

ORACLE

BANGOR P.

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New Year Number

Commencing in this issue:

THE NIGHT CALL

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE AIR

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

January, 1928



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The Oracle

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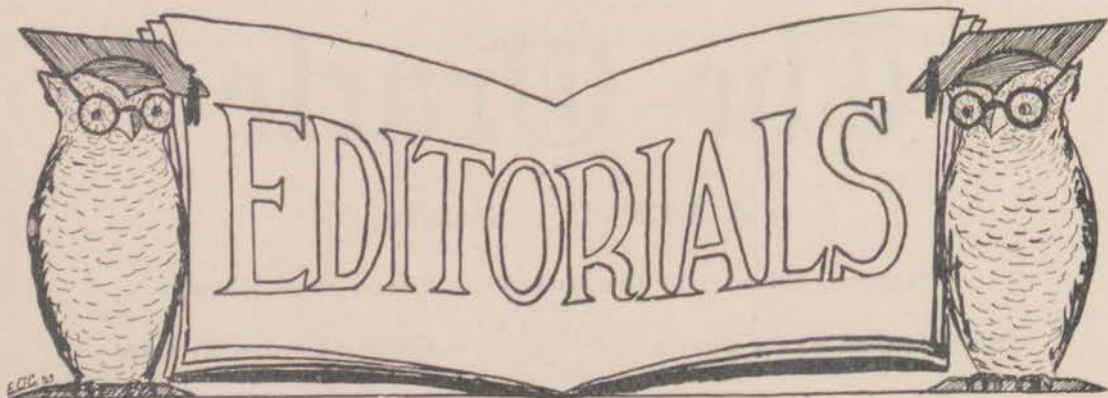
January, 1928

The Oracle Board

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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

How many of us, when we make a New Year's Resolution stand to it? Not many. Most of us make a resolution that sounds real nice and brave, and then promptly forget all about it. It would be better for us not to make any resolutions at all than to make eight or ten of them and not keep them.

Let's make two good resolutions and stand by them. First: I hereby resolve not to be late this year. Second: I hereby resolve not to be absent this year unless because of sickness. That sounds pretty good, and it benefits us in more ways than one. If we are late, we get a comeback and have to spend the best part of the afternoon in the detention room.

When we are absent, we have to make it up, and if we "skip" we have to make our time up, and if we skip a lot we are expelled. So on the whole, it doesn't pay us to skip. Don't you think those are two good reasons why we should make these resolutions.

Besides all that, our lateness or absence costs the city thirty two cents for every time we are late or absent, and spoils the record of the school. At the end of every term a register is made out, giving the number of pupils late and absent, and these registers are sent to the State School Department at Augusta. At the end of the year these are figured out, and published in the newspapers. Deering High has twice had the honor of having the fewest cases of absence and tardiness, and Gardiner High has had it once. We are sorry to say that Bangor High has always been very near the bottom of the list. But we're

improving, as the cases of tardiness have been reduced from one thousand, one hundred eighty in the fall term of 1926, to five hundred fifty in the fall term of 1927.

Someone has figured that, on the average, it costs thirty two cents a day to send a boy or girl to school, but it may be more in Maine. For every day of school, the State pays the city that thirty two cents or more, and for every day of absence, thirty two cents are discounted from that sum. Thus, as all that money comes from our fathers' and mothers' taxes, not only the school and we students, but our parents lose thirty two cents. Of course, we want our school to be the best in this respect as well as in others, so not only for our own sakes, but for the school's sake, let's try not to be late or absent during the coming year.

A DREAM OF CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

How would you like to see a lake from Morse's mill to the railroad bridge at the mouth of the Kenduskeag with the banks beautified as such things are, and canoes and rowboats gliding up and down the peaceful waters—no tide, and skating in winter, right in the middle of the city, so one wouldn't have to walk a mile or more to get to it! Such is the dream of an enterprising Bangor citizen. He wants to build a dam where it was voted to build a bridge—a dam with a draw in it and a road on it. It's not all impractical from an engineering standpoint, and would cost only a very little more. Think what it would mean

to the city! A beautiful lake there, instead of all that unsightliness at low tide!

A brisk row or a leisurely paddle would no longer be an impossibility for the man of the office who needs to stretch his muscles, and fill his lungs with fresh air. How nice it would be to paddle up and down the lake on a long summer's evening, with the moon shining down from above! Surely it would be a great benefit to the town and the older people of the city would enjoy it as much as the youthful population. Let's get behind this dream and help make it a reality!

"LINDY," OUR AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL

When Captain Charles A. Lindbergh flew to Paris, alone, in a single-motored plane, the whole world rejoiced. He carried with him a message of good will from the whole United States. So great was his feat that he was elevated to the rank of Colonel. When later he toured this country the eyes of the nation were upon him and wishing him success.

One day Ambassador Morrow was speaking to President Calles of Mexico about American humorists. "Will" Rogers' name was mentioned, and as a result, an invitation was sent him to spend a few days' vacation in Mexico.

On another occasion the topic of discussion was flying. President Calles said that, from what he had read and from the pictures he had seen Colonel Lindbergh was a fine, clean-cut representative of American manhood. Of course Mr. Morrow proudly answered that he was the best young man in the world. "But you won't know it until you've seen him." President Calles sent an official invitation to "Lindy" to fly to Mexico. He accepted, and when a day (Dec. 13) came that satisfied him, Lindbergh started. He made the first non-stop flight between the two capitals, a distance of about 2100 miles, in twenty-seven hours and ten minutes.

From our own capital, President Coolidge sent our Ambassador of Good Will a congratulatory telegram which contained the following message: "I am confident that as the harbinger of good will from the people of the United States to the people of Mexico you will materially assist the two countries to cement friendly relations, and I feel sure that the true spirit of your mission will be sympathetically understood by the United States and Mexico."

In his formal statement President Calles said of the flight: "I believe it is a heroic air-
feat and a priceless embassy of good will sent to us by the United States which, in sending the highest representative of its manhood, will-power, and heroism, has brought about closer spiritual and material relations. I believe the effect has been positive and immediate."

A reporter in the New York *Evening World* writes that "in the cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis* reposed one of the most serious international problems of recent years—the relations of the United States and Mexico."

According to a certain correspondent Lindbergh had been told that if he essayed the flight he would do a great deal more than it was possible to do in any other way toward helping Ambassador Morrow to lift the diplomatic relations not only of our country and Mexico but also of the whole of Latin America from the tangle in which they had become involved. That Lindbergh accomplished this task was evident as soon as we read the newspapers the day after his arrival at the Mexican capital.

So now we have three Ambassadors of Good Will in Mexico: Ambassador Morrow—official ambassador from the United States to Mexico; Will Rogers, Ambassador of Good Humor, and "WE"—"Lindy" and his beloved plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*—Ambassadors of Good Will.



JOHN CLAIR MINOT

SOME FACTS ABOUT JOHN CLAIR MINOT

On February 8, Mr. John Clair Minot will speak in chapel. It is only through the efforts of the *Oracle* that he was obtained. He will be introduced by the editor of the *Oracle* and will speak ten minutes on some literary subject of common interest. Mr. Minot has for the past seven years been Literary Editor of the *Boston Herald*, after having been one of its editorial writers for the preceding decade. His Wednesday and Saturday book pages have become one of the most popular features of the *Herald*, and have brought him many invitations to lecture before various organizations—women's clubs, men's clubs, college clubs, associations of teachers and community gatherings—all over New England. For the past four years the number of these engagements has run to more than a hundred each

year. Last season fully half of his engagements were with organizations that he had earlier visited from one to four times. Before last season closed he had about twenty such engagements for this year, and Bangor High School is very lucky to secure him.

Mr. Minot graduated in the class of 1896 from Bowdoin College, which last year conferred upon him the honorary degree of Litt. D. He has been a member of its Board of Overseers since 1913, and is past president of its Boston Alumni Association. Before joining the staff of the *Herald* he had been in turn an editor of the *Kennebec Journal* and of the *Youth's Companion*, and had done much writing and public speaking. For several years he has conducted a department on books in the *Open Road*, and lectured on current literature at Boston University.

Mr. Minot is easily one of the leading literary men in the United States today, and his book reviews are more widely read than any others in the New England States. His advice is continually being sought by authors, especially those that are just beginning to write. His kindness and the interest he shows in these struggling young people, some of whom are found to rise to fame in the literary world has endeared him to many of them.

When he was a freshman at college, and even before, when he was in high school, Mr. Minot showed a marked aptitude for literary work. At Cony High School, from which he was graduated in 1892, he was editor of the school paper. At Bowdoin he was on the "Quill" staff during all four years.

Last winter he gave weekly radio talks from Boston which were heard by thousands and thousands of people.

Mr. Minot was born on a farm near Belgrade, Maine, and today undoubtedly leads one of the busiest lives in the New England States.



The Night Call

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

Bob Martin, flying ace, banking his plane in a steep dive, nosed down toward the landing field below.

The vista spread out beneath him was that of the typical Arizona country—barren wastes of mesa, densely covered with the spiny cactus. The landing place toward which the plane was now swiftly descending lay sweltering in the rays of the late afternoon sun, and the big hangar at the farther end of the field loomed conspicuous among the other clusters of buildings nearby.

As the plane was rushing rapidly toward the earth the young lieutenant turned in the cockpit in time to see a distant plane, which apparently had been in hot pursuit the moment before, turn tail and start in a northerly direction. His face bore a grim smile as his gaze took in a spattering of small round holes in the fuselage of the rear cockpit, and as he fingered the control stick preparatory to leveling out, he grinned to himself. Thank Heaven that some of the worst crooks in the state were such poor shots!

The ground was looming near now, and suddenly he pulled back on the control stick. The plane took the sandy soil with a barely perceptible jar and taxied in toward the big hangar at the end of the field. It finally came to a standstill in front of a group of waiting mechanics, among them two men dressed in the conspicuous blue of the aviation guards' uniform. Martin unsnapped the safety belt, and

leaped lightly over the side of the plane. Reaching into the rear cockpit he pulled forth a small leather bag, which he handed to one of the waiting guards.

"Report to the captain with this immediately," he ordered crisply, and the two guards saluted smartly and turned away.

Bob, himself, after turning the plane over to the mechanics, directed his steps toward the mess barracks. Now for a good, square meal, a cold shower, and a refreshing sleep! He complimented himself that it wasn't a bad job done at all; from Washington to Ago, Arizona, in a continuous flight of approximately nine hours duration, with exactly five hundred thousand dollars worth of currency! His slim figure tensed, however, as he recalled how narrow had been his escape from the bullets of the gunmen who had chased him all the way from Chicago and how desperate had been their efforts to capture the bank money.

And then a new problem confronted him. How in the dickens had the news of the money being transported reach the ears of the bandits? The matter was supposed to be the strictest secret, known only by the captain, the guards, and himself. Well, it evidently had leaked out somehow. And, if it had, by any chance, leaked out on purpose, it would go hard with the guy that had been responsible for it. Bob came to a halt, as a sudden thought came to him. Perhaps it would be better to report his suspicions to the captain immedi-

ately, so that he could be on his guard and on the lookout for any suspicious moves on the part of any persons concerned.

Accordingly he directed his steps toward the captain's barracks, a set of buildings a little to the right of the big hangar. The largest of these buildings was the one toward which Martin was headed, a gray stone building with the beacon light on top, the powerful rays of which were sent forth every night to guide the aircraft to their station. Bob had ascended the steps of this building, and was rounding a turn in the corridor, when he collided with the two guards, who were at that moment headed for the door. The impact was so sudden and so unexpected that it sent both guards off their balance. The bigger of the two was on his feet like a cat, eyes glinting, with drawn revolver.

"Stay right where you are, stranger," he began, and then, recognizing the lieutenant, "Excuse me, sir—I thought you—" he broke off, hastily saluting, and the two started off for the hangar, the smaller one carrying the bag of money.

Bob stared after them, puzzled. What on earth was the matter with them? They sure acted uneasy for some reason or other. Oh, well, it was a responsible position to be placed in. Probably just nervous. He dismissed the matter from his mind, and approaching the door of the captain's room opened it, and stepped in.

The captain, a small wiry man of about forty, rose and saluted as Bob entered. He was seated at a big roller-top desk at the farther corner of the room which was littered with papers and documents of various description, and on top of which was a wireless sending and receiving set, without which no aviation station could be complete. As he came forward to meet the lieutenant the most casual observer could not have failed to be impressed with his air of resourceful power. This man had joined the aviation force only six short months ago, but on account of his almost uncanny knowledge of planes he was promoted immediately to the rank of lieutenant, and not long after that to that of captain. He was now eagerly awaiting Bob's report, his piercing gaze fixed on the figure of the young lieutenant.

"Well, Martin," he asked quickly, "How did you make it?"

The lieutenant's face suddenly grew sober. He regarded the floor thoughtfully for a moment, then leaned forward and in a low tone informed the captain all that had happened,—how he had been chased all the way from Chicago by some desperate gunmen, and of the time he had had trying to keep out of range of the bullets from their machine gun.

When he had finished his brief report the captain promptly exploded wrathfully. "How

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Disappointed Charlie

By Katherine K. Mead, '28

This is the true story of a twelve year old boy about the time of the Civil War. We will call him Charlie.

In those days parties were memorable occasions, there being only three or four of them a year. Everybody in the neighborhood was invited and everybody went and had a good

time, too.

Charlie was invited to one of these parties and wanted to go very badly. To get permission to go to this affair was all undertaking in itself and Charles knew this. He had to get his father's consent which was not an easy thing to do, as he was the kind of stern old

fashioned parent that we read about, severe in appearance and stern with his children. Even his wife stood in awe of him and his word was law for the whole household. But Charlie bravely went to him and asked if he might go to the party.

"Well," said his father, "you fill the tank in the attic and when that is done we'll see about the party."

Now to fill the tank in the attic, was not an easy task. At this time running water had not been installed in the house. A few residences, however, had large tanks in the attics which were filled and then the water was more easily available, being run from the attic through pipes to the rest of the house. But to get the water into the tank was a very hard and back-breaking job—it had to be pumped by hand from the well outside. Nevertheless Charlie went bravely to his task and pumped and pumped and pumped. At the end of two hours pumping not one more single solitary drop of water could be squeezed into the tank.

Feeling that he had accomplished this successfully, Charles went down to find his father—Yes, he found him, but in such a condition that nobody dared to speak to him. He was sound asleep!

"Couldn't I go without waking him Mother?" asked the boy anxiously.

"I'm afraid not, Charlie. He hasn't given his consent, yet, you know."

"Then please——"

"Do you think he would feel like granting a favor if we spoiled his nap?"

"No-o-o, I spose not" answered Charlie sitting down in the big winged chair, and looking disconsolately out of the window. Across the street he could see the lights shining, a brilliant welcome to the boys and girls who were just going up the walk to the party.

"Well, sonney, you can go get dressed and then when father wakes up you will be all ready," suggested his mother hopefully.

Charlie left the room and down stairs one could hear his feet going quietly across the creaking boards.

Presently he descended clad in his Sunday best and then began the waiting. With his despairing eyes on the clock he saw the hands move slowly around as mother and son sat quietly waiting for the sleeper to waken. Presently came the rumble of carriages approaching to take guests to their homes after a jolly evening. Awakened by this noise father asked,

"Did Charlie go to the party?" When Charlie answered, "No" Father replied, "Oh, I meant him to go all the time."



The Escape

By Dorothy W. Somers

"Cum on fellers, let's go over to the ole swimming hole," shouted a freckle-faced lad to a group of boys standing at the gate of Nicky Crane's house.

"Aw gee!" lamented Nicky, "I gotta stay here and wash the winders."

"Heck!" exclaimed Fatty Joe, "My ma told me I'd have to work up that big pile of wood that came t'other day.

"Yes, 'n' I gotta wash dishes!"

"Uh-huh, I gotta hoe the garden."

"Well boys, I don't see but what you'll have to go on a strike," crisply decided the owner of the freckles. "It's altogether out of reason that on a nice, fine, spring day that you should have to work. Now we don't have any too many of these hot days an' *who* wants to spend 'em working, I'd like to know? No sir—ee;

no one wants to work on a day like this an' the ole pool looks pretty good to me.

"Gosh, that's right, we can work all the time in the winter an' days we can't go swimmin.' The ole winders can lump it. I'm goin' swimmin.' Whee-e-e-e!"

"Well I guess my ma can get along 'thout the wood fer today!"

"Sh-h-h, there's old apees lookin' out of her window. Hustle up and meet me at Honey's," and the boy who had suggested the Swimming Hole walked off whistling.

In exactly five minutes the boys were assembled at Honey's and had started down the path that led to the swimming pool.

"Oh boy, ain't the water grand!" gasped Nicky, coming up from his first plunge into the cold water.

"I'll tell tha world. Golly! aint I glad I didn't stay home an' chop wood." And Fatty Joe did a backward flip in the water.

"Say, kids, I gotta new stunt. I'll bet you can't do it."

"What is it?" chorused the boys.

"I'll bet I c'n do it," boasted Fatty Joe who in spite of his superfluous flesh was like a fish when he was in the water.

"It's this," and the freckled boy climbed up the bank, and, clearing his throat, shouted in a voice that a great orator might have used, "Ladies and Gents, pardon me, no ladies being here, I will simply address the gentlemen assembled. Gentlemen, I am now going to illustrate the new fish-hook dive, originated by Mr. Patrick Johnathan Sillie." A series of frantic arm wavings followed this announcement, accompanied by a descending body and a loud splash.

"Boys oh boys, wasn't that great! Gee Pat where'd you learn to do that?"

"It was just perfect!"

"Show us how to do it."

Pat threw out his chest, "I'm just naturally brilliant. 'Course I'm willing to show you how to do it but you fellers are so dumb you'd

never be able to do it as graceful as I did. Say Fat did you say you could do that?" Everyone grinned because it was universally known that the nearest Fat ever came to diving was the time he fel off an old log.

"Poof, that wussn't nothing. I got sompin better'n that."

"Yes, you have," jeered the boys.

"Awright, you see if I ain't. You gotta admit that it ain't everybody what can look like a dead man!" and, making that impressive statement, Fat swam lazily out into the middle of the swimming pool. "Now, I'm goin' to look just like a pusson that's been drowned and come up to the surface."

"Gee, 'spose he can do it?"

"'Course he can't. No one can," came from Pat who saw his high pedestal tottering.

However things were happening out in the middle of the pool. Fat gave a shout, leaped high into the air, and went far under the surface of the water. The boys waited breathlessly for the exhibition to continue. Presently Fat shot up half out of the water and then fell back on his back perfectly still.

"Here, Mary, quick!" and the Reverend Johnston, who had arrived just in time to see the last of Fat's spectacular struggles, thrust a pink parasol into the astonished young lady's hands. "Out of the way boys!" and the Reverend Johnston, throwing off his coat and shoes, leaped into the water, and swam to the spot where the supposedly half-drowned boy was floating.

Fat did not hear Reverend Johnston coming toward him but was blissfully lying there in the water with the sun pouring down on his face. He was rudely awakened by the water closing over his face. He fought fiercely and finally broke away from his rescuer's grip.

"You old bean head! Can't you let a feller alone? Any one 'ud think you was the King of England the way ya grab me by the hair." Fat gave himself a shake, finished digging the water out of his eyes and beheld—

(Continued on Page 43)

"How Can We Get the Car Out?"

By Edward Richardson, '28

It was a bright sunny day in the middle of June when mother decided to go strawberrying out in the country with another woman. Mrs. Lowell. There had been a terrible shower that night and I warned mother not to wander way off on some country road on which our heavy car would easily get stuck in the mud.

Although I tried to tell her. I couldn't get a word in sideways. She simply insisted that I take her and Mrs. Lowell berrying.

We had not left home more than thirty minutes when mother saw the car stuck in the mud above the hubs of the both rear wheels. If you could have seen the expression on her face! You never could have recognized the family bus for it was mud all over.

After I had tried a half an hour to get the car out by putting boards under the wheels and failed, I was ready to say, "How can we get the car out?"

"Go to the nearest farm and get some one with a horse to pull us out," mother commanded with a voice of authority.

I did as I was told and I managed to tell the farmer that we were stuck in the mud up the road and were in great need of a horse to pull us out.

"Be right with you when I get Jerry-mire

hock up," he said.

He got his horse and we were on our way.

"Say, boy what is your name?"

"Ed" I replied. "Everyone calls me Ed."

"How far up the road are you stuck in the mud?"

"Up to the hubs," I said.

"I don't mean that; I mean how far up the road is the car?"

"I would judge about a half a mile. You don't expect this little horse to pull our car out do you?"

"Sure do," he replied spitting with such a force that the horse move a little to the left to let the mouthful of tobacco go by.

After we got to the car the old farmer hooked a chain to the front axle and with three jerks got us out of the mud.

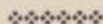
"How much for your trouble," I asked him?

"Oh five dollars will be a plenty."

Mother handed him the money and we were soon on our way home.

That evening at the supper table I told mother that it was quite an expensive trip with no berries.

"You can laugh and pick on me," she replied, "but there is a nice job for you in the morning cleaning the car."



Lizzie

You will put the car in the garage at night in perfect running order, without a single fault. While locking the garage you will say to yourself that automobiles are the most wonderful product ever developed by a man's brain.

The next morning you go to the garage whistling, throw open the doors, climb into the car and with a confident smile you step on the starter expecting to hear the motor start. But to your utter surprise and a little bit of DISGUST you find that the car you

left in such wonderful condition wont start. For a few moments you sit there, dumbfounded, bewildered. Why what can possibly be the matter with it, what could have happened to it? It was all right when you locked it up the night before.

Maybe all the gas is used up. You climb out and go around to the rear and look at the gas gauge. No, that isn't the trouble, for there is gas and plenty of it. Possibly a wire on the motor has in some way become disconnected.

The hood is next raised and the engine thoroughly inspected but everything seems to be intact. You next walk all around the offending car,—plenty of gas, oil, water, and not even a flat tire, but it just won't start.

You are beginning to get more and more DISGUSTED with this car and all cars in general. It would have to act like this just when you wanted it in a hurry. Your DISGUST changes to anger and muttering a few unwritable words you walk up to the stubborn car and bestow upon it a good lusty kick.

The results are rather unexpected; for the car doesn't seem to mind the expression of your anger at all, but you yourself are hopping about the garage with one foot in your hands, and doing a very cute little dance.

Your anger cools at once and after you have completed your gymnastic exercises, sit down on the running board and faithfully promise yourself to sell the car to the first person who

is fool enough to buy it and will pay money for it. Real money for an automobile and they are just like women, one can never tell just what they are going to do next and they can never be depended upon.

Women are just like cars: you leave them and the world is rosy. The next time you meet everything is wrong. Cars are just like women; they can't be left over night without something unexpectedly happening.

Oh, well, you might just as well try it again, but just once, and that is all. You climb in and step on the starter that won't start, and as you had expected the result is the same as before. You happen to let your gaze wander to the dash board and there you discover the trouble. You had forgotten to turn on the ignition. You call yourself all kinds of names, reach over, turn on the forgotten ignition and the much abused car starts at once.



Miles

It was about eight-thirty one evening on a dark foggy night in November when two people were trying their best to make their way through the fog. The mire which was once a road bed tugged at their feet like shackles on a jail-bird. They had left their car submerged to the hubs about two miles down the road. The two, a man and his wife, had set out in the dark in hopes that they could find a house where they could get help to pull out the car so that they might take up their hunting trip and make their destination that night.

Mr. Seldon was one of the out of state travelers that come to this state annually. He had come to Maine accompanied by his wife, the

last week of November, in hopes to be one of the lucky ones to "bag" a moose. He may have been one of the kind that think that he moose are plentiful enough so that they would be sticking their heads in the cabin window to take the place of a coat rack, but because of his attire, his guns and other equipment we have a right to think that he isn't a "tenderfoot."

As he and his wife stumbled through the dark, they commented upon Maine and its weather. Mr. Seldon had, in the course of their two mile walk, slipped into the mire, and so by now he resembled a doughboy after a two weeks seige in the rain. Every few steps, or slides in truth, his wife would break out

"John Seldon you look so funny."

"Yes," John replied "aren't we the two biggest simps that ever trod God's earth. Here we have tramped at least three miles in this dark when we should have taken a chance at staying in the car all night. We might be walking in a swamp as well as in a road and for all I know we are. If we get lost we'll be in a nice fix and———There is a light ahead of us!"

They made their way towards the dim light which proved to be beaming through the window of an old weather-beaten farm-house. Mr. Seldon led the way onto the wooden walk, leading to the house, closely followed by his wife. His knock was answered by a sharp "Come in".

Hesitating a moment to straighten his cap, fix his collar and remove one of his gloves, he pushed open the door and stepped in, leaving his wife on the step. An aged farmer and his wife were seated opposite each other under the light of an old shaded silver lamp. The wife, Lizzie, was knitting while the farmer held an old magazine in his lap and an ancient corn-cob pipe between his teeth. They both turned towards the new-comer and greeted him as cordially as they knew how, "How do you do, sah! What kin we do fer yer?"

John wished them a good evening and asked if he could have his car pulled out of the mire that night.

"Sorry, sah, but I'd hate awfully to take the team out at this here hour, but wont yer put up fer the night with us an' we'll see to yer car in the mornin'. Are yer alone?"

John told them that his wife was outside and the old lady leaped from her chair as quick as lightning to bring Mrs. Seldon in. The two tried their best to decline the invitation but were subdued by the strong arguments of the two delighted old people. While John and his wife were eating the supper spread out before them by Lizzie, old Charlie bustled around hanging up the wet clothing and asking questions. Not until he was told that every thing in the car was safe or locked up, did he finally seat himself once again.

After the four had drawn their chairs up to the stove Charlie asked, "How did yer git caught up in this country on this here road anyways?"

"Well," replied John, "you probably know that we are on a hunting trip. We heard about Chin Pond as a good place to camp and so when we left Waltham we set Chin Pond as our destiny. We came along all right up until we got about six miles south of here. We thought we must be quite close to the Pond so we asked a farmer, was who standing in the doorway of his barn, how to get to Chin Pond.

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The Missing Lynke

By Marjorie Deane Stevens, '28

Down the wide corridors of Faircroft Public High School strolled arm-in-arm her two acknowledged basketball stars, "Ken" and "Rod" Lynke both assuming rather too zealously an alarmingly modest appearance. They were cousins and were known to their pals as the "Lynx". For many weeks, previous, the high school team had been slaving at practice

sessions, and rather to the surprise of everyone two slight juniors had passed the prelims, and made the first team. Not only that, but at the close of the second game everyone was singing their praises, and telling everyone else that never in the annals of their basketball history had two such stars shone forth in a single season. Queerest of all, however,

was the fact that their superior game was built up on a system of passes between the two lads.

Once outside the confines of the school each drew a deep breath of relief "Golly, that's awful," groaned Ken in mock dismay. "I wonder how much longer it'll last?"

"Oh! come up for air!" scoffed Rod, "you know it's nuts for you! But, old kid—wait 'till we tackle the Wilson bunch." Then growing serious, "Do you suppose we can beat them?"

"And how! replied Ken, "Also may I add—nothing but!" Rod groaned, then grinned companionably and said, "Certainly you may—if my consent does any good, you know you would anyway." With that the two hastened across lots to Ken's barn where, in an out-of-the-way corner, was marked off a small court, here was where the inseparable cousins worked out their brainy systems. The old barn had furnished many and varied an occupation for the boys ever since Rod's father had moved into the pretty suburban town of Faircroft to be near his beloved twin brother. The boys had practically grown up together, loving the same sports, and friendly rivals in everything.

But to return to the story. Faircroft High was enjoying a more or less spectacular successful season, both Ken and Rod shining forth like twin beacons in a foggy night (the rest of the team being particularly poor). As Coach Simmons had remarked to his assistant, "I don't see what I would do without those boys. Wilson would surely trim us, but as it is I am fairly certain we're going to beat."

It was the morning previous to the fateful evening, and the final practice session was being held in the gymnasium of the school. Every member was giving his best. Coach Simmons called to him Ken and Rod, "Now, fellows," he said "I want you to see that the gym is O. K. for the game tonight. Come over this afternoon and put up the new baskets and see about all the minor details."

Both boys promised readily and hastened home, shoulder to shoulder. Ten minutes after Ken had reached home he received a frantic phone call from Roddie saying that something had come up and could Ken put up the baskets alone or would he need some help. Ken assured his chum that he "felt himself entirely able to cope with the situation," and Rod rang off feeling himself very lucky to have such a pal.

Confidence surged high in the bosoms of Faircroft's team as, with much hilarity, they prepared themselves for the supreme struggle of the season. Each felt that from whistle blow to whistle blow he must prove his mettle. Everyone on the squad had now assembled except Ken, Rod, and the coach. In one of the lulls that fall in any conversation, in walked the coach closely followed by Rod. "Hey—any of you fellows seen Ken?" Rod shouted. "I went over after him but his mother hasn't seen him since lunch. I thought maybe he might have gone over to supper with one of you fellows but I don't seem to see him," and he peered anxiously from face to face.

"Oh, he'll turn up" said one of the subs reassuringly, "they always do!"

"Gosh, this is serious, no fooling, fellows." said the coach. "What do you think is going to happen if he doesn't appear? Where in Hamden do you suppose he can be, anyway?" And as this remark was addressed to no one in particular, no answer was forthcoming.

The first whistle blew, and each team sprang into action. Faircroft being crippled by the loss of one of her famous "Lynx" was overwhelmed from the very first by the gleeful opposition, and the end of the first half found Wilson in the lead to the tune of an 18 to 5 score.

Desperately the home team trailed out into the dressing room, and began grumbling "I don't see why Ken isn't here" they said. "While we all know Rod is one peachy player

(Continued on Page 47)

Harry Comes to the Rescue

By Rita Kamenkovitz, '28

"Come on girls its a great day to go canoeing," called Helen.

"Fine, we're coming," called back the girls in a chorus.

It was a fine day and the lake was extremely calm with only a ripple here and there on the water. Four girls were all ready for bathing and now they rushed down to the beach and got into a canoe.

Away they drifted. Helen and Jane paddling while the sun beamed down upon the four smiling faces. When they got nearly to the middle of the lake they stopped and landed on a small island. They had not been here long when they heard voices, yes, familiar voices. Sure enough, coming toward them, were half a dozen boys, from the other landing of the lake.

"Hello there, girls," cried one of the boys. "You here for a swim too? Thought you usually took your bathing lessons on the main beach," Jim loved to tease.

"Yes, we're here for a swim, but mind, Mr. Jim, we take no bathing lessons and you needn't make fun of us even if we can't swim as well as you." This reply was made by a small red haired girl of about fourteen.

"Well," said good natured Harry, who disliked quarreling, "no fighting. Let's go all in at once."

Splash, Splash, they were all in the water swimming rapidly, the boys making better progress, but the girls doing well to make a good showing.

"All back," cried Harry, who seemed to be the leader.

Around they turned and when they all were on the beach he said, "Let's play hide-go-seek."

"The girls hide first," piped up Jim.

"Good enough," cried Helen and away the girls ran into the woods.

As soon as they were out of sight Jim gath-

ered his chums around him and said, "What do you say if we hide their canoe?"

At first the boys didn't think much of the idea but when he told them what fun it would be when the girls discovered their loss, they agreed to do it. So they took the canoe, which was very light and hid it in the opposite part of the woods from where the girls were.

Soon shouts of "ready" were heard announcing that it was time to hunt for the girls. They were of course easily found, and thus the game continued for some time. Being interested in the game the girls did not miss their canoe.

About an hour later Helen suddenly remembered that she had promised to be home to help with dinner so she said they had better be going. Looking down to the beach she saw that the canoe was not there and demanded of the boys, "Now where do you think the canoe is?"

"The canoe," laughed Jim, "why it must be where you left it."

"Well look for yourself," said Helen pointing to the beach.

After some discussion of where it might have gone to, Jim suddenly said, "Why girls you must have forgotten that you didn't come in a canoe but swam over." This was said so seriously that the boys could hardly keep from laughing.

"Dont be foolish," exclaimed Helen.

The girls, not suspecting anything, seemed so alarmed and downhearted and the boys so unconcerned that Harry couldn't stand it any longer and addressing the girls said, "If you promise to defend me in this I'll tell you where your canoe is."

The boys were almost wild when they heard this but controlled themselves.

Soon the girls were gliding homeward with kind thoughts of Harry. But what the boys thought of him and did when they got him is left for you to imagine.

An Episode of the Maine Woods

By Elizabeth Rosie, '28

The guide was plainly ill at ease, there was certainly no doubt about it. His glance kept shifting from the large bear at his feet, which he had just killed, to the little cub which he knew would die if he left it alone in the great woods. "What am I going to do with that cub?" He asked himself. His conscience told him that he must take it back to the camp with him. But a little voice kept arguing that it would be foolish and even if he did take it with him what would he do with it in a large sporting camp full of guests? He took a few steps from the spot only to return a second later, utter an oath, and then grab the cub up by the scruff of the neck and start back to camp. "Well any way I am doing my duty," he told himself as he walked swiftly along, "and I guess the boys will accept him cordially."

The cub immediately became a great favorite among the guides and sportsmen at the camp. The guide named it Beulah, rather a queer name for a bear, but Beulah it was called. Beulah never became ugly and she allowed everybody to pet her. She remained a member of the camp for about two years. Everything went well with her until a sportsman from Ohio bought her for fifty dollars and took her back to his native state with him. The man's purpose was to use her to attract attention at a way side filling station which he owned. The constant, noisy, teasing crowd of spectators always around her cage made

Beulah very ugly; so ugly in fact that her owner was forced to send her back to the guide.

The guide met Beulah at the station and with the aid of one of his friends he managed to arrange some sort of a device with which to lead the bear, now full grown, through the village and fasten her in a boat. The sail up the river was by no means a pleasant one. The old familiar scents caused Beulah to become very wild and she thrashed around until finally she upset the boat. Fortunately they were near camp and in shallow water. It was necessary to pull their prisoner ashore together with the boat on account of Beulah being fastened into it. After a struggle they managed to lead her to camp without further mishap.

After a week or two Beulah became tamer again and understood that the men did not wish to tease her. Things went well with her until a sportsman came who insisted on teasing poor Beulah almost to distraction. One day he carried his teasing a little too far and Beulah trust out her strong paw, ripping the flesh on his arm so badly that it had to be sewed up. The man had a very bad temper and did not stop to think that it was his own fault and not Beulah's. He bought her, took her out in the woods and shot her.

Beulah's life couldn't have been a very happy one. I think a wiser man would have let Beulah have her freedom instead of killing her on account of his own folly.



On Swimming

By Arthur Brown

Of all sports I have ever tried, swimming is the most beautiful and most enjoyable. Do you feel tired and nervous? Then a short plunge in a tank of icy water will leave you red and glowing, and after a brisk rubdown

with a rough towel you will be fit for anything. Are you overworked? Then go off for a day or two where you can swim and not be bothered by great crowds. Can you think of anything

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ALUMNI

Raymond O'Donnell is at Bryant and Stratton.

Lucille White and Dorothea Lewis, '24, are training at Christ Hospital, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Helen Stewart, '25 is in training at the Peter Bent Bridgman Hospital in Boston.

Ruth Gallison, '25, is teaching school at West Hancock.

Dorothy Ireland, '26, is now Mrs. Clifton Maynard. She is teaching Freshman algebra during Miss Parker's absence.

Clara Bunker, '27, is attending Northfield Seminary.

Frank Lorimer, '12, former Editor of the *Oracle*, is a professor of Philosophy at Wells College.

Miriam Bunker, '23, and Mt. Holyoke College, '27, is teaching in Bridgton, Maine.

Ethel Pfaff, former teacher of Art in B. H. S. and Bryn Mawr College, was at home for the Christmas Holidays. The Art Department of B. H. S., had to be discontinued for lack of room.

Charles Bragg, is at Exeter.

Leslie Whitcomb, '27, is at Hebron. He is both a football and a basketball man.

Tom Perry, Joseph Houlihan, and the Mann brothers are at Holy Cross College.

Harriet Cross, '27, is at Wheaton College.

Helen Russ, '25, is attending Simmons College.

Bob Bell, '27, is at Hebron Academy.

Philip Smith, '25, is at Bowdoin.

John White, '25, is attending Cornell University.

Marion Schriver, '25, is at the Leland Powers' School.

Phyllis Schriver, is at Miss Wheelock's School.

Gertrude Knowles, '27, is at the Emerson School of Oratory.

Paul Martin, '25, is attending Haverford.

Dean Benson, '25, is at Georgetown University.

Elcena Cole, is at Mt. Ida.

Doris Richardson, Frances Clark, Helen McDonough and Doris Parke are at Farmington Normal School.

Grace Faulkingham is attending Castine Normal School.

Helen Baker is at the Sargent School of Physical Education.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Morrison, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, their second child. Mrs. Morrison, (Lois Hodgkins), was literary editor of the *Oracle*, during her high school course. Mr. Morrison, is secretary to Gov. Brewster.

Thelma Dyer, '26, and Josie Babine, '26 are at Castine Normal School. They have to teach in different grades and are observed by the regular teachers who distribute praise and blame impartially.

Dot Brady, '26 and Edna Dearborn, '26, are at Farmington Normal school. Both these girls taught in "Daily Vacation Bible School" three summers in Bangor, so practice teaching isn't new to them; they are "experienced."

Margaret Sullivan, '26, is in the second year of her training at E. M. G., hospital. Like all nurses she is very much interested in the work.

Gertrude Kelley, '27, will begin training at E. M. G. hospital in February.

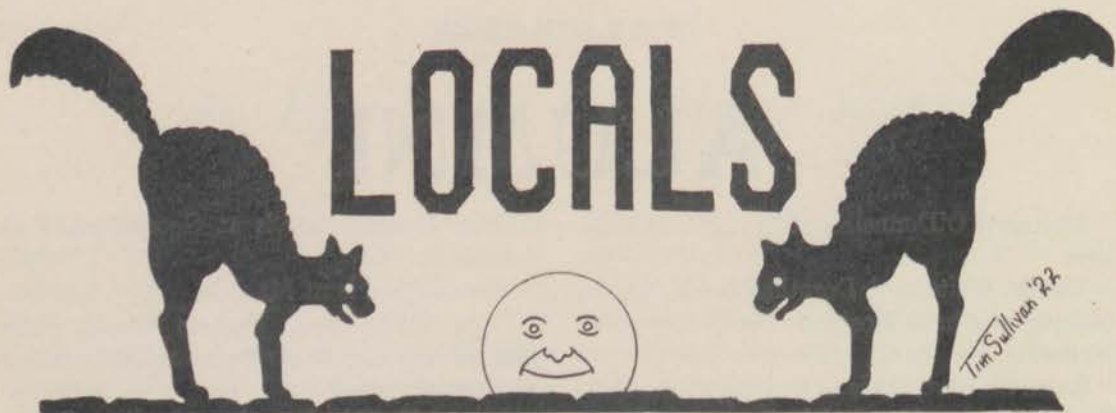
Mildred Roby, '26, now Mrs. Russell, has a young son. Her home is in Connecticut.

Alice Benner, '25, is teaching in Hermon High School; her sister Helen is at U. of M.

Hilda Bulmer, '25, is in the South for the winter.

Helen McDonough, '25, is one of the enthusiastic students at Farmington Normal.

Arline Palmer, '25, is majoring in French at U. of M.



The Second Paragraph in the Locals department of the December "Oracle" was an encouraging piece of literature, and an incentive to fame and honor. I have personally overlooked the Freshman Class and—Whoa! Bill! I have personally looked over the Freshman Class and see besides those mentioned,—"Pete" Furrow.

The "Oracle" Board including "Dizzy" Lorimer, '28, met Dec. 15, and planned this issue. Jokes that have a "point" are needed in the Personals department. Editor Mead instructed the various department heads as to the material needed for this issue.

In the last issue of this paper, several good pages were "wasted" on the Freshmen. We wish to make this paper a good paper, therefore we must make a good example by our writing, and use space to the best advantage. (I hope you don't feel hurt), therefore I take it upon myself to write a million dollar paragraph. (Down on the heels up on the toes). I wish to call attention to that superior class of intellects of the genus "Senior." Far be it from me to flatter and feed a lot of "hokum" but I must do justice to the deserved. This lecture, ladies and gentleman, is given thru the courtesy of the station—B—U—N—K. Tune in tomorrow night and hear the rest of it.

Friday, Dec. 16, Girls' Athletic Council and the Boys' Athletic council awarded letters. The Girls for field hockey and the Boys for Football.

At the Basketball Game Wednesday, Dec. 28, the sidelines were packed. This was an

unusually good showing for the first of the season due probably to Alumni who witnessed the game. "Tom Kane's" orchestra did the honors after the game. Between halves the annual penny snatching season began.

The Roman "Saturnalia" or Christmas was celebrated by the Latin Club, Thursday, Dec. 15. In the assembly hall, a performance was given by the Seniors, who had charge of the evening. Interesting Roman tableaux were presented after which the great prophetess of Delphi with her magic leaves told past, present and future to everyone present. (In private life this sybil answers to the name of Gertrude Ebbeson) Refreshments were served and Roman songs sung.

THE CHAPEL EXERCISES

The chapel exercises were turned over to the interests of Basketball. John Barry, boy orator, spoke earnestly to the students assembled, on the advantages of possessing a season ticket. Manager Hugh Connor made a short statement about the Business End of the season. Fred Gillin, captain, represented the team as spokesman and Donald Moore sure did speak his piece so as to bring results.

Sophomore elections brought as a result: President, James Mullen; Vice President, Mildred Haney; Secretary, Ruth Blanning; Treasurer, Evelyn Welch; Athletic Council, Hugh Campbell.

Mr. Charles Lenz who has travelled extensively in China, gave a very interesting lecture in Chapel, Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Bangor High School opened Jan. 2, with one of the most efficient and popular teachers temporarily absent. Miss Melvena V. Parker's Christmas vacation was unpleasantly interrupted by an acute attack of appendicitis, necessitating an operation. Miss Parker is rapidly recovering and is expected back shortly.

John Barry, assisted by Charlotte Brown, Marjorie Morrill and Merna White, presented the events of girls' Basket Ball in Assembly, Jan. 6. John had such a flow of eloquence that our principal remarked that at one time he thought John was going on the rest of the forenoon.

LIBRARY

The following books were presented to the High School Library last June:

By the Library Club: Lytton, Edward Bulwer—"The Last Days of Pompeii," illustrated by F. C. Yohn; Holland, Rupert P.—"Historic ships," illustrated by Manning de V. Lee.

By Mrs. Carroll's English classes: Dickens, Charles "Oliver Twist"; Cooper, James Fenimore—"The Pilot," both illustrated by Donald Teague.

By Home Room 201, Divisions D and E, class of 1930: Hugo, Victor—"Les Misérables"; Bullen, Frank T.—"The Cruise of the Cachalot," both illustrated by Mead Schaeffer.

These books are kept in the glass-doored book-case near the Librarian's desk, with a number of other particularly nice editions, given from time to time by Clubs, Home Rooms and classes here at Bangor High. Books in this collection may not be taken from the Library room, but very often there are other copies of these same books on the regular shelves for home reading.

The following new books have been given to the High School Library by the Public Library, on deposit:

The Yale Chronicles of American history, a set of fifty volumes, by nearly as many authors. These books are real "chronicles" and

very interesting to read. The subjects include biography, science and invention, as well as stories of places and periods in American history.

Gilman of Redford, a new novel by William Stearns Davis, being a story of Boston and Harvard College on the eve of The Revolutionary war.

Forever free, a novel of Abraham Lincoln by Mrs. Honore Willsie Morrow.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. "The famous flier's own story of his life and his trans-Atlantic flight, together with his views on the future of aviation."

"Smoky, The cow horse," by Will James, with many illustrations by the author. "The horse I wrote of in this book is not an exception, there's quite a few like him. He's not a fiction horse that's wrote about in a dream and made to do things. That's against the nature of a horse to do. Smoky is just a horse, but all horse; and that I think is enough said." (From the preface.)

The boy's life of Colonel Lawrence, by Lowell Thomas, author of *With Lawrence in Arabia*. This is one of the best of the books recently published about Colonel T. E. Lawrence. It contains several interesting photographs, among them that of Feisal I, King of Iraqi, and one of Lawrence's squadron of armored Rolls-Royces.

Galapagos: World's end, by William Beebe, with many illustrations from photographs, is the story of The Harrison William expedition to the Galapagos archipelago in 1923, under the leadership of William Beebe.

The Book of Gloucester fishermen, by James B. Connolly, illustrated by Henry O'Connor. Any who have enjoyed *Out of Gloucester*, by the same author, will find this book even more exciting; it is a book for all who like stories of real ships and real fishermen. The pictures are very effective, black and white wood-cuts.

Two Padraic Colum books: *The adventures of Odysseus and the tale of Troy*, and *The golden fleece and the heroes who lived before Achilles*, both with Willy Pogany illustrations.

Padraic Colum is himself an Irishman, who can retell ancient myths and folk stories in a very fascinating way. Also—if you have never seen any Willy Pogamy drawings, it is time to find out how much you have missed.

Harper Essays, an anthology of twenty-two essays chosen by Henry Seidel Canby from the files of Harper's magazine, most of them since 1913. This is a 1927 publication.

A new and enlarged edition of Gayley's *Classic Myths*.

The following three Ginn publications will be of special interest to those preparing for College Board Examinations:

Norton, W. A.—*Entrance English questions set by the College Entrance Examination Board (1901-1923)*.

Spears, M. E. and Norris, W. B.—*Vital forces in current events*.

Boynton, P. H.—*Milestones in American literature*.

Juniors, Division G, recently had oral themes in the form of explanation of cartoons. Many interesting cartoons, some from foreign papers,

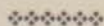
were brought, and were kept mounted on the screen in 208 for several days.

Miss Ruth Crosby, Head of the Home Economics department, was out of school the first week of the term suffering from a severe cold. Her classes were taken by Miss Theresa Pretto.

Between the seniors who got B in English last year, and have to write the Senior Essay, and the Juniors who were chosen for semi-finals there is little to choose in the way of comfort.

The Military Department regrets very much that a mistake crept in last month, the correction is as follows: the squad drill at the Military Ball, held last May, was captured by Co. B., medals were awarded to Lieut. W. Gallant, Capt. McManus, Lieut. Barry, first, second and third respectively.

Military? Well, it's just the same old "grind." The boys are still at it doing their very best to get ahead. If the "Gulf Stream" keeps on coming our way we'll soon see the squads drilling out on the parade grounds.



MUSIC

ESSAY—ON MUSIC

By N. K. O., '29

Ever since the beginning of all things, one of the ways in which man has sought to arouse, console, amuse, and express himself in various ways has been music. And since the beginning of all things, music has developed from the mere pounding on a hollow log to the numerous and wonderful single instruments, and the organizations of groups of different instruments: the bands, symphony orchestras, string quartets, and the like. To the old nomadic tribes of Europe and Asia, and later to the Indian, music meant rhythmical sound;

even today to the untrained ear of the African savage, it has the same meaning. Then, as time went on, the meaning of music enlarged, and included the development of melody, so songs began to be sung to accompany the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom, usually in a minor key. Of course, as evolution demanded, music still advanced, and soon different keys, chromatics, and the major scale, were introduced.

At last came the time when a talented man wished to give others the benefit of his work, and by degrees music finally had symbols which signified different tones and keys. All

this advancement was accomplished several thousand years B. C., for early Egyptian papyri show some form of notation.

About this time better musical instruments began to be made, for man needed some other way to express himself musically. About the first instrument known in European music was the flute—in Chinese, the zither, or some like instrument; Chinese music developed wholly with string instruments—European, with both string and wind; China went so far as to develop the quarter tone—Europe did not go beyond the half-tone; China did not develop harmony, whereas Europe did. Thus it may be seen that Europe gave us our real foundation for music. The development of harmony was due to the advent of the various instruments, which formed into orchestras, for man's more talented ear demanded something more than unison playing.

Reference has been made to the subject of composing and composers. From the crude symbols of old have come the modern staff with its symbols for different tones, their values and expression. From the rare single manuscripts have come the great printed orchestrations.

In the seventeenth century and later, when this system of notation was nearing the perfection we have today, the composing of pieces for the rapidly increasing number of better instruments went beyond the scope of the average musician, and the names of several great composers are preeminent—the general public was becoming trained in the love and understanding of music, and could better understand the more classical compositions. Even in modern times the famous grand operas, suites, symphonies, overtures, and other compositions of Bach, Light, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, Wagner, and their contemporaries are known and praised. The more modern composers, we are liable to neglect; nevertheless,

the names of MacDowell, Nevin, Cesar-Franck, and Strauss, although fully well known by us, will be lauded in future days as we now laud the names of those of the seventeenth century.

Today, music is universal. There is a piano in almost every home, almost everyone can sing a bit, and a great many can play the piano or some other instrument. In times of war, music is one of the greatest inspirations to the troops. A band, and singing, can carry them through the struggle as nothing else can. In peace, there are more kinds of music than the martial air: there is "soul" music. What would a church be like without its organ, choir, and the hymns of praise sung there? Then there is music meant more expressly for the enjoyment of the public—furnished by the bands and orchestras. And thirdly, there is the form of music popular with the younger people known as "jazz." Going into this matter more technically, modern musical compositions may be classed as PURELY INSTRUMENTAL, including (a) those properly performed by an orchestra or a band as the symphony and overture, (b) those for a solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment, as the concerto, (c) those for several musical instruments (*chamber music*), as the quartet and sextet, (d) music specially adapted to the pianoforte, as most sonatas, (e) music not intended specially for any particular mode of performance, including most dance music; (2) VOCAL, generally with instrumental accompaniment, including (a) ecclesiastical, as the mass, requiem, and anthem, (b) dramatic, as the opera, oratoria, and cantata, (c) lyric, as the hymn, song, and glee."

And so, all through the centuries, there have been more, different, and better musical instruments made, and more advancement on the technical side of music—harmony, notation, expression, and form—until today music is one of the greatest of the fine arts.



LATEST!

THE ORACLE GETS FIRST PHOTO OF BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

The *Oracle* is first again getting the first photo of the new Crimson basketball team (new uniforms too)! Now isn't that an intelligent group of boys adorned in the pretty Crimson garments. They can play basketball too as can readily be seen by the results of the last two games. Who's who in the picture? This is important so the Freshman and some upperclassmen too won't get mixed up and think that the two men without uniforms are the two forwards who forgot their suits and were put in the back row.

In the upper left hand corner we have the famous Basketball Coach, Edward Trowell, who has won his famous title as the best Basketball Coach in the state.

In the upper right hand corner we see Phil Somerville, faculty advisor of boy's athletics. Phil has done a great deal for B. H. S. in making the Athletic situation very profitable.

There is another one who forgot his uniform standing up back! Excuse the writer, that is our basketball Manager, Mr. Hugh Connor. In another section of this department we have an exclusive snapshot of this popular gentleman.

The seats were reserved for the first team as they played so hard against Brewer they needed a rest so we let them sit down.

Almost in the middle of this row is our Captain Fred Gillen. Yes. This is the same

Fred Gillen who was our football star the past season. Freddie hasn't changed a bit for he is our basketball star too. He has made a letter in nearly every branch of high school athletics. Freddie leads his comrades in a very fine manner and is the ideal man for his position. Didn't you think that was a good picture of him in last month's *Oracle*?

Sitting next to him on his left is a player who will make a name for himself before the season is over. At present he is known as Bill Welch, star pitcher of last season's baseball team and a crackerjack football player. Bill's position is right forward.

In looking over the others who are seated we see Eddie Callinan, our red headed center, who was a player on our football team.

Bangor has two left forwards who are both so good that Eddie Trowell doesn't think that either is superior to the other so he lets them alternate. One is Hoot Tapley who is another of those all-round athletes who has made good at most every sport in school. And the other is Ken Mason who can surely make some pretty shots. Mason is a coming star who is going to show us some pretty basketball playing this season.

Last but certainly not the least we speak of John McDonnell who is one of the fastest and snappiest players we have seen in a long time. Mac's position is right back which he plays like a veteran.

Owing to the amount of space it would take to tell all the nice things about the other men on the squad we can just mention their names John "Moulder" Murray, Stub Allen, Ralph.



1928 BASKETBALL SQUAD



Who is this nice looking fellow? Why that's Hugh Connor, manager of our basketball team. This photo was taken very uncerimoniously for Hughie was standing at the front entrance lost in deep thought when the *Oracle* photographer snapped him. He has arranged a fine schedule of games and the school owes a great deal to his untiring efforts in the sale of season tickets. The rush on the sale of season tickets was easily accounted for after Hughie's wonderful oration in Chapel.

Brown, Bob Russ, Everett O'Ree and Ossie Heath.

A great improvement to the team is their new uniforms which look so snappy on the basketball floor. The bright colored crimson suits make the dull moments of a game much brighter.

BANGOR-MILLINOCKET

The time has come. The time has come. The Bangor High School Basketball season officially opened Wednesday, Dec. 27, against Stearns High of Millinocket. Chances looked pretty slight for the Crimson team as Millinocket had already played two games, winning both. It seems quite evident that Eddie Trowell coaches a team with the winning spirit for the Crimson team composed of all new men to the Basketball Floor except their Captain Fred Gillen, won their first game with a score of 17-13. This victory was certainly appreciated after suffering so many defeats on the Football Field the past months.

BANG! The Shot of the referee's gun was heard shortly after 8 o'clock. Both teams were somewhat nervous and many mistakes were made. The Bangor Team played superior to their opponents thruout the whole game. The first quarter was slow but the excitement gradually increased up to the last quarter of the game which was real interesting.

The final whistle at the end of the first quarter had Bangor in a 4-0 lead. In the second quarter Fred Gillen intercepted a pass and dribbled the ball the length of the hall and thru the Crimson basket.

Many fouls were made thruout the game which added scores to both teams. The end of the first half saw the Trowell men in the lead of a 7-4 score.

In the third quarter Bill Welch and Hoot Tapley, made some pretty shots increasing the score 13-6.

BANG! LAST QUARTER.

Bangor-over confident and perhaps over-

encouraged allowed the Stearn's men to creep up on them in the last quarter with only four behind.

Eddie Trowell substituted men in this final period who have the makings of clever and snappy players. For those in the Hall who couldn't keep score, Referee Wallace, announced 17-13 in favor of Bangor.

The City hall was nearly filled to capacity with spectators, curious and anxious to judge the prospects of the season. There were many old grads home from college who were former B. H. S. players some of whom are now playing on their college basketball team, eagerly watching the results. The criticisms heard after the game were all very favorable and hopes are very good for a successful team.

The whole team deserves much credit for the fine showing they made, especially since this was their first experience. Capt. Fred Gillen supervised nearly every play cautiously and carefully. Bill Welch played a whirlwind of a game and has the makings of a real star. Hoot Tapley surprised the spectators with his tactful playing and pretty shooting.

BANGOR-BREWER, 18-9

On Saturday night, January 7, our friends from Brewer took a ride across the bridge to meet their most bitter athletic enemies, in the game of basketball. Well, to make a long story short they were defeated 18-9. This was the only game between the two schools to be played this season and the great number of rooters who came to cheer their team to victory were naturally some disappointed with the outcome. The game was very thrilling and gave the many spectators an exciting evening. Brewer took the lead at the start, then Bangor regained it and held it until the end.

In the second quarter Ken Mason, who substituted for Hoot Tapley, continued his stellar work, sinking some pretty shots which helped to give Bangor the lead. MacDonnell of the Crimson was the high scorer of the evening with 5 points and Mason was runner up

with 4. Welch and Callinan closely followed, each getting three points.

A big feature of the contest was the long shots made by the Brewer Hoopmen.

Fred Gillen brought a lot of excitement by a long dribble down the floor and into the Crimson basket before the final whistle.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AN ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

Sometime the last of January the greatest event of its kind in the history of the school is to be put on in the High School under the auspices of the Girl's Athletic Honor Council. Under the direction of Miss Coady plans are being set forward and the date will soon be announced.

The carnival is for the benefit of girl's athletics and it must go over big. The best athletes in the school will take part and each class will put on an act which will consist of pyramid building, drills and the like.

The Girl's Athletic Council will put on a snappy drill but the main event of the evening will be when these beautiful talented young ladies gracefully dance the Virginia Reel on Roller Skates. It will well be worth the price of admission just to see them. The Virginia Reel has often been danced and many people still roller skate but no one ever before has heard of combining the two so a great surprise is in store for everyone.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' basketball season is here! How many students of Bangor High School have ever seen a girl's basketball game? A safe guess would probably be about four per cent (4%). Surely the girls are worthy of every student's consideration. Their teams are always a credit to the school and their games are always peppy affairs full of clean hard playing.

Last year in the high school gym the girls went on the floor against Orono amidst the cheers of nine (9) spectators. It was very inspiring. This year the schedule consists of twelve games, two with our old rivals Brewer and two with Castine, M. C. I., Bar Harbor, Higgins, and the Maine Freshman. In order to make a financial success of the season the gym must be crowded at every game.

During the first few games, at least, the girls will have to wear the old blue suits that they have worn in every athletic event during the past five years. Perhaps this year the girls will be able to change for some new ones.

The team is green this year as only one veteran, Capt. "Mike" Morrill, saw steady action last year. "Mike" plays forward and is one of the best in this part of the state. Under her leadership the team will put up a good fight in every game they enter. Many of the girls were subs last year so it won't be an entirely new experience for them to play in a real game. All have seen action in the interclass games.

Those out for forwards are: Capt. Morrill, Evelyn Haney, Emily Thompson, Ione Kenney, Pauline Kenney, Gussie Martin, Priscilla Evans and Polly Brown. Guards: Ray Gilbert, Mid Rose, Polly McCready, Ella Grosse, Mary Carson, Clarice Penney, Evelyn Welch, Frances Crane, Dorothy Vanadestine. Centers: Eulalie Collins, Arvella McIntyre, Marjorie Craig, Annie Grosse, Evelyn Burr, Jean Manning, Edith Miller and Manager White.

Manager White has made out a fine schedule and the old gymnasium will see some exciting nines this winter. We hear that the girls across the River (which means Brewer) have a good team this year and the game between the two old rivals is bound to create a lot of interest. Brewer always brings the whole school to any contest against Bangor and there's sure to be a lot of noise. Our next most important game will be with Bar Harbor and Castine. M. C. I. is a new comer to play us in basketball but if they play basketball as they do hockey—we're sure of another lively game.

The schedule:

Date	Opponent	Place
Fri., Jan. 13—	Eastern State Normal,	Bangor
Wed., Jan. 10—	U. of M.,	Orono.
Fri., Jan. 20—	Maine Central Institute,	Pittsfield.
Fri., Jan. 27—	Bar Harbor,	Bangor.
Sat., Jan. 28—	Brewer,	Bangor.

Wed., Feb. 1—	Brewer, Brewer.
Fri., Feb. 3—	Bar Harbor, Bar Harbor.
Fri., Feb. 10—	Eastern State Normal, Castine.
Fri., Feb. 17—	Maine Central Institute, Bangor
Fri., Feb. 24—	Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston.
Wed., March 1—	U. of M., Bangor.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION FOR THE FOOTBALL SEASON

I submit herewith a report of an audit made of the accounts for the Football Season, on December 7, 1927, and which I find to be correct.

	Expense	Gain	
Balance as shown by audit of June 16, 1927			\$1,201.03
Received from Student tickets		\$517.90	
Received from Patrons tickets		313.50	
Received from Concessions		41.16	
Miscellaneous expense incident to the Football season	\$824.55		
Additional Expense, re: Asst. Coach	158.00		

SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL GAMES

Bangor vs. Brewer at Brewer		\$206.48	
Bangor vs. Rockland at Bangor		124.31	
Bangor vs. Portland at Bangor		864.03	
Bangor-Portland Banquet	\$123.25		
Bangor-Portland Reception		32.50	
Bangor vs. Old Town at Old Town	1.00		
Bangor vs. Lewiston at Bangor	49.44		
Bangor vs. Portland at Portland	242.55		
Bangor vs. Waterville at Waterville	23.40		
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor	25.60		
Bangor vs. Winslow at Bangor	84.90		
	\$1,532.69	\$2,099.88	
		1,532.69	
Gain for the season			\$567.19
Interest received on savings account			\$1,768.22
			24.40
Balance to the credit of Bangor High School Athletic Council at the close of business December 7, 1927			\$1,792.62
Represented by			
Checking Account	\$428.48		
Savings Account	1,364.14		
	\$1,792.62		

Respectfully submitted,

LIONEL L. COOK, Auditor.

FRENCH

UNE LETTRE FRANÇAISE

Par Charlotte Browne, '28

Ma chère Marie,

Oh quel temps de brume et si désagréable ! Je serais curieuse de savoir si les « ciels brillants comme le soleil » de France condescendent jamais à faire une chose comme la brume ? Je vous prie, Marie, ne pensez pas que tous les jours de nos mois d'hiver soient brumeux et désagréables. Ce temps est une exception pour le mois de décembre. Eh bien, un hiver dans notre État de Maine est merveilleux ! Il n'y a rien que ne puisse se comparer à nos sports et jeux d'hiver. Nous effleurons la glace et la neige comme les oiseaux (mais nous ne parvenons jamais entièrement au ciel car nous Américains ne sommes pas très gonflés.) Par une froide matinée d'hiver on nous voit se pressant à l'école les joues roses et le nez rouge.

C'est la vacance et ma foi ! nous en jouissons. Nous ne sommes pas obligés d'aller à l'école avant l'an prochain ! Ceci semble trop bon pour être vrai n'est-ce pas ? Eh bien, c'est assez vrai mais non pas si bon, car, il n'y a plus que trois jours. Alors nous étudierons fort comme résultat de nos résolutions du nouvel an. Nous y sommes toujours très fidèles jusqu'à la fin du mois de janvier.

Bientôt vient la semaine des examens quand tout le monde porte beaucoup de livres et un visage de savant. On ne pense pas que c'est étrange de voir quelqu'un marmottant à voix basse tout en marchant le long du corridor. Si c'est un élève de quatrième, il récite naturellement sa Causerie. L'atmosphère de notre école pendant ce temps est telle que si quelqu'un entrerait dans l'édifice il deviendrait immédiatement un savant. (Hélas ! Les étudiants sont toujours une exception.)

Eh bien, je pense que j'ai assez dit mais je vous ai écrit en réalité pour vous souhaiter la bonne année. J'envoie une petite étrenne comme souvenir. Je sais qu'en France on offre des étrennes le jour de l'an et non le jour de

Noël. J'ai appris cet usage à l'école. J'ai bien fait de me le rappeler n'est-ce pas ?

Je vous prie, Marie, écrivez-moi bientôt mais ne faites pas usage de trop de gros mots parce que je n'ai pas de dictionnaire français et mon vocabulaire est très limité.

Beaucoup d'amour,

ALICE

PARTIE DE PATINAGE

Par Sylvia Goodkowsky

C'était le jour de naissance d'une jeune fille parmi un groupe populaire de beaux garçons et de belles filles dans cette ville.

Cette fille décida de célébrer ce jour en ayant une partie; et comme c'était en hiver elle voulut avoir une partie de patinage.

Elle appela tous ses amis et le leur dit. Elle leur dit de ne pas manquer de venir chez elle à sept heures et demie afin de pouvoir partir de bonne heure. Elle leur dit aussi que deux heures après cela ils reviendraient à la maison pour avoir des rafraîchissements et ensuite ils s'en iraient à leurs maisons respectives.

Vers de huit heures tous les invités étaient arrivés et ils partirent tout de suite. Ils étaient heureux et de la meilleure humeur.

L'air était frais. Mais ils s'en moquaient parce qu'ils étaient chaudement vêtus de leurs lourdes jaquettes et de lourds chandails.

Après avoir marché plus d'un mille ils arrivèrent au rond à patiner. Les garçons aidèrent aux filles à mettre leurs patins. Et pendant deux heures tout fut bien.

Alors un des garçons dans la foule remarqua qu'il manquait une des filles et il en parla aux autres membres de la partie et tout de suite ils appelèrent, mais en vain. D'abord ils ne furent pas alarmés mais bientôt ils furent désespérés. Puis une des filles vit un objet obscur environ trente mètres plus loin. Elle en parla aux autres. Naturellement tous les jeunes gens avancèrent tout de suite n'osant pas penser que cet objet fut la fille, mais c'était elle. Ils ne

surent pas depuis quand elle y était parce qu'elle s'était évanouie et y était tombée. Mais il ne devait pas y avoir longtemps parce qu'elle était avec les autres filles il y avait quelques minutes.

La glace était bien mince où elle était tombée et le garçon qui essaya de la ramasser, faillit enfoncer mais enfin, avec l'aide d'un autre garçon, il la ramassa, et se précipita chez l'hôtesse parce que cette maison était la plus près du rond à patiner.

Quelques minutes après elle se remit. On lui donna du chocolat chaud et bientôt bien qu'elle fût encore un peu faible, elle rejoignit ses amis et tout se passa bien.

SON PREMIER JOUR À L'ÉCOLE

Par Gertrude Ebbeson, '27

Une petite enfant, très jolie et aussi très timide, entra dans la salle de classe et regarda attentivement la maîtresse qui sourit et s'avança vers elle. L'enfant baissa les yeux et trembla.

« Que veux-tu, mon enfant ? » demanda la maîtresse.

« Je d-d-désire venir ici p-pour ap-p-p-prendre mes lettres. Ma maman m'a dit qu'il le faut. »

« Eh bien, » dit-elle, « prends ta place là-bas pour le moment. »

L'enfant s'assit sur le banc et regarda les autres élèves. Puis la maîtresse lui donna un papier et un crayon et lui dit, « Écris ton nom sur le papier et puis donne-le-moi. »

Peu de temps après, l'enfant leva la main. Comme la maîtresse ne la voyait pas, la petite fille se leva et porta le papier à la maîtresse.

« Pardonnez-moi, » dit-elle, « mais comment écrivez-vous mon nom ? Ma maman m'a dit que vous m'aideriez. »

« Comment t'appelles-tu ? »

« Mais je suis la petite fille de ma maman. Ne le saviez-vous pas ? »

« Certainement ! Mais ta maman comment t'appelle-t-elle ? »

« Ne le savez-vous pas ? Ma maman m'a dit

que vous saviez tout. Pourquoi ne pouvez-vous pas me dire mon nom ? Ma maman le peut. »

« Dites-moi, comme une bonne enfant ce que ta maman t'appelles quand elle veut que tu fasses des courses. »

« Oh ! Elle dit, « Coquette, met les pieds sur le plancher et non sur la chaise, et apporte-moi le parapluie ! »

« Ton nom est « Coquette, » n'est-ce pas ? »

« Non ! Non ! c'est Marie ! »

« Oh ! Tu l'écris M-a-r-i-e. »

« Je savais que vous pourriez me dire mon nom. Pourquoi ne me l'avez-vous pas dit avant ? »

La maîtresse sourit et lui donna vite un livre et lui dit d'étudier jusqu'à l'heure de quitter l'école. Quand Marie s'assit, la maîtresse soupira et dit, « Quelle enfant ! Il me faut savoir même le nom de chaque élève inconnu. Peut-être un jour deviendrai-je une prophétesse ou, au moins, une sage. »

JE SUIS FOU

Par Laurence Huot, '28

Je sais que je suis fou parce qu'on me l'a dit, pas une fois seulement, mais plusieurs fois. Je pense que ma maîtresse ne compte pas que je vais écrire cette histoire parce qu'elle a dit à toute la classe qu'elle voulait que tous les élèves brillants seulement écrivissent une petite histoire et qu'elle ne voulait pas que les élèves stupides en écrivissent à cause de la difficulté de corriger ce qui est écrit par les imbéciles.

Il y a avantage à être idiot. Personne ne fait attention au fou parce qu'il paraît si inconsideré, conséquemment il entend beaucoup de choses que les gens intelligents n'ont pas la chance d'entendre.

Je ne suis pas encore découragé et je n'ai pas l'intention de commettre de suicide. Moi, le fou, je suis satisfait. « Ignorance est félicité. » J'ai l'assurance que personne ne peut écrire une telle histoire, parce que personne n'est assez fou pour l'écrire. Conséquemment elle sera unique.



B. H. S. OPERA HOUSE

Feb. 30, 1972½

PROGRAM

1. Pink Tight Vaudevillians
"Fat" Dumphy will sing "Why Stay Lean?" accompanied by Maxy Rubin on the harmonica.
2. Heavyweight Elimination Contest.
"Baby" Burr vs. "Elephant" West.
"Dubey" Russ vs. "Sugarboy" Pooler.
3. Garlic Eating Contest.
"Tillie" Bell will defend her title against "Chumpski" Milan, "Art" Stern, Hugh Connor, and "Itski" Rolnick.
4. Canary Bird Quartet
Geneva Hartley and Howard Day—Sopranos. Annie Grosse and "Hoot" Tapley—Bass.
5. Pie Eating Act
Rae Gilbert, Entry from Charlestown, Clarice Penny, State Hospital Entry "Lanky" Lancaster, Veazie; John Barry, Holy Roller Entry.
6. Bull-Slinger's Sextet
"Moulder" Murray, "Stubby" Allen, "Stewie" Mead, "Frankie" Crane "Hank" Light, "Samadore" Lowell.
7. Beauty Contest.
"Jimmy" Bradbury, "Doe" Wilde, Pauline Brown, Ruth Dale, Linwood Bowen, "Mr. America 1927" Marjorie Stevens, Miss Nuisance 1926."

8. Banana Glide Contest
"Dux" O'Donnell, "Candy" Lynch.
9. Miss "Pat" Brown will sing a solo "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

This show is promoted by P. T. Somerville, the shiftest all-star shekel-collector this side of Olemon.

BILL KUNNINGHAM'S KOLUMN

SPORTS SCREEN SOCIALS

(AP) Francis "Shanker" Murray lost a decisive battle last night at Madison Square Garden to "An Oracle Ticket." This fight was the big final on Hughie Connors' monster-card and was fought before a great audience of 3 people.

"The Oracle Ticket" started the fight by sending quick jabs to Murray's pocket-book and only the bell saved the valiant "Shanker" from ruin in the first round. "The Ticket" was not to be denied and pounded Murray all around the padded square, finally dropping him with a right hook before the second round ended.

Mr. Clifford "Kandy" Lynch wishes me to announce that he has elected himself "All-American Manager" in place of Mullen.

Miss Margaret Rowe, B. H. S., '30, is playing the leading heroine part in Cliff O'Donnell's new production "When in Africa Don't be a Cannibal." Miss Rowe is being showered with congratulations on her wonderful

acting. She plays the part of "Little Bo Peep." Playing with Miss Rowe there is: Ed "Sie" Callihan, the hopeful hero; Ken "Dot" Mason, the bloodthirsty villian; John "Moulder" Murray, the cunning henchman, with Helen McGrath and Marjorie D. Stevens as the arch villains. This marvelous picture will soon be exhibited at Veazie. Miss Rowe will appear in person at the first showing.

BANGOR'S BALEFUL BALL PUNCHERS

(AP) made a very creditable first showing, losing on'y by 49 points to the Bangor Kindergarten Basketball Aggregation.

The summary:

Team (1) Bangor Kindergarten, (50)

Lowell, r. f. l. b. Golden, 1①
Megguire, l. f. r. b., Finnegan, 4
Abbot, c. c. Gillespie, 5③
Murphy, r. b., ① l. f. Colburn, 2
Welch, l. b. r. f. Kelleher, 11
Referee—"Shumsky," '30.

A friend has just sent me a copy of a programme of Newell Kurson's Timbuctu Theatre. The vaudeville acts at once interested me and I think they will interest my readers. The programme is as follows:

NEWELL KURSON'S

New Tumbuctu Theatre

Hong Kong Egypt

High Class Vaudeville and Pictures

This Week Only

- A—Grand Introductory Overture, So Are You, by Kurson's Special Orchestra, 2 3-4 pieces. William "Bill" Gallant, Conductor.
- B—Abe Stern's Weekly News.
- C—Comedy—Jane Murphy in The Fast Stepper.
- D—Syliva McLaughlin and company in a comedy sketch entitled: "Would you or wouldn't you?"
- E—The Dorr sisters (Dorothy and Gertrude) in character acts of Days gone by.

F—Abbot Rand and Max Rubin in Catch us if you can.

G—James Mullen and C. P. in a one act drama, "Piracy Only."

H—Dot Haines singing "Sweet Freshmen Days."

I—Francis Murray, who was chosen as "Mr. Bangor" last year, in "High Jinx of '45' with Hazel Perkins, accompanist.

J—Feature Picture—"Hugh Connor in "Horses, Horses, Horses." Origin scenes taken at great cost by producers at Connor's Coal Co.

K—Exit March—"In and out the Windows," by Rob Ber's Band.

This ends the program.

"Jo" Smythe, B. H. S., '31, has issued a call or candidates for the Chess Team. Miss Smythe was elected to captain this team last year. Among the veterans and lettermen from last year's team there are: William "Twinkle" Welch, John "Ag" McDonnell, Katherine "Kay" Giddings, Catherine "Katie" Reilly. These four with Captain Smythe make up the nucleus of the team and taking all in all Bangor ought to beat Pumpkin Island Tech.

Anyone having question suggestions, stories or corrections please send them to Bill Kunningham, care of the "Oracle".

I Thank You.

Bill Kunningham wishes all his readers a Happy New Year,—especially the Fresh.

1928 PREDICTIONS

Caught red hot by our third assistant office boy, "Brainy Bill" Megguire, before going to press.

H. Annas, '28: Harold will probably perfect his inflammable cigar lighter this month.

C. Bauman, '29: In February Carl will hop the rattlers to join the Brooklyn Bridge Organ-Grinders' Association.

B.H.S. GAZETTE



"BILL" MEGGUIRE,
OUR STAR STUDENT,
HAS ACCEPTED A PO-
SITION AS DISHWASHER
AT THE "GREASY" VEST.



EXTRA! EXTRA!
PICTURE BY OUR
STAFF PHOTOGRAPH-
ER SHOWING
"HERB" CLOUGH,
"HANK" LIGHT AND
"SCOBIE" GOLDBERG
DIVING FOR PEN-
NIES AT THE
MILLINOCKET GAME.



DONALD "ONE-LUNG"
ROBINSON, RECENTLY
PUT IN THE JUG FOR
STEALING A SECOND-
HAND HOT DOG.



SALESMAN RALPH
LEONARD: DON'T GET IN
A TEMPER WITH ME.
I'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM
NO ONE.
SALES MANAGER: YES! I
NOTICED THAT WHILE
YOU WERE ON THE ROAD.



BILL COLLECTOR: WELL,
MR. GOLDEN, YOUR
ACCOUNT HAS BEEN
RUNNING QUITE A
WHILE.
BRIGHT DAN'L: IT MUST
BE TIRED BY THIS
TIME. JUST LET IT
LIE.



"DONKEY" MOORE, EX-
CONVICT FROM EAST
LIMESTONE, WHO RE-
TURNED YESTERDAY
FROM THE WILDS OF
SO. BREWER AFTER
FLYING THE SEE-
JEUNKEDUNK

JUNIOR EXHIBITION
COMPETITION IS GET-
TING CLOSE NOW.



A STRANGE TYPE OF ANIMAL
CALLED FRESHMAN SEEN WAN-
DERING IN THE CORRIDORS AT
12.0 O'CLOCK.



LINWOOD BOWEN
WILL BE A SECOND
PAUL WHITEMAN
SOME DAY.



P. Christmas, '30: Get ready to give up the ghost or that nickel, "Phil," by March.

G. Ebbeson, '27: Mussolin's right hand (wo)man by April.

G. Giddings, '30, "Georgie" will actually be one-fifty-secondth of an inch taller when May arrives to strut her stuff.

C. Johnson, '28: Coach Somerville will just about have "Jinx" Johnson trained to sit still by graduation.

O. Kincaid, '28: Owen is saving his pennies now to celebrate the "4th."

A. Landers, '30: Thru the air to Spitzenburg by August!

K. MacGown, '29: Won't someone come around Sept. 17th to help "K" uncrate her books.

Ei. Page, '28: Tough taffy to be a 2nd Ajd. Cook's Assistant next October.

D. Romeo, '30: Next November "Dot" will be the first woman to run for President.

R. Wood, '29: He's "buying his Christmas presents early" now.

BASKETBALL TIPS

"Moulder" Murray had better stop racing up and down the sidelines so much to get the time. If he doesn't the youth will be sued for wearing out the soles of his sneaks.

Hasn't anyone got some leather—inlaid wooden shekels to pass "Mal" Clark for lugging that great big heavy 1 ounce backboard?

Lindbergh has nothing on "Bashful Ed" Callinan, the rangy center from West Brewer.

Two cents to the guy who discovers why "Art" Tapley's hair didn't perform in his eyes at the Millinocket game!

At last the great mystery has been uncovered. Those two cooks seen at the game were "Chat" Welch and "Shrimp" Murray in disguise.

RITZY RHYMES

"Donkey" Moore, so they say,
Studied his history, and then passed away.
Linwood Bowen, pride of the Band,

Held his baton wrong, and injured his hand.
"Charley" Pooler, star on the court,
Looped in a basket and contracted a wart.
Margaret Daly, without a doubt,
Holds the record for bluffing a period out.

WISE CRACKS FROM A BROKEN PLATE

It's odd how these purely unemotional teachers become so animated at the omission of a comma.

The Personals Editors wish to thank "Brainy Bill" Megguire for her contributions. Also Lolly Huot for his one and one-thirty-seventh line that didn't get in. Likewise Margaret "Peggy" Rowe.

I move we award "Abe" Stern the Solid Tin Medal of the Purists' Society for his expressive language. 'S' a gift, boy, 'S' a gift!

Has anybody got any surplus patience to loan Eleanor Brown for collecting books for the Library.

"It's a pity what passes for a Senior today. Take "Shrimp" Cook for example.

It's rumored around the corridors that "Bill" Gallant is busy working on a new self-sharpening tooth-pick.

Shh! This is a hot one. Arvid Ebbeson and Everett England swiped Harry Hasey's slicker and painted the picture of a monkey on it. Harry was heard to say when he found it: "Who wiped their face on my slicker?"

All professors wishing to advertise higher education should make all undergraduates at their schools stay there during vacation.

All second-hand jokes and slightly used wise cracks will be bought by this department if reduced prices are offered.

One slightly-damaged Nicholas Carter for sale. Apply Frank Wood, address Someplace North of Nowhere.

After all, "all is not gold that glitters." D'j' ever look at "Happy" Roger Allan's phsiogonomy?

JUST A HUNTING TRIP

As I was walking down the street one day this fall with my books under my arm, an old man stopped me and asked, "my boy, where are you going?"

I said with a smile "I am going to school."

The old man began to laugh and said, "young man do you know that you are wasting your time going to school, with all this fine hunting weather going on."

I said to myself not a bad idea I guess I'll go hunting awhile, so I left the old man and walked down the street towards the High School; arriving there I went directly to the office and asked to see the principal. When he appeared, I told him I would like to go hunting, and he told me to go ahead and stay as long as I wanted to.

I went home, threw my books under the bed and packed up my dunnage which consisted of a pound of crackers and a can of beans, and taking my faithful, twenty-two single shot repeater, I kissed my dog good by and bravely started into the large forest of Veazie.

I had been walking about half an hour when I heard a noise in the bushes to my right, almost at the same instant a very large bear walked out from behind the bushes eating a lollypop. I thought it would be a good joke to shoot the lollypop out of the bear's paw, so I took careful aim and fired. But Alas! I did not hit the lollypop, I hit the bear and he fell at my feet dead.

I said "well it can't be helped," so I took the skin of the bear, put it on my back and started home. I had not gone twenty feet, when I met another bear, he held out his paw and said "hello brother."

I replied, "But I am not your brother." He said "Oh! my mistake, I see now that your eyes are not the same color," and he politely stepped aside and let me pass.

When I got home I found all of my family and many of the neighbors in my yard just starting out in a searching party to find me,

When they saw me coming they gave three loud cheers and crowded around me and wanted to know where I had been. I told them my story, and they listened very attentively and when I had finished, an old professor jumped up and said "I don't believe it."

"You don't believe what?" I replied.

He said about the bear talking.

I replied "why couldn't a bear talk just as well as a parrot?" The crowd all clapped and after bidding me goodbye went home, and I returned to school.

MORE FACETIOUS FANCIES

About Famous Freshmen

- E. L. C.—Every Lesson Correct
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- S. S. E.—Slow, Steady, Eager
- E. R. L.—Exceedingly Rapid Learner
- G. I. M.—Good In Mathematics.

Carl Briggs, Bangor High School's famous half wit, went into the drug store the other day to get a drink. By a striking coincidence the soda fountain clerk, Bill Rand, also an idiot, was the one who waited on him.

Ensued the following conversation:

"What'll it be?" inquired semi-idiot Rand.

"A plain soda without flavor," answered our hero.

"Without what flavor?"

Briggs pondered this for a brief space.

"Without chocolate flavor," with a sudden inspiration.

"You can't have it without chocolate flavor," answered Bill triumphantly, "cause we ain't got no chocolate. You'll have to take it without vanilly!"

Sweet Young Scientist (P. Brown, '30) to adoring young Young—

"Science is so interesting—so wonderful; dont you think? Now you take astronomy:—Astronomers are such marvelous men! I can understand how they can figure out the distance to the moon and to all other planets, and the size of the sun, and how fast it travels and all. But how in the world do you suppose they ever found out the right names of all those stars?"

First Bangorite: "Did you hear about the accident that happened to Marge Stevens?"

A brick fell off the Graham Building and hit her on the head!"

Second Bangorite: "My! Fracture her skull?"

First Bangorite: "Naw! just broke down her arches a little bit—thas' all."

Catapopoyamyamyamsumiuzeclion, Ken.

April Fool's Day, June 3rd, 2000 B.C.

My dear, dumb, drastic U NO WHOO:

Sinse reseaving yur leter of Feberari twenty-9th thar has bin a sireis to taown. It has bin verri ixeciting there wur hippamuphlunts an elapottamuses and menni other wile critter, encluding Turner, Fred Gillen, "Molder" Murray, et setura A Stern mayd a verri gud caveman, an El. Cross wus the trapize jump-in an titerope wokker. Peg Stone mayd a grate hit as a babune, tu. But the biggest hit in the hull sho wus Dux O'Donnel whu was the Champeen nife-throer of the wur'd. He wud thro nifes at his partnur, S. Goodkowsky, when she stud in front of a bord, and they wud just missher. Well, his pardner was tuk sick and Caddy Collins, had to subst toot for her. Wen thay cum aout on the staje he lukked at hur so ugli I thot she was a gonur,

sure. She flattened hirsself against the bord an he piekes up a nife and drives it at the pur womin. It etruk rite beside her left eer. Mal Clark, whu wus sitting rite besides me combing his whiskers says: "Well, by heck, h m'ssed hur!"

About two weeks ago we had a grate celebration here. It wus one of those things called a danse. We nevir hev hed one up hear befor, an wen I saw them out thar goin thru all them crasi antiks it struk me sow funni I hed tu laff rite aout. I ast Dick Morrison, whu has bin all over the world whut the ides wus an he sed the idee wus to see haow menni times yu cud step on yur partnurs tose in one minnit. So I walks up to a purty lookin citty gal (I faound aout latir hir name wus Viola Chaisson) and ast her to tri it with me. She sed yes so I startid in. The funni part of it wus thet she didunt entir into the fun at oll. She tole me that I wus wurse then ennybody thar, wneh I knew all the time that I wus the best stepper thar. I onlly stepped on her feet 4 times ten.

Trustin that this letter finds you sick-a-bed,

I wish you a happy New Year,

Brother Chumski.

We wish to Thank

all those who

Contributed

PERSONALS

to this issue and sincerely

hope the same

THREE

will continue to assist us.

AFTER SCHOOL WHAT?

DROP AROUND AT THE



127 Hammond Street, BANGOR, MAINE

SHIRLEY CLENDENNING

and

MARY COLLINS

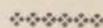
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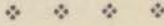
THE NIGHT CALL*(Continued from Page 10)*

in tarnation did those crooks ever get wise to this business, anyway, doggone 'em!" he growled. "I'll find out who is doing all this squealing around here if it takes me a year!"

Bob nodded. "Its the only thing to do if we want to get that money delivered at Los Angeles in time."

The captain hesitated a moment, and then abruptly changed the subject. "Well, let's eat now," he suggested suddenly, "and while we're eating we can talk it over."

Bob nodded acquiescence and the two stepped across the hall to the officers' dining room.



Outside, in the big hangar, all was silent—its interior was lit up dimly by the blue light from the beacon nearby, and shone wierdly on the planes which lay like huge insects all around. Suddenly the silence was broken by a slight scraping noise. Simultaneously two helmeted heads appeared over the side of the rear cockpit of one of the larger planes.

"For Gosh sake, Joe, why doesn't Sam step on it?" growled one of the figures, glancing apprehensively around, as he spoke.

"Aw, shut your gab!" muttered the other, disgustedly. "Sam will be here in a second. Trust him to do a good job on that Martin feller," with a coarse laugh. "Gorry, that guy is slick;—What I mean. Getting us in as guards and himself in as captain—no one suspects him, either. And when we pull this little job off we'll be rich for life!"

"Well" said the other, who evidently was inclined to be more pessimistic then his fellow, "all I ask is that we get out of it without a prison sentence handed out to us."

"Aw, come off," threatened the other, "or you'll get a gat poked into your ribs! Savvy?"

Whether the other gentleman would have been convinced by the force of this argument was never known, for at this point the big door of the hangar was rolled open and the figure of the erstwhile captain appeared in the

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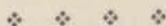
You Should Make their Advertising Profitable

doorway. He was dressed for a long flight, with helmet and goggles.

"Quick!" he gasped, "Martin's taken care of for a little while, but it won't be long before he'll be able to give the alarm!"

The bigger of the two guards sprang quickly to the propeller, at the same time that the captain adjusted the belt in the front cockpit, and with that peculiar twist of the arms and body which is familiar to all airmen and which comes from only long practice, sent the blades whirling.

"Contact!" yelled the figure of the airman in the cockpit, and the guard threw himself flat on the ground to avoid the spinning blades. The plane, with muffled engine, rolled out of the hangar and took off into the starlit sky.



Bob Martin stirred a little and then awoke from oblivion with a groan. An overwhelming pain in his head was the first thing he was conscious of, and an effort to rise brought a million glittering pin-points of light dancing before his blurred vision. Then came that sudden clearing of eye and brain which sometimes comes to those who steel themselves for a desperate task in hand. It all came back to him clearly now—he had been quietly talking with the captain, when, with a sixth sense keenly developed by long service in the dangerous tasks of the aviation corps, he was suddenly struck with a sense of some impending danger. Turning quickly, he had been confronted by the figure of the commanding officer—a mocking smile played about his lips and his eyes had a sardonic gleam to them. In his right hand he held a clubbed revolver, which at that very moment was descending on the head of the young lieutenant. Bob had seen the blow coming, but not in time; the weapon hit him a glancing blow on the side of the head—the last thing he had been conscious of was the slamming of the barrack door and the muffled sound of a plane outside in the field.

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CHALMERS STUDIO

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Photography

23 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Bob tried to think. What had been happening during the time he had been unconscious, anyway? A glance at the watch on his wrist told him that he had not been in oblivion—approximately ten minutes,—and with the knowledge of this he rose determinedly to his feet. He must give the alarm and get some planes out after the bandits. He made his way painfully out the door of the barracks and stumbled across the field to the sleeping quarters of the other flyers. Arrived upon the threshold, he opened the door and walked in. The first unexpected whiff of chloroform which assailed his nostrils caused him to give an exclamation of amazement.

"Doped!" he muttered between clenched teeth. "Every single one of them!"

(To be Concluded)

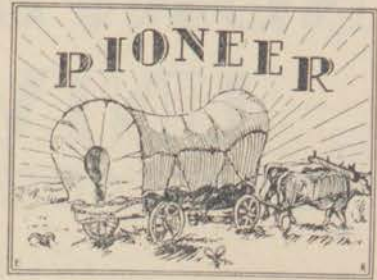
THE ESCAPE

(Continued from Page 11)

Reverend Johnston's stern, surprised face. Fat didn't wait for any more; he gave a gasp, sank under the water and swam to shore where he and the other boys broke all records in getting into their clothes.

The Reverend Johnston, supposing Fat was still under the water where he had disappeared was swimming around, waiting for him to come up. He was also preparing the lecture he was going to give the young miscreant. He was therefore, much amazed when he turned just in time to see Fat and his friends disappearing over the bank, and the would-be rescuer was forced to swim to shore with his lecture undelivered.

But I'm not going to tell you what he said to Mary about "those boys" or what happened to the boys when they got home. I leave it to your own imagination or to the memory of some time when you played hooky and went in swimming.



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Boston, Massachusetts

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

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

MILES

(Continued from Page 15)

Without winking an eyelid he replied, "Eight miles north on this road. Turn off to yer right at the yellow ice-house and there y'are. Yer welcome!" He added, not giving me a chance to thank him.

We drove nearly eight miles by the speedometer but where was the yellow ice-house and the right hand road? We had just turned the car, were going to drive back aways, when we met another of your country gentlemen. I hailed him and asked if he could tell us how to get to Chin Pond.

"Well, it's about four miles south of here. Turn off to your left at the old grey school-house, an' there y'are," and so he took up his reins and drove on.

When the speedometer registered four miles, there was a dense wood with no school-house or a road to turn out. We were about discouraged when another farmer drove up to us and asked if we were having trouble.

"Trouble," I asked, "say, man, do you live around here?"

"Born an' bought up in this locality, sah. What kin I do fer yer?"

"Could you tell me how to get to Chin Pond?" I asked.

"Let's see," he mused. "Chin Pond. Oh, yes! Drive along on this road about two miles till yer come to a long wood pile along the road. At the end of this wood-pile you'll see two roads that fork of'n this road to the right. Take one travellin' due East—Where'd yer want ter go anyways", he asked. "Chin Pond," I repeated, beginning to doubt his sanity. "Never heard of it," he struck his horse and drove on.

"You see that is the way your neighbors give directions and so I find myself lost."

At this the farmer burst out laughing and roared. "The joke's on you, sah. Yer at Chin Pond right now."

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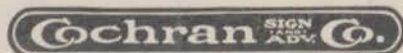
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Washing Machine in the World

"THE MEADOWS"

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THE MISSING LYNKE

(Continued from Page 16)

—with Ken—but neither of them is so hot alone.”

Simmons standing one side thinking out the problem was rudely jerked from his reverie by Charley Morris, the sub sent in to take Ken's place. “Say, coach, may I have another jersey? See this one's ripped most off my back.”

“Sure,” said the coach, “here take these keys and go up to the old athletic store-room; there's a dozen new ones up there. Be sure to shut the door tight behind you; it'll lock itself cause it has a new double cylinder lock, but hurry, there's only a few seconds left before the half begins, and we can't afford to get off our guard for one minute.

Up, up, the wide stair cases ran the young boy, eager in his pride of the school, until he reached the fourth floor, he hesitated a moment, chose the right key, and unlocked the door. Immediately upon stepping into the doorway, before he could reach the electric switch he stumbled over something, and met the ground with surprising rapidity. One second he paused, lying prostrate upon the floor, and rubbing his hip reflectively. “Gosh, what did I tumble over? Somebody's likely to get a bad one some o'these days if the fellows keep on being so careless with their football outfits.”

He rose to his feet and snapped on the lights, his back to the door. The noise of a sudden slam assailed his ears. “The cylinder lock,” he thought, “I'm locked in!” He turned around hopefully to try the door and then stopped short—“Well for the luvva Pete,” he shouted, “look who's here!” for there on the floor lay Ken asleep, tired out from the strenuous practice of the morning, and his faintless vigil.

You may be sure the overjoyed Charley lost no time in awakening the boy. “Now for it,” he said as Ken finally stood up blinking. Then he stopped. “I forgot we're locked in, the lock has sprung.” “But, how

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General Sales Office

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Specify "Eastco" Papers for your Stationery and Printing!

did you get in? Where are the keys?" queried Kenneth in a puzzled voice.

"How bright I am," said the sub, "here they are right in my hand—I forgot all about them! You know some people are born that way, and some just naturally acquire it."

On their precipitate way down the stairs Ken extracted a brief resume of the game. On the second landing a burly figure was making its way hastily up, then catching sight of Charley said, "Say what do you mean by holding up the"—He stopped, gazing incredulously at Kenneth. "Where did you dig him up anyway?—No, never mind telling me now—beat it into these togs and snap into it, you and Rod, and win the game for your Alma Mater.

To the rafters rose the shouts of joy as the Faircroft team trotted into the court, exultantly the team was once again come into its own. Need I tell you of the remainder of the game? Proudly the Faircroft quintet walked off the floor, wringing the hands of their heroes, and bearing the laurels of a 30 to 19 score. When they reached the dressing room, the whole admiring squad crowded around to hear the thrilling tale.

"Well, you see 'twas like this," Ken confessed shamefacedly, "I thought maybe coach would need some o' those jerseys before the game was over, so I went up to bring down the box. Like the idiot I am I left the keys outside somewhere after I had unlocked the door—and, well—the truth is, fellows, I got locked in by a sudden gust."

"Nice one on you old top," shouted Rod, "but what if old Charley hadn't gone up there?"

"Yes, you may well ask," answered the coach in Ken's stead, "We would have by now been neatly desposited, and gently resting in the receptacle made for such articles, waiting just outside the door—namely the ash can."

They were walking home together—tired but triumphant. "Yes" said Rod, "you can say anything you want to, but it was all my fault. If I had only come with you, you'd

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SUMMER AND SOUTH STREETS

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NATURE FOOTWEAR CORP.

MANUFACTURERS

"DOCTOR'S CHOICE" Shoes for Children

BREWER, MAINE

L. H. THOMPSON, Printer

BREWER, MAINE

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable

never have been locked up!"

"Aw, go perch on a flagpole," responded Ken amicably, and he gave Rod an affectionate shove into the embrace of a particularly deep snow drift, then struck a pose and declaimed in a squeaky falsetto voice, "and thus endeth the tale of the Missing Lynke."

ON SWIMMING

(Continued from Page 18)

more restful and more beneficial than gliding lazily along through the water with long, slow, effortless strokes, or floating motionless on your back, gazing up into the clouds or the deep blue of the heavens.

Have you ever spent a rainy day on doing nothing, wandering about the house, trying to find some occupation, hoping the rain will stop, but finding no relief in gazing at the dreary world outside? Then the next day it rains while you are on your vacation, put on your bathing suit and go in for a swim. The water will be warm, I promise you, and you will see things you never saw before in the rain. Watch the wind-blown curtains of rain wavering over the lake. The lake itself is a level plain covered with a soft misty haze where the raindrops turn to spray. You will see the rain come in squadrons like a cavalry charge across a field covered with the smoke of battle as the wind drives the drops before it and tosses the spray about. Sometimes a miniature waterspout will form, spinning about in mad ecstasy like a whirling dervish in his trance.

There is a great deal of fun observing underwater life. At camp, two years ago, another boy and I discovered an underwater retreat in which two sunfish lived. One day we encroached too far upon their privacy and they repulsed us with firmness and dignity. We suffered minor losses, Jed receiving a wound on his forehead while I sustained a similar wound on my nose.

Of course, there is an unpleasant side to out-door swimming, as when a six-inch blood-



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BANGOR, MAINE

Telephone 1841-W

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sucker adheres firmly to your leg, and must be pried off with a hammer. Or when you become entangled in lily pads, or eel grass, it is not as pleasant as some other things.

Ocean swimming is perhaps the most exhilarating of all the types of swimming. In salt water your body weighs almost nothing, and you are supported by a material which seems softer than anything you have ever experienced before. Too, in ocean swimming, you can make much more speed than elsewhere, as the water is denser and furnishes better leverage. Besides, you can see better in ocean water than in fresh water, for since secretions of the eye are naturally salt, so the sea water does not affect the eyes. In northern latitudes, however, the ocean is liable to be cold, but nevertheless, I prefer ocean swimming to any other kind.

The best all-round stroke is the crawl. This opinion is generally conceded by authorities on swimming. It is by far the speediest stroke yet invented, but it was not generally supposed to be good for distance until Gertrude Ederle used it in the Channel swim. The stroke I like best for distance is a combination of the side and overhand strokes, in which one hand is lifted out of the water while the other is extended to guide the body in coasting. The breast stroke is the one generally taught beginners, but I do not favor this stroke at all. It is very tiring for me, but I have seen others swim for hours using this method.

Diving is a sport allied closely with swimming, and to my mind, nearly as important. Nothing of which I have any knowledge is comparable in my mind with the sensation of flight experienced in high diving. Diving develops co-ordination to its highest point. If you do not think that diving requires skill and nerve, watch a champion do a jackknife and then see if you can come as close to the end of the board as he does.

Other people may say what they like, but my advice is—swim.

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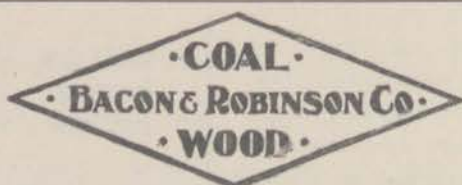
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