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The Oracle

Published Quarterly by
the Students of
Bangor High School



Subscriptions :
\$1.50 per Annum
in advance

THE PRICE OF THIS NUMBER IS FIFTY CENTS

The "Oracle" is for sale at Bean's, Clare's and Eldridge's and at the High School

Address all business communications to BRUCE E. CUNNINGHAM, 22 Hudson Street

The "Oracle" is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium
Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879

VOL. XXXV

FEBRUARY, 1927

NO. 2

The Oracle Board

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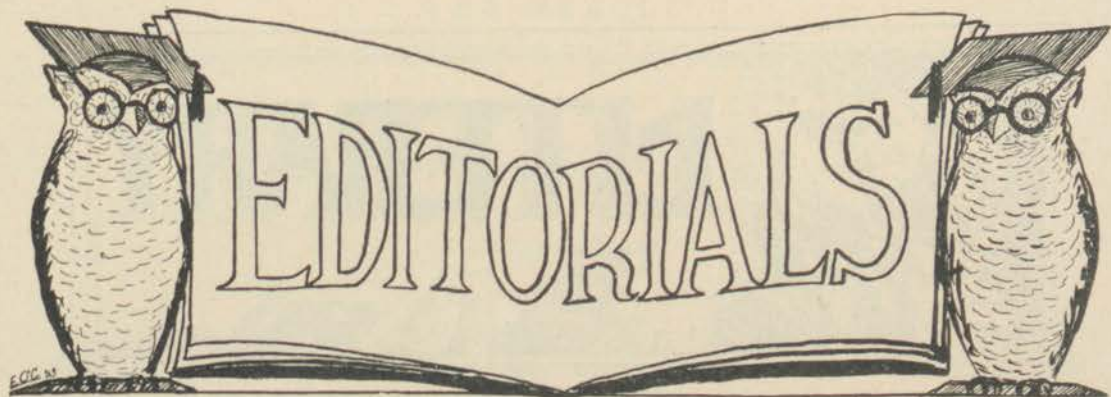
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

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Robert Russ, '29



In a much discussed newspaper article, Roger W. Babson, a leading American business man, states that American schools and colleges are becoming but institutions for the "training" and production of "Athletic morons." In other words, many boys,—or, if you will, many men, are going to school and college with the view of "getting an education;" but these fellows are so misguided upon their uncertain journey on the road to "education," that they become nothing but highly-trained physical machines with no adequate brains to govern themselves for the benefit of their reputations, their schools, their families, their cities, their states or their Nation. This,—one of the many criticisms older folks have to bring against us, "the younger generation",—is in reference to the average school of America. Must we concede that Bangor High School is just an average American institution of learning? We must,—if the above criticism truthfully defines such a school; and the author of that charge is undisputably in a position to know whereof he speaks. Anyone who would disprove these true facts would show himself to be grossly unfamiliar with our school in trying to do so. Broad minds and greater mutual understandings will very soon bring about a change for the better in these conditions. Let Bangor be among the first of the communities whose schools shall thus improve!

Lit. Ed.

Recently a clever cartoon came to our notice, depicting a member of the canine race with a ponderous appendage attached behind to represent its tail. The dog was labeled "high-school" and the tail represented "athletics." Underneath the picture were words to the effect that it was carrying the matter a bit too far when the "tail wagged the dog." But judging from the speeches and remarks of various athletic managers crying for their team's support, the dog of Bangor High is still considerably larger than his tail and as yet runs no risk of being wagged by it.

For the past few years it has been the custom for the students of Bangor High to go to City Hall to see the inauguration of the Mayor.

That this is a privilege the students have lately become aware. When it first became a custom the behavior of the students during the inauguration was nothing to be proud of. But in recent years more interest has been taken and at the last inauguration on January 3, the school conducted itself admirably. We were proud to see the student body take the initiative and be the first to rise in token of recognition as the Mayor entered the room.

There is something fine in seeing the inauguration, and the interest it promotes in politics and in the consideration of questions of public interest is very beneficial to the students. Such privileges as these encourage good citizenship.



Maine, the Ideal Summer Resort

By Phyllis Lorimer.

A noted authority has defined ideal as that which is obtained by selecting and assembling into one whole all the beauties and perfections which are usually seen in different articles so as to form a perfect type or model. If this definition is correct, Maine certainly is an ideal summer resort, for in Maine are combined the several attractions which are afforded by various summer resorts all over the world. If you are a lover of society, Maine offers Lucerne-in-Maine with its clubhouse, its tennis and its golf. If you are an enthusiastic angler, Maine offers you fishing lakes, of which she has many. If you are a hunter, Maine offers you a veritable hunter's paradise. If you are a lover of the sea, Maine offers you Frenchman's Bay and other bays with a frame of mountains and hills to complete the picture. If you are a lover of peace and quiet, Maine offers you the woods. Whatever you are looking for in a summer resort, Maine has.

And yet, those of us to whom Maine is home feel that our state has something finer to offer than speckled trout or graceful deer. You city dwellers worn out and weary with all the cares of the past year will find among the forests and lakes of Maine a balm for your tired nerves and an inspiration which will abide with you throughout the coming year. As you gaze

upon our mountain peaks, they will seem to you like cathedral spires pointing and calling you upward to a higher and nobler life. Our rocky headlands will bring out the rock-like qualities in your character. As you see the glowing, gorgeous hues of the sunset sky reflected in the rippling waters of Lucerne to you will come the desire to reflect a like beauty in your daily life. The real delight of a vacation is inward; not a picture, but a feeling. Henry Van Dyke has expressed in phrases of exquisite beauty the worth of a true sojourn with nature.

"If we could only come back to nature every year and consider the flowers and birds, and confess our faults and mistakes and unbelief under these silent stars, and hear the river murmuring our absolution, we should die young even though we should live long, we should have a treasure of memories that would be like the twin-flower, always a double blossom on a single stem and would carry away with us into the unseen world something which would make it worth while to be immortal."

So, come to Maine, the ideal summer resort! Frequent our lakes and streams, climb our mountains, roam our woods, but, above all, "become a little taller from walking with the trees!"

Maine, the Perfect Resort State

By David Miller

As a student and lover of this glorious State of Maine, I believe it to be the most popular resort state in the United States. It is, indeed, the Playground of the Nation. In the following paragraphs I will endeavor to explain why Maine is characterized as "The Perfect Resort State."

The splendors of the Maine forests, the beauty of her thousands of lakes and hills, the music of her brooks, the clamor of her streams, the sweep of her great rivers, and the grandeur of her rockbound coast and sea girt islands provide an ideal setting for the state. Nowhere is summer more genial. Nowhere dwells a more hospitable people.

With these facts in mind I have no doubt as to the great capacity of the many resorts in this state. Among the outstanding resort localities in Maine are the following: Lucerne-in-Maine, Bar Harbor, Moosehead Lake, Katahdin Region, Poland Spring, Old Orchard, and Grand Lake Stream.

Each of the above noted resort regions are situated in different portions of the state. They are famous as the Mecca each summer for the prominent people of Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and the other large cities of the country, who bring with them much of the best in the life of the nation's capital and great financial, commercial, social and literary centers of the United States.

Lucerne-in-Maine is the most recent resort development to be carried on in this state. It is situated on the shores of Phillips Lake which is twelve miles from Bangor, the gateway of the Maine woods, and has one of the most beautiful scenical settings which Nature can provide. Its advantages as a summer and winter resort are many. The famous Phillips

lake is noted for its excellent fishing, bathing and other water sports. Lucerne-in-Maine is an ideal spot for a cottage site, and already many cottages have been built by the Lucerne-in-Maine Corporation. Visitors from nearly every state in this country have inspected the wonderful opportunities of Lucerne-in-Maine during the past season and it has been indorsed as "one of Maine's leading resorts" by thousands of prominent men and women.

Moosehead Lake, the magnificent inland sea which is one of the great scenic boasts of the State of Maine, so richly endowed with natural beauties, is one of the outstanding attractions of the marvelous vacation country of Aroostook and Piscataquis counties. Moosehead is the largest freshwater lake, whose boundaries are wholly within the United States, and is forty miles in length and twenty miles wide at its widest point. The resorts in the Moosehead offer superior attractions for the vacation-seeker, the fisherman and the hunter.

The Maine resorts furnish great sport for the hunter. Maine deer are found in all parts of the state and are celebrated for their size, and the Maine deer heads are the finest trophies. For sport in this state, next to the deer come the big black bears. Maine bears exceed five hundred pounds in weight. Foxes, red, gray, and black, are frequently shot, and bobcat, lynx, and other crafty animals of this sort are not uncommon. Along the shores of streams, mink, otter, and fisher are frequently found. The bird hunter will find partridges in great plentitude; and other feathered game including woodcock, snipe, black ducks, mallards, sheldrakes and wild geese will be found on all the resorts of the state.

Health, happiness and contentment are the

inevitable possessions gained from a Maine resort vacation. The vast, wonderful country is redolent with balsam-laden breezes that bring rest and upbuilding, and the splendid forms of outdoor life open to the comers to the

Maine woods are equally suited for men, women, boys and girls. The state's resorts extend a cordial welcome to all who seek rest, relaxation and recreation in the "nation's playground."



The Catastrophpe

By John Bell, '28

Mr. Newlywed was happy. The novelty of being a husband had not as yet begun to pall. He still religiously wore his rubbers on rainy days without protesting, and he still consumed without a murmur what his wife called "home-cooking." In short, he acted as any husband of two months would be expected to act.

Therefore it was not surprising that, on a certain Saturday in May, he left the office directly on the point of noon to rush home to his darling wife, after having turned down two offers of attending the baseball game, and one of "taking in a little show." As usual he took his seat—or, more correctly, his stand—among the other passengers on the subway, and allowed himself to be pushed and prodded into and already overfilled car, in somewhat the same manner as a sardine might have been packed into a can. For thirty-three whole minutes, he was stepped on and jostled and finally, through sheer guesswork and no thanks to the subway-guards, he managed to squeeze off at the right station, and struggle his way out into the open air. After walking three blocks to the right, two to the left, and four

to the east, he stepped into a dimly-lighted apartment hallway, and ascended seven cold, dark, and clammy flights of stairs to the little kitchenette flat the landlord had ironically advertised as a "homelike" apartment. Joyfully Mr. Newlywed opened the door of his little, combination parlor and bedroom and tiptoed towards the kitchen, planning to surprise his young wife.

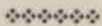
Suddenly he stopped, upon hearing words issue from the kitchen. Softly peering through the open kitchen door he beheld his wife—with a strange man.

Revenge welled in his heart! So another man would dare to tamper with the affections of his wife! Leaping forward rapidly, he seized the butcher-knife from the table, and with an incoherent cry plunged it straight at the suave intruder.

Suffice it to say that, two minutes later, a taxi carried a man with but one ear and only a remnant of a nose to the City Hospital.

And now Mr. Newlywed turned and confronted his wife.

"Oh, John," she sobbed hysterically, "it was—it was the Fuller-brush man."



Driftwood

By Rosamond Taylor, '27

Years and years ago,—a hundred years at least,—a certain house on the coast of Maine was very popular among the men from the

ships which anchored in its vicinity. It was a large house on a point jutting out into the bay, and was occupied by a man and his seven

daughters. It was not a regular hotel but was a sort of tavern where the young English, French and American officers came when on shore-leave. The tales told of the merry times here are many and varied. With seven young ladies in the house and more in the vicinity, the dances and merry makings were numerous, and here the men could be sure of a change from the tedious life of the sea. The seven daughters were renowned for their beauty and charm and they spent many happy years in their home by the sea.

Gradually, however, the family broke up; the girls married and went away; the father died; and finally the tavern which had passed to other owners, was closed and almost forgotten. Some fifty years later a great change had come about in this place. The once barren spot again blossomed into life, and a good sized summer colony was flourishing there. The old tavern on the end of the point still stood, but was occupied by strangers who knew and cared nothing about its history.

Only one loving heart was left to treasure the memories of happy hours which she had spent in the old home when both she and the tavern were young. Not far from the old tavern in a sunny secluded spot, in a cove on the shore stood a tiny cottage. Its shingles were weather beaten and gray giving the little place an old,—yet cosy and picturesque aspect. A tiny uncovered piazza stretched across the front and the one low step, leading up to this was a piece of driftwood, smooth on the upper side and held firmly in place by the sand around its base. The only chairs on this piazza were large pieces of driftwood which by some freak of nature in their forming,—or by the help of the sea, had been made into passably good chairs. Everything was in harmony with the picture, the little gray house against the dark firs behind it; even the handle on the old gray door was a peculiar piece of driftwood. Over the door was a small sign, and the letters carved in the weathered wood spelled the name of the cottage:—"Driftwood."

This name fitted the place entirely and it fitted also the one occupant of the house. Here lived the last of the happy family that had once reigned in the large house on the hill,—a little silvery haired old lady, the last of the seven daughters. Her father and sisters,—her husband and children all gone, she had come back to the home of her childhood to spend the remaining years of her life. Usually dressed in gray she was in complete harmony with her surroundings.

The children of the summer colony loved to visit her in her quaint home, for the inside of it held many treasures for young eyes. Every morning early, the little lady took a walk along the beach and examined the wood washed up by the night's tide. Any piece made beautiful or strange by nature and the sea, she took home. If, for instance, she found a piece that looked like the body of an animal of any kind, she would take it home and there, from something she had on hand, her skillful fingers would fashion a head or tail or anything else the animal might lack. Thus the shelves in her living room were filled with fantastic animals and other curiosities of all descriptions. The shelves themselves were held up by brackets made of gnarled pieces of driftwood, and indeed everything in the cottage was made from the natural gray wood which she picked up on her morning walks. Her china closet was the bow of an old rowboat; the boat had been sawed into two pieces through the middle and the bow stood on end against the wall in her small kitchen, so that each seat in it, turned over and nailed securely, made a shelf and the three cornered seat in the bow had been put on hinges and a cupboard built behind it.

When the little lady died the children of the place grieved deeply. They had grown to love her dearly and have ever since loved the little cottage, "Driftwood," which still stands a gentle reminder of its beloved little owner,—herself but a tiny piece of driftwood cast by the sea of life onto a friendly shore.

Turlogh Carolan

By W. Danforth Hayes, '27

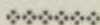
In a spacious farmhouse near the village of Lissoy, county Meath, Ireland, a family group was gathered about the great roaring hearth, one wintry evening in early March, 1738. The group consisted of a lusty Irish farmer, his gentle, capable wife, and four young children. Of the latter, the oldest was a slight-framed, dreamy-looking boy of ten years of age. Although his features were harsh and his limbs ill put together, in his eyes there was a softness,—an almost poetic dreaminess, which offset with its pleasant attraction, the roughness of his features. He sat a little apart from the rest, on a rough stool, gazing into the fire while his father, in former better days, a clergyman at Pallas, read aloud to his family from the old thumbworn family Bible. The boy's name was Oliver Goldsmith and it was he whom London and all England, many years later, showered with honors in consequence of his literary works.

In the midst of the farmer's reading came a low knock upon the door. Immediately an understanding look came over the faces of the family as Oliver went to the door and unlatched it. There, on the threshold stood an old man, well nigh the three-quarter century mark, holding by one hand a massive Hibernian dog and in the other an old and battered harp wrapped in heavy quilting. He was blind,—relying on the care his dog would take of him, in all his long journeys about the countryside where, stopping at houses along the way for food and shelter, he entertained the farmer-folk

with the wonderful strains from his harp.

The old minstrel was, this night as always, the center of attention in the Goldsmith family circle and the group sat up until a late hour listening to the bard as he sang ballads without number to the accompaniment of weird chords from his harp. It could be seen that young Oliver was deeply touched by the old songs, and when the rest of the family had ceased to request more melodies of the old wars from the aged man, the young lad eagerly pressed the musician for other pieces, and yet the harpist played on and on through the night,—never duplicating a piece, until the elder Goldsmith announced that it was time for sleep.

The name of this old harpist,—Turlogh Carolan, will long be remembered in the world as the last and greatest of the Irish minstrels; and tho' the rest of the world sometime forget him, the name of Carolan will be perpetuated in his songs among the country folk of central Ireland. His family, ranking high in Clan McBradaigh, had lost its estate in the civil wars, and was at his birth extremely poor. At the age of sixteen, a visitation of small pox deprived him of his sight; and from then until his death in 1738,—but a few weeks after this visit to the Goldsmiths which I have attempted to portray,—he devoted his years to the study of music. He is said to have composed and written verses for over two hundred melodies.



The Penobscot, Past and Present

By C. Stewart Mead, '28

Before the white settlers came to Maine, the Penobscot Indians lived along the shores of the river which is named for that tribe.

There was no loud sound to disturb the peace and quiet of the scene except occasionally the shrill jabber of the squaws. Canoes were to

be seen plying to and from the fishing grounds and the villages, with the fishermen either eager for a chance to spear their winter's supply of fish, or proud of the great quantity of food they had secured for the squaws to cure.

Now let us advance to the scene of the coming of the first white man. What an astonishing sight it must have been for the Indians—that great ship of Champlain's! How they must have wondered and stared.

Soon the first little villages of log cabins were scattered here and there on the banks of the river, and before long Castine, Bucksport, Frankfort, Hampden, Orland and Winterport were thriving towns.

About 1780, Robert Burnham Wheeler, the great grandfather of Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, the author, was born in Wheelersville, now Hampden. He was the first white boy born as far up the river as this point.

Now trading vessels came to these little settlements on the Penobscot. A man would take his wife on board these vessels, either to pay a friendly call or to buy his supplies. One might want shoes, another, paper, salt, or any other article not raised on a farm.

In the last half of the eighteenth century, shipbuilding was a great industry on the Maine coast and many vessels were built in Winterport, when that town was larger and more hustling than Bangor.

In 1779 the British outfitted a fleet of nineteen vessels to take Bagaduce, now Castine. The siege lasted twenty-one days. Then the fleet came up the river to take Bangor. Nine of our vessels were sunk by their own officers, rather than have them fall into the hands of the British. These officers were later tried for cowardice, but were exonerated. Among them were Lieutenant Colonel Paul Revere and Lieutenant Wadsworth, grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The port of customs was moved first to Hampden and then to Bangor, as the shipbuilding died down in Winterport.

Bangor gradually grew in size and in the amount of trade carried on, until, in our grandfathers' boyhood and youth, the river had

reached its busiest period. A maze of masts and spars lined the banks. The ships crowded for a place at the docks from the time they left Fort Point. Tugboats towed three or four vessels in a string from that point, and they were anchored there for days and weeks, before a berth would be open for them.

Although they bore various cargoes, it was lumber in some form that filled most of the craft. Many million feet were cut in the woods of northern Maine, and rafted down the river to Bangor, where they were sawed, and shipped to some outside port. Some of the white birch was made into spool bars, a great quantity of which were shipped to Scotland. The making of box shooks was one of the greatest industries. These shooks were sent to Italy to be used for making fruit boxes, but in the few years before the war, the market for American shooks died down, because of Austrian competition. Since the Great War, not one bundle of shooks has been shipped.

The ice of the Penobscot afforded a chance of profit to enterprising business men. In the winter months great quantities were cut. In the spring, as soon as the river permitted, ships took the ice to Nassau, in the West Indies and to New York.

The customs house was always busy. No men hired by Uncle Sam to work in the Bangor Customs house ever had a chance to loaf.

While the shipping was at its height, the Bangor shipowners often entertained the Captains of the foreign vessels. One family gave a very brilliant ball in honor of the officers of a French ship. This French Ball is remembered to this day by some of the older generation.

When the sailing vessels went out, a gradual decline of shipping set in. There was less and less trade in Bangor, though occasionally a steamer from Scotland or Italy appeared. There is sometimes an oil tanker, coal barge, or pulp schooner now, but outside of that and the passenger steamer that runs between Bangor and Boston, there is practically no shipping in the river once so busy and crowded with sails.

Thwarted Thieves

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

Bob Martin, night flyer, leaned back in the cockpit of his big plane and peered anxiously over the side into the darkness. Far below him the lights of a small hamlet grew brighter and then gradually dimmed as the plane left them behind. Bob, placing his hand on the hickory stick which controlled the big machine, glanced at the instrument board. Everything O. K.; the altimeter showed nine thousand feet; the speed counter one hundred-fifty miles per hour. Nine thousand miles in twenty-four hours! Not so bad, Bob thought, for a new plane.

Suddenly with a muttered exclamation he rammed back on the control stick, and the plane zoomed upward at a steep angle. Sweating all over Bob leaned again over the side of the cockpit and focused the rays of his pocket searchlight on a dim object below. He saw below him a small monoplane, with a single passenger, whose upturned face was no more ghastly than Bob's, but whose features were indescribably repulsive. The eyes had a sardonic gleam; and the mouth of the man gave the face an expression of mocking evil.

All this Bob saw in an instant by the gleam of his searchlight, for he was a trained observer. The man instantly ducked his head, and then banked in a steep dive, disappearing from the pilot's view.

Funny, thought Bob, that that plane had no lights. Funny too, that that man seemed to be so anxious to keep out of sight; Probably scared of being brought to task for carelessness, though. But what was it about him that Bob seemed to be reminded of? The face seemed somehow to be associated with some past incident in his mind. Oh well, no matter. Now to find the landing place.

Bob again leaned over the cock pit; he must be near the beacon now. Ah! There it was, a slender shaft of light cutting the darkness in an arc of illumination. "Good old Tom," he

thought, "right on the dot." He chuckled as he remembered the wager between the two that the last one there should stand duty that night. Well, he had lost. Settling the plane into a steep dive he nosed downward toward the landing place.

As he came within, one hundred feet of the field, he fingered the control stick preparatory to leveling out. Then, as he applied pressure to the stick, the plane righted itself horizontally, took the ground with a plunk, rolled a few yards, and then came to a standstill. Bob unbuckled the safety strap, swung one leg over the side of the cockpit, and was in the act of swinging the other one over, when a sixth sense warned him of some impending danger. Instinctively he shifted his position and glanced backward, just in time to see his mysterious acquaintance of a few hours before standing over him, his eyes blazing with demoniac fury; his hand holding a heavy iron lever which descended with terrific force upon Bob's head.

Bob saw the blow coming, but not in time; a million dazzling lights glittered before him, and he felt himself sinking; tried to rise—sunk

When Bob Martin recovered consciousness, his first thought was for Tom. An effort to rise brought nerve-racking pains in his head, but steeling himself in the thought of Tom,—good old Tom out there somewhere,—perhaps worse off than himself, his face settled in grim lines and a determined look came into those gray eyes of his.

Climbing out of the cock-pit, Bob painfully made his way to the clump of buildings at one side of the field. There was one thought uppermost in that capable mind of his. He must get Tom! The buildings were all dark; everywhere was silence. He tried the captains' barracks; no one there; he tried the soldiers' barracks; no one there. As he turned away

from the buildings his eye rested upon the beacon shed and, as he looked, he muttered an exclamation. Just barely discernible he made out a tiny crack of light proceeding from the door of the shed.

Stealing forward, he peeked through the tiny crack and suddenly he stiffened. Through the slit he saw two men sitting at a desk in one corner of the room. In the corner nearest the door he made out a huddled form slumped on the floor. A glance at the face, upturned in the light, showed that it was Tom, unconscious and bleeding from a wound on his temple. So Tom had been served in the same way. Struck down from behind brutally, silently, with a cold-bloodedness of purpose that left no speculation as to whether these men were desperate or not.

Bob again turned his glance toward Tom. Suddenly he started; Tom had moved ever so slightly; his eyelids flickered and then opened, but as suddenly closed. Bob heaved a sigh of relief; Tom was feigning unconsciousness with that famous cool-headedness which always carried him out of a pinch. He must get Tom's attention somehow.

The two men, who up to this time had been poring silently over a map in front of them began to converse in low tones together. Bob caught only a few muffled words now and then, but from what was said he gathered that they were waiting for something. The desk in front of them was cluttered with papers of every description, and on one corner of the table beside them was a wireless message receiver. Suddenly the instrument began to click, and one of the men seized a piece of paper and began to write on it. Bob, too, took an envelope, and focusing the rays of his pocket searchlight on the paper took the following message: "Way is c-l-e-a-r—T-a-k-e i-t a-n-d b-e-a-t i-t f-o-r t-h-e-b-o-o-r-d-e-r." C-h-a-d-w-i-c-k S-up. U. S. Div. A. C.

Chadwick! The "super!" So he was the man back of this business! It must have been he who decoyed the men from their duty by this night call! He had never suspected Chad-

wick, that big, bluff, hearty man whom everybody liked. But where was the loot, and what was it? Of a sudden it came to him; the mail from Washington! It was hidden in the big steel vault in the captain's barracks. He, and he alone, knew the combination of the big vault; and he also had the keys to the whole set of buildings, including the beacon shed.

An idea, impracticable perhaps, yet possible, flashed into his head. He must decoy the two men off somewhere, and while they were gone, get Tom out and make off in the plane with the mail loot! Now to proceed! First it would be well to get a look at the two men. Both were dressed in aviator's clothes and so it was impossible to distinguish any marks of the head or body from behind, but suddenly one of the men turned and gazed at the supposedly unconscious Tom. As he did so, his features were marked plainly in the light by the observant Bob. A long, beak-like, nose with a protruding lower jaw, and an awful welt across his right cheek, served to give the man the appearance of resourceful, unlimited, power. This man, giving his comrade a nudge to attract his attention, jerked a finger toward the still figure of Tom and said, "Look, Red, he's still under."

The man addressed, turned and as he did so, Bob recognized the features of his would-be murderer of the monoplane. "Yeah," he replied, "I do my work well."

Bob smiled grimly to himself. A lot had been lost by too much self-confidence, and he had a hunch that this man would lose more than his share. Now to carry his plan into execution.

A few minutes later one of the men straightened up and listened intently. There it was again; a muffled report. "There's something phoney about that," remarked Red, "Let's beat it out and investigate."

"Will he be all right?" asked the other, jerking a thumb over his shoulder toward the motionless form.

"Sure, he's as dead as if he'd had ether," replied the other man; and the two left the

hut in the direction of the muffled shot which had been heard.

Scarcely had the pair disappeared from the shack when the motionless figure in the corner sprang into action. Tom went over to the desk and rifled the papers until he found what he sought for:—the combination of the vault. "That's Bob, I bet a cookie he'll make it hot for them!" he muttered aloud, and at this minute the door swung open and Bob himself rushed in.

"Quick," he gasped, "can you make it to the plane?"

"Surest thing you know," replied Tom, and they hiked it for the plane on the double-quick.

"What the dickens!"—began Tom as Bob squeezed in between the side of the cock-pit and two bound figures.

"Our friends," replied Bob with a grim smile."

"And for the Love-a-pete, what's this?"

"The object of our friend's little party," replied Bob again, as he gave the motor the once over.

"You think you're smart, dont you?" snarled Red.

"Bob, you're a wow," declared Tom as the machine roared after the whirling of the propeller blades had started it into action.

"Sure," laughed Bob, "want me to tell you how I did it?"

"Betcha boots," was the reply.

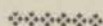
"Well," responded Bob, "you see, I attracted their attention by my revolver shots, which I muffled so as to sound distant. I figured on their being in such a hurry that they would be taken too much by surprise to offer any resistance. And I figured right, it seems. They ran right pelt mell into the muzzle of my friend here"—patting the sides of his holster,—"so I got 'em easy, brought 'em over to the plane, and then securing the mail from the vault, I called for you. See?"

"Too much for me," responded Tom, as the plane rose and pointed its nose toward the light of a distant city. "Of course, we can't attempt to explain the workings of great minds.

"Aw, shut up," was the only reply from the night flyer on whom Uncle Sam had rightly depended for the safe delivery of its mail.

Far, far off in a city five thousand miles distant at the headquarters of the National Aviation Corps two men were sitting at a desk. Presently one remarked, "Lieutenant Martin sure knows his stuff!"

"Captain, you mean," the other corrected, writing out a promotion certificate "but you sure said a mouthful!"



The Chest

By Harriett V. Flagg, '28

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum."

I am the chest. Three weeks ago in merry England, Sir Edward Lee, had one of his men make me of oak with bands of iron about me and a lock of iron. Now it seems like three years ago.

The day I was finished I was put in a little dark room of the castle. I stayed there for two days. Early in the morning of the third day, two men came and carried me out into a large room. I think it was the hall. Sir

Edward, his wife, his little boy, and all the servants were there.

I heard Sir Edward say, "Here is the chest dear Lady, do you think it is strong enough?" "It looks very strong," she replied.

In a moment one of the servants began to line my floor and sides with something very soft. I don't know just what it was but it felt good. Next he laid a box in one of my corners, then another, and another, and still more until my whole interior was covered.

"That is all the money" said Sir Edward to

his wife. Next they put some more of that soft stuff over the top of the boxes. As the boxes were rather high—and the soft stuff took up some room, I was nearly full.

"Nan"! cried Sir Edward, laying a long flat package on top, "those are the papers for the king!" Then the servants began to fill up the rest of the space with paper until I was full to the top. Sir Edward then closed my lid and I heard something click and knew it was the key in the lock.

That night I was taken on board a ship and put into the room that Sir Edward was to sleep in. There was an important looking gentleman with Sir Edward who said when he left: "Remember, this is a difficult task, we realize, and we trust you to the utmost, Sir Edward, so see that those papers arrive safely, and, under no condition, let anyone open this chest other than the King."

Soon the ship begins to move and I know that the perilous journey has begun. What do I hear? It is the captain and Sir Edward talking.

The captain is saying. "There are apt to be pirate ships on the seas at this time and there may be a storm but nevertheless I'll do my best to take you safely to your journey's end."

Sir Edward says. "You *must*, sir! My mission is of the utmost importance. I *cannot* fail!"

"The fates must decide," replies the captain.

They are walking away now and I cannot hear their voices any more.

It is night. My! how long ago this morning in the castle seems! What! there is a noise on the deck! Pirates—so soon? At last Sir Edward is waking. Ah! he is upstairs already. What a noise. The cries and shouts of these

pirates are *terrible*! It is growing more quiet now. I wonder if Sir Edward still lives.

Who is this strange man? Ah! he has gone now. My, but he was queer looking. He wore a black patch over one eye and had a funny hat on. Here are a lot more like him! Where did they come from? Who are they? Are they the ship's crew? No! They are pirates! Where can Sir Edward be?

Hark! They are speaking—"This must be the chest of that crazy one that threw something overboard before I knifed him. Ha! He was a queer one,—raving about his mission!"

Oh! they did kill him after all! Well—*never* shall they find the precious treasure that I am hiding. He threw the key away and only the king has another.

What are they doing now? Drinking and singing, I guess. Ah! they are sitting on me. I'm glad I'm strong! What are they singing? Listen!

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum!"

Are they crazy? What are they going to do with me. Are they going to try to open me? It won't do any good. Only a key can possibly open me.

I wonder what is in that package for the King. I suppose I'll never know, but then neither will the pirates,—so what is the loss?

Now the pirates have gone back to their ship. My! Weren't they mad because they couldn't open me!

The ship is sinking now—but at least I've done my part in helping Sir Edward to try to do his duty, and now we are both going down together.

Farewell!

The Thames River Murderers

By Lawrence Huot, '28

Having partaken of my evening meal, I was about to sit down for an evening of leisure when "that darned bell" rang again as I had just cleared up the mystery concerning the disappearance of Henry Barwaite which had taken two weeks. I had looked forward to this evening with a keen sense of anticipation and pleasure.

Five minutes later I was in the midst of another mystery. My guest, or I should say, my client stated that he was a student at one of the Oxford colleges, and had been residing in the buildings of the same college for two years.

This last year he had started gambling and had accumulated a large debt. Being of a good family he did not wish to disgrace the family name, nor did he want his father to know of his weakness for gambling. He had therefore gone to a money lender of whom he had heard, and, as he entered had foolishly, not knowing better, signed his name to a ledger.

He was ushered into the presence of a small ferret-like man whom he assumed to be the money lender. The young man at once came to the point of his visit explaining that he wished to borrow money. The terms being unsatisfactory he had started to go when the lender called him back.

"Wait a moment," he said, and rang a bell. In answer the office boy brought in a paper which he handed to the money lender. He, in turn passed it to the young man who read a document with his own signature affixed to it which stated that he had committed various crimes enumerated on the paper.

Terrified, the young man sought an explanation.

The now smirking money lender told him to say nothing to his father of the visit and all would be well. Otherwise he would not promise.

After I had heard this story, I saw in a flash, that he, trusting to the youth's inexperience in criminal matters, intended to blackmail the boy's father.

Accordingly, I sent the boy home, and, as he passed out of my sight, I jumped into a taxi, determined to beat him home. Having been admitted to the house, I at once interviewed his father, and explained the situation. I warned him that I expected that he would receive a note from the blackmailer soon. If such was true he was to send the note to me and let me act in his place. I then went home and turned to my papers. The first thing to catch my eye was the following article.

"ANOTHER MURDER"

SIXTH BODY FOUND IN THAMES ANOTHER RED RIBBON MURDER

"During the last month five unrecognizable bodies have been found floating in the Thames. All of these have had a small red ribbon tied to the coat lapel. The authorities have as yet found no clue concerning the murderers. Today the sixth body was found. It has been determined by specialists that life has been extinct for at least a month. The faces are unrecognizable and it is useless to try any modern means of identification. Many think these men are victims of a vendetta."

The next day the expected note arrived, and accordingly, I made up as an elderly man and went to the lenders. I was admitted and found, as the youth had said, that this man was a type of his own.

"You come in answer to my note," he said. I nodded.

"I happen to know," he continued, "that your son has accumulated so many gambling debts that your name is in danger of disgrace."

Taking this as a cue, I affected surprise.

"Altho I do not hold any of these debts I trust it would be worth your while to remunerate me in consideration of my information going no further."

"But," I said, "how am I to know that you are telling the truth?"

"You will be able to see for yourself," he replied. "Be at 8 Meldon Place tonight, so that there will be no mistake as to identity, wear a red ribbon on your lapel. You might bring the £1,000 with you."

He bowed me out.

That night found me in a smoky saloon in the doubtful section of London. I glanced around and saw the man that I had stationed there and my courage rose. Presently a man entered, glanced around, saw me, and approached.

"Follow me," he said.

We went up a flight of stairs.

"You are sure that it's all right," I said

"Oh yes, he'll be here. Got the dough?"

I patted my pocket and we continued our ascent.

He showed me a room and on the floor a board which he kicked aside revealing a small aperture.

"When they come you can look thru there," he said and left.

I glanced about me. The room was bare except for a window, a door, a gas jet, a table

and chair, a doubtful looking bottle of beer and the aperture. First, I gave my attention to this and found that I could see a table on the floor below. I arose and started to the window, as I did so the gas jet flickered and went out, leaving me in stygian darkness. What should I do? Finally I went to the window only to find it barred. Thence to the table and then to the gas jet. Upon examination I found the latter could only have been turned off from below. I stood in the darkness for a moment to collect myself. I went to the door. Slowly I turned the knob, and, pulled the door which opened with a slight creak. I stepped onto the landing and could see nothing. I stepped to the next step, after testing it carefully. I tested the next, stepped and descended. I put my hand on the baluster and stepped again. What would happen? Carefully I go another step, and another. I step once more and find myself hurtling through space. I next found myself struggling in icy water. My great overcoat is pulling me under. Finally I managed to get my police whistle between my chilled lips. Frantically I blew and managed to struggle until I became aware of hands about my shoulders.

All's well that ends well! This proved to be the clearing up of all the red ribbon murders. And lucky am I that it wasn't number *seven*!



A Forgotten Hero

By Alberta Hayes, '27

How we all love to hear or read about heroes! Some men's names go down in history as famous heroes. Generations upon generations sing their praises. Others die and are forgotten. It is about one of these forgotten heroes that I am going to tell you.

Sandy MacPhee, lived in a certain New England town. It was not one of those cozy towns, nestling in a little valley, but was scat-

tered on the barren hills in the eastern part of Maine. Sandy MacPhee might have been called a district doctor—the only one for miles and miles around. He was a typical Scotchman, with light curly hair; under his shaggy brows were deep, blue, laughing eyes; and his features were strong and rugged. He was a strong, well-built, healthy looking man, in the early thirties, with strong shoulders capable

of lifting up and carrying many burdens. He was called "Happy Sandy" by all who knew him.

Sandy lived on a high hill in one part of the town with a middle aged lady, his housekeeper, who was like a mother to him. Nine years he had lived there, devoting himself to his profession, sacrificing his life for the poor people. During the winter months he toiled the hardest. Winter was a hard season for all the inhabitants, also, it was so cold, and these people were poor. Although they worked hard on their stubborn unwieldy farms, the most they got were backaches, and blisters even on hard, callous hands. Doctor Sandy was ever busy but never wealthy.

One evening in the winter of 1869, tired, overworked Doctor Sandy crawled into bed for a good night's rest. How comfortable he felt! All day he had been battling against a heavy snowstorm with his faithful horse, visiting his patients and cheering them up. The storm had been raging all day, and was growing worse every hour. He had just fallen asleep when the ting of the telephone,—a sound which meant so much to him, awakened the poor doctor. What a temptation to nestle down deeper in the warm blankets, doze off and forgot that ring. The doctor experienced this temptation; but he got out of his warm bed and answered that ring. Over the wire came a weak, trembling voice, "He's as pale as death, Doc, pale as death and oh! so weak. He can't hardly breathe. Can't you come? Its little Johnny, you know!"

"Of course I'll come. Be right over. Now don't worry," came Sandy's usual answer in a deep, rich yet husky voice.

Tears came in Doctor's Sandy's eyes and

a queer lump stopped up his throat, as he thought of little weak Johnny. He had been afraid—oh so afraid, when he had left the little chap only that morning.

He hastily dressed, put on his fur coat and cap, picked up his medicine case, and stepped out into the storm. He waded blindly to the stable, hitched up his horse and started out. The wind was howling and blowing. The snow had drifted, making the road almost impassable. Fallen trees also hindered the courageous doctor from continuing his journey. He could not see more than two feet ahead of him, so thick and fast the snow fell. But on he went. The doctor would never give up. He was nearly frozen when he finally saw a dim light ahead. He knew a little frightened family was listening eagerly for his knock on that weather-beaten door. What pleasure it gave him to knock there! He entered a barren little farm-house. He dreaded to look on that suffering white little face. But determination was written on his firm lips and square chin. He walked over to the bedside, and used all his skill to save the little fellow.

Before he left, the boy was in a better condition. This big gentle doctor gave the child strength and courage to pull through. The doctor felt confident. The family urged him to stay overnight, but he felt it his duty to return to the housekeeper, who would worry if he did not return before morning. So he started home.

In the morning he was found—a great tree had fallen across him, crushing his precious body. He had died that night—in the awful storm, alone, half-frozen. Was he afraid to die, when he knew he had done right?



Bell-Buoy Meditation

By Peter, '27.

I was at ease and contented. I was not cushioned in comfort before a glowing hearth,

nor revelling in the selfish light of worldly gaiety, but

I lay and looked at the sun,
 The noon sun looked at me:
 Between us two,—no one
 Live creature, that I could see.

However, though on the water, I was not trusting so much to my natatorial ability as did the immortal Browning in his, for I was basking in the summer sunshine on the flat "lower deck" of a bell-buoy in the middle of Penobscot Bay.

Some sage once said that one lives to the most intense degree when he is alone, undisturbed and meditative. Truly then, this was the great chance to live, for no spot farther away than this, from what "the world" calls real life, have I ever found. The nearest land was a quarter of a mile away, and that an island on which was an only farm house on the farther side. The surface of the bay was cut by a fresh land breeze; and in the sky were myriad little powder-puff clouds which moved so steadily that, gazing up from the water surface at them alone, I felt that it was I that travelled along so surely and serenely to some new land.

Above me, the clappers of the old black bell clanged like the chime of eternity, as the ponderous weight of the buoy rolled in the swell of the sea. Perhaps, in a room or hall, the din of that old signal buoy would be tremendous, unbearable; but there, in the midst of the open, it was in perfect accord with everything. Indeed, the voice of Nature was stronger, deeper, more noticable.

When first I reached the buoy that morning, I inspected with the curiosity of any small boy, the simple mechanism of the bell. Your clappers ranged about the exterior of the bell,

swung two at a time against its lowest edge. As the bell was quite old, the clappers and bell had worn at the points of contact so that the former struck snugly in four perfectly fitting cups, making as with all old bells, a clearer tone than when new.

But, to compare this with Nature as I saw it that morning,—is it any wonder that the tones of Nature, produced by various combinations of elements, are truer and more beautiful than any of those in the works of men? For Nature comes to us through all time with, I am told, five days head start on the human race. What a small difference that was "in the beginning," but what a correspondingly great difference seems to be the result!

It is true, there was beauty in the swelling tones of the bell that day, but that was in its regularity, its constancy, which was caused by Nature's waves. If tolled by the hand of man, the sound would have been intermittent and uncertain:—an effect which is unbeauteous in anything. For instance, I have never seen anything so majestically beautiful as the sure and unswerving sweep of a violin bow in the hand of a master musician and then, with the sight, comes to one's ears the music of still greater masters. But here, you say, is the work of man,—This playing,—This music. But no, I say, it is the work of Nature in man for greater perfection than man alone can bring about. A musician, think:—is he the type to harden his soul against an appreciation of Nature? Is he one to care more for a life of artificialities? A musician,—an artist in the living of life, is a man with a soul,—a soul open to the aid of Nature,—a smooth matching of the clapper and the bell.

The Battle at Crecy

By Cynthia Jones

It was in the time of that most gentle and valiant prince, Edward, called the Black Prince, and the day before his first battle, fought at Crecy.

The young Earl of Warrington and his faithful squire, Miles, were resting after a hard day's journey.

Warrington was thinking of his fair Eleanor

and of the battle to-morrow, where he hoped to gain honor and win his sweet lady love.

Miles was picturing Eleanor's pretty little handmaid, saucy Betsy, as he had parted from her; and he also, was speculating on the outcome of the next day, for unless he brought back good tidings of his brave master, roguish Betsy would have none of him. She loved when her mistress loved and could not be happy without her.

The next day dawned clear. The trumpets shrilled and the army took up its position on a favorable slope, facing the enemy.

The French advanced after noon, but because of a misunderstanding in orders, they advanced in confusion and although this gave the English first advantage, the French were

superior in numbers.

The young earl and his sturdy squire were near the prince in the very thick of the fight. Miles stuck doggedly at his master's side and once received a terrible blow on his rugged sword that, had it landed true, would have killed Warrington.

After a hard fought struggle, the English retired victorious and neither the earl nor his servant were injured except for a slight scratch on the latter's cheek.

It were needless to relate the story of his swift ride home and how both the mistress and maid were wooed and won or how the four lived comfortably at the Earl's home afterward.



The Faithful Friend

By Barbara Eaton

The dog is man's most faithful friend. Did you ever hear of or see a dog who was disloyal to his master? Many times dogs give faithful and valuable services in return for the protection received from their masters. Some people claim that dogs act mostly from instinct but anyone who has owned a dog knows they have a high degree of intelligence.

During one of the birthday celebrations of the poet, Whittier, he was visited by a lady who was a celebrated oratorio singer. She was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet-dog came into the room, and seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated and listened with a delight unusual for an animal. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he

was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Is this incident not a fine sample of intelligence and fidelity? If people do not like dogs, it is because they don't understand them. I know a lady who used to hate dogs. The very sight of them made her cringe and if one was in the room with her or anywhere near her clothes, she would shout at it, in no pleasant tone, to get out. Now a member of her family owns a lovely dog. She thinks as much of it as is possible for any person to think of a dog. Did you ever stop to think that you can get angry at your dog but he never gets angry with you? His feelings are hurt but that does not lessen his love for you. Another incident that shows the faithfulness of a dog is a story from Denton's Anecdotes, about "Napoleon and The Dog."

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the

sanguine scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity, or even exhilaration of spirits in an hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his staff, over the plain covered with the dead bodies, and silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie.

It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from its face and hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and turning to his officers, with his hand pointing toward the faithful dog, he said with evident emotions, "There, gentleman that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

THE PHANTOM SHIP

Priscilla Bell, '28

Away across the blue expanse
Of never ending waves,
Which seem to be piled up mountains high
In the most fantastic ways,
We see the sails of a distant ship
Framed against the sky.

This ship is not a bulky one,
Like a vision it floats along,
'Tis only the ship of departed souls,
Which weathers every storm.
As we gaze, it quietly fades from our sight,
And the phantom ship is gone.

We know not whither this ship has gone,
It always fades away,
But we know that in years to come
We will see and know it too,
When Our Creator picks us for
The members of its crew.

DULCI TURE

Anonymous

In the dark, 'round the silenced arches
Of my chapel of Heart's Desire,
Lazily mounts in spirals
The smoke from the altar fire.

It curls up from the bronzes
And beats up to the roof
Like the flexures of eternity
With a stateliness aloof.

The silvery wreaths yet struggle,
Spirits arisen from the fire,
And buffet against the Gothics
To be out, to spread, to mount higher.



The dean's list for the second half of the fall semester at the University of Maine has been announced. It contains the names of 136 students, of which the following represent B. H. S.

Seniors—Eugene Winch, Mary Belinian, Anna Clark, Blandena Couillard, Ada Peters, Harry Stern, Milton Clapp, Paul Watson.

Juniors—Pauline Aiken, Helen Benner, Elizabeth Collins, Philip Trickey.

Sophomores—Robert Crowell, Abram Libby, Gordon Smith, Maurice Wheeler.

Freshmen—Dorothy M. Culley, Richard T. Munce.

Walter F. Ulmer, B. H. S. '21, and Maine Central Institute '23, is attending Bates college this year where he is prominent in many different forms of activity. He won his letter in football this fall and besides his success in athletics, he is prominent in the various student and social organizations at Bates. He was elected president of the Junior class and has been a representative of the Student Council since his freshman year. He is also a member of the debating squad and was winner of the Sophomore prize debate last year.

Dorothy Clough, '24, is attending Skidmore College this year. She recently participated in the sophomore class play. Miss Clough took the part of the gardener in the Boor, by Tickoff.

Bangor girls who are students at the Farmington State Normal school and who were home for the holidays were Dorothy Brown, Ruth Hasey, Doris Richardson, Frances Clark, Dorothy Brady, Edna Dearborn, Iva Weston, Marjorie Wentworth, Dorothy Grindle, Beatrice Johnson, Barbara Fogg, Doris Parks, Helen McDonough, and Loraine Potter.

Harold F. McMann and Albert B. Chapman both of the class of '26, who are freshmen at Norwich University have been pledged to Greek letter fraternities. As it is reported McMann joined Delta Sigma Tau and Chapman has become a member of Alpha Sigma Pi.

Faith Donovan, B. H. S., '26, has been chosen a member of the New England Conservatory of Music orchestra under the direction of Wallace Goodrich. While in B. H. S., Miss Donovan played in the High School Orchestra and in the Bangor Symphony orchestra.

The class elections at the University of Maine brought the following names of Bangor High School alumni into prominence.

Daniel Webster—Senior class treasurer.

Victor B. MacNaughton—Sophomore class treasurer.

Mary Robinson—Sophomore class secretary.

Elizabeth Sawyer—Commencement Week committee.

Edith O'Connor and Mae Kirk—Girls' Cane Committee.

Andre Cushing—Junior Prom Committee.

Roderick C. O'Connor—Pipe Committee.

The following are some of the B. H. S. alumni who were home for the holidays from their various schools.

Elcena Cole—New England Conservatory of Music.

Eugene Rowe and Philip Whitman—Y. M. C. A. college, Springfield, Mass.

Harold McMann and Albert B. Chapman—Norwich University.

Ralph Brown, Gorham Robinson and John Dunning—Hebron Academy.

Mary McAvey and Ruth Dunning—Lasell Seminary.

James McGinty, William Richardson Malcolm Tapley and Francis Sullivan—Kents Hill.

Lenora Hall—Colby College.

Margaret Chalmers—Wheelock School.

John McClay—Maine Central Institute.

Charlotte Drummond—Smith.

Emma Townsend—Wellesley.

Harriet Cross, Dorothy Ireland and Gretchen Hayes—Wheaton College.

Donald Finnigan and Ernest Turner—Georgetown University.

Harvey Boyd, Raymond Worster, Walter Whittier, Charles Sawyer, Donald Taylor, John Townsend, Prescott Vose, Harold Schiro, Philip Smith and Guy Campbell—Bowdoin College.

Georgia Mayo and Tillie Widdleton—Gorham Normal School.

Charlotte Hubbard—Radcliff.

John W. White—Cornell University.

Charles P. Whittemore—University of Pennsylvania.

Earl Purington—North Eastern College.

During the Christmas Holidays a group of B. H. S. alumnae, girls who formerly played basketball on the B. H. S. team, formed a team and played the present B. H. S. team. The alumni were beaten. The following alumni played: Mary Robinson, Mary McAvey, Madeline Silsby, Catherine Trickey, Frances Clark, Charlotte Drummond, Avis Haley, Alice Webster.

Mary Robinson and Alice Webster, B. H. S., '25 are both playing on the University of Maine Girls' Basket Ball Team this winter.

Mary McAvey, B. H. S., '25, won her letter on the Lasell Seminary Hockey Team this fall.

IN MEMORIAM

Franklin E. McGuire, '25.

Murray L. Billington, '26.





LOCALS



FOK 14

The first meeting of the Library Club was held in the school library, Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, at 7.30 o'clock. Charlotte Thompson, the president, opened the meeting with matters of business interest. Then Miss Rand, of the Bangor Public Library, gave a most interesting talk, with "The Story of the Library Book" as her subject.

With an attendance of about twenty-five, this meeting gave promise of the club's becoming a prominent activity in the school life this year.

FRENCH CLUB

On Monday evening, Nov. 29, the French Club met at Mrs. Hedin's apartment in the State Hospital, by invitation.

After a brief business meeting the entertainment committee presented their program which consisted of a French play, a vocal solo by Beryl Bryant and songs in which the whole club joined.

The play was greatly enjoyed by all present, and it showed a great deal of work on the part of the actors, who were Jessie Fraser, Charlotte Thompson, Rachel Foss, Gertrude Ebbeson, Clarence Coffin and Margaret Hathorne. This play is the best piece of work that has been done by the club.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Hedin, the club was served with delicious refreshments of ice cream, cookies, candy, and punch. The club adjourned with many thanks to Phyllis and Mrs. Hedin for the pleasantest meeting of the year.

The Committee in charge of the next two meetings is composed of Jessie Fraser, Frances Giddings and Cuthbert Sargent, assisted by Mrs. Hall.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

The subject of the fourth meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was Parliamentary Procedure. A debate followed on the subject, "Resolved, that the U. S. should cancel all war debts." The affirmative was upheld by Cynthia Jones, and Dorothy Sullivan; the negative by Sylvia Foster and Esther Flynn, after a few minutes of open rebuttal, the decision was awarded to the affirmative.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The first meeting of the Bangor High School Commercial Club was held in the Assembly Hall on December 1, 1926, under the leadership of Mrs. Cora B. True, head of the Commercial department. The results of the election were as follows: President, Leona Leighton; vice-president, Harvey Crook; secretary, Isabelle Davidson; treasurer, Milton Goodell; reporter, Anna Emple; club sponsor, Mrs. Cora B. True. A program committee was appointed as follows: Carl Delano, Hilda Davidson, Marjorie Donovan, Frances Tracy and Milton Goodell.

At Second meeting of the Commercial Club it was decided to purchase a book of plays. It was also voted that as long as the Commercial Club should exist, a five dollar gold piece should be donated at graduation to the pupil attaining the highest number of words at the annual state typewriting contest.

Eleanor Peavey, '27, is spending the winter in Florida but will return in the spring to resume her studies in B. H. S.

GIRLS' RIFLE TEAM

On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 14, 1926, the first meeting of the Girls' Rifle Team was held.

Senior girls only were allowed to join the team. Captain Tribolet showed the girls how to shoot, and also how to clean the guns. At the second meeting of the Rifle Team, the following officers were elected. Executive Officer, Capt. Tribolet; President, Ruth Gordon; Vice-President, Helen Baker; Secretary, Rosamond Taylor; Treasurer, Avis Bartlett.

Capt. Tribolet stated that if the girls became proficient enough, matches would be arranged with other Girls' Teams.

There was no morning session of the school on Monday, December 6th, due to a rather severe snow storm. In some parts of the city the signal was not heard thus causing many of the students an unnecessary walk to a deserted school.

A special chapel was held on Tuesday, at which time the students were informed that Monday's schedule would be followed.

At a Monday morning's chapel recently, Mr. Trickey awarded the school letter to the following football players: Captain Raichlin, Maynard, Whitcomb, Wilde, Tapley, Gillin, Valenta, Cox, Colburn, Samway, Perry, Nickerson and manager McCarthy.

Speaking about ticket buying, Robert Nickerson, manager of the Bangor high basket ball team, gave a short talk at Wednesday morning's chapel on December 15th, in which he proposed his new plan of selling season tickets by having each home room teacher issue a numbered ticket to every student in his or her room. The recipient then had until after the Christmas holiday to pay or return the ticket. He announced that as the goal was only 800 tickets, it should be reached easily by the method of this new proposition.

In response to an appeal made by Miss Mary C. Robinson at a recent chapel exercise, the sum of \$24.50 was raised and sent to the New East Relief Association. Later, a receipt was posted upon the bulletin board stating that the above mentioned sum had been gratefully received. The man in charge of the Near East orphans is Mr. Joseph Beach, formerly a B. H. S. student.

Dean Hart from the U. of M. has been at the School several times for the purpose of interviewing students intending to attend there next fall.

Danforth Hayes as exponent of the operetta *Pepita*, delivered a short speech about the approaching musical production. He mentioned the many students who had a leading part to play and urged a large sale of tickets be made.

The operetta *Pepita* was presented under the direction of Miss Doris Plaisted, expression teacher at the high school and Mrs. Dorothy Deane of the music department of the public schools, to a large audience assembled in the assembly hall on Friday evening, Dec. 17th. The dramatic end of the play was especially commendable. The notable players were W. Danforth Hayes, as Pedro, and Ralph Leonard, as Henry Hepworth. Both displayed a great deal of stage presence and ability in acting. Many considered Alden Denaco, as Wilson, the valet, to be the star and comedian of the show. Miss Martha Holmes should get the large part of the honors for her portrayal of *Pepita* was exceptionally good. The cast was comprised of the following students:

Pedro, an inkeeper.....	W. Danforth Hayes
Filipa, his daughter.....	Dorothy Bradford
Carlos, an author.....	Newell Kurson
<i>Pepita</i> , a Mexican maid.....	Martha Holmes
Henry Hepworth, an American million-	
aire	Ralph Leonard
Jane Hepworth, his sister.....	Ella Cross
Wilson, his valet.....	Alden Denaco
Romero, a smuggler.....	Donald Yates

As an added attraction besides the chorus of thirteen boys and sixteen girls, many young ladies such as the Misses Gordon, Bell, McLaughlin, Giddings, Daigle, Haskell and Sawyer presented several Spanish dances.

We were all interested to read in the papers of Dec. 23rd, that Phyllis Lorrimer and David Miller were the medal winners of the Lucerne-in-Maine essay contest. The winning essays are reprinted in this issue of the *Oracle*.

(Continued on page 41)

MUSIC



THE WATER COLORS OF A MASTER COMPOSER

The master composer sits at his desk and is full of the most poetic of musical sounds. We must allow these to come out. Let us now see what our great master has with which to give beauty to his work.

In a general sense, he has the orchestra. The orchestra may be divided into four great families, namely, the wood-wind family, the brass family, the string family, and the percussion family.

The wood-wind family furnishes much of the tone color. Its delicate combinations of flutes and clarinets are exquisite for presenting sweetness. The flute is especially adapted to express emotion. The clarinet with its enormous range gives dramatics. Pensive and serious is the oboe. The bassoon is by turns grotesque and melancholy. The bass-clarinet is a burly fellow who gives body to the rest.

The brass family is a husky one and is adapted to rendering loud passage. The trumpet can be piercing or sweet and tender. The French horns are useful as a background, and soft and mellow in their solos. The trombone is noble and dignified with enormous volume. The tuba is capable of great emphasis in the bass.

The string family forms the background of the whole orchestra. The violin is the king, not only of the strings but of all instruments. It expresses what its player wishes. Sharp, piercing, tender, sweet, sympathetic, humor-

ous, dramatic,—it deserves its place at the head of all. The viola is expressive of a well-matured contentment. The Cello has hearty vigor and a sonorous, deep voice. The bass is strong and robust.

The percussion family is most important for climaxes and emphasis. The tympani are expressive of woe, trouble, excitement. Bells and chimes are sweet and joyful. Cymbals suggest disaster. Drums are martial in spirit.

The harp suggests classic beauty, and the piano and organ are capable of much expression as well as giving harmonious support to the orchestra as a whole.

The master-composer finds what he wishes to express and tints his musical picture with the choicest of musical colors.

THE CRITIC

November 19—The Orchestra gave a brilliant rendition of the overture to "Pepita." The music for this Mexican operetta is by Augustus Knight. The themes are bright and spirited, and contain the light hearted gaiety which characterizes the whole work. The Orchestra was magnificent and followed the conductor's baton as though it were one instrument.

November 24—The Band made a fine appearance. An arrangement by Laurendeau of operatic airs was given. Under the title "Operatic Mosaic" we find some well-known operatic airs. Without a doubt, the Band was

in playing mood. It was perfect in expression and technique.

December 1—The Band gave an excellent performance of Dorothy Lee's beautiful "Simplicity." This selection contains rich harmonies and sweet melodies. It is a piece that calls for a high degree of musicianship.

December 10—The Orchestra gave Beethoven's delightful "Minuet in G." Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, in some of his exquisite short numbers, gives us his best thoughts and his purest inspiration. A minuet is a stately, old dance in three-four time. It is one of grace and dignity. This particular minuet is characterized by just those things and has come to be one of those pieces that are universally known and loved. The Orchestra did well with it, making the proper crescendos and allowing the delicate parts to remain soft and airy.

December 15—The Band performed a graceful little number called "Veronica" of which A. Wiedt is the composer. This selection has a delicate instrumentation which emphasizes the wood-winds. The small band this morning, on account of a misunderstanding, showed nevertheless, the musicianship of the individual.

December 17—The Music and Dramatic Departments of Bangor high put on the Mexican operetta "Pepita." The music is by Augustus Knight and the libretto by Philip Hutchins. It was a superb production and reflects the greatest of credit on Miss Doris Plaisted, who had charge of the dramatics, and Mrs. Dorothy Dean, in charge of the music. The music, we find, is lighthearted, cheerful, gay—it is a real comic opera. The acting was of the highest order. The soloists were splendid and acted their difficult roles with seeming ease. The chorus was fine and added much to the success of the show. The dancers were excellent. The orchestra, composed of members of the School Orchestra, supported the singers and served as a background for them.

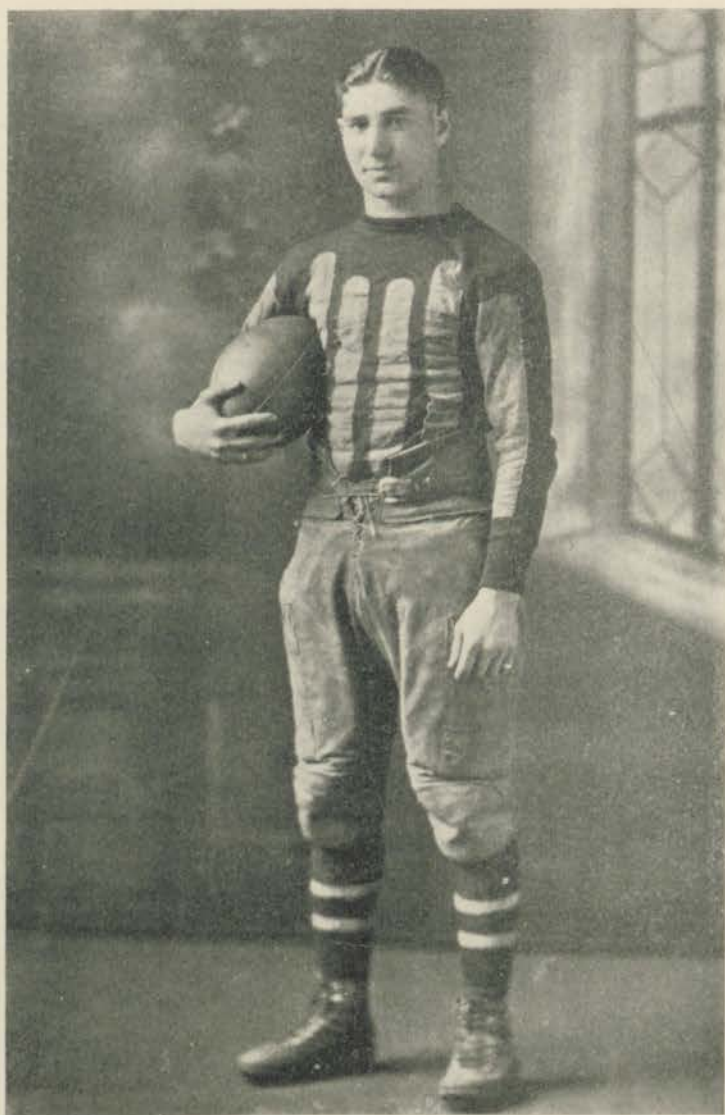
January 5—The Band gave of its best. N. van Westerhout's beautiful "Ronde D'Amor" was played. Besides being in rondo form, the selection is very expressive as a tone poem. As one would conceive from the title, the theme is love. The Band was superb in its presentation of this lover's story. We heard him first speaking softly, then with passionate eloquence, and finally ending in blissful peace and quiet.



BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM



1st row—Samway, R. E., Nickerson, C., Capt. Raichlin, Q. B. and F. B., Gillen, Q. B. and H. B., Cox, L. H. B., Perry, L. T.
2nd row—Manager McCarthy, Captain-elect Colburn, R. G., Tapley, R. H. B., Maynard, L. E., Coach McKechnie.
3rd row—Athletic Director Somerville, Valenta, end and F. B., Whitecomb, R. T., Wilde, L. G.



CAPT. "MUSHY" RAICHLIN

"Mushy" has been a valuable member of the Bangor High football squad for four years, and for three years has played a regular back-field position on the varsity. Standing only 5' 2", and weighing only 135 "soakin wet," Mushy sure looks like a "sample" when he lines up in the full back berth. Over to Portland, when the team trotted onto the field, a fair member of the weaker sex, in the Blue stands, was heard to remark: "Oh! isn't that the sweetest mascot?"

Anyway what "Mushie" lacks in size, he makes up in grit and fite, and when called upon

to crash the center, for the needed yardage, he never fails to come thru—and the opposing line sure knows it has been hit!

Mushy doesn't confine himself to football alone however, for he is equally at home on a baseball diamond or a basketball court.

A member of the basketball squad for two years, he is, this season, holding down a running back berth, on the Crimson quintet.

To put the whole story in a few words we can say: "Mushy" is a first class all around athlete,—a gentleman, and a scholar.



ISHMAEL MacKECHNIE

To this meek looking gentleman, and teacher of Science, goes the credit of building up Crimson teams from one man, slow moving elevens, to fast, fighting, eleven men machines.

"Mac's" job certainly has been no path of roses, for he was left this year with only two veterans and practically no great quantity of material.

However, "Mac" doffed his street clothes, donned a football suit, dived into the mass,

and proceeded to build together a team, which altho not as heavy as teams in the past years, was fast and had but one motto—"Team-work."

From a schedule point of view, perhaps, the Crimson has had a tough year, but when one stops and considers, that an entirely new team had to be gotten together this year, and that a wealth of material is left for next year, the season's record doesn't look so ragged, after all.



PHILIP T. SOMERVILLE

This, boys, girls and freshmen, this broken, worried, and greatly over-worked man is "Phil" Somerville, L. L. D., D. D. D., Athletic Director of Bangor High School.

"Phil" may be seen any day, (for nothing!) walking up and down the corridors of our noble Alma Mater's residence, carrying great stacks of fan mail, (address 130 Birch St.) looking very gloomy and downcast, and sul-

lenly muttering: — "Pants, \$60.00, jerseys, \$50.00, shoestring \$0.10, whistle \$0.25." Really, my children, it is a very pathetic scene.

Nevertheless, "Phil" is an Athletic Director of A No. 1 class, and never has the financial end of B. H. S. athletics, been handled so well and efficiently as this year, and we can all be sure that as long as "Phil" is at the helm, the treasury is sure to be full of golden shekels!



Owing to the fact we were rather late in getting the first issues of the *Oracle* started on the way to our various exchanges the numerous papers received, have as yet, contained no comments on the *Oracle*. However before the next issue we hope to receive at least a few criticisms in order that one may learn just how his paper appears to the casual observer of other schools.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Taconic," Williamstown High School Williamstown, Mass.—An old exchange that is always welcome. "A story of 1966" is a fantastic tale in which everything imaginable on earth is done by electricity. Just imagine an airship capable of doing five thousand miles per second. Edgar Rice Burroughs had better look to his laurels. This story is but one of the many charming ones to be found in *"The Taconic,"* but do not think the literary department is the only one of worth for the others are for the most part of unusually merit. The editorials are, however, rather conspicuous by their absence.

"The Wildcat," Waterboro High School, Waterboro, S. C.—This is a breezy five column newspaper that does not contain a dull paragraph or topic. An article on school spirit is excellent. Students of any high school could profit by reading it. The special attention paid to the teachers of the school in this paper also is worthy of note for surely the very backbone of a school is its teachers and no school without a capable staff can hope to obtain the highest degree of efficiency from its students.

The *Lawrence High School Monthly*, Fairfield, Me.—The class notes are in spite of their shortness very well arranged.

The *"Red and Blue,"* St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H.—This magazine has been placed in the First Class Honor Rating by the Central Interscholastic Press Association, the second highest honors that an American High School paper can win. The numerous poems of this paper deserve special mention. Here's hoping that next year the paper will be placed in the highest rating.

The *"Red and White,"* Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.—An attractive magazine, "Drops of Ink" is a unique and very clever addition to this paper. This also has a very fine poetry section. In fact the whole paper is as well arranged as any we have yet received.

The *"Kodak,"* Cheboygan High, Chebouan, Mich.—A school paper that contains more jokes and witty sayings than "Judge." This is all very good, but why not a little more about school affairs? Everyone can't be a Witiver or a Rogers. The editorials and athletic notes are above average, and after all we certainly do enjoy reading some of your jokes.

The *"Mountaineer,"* Butte High School, Butte, Mont.—One of the few six column newspapers we have received. It's just like a real city paper, with the large headlines and illustrated advertisements. From the write-ups of the football games we learned that Butte had a crack football team that apparently was much appreciated by the student body.

The "*Red and Black*," Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.—A compact well arranged magazine. The athletic notes are written up in approved "big league" style. The literary department contains two clever but very short stories. Why not add a few more to it? The cover is a drawing of a football warrior in a dark uniform that looks great on the blood red cover.

The "*Willow Messenger*," Red Willow High School, Red Willow, Neb.—We wish to congratulate this school for its fine paper—for consider, the high school has an enrollment of twenty-five students, just about the size of one solitary division in Bangor High. Half the student body is on the paper's staff. There appear to be no slackers in the school, judging from the number of school activities noted in its pages. Once more we take pleasure in congratulating this plucky little school that publishes a paper good enough for a school ten times its size.

The "*Spectator*," Chicopee High School, Chicopee, Mass.—A really different paper from the usual run—the school notes are written up so charmingly that even the uninterested observer feels duty bound to read to the very end after starting to sketch the first of them. The splendid editorials were perhaps the best feature of the paper.

The "*Monad*," Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.—"Three Black Hands" and "A Strange Vacation" are interesting well developed stories. But why have all mystery stories? The article "Poor English" tells very clearly why we use no better grammar than we do. The editorials could be raised to a higher standard we think judging from the well planned material the rest of the paper contains.

The "*Hebronian*," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.—We welcome this paper from the "Big Green." Judging from this fine

paper the Hebronites maintain just as high a standard in their scholastic work as they do on the athletic field.

The "*Monitor*," Carbondale High, Carbondale, Illinois.—We read with pleasure the numerous excellent poems to be found in this magazine. We also enjoyed the highly interesting exchanges. This is the only paper that we have found which really appears to have too many advertisements—for in fact over half of the paper is taken up by them. What an energetic business manager you must have!

The "*Tattler*," Rockwood High School, Rockwood, Pa.—To this paper goes the distinction of having the shortest athletic notes—some two paragraphs long. "Tattling Tidbits" contains some good jokes and also some that are not so good. The class notes are written up very entertainingly.

The "*Milaca*," Milaca High School, Milaca, Minn.—A paper which we can do naught but praise for its well arranged conservative contents. The chief purpose of going to high school is to gain at least partially an education—although there are apparently many who don't know it or care—but judging from the serious literary endeavors to be found in the Milaca paper its scholars are not wasting any valuable time.

South Portland High "*Echo*," South Portland, Me.—The splendid editorials of this paper deserve much praise for their serious constructive thoughts. If all should read and then put into practice what they have read how much better a school South Portland would be! "Jox" contains many jokes that are really honestly funny.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers:

The Bates Student.

(Continued on page 41)



THE INTER-COMPANY MATCH

The R. O. T. C. boys started to practice for the inter-company match about the first of December, allowing them about two weeks and a half for practice before the match was held. Everyone was given a fair chance at marksmanship, each drill day. The scores which were made were listed until the two weeks were up, then they were averaged to and the fifteen highest scorers were picked out of each company. These fifteen men again shot and seven best were taken; these shot in the match and five out of each seven were the deciding scores. This match was held on the last day before Christmas vacation, its winners being company F, who made a score of 242 out of a possible 250 and for their good work they were awarded each a medal. All teams made fairly good scores which shows the result of the fine training they received from Captain Tribolet.

The scores of each company are as follows:

CO. F, FIRST

Yates.....	50
Jacques.....	50
Luddin.....	48
Cust.....	48
Davis.....	46

Total..... 242

CO. B, SECOND

Barrett.....	49
--------------	----

Graham.....	49
Hasey.....	49
Hasey.....	48
Blaisdell.....	44

Total..... 239

CO. G, THIRD

Kimball.....	50
Pineo.....	49
Sproul.....	46
Ross.....	44
Colburn.....	44

Total..... 233

CO. C, FOURTH

Gallant.....	49
Pressey.....	49
Cassidy.....	48
Cutter.....	44
Earl.....	42

Total..... 232

CO. E, FIFTH

Bunker.....	47
Luosey.....	44
Fahey.....	46
Morgan.....	43
Laraby.....	43

Total..... 223

CO. A, SIXTH

Rand.....	44
McManus.....	44
Richardson.....	42
Garland.....	41
Aldrich.....	33
Total.....	204

THE RIFLE TEAM

Captain Tribolet, the coach of the team, has arranged a fine schedule of matches for this winter. The team, although weakened by the loss of some of last year's graduates, will endeavor to become once more the champion of New England. Last year the schedule was long and kept the team very busy. This year it will be somewhat shorter but will be with schools of high ability in shooting. All matches will be of four positions. Prone, Sitting, Kneeling and Standing.

The schedule:

Jan. 10—Commencement of New England High School championship match.

Jan. 15—M. I. T. University Freshman.

Feb. 15—Hurst Trophy match.

Feb. 19—Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana.

Feb. 21—First Corps Area.

Feb. 23—Pheonix Union High School,

Pheonix, Arizona.

Feb. —University of Maine Freshman (pending), Orono, Maine.

The Interscholastic Championship will also be shot. If the team qualifies in the 1st Corps Area the Intercollegiate match will be shot.

In the M. I. T., Culver Military Academy, Pheonix High School and 1st Corps Area each man has twelve shots to a target, two of these which are to sight the gun in and the other ten shots for the match, shooting two shots in every bullseye, the last ten of which are the counting shots. In the Hurst trophy match six shots are issued to every man, the first for sighting and the last five the counting shots for the match.

THE R. O. T. C.

Colonel Wells, a distinguished military man, was a guest of Captain Tribolet a few weeks ago. His duty was to inspect the R. O. T. C. of Bangor High School. He is a Military critic and is a very good judge. He travels around to every military school for the same purpose that he came to Bangor. Later he will determine which school has the neater appearing and the best drilling R. O. T. C. His plans is to come here once more towards the end of the season and inspect the school, which has a strong chance to be the winners.



The Freshmen of B. H. S.
have chosen a Motto for
their class.

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME V

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

GENERAL UPSET OF SANTA CLAUS THEORY

**Danforth Hayes is Denounced by Alyson Wise---Wise Says
That He is Able to Prove Himself True St.
Nicholas---Not Much Opposition from Hayes**

The Bangor Court House has been the scene of a nationwide trial for the last month. Thousands upon thousands of people come by train, steamers, and railroads to view the city that should have the honor of such a trial and the school that should contain such a notable as Santy. In the crowded streets many of the celebrities of U. S. A. are seen; such as "Tom" Perry, (Chemistry Acrobat); "Deacon" Denaco, (Noted throughout the clergy); "Full" Rubin, (Occupant of Cell 33333333331); "Birdy" Bartlett, (from the New Graphic Follies); "Resie" Gordan, (the cause of the Revelutionary War) and many others.

The defendant, Dan Hayes, procured the services of Lawyer, Hugh Connor (not admitted to the bar on account of the 21st Amendment) who has a great reputation of being a super-man at his profession.

Mr. Alyson Wise, being a highly educated character and a master of the influential English Language took the offensive side all alone.

The first week of the trial was rather slow and not much ground was covered—Wise giving his claim and discussed improbability of such a thing as Hayes being Claus. After much formality Judge Kazutow gave time out for the jury to get something to eat after two weeks of heavy discussion.

The story of how this great argument came about is as follows: Mr. Hayes made a public confession of his dual personality in Chapel, one morning not long

ago. "Buster" Wise being among the audience, heard this claim and instantly took the opposition. The case was then taken into several of the lower courts and as no decision was reached it was advanced, until now it is practically in the highest court.

Lawyer Connor states that in the few remaining weeks of this great argument he has the intention of presenting evidence that will amaze the public. He has an alibi that will prove that "Buster" Wise was not out of this city on Christmas Eve and thus could not, under any condition, perform the necessary duties of the perfect Santa Claus.

The names of the assistants of Judge Kazutow are given in the following paragraph.

In taking down the trial, two speedy and efficient stenographers were needed, consequently Misses "Maggy" Donavon, and "Mully" Rubin were chosen on account of their inability to read their notes. In case of Latin quotations, which are bound to occur during trials concerning great speakers, Mr. "Bud" H. Foster was anonymously elected to the position of translator. And so far his speeches have caused much excitement and travesties.

MORE HONORS

Bangor High School is now the proud owner of a purse of 2,000,000,000,000 Marks, offered by the International Jun-

ior Rock Crushers and Bar Filers' Association of Sing Song, Alabamer, in their recent worldwide contest.

This prize was won by "Red" Cox (Guess how he got the nickname), former president of Bangor Broom Corporation of Whisks, N. J. Although Cox's career has been full of honors, this is about the highest rise to fame.

His success has been achieved mainly by hops and jumps.

CATCH HIM! CATCH HIM!

CATCH HIM!

DEAD OR ALIVE!

In the shorthand class a Junior asked the teacher how to write the word that follows: Antidisestablishmentarianism. We didn't realize that there was such a brute among us, but we must get rid of him if we wish to keep our reputation.

That fellow either was trying to be awfully funny or else he did not know any better.

COLLECTORS ATTENTION!

Send your address, intermixed with a one dollar bill, in two cent stamps for this great collection.

To the first fifty answering this advertisement we will give a perforation gauge upon the receipt of \$.55.

Write President C. A. Maynard, Utah Aerial Service, Inc., Overhead Bridge, Veazie, and receive liberal reward.

TATLER

TION

WINTER, 1927

NUMBER 2

"It's the little things
in life that count."

JOHN R. MASON'S ESCAPADES

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

(Special to Tatler) (AP) (AP means All Present)

Since the *Oracle* was last published things have happened so fast in Mr. John Mason's career that he has a very hard time to keep track of the days. To begin with I will relate the following antidote.

Time: Wednesday, between September and January.

Place: Room 307.

Scene: Senior study hall during singing period on Wednesday.

Story: During a study period in place of singing there is quite a bit of disorder due to change of environment, situation, condition, position, state, et caetera, and to preserve order is next to impossible. It was under these conditions that the instructor was perplexed as to the method that he would employ to uphold his usual standards of room symmetry. He tried several ways by which he had usually obtained success but with this bunch, his regular classes were like a class of Freshmen on the first day.

After thinking synthetically (Noah used it) for several minutes he thought of return slips as a last resort—but—he had none. In fact, he hadn't used any since John Largay was in his classes.

Seeing Jack Mason down in the front row he disdainfully shouted, "HEY! You towhead, down there in the front row! Go to the office and get me some COME BACKS." Now J. R. Mason has very light hair and when he heard the instructor say "Towhead" he kind of opined that he was the person in address so he stepped adeptly from the room unaware of the downfall that he was about to receive. Going to the office he procured the articles called for (what he

thought was called for) and carried it up the elevator to the third floor. Walking to the back of the room, he placed in the hands of the waiting teacher a handful of THUMB TACKS ! ! ! ? ? ? ! ! ! Just then the gong rang.

Methinks the acoustics of this room should be examined.

DARING ASSAULT ON LOCAL SECOND-HAND DEALER

(Special to the Tatler)

A daring attempt to rob a second-hand store was made by A. Brown and R. Flynn both of '29. The store, owned by "Rat" Robbins had on sale second hand chewing gum and other merchandise of great value. Mr. Robbins was waiting upon a customer when the customer held him up with a cap pistol and the accomplice tied the victim securely with three yards of dental floss.

The Thieves stole some less than 33,000 pairs of salt codfish and were about to make their get-a-way when they were captured by officer Webber who carried them to the "whose cow."

Officer Webber has been presented with a package of second hand matches from the very grateful proprietor!

SCHOOL SPIRIT (When it comes to basketball).

Gee this is better than standing out doors.

I'm having the first dance with "Bill." I wish the game would get a move on. I want to dance.

I hope that fellow over there by that basket will ask me for a dance, he's kinda nice.

LAWRENCE HUOT STARTS THE NEW YEAR IN A DIFFERENT TONE OF VOICE!

(Special to the Tatler)

With a package of Beechnut Orange drops in his hand, "Lolly" Huot sat thinking by his bay window. His thoughts dealt with one subject. Yes, just one. Deep thought—and more of it—he was slowly counting to himself days—ceaseless days—Why?—What was this all about? By watching the expression on his face change from a frown to a grin one would suddenly realize that something was up. One by one went the orange drops and one by one went the minutes. Suddenly with a jump the almost invisible Lolly let out the whole secret of the affair. Why! in six whole months he'd be a Senior. Yes, a real dignified Senior and with this he made some slightly different New Year Resolutions, and went off singing a tune something like this:

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand

A little bit of a sawed off runt, Oh!—
Ain't nature GRAND!

NOW THAT THE FOOTBALL SEASON IS OVER

Bangor will be the champion basketball players again this year. The football team will play basketball.

Jim Keegan and Misses Murphy and Gordan will have a chance to rest their arms and throats.



YES! THIS IS THE FUNNY PAGE -



THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE B.H.S.



ANTHONY MAKES HIS MARK

Results of Great Contest

(Special to this Section)

Many people have been watching with great interest the exciting contest to determine the most popular person in the State of Maine, recently conducted by the "Levant Quack and Hurrier," Northern Maine's progressive newspaper.

After weeks and weeks of vote counting and recounting it was decided that Master Joseph Anthony, of Bangorville was the legal and deserving winner. Anthony is a well known member of our High School and has a very high athletic standing.

Next Saturday he will be presented, by the Levant Press Co., with a beautiful flexible glass medal, in the shape of a HAM. Also having his name engraved thereon in Carter's Blue-Black inferiorated Writing Fluid, which is sold at all local stores for fifteen cents per container.

If your dealer does not have it, write for sample bottle which will be mailed you upon receipt of twenty-five cents. Or write "Freddy" Robbins, publicity manager.

FOR RENT

Six story block in fashionable dislocation of Dixmont, N. B.

Must be no more than eighteen children in the family and positively no animals will be admitted. The gentleman of the house of course being one exception to the latter.

Eighty-nine (89) year lease is required to procure this building, with all modern conveniences, such as wall paper, etc.

WANTED==MALE

Among those in town a week ago, last Thirsty was "Phil" Cohen, Send for free Catalog and illustrated literature, to be sent C. O. D. to any person, FREE. DON'T miss this OPPORTUNITY—Buy your tickets now!

THE MAELSTROM

By Eager After Doe
(With permission of J. A. E.)

I was caught in the middle of it! Try as I would, I could not escape! On all sides of me, battering, beating, yelling fiendishly, the maddened mob rushed forward, rebuffed by the solid wall, only to rush back at it, even more angry.

It seemed that everybody in that flood of human beings had some kind of a metal object in his hand, holding it up, and shouting hoarsely, evidently at someone behind the barrier.

Badly bruised, my hat gone, clothes torn, in a daze, I was shoved up front by a cruel looking bewhiskered brute. And then—I found what it was all about.

"HOT DOGS! hot dogs! Hot Dogs! HOT DOGS!!! Two for Five!" Shouted Allie behind the counter.

EPIDMIC

(Special to Tatler)

One of the Commercial Teachers states that there are several girls afflicted with a chronic disease called "Whisperitis."

When inflicted with this terrible disease one is not aware of the fact that he is whispering.

Look out that you don't catch it! It is dangerous! (Ask M. Roberts, she knows).

A SONG HERE AND THERE

We would like to hear the following songs from Station B. H. S.—88 Cycles (Bi. Automo)—23 Meters—French Wave: "Precious" sung by L. Lynch.

"In My Gondola" by Donato DiBianco.

"Baby Face" sung by "Weed" Johnson.

"My Wild Irish Rose" sung by Itchsky Rolnick.

"Tonight You belong to Me" Sung by "Gussie" Martin.

"Santa Claus Will Come Tonite" sung by Toby Valenta.

PRICES SLASHED!

GREAT SALE

AT

REDUCED PRICES

Time: Either now or then

Place: SAME SITUATION

Gloves—Less than \$6 per annum.

Overshoes—Made of Rubber.

Pencils—Twenty-three Mills per ounce.

"Jim" Shoes—Laced up at the heel.

Checks—Mostly Laundry.

Williams—From 1-5 dollars.

All Day Suckers—Special for Frosh.

Hats—To wear on the head.

Patent Medicines—No excuse for being sick.

With all these great

B—A—R—G—A—I—N—S

See Bargains—Free Catalog

CREDIT ARRANGED FOR ALL BANK-
RUPT CUSTOMERS WHO WISH
TO PAY CASH

This ad is all Macaroni—But—You had better drop into the office and see if you have lost anything.

GREAT SAYINGS OF LITTLE PEOPLE

Professor Harold Robinson says:

"School isn't what it used to be when I was a boy."

"I notice the Freshmen of B. H. S. are pretty raw looking this year, quite a different bunch from when the class of 1927 was a first year class."

"It isn't so muddy on City Hall floor as it was down to Bass Park."

"Generally around this time of year it starts to get cold out around the city—temperature, I guess."

"Some of these hatless fellows (like M. Goodell) give one a pain in the neck."

PERSONALS



Pupil: How long can a person live without brains?

Teacher: I don't know. How old are you?

C. D. 27: I know 20 times as much as you do.

C. M. 27: Well, $20 \times 0 = 0$.

R. E. S. 28: Can you keep a secret?

B. M. S. 20: Yes, but I always tell it to someone who can't.

Heard in English

Mrs. C. (reading from MacCaulay's Essay on Johnson.)

"His (Johnson's) style was not exactly Virgilian.

What does Virgilian mean Mr. Spencer?

R. E. S. '28 (with a start) oh-eh—Watchful.
Hear! Hear!

Mrs. C. Macaulay lived a very tranquil life; he never married.

A LITTLE MATTER OF COMPASSES

When on the first day of school the Geometry students were asked to purchase compasses. Miss Nora Peavey thought that she would be spared the necessity of buying one. She soon found however, that a north-south-east-west compass though useful in the Maine woods could not be used successfully for drawing circles.

We prophecy that in 1932:

1. Jack Bell will have completely mastered "Webster's unabridged."
2. Phil Cohen will be taking a Post Graduate course at B. H. S.
3. John Largay will be a senior.
4. Ruth Smith will have her hair bobbed.
5. Newell Kurson will be a "soapbox orator" of note.
6. Mrs. Rubin will be booming Syndicate stock.
7. Estelle Burrill will be breaking the hearts of the Smith College freshmen.
8. Bangor High will have a new Athletic field.

Frenchy?

Gladys Dearborn is getting awfully well acquainted with French money, especially with the "Fran(k)."

It is rumored that Mr. P. shut himself into the supply room for so long one day that the girls of the Chemistry class were going to call the ambulance for they were sure that he had gassed himself.

Slighted

P. McLaughlin: Did Santa Claus give you everything you wanted for Christmas, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. Yes, but evidently he didn't give me what this class asked him to.

P. M. Why?

Mr. P. I've still got the old disposition.

LOCALS

(Continued from page 25)

Jan. 3rd, Miss Helen Stanhope, B. H. S., '25, spoke to the members of the senior class about the various vocational courses for future teachers, carried on at Machias Normal school.

The student body attended the inauguration of Mayor John Wilson at the City Hall, on the first day of the term. Mayor Wilson discussed the proposed Kenduskeag bridge question and the new athletic field out in Broadway.

At Wednesday's chapel, we again had the pleasure of listening to Dan Hayes, who talked like a real booking agent for B. F. Keith's circuit, as of the famous, Carnival Nite, now past history.

The show was a success and why shouldn't it have been with such stars as Norman Lambert and Phil Cohen, Raymond Spencer and Charles Mason? Buster Wise, Earle Kelley, Bob Nickerson, Fat Dunphy and Leroy Bralley, as well as Bruce Cunningham, Cuthbert Sargent and Danforth Hayes. Eulalie Collins and her company of local dancers also furnished pep and amusement to the eight high class acts.

The girl's athletic honor council held a peanut sale on Friday in room 204.

EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 33)

The Boston University Student and The Bowdoin Orient.

EXCHANGE JOKES

First Cannibal: The boss has got hay fever.

Second Cannibal: Serves him right. I told him not to eat that grass widow.

—The Genevan.

A rooster discovered an Ostrich egg, and rolling it into the henhouse said, "Now, ladies, I don't want to embarrass you but here's a small sample of what others are doing."—The Torch.

Boarder: (Addressing Bell Hop)

"This is a fine hotel. There are mice fighting in my room."

Bell hop: "What more do you want for a dollar, a bull fight."—The Echo.

We know a Scotch man so tight that he fires his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking.

—The Kodak—

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Our Floral Designs are the Best

**Outside
and Inside
Finish**

Build a room in your attic,
Sheath the cellar, etc.
with either

**Sheetrock Fire-proof
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WE HAVE THEM
C. Woodman Co.

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**Cedar Shingles
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Mary E. Hopkins

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Photography

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SAVING SCHEDULE**

This advertisement is especially addressed to the present members of our association.

Your thrift account with us is the best friend you have. Don't neglect it.

If you want a big total keep on saving your money.

Bring it here regularly. It will be in good company, working day and night, year in and year out to swell your account.

Every time you invest a dollar with us, the object of your saving is brought closer—whether it's a home or education for the child or a business stake or protection against the rainy day.

Come often and bring others.

BANGOR LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION

Cor. State and Exchange Sts. -- BANGOR, MAINE

"The Store of Beautiful Gifts"

If your ring, or watch, or pearls came from
this store

THEY ARE THE BEST WE CAN SELECT

W. C. BRYANT & SON

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Gasoline - Kerosene

HIGH GRADE LUBRICATING OILS FUEL OIL GREASE

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Specialist in Optometry

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requires a deposit of only
16 cents per week up to
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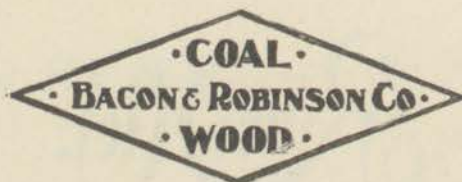
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