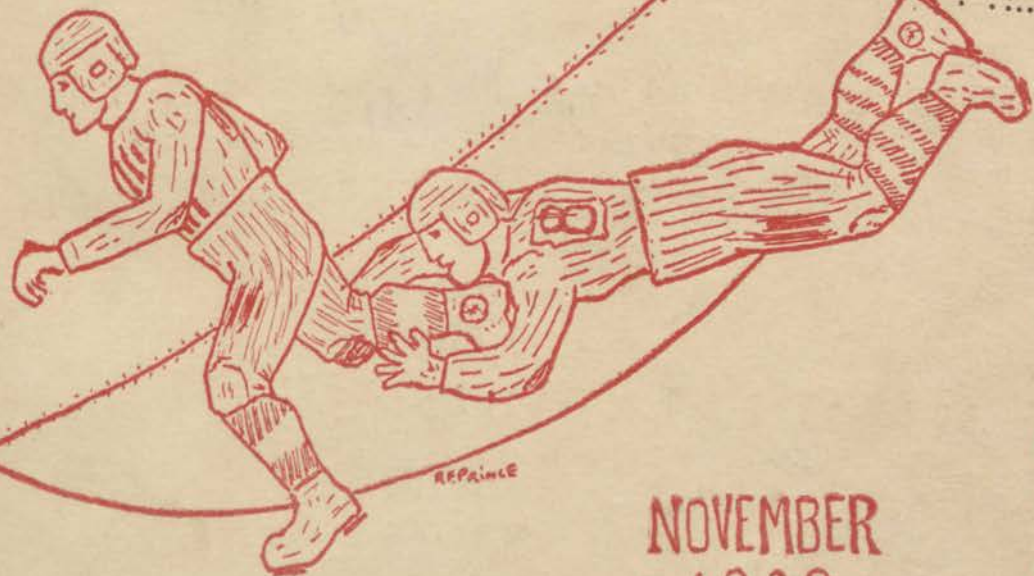


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*Bangor High School*

# The Oracle

Vol. XXXVII      Number 1

Published Monthly by the Students of Bangor High School

Subscription \$1.00 Yearly

Single Copies 25 Cents

Address all business communications to

THE ORACLE, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

BANGOR, MAINE

The "Oracle" is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879

The Editor reserves the right to change or reject any article submitted for publication.

## November, 1928

### The Oracle Board, 1928-29

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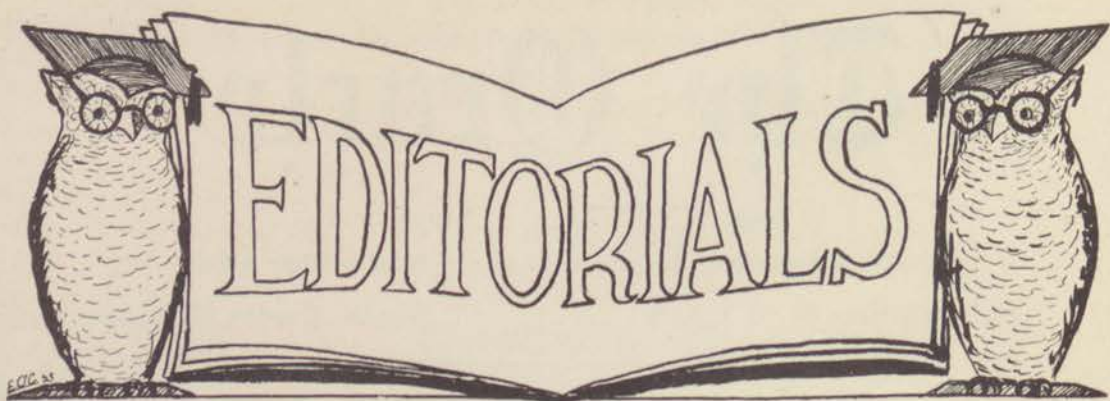
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James W. McClure, '29





*He who is first among you shall be servant of all.*

### THE QUEST OF THE BEST

A new school year has come, and we look ahead to see what we can do to make it a profitable one. The Senior is now embarked on his last year, and should make it the best of his four years in Bangor High. The Junior has passed the halfway mark in his high school career, and now aspires to be a Senior. The Sophomore has passed the first stage in his four years, and should seek to make a steady increase in his progress. To the Freshman, Bangor High School as he first enters it is something vastly different, overwhelming. We of the upper classes should do our best to help these newcomers fit into their new surroundings. The sooner they understand what it's all about, the quicker they will be doing their part, and looking forward to becoming upper classmen.

When we entered old B. H. S. for the first time this year, we met many old acquaintances, and saw as many unfamiliar faces; but now, after a month and a half of school life, we feel more like a *school*, not a crowd of individuals. We have with us several new teachers—let us co-operate with them especially, and also with all the members of the faculty; let us do *our* best to keep them at Bangor High. We have started out with a good football squad—let's make the whole year as successful as this start.

Among other changes is the higher standard of ranking. An outline of this new system will be found elsewhere in this "*Oracle*." This system will mean harder work for everyone

who wishes to attain even the same rank he was getting last year. Let us all try to get *better*; not everyone can be an A student, and not everyone can get B rank; but we can do our best to earn as high a rank as possible. The following little poem embodies the spirit with which we should work:

### THE FIRM OF DIG AND DIG

There's a bunch of high-brow fellers  
Who write on How to Sell;  
And the thousand things they tell us  
May all be very well.  
But there's one old, good old method  
That will make your record big;  
It's contained in the suggestion to  
Get out and Dig and Dig.

Though you may be tall and handsome,  
And have Per-son-al-i-ty,  
Though you wear much fancy raiment,  
And possess a family tree,  
Just remember that the Goddess  
Of Success don't care a fig  
For LOOKS—she gives her prizes  
To the chaps who Dig and Dig.

You may have gone to college;  
You may have read and read;  
Yet you can't "Cash In" the knowledge  
That is hiding in your head  
Unless you hit the cinder path,  
And tighten up your rig,  
And join that firm of hustlers  
Known as Dig & Dig & DIG.

## A LONG-CHERISHED IDEAL BECOMES A FACT

Bangor High School—as well as almost everyone in the city of Bangor itself—looks forward with great eagerness to Saturday, October 27. For this coming Saturday marks not only the greatest football game of the season,—with Bangor's deadliest rival, Portland High School—but the completion of one of the greatest projects ever undertaken in the city.

On Saturday, the clash with Portland will take place on the new Athletic Field behind the Mary Snow School on Broadway. The work on this field was started over two years ago, when the "B" Club, a group of former Bangor High School letter-men, succeeded, after a very stormy session of the City Council, in getting a bill passed for an appropriation of six thousand dollars in the city budget; last spring, another six thousand dollars was allotted by the City Council—this time without a dissenting vote.

During the summer months, a crew of men has done work on the field. The foundation of the playing field proper has been cut with ditches which, laid with tile, make a very effective drainage system. The grading and seeding has been completed, and makes the field much softer to fall on, and safer to play on, than the old "athletic field" at Bass Park. There have been several injuries to our team this fall, and we hope that by the use of the new field, more casualties will be avoided. Nineteen hundred feet of wire fence, eight feet high with barbed wire at the top, spells disaster for any who might wish to gain admission without paying an entrance fee to the treasury of the Athletic Council. As for those who willingly pay their bits, four gates are provided. Eventually there will be a grandstand erected on the side of the field nearest Broadway, but this season there are bleachers. Even these, however, are a great improvement over those at Bass Park, being made of metal; moreover, there will be seating space for two thousand people.

Completion of the football field is all that will be attempted this fall, but when the snow clears next spring, work will be continued. A quarter mile cinder track with a two hundred twenty yard straight-away will give Bangor High track men a much better chance to develop men for the University of Maine and Bates Interscholastic meets. A fine baseball diamond will be laid out; baseball has never been a very successful or popular sport at B. H. S., and the completion of a diamond such as will be made, will be a great stimulus to producing winning teams, as well as making our National game a far more popular sport in the school and the city as a whole. The proximity of the gymnasium, showers, and lockers in the Mary Snow School is another great advantage of this new field over the old one. When these projects, and the grandstand and driveways are completed, it will not only be a wonderful achievement for the school, but as it will make possible high school and college football and baseball games and track meets to be played in our city, the consequent out-of-town crowds will bring added business to our hotels, restaurants, rooming houses, stores, theatres, and many other places, making Bangor an even more prosperous and popular city than it now is. It is even possible that eventually two municipal tennis courts will be added to the field.

The finished product will be an achievement that has long been hoped for by students of Bangor High School and many of the leading citizens of this city. Besides being the cause of better teams,—as it surely will be—it cannot help but promote better spirit in the school and city. The City Council realizes this, and at the dedication to take place on Saturday, the mayor and the Council are going to march in a body to the field behind the High School Band. Every student in the school should turn out and march, run, walk, or dance with the Band to the field, and help our team win over our greatest rival on what will be the greatest day in the history of Bangor High School.

4445



# *A Song for Bangor High School*



## 1

*Stand up and cheer,  
Stand up and cheer for good old Bangor,  
For today we raise the Red and White above the rest.  
Our men are fighting,  
For they are bound to win the game,  
We've got the might,  
We've got the fight,  
For these are Bangor High School days.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!*

## 2

*Fight, Bangor, fight!  
Fight for the good old name of Bangor  
And make the team the best the school has ever had.  
We'll stand behind you,  
We'll stand behind you until the last,  
We've got the team,  
We've got the steam,  
For these are Bangor High School days.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!*

## 3

*Shout, Bangor, shout!  
Shout so the players all can hear you  
And put the spirit of the school into their hearts,  
So that they'll fight,  
And fight hard to win the game.  
Let's hear the spirit  
Of all the rooters,  
For these are Bangor High School days.*






*"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"*

## *The New Boy at Danover*

By Madeleine A. Kelley, '29

T was September, and Danover Prep. School had just reopened after the summer vacation. The school was situated on the outskirts of the town, where there was, in season, plenty of skating, tobogganing, football, baseball, and rowing. Many boys were beginning to come back from all parts of the country. There were groups of them about the grounds, and a general confusion pervaded the place. The "new boys" wandered helplessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves, and watching with envy the "old boys" who rushed back and forth, calling to one another in an intimate way, and seeming to be entirely at home. Few of the old boys took any notice of the new boys, as they had too much to say to one another, and then, besides, the foot-ball captain had ordered all candidates down to the field, so that all the athletic crowd had disappeared.

The candidates were hurrying along and all talking at once. They were big boys, and some of them veterans of the previous year. They had nearly reached the field when they saw, walking ahead of them, one of the "new boys." He wore a tan golf suit, a cap on the back of his head, and his hands were thrust into his pockets as he walked slowly along.

"Who's that?" asked one of the veterans.

"New boy," replied another.

"I wonder if he intends to play in that suit of clothes," remarked Tom Black, the half-back.

"They are new; he got them to come here in," said Norton, the substitute tackle.

A general laugh followed this statement, and they all turned to look at the boy as they passed him. He glanced up also, and they saw a handsome face with a pair of dark eyes looking at them curiously.

The crowd hurried past him and no one spoke until they were some distance ahead. Finally Forbes, the full-back, said, "I wonder how old that fellow is."

"About seventeen or so, I guess," returned Norton.

"Good-looking, wasn't he?" put in Black, who was rather handsome himself.

No answer was made to this, as they had reached the field, where Deane, the captain, was tearing around trying to put some order into the confusion that reigned.

The coach was there also, and punts and drop-kicks were flying from all quarters of the field.

"Here you are at last," said the coach, stopping before the arrivals. "You, Black, go over to that end of the field and see if you can kick a goal before those new men. We are going to line up two scrubs in a few minutes."

Meanwhile, the "new boy" had reached the field also. He climbed upon the fence which surrounded the field and watched the proceedings with an interested air.

Norton saw him, and questioned Deane.

"Has that fellow tried for anything yet?"

"What fellow?"

"That one on the fence."

"No. Who is he?"

"I don't know; some new boy."

Just then a football bounded over the fence and rolled along the ground.

The new boy jumped down from the fence and chased the ball. Then he picked it up, gave a heave, and sent it flying down across the fence to the other end of the field. This drew forth a dozen exclamations of surprise and approval.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Norton. But Deane was already hurrying toward the new boy. Deane felt as he approached, that somehow he could not use his patronizing air of captain with this fellow. However, this prize was not to be lost.

"Look here," he began, "want to try for full-back on the team?" The new boy looked at him a moment and then answered:

"Of course I wouldn't mind trying."

"All right; come on. Got any togs here?"

"I have some back at the school."

"We're going to play a scrub game in a minute. Wait and I'll get you some."

He rushed into the building, and the new boy followed him. Deane appeared, in a few moments, with several suits on his arm.

"Get into one of these, quick as you can," he said. "Hold on—er—what's your name?"

"My name? Oh—Taylor."

When the two elevens were lined up, Taylor came to the field looking older than in his golf suit. All eyes were fixed on him and no one saw the coach's start of surprise, nor did they understand the glance Taylor gave him.

"Come on, Taylor," called Deane. "Get down there at full-back. Now, boys, play hard and fast, and let's see what the first game of the season will show."

The game began, with Taylor was playing on Deane's eleven. The other team now had the ball. They gained five yards on each of the first two rushes. One more rush, and the opposing fullback tore down toward Taylor. Taylor waited calmly, then rushed in and caught the runner in a clean tackle. Deane got the ball by a fumble in the next play, and in the next lineup, attempted a full-back run thru left tackle. Taylor feinted to the right, then dashed to the left, and in another moment was tearing along without stopping until the touchdown was made. And when he completed the feat by kicking the goal, the boys' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Immediately after the game, Taylor rushed into his dressing-room; that was the last the boys saw of him. When those who had dressed at the building reappeared and assembled in front to escort the hero back to school, the coach approached them, saying, "Whom are you waiting for, boys?"

"Taylor," Deane answered.

"Well, I wouldn't waste any time doing that. He's gone."

"Gone where? Back to school?"

"No, he has gone back to New Haven. Who do you think that fellow was? Bob Williams, the Yale captain!"

"Williams!" exclaimed Deane. "Why, you're joking. He's Taylor, a new boy."

"Oh, no! That was Bob Williams, whom I know very well. He has just brought his younger brother up here, and finding that none of you knew him, played a joke on you. It's just like him, too."

"Do you think I ought to write and apologize?" asked Deane.


"No!" exclaimed the coach. "It's the best joke of the year, and that would only spoil it. Anyway, you all know Williams now, and I've no doubt that he will send you all tickets during the season."

And on November third, when Yale played Harvard, to the great delight of the Danover team, the coach's prediction was fulfilled.



## *The Ropes Memorial at Salem*

By Persis E. Barnfield, '31

HE small vessels of Philip English, early merchant prince of Salem, were still beating a precarious course to Virginia and the West Indies, whence they would return to the Mother Country, when some enterprising home-builder laid the foundation for the gambrel-roofed structure now known as the "Ropes Memorial." He must have been an enterprising man, for hitherto the approved Salem home was of Elizabethan style, but frequently with a lean-to attached. Before his day, most of the houses of Salem had been huddled together near the waterfront. Our unknown builder, however, in 1719, set his house fairly on the outskirts of the settlement, on what is now Essex Street, between the Witches' Houses and the Emmer-ton estate. He built it close to the street, as the Elizabethan houses had been located; its frame of heavy oak and its walls were filled with bricks and clay.

In 1768, a deed made the house "The Judge Nathaniel Ropes' Estate" for the sum of eight hundred pounds. The Judge, fourth generation of his family in Salem, with his wife, Priscilla Spearhawk, brought with them several excellent pieces of walnut furniture, glass-ware, silver and cutlery of the period, a set of typical Chippendale chairs, and a graceful Queen Anne mirror, the oldest piece in the collection. Evidently a few years later, he added a hall-clock made by John Pryor of London. The trusty works still tick away the hours, as precisely in 1928 as in 1770.

Judge Ropes was a Tory, and his neighbors knew it. A well-vouched-for story among the family traditions is as follows:

A mob of patriots stormed the Ropes Mansion on a March night of 1774, hurling mud, sticks, and stones against the small window panes, pounding the knocker, and finally forcing the door to demand the appearance of the Judge himself that he might disclaim his allegiance to the Crown. In the southeastern

chamber, the Judge lay on his curtained bed too ill to respond. He died the next day, a Loyalist still. After his burial, his wife fled with her six children to Danvers, a Tory settlement.

For a few years, the Mansion was vacant. The oldest son returned to the family home to restore the family fortune and standing. He started a shop in one of the lower rooms, where his neighbors dropped in for "dark-patch," or "calico."

It was the children of this third Nathaniel that were to make the Mansion their home. After their father's death, many changes took place: the doorway was recessed; the chimney repaired; the walls of the hall were hung with a new French paper of soft greys, on which little pastoral scenes alternated with a vase of flowers. This paper was reproduced for the Mansion in 1914 by the Zeuber Co. of Alsace and was one of the last of the hand-blocked papers made in the factory.

One of the greatest attractions is one of Sally Ropes Orne's wedding gifts. The deeply-blue translucent porcelain is in the Nanking pattern; thirty platters of all sizes, a half dozen tureens, small, covered cups for warm desserts, hot water plates to serve meats delectably, covered vegetable dishes with a separate compartment for hot water, soup-, dinner-, and tea-plates by the dozens, and many teacups without handles make up the set. Besides these, setting off their rich blue, there was a French tea set elaborately gilt.

Elizabeth Ropes Orne, who died at twenty-four, was the last child born in the Ropes Mansion, and every smallest memento of her babyhood has been preserved; all her books and toys are still in her quaint little room.

Having been reared when the study of botany was one of the elegancies of young ladyhood, the Misses Ropes left ample provision for a course in lectures on this subject to be held annually in one of the lower rooms of



the house, and requested that a garden be produced on the lot in the rear of the house. This lot, being too small for a botanical gar-

den, has become a charming formal garden of shrubs.



## Basketry

By Ruth Drummond, '30

**B**ASKET-MAKING is one of the most ancient arts, and birds were the first master-craftsmen in this line. Take, for instance, the Marsh Hawk's nest, built in the swaying reeds of a swamp. This nest is nearly perfect in its construction, being made of stems, bushes, and tough grasses, which are so skillfully interwoven, that many people would be proud to produce such a work of art.

Later, men learned from the birds; at least they first used basketry to build homes; for crude huts, fashioned in this way, were one of the earliest forms of shelter. Soon, they began to weave these materials into vessels in which to store or carry food.

Baskets made six thousand years ago, it is said, have been dug up from the dry sands of Egypt. When the Romans went to Britain in the first century B. C., they found that the natives there were very proficient in the making of baskets out of willows or osiers, much as they are made there today.

Basket-making was known to nearly all the primitive peoples, and, as the first form of weaving, may be considered as the parent of cloth-making and all other textile industries. Pottery also has sprung up from this art, for the first clay vessels are said to have been baskets, covered over with clay, and baked in a fire.

Among the American Indians, basket-making was developed to the utmost, and was of the greatest importance. Children slept in cradles woven by the skillful fingers of their mothers, and baskets were always used as coffins for the dead.

Some baskets were covered with gum or clay, to make them water-tight, but others were so carefully and closely woven that they

were as good for water carriers as those with the outer coating. Baskets with or without linings were used for cooking utensils. They could not be placed over the fire, of course, but heated stones were dropped in to bring the water to a boil. In furnishing clothing, basketry also played its small part. Sandals were made of it, instead of hide, in some tribes, especially in the Southwest. Head baskets, a queer contraption serving for a protection against rain or sun as well as for ornament, were the forefathers of our modern straw hats.

Captain John Smith speaks of shields and armor worn by the Indians, so thick and closely interwoven that no arrow could pierce them. Indians made basket-boats, also, and the natives of the Congo and Tigris regions use them to this day.

The Apaches and Navajos are especially noted for their baskets. The women of the tribes did all the work, from pulling up shelters to gathering fire-wood, and acting as beasts of burden for their warrior husbands. Likewise basket-making befell their lot. The Apache baskets differ from those of the Navajos in both construction and design. The Apaches are more carefully made, the design being woven into the basket with materials colored with juices of berries, or vegetable dyes. The Apache baskets were intricate'y woven, and their colors were not as gaudy as the Navajo.

The orange feathers of the oriole, the red down of the woodpecker, and the green of the mallard duck were taken sometimes to decorate these baskets. Or, perhaps, dainty shells were carefully put on, making a beautifully finished piece of work.

The Navajo basket was coarser in texture,



yet had more brilliant hues than the other. These baskets were made plain, then the design was stamped or painted on, red, yellow, and blue being the outstanding colors.

Legends and stories were told in symbols on baskets, and many figures were made representing the gods of sun or moon, rain, and wind or lightning, or the goddesses of life,

death, fire, and many others. A weaver put her thoughts, hopes, and prayers into the making of her baskets. Now, baskets are manufactured a great deal, and factories have sprung up in many parts of the world, but no basket turned out by factories can surpass the beautiful work done by the American Indians.



## Mars

By Ruth E. Sprague, '29

**N**OW many essays, stories, and jokes are told of "A Trip to Mars!" I think, perhaps, this trip, or these trips, of mine will make a slightly different tale.

Mars was, in my day, in the shape of an oval, inflated balloon, filled with gas and hot air. It was just a short distance from the Earth, so that, in order to reach one's friend living on Mars, one living on the Earth had but to run an extension ladder from the Earth to Mars, climb this, and take a trolley to the friend's home.

A peculiarity of Mars was that one could not dig wells, gardens, cellars, and the like for fear of making a leak and letting the gas out. If this happened, where would the inhabitants go? How far might they fall? Would they ever come to a stop? If so, where?

But to return to the subject at hand, I shall endeavor to make a word-picture of Mars as it presented itself to me. Of course, as Mars was very large and near the earth, no one could see its whole shape and size at one time. The aviators, you ask. But in my day, or perhaps I should say at the time of my trips to Mars, there were no air-planes.

One day, while gazing in my mirror,—not because of vanity, but because I had to have an inspiration for a bi-weekly English theme—I saw what seemed to be a gigantic balloon—monstrous, it was. I went closer in order that I might observe this phenomenon — there

were no dirigibles or balloons then, you remember—more clearly. In doing this, I hit the mirror and changed its focus. Instantly, the vision disappeared. I tried to capture it, but to no avail. It had gone forever. Never was it seen again. But—this was said and believed to be the appearance of Mars.

There was a school-house on Mars, which was about opposite my home on the Earth. As a friend, Esther Mate, lived on Mars, I often ascended the ladder—this particular one was called Jacob's Ladder—and went to her school with her; she, in turn, went to mine on the Earth. Bangor High School was much different in those days.

The teachers played marbles, while the students *quietly* studied.

Portland High School, on Mars, where, as I have said before, my friend Etta Apple learned her A B C's, was also very different from its present state. The annual marble game, Portland High *vs.* Bangor High, was the most exciting happening of the year; the first day of school had nothing on this.

It was the day of the annual marble tournament held at Mars. Flags waved, bands played, and people chewed gum. Bang! the first kick-off! Bangor is at the bat! Bang! But what was that bang for? Then came a hissing sound. Portland was not holding the ball—why the hissing? Then, a heavy odor of gas arose. "Mommer, I *do* believe you left the gas turned off." But no, this was

more disastrous than a mere gas-range leak.

Here's the solution: Victor Ala, Alpha Grabba Ho's President and big man in B. H. S., had forgotten all precautions and worn his track shoes to the contest. By the way, as you've no doubt guessed, he was an amateur detective. When B. H. S. scored a home run he was so excited he spiked a hole in Mars.

Was there any commotion? Of course not; everyone had been thoroughly drilled for fire in his high school days. Slowly, one by one, they filed down the ladders to the Earth.

Mars slowly disappeared. The next day,

while on my way to school, I noticed a toy balloon lying by the roadside. I stooped and picked it up and, forgetting my studies regretfully for the moment, I started for the nearest shoe-shop to have it patched. It was just a common red balloon with a piece of white twine tied around the end. Such was the "Last of Mars!" While thinking of the happy hours spent on Mars and bemoaning the fate that had played such a trick on us, I turned my ankle on the curbstone, hit the pavement with a sickening thud, and woke up to find Mother standing at my bedside.



## Unwelcome

By Henry M. Flynn, '31

**L**ET ME introduce Don Stevens," said Farmer Gorham.

"Pleased to meet you," came rather abruptly from Harry Billings, and their hand-clasp did not seem like that of future friends.

"He's down here to see if he can get some work. I heard that Widder Roderick wanted a chauffeur. You don't happen to know whether she's got one, do you?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Billings answered stiffly. "I'm not interested in work—not that kind, anyway." And with that he excused himself and proceeded to stroll leisurely down the street.

"Wa'al, you'd better come up to the house this evening, and we'll see the Widder about this here chauffeur job."

With that, the newly acquainted men left each other until that evening. All this took place in the town of Lawrence. It was a dull place in winter, but during the summer months it was flooded with the wealthy residents of the larger cities, who owned large summer estates there.

Farmer Gorham, as he was called, was the town treasurer, and he lived with his daughter Arlene in a house on the edge of the town. It was reported that the farmer was quite

well-to-do, but these reports had no backing, however. Harry Billings had been a constant visitor at the Gorham place since he had come to town, a stranger, some months before.

That evening, Don Stevens went to call on the farmer.

Soon after, the two men were walking toward the widow's home, and a visit to the Widow Roderick resulted in Don's getting the job as chauffeur, with instructions to report for work the following morning. The next day he was fifteen minutes early for work, so he spent that time talking to the gardener about the town and its inhabitants. He soon found out the information he really desired, and a few minutes later found him in his room, employed in deep thought. Every little while he would break out saying, "I don't think he recognized me—my disguise!"

Several weeks passed, and Don was a frequent visitor at the Gorham place; Arlene and he were becoming fast friends. Quite often, his visits were made at the same time that Billings was there, but as far as Don was concerned, the less of Billings' visits, the better.

Of late, Farmer Gorham was beginning to feel uneasy; his appetite failed him, and he had a worried look upon his face. Arlene no-



ticed this, and had many times mentioned it, but without avail. Harry and Arlene seemed to be together more than ever, and consequently Don was left in the lurch, but he consoled himself by saying, 'Arlene sure fell for him when he got his new car—money will attract almost anyone—once.'

One night not long afterward, Farmer Gorham came home in a terrible state. Certainly something was wrong. Something told him that it was time for him to give up—Arlene must know—tomorrow was the last day.

"Well, Arlene," he commenced, "you see, it's this way—for weeks now, since that Stevens came to town, I've been losing money. I can't make my accounts balance right. I thought I'd made a mistake, but, daughter, it's not so. I've found that I'm short over five thousand dollars, and I make my report tomorrow."

"Why, father, of course you don't mean it. There must be a mistake somewhere!"

"I am afraid it's so—simply this, over five thousand dollars missing from the town's money; and I'm responsible for every cent."

With that, all was hushed by a knock on the door.

"Hope I'm not intruding," came from Harry Billings.

"Oh, no, Billings, not at all—glad to see you."

While all this was taking place, the home of Widow Roderick was the scene of quite a large social gathering. All the foremost men and women of the society of the surrounding country were present. Among the well known was James Wendall van Wyck, the millionaire oil king. Of late it had been said that he had lost much money in worthless speculations, and that if he did not clear himself of the last deal, his name would disappear from the pages of society and prominence. It was a fact, although many did not know this to be so.

As the people, clothed in a bright array of evening wear were enjoying themselves to the utmost, there seemed to be a strange feeling passing over the widow Roderick. She felt that something was going to happen. The

feeling had been with her all day long, it seemed. And although she tried to get these thoughts out of her mind, it was just impossible.

Outside, the stars were dimmed by the many trees here and there on the widow's vast estate. The moon was nearing its last quarter, and save for the lights within reflecting on the lawns, the estate was held in the clutches of darkness.

On the immense grounds of the house, there seemed to be a stillness which was now and then broken by a listless noise of whispers, of stealthy footsteps creeping and crouching in the darkness. As the hour of midnight approached it had always been the custom of the guests to leave, and so, one by one, they were making their departure. Right down to the going of the last guest the widow still felt this uneasiness.

BANG! A terrible explosion shook the house, and three figures ran across the grounds into the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the coming of morning, Don Stevens quickly made way to the home of Farmer Gorham. Six o'clock found him at the Gorham home, where he was met with a stiff, inhospitable greeting from Arlene. Try though she did, she could not keep back a certain troubled look, which did not go unnoticed by Don.

"Pardon me; I hope I'm not too early, but is your father at home?"

"No, he went out a few minutes ago."

"Oh, I see; well, I guess I won't stop."

He walked slowly toward the village thinking perhaps he might catch a glimpse of the farmer, although he considered this quite doubtful.

"Hello, is Mr. van Wyck there?" came a voice over the Lawrence Hotel telephone.

"No, Mr. van Wyck has not been here since early yesterday afternoon," said the hotel clerk; "is there any message?"

"No," and with that, the person calling hung up without further question.



Don soon after left the corner drug store and returned to the widow's, and was proceeding up the yard when a roadster sped by at an unusual rate of speed, hitting the sixty limit at least. With a start, Don ran for the garage, and inside two minutes was in hot pursuit of the roadster, in the limousine of the widow Roderick.

Dust, the disadvantage of this country road, was something that was against Don, but with the aid of a pair of automobile glasses he soon found himself gaining on the car ahead.

On looking back, he saw another car coming at a high rate of speed. No doubt, this car was also in the pursuit, but it was too far behind for Don to recognize it.

For fifteen minutes, the three cars sped on, each in sight of the one ahead. As they neared the town of Western, Don found that the car which was behind him had disappeared; but his aim was for the car ahead, and he sped on.

Directly ahead of him was his goal; would he be able to succeed—alone? The border, he knew, was not far beyond, and if the driver in the car ahead succeeded—well. On and on they sped, and Don now began to realize that the end of the chase was near. His car was slowly gaining. A bit of concentration on his part, and in a few minutes, he had forced the driver of the other car to stop.

"Well, Billings, what's the hurry?"

"I'll be hanged if it isn't Stevens; what are you doing out here?"

"Nothing special, just trying the car out on speed; the widow requested it. As it was my morning off, I was more than glad to try the car out."

"Oh, I see. Well, I must be going; I've got a little business to attend to up the road," and with this he started for the car.

"Just a minute, Billings. I wonder if you can lend me a little gas?" All this conversation ensued because of Don's persistent effort to stall Billings until the car he had seen behind should arrive.

"No, I haven't a bit more gas than I want—so long."

Bang! It was the tire of Billings' car, and no spare was in evidence.

"What are you trying to do here? I'd lay you out in lavender if I wasn't in so much of a hurry."

"Too bad, sorry I can't help you—oh, here comes a car down the road; that will probably be of assistance. Well, look who's here! Farmer Gorham, you're just in time—and if it isn't Dad! Here's the man you want; he'd have made the border if I hadn't seen him in time."

"He certainly pulled the wool over my eyes," said the farmer, "with his new system of book-keeping. What about the widow's money? She told one of the servants to take it to the bank, but they made such a fuss about the party she had last night, that the servant forgot all about the cash. Fifty thousand dollars was the sum, I believe."

"Here, Arnold," said Mr. van Wyck to the town constable. "You'd better take care of this rascal. He's slipped my fingers once too many times."

"Well," said James Wendall van Wyck, Jr., no other than Don Stevens, a name he had taken along with his disguise to run down Billings, who had so nearly ruined his father. "Do you recognize me, Billings?"

Billings turned around and was stunned at recognizing young van Wyck. "I guess you pulled the wool over my eyes, too, dern yer."

"Look what's here!" exclaimed Mr. van Wyck, returning from the roadster belonging to Billings. "Here's the Widder's money; I guess he's got yours pretty well spent by this time, but here's about ten thousand dollars in this satchel of his; it ought to square you up, Mr. Gorham. Hold on there just a minute," he yelled after the constable, who was starting back with Billings. "I'd like to get my property back, too."

Yanking Billings' pocket with a bit more force than was really necessary, he grabbed the papers that he had for some time been in search of. These papers, now that they were to be destroyed, were to keep from the world the disgrace which might have wrongly fallen upon the van Wyck name. Now that they were gone, Mr. van Wyck said happily, "Well, next time I sign a paper, I shall certainly find



my specs."

"Wa'al," drawled the farmer, "a mighty fine son you've got. If it weren't for him I'd be something of the past to this community—this very day too."

Don Stevens finished out the summer in Lawrence, working as chauffeur for the widow, much to the disgust of the summer folk who knew his high social standing. But there was a reason for it—"There's a reason for everything"—his was the farmer's daughter.

A year passed, and with the coming of another summer, it was reported that the beautiful summer home which was being built in Lawrence was to be that of a wealthy young

couple just returning from Europe. This report held good, and one day Mr. and Mrs. James Wendall van Wyck, Jr., came to Lawrence as the occupants of this house.

"Wa'al, me girl," said the farmer, one day soon after, "I jest saw to it that this house was built to your liking. The kind you used to see as you looked into the fireplace—not so long ago."


"Yes, father," came from Arlene, "I'm beginning to believe in dreams—for this certainly is the house, the home of my dreams."

"Only it's real," broke in her husband, smiling at her happiness.



## *The Loyalty of Prince*

By Elizabeth Riley, '31

N the very top of a hill in rather a deserted place in Maine, stands a little, old-fashioned house. This house has stood the storms and gales of many years. Rain has beaten down upon it; snow has descended softly around it, sometimes almost completely hiding the low structure from sight; many winds have hurled themselves against it and, as it seems, tried to sweep it down to the valley below. But the small weather-stained house has stood up bravely against all of this, even though it has made necessary the many patches on the roof.

For when Peter Pentlebury built this home upon the site that he called the most beautiful spot in the world, he thoroughly understood the Maine weather. And so the house had provided a comfortable shelter for three generations. It had witnessed many happy, as well as many sad events.

Now Peter Pentlebury's grandson, Douglas, was in possession of the old home. He shared it with sweet, old-fashioned Grandmother Pentlebury, his wife Dianne, and their young son, Douglas Junior.

There was also another important member in the family, who, I think, deserves considerable mention; that is Prince, a large, majestic-looking collie. Prince certainly was a beautiful dog. His snow-white ruff seemed to have a silver sheen; his tulip ears were cocked up at the slightest sound; his large, plummy tail was continually wagging back and forth in friendly greeting.

The incident of which I am about to tell you happened on a cold Saturday in February. It had been a cold winter with a lot of snow, but this morning the occupants of the little house looked out on a beautiful world. It was not storming; on the contrary, Old Sol was doing his best to transform the world, which for days had been bleak and gray, into a land of sun-shine.

Douglas Junior, who was looking out at the beautiful sight, rejoiced that he wouldn't have to tramp the usual three miles to school.

"How shall I spend this Saturday?" he mused. "I could have a fine time skiing, but how about building a fort, Prince?" He looked down at the dog lying at his feet, but the only

answer was a joyful bark, which seemed to say, "Anything is agreeable to me."

At that moment the boy's mother entered the room. "Oh, Doug," she said, "did I hear you planning something special? Grandmother and I were just saying what a lovely day it would be to visit poor Uncle Dan. He loves to have you, son; he gets so lonely."

Uncle Dan was not related to the Pentlebury's; he was a blind man who lived alone about four miles from their home.

A cloud passed over the boy's brow, but quickly disappeared. "Why not go?" he thought. "Prince and I could have a dandy walk, and Uncle Dan is a fine man; his stories can't be beaten." Aloud he said, "Why, I don't care. I surely would like to see Uncle Dan. I'll go!"

He quickly got ready and stood waiting with the impatient Prince, while his mother prepared the usual food for him to take to the unfortunate man. "Don't worry, Mother," he said as he started off. "I'll be home before dark."

He started down the hill running, the dog jumping and barking at his heels. Keeping up a brisk pace, he didn't find it any time before the little hut where Uncle Dan lived came in sight. The lonely man in the cabin heard the boy's familiar whistle and hurried as fast as possible to the door.

The sightless, faded, blue eyes looked in Doug's direction. "Boy, boy, you don't know how glad I am to see you! It's few visitors I've had this winter, and I was growing mighty lonesome," said the blind man in his quavering, old voice.

"I'm glad to see you, too," replied Douglas. "Do you suppose you know any more stories?"

"Dinner before stories," answered Uncle Dan.

After they had eaten and the dishes were put away, they settled before the fire, the dog lying at his young master's feet. Uncle Dan could certainly tell stories; he told them so well that time was completely forgotten.

Suddenly the boy jumped up. "I forgot all about the time; it must be getting late.

Why, it is beginning to snow; I had better hurry. No, I will not stay," he replied to the man's entreaties. "Mother will be worried; come, Prince."

Again they stepped out into the snow. This time, the whole aspect of the world had changed; snow had begun to fall fast now; a wind had come up and the sky was gray.

"Gee! It's cold, Prince; let's run," Doug suggested to the collie. They did so, but did not make much progress. With a sinking heart Doug realized what had happened. A blizzard had come up and was getting worse every minute. The wind and snow was swirling around them, and they had covered only about half of the distance. Doug couldn't tell where he was going now, for darkness was upon them. He guessed at the direction and, together, boy and dog stumbled on. Every now and then Doug would reach down and pat the shaggy coat of his dog. "We'll get home soon, old boy. We must be almost there."

Still they trudged on, the tired boy falling and floundering in the snow. Finally, he found he could stand it no longer. They should have reached their destination long ago. He stumbled and fell, but this time when he tried to rise he could not get up. A sharp twinge of pain went through him as he tried to bear his weight on his ankle. "It's no use, boy," he said to his dog; "I can't go on. How worried Mother will be!" Dad was probably out looking for him now. If he could only let him know where he was. "It's awfully cold," he thought, moving closer to the large dog, who was huddled up to him as if trying to keep his master warm. Doug grew very drowsy; slowly his head sank downward until he knew no more.

Up in the little weather-beaten house were three very anxious people. Mr. Pentlebury had just come to see if his son had arrived. On receiving no good news, he was getting ready to go out again, when they heard a barking and scratching at the door. How well they knew that sound! Mrs. Pentlebury ran to the door and quickly opened it.

A large, shaggy creature burst in upon



them, almost knocking Mrs. Pentlebury over in his haste. But Prince was alone. Where was Doug? Prince went right to Doug's father and pulled frantically at his coat. Would he understand what the dog wanted?

"Look!" exclaimed Mr. Pentlebury. "He wants me to follow him. I guess we have found Doug."

He hurried after the disappearing dog, who led him down past the barns where his stock was housed. There, not more than ten yards away, lay Doug. Prince stood by him, knowing he had done his duty.

The boy was taken home, where it was found that he had not only sprained his ankle, but, because of the long exposure to the cold and snow, was in a very serious condition.


Prince received much praise; in fact, Mr. Pentlebury declared that if it had not been for Prince he would not have found his son in time to save his life, as the snow was rapidly covering him from sight.

And the Pentlebury family still tell, with much pride, the devotion of the loyal dog to his young master.



## Gullible

By Frances O. Hayes, '31

T was a beautiful, clear night, such that would delight the heart of an astronomer. Above, the sky was besprinkled with myriads of stars, among which Ben and I, even with our small knowledge of astronomy, could pick out some of the celestial bodies that we knew.

Our object, as we left Great Island in a canoe, was to encircle Bowman's Island, a small strip of land running parallel to Great Island, east and west. To the east of Bowman's, running north and south, was Dark Island. I explain the position of these three islands, for it has much to do with my tale.

As Ben and I slowly paddled across the open lake, reached the western end of Bowman's, and entered the narrow channel between that island and the one immediately north, we could hear two radios at cottages about half a mile away, one announcing a concert given in honor of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Buick, the other an Old-Time Singing Bee, which of course contained, as it progressed, "Old Black Joe," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," and other selections of a similar nature.

When finally we reached what I supposed to be the eastern end of the island, I remarked to Ben, "Isn't the end of the island wide?"

"The end?" Then his expression changed, "M-m-m-m. Do you want to go over to Dark Island?"

I readily agreed and we started in an easterly direction for the land that lay there. As we approached the shore Ben stated, "This is called Dark Island because there are so many evergreens, giving it a darker appearance than an island wooded with mostly hard wood trees."

Finding a small cove, with a sandy beach and a canoe landing, we landed and Ben asked, "Do you want to go up to the camp?" pointing in the direction of a light.

Being a stranger on the lake, I first said, "Well, do you know anybody there?"

To this he replied indefinitely, "Why should I?"

"Wouldn't it be rather presuming to go up there then?" was my stupid reply.

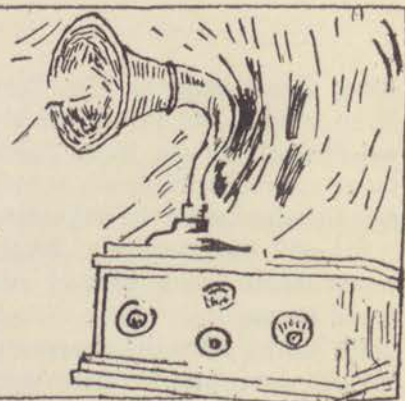
"Oh, well, I guess they won't mind," and with that we started up the slight hill toward the camp.

When I was within a few feet of the camp, it began to take on a familiar aspect, and upon close observation I found, to my chagrin, that we were on Great Island, where we were staying. In going around Bowman's, in the darkness, I had thought that we had gone only

(Continued on Page 41)

# BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



## *Scarcely any Tale was Sooner Heard than Told.*

On September 10, Seniors (wonderful creatures) Juniors (almost grown up), Sophs (<sup>1</sup>/<sub>100</sub> of an inch taller), and Freshmen (invisible except under a microscope), all poured through the stately portals of B. H. S. to resume their search for knowledge, for another whole year. It was pretty hard for most of us to settle down, but it wasn't long before we were grinding away in the same old manner. Of course the infants (Freshies) are still homesick, but then they are *so* young.

### ASSEMBLY

**Friday, September 14.**—Our very first assembly was spent in scrambling for seats; a couple of rehearsals were necessary before we learned how to trip gracefully down stairs, round corners, and quietly take the seats assigned.

**Monday, September 17.**—The first assembly proper was devoted to the "Oracle" board. That worthy body was very tastefully grouped about the stage, and how those boy and girl orators did plead for such a very, very worthy cause! Everyone in High School can certainly afford one hundred pennies or ten dimes for our well beloved school paper, the "Oracle." So the very next week, every home room got busy and did its part in selling the required eight hundred tickets.

**Wednesday, September 19.** — Two days later, as we took our places, we spied two young gentlemen seated on the stage. One, "Donkey" Moore, needed no introduction, but the other, a tall, good-looking fellow, was quite an enigma to most of us. However, on in-

vestigation, we discovered that we had with us no less a personality than Carl Ring of Olympic fame. Mr. Ring proved to be an able speaker, and his account of the Olympic games was very interesting. He finished by mentioning football and he was followed by Mr. Moore, who gave an eloquent talk on the subject.

### DEBATING

The Snapdragons, the debating society for Freshmen girls, has made a fine start, and at a recent meeting, the following officers were elected:

President, Aimee Barnes.

Vice-President, Elizabeth Saluro.

Secretary, Rena Allen.

No treasurer is necessary, for there are no dues.

Girls who are absent from no more than three meetings during the year and pass their examination at the end receive a half credit on their school year's work.

The Senior Debating Society, which is made up of both boys and girls this year, will be in charge of the popular Mr. Bryant, and the first meeting was held recently to elect officers for the coming year. Donald Moore was elected president, Ruth Blanning, vice-president, Natalie Anderson, secretary, and Norman Cahners, treasurer. The preliminaries for the Bates League will begin on March 22. The subject for the debaters to work on will be, "Resolved: That the United States should refuse to protect investments in the Carribean



by armed force except after formal declaration of war."

### DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club, under the able direction of Mrs. Bridgham, met for the first time on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 27, in the Assembly Hall. No definite plans for the coming year have been made as yet, but probably there will be two public performances at least. Officers for this year were elected and are as follows: Lowrie Hunt, president; Peggy Somers, vice-president; Clarice Penney, secretary; Arthur Brown, treasurer.

### LATIN CLUB

The first meeting of the Latin Club was held Sept. 27, in room 201. The officers for the year are:

Consuls—Arthur Brown, Janet Young.

Praetor—Grace Hatten.

Quaestor—Pauline Siegel.

Tribunes—Raymond Prince, Priscilla Brown.

Aediles—Richard Buckley, Eugene Brown, Sylvia Foster, Patricia Byrnes.

Censors—Miss Webster, Miss MacSkimmon.

Plans were made for the year. The class nights are to be for the Seniors, November 8 and November 22; for the Juniors, January 24 and March 7; and for the Sophomores, April 4 and April 25. There are three open dates left, and it is hoped that speakers can be obtained for these nights. The *Saturnalia* will be celebrated December 6, with the Senior Aediles in charge.

### FRESHMAN HOP

Saturday evening, October 6, the annual Freshman Hop was held in the Assembly Hall under the auspices of the B. H. S. Band. About seventy-five couples were on hand to enjoy the keen music furnished by the Reo Flying Cloud Orchestra. The punch bowl, run by Eulalie Collins and Eleanor West, proved to be a popular spot for the dancers. The chaperones for the occasion were Dean Connor and

Mrs. Bridgham. After all expenses were paid, about \$70.00 remained to help send the band to Portland.

## MUSIC

### BAND

The members of the Band this year have a tremendous responsibility—to live up to the name of the champions of New England. It is almost impossible to realize that the Bangor High School Band was declared the most excellent of New England, with its hundreds of high schools and its millions of people, not to speak of the thousand of dollars spent annually for musical education.

There is no doubt but that this year's band will be of the same accurate, superior type always developed by our leader, Mr. Alton Robinson. Whether it will retain one or both of its championships cannot be known until next spring.

The trombone section, which was hard hit by graduation, is improved thru the efforts of Donald Rollins, a newcomer. The band is also blessed by two new and proficient drummers, Reginald McDonald and Eugene Betterley. Another new member is Harold Morris, who is playing horn. Raymond Spencer has returned to us this year, and is now playing solo cornet.

The New England Championship Band will be featured at the Teachers' Convention, in session during our two days' recess. It has already played at one Assembly, on October 3, when Carl Bauman and Alpheus Lyon spoke on the Freshman Hop. It also played in Freshman Chapel the same day.

Among the pre-eminent members of the band are "Hard Guy" Hersey, Paul Sawyer, "the perfect lover," Carl Briggs, "the music master," Charlie Jacques and his soprano voice, "Bo" Ordway, the kind of man you read about but never see,—because the guard won't let him out—and Maurice Venno and Lester Yates—the most discussed couple in B. H. S.

The Band officers for '28-'29:  
 Student Leader, Nelson Ordway.  
 President, Carl Baumann.  
 Vice-President, Edward Morgan.  
 Secretary, Charles Jacques.  
 Treasurer, Alpheus Lyon.  
 Librarian, Robert Smith.

### ORCHESTRA

The excellent reputation of the Orchestra will be sustained this year by a group of rather industrious young musicians. With a fairly well-balanced team and the skillful direction of Mr. Adelbert Sprague, there is no reason why the Orchestra should not fulfill the hopes of the most optimistic. Mr. Sprague is favored with a wealth of talented pianists; and with a praise-worthy violin section, a fine group of brass players, including the prodigal, Ray Spencer, and a clarinet section, headed by "Hippo" Ordway, nothing is necessary—when we have heard from our drummer and piccolo player—except the double reed instruments.

The concert-master this year is none other than Hyman Emple, whom we are proud to acknowledge as one of the foremost violinists in our fair school.

This year, the Band and Orchestra will alternate in their assembly appearances. The former will play every other Wednesday, while the latter will appear on alternate Fridays. The schedule is arranged in such a way that there will be music at one of the assemblies each week.

### JUNIOR BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Under the able supervision of Mr. Robinson, the Junior Band and Orchestra are improving steadily. They are, like Beauty, "their own excuse for being," but nevertheless, they develop promising material for the higher musical organizations. A good showing in these groups means a step towards promotion and new worlds to conquer.

### GLEE CLUBS

There are two glee clubs at the present time in Bangor High School—the afternoon Girls'

Glee Club, and the Senior Glee Club, composed of girls from the three upper classes. It is a decided honor to become a member of either organization. The entrance tests for the Senior Club are however, more difficult than those of the afternoon group, as there is no time to develop talent among the upper classmen, while it is possible to do that very thing with the Freshmen.

Mrs. Dean, who is in charge of these organizations, will direct the Senior Glee Club when it makes its appearance at one of the sessions of the teachers convention.

Plans are being made for a boys' glee club to be started later in the year.

## R. O. T. C.

It is with a real fraternal spirit that we welcome our new military instructor, Lieutenant Alfred E. McKenney, to his command at High



LIEUT. ALFRED E. McKENNEY

School this year, and we want to take this opportunity to pledge to him our hearty co-operation.

(Continued on Page 39)



# The New Standard of Ranking



A—Superior, 95-100. The pupil is consistent in the following items:

## *Achievement*

1. All work completed when called for.
2. Work correct as to form, neat, free from errors of respective school grade.
3. Uniformly present, and does more than the assignment.
4. Clear grasp of subject; ability to retain through associative memory; resourcefulness in applying.

## *Effort*

1. Shows marked initiative, eagerness, interest, and intelligence in attacking new matter.
2. Participates voluntarily, and intelligently, always contributing.
3. Quick to respond to suggestions and criticism and to show definite improvement.
4. Dependable, persistent and resourceful in getting through undertakings that require productive effort.

B—Excellent, 85-94.

## *Achievement*

1. All work ready when called for.
2. Good form; errors rare.
3. Uniformly present, and does more than assigned.
4. Good grasp of subject through orderly understanding of relations.

## *Effort*

1. Shows initiative and interest in attacking new problems.
2. Participates usually with genuine contributions.
3. Responds readily to suggestions and criticism.
4. Usually dependable.

C—Medium, 75-84.

Satisfactory standard of completion. Such working knowledge, skill, and appreciation as would make possible an equal degree of success in immediate subsequent work.

## *Achievement*

1. Assignment ready when called for.
2. Freedom from carelessness as to form and errors of respective school grade.
3. Completion of assignment, all work due to absences made up.
4. Retentiveness of general plan and main principles through associative, not rote, memory.

## *Effort*

1. Willingness to apply himself during the class hour; attentiveness to assignment; interest and vigor in undertaking new matter.
2. Participates in class discussions.
3. Responds to corrections and personal suggestions.
4. Dependable under supervision.

D—Passing, but unsatisfactory, 70-74.

## *Achievement*

1. Finds difficulty in covering the assignment on time.
2. Apt to be careless as to form, appearance, and errors.
3. Absent at intervals, and work frequently incomplete; only partial grasp of relations, reasons, etc.

## *Effort*

1. Seldom shows initiative, vigor, or interest in work; hesitates to undertake new problems.
2. Participates only when especially encouraged; seldom contributes to discussions.
3. Repeats errors; fails to profit by suggestions and criticisms.
4. Often inattentive in class; wastes time; works indifferently.

F—Failure, below 70.

## *Achievement*

1. Assignment uniformly incomplete.
2. Work poor as to form, slovenly in appearance, and containing stupid errors.
3. Frequently absent, and when present fails to note assignment correctly.
4. Knowledge "scrappy"; ideas chaotic; does not get relations or reasons.

## *Effort*

1. Rarely undertakes new work.
2. Participates only under persistent urging.
3. Fails to recognize errors even after repeated reminders.
4. Habitually inattentive in class, has no definite time schedule, and seems adverse to productive effort in this particular school subject.



### *Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory.*

Richard L. Babb, '24, was admitted to West Point directly from our school without conditions. He was almost immediately after his entrance placed in the upper fourth of his class on account of scholarship. Now, in his Senior year, he is made Cadet Captain for scholarship and character. This shows what a Bangor High School graduate can do when he has industry, ability, and character.

B. H. S. graduates who entered the University of Maine this fall are:

Maurice Alpert, Mary Beane, Willis Blanchard, Wilbur Bridges, M. Anna Buck, Beulah Bradbury, M. Edith Burr, Lorenzo Crowell, John T. Barry, Jr., Paul Danforth, Maurice Dennison, Kathryn Giddings, Rachel Gilbert, Sylvia Hickson, Hildred Hughes, Edith Kennard, Newell Kurzon, Harland Leathers, Pauline McCready, Carolyn McIntosh, Hildreth Mathewson, Margaret Raynes, Elizabeth Rosie, Lillian Segal, James Servetes, Geraldine Shean, Robert Shean, Clarence Shapero, Arthur Stern, Marjorie Stevens, Cornelius Sullivan, Katherine Trickey, Philip Yerxa, Lewis Barrett, Alden Denaco, George Gray, Edmund Mareho, Richard Morrison, Paul Stone, Keith Weston Percival, Donald Pressey, Max Rubin, Linwood Bowen, Dorothy Somers, Gilberta Waters.

B. H. S. has for several years been represented at Hebron Academy. This year, Hugh Connor, '28, Henry Samway, '27, Harry Hasey, '28, and Robert Alexander, '28, have entered there.

Eleanor Cross, '28, and Sylvia McLaughlin, '28, have entered Simmons College.

Mildred McGuire and Helen Baker, both of the class of '27, are at the Sargent School of Physical Education.

At Mt. Holyoke, B. H. S. is represented by Elizabeth Martin, '26, and Phyllis Lorrimer, '28.

Two have entered Miss Leslie's Kindergarten Training School—Dorothy Ranney, '27, and Eleanor Kelleher, '28.

Three have entered Westbrook Junior College—Ruth Smith, Ruth Craig, and Katherine Mead, all of the class of '28.

Fred Gillen, '28, is at St. John's Academy.

Albert Tarbell, '27, and Frank Allen, '27, are Freshmen at Bowdoin.

Elizabeth Spangler, '28, entered Concord Academy.

Evelyn Haney, '28, entered Emerson College of Oratory.

Charlotte Browne, '28, is attending Boston University.

Francis Parke, '28, is at Pratt Institute.

Una Peavey, '28, is at the Burnham School, Northampton, Mass.

Joan Crowell, *ex*-'29, is at Miss Mason's School.

Cynthia Jones, '28, entered Wheaton College.

Francis Wilde, *ex*-'29, is attending Manlius Military School.

Francis Allen, *ex* '29, is at Deerfield Academy, Mass.

John Bell, '28, entered Georgetown University.

Stewart Mead, '28, is at Mt. Herman, Mass.

Robert Bell, '27, and Lawrence Mann, '27, are attending Holy Cross College.



# BOYS' ATHLETICS



## *Defeat Serves to Enlighten us.*

The crowning achievement of the 1928 Bangor High School football season lies ahead, for on next Saturday, October 27, Bangor meets Portland High School for the second and last game of the season. Bangor has met Portland many times before, but never under similar conditions. It is in this year that Bangor High School realizes a long looked for pleasure in dedicating a new athletic field of its own. This field, on upper Broadway near the Mary Snow School, is the result of well-laid plans in the making for years.

It is very fitting that Portland should be the team selected for defeat on the Dedication Day. The field will remain even dearer in the hearts of all, if the students of Bangor High stand up and cheer a victorious football team and a victory over Portland.

Our hearts will be filled with pride if victory rests with us next Saturday. Our team has won over Brewer, Old Town, and Millinocket High Schools; it has traveled across the state for a visit to Jordan High of Lewiston. The spirit of the team must be "pepped up" for Saturday; every student must encourage—boost—talk of victory. So at the rally to come Wednesday in the Assembly Hall, and at the game on the new field, the *entire* student body must get across by cheers, yells, and songs that it stands squarely behind the 1928 Football Team of Bangor High School.

The defeat of October 13 incites us to hope for better luck on the new field.

### **BANGOR WINS FIRST GAME**

Bangor played Brewer in its first game of the season, Saturday, September 22, at Bass

Park. The game started with Captain "Bernie" Striar and the A team on the field, when Brewer's captain kicked off to Bangor's twenty-three yard line.

The team stayed on the field until about three minutes before the close of the first quarter, when the B team with its veteran players came onto the field. After one fumble on the part of Bangor and the blocking of Furrow's punt, Brewer scored her first and last touchdown.

In the first few minutes of the second quarter, Bangor made her first touchdown and point after touchdown, then neither team scored again until the last quarter, when Bangor succeeded in getting another touchdown.

After Bangor made the last touchdown, the game was a continual duel of punts between the two teams.

Brewer tried hard, but in vain, to overtake Bangor's score, and the game ended with the score 13—6, with the ball in Brewer's possession on Bangor's thirty-five yard line.

### **BANGOR 7; STEARNS HIGH 0**

Bangor High School's Crimson squad defeated Millinocket 7—0 at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, September 29.

Coach McGinley, Bangor High's football mentor, having seen the play his second team made against Brewer on the week before, did not hesitate to start his third eleven line and second team backfield.

The first and only touchdown of the game came, as in the game with Brewer, near the first of the second quarter.



Asst. Coach Jordan, Co-Capt. Marques, Coach McGinley, Co-Capt. Murray

The fourth quarter found Millinocket trying hard to score from passes, but Bangor's defense was too lively for them, and the game ended with the ball in Bangor's possession at midfield.

### BANGOR DEFEATS OLD TOWN

Bangor defeated Old Town High School 12-0 in her third game of this season, Saturday, October 6, at Bass Park.

A larger crowd turned out for this game than either of the other two, and although

Bangor won it by a higher score, she won it by a much harder fight, for Bangor fought for every inch of territory she gained, and all through the game our team was kept in doubt of victory by the swift Old Town players and their bewildering aerial attacks.

In the first quarter of the game, Bangor scored her first touchdown, but failed in her attempt for the extra point. In the last quarter, the ball was rushed eighty yards up the field for Bangor's last touchdown. Bangor missed the goal, and the game soon ended: Bangor 12; Old Town 0.



# Financial Report of the Bangor High School Athletic Association for the Baseball and Track Season



I respectfully submit herewith a report of an audit made of the accounts for the Baseball and Track Season, on June 30, 1928, and which I find to be correct.

Balance as shown by audit of March 26, 1928 . . . . . \$2,855.79

## TRACK:

Gain	Loss
	\$10.00
	11.80
	<hr/>
\$21.80	21.80
	<hr/>
	\$2,833.99

## BASEBALL:

Received from Students' tickets . . . . .	\$90.00	
Received from Patrons' tickets . . . . .	173.00	
General Expenses of Baseball season . . . . .		596.91

## SCHEDULE OF GAMES

Bangor vs. Brewer at Brewer . . . . .	2.32	
Bangor vs. Higgins at Bangor . . . . .		6.90
Bangor vs. E. Millinocket at E. Millinocket . . . . .		41.95
Bangor vs. Bar Harbor at Bar Harbor . . . . .		18.60
Bangor vs. Rockland at Rockland . . . . .		13.60
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor . . . . .	4.40	
Bangor vs. Millinocket at Bangor . . . . .		46.90
Bangor vs. Higgins at Charleston . . . . .		3.00
Bangor vs. Rockland at Bangor . . . . .		29.10
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$269.72	\$756.96
		269.72
		<hr/>

Net loss for the baseball season . . . . . 487.24

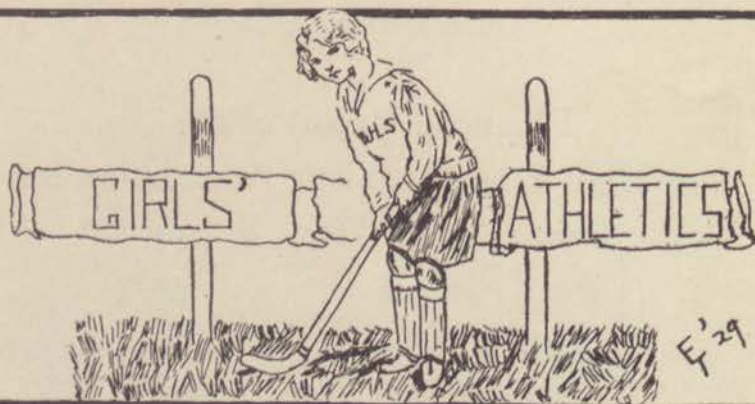
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\$2,346.75

## OTHER INCOME

Interest on Savings Account . . . . .	15.44	15.44
		<hr/>
Balance at end of season . . . . .		\$2,362.19
Balance to the credit of the Bangor High School Athletic Association in the Merrill Trust Company at the close of business June 20, 1928:—		
Savings Account . . . . .	\$2,243.22	
Checking Account . . . . .	118.97	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
		\$2,362.19

L. L. Cook,  
Auditor.



*Great is the Glory; for the Strife is Hard.*

The girls' hockey season is here. How many students of Bangor High School have ever seen a girls' hockey game? If inquiries were to be made, there would be very few students who could honestly say, "yes." Why shouldn't the girls' teams have the support of the students? Surely the girls are worthy of the consideration of everyone.

A meeting for all the hockey candidates was called Thursday, September 13, in room 007. About thirty girls were present. This meeting was primarily for the discussion of hockey, and how this year's team could be improved. If the hockey team of 1928 is going to be anything like the hockey team of 1927, there will be little need for improvement. Last year the girls' hockey team held undisputed State championship (as a matter of fact it has been held for six years), a record of which Bangor High School can justly be proud of, as their has never been in the history of the school an athletic team whose record could be compared with this.

And yet, is there anyone who dares to say that the girls are not worthy of the consideration of every student in B. H. S.?

With five veterans to form the nucleus of this year's team, another successful hockey team is expected. The veterans are Marjorie Craig, Annie Gross, Emily Thompson, Pauline Brown, and Clarice Penney. With Marjorie Craig as captain and Eulalie Collins as manager, what more than a successful season is in-store for the girls?

Practice is being held regularly every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, under the direc-

tion of efficient Coach Hilda Richardson. The girls worked diligently and faithfully in preparation for their first game with Castine Normal, at Castine, Saturday, October 6.

As this is the first hockey team that Castine has ever had, the five letter girls that were mentioned above were not allowed to play.

An exhibition game between two Bangor teams, called the Blue team and the White team, was played. The line-up for the Blue team was as follows: C. F., Frances Crane; R. I., Natalie Sanders; L. I., Helen Novak; R. W., Eleanor West; L. W., Fern Allen; R. H., Clarice Penney; C. H., Marjorie Craig; L. H., Dorothy Vanadestine; R. F., Genevieve Mead; L. F., Lydia Jones; Goal, Pearl Hutchings.

The line-up for the White team: C. F., Pauline Brown; R. I., Mary Carson; L. I., Emily Thompson; R. W., Annie Gross; L. W., Eulalie Collins; R. H., Natalie MacLeod; L. H., Mildred Russell; R. F., Dorothy Grant; L. F., Arlene Stevenson; C. H., Evelyn Welch; Goal, Alexina Michaud. The score was 4 to 2 in favor of the Whites.

The real game took place in the afternoon. But alas for our second team! Either they were not strong enough, or the Castine players were too strong. Anyway, Castine won with a score of 6 to 4. Better luck in the future, girls!

Bangor vs. Maine Frosh (at U. of M.), Oct. 23.

Bangor vs. M. C. I. (at M. C. I.), Nov. 3.

Bangor vs. Maine Frosh (at Bangor), Nov. 6.

Bangor vs. Wilton (at Bangor), Nov. 9.



# PERSONALS



*A Good Laugh is Sunshine in the House.*

## HIAWATHA

(Revised)

Hear the legend of the Hunter,  
Of the first of Instant Postum.  
He who lived in Minnesota,  
Ere Accountant, Banker, Merchant;  
Yet he learned the ways of Commerce,  
In the Prophylactic forest.  
On the shores of Coco-Cola,  
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwam,  
Old Sapolio, the Chieftain,  
Pebeco, the grizzled prophet,  
And the Warriors young and eager.

In the lodge of the old chieftain,  
With Uneeda, more than Mother,  
And Victrola, old and feeble,  
Lived the warmest of the Maidens,  
Musterole, Sapolio's daughter,  
Musterole, the Sunkist chieftain,  
All the young men sought her favor,  
Left their trophies at her wigwam,  
Brought her Thermos skins for raiment,  
Brought her Tarvia for ointment;  
And sweet Musterole smiled on them,  
Smiled but left them unrequited,  
For her love she gave to no one.

Then from the Multibestos mountains,  
From the height of the Texascos  
Came a young Chief, Instant Postum,  
Mightiest hunter in the forest,  
All superb in strength and beauty.  
He it was who trapped the Kodak,  
He who shot the great Sears-Roebuck,  
Shot him with his swift Pierce-Arrow.  
Eversharp his trusty Hatchet.  
Every Arrow-head a Hot Point.

On him gazed the Moxie Maidens,  
Nujol poured her glowing glances,

Bold Carbona sought to woo him,  
Topkis brought him cakes and honey.  
But for Musterole yearned Postum;  
No Pyrene could quench the ardor  
That she kindled in his bosom.

Through the fields of ripe Wheatena,  
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,  
To the White Rock by the river,  
By the rippling Cuticura;  
There beneath Palm Olive shadows,  
From the boughs she picked the Grape Nuts;  
There they saw the sun descending.

Naught cared Postum for the night winds,  
Blowing through the Hole Proof forest;  
Musterole was there beside him.  
To his bosom quick he drew her,  
Whispered words of love a burning,  
Told her how he'd caught the Sealpax,  
Told her how he'd slain the Bull Durham.

Told her how he'd trapped the Ampico,  
Boasted of his father's tepee,  
With its sides of Mentholatum,  
With its wings of Soft Socony.  
To him Musterole a'quiver  
Listened and her heart gave answer.  
All the warmth of love she gave him,  
All her Rubberset affection,  
Gave her heart to Instant Postum.  
There he woo'd her, there he won her.

Passed the years in quick succession,  
Small Post Toasties came to bless them,  
Triplets, B. V. D., Gold Dust Twins,  
Little Beechnut, Wrigley's Spearmint,  
Vici Kid and Pluto Water.  
These and other little Toasties  
Filled the Wigwam with their laughter.

—Anonymous (Exchange).

We sincerely thank our contributor and wish him many happy returns of the joke.

—The Editors.

Lieutenant McK—(to A. Stern, '30)—Why aren't you taking drill this year?

"Abe"—I can't; I've got water on the knee.

Lieutenant McK—That's nothing. Wear pumps.

C--n-r R--m-n, '30 (translating Latin)—  
"I—I—am ignorant."

We don't doubt it, but we didn't think you'd admit, Chandler.

Madame (to C. B., '29, translating French)—  
—M. B- - -b- -y, you remind me of Julius Caesar when you translate French.

Clarence (elated but puzzled)—Why, he didn't know French, did he?

Madame—Exactly.

"Jim" McC—, '29 (in lunch-room)—  
There's sand in this bread!

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

Frosh—Mama, can I have some candy?

The infant's mother—What, today?

Frosh—No, yesterday.

"Al" Lyon, '29—What's making that smell of burning rubber?

"Rod" Mullaney, '29—Oh, some poor Freshman's neck must be too near the radiator.

Teacher (to J. M- -l-n, '32)—Bring that gum here right now.

Joe—If you'll wait till tomorrow I'll bring you some that hasn't been chewed.

Ruth Drummond, '30—What are the Czar's children called?

Raymond Prince, '30—Czardines, of course.

"Tom" H—(in hotel, phoning down from room)—Hello. Night clerk?

Clerk—Well, what's biting you?

"Tom"—That's what I want to know.

Henry Flynn, '31—What's a nightmare?

Carl Briggs, '29—A milkman's horse, sap-head!

You can lead your horse to water,  
But you cannot make him drink.

You can ride your little pony,  
But you cannot make him think.

Ellis Dunphy, '29 (applying for job)—I saw your ad., sir, and I'd like to get the job if I can.

Business Man—Well, you look as if you'd be all right. Do you smoke?

Dunphy—No, thanks, but I'd love an ice-cream cone.

## HELPFUL HINTS FOR STUDENTS

### How to open a locker:

1. Bring can-opener to school and use on locker. The can-opener can be carried in any handy place—attached to the right ear, for instance.

2. Drop dollar bill\* into locker. Tell locker you need bill to buy "Orac'e" with. Locker will show school spirit and open itself.

\*This is a very good method if you have the dollar.

3. Take Latin test (without preparation, if possible). In this way you can easily lose enough weight in one period so that you can insert your hand through the door and get what you want.

4. Threaten to tell teacher on locker. Locker will break down with fear.

5. Use key.

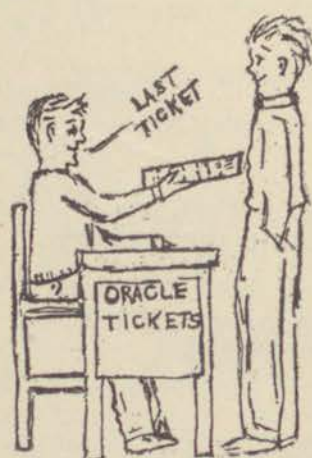
Earl Webber, '29—Let's go down to the park and hear the birdies sing.

Eulalie Collins, '29—Out for another *cheep* evening, are you?



# THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE AROUND SCHOOL

MORE ORACLE TICKETS  
SOLD!!



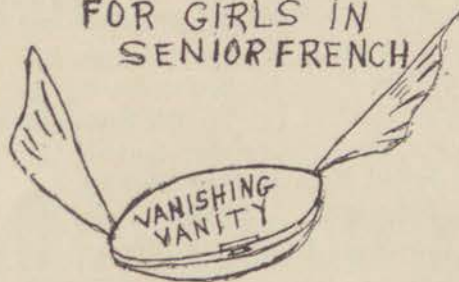
A PORTABLE PERISCOPE  
FOR KEEPING AN EYE  
ON THE FACULTY



A NON LOSABLE  
LOCKER KEY.



SPECIAL ATTRACTION  
ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY  
FOR GIRLS IN  
SENIOR FRENCH



DIRECTIONS: RUB BRISKLY  
BETWEEN HANDS TAP  
SHARPLY AND THEN  
BLOW.

We'll bet you haven't heard about the absent-minded professor who kissed his fountain pen and filled his wife with ink.

### BANGOR HIGH STARS

The American Beauty	Clarice Penney, '29
Alias the Deacon	Carl Baumann, '29
Becky	Marie Wilson, '29
Beware of Blondes	Cliff Gallupe, '29
Billy the Boy Artist	Raymond Prince, '30
The Brute	Raymond Newell, '29
Buttons	All off
The Cat and the Canary	"Kay" Lewis, '29, and L— Hunt, '29
The Cheerleader	Junior McInnis, '31
The Circus	Paul Sawyer, '31
College	The Seniors
Comrades	The Football Boys
The Crowd	The Hockey Gir's
The Drop Kick	"Moulder" Mur ay, '30
The Devil Dancer	"Pat" Brown, '30
Don Juan	"Bunt" Lynch, '29
Don Desperado	"Candy" Lynch, '29
The Dove	Betty Russ, '30
Fast and Furious	Phil Christmas, '29
The Fair Co-ed	Peggy Somers, '29
The Flirt	"Kay" McGown, '29
The Fourflushers	The Juniors
Freckles	Frank Blaisdell, '29
Good Time Charlie	"Charlie" Jacques, '29
The Grand Flapper	Beulah Smith, '29
Harold Teen	Bob Russ, '29
High Hat	Walter Ludden, '29
The High School Hero	Richard Buckley, '29
Hard-Boiled Haggerty	Carl Briggs, '29
Hula	Gwendolyn Murray, '30
Her Wild Oat	Howard Day, '29
In Service	Ralph Brown, '29
Jack O'Diamonds	Not us
Is Zat So?	Padie Richlin, '29
The Joy Girl	"Dolly" Hessert, '29
The Kid Sister	Betty Brown, '32
Lonesome Ladies	Not here
Long Hair	Only a few
Madame Mystery	"Phil" Lloyd-Jones, '31
The Motor Maniac	Bud Smart, '30
The Main Event	The Portland Game

My Best Girl	?????????
The Night Flyer	"Jim" Mullen, '30 (?)
Naughty but Nice	Jeannette Stackpole, '29
Old Ironsides	Evans' Ford, 1492
The Perfect Gentleman	Bob Marques, '30
Steppin' Out	Elizabeth Woodward, '29
The Siren	"Catty" Collins, '30
The Roughneck Gentleman	"Pete" Furrow, '31, '32, '33, or '34.
Rookies	The Sophomores
The Smart Set	Not many of us
Speedy	"Al" Lyon, '29
Silk Stockings	OH!
So Big	Young Dunphy, '30
Smile, Brother, Smile	Chand'er Redman, '30
The Wizard	"Abe" Stern, '30

### SCHOOL DICTIONARY

**Freshman**—A dweat big mans od's dest startin' in to go to Bangor High School. Next year, if he's lucky, he'll be a

**Sophomore**—A boy who hasn't yet learned to roll his

**Puttees**—Pieces of cloth about ten yards long, supposed to roll around the leg neatly. When rolled tightly, there is left usually about nine yards. This may be wrapped around the ankle, or cut off, perhaps. If this is well done, you may become a

**Second Lieutenant**—What they make you when there's no room for you anywhere else. However, you don't have to be this more than a year, for by that time you will be among the boys and girls of the

**Senior Class**—Biggest, brightest, most magnificent, graceful, eloquent, intelligent, beneficent, supermelagorgeous collection of students who have ever attended B. H. S. The Seniors are closely followed in greatness by the

**Band**—Covey, flock, herd, bunch, crowd, group, assortment of musicians (!?) who make life joyful for B. H. S. They are the ones who help our

**School Spirit**—What we are lectured about sometimes in

**Chapel**—Where we aren't supposed to  
(Continued on Page 36)



## The Busiest Line in Town!

When you call our number—and the operator says: "Lines Busy," and after you've tried ten times more, the Chief Operator says: "There's conversation on that Line"—The explanation is simple enough.

The new FALL BRAEBURNS—University Clothes—are here and they're something to talk about—

\$35.00 - \$40.00 - \$45.00

With Two Pants



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## Bangor Hydro = Electric Company

PHONE 300

84 HARLOW STREET

Mention the "Oracle" when you buy

## PERSONALS

*(Continued from Page 34)*

**Study**—An indefinable substance or thing, sometimes known as

**Work**—We wouldn't expect you to understand this if we told you, so the less said about it the better.

Teacher (in history class)—What are the three inalienable rights of man?

W- - -m P- -d, '29—Life, liberty, and the pursuit of food.

Rod Mullaney, '29, has found a way to avoid Latin. He has disguised himself so that he looks intelligent, and the teacher does not recognize him. We don't think he'll be able to hold out much longer, though, 'cause the strain is something awful.

O. K. M. N. X. Inc.

Alibi Alley

Great Heights, North Dakota

Gentlemen:

One week ago I did not know a note of music. All my friends laughed at me and my little bass drum. Then I enrolled in your school of music. In one short year, I became a master of music.

The other day I stepped up confidently to the piano to tune my drum. My friends were thunderstruck as I started to sit down, but soon they roared with laughter. Some one had removed the piano stool.

Painfully yours,

Charles W. Q. J—

I. M. Alier Schools

Wyandotte Run

Listerine Corner, Halitosis

Dear Sirs:

Your course in Public Speaking is wonderful. I am only a High School Senior, yet all my

instructors say they never heard anything like my language. I would certainly have made the Junior Exhibition last year, only the judges were jealous, and I spoke the wrong piece. This year I am thinking of running for a position as fifteenth assistant goal tender on the baseball team, and I believe your training will be of great help to me.

Sincerely,

Richard (Iron Man) B—

The Beefo Muscle-Developer Co.

.00001 Woodchuck Ave.

Alfalfa Center, Red Jersey

Gentlemen:

Your exerciser is certainly marvelous. After using it for only fifteen years and ten days, I have gained 300 pounds in weight, and my waist measure has increased 29 inches. I am no longer troubled with insomnia, being able to sleep through any class. I used to tremble at the sight of a mere Freshman, but now, all on account of your wonderful course, I can easily lick my weight in Postage Stamps.

Yours truly,

Robert (Snookums) M—

The O. G. I. C. U. Novelty Co.

17 Cucumber Hill

Pumphandle, Me.

Dear Sirs:

For four years I have been using your Combination Toothpick and Penholder as a self-commencer on my mule Alpheus, and I have decided that it is no good. Why, I can't get the brute to work at all, when I want him to. I am sending the thing to you by parcel post. I have enclosed postage so that you may return my \$000000023<sup>11</sup>/<sub>42c</sub>. If you do not refund my money I shall see my lawyer, Carl Briggs, about it, so get busy.

Yours hopefully,

James McC. McK. McX.



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PLYMOUTH  
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281 Main Street

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and  
Leather Novelties**



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**Utterback-Gleason Company**

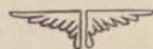


**QUALITY  
GROCERIES  
NONE  
BETTER**



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**BANGOR, MAINE**

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Home Made Candies  
and Ice Cream



*We serve "Luncheonettes"*



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BANGOR, MAINE

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**HIGH GRADE USED CARS**

In Our History—Almost Every Make—Almost Every Body Type

We invite you to inspect these cars

***E. Y. ELDRIDGE CO.***

40-44 SUMMER STREET, BANGOR

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## Atwater Kent Radios and Speakers



**ARVID L. EBBESON** - **MAY AND SUMMER STREETS**

Mention the "Oracle" when you buy



R. O. T. C.

*(Continued from Page 22)*

We regret the loss of Major Lewis E. Goodier, as he worked hard to raise the standards of the regiment and put forth his best efforts to co-operate with the boys; but we feel that his place will be ably filled by Lieutenant McKenney, since, although a young man, he has had considerable experience in the Army.

Born in Bangor, he attended the public schools, and from here went to the University of New Hampshire, graduating with a B. S. degree and the Military Honor Medal. He is also a graduate of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. He served in the World War as Sergeant of the Westbrook Battery. In 1926, he received a commission as Lieutenant, and for four years was active as an instructor at the University of New Hampshire. For the past three years he has been stationed in Porto Rico, and in view of the fact that he evacuated that territory shortly before the hurricane struck, shows that he possesses a rare and almost uncanny foresight.

Lieutenant McKenney has an active interest in social and fraternal functions, being a member of Masonic circles as a Knight Templar and a Shriner. With his fine professional experience and his friendly and pleasing personality, he is sure to be well liked by the boys.

This year he has offered the officers and Seniors taking drill an exceptional opportunity to study the theoretical and advanced side of military science, such as combat principles, musketry, extended order drill, etc., as well as several other practical and helpful instructions on map reading, drill and command, and rifle marksmanship.

The Juniors and Sophomores, also, are to have very interesting work concerning scouting and patrolling, interior guard duty, physical training, and rifle marksmanship.

Sergeant Clarke is back with us this year and, under his expert and experienced direction, the Rifle Team, as well as the R. O. T. C., has a fine outlook for success.

Compliments of

# OAKLAND and PONTIAC



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*Complete House Furnishers*84-88 Hammond Street  
BANGOR, MAINE

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Complete House Furnishings

New and Used

EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

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and Stoves in Maine.

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# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



## DAY DIVISION

### THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers \*four year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

*Civil Engineering*  
*Electrical Engineering*  
*Chemical Engineering*  
*Industrial Engineering*  
*Mechanical Engineering*

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Co-operating with business firms, offers\* four year collegiate courses leading to the Bachelor's degree of

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*in*  
*Business Management*  
*or in*  
*Accounting and Finance*

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and part of his other school expenses.

FOR CATALOG OR ANY FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE TO:

**NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY**

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

\*Five year programs on co-operative plan on and after September 5, 1929

Mention the "Oracle" when you buy



## GULLIBLE

*(Continued from Page 19)*

half around the island when in reality we had completely encircled it.

Of course, for this rather mean trick, I felt that I must repay my companion. So the next evening, after playing cards for a time, I asked him whether he would like to have me tell his fortune. All unsuspecting, he acquiesced, and I said, "Shuffle the cards well, let me draw one, and sit on the floor." This he did, and I went on, "Now place the cards in as neat a circle around you as possible." After much labor over this odd task, he completed it.

I drew a card, looked mysteriously at it and the one I already held, walked around him and stated, slowly, solemnly, and impressively: "In the past you have laid the cards around you; in the present you are sitting surrounded by them; in the future—you will pick them up."

Amidst much laughter and with many jokes, he carried out, to the letter, my prophecy.

## JUST A DAY DREAM

By Pearl Buck, '31

I sit upon a grassy mound,  
 Dreaming light and airy dreams  
 Of things unheard  
 And things unseen.  
 From a distant farm-house  
 Comes faintly the sound of music,  
 Wafted through the still summer air;  
 To me it sounds like  
 The music of angels  
 In that distant city of heaven,  
 Where all is joy and happiness  
 Away from this world's  
 Sordid sorrows and cares.  
 The music dies reluctantly,  
 Carried off on the wings  
 Of time into eternity;  
 Then the angry rumble of thunder  
 And a sharp flash of lightning  
 Brings me back to reality  
 And the monotony of everyday life.

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Bobby—"Nothin'. He was bigger'n me."—*Passing Show (London).*

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"Well a duck told me what kind of a doctor you are."—*The Mill.*

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"Why grapefruit?"

"I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."—*The Mill.*

**Nize Baby.**—"I vant some powder."

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"No, vimmens."

"Scented?"

"No, I will take it mit me."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

**Living-room:** that part of the house the family passes through on its way from the car to the dining-room—*Publishers Syndicate.*

**It's all the same.**—Pat—How do you tell the age of turkey?

Mike—By the teeth.

Pat—Turkeys have no teeth.

Mike—No, but I have.—*Dennison Flamingo.*

**Over the Phone.**—"Dr. Blank—come quickly—my wife swallowed the baby—no, my baby swallowed my wife—no, my wife's baby's safety pin—I swallowed my safety pin's—my wife had the baby and dropped the pin, I mean the baby picked up my wife—please hurry!"—*Life.*

The New Haven necktie strike will not arouse general sympathy. It should have happened before Christmas.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

*The* **Riner Co.**

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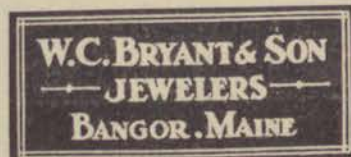
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## THE BAD MAN

By Arthur A. Brown, '29



It all began when Don was seven years old. His parents gave him an air rifle for Christmas. That in itself wasn't harmful. Don broke a few windows in the neighborhood, and his name was anathema to the cats of the vicinity, but beyond that, no damage was done.

Phil, Don's particular companion, and his faithful henchman, was overcome by the thought of owning a rifle, and teased his parents for one until they rose up in wrath and told him to "shut up and leave them alone," as he told Don later. Then he began to cast aspersions on the efficacy of an air-gun. He would never own an air-gun if he could help it. He'd have a man's weapon, a .22 rifle, if he had anything at all.

Finally, his talking got on Don's nerves, and he teased his parents for a real rifle. Don was an only son, and his parents were too indulgent. They finally gave in, so, when Don's birthday arrived, he found among his presents a new Winchester .22 caliber rifle, two boxes of cartridges, and a dozen targets. His father should have known better. A rifle is no kind of plaything to give an irresponsible eight-year-old boy. They did, however, exact a promise from Don that he would not shoot without an older person with him, but Don forgot that as soon as he was out of the house.

There was no place in the neighborhood fit for use as a shooting gallery, so Phil and Don took the rifle, the cartridges, which had been sold to Don's mother on the representation that they would not carry over fifty yards, and the targets, and departed for a small park some distance away. They flipped a coin, to see who should have first chance to shoot, but Phil gave up his opportunity—this was generous of him, seeing that it was Don's gun. One of the targets was soon fastened to a birch growing on the edge of a stream. Don retreated about fifty feet, and raised the gun to his shoulder. Phil stood by, watching. Don pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. He

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had forgotten to load the gun.

The next time he pulled the trigger, the gun went off, as usual. He fired four more times and then ran down to see what he had scored. Only two bullets had entered the target, both on the extreme left-hand edge. Phil fired his five, and they all took effect.

The boys shot a few more times and then started home. As they turned to leave they ran up against a policeman, who reached down and firmly collared both of them.

"You kids been shooting up here?"

Don nodded his head.

"Well, sonny, I guess you better hand over that rifle to me. The chief wants to see you after dinner.

"Now run along home, and don't forget to come down this afternoon. You know what you did? Well, you pinked the hat right off a woman's head, so you better learn to shoot before you try much more o' this."



## WHEN A PLUMBER IS NOT A PLUMBER

Anonymous

**T**HE doorbell rang. Mrs. Perkins dropped her magazine and went to open the door. There stood a man in workman's clothes, with a kit of tools in his hand.

"I'm the plumber, ma'am; I've come to fix your leaky pipes."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins. "George must have telephoned you at last; I've been asking him to long enough. Right this way, up the stairs."

Mr. Perkins glanced at the plumber for a moment over the top of his newspaper, and then carefully set his paper down, walked to the telephone, and called the police station. Mrs. Perkins came down stairs just in time to hear her husband say: "Yes, that's what I said; there's a crook here impersonating a plumber. Yes, I'm sure of it. Never mind how I know; send a policeman up here."

"George!" she cried, "what in the world are you doing? Of course he isn't a burglar."

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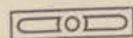
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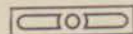


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"Nothing, m'dear, nothing," was the reply. "I'm just doing a little bit of detective work; that's all; you wait and see if I'm not right."

This argumentation was suddenly ended by the ringing of the doorbell. Mr. Perkins went to the door and found a burly policeman waiting. He ushered him in and told him to arrest the plumber, who was working up-stairs. Cautiously, with pistol in hand, the policeman advanced, and suddenly grabbed him. After searching him, he led him by the nape of the neck to Mr. Perkins.

"I think you're mistaken, sir," he said. "This fellow was hard at work when I caught him, and I've found his license and Union membership card."

"That's all right," responded Mr. Perkins calmly. "You arrest him; he's a crook."

"It's up to you," retorted the policeman beginning to grow angry; "but remember, an arrest on false charges will cost you a lot."

At this moment the plumber broke in. "You wait, I'll get even with you for this!" he expostulated.

But Mr. Perkins, still unperturbed, again ordered the policeman to arrest him, and having carried his point, sat down and started to read the paper again, heedless of the storm of torment from his angry wife. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before the telephone rang. Mrs. Perkins answered, gave a gasp of incredulity, and almost fell over.

"What!" she demanded, "say that again!"

Then, with a look of utter amazement she turned to her husband.

"George," she said, "you're right; that man was a crook. At the police station they found out by the *portrait parle* that he was 'Bull-Eared Ike,' and they're sending up the reward of ten thousand dollars for his capture now. But how did you ever guess it?"

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Perkins nonchalantly, "who ever heard of a real plumber bringing all his tools the first time!"

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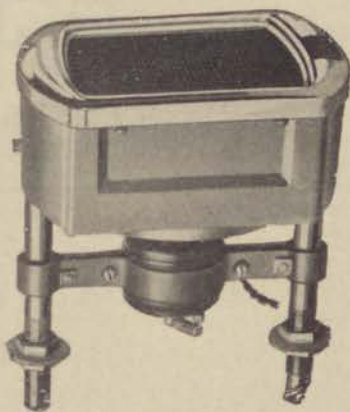
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## THE JOYS OF MOTORING

By Fred Sprague, '30

**W**ELL, old top, how is the bacon coming? I'm nearly famished! Boy, but that coffee smells good!"

"The bacon's nicely done now; draw up your chair and dig in."

"Yum, yum."

"Come on; I've already got everything. We've no time to waste."

"We're off, and I bet we'll have a trip we won't forget. What do you say, John?"

For answer, John, my puddle-jumper, gave an encouraging sputter and began running smoothly.

Thus George and I started on our trip from our camp to the Presque Isle Fair.

"Well," said George, "we sure have a peach of a day and an early start. I wonder how long before we'll have engine trouble or a—"

Bang!

"Oh, George, you spoke too soon. Now we've got a fine job."

Off went our coats, and we began the delightful task all travelers have while motoring. Soon we had our tire nicely patched and were on our way. At the end of the next ten miles, we had engine trouble. After walking about a mile we found a garage and got a man to go out and tow us in. He was a guy just out of college and evidently knew what it meant to be strapped; so he charged us twenty-five cents for towing us in and fixing the engine.

We managed to cover the next four miles with only two punctures. By that time we were tired out. We lunched at the end of the fourth mile. We then decided to try our luck again. The engine refused to start, however, after being stopped that long. I guess it liked the rest it was having. But why it should be tired from just carrying a couple of small boys like us was more than I could fathom. After arguing with us for some time, the car finally won out by refusing to start. We decided to push it home, as it was too heavy to carry.

By dark we were still quite a distance from

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home, so we stopped for the night. George slept under the radiator, for he was afraid the dew would fall on him, and he was having too good a time to spend the rest of the summer in the hospital. He was out of luck, though—the radiator sprang a leak and gave him a bath. As for me, I preferred the running board for a bed, so he could roll me off in the morning to wake me up. I had the tool kit for a pillow, so I would be able to find the tools when I needed them.

After a delightful night's rest, we started out again—but not for the fair.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### APPLES

By Raymond F. Prince, '30



LIKE apples. When I say this, I mean apples that have a good flavor, are not wormy, and are at the proper stage for eating. I have eaten green apples and profited by the experience. Sour apples do not appeal to me, and the sight of rotten apples makes me sick. I rather think most people like apples.

Apples themselves are all right, and I would go out of my way for a good one, but I have cut down and sawed up apple trees, and this is no pleasant job even if the wood is one of the best for fireplaces.

I have picked apples, using a picker on a stick nearly three times as tall as I am, and as a result, I have had a stiff neck the next day. I have picked apples from a ladder propped up against the tree, and had bark get in my eyes and fall down the back of my neck, and I have been scratched by numerous small and sharp branches.

I have had apples fall—and not easily either—on my head, my back, my shoulders, and many other parts where they can be easily felt.

I have bitten into an apple and found half a worm in it and gotten rid of my half of the worm as quickly as anybody can and thrown the rest of the apple as far as I could.

After all these things, I still say I like apples, and I add, apple dumplings, baked apples, apple pie with ice cream, and—apple-sauce!

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