bear.

I strain my ears now for the voices of my companions, but only the familiar sounds of woods creatures are to be heard. I am lost. I try to remember tales our mighty warriors have told but only one bit of wisdom can I remember, "Keep moving."

I trudge on wearily, then suddenly I throw back my head and smell the gentle breeze. Smoke! I run and leap on and on, stopping only to catch again the welcome sign that I am homeward bound.

At last I reach the clearing. I would rush to my father but I remember that he will be surrounded by his companions. They will be eating and drinking. How loyal they are to him. Every one would give his life for Lowe, and I, some day, will be chief in his place, and have a loyal band of warriors at my side. Still

I fear their ridicule, so I linger at the edge of the forest.

A woman comes out, calling, calling. A lost cow, no doubt. I hope no wild beast has captured it for our cattle are precious.

I can stand the hunger and cold but I am so thirsty. I must go into the village, though without a trophy of the hunt.

As I step into the clearing, a man leaps toward me with a spear. His look of amazement pictures my own for he is a stranger, white-skinned, flaxen-haired, with blue eyes, like mine, but he is a huge being like my father's warriors. From the man I look toward the village. This, also, is strange, though having the characteristics of my own, for the huts are made of hewed logs, sticks, and straw, plastered with mud. The man, when he perceives me to be no man, is at once hospitable and kind and leads me to his hut. There I see a woman preparing meat. I can hardly wait to devour my share, but first I must quench my thirst. News of a stranger in the village soon reaches the chief, who sends a messenger demanding my presence.

My great thirst fills my mind. I have not asked the name of their chief. Now I say, "What is his name?"

"Karin," is the answer.

Karin, my father's arch enemy. I pray, "Oh, mighty Thor, god of thunder, deliver this day thy servant from this great trouble."

I am led to the hut of Karin, to be questioned. I give the name of Hirsch, meaning deer, for like a deer I shall run for cover from this village before another day. Karin is of middle age and of immense stature. His companions sit ready-armed as all warriors should. Karin frowns at me, then mutters to a man at his side who has an ugly scar on his shoulder which the skin he wears but partially covers. He has a cunning look as he

*(Continued on page 51)*



## The Wreck of "The Bluebird"

Josephine Barrett, '31

**ON** E sunny day in June, a small crowd of people watched the airplane "Bluebird" leave the aviation field. It contained two people, a young man of thirty, and a girl of twenty. The young man, John Derling, had asked Joan, his sweetheart, to go up with him, and she had consented, although she was a little afraid of airplanes.

As they were flying swiftly through the air, he shouted a question at her above the drone of the motor.

"Are you afraid, Joan?"

"No," Joan shouted back, although she was shaking like a leaf.

"Nothing will happen," he assured her. "I had the plane gone over thoroughly yesterday."

But still she was not wholly assured.

They were now flying over a body of water on which an island, supposed to be haunted, was situated. Suddenly something exploded, and the plane dived right towards this island. John tried to stop the plane from falling, but failed utterly, and they went sailing swiftly down through the air towards the island. Joan, although she knew what the peril was, did not scream, but sat tight and waited for the end, which she knew inevitably must come. It came with a terrific crash!

The plane struck the earth and turned completely over, spilling the occupants from their seats.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joan awoke to find herself lying on the shore of the island, a short distance from the plane. It had seemed hours to her, but in reality it was only a few minutes, since she had waited for the crash to come. She got up and looked around, surprised to find herself unhurt. There was the plane on its side, smoking strangely. She wondered where John could be and then noticed his head and shoulders sticking out from under the body of the plane. Suddenly

the end of the plane burst into flames, and she ran to John, knowing that if she did not get him out, he would be burned to death, if he was not already dead. She took hold of him under the arm pits and pulled. A low groan escaped him as she tugged at him, but he did not open his eyes. Finally, when she felt as if her arms were being pulled from their sockets, she dragged him free of the plane, just as the flames reached the place where he had been. After she had rested a minute or two, she pulled John still farther away, out of the terrific heat, and laid him under a tree. Noticing that one of his arms, (the left one) was lying in a strange position she started to straighten it; but as she took hold of it, John uttered another cry of pain and opened his eyes.

"Are you—all right, Joan?" he asked in a pained voice.

"Yes, yes! I'm all right. But tell me, are you hurt?" she cried. "I guess—my arm is broken," he said, and fell again into unconsciousness. Joan had had some experience in nursing, so knew just what to do, and set about doing it. First she got some splints from the nearby trees, and together with some rope and string which she found in John's pocket, she set his arm as best she could. He seemed to be resting more comfortably after she got through, so she decided to look around a little and see what kind of an island they were on. She knew it was the island everybody had spoken about as being haunted, but for all that, she didn't seem to be afraid. She decided not to go very far from John, because it was quite late in the afternoon, and she would have to build a fire to keep him and herself from getting chilled, as it was sure to be quite cold so near the salt water at night, even in June.

She went down to the shore and looked across to the mainland, which was over seven

miles away. She knew that a white flag could not be seen from so great a distance, but still she decided to put one up. In one of her pockets she found a white scarf, which she had put there in case she needed it up in the air. Finding a long pole, which might have been the flag pole of some wrecked vessel, she tied the scarf to it and took pole and scarf up to a sloping hill where she dug a hole with the sharp edge of a rock and put the end of the pole into it and covered it up. Then, in case there should be a strong wind, she piled more dirt and stones on the little mound at the foot of the pole, until it was about a foot high. She stepped back and surveyed her work.

"It would take quite a strong wind to blow that over," she thought.

After wandering around a little while longer, she went back to where she had left John. He was nowhere to be seen!

"John, John!" she called, "where are you?"

"Right here, Joan," said a familiar voice, issuing from a clump of trees close behind her. She turned with a glad cry, and ran into the circle of his good arm, which he held out to her.

"Oh John! I thought something had happened to you!" she cried.

"Where have you been?"

"Hunting for wood for a fire," he replied.

"Say Joan," he said suddenly.

"You did a good job on my arm, didn't you, dear?"

"Why, I did the best I could," she said blushing.

Suddenly from behind them came a cackling "Ha, ha, ha!"

They turned, startled, and looked among the trees but could see nothing.

"Oh John, I'm afraid!" cried Joan. "Let's go build a fire." So they gathered some wood and built a fire, and then sat down to talk over what they would do, to keep their minds from the strange laughter they had heard. But they couldn't seem to, and suddenly Joan said, "That must have been the strange noise Mr. Shaw heard when he was shipwrecked

here quite a while ago. You know he said it was the ghost of Captain Black, whose ship was wrecked on this shore."

"Yes, I remember," John replied, "We'll investigate tomorrow and we'll also hunt for food. Aren't you hungry?"

"Why I'd forgotten all about food," she said.

In the morning they were startled by the strange noise they had heard the night before. The sun was shining brightly and warmly, and they decided to look for food, and discover if they could the cause of the strange noise.

After going a little way into the woods they discovered an apple tree and some pear trees. While they were eating some of the fruit, they heard the laughter again, this time quite close. They were not very frightened in the day time, but still they had a queer feeling, and turned to look about them, as they saw nothing, they started to investigate.

They found nothing, but suddenly the "ha, ha, ha!" sounded right behind them, and it sounded as though it came from a tree. They looked up and saw a bright plumaged bird, preening its feathers unconcernedly.

"It can't be that bird can it?" asked John.

"It doesn't seem—"

Joan was interrupted by the "ha, ha, ha!" again, and this time from the very mouth of the bird.

"The mystery of the island is solved," said Joan "It is not a ghost at all, but a harmless little bird. Weren't we silly to believe that foolishness?"

"Yes—" John's words were interrupted by the drone of an airplane motor, and, looking up, they saw John's father's plane, "The Sister" about to alight on the island.


"Oh, John, we're saved! !" cried Joan.

"Yes, it looks as though we weren't going to starve after all, Joan," he replied. Joan started on a run towards the plane, John following swiftly at her heels, regardless of his broken arm.



## Top-Notch Camp

Sylvia Ham, '32

 It was January 29 that the little party of merry young friends with their older companions arrived at the great woods in the northern part of Maine, near Chesuncook lake. Their camp was about half a mile from the lake, in a clearing. A mountain reared its majestic heights above the trees in back of the cabin.

As you are not acquainted with my characters, I will proceed to introduce them. First and foremost comes Mr. Traverse; a stately but kind old gentleman. He was the one who was giving this great treat to the younger members. As he was a millionaire broker, of course he could well afford to leave his business for a week of rest. Next in position comes Mrs. Morgan, the governess to Mr. Traverse's twins, Beatrix and Reginald. Of course Kenneth Evans cannot be forgotten, for was he not our dear Reggie's best chum? Then too, Reg had invited another intimate friend of his, Robert Wood to share the fun. Trixy had asked three of her girl-friends but only two had come, namely: Gloria Hartley and Kenneth's sister, Rose. Now that we are properly introduced, I shall go on with my story.

Naturally they all adored the camp and the boys termed it "bully," "great," "swell," and all the other words best known to boys. The first day nothing out of the ordinary occurred as most of the time was taken up in installing a decent establishment inside the log cabin. The next day the girls cooked some fudge and of course the boys wanted to help so they shelled the nuts and put them in the candy. When the time came to eat the delicious candy, the boys rejected the confection, saying that they had eaten too much supper. Not thinking this strange, every one else took a bite of the candy and then held on to his jaw, crying out with pain as he did so. Oh! those wretched boys! They had put the shells instead of the nuts in the candy! No telling what might have happened to these merciless boys if they

hadn't, after they scented trouble, cleared out with their skates and gone to the lake. The next morning the girls would not speak to any one but one another, the guide, cook, governess and Mr. Traverse. They wouldn't even look at the boys.

Early in the afternoon, Trix, Glo and Rose set out for the mountain behind the cabin. They had been asked not to go anywhere without the companionship of the boys, Mr. Traverse, or the guide, but Mr. Traverse was having a nap and the guide was at work and who wanted those "awful boys" tagging them? Nobody saw them go other than the guide who was chopping wood and he thought they were going to practice shooting at targets because Gloria had her rifle. They wandered through the woods marveling at the glistening snow. They did not notice the large white cloud that was steadily increasing in size. All at once snow began to fall, softly at first and then increasing in volume. The three girls had turned when it began to snow and started back in the direction from which they had come but the snow had covered up their tracks and in an hour they were hopelessly lost. As they had traveled aimlessly the sense of direction was also very vague.

Soon it began to grow cold and none had matches. Finally finding a friendly fir tree whose branches reached to the ground, they crept under it and stayed until the storm subsided.

They were just as much lost as they ever were as they crawled out from under the tree that had sheltered them so faithfully. As Gloria stepped out last, she saw the leaves move on a clump of trees at her left. Wondering what it was, she bade Beatrix hold her rifle while she went over to look. Just as she got within approximately two feet of the clump, a low growl was heard and as she paused to meditate nearer approach, out jumped a tawny body. It landed on one side of the

clump of bushes at right angles to the girls and crouched to spring at Gloria. At this trying moment a shot was heard and the beast uttered a cry of intense pain. Trixy had only wounded him in the shoulder. Yet not seeming to feel this pain he sprang at poor, frightened Glo. Alas for the poor beast! A shot fired from a distance went through his brain and he was done for. The boys came up at this time and it was then learned that Reginald had fired the shot. Bob identified the big cat as a mountain lion.

When they all reached the camp, of course the incident and narrow escape was related again. When the girls had not returned after the storm began, the boys had started out after them. They had had to wait for the storm to pass, but the public opinion was that those "dreadful boys," no longer dreadful, had come in the nick of time and of course they were forgiven for their little joke the day before. Kenneth remarked to Glo, casually, "If Reg hadn't got the cat, Glo, the cat would have caught you."



## The Chipmunk's Escape

Edward C. Gibbons, '31

**I** WAS sitting in the woods one autumn day, when I heard a small cry and a rustling amid the branches of a tree a few rods beyond me. Looking there, I saw a chipmunk fall thru the air, and catch on a limb twenty or more feet from the ground. He appeared to have dropped from the top of the tree.

He secured his hold on the branch that had so luckily intercepted his fall, and sat perfectly still. In a moment I saw a weasel—one of the small red varieties—come down the tree and begin exploring the bratches, on a level with the chipmunk.

Soon I saw what had happened. The weasel had driven the squirrel from his retreat in the rocks and stones beneath, and had pressed him so closely that he had taken refuge in the top of the tree. But weasels can climb trees too, and this one had tracked the frightened chipmunk to the topmost branch, where he had tried to seize him. Then the squirrel had, in horror, let go his hold, screamed, and fallen thru the air, till he struck the branch just described. Now his bloodthirsty enemy was looking for him, apparently relying upon his sense of smell to guide him to the game.

How did the weasel know the squirrel had

not fallen clear to the ground? He certainly did know, for when he reached the tier of branches, he began exploring them. The chipmunk sat transfixed with terror, not ten feet away and yet the weasel did not see him.

The branch upon which the squirrel sat, ran out from the tree seven or eight feet and then, turning a sharp elbow, swept down and out at a right angle with its first course.

The weasel would pause each time at this elbow and turn back. It seemed as if he knew that this particular branch held his prey, and yet its crookedness, each time, threw him out. He did not give up but went over the same course again and again.

One can fancy the feelings of the little squirrel, sitting there in plain view a few feet away, watching his deadly enemy hunting for him.

In the course of a few minutes the weasel gave up the search, and ran hurriedly down the tree to the ground. The chipmunk remained motionless for a long time; soon he recovered himself so far as to change his cramped position. Presently he began to move cautiously along the branch to the bole of the tree; then after a few moments delay, he plucked up courage to descend to the ground, where I hope no weasel has disturbed him since.



## The Story of One Powder Puff

Margaret Avery, '31



YOU may say, without stopping to think, that powder puffs are quite modern necessities—for necessities they seem to be now. But they aren't, for very, *very* long ago they had powder puffs—nice, great big fluffy ones such as women pay a lot for nowadays.

Mother Nature was having quite a time with the animals. You see, the world was so very new that the animals just hated to go to work; they all wanted to wander around and see the trees and flowers and what we, today, call natural beauties (after Mother Nature) which she had made before she created the animals themselves. Indeed, right in the loveliest spot of all, was a tiny pool that Rebecca Rabbit had discovered when she was out exploring alone one day. She didn't tell a soul about it, because—why do you suppose? She had found that it made the nicest mirror, and she was afraid that if she told the other girls, they would come there and crowd her out, she was so small!

When every girl animal became a young lady, Mother Nature gave her a powder puff for a present. The day Rebecca received hers, she skipped off for her mirror pool. She stayed all day just looking at herself and powdering her nose. Mother Nature asked her no questions when she returned, but Rebecca was away most of the time finally, and shirked her work so much more than anyone else, that Mother Nature was obliged to speak to her.

Rebecca was really sorry! I know she was! And for some time she obediently did her share of work with the others. But somehow the combination of the mirror and the powder puff was too alluring to keep her at work all

the time. It wasn't long before she was again spending most of her time at the pool.

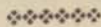
The edges of Mother Nature's nerves were rather ragged, because it was spring, just the time when there is all the housecleaning to be done, and just the time when young people like to do anything but work. Consequently, when Rebecca came in exceptionally late one day, Mother Nature told her that she would be punished in some way if she didn't stop powdering her nose all day long.

Rebecca solemnly promised not to do it except before parties, but when John Bunny asked her to go walking with him one afternoon, she felt she must look her best so she hopped down to the pool just once more.

Mother Nature, going to market, met Rebecca coming along the path with her powder puff in her hand, and being justly angry at Rebecca's disobedience, punished her as she had said she would.

You can't imagine what she did! She took that powder puff and stuck it right on Rebecca's stump of a tail, where Rebecca could see it but could not reach it! That, truly, was a most awful thing to bear, for now her nose was pinky all the time, and she had nothing with which to powder it.

However, John Bunny liked her exactly as well—and I suspect, even better—with a delicate pink nose as with one all floury. Rebecca and John were married that summer. When Ruth Bunny was born, she had a powder puff tail, and when the twins, Betty and Billy, were born, *they* had powder puff tails, and all the Bunnies born since then have had powder puff tails!



### WAVES

Splashing endlessly on red rock cliffs.  
Blue sky overhead  
Distant white specks on the deep blue of the ocean  
Solitude—dreaming.

Geneva Fogg, '31

### DAWN

Rosy splendor  
Creeping softly over all the earth  
Waking the birds to their songs,  
Telling the world that the dark hours have gone,  
The dawn of another day.

Geneva Fogg, '31.

## POETRY

Contributed by Members of the Class of 1930

## TO OUR MOTHERS

Like as the angels sent from up above  
 To watch o'er us, and love us every day,  
 And show us an example of true love,  
 And lead us in the paths of the right way:  
 So, they, whose lives to all of us are dear,  
 Are here to guide us, and to keep us right,  
 And when we call them, they will always hear,  
 And be to us ever a guiding light.  
 Then, when the Father needs an angel's song,  
 He'll call our mothers dear to sing for him,  
 But they will still be with us all along,  
 And keep us all away from paths of sin;  
 And if we ever wander far away  
 May all our thoughts unto our mothers stray.

by Dorothy E. Bartlett, '30.

## A BOY'S RECOLLECTIONS

My mother used to make me say my prayers,  
 Each night before she tucked me off to sleep;  
 And then I always dreamed of hero's dares  
 And dragons getting ready for their leap  
 And early in the morning I arose,  
 Prepared for anything which came my way,  
 With bold defiant look and handy clothes  
 I looked for hero's deeds to do that day,  
 But none were brought before my steady gaze,  
 And I, most disappointed, childlike then,  
 Went home to Her, confounded in a daze  
 Explained She that deeds were done by men:  
 Not heroes who in books and dreams we see  
 But mortal men just like I soon should be.

by Maxine Bicknell, '30.



## A PIRATE SHIP

A sailing ship against the sky at dark,  
 The deep, proud waters lie beneath the stern,  
 Below the prow may lurk a mammoth shark,  
 Put all is well aboard.

The sky is bright with lights of red and gold,  
 The far horizon looms, a long expanse,  
 On land the distant cities roar and scold.  
 But all is calm at sea.

On board the ship, the pirate chief holds sway,  
 He stirs his men with tales of blood and gore,  
 A one-eyed, one-armed man, whom all obey,  
 He holds the mighty power.

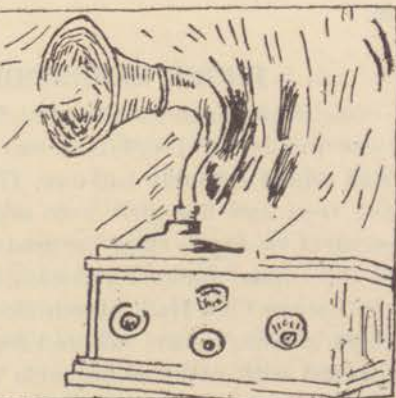
The anchor shrieks and groans upon its chains,  
 The pirates hoist the white-winged sails in  
 turn,  
 The ship moves once again in unmapped lanes,  
 The shores are left behind.

by Ruth J. Blanning, '30.



# BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

F 29



*"The great end of life is not knowledge, but action."*

## NATIONAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

Tryouts for the National Oratorical Contest are well under way with much enthusiasm being shown on the part of the students. The contest is in its seventh year and has grown by leaps and bounds, increasing in popularity and competitors every year. Any bona fide secondary school pupil under 19 years of age is eligible. A post graduate in the high school is not eligible, even though he is within the age limit.

The prize for the National Contest is a trip to Europe for each seven national finalists and the winner of the International Contest will receive a valuable trophy.

The dates for the contest are as follows:

First selections by March 7.

District Finals March 21.

Newspaper Finals at Portland, April 18.

National semi-finals at Boston for New England between April 30 and May 10.

National Finals at Washington, May 25.

International Finals at Washington, Oct. 25.

It is the hope of all the student body that someone from Bangor High School will get that trip to Europe.

Herbert St. John Torsleff, teacher of science, resigned at the end of the first semester to go to New York, where he will go on with further study in his chosen line as well as enter the business world. Mr. Torsleff, has been a very popular teacher and the *Oracle* wishes him success in his new employment.

Malcolm O. Willis comes to the High School faculty to take Mr. Torsleff's place. Mr. Willis is a graduate of M. C. I. and of the Maine School of Commerce in which he has also taken summer school work. He has been sub-master in the high schools of Jonesport, Woodstock and Islesboro. Mr. Willis is married and has two children; he is living at 15 Prentiss St. In the name of the school the *Oracle* welcomes this new member of the faculty.

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## IN MEMORIAM

Miss Harriet M. Wentworth

For seven years Miss Wentworth was an efficient and conscientious teacher of mathematics in Bangor High School, winning the respect and liking of her pupils and her associates. She was an honor graduate of Farmington Normal School and had taken courses in Bates College and in Columbia University. Death came swiftly and suddenly to her; she taught the last day of her life. The memory of her beautiful personality and her Christian character will be cherished by all who knew her.

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H. True Trefethen, of Waterville, Colby, 1927, M. A., 1928, has been elected to the place left vacant by the death of Miss Wentworth. Mr. Trefethen taught mathematics and science in the Abbott School, Farmington, before coming to Bangor. The *Oracle* extends to him a cordial welcome.

## JUNIOR EXHIBITION

One of the most intense semi-final competitions for Junior Exhibition was held in the high school assembly hall Jan. 17, 1930, when five boys and five girls were selected from a group of twenty to enter the final round known as the annual Junior Exhibition, to be held in the Bangor City Hall, March 28. Every year there is always some talented few that comes forward with really remarkable presentations but this year all of the speakers were so fine that the judges were in conference for a full hour and they (the judges) were not at all envious in their task of selecting the finalists. Those selected for the finals were: Boys—George Carlisle, Henry Herrick, Norman Cahners, Kenneth Kurson and Arthur Lieberman; Girls—Elizabeth Riley, Ida Rosen, Carroll Blanning, Betty Russ and Katherine Epstein.

The entire program:

Norman Cahners—A Plea for Intervention in Cuba.

George Carlisle—Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.

Henry Flynn—Cutting from Tom Sawyer. Leonard Ford, Jr.—Gentlemen, the King!

Henry Herrick—Abraham Lincoln.

Howard Kominsky—Character of Washington.

Kenneth Kurson—Men With Muck Rakes.

Arthur Lieberman—Creative Citizenship.

Reginald Murphy—Americanism.

Bernard Sanders—The Unknown Soldier.

Sarah Breidy—The School for Scandal, Act II, Sc. I.

Mary Gibbons—The Man in the Shadow.

Elizabeth Riley—Nobody's Tim.

Ida Rosen—Yellow Butterflies.

Winifred Brown—Death Disk.

Katherine Epstein—The Lion and the Mouse.

Frances Clough—Cutting from Taming of the Shrew.

Carroll Blanning—Here Comes the Bride.

Betty Russ—The Littlest Rebel.

Dorrice Trickey—The Matinee.

## DEBATES IN SENIOR ENGLISH

Once again, it was announced to the two Senior English classes that each one was to participate in a debate and once again their teachers saw that horrified expression on the faces of the students, but nevertheless, two debates were held February 5, on subjects that are widely debated daily.

The second period class chose for its subject: Resolved: Maine Should Export Surplus Water Power.

**Affirmative:**—Richard Rice, Donald Hillman, Frederick Sprague,

**Negative:**—Henry Gulnac, Harry Boyd, Irving Grodinsky,

Chairman:—Norris Crosby. Timekeepers: Jack Tompkins and Benjamin Shapiro.

The judge, Mr. Barker, gave his decision in favor of negative, with Henry Gulnac, as best speaker.

The fifth period class chose for its subject Resolved: It is Possible to Outlaw War.

**Affirmative:**—Helen Novak, Hilda McLeod, Evelyn Whitman.

**Negative:**—Edgar Aucoin, Walden Hastings, Gridley Tarbell.

Chairman:—Oscar Fellows. Timekeepers: Harry Crowley and Richard Ebbeson. The judge, Miss Connor, gave her decision in favor of affirmative, with Helen Novak, best speaker.

## ASSEMBLY

The student body was indeed honored, when on February eighth, President Franklin Johnson, of Colby College, gave an inspiring talk on The Torch of Life, embracing the subjects health, wealth and citizenship. Dr. Johnson, contrasted the torch race of ancient Greece with the race of life as it pertains to the modern generation. He classified the students by a business term, calling them "frozen assets," valuable, but not paying dividends as yet. Dr. Johnson's address completely captivated



his audience which showed its appreciation by a prolonged, thunderous applause. Dr. Johnson was introduced by Mr. Taylor who expressed his pleasure on behalf of the students at the rare opportunity offered them by having so noted a guest and educational leader add to the value of the regular curriculum by his address.

### CLUB ACTIVITIES

This year in order to get the most out of their work, the members of the Bangor High

**Dramatic Club** are directing, casting and acting their own plays under the supervision of Mrs. Bridg-ham. The plays are presented before the members at the regular meetings, at which time the members not included in the play offer their criticism of the work of their colleagues. Two plays written in the English class by Fern Allen and Lawrence Blethen, have been selected for this exercise.

Work is now under way on the three act comedy, entitled Aunt Matilda by Fern Allen. It is a very entertaining play and much credit is due to the writer who is an active member of the Club.

The preliminary tryout for the Freshman Interclass Debating team occurred at a regular meeting of the Snapdragons.

**Debating Club** Upon the question, Installment buying except in the purchase of homes is unwise, the affirmative was taken by Sylvia Alpert and Hope Betterley; the negative by Constance Hedin and Mildred Rolnick. Miss Roney and Miss Mullen acted as judges; giving the decision to the negative. The best speakers were decided to be Hope Betterley and Mildred Rolnick.

### TO REPRESENT B. H. S. AT ORONO

Leonard Ford, Jr., won the tryout competition for the University of Maine extemporaneous speaking contest held at the high school, Jan. 7, 1930, to select a representative from Bangor High to enter the final contest at Orono, March 7. Competition in the contest for the

high school was limited to members of the debating society. The preliminary and final tryouts will be held in the afternoon and evening of March 7, on the U. of M. Campus and the contestants will draw for their place on the program at 12:45 on the day of the contest. The contest will be at 3:00 o'clock and the ten highest ranking persons in the afternoon contest will compete for the prize in the evening.

We all feel that Leonard Ford is a worthy representative of the school, as he has been active in this line of work since he entered high school, and B. H. S. is sure to be well represented in that final contest.

## MUSIC

### BAND

The Band is hard at work now preparing for its annual contest which it hopes to win. On February sixth, the Band started its routine of two rehearsals each week, which means added improvement to the organization. The required number for the Class A Bands is the famous 'Egmont Overture' by Beethoven. Besides this piece, another will be played at the contest, which is our own selection. The Band is still featured at the basket-ball games, which helps much to encourage the school spirit. Otherwise than appearing at Assemblies, the Band has not been playing a great deal at any special late occasions, although it will in the near future.

### ORCHESTRA

Mr. Sprague has the Orchestra well on its way to the contest this spring also. Many selections have been tried, and some played at Assemblies, show that the Orchestra is coming into much prominence this year.

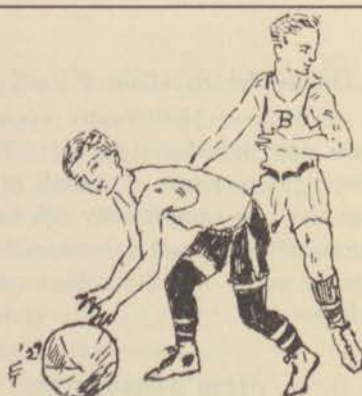
### GLEE CLUBS

Trials were held recently for both Glee Clubs, and a few new members were added to each club.

The larger club is beginning to rehearse a

(Continued on Page 23)

# BOYS' ATHLETICS



*"See the conquering hero comes, with sound of fife and beat of drums."*

## BANGOR 26; PORTLAND 22

Bangor defeated Portland in a fast game that was appreciated by all as it was becoming a custom for Portland to win. Bangor had the lead from the very beginning, Shean making several baskets in succession, putting Bangor well in the lead which she held throughout the entire game. This was a surprise to many, as Bangor had improved a lot since the last game. One of the chief points of this year's team is the way they work together which makes the team. It was in the first quarter, that Bangor got her good lead on Portland thru her smooth working passes and her defense. In the second period Portland made a better showing, but not to much account, the half ending 14-8. In the third period Portland's coach spent much of the time in changing his men to find those that would work the best while Bangor forged ahead to a 23-13 score.

In the last quarter Portland got going and crept up fast on Bangor but the quarter ended before there was any danger of Portland's scoring over Bangor.

### BANGOR

Shean lf 4.....rb Robertson 1 (2)  
Goodin rf 3 (2).....rb Flaherty  
Epstein c 2  
Crowley c.....lg Amerigian (1)  
lg Lord  
Gulnae lg 1.....c Silver 1

### PORTLAND

Furrow rg 1 (2).....c Amerigian  
rf Blaisdell 1  
rf Connors 1  
lf Lord 3 (1)  
lf Albert 1 (2)

## BANGOR 28; OLD TOWN 20

Bangor won its fourth straight game for the season at Old Town in a fast game. Neither team had lost a game but Bangor proved the better and broke the strain for Old Town.

Bangor scored first and held the lead throughout the game, the score at the end of the first period being 11-3. Old Town did its best in the second period though there wasn't much danger of its taking the lead at any time; the half ended 16-11.

The game was a little wild at times as both teams shot whenever they had a chance. The game ended 28-20. Bangor winning by her good defensive and passing.

### BANGOR

Shean lf 3 (2).....rb Harris (1)  
Goodin rf 2 (1).....lb Guerin 1 (1)  
Epstein c 1 (1).....c Warren 1  
Gulnae lb 1 (2).....rf Sleeper 1 (1)  
Furrow rb 4.....lf Sirois 4 (1)  
lf Sawtelle 1

### OLD TOWN

## BANGOR 38; CONY HIGH 5

Bangor put the Cony High team into oblivion



in a 38-5 victory. It was the most one-sided game that Bangor has played for some time as Cony didn't make a single basket until the game was nearly half over. The Cony team was so well guarded that whenever they got the ball they had to shoot so hurriedly that they couldn't score. Gulnac made the first basket and Shean made two, in quick succession. The quarter then ended 11-0, Bangor, Cony scored once in the second period and Bangor brought her score up to 13. Bangor made only 2 points in this period, Cony doing its best. In the third period, Bangor forged ahead bringing the score 23-3. Here the second team was put in as the margin was already sufficiently safe but they continued to score and the contest ended 38-5.

This game was necessarily very one-sided but it is interesting to see a large score piled up sometimes when it's on your side of the fence.

**BANGOR****CONY HIGH**

Shean lf 4.....rg Cunningham  
 Bradbury lf 3 (1).....rg Dow  
 Goodin rf 5.....lg Kinsman (1)  
 Libby rf.....lg Wilson  
 Ried rf.....c Dow  
 Epstein c 1 (2).....c Sawyer  
 Crowley c 1.....c McAuley (1)  
 MacKinnon s.....rf Lyden 1 (1)  
 Gulnac lg 3 (1).....lf Wilson  
 Crowley lg.....lf Ramsdell  
 Furrow rg  
 Flagg rg

**BANGOR 22; AUBURN 20**

Bangor outplayed Auburn in the sixth consecutive game of the season by a score of 22-20. It was a close game but Bangor held the lead the greater parts of the game. Shean was the star of this game, making thirteen points out of twenty-two, though all the others did exceptionally well. The score at the end of the first period was 4-3 in favor of Edward Little, at the half, 8 to 6, Bangor. Bangor led at the end of the third quarter by 15-12, but in the fourth period two shots by Edward Lit-

tle put them in the lead 19 to 18. Here Bangor made a desperate drive and by a shot from Furrow and one from Shean got the lead to hold it to the finish.

**BANGOR HIGH****E. L. H. S.**

Shean lf 5 (3).....rb Maguire  
 Goodin rf (2).....lb Vaillancourt 4 (3)  
 lb Adams  
 Epstein c.....c Brogan (1)  
 Crowley c.....c Shea  
 Furrow lb 2 (1).....rf Whirly 4  
 Gulnac rb 1.....lf Wilkins  
 lf Shea

**BANGOR 39; PORTLAND 22**

Bangor out-played Portland in a fast game for the second time this year. It was an easy game for Bangor throughout. There were many fouls on both sides. Epstein being taken out because of this and Crowley taking his place. The stars of the game were Goodin and Shean, who played all around the Portland team, although the others did their part.

**BANGOR****PORTLAND**

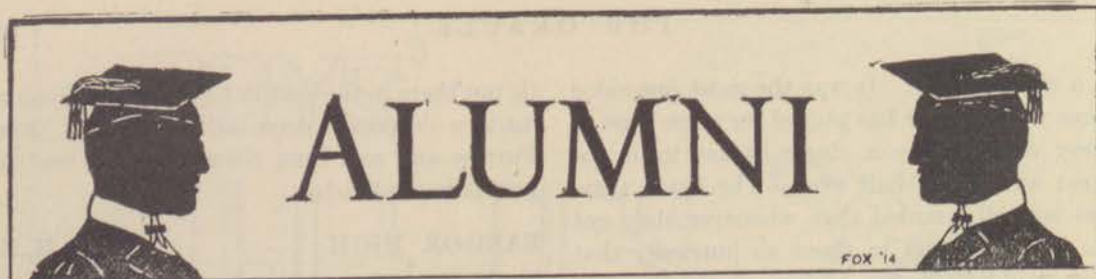
Shean lf 5 (1).....rb Amerigian  
 Read lf.....rb Connor (2)  
 rb Koherian  
 Goodin rf 5 (3).....lb Lord 1  
 Flagg rf.....lb Flaherty  
 lb Jordan (1)  
 Epstein c 4 (3).....c Silva (1)  
 Crowley c 1 (2)  
 Gulnac lb.....rf Elaisdell 1  
 rf Aliberti 2 (1)  
 Furrow rb.....lf Robertson 2 (2)  
 Bradbury rb.....lf Shepard

**BANGOR 18; SOUTH PORTLAND 55**

Bangor High met its first defeat of the season when it played South Portland on its home floor. Bangor put up a hard but useless struggle as she was greatly outclassed.

The South Portland team is made up, without doubt, of the best men in the state and

(Continued on page 23)



*"We that are in the vanguard of our youth."*

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Buckingham of Elmira, N. Y. are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Marian Christine, born November 17. Mrs. Buckingham will be remembered as Miss Valentine Kenney, teacher of Typewriting.

Jane Murphy, '28, is attending King Smith Studio School, at Washington, D. C.

Dorothy Cook, ex-'30, is now residing in Worcester, Mass. Her many friends in B. H. S. regret her departure from this school, but wish her success in the Worcester Classical High, which she is now attending.

Irene Brown, '29, is a student at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Frances Thatcher, '29, is a freshman at the Boston University.

Eleanor Cross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Cross of Garland Street has been chosen to perform the leading role in the freshman play at Simmons College, entitled, "Mail."

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Schriver of Bangor, announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion, to John Lewis Parker, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass. Miss Schriver, was a graduate in the class of '25, and from the Leland Power School of Expression in '28.

Cards have been received in Bangor, announcing the engagement of Miss Ruth Crosby Fletcher and Frederick Theodore Berg. Miss Fletcher is the daughter of Mrs. Joseph Ander-

son of this city and belongs to an old Bangor family, being a seventh generation descendant of Simon Crosby, a first settler. She is a graduate of Bangor High School in the class of '21, of the Elizabeth, N. J., General Hospital in '24, and in '28, after a three years' course, she received the degree of Bachelor of Science in the Columbia University, N. Y., where she is now taking graduate work to attain the degree of Master of Science. Mr. Berg is a graduate of the Portland High School and the University of Maine in the class of '27, and at the present a member of the class of '31, at the United States Military Academy at West Point. They have the best wishes of many friends in this city.

Friends of Miss Rosemary Allen, a graduate of the Bangor High School in the class of '21, and of the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, will be interested to know of another successful production under her direction by the senior class of the Framingham High School, Framingham, Mass., where she has been teacher of elocution for several years. Miss Allen has directed hits each year at Framingham High but, according to the Framingham newspapers this year's show, "Tons of Money," eclipsed all her previous successes.

"April Song and Wellesley Memories," a book of poems by Mary Russell Bartlett, has been added to the Bangor Public Library. Miss Bartlett was the outstanding student in scholarship in the class of 1874 B. H. S.; she took her degree at Wellesley in 1879 and was for many years connected with the Boston Public Library.



Gorham Robinson, '26, and a student at Bowdoin were mid-week visitors at his home on Bellevue Ave.

Marcia Adleman, has returned to the U. of M. after recovering from an injury due to an automobile accident.

Thompson Grant, '27 and Colby, '32, was a week-end visitor at his home 43 Wiley Street. He is prominent in college activities being a contributing editor of two college publications, "The White Mule" and the the Colby "Echo."

"Bunt" Lynch '29 and a student at Hebron were recent guests at his home on West Broadway.

### IN MEMORIAM

Raymond White

Roy Seavey

News was received from Buffalo, N. Y., of the death of Roy Seavey, formerly of this city. Mr. Seavey was a graduate of the Bangor High School and had been employed as head of the Rayon Mills, Buffalo, N. Y.

D. A. Robinson, 1850-1930

Dr. Robinson graduated from Bangor High School in the class of 1869. In 1876 he became principal of the Union Square Grammar School, now called the Hannibal Hamlin School, holding this position for two years; in 1878-9 he was principal of the grammar schools on both sides of the city. He resigned to study medicine and upon receiving his degree returned to Bangor and within a year was elected to the school board, of which body he was a member for thirty-three years, 1882-1915, and for the most of the time he was chairman of the board. In an article written for the *Oracle* by Principal George H. Larrabee, Dr. Robinson is called "one of the foremost educators of New England."

Edward Larsen

The recent death of Edward Larsen of Caribou, formerly of Bangor has been received here. Mr. Larsen was born in Bangor and was educated in the local schools, graduating from Bangor High School in the class of 1898. His musicianship manifested itself strongly during his high school course, and he was sought for all of the school's musical events.



### BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 21)

the team played like professionals. This was a very fast game, the South Portlanders setting a swift pace and winning the game by their swiftness and mechanically perfect plays. It was a sorrowful defeat to the followers of the Bangor team with no consolation, as the Bangor team was a ragged looking sight, and the team from South Portland is the best high school team that Bangor has ever played.

In the opening seconds of the game the South Portland captain made the first basket and from here on that team held the lead. Bangor did its best in the third period, holding them to a 6-7 score, but it was too late and the visitors scored heavily in the last quarter, making the final score 55-18.

### SOUTH PORTLAND

Curran lf 3 (2) .....rb, Furrow 2 (1)  
Knight lf

L. McPhee lf 1

Urbano rf 9 (2) .....lb Gulnac (1)  
c Epstein 1 (1)

Graffam c 6 .....c Crowley

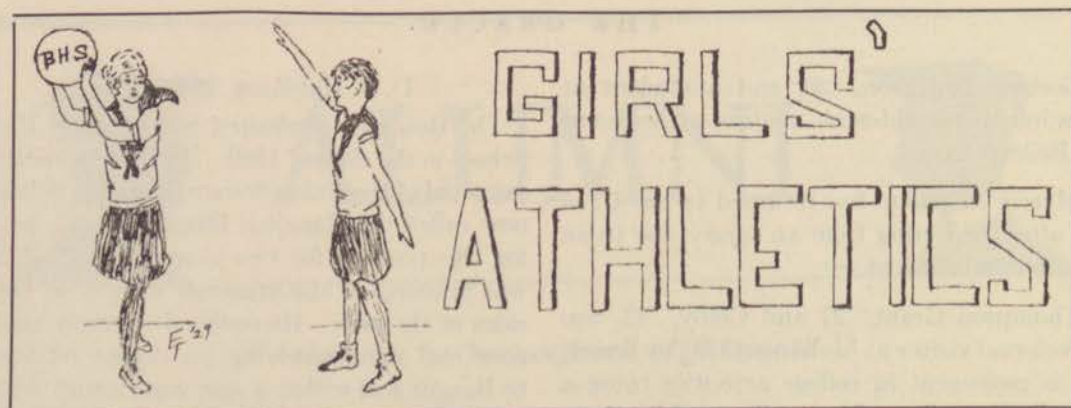
Smith c .....rf Goodin  
lf Bradbury

### MUSIC

(Continued from page 19)

cantata "The Three Springs" for performance at the Maine Teacher's Association Convention in the fall.

(Continued on Page 39)



*"Dux femina facti."*

The girls' basket ball season is well on its way. Seven games have been played to date, five have been victories and two, defeats.

A fine schedule was arranged for this season by Manager Mildred Haney. The teams which are scheduled are as usual college and normal school teams but this fact only makes it more exciting to see our High School team play such games.

In the previous edition of the *Oracle*, the full squad was given but there has been a change and there is now two squads, 1st and 2nd. The following are on the 1st squad: F. Crane, E. Welch, N. MacLeod, M. Haney, L. Jones, E. Lyon, M. Bradford, N. Sanders, M. Peters, B. Stover, G. Robinson, M. Russell, L. West, W. Brown, F. Green, T. Silk, H. Tremble, L. Rosie.

There has been a fairly good crowd at the games so far this season and the boys are to be complimented upon especially for having appeared forth in quite good crowds. But there is still room for more. Have you seen a game this season? Why not come? Its only twenty-five cents.

#### BREWER DEFEATS BANGOR

On the eve of Jan. 3, our girls went over to Brewer and took quite a severe beating.

The regular line-up was incomplete as Capt. Frances Crane was missing.

From the beginning, Brewer's vigor, and perhaps shooting, were superior to Bangor's. It,

being Bangor's first game, and with only two lettermen, the results were not so bad, as Brewer had four lettermen and it was their third game.

The center section and the guard section did remarkable work for Bangor but our forwards were up against a hard defense in Brewer's guards.

Spencer and Burnette had a wonderful eye for the basket and when they did shoot, they hardly ever failed. But for all this Bangor's passing was the outstanding point in the game.

The summary:

#### BANGOR 11

#### BREWER 28

Haney, rf, 2 (2).....	Spencer, rf, 6
MacLeod, lf, 2, (2).....	Burnette, lf, 7 (2)
Stover, rf.....	Bradbury, c
Peters, lf.....	Marsh, sc
Jones, c.....	Swan, rg
Lyon, sc.....	Harding, lg
Bradford, rg.....	
Welch, lg.....	

Referee—Asa Wasgatt of U. of M.

Time—Four 8-min. periods.

#### B. H. S. DEFEATS CASTINE NORMAL

On Jan. 10, the young teachers were defeated in the first home game in our gym.

When the girls first went on the floor, it looked 'just too bad' for our girls because the teachers were so tall and 'fierce' looking.

This game was fast and close all the way



through. Capt. Armstrong played a very good game for Castine and so did Inch but Bangor's defense was too good for them.

Nat MacLeod and Barbs Stover shot some pretty baskets for Bangor. And Em and Lydia were on the jump in the center section. Coach Abernethy should be proud at the way her sextette passes.

The summary:

BANGOR 24		CASTINE 15	
Stover, rf 8 (2).....	Armstrong, rf 3 (1)	MacLeod rf 4.....	Inch, rf 3 (2)
Peters, lf.....	Drake, lf	Haney, lf 1.....	Inch, c
Jones, c.....	Armstrong, c	Lyon, sc.....	Campbell, sc
Crane, rg.....	Pierce, sc	Welch, lg.....	Smallwood, rg
Bradford.....	Seavey, lg		

Referee—Holbrook of Bangor.

Time—Four 8-min. periods.

### BANGOR GOES DOWN TO CASTINE SEXTETTE

Bangor took a trip down the river on Jan. 17th, and was defeated on a two section floor.

Quite unaccustomed to playing on a two division floor Bangor was somewhat bewildered at first but after the first minute a good game of basketvall was played. First, Castine would make a score then Bangor and so it was all through the game, the score staying even.

However in the last minutes Castine jumped ahead three baskets making the score at the end of the game, 32 to 25, Castine.

The summary:

BANGOR		CASTINE	
Stover rf 6 (2).....	Drake, rf, 6	MacLeod, lf 4.....	Inch, lf, 11
Haney, lf.....	Armstrong, c	Jones, c, 3.....	Seavey, sc
Lyon sc.....	Pierce sc	Crane, rg.....	Campbell, rg
Welch, lg.....	Smallwood, lg		

Time—Four 8-min. periods.

Armstrong did some fine work for Castine, and so did Stover and MacLeod for Bangor.

### BAR HARBOR IS BANGOR'S VICTIM

Saturday, Jan. 25, the Crimson girls went down to Bar Harbor and had a very pleasant time together with their victory and overnight stay at the Y.

The first quarter of the game was evenly divided but after the Crimson girls started they were way ahead. Bar Harbor soon became discouraged and Em Lyon had all she could do to keep her opposing side-center from throwing her.

Nat MacLeod wore two guards out with her clever pivoting and Lydia Jones almost hit the roof of the Casino when she jumped for the ball.

Higgins did her best shooting for Bar Harbor, but who could shoot with guards on your trail like Bangor has? It is impossible.

Coach Abernethy brought home another victory to add to her list.

The summary:

BANGOR 32		BAR HARBOR 17	
Stover, rf 5 (1).....	Scammon, 4 (3)	Peters, lf 4 (1).....	Higgins lf 3
MacLeod, lf 7 (1).....	Holt, c	Jones, c.....	Davis, sc
Lyon, sc.....	Blanchard, sc	Crane, rg.....	Smith, rg
Welch, lg.....	Sawyer, lg	Bradford, lg.....	Haradon, lg

Referee—Wassgatt of U. of M.

Time—Four 8-min. periods.

### BANGOR IS VICTORIOUS OVER M. C. I.

The girls from the Institute came to Bangor only to go home sadly beaten.

This game was too one-sided and too rough, to make it as interesting as some of the games of the season.

Barbs Stover had one of her lucky days, and she popped in basket after basket. Landers and Bradford were in the back berths as Capt. Crane and E. Welch were unable to play until the very last of the game on account of injuries. These two junior guards did very good work.

The final score was 29 to 8 Bangor, another victory!

(Continued on page 47)





*"A brisk little somebody, a critic \* \* \* \* \* to set things right."*

The *Echo*, South Portland, Maine. There is certainly no doubt but that the "Capers" publish an interesting paper. While the "Echo" is full of good news, we would welcome a few more stories and an exchange column.

*Stephens Broadcast*, Rumford, Maine. As usual no fault can be justly found with your excellent paper. The cartoons and pictures add greatly.

We were indeed glad to receive a paper as full of such good stories, poems, and even plays, as "*The Blue and Gold*" from Waynesboro, Penna. Judging from your "Sports" you have two good basket ball teams.

The "*Windonian*" which comes to us from Windham, Maine, is an excellent magazine from beginning to end. The numerous cuts and snapshots add greatly to your magazine. Keep them up!

On looking through the joke department of "*The Aegis*," Beverly, Mass., we find that, "The best jokes are not printed; they walk about on two legs." Your cover and cuttings and good while your literary department is splendid. Call again!

*Norco News*, Patterson, Penna. On the pages of this well-organized paper we learn of the many activities of North Coventry High. We think however that a cartoon and a few

cuts would help the appearance of the "*Norco News*."

*Station E. S. H. S.*, Auburn, Maine. A paper well organized as to the news of Auburn High, but we miss a literary and exchange column.

The *Robustat*, Rockwood, Penna. We liked the colored printing in your December issue, but try a few cuts for your paper; they will help its appearance. The "Four-A" club is an excellent idea so, here's to the best of luck for its future!

The "*Football Edition*" of the "*Brown and Gold*," was certainly a success. We were indeed glad to receive one of the first editions, and wish the students of Haverhill High just the best of luck for its future publication. Call again!

The *Jester*, Ellsworth, Maine. The editors of this interesting paper surely deserve credit. Your literary department is excellent, while the poems add greatly to your biweekly.

The *Milachi*, Milaca, Minn. The same interesting paper. We were glad to see that the "*Milachi*" was placed second in the School Press Contest, but may we suggest a few cuttings or cartoons for your paper.

*High Life*, Ripley, Tenn. Your cover design is quite original and impressive. It seems

*(Continued on page 45)*



### To Whom Does This Apply?

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped shirt and a stylish checked suit and had the vacant stare which signifies "nobody home" that goes with both.

The dentist looked at his nurse. "I'm afraid to give him gas," he said.

"Why?" asked the nurse."

"Well, said the dentist," how can I tell when he's unconscious?"

### How To Tie a Bow Tie

Adjust the tie tentatively before your mirror. Close your eyes and visualize the process. Work up a sweat and finally get it fixed. Discover that one wing is too long. Untie it and start over. When you are tired put the tie in the drawer and grow a long beard.

Jack-o-lantern.

Miss J.—What is a slide rule?

Smarty—Never slide with your new pants on.

J—y Mu—l—n, '30:—My heart flames like a blazing fire.

R—h Bl—ng, '30:—Don't be a fuel.

The freshmen class would like to know what Little Red Riding Hood was walking through the woods for, anyhow.

Nobody ever tells jokes to Dot Romero Saturday morning because he is afraid that Dot will start to laugh in assembly the following Monday.

E. T—l, '31:—Say, Ralph, everytime I see one of your drawings, I stand and wonder.—

R—ph Dy—r, '32:—How I do it?

E.:—No, why?

You might have known that I. Gross would put up his hand when Madame asked how many in the class were good cooks.

### Some Common Abbreviations

Ariz.—Get up.

P. G.—Please Go.

U. S. A.—Use Soap Anyway.

W. W. T. L. I. S. Y. W.—Who was that lady I saw you with?

T. W. N. L. T. W. M. W.—That was no lady that was my wife.

B. C.—Before Christmas.

A. M.—Alma Mammy.

S. W.—North East.

P. S.—Please Stop.

Hon.—Honey.

A. D.—After Dancing.

"Fore!"

The woman paid no attention.

"Fore!"

Still no heed.

"Try her once with 3.98," suggested his opponent.

Mrs. Newlywed: Darling, I am afraid I put too much milk in the potatoes.

Mr. Newlywed: Oh, well, we'll drink them.

Boss: Smith, you know I'm rather forgetful?

Smith: Yes, sir.

Boss: Then remind me to give you notice at the end of the month.

Mr. Lamson—What trees has fire no effect upon?

D—r—sky—Ash trees; because when they are burned they are ashes still.

We hear that one of our Freshmen stayed up all night trying to see the point of a teacher's joke and then it dawned on him.

### And This One Too:

A—What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

B—I don't know, it's been so long since I had history.

A—Whoa!

Did you ever hear about the absent minded freshman who poured syrup down his back and scratched his pancake?

Mrs. C—Give a sentence, containing a conjunction.

H—w—rd— K—sk—y, '31—The horse is tied to the fence with a rope.

Mrs. C—Where's the conjunction?

H—w—rd—Rope,—it connects the horse and the fence.

Madam B—Can you translate the first paragraph yet?

J—n W—l—sh—e, '45—No; I didn't get that far.

I—a R—s—n, '31—My, the players are all mud! How can they get it off?

Ch-I-ne Cu—r—t, '31—Why, silly, that's what the scrub team's for.

History Instructor—Why couldn't Napoleon be mistress of the sea?

Student—Because he was a man.

### THE CRIMSON

Internally boiling and seething, threatening at any moment to break into eruption like a dormant (meaning sleeping, not dead) volcano is our basketball team. They are brutes, super-athletes, the brains of our high school—ask any one of them.

As the tooth paste said to the tooth brush: "Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you out side of the tube."

### HEARD AT DEBATING CLUB MEETING

Wise Man—Who is making that gurgling noise?

R—ch—d B—ck—y—I am. I'm trying to swallow that line you are throwing.

It was indeed a struggle for the Freshman class to settle into the routine of becoming high school students, but at last they have succeeded to a certain degree, and should by next year make fairly good Sophomores. Yesterday two of its members were sliding down the balustrades in order to save the stairs.

W—lf—d F—n—g—n—How far were you from the right answer?

"Al" G—d—n—Two seats.

Mr. B.—Name a collective noun.

Fr—rs M—rr—y, '30—Ash-can.

H—l—n— Mc—G—in, '30—Did you hear about the Soph who stepped in front of a train?

Em—ly L—n, '30—Was he killed?

H—l—n—No, the train was backing out.

G—d T—b—l, (to printer)—On each ticket print the words 'Not Transferable.'

Printer—Many people don't know what transferable means.

G—d—Then print 'No Person Admitted Unless He Comes Himself.'

"Ray" Pr—n—ce, '30—You know more than I do.

R—ard R—ce, '30—I know it.

"Ray"—You know me and I know you.

Mr. L—What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

E—ne Br—r, '30—Why, er—r—

Mr. L—Correct, now tell me what is the unit of electric power?

E—ne—The what, sir?

Mr. L—That will do; very good.

Lording Junior to measley Frosh—Say, boy, do you think you are a Junior?

Frosh—No, sir.

Junior—Then don't talk like an idiot.

Mr. L—: If these chemicals should explode we would all be blown thru the roof. Stand close so you can follow me.

F—ake Lessons.

L—ate Hours.

U—nexpected Company.

N—ot Prepared.

K—icked Out.

History teacher: What did the Puritans come to this country for!

Pupil: To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same.



Mr. V—n—y—If all the seas were dried up  
what would everybody say?

Class of '31—We haven't a notion.

D—na—Cr—d, '30—Say, I've thought of  
an unusual idea.

F—n A—ll-n, '30—Beginner's luck, eh?

R—h Dr—d, '30—What is the best way to  
avoid falling hair?

H—n H—r—y, '30—Step aside.

Mr. L—son—How is it that you do your  
work so quickly and so well?

"Izzy" Gr—ss, '30—I stick the match of  
enthusiasm to the fuse of energy, and just  
naturally explode.

Will some one please tell us why "Gerry"  
Graham's pocket book is so fascinating to G.  
Levenseller?

Mr. G—: Define physics.

T—r—mb—le: Epsom Salts.

Is it true that A. Johnson likes "Beans"?

Ask R. B. why Bud spends so much time  
singing, "I'm Broken Hearted."

### ATTENTION, SENIORS

How to get into a College. Foolproof means  
and ways.

1. The most important thing is to get on  
the right side of the Dean, (a) by rescuing his  
life from some accident, (b) by giving a dor-  
matory or library.

2. Write a letter to the Administration de-  
partment telling them, (a) that after numerable  
offers from other colleges you have at last  
chosen their college, (b) in your letter use the  
expression "au fait," "au revoir," "auf Wieder-  
sehen," etc. (This will impress them with your  
knowledge and they will promptly let you in  
without an exam.)

3. If all else fails, the only remaining thing  
is for you to study.

She was only a furniture man's daughter  
but she was some dresser.

### THE WINNER

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary  
How did you lose your beau?"

"It all happened in a row and I told him to  
*so-and-so.*"

### WEATHER REPORT

He was born on a foggy day and now every-  
thing he touches is mist.

### FOR SALE

Tricycle.....1901 model, is in first rate  
condition; the brakes are well-broken in, has  
a lot of speed; runs like the deuce. This is a  
great bargain for any freshman who wishes to  
become popular.

### REGRETS

"So sorry you didn't go to see 'Play-goers.'  
You would simply have died laughing.

Your dear friend,  
E. R."

### SAFETY FIRST

One evening, not so long ago, Harry McPherson  
and Dot Higgins were speeding up Main  
Street. The following conversation took  
place:—

Harry: "Don't worry; that cop can't  
arrest us for speeding."

Dot: "Have you a 'drag' at the city hall?"

Harry: "No, I haven't any license plates."

### ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

We understood that a man not long ago,  
broke his neck when he attempted to dive into  
the Salt Lake.

### STOCK MARKET

Skirts.....going down  
Ranks.....changeable  
Temperature.....low  
Oracle.....going up

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"Dot" R—o, '30—What time does the foot-  
ball game begin?

"E-ton" Tar—, '31—(excitedly) Two, two,  
two.

"D-t"—Be you the whistle?

Louise Rosie,—Repeat what I say.

Carroll Bl-n-ng,—What I say.

George McK-nn-y, '30—What's the matter  
with Donald Parker?

Austin M-ll-r, '30—He dug a hole and wants  
to take it to school.

Time: any Monday morning.

Place: Tarbell residence, Broadway.

Theme song: Forthcoming.

Grid T.—Come on, Eaton, why don't you  
get up?

Eaton T.—Is it time, brother?

Grid T.—Yes, darling, it is.

Eaton T.—All right. Set the clock back  
an hour, please.

Emily Ly-n, '30—What kind of weather do  
you like better, fair or rainy?

Frances Gr—n, '31—Rainy.

E. L.—Why?

F. G.—So I can spend all the money I save  
up for a rainy day.

E. L.—Have you ever saved any money for  
a rainy day?

F. G.—No, but I might some day.

Far be it from us to help the six-footers, but  
as an aid to the little, weak, unconditioned,  
frail, feeble-looking, depressed, delicate, fragile,  
infirm, slight, and tender freshmen and about  
as sadly fixed sophomores, don't you think  
that escalators would be an improvement  
in the school?

Some of the fair Juniors would like to know  
who wore Cicero's Phi Beta Kappa pin.

Big brother Don Hillman was seen one Mon-  
day morning during the first weeks of school,  
helping some inexperienced sophomores solve  
the problem of how to roll their puttees. How  
hard it is to break away from old habits!



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

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

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BANGOR

And when he speaks, the whole world listens.

Ah! a man of importance!

No, merely a radio announcer.

Did you hear about Bertha being caught stealing?

No, is that so?

Yes, she was taking home economics.

The motorist telephoned frantically for assistance. "I've turned turtle," he shouted.

"Wrong place," came the reply. "Try the aquarium."

"Been hunting today?" asked a woodsman of a camper who was cleaning his gun.

"Yes."

"Shot anything?"

"Don't know yet. I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp, so we can call the roll."

For sale—six-cylinder Chevrolet. Owner ran through back of barn and tore down neighbor's fence together with other minor accidents. Have lost confidence in driving ability. Will sell cheap. See B. S.

If it were not for our mistakes, a great many of us would never be heard from—applying especially to habitues (original word meaning one who frequents) of the detention room.

At the age of sixteen, parents find considerable difficulty in getting the baby to sleep.

What a curse is fame! Every time it thunders Alice McGinnis runs to the window and bows.

"Mother, is it correct to say that you 'water the horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then?" said Tommy, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."

Miss R.—What does the word consume make you think of?

L—d—a J—s, '30—Dinner.



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Name.....

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## MUSIC

*(Continued from Page 23)*

## FRESHMAN GLEE CLUB

The following girls were accepted as members in the Freshman Glee Club:—

*First Soprano*—Laura Hackett, Pearl Hodgdon.

*Second Soprano*—Lennea Weston, Mildred Kincaid.

## VARSITY GLEE CLUB

The Varsity Glee Club also took in new members, namely:

*First Soprano*—Eleanor Spencer, Mildred Bradford.

*Second Soprano*—Evelyn Golden.

## MILITARY

This month the new officers' commissions were made public in Special Orders, Number One. The new commissions are as follows:

G. W. McKenney to be Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel.

J. Finn to be Cadet Major, commanding First Battalion.

H. Gulnac to be Cadet Major, commanding Second Battalion.

G. Tarbell to be Cadet Captain, Regimental Adjutant.

H. Crowley to be Cadet Captain, Executive Officer.

A. Miller to be Cadet Captain, Personell Adjutant.

D. Clough to be Cadet Captain, Regimental Intelligence Officer.

R. Averill to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Battalion Adjutant, (First).

W. Barrett to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Battalion Adjutant, (Second).

L. Ford, Jr. to be Cadet Captain, commanding Company A.

J. Mullen to be Cadet Captain, commanding Company B.

H. York to be Cadet Captain, commanding Company C.

A. Connors to be Cadet Captain, commanding Company E.

*(Continued on page 41)*

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## MILITARY NEWS

*(Continued from page 39)*

F. McKean to be Cadet Captain, commanding Company F.

R. Murphy to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Company A.

W. Smart to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Company B.

E. Johnson to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Company C.

C. Knaide to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Company E.

V. Morrison to be Cadet First Lieutenant, Company F.

D. Parker to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company A.

E. Gibbons to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company B.

C. Oakes to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company C.

P. Harper to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company E.

N. McPheters to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company E.

L. Morrison to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company F.

W. Cole to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company F.

C. Pressey to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company F.

G. McInnis to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company F.

J. Carbone to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Company F.

B. Sanders to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Intelligence Officer, 1st Battalion.

H. Flynn to be Cadet Second Lieutenant, Intelligence Officer, 2nd Battalion.

By order of Major Baldinger,

John E. Clarke,

Technical Sergeant, D. E. M. L., R.O.T.C.

Assistant P. M. S. and T.

These commissions are to be in effect and respected throughout the rest of this school year. The Major states that in June he will issue next year's commissions so that the unit

*(Continued on Page 43)*

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TELEPHONE



## MILITARY NEWS

*(Continued from Page 41)*

will have its full quota of officers as soon as it is mustered next fall.

An inspection of the local unit was made recently by Col. Bishop of the First Corps Area. This inspection is one of two that determine the honor school for New England. Col. Bishop, stated that he was pleased with the snappy appearance of the regiment and the Major states that we have every chance of being honor school.

## RIFLE TEAM

The rifle team is now well organized and at present is engaged in one of the season's most important matches, namely the First Corps Area match. This is between R. O. T. C. units exclusively. The winner of both the junior and senior classes of the Corps Area represent the Corps in a national inter-corps-area match. Bangor has high hopes of winning this match. The strongest opponents are Bedford High and Gloucester High, both of Massachusetts.

Challenges have been sent to local units and the acceptances are beginning to materialize. These matches furnish plentiful competition and helps to relieve the monotony of the regular practice. Off hand shooting is being emphasized this year, as all the candidates are already proficient shots in the Prone Position. The *Oracle* predicts that the High School Rifle team has every appearance of a winning team and we expect them to win the Hearst Trophy Match for this Corps Area.

The Officer's Club is now organized and is making plans for the annual Military Ball that is to be held this spring. Lieutenant-Colonel George McKenney, Officer's Club is president; Capt. Fleetwood McKean of Company F is vice-president; Major Baldinger is treasurer; and Capt. Gridley Tarbell is secretary. The committee for the Military Ball has not been chosen as yet but this will be done in the very near future. The Club has a total membership of

*(Continued on Page 45)*

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**MILITARY NEWS***(Continued from Page 43)*

thirty-one and judging from the many old officers, and also the apparent ability of the new ones, points to a very efficient group of officers who will do their utmost to bring that much coveted title, that of honor school, to Bangor High School.

The non-commissioned officers are to be appointed within the next two or three weeks but at present there is no complete list available. It is unnecessary to explain that it is a difficult task, that of picking non-commissioned officers, and is done by the officers subject to the approval of Major Baldinger. At the best, only a few of those deserving a non-commissioned officers job can be picked because there must always be some to fill up the ranks. This situation is more noticeable in R. O. T. C. because the majority of students are taking it for two years and have therefore an almost equal amount of military knowledge.

Finally a word should be said about the new schedule of instruction that is being carried out in the drill classes. On Monday, the class is held in a lecture hall and a regular recitation period is held over the different phases of military training as it is taken up in the drill book. On Wednesday, a regular drill period is held and some of the movements, that have been learned during Monday's lesson, are practiced. Then on Friday, there is a personal inspection followed by a drill period. At different times the drill periods are eliminated and classes in calisthenics, both with and without the rifle, are held instead. This new program of varied activities is working excellently and should help improve the appearance of the regiment for that all-important inspection in the spring that everybody is preparing for.

**EXCHANGES***(Continued from Page 26)*

however as though more stories and fewer advertisements would improve your magazine.

The *Bangor Slate*, Bangor, Penna. We think that your exchange department would  
*(Continued on Page 49)*

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**L. H. THOMPSON, Printer**

BREWER, MAINE



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 25)

The summary:

**BANGOR****M. C. I.**

Stover, rf 11 (1)	Tozier rf, 3 (2)
Peters, lf 2, (1)	Bailey, lf
MacLeod, lf, 1	Weeks, c
Haney, lf, 1	Stacy, c
Jones, c	Warner, sc
Lyon, sc	Kimball, rg
Bradford, rg	Bottomley, rg
Welch, rg	Folsom, lg
Landers, lg	
Crane, lg	

Referee—Roger of U. of M.

Time—Four 8-min. periods.

**BANGOR CRUSHES BREWER**

On Feb. 7, Brewer came strutting into our gym, sure of a victory. So far this season they had never tasted defeat. But Bangor went on the floor, full of revenge and with a determination to beat Brewer and to beat her good.

Since the first game played together, both teams had wonderfully improved but Bangor's development was better.

From the time the whistle blew to the end of the game, Bangor was in the lead. With steady work, they heaped the score up beyond the reach of Brewer. Emily Lyon and Mildred Russell played a very remarkable game and Barbs Stover and Pete were busy with their passing and shooting.

Brewer's forwards, Spencer and Davis, were unable to break through that stone-wall which the backs on Bangor's team make. So when the time was up, Bangor was ahead 22 to 14.

The summary:

**BANGOR****BREWER**

Stover, rf, 8 (3)	Spencer, rf, 6
Peters, lf	Davis, lf, (3)
MacLeod, lf, 2 (1)	Bradbury, c
Jones, c	Marsh, sc
Russell, c	Driscoll, c
Lyon, c	Harding, rg
Crane, rg	Swan, lg

(Continued on Page 49)

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## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 47)

Bradford, rg

Welch, lg

Referee—Rogers of the U. of M.

## BANGOR DEFEATS M. C. I.

The Crimson girls took a train ride over to Pittsfield, Feb. 14, and met M. C. I. on a two division floor.

This was the second game that Bangor had on a two division floor but the outcome of this game was better than that of the first.

The M. C. I. girls played a good game and at the end of the first quarter, they were ahead 11 to 10.

But from then on Bangor rallied and Lydia Jones, the star center made some fine baskets. The score at the half was 21 to 12.

In the last half Nat MacLeod and Nat Landers did some fast work for Bangor and the game ended Bangor in the lead 36 to 19.

The summary:

## BANGOR

## M. C. I.

Stover, rf, 5 (1).....Tozier, rf, 2, (2)

Haney, rf.....Bailey, lf, 5 (1)

Peters, lf, 1.....Weeks, c

MacLeod, lf, 4 (1).....Warren, sc

Jones, c, 7.....Kimball, rg

Lyons, sc.....Folsom, lg

Crane, rg

Bradford, lg

Landers, lg

Referee—Grady.

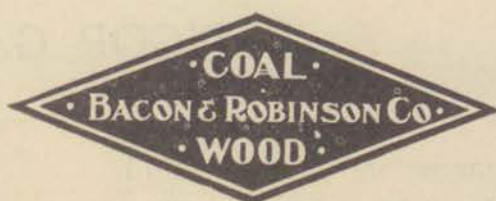
Time—Four 8-min. periods.

## EXCHANGES

(Continued from Page 45)

be more interesting if you offered helpful comments instead of merely acknowledging. All the same, your stories and jokes are good. We hope that you will call again.

In the "Scotland Courier," from Scotland, Penna., we find one of the largest alumni departments on our list; it is very complete and shows much work. The cuttings in your paper add greatly to its appearance.



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## A TALE OF ANCIENT TEUTONS

*(Continued from Page 10)*

murmurs an answer to his chief. They nod in agreement, then give me a place at the meal. The forest was so cold and damp, that I feel the need of drink. No doubt I am quite drunk when the gambling starts. I have lost all fear now and am wholly careless, bragging of my prowess as a hunter and my winnings at dice.

The men goad me to recklessness until I have gambled away my every possession. The man with the scar, whose name is Fuchs, the Fox, jeers at me until I cry, "Once more will I play. I stake my *liberty*."

Not a sound but that of the rolling dice. Fuchs flashes his teeth in a smile of wicked cunning as his dice rattle from his hand.

A high throw! Can I beat it? I raise my arm high and fling the dice from me. A shout from the watching warriors and I know I have lost! Fuchs shouts. "Ho! Son of Lowe, the Lion! mark you, from now on you are my slave! I knew you by the look of your father. He gave me this wound on the shoulder during battle, but now I shall have my revenge!"

The misery of a free man made slave cannot be told. Perhaps in the battle of tomorrow I shall perish. Fuchs will not tell me where or whom we fight. I dare not ask.

Now we are marching, marching through the forest. I see another village in the distance, and warriors are coming out to meet us. They are drawing closer, closer. Fuchs keeps me at his side. Javelins are flying everywhere. Now a mighty, fair-skinned giant comes straight for us, but as he raises his weapon, Fuchs thrusts me before him, and I look into the eyes of my father. His arm falters but Fuchs cries, "Throw your javelin or surrender." For by now he has raised his own above his head and my father stands unprotected.

Still Lowe falters, I would rather die than see him defeated, so I cry. "Throw it, father. Throw it! for the sake of our people—Throw it!"

*(Continued on Page 54)*

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## A DAY ABOARD A WHALER

*(Continued from Page 9)*

once, when I was just a small boy on my first voyage, we sighted a whale and I wanted to lower and get him, and I don't suppose that any one ever moved faster than I did when we got the order to lower. We went on to him and got fast without any fuss but, believe me, from that time on nobody wanted to get away from him any worse than I did. I thought that any one was crazy to attempt to kill such a thing. He only made sixty-five barrels, so you can see he was a lot smaller than a great many that have been taken, but I was scared blue."

For a time the Charles W. Morgan was owned by the Paramount Picture Studios, and used in the production of "The Depths of the Sea." Never again will this stately ship spread her sails to the winds except on the picture screen.

What a picturesque career such a ship must have had. Sailing any sea, with always a man aloft at the mast head ready at any time to sing out, "There she blows." Then the men on deck will work fast to get a boat over and after her, perhaps never to see their ship again. Sighting some unknown island they anchor and go ashore to fill their empty water buckets, and perhaps are driven back to their ship by the unfriendly savages of the island. Then around the horn and homeward bound, gradually the shore line begins to become familiar to the sailors and then at last she anchors in the harbor of her home port. What a sight she must have been to the village folks, sailing into the harbor at evening with the sunset painting her threadbare sails pink. Then the sailors go ashore and are again with their loved ones. These were "iron men" who used to sail "wooden ships."

When we were leaving the old Whaler I heard Captain George Fred say, "By Godfrey, I don't believe I'll ever sail another whaler."

What a picturesque ending for such an adventurous man and gallant ship whose careers have been one romance after another.

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## A TALE OF ANCIENT TEUTONS

*(Continued from Page 51)*

With head bowed, Lowe steps forward, javelin dragging on the ground. Fuchs loosens his hold. Suddenly my father grasps his heavy club and with a great roar he rushes upon his enemy. I jump aside just in time to trip another of Karin's men and send him head-long. I wrench the javelin from his hand and turn to aid my father, but no need, for now several of our men have rushed to his protection. Fuchs is dead and Karin and his men are running from us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tonight Lowe, the Lion, gives a feast of victory and joy for I, Adler, the Eagle, have returned to my people.

## AS TO FISHING

Heard in English—"Are you using a crib?"  
"No, just a regular bed."

## NOTICE

The claim has been made that the gum on postage stamps has a real food value but it is not the kind of a diet we would like to stick to.

## THE LIFE OF AN R. O. T. C. CADET

*(Continued from Page 8)*

As the reader may begin to surmise, this is not France, it is Brewer. The barracks was the High School building, the bridge, le pont de Bangor-Brewer.

Originally, they had set out to dedicate the new athletic field of Brewer High School. The battalions returned from Brewer without dedicating the field, but had, rather, marched and marched and marched.

When they were at "attention" in the gym, the Lieutenant told the men that a slight mistake (only FIVE miles slight) had been made in the plans of the march, and it had not been known clearly where, when, how, nor why they were to march. This explained the wait and the amount of ground covered by the two battalions. Who said, "This is the life?"

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