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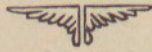
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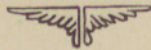
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The Oracle

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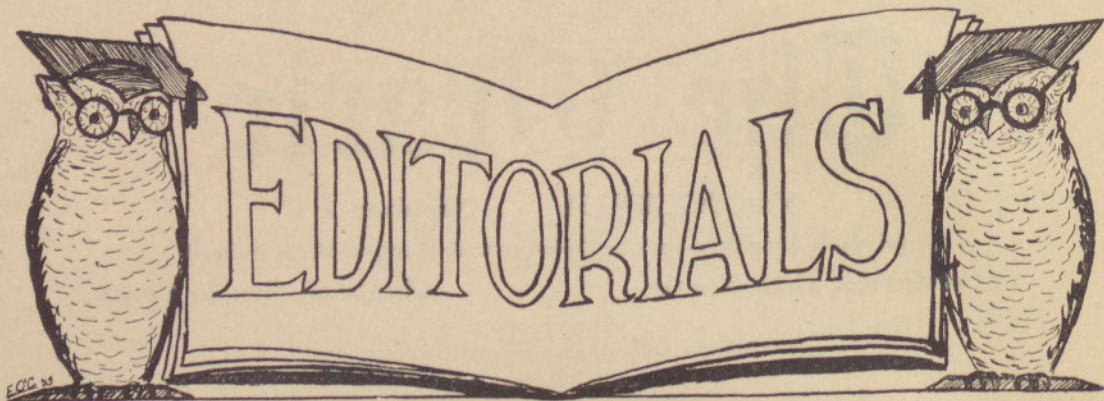
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WHAT'S IN BANGOR HIGH FOR YOU?

WHEN the doors of this high school were opened to you early in the fall, into what path did you step? Were you headed merely for an education? Is your road going to lead straight ahead to graduation, or will it, rather, wander into the corners and byways of school activities, leading you to spots, here and there, where you shall obtain bits of knowledge which will be of priceless value in future years? I, for one, am inclined to believe that the wandering way is to be of more benefit than the one which embraces mere book-learning. For as one travels, the priceless nuggets of experience, picked up in various out-of-the-way places, represent more than experience; they mark the individual. When you leave high school, there shall be stamped upon you the indelible mark of an alumnus of Bangor High.

There is a vast extent of future work open to you. Vast fields in business life unexplored, unchallenged, unconquered. In this high school lies the foundation upon which to build the equipment necessary to battle these vast stretches. Institutions of higher learning will necessarily come after, but now is the time to prepare for these later schools.

The practice of law opens its doors to enable speakers within its portals. Financial prosperity is ascertained if you are prepared to struggle and make use of the facilities along this line afforded by your Alma Mater. As Bangor High has sent graduates to Congress in Washington, so may she send you.

Education, as a profession, is one of the strong points of Bangor High. She has placed graduates in schools and colleges throughout the nation. Theirs was no path of roses, perhaps, but still the basic principles were drilled into them through the efforts of Bangor High. And these basic principles were their mainstay in the rise to success. Among those who have attained honor and position in the universities of the nation are:

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

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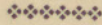
Harry Helson, *Psychology*

You all won't be educators, lawyers, nor business magnates, probably, but you all can partake of the advantages offered by Bangor High School.

Still further, let me impress the fact upon you that high school means more than a secondary education; it means that intangible

something which goes towards making up a pleasing personality.

So attempt in passing through your school year to partake of all the benefits offered by this school. Attempt to broaden out, to be able to cope with all matters laid before you and to finish all that is attempted.



WHY NOT A GIANT INSTEAD OF A PYGMY?

THERE are in the cities of this country a vast number of men and women whose growth towards achievement has been stunted through the inclemency of their surroundings; barren creatures for whom there is no apparent future.

The great American desert in the West contains thousands of acres of wastelands which need only irrigation to turn them into an immense tract of flourishing crops. These stunted men and women only need a new philosophy to make themselves human beings of promise.

The new philosophy is a recognition of one's own ability. Many people who knock the country for the hard times they meet with are similar to the farmer who complains each year that his farm is getting poorer. This same farmer, however, fails to investigate the scum on his duck pond to find if oil lies beneath or to search for the origin of the coal croppings which he turns over with the plow each spring and fall.

Many people realize that there are some possibilities within themselves but they fail to utilize their findings. Such people are like the old miners who, abandoning their diggings because the lead was lost, were succeeded by miners, of a more persistent character, or armed with scientific knowledge, who put the old diggings onto a paying basis.

A large number of people in their youth are put aside as stupid blockheads through their lack of enthusiasm and interest; but underneath this dense lacquer there rest perhaps many valuable assets. Such was the case of Thomas Edison, who, turned from school by his teacher on account of his apparent dullness,

has become the foremost scientist of the ages.

It is not uncommon for young people to fail to see what they are fitted for until they have left college; because the various studies of such an education bring to light, abilities heretofore unnoticed.

In later years, when perhaps unseen assets are viewed, it is realized with perhaps a decided twinge of pain that such assets cannot be properly utilized through lack of the necessary education or lack of mental or manual experience, as the case may be, attendant to these abilities.

When one sees that he is slipping on the hill of Get-Ahead, let him examine himself to find the seat of his difficulty as he would to locate the disturbing knocks heard in his automobile.

All around, one sees people who seem to contain vast possibilities but who have become stagnant and follow the well-worn path which leads in a mere circle. As long as one holds small realizations of himself, never can he achieve a size of magnitude. It is in years when a man is well-advanced on the road of life before some great catastrophe, some failure or sorrow, unlocks the ability pent-up within him for half a century, which was never known to be there.

There is not one person in a thousand who has used the slumbering possibilities within himself which would make him an infinitely greater being. What is sadder to see than a man who is plodding through life slowly sinking and slipping, when he might be a strong, upright leader of men in the field of business? He failed to get out of the rut. Perhaps his is a "blind-alley" job, a job which holds no chance of advancement in the future.

(Continued on page 51)

5665



"Literature is a luxury"

Dawn Fires

Minnie Alpert, '31

U E once told us, as we stood on top of a hill watching a magnificent sunrise that "The banners of the morning are the dawn fires of my soul. Burning, burning upward in a white flame until red, gold, and orange interfused, fills the blue. They are the heralds of the Sun announcing the coming of His Majesty." And suddenly the deep silence that followed his remark was broken by the clear unmistakable call of the trumpeter swan. So rare, nearly extinct, had that bird become, that we listened in amazement. Three times the sound filled the air and as the last clear musical notes died away into the blue, the sun appeared over the edge of the world through a rosy mist. We laughed a little uneasily. It seemed symbolic.

The boys, lest we in any way think them sentimental, covered up their weakness, assuring us later that "Glenn was a little off his nut. Cracked, so as to speak. Soft in an important spot. All right in the heart, but a bit funny in the head, just plain cuckoo." As if we feminine beings couldn't see through their masculine make-up. Having been brought up as next-door neighbors, gone to school, and later entered the State "U" together, we girls had not learned for nothing that boys are by nature more sentimental than girls, only condemned be the boy that shows it, and martyred the girl that does not.

When our clique reached high school on the urgency of our parents to be friendly as the shyest boy in our class might become its greatest man, and needing another boy to finish our group of three girls and two boys, we cast about for one. And because Terese was crazy about his English themes, and that Glenn was the only really shy boy available, we adopted him. We were the admired of the admired those four years. Popular, envied, labelled as "intellectual snobs," those were happy days for us.

Trying to live up to the term "intellectual snobs," we began to read the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Scribner's" instead of "Liberty" and "Judge." We kept tabs on the newest books and best sellers, read the classics, and from those passed to "Trader Horn" and non-fiction books. We began to become interested in music and art and read the lives of the composers. Not that the boys ever gave up a good sport story, or we girls, an interesting love story, but that we became more and more interested in those books and magazines deriving an enjoyment from them that we could never receive through the world of fiction. The lives and thoughts of real men and women became a fascinating study to us, stories of some of which we would have credited to an excess of imagination in an ordinary tale. We began to discover that the authors themselves

had their own stories of sportsmanship and love that could not be equaled by anything they could write. All this was directly due to the influence of Glenn, his way of saying, "Listen to this," as he read a passage full of a beauty yet undreamed of. It was his idea, yet we paraded it over the school as our natural inclination toward the better things of life. We got over this period of intellectual snobbery soon enough, when we found out one day the vast amount of knowledge Glenn had quietly stored up within himself since he had been a child, and blushed when we wondered what he must think of us. We continued to study and our minds to expand though we no longer displayed ourselves as the "the cream of the crop" but secretly in a vague way pitied those who were wasting their precious time on reading cheap fiction.

All of us went out for athletics except Glenn. The boys expressed their contempt for this weakness, though I think they secretly admired him. Once they razed him because of his complete lack of knowledge of his ancestors while we had ours, all their portraits hanging in the hall, and their names filed away on the family records. Glenn flared up at this (he was a confirmed Socialist), "Sure, you're all pedigreed and I'm just a mongrel, a little bit of everything. They tell us that mixed blood..." and he was off on one of his fiery tirades against the narrowness and littleness of the human mind. Later Terese said to us, "Don't tease him. He's so sensitive. He has a soul for beauty. We all have a little though we don't recognize it when we see it. Don't crush him. He's got a spark of genius in him. Don't crush that. He's the kind of fellow that's liable to get a lot of hard knocks out of life and then become famous after he dies. We've got to encourage him. Sort of, sort of,"—she paused lamely. "Sort of keep the dawn fires burning," finished Arthur quietly. We stared at him for a moment. Who said boys weren't sentimental?

From that time on we were careful not to hurt his feelings. All sorts of foolish fears entered our minds,—that he would marry the

wrong kind of woman, one who was practical or nagged or wanted things, one without an imagination who liked mathematics, for instance. "He's so high strung, he's liable to go off and do *anything*," Terese would fret nervously. Marie and Terese and I would crowd into one of our tiny rooms at college and discuss Glenn, Freud, Beethoven, Marie's cute new pajamas, World Peace, and Glenn, again. He was an eternal puzzle to us. He received A on English, D on Math, and flunked Gym. He nearly jumped out of his shoes with pride when he learned that Carl and Arthur had made the varsity team, yet he refused to go to a game. He didn't understand football, he didn't want to understand football, and besides he had a volume of "Paradise Lost" in his study that he must needs read. He was hopeless when it came to sports and yet he nearly went wild when he heard that Carl had made a touchdown, saving the game for the "U." "Write it up big," he told the sports editor, "for the dear old Alma Mater, and all that." He was editor of the school paper. If the business manager had not managed *him*, then woe would have been to the profits derived thereof, that year. He was willing to assemble the material, read the proof, to write his editorial and a poem or two, yet did not know or want to know of the intricacies of putting the paper to press. Sometimes on a hazy, early autumn afternoon, he would wander off in the woods and when he returned write things in which one could fairly smell the cool pungent air with its tinge of frost, see the vari-colored leaves—reds, browns, patches of green, a splash of gold—, hear the occasional drop of an acorn, watch the grey and brown squirrels scuttling about, sometimes witnessing an amusing fight between them over a nut, feel the swish-swish of the leaves as one's feet plow through them, and the distant smoke wreaths making the air a hazy blue. Yes, he was a strange boy, and yet not so strange, just one who found this world a beautiful place to live in.

One late fall morning, we again went to the

(Continued on Page 43)

A Great Thrill

Frances O. Hayes, '31

COME here a minute; I have a big secret for you." It was Olive, one of the "little girls" at camp, who was beckoning to me in a most mysterious manner.

When I had come near and we had gone far enough away to insure secrecy, I heard what the great thrill was to be. The five little girls and their councilor were going to sleep in the tent, up in the woods that night, and wanted me to come with them.

I gave my consent and was told not to let anyone know about it until that evening. During the afternoon, "Harry" took the blankets up to the tent, and by the time supper was over, we were ready for the final move, and decided that we would go quite soon so that we would have a little time before Taps.

Lee, the councilor, was not going to come up until later, so she sent the five little girls up with me. As soon as we were in bed, I was told calmly but firmly that I was to entertain them by reading to them from a book in which they had already heard several chapters. It was a book of great excitement for Olive, Daffy, Yummy, Elaine and Rosamond—"Honey Bunch, on the Farm." I began read-

ing in about the middle of the book, where they told me to, and it turned out that Honey Bunch was visiting her cousins in the country. She showed great interest in all the animals on the farm and in the games which the country children played.

"Oh, here's a daddy-long-legs, right over my bed". This was from Elaine.

"Well, the daddy-long-legs won't do you any harm." With these words I tried to calm her.

"But I don't like them!" and she immediately started to get out from under her blankets and get away from the poor bug. As she came across the tent floor, hopping over Daffy's bed, she saw a black beetle which excited her even more.

After removing the offending insects, and telling Elaine and the other girls that they really would do them no harm, we went back to Honey Bunch, and to hear all about her doings at Sunday School, all the interesting children she saw there, and—

"What's that noise?" Suddenly five-year-old Rosamond was out of bed, headed for me to protect her from a cricket which was in a

(Continued on Page 41)



It Might Have Been Worse

Grace Stevens, '30

ROCK-A-BYE baby on the tree top." The old familiar lullaby sung by a sweet girlish voice drifted from the nursery into the living-room of the Petersons'. Mrs. Peterson was reading, content to know that her twins, Robert and Jany, were happy and safe with Evelyn Hills.

Evelyn was the girl across the street who came in afternoons to help with the twins as they were such a burden to their young mother. The soft, quieting notes still came to Mrs.

Peterson in the living-room until slowly her head began to nod and before she knew it she was fast asleep.

Suddenly there was a crash and a frightened cry from the children. Then everything was quiet. Mrs. Peterson started up and rushed into the nursery. The sight that greeted her eyes when she threw open the door made her laugh. For there was Evelyn sitting in the rocking chair holding Jany, and Robert was

(Continued on page 39)

The Sliding Panel

Ruth Blanning, '30



T was a damp foggy night in early November, with a chill of early winter in the air. Few people had left their warm firesides for the cold out-doors unless on urgent business. The streets were deserted and over everything hung a heavy gloom.

A sinister darkness brooded over the home of Dr. Schalling, a prominent physician in a famous old New England town. A cheerful atmosphere, however, prevailed inside this beautiful old mansion. Dr. Schalling and his daughter, Eloise, were entertaining three guests for the week-end, Ted, the son of the family, his wife, Marie, and Barbara Jean, a friend of the young Schallings since the mud-pie age. Everyone was gathered around the bright fire, apparently in good humor and enjoying themselves. Plans were being discussed for the week and an argument was in session concerning the possibilities of theater party. "But Dad," Ted was saying, "it is the only—

Suddenly a shot rang out, the door of the room slammed shut, a stream of red gushed from Dr. Schalling's head, and he fell back in his chair, *dead!*

Everyone was stupefied with the horror and suddenness of this crime. A minute before the Doctor had been a living man in the prime of his years, and now his majestic white head hanging over one side of the chair was stained with blood, a ghastly sight indeed for his closest relatives and friends.

The police were immediately notified and an investigation was begun. The servants on being questioned could divulge nothing which had any bearing on the case. All clues were peculiarly missing, no stray handkerchief or paper of any kind being found, which is indeed a marvel, even in this twentieth century when premeditated murders are fewer and farther between. At length the police had to admit that they were baffled, and baffled in the deepest sense of the word!

The family, unwilling to leave any stone

unturned in avenging their beloved father's death, asked Detective Gorson, the most famous detective in the whole world, to take the case. When he arrived with his lieutenant, Hadley, everything at once seemed brighter and more hopeful than before for his brisk appearance did much to strengthen the frayed nerves of the family, who were expecting death at any moment.

After six days of continual sleuthing, Hadley and he could find nothing, absolutely nothing! "Surely," said he, "there must be some clue, and if we search long enough, we will have to find it." This being one of the most baffling cases the detective had ever seen, he decided that it must and should be solved.

Again the servants were interviewed, the gardener, a kindly old man, the butler, calm and staid, the maid and housekeeper, both rather fidgety in the presence of the great detective, and the valet, but as before, no information could be gained. However one thing was discovered the next day. The maid, calling the sleuth aside, and casting a frightened glance over her shoulder towards the lower end of the estate, where the gardener's home was situated, whispered in his ear, "The gardener, him wot lives in the house down the lane has been talking frightful' queer lately. All 'bout my poor, poor daughter. Why did he do it?" He's been slinkin' 'roun' like a lost sheep, but don't let on I've tol' you," and with another frightened glance out the window she withdrew.

"Ah! Ha!" cried the detective, "the case looks brighter than before. Let's look over the living room again. Who knows but we may discover something we overlooked previously?"

They entered the room, raised the shades which had been lowered since the murder to proceed to investigate. "Here is where the Dr. was sitting," mused Hadley, stepping a little to one side. Just then, the door slammed shut, another shot rang out, and Hadley felt

a sharp pain in his arm. This was the clue which Gorson needed to solve the case. "Now we are nearing discovery," cried he, rushing hastily for the door, knocking over books and furniture on the way.

He ran down the driveway toward the gardener's house, colliding midway with the gardener himself, a picture of mad grief and revenge, entirely different from the kindly old soul he had appeared to be. He was uttering moans of "my daughter; my poor, poor daughter! Why did he kill you?" Then suddenly a bright gleam shone in his eye, and he began to mutter in an uncanny voice, "but my dear daughter, you are avenged." Uttering a last faint moan, he fell over on the ground, exhausted with shock and grief.

On probing into the matter it was found that the gardener's daughter had died after a serious operation. The gardener's mind had become unsettled because of this, and he had blamed the physician.

At last the guilty one was found, but it still remained to find the means used in accomplishing the crime. On looking over the house, a sliding panel was found in the ceiling of the living room. This panel was also a part of the floor in the conservatory above and was almost exactly above the door in the living room. By lifting up the rug, and pushing back the slide, the murderer had a very good view of all persons seated in the room downstairs. Evidently he had aimed the gun at Dr. Schalling, and immediately following the shot had reached through the panel, slamming the door, in order to distract attention from the gap in the ceiling. Nobody in the family seemed to know anything of this sliding panel which was probably built there in the early days. Therefore the gardener must have discovered it when tending the plants in the conservatory.

Thus another great murder mystery was solved, and Detective Gorson's reputation as the greatest criminal detective in the world was still unshaken.



An Overdose of Bull

H. C., '31

SEVERAL years ago, I spent my vacation at the summer camp of a friend. The party was composed of seven people, the owner, with his wife and daughter, and four boys. We had a fine time swimming, canoeing, hiking and anything else we cared to do.

One day the owner of the camp told us that an old professor was coming to spend the rest of the summer with him and that he expected to reach camp the next day. True enough! About four o'clock the next morning, before we had risen, a vigorous pounding on the door and a voice, a very shrill voice, was emitting ear-splitting yells. On looking out of various windows, we saw, what we later learned to be the professor.

The old boy was attired in "plus-fours," gaudy socks, oxfords and a woolen shirt. On

his head was a derby hat, origin unknown. In his hand was an ancient carpet-bag, on which was strapped an umbrella. He was tall and skinny, with a long nose and watery, near-sighted eyes. The better and newer part of his raiment had as we learned, been a birthday gift from relatives of his. He was professor of botany in a New England college and was considered rather eccentric. He claimed to be affected with chill-blains, asthma, rheumatism, fits and hayfever. And so, after inspection, this hombre was duly admitted and received into the household.

After a few days when we were better acquainted, however, we found him to be a pretty good sport. One day, he asked us to go for a short walk with him while he collected some specimens for study.

(Continued on Page 30)

That Cow

Abraham Kern, '32



LIVER despised the cow—there was no doubt about it. He loathed her with a deep-seated hatred that could never be satisfied this side of the grave—he or the cow's—he had reached the point where he did not care which.

When his father wrote him in February that he had bought a five-hundred-acre peach orchard in Georgia, Oliver sank a little deeper into his chair, shifted his elevated legs a bit on the mantel, puffed deeply on his pipe, and let his Latin grammar fall to the floor, while he drew pleasing mental pictures of life on a Georgia plantation. His father had said "farm"—a Yankee slip; they were always plantations down South.

His visions of the place loomed noisily through the gray smoke of his pipe, a stately house with a cool white-pillowed veranda, and a couple of dark-haired beautiful girls, gowned in fluffy white, who dropped their "g's" and talked in soft, sweet voices; and picturesque negros bobbing in and out of the house, probably serving mint-juleps. He didn't know what a mint-julep was, but he was willing to find out.

Oliver was built like a pair of tongs. He was a perfectly normal looking person from the top of his head down to his waist, but from there down the length of his legs was astonishing. He was only seventeen, and six feet tall—mostly legs.

Crossing the campus an hour later, he caught sight of the director of athletics, and quickened his steps to overtake him. It was a great pity that he did so. The little god of chance was laughing at him at that moment. If he could have heard the chuckle, he might have saved himself great humiliation later; but the little god laughed softly, and Oliver plunged ahead.

He never missed a chance to put himself in the way of notice from the Professor. The height of Oliver's ambition was to win glory

on the athletic field. He did not insist on being a foot-ball hero. He was willing to be the idol of the track team, or anything else the Professor could pick out for him, if he ever got over this cold-blooded indifference.

So far he had never drawn a spark of attention from the great man, but had had the mortifying experience of having to introduce himself as Heywood, of Oskosh, whenever he secured a moment of the coach's attention.

This afternoon the Professor almost remembered him. "Let me see—you're from Oskosh I believe?"

Oliver flushed. He was sick of being from Oskosh, any way, and the vision of the Southern plantation flashed to his mind; he followed an irresistible impulse.

"We usually spend the winters north," he said, with elaborate carelessness, "but we always go to the old Georgia plantation in the summer-time."

Professor Grayson was immediately interested.

"You don't say!" He exclaimed, and the pinch of geniality in his tone increased tremendously. "So you are really from the South? What part of Georgia did you say?"

"Our place is near Mount Yonah," gulped Oliver.

"I've never been south myself," pursued the Professor.

"So your home is one of the old Georgia plantations?"

Oliver hesitated. The stately white-pillowed mansion, set in its spacious park, flashed into his mind again. Here was his chance to get a little friendly notice from the Most Important Man, merely by describing the ancient home of his childhood. There wasn't a bit of sense in letting a little thing like the fact that he had not yet seen the place stand in the way of his opportunity.

So the little god of chance giggled up his sleeve, while Oliver launched into a descrip-

tion of Magnolia Hall. He had no intention of bringing in Pompey, the butler, nor Aunt Charity, the cook who was almost a hundred years old; but the insatiable Professor drew him on and on, and so long as he had been driven to invent Pompey and Aunt Charity at all, why, hang it all, he might as well finish them up to the Professor's taste!

They took a long walk together, and the Professor asked questions about the Sunny South, and by grace of a well-spirited imagination that was rapidly growing feverish, the unhappy Freshman supplied the answers.

When they parted, the Professor shook hands warmly. "Heywood," he said, "I am going to tell you a secret. I am going down to Atlanta next summer to marry the finest girl in all your South, and I shall certainly look you up."

Oliver's heart gave an uncomfortable flop. He wished he had not gone so far as to name the place, and he determined fiercely that if there was a single magnolia anywhere about the grounds, it was to be rechristened Magnolia Hall as soon as he got there. He went over desperately in his mind the other details he had given the Professor, gloomily speculating on the probability of producing Pompey, who stuttered. Aunt Charity, thank goodness, was old enough to die off in the next few months.

Oliver would have slept better that night if he had known that the Professor was the most absent-minded person in the world. He had forgotten about Magnolia Hall before dinner. In a week's time he had completely forgotten about the plantation. He would have forgotten Oliver if he hadn't scribbled his name in his address-book.

The Georgia plantation was a great shock to Oliver. The shock came to him in sections. The first installment came to him at the train.

Mount Yonah is a beautiful spot. An imposing looking summer hotel opposite the station made the first glimpse from the car window very satisfactory and satisfying. Black servants moved about on the big, white columned veranda, that held fairy-like children

who were under the supervision of big, black mammies.

When he stepped onto the platform and scanned the horizon for the fine team of thoroughbreds that were to draw him home, Oliver was disappointed. An ox-team was creaking down the road with a load of cord-wood. A rickety buggy with a fagged-looking livery horse, had a drummer's sample bag strapped on behind it, and across the road a man in blue overalls was tying an ancient nag to a post. The horse was hitched to a shiny new wagon loaded with shingles. The man in overalls was Oliver's father.

"I've bought a buggy, too, Son," he explained as they clambered over the wheel: "but I needed this load of shingles, so I just drove in with the wagon."

Oliver swallowed hard. He looked dismally at the bony, plodding steed, and vague apprehension congealed into horrible conviction. He had made a terrible mistake!

During the long drive home, he learned amazing things. It appeared that peach orchards flourished not only in the palmetto-groved atmosphere of his dreams, but also in the rough, thinly-settled regions of the State. When a desire to possess baronial acres seized his father, the price of land in the highlands determined the location of the Heywood family-seat.

His father and mother were camping out in next-to-nature fashion, in a stuffy, unpainted little tenant house, with a five foot porch. Up north they would have called the place a shack. His father waged enthusiastic over the novelty and primitiveness of it all, but it merely bored Oliver. Perhaps the hardest blow of all was discovering that Pompey the butler, Aunt Charity the cook, and a half-dozen other retainers of Magnolia Hall were all boiled down into one hatchet-faced, white-woman who had never heard of a mint-julep.

After a few weeks, some pretty, dark-haired girls appeared on the scene. Barefoot and ragged, they hoed cotton in the rows between the peach trees, they dropped the "g's" and affixed an "h" superfluously.

"Hit sure is a hot day, hain't it, mister? Be you all aimin' to stay long in these 'ere parts?"

Oliver was not aiming to stay a minute longer than he could help. He was already a correspondent with his college about the summer term. He wrote that letter the day he took charge of the cow.

Mandy had an attack of rheumatism in her fingers, and had to give up milking. Mandy's husband, who worked in the orchard indignantly refused to do "w!mmin's work."

That narrowed it down to Oliver, his father, and mother. By an unlucky chance he let it out in one of his tales of college pranks that he had once milked a professor's cow at midnight.

That narrowed it down to Oliver.

Mandy and the family accompanied him to the barn to watch the milking.

To Oliver's dismay the cow would have nothing to do with him. She jerked impatiently away every time he touched her. He "so-bossed" her in every tone of voice he could muster, from a gentle, persuasive caress to a vociferous demand. He finally backed her into a corner, where she could not get away, but the cow had a trick up her sleeve, so to speak, on which he had not counted. After twenty minutes of earnest manipulation on his part, the Jersey that was due to deliver two gallons had furnished less than a pint of milk!

Mandy stood in the doorway and studied the matter with the calm of superior intelligence.

"I know what's the matter with 'er! She hain't never been used to a man about her, noways, hand hit upsets 'er powerful. Ol' man Ricker 'ad jest sich a bossy; onct, when Mis' Ricker was laid up and he had to milk 'er. But he fixed 'er! 'E put on Mis' Rickers sunbonnet an' aporn. The cow nary a knew any diff'ence between 'em, hand she was arright!"

Oliver rebelled.

By this time he had completely lost what little relish he had ever had for the undertaking, and as for donning Mandy's apron and sunbonnet, and knuckling under to cater to

the absurd whims of a silly cow—the notion was not to be entertained for a moment!

Unfortunately, however, Oliver's father thought the hand-maiden's suggestion a perfectly reasonable one.

A few minutes later, when Oliver approached the cow with Mandy's blue-checked apron fastened high around his waist, he laid his hands upon a perfectly docile animal. The milk flowed streaming into the bucket, and as far as the cow was concerned, peace was restored.

But Oliver had conceived an incurable aversion for anything pertaining to cows. Peaches and cream and fried chicken had been the one bright spot in the simple life for him so far. After he took to milking he couldn't touch cream.

Mandy's attack of rheumatism held on until Oliver began to suspect perfidy. He did everything he could think of to get out of the hated job. He upset the bucket and disgustedly watched Mandy strain out the few drops that remained. She did not even look surprised. Accidents will happen.

He tried punching the cow, and the cow put her foot into the bucket and splashed him with milk from head to foot. He kicked her, and she kicked back, and she made the more successful kick.

The cow went through all the mental and moral stages of a misunderstood animal; surprised cow, ignorant cow, exasperated cow, and finally developed into a mere vindictive cow, with a deep laid scheme for vengeance. The hatred that existed between Oliver and the cow was a terrible thing, from the viewpoint of those who believed that "thoughts are things," and that, "wicked thoughts let loose, unbridled, work positive harm in the world."

One afternoon in July, the New York train rumbled through Mount Yonah and came to an abrupt stop a few miles beyond. The conductor walked through the train explaining that there was a wrecked peach-car ahead and that it would take hours for the wrecking crew to come up and clear the single track. They would have to spend the night at Mt. Yonah.

Professor Grayson felt tremendously annoyed. He was on his way to visit his fiancé, and to be halted like this, within a few miles of Atlanta, was irritating. He stepped off the train. The name of the station stared in his face.

"Mount Yonah? Mount Yonah? I wonder why that name should be familiar?"

He ran through the leaves of a note-book!

Oliver Heywood, Mt. Yonah, Georgia. Father grows peaches. Promised to look him up on my way South. "By Jove! that's that modest, young Freshman, who blushed like a girl. I believe I will drive out there."

It was a beautiful afternoon. The view of the Blue Ridge was glorious and the Professor enjoyed the drive.

It had been a particularly hateful day for Oliver. The front porch roof was being reshingled, and the local carpenter had gathered up his tools at noon, with two rows of shingles still missing. He explained that his cotton needed hoeing. He "allowed" that, having helped neighbor Heywood out this far, he ought to be able to finish it himself, especially with a great, husky son loafing about, doing nothing.

Argument and bribery availed nothing. The mountaineer went home to his cotton; the notion had been put into his father's head and Oliver, clothed in overalls and in huge disgust, climbed the ladder and began to nail on the shingles.

He had to make frequent trips up and down. He was hot, and tired, and in a state of mind bordering upon desperation. Mandy had let the chickens loose, and they were underfoot everywhere. There was one particularly aggravating pullet that started up in a state of distracted fright, chattering and cackling, from under everything Oliver touched.

He had just come down from the roof and was patiently wiping his sunburned face, when the silly, young hen flew, screaming and fluttering, across his path again. He made a lunge at her.

Oliver did not know it, but all the disappointment and chagrin that had been accumulating

in him since he first caught sight of his father in overalls, were concentrated in that exasperated grab in the air.

He never could tell what happened next. He tripped and fell, and when he struggled to his feet again he was gazing, petrified, at the bloody head of a chicken clutched firmly in his hand, while a frantic decapitated fowl dashed madly around the corner.

It was at this moment the Professor arrived. Oliver heard the sound of wheels. He was still dazed from his fall and the horror of his unexpected role of executioner. The work on the hot roof had made him dizzy and ill; the chicken nauseated him; the Professor finished him. He sank to the ground in a dead faint. Over his body a surprised mother and a flabbergasted father introduced themselves to an astonished guest.

Now, Mandy had a practical nose that would scent company from afar, and Mandy's disposition was a bit phlegmatic. Thus it was that the simultaneous phenomena of the rattle of wheels in the front yard, and the bloody appearance of a headless chicken staggering drunkenly past the kitchen door caused no ripple of surprise to her. She sized up the situation with a quick-wittedness that forever gave the lie to any suspicion of dullness that one might have against her.

She seized the dying fowl by the legs, plunged it into the boiling water that was in the big iron kettle, and sat down to pluck the pullet. Thus it was that the Professor's supper was on its way to being cooked before he had fairly alighted to the ground.

The role of semi-invalid helped Oliver get through the evening. The Professor had charming manners, and treated Oliver with the air of a long-known acquaintance. Oliver at bed time wondered how much of the description of Magnolia Hall the Professor remembered.

It rained that night and the morning dawned wet and muddy. Oliver rose early and donned his hated milking *toilette*, and sat just inside the doorway of the barn, milking. There

(Continued on page 51)

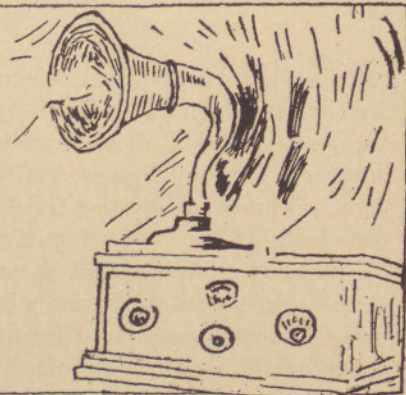
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

E²⁹



"Better do it than wish it done"

ASSEMBLY

As it has been the custom in the past few years, the first assembly of the school year was turned over to the *Oracle* Board. After the chapel exercises, Mr. Taylor introduced the board and its Editor, the first speaker, Chandler Redman. Chandler's talk, proved to be very interesting. Following him, came Ruth Blanning, Literary Editor Evelyn Welch, Girls' Athletics; Natalie Anderson, Locals Editor; Raymond Prince, Personals Department; and Gridley Tarbell, Business Manager; all gave very pleasing and interesting talks on their departments. Harry Boyd, in charge of Boys' Athletics and Charlotte Cahners, of the Personals Department were unable to be present, but the pupils were assured that both would write something of interest in the copies of *The Oracle*. Concluding, Mr. Taylor said that a group of students that in two years could pay up a debt of over \$1,000, and come out with a balance of \$300, that could produce such an excellent paper at such a reasonable figure, not only needed, but deserved the support of all. The assembly was a great success and it was agreed that the *Oracle* board is made up of a fine lot of Seniors, who are trying to make the *Oracle* the best of school papers.

CLASS ELECTIONS

In the last few weeks the classes have been busy electing officers. The Seniors, as usual, held their election first and although they

have elected officers for three years, they have not yet gotten over the thrill of it. The Seniors feel that the following body of officers are a fine lot: President, Henry Gulnac who will carry out the business of the class very efficiently (if size has anything to do with it.) Vice President, Ruth Blanning who by her skill and pleasant ways has held this office for three years. Secretary, Mildred Haney, who by being an officer for three years has proven that good things come in small packages and Treasurer, none other than Bernard Striar of football-fame who will take very good care of the money (if there is any). But the Juniors are not far behind as their officers are a fine lot, too: President, Henry Flynn who will make the class of '31 very proud of him as he is very cheerful and bright. Vice-President, Carroll Blanning who has held this office successfully for two years as has Louise Rosie, the Secretary. Treasurer, George Carlisle, who will bank the much-needed funds. On the whole, B. H. S. should be proud of the class officers, don't you think? There aren't many high schools that can boast of so fine students.

DEBATING

The second week of school, Miss Robinson announced to the two Senior English classes that there was to be a debate the following Thursday. A horrified expression was seen on the faces of those who had never debated before, but it did no good as three subjects

were already on the board for each class to take its choice of one.

The last period class, namely the A division, with Dorothy Romero and Woodrow Miller as leaders chose the following question: Resolved: That capital punishment should be restored in Maine. Woodrow Miller, Fern Allen, and Raymond Prince, with Ruth Blanning as coach, made up the affirmative, while Dorothy Romero, Charlotte Cahners, and Eugene Brown, with Natalie Anderson as coach, upheld the negative. James Mullen was chairman, while Wendall Smart and Richmond Smith were time-keepers. The debate was very interesting and showed excellent research work by both teams. Miss Conner, the judge, finally gave her decision in favor of the negative with Eugene Brown the best speaker.

The other class, with Evelyn Welch and Allana Landers as leaders, debated on this question: Resolved: That the class of 1930 go to Washington instead of holding the usual graduation exercises. The affirmative consisted of Allana Landers, Thelma Hawes, and Michael Crowley, while the negative was made up of Evelyn Welch, Chandler Redman, and Wilfred Finnegan. Frederick Robbins acted as chairman, while Al Goodin and Norman Walsh acted as time-keepers. Mr. Barker, the judge, gave his decision in favor of the negative, with Chandler Redman the best speaker.

The negative seems to be the lucky side, but you never can tell.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRYOUTS

The week after school opened, a list of the pupils eligible to try out for Junior Exhibition was posted on the bulletin board. As there was such a crowd of Juniors near the board, seeing who could really try-out, no one else was able to get near it for the next two days. Then a few days later, Group I was posted and the students under that group were told to find a piece and report to Miss Rideout. The public library certainly did a rushing

business, as nearly all the Juniors found pieces there.

To be eligible to try out, one must have an average of 85 or above in Sophomore English. After the groups have tried out, there will be the semi-semi finals, the semi-finals and then the finals held in March. The try-outs are being held earlier this year so as to avoid being pressed for time when the finals are to be held. Good luck, Juniors!

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society held its first meeting of year, September 30, in Room 307. The president, Norman Cahners, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. Myer Epstein, a prominent Bangor attorney, who gave an instructive half hour talk on the jury system. After this, the members asked different questions concerning the jury system which Mr. Epstein clearly and concisely explained.

The jury system, being the question for both the Maine and Bates Scholastic Leagues, was discussed and the school intends to put teams into both of these Leagues as it has done in the past. Forty members attended this meeting, one of the largest enrollments that the society has ever boasted of. With several experienced debaters back and with Mr. Bryant as coach, the prospects look exceedingly rosy for a bright future.

LATIN CLUB

The first meeting of the Latin Club was held Oct. 3, in the famous Latin Room, 102. Each member signed his name in the scroll, thus becoming full-pledged Latin Club members. The dates of the meetings thus far are: Oct. 18, Nov. 7, Nov. 28 and Dec. 19, which is the Saturnalia. A committee is in charge of each meeting, thus assuring entertainment and fun for all. The Sophomores attaining a rank of 85 or above in Latin for the first quarter will be admitted to the club at the Saturnalia. Study hard, Sophomores, or you'll miss a lot of fun.

MUSIC

BAND

At the opening of school this year we find that the Band has a very heavy responsibility on its shoulders. It must sustain the remarkable reputation left by the famous bands of 1928 and 1929, which, as we all remember, won the championship contests of New England both years. The competition each year is keener, for since the founding of the New England Music Festival Association in 1924 many schools have organized fine bands under expert leadership, and have entered with the others into the various classes; so this year's competition will be far greater than ever before. Portland has joined the rest in developing a fine band and expects to enter it this coming spring in the Class A Bands of the Maine State Band Contest. Nevertheless, B. H. S. is out to keep its coveted cup, and nothing will stop it.

Mr. Robinson is still with us this year, and has organized the band so that it is now in full swing. The outlook so far is bright for the B. H. S. Band, as it has forty-five veterans left, having lost only eleven by graduation. The new members, now the Junior Band, consist of about twenty, which makes a grand total of approximately sixty-five members, breaking all the previous membership records.

On September 17th, the first band rehearsal of the season was held in the Assembly Hall at seven o'clock for the old members. Among the pieces played were: Signal Fires, Boston Cadet March, The Calif of Bagdad, and General Pershing's March.

The Band officers for 1929-30 are:

Student Leader, Edward Morgan, '30.

Asst. Student Leader, Richard Palmer, '30.

President, Gridley Tarbell, '30.

Vice-President, Gorham Levenseller, '31.

Secretary, Lawson Evans, '30.

Treasurer, Raymond Prince, '30.

Librarian, Oscar Fellows, '30.

As usual, every year the band has its school duties such as playing at Assemblies and at

the football games. The latter is always carried out under extreme difficulties as a few of the expert band members are on the football team. The first appearance of the Band this year was on October fourth in the Assembly Hall before the Annual Penobscot County Teacher's convention. It is also expected, this year, as in previous years to send the band to Portland with the football team. Last year, the band made an excellent appearance in the "Forest City" when it marched through the streets. This year it hopes to do still better.

LATEST ! ! !

(special to the "Oracle")

Ex-President Carl Baumann, and Charles Jacques (the old reliable) return to B. H. S. to take up a P. G. course—What a break for the band!

Frank Blaisdell, '29, (trusty drum carrier for B. H. S. at the N. E. Contest for the two years) also returns to take up a P. G. course!

Watch for a complete personnel of the 1930 Band in next month's issue of the "Oracle."

Laughs and Lies from the B. H. S. Band

At the final band rehearsal last spring the new officers were elected. Everyone wanted to be Librarian, but Oscar Fellows finally won out after a 3-hour speech, convincing the Band that he was the man for the job.—?

The "Chant from the Great Plains" was voted by the members of the Band as the most popular piece they have ever played. Many have requested that it be played again this year.

Paul Sawyer has put on Nelson Ordway's shoes, and they just fit? (Ask him.)

A great mystery was solved last week when after people began complaining about someone's snoring very loudly every night. The police finally found that Leonard Ford, Jr., was practicing his bass horn.

B. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Prospects look bright to a good season for our orchestra. It got under way September

18th, with an exceptionally good start. Mr. Sprague has hopes that the orchestra this year will enter the State Contest, although at present it lacks instrumentation.

Mr. Sprague gave a speech in Assembly, Monday morning, September 16, saying that the school owned two fine string basses which were available to anyone interested in such to play in the Orchestra. Free instruction would be given, if anyone so desires, as it is fairly easy to learn. The string bass is very essential to an orchestra, and would improve our organization wonderfully. The only disadvantage concerning it is the fact that it is large and heavy to carry, therefore a boy would be preferred to take up the instrument. If not, there are plenty of girls willing to do so, and they sure know how to get the boys to carry it for them.

The orchestra has played "The Calif of Bagdad," and will continue with similar pieces. Waldon Hastings, a new member of the orchestra, plays the Tenor Banjo.

This year there will be no steady concertmaster as has been the custom in the past, but all the members of the first violin section will be given the opportunity to lead the orchestra at the various occasions. This system practically impels the individual not to depend on any one else for the routine of any piece.

JUNIOR BAND

This year Mr. Robinson will continue with his original experiment in building a solid foundation for the B. H. S. Band. Last fall the Senior Band suffered severe losses by the graduating class. But this was remedied right after the Christmas Holidays when the Junior Band combined with the upperclassmen into one big organization. This proved to be of great value to the band as a whole, for while the veterans were carrying on the concert work at Assemblies, and playing at the basketball games, the new members were carefully instructed in the elementary work. These new members, together with the aid of a few veterans, comprise the Junior Band. Their work

(Continued on Page 43)

MILITARY

We are now ready to start another year of achievement in R. O. T. C. Our equipment is excellent and under the capable hand of our new instructor, Major Baldingor, we are sure to live up to the traditions of the regiment and add to the already long list of former honors.

Our instructor, Major Baldingor, is new to this section of the country but, judging from early indications, he will win a place of esteem in the hearts of all the members of the regiment. Major Baldingor comes to us from Marion, Ohio. He has been in the service for a good many years and will have this as a background to base his instruction upon.

We are also very fortunate in having Sergeant Clark back with us this year. It is unnecessary to say much about Sergeant. He is so well known that one would only repeat the obvious by making many statements concerning his ability but for those who are new to drill we will just say that he was almost wholly responsible for the success of the rifle team and the appearance of the regiment. He himself is an expert in all things pertaining to drill as is shown by his bevy of medals.

With two such capable men as the Major and the Sergeant to teach us, we surely ought to have an unusually successful year. Another thing which leads to this prediction is that there are so many officers of last year's corps who are still taking drill and who no doubt will contribute greatly toward the immediate training of the various companies.

The uniforms were issued to the boys, who were ordered to appear in them Monday, September 30th. It sure looks good to see the old uniforms parading through the corridors again and although many old faces are missing from the ranks of the regiment, the group of boys all in all look, if possible, brighter and more intelligent than their predecessors.

Some of the companies have already mastered the intricacies of right face, right dress, forward march, squads right and left and many

(Continued on Page 43)

BOYS'

ATHLETICS



"Victory is always glorious whether it be due to chance or skill"

Football practice got under way to a very optimistic start, September 4, with a squad of 60 men among whom were three letter men.

John T. Quinn, Bangor lawyer and newly appointed full-time director of athletics, is in charge of the team. He has an able assistant, Eddie Trowell. Coach Quinn brings with him a wide knowledge of football, having played at Bangor High four years and at the University of Maine four years. On top of this he has been coaching the line at Maine for the last few years. His ability as a coach is witnessed by the very strong lines he has turned out at the state university, in fact he has left developed at Maine, probably the strongest line in the state. With Quinn as coach of Bangor High, we have a man who will get everything possible out of his men.

In addition to having a very competent new coach, the school under the direction of Phil Somerville has expended a large sum of money to have one of the best equipped teams in the state, barring none. Each man on the varsity has been issued two full uniforms, one for the day games which includes the regulation pants, with the red jerseys and red helmets. For the night games white jerseys, pants and helmets have been provided so that the players may be watched more easily.

Never has a Bangor High football squad got down to work as quickly as they did this year. At first the practice consisted of elementary drills and light offensive work but soon this was stiffened up and work was begun at the dummy and the line machine. Two workouts each day and a skull session each night quickly rounded the men into shape.

The workouts have been long and hard, many times, the flood lights of the new athletic field have been needed to see the pigskin before time is called.

The squad is big and heavy, having been cut to 40 men and the line from end to end is one of the heaviest that Bangor has had for some years and before the season closes, opposing teams should face a stone wall formation.

When the season officially opened, Bangor had a very strong pre-season team with both backs and line functioning well.

BANGOR, 0; BREWER, 0.

Two strong well-coached elevens met on the new Brewer athletic field and fought each other to a stand-still. The teams were exceptionally well matched, both having a heavy line and a fast and light back field. From the start it looked like an even battle and it turned out to be a see-saw affair, mostly in the middle of the field. At no time did either team threaten to score. Both teams kicked often, not daring to take a chance on losing the ball on downs. The teams seemed to use the same tactics, making their best games on off-tackle smashes and long end-runs. Bangor had the best of Brewer on ground plays, making one hundred fifty-two yards to seventy-one for Brewer. This was reversed, however, as the orange-and black made sixty-one yards through passes while Bangor was making four yards.

There were very few breaks and few fumbles for a first game and when they did come the misplay was usually recovered by the team that had the ball, showing that both teams were

playing a heads-up game. Brewer had a slight advantage over Bangor in punting but Bernie Striar made up for this by bringing back the ball for several long gains.

Both coaches used their starting line-ups during the game with little alteration, except for two replacements of injured men.

The field was surrounded by football fans and the interest seemed to run high, especially for an opening game. Both cheering sections were busy, each encouraging their school to victory.

Bangor worked as a machine with few outstanding stars; however, Flanagan and Goodin did the bulk of the ball carrying.

For an early season game, the brand of football was excellent and when these two teams meet again on November 11th, a big battle is expected.

Bangor		Brewer	
Finnegan, re	le, Ouelette	
Hughes, rt.	lt, Holyoke	
York, rg	lg, Beather	
Burr, c	c, M. Graves	
Campbell, lg	rg, Winchell	
Gulnac, lt	rt, Ford	
McDougall, le	re, Inman	
B. Striar, qb	qb, Haggerty	
Flannagan, rh	lh, F. Graves	
Goodin, lh	rh, Blanchard	
Richardson, fb	fb, Harmon	

BANGOR, 0; WESTBROOK, 0

Approximately 5,000 people saw Bangor and Westbrook play a nothing-to-nothing game on Bangor's new athletic field on Friday night, the 27th of September.

This was the first night game of the season and proved very satisfactory. The game was mostly a forward-passing battle with both teams using the "sky attack" for gains.

The teams were a little ragged at times, but under the handicap of night playing they did exceptionally well and from the standpoint of the spectators it was a successful game, as both Bangor and Westbrook played hard every minute.

Westbrook kicked off to Bangor who received the ball on the forty-yard line and ran it back four yards. Two plays, one of four yards and one of five yards, gave the Crimson a first down. They tried a pass for no gain, then Bernie Striar took the ball for eleven yards and another first down. After a few plays the Westbrook boys punted, but soon recovered the ball and opened up their "sky-attack" but this didn't effect the Crimson much the first quarter.

In the second period, the Westbrook team tried a series of long passes which brought them up to Bangor's eight-yard line but here "Pete" Furrow was put in for Richardson, who had been playing a hard game. Bangor took the ball on downs and the period ended with the ball on the thirty-yard line.

The last half of the game was hard fought, each team doing its best to score with the opposing team determined that it shouldn't. Westbrook threatened to score several times but was always held back by the Bangor team which fought hard.

The game ended on the thirteen-yard line with the ball in possession of the visiting team. Between the contest many gathered around the bonfire and enjoyed the fireworks and all pronounced it a big success.

Bangor		Westbrook	
Finnegan, re	re, Tracy	
Crowley, re		
Hewes, rt.	rt, Collins	
York, rg	rg, Laffin	
Burr, c	c, Jensen	
Campbell, lg	lg, Sinclair	
Gulnac, lt	lt, Foye	
McDougall, le	le, Jameson	
Striar, qb	qb, Doucette	
McKenney, qb		
Flanagan, rhb	rhb, Estes	
McDonald, rhb		
Goodin, lhb	lhb, Lord	
Richardson, fb	fb, Hawkes	
Furrow, fb		

Referee, Newman; umpire, McKechnie; head linesman, Tom McCann.

BANGOR, 13; MILLINOCKET, 0

Coach John Quinn's white ghosts scored a 13 to 0 game with Millinocket in the second night game of the season. There was a small crowd of about 1500 present but this was accounted for to some extent by the cold night. It was a hard fought contest from the beginning with both teams trying hard to win.

Bangor kicked off to Millinocket, who brought the ball back five yards and then fumbled. Bangor tried two plays through the line and two off tackle but failed to make the distance and surrendered the ball to Millinocket who punted. The Crimson lost five yards on a penalty but Shean and Goodin took the ball to their opponents three yard line. Bangor drove three plays at the center of the line but the quarter ended with no gain.

In the next quarter "Pete" Furrow carried the ball through the line for a touchdown and also sent the pigskin over the goal posts by means of a drop kick. Millinocket chose to kick and sent the ball over the goal line. It was put in play on the twenny yard line. Furrow made a poor kick for only ten yards but Millinocket fumbled and it was recovered. Crowley then punted to the opponents forty-two yard line. Millinocket tried several line plays and a pass but the pass was illegal and they were penalized five yards. Bangor took the ball on downs and then fumbled on their thirty-five yard line. Millinocket made a long pass but again it was illegal and they were penalized 5 yards. Millinocket then kicked to the Crimson who fumbled but recovered again. Bangor tried two plays then punted to the visitors thirty-five yard line. Next Millinocket made an uncompleted pass and then punted. Harold Baker received a severe kick in the head though he finished the quarter.

On the second half Day took Burr's place at center and "Reggie" MacDonald was at right half for Baker. Both teams played harder then ever now and with MacDonald and Goodin doing most of the ball carrying the period ended with the ball on Bangor's forty yard line in possession of the visitors. Bangor's sec-

ond score came near the end of the last quarter after Mike Crowley received a long pass and Al Goodin had run around left end for a good gain. "Pete" Furrow took the ball through center for a touchdown. Mike Crowley's punting was a big feature of the game with Goodin, Furrow, Shean and MacDonald doing most of the ball carrying.

Bangor	Millinocket
Crowley, re.	re, Crocker
Hewes, rt.	rt, Harriman
York, rg.	rg, Wheaton
Burr, c.	c, Simon
Day, c.	
Campbell, lg	lg, Baker
Gulnac, lt	lt, Crockett
McDougall, le	le, Walls
	le, McQuarrill
Shean, qb	qb, Goodwin
Baker, rhb.	rhb, Carrigan
MacDonald, rhb.	
Goodin, lhb.	l. hb. Richards
	lhb, Burnett
Fur ow, fb	fb, McLean

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 13

On the 12th of October for the 71st time Bangor met its greatest rival, Portland.

It was an uphill battle for Bangor, as Portland's line was heavier and the biggest part of Portland's team is composed of better men, though this did not prevent Bangor from fighting a hard battle which would have ended in a nothing to nothing score, had it not been for the lucky breaks during the last four minutes in favor of Portland.

At the beginning there were many fumbles on both sides but as the game advanced there were not as many and they settled down to show what they really could do.

The fans who watched this game were pleased with the grade of football as both Bangor and Portland played a very clean, fair game and if the home team does lose under these conditions it isn't so bad. Every man on Bangor's team played hard, but especially Baker,

(Continued on Page 45)

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Department of Athletics, Bangor High School

FOR THE

Baseball and Track Season, Ending June 12, 1929



	GAIN	LOSS	
Balance previous audit.....			\$922.05
Income:—			
Patrons' tickets	\$145.00		
Students' tickets	61.00		
Interest	1.67		
Expense:—			
Baseball and Track Equipment		\$311.32	
Miscellaneous		283.49	
Expended on grading new field		95.75	
SCHEDULE:—			
East Millinocket and Millinocket at Millinocket		79.25	
Bangor and Brewer at Brewer	5.47		
Bangor & Higgins at Bangor		28.20	
Bangor & Alumni at Bangor		9.10	
Bangor & East Millinocket at Bangor		37.25	
Bangor & Millinocket at Bangor		45.95	
Bangor & Higgins at Charleston	5.00		
Bangor & Brewer at Bangor		2.55	
Bangor & John Bapst at Bangor	1.88		
Track			
Penobscot Co. Track Meet		11.20	
U. of M. Track Meet		2.00	
	\$220.02	906.06	
		220.02	
Loss for season		\$686.04	\$686.04
Balance at end of season			\$236.01
Represented by:			
Savings Account		\$168.93	
Checking Account		67.08	\$236.01

Bangor, Maine, June 18, 1929.

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

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) LIONEL L. COOK,

Auditor.



“There is a woman at the beginning of all great things”

Well, here we are again, or that is, those of us who survived the quarterly tests and rank cards. After a short summer vacation, the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors returned to dear old B. H. S. to find themselves one step higher in life. The school itself hasn't changed a bit, and we all know by this time that we've got to study just as hard or perhaps harder than ever before, because the teachers are fresh from vacation and are certainly more than ready to give nice, long tests. But wait until the quarterly tests! Most of the Seniors will get gray hair from worrying, and it will be “just too bad” for some of these beautiful, high and mighty Seniors to lose their good looks.

To add to our miseries the school year is lengthened by two weeks, oh dear! one hard thing right after the other! But cheer up, maybe better days will come yet.

The girls Athletic department suffered a great loss when Coach Hilda Richardson gave her resignation this summer. Mrs. Richardson is going to give up teaching and devote herself to home duties from now on. The girls will not forget her leadership and splendid skill in all branches of athletics.

In Mrs. Richardson's place comes to us another efficient coach, Miss Mary Abernethy, a graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Education in 1924. She came to us from Bar Harbor where she has been teaching for the previous year but as Bar Harbor is not to have a director for the girls anymore, Miss Abernethy was free to make a change. We welcome her to Bangor.

Coach Abernethy gave her first call for candidates for school hockey September 17. About forty girls, some experienced and others untrained were at Broadway Park ready for action. Among the candidates were six veterans: Natalie MacLeod, Arline Stevenson, Evelyn Welch, Fern Allen, Lydia Jones and Pearl Hutchings.

Besides those letter girls, there were a good many who had very good experience playing on the second team and practicing with the school team last year.

Those who are out for school hockey are: Centers—Frances Crane, Christine Reynolds; Center half backs — Barbara Stover, Geniveve Robinson, Dorrice Trickey, Dorothy Grant, Louise Rosie, Helen Gallupe, Dorothy Cunningham; Right and Left Insides—Helen Novak, Geniveve Meade, Natalie Mersereau, Emily Lyon, Frances Greene, Louise Rice, Betty Brown, Natalie Sanders; Right and Left Wings—Mildred Haney, Fern Allen, Frances Crowder, Winifred Brown, Constance Street, Mildred Bradford, Leona West, Elizabeth Wiggan, June Murry; Right and Left Half-backs—Frances Hayes, Byrle Warner, Mildred Russell, Natalie MacLeod, Alexina Michaud, Greta Westin, Donna Croxford, Rena Allen, Jacqueline Johnston; Right and Left Full-backs—Katherine Myers, Arline Stevenson, Evelyn Welch, Mildred Sawyer, Lydia Jones; Goal—Pearl Hutchings, Ruth Grant.

Miss Abernethy has one big advantage, as well as a disadvantage to contend with. All the back line of last year's team, with the ex-

ception of one are with her this season; that is the advantage. But the whole forward line, with the exception of one, are green; that is a disadvantage as the forward line does all the rushing of goals and plays a hard defensive game therefore one can easily see that a strong line is needed.

Nevertheless with hard practice and good coaching, Miss Abernethy will have a forward line as strong as if they had been practicing for several years.

The team managed by Frances Crane will have a very good schedule.

The following schedule is subject to change.

Bangor vs. Maine, at Bangor, Oct. 22.

Bangor vs. Castine, at Bangor, Oct. 29.

Bangor vs. M. C. I., at Bangor, Nov. 2.

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S., at Bangor,

Bangor vs. Maine, at Maine, Nov. 9.

Bangor vs. Castine, at Castine, Nov. 16.

Bangor vs. M. C. I., at Pittsfield, Nov. 23.

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S., at Bucksport,

It will be noticed that every team which the Bangor High School gives play is either a College, Institute or Normal school team. It has always been so, because the girls' teams have been ranked so high that they have been able to play such teams and almost always have been victorious.

Now that you have the data and schedule of the girls' hockey team, why not give the girls your support? The games are held at Broadway Park and NO ADMISSION is charged. All they ask is a little cheering which helps the team to bring victory to your school. With Evelyn Welch as captain, the team will go through with flying colors and come out victorious. Watch them and see!

INTERCLASS

Besides the school team; each class has an individual team which plays six interclass games, two with each class.

The Freshmen were called out for practice the other day and nearly seventy Freshmen girls were up at Broadway ready to learn this great game of hockey.

The Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors made a good showing for interclass work too but not as many came out as the did in the Freshmen class. These Freshman girls will have training for three years in their gym classes and at special practices, then when they get to be Seniors, they will have been developed some wonderful school material.

LATEST

At a recent interview with Coach Abernethy, it was learned that the following girls are to be retained on the squad.

1st Team

C.—F. Crane.....	L. Rosie
R. I.—H. Novak.....	G. Meade
L. I.—N. Sanders.....	E. Lyon
R. W.—M. Haney, M. Bradford and L. West	
L. W.—F. Allen.....	W. Brown
C. H.—B. Stover.....	H. Gallupe
R. H.—N. MacLeod....	D. Trickey and G. Robinson
L. H.—M. Russell.....	R. Allen
A. F.—A. Stevenson.....	L. Jones
L. F.—E. Welch.....	B. Warner
G.—P. Hutchings.....	A. Michaud

The girls on the 1st team will be in the regular line-up and the 2nd team will be for practice work and substitution during the season.

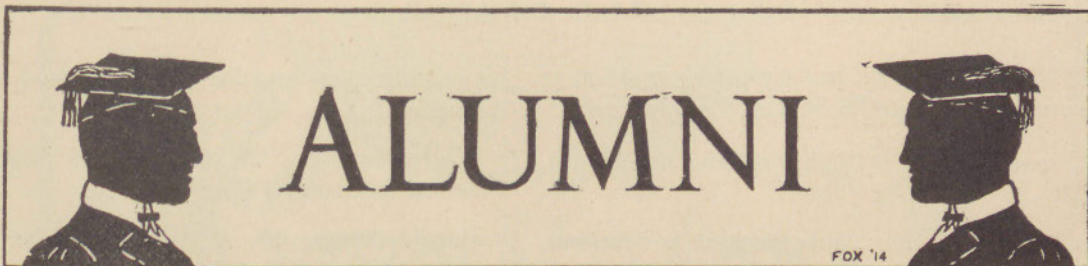
GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

Many students and even a few teachers do not know what the Girl's Athletic Honor Council is.

The Council was started when Mr. William Leach was physical director of this school. With the help of a committee of teachers he formed and set the standards of the Council and it has kept those standards ever since.

The purpose of the Council is to develop a better type of Athletics in Bangor High School and to develop a better type of girl to represent Bangor High School in Athletics. From the very beginning the very best of girls have been chosen for this Council. There are five qualifications which every girl must possess

(Continued on Page 49)



“ To grow old in learning something new every day ”

“Pat” Byrnes, '29, is attending Rosemont College.

Bob Russ, '29, is entering the Clark School in Hanover, New Hampshire, which is a preparatory school for Dartmouth College.

Clarice Penney, '29, is attending Emerson's Oratorical School.

Friends of John McDonald, graduate of the class of '29, will be glad to hear that he is starting the year right at Kents Hill by making the football team.

Josephine Thompson, '29, is at Dana Hall, where she will prepare to enter Wellsley College.

Allison Hill, '25, is a student at McGill University, Quebec.

Stewart Mead, '28, has entered Bowdoin College.

David Colpitts, '29, is attending the Buckport Seminary.

Bangor High is represented at Hebron Academy this year by “Bunt” Lynch and “Rod” Mullaney, both of the class of '29.

Members of the class of '29, who entered the University of Maine this year are: Polly Brown, Arthur Brown, Emil Davis, Merrita Dunn, Hyman Emple, Roland Gibbs, Harry Hasey, '28, Emmons Kingsbury, Bertha Landon, Robert Lorrimer, '28, James McClure, Raymond Newell, Bill Pond, Frederick Romero, Pauline Segal, Ramond Spencer, Kenneth Sullivan, Emily Thompson, Eleanor West, Earl Webber, Phyllis Webber, and Janet Young.

Nelson Ordway, '29, who travelled in Europe this summer, passed all his college board examinations and is therefore admitted to Yale. He will, however, defer entrance until September, 1930, spending the coming winter in travel and study.

Richard Munce, '26, and a graduate of the U. of M. in '29, is now teaching Physics in the John Baptist High School.

Una Peavey, '28, and graduate of the Mary Burnham School in North Hampton in '29, has passed all the examinations and is entering Smith College.

Howard Day, '29, has accepted a position in his father's office, selling Columbian Life Insurance.

Philip Christmas, ex-'30, is attending M. C. I.

Elizabeth Spangler, '28, after graduating from a preparatory school has entered Wheaton College.

Carl Briggs, '29, has entered the Mt. Vernon Preparatory School for Boys in Massachusetts.

The many friends of Thomas Hersey and of Alpheus Lyon, both in the class of '29, will be glad to know that they have entered the Tabor Academy in Marion, Mass.

Kathryn McGown, '29, has entered the Gorham Normal School.

Edith Whittemore, '29, has enrolled at Wild Cliff, Swarthmore, Penn.

Marie Wilson, '29, is at the Nasson School in Springvale.

Laurie Hunt, '29, has accepted a position as manager of a hotel in Skytop, Pennsylvania.

Jean Blaisdell, '27, is teaching at Milford, Me.

Sarah Blaisdell, '25, is teaching at Madison, Me.

Marion Blaisdell, '25, has taken a position as teacher at Marblehead, Mass.

Robert Crowell, graduated in the class of '25, and after attending U. of M. for two years, has entered the M. I. T. in Cambridge, Mass., where he will finish his course.

Ruth Epstein, '29, will enter the Institution of Musical Art in New York.

Harold Schiro, '25, and graduate of Bowdoin College, '29, has entered the John Hopkins Medical School in Maryland.

Eleanor Hatton, ex-'30, has enrolled at the Westbrook Seminary.

Michael Luosey, '29, has successfully passed

his examinations and has been admitted into Annapolis.

Walter Ludden, '29, has entered Higgins Classical Institute at Charleston, Me.

Harold Annas, '28, after studying for the past year with C. Winfield Richmond, has now entered the Eastman School of Music in N. Y.

Marriages

Edrie Crockett, '29, to Harold Coombs.

Charlotte Crosby, '21, and Leslie Bowler, B. H. S., in '20 and of the University of Pennsylvania, in '25.

Ruth Lloyd Jones, '26, was married to George Bryant this summer. She is attending the Saelton Pianoforte School in Boston, while her husband attends the M. I. T. in Boston.

Anna Fairbanks, '25, to Rufus C. Maddox, October 12.

Mary McAvey, '25, to Paul Miller, '28.

IN MEMORIAM

Harvey D. Miller, 1893-1929, B. H. S. After graduation from Bowdoin College, Mr. Miller taught first in Kents Hill and then for a period of years in the Bangor High School where he was always an efficient, popular and enthusiastic teacher. Later he was an instructor in the University of Maine where he received his Master's degree. Following that he was on the faculty of Bethany College, Virginia, and later that of Kalamazoo College, Michigan. His memory is cherished with affection by all who knew him.

Morris H. Linnell, '24, graduated from the University of Maine and was very prominent as a musician in the bands, both in B. H. S. and in college.



"It is easier to pull down than to build"

As Others See Us

The "*Brocktonia*," Brockton, Mass.—It is rather difficult to designate any particular outstanding articles in your fine paper. We do, however, take much pleasure in reading the various epigrams at the beginning of each department. Come again!

The "*Quoddy Light*," Lubec, Maine. — The "*Oracle*," comes to us from Bangor High. It, also, has an attractive cover as well as some very good cuts.

As We See Others

The *Gleaner*, Pawtucket, Rhode Island—This is a clever little paper of "quality not quantity," but we think you could improve its appearance by adding a few cuts. Try it and see.

From Wilmington, Delaware, we receive one of the best magazines on our list of exchanges, "*The Whip*." Your departments are very well developed, and in reading your sports, we find a good many "zeros" listed under the names of your opposing teams.

The "*Brocktonia*," Brockton, Mass.—Another fine magazine. which, when we had finished with it, was certainly "black and white and read all over." Your cover and cuts are well drawn. May we take the privilege of reprinting a few of your jokes?

A man purchased some red flannel shirts

guaranteed not to shrink. He reminded the sales-man forcibly of the guarantee some weeks later.

"Have you had any difficulty with them?" the letter asked.

"No," replied the customer, "only the other morning when I was dressing my wife said to me, 'John, when did you buy that coral necklace?'"

Stout Lady (to small boy): "Can I get through this gate to the park?"

Boy: "I guess so, a load of hay just went through."

Brown: "How's the boy doing at college?"

Jones: "Fine. He's a half-back this year."

Brown: "Oh, I mean in his studies."

Jones: "Oh, he's way back."

"Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?" asked the police of a motorist who came near having a collision on the street with another car.

"I always do," the man replied, "when I find out which half of the road she wants."

Many thanks Brocktonia.

The *Boston University News*, Boston, Mass.—The word "news" certainly describes this paper well! After just glancing through it, one feels like a "know-it-all."

The "*Orange and Black*," Hanover, Pa.—A newsy and well arranged little paper but we fail to find your exchange column.

The "*Megunticook*," Camden, Maine.—
Wouldn't it be much easier to find your well
developed departments, if you had a table of
contents? Your Alumni department shows
much work in listing the graduates back to
1918. Does Miss Louisa Miller, '31, mind if
we reprint her clever and true poem?

Those Exams

When I think of those exams,
It seems as if I'd die,
For I'm sure to answer just what ain't,
When asked for the reason why.
Bookkeeping, let me see, comes first,
Now I've got that all down pat,
Debit is something you already have,
And credit, now what is that?
English, that comes next, I guess,
And my head is all confused,
With verbs and adverbs, nouns and such,
And the different ways they're used.
Now I'm sure I know that Algebra
From A to X-Y-Z,
But when it comes to that exam,
I fear 'twill finish me.

Next comes Geography, and gee,
I don't know what I'll do,
I don't know where the wheat belt is—
In Maine or Kalmazoo.

Thank goodness, at last they're over!
But I shan't have a minute's rest,
Until I know if I've flunked or not,
But there—I did my best!

The "*Whisp*," Westbury, Long Island. — A
peppy little paper, well arranged and very in-
teresting, but we think you could improve it
by a few pictures and jokes.

The "*Quoddy Light*," Lubec, Maine.—It
would improve your magazine to have some
cover design, and, judging by your cuts, you
have some artists who could do this.

We enjoy your large literary department
very much. Keep it up!

The "*Commercial News*," is an excellent
paper which comes to us from New Haven,
Conn. It's like any "back-fence neighbor" in
not missing a bit of news. We hope you will
keep on coming to us.



LITERARY

AN OVERDOSE OF BULL

(Continued from page 12)

The professor walked ahead while we, the
common herd, followed respectfully behind.
Baldy, as we now called Herr Professor, wore
a bright red jacket and carried a magnifying
glass. He seemed always to find the biggest
thicket to walk through, the largest number
of deadfalls to climb over, the biggest holes to
fall into and to attract the biggest swarms of
mosquitoes. Before very long we were so
tired out that we wanted to return, only to
find that we didn't know the way. This little
thing didn't seem to bother Baldy, who strode
on peering at plants and bushes, meanwhile
reeling off long botanical names and discour-

sing long and vividly upon the history, nature
and what not of each one.

We came to a cleared open space about a
quarter of a mile in diameter. A tote-road
ran off one side of this clearing which we recog-
nized as one which led down to the shore where
the cottage was.

At this moment there came a rustling of the
trees near us, and all of a sudden out walked
a large bull, which we recognized as an ill-
tempered brute belonging to a farm some miles
distant. Of course the first thing the bull saw
was Baldy's scarlet jacket, and with a bellow
of rage he started for us. Forgotten were our
aches and pains, forgotten the professor's chil-

(Continued on page 39)

PERSONALS



*"My way of joking is to tell the truth.
It's the funniest joke in the world."*

The *Oracle* board, when it spoke to the school at large in the first assembly, and made its plea for support, was much impressed by the way the upper classes very agreeably laughed at the alleged humor which was used by the speakers. At the Freshman assembly, however, it was quite a different thing. The innocent and unsuspecting Freshmen gazed up at the lordly seniors in great awe—perhaps there was admiration mingled with it—throughout the speeches. Only once did they laugh, and then could not have told the reason for it. Apparently, they were too greatly awed—and the possibility that fright might have been the reason has been suggested—to laugh. We are confident that, by the time they have become seniors—if they ever do—, they will be more agreeable and will have learned that it is polite to laugh at jokes sprung from the stage, even if one has heard them dozens of times.

Little¹ Jack Horner² sat in a corner³
Eating a pineapple pie⁴,
He put in his thumb⁵ and pulled out a plum,⁶
And said what a big boy⁷ am I⁸.

- 1.— It is uncertain whether Jack Horner was diminutive or only young. We take it to mean between the ages of six and one hundred and ten.
- 2.— Of course Jack Horner is a fictitious name. His real moniker was Abrahastona Quid-istinona Apleblosmtime, but of course that would not fit in the poem well.
- 3.— Some pictures show him in the corner of a house, either sitting on the floor or a

low chair, but we like to think of him as perched on a stool in a one arm lunch, about 2:30 A. M.

- 4.— We are led to believe by the next line, that he had forsaken the manners of society, and was devouring aforementioned pie with his fingers, and it also seems possible that he had purchased a whole pie, unless of course, some one might have thrown it at him, which is very likely.
- 5.— Meaning his thumb, and his index finger. Not having any evidence to show that he was left handed, we take it for granted that it was his right hand that he used.
- 6.— The greatest thinkers in years have not reached the true reason for there being a whole plum—we presume it was whole—in the pie. The reader's opinion for it being there would be thankfully received.
- 7.— Big boy is a slang term and is used either for deep affection or utter contempt. Affection would be the reason for its use here.
- 8.— Some authors believe him to have been a little conceited, but opinions vary.

Harold M-rr-s—"Please!"

Answering female voice—"No."

H. Mo—is—"Oh, please do."

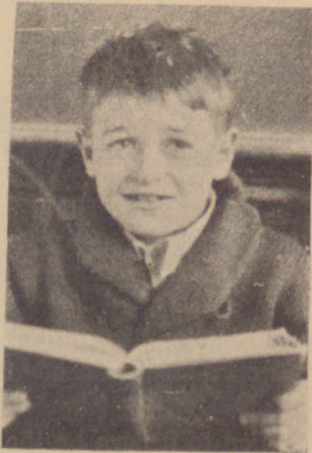
A. f. v.—"Positively, no."

H. M.—"Please, just this time."

"I said no."

H. M.—"Aw, Ma, all the boys go barefoot now."

THE PRIZE PACKAGE



BERNIE STRIAR

It has been a puzzle to the writer how he became in his present state. The paluka was a very brilliant child; in fact he would have spoken at the Grammar School graduation had he been asked; I might say he waded his way through the elementary grades. Kindergarten was out of the question because his legs were too long to fit under the desk. He is well versed in all sports, both indoor and out; even now he is writing a book on "What I Throw Off In Running." He is very fond of music and musicians, lady pianists being his long suit. He is an active member of the Alpha Maka Run fraternity. Let us give him an all-round good cheer—Come on! Everybody!

Horn and hoof, HORN AND HOOF
Lower the floor and RAISE THE ROOF
Razzle-lazzel-zizzil-zip!
Gom'er Bernie! Let'er rip!

Dot Ch-ndl-r, '31—Will you give me a penny for my thoughts?

Henrietta Atw-d, '31—Do I look like a junk man?

Ambitious member of faculty—Come, boys, don't loaf around here.

Henry Fl-n, '31,—Gorham L-v-n-s-ll-r, '31'
—But we're not doing anything.

We have become very interested in diaries lately. Most of the men who have achieved fame in this world which we inhabit, have kept a faithful diary of their daily deeds, and thus posterity learns all the scandal of which they are guilty. Let us advise you to let by-gones be by-gones as far as written testimony is concerned. While we are on this subject let us emphasize it a little more by quoting this little poem:

Lives of great men oft remind us
Now we stop to think of it,
We should never leave behind us
Letters we should not have writ!

To get back to the subject of diaries, we stumbled on one the other day that was unusual, to say the least. For your benefit, we have torn out two of the weeks from this extraordinary manual and herewith submit for your edification:

Monday— I noticed that I was limping considerably as I walked down the street, and a little boy asked me why I didn't either walk on the sidewalk or else in the street. I wonder if he meant anything.

Tuesday— Found a jar on my desk to -day that didn't have any mouth. I picked it up and it didn't have any bottom either. What a strange jar.

Thursday— Wanted to call up my wife today when I was in town and tell her that I wouldn't be home until late, but I couldn't remember the telephone number so I walked home and told her. She said to look in the telephone book next time, and it would save me some steps. I never thought of that.

Friday— Forgot to go to bed last night so I got to school early this morning.

Saturday— Gave final examinations today. Forgot where I put the papers so I had to pass everyone.

Sunday— First day of vacation. Am going

to my brother's farm to-morrow.
Forgot to go to church.

Monday— Arrived at the farm today. Found a funny little kitten in the woods. Spent the rest of the day in the creek.

Tuesday— Took a bath in the stove and built a fire in the bath-tub. Repairs next week.

Wednesday—Tried to milk a cow but couldn't find the faucet.

Thursday—Nearly drowned in the creek. Got in six feet of water and forgot how to swim.

Friday—Gave the pet dog a bath and forgot to turn the water off.

Sunday—Went to church, put my spectacles in the collection plate, shook hands with the preacher's baby.

It is rumored that A. Miller '30, has become entangled in the web of some idol of S. W. Harbor. Consolation is offered by his friends.

The ignorant Frosh ask—

1. Why does B. H. S. play nite football?
2. Why don't they install red and green lights in the corridors instead of having traffic cops?

3. Why can't we have lockers and Drill?
The learned and experienced Seniors reply—

1. Because we ran out of daylight.
2. They might reflect on the Frosh's mind (if he should happen to have one) and cause him to forget his lesson, provided he had taken the pains to learn it.

3. You are NOT old enough, but try to be.

M. Warren, '30, translating French in a voice just loud enough to rival the buzz of a fly flitting fitfully about the head of Jack Dunning, "And, er, so, er—."

Madame: Mademoiselle Warren, who are you reading for?"

M. Warren: Monsieur de Beaufort.

The subject was sodium chloride and B. Striar had just announced that it was a stable compound.



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WALL PAPERS

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Get your Shines at Central Shoe Shine Parlor

SONG HITS AT B. H. S.

Girl of My Dreams.....	"Fran" Reynolds
The Vagabond Lover.....	"Jim" Mullen
Little Pal.....	"Hen" Flynn
Hallelujah I'm a Bum.....	"Hal" Baker
I'm Thirsty and Hungry for Love.....	
.....	"Philly" Libby
Sonny Boy.....	"Ed" Aucoin
Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.....	"Ev" Welch
The Whoopee Hat Brigade.....	
.....	"Geo." Shean, (Capt.)
Sweetheart of All My Dreams.....	
.....	"Ruth" Drummond
I Wanta Go Places and Do Things.....	
.....	"Pat" Brown
Buy, Buy for Baby.....	"Dot" Friedman
When My Dreams Come True.....	"Nat" Sanders
Am I Blue?.....	Guy Flagg
I'll Always Be In Love With You.....	
.....	"Nat" Anderson
Sally of My Dreams.....	"Rufus" Blanning
Glad Rag Doll.....	"Dot" Higgins
Beloved.....	"Betty" Russ

Place: Room 322.

Time: 8:56 A. M.

Mr. L-ms-n, swatting at a fly and missing,
 "I say, Brown—(Chink Brown, of course)—
 what gives water its pleasant taste?"

Chink, stretching his six foot three frame,
 and rising slowing and deliberately to his feet:
 "What was the question?"

Mr. L-ms-n, watching J. M-ll-n, who is
 crooning melodies in J-mm-e Sm—t's car:
 Yes, that's right.

We understand that Richard Buckley is
 studiously persuing a P. G.—so called—at our
 honorable institution so that he may derive
 the benefits of the Latin Club for another whole
 year. What price glory.

We understand that Reggie MacDonald
 won't buy an all-day sucker in the afternoon.

Lost——a number of white belts, and
 Band books, finders please return same to
 Oscar Fellows at once.

Women's Apparel of
 Individuality

Kickernick Patented Unde.d.ess
 Sty'e without Extravagance

Smith's
SPECIALTY
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Abe K-rn, '32—Why did they bury Buffalo Bill on a hill?

Minnie Alp—t, '31—I'm sure I don't know.
A. K.—Because he was dead.

Alex. Mich—d, '31—Who's that under the bed?

Voice: Nobody but us shoes.

Alex—Aw heck!

As Kenneth Jones, '30, said as he tiptoed through the fresh cement: "That remains to be seen."

Central: Number, please.

Paul Sawyer, '32—Number? Woman, I put in my nickel and I want my chewing gum.

She had gone. Yes gone, and I was left alone; alone with her month-old off-spring. How could she be so heartless? What was to become of the little one. I had given her all that she could use. Why should she leave me? But for the mourning of little Jimmy, I never would have started a search for her.

For three days I looked in vain for my Bessie. Finally, bright and early on the morning of the fourth day I came upon her drinking from Still Water Stream. She was rejoicing in its luxurious coolness, and seemed to be far from thinking of her baby at home. Was she just a modern mother who did not realize her responsibilities?

Suddenly, raising her handsome head, she looked me square in the eye. I think she was sorry she had left us. I caressed her head and looked into her deep eyes; and I knew that come what may Bessie would never part from us again. I talked in low tones to her; she pressed closer to me. My moment had arrived. I slipped the noose around the horse's neck and led her away..

"Ken" K—st '31—That's a fine looking horse, but why the two saddles?

U—n H—gh-s '30—That's the rumble seat.

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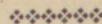
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AN OVERDOSE OF BULL

(Continued from page 30)

blains, asthma, rheumatism, fits and hayfever. Instantly a panic took place, and all track records were broken. We, with the exception of Baldy, who was intently trying to lower various speed records, ran for the tote-road. Baldy, however, ran straight on with the bull in close pursuit. For some time afterward, we could hear the crashing of trees and bushes and the yells and bellows of pursued and pursuer.

After a half-hour, we took up their trail to see what had become of the principal characters in this little drama. About half a mile further, we heard a shout and looking around us we saw a big tree in the middle of a small bog. On the very top of this tree we saw Baldy; of the bull we could see nothing. Simultaneously with the shout, the branches underneath him parted and he came down with a mighty splash in two feet of mud and water. We half led, half-carried the spluttering and mud-smeared Baldy to the camp. The next day he departed for regions unknown.

Elliott R—d, '30—says that it's all a matter of principle, and to prove it, gives the following as evidence:

Marriage is an institution.

Marriage is love.

Love is blind.

Therefore marriage is an institution for the blind.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

(Continued from page 10)

standing in the middle of the floor staring at the over-turned gold-fish stand.

"Oh Evelyn—you can't imagine how frightened I was," exclaimed the twins' mother when she had stopped laughing and was wiping up the water.

"Well—it all happened so quickly I just acted dumb, I guess," said Evelyn as she tucked Robert and Jany into their cribs for their afternoon nap.

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CHARACTERISTICS

Helen Banks, '30

TO many, when they think of the reign of Elizabeth, pictures of magnificent castles, daring cavaliers, and gay court life spring to their minds. To them it seems very civilized and adventurous; but in reality the people of this period were living in primitive conditions.

For instance, take the castles. In architecture they were really very beautiful—in fact it was a wholly new type of construction just introduced into England. Formerly the buildings had been fortresslike abodes; but now that peace was in the land, they did not need this type.

Inside these new castles, it was very bleak and unattractive. The only means of heating the vast rooms were by fireplaces and this, of course, was very insufficient. Some hangings were used on the walls and these were called arras. The furniture consisted of a crude table of planks, and three-legged stools for chairs.

For beds a pile of cushions was used. Bedsteads were few. For the floor, rushes were used and into these all kinds of filth was thrown. When these rushes were renewed, the fresh ones were thrown over the old. Carpets were not known until the latter part of the century.

The apparel of the lords and ladies was very wonderful. Some of them had invested their whole fortunes in one costume. Precious jewels were worn in the buckles of their shoes, and in fastenings. Beautiful plumes were also worn in their hats. The Lords and ladies vied with one another to such an extreme that a law had to be passed regulating certain parts of the apparel. The poorer class of people dressed in simple wool, while the nobles and ladies used silks and satins.

The diet of the people consisted of venison, meats, wines and ales. There were few vegetables. Scarlet was the most used. Pota-

(Continued on page 44)

A GREAT THRILL

(Continued from page 10)

field quite a distance from the tent. Yummy had just about gone to sleep, and when Rosamond had become so excited, she woke up and decided that her mosquito netting was of little use because she could still hear the mosquitoes; but when the other four told Yummy that they were of the same opinion, she decided that she need not complain any more than the rest.

Just then Taps blew from way down by the "bungs," and we had to quiet down before the councilor came up. I guess I must have gone to sleep quickly, for when I next opened my eyes, Lee was in her corner and it was broad daylight.

The others soon woke up, so we dressed, and as soon as Reveille blew, were ready for "cal" and "flag raising."

At breakfast, when I heard Daffy asking if we could *please* spend the next night in the tent, I decided that I would let someone else realize the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Honey Bunch and of removing wandering insects.

DAWN FIRES

(Continued from Page 9)

top of a distant hill to watch the sun rise. "I want to tell you something," Terese said to us, "I sent one of Glenn's stories he had lying around to a magazine. It won a thousand dollar prize. The magazine wants more. It's called 'Dawn Fires.' We're going to be married right after graduation." Congratulations followed in order. Then silence, as we stood breathlessly watching the dawn of a new day. The banners of the morning.....the dawn-fires of a soul. Burning, burning upward into a white flame until red, gold, orange interfused fills the blue. The heralds of the Sun announcing the coming of His Majesty. Then, somehow, from somewhere the loud clear call of the trumpeter swan was heard as the sun rose through a haze of glory. The last musical notes died into the deep blue of the sky. No one laughs. It seems symbolic.

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A NEAR TRAGEDY

Josephine Barrett, '32



ONE day, a week after school closed in June, two girl friends, Mary and Jane, Mary's little brother, Johnny, and myself, went on a little trip to the woods, which were about two miles from my home. On the outskirts of these woods, we met a man who told us that if we were going into the woods to be careful not to fall into the old well, which was in a clearing—a dangerous place but easy to avoid. We thanked him for the advice and went on. After an hour of walking we sat down under a large oak tree to rest. We were talking about where we were going for the summer, when we suddenly noticed that little Johnny was missing. Instantly we thought of the old well, of which we had been warned. Jumping up, we started to look for the child, calling his name. After searching ten minutes we discovered the old well, but could see nothing of Johnny.

Suddenly Mary, who had been looking into the well, called to us and pointed down, saying "There he is, I hope he isn't hurt!" We called to Johnny who stirred and looked up. He was about six feet below the surface of the ground, on a big rock, which jutted out of the side of the well. Then we noticed something we hadn't observed before, a rope which was fastened to a tree beside the well, and hung down to the rock. We knew then that Johnny wasn't hurt. After the child was pulled up, with considerable difficulty on our part, he told us that he had wandered from us and had soon come upon the well. He thought it would be nice to slide down the rope and see what was down there. But when he started to climb back, discovered he couldn't. Becoming alarmed, he had called and called; but finally hearing no answer, and since he was tired, he lay down on the jutting stone—a very dangerous position. It was almost dark when Johnny finished telling us of his adventure, which almost ended in a tragedy.

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MILITARY NEWS*(Continued from Page 20)*

other similar movements. This outlook is so promising that the *Oracle* will venture to predict that the regiment will at least equal, if it does not surpass, the showing of the regiment from the University of Maine in the Armistice Day Parade which will be the first chance of the outfit to show the outsiders what ability it has.

With this brilliant outlook for the regiment one might think that all other military activities would be eclipsed. This is fortunately an unjust thought as the rifle team also makes its bid for first honors. Last year the team won third place in the Eastern Corps Area of the Hearst Trophy Match and as many of last year's lettermen are back again, we feel sure that they will go even higher this year.

Closely connected with the rifle team is the rifle club which has for members a large number of officers and men of the regiment. Through this club, those, who are interested are given a chance to win the various marksmanship medals which are only awarded to those who really become proficient in rifle marksmanship. Needless to say that in the earning of these medals, a boy obtains a very valuable training that it is hard to get elsewhere.

The Officer's Club is another of the military organizations of the high school. The Club has not yet been organized this year, but the organization will undoubtedly take place in the near future; that is, as soon as the new commissions are made public.

MUSIC*(Continued from page 20)*

started on September seventeenth and will continue until they are admitted into the higher organization.

THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The Junior Orchestra, composed of members of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, has also began its work. It is improving

*(Continued on page 47)***FRANK J. LEEN**

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CENTRAL STREET

CHARACTERISTICS

(Continued from Page 40)

toes, coffee, and tobacco were later introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh. Forks were not known until the last of the century. Individual plates were seldom used, everybody eating off one huge platter in the center.

The most popular means of travel was by water; or with the nobles, in coaches or chair sedans. The streets were so narrow and filthy that the lords and ladies avoided walking on them as much as possible. An open sewer ran in the middle of the street, and everything was thrown into this. The houses of the common people were very small and were built so closely together that they overhung each other. The people, even the nobility, used perfumes instead of soap and water.

In spite of this primitive method of living, the age of Elizabeth was a time of intellectual liberty, and of growing intelligence and comfort among the classes.

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BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 23)

Furrow, Goodin and Shean, while Mike Crowley was the great offensive weapon in the long rides he gave the ball. For Portland, Jordan and Manley were impressive.

Jordan kicked off and it was received by MacDonald who carried the ball back twenty yards. In the next play Portland was off side and Bangor took the ball five yards. MacDonald took the ball but was stopped short by Herrigan. In the next play the Crimson fumbled and recovered but lost the ball on downs. Manley, half back for Portland, took the ball for five yards but in the next play Portland fumbled. Baker made five yards then MacDonald fumbled and Portland recovered on the twenty-nine yard line. In the next two plays Manley and Lord made a first down. The next few plays were failures for Portland and they lost the ball on downs. Crowley kicked on first down to Lord who Furrow dropped in his tracks on the forty yard line. Portland, tried a criss cross which netted them a two yard loss, a pass was incompleated and another was intercepted by Furrow who carried the ball to Bangor's twenty-nine yard line. Crowley kicked to Lord who was stopped in his tracks. Then Manley slipped through the line for twelve yards, then fumbled. Baker made a yard and Shean on a criss cross made twenty-one yards. A pass was incompleated, then Bangor fumbled. Jordan punted to Shean on the thirty-seven yard line and he made three yards.

Crowley again kicked to Lord who was nailed in his tracks by Furrow as the quarter ended. In the rest of the game there was less fumbling. Both teams kicked often, watching for a break to score. Bangor always warding off Portland in time to save them from getting a touchdown until in the last four minutes of the game a break came for Portland. Jordan threw a pass intended for Lord but Shean intercepted it only to have it bounce from his hands into the arms of Manley. In

(Continued on page 47)

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BOYS' ATHLETICS*(Continued from page 45)*

the next play Portland carried the ball to a touchdown.

For the next three minutes Bangor fought hard but Portland made two fine passes which gave them another touchdown with a final score of 13 to 0.

Bangor	Portland
Crowley, re.	le, Buckley
Hewes, rt.	lt, Kerrigan
	lt, Iverson
	lt, Hamilton
York, rg.	lg, Allen
	lg, Sabatino
Goodin, c.	c, Joyce
	c, Kelley
Campbell, lg.	rg, Ward
	rg, Sabatino
Gulnac, lt.	rt, Robertson
	rt, Iverson
McDougall, le.	r. e. Dodwell
McKinnon, l. e.	re, Robertson
Shean, qb.	qb, Capt. Lord
McKenney, qb.	
MacDonald, rhb.	rhb, Elowitch
Flanagan, rhb.	rhb, Blaisdell
Baker, lhb.	lhb, Manley
Furrow, fb.	fb, Jordan
Score by periods:	
Portland.	0 0 0 13-13

MUSIC*(Continued from Page 43)*

steadily under the leadership of Mr. Robinson. Their first rehearsal was held on September sixteenth.

GLEE CLUBS

The Girl's Glee Club of B. H. S. this year has a larger membership than any in the past. It has exactly fifty members, all of whom have been well-trained for the past three years by Mrs. Dean. It is now developing into a fine vocal club. This was made possible by Mrs.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 26)

in order to become a member and these are: scholarship, athletics, respect, leadership and dependability.

It has always been a rather common impression that good athletics are seldom good students. The Council proves that this reasoning is absurd for in the Council one will find girls who are ranked as 100% pupils; and also are ranked 100% athletes; this must be so or they could not be Council girls. The Council girls hold the respect not only of their teachers but also of their class mates; they are leaders for everything that is right and against everything that is unfair; they are dependable, for they have to perform duties which gives them a good deal of responsibility. Such are the characteristics of every Council girl.

The Honor Council promotes all girls' athletics. The girls have only a very little backing from the city, so the Council takes care of all financial problems. The girls in the Council coach all interclass teams and teach all freshmen gym classes. This not only gives responsibility but also very good experience.

To become a member of this Council is one of the highest honors, recognized by the school, that any girl can obtain.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 47)

Dean, who, three years ago, organized a Freshmen's Girls' Glee Club to prepare them for the Senior Club. Now the result can be readily noticed. The Club will no doubt be featured in the Assembly Hall some morning at chapel before long, and everyone is waiting impatiently to hear them.

The Boys' Glee Club was reinstated once more after an absence of a year. This year it is directed by Mr. Wilbur Cochrane, noted Bangor vocal teacher, who, with forty-eight boys in the Club, have high hopes for a bright future. This Boys' Glee Club will combine with the Girls' Glee Club into one big Festival Chorus representing B. H. S. at the coming annual festival at the Auditorium.

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WHY NOT A GIANT INSTEAD OF A PYGMY?

(Continued from page 7)

All this is as true in the schoolroom as in life. Some students of the class are leaders and active while others are stragglers and must be helped. In looking through the records of the schoolroom and student activities, one finds that certain groups hold the initiative while the others merely follow. These followers are like uncut diamonds which, without a single facet ground to reveal the light and wealth of brilliancy within, present a mere valueless exterior held in base esteem. It is for these followers to make a study of themselves to achieve the goal already won by the few ahead.

THAT COW

(Continued from page 16)

was a rope around the cow's horns, and he had wound the other end carelessly around his waist.

His hatred for the cow had reached the high-water mark, and he was feeling particularly aggrieved and indignant. So was the cow. He ought to have untied her bundle of fodder for her, and she knew it, but he had not, and she shook it impatiently. Then she switched her tail into his face.

This was a form of insult that was growing to be habitual with her. He gave her one vicious dig in the ribs, and the cow started. Out of doors, up the path, and into the orchard they went. Oliver did not want to go with her. He would have been perfectly delighted to see her go alone, but one of the ropes was attached to the cow, and he was attached to the other end of the rope.

He had always supposed that a cow ambled, but this fiendish thing went like a race-horse. Through the newly-plowed orchard, ankle-deep in red clay mud, she flew, and the unwilling Freshman followed.

She turned and they came down the road together. She had struck her best gait by

(Continued on Page 53)

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THAT COW

(Continued from Page 51)

this time, and as they passed the house he had a fleeting glimpse of his father and the Professor on the porch. He did not call for help. Not that it was against his sporting blood to do so, but he had other uses for his breath.

Oliver and the cow disappeared around a bend of the road together, a flash of enraged beast, whirlwind legs, and blue, gingham apron; and when he finally succeeded in cutting the rope, he fell with a jerk. The cow kept right on. They never did find the cow. She hated Oliver as much as he despised her.

He was muddy and lame and very tired, and approached the house nursing one ardent hope that he might be able to sneak in through the kitchen door. His father and the Professor were waiting for him out in front. They shouted and gesticulated. He was too tired to care.

The Professor hastened down the road to meet the humiliated son of the house. He plunged through the mud, both hands outstretched.

"Heywood," he cried as he wrung the astonished boy's hand, "when you get back to college this fall, you must go into the track team! Do you hear? I have been measuring the distance between your footprints in the mud, and I simply can't believe my eyes! Man, your strides are ten feet apart! Do you realize what that means? Ten feet, I tell you! Upon my soul, one of those days you are going to break a world's record!"

"Jim" T——le,— (calling at a cigar store.) Hello! Have you got Prince Albert in a can?

Clerk—Sure.

"Jimmy"—Well, let him out.

"Gommy" L——er, '31—Say, who do you think you are? And where do you think your going?

"Don" P——er, '31—Oh, I'm just a little dandruff trying to get ahead.

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