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October
November

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BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

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The Oracle Board, 1930-31

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"Over or through, never around."—Theodore Roosevelt

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL'S WELCOME TO US

BANGOR High School welcomes us, its students, back into the course of school life after a much needed summer's vacation. A few of us think that this welcome invites us to a long period of slavery, but the majority of us recognize in this welcome the vital elements for our later year's success.

With school now going on, we have something definite on which to base our plans. We don't have to worry whether we shall do this tonight or go here tomorrow, for tonight will or ought to be spent studying and tomorrow will be spent in school.

This year the faculty welcomed four new and unexcelled classes. First the Freshmen, fresh from the grammar schools. They have finished their primary education and have advanced a rung on the educational ladder to begin the secondary methods. Gone are the days when they could fool and play, for now they must pay strict attention to school studies. The first year in a high school student's life is probably the hardest for he has to adapt himself to many things at once. No longer can he acquire one responsibility at a time. Now he must fit himself as best he can into the school pattern adopted by the high school.

Then come the haughty Sophomores. During their vacation they have taken on much conceit and have gathered in for themselves many plumes. Most of this feeling of superiority comes from the fact that they can now go to school in the morning with the two higher

classes. Outstanding among their accomplishments is the strong foothold they have taken in the social life of Bangor High.

Next come the Juniors. They have learned much during their two years of school life. They now know that if they wish to succeed they must study hard. This class has in its program one of the greatest honors given to any of the classes at school, the Junior Exhibition. Participation in this oratorical contest is one of the high lights of the junior year and an honor to be coveted by every ambitious member of the class.

Last but certainly not least, come the Senior Class. Seniors as they look back on the proceeding years, regret that they are in their last year of high school, and too many pity themselves because they haven't studied harder and prepared themselves for better careers. In spite of poor preparation by some, all seniors must, nevertheless face a two fold program before the year is over. First they must decide whether or not they wish to continue beyond secondary education. Second they must in order to select their next educational institution, decide what vocation they wish to make theirs. Bangor High School is ready and eager to advise her seniors about these important problems.

These four classes are the prophets of Bangor High School. They tell the citizens of Bangor whether or not their sacrifices have been appreciated.

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MISS ROBINSON

It is with great regret that Bangor High School learns of the resignation of Miss Robinson as faculty adviser of the *Oracle*.

Since 1892 Miss Robinson has been adviser, and it has been under her careful and most watchful guidance that the *Oracle* has attained its enviable position among school journals of Maine.

Through her initiative the first *Oracle* came into being thirty-eight years ago. This tiny magazine of fifteen pages of assorted matter met, from the very first, the enthusiastic approval of the students.

Under Miss Robinson's competent and

progressive leadership, the magazine soon grew to twenty-five pages. Today the *Oracle* has attained fifty-eight pages for regular editions and seventy-eight pages for the June edition.

Furnishing students of the school with the latest in local news and giving those who have a journalistic trend an opportunity to come in contact with newspaper work in the making, the *Oracle* fills an important two fold purpose in the life of Bangor High School.

To Miss Robinson, the most loyal supporter and friend the *Oracle* has ever had, Bangor High School owes a debt of gratitude.



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The Decoy

Mary M. Gibbons, '31

CAST

Ronald Tremayne, An English cousin of the Parker's
Sally Carter.....A guest of the Parker's
Fred Parker.....A young doctor
Angela Parker.....Fred's sister and housekeeper
Dr. Bradshaw.....A noted archaeologist
Constable Jones.....Police officer of Parkersville
Perkins.....Parker's maid

SCENE I

Scene: The drawing room of Parker's home
in a small New England village.

Time: The present.

Angela: (Enters, sits down and looks at the clock. Gives a long sigh). Oh when on earth will Mrs. Jones get through with Fred? It's long past his office hours and yet she stays on and on. (Opens letter and begins to read it with anxious expression. Suddenly looks up as Fred enters).

Fred: At last! Oh Angie you angel! will you get me a cup of tea? (Angela rings the bell).

Perkins: (Entering). You called, Miss Angela?

Angela: Please bring the tea Perkins. (Exit Perkins).

Angela: I have a letter here, Fred, and it's a judgment on you for your tea drinking habits. Our dear un-

known cousin, Ronald Tremayne is coming to this country on a very important secret mission and of course he wants to look us up. He is arriving next week and that simply kills our vacation plan. Well I suppose I can be philosophical and say "Kismet" for after all you're the chief loser as it is your vacation and your plan. Now please be gentle.

Fred: Oh I say Angie can't you postpone him. We never saw him and we don't mean a thing to him and—

Angela: Here, Here, Freddie, where's Grandfather Parker's famous hospitality? Anyway what can you expect when you take "tiffin" and exclaim, "Oh I say." I warned you that your American ancestors would punish you for your English affectations. (She catches a well aimed cushion). Now let's be practical. I've invited Sally Carter here for the week following our vacation, but I'll write her and ask her to come next week instead. She's a good sport and

I'm sure she can change her plans. (Enter Perkins with the tea and Angela busies herself with the tea things). By the by, Ronnie isn't married by any chance is he? Sally has been so unhappy since Bob's death perhaps Ronnie will cheer her up, and who knows but—

Fred: Oh you women, you never get—

Angela: That's enough from you young man. I'll make the plans and you have a lot of calls to make—Now march, Dr. Parker or I'll lose my reputation for dependability. I have told at least five people that you were making calls tonight. (Exit Fred). (meditatively) Now if Sally and Ronnie are sympatico and Ronnie is as nice as a Tremayne ought to be then—(She looks guilty) Angela Parker you're turning into a regular old maid. Remember the road of the busybody is hard and there is to be no more matchmaking for you. (Curtain)

SCENE II

Scene: Same as scene I.

Time: Evening: A few days after the arrival of both guests. (Enter Angela and Ronald).

Ronald: Yes, I agree it's a surprising way you Americans have. You notice that I said Americans not Yankees. When I said Yankees to Miss Sally the other night, she gave me such a wiggling that I hardly dare say a word for fear I'll put my foot in it again.

Angela: You called a Carter a Yankee! Oh you young innocent! If you want to go home alive for mercy's sake don't call anyone from south of the Mason Dixon line

a Yankee. You're inviting murder.

Ronald: I know that now. Really you've been most frightfully good about putting me wise to things.

Angela: (With amazed expression). Ronald Tremayne, where did you get that horrid expression?

Ronald: (Looking crestfallen). All Americans say that don't they? Why in the plays and books—

Angela: Do you mean to tell me that you are so innocent at twenty-five that you believe what you read in books. Why if I believed what I read in books about Englishmen their whole conversation would consist of "by jove," "bally ass," and "jolly old bean."

Ronald: Just fancy!

Angela: Won't you tell me more about the secret mission? That is if you may.

Ronald: Why certainly—It isn't a secret any more, at least it won't be in a couple of days. You see Dr. Bradshaw found this marvelous old manuscript in the Mesopotamian excavations and it was finally agreed that it should go to an American museum. Now, of course, Dr. Bradshaw was coming over in a couple of weeks, but he did not want the responsibility of carrying the manuscript as he isn't very strong, so that assignment fell to the secretary.

Angela: And is this priceless manuscript in this house at this very minute?

Ronald: I sincerely hope it is. I carry it all sealed but if you would like to see the package—

Angela: Oh Ronnie!

Ronald: Well, wait here and if you think that Miss Sally too would like

to see it—anyway wait here and I'll bring it down.

Angela: Do Ronnie and (mischievously) I'll guarantee to have Sally on hand. (Exit Ronnie and Angela follows him to the door and tells Perkins to call Miss Sally. Comes back and sits down).

Sally: (Entering and looking expectant). What's up?

Angela: Ronnie is going to show us the manuscript.

Sally: How precious!

Angela: The manuscript or Ron—, Oh, Sally do have mercy on me. That cushion practically choked me.

Sally: Then don't you cast any more veiled aspersions. (Enter Ronnie) Humph (As she sees the manuscript). It's all dirty, but I suppose it means something to the museum people. I don't see anything worth stealing about it.

Ronald: Hush! don't tell old "Braddie" but neither do I. However there are some people who have that kind of taste. I've been warned against thieves but the Doctor told so many people that I was taking it over that it was almost common gossip in London. In fact that makes me uneasy. But at ten o'clock to-morrow it will be in the hands if the curator of the museum, and little Ronnie can begin to enjoy his holiday. (With a meaning glance at Sally). Well I'll put the baby to bed. (Goes up stairs, while Angela looks quizzically at Sally who blushes. Reenter Ronnie).

Angela: Let's play a rubber of bridge. (They get the cards while Angela goes to get Fred but finds that he is busy with an emergency case.

Reenter Angela). Well I guess that bridge is ruled out.

Sally: I move that we have some music. (They sing and play for awhile).

Sally: Isn't it about bed time?

Ronald: Righto. Well cheerio! (Exit Ronnie).

Angela: Sally I want to speak to you about—.

Ronald: (Bursting in and looking wild). My room has been ransacked but the manuscript is all right. What can it mean?

Angela: Since the manuscript is all right it can't have been for that. What is missing?

Ronald: Some jewelry and a little money, that's all.

Angela: We must notify the constable. (Picks up the telephone)
Curtain.

SCENE III

Scene: Same as Scene II next noon.

Time: Next noon.

Sally and Angela talking to-gether.

Sally: I'll be so glad when Ronnie comes back and we know that he hasn't been attacked by any old thieves.

Angela: You will. (Meaningly).

Sally: (Looks embarrassed, starts to say something, changes her mind, and goes to the window). Why here's Ronnie and he's driving like mad. What can be the trouble!

Ronald: (Bursting in). Smith the curator says it's not the manuscript. Dr. Bradshaw is landing at one, but as I'm sure that the burglar last night substituted this for the real one, I thought that I had better be on the spot here. I've left word for the Doctor to come to the police office at Parkersville. If I don't get it back it is the end of my career,

(Continued on Page 43)

Blazes

June Ebbeson



BLAZES, a huge mongrel, was lonesome. Before his first master's death, he had been loved and as gently cared for as a pup, but now—all was different. A tear rolled down the ugly dog's face as he recalled the cold command and cruel thrashing that had been given him by his new master. Since he had been transferred from his old home to this one, Blazes had been brought from a kind world to a cruel one. Even the little girl who lived with his master did not love him. Little did Blazes know that Mr. Bruce, who, out of love for his best friend, had offered to keep the dog, was really afraid of this great mongrel. By his command little Betty had been ordered to keep away from Blazes for fear she would be bitten. If Mr. Bruce was cruel to Blazes, he did not know it. He whipped him, to be sure, but thought it the only way to make a dog mind. He did not think to use kindness and love.

Blazes whinnied softly as he saw Betty skip down the steps and up the street toward the Center. Struggling furiously at his chain in his attempt to follow the girl who had never

before had the privilege of going to the store alone, he was suddenly freed. The fastening which had been carelessly slipped into the loop had fallen from its place by the force of the dog's straining. Racing joyously after the girl, the dog, anxious to be loved and petted, bounded happily up to Betty.

No one knew how it had happened until it was over. For a moment the frightened spectators were too horrified to move. A large truck, skidding dreadfully on the icy street, turned toward the pavement—straight for a small girl who was unconscious of her danger. A huge animal, aware of the child's peril, had rushed forward pushing the child roughly out of the way of the truck—safe! A great crowd gathered around the small girl and the huge dog who had, without thinking of his own danger, saved the girl from a dreadful accident.

Night was approaching but Mr. Bruce and his little daughter were unaware of the darkness as, seated in a chair by the fireside, they tenderly fondled the huge dog whose eyes rested lovingly on their happy faces. The world of Blazes had changed again.



Eddy's Aunt (Comedy)

Kenneth Kurson and A. Norman Lieberman

PERSONAGES

Mr. Uplift.....The Husband
Mrs. Uplift.....The Wife
Vernon.....The Pest
Hattie.....The Aunt

Scene I.—Living room of the Uplift home.
Mrs. Uplift is standing in center of room. Mr. Uplift is by the right hand door.

Mr. Uplift: Well honey, thank goodness all those relatives of mine are gone. No more swell stuff. We start to save our money now!

Mrs. Uplift: Let's start at once. Here

goes my only half a dollar in this cute little bank.

Mr. Uplift: Here is my fifty cents. (Doorbell rings).

Mrs. Uplift: I wonder who it can be? (Hands Eddy the bank and goes to the door). Oh Eddy, it's a telegram for you.

Mr. Uplift: (Takes telegram from boy.) Well what are you waiting for?

Western Union Boy: Say, buddy, that is C. O. D. for one dollar.

Mr. Uplift: (Drops bank on floor break-

ing it. Picks up dollar and gives it to boy.)
It's all right, Honey, we can put in more.
(Reads telegram.) Well I'll be shot!

Mrs. Uplift: (Excitedly.) Did some rich friend leave you a few thousand? Spill it quick!

Mr. Uplift: Ah,—er-uh-er-er it's from Aunt Hattie. I had forgotten all about her. She says, "Will arrive at 4:30. Did you forget your Old Aunt Hattie? Will stay for a week or so."

Mrs. Uplift: (Crying). I thought you didn't have any more poor relations. I'm disgusted.

Mr. Uplift: Well don't cry about it! Let's think of some way to make her visit as short as possible. (Looking out window.) Here comes that pest Vernon!

(Enter Vernon).

Vernon: Well, well, what a reception! What's wrong? (Mr. Uplift hands him telegram, which he reads.) Some break. (Sits down on divan and starts to think.) Let me think! Let me think!

Mr. Uplift: What with? (Snickers.)

Mrs. Uplift: If you would only keep still and think a minute. Oh if that train would only have a smash-up! (Sighs).

Vernon: Maybe we could poison her, but that wouldn't be good because we haven't any poison; and, if we did that would kill her, and we would be out of luck.

Mr. Uplift: Really Vernon, your entire chain of thought is very correct. How bright you are!

Vernon: I've got it! I've got it.

Mr. Uplift: What, halitosis? Say I think you're crazy.

Vernon: That's it. When your aunt comes, make her think you're insane!

Mrs. Uplift: That's great, now Vernon here——

(Curtain).

Scene II.—Same. Mr. and Mrs. Uplift are seated on the divan and Vernon is standing by the fireplace.

(Doorbell rings. Vernon, dressed as a butler, goes to door.)

Enter Aunt Hattie.

Aunt Hattie (seeing no one move forward to greet her): Well, my dear children, it is I, your aunt Hattie.

Mr. Uplift (looking up.) Oh! So it is. Well, aunt Hattie, have a pleasant trip? (looks to wife and chats with her.)

Aunt Hattie: Won't you ask me to be seated?

Vernon: Ahem, Mr. Uplift, a gentleman to see you.

(Exit Vernon and Mr. Uplift)

Aunt Hattie: Well, my dear, how have you two been getting along?

Mrs. Uplift: Just so so. Some of the neighbors seem to think Eddy is a little out-in other words—they say he's insane.

Aunt Hattie: Well, he certainly seems sane enough to me, what are his actions like?

Mrs. Uplift: Sh—here he comes now.

(Enter Eddy)

Mr. Uplift: Oh Aunt Hattie, would you like to see 'snookums'?

Aunt Hattie: Oh—why didn't some one tell me, and how old is it?

Mr. Uplift: Would you like to see him? I'll go get him.

(Exits and comes back immediately holding an imaginary dog in his arms).

Mr. Uplift (patting imaginary dog): Don't you think he's awfully cute?

Aunt Hattie: (looking on in amazement). Why-er-er-uh-yes-but-er—

Mr. Uplift: Would you like to pat him Aunty? Now, Snookums, don't snap like that!

Mrs. Uplift (glancing quickly about the room). Why, Eddy, we haven't anything for supper.

Mr. Uplift: Huh—that's easy—Vernon and I will get you a supper that is A-1.

(Exit Mr. Uplift and Vernon).

Aunt Hattie: As I was saying—(interrupted by return of Mr. Uplift and Vernon dressed as hunters with guns over their shoulders)

(Continued on Page 47)

Klondike Vengeance



LONE, bent figure, silhouetted against the white snow, toiled up the narrow mountain path. Every few minutes the man paused for breath and looked furtively behind him as if his look alone might conjure up some dread appearance. The face of this creature was not pleasant to look upon. There was a wolf-like quality in his countenance, but at this moment the expression of his eyes resembled more that of a cornered rat.

If he could only get through Dead Horse Gulch before dark, he would be safe, for he knew he must have at least an hour's start on his pursuers, and no one but a madman would attempt this pass at night-time. With a sigh he swung his heavy pack to his tired shoulders and started on. He swore softly, wishing vehemently that he had had time to get a pack-mule before setting out; but how could he have known that he would stumble on that map while rifling the camp for food; Moreover, when he realized its value, how could he have foretold that Dick Harvey and Joe Canty would return so soon from the false trail of their horses, which he had driven off? He shook his head and decided grumblingly that "Old Lady Luck was agin him anyway."

Absorbed in these meditations, he slipped and struck his knee against a jagged boulder. He rose shouting maledictions, only to slip again. Finally he came to his feet, abandoned his pack, and stumbled on with clenched teeth, driven by the law of self preservation and the knowledge that unless he kept going he would be overtaken or frozen. As he stumbled on, his hand clutched the map in its packet around his throat.

* * * * *

Dick Harvey, a black haired, well built youngster of twenty-one, turned to his groaning companion. "What a fool I was not to have destroyed that map after we had learned it. I guess it must have been my Scotch ancestry which forbade my throwing anything

away. Well now I've thrown away my fortune and yours too. I'm a fine partner, I am!"

"Don't grouse kid," gasped his companion, "You ain't to blame. If I hadn't busted this leg, we could have caught him easy and then gone through and registered our claim. Go on just the same. Go on, I tell you! Don't mind me. Maybe he won't register it the first thing 'cause he won't know that we haven't. Nobody thought the old mine was good for anything except him and us. Anybody may come along and find me." Then seeing the determination in the lad's face, he prevaricated swiftly. "Jack and Hank left soon after us. They'll come through soon and take care o' me. Besides, if we don't strike it this time, I'm too old to start out again. I guess I'll just curl up and die."

Although this sounded pretty weak to Dick, he knew that Jack and Hank were planning to leave for Skagway to-day (Joe did not know this when he urged him to go) and Joe was right on the beaten trail. As the urge to get the "skunk" who had betrayed them was strong, he finally consented, though unwillingly, to go, and having barricaded Joe as well as possible against the snow, he set off down the trail.

After an hour's struggling against the packed snow, he saw the walls of that dread gulch ahead of him, and as he started into the deepening gloom, he perceived the stumbling figure entering the narrow trail. A great exultation surged within him. He had caught the snake after all. "You'd have made a good getaway Mr. Howell," he murmured, "if ED hadn't met us and said he'd seen you driving the horses." Suddenly the exultation changed to curiosity as he noticed the way in which Howell was staggering. "That bird must have been crazy to get lit up starting this trip," he muttered as he watched the man stagger again.

(Continued on Page 54)

Joan's Aunt Abbie

Ida E. Rosen and Catherine A. Epstein

CHARACTERS

Joan Astor.

Anne Jordan, college chums

Aunt Abbie Astor, Joan's rich aunt.

Beth Ingrams, a freshman.

Irene Rockingwell, a friend of Joan and Anne.

Mrs. Rockingwell, Irene's mother.

Rollins, the Rockingwells' butler.

ACT I

Scene I

Time: The present—late Thursday afternoon.

Place: Bedroom of a sorority house.

As the curtain rises, Anne and Joan are seen studying. A rap is heard at the door.

Joan: Come in!

A freshman enters, curtsies respectfully to each girl and hands Joan a telegram.

Joan: Ooh, a telegram: Three guesses! Good, medium, or bad?

Anne (rushing over): Joan! Hurry, open it! Gee, I hope it's good news.

Joan: Hold your horses, Anne; I'm opening it as quickly as I can.

A look of amazement passes over Joan's face as she tells Anne to read it.

Anne (reading slowly): Will spend Saturday evening in Weston. Will arrive at 6:55 P. M. Aunt Abbie. Joan, what will you do? You can't be here Saturday night after promising Irene Rockingwell that you would go to her week-end party. And besides, who on earth is this Aunt Abbie?

Joan: Well, as I haven't seen her since I was about nine years old, I can't tell you a whole lot about her. All I know—and that is only what I've heard—is that she's a very rich, eccentric old lady who spends three hundred and sixty-five days of the year away from home. I believe she spent last winter in Paris, and at the present time I *thought* she was in Honolulu. However, evidently she's *not*! (in

despair). But of *all* times to come to Weston she picks this time!

There follows a silence in which both girls sit deep in thought.

Anne (jumping up and throwing her arms in air): Joan! I've got it!

Joan: You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din! Out with it!

Anne: You know Beth—our new initiate—

Joan: Well, what has she to do with it?

Anne: That's just what I'm trying to tell you. You say you haven't seen your aunt since you were nine years old. You're twenty now—you were nine then—nine from twenty is (counting on her fingers)—eleven! Now then, you've changed a lot in eleven years so she'd surely never know you now. Well, as I was saying,—since Beth is our initiate, and you and she resemble each other, we'll make Beth entertain your aunt. It'll only be for a couple of hours and your aunt'll never know the difference.

Joan: But you know Beth—she's so prim and proper, she'd never do anything like that

Anne: But she'll have to; don't you see? That'll be part of her initiation. We'll tell her just how to act, and everything'll be oke, n'est-ce pas?

Joan: (doubtfully): That's an idea,—but will it work?

Anne: Oh, sure it will.

Joan: Anyway, let's go look her up and break the news.

(Exit)

Curtain.

ACT I

Scene II

Time: 4:45.

Place: Same as Scene 1.

Door opens showing Joan and Anne holding Beth by the hands and pulling her in. They seat her on a chair and both girls stand over her.

Anne: Don't be frightened, Beth, we're not going to do anything to you. We just want you to do something for us.

Joan: Yes, that's all. You see, Beth, it's this way: Anne and I are going away over the week-end. We've been planning to go for weeks, and neither of us wants to give up going now. The whole thing's up to you. I just got a telegram. Well, (passes telegram to Beth) here, read it for yourself.

Beth, after reading telegram, looks up.

Beth: Well—?

Joan: Y'know how everyone is always mistaking you for me and me for you? Well, *now* we're going to make use of that. All you've got to do is to take my place in entertaining my aunt next Saturday evening. It'll be a matter of only a few hours.

Beth: But what's your aunt like? What if she should ever find out?

Anne: Why should she? Good heavens, she hasn't seen nor heard from Joan for so long she'll never know the difference. And besides, she won't be here long enough for you to make any bad breaks.

Joan: I s'pose I ought to tell you what she's like, anyway. I'll describe her like she is in the picture she sent us a couple years ago, and I'll tell you about her disposition from what I've heard of her at home. She's of a medium height, rather stout, long white hair,—(slowly) let's see, how was it done up? Oh, yes, a great big pug right on top of her head. I imagine she'll have on a very severely tailored suit, low-heeled oxfords, and—oh, I almost forgot—specs!

Beth: But how shall I act?

Joan: Oh, be yourself; just agree with everything she says and wants to do because she's sure to be a fussy old hen!

Anne (noticing the clock on the desk): Gee, it's almost time to dress for dinner. Got everything straight, Beth?

Beth (hesitantly): Oh—I—I g—guess so.

Joan: O. K. There's a good kid. (Joan opens door) See you later!

Curtain.

ACT II

Scene I

Time: Late Saturday afternoon.

Place: Living-room of the sorority house.

As the curtain rises, Beth is seen walking nervously up and down the room, stopping every once in awhile to look into the mirror, and then to look out of the window. Suddenly the door bell rings, and, taking one last look at herself in the mirror, and fixing her dress, she goes to open the door. A look of astonishment passes over her face as she beholds a modernly dressed woman, much different looking from her mental picture of Miss Abbie Astor.

Miss Astor: Can you tell me, my dear, if this is where Miss Joan Astor lives?

Beth: Oh, er—y—yes. I'm Joan Astor. Are you Aunt-Abbie (explosively)?

Aunt Abbie: Yes, dear. (She takes Beth by the hands and drawing her into her arms, kisses her on each cheek.) Why, I'm so glad to see you! (She holds her off at arm's length and smilingly exclaims). My, what a nice-looking young lady you've grown to be. You're a perfect Astor!

Beth: Do you really think so? (Then as she recovers her poise) Let's go into the living-room and sit down. (They go into living-room and sit down) Did you have a pleasant trip?

Aunt Abbie: Oh, splendid, splendid, dear. I enjoyed it so much. But I can't get over the surprise of seeing such a grown-up young lady. I suppose it's because I remember you only as a little girl.

Beth: I think you've changed, too. (Coloring) That is, I—I—well,—it's been so long since I've seen you.

Aunt Abbie: Let's see, about ten years, isn't it? You're a Junior this year, aren't you?

Beth: No, a fresh—y—yes, a Junior! (changing subject quickly) You're staying for dinner, of course?

Aunt Abbie: Oh, I'd love to. And that reminds me. I have a surprise for you. I find that I can remain here until early Monday morning.

Beth (thinking to herself): Oh! ! what

luck! (then aloud) That's great, Aunt Abbie; I'm so glad!

Aunt Abbie: Tell me, dear, how is everyone at home? I'm going to try to visit them soon.

Beth: They're all well, thank you!

Aunt Abbie: And how is old Mrs. Roberts getting along?

Beth: Oh, splendidly!

Aunt Abbie: I'm so glad. Someone was saying she had been so dangerously ill.

Beth: (coughing): Well, I guess she's better now.

Aunt Abbie: How far is Hampton Heights from here, do you know?

Beth: Only about twenty miles.

Aunt Abbie: You know dear, as long as I'm so near there I think I'll call my old friend Mrs. Rockingwell and ask her if I may call. May I use your telephone?

Beth: Certainly. It's right out here in the hall.

Beth leads Miss Astor into the hall and points out to her where the telephone is. Miss Astor takes up the directory, thumbs through the pages until she finds the Rockingwells' number.

Aunt Abbie (lifting receiver from the telephone): Hampton 3980. Miss Abbie Astor speaking. May I speak to Mrs. Rockingwell, please? (She waits a few moments) Hell-o. —Hell-o? Myra?—Yes—Fine, thank you. And you?—Oh, that's fine! Tomorrow? That will be splendid! It will seem so good to see you again. At 4 o'clock tomorrow then. Bye-bye. (She replaces the receiver, and turns to Beth) We're invited to the Rockingwells' for tea tomorrow afternoon. By the way, what time is dinner served, Joan?

Beth: Oh, very shortly, Aunt Abbie. In about ten minutes, I think. Would you like to go upstairs to dress now?

Aunt Abbie: Yes, I'd like to, if you please. She follows Beth out of the room.

Curtain.

Place: Drawing-room of the Rockingwell home.

Curtain rises showing Mrs. Rockingwell rearranging flowers in a vase. Rollins, the butler, enters.

Rollins: Miss Abbie Astor and Miss Joan.

Mrs. Rockingwell: Show them right in, Rollins.

Aunt Abbie: (coming forward with hands outstretched to meet Mrs. Rockingwell): Myra!

Mrs. Rockingwell: Abbie! So glad to see you again.

Aunt Abbie: And so good to see you. (turns to Beth) Myra, my niece, Joan.

Mrs. Rockingwell: How do you do, Joan, dear.

Beth: How do you do.

Mrs. Rockingwell: I'm so glad you could come, Joan. I'd love to have you meet my daughter who is entertaining some friends on the terrace. I'll call her. (Rings for Rollins).

Rollins enters, speaks: Did you ring, madam?

Mrs. Rockingwell: Yes, Rollins. Send Irene to me, please.

Rollins leaves.

Mrs. Rockingwell then turns to Aunt Abbie.

Mrs. R.: Well, Abbie, what part of the globe are you traveling toward, this time?

Aunt A.: Honolulu, Myra.

Mrs. R.: Oh, I think you'll love it.

Irene appears in the doorway.

Irene: Oh, Mother, did you send for me?

Mrs. R.: Yes, dear, I want you to meet my old college chum, Miss Abbie Astor.

Aunt Abbie nods and smiles.

Irene: How do you do.

Mrs. R.: And her neice, Joan Astor.

Irene: How do you do.

Beth: How do you do.

Irene (turning to her mother): What a coincidence, Mother, there is a Joan Astor among my guests, and there's a striking resemblance between them, too.

Meanwhile Beth turns a deathly pale and

ACT II—Scene II

Time: About 4:30 P. M. Sunday.

(Continued on page 49)

And the Judge Lost His Temper

Natalie Sanders, '31



OLD Judge Dolliver backed his ancient Ford, generally known as Liz, out of the yard, and started for Brownville, to play his weekly game of chess with the sheriff. He had not gone far when Liz gave a weak cough, and drew up by the side of the road. The judge, who was really a very patient man, climbed out, and after looking her over to see if any of her parts were missing, came to the conclusion that Liz was thirsty and wanted some gas. He trudged up the road for about a mile, and finally got his gas. While returning, he was stopped by two men in a large red car. The man in the black derby asked, "Seen anyone on the road?" "Haven't seen a soul," replied the judge amiably.

"Then, stick 'em up," said Mr. Black Derby, menacingly, as he leveled a revolver at the bewildered judge. Needless to say the judge "stuck 'em up" and was relieved of everything but his watch, which they, in some way, overlooked.

"Thanks, old boy," they said, and left the

indignant judge standing in the middle of the road with his can of gas, and his old watch and chain.

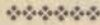
All the way back to his car the judge reflected bitterly on the evils of modern life, and wondered what the world was coming to. At last he reached the car, and was surprised to see a man with a pack at his side, and a stick in his hands, sitting by the side of the road.

"I've been robbed," shouted the judge to the world in general.

"That's just too bad," said the tramp, "did they get everything?"

"All but my watch," replied the judge as he poured the gas into thirsty Liz.

"Well, I suppose I might as well take that," said the tramp, as he raised the stick in a threatening way. After looking over Liz, who was now very much refreshed, he remarked to the judge as he hopped in, and started off, "It might have been worse, but I hope you don't feel hurt."—And the judge lost his temper.



Scrambled Emotions

Frances Wentworth Clough, '31

A Comedy or Tragedy (depending on the point-of-view) in one act.

Dramatis Personae

In order of their appearance.

Margot.

Sue.

Anne.

All students at Marlboro Hall, a preparatory school for young ladies.

ACT I

SCENE I

Scene: A typical school-girl's room.

Place: Marlboro Hall.

Time: An afternoon of a bright, sunny day.

Margot is seated at the combination desk-

table with her head on her arms. At irregular intervals, a queer, choking sound escapes her. The door opens suddenly and Sue appears, her arms loaded with books. She notices Margot, and flinging her books down, rushes towards her.

Sue. Margot, darling, what's the matter?

Mar. (Turning a tragic face towards Sue)

I can't cry!

Sue. (Bewilderedly) Margot!

Mar. (Suddenly laughing) Oh, Sue! You look as though you'd seen a purple cow! Don't you remember? Miss Johnson said I was the only tall and er—willowy—you know what I mean—type of girl in the Dramatic Club, and

that she needed one of my type so badly to take the part of that impossible Caroline Somebody-or-other who is always weeping over her lost lover or something, and (sighing deeply) would I *please* take the part. Oh, Sue! I've tried and tried, and I simply *can't* cry!

Sue. (Sitting down in the nearest chair and laughing) Oh, Margot! That's so funny! You, the merriest girl in Marlboro, having to take the part of some martyr-like creature! But, Margot! Can't you think of anything that would make you cry? (Now teasing her) Don't you ever feel like crying? For instance, when you think of all the poor, little, neglected orphans in a big, cruel city like New York, or, of a conquering hero dying in his lady-love's arms?

Mar. (Clapping her hands over Sue's mouth). Ssh! Be still, Sue! You know I couldn't.

Sue. I know, dear, but whatever could have been her idea in choosing you for the part?

Mar. Wish I knew. (Picking up her *beret* from a near-by chair). See you later, Sue—hockey-practise—west field. (Exit Margot, leaving door wide open as usual).

Sue left alone sits down in chair recently vacated by Margot, and, elbows on table, cups her chin in her hands.

Sue. (To herself) Of all the impossible situations! Still, if Margot is to be in the play, she will *have* to cry, and the question is, how can we make her cry. (She picks up a pencil and reflectively traces impossible figures on the blotter before her).

A girl appears silently in the doorway and smilingly watches the preoccupied Sue. Sue jumping up suddenly notices her and cries,

Oh, Anne! I have an idea!

Anne. (Crossing the room to Sue and rubbing her head playfully). Does it hurt much, dear?

Sue. (Laughing) Only aching to be told. Anne, you know the play the Dramatic Club is putting on two weeks from tomorrow?

Anne. Sure! Charlie was telling me some crazy story about Margot's talking the part

of tragedienne or something. I told her she was letting her imagination run away with her, and left her in a huff.

Sue. But Anne, it's true! The poor child has to weep buckets in the part, over simply nothing at all, and you know what Margot is!

Anne. Did you say something about an idea? Out with it, child.

Sue. It's this, Anne. The Senior Ball is just three days before the play. Margot's mother is sending her her diamond and sapphire pendant to wear on that night. It's frightfully valuable, you know, and Margot is to guard it with her life. The only thing I know of which will make the child worry is to have her lose this precious bauble immediately after the Ball. Under such a loss, she is certainly not going to feel very cheerful on the stage, do you think? She might even feel like crying. I know I should.

Anne. (Patting Sue on the back). Clever child! Then our move is to lose the pendant for Margot. Not a very happy part, I'd say. Righto, Sue! I'll hurry back and beg Charlie's pardon.

Sue. Just a moment, Anne. I'll go with you and mail this letter.

Sue picks up the letter and goes out with Anne, both whistling *After the Ball Was Over* a little off key.

Curtain.

SCENE II

Scene: The same.

Place: The same.

Time: After the Ball.

Sue is sitting at the table reading a current magazine. The door opens and Margot bursts in, throws her *beret* on the table and crosses the room to where Sue is sitting.

Mar. Hi, Sue! Busy?

Sue. Not very, what's the news?

Mar. Just came from the rehearsal. Miss Johnson is in despair. She says that she never saw a more constantly cheerful disposition. She says that she could manage the tears all right, but by the time she gets the handkerchief adjusted, I begin to look like a Cheshire Cat.

Oh, well! Maybe I'll get stage-fright on the big night and weep from chagrin.

Sue. I can just see you!

Margot goes over to her bureau and starts rummaging around. She pulls out the drawers and generally disarranges the top of the bureau.

Mar. Sue! I was so dead-tired last night, or rather, this morning, when I came in, that I don't remember what I did with Mum's pendant. Did you notice?

Sue. Didn't you leave it on the bureau?

Mar. I thought I did, but I don't see anything of it now. Oh, dear, Sue! Why couldn't I have been made like you? You always know just where everything is and I am always misplacing things. (Sighs deeply).

Margot leaves room and returns almost immediately.

Mar. Sue, I'm getting worried about that pendant. What do you suppose I did with it?

Curtain.

SCENE III

Scene: Dressing-room.

Place: Chapel Hall.

Time: The night of the Dramatic Club play.

Several girls are busily engaged making up for their separate parts. Anne and Sue are helping Margot.

Sue. (Aside to Anne). Doesn't she look great, Anne! I really think it is going to work. I had all I could do though to keep her from telling the Dean the minute she found that pendant was actually gone. She is positive it's stolen and that she will never see it again. It's a funny thing, though. She looked as though the world were coming to an end, and yet, I'd be willing to bet she hasn't cried about it once.

Anne. That is funny. Ssh! I'm sure she is listening.

Margot suddenly drops her head on her

arms. She, Sue, looking a bit worried, runs to her and puts her arms about her shoulders, comfortingly.

Sue. Whatever is the matter, Margot, dear?

Mar. Sue, I can't go on with this.

Sue. Margot, don't say that. You've got to, now.

Mar. But, Sue! You don't understand! When I start to cry on the stage, a big lump will stick in my throat because I'll be thinking all the time of Mother's pendant, and how she trusted it with me! I *can't* cry, now, and I can't act for thinking about it, and it will all be spoiled. Oh, if I could only find that pendant, I think I'd weep all over the stage for pure joy!

Sue. (Looking despairingly at Anne) Just calm yourself, child. Anne and I will back you up. (Suddenly brightening). How long is it before you go on, Margot?

Mar. (Glancing at her watch.) Eight and one-half minutes to the dot!

Sue. (Rushing from the room) Cheer up! I'll be back in five minutes.

While Sue is gone, Margot rehearses her part in a dejected manner. Anne keeps glancing nervously at her watch. Suddenly Sue re-enters, as hurriedly as she left, and crossing to Margot, drops something shiny in her lap. Margot looks wonderingly at it.

Mar. Sue! What! Where!

Sue. (Giving Margot a little push towards the stage-door) Ssh; Don't ask me any questions, now. Just hurry onto the stage and weep, there. (Seeing the tears spring to her friend's eyes).

Mar. (With tears streaming down her cheeks) Oh, Sue! Where did you find it? You, darling! (Snatching Sue quickly about the shoulders, she administers a kiss some where in the direction of her eye-brows, and hastens onto the stage, actually crying.

Curtain.

The Flight of the Warren

Pearl Buck, '31

THE thing was a world wide topic. People everywhere were talking about it, and wondering, for the news had in some manner leaked out, that noted scientists had built a rocket. Some rumors stated that they were going to try to shoot it to the moon or Mars or some other planet. Many scoffed at the idea.

In the spring of 1950, Henry Winthrop of New York was standing on the sidewalk of his native city waiting his turn to cross the street, when he overheard the following conversation:

"You say you have the rocket almost finished?" he heard one man ask.

"Yes, I expect to have it completed by the end of next month at the latest," another voice replied.

"That's fine. But tell me, what do you really intend to do? I have heard so many rumors I don't know what to think. Are you really going to attempt to shoot your rocket to Mars?" inquired the first voice.

"Oh, no, indeed," replied the second voice, "That is an absurd rumor. We really have only begun to experiment. Eventually we hope to send a rocket to Mars and to the other planets, but first we must experiment right here on our own planet. We have already shot several small rockets out over the Atlantic. The last one reached France. The others haven't been found. But to come back to the big rocket, our greatest problem now is to find someone to send over in it. Of course we can find enough reckless men, young and old, who would gladly attempt it for the glory, but we need more than some brave man, we want one who knows something about science so if the rocket reaches France safely he'll be able to tell how the different parts of the various mechanisms of the rocket reacted under the strain."

"Well, I don't see why one of you scientists don't go over in your pet rocket yourselves if you're so particular," said the first voice.

"We may have to do that," continued the second. "But we really had rather have some one else go; not because we are afraid to go, but because we need to concentrate our minds on improving and perfecting the rocket."

During this time young Winthrop had been thinking rather rapidly. He turned around and saw the men. They both seemed to be merely average men but on a second glance he noticed that the owner of the second voice had a high forehead and very bright intelligent eyes.

Henry Winthrop surprised them by breaking in upon their conversation unannounced.

"Pardon me, but I just overheard your conversation. Perhaps you will let me go in your rocket. I have had much experience in the science of mechanics."

The first man looked at the young fellow in astonishment while the second appeared to be very calmly contemplating him.

"Very well, we shall see if you will do. I think you will, if it is all right with you, I want you to come home with me right away. I am Mr. Reginald Warren," said the second man.

Mr. Warren bade his friend goodbye and he and Henry Winthrop go into an aerocar which took them to the Warren home in North Carolina. Here the great scientist questioned Henry. When he had finished, he decided that the young man was indeed very well suited to go to France in the rocket.

The next month seemed to drag by too slowly for those who impatiently awaited the completion of the rocket. Henry Winthrop made all the necessary preparations for the trip. As the last of the month drew near, he went to the Warren home where he was a constant companion of the great scientist.

Finally the rocket was finished. It indeed was rightly so-called, as it resembled a rocket closely except that it was made of metal. The place which was to be occupied by Henry, was heavily padded and the chair was fastened to the wall and floor by springs so that the shock

of starting would not kill him. The compartment itself was so built that no matter in what position the rocket was Henry would be in no uncomfortable position. For example; if the rocket should happen to turn over, he would not be upside down for the compartment would not turn with the rest of the rocket.

At last the day came for sending off the rocket which had been named the "Warren" in honor of Mr. Warren. Henry Winthrop said goodbye to his friends and stepped into the "Warren" securely closing the double door after himself. Then one of the head mechanics lighted the fuse and everyone hurried away before the occurrence of the explosion which would send the rocket out over the sea. There was a moment fraught with deep suspense, then the explosion came. It was heard for miles around and exceeded the estimation of the scientists in regard to volume. When the smoke had cleared enough to see, the "Warren" had disappeared from view carrying Henry Winthrop to death or glory.

Now one shall see what occurred within the "Warren." In spite of the padded walls and springs the shock of the explosion knocked Henry unconscious. When he came to himself again, he found that he felt hardly any sense of motion. He glanced at his watch and

found that he had been unconscious about three minutes. He then paid attention to the instruments which were before him. He found that he was going through the air at an incredible speed. About eighteen minutes later he felt another severe shock which dazed him for a few seconds. He knew that he must have landed somewhere and hoped that it wasn't in the ocean as the "Warren" was not built to float on water. He decided that the quicker he found out the better it would be, so he got up and opened the doors. The first thing he saw was an endless waste of sand stretching as far in every direction as he could see and the air which rushed in was oppressingly heavy with heat. He wondered where on earth he was; indeed he wondered if he were, truly, on the earth, or if he had landed on another planet.

He had not been there long, however, before he was found by some horsemen who appeared to be Chinese soldiers. He found out that the "Warren" had landed on the edge of the Gobi desert. The horsemen took him to Peking; from there he went to Shantung where he took an air-liner to the United States. He was indeed hailed as a hero. Of course, before leaving China he arranged to have the "Warren" well guarded.



The Principal's Mistake

THE CAST

June and Jane (twins)
The Mother.
The Father (principal of the high school).
Miss Lowell (teacher).
Scene: The breakfast room with the family seated at the table.

SCENE I

Father: We are going to have a little entertainment this morning in assembly, girls, and probably I shall ask June to play the piano while Jane sings.

Twins: Oh, please, father! Don't make us do that time and time again!

Mother: Why, girls, I should think you would like to do small things like that.

Twins: Well, we would, only father always gets us mixed and then all the rest laugh at us.

Father: Well, you see it's so hard to tell you apart as you dress alike and look alike, too. Now, let me think, it's Jane who sits in the middle section, isn't it?

(Continued on Page 53)

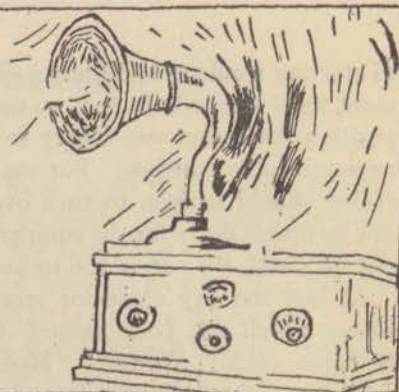
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



Tell me what you do, and I'll tell you what you are.

OBSERVANCE OF VIRGIL'S BIRTH

On October 15, the Assembly period will be given over to the observance of the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of Virgil. Dr. George W. Chase of the University of Maine will give an address, and the students of Bangor High School Latin Club will present a scene from the Aeneid. A short tableau, and a poem will be recited as part of these exercises.

The characters for the scene from the Aeneid are as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| Dido..... | Catherine Epstein |
| Attendants on the queen. | Louise Rice |
| | Ruth McDonough |
| | Betty Brown |
| | Betty Dill |
| Guards for the queen..... | T. Reed |
| | J. Bartlett |
| Anna..... | June Ebbeson |
| Tadmah..... | R. Edgar |
| Ilioneus..... | I. Rosen |
| Aeneas..... | F. Hayes |
| Achates..... | C. Currier |
| Serestus..... | J. Johnston |
| Gyas..... | A. Barnes |
| Cloanthus..... | R. Ingle |

Those taking part in the tableau are as follows:

| | |
|---------------|--------------|
| Virgil..... | C. Blanning |
| Horace..... | P. Barnfield |
| Maecenas..... | C. Curran |

Frances Reynolds will recite Tennyson's famous poem "Virgil."

ASSEMBLY

A very imposing row of Seniors greeted the faculty and student body when they filed into the Assembly Hall for the first Assembly exercises. When Mr. Taylor made it known that this exhibit of students was the *Oracle* Board, everyone sat up and took notice, for everyone knows what the *Oracle* is and for what it stands.

Howard Kominsky, Editor-in-Chief, discussed the *Oracle* and its successes and difficulties of thirty-eight years, and introduced the five other speakers. Mary Gibbons, Literary Editor, made clear to the students the necessity for contributions of every sort—"the more, the merrier." Kenneth Kurson spoke eloquently on the Boys' Athletic department that he is to have charge of for the year 1930-1931. The Personals Editors, Betty Russ and Arthur Lieberman, gave a plea to everyone to pass in jokes of real interest to the students of Bangor High School, and not to make it necessary to fill space with jokes copied from other papers or magazines. Cadet-Captain Leonard H. Ford, Jr., who, as Business Manager, will uphold, with the support of the school, the financial side of the *Oracle*, pointed out the necessity for the purchase of *Oracle* tickets, as well as the reasons for the extensive advertising that is found on the pages of the *Oracle*.

With such a magnificent beginning, the *Oracle* should be even better than ever before.

* * * * *

Two "pep-meetings" have been held, after

Assembly exercises, in an effort to arouse more school spirit and to give a greater volume of cheering at the football games. The first, held on September 19, before the Millinocket game, started out very poorly, but the enthusiasm gradually increased, so that by the time the rally was over, the cheers were ringing out with the best spirit that Bangor High has shown for several years. The second was held on September 26, in preparation for the great Brewer game, and toward the end of the rally, the cheering again was great.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY

The Freshmen, too, have had two "pep-meetings," and it was said by some that their cheers were louder than those of the upper-classmen. Come, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, don't let the class of '34, mere Freshmen, say that they have more spirit than you have!

The Freshmen have also been introduced to the *Oracle* Board, and at their Assembly lived up to the tradition that Freshman dare not laugh at jokes, for 'twas the Sophomore Commercials who made response to the humorous statements in the speeches of members of the board.

During the warmer days of September recitation and study periods were sometimes enlivened by military orders which came through the open windows, as the boys learned to march in the green between the High School building and the library. "Fours left" and "Squads right" in stern, but very familiar, accents broke in on Geometry, bookkeeping, or, more suitably, on the study of Caesar's battles.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Mr. Prescott, who takes Mr. Bryant's place as debating coach, met the members of the Debating Society for the first time, on September 22. He urged the debaters to read a great deal of material on outside affairs, and expressed a hope for fine results among the debaters.

A Debating Society dance is to take place in the latter part of October, and a committee was named to carry that undertaking through.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee club is flourishing, under the leadership of Mrs. Dean, and has a very large enrollment. Extra rehearsals have been held in preparation for the Teachers' Convention, in October, at which time a cantata, "The Three Springs" will be given by the members of the Glee Club. The members of the girl's club are as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Nellie Allen | Alicia Jarvis |
| Rena Allen | Lucille Jenkins |
| Caroline Bacon | Jacqueline Johnston |
| Mildred Bradford | Dorothy Jones |
| Eleanor Chadwick | Frances Jones |
| Dorothy Chandler | Ruth McKinnon |
| Anne Cimbala | Mary McLaughlin |
| Eleanor Clough | Alexina Michaud |
| Frances Clough | Idelle Munster |
| Lillian Coffin | Pauline Randall |
| Nancy Connors | Anorah Peavey |
| Sadie Cunningham | Phyllis Peavey |
| Mildred Dauphinee | Frances Reynolds |
| Betty Dill | Gertrude Rice |
| Mabel Dixey | Louise Rice |
| Mary Economy | Dorothy Rose |
| Vivian Farnham | Catherine Smith |
| Harriet Fisher | Eleanor Spencer |
| Virginia Flint | Louise Spencer |
| Evelyn Golden | Helen Tebbets |
| Gertrude Graham | Margaret Thayer |
| Laura Hackett | Evelyn Tracy |
| Louise Hastings | Beryl Warner |
| Frances Hayes | Gertrude White |
| Charlotte Hewes | Greta Westin |
| Helena Hewes | Elizabeth Wiggin |
| Pearl Hodgson | Helen Wong |

MUSIC

BAND

The high school band, which is without doubt the most prominent musical organization of the school, has already, under the direction of its leader, Mr. Alton Robinson, had several rehearsals, and is fast coming back to its last season's form. Although it has made no formal appearance, it has played at several of the home football games, and has made

a very good showing. The Military department plans to teach more drilling and marching to the band members this year, and it is expected that the band will be a well drilled outfit. Practice in march formation will help the appearance of the band to a considerable extent.

The instrumentation of this year's band is fairly well divided. In the trumpet section there are only three members of last year's band, but fortunately for the band they are all good players. "Joe" Mullen and Norman Carlisle are playing solo, and Barrett Newcomb is playing first. In the Junior band there are however twelve trumpet players, and when the members of this group who qualify, are admitted to the band, they will prove a great help. Paul Sawyer is playing solo clarinet, and has a good group of players supporting him. Maurice Emple, a Bassoon player, has been receiving much praise on his playing ability lately, and is a great help to the band. The other sections of the band with perhaps the exception of the French Horn section are fairly well filled. Mr. Robinson plans to have some of his excess trumpet players take up this instrument and some good players will undoubtedly be found.

The Freshman Hop, which was held by the band for the purpose of sending it to Portland with the football team was a great success. The band made a fine appearance at Portland, and certainly helped the spirit of the rooters.

The officers of this years band are as follows: Pres., Gorham Levenseller; Vice-President, Joseph Mullen; Sec., Reginald Murphy; Treas., Edward Gibbons; Librarian, Eugene Johnson.

MILITARY

The R. O. T. C. began functioning the first week of September this year, and in beginning early the unit is getting the benefit of drill out of doors. We were pleased to notice that the entire unit was in uniform by the end of the second week and drilling as if there had been no interruption from the previous year.

The cadets are to be especially congratu-

lated upon the noticeable improvement in the courtesy of replies in all departments of the school and upon their neat appearance and attention to wearing the uniform as it should be worn and not combined with civilian dress.

All members of the unit greatly appreciate the thorough renovation our gymnasium received and the improvement in the lighting system. The greatest improvement noticed is the installation of two new ventilating fans.

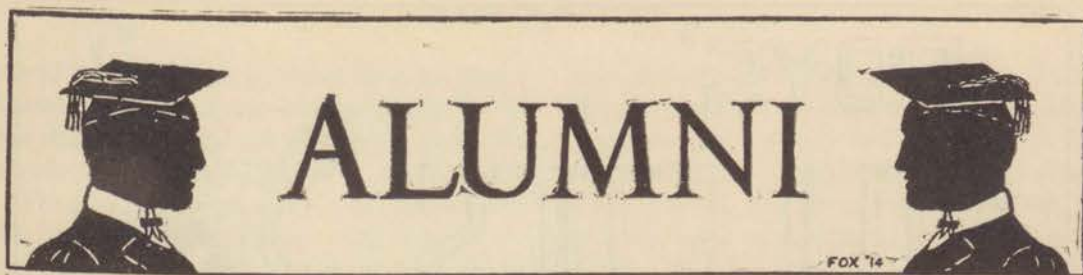
We are all looking forward to the new Regimental Colors which are now being made at Philadelphia in the depot of the Quartermaster General of the U. S. Army. The colors are expected to arrive about the first of the year. The long delay is caused by the great amount of handwork necessary on the two flags. The colors will be of standard size and equipment and may be readily compared to any colors of the regular army or other units.

* * * * *

The rifle club has started with a bang and up to date has approximately seventy members. There is much interest shown and conscientious work is being done in the push and pull exercises, trigger squeeze, and aiming and sighting. The new men are receiving thorough coaching in prone firing. The club has had so many requests for membership that we are sorry to state the quota has been filled. But, if the rifle team can secure the necessary assistance, it will be able to take care of all applicants by the first of the year.

The State of Maine Civilian Rifle Team which participated in the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, from August 25th to September 15th, this year, consisted of twelve members, seven of whom were former or present members of the R. O. T. C. Rifle Club, B. H. S. Fine records were made by: George McKenney, Fleetwood McKean, Walter Ludden, Waldo Barrett, Lewis Barrett, Harry Crowley, Ralph Dyer.

We wish to extend our greetings and welcome to our new regular army sergeant, Staff Sergeant Oscar Beckert, Cavalry, U.S. Army.



Old friends are the best friends.

Dr. Charles Francis McKoy, B. H. S. 1898, Colby 1902, pastor of a large church in Brooklyn, New York, has published, during the last year, a book entitled, "The Art of Jesus As a Teacher;" the basis of the book was Dr. McKoy's thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy which he took in the University of New York. The work is highly valued as an original and very learned treatise on a subject which has never before been so fully investigated.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Gallagher of the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. were in Bangor visiting friends and relatives before leaving for Texas where Dr. Gallagher is now to be stationed. Dr. Gallagher was of the class of '07. Mrs. Gallagher, nee Celia Rice, was a former teacher in B. H. S.

Bernice Purington and Rose Mary Allen, both of the class of 1921 have been admitted to the faculty of Cony High School. The former in the capacity of instructor of Ancient History and French, and the latter as instructor of English and Dramatics.

Helen McDonough, '25, is Instructor of Home Economics in Guilford High School.

Karl D. Larsen, '25, has accepted the position of graduate assistant in physics at Pennsylvania State College.

The 29th annual reunion of the class of 1901, was held last month at the Log Lodge at Lucerne. This class is unique in having held a reunion every year since graduation. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George Fletcher, Mrs. Flora Fletcher Ford, Dr. and Mrs. Albert

Ehrenfield, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Collamore, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pfaff, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey McClure, Mrs. Arthur Anderson, Miss Mary Williams, Miss Carrie C. Mayberry, Miss Bertha C. Forbes.

Bangor High School certainly speaks well for itself at the U. of M. Twenty-six members of the class of '30 and several others of former classes were entered in the Freshman class, at the U. of M. At a mass meeting held in Alumni Hall on Sept. 15, Robert C. Russ, a well known graduate of the class of '29 was elected temporary president of the Freshman class, and Marion Hughes, a popular member of last year's class, was elected Secretary. Those of the class of '30 who entered the U. of M. are:

Isadore Alpert
Harry C. Boyd
Norris W. Crosby
Irving Grodinsky
Waldon Hastings
Elliot Reed
Frederick Sprague
Abraham Striar
John W. Tomkins
Fern Allen
Natalie Anderson
Ivel Cutter
Jeanne Morneau
Richard Rice

Dorothy Romero
Benjamin Shapero
Abraham Stern
Bernard Striar
Mildred Paul
Donald Hillman
Oscar Fellows
Mildred Haney
Marion Hughes
Emily Lyon
Woodrow Miller
Kenneth Jones
Thomas Hersey

(Continued on Page 53)

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"A bold attack is half of the battle."

Under the guidance of 'Swede' Mulvaney, the new coach, Bangor's cohorts answered the call to the gridiron. It looked disappointing indeed to see that squad, the smallest in years! But what the squad lacked in size it made up in weight. This year's team will be the heaviest team that has fought for the Crimson for a great number of years.

Bangor will have a well balanced combination, a line that will average 170 pounds from end to end, and a backfield riveted with such stars as Harold Baker, 'Pete' Furrow, and Leo Haggerty who will guarantee line smashing assets, and speed for any style of attack.

The line is built about the two letter winners from last season's club, Elmer Hewes and Harold York and is completed by 'Cal' Knaide at the pivot position, Jack Thompson and Paul Harper at the tackles, and Art Ferry and Bill Hunt on the ends.

Several others led by Bill Newman are pushing the tentative varsity berth holders for honors, and may receive the word to start in any game.

Backs receiving first team attention are John Libby, Johnny Burr, and Harry Stewart at the halves, and Izzy Leavitt for the field general's position. These candidates are also being forced to step on the gas to keep in the lime-light, as a number of newcomers have proved to Coach Mulvaney that they have the assets with which to make good.

Much credit is due Athletic Director, Phil Somerville, for his splendid work in arranging

the night game with Millinocket; he did not leave a stone unturned in providing the necessary equipment. Besides giant floodlights, three thousand seats, and a huge bonfire, ready to be ignited, were in readiness at the outer Broadway Athletic field for King Football, the monarch of the sporting world, when he again took his throne, for the Bangor High and Millinocket 1930 campaign.

Phil also issued new equipment to the Bangor High gridders for their first game with Brewer—bright new jerseys, flaming red with white stripes around the sleeves and huge white numerals on the back, snappy, close fitting pants, the latest thing in gridiron mole-skins, and new shoes where they were needed.

BANGOR CRUSHES MILLINOCKET

20—0

Many a crimson son covered himself with glory at the one-sided victory which Bangor scored over it's old rival, Millinocket. The Mulvaney coached machine appeared to be one that possessed all kinds of power and football ability. They took advantage of almost every opportunity given them, and displayed a hard and fighting brand of football. There is plenty of good material on the local squad this season, especially of the backfield variety. Two different sets of backs were used to advantage in the opening game. The line outplayed and outfought the visiting wall, and hardly a gain was made through it. Millinocket tacklers

would break through now and then to spear a Bangor back, but it was seldom that the Crimson dyke was found with an opening for the invader to squeeze through.

The speedy Leo Haggerty, the hard crashing backs Baker and Libby, with Furrow and Leavitt snatched the greater portion of the first game's glory. It was Haggerty who raced wild in the first half to score Bangor's first touchdown of the season, and the smashing Libby who brought great cheers from the stands for his line plunging and around-the-end trips for substantial gains. Furrow played a steady game, and it was he who dove over the Millinocket trench for the second counter of the night. Izzy Leavitt, who substituted for Haggerty in the last period, provided the thrill of the game with two beautiful hikes, one for 65, and another for 20, to score Bangor's last touchdown of the battle. Leavitt runs and handles a ball like a seasoned vet, and it would seem that he will be heard from many times before the crimson season is over. Hard to down and always fighting for an extra inch, the midget Leavitt is a mighty important cog in the Mulvaney machine.

The visitors kicked off to Bangor. It was a short kick and was recovered by the visiting foemen, the ball going only ten yards. Millinocket fumbled on the first play, and Harper recovered for Bangor in mid-field. Haggerty raced for a first down but a penalty brought the ball back. Libby made a few yards, and Furrow punted to Millinocket on their own twenty yard strip. Libby intercepted a pass thrown by Goodwin. Libby made five off tackle and then a first down. Haggerty made a beautiful catch of a pass thrown by Furrow, and raced to Millinocket's ten yard line. Bangor then fumbled and lost an early chance to score. Goodwin punted for the losers, and it was Bangor's ball on the invader's forty yard line. Two passes were successfully executed, Furrow to Haggerty, and the first quarter ended with no scoring.

Bangor scored in the second period after threatening several times. Haggerty made possible the touchdown by his fine broken field

running. Furrow kicked the goal. Coach Mulvaney substituted an entire new backfield during the last portion of the first half.

Bangor failed to register in the third period but scored twice in the last frame. After several nice passing plays and lengthy runs by Baker, Libby, and Furrow, the Crimson worked the ball down to the five yard line, whereupon Furrow plunged over to make the count 20 to 0.

The locals were well pleased with the thrilling run of Leavitt, after he replaced Haggerty.

The visiting team was never in danger of breaking into the scoring column. Goodwin, McQuory and Brunette played best for the visitors.

The summary:

| Bangor High (20) | Millinocket High (0) |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Ferry, le..... | le McEwen |
| Thompson, lt..... | lt Civillo |
| Harper, lg..... | lg Caruso |
| Knaide, c..... | c Simons |
| York, rg..... | rg Prince |
| Hewes, rt..... | rt Connors |
| Hunt, re..... | re McQuory |
| Haggerty, qb..... | qb Goodwin |
| Baker, lhb..... | lhb Neal |
| Libby, rhb..... | rhb Brunette |
| Furrow, fb..... | fb Corrigan, (Capt.) |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|-------|
| Bangor..... | 0 | 7 | 0 | 13—20 |
| Millinocket..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

Referee, Kenyon of Georgetown.

Umpire, Brice of Maine.

SECOND PERIOD DRIVE WINS FOR CRIMSON

A determined seventy yard march in the second period that came to its finale through a sky attack, gave Bangor a 7 to 0 victory over Brewer at the outer Broadway athletic field before a throng of 1500 schoolboy grid enthusiasts, who braved the disagreeable weather to witness the first of the annual clashes between the two elevens, and what, to put it mildly, was a hard and closely fought encounter.

In the last twenty-seven years in which the schools have been in competition, many of the yearly struggles have ended in deadlocked scores. Brewer has in that period won one game, but never in history has an Orange and Black clan forged its way into the shadows of the Crimson uprights as often and as close as did the present club from across the river. Taking advantage of the Crimson's several weak punts, the rugged Brewer line ripped gaps fairly consistently. Brewer put in an appearance within the ten yard strip three times during the afternoon. They placed the pig-skin on the eight, four, and two yard line respectively but lacked the final power to register the counters.

In first downs and yardage the Crimson had a slight edge, and, although forced to battle for dear life several times during the afternoon to keep their goal line from being crossed, B. H. S. had the upper hand for the most part after the Orange and Black's whirlwind attack in the opening minutes of the first period.

It was Bangor's change of pace and the ability of her backs to hit the holes made by York, Hewes, Harper, and Jack Thompson, the minute they were opened, that enabled her to keep the invaders at bay and retain her margin in the closing periods. Brewer fought gallantly and desperately in the final half in an attempt to even matters, but they lacked the punch.

A muffed punt after three minutes of play, gave Brewer the ball on Bangor's eighteen yard line, and from here the boys in Orange and Black marched to the Crimson's eight yard line. Bangor held her ground here within the shadows of the goal post, but several weak punts forced her to wage the first period in her own territory and to take the worst of the battle.

In the second frame the locals stepped out, marching from their own twenty-nine yard line across Brewer's goal line in a series of brilliant smashes, in which Baker, Furrow, Haggerty, and Libby all shone. It was the change of pace that drove the Orange and Black back. Haggerty had the Bangor ball carriers skirting

the ends, hitting the tackles, guards, center, and sprinkling the drive with a sky attack that had the defenders guessing. A twelve yard pass, Furrow to Ferry scored the touch-down, and Furrow kicked the goal.

It was a Bangor day after all; however, the Brewer players showed plenty of fight.

Three times Brewer carried the ball to within the Bangor ten yard line. Those line plays failed in the crisis. Last year the game at the athletic field was a debacle for the Orange and Black. If the Brewer boys remembered that slaughter their playing did not show it.

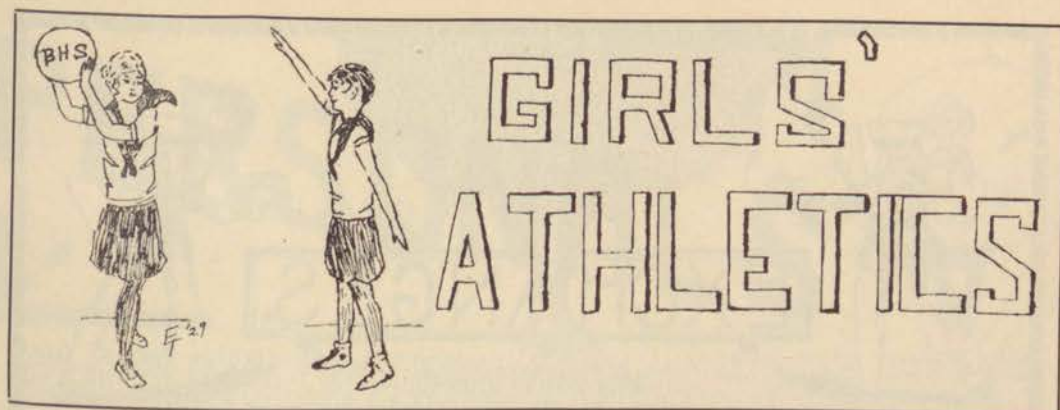
The forward pass that won the game for Bangor was finely executed. A beautiful pass to an uncovered Crimson player across the goal line, and another game had been tucked away.

The last quarter was played in the drizzling rain, but no one left. It was just that kind of game.

THE SUMMARY

Bangor made eleven first downs to Brewer's five. Bangor gained approximately 290 yards to Brewer's 154. Bangor tried five passes and completed three for a total of 44 yards. Brewer tried four and completed one for a total of 22 yards. Bangor lost approximately 18 yards from scrimmage; Brewer approximately 26 yards. Bangor was penalized six times for a total of 75 yards; Brewer, five times for a total of 55 yards.

| Bangor (7) | Brewer (0) |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Ferry, le..... | re, Palmer |
| Thompson, lt..... | rt Sparks |
| Harper, lg..... | rg Winchell |
| Knaide, c..... | c LaCrosse |
| York, rg..... | lg Gilbert |
| Hewes, rt..... | lt Ford |
| Myers, rt..... | le Hooper |
| Hunt, re..... | qb Blackman |
| Haggerty, qb..... | qb DeLaite |
| Leavitt, qb..... | rhb Wood |
| Libby, lhb..... | rhb Grossman |
| Baker, rhb..... | lhb Ivers |
| Stewart, rt..... | fb Graves |
| Stewart, fb..... | fb Graves |
| Burr, fb..... | |



"Look to the Lady."

On September 11th, the girls' hockey season started off once again with a fast first practice, and the season surely looks very favorable for us this year.

Our last year's coach, Miss Mary T. Abernethy, has left us and gone to Massachusetts where we wish her all possible success in the coming year's work.

In Miss Abernethy's place comes Miss Eugenia Oltar, who graduated from the Sargeant School of Physical Education in 1929, and last year studied for her degree at Boston University. Under her direction a very successful year is predicted.

The girls who turned out for practice are:

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Helen Gallupe | Dorrice Trickey |
| Frances Hayes | Marjorie Hass |
| Leona West | Rosalie Fellows |
| Helen Tremble | Capt. Nat Sanders |
| Betty Dill | Dot Cunningham |
| Mary Shapleigh | Beryl Warner |
| Geneva Hibbard | Barbs Stover |
| Genevieve Robinson | Rena Allen |
| Dot Jones | Mildred Bradford |
| Thelma Silke | Winnie Brown |
| Jackie Johnston | Miriam Landon |
| Eleanor Clough | Barbara Bertels |
| Louise Rosie | Louise Hastings |
| Elizabeth Wiggin | Alixina Michaud |

Among these candidates are three of last year's men, Capt. Nat Sanders, Barbs Stover, and Mildred Bradford. The following girls played on last year's second team: Leona West, Winnie Brown, Helen Gallupe, Louise Rosie, Beryl Warner, Rena Allen, Dorrice Trickey, Alixina Michaud, and Genevieve

Robinson. So, as it happens, our forward line is made up almost entirely of veterans, whereas nearly all our back field is green.

Our manager, Mildred Bradford, has been working hard, and has succeeded in getting together the following excellent schedule:

This schedule is subject to change.

Bangor vs. M. C. I. at Bangor—Oct. 10.

Bangor vs. Castine at Bangor—Oct. 18.

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S. at Bangor—Oct. 25.

Bangor vs. M. C. I. at Pittsfield—Nov. 1.

Bangor vs. Castine at Castine—Nov. 8.

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S. at Bucksport—Nov. 15.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

The members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council started right off at the beginning of the year working hard to secure the necessary funds to carry them through the hockey season, and, also to buy the very badly needed hockey suits. With so many fertile brains working, several "money-making" schemes have been worked out, and to help matters more, they were allowed to run the refreshment booth at the football games, which, so far, has proved very profitable. As usual, the Council girls, with the help of the hockey squad and interclass teams, will run a lunch counter in the high school for the teachers during the Teachers' Convention which is to be held the last of October. In all previous years, enough money has been made to finance the basket-ball season, and the girls do not intend to make this year an exception, but are planning to put it over in a bigger and better way than ever before.



Criticism—not altogether a wise thing to do.

The "Advance," Jamesburg, N. J.

Your May issue contains striking information, cleverly put. We think the cover design of the June number is exceptionally attractive, and the paper gives evidence of an up and coming school.

"Journal," Berkeley, Cal.

This attractive paper from out west is published by the students and seems to be pretty good stuff. We rather envy you your art editors; they do some clever work on the cuts—the one for Editorial Ecstasies (we wonder what the editors think about the ecstatic part) being particularly to our liking. In the Alumni Notes a former B. H. S. student is mentioned. It seemed for a moment as if we were reading our own Alumni Notes! Good luck in those tennis tournaments!

The "Hebronian," Hebron, Me.

The stories are entertaining and the jokes a lot better than most of those in School journals. There must be a pretty good sense of humor at Hebron.

From New Haven, Conn., comes the Commencement number of the "Commercial News." It is indeed interesting to compare graduation issues of other school papers with our own. The handing down of the Class Pen to the succeeding class is a unique custom, or at least, unique to us. Wouldn't a few jokes liven up the sad and solemn occasion of graduation?

And later come fall issues of the "Commercial News"—a real newspaper with one edition printed in green and—yes—dedicated to the Freshmen. May we reprint this poem from it?

A SENIOR TO A FRESHMAN

Yes! I was once a Freshie
With that green and frightened stare,
And all the Seniors stepped on me
And didn't seem to care.

Yes! I was once a little tot.
Oh my! but I was teenie,
And all the upper classmen laughed
And called me "Little Greenie."

Yes! I was once a Freshie,
And I suffered as you do;
Since now I know and understand,
I sympathize with you.

Yes! I was once a Freshie,
Even Soph'mores laughed at me,
And each and every move I made
Would fill those "Saps" with glee.

Yes! I was once a Freshie,
And I know it's hard for you;
But now that I'm a Senior,
I CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH AT YOU!

—Gertrude Krevit.

Thank you, Commercialites.

PERSONALS



Now I'll tell one.

Dear Aunt Jenny:—

I am a little boy seventeen years old, and I hesitated a long time before writing to you, because I thought you might think I am too young to be writing in to your column. I read your column every night, and when I see how much help you give poor people all over the world, I knew that you'd help me, so took my pen in hand to write to you. Now Aunt Jenny, I am having the worst time at home. My mother thinks I am very wild, and on the downhill path, because I go to all the Western movies at the Park theatre, a beautiful picture house in my home town, where only refined pictures are shown, and where the seats have cushions on them. But mother thinks it is on account of seeing so many Westerns that I want to have my long golden curls cut off. I know that they are very beautiful and look perfectly lovely with my black velvet Lord Fauntleroy Suit, but my favorite hero, One-Eyed Pistolver has his hair cut off in a long bob, and he's a real *he-man*. And that isn't the only reason I want to have them cut off. When I'm playing my horn in the kindergarten orchestra they get all caught around it, and I can't tell which is hair and which is horn, they are both such a brassy color. If mother doesn't let me have my hair cut off in a Garbo bob, I think I'll leave home and go out west where men are men and bullets whistle at the crossing, and live with Pistolver. I've already written him a letter to tell him that I may be out most any day, and to be on the watch for me, but haven't heard from him as yet. I know he'll be awfully glad to have such a nice boy like I am to live with him, however, so am not worried about that. Must close now,

as mother wants to do my curls up in curlers, for the night.

Yours in great distress,
Leonard Ford, alias
Little Curly Head.

Dear Little Curly Head:—

What a shock Aunt Jenny had when she opened your letter and found out that you are even *thinking* of cutting off your beautiful golden curls. I think your mother is quite right in not wanting you to see any more Westerns. They certainly do have a bad effect on your mind. I wouldn't think of giving you the wicked advice to cut off your curls, when I know that it would break your mother's heart. And as for *Pistolver*, he eats little boys like you. I would advise you to forget all about Pistolver and Westerns, and stay at home and be a good little boy, and keep your curls bright and shining, and your velvet suit well pressed, and someday you'll grow up to be a big man like Stan Laurel. Thank you for the picture of you and your doggie. The dog was just *sweet*. When you want advice about something reasonable, write again, only please type the next one, as your printing is hard to read.

Love and kisses,
Aunt Jenny.

HOW TO PREVENT CRIBBING

Students will march to class under guard of Bangor High's trustworthy traffic cops equipped with sawed off shot guns.

They will be stopped at the door and searched for contrabrand notes, codes, etc.

Dark clothes must be worn; shirts and dresses must be without cuffs.

Before entering class room each student will have to take a psychological examination to determine whether or not he has any idea of cribbing.

Classrooms will be decorated with such notes as "Honesty Has Its Own Rewards" and "Think Before You Cheat."

Each student must wear blinders and place a handkerchief in his mouth.

Students and teachers will enter classrooms together and the doors will be locked and sealed.

Students will sit two seats apart with teachers standing between each two students.

Highly tuned dictaphones will be concealed behind the pictures to catch the slightest whisper.

Finally, when the examination is finished, in marking the papers, teachers will discount ten points from each paper on the possibility that the student has cribbed.

Exchange.

HEARD IN HISTORY CLASS

Freshman—"What is the date, please?"

Miss F.—Never mind the date, the examination is more important.

Freshman—Well, I wanted to have one thing right on the paper.

It has been rumored about school that several members of our brilliant sophomore class, having strayed too far from home, are recalled by a cow bell, lustily rung. We suggest that this method might be used for giving lost freshmen something to go by when trying to locate the high school.

R-lph W-ls-n—Do you know what the butcher weighs?

D-n-ld McK-nn-n—What?

R. W.—Meat.

Mr. T (in Chemistry Class) In case of explosion, keep your seats and pass out quietly.

I nominate for the Cyanide Club the bird who says "We all make mistakes, that is what they put erasers on pencils for."

Vista: In the country, an opening in the landscape through which one can see the billboards.

B-be Le-b-m-n: Did you hear of Kenny Kurson stepping in front of the train?

H-w-rd K-m-n-ky: No. Was he killed?

B-be Li-b-m-n: No, the train was backing up." (Another case for the police.)

WOTTA LIFE

Wotta life, wotta life. Lemme tailor, brothers and scissors, it's pretty course—all cotton and no wool. The outlook is always disdressing: if you try to do anything big, you find yourself pressed on all sides, hemmed in and finally buttoned down. If you cut into small things, you'll never be a pattern for others to follow.

Sew, what's a fellow gown to do to suit himself? I ask you, what's the goods of living?

This talk about a stitch in time is like taking a couple of knickers to a convention of ghosts. And needles to say, you can't do anything about it. Yep, it seems like everybody is out to trim everybody else.

And sew, getting down to pinpoints, take my advice and scissor opportunity pick up your hat and clothes up your flat, and go vest, my boys, go vest!

Exchange.

VILLAGE VERNACULAR

Town Pump—a shoe worn in American cities.

Main Street—the avenue that the water pipe runs down.

Water Tower—the small town's own skyline.

Horse Trough—a nice place to park the gold fish when you leave town for the week-end.

The Fast Express—due at 12:57 and stops, but not here.

Court House—the place where Uncle Hiram used to do his courting.

The Village Gossip—outdoes Pathe in that she sees all, knows all and and tells all.

They had to give my Aunt Tillie ether twice for one operation. The first was for the operation and the second was to stop her from talking about it.

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tacklers on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

—Yale Record.

Glee Club Leader: What'll we sing for an encore?

Sarcastic: Sing the same song—they'll never recognize it.

Mr. Thurston (in Chemistry): What is a liter?

'Kay' E-st-n, '31 (brightly): An assortment of puppies.

Sergeant Beekert (R. O. T. C.): Stomach in. Chest out. What's the matter with you, Private Welch?

Very Private: My stomach seems to be the stronger, Sir.

Carrol Bl-n-ng, '31: What does tete-a-tete mean in England?

M-rg-r-t Av-ry, '31: Oh, it's a bally plebeian expression, meaning tit for tat.

FOOTBALL AFTERMATH

The brawny guard (Harold York) came stumbling back to B. H. S. after the game. His arm was in a sling, he limped like the B. and M., one front tooth was missing, his jaw looked sort of rocky, while his eye was decorated with a pretty kind of a black color scheme. He was a beautiful sight.

The boys gathered around with the usual sympathy.

"Ho, ho! look at the shiner on 'Yorky'.

Who gave it to you 'Yorky', ol' kid?"

"Their left guard."

"What! A cream puff, lettin' a little bum of a tackle like that take a fall out of you! Of all the—"

"You oughta see him!"

Prisoner, if you didn't steal the \$3,000.00—where did you get it?

Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste.

—Sour Owl.

Teacher: Correct this sentence. "Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department."

L-wr-nce St-pl-s, '31: The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer department.

The most popular man at an Old Gold convention: The fellow with the clean handkerchief.

Mrs. C-mm-ng, (in English class): Give me a sentence with the word Gunga Din.

El-a D-nn, '32: Simple. If you lose your ticket how're you 'Gunga Din.'

After listening to the talkies for more than a year, we have come to the conclusion that four out of every five movie stars should be seen but not heard. And the fifth should be left unseen.

Fat R-b-ns-n, '31 (to waiter in restaurant): Hey, there's a chicken in this egg.

Waiter: Well, what did you expect, a bicycle?

Mrs. Gri-d-e (in algebra class): If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference!

She: We've been waiting a long time for my mother.

He: Hours, I should say.

She (rapturously): Oh, George.

—Rammer Jammer.

"Oh, I just hurt my crazy bone."

"You poor boy. You must be hurt all over."

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One hundred and fourteen women inmates of Auburn prison, "slicked up" in their best clothes tonight and attended the first dance held in the penitentiary in years.

—Boston Post.

Undoubtedly the orchestra rendered "The Break-away" by popular request.

Listerine Wins Feature Horse Race at Havana.

—New York Times.

—with a finish that took the spectator's breath away.

Sap Is Runnng in Ontario.

—New York Sun.

For mayor?

Hatch Out Of State Prison.

—Boston Herald.

What—Some more jail-birds?

Wife: How do you spell financially?

Meal-ticket: F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y and there are two r's in embarrassed.—Frivol.

Farmer's Wife (to druggist): 'Now be sure and write plain on them bottles, which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin.'

—Texas Ranger.

Skirmishes in Culture

For the benefit of those who so often get caught into art galleries or music concerts where they are entirely off their base, the Personals Department offers a method that might get a man through an evening and possibly set him up as a bit of an authority. The usual thing to do when people start talking about movements and the delicacy of the pizzicato in a symphony is for the man in the Nugget to break into an awed silence. Under our method he would take the offensive. Acting on the theory that's it's the first blow that counts, the man can make up a musical vocabulary of his own and go to bat first.

The music strikes up. Your partner starts to drag in her remark about how it seems like a—You break in.

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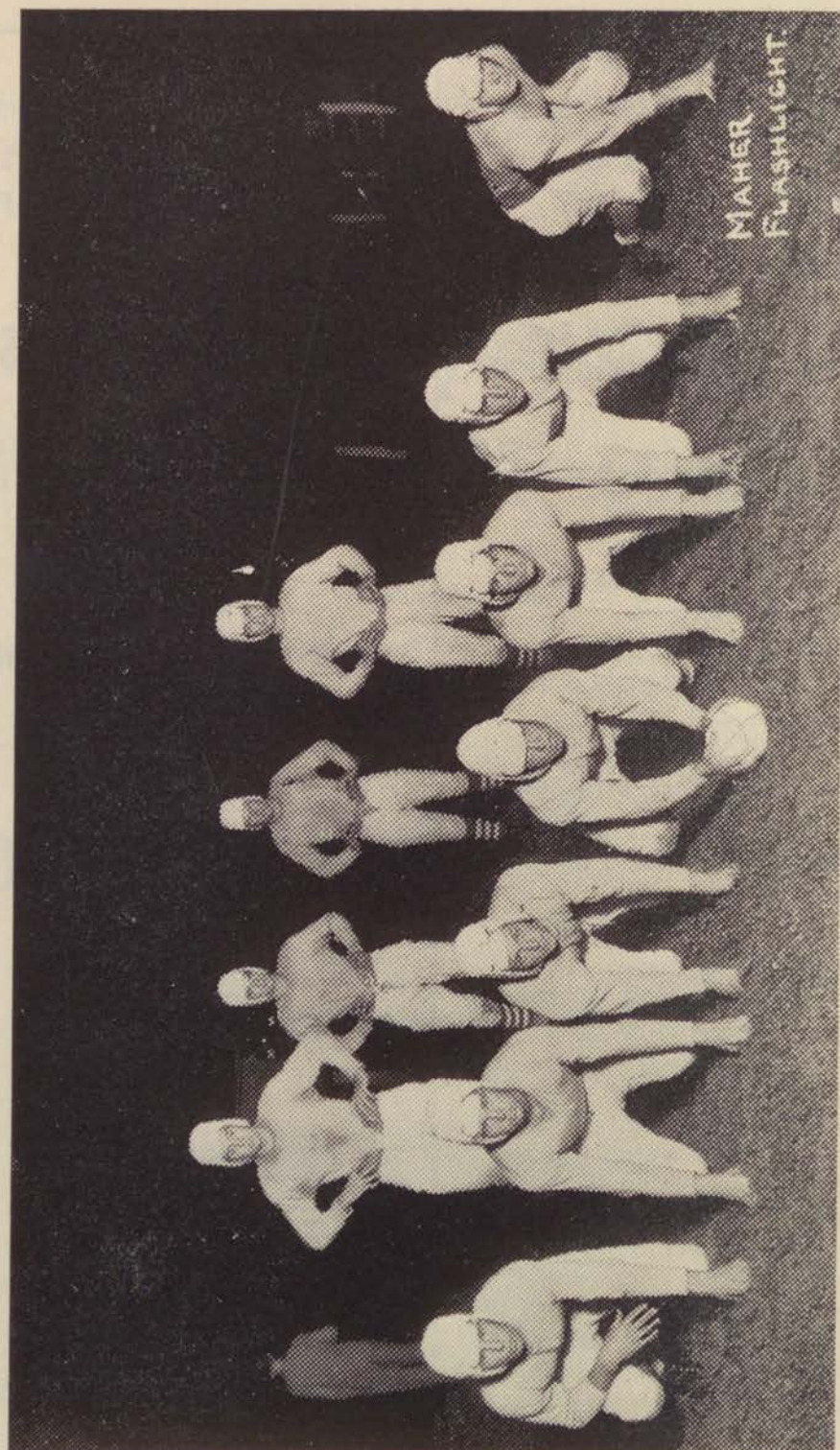


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BANGOR, MAINE



FOOTBALL TEAM AT THE NIGHT GAME

"How bacardi is the work of the violins!"

Your partner looks up in bewilderment. You have her there. You continue.

"Ah, but the undertones of muscatelle! Aren't the shadings of vin blanc quite cognac?"

Your partner properly baffled, is crushed for the night. But if she has any kind of a vocabulary of her own, say the vegetable kingdom, you are apt to be conquered. We ran into one the other night that drove us back on our heels and made us go back to the old method of the strong silent men.

"The brasses seem to be rather martini, don't you think?"

She was using bits from Italian menus.

"Yes, but the anipasto of the cecchi seems so well to balance the ravioli theme that it leaves one quite potatoes O'Brien."

We hauled down our flag and went out for a glass of water. But YOU might be able to put the thing over.

—Jack O'Lantern.

Lou-se R-s-e, '31: I hate people who....

'Nat' S-nd-rs, '31: Say the same thing you do at the same time.

Prof.—How many people are there in this county?

Student—Er-r-r-r—

Prof.—Hurry, hurry, every second you dilly-dally the number grows larger.

—Jack-O-Lantern.

Rae O'C-nn-r, '31: What kind of a dog is that?

Wm. N-wm-n, Jr., '31: He's an air-tight dog.

Rae O'C-nn-r: What do you mean air-tight?

Wm. N-wm-n: Half airedale and half scotch terrier.

We have heard that a Russian student was recently expelled from Columbia for sneezing in a Russian examination. It was claimed that he was conjugating a verb.

—Tiger.

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Mon cher sir:

In applique pour le position vous offerez as le foreign representative dans your grande system d'hotels, je suis writing in francais (Believe it or Not) in l'ordre to provez to vous que j'ai le reading and writing knowledge vous demandez. Jai studied francais pour six years; quatre in High School et j'ai receive deux years d'experience de our maid, qui est, as vous aisement can imagine, francais.

Mon career ici dans le schoole has been punctue by frequent meetings avec well-known francais professeurs qui have taughtez moi beaucoup de things about their lingo. Un course in'particulie je considre to be tres valuable. It embrasse reading de Dumas, Binet, Lingeree, et beaucoup d'autobiographies which were recidez out de classe' mais which were tres' better than their translations dans notre own faire language.

Je hope vous will non takez zis l'epistle as le criterion de moi handwriting as je suis sittee dans un B, and M. tramway and vous know quelle that means. Let spot above est where George—it est notre garçon de Pullman—spillee coffee on le lettre at Battleboro. Vous will excueez it je hope.

Aver no doubt, vous are wondere comment vous can teliez that je read francais. Vous avez already seen comment je write it. Eh, bien, lettez moi remindez vous que je suis beaucoup well qualife pour le position vous offerez as le foreign representative de your grande system d'hotels et je think je can readez anything, as je can readez zis, which je pense est l' h—luvalot beaucouper than vous can do. tres affectionne

Mr. Jean Jacques D'Orr, '30.

—Dartmouth.

A clipping from a recent newspaper:

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Sewer-Side?

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him a small box. From it he extracted two little bottles, one was white and the other was brown.

His spirit rebelled against this, but it had to be done. Oh! how he loathed himself. What a fool he was! Why had he made this mistake? It was not the deed itself. It was himself, something deep within him. Well it wasn't his fault. It was the fault of his parents. They had allowed this careless tendency to develop in him. But why, Why did he have to do it? Oh, well, there was nothing for it. It was either this or the whole thing to do over again. Feverishly he uncorked the two bottles. A peculiar odor rose to his nostrils. The hatred of self flooded his being. Would he never stop making mistakes? Would he always have to use ink eradicator forever?

That impertinent fellow Burns offered me a hundred dollars to resign my membership in the club. What would you advise me to do?

Hang on a bit—you'll get more.—Drexler.

'Art' F-erry, '31: I'll have apple pie for dessert.

Waiter: All out.

Art Ferry: Well, then, give me the raspberry.

Waiter: Sorry, sir, but we waiters are not allowed to be offensive to guests.

—Panther.

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And if you drill religiously every day—why who knows—when the next war comes, you may be the unknown soldier!

Wife: I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?

Husband: Rain, hail, thunder and lightning.

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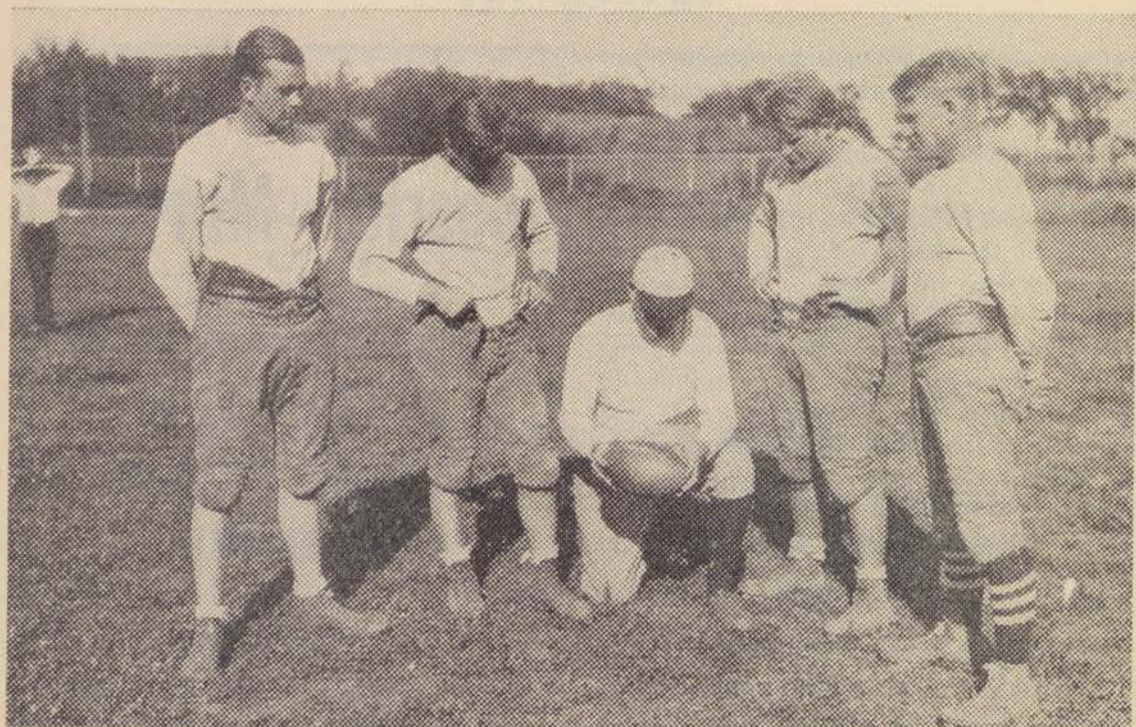
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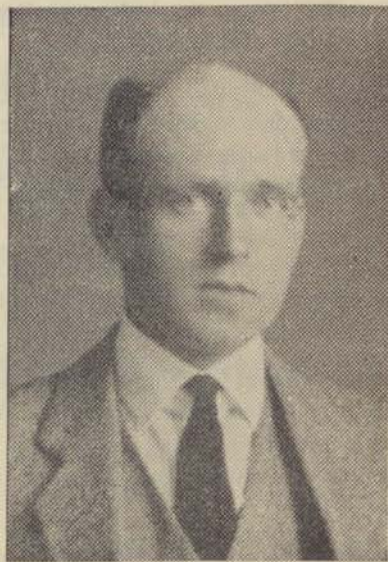
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BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL'S WELCOME TO US

(Continued from Page 6)

But let us leave the serious side of school life and look for the pleasures and opportunities that Bangor High School's welcome affords us.

Our school has hired coaches so that the boys and girls can participate in the various branches of sports. For the boys, football, baseball, basketball, track, winter sports and soccer are the out standing games. For the girls, hockey, basketball, baseball, track are the major sports. These games allow us to forget our scholastic difficulties and take part in good clean athletics.

But far more important than these are the different societies that the school gives us. Take for instance, the debating society, which helps the students better their English and develop skill in reasoning. A few of the others are, the National Honor Society, the Dramatic Clubs and the French and Latin Club. The *Oracle*, though not a club in the strict sense of the word, furnishes those intrusted in journalism ample opportunity to become acquainted with some of the elements of newspaper work, by giving actual practice in gathering, editing and printing news in the school magazine.

These are but a few of the many opportunities that our High School offers us, its students, and it is certain that any group of intelligent students, such as we feel we are, will not abandon the good things,—knowledge, athletics, and societies—that are given to us by the welcome of Bangor High School.

THE DECOY

(Continued from Page 10)

and that knocks all my plans on the head. Oh dash it, how could I be such an idiot as to leave it up in the room. But I thought—.

Sally: It wasn't your fault (Impulsively).
 Ronald: Oh Sally (Chokes off).
 Angela: Come on down to Constable Jones'

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office. All the news will come there. He's working hard to get last night's thief. I'm sure that it will be all right.

Ronald: Righto. (Exit all).

Curtain.

SCENE IV

Scene: Constable Jones' office.

Time: Two hours later.

Seated in the room: Dr. Bradshaw, Fred, Sally, Angela, Ronald and Constable Jones.

Ronald: Do you mean to say, Dr. Bradshaw, that I never had the real manuscript, that I was just a decoy, and that you have already given the real one to Professor Smith?

Dr. Bradshaw: That's just right.

Ronald: Then the thief last night was just a common burglar.

Fred: But wouldn't it have been wiser sir, to tell Ronnie about it?

Dr. Bradshaw: No, I doubt it. You see Ronnie is such an honest creature that while he is invaluable as a secretary he is not so good as an actor. I expected to reach Smith before Ronnie did but the boat was late, and I dared not cable. Now my lad, I have had a great advancement as a result of these excavations and as my secretary you will have a corresponding advancement, however we can arrange that later.

Ronald: Thank you, sir.

Angela: Oh Fred Mrs. Smith wanted you to call.

Fred: Oh! Eh: (catches her glance) oh yes. Coming Constable?

Constable: All right Doc. (Exit both).

Angela: Dr. Bradshaw I want to show you an Egyptian vase that my Grandfather—(Exit both).

Ronald: Oh I say Sally! I know it's frightful cheek, but what Dr. Brad-

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shaw said makes it a little different—oh darn, will you—could you—oh you know! I'm making a frightful mess of it—but—could you—

Sally: Mmm. (Nodding her head.)
 Ronald: Oh you darling!
 Curtain.

EDDY'S AUNT—(Comedy)
(Continued from Page 12)

ders and looking around as if in an imaginary forest.)

Vernon: (seeing cuckoo clock strike six).
 Ah! Ducks! (takes aim and fires, the cuckoo falling to floor).

Mrs. Uplift: (picking up the cuckoo) Ah! Ducks! (Exit Mrs. Uplift with cuckoo in hands, followed by Vernon and Mr. Uplift).

Aunt Hattie (rushes to the door but finds it locked and rushes to the window).

(Enter Mr. Uplift).

Mr. Uplift (seeing Aunt Hattie struggling with window).

Is there anything wrong, auntie?

Aunt Hattie: No—but it's kind of stuffy in here and—

Mr. Uplift (takes hammer from his pocket and breaks the window). Aunt Hattie faints and Mr. Uplift places her on the sofa.

(Enter Mrs. Uplift and Vernon).

Vernon and Mrs. Uplift (in chorus). Thank the Lord that's through. She certainly won't want to stay any longer.

Aunt Hattie (recovering, hears this last statement and stands up indignantly). So you thought you could make me believe you were insane. Well—you did—but not so well—because I came here to present you with this twenty-five thousand dollar (\$25,000.00) check. Brandishes it in the air and tears it up before their very eyes.)

(Exit Aunt Hattie)

The Uplifts and Vernon look at each other for several minutes and suddenly start to talk incoherently as the

Curtain Drops.

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JOAN'S AUNT ABBIE

(Continued from Page 16)

starts fumbling with her handkerchief.

Irene: I'll have her come here so you can see them together.

Irene hurries from the room.

Aunt Abbie: How strange! I'm anxious to see the girl, aren't you, Joan?

Beth: Y—yes (smiling wanly and becoming still more uncomfortable).

Mrs. R.: Now, that I think of it she *does* resemble you. I thought you looked familiar.

Irene comes running in, pulling the astonished Joan after her. Joan on seeing that there are guests in the drawing room becomes very embarrassed—

Joan: Oh, Irene!

Joan smiles at Mrs. Rockingwell, and then as her eyes fall upon the other two guests exclaims, "W— Why Beth!"

Irene and Mrs. R.: Beth?

Irene: Why what do you mean? Her name is Joan—Joan Astor—just like yours.

A pause ensues while Beth and Joan stare at each other with horror stricken faces.

Irene: W—What's the matter?

Aunt Abbie (turning to Beth): What is the meaning of all this?

Irene (seeing their discomfort, and quickly recovering her own composure, laughingly says, very rapidly): Give us the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth, and remember that everything you say will be used against you!

Joan and Beth, still staring at each other, laugh nervously.

Aunt A.: But there must be some mistake; I don't understand.

Joan: But—but—well—well—o—oh—!

Aunt A. (becoming irritated with her niece's conduct): Won't you please explain yourself?

Beth: Oh, I—I don't know what to say.

Irene: Ah-ha, the plot thickens!

Mrs. R.: Irene: This is no time to jest. This misunderstanding must be cleared up immediately. Both of you girls claim to be Joan Astor, yet one of you calls the other Beth.

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And now neither of you seems able to speak.

Aunt A.: Can't one of you explain?

Jean (recovering quickly): Oh, of course, I'll explain. (She brushes her hand across her forehead). But I don't know just how to begin. It was so foolish and childish of me. But, —well, anyway—here goes! In the first place I'm the real Joan Astor!

Aunt A.: (Turns to Beth) Well, who is this girl?

Joan: That's what I'm trying to explain. When I received your telegram I had already accepted this invitation for Irene's party and well,—I might as well be frank with you, Aunt Abbie, I thought you were so different from what you really are. (she pauses). I understood you were to be in Weston only a few hours and so, taking advantage of Beth's resemblance, I made her take my place. You see, it really isn't her fault—she *had* to do it because she is an initiate. I really didn't think any harm could come of it. Oh, you must think I'm awful—and I suppose I can't expect you to forgive me?

Aunt A. (smiling): No, I suppose you couldn't, but as it happens, you can.

Joan: Then you mean—?

Aunt Abbie: I mean, were I to hold true to fiction I'd disinherit you or do something equally rash, but as it happens, I once played practically the same trick on my paternal grandmother, whom I hadn't seen for years, because I wanted to attend a quilting party!

Everyone laughs.

Mrs. R.: I always said you had a sense of humor, Abbie.

Joan: This seems too good to be true. Oh, Aunt Abbie, you're a—brick!

Mrs. R. Oh, Irene, you mustn't forget you have guests. Run along with Beth and Joan. I hardly think you'll be interested in our reminiscences!

Curtain.

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THE PRINCIPAL'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 21)

June: Oh, father! It's I who sits in the middle section and Jane sits on the left-hand one.

Father: Well, I'll try to remember this time.

SCENE II

Assembly Hall

Principal: (looking into the middle section).
June, would you please play the piano for us?

June: (getting up and going to the piano)
Oh, I can't father!

Principal: Perhaps you would like Jane to accompany you?

Principal: (looking into the left section)
Come, Jane, Please sing for us.

Jane: Oh, I can't!

Principal: Hurry, girls, for our time is short.

June and Jane: (both trying hard to do the tasks assigned them can't seem to get on at all.) Oh, father! Don't you see we can't do it?

Miss Lowell: (standing up) Mr. Thurston, if you will send Jane to the piano and have June sing, I think they will get on better.

June: Oh, thank you, Miss Lowell. You see we thought surely father would forget which was which as he always does, so we changed our places. But instead of that he remembered this time!

ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from Page 25)

Gretchen Hayes, '25, is studying at the Bangor Theological Seminary.

Hugh Connor, '28, has entered Holy Cross College.

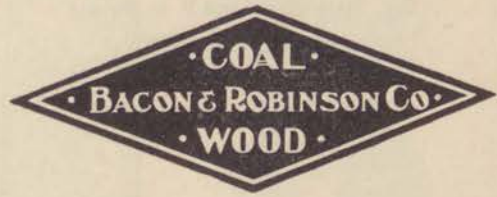
Other members of the class of '30, who are attending different schools are:

Raymond Prince, Chandler Redman and Eugene Brown, Bowdoin College.

Dexter J. Clough, Phillip's Exeter Academy.

George Shean, Kent's Hill Seminary.

Harold Morris, Boston University.



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KLONDIKE VENGEANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

Suddenly the truth dawned on him, and he rushed forward shouting, his mind full of that narrow path with its great drop, upon which this crazy fool was entering. His shout attracted the attention of the fleeing man, and obeying instinct rather than reason, Howell raised his rifle to his shoulder with shaking hands, and, attempting to take aim, he fired. He was not in any physical condition to hit a target at such a distance, and the bullet went wild. Dick threw himself behind a boulder and shouldered his rifle, but, although he worked it hard, it was hopelessly jammed. While he was working at it frantically, the man on the precipice's edge fired again, and then into his pain drugged brain came the realization that he had abandoned his cartridges with his pack.

Howell stood for an instant on the edge of the trail, and before his intention entered the boy's brain, he had hurled himself into the chasm.

Like a cornered rat, lacking the chance to fight, he had done what to his brain, was the next best thing.

The boy lying behind the boulder rushed forward, but in the dusk he could see nothing. He had seen violent death before, for what youth hadn't in those turbulent days, but the act of suicide which is abhorrent to every inherently brave man had not entered his life before and he had not expected it now. He was suddenly and violently sick.

He trudged slowly back to the spot where he had left his partner, Joe and found him in the care of Jack and Hank.

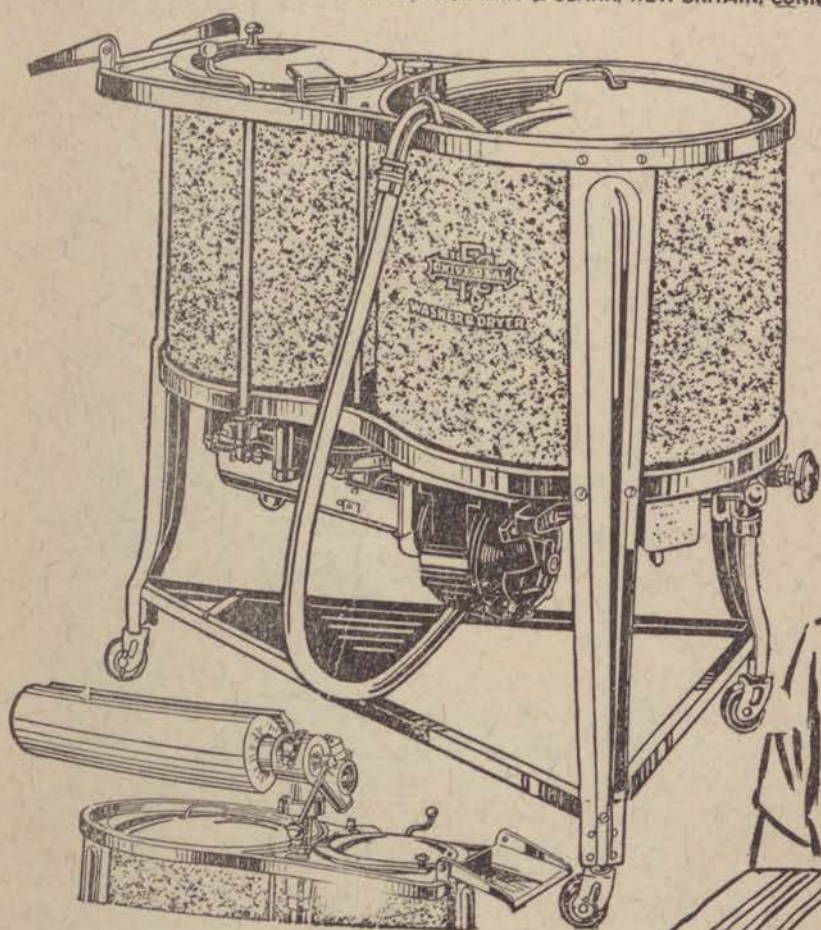
Dick told his story to the older men and remarked that the map was as good as destroyed now.

"Well," drawled old Joe, "that is so; but what's botherin' me is that skunk is in the company of all them grand old horses down in that hole. Somehow it don't seem fair to their spirits to make them associate with that car-
rion."

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