

The
Oracle

BANGOR PUBLIC

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Christmas Number

December, 1929



Save for an Education

In a few years you may need money to complete your education. If you start now to save for this purpose you will be able to obtain that priceless gift which is the desire of all ambitious boys and girls.

A small deposit made regularly in our Savings Department, with the interest that we add, will soon amount to a considerable sum.

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BANGOR, MAINE

COMING EVENTS IN DECEMBER



December 2—Monroe Doctrine 1823

December 9—International Debate (Bates vs.
U. of New Zealand)

December 12—First Wireless Across Atlantic 1901

December 21—Shortest Day of the Year

December 22—Pilgrims Landed 1620

December 25—Christmas

December 28—Bangor vs. Millinocket



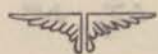
"THE BIG LOAFERS"

BAKERS OF

Mack's Milk Bread

Jonasch's

"The Best Place to Eat and Drink"



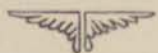
All Kinds Sandwiches and Salads
Electrically LUNCHES Daintily
Cooked DINNERS Served

SUPPERS

HOME MADE ICE CREAM

SODAS

CANDIES



11 Main Street, Bangor

The Oracle

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BANGOR, MAINE

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December, 1929

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*"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."*

WHERE'S THE SCHOOL SONG?

LAST year the startling information was published through the Editorial column of the *Oracle* that Bangor High did not have an original school song. This was news to nearly all the school and directly, attempts to were made to procure a song, which should be composed by a member of the High School. Four were published in the *Oracle*. None has proved wholly satisfactory to the committee of judges, so the matter was laid aside.

Now we have reached the point where we must decide, shall we have a school song or not?

We have managed to labor through a football season without a school song. But except for the marches that the Band played there was seldom any music to be heard from the Bangor bleachers. All the noise the fans made were the old, hackneyed cheers. We pulled along all right you say. Sure we did, "we pulled along," but we didn't encourage the boys to pile up a very successful score this year.

Shall we, a high school of nearly twelve hundred students, allow Bangor High to enter the basket-ball sidelines this winter with no song and a mere handful of old cheers? I should say not! Come on you aspiring poets and musicians! Give us something worth looking at, we'll play it up big and help put it across. Help us to discard that belief of Bangor High's being a school for deaf mutes when she appears at the gridiron, at the basket-ball court, and at the diamond. *Come on, let's go!*

WHAT MAKES THE ORACLE POSSIBLE

THE student who has had the school spirit to subscribe to the *Oracle* has played his part in making the *Oracle* possible to the citizens of Bangor. But scarcely a score of the five hundred-odd pupils who did subscribe, and probably none of the six-hundred-odd who did not subscribe, realizes that the *Oracle* is the most expensive school activity in Bangor High. It costs nearly twice as much to make the *Oracle* possible as the average working man earns in the United States. Though the school through these subscribers has advanced five hundred dollars to help put the school paper across, the Business Manager must procure advertisements from local Bangor merchants, doctors, professional men, and others who feel a civic duty awaiting them in the *Oracle*. These advertisements pay five-sixths of the cost of printing the *Oracle*; you subscribers have paid the rest.

But these well-wishing citizens of Bangor can't be expected to bear the burden of the expense of this *Oracle* alone. *They must get results from their advertisements.*

It is for the students of Bangor High, those students who appreciate the school paper, to patronize as far as possible those merchants, doctors, professional men and others who have borne the burden of keeping the *Oracle* running in Bangor High. Think of that, students, when you do Christmas shopping, buy a soda, a lunch or a pair of rubbers! Patronize our advertisers!

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas! The Spirit of Yuletide brings intense and frenzied activity—often too intense and too frenzied. Christmas should mean more to us than merely a material holiday. It should mean more than the mere presentation of gifts. We should not give expecting something in return. We should rather lend a helping hand to the less fortunate, from whom we can expect nothing in return.

Christmas should signify Peace. Gladness should replace the fears and worries of ordinary life. The Spirit of Christmas should envelop us all. Love should dominate the world. Gifts should manifest the best wishes in which all the world shares. The spirit of joy should actuate us as the day approaches. All cares and sorrows should be forgotten as we light the candle to his royal highness, St. Nicholas.

This Christmas carries with it the same meaning as the Christmas of last year and those of the preceding twenty centuries. And the simple tale of the Child of Bethlehem retains its beauty and significance throughout the ages. Little Gretchen, in Germany, still thanks St. Nicholas for the much-needed clothes he has given her; Johnny, the young American youth, still delights in the fine skates he has received from Santa Claus; Maria, the small Brazilian girl, also receives her gifts from an invisible donor on Christmas. Throughout the entire civilized world, cheer,

good-will and happiness prevail. Everybody hopes for an all-time Peace and Good-will.

What is the secret of this universal cheer and inspiration. It is more than the mere receiving of gifts, it is more than the few days we have for a vacation; it is much more than an external pleasure; it is more than the singing of Christmas carols; it is more than the material benefits we receive. For that comfort that we obtain from Christmas and its history is related to the ages and is our heritage through hundreds of years. We receive cheer by our unselfish giving to our less fortunate brothers and sisters. We receive inspiration from the hardships, the sufferings, the travails and the triumphs of the past.

We once more read the old but ever new and inspiring stories of the past. Each one of us thanks God for the blessings He has bestowed upon us. We think of Christ's noble and immortal philosophy of life, and especially of His conduct toward mankind.

The significance and beauty of Christmas lies in its invisible spiritual nature, rather than in the worldly materialistic side of it which brightens our windows, and busies our days and nights arranging gay gifts for the season.

The gift we should all bring at this season, is our faith and hope in an eternal peace, and our love for the whole civilized and uncivilized world of God's Children.—H. L. K.





"The chief glory of every people arises from its authors."

Upward

Anonymous

WOW—70! just got by—worries are over for me—Gee! now I can loaf for life," exclaimed James Miller as he glanced over his last final examination.

James Miller, a student at Morton University, was the son of the late Jacob Miller, formerly the richest banker of Nashville, Tennessee. Since the death of his parents, William Miller, his father's brother, had been the boy's guardian. The trouble with Jim was that he had no worries except those from his studies, for he never knew what it was to work for a penny, neither did he know what it was to get a high mark in an examination.

Jim now started from the Dean's office back to his fraternity house in his roadster and had not gone far when he met Joan White, a friend of his who led her class in scholarship all four years at the University. Jim stopped his car and offered the girl a lift. Joan cheerfully accepted.

Joan was not a wealthy girl as were most of Jim's friends. She had worked her way to gain her education. After her first year, she had been given a scholarship by the school which paid her tuition for the remaining three years. She had been a great friend of Jim's and had helped him get by. Jim regarded her as a friend but socially she was not in his "crowd."

"Great day," remarked Jim as they rode on,

"I suppose you hit your finals for a goal."

Joan blushed and smiled. "As usual," she answered, "What do you plan to do, Jim, after graduation?"

"Do?" laughed Jim, "Uncle Bill wants me to study law, but once I get the ol' piece of parchment in my hands, I'm through with doing things. It isn't likely that you've given up the silly plan of teaching is it, Joan?"

"No, indeed, I expect to support mother for I want Jack to go back to school next year."

By this time they had stopped at the house where Joan stayed and after the good-byes, Jim rolled on.

June sixteenth, commencement at Morton University. All parents and friends had assembled to see the class of 1926 be graduated. Joan White was one of the outstanding figures at the event, being awarded highest honors and getting her Phi Beta Kappa key. James Miller got his diploma which was as much, or more than, he expected.

The following week brought Jim and Uncle Bill together in their Nashville apartment.

"James," began Uncle Bill, "I, as your sole guardian, wish to advise you as to your future."

Jim snickered.

"Sir, this is to be serious," Miller continued. "There is an opening on Plant B where you might go in as manager. The rubber business

has made many a man rich, and I do think this a great opportunity for a man such as you, with no experience, to make good. I wish to impress upon you that now that you are out of college and do not wish to study further, you must settle down and do a few things for yourself. It is true that you are heir to a considerable sum of money, all of which I have invested in our rubber stock. As long as this holds out, you are drawing an ample interest to live on, but you must settle down."

"Aw, Uncle Bill," broke in Jim, "You don't mean to say that now that it is summer, the season when people frolic about having a good time, that I'm to work? Why, have a heart, our whole frat gang that just graduated is going on a big splurge to Europe and of course Yours Truly wants to go too. Furthermore, I just can't picture myself cooped up in a stuffy office, while folks play about in the beautiful sunshine. Why, Uncle Bill."

"Yes, yes, I suppose you do need a vacation."

It was when William Miller shouted Bon Voyage to his nephew and nine other happy-go-lucky youths en route to Europe, that weakness was shown. He had always given in to his nephew and he could not refuse now.

It was a six day trip from New York to London. Six days most enjoyable to all passengers, especially our collegiate party.

Uncle Bill received a cable from London: London not so bad, the only thing wrong is the Englishmen—Jim.

The next episode in Jim's vacation was the trip by plane from London to Paris. The boys checked into the best hotel in Paris and Jim decided to cable Uncle Bill, just to keep in touch with him, but it was Jim who received the cable forwarded from the London Hotel. The cable read:

Mr. James Miller
Hotel Raleigh
London England

Rubber firm fails uncle dies from nervous prostration come at once to settle estate.

Arthur P. Bradford.

Homeward bound was James Miller on July

21, just three weeks since he had taken the boat from New York, said good-bye to Uncle Bill, and started out for the most wonderful time of his life, and now he was bound back for New York with the thoughts of no one left for him in the world. Now the money had been lost, he might have to work. *Work*, the word fairly stabbed him. Six of the most tedious days followed with Jim's thinking over his life as he lounged continually in his deck chair.

Mr. Bradford met him at the ship, and together they took the train for Nashville. Upon arriving home the lawyer told him just how he stood financially.

Jim was now left with but three thousand dollars, the money that Uncle had on hand. He had nothing else, not even the knowledge that he might have acquired at college.

For a while Jim wandered about visiting different friends and classmates, and living extravagantly; but soon he realized that one cannot depend much on friends, and also, that his funds were becoming scarce. He would now have "to settle down," as Uncle Bill had called it, and work. He hated the thought and as he had no inspiring motive, he lagged.

A morning in late February brought back an old acquaintance. When he was walking down the main street of his city, he met Joan, the girl that he once admired. As he approached, her face lit up, she had not seen Jim since June, and, after reading about the failure, wondered what had become of him and hoped some day they might meet again.

"Joan," cried Jim, "I'm so glad to see you."

"Well!" echoed Joan, "Where have you been and what are you doing now? I heard of your misfortune and have felt sorry for you."

"Oh, don't let that bother you," Jim replied.

Joan told Jim that she was teaching in the city high school and was supporting and keeping house for her mother. When Jim told her that he had discontinued staying at a hotel since it had become a drain on his money, she suggested that he take a vacant room in the house where she lived. This he could get for a very reasonable price.

"And why don't you get a job?" continued Joan. "An able bodied man like you should not be loafing around in this manner, especially a college graduate."

"Yes, bawl me out. If I had only studied and got something out of college I might be able to do something. Who ever thought that I would be left like this in less than a year?"

The next week, Jim took up his quarters in the humble boarding house and still continued to loaf. After great coaxing on Joan's part he finally began looking for a job. Many a day he would come home utterly discouraged, only to be cheered on by Joan.

At last in a women's garment factory Jim found employment; his duty was but to keep the machines in working order. Joan insisted that he keep the place for advancement was certain.

Six months of hard honest labor and Jim was advanced to a higher position. He was beginning to show ability now, as he had someone besides himself to think of. He loved Joan and wished to become worthy of her.

Two years later good fortune was his. Jim became assistant manager of the firm, drawing seventy-five dollars a week. At last he was successful. Joan became his bride.



The Ghost of Glentarekey

Anonymous

HERE was a ghost at Glentarekey—at least something decidedly wrong. Glentarekey was a little valley in the mountains of Montana on the Canadian border. It had been the scene of the murder of an old hermit who lived in a tiny cabin with some pet birds for his only companions. His restless spirit, seeking his unknown murderer, was said to wander around his cabin shrieking and moaning. Anyone staying in the cabin between midnight and morning would promptly disappear. A great white bird, said to have belonged to the hermit and killed with him, could be seen nearly every night hovering over the cabin. This story had been accounted true by Borceau's most superstitious. Now, the story had been confirmed. A hunter had stayed there one night. He was never heard of again. A man of Borceau stayed there one night in defiance of the ghost. No one ever saw him again. One night the sheriff and his posse had surrounded the cabin. Shrieks and groans filled the air. One of the men reported seeing the great white bird. The night was very hot, so the sheriff stepped in the cabin for a drink of water. The men waited, and when one of them cautiously opened the door, the sheriff was gone. The people wondered, who was this silent footed intruder who left no tracks

behind him? In fact, in the case of the hunter, the door was found to be fastened on the inside. It was something beyond the people's comprehension, therefore super-natural. A five thousand dollar reward was offered for the capture, or clues leading to the capture, of whatever the thing was.

It was then that Jim Gordon came to town. He brought with him something the people had never seen before—an airplane. Hearing the story, Jim decided it was worth the adventure.

The first item in his plan of action was to search the cabin. Telling nobody of this, he hid his plane near the cabin. To his surprise he came upon a perfectly good landing field. In the middle of the field he saw a few deep ruts which were made by nothing less than rubber tires. It certainly did look as if a plane had recently taxied across that field. "Clue number one," he said to himself. He went into the cabin and began to sound the walls. They did not sound hollow. He knelt in the corners and suddenly began to sniff. He sniffed again, then exclaimed, "Oh, clue number two." All over the cabin was the faint yet unmistakable odor of alcohol.

"Now for the next move," he said to himself as he walked down the street. "Hi, Captain Eli," he called to an old man sitting on a

porch. Captain Elizah Henderson was known to be the crossiest, surliest, and meanest man in the county. His frequent absences from the town to Glentarekey sometimes in the middle of the night, had aroused Jim's suspicion. Borceau wasn't a town where retired seamen usually lived.

"How are you, Cap?" he inquired cheerfully.

"As bad as usual," he replied surlily.

"You know, I have a secret to tell you", said Jim, edging up close to the Captain.

"No, I didn't know it, but go ahead," said the Captain, leaning toward Jim. Jim put his mouth to the old man's ear and blew suddenly and violently. "You git out, you young jackanapes," the Captain shouted. "I'll have the law on ye." Jim walked away silent but satisfied. "Clue number three," he said mentally. He had caught the odor of liquor on the old man's clothes. Captain Henderson was never known to drink.

"Item four, find their cache and find out who else is in this gang," he thought as he climbed into the cockpit of his plane. He flew over the border into Alberta, then a few miles west and looked over the lay of the land. To the west lay the Belly river; to the east, the larger Milk River. Between the Belly and the St. Mary was a deep canon, at the end of which was a flat piece of land that looked peculiarly like a landing field. He landed his plane a few miles east and proceeded to make his way to the canon by foot. To his surprise he found that he could not find it as easily as in the air. He followed up every semblance to a trail, but only succeeded in getting himself bewilderingly lost. To climb the mountains before him was out of the question, a sheer wall of rock went up for perhaps a thousand feet. Hungry and tired, he sat down on one of the rocks and leaned his head against some hanging vines on the cliff. The vines did not support him; his head went through, and he found himself staring into a dry narrow tunnel through which a stream had once worked its way. He climbed through, and before him lay the lost canyon. He had no time to explore,

for it was already semi-twilight, so he went back, carefully placing the vines in their proper position. When he turned around he noticed high in the air a white plane. Watching the course of the plane, he found his way back. For a few minutes it hovered over the canyon and then flew to the north end landing in the little field.

As he approached his plane, he became aware of the light of a distant farmhouse. Deciding to leave the plane where it was, he made his way toward the house. He knocked at the door. A dog began to bark. Then came the sound of shuffling feet and a whining voice. "Down, Kit. What d'ye want?"

"Can you give a hungry man, supper and a tired man, bed?" he asked.

"I'm not runnin' this farm for guys who want a hotel."

"Well, turn hotel for tonight and I'll pay you for the trouble," answered Jim.

"Awright then," said the man, his voice suddenly becoming eager. "Come in. Hannah make some supper for the young gentleman!" Soon Jim was seated before the table with a hot supper making its way to his appreciating stomach. After supper Jim made friends with Kit, the dog. This proved to be a fortunate friendship.

At about one o'clock he was awakened by the noise of a wagon. Looking down he saw the farmer, Hiram, sitting in the seat. A few minutes later came a flash. "Signalling," he said to himself, as he began to dress. "R-e-a-d-y," he spelled out. From below came the answer "All's well." From far off in the direction of Glentarekey came another "All's well." Jim hurried out into the yard. He cursed the moon for not being out, cursed every object he stumbled over. Finally he reached his place. When climbing into the cockpit a light body leaped past him. Feeling about he felt the body of the dog and exclaimed "For goodness sake, Kit. Gosh, you gave me an awful scare." He opened the throttle up and raced along until he reached the canon. He stilled the engine, blessing the moon he had

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A Bone-of-Contention

Frances Clough, '31

DID you ever have a bone-of-contention? It really isn't an unusual thing to possess, for, if you ever stop to consider, most everybody has at least one.

Let us consider this thing as an animal for one cannot possibly conceive of mankind as possessing any of its traits.

Like an animal it sits on its haunches stubbornly refusing to move or be moved by any amount of persuasion. And, pugnacious by nature, it challenges anyone and everyone.

Among children, those who have so-called "bones," are easy victims and the delight of every tease.

In order to exemplify a "bone," one's personal experiences with them are most vivid.

Red hair, they say, is remarkably adapted to this animal. Though I just escaped having red hair, myself, I have a red-headed temper—so I'm told—and I readily believe this to be true.

I distinctly recall that in early childhood,

one of my bones-of-contention was a Saturday afternoon nap. Nothing loomed so formidable at that period—unless it was castor oil—as spending the best part of my week-end holiday invoking sleep. I openly rebelled and inwardly plotted deep plots such as: how might I avoid sleep and deceive my parent.

Frequently I would confront my family rubbing my eyes and would innocently ask, "How long have I slept?"

In my eagerness to succeed as a deceiver and be freed from my bond, I often overdid it by allowing such a short time to elapse for the nap, that the family grew suspicious, and my hopes fell with a crash. Naturally I outgrew that "bone."

Nevertheless there are one or two "bones" that still cling to me, and I usually acquire a new one on the average of one per day, though only to be dropped as quickly as it is acquired.

Though this "bone" is but a temporary appendage, I am afraid it, as an animal, will never grow extinct.



The Last of Stevedore Mophed

Donald Graham, '32

STEVEDORE Mophed stood by the shack in Sombrero Valley, gazing at nothing in particular. Although this is no time for joking, we shall describe our hero. He was tall and boney, with yellow hair and blue eyes. His ears were so large that he often used them to hang his lasso on. His nose he used to rest his field-glasses on when on horseback.

In response to an inspiration, he placed a pair of sage-gazers on his nose and searched the distant plain with the naked eye. To be more explicit, his field-glasses were not in perfect order. He at once detected a scene which amused him. Not a hundred yards from

where he stood, a herd of buffalo were peacefully reposing on the plain and playfully gnawing at raw buffalo meat, from each other's necks.

He remarked at the quiet peace of the surrounding country as he saw these animals fondling each other in such a way and, removing his revolver, he decided to join in the wholesome play. With a joyful grin, he fired into the herd. Not at all frightened the buffaloes bounded gently to their feet and tiptoed off in various directions.

As they did so, several men ducked behind several bushes in a way that bespoke of the

(Continued on Page 32)

THE FOREST BREEZE

NEWS OF A MAINE FOREST

October 1929

GREAT DISASTER IN FOREST

The entire kingdom was greatly saddened recently by the death of three of its oldest inhabitants. Some people invaded the forest, and with some horribly noisy, dangerous things, killed three members of the Ruffed Grouse family. At the same time, Sister Grouse received a slight injury to her left leg. We are sure that everyone will join in extending deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Let this be a warning to all forest creatures that they be on the alert whenever people are about!

FEATHERED FRIENDS LEAVING

The forest seems quite deserted now with only a few of the feathered friends within hearing. Chickadee is still here with his cheery call, and Blacky Crow makes himself heard occasionally.

THE WEATHER

Jack Frost has made a few appearances, leaving in his wake many changes, all beautiful, some sad, some pleasant.

We are beginning to realize that the cold season is rapidly approaching our little forest kingdom.

MY DIARY

By Jacky the Grey Squirrel



THE FOREST BREEZE

SOME FLOWERS STILL LINGER

This woody patch seems to be a favorite with many of the flowers, for at this late date there are many of these summer visitors to be found. Near the brook there are Fringed Gentians in profusion, some scattering Touch-me-nots and even a few lingering Cardinal Flowers. What lovely spots of color these make along the banks of the Singing Stream.

Deep in the heart of the forest, someone saw a few late Violets and two beautiful Thistles. He refused to tell us the exact location of these marvels.

In the south-west meadow we have seen some pink spires of Steeple Bush lately. There is also some Self-Heal as well as Butter-and-Eggs and a few clusters of Yarrow.

How we dislike to have these summer visitors leave us.

MESSAGE FROM OUTSIDE WORLD

Great, bright Mr. Sun made a special visit to the mossy bank deep in the forest where the partridge berries grow. He told them that he had seen some of their brothers and sisters in one of the houses where people live. They were in a round shiny thing that he could look right through. During the winter they make a fine patch of brightness. The younger berries in the woods here wish that they could have that experience.

AUCTION

All possessions of the blackberry patch are to be auctioned from their home in the south meadow at peep-o-dawn on the morning following the full moon. There are seven fine, large berries to go to the highest bidder.

Purple Grackle has been called from the South to act as auctioneer.

adv't.

BIRDLAND



THE FOREST BREEZE

NEW CARPET

The forest has a new carpet which has been laid gradually since the last full moon. The colors are brown, yellow and green, in a pattern of leaves and pine needles.

RECENT GIFT

Because of the increasing lack of pine trees, Old Grandfather Pine has donated one million seeds, to be carried by Westwind to the recently destroyed forest kingdom to the east of our kingdom.

STOCK MARKET

Maple—going up—
Cold winter.
Beechnut—low—
Squirrels were greedy
Dry summer.
Ground Pine—medium—
Fair amount.
Violet—low.
People were destructive.

SPORTS

By the next waning moon there will be skating on the Singing Stream.

Jacky, the Grey Squirrel, and his red cousins are practicing for baseball by throwing nuts from the tree-tops onto the passers-by.

Junior Rabbit and Bud Turtle recently upheld tradition by staging a cross-country race. The result was the same as usual, the representative of the Turtle family being winner.

"When apple seeds, all white before.
Begin to darken in the core,
I know that summer, scarcely here,
Is gone until another year."

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Save your possessions to trade in for maple sap and sugar at the waft of the first spring breezes.

adv't.

The hardwood trees are offering their leaves for sale as a warm covering for plants. North breeze is the manager of delivery.

adv't.

MONTHLY RADIO PROGRAM

At sunset of the evening of the full moon.

1. Dialogue—James Porcupine and Patrick Beaver.
2. Solo—Cadence Chickadee.
3. Song of the Winds—Pinus Strobus.
4. Recitation—Junior Rabbit.
5. Review of Events—Oowie-Oowie, the Red Squirrel.
6. Chorus—All woodland creatures.

Reminiscences of the Yukon

Twenty-four Hours on a Yukon "Stern Wheeler"

Mary Gibbons, '31



WONDER how many people of this generation know what a stern-wheeler is. In the days of our grandfather, they were well known on the Mississippi, and in the rush of '98, they became immortal on the Yukon.

The particular stern wheeler of my acquaintance bore the name "Tutshi" (pronounced Too-shy) above her bridge and sailed the placid Lake Atlin, between Carcross and Ben My Chree, Yukon Territory.

Yukon! What pictures that name recalls! Many and thrilling were the tales told in the cosy cabin of the gallant old Tutshi; for she had known those stirring days when men, mad with that peculiar fever that gold alone can bring, held life as nothing and dared all, even the treacherous Dead Horse Pass for gold or death.

In comparison with those early Klondikers, the passengers of this trip were luxuriously out-fitted men and women on a comfortable tour of one of the least known and least appreciated, but one of the most gorgeously beautiful, tours that this travel-mad age knows.

There were five or six young people on the boat and we explored every nook and cranny of it, realizing only partially what the trip stood for, though now I know that I, at least, would give much to go over the ground again, with the romance of it all more deeply ingrained by more years of reading and a few more years of experience for appreciating the tragedies and comedies of this life.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were all surfeited by nine hours of the most gloriously incomparable scenery I have ever viewed, we ventured into the bowels of the ship where a kindly crew explained the mechanism to us.

In the stern, reaching about a quarter of the length of the ship was an intricate network of long steel bands, propelled by an engine and in turn propelling the immense wheel whose diameter about equalled the height of the top deck in the stern, and which drenched thoroughly any venturesome person who approached it closely on the top deck. (Since our stateroom was the last on that deck and was exposed to this spray, I feel that I have a close acquaintance with that wheel.) There was an appearance of power in those bands driving that wheel, but how little power there would be in them in a storm we did not realize.

Next we discovered the boiler furnace which supplied the steam for the engine. It was sunk in a metal lined square, open at the top and entered by a ladder. A friendly fireman, stripped to the waist and perspiring freely, invited us to come down and view the monster at close quarters. We accepted and, carefully avoiding the metal walls, descended. The heat was suffocating, it was intolerable. Somehow, half dazed and blinded by the heat, we managed, with the assistance of our kind friend to stagger up and out. I wondered how any human being could live there, to say nothing of feeding the insatiable appetite of the monster. Now I know the work this man did on a leisurely tour was play compared to the back-breaking, heart-bursting work of the fireman of the early days in those desperate races for claims and strikes, driven and sustained by a greed that cannot be satisfied,—that greed for gold.

When we ascended we were chilled to the marrow by the biting wind that swept off Taku glacier, the more biting by contrast to

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Life

Natalie MacLeod, '30

BOXING

Pie Alley Kid vs. Jim O'Neilly

At Ringside Alley Tonite

ALL COME

Admission 50c

JANE BLAKE sighed as she read the advertisement. She had just come in from work and, as was her custom, had brought the daily paper with her.

About two weeks previously, her mother had died. She was a sweet, old lady, and it was the same old story—overwork, heart-trouble, worry and then—death, the only getaway and the one chance to rest!

Jane's brother, John, was the cause of hastening Mrs. Blake's death as he had "gone bad." Continued worry about this and financial troubles made life seem hardly worth while, and at last the end had come.

When Jane returned from the simple funeral, the house was empty and the absence of both mother and brother, Mr. Blake having been killed some years before, seemed unbearable but Jane bravely faced the future alone.

This evening when Jane read the paper, she had good cause to sigh. Her brother was "Pie Alley Kid."

Why did he insist upon staying in the ring? Why not enter some respectable occupation? These questions, with many others, flashed through her mind but she knew that worry would not help matters. Many times before, when her brother had come home for the evening, she had begged him to cease going with bad companions. He was younger than she; he was innocent, but bad influence was steadily dragging him down, and Jane considered it her duty to her mother to try to save him from disgrace, but all her efforts were in vain. He would always answer:

"Don't worry, Sis, the gang's all right. As long as they stick by me, I'll stick by them." And so it was.

Jane laid aside the paper and went to finish her night's work. As she did so, a light step sounded in the hall and someone rapped upon the door. Opening it, she found a man about her age standing before her. He was young, and handsome, and as he stood there, smiling, Jane's heart involuntarily skipped a beat. He was Jimmy Lee, a thriving lawyer, and the only boy friend she had ever known.

"Hello, Jane," he said, "surprised?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Jane, "it's a pleasant surprise though. Do come in."

"No, you come out. We're going to the show," he answered.

"Ah! we are, are we?" gaily, "We'll see." In a few moments both were going to the theatre.

The evening was the most pleasant one Jane had spent since her mother's death, and when Jimmy left her he had extracted a promise that she would go out with him again.

When she opened the door, Jane found her brother, John, reading the paper.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "I thought you were supposed to be in the ring tonight?"

"It's postponed," he said silently.

Jane knew there was something wrong, but she asked no questions. Later in the evening, John asked her to go to the boxing bout which was to be staged the following night. Although she didn't like the idea, she desired to please him, so she consented.

Upon returning home the next night, there was a man awaiting her arrival. Entering quickly, she stopped in the doorway of her room, as she noticed him.

"Miss," he began immediately; "you are under arrest. I have just found under that couch a lot of valuable jewels, which were stolen from Jack's Jewelry Joint last night.

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For Sale

Anonymous

FLING wide the gates," sang Jim as he followed the advice and yanked the door open.

"Put on the plates," finished Jack, Jim's room-mate, chum, second man, source of money and advice combined. Setting down a large can of gasoline, Jack proceeded toward the automobile that belonged to U. S. and Company, as he expressed it.

"Geel! We'll have to paint Beauty again. All those pictures are passé, and so are those sayings," exclaimed Jim dolefully.

"Beauty sure is in bad shape," assented Jack, "but where are those number plates?"

"I gave them to you," answered Jim.

"But I insist that I gave them to you," came from Jack.

A very thorough search was made and they found the plates on the car. Then began the task of "taking account of stock" as they expressed it. Each year, before taking the Ford out, each one made a separate list of things it needed and what had to be done to it. They did this and then tried to start it. Jim had been cranking for half an hour when the old car panted a few breaths as if to say, "I guess I can. I guess I can. I guess I can. I guess I can't."

"More gas!" he screamed at Jack who was working the levers. But too late! the last

breath had escaped and another half hour was spent in the same way.

Mopping his brow, Jim sat down on the running-board. "Let's sell her," he said to Jack.

"All right," assented Jack, "we'll each make out an ad from our own list of her ailments."

After some work, they combined efforts and produced the following ad:

FOR SALE TAKE A CHANCE

One Ford with piston rings;
Two rear wheels; one front spring;
Has no fenders; seat on plank;
Burns lots of gas; hard to crank;
Carbureter busted half way thru;
Engine missing; hits on two;
Five years old—six in the spring;
Has shock-absorbers and everything;
Radiator busted, sure does leak;
Differential dry; you can hear it squeak;
Ten spokes missing; front all bent;
Tires worn out, aren't worth a cent;
Got lots of speed, runs like sin;
Tires are off, been run on the rim;
But—she's a darn good Ford for the shape
she's in!



Longfellow's Love of the Sea as shown by his Poetry

Persis E. Barnfield, '31

LONGFELLOW was a great lover of the sea. Many of his poems are written about the sea, and many of them contain a rhythm that suggests the gentle splashing of waves upon the shore.

In his first tour of Europe he constantly writes something about the rivers or the sea in his diary.

There is an interesting entry in his diary under date of December 17, 1839. "News

of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus*.....I must write a ballad upon this."

About a fortnight later, he writes; "I sat last evening till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came to me to write the "Ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*," which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but I could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

Surely he had a great right to feel pleased with this tragic ballad so beautifully written in his simple style. One can just picture the

sea in the storm and the boat tossing about on the waves.

No one without a great love and appreciation of the sea, could write in so simple a language, and make us feel the awe and wonder of it that Longfellow does.

Longfellow often compares human life with the sea as in this verse:

"So from the bosom of darkness our days
come roaring and gleaming,
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again,
Put on the shores of Time, each leaves some
trace of its passage,
Through the succeeding waves washes it out
from the sand."

Occasionally Longfellow made a poetic entry in his diary. Such is the blank verse description of the tides, composed one day during his August vacation at Portland.

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Red Hair—Pro and Con

Catherine Epstein, '31

RAP-TAP-TAP — "Will the meeting please come to order? The question for discussion to-day is: We should like red hair? The negative speaker—Miss Blank."

"We should *not* like red hair and I hope before my time is up I will have proven it to you. In the first place red haired people have abominable tempers. They fly up and get excited about the least little thing. I remember I once had a red-headed teacher who almost had a fit because a boy accidentally threw a spit ball at her. Wasn't that silly?"

"Another disadvantage of red hair is that freckles almost always accompany it. And who, I ask you, who ever really liked freckles? People may say they like freckles just to be polite for some reason or another but I think the only persons freckles are ever becoming to are the little boys in the funny-pictures.

"Red-headed girls can't wear red—that's terrible!

"I hope I have proven to you that we should not like red hair. Thank you!"

"The affirmative speaker, Miss —"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to give you my personal opinion on this very important subject. When most people see a red headed person coming, it's just as if some one had stuck a red flag out—

Danger! Beware!

A RED HEAD APPROACHETH!

"And my opponent also has the idea that a fiery temper is the sorry lot of him who is so unfortunate as to possess red hair. Some of the sweetest people I know have red hair.

"Red hair is an asset to beauty. Artists often choose Titian beauties for their models.

"Red hair and freckles were like olives to

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Just Another Day

Sylvia Alpert, '31

FOR a moment I stopped the car to admire the scenery:—blue sky; golden sunshine filtering through a fretwork of leaves; the river but a slightly deeper blue than the sky; a single leaf tinged with gold, floating idly on its surface; the low hum of an aeroplane zooming upwards; for a moment it seems a splash of gold as the sun reflects itself upon the huge steel body;—blue, gold, blue, gold—what a magnificent color scheme! A throb of the engine, again I went forward. The changing panorama would have delighted the most unartistic of souls. Suddenly the road swerved to the right and the river was lost as I went deeper into the woods. Again I stopped the car to admire, and appreciate, to drink my deepest from the cup of beauty. Color,—a world of it:—bright reds, merry browns, honey tints, crisp yellows, against the darker, more somber shades of the evergreens. As I put my foot on the starter, a few dun-colored rabbits whose skins were already showing patches of white, frightened by the noise of the motor, ran quickly into the shelter of a bramble-bush.

Suddenly, a premonitory gust of wind swept by. Dark sullen clouds scudded across the sky which had been so bright but a moment before. The trees that had seemed to be in holiday mood, shivered a bit gloomily and expectantly. It seemed quite a bit colder and the air smelt of snow. The capricious New England weather had changed preceptibly within the course of a half hour. I pulled the collar of my coat up about my ears, and pressing in my clutch, I changed gears and began to move forward slowly. But what is that? A tree which stood at the very edge of the wood and seemed to have been covered with leaves, the most brilliant, the gayest of the lot, was now nearly bare. Even as I looked, two last leaves detached themselves and fluttered slowly, unwillingly to the ground. Another dreary gust of wind swept them skip-

ping across the hard brown ground. I shuddered involuntarily, and as I pressed my foot on the accelerator, the car leaped forward. A drizzling rain with a promise of snow had now set in and I passed the rest of my journey in gloomy thought, glad to get away from that sad scene of death.

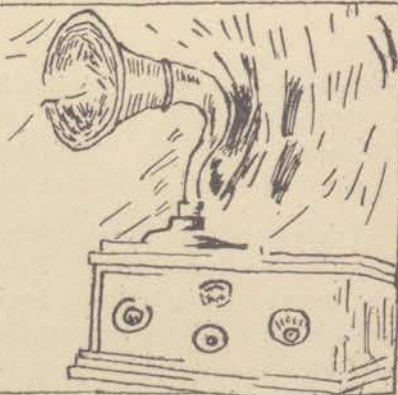
The twinkling lights of the city greeted me through the misty darkness of early twilight, and I became cheerful at the thought of home and warmth. When I had been comforted with hot chocolate and warm slippers, I was asked about my exploits of the afternoon. "Oh, I didn't do a thing," I told the family. "Just another day gone by." I spent the evening with a book and candy, laughing gleefully as the wind whistled about the corners of the house. I began to think with enjoyment of the delights and beauties of the past afternoon. As I prepared for bed, I thought rather sleepily, "It wasn't so bad after all."

It must have been nearly four o'clock when I awoke. The clouds had cleared away and a brilliant silver crescent of a moon was bestowing her loveliness upon the earth. Being unable to sleep, I arose and went to the window. A light snow had fallen covering everything with a thin filmy blanket. Deep, deep, blue sky studded with silvery stars and a final grand adornment—the moon; the houses and trees were but dark, blue shadows in contrast, with the silver sheet of snow;—blue, silver, blue, silver,—the color scheme had changed. It was a beautiful sight, a majestic sight; yet somehow it chilled me, filling me with a sense of its coldness and haughtiness. Moreover I did not feel the throb of pleasure that I had sensed early that afternoon. That afternoon? My thoughts again turned to the past events of that last real autumn drive I would have this year. The picture of the two last leaves clinging but falling at last, from a tree which had been so lately full of happy colorful broth-

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BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES



E²⁹

"Into the midst of things."

ASSEMBLY

A few weeks ago the student body was honored by three songs sung by the Girls' Glee Club. B. H. S. certainly has some silver throated songsters and each carried her part so strongly and loudly that when the first song was started, one of the Debating Club dance posters, which was placed near the stage, became frightened, lost its balance, and began to slide. This continued until the song was almost over; but during the next two songs, since the first shock was over, it stayed in place and enjoyed the music. All this was, probably due, to its not ever hearing such fine singing before.

About a week before the debating club dance, Norman Cahners and "Abe" Stern spoke before the students to impress upon their minds, the coming of the famous event. Both put forth wonderful arguments why it was practically a crime to stay away from this dance. Norman told the students that they looked tired and worn out, probably from too much study, and the only cure that he knew of was the dance. "Abe" said, "Just think—exams over, a full moon and a night before you. You certainly cannot resist a time like that. The price of admission is only fifty cents or two times fifty is a dollar, for surely everyone will want to bring the girl-friend." Both boys also spoke in Freshmen Assembly—much to the delight of the Freshmen, who have attended one dance and the thought of another filled them with the greatest of pleasure.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Debating Club is very active this year. With many new members, making the largest enrollment for years, the club is able to accomplish many things. It has put on a dance, one of the first of its kind in high school. To carry out a dance successfully means the co-operation of each and every one, and every member has given his or her services either in making posters or in selling tickets. Besides this, the club is planning to join both the Maine and the Bates Interscholastic League, as it has done in the past, which means a great deal of work for both Mr. Bryant and those chosen for the teams. In addition, the following schedule of debates to be held this year between the members of the club has been adopted.

Debate No. 1. November 18, Resolved: That all students that graduate from secondary schools should be admitted to any college without further requirements.

Affirmative
Henry Flynn
Donald Hillman

Negative
Ruth Drummond
Dorothy Romero

Debate No. 2, December 2. Resolved: Commission form of trial for criminal cases should be adopted in Maine.

Affirmative
Frances Clough
Christine Curran

Negative
Leonard Ford, Jr.
Elliott Reid

Debate No. 3, December 16. Resolved:

Baumes' Law should be adopted in Maine.

<i>Affirmative:</i>	<i>Negative</i>
Norman Cahners	Abraham Stern
Kenneth Kurson	Natalie Anderson

Trials for varsity squad, January 16th. Debate No. 4, January 20. Resolved: That the practice of installment buying, as developed in U. S. in last ten years, be condemned.

<i>Affirmative:</i>	<i>Negative</i>
Helen Haley	Lloyd Johnson
Fern Allen	Abraham Kern

Coaches: Natalie Anderson and Abraham Stern.

Debate No. 5, February 3. Resolved: That the City should buy instruments and uniforms for the band.

<i>Affirmative:</i>	<i>Negative</i>
Louise Rice	Samuel Levine
Marcia Allen	Edward Waterman

Coaches: Christine Curran and Norman Cahners.

The Latin Club is very active this year. Meetings are held every two weeks and a committee is in charge of each meeting.

Latin Club The club held its second meeting in Room 102, October 24, in honor of the anniversary of the birth of Virgil. After plans for the coming meetings were discussed, the meeting was turned over to the program committee, composed of Helen Novak, Fern Allen and Carroll Blanning. The program consisted of the reading, by various members, sketches from Virgil's Life and translations from his works, and proved very entertaining as well as instructive.

At the next meeting on November 7, Miss Webster read some very interesting extracts from letters of Nelson Ordway, who is studying in Europe, concerning the old Roman Wall at York and Chester, England; then passed around post-cards of the Wall which he had sent. This was very interesting. Then, a ceremonial for the reception of the Sophomores into the club was read, after which a

committee of four was appointed to arrange the Saturnalia Program.

The debating club held a dance in the Assembly hall to help defray the expenses of the members of the Club who will go to Portland and other cities to debate. The dance was very successful and it is

Debating Club Dance hoped that next year the Club will give another. Every member of the Club did his or her best to make the dance successful in every way.

Everyone had a splendid time and the music was good since the Reo Flying Cloud Orchestra was there in all its glory. The dance committee composed of Norman Cahners, Natalie Anderson, Ruth Blanning, Kenneth Kurson, Ruth Drummond and Elliott Reid certainly did some very fine work and a great deal of praise should be given them.

Besides the dance committee, the poster or advertising committee was very busy. The posters were marks of art. Raymond Prince, Natalie Sanders, Richard Buckley, Louise Rice, Carroll Blanning and Persis Barnfield designed these cards which were a topic of conversation for many days before the dance. The poster designed by Miss Sanders was placed on the board at the U. of M. and it certainly must have been noticed, judging from the number of college lads that attended the dance. Punch was served by Fern Allen and Dorothy Romero and the punch bowl was by no means an unpopular spot.

Taking everything into consideration, the debating club should be praised for making such a success.

Due to the illness of our former Expression teacher, Miss Rideout, Mrs. Doris Bridg-ham, who has successfully taught in B. H. S. in former years, is taking the Expression Classes, Junior Exhibition tryouts, and the Dramatic Club. As the entire school and especially the Dramatic Club is very much grieved

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MUSIC

BAND

Time is travelling very fast. We are now half-way through the second quarter although very few of us are aware of it. What have we accomplished in all this time, to uphold the honor of B. H. S.? Many things have been going on successfully, but as this column relates only to band work, I will summarize the wonderful work done so far by the B. H. S. Band.

The boys got away on an early start, and since then, have been working very hard every Tuesday night to develop an organization that will uphold the title left it by the previous year's band; The Champion High School Band of New England. The aim of every member is to win the cup again this year, and then it will be ours permanently, for it is necessary to win the cup three years to keep it forever. Working with at least forty able veterans, Mr. Robinson is developing the band in the same style that won high honors during the past two years. The fine concert work of the Band displayed so far this year at Assemblies, has convinced the student body and the faculty that it is earnestly working hard to retain the title and perhaps capture a higher one.

October 16th, the band played its first concert at Assembly and won hearty applause. Then just because everyone's mind had drifted away with the charming music, three bandsmen got up (in consecutive order) and delivered what they called—speeches. In case you want to know what it was all about, they asked the students to attend the Freshman Hop, which, as you all remember, paid the Band's expenses to follow the football team to Portland. What a result! The affair was tremendously successful, and the Band went to Portland. The Three Musketeers who spoke were:—Gridley Tarbell, Oscar Fellows, and Edgar Aucoin. They, together with the Band officers' committee, should get the credit for putting the affair over. So the Band went to Portland where it left a deep impression upon all who heard it play.

Notice! New Winter Slogan! Follow the crowds to the Basketball games this season.

SEE and HEAR!

See the game. Hear the band!

The *Oracle* is the first now to publish the new band of 1929-30.

Personnel

B-flat Clarinet:—Paul Sawyer, Richard Palmer, Abraham Kern, Eugene Johnson, Richard Rice, Frank Morse, Edward Gibbons, Gorham Levenseller, William Mongovan, Temple Smith, Eaton Tarbell, Wilfred Hessert, Kenneth Anderson.

Trumpet:—Edward Morgan (student leader), Raymond Prince, Gridley Tarbell, Oscar Fellows, Eugene Duran, Donald McCready, Joseph Mullen, Norman Carlisle, Frederick Newcomb.

Flute and Piccolo:—Edgar Aucoin.

Flute:—Stetson.

Oboe:—Leo Viner.

E-flat Clarinet:—Wilfred Finnegan.

French Horn:—Harold Morris, Irving Grodinsky, Maitland Baker.

Saxophone:—Eugene Brown, Norman Cahners, Kenneth Kurson, Frank Faulkner, George Carlisle.

Trombone:—Nathaniel Sawyer, Donald Rollins, Lawson Evans, Ralph Wilson, Edwin Baker.

Baritone:—Robert Morgan.

Bass:—Charles Jacques, Leonard Ford, Jr., Linwood Colby.

Tympani:—Carl Baumann.

Percussion:—Reginald McDonald, Louis Bowden, Bennie Viner, Eugene Betterly.

The band will play for the Dramatic Club when it presents its two one-act plays December 20th; the Glee Club will sing between the plays.

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has been staging some excellent concert work the few times that it has played in Assembly this year. The organiza-

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MILITARY

The big event in the military calendar of the High School for this last month was, of course, the Armistice Day parade. The R. O. T. C. marched as a unit and the attendance at this march was in the nature of a quarterly examination. That is, those absent without excuse received a failure in Drill for the quarter.

One big disappointment of the parade was that the senior R. O. T. C. unit of the University of Maine was not present and the onlookers were unable to judge, as they have in former occasions, whether the junior unit of the High School is as good as the senior unit of the U. of M. That will be almost impossible to determine this school-year unless the units march together in the Memorial Day parade in the spring.

The local R. O. T. C. unit formed at the High School at nine forty-five and marched to Central Street, where it joined the parade. The line of march was over Central Street, up Main to Railroad, down Railroad to Summer, over Summer to Cedar, and thence to Main, down Main, and over Hammond and State to Exchange, down Exchange to the station, then up and over French to York, down York to Exchange, over past the reviewing stand at the Post Office, and then over to the High School.

The boys marched in a manner worthy of the regular army and appeared, all in all, a snappy, well-disciplined and well-trained outfit.

Of course we must not forget the R. O. T. C. Band. It performed with its usual ability and the *Oracle* ventures to predict that the band this year will make as enviable a record as it has in the past two years.

The different drill classes in the gym (each class being a company) are mastering the more complicated maneuvers, such as are used in the Regiment Parade and Review that is held each spring. All the companies are doing everything that can be expected and a few are even surpassing expectations. Both Major

Baldinger and Sergeant Clark are well-pleased with the showing the regiment has made thus far and, although they have made no predictions, appear to believe that this is going to be another banner year for the R. O. T. C.

The Officers Club held its first meeting of the year Friday afternoon, November the eighth. Major Baldinger and Sergeant Clark spent an hour or more drilling the officers in the intricacies of saber drill and also planning out the line of march for the parade and the then following temporary appointments were made: Lieutenant-Colonel McKenney, commanding the regiment.

Major Crowley of the First Battalion.

Major Gulnac of the Second Battalion.

Captain Ford of Company A.

Captain Miller of Company B.

Captain Mullen of Company C.

Captain Conners of Company E.

Captain Tarbell of Company F.

These appointments are not permanent and were made because of the lack of high-ranking officers for the parade; doubtless the list will be modified and more or less changed when the official list of appointments is made public.

The Rifle Club has not started its practice sessions as yet but it probably will directly after the Christmas recess.

The *Oracle* heartily gives its appreciation to Major Baldinger and his methods of teaching. While the course he prescribes is somewhat different, from that of last year, the *Oracle* is of the opinion that the results, judging from the appearance of the outfit in the parade and the excellent work that is being done in the drill classes, are at least as good as in former years.

In the near future Major Baldinger is planning to lecture to the different classes on various subjects, i. e. rifle marksmanship, aviation, first aid and many other interesting subjects that are affiliated with the army. This should be a splendid chance for everybody to get some excellent and experienced advice on the various units of the army.

BOYS'

ATHLETICS



"He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill."

BANGOR, 0; OLD TOWN, 0

Bangor played a scoreless game with the Old Town High School at Old Town which did not prove to be a very great success, for it seemed as though Bangor should have been able to score, had the team been up to their usual form. Several of the Bangor men were ineligible for the game and therefore it was necessary to use substitutes. There was a small attendance, almost everyone being at Orono at the Maine-New Hampshire game. All these things led to an uninteresting game. The fact that Bangor scored eight first downs to none for Old Town shows that Bangor outplayed them. The outstanding players were Baker, Flanagan, Goodin and Furrow who made gains continually but always failed to score when near the goal posts.

The plays of the first quarter will show how things went practically all thru the game. Bangor kicked off to Old Town and the ball was received by Gero on Old Town's thirty-yard line where he was dropped. Three tries for gain were unsuccessful and they punted. In the next play, Flanagan made twelve yards and a first down. Furrow made six yards and a pass to McDougall was incompletd, Baker made three yards and Furrow hit center for four yards more and a first down. At this point it looked favorable for Bangor to get a touchdown as Baker made twelve yards, but here three attempts at the line and a pass failed and Old Town took the ball on downs. Old Town kicked to Leavitt and then the period ended. This summary of the first quarter gives an idea of the game as a whole.

BANGOR

Crowley re.....	le Harris
Talbot rt.....	lt Craig
York rg.....	lg Nahra
Goodin c.....	Braderick
Burr.....	c Murray
Rice lg.....	rg Thibeu
Gulnac lt.....	rt Buchanan
McDougall le.....	re Violette
Leavitt qb.....	qb White
Flanagan rhb.....	lhb Gero
Baker lhb.....	rhb Shumway
Shean.....	fb Sirois
Goodin.....	
Furrow fb.....	

OLD TOWN

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 6

Bangor's seventy-second contest with Portland resulted in a 6 to 0 score in favor of Portland. It was a hard fought game from beginning to end, but the predictions of many were not fulfilled, as they thought that Portland would win by a margin of at least three touchdowns. Bangor actually tore to pieces Portland's line and showed that they were the better team even though they were beaten by one touchdown. Bangor made one hundred and ten yards from scrimmage to ninety-one for Portland and they completed one pass for twenty-five yards, four were incompletd and four were intercepted by Portland while two of Portland's passes were incompletd and four were intercepted. Peter Furrow, full-back, played a great game for Bangor, being the star player of the game; but credit should be given to every other member of the team all of whom

did their very best. At the opening of the second quarter Portland by a great and desperate fight put the ball over the line but it wasn't from lack of fight from the Bangor men. Portland fought for every inch they got but they were not to be denied a touchdown.

From there on, Portland was kept on the defensive for Bangor did its best for a touchdown but again couldn't seem to function when near the goal posts. Following the game as is customary at Portland-Bangor games there was a banquet for the teams and a reception and dance followed.

BANGOR	PORTLAND
Finnegan re.....	le Buckley
Crowley.....	Kelley
Hewes rt.....	lt Kerrigan
York rg.....	lg Allen
Goodin c.....	Sabatino
Day.....	c Joyce
Campbell lg.....	Kelley
Gulnac lt.....	rg Ward
Talbot.....	Allen
McDougall le.....	rt Iverson
Striar qb.....	re Dodwell
Flanagan rhb.....	qb Lord
Baker lhb.....	lhb Manley
Day.....	rhb Elowitch
Goodin.....	Peters
Furrow fb.....	fb Robertson
Richardson	

BANGOR, 0; EDWARD LITTLE, 25

The game with Edward Little was a one-sided battle built around Roger Marcoux, last season's All-Maine schoolboy halfback. The field was soaking wet which added to the difficulties of the game, and many injuries resulted from it. Baker and York were injured but not seriously, while Whirley of Auburn was carried from the field with a severe hit on the head.

Of eight forward passes made by the Edward Little team six were completed which shows that they had the aerial attack down pretty well. This means of attack enabled them to make a total of one hundred and fourteen yards. Marcoux was the star of the Auburn

team, making about all the spectacular plays and throwing all eight of the passes of which the six were completed. Constantly he carried the ball for gains making from ten to fifteen yards and one for thirty-six yards. Auburn's forward passes and especially their lateral passes nearly always gave them a good gain. Bangor played a good defensive game but they were playing against probably one of the best teams in the state and on a slippery, wet field, in which they were not able to come up to their usual class of playing. The fact that Auburn made two hundred and eighty-six yards to forty-seven for Bangor and eleven first downs to Bangor's one, shows that they were playing against a team superior to them though they did their best when they had a chance.

BANGOR	EDWARD LITTLE
Crowley re.....	le Daunis
Hewes rt.....	lt Higgins
York rg.....	lg Jordan
Goodin c.....	Yakawanis
Campbell lg.....	c Bornstein
Gulnac lt.....	rg Brogan
McDougall le.....	lg Marczak
	Whittemore
Striar qb.....	le Whirley, Brown
Flanagan rhb.....	Stewart
Finnegan.....	qb Maguire
Richardson lb.....	Cohen

BANGOR, 33; BREWER, 0

Four thousand people saw Brewer defeated on Bangor's athletic field in one of the most thrilling games of the season.

It was predicted by the local as well as other papers that Brewer had the better chance of winning; but all these predictions were foiled as Bangor made the best clean-up of the season. Brewer's best chance of winning was its passes but they were rarely completed, as Bangor was on its job every minute and blocked them. Baker intercepted one pass and raced eighty-nine yards. This is the best run made by anyone in Bangor High for a number of years.

Brewer's chief means of defense was kicking but these punts were often brought back by Striar or someone else nearly to their starting point.

Harold Baker, Crimson half back, played a wonderful game, both offensively and defensively, and was the most brilliant player among a team of stars. He made two of the touchdowns and helped make the others. Richardson also played a great game, making two touchdowns; most of his gains were made by bucks through the line that were good for five to twenty-five yards. Archie Blanchard, Brewer's captain, played a great game for Brewer, achieving a pass by which he made forty yards, the longest pass made in the game by either teams. The total number of yards made were five hundred and fifty-eight for Bangor to thirty-two for Brewer. Bangor made thirty-five first downs while Brewer was making two. Bangor hit its stride in this game and showed real scoring-punch which had been lacking all the season.

BANGOR, 6; JOHN BAPST, 0

Bangor was forced to be contented with a 6 to 0 score in their favor when they played their first game with John Bapst. If it hadn't been for the wet field Bangor probably would have piled up a heavy score but the light John Bapst players were not bothered so much by this fact and all Bangor's gains were made by plunging thru the line. Bangor's only score came at the very beginning of the game when a kick was blocked and Furrow recovered it making a touchdown. After this Bangor made ten first downs to only three for John Bapst which shows that Bangor had the upper hand of them although they only scored once. A small crowd was present, it being the last game of the season and many looked forward to seeing a more one-sided contest than it turned out to be. Many said that it was only luck that caused Bangor to recover the blocked punt, but figures show that Bangor made two hundred and fourteen yards to only sixty-four for John Bapst and this shows that although they didn't make a large score, they made much more ground and only the wet field saved John Bapst from being badly defeated. Haggerty was John Bapst's best man making the only run that amounted to much, this being good for twenty-eight yards.

In the future there will probably be much rivalry between these two schools.

BANGOR	BREWER
McDougall le.....	re Gaulette
McKinnon le.....	re Palmer
Talbot lt.....	rt LaPierre
Gulnac lt.....	rt Hutchins
Campbell lg.....	rg Holyoke
Goodin c.....	c Hatfield
Burr c.....	c LaCross
York rg.....	lg Ford
Hewes rt.....	lt Tardiff
Rice rt.....	
Crowley re.....	le Enman
Finnegan re.....	le Smith
Striar qb.....	qb Blanchard
Shean qb.....	
Leavitt qb.....	
Baker lhb.....	rhb Harnum
Goodin lhb.....	rhb Libby
Shean lhb.....	
Day rhb.....	lhb Grossman
Flanagan rhb.....	
Richardson fb.....	fb Graves

BANGOR	JOHN BAPST
Furrow re.....	le Spellman
Hewes rt.....	le Corey, McDougall
Rice rt.....	lt Doherty
York rg.....	lg McDonald
Cust rg.....	
Goodin c.....	c Clukey
Burr c.....	
Campbell lg.....	rg McHugh
Talbot lt.....	rt Pearson
McDougall le.....	re Chisholm
Striar qb.....	qb Korsky
Baker lhb.....	rhb Babine
Day rhb.....	lhb Haggerty, Tolman
Richardson fb.....	fb Hickson, Conway



"She in beauty, education, blood, holds hand with any princess of the world."

Since the last issue of the *Oracle* the girl's hockey season has come and gone.

Old man weather seemed to have been against our girls this year, for they had to postpone and cancel many games. The result was that only four games of school hockey were played this season.

BANGOR DEFEATED BY U. OF M.

The first game took place at Broadway Park against the strong team from U. of M.

This game was hard fought by both teams. The first score was made during the first half when Smith drove the ball over the line for U. of M. Then Bangor, feeling it was their move, took the ball down the field and Helen Novak poked it by the U. of M. goal-keeper. This made the score even at the end of the first half.

The second half opened with Bradford of Bangor in Fern Allen's place and Landon of U. of M. in Osgood's place. This last half was rather slow but U. of M. succeeded in getting another score during the very last minutes of the game. Bangor could not, in the seconds which remained, make a goal to even the game up. So the score at the end of the game was 2 to 1.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Rosie for Crane; Bradford for Allen.

Maine: Landon for Osgood.

Referee: Lenyel of U. of M.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

Line-ups:

Bangor	U. of M.
R. W. Haney.....	West
R. I. Sanders.....	Smith
C. Crane.....	Brown
L. I. Novak.....	Thompson
L. W. Allen.....	Dunn
R. H. Russell.....	Osgood
C. H. Stover.....	Dixon
L. H. MacLeod.....	Callihan
R. F. Stevenson.....	Collins
L. F. Welch.....	Carter
G. Hutchings.....	Whitman

TIE GAME FOR BANGOR AND CASTINE

The second game was also at Broadway Park on November 7, when the Crimson lassies met the girls from Castine Normal School.

Our girls were not quite up to their mark in this game and so the usual speedy game was not played.

The Castine team had a very strong center-field but their back-field was "not so good."

One second after the whistle blew, Castine's flashy center, Barbara Seavey, took the ball down to the goal all by herself and pushed it through. The rest of the half the ball stayed in the center of the field, nobody scoring.

When the second half began everybody was "on edge" as to whether Castine was going to take the game from Bangor, but soon that fighting blood of Nat Sanders boiled to such a point that she drove that little white ball straight between those goal-posts, tying the score.

Referee: Lenyel, of U. of M.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

Line-ups:

Bangor	Castine
R. W. Haney.....	Sprague
R. I. Novak.....	Campbell
C. Crane.....	Seavey
L. I. Sanders.....	Barton
L. W. Bradford.....	Stephenson
R. H. Russell.....	Lyman
C. H. Stover.....	Armstrong
L. H. MacLeod.....	Smallwood
R. F. Stevenson.....	Davis
L. H. Welch.....	Pierce
G. Hutchings.....	Reed

BANGOR BEATS CASTINE

On Saturday, November 9, Bangor took a little trip down the river to Castine.

This was the second game with Castine and also the game which was to decide the better team, as the result of the first game was 1 to 1.

The game started somewhat similar to the first. That fast Seavey girl made two goals before anybody had time to think.

But then Bangor began to play. Frances Crane and "Nat" Sanders worked that mysterious play, which they have, several times making the score at the end of the half, 2 to 2.

The last half was very fast with Bangor keeping the ball down near the Castine goal most of the time. Nat Sanders made another goal for Bangor and the game ended Bangor, 3; Castine, 2.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Bradford for Allen.

Referee: Faulkingham of Bangor.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

Line-ups:

Bangor	Castine
R. W. Haney.....	Sprague
R. I. Novak.....	Campbell
C. Crane.....	Seavey
L. I. Sanders.....	Barton
L. W. F. Allen.....	Stephenson
R. H. Russell.....	Lyman
C. H. Stover.....	Armstrong
L. H. MacLeod.....	Smallwood

R. F. Stevenson..... Davis

L. F. Welch..... Hemingway

G. Hutchings..... Reed

BANGOR DEFEATED BY UNIVERSITY OF MAINE FRESHMEN

Bangor went up to Orono November 12, only to be defeated in an exciting game by the Freshmen girls.

During the first half of the game our girls out-played the Maine girls in every manner. According to a spectator, it looked more as if our girls were staging an exhibition game instead of playing against a strong team of college girls.

The dribbling of our forward line and the defensive work of our backfield were remarkable. However the Freshmen girls were not idle and they succeeded in getting a score.

When the second half began both teams were ready to fight, and such a fight. Every girl on both teams was working her hardest. But sad to relate, our girls needed a little more push when they neared Maine's goal, which they did very often.

Thus, although our girls out-played the Freshmen, Fate would have it, as it often does, that the winning team lost. So the score stood Maine, 1; Bangor, 0.

Substitutions:

Bangor: Bradford for Allen.

Maine: Henry for Averill.

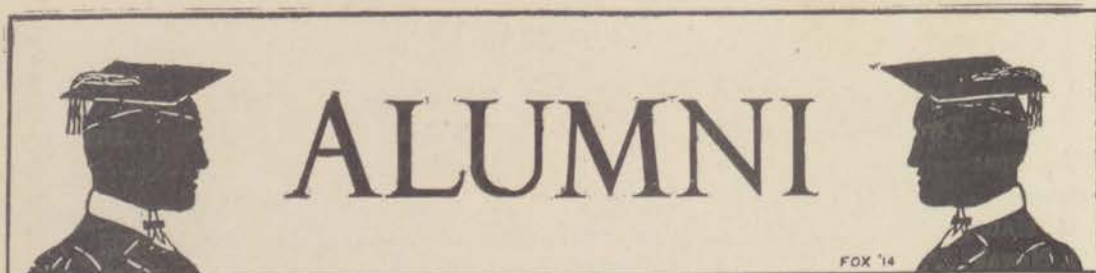
Referee: Lenyel of U. of M.

Time: Two 20-minute periods.

Line-ups:

Bangor	Maine
R. W. Haney.....	West
R. I. Novak.....	Smith
C. Crane.....	Brown
L. I. Sanders.....	Gleason
L. W. Allen.....	Dunn
R. H. Russell.....	Osgood
C. H. Stover.....	Dickson
L. H. MacLeod.....	Averill
R. F. Stevenson.....	Collins
L. F. Welch.....	Carter
G. Hutchings.....	Whitman

(Continued on page 51)



"Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret."

Sylvia Parker, Ph.D., assistant professor of Poultry Husbandry in the University of California, has recently written a paper upon "Effects of Early Handicaps on Chickens" which has won commendation from no less than fifteen heads of departments in western colleges of agriculture and state universities. Miss Parker is a graduate of Bangor High School and of Mt. Holyoke. She has served on the faculty of Mt. Holyoke, University of Maine, John Hopkins and University of California.

Philip Christmas, '30, has been elected vice-president of the Junior Class at the M. C. I.

Polly McCready, '28, a student at the U. of M., is a member of the Sophomore Eagles and was taken into the Beta Pi Theta, a French Honorary Society.

Abbot Rand, '28, who enlisted with the Government and attended Fort Totten in New York, is recovering from a serious illness caused by a fall from a cannon. He spent four months in the hospital.

Louis Striar, '29, is attending the Tilton School at Tilton, New Hampshire.

Mary Collins, '25, has accepted a position as assistant dancing instructor for Arthur Murry, in New York City.

Alex Kazutow, '27, after attending Bowdoin College for two years, has transferred to the U. of M. where he is completing his course.

John Kazutow, '27, is a student at McGill University in Quebec where he is studying to become a doctor.

Polly Sawyer and Eleanor Cross are both freshmen at Simmons College this year.

Harriet Cross, '26, has accepted a position in the office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in Boston.

Alice Herrick, ex-'28, is a member of the Sophomore class at Simmons College.

Dorothea Nickerson, '27, who is a student at the Gorham Normal School, spent Armistice Day at her home in this city.

Thomas Perry, better known as "Tom", former Bangor High School "grid and track" star, and a graduate in the class of '27, has been appointed member of the Junior Class Prom Committee of Holy Cross. He will serve on the Sub-committee on Music. He is a member of the Junior class and a prominent athlete.

Stewart Meade, '28, a student at Bowdoin College, attended the Bowdoin and Maine game on November 9.

"Bunt" Lynch, '29, returned to Hebron Academy late Armistice Day after spending the week-end with his parents.

Fred Gillen, '28, is a student at the U. of M.

Ruth Gordon, '26, a student at Wheaton College, spent Armistice Day with her parents.

John T. Barry, Jr., '28, played the part of leading man in the Maine Masque Play, "Dulcy." Julia Schiro and Reginald Wilson, both of B. H. S., also took part in this play.

Rosa Homer, '28, was married to Louis Kelly this summer.

(Continued on page 54)



"Which even critics do not criticize."

The "*Whisp*," Long Island, New York—We find your paper small but *tres bien*. Can't you snap it up with a few jokes and cartoons?

The "*Echo*," Amityville, New York—Another paper, small in size but full of valuable school news.

"*Signal Butte*," Miles City, Montana. Your cuts and cartoons are very good but where is your literary column?

From Red Lion, Penna., we receive one of our most interesting papers, the "*Hilltop*." We hope you will keep us on your exchange list, as it is most interesting to read the activities of a school with as many clubs as you support.

If it isn't "*The Bangor Slate*," from Bangor, Penna. This little magazine may be petit in size, but there is not a department missing. Have you no artists for headings?

The "*Rolustat*," Rockwood, Penna.—Another newsy paper from Pennsylvania. We find that they turn out peppy papers down there.

The "*Red and White*," Sanford, Maine—Here we notice that both boys and girls well uphold their school in athletics. Although we do enjoy your paper, we miss the exchanges. Can't you start something in this line?

The "*Orange and Black*," Hanover, Penna.—Here is a paper with well developed depart-

ments, which give in full the different activities of Hanover High. We notice that they are working on the publication of a Latin paper as well as the beginning of class soccer teams.

The "*Milachi*," Milaca, Minn.—It is most pleasing to receive an interesting paper like "*The Milachi*," from the mid-west, but wouldn't a cartoon or two and a few more jokes pep it up a little?

Next we find the "*Gleaner*," from Pawtucket, Rhode Island—Your literary columns are good and "*The Tattler*" is both interesting and amusing. Call again!

Through "*The Advance*," of Jamesburg, New Jersey, we learn about the activities of the State Home for Boys. Your cover is very good. Can't you start a few headings for your departments?

Last but not least we find "*The Pine Cone*," Pine Bluff, Arkansas. From their sports page we find that the students know how to make touch-downs. They have an interesting feature, "From Our Files."

The *Howler*, Howland, Maine.

A magazine which we enjoy reading and which we hope to receive again. Wouldn't it add to your paper to have drawings for your headings and a picture for your cover, that the Freshmen might get some enjoyment from it?

The "*Academician*," Palo, Leyte, P. I.—The saying, "Great things come in small packages," certainly describes this paper well. It is indeed interesting to read the activities of a school as far away as the Philippine Islands. We hope you will return to us.

The "*Echo*," South Portland, Maine—Yours is a complete and newsy paper, but try a few cartoons or headings; they will improve it.

The "*Recorder*," Syracuse, New York—Here we find another snappy paper full of good news as well as jokes. One of the best points in your paper is the addition of numerous appropriate quotations. We think however that it would help the "*Recorder*," if you tried a few cuts.

On looking through the mail box, we were surely glad to see "*The Maine Campus*," from Orono. Almost every one is more interested in the activities of a school that is familiar to them than of a school that is not. And they certainly have activities up there!

It doesn't take long to find out "Who's Who," and "What's What," on glancing through "*The Commercial News*," from New Haven, Connecticut.

We could not ask for a magazine developed much better than the "*Oceanic*," which comes to us from Old Orchard, Maine. The drawings before each department are original as well as amusing. We are waiting for your next issue.



LITERARY

THE LAST OF STEVEDORE MOPHED

(Continued from page 12)

surprising amount of peace that now haunted the neighboring country. However quick they were in disappearing, they did not escape the sharp eyes of Stevedore Mophed, who was now intently searching the distant plain. He was almost certain that he had seen a slight movement in the bushes.

While he was still in doubt, his sensitive ears heard what was unmistakably a noise of some kind. As he stopped to see from what source it had come, several bullets drifted by, accompanied by his hat for the last part of the distance. For no reason at all, he sauntered carelessly to the barn door and taking care not to slam it, he stepped inside. He carefully surveyed the distant prairie through a hole in the barn wall. He quickly observed three ancient enemies of his family.

He lost no time in preparing for battle. Quickly he selected two horses and attached a pair of reins to them, then strapped the two horses together. He then placed a pair of

cannons on their backs. After placing a steel helmet on his head, and filling his pockets with cannon balls, he was ready for warfare in the highest meaning of the word. After tickling each horse with a large whalebone whip, (a favor which was always pleasing to them) he sped out of the barn and across the plain on his war-like duet.

When seventy-five yards from the men, they (the men) jumped upon their horses and galloped off. As they did, one of the men hastily threw away a shovel.

Stevedore Mophed was speeding after them on his war-like duet; he was by no means a poor shot. First he fired one of the cannons, and then the other. First one of the men dropped, and then another. As he neared the spot where the men had been hiding, the last man dropped from his horse.

Stevedore attempted to stop his horses and go back, but it was of no avail. Suddenly a wierd shriek echoed in the distant mountains and Stevedore Mophed was never heard nor seen again.

PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 35)

NEWS MIT DER LETTER

September the two
States of the United,

Mein dear Cousin Hans:

I now take my pen and ink in hand write you mit a lead pencil. We do not lif where we used to lif, we lif where we haf moved. I hate to say it, but your dear old aunt vot you luffed so weel is dead. She died of new monia on New Years day in New Orleans at fifteen minutes front of five. Some people think she had population of her heart. De doctor gave up all hope when she died, her breath all leaked out. She leaves a family of two boys, two calves, and two cows. They found \$10.00 sewed in her bustle. It was an awful lot of money to leaf behind. Old Mrs. Offenblock is very sick, she is just at deaths door and de doctor thinks he can pull her thru. She has such a nice little boy, he is just like a human beast. I took him to de hospital to see de sick people, ve had a loffy time. Your brudder Gus took our dog Fido down to de saw mill yesterday to haf a fight. He runned up against one of de big circular saws, he only lasted one round. All de Grassenblocks family have de mumps and are having a swell time. I am sending your black overcoat by express. In order to safe express charges, I cut off de buttons, you will find them in the inside pocket. Your unele said if you don't pay that 40c wot you owe him, he will cut off your head and thro it in your face. I just graduated from the college and I took elecution and Physical torture, I learned to be stingy-grafer too. I got a job down at the lifry stable as a stingy-grafer taking down hay for horses. Hans Kratz was sick. De doctor told him to take something so he went down street and met Ikey Cohen and took his watch. Ikey Cohen had him arrested and got a lawyer. De lawyer got de case and Hans got de works. We have 30 chickens and a fine dog. De chickens are lay-

(Continued on page 39)

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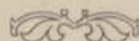
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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 37)

ing 6 eggs a day. De dog is laying behind de stove. Just heard dey formed a operation on Mrs. Offenblock between de dining room and de conservatory but she died between eight o'clock. De people is dying around here vot nefer died before, Hans I wish we were closer apart, I am awful lonesome since we are separated together. Your brudder Frank is getting along fine mit de small pox and hopes he finds you de same. Hoping you will write sooner

I remain here,
Your cousin Max.

P.X. If you don't get dis letter let me know, and I will write you a nudder von soon.

P. X. No. 2. Haf just received the \$10.00 vot I owe you but closed up de letter and won't get it in.

—Exchange.

JUST SCOUTS

The R. O. T. C. was drilling one fine day at the well-known Broadway Park. A few of our brilliant young freshmen happened to be 'playing' in the park and were disturbing the army. Suddenly our renowned Sergeant, unable to stand it any longer, was heard to cry, "Go on home, you fellows!" One of our clever freshmen lads answered, "Don't get all het up, we're going to have a Scout meeting of our own in two weeks."

Can You Help Us?

We, the Sophomores of Bangor High School, would like to know where the pieces of day go when it breaks.

I've read my history over

From the present, way back to the ark;
But which of the Smith Brothers' name was
Trade

And which of the boys was Mark?

—Punch Bowl.

(Continued on page 41)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 39)

Salesman (selling a suit): This suit is well tailored, beautifully patterned, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn.

Leo--rd Ford: It's good, and well told, my man.

I. Alpert, '30—What beat you up so badly?
Ben Shapero, '30—I started to ride a shoot the chutes and changed my mind.

Coach Quinn: Had any experience?

Football candidate: Well, I empty the waste basket for 201.

Coach: No, I mean real experience.

F. c.—Would you call being in a train wreck enough?

Papa, I saved ten cents today. I ran all the way to school behind a street car.

Haven't I told you not to mind the trifles? Try for big things. Tomorrow, run behind a taxi and save a dollar.

F. Morse—I-I-is th-the doctor in t-today?

Nurse—No, he just left the office.

Frankie—Boy, that takes a load off my mind.

While some people complain about students bareheaded, just think what kind of hats they would wear, if they wore hats.

Teacher—Can you give us an example of curiosity?

Joe Mullen—Well, if a man should smoke a carload just to see if the manufacturers might be mistaken, that would be curiosity.

Temple Smith—Or if a person took one of these unbreakable fountain pens to the top of the Chrysler Building and dropped it to see if he could break it.

Teacher—Yes, those are examples. Were you ever curious?

Joe Mullen—Sure. I chewed some tar one day to see if it was better than gum. I had to use kerosine to get it off my teeth.

And then, for that tired feeling—sit down.

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TELEPHONE

LONGFELLOW'S LOVE OF THE SEA AS SHOWN BY HIS POETRY

(Continued from page 19)

"O faithful indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands go—
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea,—
And filling every firth and estuary,
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,
Each thread and filament of water courses
Full with their ministrations of delight!
Under the rafters of the wooden bridge
I see you come and go, sometimes in haste
To reach your journey's end, which being
done

With feet unresting ye return again
And recommence the neverending task,
Patient whatever burdens ye may bear,
And fretted only by the impending rocks."

And again in that beautiful poem "My Lost Youth" we see clearly his love for the sea.

"I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long, thoughts.' "

RED HAIR—PRO AND CON

(Continued from page 19)

me—I had to learn to like them. You may wonder why I bothered; I'll tell you. I did it mainly to console myself because I possess that combination—freckles and red hair. Now I really like it and wish mine were redder. Thank-you!"

"There will be a five-minute recess for the judges to prepare their decisions."

— 5 minutes —

"We vote unanimously in favor of the affirmative—we all have red hair!"

E P H I

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LIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

I have trailed the thief here. Either you are the thief or he is hidden here. Shall I search?"

Jane realized at last why John had been so sullen. He had, as she feared, dropped to the low level of his companions. He was the thief. She must save him but how? Her mind could not function and almost mechanically she said, "You need not search. I am the thief."

A few days later she had become accustomed to prison fare and the dark cell. Jimmy Lee had visited her twice and had tried in vain to persuade her to reveal who the real thief was. Thus time passed.

One day she chanced to secure a paper and saw in large headline:

RAID RINGSIDE ALLEY

Many Wounded. Police Fight Men.

TWO CAPTURED**ONE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED**

Jane stared with horror-stricken eyes at the piece. Might one of the captured be John?

As if in answer to her thoughts, a warden entered her cell to tell her that John was calling for her. He was dying from the bullet wound he received when he resisted the police. As she entered John's cell, he cried weakly, "Sis!" then looking at the policeman, "I stole those diamonds".....pause..... then in a husky voice, "She.....is.....innocent." He was failing fast, it was plain, "But I'm squared, I was the one who called the police.....you know.....from the pay station....." He stopped and then whispered, "Sis.....I'm sorry. Forgive.....please?"

Jane cried brokenly a somewhat mumbled, "Yes."

John fell back and Jane knelt beside him till he gasped his last breath—her mother's boy.....but he died straight.

Jimmy came in and led her out.

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JUST ANOTHER DAY

(Continued from Page 20)

ers and sisters, haunted me. I recalled my thoughtless words, "Just another day gone by."

Yes, just another day for me, perhaps, but what of them? The end of life, everything, returning to the dust of their ancestors to make soil for the growth of other trees in years to come. Two last leaves—a shadow of pervailing sadness passed through my minds. Prose has praised the gaiety of autumn but we have left it to the poets, the true artists, to mourn it as the premonition of the death of the old year. So it is with human beings. When they retired from the game and first begin to enjoy leisure, those who had been so gay and bright but a moment before are blown away into eternity by some cold blast from we know not whither. As I stood there alone with my thoughts, two white lines shattered the opaque darkness of the eastern sky, and became broad and more broad. 'One more day gone by' and yet forever will a new day dawn. My mind took on a more cheerful aspect as I watched the heralds of the morning approach. After the evening comes night, after night, day,—after the autumn comes winter, after winter, spring,—after middle-age comes death, after death, Life.

**TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON A YUKON
"STERN WHEELER"**

(Continued from Page 16)

the terrific heat to which we had just exposed ourselves.

We remained inside until after dinner when we were told that we were at Ben My Chree and would remain there for another. We all disembarked, filled with curiosity but what we found there is really another story, typical of the tragic country. Suffice it to say however, that after that hour we returned to the ship and, ducking beneath the spray of the stern wheel, entered our staterooms, with an Alaskan July moonlight making the outside world, white, and, in a silvery subdued way, as bright and clear as daytime.

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MUSIC

(Continued from Page 23)

tion has grown immensely since the beginning of school, for many wind instruments have been admitted. More difficult pieces have been played this year than for a long time, since the members seem to be able to handle almost any music that comes along. The Orchestra is getting more and more popular with the students every time it plays in Assembly, and, no doubt, will soon reach the height of popularity now enjoyed by the school band. By next spring B. H. S.'s orchestra should make a reputation at the Maine State Orchestral Contest which, it is rumored, will be held this season in Bangor.

The pieces played so far this year at Assemblies are: Sousa's March, "The Gladiator" and "Shadow Dance;" Sousa's High School "Cadet March" and an overture, "The Calif of Bagdad" by Boieldieu; "Washington's Post March" by Sousa, and "Minuet Musical" by Schubert, "Ox Minuet" by Haydon.

Personnel

First Violin:—Mildred Bean, Mary Goodspeed, Rhona Grey, Irving Grodinsky, Harold Morris, Elliott Reid, Donald Small, and Helen Novak.

Second Violin:—Orman Curtis, Charles Dwinal, Francis Flynn, Geneva Fogg, Doris Getchell, Kenneth Kurson, Margaret McLeod, Mary Morgrage, Louis Morrison, Lawrence Staples.

Viola:—Richard Palmer, Dorothy Jones.

Bass:—Charles Jacques, Leonard Ford,

Flute:—Edgar Aucoin.

Oboe:—Leo Viner.

B-flat Clarinet:—Paul Sawyer, Abraham Kern, Temple Smith.

Bassoon:—Bernard Saunders.

Trumpet:—Edward Morgan, Raymond Prince, Gridley Tarbell, Oscar Fellows.

Trombone:—Nathaniel Sawyer.

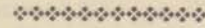
Piano:—Catherine Epstein, Beryl Warner.

Banjo:—Waldon Hastings.

Cello:—Norman Cahners.

Tympani:—Carl Baumann.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 29)

BASKET-BALL

On November 22, Coach Abernethy posted a notice for candidates for school basket-ball. Forty-eight girls turned out including the only two lettermen from last year's basket-ball team, Captain Frances Crane and Evelyn Welch.

Candidates:

Forwards: Mildred Haney, Aldeen Tanguay, Hortense Clement, Natalie Mersereau, Liola McCann, Ruth Averill, Hope Dunning, Helen Trumble, Hazel Ames, Betty Dill, Dorothy Sabine, Natalie MacLeod, Barbara Stover, Myrle Hamilton, Thelma Silk, Melva Day.

Guards:—Frances Crane, Evelyn Welch, Madeline Peters, Pearl Hutchings, Natalie Sanders, Doris London, Elizabeth Wiggin, Edna Doane, Rena Allen, Hazel Doley, Gerildine Graham, Arline Stevenson, Alberta Call, Louise Rosie, Mildred Bradford, Louise Rice, Anne Rappaport, Grace Doughty, Jacqueline Johnston, Edna McIntosh.

Centers:—Lydia Jones, Frances Hayes, Frances Greene, Christine Reynolds, Rachel Weiler.

Side centers:—Fern Allen, Emily Lyon, Dorothy Cunningham, Genevieve Robinson, Dorrice Trickey, Winnifred Brown, Helen Gallupe, Florena McCann, Greta Westin, Leona West.

DRAMATIC CLUB

(Continued from page 22)

at the illness of Miss Rideout, the Club sent flowers to her, wishing her a speedy recovery.

Since the Dramatic Club has many members this year, the outlook is bright. Mrs. Bridgman has announced that two one-act plays will be given the 20th of December. At the second meeting, Mrs. Bridgman gave a talk on the stage and the stage terms. This proved very interesting and instructive as well. Two papers were read by Natalie Anderson and Ruth Blanning on the "One-Act Play" and "Little Theatre," respectively.

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THE GHOST OF GLENTARCKEY

(Continued from Page 11)

so lately cursed. If the moon should come out now, all would be lost. He clearly saw under the giant flashlight which one of the men held, all that went on. A few minutes later Hiram brought in his wagon cases and cases of contraband. It was loaded on a big Fokker plane much larger than his own. One man piloted it. The others, numbering about ten, went with Hiram. He climbed high in the air watching the other plane. The man below him suddenly seemed to have become aware of him. For a few moments they struggled for the higher position. Jim gained this advantage. Suddenly a shot came from the lower plane. So he meant to fight, did he? Well, he'd show him. Soon shot after shot rang out in the still air. Jim decidedly had the advantage of a good position. Suddenly he realized that he had no more cartridges but the one he was about to fire. Suddenly a movement by the dog at his side caused his bullet to discharge. It went through the engine of the other plane forcing it down. "Good dog, Kit," he said softly, as he landed beside the other plane. Jim covered the other man with his empty gun. The man lifted his hand as in token of surrender. Suddenly he stepped forward, knocked the gun out of Jim's hand and knocked him over. He raised his arm and was about to strike him with the butt end of his gun, when a growl was heard. Then a very angry collie jumped on top of him. "Hands up," came a clear concise voice, Jim had him covered again. "Get into my plane."

With the capture of the plane the plot was revealed. Jim had captured bigger game than he had ever dreamed of. Upon opening the cargo they found that only half of it was alcohol. The other half was much more valuable, diamonds. The plot was one hatched by an ingenious mind. Captain Henderson had spread the ghost story and was the one who received the cargo at Glentarekey. Hiram would receive the cargo from Montreal and bring it to the plane two or three times a week.

(Continued on Page 54)

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ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 30)

Charlotte Drummond, '24, and graduate from Smith College '28, was married to Carl Meinecke, B. H. S. in '20 and U. of M. in '24.

Roger Doane Smith, ex-'31, is attending Westminster School for Boys at Simsbury, Connecticut.

Charlotte Thompson, '27, Wheaton, '30, has been elected vice-president of the Wheaton College Athletic Association. She is also a candidate for the hockey team and Charlotte has made the dean's list besides.

Students who can furnish items of interest about former members of the school are asked to do so.

Eleanor Whittemore, B. H. S. '27, Simmons, '29, has taken a position in the public library of Providence, Rhode Island.

Charles Whittemore, B. H. S. '25, is a senior at University of Pennsylvania.

Edith Whittemore, B. H. S. '29, is at the graduate school of the Mary Lyon School Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Geneva Croxford, B. H. S. '16, Smith, '20, Mrs. Francis B. Valentine, has an article on "Heart Disease in Children," in a recent medical magazine.

THE GHOST OF GLENTARKEY

(Continued from Page 53)

The plane would smuggle the cargo over the border. Loading the cargo on a boat they would proceed until they came to a bluff that overlooked the lake. They pushed the cargo through a tunnel on the side of the bluff. The tunnel ended on the inside of the cabin. If anyone should happen to be inside, the smugglers would see to it that no one would ever see or hear of the man again.

The ghost of Glentarekey was never seen or heard again, but nightly one could see, patrolling the border, the figure of a young man by name of Jim Gordon.

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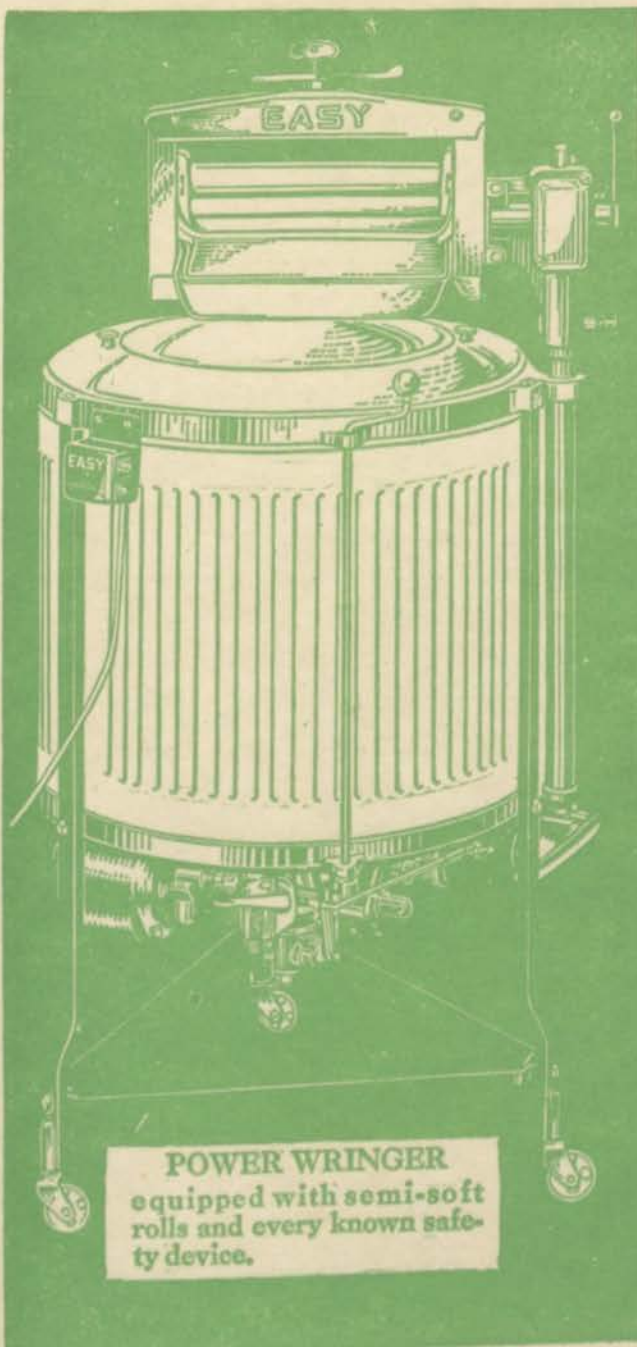
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