

P. I. H. S. FLYER

PUBLISHED EACH MONDAY IN THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF PRESQUE ISLE HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME I

Presque Isle, Maine, Monday, April 12, 1915

NUMBER 19

Athletics

Athletics of P. I. H. S.

Last week's issue of the Flyer was the girls' number and so I had a vacation while a good-looking lass took my post. And a very good write-up it was, too. Through that write-up the boys found out that the girls were going to be the athletes around this school and the boys weren't going to be in it. Well let me tell you one thing, we're on to your game.

During the winter we boys went up to the Perry to watch you girls take your gymnastics. Looking on from the side lines we thought it was very light exercise indeed, and so, being very weak, we thought that we would do a little of it too, so up to the Perry we trotted and were going to have a fine time. Girls, we take our hats off to you. That light exercise isn't so awful light after all. Of course we rolled on the floor and jumped around more than you did, but we were so sore next morning that we had to drink melted lard before we got out of bed, we were so rusty.

The light exercise goes on now, two nights per week, and grows heavier all the time. Every day we get some new kind of physical torture. We have learned our lesson and learned it well. We will no longer sit on the side lines but follow your excellent example, for I am sure of winning everything in the line of athletics.

We thank you girls for your example and we hope you will continue to give us points for we sure need them.

BASKET BALL

Our last year's champion High School team is still in the ring and it is up to P. I. H. S. to support them while we are able, for it is they who have won two years championship of Basket Ball for P. I. H. S. and we must thank them for it by attending their games.

They played a fast game with Fort

Fairfield's town team April 2, and gave them a good walloping. Although the team was smaller, the Fort's giants weren't in it for a moment. At the close of the game the score book said 56 to 18 in favor of the Champions. Keep it up boys, we wish you all kinds of luck and hope you will not lose a game this season; then you will have a record of winning every game in two years.

P. I. H. S. LOSES TO FT. FAIRFIELD

With both schools represented by lighter teams than usual, Fort Fairfield defeated our team in an exhibition game at Fort Fairfield, Friday, April 9. A more detailed account of the game will be given next week.

The line up and score:

P. I. H. S.	F. F. H. S.
W. Hone 1 g	Fitzherbert 1 g
McGlaulin c	Secley r g
Cassidy 1 f, c	Chamberlain c
J White r f	Burns
D. Southard 1 f	Morrell
I Sullivan r g	

Score: 20—24, Fort Fairfield.

The 1913—14 championship team lost to F. F. A. A. 29—18.

CORRECTION

In the cast of characters for "The Taming of the Shrew," a servant to Lucentio was given as Agnes Cyr. Emily Cyr takes that part.

FEATS OF STRENGTH

Two boys were boasting about their strength. One said: "Why, I take the bucket to the well every morning and pull up ninety gallons of water."

"That's nothing," replied the other, "I take my rowboat every morning and pull up the river."—Ex.

"I heard E— trowed youse down." W— "Aw, she needn't brag, I've been trowed down by better girls dan her."—Ex.

Local Items

Last Tuesday a meeting was held in the Municipal Hall in the interests of diversified farming. There were several good addresses on stock raising. The advice of the specialists who spoke was that Aroostook farming should be more diversified, so that one might not have to depend upon potatoes alone for our income. We now have a large number of boys in P. I. H. S. who are interested in farming. Three members of the stenography class attended the meeting, took down most of the addresses and wrote up their notes for the use of the agricultural class.

Last Friday the senior members of the Commercial Department made a survey of the office positions in town. All the offices employing bookkeepers or stenographers were visited and answers were obtained to a list of questions regarding the office help employed.

On Friday morning Principal Merriman of the Normal School visited school and spoke to the Senior Class regarding the opportunities in educational work. A large number of the Senior Class are planning to attend Normal School next year. A large delegation is expected from Caribou H. S. If the other schools in this section follow the lead of Presque Isle and Caribou the Aroostook State Normal School will soon be up to the one hundred mark. They tell us that there are some splendid opportunities for both boys and girls in educational work.

On Thursday P. M. we were startled by the ringing of the fire gong after a long silence. In less than a minute the building was cleared, with the exception of Harvey Carter, who, theoretically, was burned up in the basement.

Merrill McIntire had the misfortune to break some bones in his right wrist a few days ago. He lost but one day from school.

The ice has left the school lawn. *Now keep off the grass!*

(Continued on third page.)

THE P. I. H. S. FLYER

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The purpose of this paper is to keep the friends and students of the school informed of the school activities and to promote school spirit.

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Editorials

Spring is coming, after a long, hard winter, and is bringing with it all the joy and beauty of life, making us want to get out and hustle and keep busy. As the spring is following the hard winter, let us hope that good fortune will follow the bad showing we made in our basket ball season this year.

Honestly, I believe that P. I. H. S. has the goods, and good goods at that, and will surely deliver them, if they can only be brought out into the open, and set to work.

No one in school believes that P. I. H. S. is lacking athletes, but many believe that the wrong sort of spirit prevails, and it is partly true. I do not mean that some of the students do not care whether P. I. H. S. wins or not, because every student of P. I. H. S. does care, and does want P. I. H. S. to win, but what have they, what have you, done, to help her to. Girls, this does not apply to you. You did your share in cheering, and no kick is coming to you. Then the fault must lie with the boys. The majority of boys in this

school, when asked to come out and try for some branch of athletics, will say, "Oh, I can't do anything in that," and, "I'm no good in that," etc., and it is almost impossible to get some of them out working. Some have some sort of a grudge against the ones overseeing our athletics, and for that reason stay away, hurting the school a lot, without even jarring the objects of their wrath. Of course everyone cannot make the teams, but everyone has a chance and your chance is just as good as your neighbor's, if you make the most of it. Besides, it is doing you a world of good personally, developing you physically, mentally, and morally. It shows you how to take defeat and stand up under it, and how to win without getting a larger cap. There are many advantages offered, and they are all waiting for you. Will you accept them?

Out door work will begin as soon as the snow leaves the ground, and indoor work is progressing nicely at present. Let us all get out and stay out, and make someone hustle for some position on the teams, and in so doing get the most out of all concerned, and go a long way toward carrying off that track meet this spring.

Exchanges

We gladly acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Classroom—We are pleased to see your paper. We would all do well to read the article on "Yourself," on page seven of this issue.

"The Voice," Concord High School—Your literary department is especially good in this issue.

"The Ingot," Hancock, Mich.—Your literary department was rather small, wasn't it?

"The Crescent," Buxton H. S., Buxton, Me.—Your departments are excellent, especially the literary, which is full of good things.

"The Trident," Brewer, Me.—We are always glad to welcome your paper, as it is full of excellent reading matter.

"The Ariel," Bucksport, Me.—Yours is an excellently planned issue of this month. Your exchange and literary departments are especially pleasing and are worthy of much praise.

Attention Students!

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LOCALS

Miss Phyllis Kierstead, '14, has entered school and will graduate with 1915.

P. I. H. S. seems to be a popular place to visitors. For the past two weeks especially, there has been an unusually large number of visitors. Among the more recent were Miss Adams, a former P. I. H. S. teacher, Mr. Clayson, representing D. C. Heath Co., Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Goding, Mrs. Johnston and a party of ladies from "across the Line." We were glad to see them all.

Friday evening the sophomores held a social in the Assembly Room. There were so many other attractions that night that the attendance was small, but they had a good time just the same. Misses Brown and Beckett chaperoned the affair and did much to add to the good time.

Next Tuesday the organized movement to raise funds for the Boy Betterment work is to be put on. We certainly wish is every success.

The chemistry class made soap last week.

A new cork bulletin board has appeared in the hall.

Carl Buck has been elected Manager of base ball.

Tony Martin has been elected manager of Track, Harold Bagley Asst. Mgr.

Maurice Stevens has been made vice president of the Athletic Association.

Monday, April 5, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Wirt Barnitz, a newspaper reporter and a journalist, who had worked his way around the world. His talk chiefly concerned the people and countries of the Orient, which we all enjoyed very much.

A bread exhibit was held by the girls of the Freshman science class. The judges were Mrs. Cross, Mrs. N. P. Cook, Miss Welch, teacher of domestic science, A. S. N. S. A prize was awarded to Miss Alma Higgins, for the best loaf of bread. Another prize was awarded to Miss Vera Ireland for the best biscuits. Each was presented with a nice box of candy. Some new brands of bread came out in this exhibit, such as "21781 dog," hard tack, X Y Z, fish bread and Helen Grass bread. The boys seem to think that if the girls would make pies and serve them with coffee the exhibit would draw a larger crowd and would also be more acceptable up in room "7" after school.

Literary

WHO UNDERSTANDS A WOMAN?

Dick Hammond was tired of life. At the age of twenty-six, with a few million dollars, with yachts and automobiles at his command, and with hopeful mothers and wishful daughters hanging at his very heels, he was hunting new sensations, and as none came, grew more bored and gloomy.

Then he decided to visit his uncle, who owned a plantation in North Carolina.

The moment he set foot on the platform, where a large motor waited to carry him the few miles to Atwood House, his boredom ended.

Dick gloomily hailed Colonel Atwood, extended his hand and then promptly forgot all about him. A dark, prancing horse approached the softly chugging motor, not noticing it till the erratic engine coughed and died. There was a short, sharp struggle between horse and rider, a girl attired in a dark gray riding habit. Then she pulled the snorting thoroughbred into a steady gallop and disappeared around a wooded turn, her clear voice lingering behind her in a carefree laugh.

Dick turned slowly to find his uncle watching him with a slight smile.

"By George, Colonel,"—These two were very intimate for near relatives, despite the difference in their age—"that was good riding," he said, grinning a little ruefully.

"She's a horseman, my boy," said the Colonel, "one of the best! We'll be in time for luncheon if we hurry." as he helped Dick and his luggage into the car.

Dick listened to his uncle's interesting talk with but one ear and fulfilled his part of the conversation by grunts, but the Colonel seemed to take no notice of this and rambled on with tales of his last hunt and his incomparable dogs and horses.

Dick interrupted a discourse on Chromo, 'the best hunter in the country,' with a brusque inquiry.

"By the way, who was she, anyhow?" "Eh?" the Colonel stared, then smiled. "Oh, you mean the horsewoman. She is my most beloved neighbor and friend, Devine Calvart, daughter of

Major Calvart, the best friend and companion I ever had." He looked searchingly beyond the side of the car and added, "They are to dine with us tonight."

"They are?" cried Dick, his face shining. "Gee, I'm going to meet her, after all."

A low chuckle from the Colonel answered him.

They soon rolled up a broad driveway through spacious grounds to a fine old colonial mansion. They entered the hallway, which was decorated with trophies from all the game countries in the world, it seemed, and with excellent sporting paraphernalia, for the Colonel was first and last a sportsman, and cultivated his large estate in so far as it would better the hunting.

That evening, for the first time in his life, Dick Hammond was at a loss for words, and the splendid compliments he had intended to pay Miss Calvart on her riding, stuck in his throat and died as he met the cool, clear look of her eyes. It took a glass of wine and ten minutes to bring him back to earth and join in the talk. Major Calvart and

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Colonel Atwood were typical Southern gentlemen of fine, soft speech and gentle courtesy, and a never ending thirst for mint julep. Miss Calvart, was—well, she was exquisite, as Dick afterwards described her to one of his friends. His appetite unaccountably left him as he covertly watched the different expressions of her face as she followed the talk of the two older men, engaged in a spirited argument as to the best way of catching a particularly sagacious old fox which had for weeks laughed at the efforts of some very good dogs to outwit him.

Welcoming the end of the meal, Dick followed Miss Calvart to the piano, leaving the others to their argument and mint julep, and contented himself with watching her as she softly played and sang.

(Continued next week.)

THE DANCE OF THE FIREFLIES

The fireflies danced on one starlit night,
To the lilt of a rollicking tune;
They danced where the meadow sloped
down to the sea,
By the light of the soft summer moon.

They reel and they swim in a madden-
ing whirl,
While the night breeze softly sighs,
And the crickets pipe on with their
merriest tune,
At the dance of the fireflies.

Like a bit of the sky that has fallen to
earth,
In which twinkles many a star,
Now here, and now lost, in the mad
swinging reel,
While the stars set the pace fram afar.

Then I thought the day had fallen asleep.
And sleeping, it whispers and sighs,
Till I fancied its dreams were dancing
to-night
At the dance of the fireflies.

Life was to them all a fleet summer day,
And what cared I for sorrow,
Though their light must fade with the
coming dawn,
And my dream must end with the
morrow.

For they lived to the full their brief,
fair lives,
And youth and love were my prize.
So my heart danced on in riotous glee,
With the dance of the fireflies.

Alice M. Beckett.

Grinds

Vida Sweetser—Translating Senior French: "Je nai pas en le temps de mettre des souliers." (I did not have time to put on my soldiers.)

The girls of old P. I. H. S.
Are certainly very proud.
In fact I heard a necktie talk,
Because it was so loud.
The hats they wear upon their hair
Would make a millionaire frown,
For you see, each strives to be
The belle of Presque Isle town.

TO THE BOYS OF PRESQUE ISLE
You boys to meet
Are charming and sweet;
But I have seen one better.
And once just a line
When I felt fine,
I wrote to him in a letter.
"Puggy" Sprague.

Margaret and Owen no more are seen:
On the streets together.
Why is it that they no more
brave the stormy weather?

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN P. I. H. S.
Effie Cleaves was seen to smile.

Alma Higgins, a womanly lass,
Is the best cook in the Freshman class.
At the Bread Exhibit the other day,
Her skill quite took our breath away.
And if her bread suits both taste and
eyes,
What wouldn't we give to have one of
her pies!

We're just of a size and just of a height.
We're together all day and most all
night.
And we're very sure that we're both all
right.
Frances and Ethel.

"I'm looking for a nice young fellow
Who's looking for a nice young girl."
Julia Bagley.

Teacher—"Have you done that out-
side reading?"

Pupil—"No, Pa said it was too cold
to study outside.—Ex.

"Do you know my brother?"
"Yes, he and I sleep in the same
Latin class.—Ex.

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