

The

# ORACLE

of

Bangor High School

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## In this issue:

### RESTITUTION

A TALE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

By Robert Vinton Lorimer, '28

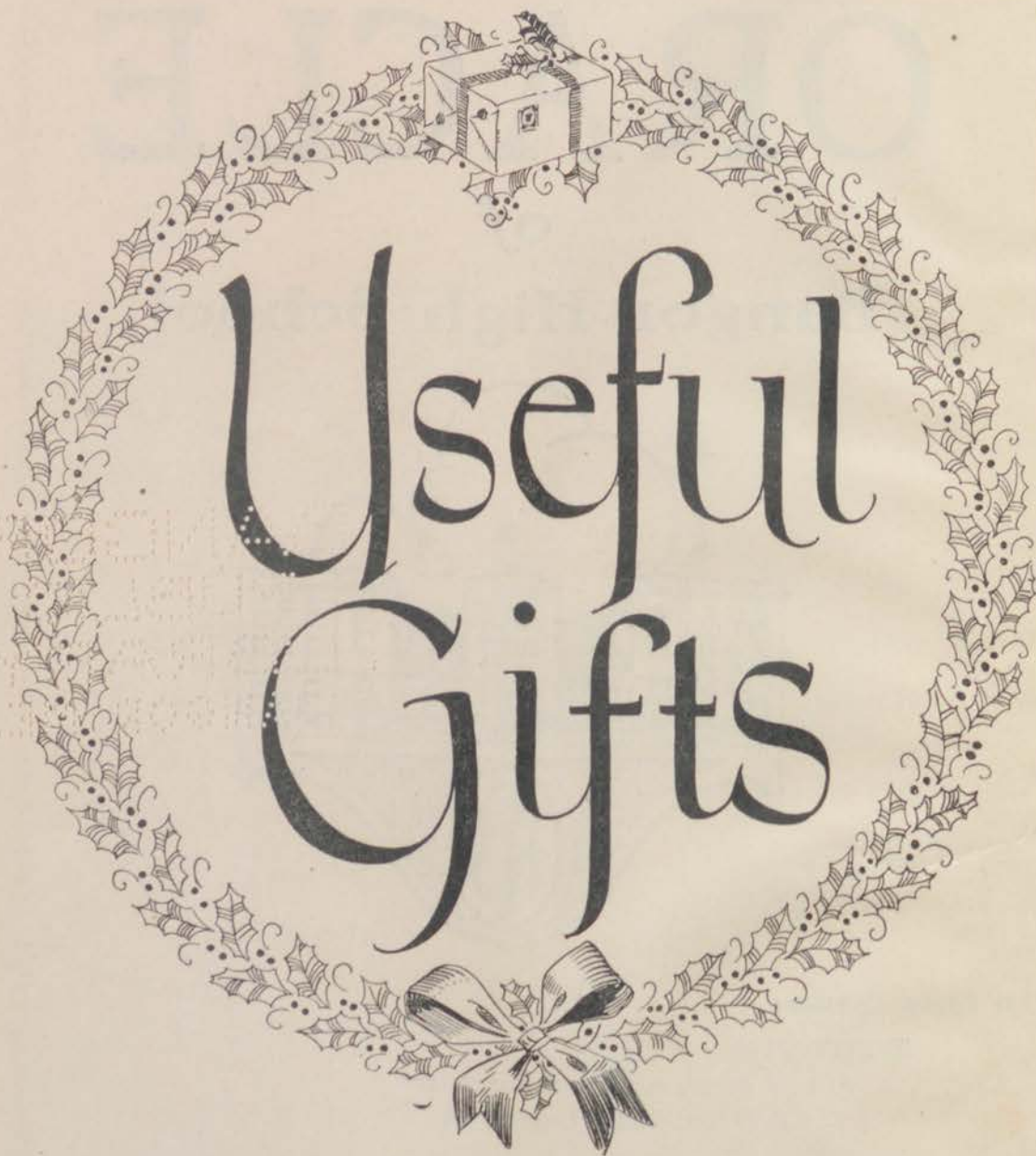
### THE LOVE GAME

TENNIS SUPREME WITH A DOUBLE PURPOSE

By Beulah M. Smith, '29

OTHER STORIES TO READ — ARTICLES OF INTEREST — FEATURES  
AND THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

December, 1927



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# The Oracle

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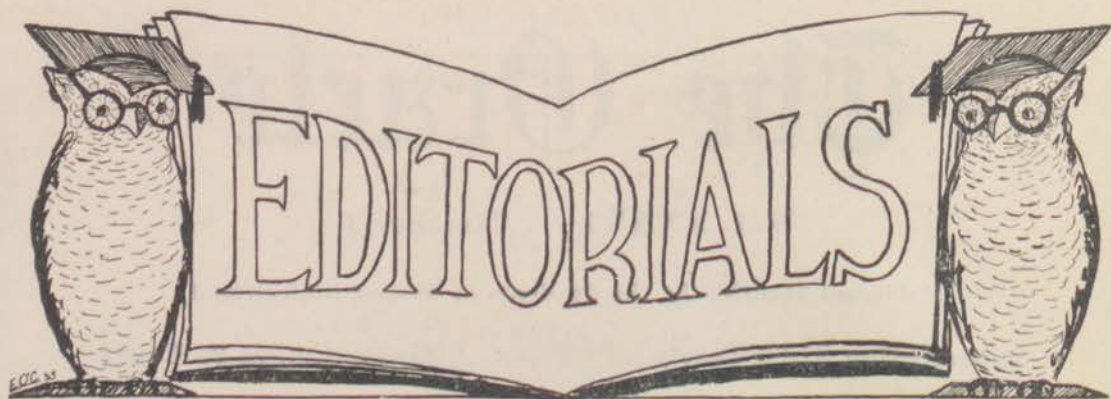
## December, 1927

### The Oracle Board

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### "RING IN THE NEW"

We have many new things this year—principal, coach, teachers, and, last but not least, a revised *Oracle*.

Mr. Taylor came to us from Gardiner, with a record of good discipline that would be hard to equal. Here at B. H. S., he has made us step lively, and above all, quietly. Chapel is much changed, and the change is all for the better. If any one talks, nine times out of ten he is spoken to. Next time, we are told, we shall see Mr. Taylor about it. Lots of little things, hardly noticeable in themselves help to make the school more quiet.

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The *Oracle* is started again, with rather a different policy this year. Not much, you know, but different all the same. It is cheaper, being only a dollar for the six issues and it is better we hope, having over thirty pages of reading matter.

We trust that the students will back us up and make the *Oracle* pay its own expenses. We hope also that our paper will meet with the approval of both faculty and students. If it doesn't, it will be for lack of brains, not for lack of effort, for the entire board is preparing to work its head and their several heads off.

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### CHRISTMAS

The creaking of sleigh runners and the crackling of the Yule log; the groaning table with a dozen or more cheerful faces around it; Grand-

pa proudly doing the honors, and Grandma beaming on her family. Such was the old-fashioned Christmas.

The purr of a powerful automobile, rows of oil heated city houses, scattered families sending their holiday greetings by telephone all over the country, a group around a table listening to the music from some far city—that is the new-fashioned Christmas.

Quite a change, we remark, but who will say that the old-fashioned Christmas is better? Times change, that's all, and merry Christmas is just as merry, or even more so, than it used to be.

Santa Claus has to be more careful in climbing down the narrow chimney, for instead of finding everybody in bed and not a creature stirring, he is liable to find the whole family listening to the radio and dancing, not the Virginia Reel, but fast, dizzy steps as elusive as quick-silver.

Mother doesn't have to spend the day over the hot stove, cooking all manner of delicious indigestible dishes. Instead she gets a simple balanced meal, and we all feel better for it.

A grandmother we know used to await with joy the coming of her troop. "How they have grown!" she would murmur. Now they bring out the home movie camera, and show her all their good times since the last Christmas. Then they all troop outside to make a new picture and preserve this latest Christmas day.

Old-fashioned Christmas best? Shucks!

Give us the new-fashioned Christmas with its telephone, radio, movies, airplane, auto, and thousands of new points of human interest.





PRINCIPAL TAYLOR

### "OUR HIGH SCHOOL"

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The success or failure of any school system depends not only upon its teaching force, but upon the spirit of the student body. It does not matter how well qualified a teacher may be in her own department, the results of her teaching will be largely influenced by the spirit or attitude of the students in her classes. If this attitude be that of cooperation, then the ideal situation for efficiency is nearer at hand.

Our High School is made up of fifty-nine teachers and twelve hundred forty-six students. The success of "Our High School" depends upon the spirit of loyalty that exists in these individuals. We are all parts of the

high school structure. A loyal student will continually keep in mind the honor and standing of his school and will govern his actions accordingly. He will be concerned about the standing of his school in the community and in the State. When it is necessary for a decision to be made which concerns the welfare of his school, a loyal student will place his school first.

Selfishness on the part of an individual should be discouraged in most cases. There is a kind of selfishness which I recommend for every member of "Our High School," which is: each student should be just selfish enough to want his high school the best in the land. Cooperation, resulting from the proper spirit of loyalty will do much to bring this about.

C. E. Taylor.



## *Restitution*

Robert Vinton Lorimer.

Jan Morgansen came to a halt, his breath coming hard, his bulky figure swaying dizzily. He cast a glance over his shoulder to a spot where, in the distance a huddled form lay in the snow. Behind him lay a blood spattered trail. He groaned and clapped a hand to his thigh, where a stream of blood was flowing from an open wound. He smiled grimly. They would soon be on his trail—these red-coated hounds of the law—eager to avenge justice and that dim huddled thing back there in the snow.

He resumed his running—running, which would have been smoother and swifter had that little wound not pulsated so disagreeably.

His fair hair was matted and unkempt; a straggly week's growth of beard protruded from an outthrust jaw. His features were haggard, and from the wound in his thigh came still that flow of blood.

He stopped and tore from the sleeve of the jacket which he wore a strip of cloth, making a compress for the wound. Unbuckling his belt he slid it down a few inches to hold the compress in place. Ah! that was better! The flow had stopped and although he was a giant in strength and a man among men, the loss of blood had begun to tell on him.

He was rapidly approaching a strip of woods which was sheltered from the cold wind which was blowing. He entered this strip, dodging the overhanging branches with the skill of one long accustomed to the woods.

Once in his flight he paused, nostrils quivering, listening intently. He thought he had heard a noise. Then, hearing nothing more, he resumed his running. Scarcely had he disappeared when a man dressed in the uniform of the Royal Mounted Police of Canada stepped from behind a tree and proceeded to follow the tracks of this man whom he had discovered running with furtive glances over his shoulder.

Now it is an apparent fact that a man who is discovered running with aforesaid backward glances over his shoulder, with a blood soaked pair of breeches on, and with a portion of his right sleeve missing from the lumber man's jacket which he wore, is up to no good, or rather, according to this man's art had been up to no good. Bob Harding, returning from duty in his northern station in the bleak wilderness of Northern Canada, knew this; and his observing eye had taken in everything in that brief instant when he had sighted this man. He had already formulated a few facts as to the how, when, and why of this incident as he silently followed the trail. Briefly stated here they were:

1. This man was a lumberman,
2. He was armed,
3. The fracas had taken place within half an hour of the time he had discovered him.
4. He was in a weak condition.

The reasons for these conclusions were obvious. This man wore the typical clothes



of the lumberman. Furthermore, there were marks of caulked boots on the back of his right hand where someone had "spiked" him. He was armed because his right hip-pocket sagged with the weight of a heavy object, and there was a little round imprint which Bob could see as he followed the man made by the print of the muzzle of a revolver. He had been wounded from a firearm rather than a knife, for there was no slit as would have been the case had he been knifed. And lastly the way he tottered and swayed proved to Bob that this man was in a weak condition. The fracas had occurred within half an hour of the time Bob had discovered him because his pants were not caked with blood.

Suddenly Harding stopped. The smell of smoke assailed his nostrils. This fellow evidently thought himself secure from pursuit, for he had stopped to rest and to warm himself.

Bob patted the pack of rations which he carried on his back and grinned cheerfully. *He* had enough to eat, any way. Now to get his man. He was stealing forward cautiously, every nerve alert, when a shot rang out and a sound of thrashing followed. He resumed his way on hands and knees and soon came to

the edge of a clearing from whence the sounds came. Kneeling by the side of a big buck was his man. He was babbling esotatically and rubbing his hands together. He took a knife from its sheath and after exposing the flank of the animal cut a huge steak from it. He went back to the fire which he had kindled in a little hollow, and impaled the steak on a stick which he had cut for the purpose. He squatted on his knees back to the watching Mounty and began to broil the steak. As he knelt there by the fire he thought of all those tribulent happenings of the last few months—his quarrel with his father whose unbearable insults to his wife had ended in a brawl between them in which he had killed his father—his own father! He loved his father more than anyone else in the world but in hot anger he had struck him down—oh, he could not bear to think of it. And then, hounded by these demons of the law, he had taken another life to insure the safety of his own. Ah! but he was safe from them now! These hounds of justice could never find—He turned with drawn face to be confronted by the figure of a man in the uniform of His Majesty's Royal Mounted Police. This man had his automatic

*(Continued on page 39)*



## *The Boy Scouts*

By James McClure

In telling about the Boy Scouts, I will begin by telling how Scouting started, and try to trace it through, in part, to the present day.

Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who, in 1894, was serving in the British Army, then posted in Africa, was concerned about the condition of the men from schools and colleges, who were then training for officers. He saw that as a result of modern and civilized life, they were getting soft, couldn't carry responsibility and didn't know how to take care of themselves. So he set out to find a way to remedy these things.

After he had studied the matter carefully, he decided to establish the South African Constabulary on Scouting lines rather than on lines of strict military organization. The troop he made a small unit, so that the person in command would be able to deal with a man through personal knowledge of him. This troop was made up of a gang of six men under their own leader. This placed some responsibility on the junior officers and the contests between the patrols created great spirit within the patrols. He made them take long trips with just enough time and money to get by

with so as to accustom them to hardships and further toughen their bodies. This experiment was a great success.

Up to this time, this plan was for men only, but now he began to think of the possibilities of Scouting for boys. He held a trial camp for scout training with boys from other schools to experiment on. He used the same plan, except for a few changes to make it suitable for boys. He was greatly surprised at the good results, prompting him to go on. He found out that if their training was made to appeal to them, the boys would learn rapidly. Hence the motto: "A Scout learns by doing". He found out that the other boy's organizations didn't appeal to the boys, because there was too little that interested them.

By a coincidence, Scouting was brought to America as the result of an incident in London, typifying the "Daily Good Turn" idea in Scouting—Mr. William D. Boyce, a Chicago publisher and business man, was lost in London. A boy noticing his bewilderment, went up to the man, saluted and asked if he could be of any service to him.

"I'm lost," the man answered.

"Where do you want to go?" the boy asked.

Mr. Boyce told him and the boy took him to the place that he was looking for. Mr. Boyce reached into his pocket and brought out a shilling, offering it to the boy.

The boy immediately replied, "No, sir, I am a Scout. Scouts don't take tips for courtesies."

The man, in surprise, half murmured. "What did you say?" as if he couldn't believe his ears.

The scout repeated his statement and asked, "Don't you know about the Boy Scouts?"

Mr. Boyce confessed that he didn't and, as he was much impressed he said, "Tell me about them."

The scout replied, "The scout office is near. I will show you the way. You can learn more there."

After doing his errand, Mr. Boyce went with the boy to the office and he was greatly impressed. He collected pamphlets, etc. and took them home to America.

In the next year, Mr. Boyce and others interested in boys, organized the first troop of the Boy Scouts of America. It is now very evident how successful it was. There are, at this time, more than 633,000 Boy Scouts of America.

The Scouting age is the age when crime has its beginning. Did you ever stop to consider that America, leading the world in science and invention, education, and national prosperity, also leads the world in crime? A few years ago the average criminal was 35 years of age. Now, the average criminal is 19 years of age. There is six times as much crime in the United States as in any other Country in the world. Scouting, although you may not realize it, has relieved this situation greatly. This is shown in the report of the New York Commission of Prisons. "Of the 10,000 boys committed to the home of refuge on Randall's Island, in the last fifteen years, *not one* has been a *Boy Scout*."

An example right here in Bangor is worth mentioning. A business man overheard two boys talking together on the street. They were telling how they used to "cop" stuff from the cars in the freight yards, but that they had joined the Boy Scouts and they didn't do that kind of thing now. Isn't this enough to make you realize that Scouting has a very definite purpose? It shows that Scouting has accomplished what it started out to accomplish. If these two boys have been put on the right track, what more do you need to convince you that other boys will be affected the same way?



## THE NIGHT BEFORE

'Tis twelve o'clock—within a room  
 The midnight oil is burning;  
 While at his desk the student sits  
 His face with fever burning.

Tomorrow is the day of doom  
 The quarterly exams;  
 This the reason that he sits  
 And sighs and groans, and crams.

With many a frown he settles down,  
 Spurred on by desperation—  
 Tomorrow will his ruin see—  
 Or else his one salvation.

At half past one his light is out,  
 In bed he twists and turns about;  
 He finds out now, much to his sorrow  
 'Twere better to think on the morrow.

Some two days later, in the paper  
 Appeared this proclamation:  
 Rejoice Mamma; Be happy, dad,  
 I passed th' examination!

By One Who Knows (R. V. L.)

*The Last Sit of Standing Cow*

By Laurence Huot, '28

(A story of the great open spaces, where a man's a man, a nickel is worth five cents, the collars are celluloid and the women are governors.)

Under a blistering western sun, a pink horse was lumbering down the dusty road. He was a beautiful mare, pug nosed, long eared, saddle backed, every rib showing to perfection at two thousand yards, bow legged in front, knock kneed behind, matted tail; a critter in the prime for a hot dog factory.

Astride her boney back was hunched a man, "Cactus Pete," foreman of the "Cross Eye" ranch. As the name Ichabod Crane applied to the person: so the best method to describe "Cactus Pete" would be, 1910 ford.

Down to the very door of the "Greasy Vest" saloon he rode. Gracefully he fell from the back of his noble and trusty steed, before entering he kissed the quadruped on the left side of her face.

As he entered he glanced around, in one corner his avowed enemy "Black Bart" was dealing himself a royal flush from the bottom

of the pack, his high shiney boots, his black checked breeches, his swallow tailed coat, his derby hat and his waxed mustache, all proclaimed him as a villain. And he was! a black villain, a rogue, a naughty boy, one who would stoop to any trick. In fact, he had been known to take a plug of "Dill's Best" chewing tobacco from Andy Gump, the poor one eyed hand organ grinder who played the tambourine and danced for the worthy patrons of the "Greasy Vest." Beside him sat his benchman "Handy Hank," who did his dirty work, washed his dishes, etc.

As "Cactus" entered, all rose and greeted him with a short, "Vive le roi." which as you all know means "I eat my spaghetti with mustard."

"Black Bart bit the fingernail of the third finger of his left hand to suppress his anger.

"Cactus" grinned, showing his horrible gums, free of all dental encumbrances, and winked at the president of the dump-pickers union who was picking his teeth in front of the bay window.



After he had given an order of toothpicks and water to the barmaid, he gazed about. Spying the music box, he ambled to it and began to play. My Gracious Goodness, how that man could play (with apologies to Barbara Freitchie.)

Suddenly, with a shriek of brakes, and a rattle of loose punts, the stage drew up at the door (outside) and from it "Darling Henrietta" the moonshiner's daughter, stepped forth. Daintily she tripped and fell at the feet of the onrushing crowd; she would have been trampled underfoot had it not been for our courageous hero who grabbed her from terra firma and threw her into the village watering trough, which was at the foot of the spreading chestnut tree (you know) where the village smithy stood. As he executed this gallant action he softly hummed to himself love's old sweet song.

Under the spreading gooseberry bush,

The village rumhound sleeps.

While up and down his spinal cord,

The little lizards creep.

## CHAPTER II

With an ugly leer on his face "Black Bart" mumbled a few words in French (French so "Handy" wouldn't understand him) to "Handy Hank" who at once shambled across the room to a table where dozed the two Indian chiefs, "Laugh-in-your-Sleeve," and "Hole-at-the-Elbow."

These hirelings, would, for a package of peppermint life savers, do any vile deed such as stealing a dead man's shadow or letting the air out of the tires on the city ice-cart.

They in turn nodded, and, after wringing the soup from their beards left the "Greasy Vest."

"Ha! Ha!" smirks the villain with a diabolical grin, "I will make Frank Merriwell walk home yet." (The plot sickens.)

## Chapter XXXX

(You know what those mean on the end of a letter). Chiefs "Laugh-in-your-Sleeve" and "Hole-at-the-Elbow" sneaked slowly and quietly up behind "Darling Henrietta." (By the way, the name of "Cactus Pete's" horse is Annabel). "Henrietta" was sunning herself behind the barn. "Maintenant" hissed, Laugh-in-your-Sleeve to Hole-in-the-Elbow, which means "don't tear your shirt." Silently but swiftly they closed in upon the innocent and unconscious heroine (Gee! this is sad.) Suddenly they pounced upon her and after gagging her they clambered onto their jackasses and drove to "Black Barts'" secret camp. "Black Bartholemew" ("Black Bart's" full name) was counting the seconds by his dollar watch (which reminds me that grapefruit will be more expensive this year on account of the scarceness of hen's teeth) Returning to our hero! "Handsome Harry" ("Cactus

*(Continued on page 47)*



# Book Report of "The Three Musketeers"

By J. B. '28

The scene of "The Three Musketeers" is laid in France and England, about three hundred years ago, and a great deal of the story centers round the siege of the Huguenots at La Rochelle by King Louis XIII and the Cardinal, Duke de Richelieu.

All men of the Royal Court at this period can be divided into two classes — those just

in the process of loving, and those just jilted in love. So our story opens with the setting out into the world of an adventurous Gascon, D'Artagnan, in April 1625. His Gascon hotheadedness soon gets him into a quarrel with a certain gentleman at Meung from which he emerges wounded and minus a letter of introduction to M. de Treville, Cap-

tain of the King's Musketeers. On this encounter he also sees a mysterious young lady,—companion of the man of Meung, who shortly afterward becomes an all important person in his life.

Arriving in Paris he goes to the Hotel of M. de Treville; here, while awaiting an audience with the Captain, he listens attentively to the conversation, and soon becomes a partisan of M. de Treville and his guards, for the king and against the Cardinal. The Captain receives him kindly, though suspiciously, and is about to give him a letter, entering him on the Royal Academy, when D'Artagnon, through the window, spies his man of Meung and rushes to seek revenge. In his vain haste, he angers Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, called the Three Musketeers, because of a compact of friendship between them; and he arranges to duel with them, in the order named, at a certain secluded spot that day. Each one of the Musketeers, ignorant of the fact that he is to duel with the same young man as his friends, secures the services of all of the others as seconds. They meet at the appointed place, and are greatly surprised. The first duel is about to begin, when five of the Cardinal's guards appear and a fight ensues in which the latter are completely beaten by the Musketeers and D'Artagnan. D'Artagnan is then accepted into the union of the Three Musketeers. M. de Treville, after much diplomacy, excuses the affair to the king.

D'Artagnan then falls in love with Mme. Bonacieux, the pretty wife of his landlord, and the seamstress and confidant of the queen. She is shortly after abducted but secured by D'Artagnan, who becomes involved in a serious court intrigue, in which he and his friends cover themselves with glory on account of their bravery, preserving the Queen's honor, but incurring the hatred of the Cardinal and our lady of Meung, the Countess de Winter.

The Countess, on going to England to assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, enemy premier, at the Cardinal's orders, is imprisoned by her brother-in-law who is forewarned by the Musketeers, who are meanwhile fighting at the siege of La Rochelle. The Countess escapes to the convent at Bethume, France, where Mme. Bonacieux has been placed by the Queen, after a second abduction. D'Artagnan and his friends, now the Four Musketeers, as the former had been made one, come to take her away, but she is poisoned by the Countess who escapes, but is captured and executed as punishment for her terrible crimes—the destruction of Athos, the executioners, and his brother's honor; the murder of D'Artagnan's, mistress and the Count de Winter; and the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham's assassination.

Our friends return to Paris, where D'Artagnan becomes a lieutenant in the guards, Athos retires, Aramis enters the clergy, and Porthos marries a rich widow.



## *Our Friendly Schooner*

By Cynthia W. Jones

A stiff north westerly breeze sprang up in the harbor, and as was usual, with a wind from that direction it soon became squally. Little cat's-paws swooped down on the water and ruffled the surface with tiny, darting

black streaks. Altho the west remained fairly clear, there was a feeling of early darkness present.

The birds had all disappeared and the wind was getting stronger. The squalls



became sharper and whipped up white-capped waves, their size ever increasing. No ships were in sight.

Soon our cosy harbor seemed sheltered no longer. Minature breakers raced its length and the water appeared black except where the stormy gusts drove little lines of foam before them.

But attention passed from the harbor to the Reach outside. There, the gale, with nothing to break its force had raised a furious chop. The weird sunset was a strange contrast to the angry grey sea. It was then that the schooner appeared, running before the storm, stripped of canvas, but for a small foresail. She was a trim little black ship; her decks bare and tightly closed against the storm.

Apparently she was making for the harbor but couldn't stand closely enough into the wind.

It was a stiff fight all the way, but it ended

in failure. Every time she turned her bow into the gale, the waves broke over the whole forward deck in a mass of foam. Her engines seemed powerless and at last she disappeared from view, hidden by a curve of the main land.

All that night it stormed furiously but the next morning was clear and sunny. The surface of the harbor and the Reach was almost flat and sparkled with a gentle southerly breeze.

Soon after breakfast, a small black schooner came dancing into sight. The decks were gay with colors and there seemed to be quite a party of people aboard.

What a friendly feeling we had for that little boat;—it seemed almost to belong to us in some way; as if we had a share in keeping it safe for the night. However we were never to see it closer, for it bore steadily away from us and finally was lost among the numerous islands outside.



## *The Love Game*

By Beulah M. Smith

The Country Club at Burlington was ablaze with lights. Tinkling young laughter, mingled with the plinking of banjos, and the wail of violins and saxaphones, filled the air. It was the eve of the finals of the tennis tournament. The decisive game between Pierre Lenoir, the cocksure, young French tennis champion, and Rodney Paine, one of the most popular members of the younger set of Burlington, was to be played on the morrow.

Kathleen McAllister, better known as Kitty, sparkling debutante, whose name Dame Rumor had linked with Rod's, was troubled. Her red lips were puckered into a Cupid's bow and her blue eyes were frowning. She slouched in one of the huge chairs in a smaller room off the ballroom, where she could see the merry dancers whirling by. As she watched she saw Rod dance past the open door. He was

smiling down at his pretty partner and saying some nonsensical witticisms in her ear.

"There's one thing about it," Kitty murmured to herself. "He's got to snap out of this or he'll lose tomorrow! I don't believe he cares whether he wins or not and Lenoir must not win. I just hate him!" Suddenly Lenoir, debonair, smiling danced by. Kitty gritted her small, even teeth as she saw him. "Oh, darn," she sighed. "What shall I do to wake Rod up?" Then her troubled face cleared. She shook her short blonde curls. "I have it!" She ran over to the desk, seized pen and paper and began to write.

When Rod came to claim her for the next dance she was as gay as ever. After the dance was nearly through she slipped a bit of folded paper into Rod's hand. "Read it after this

*(Continued on page 49)*



## *The Drymouth Fisherman*

By M. A. Kelley

A terrific storm was raging on the stormy coast of North Devonshire, and the Drymouth life-boat was preparing to put out to a ship which, at some distance from the land, was making signals of distress.

"One more man is wanted—who will go?" was shouted above the roar of the wind and the waves.

"I will!" And a Drymouth fisher-lad started from a crowd of anxious spectators grouped upon the beach.

The cry was taken up by the excited bystanders, "Will Carew—he will go! He can pull an oar with the best man in the boat!"

But just then a woman, pale as death, her black hair blown wildly back by the tempest, darted after him and caught the youth by his sailor's pocket.

"Mother! mother!" he said, "don't be foolish now! There's nobody else to go!"

But the woman, having stopped him, flung herself on his neck.

"O, my Will! my poor fatherless boy! How can I let you go? You are all I have! Think of your father, and have pity on me!" And she sobbed and clung to him in an agony of distress.

Only a few years before, her husband, a brave and skillful fisherman, having gone to pull his trawls, had been overtaken by a violent storm, and only the wrecked pieces of his boat drifting upon the shore brought dismal tidings of his fate.

The spectators looked with respect upon her grief and some one muttered, "Let somebody else go!"

But Will, who would not tear himself from her clinging arms by force, said kindly and earnestly, "The boat is waiting! O, Mother, it is not the time for selfish sorrow. Think of the lives in that wrecked vessel!"

"Can I let you go? can I? O, my brave boy, you are right, I know! Go, go, my boy! and Heaven preserve you!"

She looked on in agony while he leaped aboard the boat, seized an oar and pulled hastily away.

Some of those who remained on the shore to watch for the boat had promised to give her instant warning of its safe return; and later, in the dead of night came a loud knock on her door, and a shout,—

"They are coming back! the boat has lived through a terrible storm, and now, if she pulls through the breakers, she is safe!"

The widow ran after the messenger in the direction of the beacon-fire and in a few minutes Will was half-stifled in his mother's embrace.

"You are safe: Thank God! she sobbed" and Will replied, "We picked up the last man after he had been swept by a wave into the sea. There are some that know him; he was once a Drymouth fisherman. I saved him with my own hands,—caught him by the hair as he was drifting by. It was after he had revived a little that we found out who he was. He went out from Drymouth once in his fishing boat—was lost in a storm—picked up by a brig, bound on a foreign voyage—and was now, on his way home period. O, Mother! since he was saved, may not my own father have been picked up, too? I came before to tell you."

Will tried to hold her back; but just then the red light of the beacon fell upon the face of the rescued man, as he staggered toward her, half supported by two of his old neighbors.

"My husband!" and with a piercing scream of joy she flew to receive in her arms the long-lost man, who had that night been saved by the hands of his own son from a second peril of death.

## *Grandpop*

By Helen Gaudet

Grandpop was such a quarrelsome fussy old man. He was never satisfied until he had all his grandchildren on the jump running errands for him. Little curly-headed Alice always got his slippers and Johnnie always got the paper for him; after a while he was ready to begin the day's routine.

His favorite chair was in the parlor beside the bay window where the sun shone on him, and here he watched the children scamper around the garden.

He surely was getting old! and how his rheumatics did bother him lately. He could hardly get his feet on that footstool. Anyway it wasn't in the right place. He wished Jackie would take more pains and get it just where it should be for once, but then, boys would be boys.

After he had read the paper it was time to go for his morning walk. This always refreshed him. He called for the children to come help him. Now where do you suppose they were? Surely he had called them fully a half hour ago and they knew it was time for his morning walk.

Ah! there they were,—all excited about something. Well, he'd teach them to forsake him just when his rheumatics were worst! Then a severe lecture would follow on their not being obedient children. In the middle of it he would get so much excited his glasses would fall off and the lecture would be postponed until he had put them safely on again.

Such children! always laughing at him. Well, just let them wait until they got old and had rheumatics, then they would wish they

hadn't laughed! Now, just on account of their disobedience it was too late for him to go for a walk. Tomorrow they had better be on hand.

It was now time for dinner, and he guessed today he'd have his dinner brought into him. His appetite wasn't as good now as it was when he was a boy,—but he managed to do justice to the meal.

After dinner he looked the paper over again, until at last his head would come forward with a sudden jerk and the paper would drop from his hands. Now Grandpop had fallen asleep! My, how he snored! No one else within a quarter of a mile could sleep for the noise. His glasses never failed to fall off into his lap during this afternoon nap.

When he woke up he never could find them, but after wiggling around for a time the glasses would drop on the floor but he couldn't see them. His eye-sight was getting very bad of late.

It certainly was irritating when he couldn't find his own glasses. He was afraid to get up lest he step on them,—so there he was! Ah! some one was coming. It was Jackie. The glasses were soon recovered and, after being carefully scrutinized, were again set firmly on his nose. There, that was much better. That nap had refreshed him considerably. Why yes, he thought he would go for a walk if the children would be so good as to help him up.

So Grandpop went out in the warm sunshine and what good humor he had, soon came into evidence.



## *Christmas Carols*

Christmas carols at this time of year are being sung everywhere, not only in our own country, but in every other country as well. It is almost impossible to "listen in" on the radio at this season, without hearing them by choruses, quartettes, glee clubs, etc. As they are heard so widely at this time it is interesting to know something about them.

First, let us examine the word itself, and find its meaning of long ago and its meaning at this present age. The word "carol" presents a history parallel to that of the word "ballad." Both originally implied dancing; both are now used as the name of a certain kind of a song. In old French "carole" signified a peculiar kind of danse. This danse gave its name to the music that was used for it. From this the word passed in both of these senses into most of the languages of Western Europe. In modern usage a carol may be defined as a kind of popular song appropriated to some special season of the ecclesiastical year or of the natural year. There were Welsh summer carols and winter carols, there are also Easter carols; but the only kind which remains in general use is the Christmas carol.

Christmas carols, then, are songs or ballads to be used during the Christmas season. In many carols of widely different dates the customs of the celebration appear as the main subject of the verse. This points to an important fact in the history of the Christmas festival. By a distinct change that took place in the Christmas customs and the Christmas carols we find that the solemnities of the celebration of the birth of Christ were combined with a great national holiday time. The holiday was called the Yule. It was a season of rejoicing at the turning of the year. From this holiday the jovial and purely festival character of the carol was derived.

Many of these ancient carols have been handed even to the present day. When the Puritans were in power the singing of carols were forbidden, but after the restoration they soon sprang up. It is interesting to know that our custom of singing carols at Christmas has been going on down through the ages. Although the character of the carols have been changed from time to time, the general theme of them is joy and happiness.



## *The Wallflower*

By Robert Smith

It is almost impossible to express in words the thoughts and feelings of a bashful man. When I was but a boy, my mother literally made me go to a dancing school. I played hooky. I lied, I did everything that my young mind could suggest me to keep from going to that dancing school. I can feel myself now, dressed up in a blue suit and a wide white collar, trudging down that elm-lined street to Miss Mitchell's.

So, from this, you may see that I wasn't very efficient in regard to dancing. I wanted to be with the boys; I wanted old clothes on; I wanted to be playing football.

And it was this way all through school. During high school I kept away from all of the social events. I would rather go to a Movie. It wasn't because I didn't like the crowd and that I didn't have friends, for I did. But I never could attend any kind of



an affair without the feeling that every eye there was glued upon me.

A girl that lived near me, whose family I knew well, and who used to come over on my back lawn evenings and play handball with me, attended my school and was a member of a sorority. She sent me an invitation to attend one of their affairs and I had to go.

There were only about a hundred there and I personally knew more than half of them. I didn't want to go, I fought myself. I made excuse, but she refused to receive no for the answer.

She was very kind to me, I think that she suspected my feelings, although I had always hoped that other's would never know. She took particular pains to introduce me to many of the young ladies that I did not know, and suggested that I ask her for the first dance after I had stood before her for fifteen minutes, first on one foot and then on the other. So we started with a one-step. On every other beat of music my foot collided with one of hers.

I can not tell now, how I finished that dance, I was totally confused. My blood had pumped into my brain until it could hold no more. I was rapidly becoming un-

conscious when by a pressure upon my arm she led me from the floor to a seat against the wall. And there I stayed. The time passed as time will. I was glued to that seat, my eyes focused straight ahead seeming to me as though they protruded several inches. Although it was not a warm evening, the perspiration poured from me. I prayed that I might be quietly lifted by an unseen power and transported from that hall to the ends of the earth. I could not concentrate on what was before me. My thoughts re-iterated "Take me away, take me away."

How I lasted through I cannot tell. The other guests seemed to avoid me. When the ices were served I was offered one. As I left to go I still held the dish in my hand, a dish filled with a watery liquid.

My friend led me away; she took me to the room where the boys had left their hats. She found mine for me. She led me to a street car, and at last I was home. I don't know whether I ever said "Good night" and thanked her or not. I have no recollection of it. All that I can recall now was being in my own room and knowing that the horrible feeling was gradually leaving me.

## ALUMNI

Charlotte Drummond, '24, has been elected President of the Smith College Debating Society.

Frank Allen and Albert Tarbell, '27, are representing B. H. S. at Deerfield this year.

Charles Whittemore, '25, is attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Rosamond Taylor, '27, Alumni Editor of the *Oracle* last year, is at the Emerson School of Oratory.

Henry Samway and Maurice Raichlin, '27, both played on the Kent's Hill football team this last fall.

Phyllis Dunning and Irene Murray, '27, are our representatives at Lasell Seminary.

Cornelius Sullivan, '27, is attending M. C. I.

Alden Denaco, '27, and Phil Yerxa, are at Hebron Academy.

Ruth Gordon, Charlotte Thompson, and Phyllis Hedin, '27, are attending Wheaton College, this year.

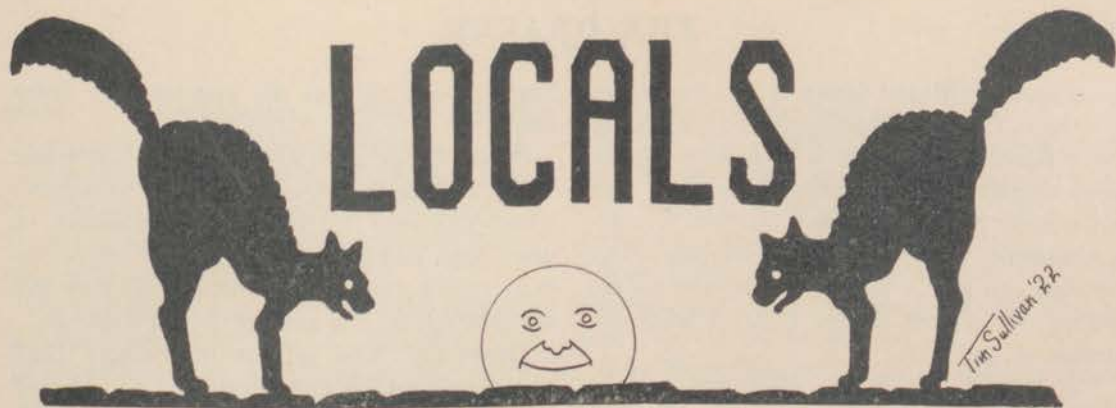
Prudence Guth, '27, is at Miss Wheelock's School.

Alexander Kazutow and Harold Robinson are representing the class of '27, B. H. S., at Bowdoin.

John Mason, '27, is at Andover this year.

Donald Finnegan, '26, is at Georgetown.

Ruth Rudman, '23, is attending New York University.



Bangor High School welcomes its new principal. We like him very much and hope he likes us as well and will never have occasion to do otherwise.

The Freshman class is a handsome and talented aggregation. We see in them future statesmen, physicians, teachers, lawyers, solid business men, to say nothing of class presidents, football players and managers and at least one *Oracle* Editor. We like you, freshmen, and we welcome you to the School. But of course we have to tease you a little as you will in turn tease 1932, 33 and 34. See if you don't.

A meeting was held the last week of the term in which Miss Robinson, addressed the *Oracle* staff, contributors and others interested and gave some standards and ideals to follow in writing for the *Oracle*.

Down in the pages of History one finds the date September 19, 1927. On this date an odd assortment of freaks of all sorts came to the wide open doors of Bangor High School. Among other articles of interest was a Ford owned by "Ray" Jenkins. This car has a history all its own. Pardon me, I have said car, in fact it is a rusty 1910 can.

The most conspicuous of the newcomers were the rubbernecking specimens of humanity known as Freshmen. Altho they did not bear the traditional "Green" all the lofty upper-classmen knew that they were Freshmen by the "Green" way of carriage.

The Sophomores for the most part had odd shaped heads, (for they had graduated from the Freshman class) to signify their patriotism.

The Seniors met in Room 208 to be led in a nice long cheer by "Donkey" Moore.

In the strict economy now prevailing in "*Oracle*" management, the members of the "*Oracle*" Board are buying season tickets, contrary to the custom that has previously been carried out.

(We like the nerve of some people's children.)

Two one act plays "The Ghost Story" and "The Man of Destiny" were presented by members of the Dramatic Club," Friday, November 18, at the High School Auditorium.

The plays were under the supervision of Miss Doris Plaisted, and it was by her diligent efforts that the performance was possible.

"The Ghost Story" is a comedy in which a young man of twenty-two (Robert Goldberg) attempts telling a ghost story in order to "scare" away a party of friends (Leone Lobley, Eleanor Cross, Evelyn Haney, Newell Kurson, Leonard Lancaster, Kenneth Young, Lawrence Huot) from the fair young heroine (Sylvia McLaughlin) to whom he is trying to propose. During the run of the play the lights go out (and how) giving a delightful effect. This play is interesting from curtain to the very dramatic ending in which the heroine accepts the worthy hero. (Oh my).

"The Man of Destiny" a story of Napoleon Bonaparte (Stewart Mead) in which a fair



young damsel (Muriel Stewart) gets dispatches by a hoax from the dashing young Lieutenant (John Barry) only to have Napoleon by his super-normal mental abilities discover her and recover the dispatches. Herbert Clough, as Guiseppe, the Innkeeper, meanders about the stage, to give a lighter atmosphere to the drama. Of course Abbot Rand tended the curtain.

The annual Freshman Hop was held in the High School Auditorium Friday, October 14. This was run by the High School Band, for the purpose of obtaining funds to take the band to Portland. The net receipts were \$61.31.

At this Gala occasion the world famous "Cobby" O'Brien (not a cough in a carload) jazzed and syncopated the evening into a good time for all. (And how) two beautiful damsels tended the Punch Stand.

All the Freshman tots of the stern sex (this means boys) sat blushing on one side of the Hall, immaculate in their brand new long pants (guaranteed not to rip, tear, wrinkle, scruff out, or wear down at the heel.)

The Freshies of the fair sex (this means girls) happy in their first pair of silk stockings, and with their new vanity cases (Newbury's) clutched tightly in their pudgy fists, sucked all day suckers on the other side of the Hall.

It was ruled by some relentless but handsome gentleman that the dance should stop at eleven in order that "Pete" Furrow, our freshman mascot, (a permanent position) might be safely tucked in by 11.08.

The first meeting of the Dramatic club brought a motley run of beautiful leading ladies and homely villains and Albert Rand, aspiring to be head stage hand.

At this meeting the club officers were elected: Donald Moore, president; Ella Grosse, vice-president; John Barry, treasurer; Pauline McCready, secretary.

Friends of Carl Briggs, '29, '30, '31, or '32, will be sorry to learn that the sickness reported to have been contracted by him after the 24th is merely a rumor. Mr. Briggs boasts good

health, both he and his appetite are doing finely.

Santa Claus sent a message to the locals editor stating that everyone would be remembered this year. Now, little Freshmen, be good boys and girls and if you get all A's on your report cards maybe Santy will give you a kiddie car to ride around the corridors on.

Hear Ye! The seniors of Bangor High School do elect for their class officers: Donald Pressey, to serve as president, Charlotte Brown, to serve as vice-president; Eleanor Cross, to serve as secretary; and John Barry to serve as treasurer.

The Juniors at their annual elections rushed the polls. The primaries were fought out, and at the finals the ballots were counted with the following results: President, Robert Russ; vice-president, Pauline Brown; secretary, Emily Thompson; treasurer, John Murray; Ring committee: Francis Allen, Louise Hunt, Irene Brown and Marian Morse.

At the elections, John Bell was elected Baseball Manager with William Welch and Henry Colburn on the Athletic Council.

## DEBATING

The Boys and Girls Debating societies are both very active this year. The Officers of the Boys' Debating Society are: president, Newell Kurson; Vice President, John Barry; Secretary, Herbert Clough; treasurer, Donald Moore; and manager, Jack Bell.

The officers of the Girls Debating Society are: President, Betty Spangler; Vice-President, Cynthia Jones; Secretary, Patricia Byrnes.

Both these organizations have been holding debates for practice both in their own club and between clubs.

The Bangor Debating Teams have entered the Bowdoin League for the first time this year. December 2nd, Ruth Blanning, Natalie Anderson and Grace Hatten, all of the class of 1930, debated at Deering high school on the negative side of the question. Re-



solved: The exportation of Hydro-Electric power should be permitted in Maine.

At the same time "The Boys," Newell Kurson, John Barry and John Bell, debated on the affirmative of the same question against Deering's negative team.

The Faculty advisors of the Debating Teams are Miss Mary C. Robinson for the girls; and Mr. Herbert Bryant, for the boys.

Before this paper goes to press the results from the Deering debates must be known. Ah! here they come.

Our Girls at Deering before an audience of (14) fourteen won a victory over the Deering Team. Congratulations '30 !!

Our Boys! Dazzled by a great audience of over (100) one hundred tasted the cup of defeat. Evidently talking before a large audience which is not customary, did not agree with the Team. Let's turn out at some of these practice debates so "Our Team" will be used to talking before an audience.

### LATIN CLUB

The Latin club has had five meetings this year. On Thursday, Dec. 8th, was presented the "Saturnalia," or Christmas. This meeting was in charge of the Seniors.

The First meeting was held Sept. 29, 1927. After customary business the program for the year was arranged. During the year many interesting lectures have been provided for. Besides the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore, nights there will be a Banquet at the end of the year.

At the meeting held Thursday, Dec. 1st, Professor Chase from the University of Maine, was the speaker. The professor proved both interesting and humorous. We know now that tongue twisters were originated long before the present day by the Latin Tongue Twister. "O titi tute tati tibi tanta tyranne tulus." "We learned also that "Meamater est mala sus, besides meaning "My mother is a bad pig, may mean My mother, a pig is eating the apples."

The new teachers with us this year are:

Mr. W. G. Starkey, now an instructor in our machine shops, has been employed for 16 years by the Union Iron Works. For five years he has been foreman in this plant.

Miss Eleanor Sherwood, teacher of salesmanship and book-keeping, came originally from Cherryfield Academy.

Miss Sherwood comes to us from Howard Seminary, West Bridgewater, Mass., where she was a secretarial teacher.

Mr. E. T. Bridgham, is a graduate of Brewer High School, therefore he's a good fellow. After completing his course of study at Brewer, Me., Mr. Bridgham studied at the U. of M., a graduate of 1926. Mr. Bridgham is an instructor in Mechanical Drawing.

Coach Frank McGinley, graduated from Paris High School in 1919, and from Bates College in 1924. Coach McGinley, holds three track records in the state of Maine. The last three years he has been coach at Gardiner High School and this year teaches Science and is Football coach with us.

Miss E. E. Patten, is a graduate of Bangor High School, class of '22, and of Vassar college, class of '26.

Miss Patten held a position in the Vassar library last year. She returns to Bangor High, as librarian.

Major L. E. Goodier, head of "Military Science and Tactics" department began his army service in 1908 as a second lieutenant of artillery. In 1912, he was detailed into Aviation from which he retired in 1914, on account of severe injuries received. Soon after his retirement he was again ordered to active service at the outbreak of the war, in which he served as lieutenant colonel of Aviation. Since the war Major Goodier has been on active service in R. O. T. C. units. Previous to this year he was an instructor in the Georgia Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.

## SNAPDRAGONS

This snappy organization of all star Freshman girls has already organized and held three regular meetings. Officers, President, Carol Blanning; Vice President, Doris Trickey, Secretary-treasurer, Frances Hayes. The members all "snap into it" and are already looking forward to the Interclass debates when they can match their wits with upper class students.

The Girls who represented Bangor at Deering, had a delightful time. The Household Arts suite of two rooms was placed at their disposal. Dinner was served them in the dining room of that suite by the Home Economics department. They visited the Deering Chorus who were vigorously rehearsing, and

the Deering debating Society. They were given a delightful ride around Portland's boulevards and they were introduced to Scotty, Principal Wing's little dog, by no less a person than Principal Wing himself. Scotty, at his master's request, did a few tricks for the visitors.

A source of income for the *Oracle* has been found in the sale of pencils in B. H. S. Colors, with the letters, Bangor High School in gold. They have sold well. The first thousand has already gone with a profit of \$18.00 to the *Oracle*. We are now on the 4th hundred of the second box. "Buy a pencil and help the *Oracle*. Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, only 5 cents a piece. Beautiful red and white pencil, school colors. Initials of school in Solid Gold."



1927 GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM





### FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1927

| School                   | Place | Ban-<br>gor | Oon-<br>ent |
|--------------------------|-------|-------------|-------------|
| Brewer at Brewer         | ..... | 13          | 0           |
| Rockland at Bangor       | ..... | 13          | 0           |
| Portland at Bangor       | ..... | 0           | 7           |
| Old Town at Old Town     | ..... | 13          | 0           |
| Lewiston at Bangor       | ..... | 6           | 26          |
| Portland at Portland     | ..... | 0           | 12          |
| Waterville at Waterville | ..... | 0           | 25          |
| Brewer at Bangor         | ..... | 0           | 0           |
| Winslow at Bangor        | ..... | 6           | 0           |

There is no kind of an institution which at times does not undergo radical changes. This is as true of Football teams as it is of governments, incorporations and major league baseball times. The Bangor High School Football Team of 1927 experienced such a change. A new regime was instituted. Frank M. McGinley replaced Ishmael McKechnie as coach and Packer McClay was appointed assistant coach.

Coach McGinley had a very difficult situation to face at the opening of the season. He came to Bangor from Gardner High, knowing absolutely nothing about the abilities of any of the men on the squad. The season started with over 50 new cohorts and only 3 lettermen. Now about the team:

The Crimson backfield was composed of John "Moulder" Murray, one of the best line plunging defensive backs in the state. Bill Welch who was out of the final games on account of injuries, more than made up for it

at the beginning of the season. Fred Gillen, letterman of last year, was one of the fastest on the squad. John "Flash" McDonnell and Bob Graham were sure death to any man who had evaded the ends. Rodger Allen, was a fast ground gainer and Art Tapley, a member of last year's squad, proved to be a splendid punter and passer.

In the line were Captain Henry Coburn, Hugh Campbell and Ellis Dumphy at guards. Eddie Callinan, Hugh Connor and Hank Light at the tackle berths. Chet Welch and Ken Mason and Harold Tremble, who was a star until he left school. Bob Marques was the center.

Coach McGinley, has left after this year's graduation, Captains-elect John Murray and Bob Marques, John McDonnell, Hugh Campbell, Ellis Dumphy and many more who were on the second squads.

BANGOR, 13; BREWER, 0.

Bangor High School opened its football season with a 13-0 victory over their bitter foe Brewer High on the Eastern Park. The first half was fairly even, Brewer putting up a stiff fight and keeping the ball in the Bangor territory much of the time.

In the 3rd quarter, Bangor worked the ball down to the Brewer 25-yd. line when it was lost on a fumble, but then Brewer fumbled, Bangor recovered the ball and Moulder Murray ripped thru and plunged over for a touch-down on the next play. The extra point was secured by a pass over the line. (See p. 25)

## BASKETBALL



CAPT. GILLEN

## STATEMENT BY CAPTAIN GILLEN

Coach Trowell and myself, will do our best to build up a fast and snappy team for the students of Bangor High! In order to insure this the team must have the whole united support of every student.

Fred Gillen.

## STATEMENT BY MANAGER CONNOR

If the student-body wants a winning basketball team, let it support this season's team the first of the season and at *every* game and see what the result will be. Season tickets are now on sale.

Hugh Connor.

## FRESHMEN ATHLETICS

This year's freshman football team had some fast and snappy players who if they continue with their enthusiasm and energy will some day make Bangor justly proud of them. They were ably coached by Chester Kennedy who put them thru some fine training.

Basketball teams are already being formed by Chester. He inaugurated a system this year whereby every Freshman boy will be

The season that is looked forward to by so many students has now come. The first practice was called under the supervision of Coach Edward Trowell. Fifty men turned out for the first call. Freddie Gillen, the only last year letter man, will captain the squad. Freddie knows his athletics for he has made his letter in track, football, baseball, and basketball. There are also five more good prospects from last year who are, Ken Mason, O'Ree, Callinan, McDonnell and Bill Welch. These men were on the second squad last year and proved themselves fast and quick. With Eddie Trowell as Coach, Bangor does not need worry about having a snappy basketball team. Trowell has made basketball from unexperienced men and will do so this year. Eddie Trowell and Freddie Gillen will do their best to turn out a winning team.

Many of the men who turned out for practice have played basketball with various amateur and club teams.

Manager Hugh Connor has arranged a hard schedule, playing some large teams. The Trowell Quintet will be a snappy team and will give us some exciting nights this winter. Support your team. Attend the following games:

Dec. 28—Millinocket at Bangor.

Jan. 7—Brewer at Bangor.

Jan. 14—Portland at Bangor.

Feb. 4—S. Portland at Bangor.

Feb. 11—Waterville at Bangor.

Feb. 25—Lewiston at Bangor.

March 3—Old Town at Bangor.

trained in Basketball. The Freshman Basketball team will practice in the new school gymnasium as soon as it is completed.

The All Maine High School Team published in a Boston paper gave the names of 3 Bangor boys.

Henry Coburn, r. g., first team.

John "Moulder" Murray, f. b., second team.

Fred Gillen, r. h. b., second team.



The next score was made on a brilliant end rush by McDonnell behind good interference. Both teams played good ball and the Crimson backfield showed considerable speed and drive.

BANGOR, 13; ROCKLAND, 0

The Bangor High Eleven took a hard earned game from the fast lime city team. The thrill for Bangor came when Moulder Murray crashed thru the center of the line for the first touchdown of the game. A few seconds later took another touchdown. After this the coasters settled down and took their turn of the game. They took advantage of it for they tore thru for gain after gain but the fine work of the secondary defense never allowed Bangor's goal line to be in danger.

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 7

The Crimson met its first defeat of the season at the hands of the much heavier outfit. Bangor fought bitterly throughout the contest and it is that feature of the game that thrilled the 3500 spectators. Larry Johnson and Bobby Agger were the star upholders of the Blue and bore the big attack, altho the Portland line was a stonewall.

The real break of the game came when Art Tapley got off a hurried punt which traveled only 10 yds., giving the ball to Portland on the 18 yd. line. From there, Larry Johnson, plunged the line steadily for a touchdown.

The shining lights for the crimson were: Bill Welch, Captain Henry Coburn, Flash McDonnell, Dizzy Tremble, and Moulder Murray.

BANGOR, 13; OLD TOWN, 0.

Determined to make up for the defeat administered them last year by Old Town High, the Crimson eleven swept down Victoria Field to a 13-0 victory.

Recovering the kick off, the Bangorians, led by their quarterback Bill Welch, paraded down the field to the discouragement of the Old Town Rooters and Welch went over for

the first score of the game. Old Town easily outweighed the boys in Red but the Crimson cohorts, using speed to outplay weight, ought gamely, without the services of Captain Coburn.

BANGOR, 6; LEWISTON, 26.

By this game the Lewiston Blue Devils chalked up their 31st victory without a single defeat. It lifted the bitterness of our defeat when it was found that the McGinley men made 9 first downs to Lewiston's ten.

The lone rally of the game came in the second period when Higgins of Lewiston, dropped the ball on an attempted criss-cross and Eddie Callinan, Crimson tackle, broke thru, scooped up the ball and dashed 50 yds., with the perfect interference of Welch and Murray to score Bangor's only touchdown.

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 12.

A fighting Bangor team confident and victoriously determined met the Blue Terrors of Portland at Bayside Park, and altho they fought vigorously from start to finish, they could not stop the triumphal parade of the Portland backs, headed by Larry Johnson. Bangor put up one of the gamiest battles of the season and were considered the best team that played at Bayside this year.

Bangor entered the game without the services of Bill Welch, flashy quarter-back who was injured in practice.

Rodger Allen, substituted for Welch and even tho this being his first game of football, played a fine game, playing like a veteran.

The big trouble maker for the Crimson was Larry Johnson, brute fullback of the Blue Machine. Time after time Johnson picked his holes and went thru them like wild fire and every time that quarter-back Dramor wanted a first down or a substantial gain he passed the ball to Johnson.

The big Crimson stars of the game were Johnnie Murray and Freddie Gillen, both playing a game equal to that of college play-

ers. Murray hit the Portland line as hard as Johnson hit the Bangor line.

Gillen, playing his best game of the season, thrilled the spectators time and time again by pulling off several long sweeping end runs and going until he was brought down by Portland's secondary defense. Both of these stars deserve places on the Mythical All Maine team.

### BANGOR, 0; BREWER, 0.

Bangor and Brewer, the friendly enemies, struggled thru an 0-0 deadlock at Bass Park in a sea of mud which handicapped both teams.

If the game had lasted longer, the Crimson would have probably conquered the Breweries as the final whistle ended the battle, Bangor had the ball on Brewer's 15-yd. line, when Mason blocked a punt and recovered the ball. When the half ended Bangor had the pigskin on the 20-yd. line. Well, Bangor will make the touchdown next season.

### BANGOR, 6; WINSLOW, 0.

A forward pass thrown by Bill Daley of Winslow and intercepted by Fred Gillen, who ran 52 yds. to score, made it possible for Bangor High to complete her football season by defeating the fast, heavy, outfit from Winslow, 6-0.

Winslow entered the game a heavy favorite but the Crimson line played a fine defensive game and Gillen and Murray, backs, were the big threats for the McGinley men.

### SCORES OF BANGOR PLAYERS THIS SEASON

| Name of Player       | Total Score |
|----------------------|-------------|
| W. Welch, q b.       | 14          |
| J. Murray, f b.      | 13          |
| Ed Callinan, r t.    | 6           |
| R. Graham, r h b.    | 6           |
| J. McDonnell, r h b. | 6           |
| F. Gillen, l h b.    | 6           |

### GIRLS' HOCKEY

The girls hockey team just can't seem to be beaten. Altho the schedule this year in-

cluded games with the best teams in the state, the Crimson lassies always managed to hold their opponents so that the Maine Freshman team was the only one to even score on them. In the past five years hockey has been a popular girls' sport and Bangor has always had undisputed State championship.

This is a record that Bangor High School can be justly proud of as there has never been before in the history of the school an athletic team whose record could be compared with this.

Practice was held regularly all Fall under the direction of Coach Hilda Coady. The girls worked faithfully in preparation for their first game with Wilton Academy. Wilton brought a fast team to Bangor but playing on a slippery muddy field and in the dark the Crimson girl's smothered them with a 3-0 score.

The next game against the Maine Freshman took place at Orono. At the end of the game Bangor was on top with the score 3-0. In a few days the team journeyed to Pittsfield where the hardest game of the season was played on a rough and rutty field. It was a fight from beginning to end but Bangor's superior training and teamwork held them in good stead. The final whistle blew with the score again 3-0. This seemed to be a lucky number for Bangor this season.

The last game of the season took place at Broadway Park against the Maine Freshman. Although the Freshman put up a good fight Bangor's forward line backed by the wonderful work of the half-backs and fulls couldn't be stopped until they had made five goals to the Freshman's one.

### TOTAL

Bangor—3; Wilton, 0.  
Bangor, 3; Maine Freshman, 0.  
Bangor, 3; M. C. I. O.  
Bangor, 5; Maine Freshman, 1.  
Bangor, 14; Opponents, 1.

Captain Charlotte Brown proved a popular and peppy leader and under her leadership the girls played great hockey for Bangor High



School. Manager Polly McCready has worked hard all fall to procure games and it is due to her efforts that such a fine schedule was arranged. Next year's hockey team will miss the fine playing of the Seniors of this year but Coach Coady will have five Juniors left to form the nucleus of the team and another successful year is expected.

The fifteen girls making their letters this year are: Captain Charlotte Brown, l. h., Manager Polly McCready, l. f., Polly Brown, c. f., Emily Thompson, l. i., Madeline Rose,

r. w., Augusta Martin, r. i., Evelyn Haney, l. u., Marjorie Craig, r. h., Ella Grosse, c. h., Beatrice Javis, r. f., Priscilla Evans, goal, Clarice Penney, r. h., Annie Grosse, r. w., Barbara Elliot, l. r., and Una Peavey, goal.

Basketball practice was started Tuesday after Thanksgiving, and 44 candidates reported for practice. From this large number Coach Coady should be able to pick a fine team. This year's captain, Marjorie Morrill, is very popular with the girls and under her leadership a fine season is expected.

## FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE

## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION FOR THE BASEBALL AND TRACK SEASONS

|  | Gain     | Loss    |            |
|--|----------|---------|------------|
| Balance as shown by audit of March 8, 1927       |          |         | \$1,500.78 |
| Basketball tournament held at Orono, Mar. 8-9-10 |          | \$23.70 |            |
| Received from Students tickets—Baseball season   | \$161.50 |         |            |
| Received from Patrons tickets—Baseball season    | 189.00   |         |            |
| Expenses incident to Baseball and Track season   |          | 543.80  |            |

## SCHEDULE OF BASEBALL GAMES

|   |          |          |            |
|---|----------|----------|------------|
| Higgins Classical Institute at Bangor     |          | 32.29    |            |
| B. H. S. Alumni at Bangor                 | 3.45     |          |            |
| Brewer High School at Brewer              | 24.58    |          |            |
| U. of M. Freshmen at Bangor               |          | 1.85     |            |
| N. H. Fay High School at Dexter           | 8.50     |          |            |
| East Millinocket at East Millinocket      |          | 28.30    |            |
| Millinocket at Millinocket                |          | 28.30    |            |
| Bar Harbor at Bar Harbor                  | 1.00     |          |            |
| Brewer at Bangor                          | 8.28     |          |            |
| N. H. Fay High School at Bangor           |          | 22.17    |            |
| Bar Harbor at Bangor                      |          | 33.01    |            |
| Millinocket at Bangor                     | 71.76    |          |            |
| Higgins Classical Institute at Charleston | 5.00     |          |            |
| Rockland High School at Rockland          |          | 8.00     |            |
| Gain                                      | \$473.07 | \$721.42 |            |
|   |          | 473.07   |            |
| Net Loss Baseball Season                  |          |          | \$248.35   |
| Balance at end of Baseball Season         |          |          | \$1,252.43 |

## SCHEDULE OF TRACK MEETS

|                                       |       |            |
|---------------------------------------|-------|------------|
| U. of M. at Orono                     | 5.00  |            |
| Old Town at Old Town                  | 4.50  |            |
| Waterville at Waterville              | 14.00 |            |
| Interscholastic Meet at Bates College | 27.90 |            |
| Loss for Track Season                 |       | \$51.40    |
| Balance at end of school year         |       | \$1,201.03 |

The Balance of \$1,201.03 is the amount on deposit with the Merrill Trust Company on June 16, 1927.

Respectfully submitted,

Lionel L. Cook,



1927 FOOTBALL TEAM





This year the school opened with a new instructor at the head of the R. O. T. C. unit, Major Louis E. Goodier. Although the loss of Captain Harry A. Tribolet is regretted very much by the boys, we feel that his place will be well filled by Major Goodier inasmuch as he has had considerable experience in the military training of young men in such well known institutions as Georgia Tech, and M. I. T.

Before Capt. Tribolet left to take up his new assignment, Colonel Herbert L. Bowen, representing the R. O. T. C. unit, presented the captain with a gold watch as a token of the esteem in which he was held. It is to his credit that through his untiring efforts the unit was brought up to its present efficient basis. We extend to "Our Captain" our best wishes for his success in his new field of endeavor. We want to take this opportunity to welcome Major Goodier to our ranks and assure him that he will have our hearty cooperation.

Near the end of the last semester, competitive drills and a military ball were held at the city hall. The drills consisted of picked men, squad and company drills. Those men who proved themselves superior in the manual of arms are as follows:

B. McManus—(gold medal)

Schapiro—(silver medal).

J. Barry—(bronze medal).

The squad drill was captured by Co. A, a squad made of medal winners of the periods year. Company honors went to Co. C and platoon drill to Co. E.

The cup was awarded to Burrill McManus, Capt. Co. A, for attaining the greatest number of points in the contest, with a total of seventeen points; Co. C gaining second place with a total of fifteen points. The company and battalion sponsors were as follows:

Co. A.....Phyllis McPherson

Co. B.....Constance Chalmers

Co. C.....Evelyn Campbell

Co. E.....Madaline Roberts

Co. F.....

Battalion.....Muriel Stuart

Staff.....Agnes Karnes

One of the outstanding features of the R. O. T. C. unit which has attained national honors is the picked team of the Rifle Club. The Rifle Club practices shooting in the gym every week under the direction of Major Goodier, who is ably assisted by Sergeant John Clark. No small credit should be given to Sergeant Clark in the matter of training the team to compete in the National contests. These contests were held in a great many of the schools and colleges throughout the country, and the team representing our school attained 1st honors in New England and 3 National Honors, a record to be proud of and worthy of the recognition of the citizens of Bangor. One thing worthy of mention is the fact that our last year's team captain, Don Yates, now studying at West Point, "pulled down" second best score in the country in N. R. A. contests. Isn't that grand!

At present there is great rivalry among the different companies for the appointments which will probably be announced shortly after the new year.

# MUSIC

## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The most prominent musical organization and the one taking part in the largest number of school activities is the Bangor High School Band. The Band this year is composed of around 40 members. When the famous class of '27 departed from our school it left the band in a poor condition, so many good players left but with the new members from our freshmen and sophomore classes, also some from the junior and senior class, the Band quickly regained its old standard and has by now gone far beyond.

The Band played at several of the home football games. Then came the big event, the trip to Portland: It was then necessary to raise sufficient funds to cover the expense of this trip. The Freshman Hop was held in the High School Auditorium and a large profit was turned in from this. The rest of the money was furnished by the business men of the city. Through the work of Arnold McPheters, the treasurer of the band, the expenses of the trip were reduced to one-half that of last year. In the week of the game a band drill was held at which Major Goodier showed the proper way to march. Then in Portland how could the Band do anything but the right thing with Lester Colby as the drum-major? All those who were at the Portland game will agree that the band was splendid. Of course we are all sorry that we did not win the game but it is comforting to know that even the people in Portland admit that our band is something of which to be proud.

The Band was hired to play in the parade on Armistice Day. Even though it was a rainy and disagreeable day the Band turned out faithfully and played splendidly. It has also played at several chapels and other school activities. On the whole the band has a wonderful start and is already commencing to learn pieces for the big Concert and Dance which is to be given in the spring.

## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

A large number of students turned out for the High School Orchestra this year. Although the Orchestra does not take part in as many school activities as the Band it is just as important. Many times students from this Orchestra have been able to fill places in the larger orchestra; as the Bangor Symphony Orchestra. At present there are four members of the High School Orchestra who have places in the Symphony Orchestra.

The High School Orchestra this year has a fine start. They have already mastered pieces which the orchestra of the last two or three years have not been able to do. They played for the two one act plays, given by the Dramatic Club in November as well as at several chapels.

The Orchestra has a harder time than the Band in many ways. One is:—that the High School Orchestra is made up of Juniors and Seniors only. Every year there is a large group of new comers whereas in the Band a student can enter and stay there until he graduates. By the time he is a junior or a senior he is fully trained and able to master difficult pieces. Another is:—as a student can enter the band while a Freshman, if any instrument is lacking, a student starts in learning it during his first year in High School. In this way the band works up a complete instrumentation. This cannot be done in the Orchestra as a student is only in it for two years. The Orchestra has to get along with what is already there even though an important part is missing.

From these we can see that the Orchestra does not have opportunity to work up the difficult pieces as the Band does. Nevertheless by the splendid way in which the Orchestra is working we can safely be assured that the class of '29 will have a fine orchestra for their Exhibition and that the class of '28 will be fortunate in having this Orchestra for their Graduation.





Podunk, Maine,  
Feb. 29, 1945.

My dear, darling, imbecile Brother Chumski:

Having many things to do but being sadly in need of the three dollars you owe me, I turn to my trusty typewriter to pencil you a few lines with the beautiful, solid gold, tin-plated fountain pen which you so thoughtfully sent me C. O. D. next Christmas.

Well, brother, as I sit here perepatetic thoughts are racing thru my cerebrum into my cerebellum and having a great time coasting down my grey-matter. They are

1. That I am still in the country
2. That I haven't enuf money left to buy the other half of a collar-button.
3. That many interesting things have managed to penetrate my cranium.

You know I am still in the country by the postmark on the letter; you know I am broke by the request for the three dollars which I have lost all hope of receiving again; you don't know how I've enjoyed painting Podunk red (we painted the chicken coop white, tho) with the help of both the population (Sylvia Goodkowsky and "Doc" Pressey).

The eats here are wonderful; we have prunes and hash on week days, while on Sunday we have hash and prunes for variety.

As per circular the servants here tell me they are paid swell. \$10. a day—once a month!

I have received much information in agri-

culture. The other day "Hank" Light, one of the hired men, let me plant some cabbage seed, all by my lonesome. I planted the seeds four inches apart and half a foot deep, just as it said on the package; when the owner of the farm, Hugh Connor, came over and saw how neatly I had planted them, he told me as a farmerette I'd make a good president of the Dump Pickers' Union—and then some! When he exhausted his vocab, about 3 days later, I found they should have been planted a half foot apart and four inches deep. Now I think he warn't so bright himself for the other day I heard him say he was going to buy an electric milker. Who ever heard of getting milk from a socket!

My landlady, Jane Murphy, is nuts on plants and small trees. Among her specimens are a lemon tree, a century plant and a vinegar bush. She has crossed over-ripe hen fruit and mildewed grape juice with the result—egg-plant. I don't think it was a bit nice of her to talk cross at me when I only asked her if she crossed Walnut and Maple trees could she get maplewalnut ice-cream.

Yesterday I went swimmin in the ol' swimmin' hole with a young kid named "Silly" Bell. It warn't a bit like the picture that used to be in McGuffey's Fifth Reader. "Silly" took a big dive and caused high tide. When I dived in my head stuck so deep in the mud that I had time to write a book on China before I was hauled out.

Some of the boys here are putting on a big time tonite. Among those present will be Podunk's sheiks: "Hank" Light, Hugh Connor, "Cleef" O'Donnell, "Donkey" Moore, "Ed" Lowell, and "Stewie" Meade. The big time is to be a chicken raising. Here's how to do it. We creep up to the hen house—Ralph Brown can't come till he finds out how to park his feet at home—and then "Farmer Bob" Graham climbs up on "Dubie" Russ' back and swipes the chicks. Then we take the poor chicks behind the barn and put them away before they have a chance to scream any fowl langwidge.

I smell food now and it gives me writer's cramp so I cannot relate anymore of my hair-raising experiences in this great metropolis.

Yours till the Maine seal swims,  
U. No Whoo.

#### SIMPLE SAYINGS OF SIMPLE SAPS

Miss W.: "Mr. Huot, what is the difference between Roman and English poetry?"

L. Huot: "One is written in Rome."

Ed. Callinan: "I call my girl 'Fermented.'"

Gussie M.: "Why's that?"

Ed.: "Because she turned on me."

J. Bell, '28: (Yawning and stretching) in French class. Ho hum!

Madame: "Bell, if anyone should yawn in here, it should be me."

#### BALLADS OF B. H. S.

##### Dirge on Brick McIssac

Oh! breathe not his name! let it hide in the shade

Where cold and unhonored his rank card is laid;

Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,

For on this quarter's honor roll Brick's name was not read.

On hearing that Agnes Karnes was doing time at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, our enterprizing reporter, Bill Cunningham,

wasted a dime carfare to get all the gruesome details from her own lips. They follow in "Ag's" words:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear,  
How it happened that I came here.

T'was a wintry night, I slipped  
on the ice;

For what followed after, mere words wouldn't suffice

#### A FEW FACETIOUS FANCIES

##### About FRESHMEN

- |          |      |                                  |
|----------|------|----------------------------------|
| H. A.    | '31. | Helpful Aunt.                    |
| C. B.    | '31. | Continually Brief.               |
| F. F. B. | '31. | Feels Fairly Bright.             |
| J. E. B. | '31. | Just Exceedingly Bashful.        |
| P. E. B. | '31. | Possesses Excellent Brain.       |
| D. A. C. | '31. | Does Algebra Confuse?            |
| M. C. C. | '31. | Mighty Cute Child.               |
| N. L. C. | '31. | Never Loses Courage.             |
| C. A. E. | '31. | Chooses Accurate English.        |
| J. E.    | '31. | Just Excellent.                  |
| R. E.    | '31. | Really Earnest.                  |
| G. K. F. | '31. | Good Kind Friend.                |
| H. M. F. | '31. | Has Many Friends.                |
| M. M. G. | '31. | Most Marvellous Girl.            |
| K. M. K. | '31. | Kan't Make Kookies.              |
| P. C. P. | '31. | Probably Can Please.             |
| B. A. R. | '31. | Began A Romance.                 |
| E. M. R. | '31. | Exceedingly Marvellous Reader.   |
| I. E. R. | '31. | Interesting, Eager, Resourceful. |
| L. R.    | '31. | Loves Raisens.                   |
| L. M. R. | '31. | Latin Mind Reader.               |
| N. S.    | '31. | Neatly Sweet.                    |
| D. M. T. | '31. | Does Many Turns.                 |
| A. J. U. | '31. | Always Just Understands.         |
| H. P. W. | '31. | Has Plenty Wisdom.               |

#### SENIOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Anna Buck—a jar of freckle remover.  
Herbert Clough—a bottle of ketch-up.  
Charlotte Browne—a Roman "pony."  
Muriel Stewart—a self-starter



# KRAZY KARIKATURES



FLOCKY LITTLE  
"BUDDY"  
HESSERT  
WHO STUCK OUT  
MOST OF THE  
SEASON.

BILL CUNNINGHAM  
ALIAS  
JOHN BARRY,  
OUR STAR  
FOOTBALL  
REPORTER



A  
CLOSEUP  
OF  
BILL



"MOULDER"  
MURRAY  
OUR  
PLUNGING  
FULLBACK



ALL IN ALL WE  
HAD A GOOD TEAM.



WE OUGHT TO BE PROUD OF  
OUR UNDEFEATED GIRL'S  
HOCKEY TEAM, WHICH  
HAS BEEN SCORED ON ONLY  
ONCE.



ELEANOR  
CROSS,  
SPEAKER,  
ACTOR,  
SLICKUM  
ADVERTISER



"BOBBY" MARQUES  
WHO,  
WITH "MOULDER",  
WILL BE NEXT  
YEAR'S  
"HALF CAPTAIN"

RED



"SHIEK"  
RAND,  
OUR  
SPANISH  
ATHLETE  
(LIKES TO  
THROW THE BULL).



TIMMIE  
MULLEN  
MAY  
LIGHT  
THAT  
PATENTED  
RUBBER CIGAR  
SOME DAY.



ADJ. CAPT  
WILBUR  
WATSON,  
THE  
PRIDE  
OF  
OUR  
ARMY.



LITTLE "EDDIE"  
GIBBONS  
GETS  
LOST  
ON  
THE  
MARCH.



WE FEEL AS  
THO WE WERE  
WALKING THE  
PLANK WHEN  
WE GO INTO TEST  
ROOMS.



WE PREDICT  
"FIGHTING BILL"  
WELCH TO BE  
A DUGILIST IF  
HIS RIBS MEND.



JOHN BELL  
28

Newell Kurson—a book of vocal culture.  
 Berla Smythe—an ORANGE-crush.  
 Phyl Lorimer—a can of "Flit" to kill book-worms.

John Barry—a jar of Slikum.  
 Sylvia McLaughlin—a set of Walter Camp's Daily Dozen for reducing.

Jane Murphy—"non-skids" for high heels.  
 Gerald Huntley—a loud speaker.

Eleanor Cross—a bar of Palmolive for that school-girl complexion.

Cliff O'Donnell—a bag of candy to make him "look pleasant".

Leone Lobley—a curling iron.

Fred Gillen—a straight-jacket to strengthen his back while reciting and a patented gum-chewing machine.

Marjorie Stevens—a book of hero tales.

Art Tapley—a shingle.

### B. H. S. ENCYCLOPEDIA

Anderson, Herbert '28: Page the shades of Valentino.

Briggs, Carl '29: He thinks Harold Lloyd is Celluloid's brother.

Campbell, Hugh '30: Here's one boy who would show a clean pair of heels if he found himself in a grave-yard at midnight.

Dorr, Dorothy '28: This girl is a star student. After much research she has just found that Caesar is the same person in the Latin, English, and history classes.

Ebbeson, Arvid '28: A star athlete who weighs 75 lbs. with his glasses on.

Freshman Class '31: The dumbest and greenest class that ever disgraced the high school. Their brains are as lacking as their size.

Giddings, George, '30: An ounce of nerve.

Hunt, "Lawry" '30: "Phil" couldn't sell tickets without this lad.

Iverson, Robert '30: This lad is so dumb he thinks Battle Creek is a government reservation.

Junior Class '29: A lot of ossified simpletons who haven't yet learned their onions.

Karnes, Dot '31: This little lass sprained her neck last week rubbering over the Woolworth Building.

Lynch, "Kandy" '29: This future manager has a face only a mother could love, only someone switched on the light.

McDonnell, "29": Ask Agnes, she knows.

O'Donnell, "Dux" '51: Someday they'll have to burn down the school to graduate this boy.

Pineo, "Andy" '31: A cute shark.

Quinn, Eleanor, '28: A chemistry star like her sister used to was.

— '30: This girl's sweet on Stewart Meade—give me a head start, before you shoot.

Senior Class, '28: Best, biggest, most brilliant, wittiest, prettiest, handsomest, most farsighted, most industrious class that ever graced the portals of our fair school—ask Madame for further details.

Sophomore Class, '30: Another disgrace to the school.

Tapley, "Hoot", '28: This is one on us.

Urquhart, "Meg" '28: We've run out of adjectives.

Van Aken, Leslie, '28: The smallest boy in the Senior Class.

Wilde, "Doc" '29: This boy makes his teachers feel like his handle.

Young, "Ken" '28: This boy hooped many a basket for Bar Harbor last year.

Zoidis, Earl, '28: Earl knows his grapefruit.

### BILL KUNNINGHAM'S COLUMN

#### SPORTS — SCREEN — SOCIALS

As the grand and glorious football season has to come to a close I have been securing All-American Selections from all the famous Coaches in the Country and at last I have averaged up their nominees and picked my own. On my team Shumsky Mian was the only unanimous selection; he had secured 2-3 vote. The team is as follows:

Note: James Mullen, All-American Manager, was not selected for some unknown reason.



le—Maurice "Mawry" Alpert—Hermon Centre Institute.  
 lt—Chester "Whosit" Arbo—Who Knows University.  
 lg—Wilbur "Willie" Watson—U. of No Dames.  
 e—Carl "Gearshift" Briggs—Maine State Hospital.  
 rg—Gerald "Jed" Huntley—Olemon Tech.  
 rt—Charles "Charlie" Cassily—Argyle Aggies.  
 re—Robert "Bob" Gallagher—East Over-shoe.  
 qb—James "Shumsky" Milan—Old Men's Home.  
 lhb—Karee "Boutal" Nichols—Carmel Home for Maniacs.  
 rhb—Charles "Hard Luck" Toole—U. of Bachelors.  
 fb—Joseph "Joe" Ferry—V. I. T.  
 u—Alpheus "Allie" Lyons—Home for Aged Safe Crackers.

I have just received a letter from Ed. Lowell, who wishes me to announce that he has organized a Basketball Team for the coming season. He claims he has the fastest aggregation in the State. Part of his letter reads as follows:

Dear Bill:—

In the forward berths of my team I think that I have the fastest forward in the Universe, bar none. This flashy forward is no other than myself, Ed. Lowell, if you don't know me. I can roll in baskets from any place, including the balcony, and as a sweater holder, I surely take the cake. My other forward can't compare with me; it is Bill Megguire, of former Celtics fame.

Jumping center I have Frank "Giant" Abbot, the tallest, rangiest, and most brutal man in the new Freshman Class. He's not as good as I am either. My guards are rather weak, thus making me do all the work, they are, Jane Murphy, who is so lazy she won't work at all, and Willie Welch, who is hammy side of me. Please give me a good writeup and publish this in your column.

I remain yours until the night after the day before:

Edward "Samadore" Lowell.

P. S. I'd send my picture only it costs too much.

Yours in sport

Captain, manager and team,

Eddie Lowell.

Word comes to me that Hughie Connor is staging a heavyweight setup next week in Madison Square Garden. Hughie has run Tex Rickard out of business with his famous sporting events. This wonderful boxing exhibition to be staged will probably bring Mr. Connor the hugh lump sum of .08 cents. All ready one ticket has been ordered. The Card is as follows:

Preliminary Bout—3 9-10 rounds.

For flyweight Championship of No place:  
 Fred Gillen vs. Willie Howell

Semi-Final Bout

Rachel Gilbert vs. Estelle Burfitt

Final 99-126 rounds.

Francis "Shanker" Murray

vs. "An Oracle Ticket"

## SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR SOME PEOPLE

Hats for some of our hatless sheiks.

For our school—a dummy policeman to direct traffic in the corridors.

For Ford owners—a starter that starts when you first start to start it.

For "Papa"—A radio that gives a good reception when he invites the neighbors in.

For the Football team—a vacuum cleaner to clean their foot-ball pants.

For our flappers—hair tonic that will make the hair grow long over night.

For the little boy—a calendar which will have every other day Christmas or Thanksgiving.

For students of B. H. S.—"Comebacks" that mean come back to the Opera House or Olympia.

For nervous teachers—chalk that won't squeak.

## SOPHOMORES

To avoid frequent telephone calls, we advise Santa Claus to bring Helen Barstow a portable shelf on which she may carry the never-ready but often needed rubbers and umbrella.

C. Redman "But I can't be quiet, for I don't know how I can sell this ticket that is torn off the stub."

Mr. B. "Come back this afternoon and sell it in 114."

Will someone please supply the boy with a soap-box in order that he will at last be noticed by his class-mates? That *Oracle* ticket must be sold!

To the members of the Invincibles: It is suggested that you give Elliot Reid a rocking-horse from which he can practice picking up the balls on the base-ball field.

The combined thanks of the A and B divisions would be extended to the kind person who gave Abraham Stern a large sized megaphone, to be used in class in order that we might never more have to strain our ears to hear his witty remarks.

To save Mr. B. from giving so many come-backs, we suggest that someone present Prilla Brown with a large, serviceable, and noisy alarm clock.

1. It would be very convenient for the rest of the people in room 101 if Santa would give a deed to a reservation to Chandler "Red man"—to relieve his mind of its witticisms.

2. Elliott Reid would be happier while attending High School if Santa would give invisible coats to all girls that they might be kept from his sight.

3. If wishes were *horses* Ruth Drummond would not ride around alone.

4. We suggest Santa give Dexter Clough a Chapeau Rouge to make his physiognomy more angelic.

Interference, Follow Me! Not so bad!

## HERE AND THERE IN CHEMISTRY

In the Chemistry class the other day the teacher made the announcement that sodium was a great reducing agent.

It is now common talk around the school that "Bill" McG. ordered ten pounds of it from Mr. Pennell.

Mr.———"What besides sodium gives a yellow flame while burning?"

Bright Boy St—"A candle!"

Mr. P—"What are the four properties of any metal?"

Out-All-Night B—"Length, breadth, and thickness—and—er—they haven't discovered the Fourth Dimension yet."

Deb Alrich studied Chemistry,

But he'll take it nevermore—

For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O

Was H<sub>2</sub> SO<sub>4</sub>!

Doe "Shock-em" Wilde, famous chiropractor of B. H. S., received a letter the other day from Testimonial Agent Max Rubin which ran as follows:

Dr. "Shock-em" Wilde

After taking five of your electric treatments I have now electric lights.

(Signed) Max Rubin.

As we all know "Donk" Moore is world-famed for his wonderful reasoning powers. The following is an example:

It was one of these distance problems and Moore put up his hand. "How far did you say it was from Bangor to MIAMI?" he asked.

The teacher told him.

A few minutes later his hand went up again.

"Well, how far is it from MIAMI to Bangor?"

The teacher eyed him disgustedly. "Why, the same distance of course!"

"Oh, that doesn't always hold true," replied Donkey, calmly. "Why, see what a short distance it is from Christmas to New Year and what a dickens of a long distance it is from New Year to Christmas!"



# Electric Appliances for the Modern Housewife

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**QUALITY AND SERVICE**

**The Corner Grocery**

Telephone 1160

**C. F. WINCHESTER**

183 Park Street



## RESTITUTION

*(Continued from page 9)*

trained right on a spot over Morgansen's heart—and the particularly bad part of it was that his weapon never wavered.

"I think," he observed with a quiet grin, "that this is the second time I've asked you to place your hands where they will be of no value to you, namely, up in the air. I should hate to have this gun go off by accident, still more, to have it go off on purpose."

The big Swede looked from the quietly determined face of the Mounty to the unwavering muzzle of his automatic and decided to take no chances. He raised his hands above his head and awaited results.

The Mounty spoke in firm, deliberate tones. "Now keep your hands above your head, please." He searched his pockets, taking his revolver. "Now, I'll have to tie your hands behind you. There!"

From his tone of voice he might have been taking some one's picture but there was a certain something in his tone which spoke of resourceful power, and which implied to the broken spirited, haggard-faced Swede that there would be no fooling.

After the man had securely tied his prisoner's hands behind his back, he helped him over to the fire. They sat down. The Officer spoke again.

"Tell me your story," he demanded. When the man had finished his pathetic tale the Mounty kept his silence. He regarded the flickering flames without speaking for a time, trying not to show the sympathy which gripped his heart. Then suddenly he shoved over the pack of rations. "Help yourself" he invited, after freeing his prisoner's hands. The man gave him a grateful look. "Tanks," he replied, and fell to eating the bread and cheese.

The Mounty broke the silence. "I understand," he said, "your position. I cannot

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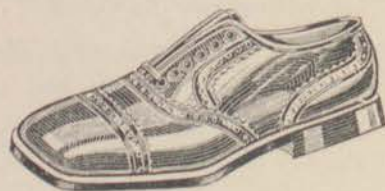
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WALK-OVERS in class is quite the regular thing at Schools and Colleges. There's class in WALK-OVERS, too.



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WE HAVE A FINE LINE OF

*Young Men's Shoes, of the Latest Styles, made to Fit and to Wear*  
RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES

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judge you for your affair with your father. He insulted your wife. But that man of our force"—his face settled in grim lines—"as surely as he is dead you shall pay the penalty."

During this time the Swede's face was stolid and motionless, save for a slight twitching of the lips when Harding mentioned the penalty. He was helpless, and he realized it; he had no weapons—Harding had seen to that—he was down and out and he knew it. He eyed Harding questioningly.

"I suppose you're wondering what I'm going to do with you," said Bob, in response to his questioning look. "We will stop here tonight and tomorrow morning we will start for civilization via your trail."

The Swede whitened but kept his grim silence.

"I'm putting you on your honor to make no attempt at escaping. Do you promise," asked Bob.

Morgarsen nodded.

"Then we will get some boughs to sleep on tonight," said the officer, and they stepped to a nearby thicket of spruce to cut some boughs. Just before they turned in Bob tied up the big Swede, so there would be no temptation to escape. Soon no sound was heard save the regular breathing of the two men, captive and captor.

Overhead the stars in the sky were overcast by clouds, and the first few flakes of falling snow were driven before a fierce north wind. Soon a raging blizzard was well underway while the two men slept on. The Swede was the first to awaken. He groaned and sat up with an effort as his cramped arm tingled, and the pain from his wound shot through his body. Then, realizing that this was more than a mere flurry of snow he rolled over on top of his captor who awoke with a jerk.

"I tink big storm coming," he said, "a big blizzard! I tink just now we had better hurry. It isn't safe to stay here widout food."

The Mounty propped himself upon his elbow, shaking the snow from his blanket.

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Portraits by  
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Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—



"You're right, Morgansen," he replied, "we're in for a big one." He freed the Swede's hands and feet. "Let's hurry, for Pete's sake. We don't want to get caught here."

He went over to the buck and cut two big steaks from its flank. After putting these with his other rations they set out in the dim dawn for their destination.

As they tramped through the snow Morgansen cast glances from time to time at his captor. He was young, this fellow, but he looked as capable as the automatic which he carried in his hand. There was no escaping the grim hand of the law. And yet—was it so grim after all? This young fellow didn't look so terrible. He was humane and still—here he was leading Jan Morgansen to the gallows. But—he was interrupted from his reverie by a sickening snap and crunch as Harding's leg crumpled beneath him. The Mounty had stepped into a snow covered hollow underneath which lay some fallen branches. Stepping into this unwittingly he had twisted his leg and broken it.

Morgansen knelt beside the man. He was unconscious. A wild exultation filled him. He was free! This man was powerless to stop him from escaping! He turned, and taking the man's pack and revolvers started for the place from whence they had come.

And, then, the good in Jan Morgansen came to light. He had gone about a rod when a certain unreasoning power turned him back to the spot where the unconscious Mounty lay. There is a time in the life of every human being when the greatness in him, be it ever so obscured, crops out. Jan Morgansen turned because there was something in the code of the primitive woodsman which forbade leaving a fellow man to die alone. Had he left that man he would have been a quitter. A quitter! A murderer undoubtedly—there was that still, from somewhere ahead in the snow to prove that—but quitter, coward,—never!

And so, that was why Jan Morgansen, sacrificed his freedom—to save his honor. Taking

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611 HAMMOND STREET



the unconscious officer on his back, with the pack tied to his belt, Morgansen, stumbled along in the blinding snow fighting a battle with the elements to save the life of the man who would deprive him of his.

At intervals he stopped to rest then would resume his way with his heavy burden. He seemed to him that he was forever stumbling along—and still there was a mile to go. He kept on—on—and on—. Was that someone coming? He strained his eyes to make out an approaching form. Ah! it was a man! He shouted feebly, then collapsed with that heavy burden still on his back. He rose, fell,—rose again. They were coming now, to take him to the gallows—they were going to hang him—hang—him. The weight was suddenly lifted from his back and he collapsed.

Jan Morgansen opened his eyes. Ah! this was strange, this place with white walls and spotless floors.—Not at all like a jail should be——Queer!

He tried to straighten the confused events of the day before. But was it the day before? Perhaps he had slept for a day.

The door opened and Morgansen beheld a figure, no, two figures entering the room. He gave a start. The first was Harding. He beheld the second one with a blanched face. It was the face of the murdered man! That man who had tried to keep him from freedom whom he had struck down in that clearing!

Harding gazed at him. "Know this man?" he asked briefly. Morgansen nodded, too bewildered to speak.

"The murdered man wasn't murdered," continued Harding. "He reached town in a wounded condition but was not seriously hurt. You are absolved from the murder of your father. You acted in self defense. You saved my life. You are free."

They turned and left Jan Morgansen lying on the cot with a rapt look on his face. He was free! free! free!

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*We have had a world  
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FOR THE BEST

*Washing Machine in the World*

## "THE MEADOWS"

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable



## THE LAST SIT OF STANDING COW

*(Continued from page 12)*

Pete's" alias) by his uncanny sixth sense divined that something was astir (not Santy Claus). Running to the devoted Chinese cook, who was working in his little kitchenette, he ordered that worthy personage to pack a lunch for him as he was going to seek his fortune. While "Base Clef" (I fooled you that time, "Base Clef" is the Chinaman) was packing the ginger ale in ice for "Handsome" "Cactus" was hunting up "Stealthy Steve" and his six eyed sleuth. Finally all was prepared for the departure. "Cactus" kissed his aunt and his pet guinea pig goodbye, jumped on his trusty Annabel and—but alas the last days of the faithful Annabel were at hand, she suddenly winked her eyes, wiggled her ears, and fell down where she stood. In tears "Cactus" aimed his sturdy old reliable B-B gun at her (not his mother-in-law this time) and fired, the faithful creature shuddered and would have died but the gun wasn't loaded, so she got up and "Cactus" once more rode on the voracious quadruped.

Over hill and dale he trailed the indians until he was blue in the face from eating licorice candy. In the end, of course, he found the cabin. Then he stole up and peeked in the window.

"No fair peekin'" screamed "Darkie" ("Black Bart" again) and he aimed his bow-arrow at our hero.

"My cupid," exgauglated Handsome Harry, "I am falling in love" and he drew his dagger and rushed at "Blackie."

Ten minutes later, gory with blood he rose from the dead bodies of "Black Bart," "Handy Hank" and the two redskins and then—he proposed to "Henrietta."

"I love you" he said.

"My Hero" she ejaculated and he kissed her violently.

"Ouch," she screamed, "get off my corns."

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16 BROAD STREET



Botany Worsted - Wool

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Dresses

For School Wear



Compliments of  
**Great Northern Paper Company**





## THE LOVE GAME

*(Continued from page 14)*

dance," she said. "I'm going now. I've just 'phoned Dad to send the chauffeur after me." Rod puzzled as he was, said nothing. When he had seen Kitty to her car he found an unoccupied room and unfolded the note. Kitty had written in her usual straight-forward manner.

"Rod dear, you'll have to choose between me and defeat. Your reputation and the club's depends entirely on you. Lenoir is tricky, so be careful of him. Don't fail me now, please, and don't try to see me until tomorrow night.—Kitty."

Rod emitted a low whistle of surprise. "Well Kits, who'd have thought it." He began to sober a little. "I can't lose her and, as she says, if I lose, I'm ruined." His jaw set. "I'll show 'em," he grunted.

A group of young people entered the room. "Here he is! We've found him," they shouted. Come on, Rod, you're wanted. "Show us the latest dance step."

"No, I'm leaving you now," Rod said, seriously. "Sorry." With this he walked from the room leaving behind him a group of bewildered boys and girls.

"Well, what's eating him," ejaculated one little flapper. But Rod's staunchest friend, Brad Blaisdell, stood by him. "He's all right. He's just waked up to what's good for him, that's all."

On the next afternoon, when Rod arrived at the courts, he was not laughing and fooling as usual. Instead he was serious, deliberating thoughtfully on the work ahead of him. When he appeared on the courts a shout greeted him, stopping as suddenly as it had started at the appearance of the cocksure Lenoir. Although Rod was a prime favorite, the audience was wondering if he could stop the un-

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3 CENTRAL STREET

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defeated Lenoir from running away with the cup.

After the preliminaries the whistle blew for the decisive battle to begin. The players took their places, Rod serving. Lenoir won the first two games by a narrow margin. The next two, Rod, as yet barely in fighting spirit, won. Lenoir, seeing that he must work harder than he had thought, whipped the balls across the net with a force that was almost incredible. Rod, now warming up, stopped them infallibly. The score crept up, four to three, in favor of Rod. The Frenchman grew desperate. He began to work on the sympathies of his audience. He went through all kinds of antics, making the spectators roar with laughter. Rod began to grow angry. He whipped the balls across, only to have them sent back by Lenoir, after some comical gesture or expression. The score was now five to four, for Lenoir. After the ninth game he walked over to the bench and started to remove the heavy sweater in which he had been playing. When it was half way over his head he pretended that it was stuck. He delayed for two or three minutes, knowing that his opponent was getting more and more angry. In despair Rod searched the spectators' faces. Everyone was laughing at Lenoir. Then he caught a warning glance from Kitty, who was among the audience. She formed the words, "Don't get angry," with her lips and looked away. Rod checked his temper with an effort. By that time Lenoir was ready to play. They took their positions on the court, when, without warning, Rod seated himself on the ground. He started deliberately to untie one of his tennis shoes. He unlaced it slowly, removed it, shook some imaginary gravel from it and replaced it. Now Lenoir was growing angry. His eyes flamed and he held his tongue only with an effort. When at last Rod took his place, Lenoir was white with anger at the one who had the audacity to try his own tricks. Rod took that game easily from him. The audience was now afire with excitement. Lenoir walked over to the bench

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11 MAIN STREET

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—



and slowly replaced his sweater. When he took his place Rod once more seated himself on the ground and repeated the performance of removing his other shoe. He arose and carefully brushed his clothes. Lenoir was furious. When the game was at last started his service was wild. When he succeeded in getting a ball in the right place Rod returned it to him with a trick stroke. Lenoir missed. The score was—game, Love thirty, set, five to five. The next service was wild, bringing the score to Love-forty. In desperation Lenoir served his last ball. It was in! Rod returned it swiftly. Lenoir met it and again it was returned, a fast, clean ball. He sent it back to Rod and it was returned, this time a curved high ball. Lenoir jumped to meet it, miscalculated and—missed! It was a love game! The finals were over—Lenoir, until now an undefeated champion was defeated by a young American, practically unknown in the ranks of tennis players.

That night, when Rod stopped his roadster in front of Kitty's house, a small, white figure flew into his arms. She was laughing happily, and, at the same time, crying. She looked up at the tall figure and whispered in a small voice almost drowned by his coat, "I knew you'd do it, dear. If I had doubted it for an instant I would never have taken the chance."

Rod drew her to him and whispered, "If it hadn't been for you, Kitten, I never would have had the nerve to do it."

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