



JANUARY



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# COMING EVENTS IN JANUARY



- January 1—New Year's Day  
January 4—Brewer vs. Bangor (Basketball)  
January 6—Theodore Roosevelt, died 1919  
January 11—Portland vs. Bangor (Basketball)  
January 18—Augusta vs. Bangor (Basketball)  
January 19—Robert E. Lee, born 1807  
January 21—Stonewall Jackson, born 1824  
January 29—William McKinley, born 1843



**"THE BIG LOAFERS"**

BAKERS OF

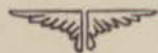
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11 Main Street, Bangor

# The Oracle

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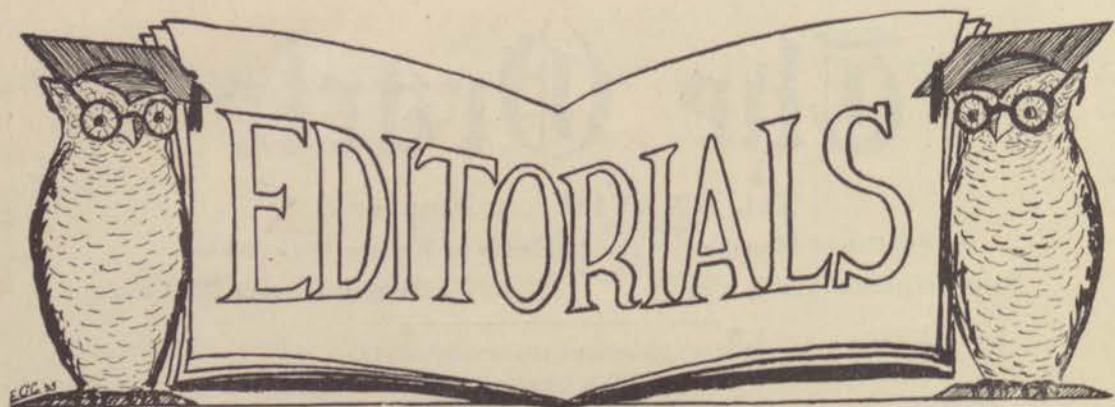
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*If this would be a happy new year, make it a useful new year.*

### MEXICO AND THE SCHOOLING PROBLEM

IN the past decade, ending with the year 1929, Mexico has taken a long step ahead in the matter of public rural school education. Today, that nation so old in many ways, yet comparatively young in many others, has established four thousand rural schools within its boundaries, from the Pacific Coast to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Rio Grande to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The schooling problem which faced Mexico's National Board of Education was the fact that throughout the regions of that country there are forty-nine distinct tongues spoken. This linguistic question could be solved only by the establishment of a school headed by a teacher familiar with the languages spoken in that section.

The pupils of these schools comprise not only the boys and girls of that country but their parents, who attend night-schools. The land which goes with each school, the materials, and the labor were donated by peons and the Indians of pure blood who were to send their children, and go themselves, for an education.

The subjects which are taught do not contain the rudiments of the three R's, but teach a much-needed course in that revolution-stricken country, the art of living correctly and happily. The study of sanitation, im-

proved cultivation of the soil, and any of sixty diversified trades of manual labor make up the courses.

The pupils, on the land that goes with the school, raise crops of beets, corn, cabbages, and turnips, which when the harvest season comes, are cooked by the same pupils to be served to the inhabitants of the local village. The crops of such vegetables will replace, to some extent, the starchy foods which the Indians have been eating for centuries.

A plot of corn, raised in a trench filled with fertilizer given by the teacher, is the model for a dozen plots planted by various families of the community in the same manner as that of the school.

But in a village of that restless, ignorant country, the school must take the lead in promoting sanitation where the parents cannot, or will not, do so. The school head must send the pupils to wash their clothes in some instances, to make clothes for the children, and to make the pupils bathe.

It is almost wholly through the rural schools that vaccination is being introduced among the peons and the Indians. Epidemics are most prevalent in Mexico but through governmental aid, disease scourges are being checked.

In many half-civilized regions throughout the world education is not sponsored by the inhabitants, but far different is the case in Mexico. Peons will gather from miles around to be present at a meeting held to decide



whether a school is desired in that neighborhood. When the government representative has finished, these peons, who were silent and cold at the beginning of the speech, cheer the sentiments lustily. The talk dwells on Mexico's release from terror-striking revolutions, the desire of the government for the establishment of rural schools, which to be had, must have community support and cooperation.

So the Mexican school, for some years to come, must not be a pedagogical institution, but, rather, an institution of practical application of the fundamentals necessary to life.

### THE WISHING SHIP

NEW Year's Day with its resolutions, its new promises, its new hopes, is a day set aside that we may once more erase the errors of the preceding year and begin again.

Every country has its own peculiar way of celebrating New Year's. In France, people go from house to house presenting gifts to their friends and wishing them health, wealth, and prosperity.

In this country we do not celebrate the new year in this fashion. Angelo Patri says that New Year's day is wishing day. This is a thought in line with our American practice, as we have been celebrating the day by sending out cards to our friends wishing them a Happy New Year.

Then again it is on this day that we make our resolutions wishing that this new year will change our faults and convert them into the opposite virtues.

How many of us remember the old saying that if you wish anything hard enough, you will succeed in getting it. We used to believe that this saying belonged to the world of fancy, with the story of the sad Cinderella, who, beset on every side by selfish sisters, longed one evening to go to the king's ball, and longed so ardently that her fairy godmother brought the wish to pass. But we know now that this proverb belongs in the world of reality, for it was this same wishing spirit that caused Franklin to discover electricity, Edison to invent

the electric light and numberless other devices, and Wright brothers to conquer the air. It was also this same wishing spirit that sent Lindbergh across the ocean in an accomplishment that reads like a page from a fairy book.

In this age of marvels when one can not only go to the pictures and see the actors, but hear their voices, when one can sit down by the fire-side, turn a small dial, and instantly hear music from all four corners of the earth, when one can take his telephone, and in a few minutes talk with his friends across the ocean, there seems to be no limit to human wishes.

Let us be sure that our wishing wings are set right, as we soar through the clouds and limitless portions of space. Let us be sure that our wishing ship strives toward a definite goal, and even though our goal may seem beyond us in the realms of impossibility, we may attain it even as Lindbergh did his.

For many years now, scientists have been working on a serum that will eliminate colds from our world; as yet they have not found it, but they have not given up hope of success. Now we have similar duties to perform. How would it be if we wished hard enough to learn our Latin declensions, our French conjugations, our geometry theorems, our ancient history dates, our punctuation marks in English?

Life is nothing but a series of choices and it is necessary to make the right choice at the right time. Fairy tales are full of stories about wishing rings, tinder boxes, and Aladdin's lamps. Why wouldn't it be possible to transform some things by wishing for our high school a record attendance for the year, a good debating team, good athletic teams, and national honors for our band?

On this new year let us build a wishing ship of carefully selected resolutions, fueled with energy and determination, and piloted by good judgment and wisdom. Let us take with us as passengers, Faith in the Past, Hope for the Future, and Courage in the Present. Thus equipped, may our ship be steered through all currents of misfortune and sail safely to the Haven of Success.—H. L. K.





*"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body."*

## Explorer

Minnie Alpert, '31

**H**EAT, unbearable heat! The heat that stifled, and choked, and tried to beat the life out of one. Heat! The jungle trees swayed before him. Transparent waves of light flowed over them. Flowed, to and fro. Then the waves changed to color, rays of blinding blue, red, yellow, rippled, interchanging, converging into one merciless, horrible, green light. The waves rippled quietly over the surface of the atmosphere, back and forth, back and forth. A bright, yellow light stabbed his eyeballs striking at his very brain. Oh! my God! he must stop this, or he'd go mad, mad. The waves ceaselessly flowing before him, nothing but the illusion of the heat. Waves, waves, merely waves, waves of heat. The waves reminded one of something else,—cool, green waves of water flowing at the bottom of a well, the dancing shadows of the trees, the reflection of a bit of English sky. At this thought, he drank a little water from his flask. Bah! he spat it out. Nothing but warm, sulphurous water, not cool and green. Then remembering that he must hoard every precious drop, he knelt down, and drank from the little hollow of ground which was fast sucking it in. He scraped out the mud, and plastered his face and neck with it. At least that was a little cooler. But, no! the sun beat down upon him, drying the mud, making it

heavy and hot. What damn fool could have written about the "cool, green jungle!" Green! There they were again. Green waves, waves at the bottom of an English well, then, slowly changing to one, great, merciless, green! Nothing but the heat, the heat. Waves rippling before his eyes, rippling through his eyes into his brain. Nothing but heat waves. Nothing but the waves where he and his father had stood watching the ships go out from Dover, the emerald green waves of the English Channel.

"Where do they go, fayder?" he had asked in the vernacular of his youth.

"They go to France, lad, and, sometimes to India, and, sometimes to Africa."

"Will I go to Africa, sometimes, fayder, sometimes?"

"Aye, lad, who knows?"

"Who knows?" Waves of color pierced his eyeballs. Africa? He laughed a hoarse, maniacal laugh. Africa! So this was what had been awaiting him. He rocked from side to side. Oh, my God, Africa! The sneaking, dirty temptress who had first shown him her beauties, and, then, the blackness, the black, black, blackness that lay where her soul should be. Might Africa rot in—the waves, they'll drown him, the fierce waves, the waves of heat.



Days and nights he wandered, losing all record of time, the same thoughts recurring always. Days, he thought of wells, English wells, with the skies and trees reflected in them. And during the dark, moonless, African nights, he dreamt of his mother, his fair English mother about whom the fragrance of crushed roses always lingered, the mother that he should see no more. Strangely he never once encountered dangerous beasts or men. "Out of the big game region," he muttered hoarsely and set doggedly on. With the experience of a naturalist, he always discerned the edible plant, and avoided the poisonous ones, and, always, too, the instinct of self-preservation spurred him onward. But why, he asked himself, in the name of all the gods that rule the earth had he to be saved from sudden death and destined to this slow torture? His ammunition gave out, no more food, not what a man could call food. Water had disappeared long ago. It must have been three nights ago, as he counted on his fingers, or was it a million years ago? The quick darkness of the African night closed about him, choking him, blinding him, killing him.

His mouth hung open panting like a dog. Salvation must come tonight, or tomorrow he would be either in the lower regions or the upper. He stumbled through the low thickets of brush, was it minutes, or was it hours, or had he been groping, stumbling, bumping his head against trees for years, millions of years? Suddenly, a light pierced the distance. "I guess it'll be Heaven for me, after all," he thought with the complacency of those who have never had the time nor the opportunity for sin. It must be New Year's Eve tonight, he thought suddenly, it had been December when he had left his cabin in the hills for Allan's cabin for more supplies. New Year's Eve! London, London fog, snowy, wet, slippery pavements. Snow! He wondered what it felt like. Was it cold, so cold that it hurt to hold it one's bare hand, or did it, after all, pain one in the same manner as heat? Different causes but, surely, the same pain. No, no, not the same pain, for this was heat, terrible,

unbearable heat, while snow was cold, cold ..... would it be there where he was going?..... Some moments later he awoke from the lethargy in which he had fallen. It was still dark about him, black. But in the distance was that tiny pinpoint of light. Maybe, he thought with sudden hope, maybe it was light of Earth, light of a house. "O God," he knelt down on unaccustomed knees. "may it be a light, may it be the light of a house, not Thy House, O Lord, I'm not ready to die yet, I'm only thirty-five. May it be the light of a house, Lord, I've no one to mourn me if I die, I want to do something before the end, so that there will be someone who will regret, who will be sorry when I go. O Lord, may it be a house, a man's house, and give me strength to reach it." Through the low-growing brush, he ran, stumbled, fell, picked himself up again, ran, ran. He'd never make it. Yes, he would. Yes, he would! The door was only a few inches away, someone threw it open, someone pulled him in. Through the dim edge of consciousness, he heard his name called, "Harry, Harry Fernaldson."

"Allan," he struggled weakly, "Oh! my God! Allan."

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the misty London fog, a cab made its way.

"Don't be nervous, Harry" a masculine voice beside him. "They're all waiting for you to make that speech at the Club."

"Oh, I'm not nervous, just cold, that's all. Can't seem to stand this fog, makes me feel rotten."

Then, at the Club.

"Quite an experience you went through in Africa."

"Never going there again, eh?"

"Someone said you were going to receive a membership in the British Royal—"

"They say you had some wonderful maps of the interior in your cabin, Harry," someone ingratiatingly familiar.

"You'll get used to the fog."

He brushed through them all, nodding in



acknowledgement of their congratulations, answering hurriedly the eager questions of the reporters. Everywhere the same buzz of voices: — "..... lost while he was going to his friend's cabin for supplies ..... wouldn't have been if he had not had a touch of tropical fever.....'s funny (he winced at this typically American abbreviation) he found his way to that friend of his place, after all, explorer's instinct, you know ..... " A speaker introducing him in a sonorous voice:—".....in darkest Africa.....places where no white man has ever trod....." Harry moved uneasily—same old rot!

Back to the comfortable leather chair in his musty leather-smelling rooms, he settled down in discontented thought. What was the matter with him? Money—he had plenty of that, what did the filthy lucre matter to him, but to secure a decent apartment in the most fashionable part of town? Then, what was the matter with him? He had tried to look at the English wells in summer, and the ships going out from Dover on a windy, bright autumn day, but he had not been satisfied.

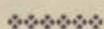
He could not look at them with the eyes of a child, and he could not see them with his father by his side. That was it—he could not turn back the hands of Time. Under the hot, African sun he had changed, and England had not changed, or was it that he had not changed and England had? Oh, all this was nothing but a paradox, his whole life was a paradox, he did not know what he wanted, and what he did not want. 'Get used to the London fog?' That question racked his mind, had bothered it since he had heard that phrase. Bah! he'd never get used to it. A sudden vision of Allan rose before him:—Allan down there in Africa leading the life of a free man with no time-worn conventions, no clubs to bind him, what was the British Royal to him when he could feel the joy of finding, discovering..... Then, with the impulse which had spurred Columbus to cross the sea of hardship three times, Byrd to the frozen Poles, he called, "James."

"Yes, sir."

"Pack my bags at once."

"Where are you going, sir?" discreetly.

"Africa!"



## Conquest

Wilfred Finnegan, '30

**M**ISS Diane Tompkins had been flying since she was eighteen years of age. This pretty, twenty-seven year old aviatrix had been making preparation for a transatlantic flight for two months, and had engaged as her mechanic and co-pilot Jack Shaw, who had made a name for himself by flying with Commander Byrd over the South Pole. That was two years ago and, although very much interested in aviation he had not been doing much flying since. He had married in the meanwhile, and was the proud father of a husky young boy.

A banquet was being tendered these two daring aviators as a send-off on a flight which was to be a highly useful one to aviation.

A man who had been glancing at each of the pilots seemed to catch a bit of a tension between them, and after the banquet, he waited to have a word with Diane. He thought he detected a tear in her eye, and tried to find out what was the matter. Diane finally took him into her confidence and told him that Shaw was a coward who was afraid to leave his wife and baby. She also told him that the flight would be attempted early the next morning, and ended by breaking down in tears in his arms. The stranger comforted her and took her to her apartments in a taxi. After telling her not to worry, he drove straight to Shaw's house.

Mrs. Shaw admitted him and he and Jack



had a long chat. This man told what Diane had related to him and Shaw admitted he had been nervous lately, but he was not afraid to go through with the flight. After whispering something to Jack, the stranger took his leave.

The morning papers announced that Diane and Jack had hopped off at 3.17 a. m. All the world held its breath until news came from a liner that the "Nymph," which was the name of the plane, had been sighted off the coast of Newfoundland at ten o'clock, flying at an altitude of two thousand feet and making about one hundred and thirty miles per hour.

Everything seemed all right until the weather conditions in mid-Atlantic were found to be changing. At nine p. m. the sky had become covered with storm clouds and at midnight a storm broke with all its fury.

A day passed, no word from the flyers was heard. At noon the next day the government sent word to all ships to watch for the disabled plane.

Now let us return to the plane and its occupants.

Jack had made a perfect take-off, even with the extra heavy load of gasoline. He held the plane to its course for three hours, while Diane checked the gas and oil consumption and found everything working to perfection. The roar of the motor was perfectly even and untiring. They relieved each other at the controls every three or four hours. In the first of the evening Jack noticed that the barometer was falling. When Diane took the controls, she observed a worried look on his face. Then she noticed the barometer was pointing to a bad tempest. The stars became obscured with black storm clouds, and three hours later the storm fell shrieking on the monoplane.

The "Nymph" was being carried at a fearful speed directly from her original course. There was nothing else to do but let the plane drift on. At the rate they were going Jack was afraid the wings would not stand up under the strain. The wind was howling and lashing at the tiny plane. Jack did some rapid calculating. At this rate, he figured, it would

not be long before they would be blown over Iceland or Greenland.

Suddenly the controls seemed to relax and the ship went into a spin. With difficulty he righted it and, as he glanced out at his wing his heart sank. His right aileron was dragging, it would be impossible to stay up much longer; unless they made land soon they would be lost. At the thought of his wife and baby, Jack renewed the fight and by sheer skill he managed to gain a little altitude. Then the man, exhausted, seemed to lose control entirely and he yelled to Diane to jump with her parachute and life buoy. She jumped; but as he attempted to jump, the ground seemed to fly up to meet him, the plane struck with a terrific crash, and all became blackness.

A year passed by and plans for an Arctic expedition were being made. The first stop of this party was Greenland, where several scientists wished to get a specimen of a certain plant.

They were very much interested in the natives, whose color was much like that of our Indian. Suddenly one of the scientists gasped and stared. One of those natives was absolutely white. He called the attention of the other men to it. They approached the natives who seemed scared of the white men. Finally they persuaded the natives that they meant no harm, and approached the white girl. One member of the party was none other than the stranger who had whispered in Jack's ear the evening before the take-off.

The girl seemed to recognize him and staggered, arms outstretched, toward him. Diane related the tale incoherently to the amazed scientists and explorers. When asked of the whereabouts of Jack she was unable to tell them, except that when she jumped from the plane she waited for him to join her but fainted when she heard the plane's motor dimming in the distance and in the roar of the wind. She staggered on to this Eskimo village where she had remained ever since.

The search for Jack was renewed. Finally

*(Continued on Page 54)*

## Modern Rip Van Winkle

Constance Hedin, '33



IN the good old days of 1929, when people still went to "talkies" for amusement, there lived in the town of Veazie a man whose name was J. Harrington Bloomfield. Mr. Bloomfield was the honest and industrious proprietor of a general store where everything imaginable was sold. Now Mr. Bloomfield would have been happy and content if it had not been for his wife, who loved all the social activity that the town afforded.

There was in this town an ambitious young inventor who claimed that he had invented an airplane that would stay aloft for endless time without any fuel. Mr. Bloomfield, thinking that it might advertise his store and give him a brief respite from his wife, offered to accompany the inventor on his trial flight.

The last that was seen of them was the plane spiraling upward into the sky. What happened was this. The plane had gone so high that while there was sufficient air for them to breathe satisfactorily, there was not enough for them to maintain consciousness.

Mr. Bloomfield opened his eyes and looked at his companion to find him also staring. When they looked at their sandwiches to their surprise they found they had crumbled to dust.

Deciding to give up the endurance flight, the pilot directed the plane towards the ground. They could not find their town, but where it should be there was a city whose size reminded Mr. Bloomfield of New York. Finally they landed on a field marked with the name of their town. But one person came out to meet them, so of course the enterprising Mr. Bloomfield demanded where the crowd was to welcome the endurance fliers.

Before the amazed man could answer, the aviators asked the meaning of the wings he wore on his back. He explained very carefully how they were controlled by a small

switch box which was held in his hand, how he could go for miles without stopping, as it was run by electricity generated from the air currents as he flew.

As the aviators wanted to go to the city, he fitted wings upon them, and soon the three were speeding through space. As they flew, he explained many of the new things that had come into being during the thirty years of their absence. When they came to the center of the city, they alighted so that they might see some of the changes that had taken place. Mr. Bloomfield noticed many people who were distinctly foreign, and one group in particular. He was told how seadromes, set at regular one hundred mile intervals, made it easy for people to come across the ocean and of the world peace which made it politically possible. He also was told how Veazie was now famous as a center of style indeed, occupying that place in the world's affairs that Paris had once held; even Parisians came there to do their shopping. The strange group in particular that he had noticed were merely tourists from Mars. Inquiring as to how they could get here from that planet; he was told of the way in which atmosphere could be converted into air by a process too technical for him to understand. He also learned that water was converted into air, or air into water, by separating them into their various elements.

They had been standing on the sidewalk while these things were being explained when suddenly to their surprise it began to move. At first the two men were alarmed but the mystery was explained to them that escalators kept the traffic perfectly controlled.

Both found themselves alone in the world.

As they were too old to pick up the threads of the new life they did not enter into business activities, but became quite content to sit back and watch the world fly on.



## The Coming of My Lad

Mary M. Gibbons, '31

**B**EING an ardent dog-lover, I decided that I just must get a dog, and being an ardent reader of Mr. Terhune, the dog just must be a collie.

Filled with this great purpose and armed with a fifteen-dollar-check which was an Easter gift, I made my annual pilgrimage to Boston, that hub of culture and knowledge.

Although I would have greatly enjoyed owning one of those exalted creatures advertised for "ninety dollars and up,"—mostly up, my finances and tradition did not allow my spending so much for a mere dog. Consequently, my shopping for a canine was restricted to those humble dog shops.

Upon the advice of a well-meaning relative, we finally went into the depths of Canal Street, and there in the store kept by a middle-aged German lady, we found him.

He was the dearest thing—all puppies are—and I really think he had a good head, although, as he grew older, a little break in his nose appeared, right below the eyes. His eyes and ears were and are perfect. He has what are called tulip ears; and the softest brown eyes and the dearest white teeth and pink tongue you ever saw. I said I would take him and handed over my whole check. I had a sneaking longing to ask for a pedigree but, as I had heard it probably wouldn't be authentic, and as the German lady was very forbidding, I forebore to ask. Anyway I was hunting for a pet and that was what I got.

After much discussion it was decided to call him Lad. I think we fondly hoped he would develop the characteristics of Sunnybank Lad. He didn't. He did. He certainly developed all the human, lovable and impish, qualities, which I have since learned belong to all true collies, but as for the superhuman and saintly ones—alas! they are still lacking.

He got into as much mischief as any lively three-months-old puppy always gets into, but

he was very sensitive and easily rebuked. A word might cure him of one particular bad habit but he immediately formed another to take its place.

When he was finally broken of the habit of chewing everything he could find, which did not happen until he had chewed half a mahogany rocker from a much valued chair, he developed the habit of investigating the bundles of any person passing by.

Now, strange as it may seem, there are some people in this world who object to an innocent little puppy's curiosity about their bundles, and who are sure that dogs were created just for the purpose of making their lives miserable. And when these people see an innocent puppy ambling toward them, they are sure that this amble is preparatory to taking a piece from some part of their anatomy; consequently, they search frantically for the nearest pebble and begin to bombard the unfortunate puppy in the hope of searing him away.

If you happen to own a puppy with the same amount of curiosity, don't try to explain that he is only curious and that he has hardly any of his teeth. Explanations won't work. I've tried them and I know.

Lad, at first, confined his attentions to workmen carrying pails, and to women carrying baskets.

When a puppy who has never been hurt is pelted with stones, he thinks it is a game, and will dance about, barking in joyous glee. So Lad thought and so Lad did. This was all very fine when he was a puppy, but when he grew larger and was not "frightened" away by these bombardments, this barking and charging were translated as an attack, and each gentleman was sure that it was his doughty arm alone that kept the fierce beast from his throat. And so the report spread.

Others besides the workmen began to wonder why they had not been torn to rib-



bons, but as they did not wish this to happen, they also loaded themselves with pebbles and began to join the "pelters." One of them explained, he "wanted that dog to know he couldn't come near him," and he chose this method of frightening the dog. By this time I had gained wisdom so I conserved my breath.

Much to my surprise he has never been hit, so he has now taken a bullying attitude which, though not highly commendable, is very human under the circumstances and preferable to an angry attitude.

For some reason, women have more self-control than men in such a situation, so when a woman finds a dog sniffing the contents of her shopping basket, she merely waves her hand and says, "Shoo," and, being a gentle-

man, Lad "shoos."

If these valorous gentlemen had not been so sure that they could hit a swiftly moving collie, and that they understood dog-psychology so well, a similar course of treatment would have had the same effect; but men learn only through experience.

From all this you may see that the "coming" of my Lad, while perhaps more peaceful than that of Mr. Terhune's, was filled with interesting happenings both for him and for myself.

At this writing, as Lad has not made good any of his alleged attacks, the fear of him is beginning to wane, and these people are beginning to listen to their "dog-understanding" friends, and to leave him alone when they pass the house.



## A Strange Coincidence

Charlotte R. Cahners, '30

### CAST

A Student..... *Don*  
 His Room-mate..... *Jack*  
 The Friend..... *Dick Thurston*  
 The Boys Classmates and fraternity brothers  
 Scene: The room of a fraternity house at  
 Rutgers College.

**D**ON: (Glancing back as he enters the room): O. K., fellows, meet you in about an hour. I've got a little studying to do now. (Gets books, etc. and pulls chair to desk and starts studying).

*Jack:* (Enters carrying a suitcase and fur coat.) Hello, Don. Kind of expected to see you on the train. (Puts suitcase and 'coonskin on bed, then begins to remove hat and coat.)

*Don:* No, I came in yesterday, had a class at eight this morning. It's great to be back! Have a nice Thanksgiving?

*Jack:* Great, thanks. And I say, I met an old friend of ours; I want to tell you about him. (Starts to unpack and put his clothes away).

*Don:* All right; commence! And, by the way, don't mind if I don't help you unpack,

do you? Must finish this thesis, and we've got football practice at three.

*Jack:* Not at all. Now, will you listen?

*Don:* This end's ready.

*Jack:* (Still putting away clothes). Friday morning I was walking down Tremont Street in the city of Boston when I heard a familiar voice shouting, 'Papers! Get your Boston papers! All the latest news, only three cents!' For a moment I turned around in amazement to see where the words were coming from. I looked at the ragged newsboy to see if it was possible that I knew him. Sure enough, he was Dick Thurston.

*Don:* Dick—not the Dick Thurston that was at camp with us three years ago.

*Jack:* The same.

*Don:* Selling papers! It's impossible. I



met him last year in Boston and he was driving his own Buick roadster and he was dressed to kill!

*Jack:* I know. Why this past summer I met him at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec; he seemed to have plenty of money to spend.

*Don:* Jack, I can't believe it, why—.

*Jack:* (Sitting on edge of bed.) I don't understand it.

*Don:* Did you speak to him.

*Jack:* Dick could give me but little attention on account of his rushing business. He did, however, ask me where I was staying, so that he could phone me. I was out when the call came.

*Don:* But, Jack, Dick was planning to enter Harvard this fall.

*Jack:* Certainly, such a fellow, dressed in rags and selling newspapers, could not be a college man!

*Don:* Say! His old man played the stock market didn't he? Do you suppose the crash ———?

*Jack:* Sure but——. (A rap on the door is heard). Come in. (A young chap enters).

*Jack and Don:* (Standing). Dick!

*Dick:* Hi, fellows! Just down for the game. Thought I'd drop in—. What's wrong, Jack? Do I look so awful?

*Jack:* See here, Dick——.

*Dick:* Boy, wasn't that a great joke when I saw you in Boston.

*Jack:* (Stammering). Joke,—joke—? I don't understand.

*Dick:* I made it, too—. I made it! Aren't you going to congratulate me?

*Don:* Made—

*Jack:* What?

*Dick:* The Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Harvard.

*Jack:* The Delta Kappa Epsilon! Then you haven't lost—? You are—. Oh, Dick!

*Don:* Then it was just an initiation stunt. And here Jack's got me all hot and bothered.

*Dick:* Was I so good? Gee, didn't know I was such an actor!

*Don:* Well, old timer, let me congratulate you. (Shakes hands).

*Jack:* Me too. (A crowd of boys bursts into the room.)

*1st.* You fellows ready? (To *Dick*) Are you one of our rivals? Com'on down and see the field.

(Exit all amid much talking, *Don* and *Jack* are on each side of *Dick*.)

—Curtain—



## Back to Nature

Robert J. Cumming, '33



HE gray, cold fog was gradually lifting and vanishing across Frenchman's Bay. The sun was slowly rising from behind Petit-Manan, and, as the fog cleared, one could see that the ocean was dotted with little fishing boats.

One boat among the many could readily be identified as belonging to a "Down-Easter." The stern was rounded and sloping. The bow was nondescript. Steering-wheel there was none. In its stead, there was a stick nailed to one side of the boat. The steering ropes were attached, one to either side of it. By pushing

the stick forward the boat went to starboard—if the rope did not catch. By pulling it back the boat went to port, with the same "if" as above. The engine was a one-cylinder affair of an unknown type, for the name had long rusted off. It and all other one-cylinder engines were termed by the fisher folk, "Make and Break." This one was apparently mostly "Break" for its owner was busily engaged in turning the fly-wheel over and over. His exertions were not in vain, for the engine finally started.

The fisherman stood up and wiped his brow



with the sleeve of his oilskins. He was but a youth with stringy, yellow hair to which a comb was foreign. Though he was young, his exact age was not certain, for when a census-taker had asked him how old he was, he had replied, "Dunno; ask Pop." Pop, known to the coast as Malachi, had also forgotten. His parents had named him Hezekiah, and had decided that they had done their duty as good Christians. So he had grown up, a stranger to the discipline of home or school, and greatly averse to almost every kind of manual labor. He was famed in the coast community for two things, his dislike for fishing, which he expressed in no uncertain words, and his great love for coot hunting.

His engine was 99% "Break" that morning and Hezekiah had to devote a great deal of his time to it. Fisherman's luck was not with him that day. So, when he reached the fish-wharf, he had a very small catch. He sold all but one fish and returned home with a downcast countenance. Having placed his fish on the rickety kitchen table, he beat a hasty retreat to his father's bait-house.

His good stepmother, angular and terrifying, came in, and noticing that the boy was not there, guessed that he had had a poor catch, for otherwise he would be waiting expectantly for his dinner. Meanwhile, Hezekiah was in the bait-house, whittling and preparing for the scolding that was to come. Finally pangs of hunger forced him to return to the house, where his mother, with maternal foresight was ready for him. There he withstood her non-stop scoldings just long enough to swallow a hasty meal. The dinner was simple, consisting of fish and crackers for hearty food, and crackers and fish for dessert. The light repast was speedily finished, and with his mother's warning, "You jest better wait till Malachi gits home" ringing in his ears, he hurried off to the wharf, vowing never to return.

In his boat, Hezekiah noticed his gun and a plentiful supply of cartridges, so he decided to sail to Hunter's Ledge, an island some twenty miles away, where coots were known to abound. Upon arriving, he explored the island thor-

oughly, and, finding a clean sandy beach he laid down. He drank in the quietness and thought how good it was to be, "jest doin nothin." On that part of the beach was a remnant of a wreck that had been washed up in a recent storm. Hezekiah found aboard of it a galley stove, a cot, a bag of flour and other supplies. On the wall he piously chalked in large letters the words, "God bless our home," but the sight of uncooked food and the pangs of hunger soon reminded him of coots.

In his exploration of the island, Hezekiah had seen a flock of the birds, and he now hastened to the end of the island where he had sighted them. Sure enough, there were seven coots breasting the waves. He crept close to them and hid behind a boulder. The seven coots dived, but to his amazement when they came again to the surface he could count but six. He crept closer so as to see better. The six dived, and when they reappeared Hezekiah rubbed his eyes, for there were only five coots swimming in the cove. The five dived, then came up. Poor Hezekiah thought he was out of his head, for now there were but four. When the four dived, his knees shook and he stood frozen to the spot—three came up! Again the coots dived, and this time but two broke the placid surface of the water. Hezekiah could not take his eyes off the two remaining coots that swam around so unafraid. At last they plunged down through the green water. One and only one returned to the surface. It dived and Hezekiah clung to his boulder overcome with fear, for the water remained undisturbed by the reappearing of any bird's head. With a sudden impulse Hezekiah overcame his fear and rushed down the beach to the water's edge. There, lying in the shallow water was a huge, swollen porpoise, stranded by the outgoing tide. Hezekiah dispatched the fish with one blow on its head, and ripped it open with his razor-sharp fish knife. Out fluttered the seven coots.

Providence was assuredly feeding Hezekiah! Quickly he took possession of the coots. Two

*(Continued on Page 53)*



## Saved by a Crow's Nest

Donald Graham, '32

**L**AND AHOY!" shouted Jack Simpson from his position in the crow's nest of a nameless black sailing junk. Below, all was quiet and the members of the crew were huddled together. They were a band of Japanese robbers, who derived their pleasure at the expense of others. They had captured Jack Simpson, son of a wealthy American, while he was visiting Japan, and were in hopes of securing a ransom from his father. They were now nearing the American shore, upon which they intended to sneak at nightfall, and write for the ransom.

A terrible storm was fast brewing as if in return for the splendid sailing-weather they had been having. The sun was fast sinking below the vision of man, and the water seemed to become steadily rougher as the minutes passed. It grew harder for the helmsman to steer the ship, what with the coming darkness and the dashing of the waves to hide any submerged dangers.

On deck, preparations were being made for a meal. As they started to eat, one of the pirates climbed up the rope ladder to the crow's nest, and gave Jack a bountiful supply of food, much more than he really cared for. They had seen that he was well fed throughout the trip. The Japanese descended to the deck and was ordered to detach the lower end of the rope-ladder which led to the crow's nest, and to cover the mast with long barbs to prevent the boy from sliding down the mast. This was done to insure a good night's sleep for them, without interference from the young American.

Presently, everybody on deck retired and was fast asleep except the helmsman. In his station on the mast, Jack could not sleep. He sat awake thinking of the difficulty with which he was now confronted.

Glancing below, he saw the helmsman at the wheel, listlessly staring at the wild waves, with his head sunk on his chest. As he watched,

the man at the wheel reeled and fell from exhaustion. Jack wondered that he had not done so before, as there had been no one sent to relieve him for twelve hours.

Suddenly, there was a deep, ominous boom beneath the water, which, as the ship plowed on, gradually grew louder. The ship had run onto a rock! Jack looked below. No one had awakened. First, he decided to shout to the men, but on second thought decided against this. He realized that it would do him no good to shout to them, as he could not escape from his position to save himself, and these men were a band of desperadoes of whose lives he cared as little as they appeared to care about the lives of honest people.

Meanwhile the ship was fast sinking. The scuppers were soon awash with water. He waited in silence. The water was now splashing over the railing. The men were awake now and were frantically trying to put off a boat to save themselves. All was to no avail however. Suddenly there was a great gurgling and he saw the deck of the ship disappear beneath the water. A wild fear spread over him, then for awhile he knew no more.

Dawn came, and with it came a calm over the sea. Jack awoke and looked around him. He was in the very crow's nest he had been in the previous day, but a foot below him he saw the blue sea. He looked down; he could see the black hull of the ship resting on the bottom.

To his surprise, he saw the American shore not three hundred feet from him. Already a boat was heading towards him, men ashore having seen the mast top protruding from the water and the floating articles of baggage that had been on deck when the ship went down.

He waved frantically. The men in the boat pulled heavily on the oars. Half an hour later, he was comfortably reclining in his own home, relating his singular adventure.



## Seta Sae

Margaret Avery, '31

**U**ST the reason Ruth wanted, more than anything else, to belong to an athletic society, no one could guess. She belonged to three clubs already, so it couldn't be her desire to join a club; and anyway, she wasn't going to be an athletic instructor, she was going to be a dietitian. But that was exactly what she wanted, and after poring over school catalogues for many months, she decided Hoburn Hall and Seta Sae Athletic Club were the places for her.

All thru the four high school years Ruth had been a leader in the recognized sports: sure left wing in hockey, captain of the school basketball team, and in baseball, the best pitcher the girls had seen for a long time.

Her father had been obdurate, her mother gently pleading; Hoburn Hall was too far from home—fully three days' journey by train. No, it was not to be considered!

The fall after her graduation from Owen High School in a class of forty-six, Ruth was on her way south to Hoburn Hall. Somehow, parents have to be exceedingly strongminded to deny an only child's strongest desire.

At first, things went splendidly at school. Jane Merry of Seta Sae was her room-mate and Jane knew a good time and athletics better than her lessons—which might or might not be worth mentioning!

"Heigho, Ruthie, don't tell me you're studying! Why dear child, it really hasn't been done in this room since I've been here," explained studious Jane. Put away that French and have a set of tennis before dinner."

"We-e-ell, maybe; but, Jane, you see, I've just got to get good marks this first period or I'll never make Seta Sae, and if I don't make Seta Sae, I'll do something desperate."

"Aw, hon, you'll make it sure. Your ranks are great, except French, and your hockey—it can't be beat. A wee little bit of a bird told me that your name is up for a bid to Seta Sae. All the girls want you and I'm sure you'll meet

the requirements. Come on, cheer up."

Ruth cheered up. In fact, she cheered up so much that she quite forgot that horrid French. The ranks did not go up, however; they went down, until one day Mademoiselle Sonte handed her a note which said that when the marks came out for the period, she would not pass unless she got a B in the exam. Poor Ruth was so nervous she forgot the irregular verbs, and her paper came back marked C.

"Too bad, hon, but Seta Sae will hold tight onto that bid until you make up that six weeks' French."

Jane was a peach, of course, but still that lump in her throat wouldn't go away.

By Christmas Mademoiselle *couldn't* complain about daily ranks, and the make up work was all done. Even if she wasn't going home for Christmas, she wouldn't have to study during vacation.

Two days before school closed, while Ruth was wrapping gifts, Jane burst in and sat down on two boxes, without noticing it.

"Oh, darling, just look what I've brot you—that Seta Sae bid! The instructors say your ranks are O. K. and now when you fill out this blank, you'll get the bid. Here you are. Oh, nobody's ever asked you if you swim. You do, don't you?"

"No, I don't live near the water, so I've never learned."

"Oh, Ruthie! You'll have to swim before Seta Sae can accept you. There, honey, don't cry. I know it's tough, it's worse than that—it's hard on the Seta Sae. We want you just about as much as you want us. One twenty-yard swim and we're yours and you're ours. I say, we'll go see Dagna now about some swimming lessons for you. She's going to stay for the holidays too, so you'll have the pool to yourselves."

Swimming was by far the longest detour she had met on the road to Seta Sae. Winning her parents' consent to come to school



and getting sufficient French rank were mere cut-offs compared to doing a twenty-yard swim.

It was February before she finally passed the examination and received a certificate

stating that she could satisfactorily swim twenty-yards.

The secretary's book reads thus: On February 19, 1929, Ruth Mary Pond became a member of Seta Sae.



## Good Luck and Bad Luck

Dorothy Romero, '30

Scene in a college fraternity room where Joe is busy studying.

Enter Dick, Joe's room-mate.

Dick: Say, Joe, you haven't today's News around here anywhere, have you? I'd like to look it over.

Joe: The paper is on my table. But, Dick, what has happened to you! You never look at the News except when looking for a show, and certainly you aren't going to any show within the next few days. Remember exams this week.

Dick: Keep still about those exams; that's all I've heard for the last week. Let me see that paper and be quick about it!

Joe: What is on your mind, Dick? You're getting me all excited. Come on now, Dick, let me in on this.

Dick: Calm yourself, Joe, and please leave the chairs standing. Phew! This is too much for me, and I can't keep it to myself another minute. Just see what I found! Now listen to this in the paper: 'Lost a valuable diamond ring. Finder please return to the News office. Reward offered.' Now if that isn't good luck, Joe, what is it?

Enter four other classmates: Bud, Jim, Fred, and Jack.

Bud: Hello, fellows! What is up? Got your studying done yet? We're tired of it, so we decided to quit for an hour or two. Come on, join in with us.

Joe: Come here a minute first. Just see what Dick has found.

Bud: Say, Dick, where'd you find it? How much is it worth? What are you going to do with it?

Dick: One question at a time please. Now be quiet and I'll tell you all about it. While coming up on the car, I noticed something shiny on the floor, and on examining it closer, I found it to be this diamond ring. I knew better than to say anything about it because everybody would claim it. I don't know how much it is worth, but I just found this 'ad.' in the paper, and I'm quite sure that this is the right ring. Let's take it up to the office right away, but while Joe is getting ready, we will plan what to do with the money.

Jim: I would keep it and give it to my girl, Dick.

Fred: You would do something like that, Jim. But I say, let's all have a good feast and then go to a show Friday night, after exams are over. It will be sort of a celebration.

Jack: Good idea! I move that we carry out Fred's plan, plus a little more. We ought to invite the girls along too. I'm going to tell Ruth tonight. What do you say boys!

Together: Aye! Aye! Aye!

Dick: You go tell the girls, boys, while I deliver this precious article before anything happens to it. See you later.

An hour later the five boys are sitting in Dick's room, waiting for his return, and planning for the celebration with beaming faces.

Fred is the first to notice Dick standing in the doorway.

Fred: Why, Dick, what on earth is the matter! You didn't lose that ring before you got there I hope?

Dick: No. Delivered it O. K., but just look at that reward. The whole sum of a dollar.



## The Reunion of Joshua and Dan

Louis Rolnick, '30



WHEN Joshua G. Emerson had returned from the war, which President Lincoln had carried on in order to preserve the Union, he, Joshua G. Emerson brought with him his decorations of honor, that had been presented to him by the greatest general of that day, U. S. Grant.

Joshua had returned, safe and sound to his beloved wife, Mary, and his two children, John and Irene. War does not make a soldier rich, and in the case of Mr. Emerson, the general rule held good. However, the sturdy veteran was more fortunate than the conquered soldier of the South, for he returned to his New England farm which had been taken care of by his son and daughter. And thus Mr. Joshua G. Emerson spent his years on his farm, not even leaving it when his son went to the city to become rich and famous, and his daughter to marry a wealthy politician.

The years had been kind to Joshua, but when his beloved Mary had been taken from him in her eightieth year, he felt indeed quite lonesome. So lonesome in fact had he become that he accepted an oft-given invitation to go to the city to visit his son.

When the old Civil War veteran gazed on the mansion of his son, he realized for the first time that his son was immensely rich. John easily persuaded his father to remain with him, partly because of John's son, John, Jr., and, partly because Joshua had met and recognized old Dan Heal, a comrade-in-arms in war, and who was now gardener to John Emerson, Senior.

Joshua was hardly ever seen in the suite of rooms that had been allotted to him, and whenever, Evans, the butler, was told to "Find Father," he always sought behind the garage. Here it was that Joshua and Dan, the gardener, used to sit on a bench, in the sun, and whittle sticks, and talk of all campaigns, and sometimes play at horseshoes. This was the fav-

orite retreat of the two old comrades, until one day Mrs. Emerson, who accidentally passed that way, found them.

That evening there was a quiet but serious talk between Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. And the outcome of it was that Dan was discharged without the knowledge of John's father. The first that Joshua knew about it was when he missed Dan at their usual haunt the next day.

He asked his son about it, and John told him that Dan couldn't do the work, that he was too old. "What! Too old! Then what do you think I am? Where did Dan go? Why didn't you tell *me*?" ejaculated the enraged man, all in one breath. Finally, John managed to soothe his father by promising him to find Dan. He did make several weak efforts, but ceased when his wife continued to scold him about it. She was a social climber and could not bear to have her father-in-law associate with a common servant. As for Joshua, after the absence of Dan, he never felt as gay as formerly, but he seemed to have grown much older in the short time, and day by day seemed to droop and fade like the leaves of autumn.

Evans, the butler, used to say to Devans, the chauffeur, how the old man was fading away. He used to stay in his rooms and was not allowed to see the family friends even if he had wanted to. He was an old man of common descent and did not think highly of "them society folks." His only pleasure these days was John Jr. who used to visit him almost every day, staying with him a few hours, listening to tales of the Civil War. His eyes glowed with pleasure as the veteran of that great civil strife related how the strategy of Grant or the bravado of Sheridan won the day.

This daily visit might have continued if John Jr. had not burst into the drawing-room one day while guests were present and upon explaining his conduct to his mortified mother exclaimed in a loud voice, "I'm 'Little Phil'



Sheridan an' I'm gonna ride to the battle to lead my soldiers back and lick the rebels!" The result of this episode was that Father Joshua was firmly and gently asked by his son John not to fill John Jr's. head with such foolish notions and stories; at the same time Mrs. Emerson forbade John Jr. to visit his grandfather as often as he was in the habit of doing.

This act was the last straw of the petty tyranny of Mrs. Emerson, and Joshua G. Emerson, Civil War veteran, went to his bed with a disease that even the greatest specialists cannot cure, heartsickness. It seemed inevitable that the brave old man should die. Evans, the butler, who was quite attached to him told Devans, the chauffeur, in a choking voice that the old man was dying. "And it's all the fault of that high-minded Mrs. because she drove away poor old Dan an' thim lovin' each other as they did. Then she won't leave the young master visit him any more, him that the old man loved so much."

It was a week or ten days after the old man went to bed, heartsick, that the event happened that changed the life of everybody in the big mansion.

About ten o'clock that morning, Evans quietly opened the door of the old man's bedroom and looking in, asked the nurse, who

was reading to herself, if her patient was asleep. She arose softly and tiptoed to the door, at the same time motioning to him to be quiet.

"Is Mr. Emerson asleep?" inquired the butler."

"Yes he fell asl——," there was a faint rustle from the direction of the bed as the old man feebly tried to sit up.

The nurse nimbly stepped up to the bed to quiet him. "Who's there?" he asked weakly. "I dreamt that Dan had come back," he continued "Has he?"

At this moment Evans opened the door widely and stepped into the room followed by Dan, the gardener! Then Evans quickly closed the door. Dan slowly limped to the side of the bed, and as the light from a window fell on him, the sick old soldier instantly recognized him. "Dan! Dan! Is it you? Oh! Dan, thank God you're back!" And with these words he opened his arms and Dan fell sobbing into his embrace, with the sick man crying like a child. Evans, the butler, looking on with the tears streaming down his face and smiling at the same time, was choking with emotion and unable to utter a word. The nurse, also, looked on with shining eyes that were moist with tears of happiness at the reunion of these faithful friends.



## A Strange Christmas Gift

James Mullen, '30



RS. Smith was sixty-seven. She was slightly bent with her many years, but was still very energetic and spry. She lived in the country on a small farm back of which was a large, smooth field.

On Christmas morning Mrs. Smith awoke to find one of the latest model airplanes in her field. In these times when one sees a large smooth field, the first thing one thinks of is an airplane, so someone had given Mrs. Smith an airplane to go with her field.

The poor old lady didn't, at first, know what to think or do, but after considering the problem a few minutes, she said to herself. "If Ruth Elder can fly a plane, I can; we are both friends." So, having made up her mind, she walked dubiously toward it. She slowly opened the door to the cabin, half-expecting something to jump at her, but as all was serene, she climbed in and sat down in the pilot's seat. Noticing a small book on the floor, she picked it up to find it entitled, "Flying in One Lesson."

"This simplifies matters a lot," she said to herself, and at once began to read the instructions.

As she studied from words and diagrams, she frequently looked down at the instrument board and steering equipment, thereby finding out what the book was trying to teach. After an hour of this intensive study, she closed the book and proceeded to try her newly gained knowledge. The plane was equipped with a selfstarter and she put her foot on this and soon got the plane's motor going smoothly. She advanced the throttle and the plane began to move. This frightened her at first and she started to get out, but getting control of her fast disappearing nerve, she reclined in her seat and pulled back on the stick. The plane rose with a jerk which nearly threw the poor lady out of her seat. Naturally she pushed the stick ahead, and just as naturally the plane started toward the ground in a steep nose dive; then Mrs. Smith discovered that if she held the stick in the middle the ship went along fairly smoothly.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith found that she was getting a long way from home and that she

had forgotten what the book had said as to turning around. She reached for her instruction book, and after a short hunt found the facts about turning her plane. Pressing the rudder bar with her right foot, she discovered that the ship was swinging around. She was soon circling over the field surrounding her farm and wondering how she was to get her new Christmas gift to the ground without breaking the ship up or killing herself. She studied her book a few minutes and then attempted a landing. As she saw what was apparently the ground rising up to meet her she became afraid and jerked back on the stick so hard that she made the plane execute a complete loop. This frightened the little, old lady nearly out of her wits and it was some time before she again headed toward the earth. This time she had better luck. After bouncing several times, she brought the plane to a stop and climbed out.

As she left her plane she looked at it lovingly, thinking that after all it was a mighty nice Christmas gift. "I must go right in the house," she said, "and write a note to Cousin Hiram, thanking him for my airplane."



## The Discovery

Anonymous



ICKY had never known Love. His mother had died when he was two days old, and his father, not caring for the responsibility of an infant, had disappeared probably to return to his former life of vagabondage.

So little Micky White had been fed, when there was food, by Sarah, who took in washings; otherwise he had lived as best he could.

To pay for his food and a third of a narrow bed, the little boy sold papers from six until eight o'clock in the morning. He helped the janitor of some apartment house the rest of the day for the privilege of having a warm place to stay on winter nights and of receiving the cast-off clothes of that man's son.

One morning he was hailed by, "Hey, sonny,

know where the Slipaskis live around here?"

"Sure, I'll show yez where 'tis, mister."

"You see, I'm a doctor, and they telephoned me that Maria Slipaski is very sick," said the kindly, brown-eyed man.

"Well, here y'are. Guess I'll wait an' see how Maria is."

Almost an hour later the doctor came out of the ramshackle tenement and gravely said, "Maria died half an hour ago."

"Gee, I bet she wuz scared," cried the little ten-year-old.

"Oh, no, Maria wasn't afraid, for I explained to her that in heaven there is love for all good people like her, love more wonderful than anything on earth."

"Is zat so? Say, heaven must be a great



place if there's somebuddy there to love ya. It must be nice to be loved.—Oh, bye, mister. See ya 'gen sometime, mebbe."

As the days passed Micky kept wondering if he would be good enough to go to heaven when he died, for he decided that he wanted, more than anything else, to be a sharer of that heavenly love.

\* \* \* \* \*

And one day as Micky was selling his papers, he saw Mr. Giller's car coming by, but

Mr. Giller's chauffeur didn't see Sarah's little Mary at the crossing.

Micky thot quickly. She was little and didn't understand about traffic so perhaps he'd better look out for her.

He rushed to where Mary was toddling across the street, slipped, but pushed her a couple of feet out of danger's way, just as Mr. Giller's car blotted all feeling from little Micky's body.

Micky had found Love!

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## Flowing Gold

F. W. Rutter, '31

**T**WO young men who had just graduated from a large college in the East were riding on pack mules, each leading two other mules loaded with baggage across the desert toward a small town in northern Mexico in search of flowing gold.

The reason they were on this trip was that while passing through a small village they had heard a man moaning, and upon dismounting they had gone into the hut from which the sound came. They found an old Mexican twisting and turning in the throes of a fever which is common in southern countries. They did what they could for him but he died a few hours later. Before he died, however, he told them in broken English that in a cave, two days' journey from his hut, was a fortune in flowing gold. Just before he breathed his last, he gave them a map showing the way to the cave.

The two young men buried the Mexican and, because they were just wandering around in search of adventure, decided to have a look at the cave. Toward the end of the second day, when they began to see in the distance a low range of hills, purple in the setting sun, they knew they were only a few miles from the cave.

When the two men finally arrived at the spring near the bottom of the hills, the younger of them, Bob, wanted to begin hunting for the

cave at once. But Earle, the older, said that it would soon be dark and that they could hunt better in the morning after a good supper and a night's rest. Early in the morning they got out the map, filled their canteens at the spring, made up a lunch, and with a compass set out for the cave. On the map was a large cross which represented the cave and in front of the cross was a dark spot which represented a boulder with a smaller one on top.

After a day of hunting for the boulder landmark they had almost given up hope of finding the cave, when they chanced upon the boulder hidden in a group of trees. The young men measured out forty paces from the boulder toward northwest which brought them up against a cliff. After a close search they tore away some small trees and bushes and found a hole in the face of the cliff large enough to allow a man to enter.

Both the boys entered, after lighting the candle, which they had bought for just such an occasion, Earle in the lead and Bob following with the food and water. The boys had advanced about one-fourth of a mile when they saw a light no larger than a pin-point which appeared to be another opening.

While they had been advancing a noise like the sound of a saw had been heard, but they had paid no attention to it. Suddenly

*(Continued on Page 51)*

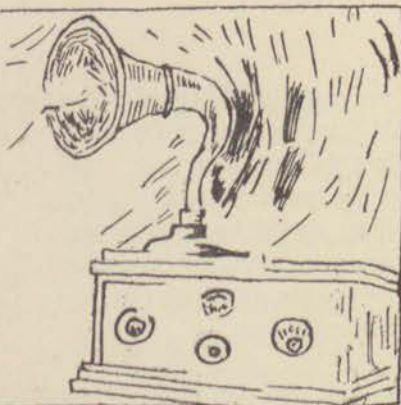
# BHS ORACLE

## BROADCASTING

## STUDENT

## ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



*"A stirring dwarf we do allowance give before a sleeping giant."*

### ASSEMBLY

The student body has been addressed in the past few weeks by two prominent men, Harry Dodge, a famous "Y" worker, and Coach Leslie Mann, a famous baseball player.

Mr. Dodge had for his subject: "What Price Success?" He told the boys and girls that the price of success was: first, to keep one's self physically fit for the job; second, to be mentally alert; third, morally straight; and fourth, to give religion a square deal in life.

In closing, he gave the students a few little excerpts from his own life, illustrating what religion meant to him.

Mr. Mann in his talk placed a high value on the benefit of athletics for students, but stated that they were only a sideline in life and that studies always came first. Then to the delight of the students, Mr. Mann told some of his experiences while a member of the Boston Braves, which club he joined at the age of 18, when the Club won the World Series in 1914.

At the close of Mr. Mann's talk, Mr. Taylor presented the following 14 members of the past season's football squad with the coveted "B". Captain Hugh Campbell, Manager, James Toole, Al Goodin, Harold Baker, Donald Day, "Bricky" Flanagan, Richard Rice, "Pete" Furrow, Harold York, Bernard Striar, "Mike" Crowley, John McDougall, Vincent Talbot, Henry Gulnac, and Elmer Hewes.

### NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

The student body certainly was surprised when Mr. Taylor announced in Assembly that a chapter of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools was to be established in Bangor High School. Mr. Taylor stated that the subject was brought up at a recent teachers' meeting to find a way or means of improving the scholastic ambitions of the students and that entrance of B. H. S. into the Honor Society was considered the answer to that question.

To become a member of this society the prospective student must excel in scholarship, leadership, character and service. Of course every one will not be able to make this society, but if a student will study hard to try to make this organization, the scholastic standing of the school will improve.

Following are the charter members selected for the society:

|                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Ruth Blanning   | Ruth Drummond     |
| Dexter Clough   | Henry Gulnac      |
| Natalie MacLeod | Elen Banks        |
| Elliot Reid     | Eugene Brown      |
| Helen Haley     | May Tremble       |
| Ada Rogers      | Frances Crane     |
| Dorothy Romero  | Irving Grodinsky  |
| Ruth Jones      | Vivian Leach      |
| Raymond Prince  | Isadore Alpert    |
| Chandler Redman | Natalie Anderson  |
| Richard Rice    | Charlotte Cahners |
| Abraham Stern   | Dorothy Grant     |



|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Fern Allen     | Joseph Gruber  |
| Mildred Haney. | Grace Stevens. |
| Rose Lavoot.   | Alice Munce.   |

All the members selected have the required assets and are surely worthy of the honor bestowed upon them.

### CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Latin Club now holds meetings every week and the last one held on January 2, 1930 was indeed an interesting one. As the Latin roll was called each member responded with some Latin question, also giving its meaning. Then *Two Portraits from Tertullian* was read by Helen Haley.

The Cumaean Sibyl had been detained from being presented, as planned at the Saturnalia so she, none other than Ida Rosen and her guide, Catherine Epstein, delivered some of the prophecies at this meeting. Of course some day, some of the club members will be great orators, bankers, singers and the like as our Sibyl has prophesied. The dates for the following meetings were announced:

|                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| January 16, Elections, |           |
| February 6,            | April 3,  |
| February 20,           | April 17, |
| March 6,               | May 8,    |
| March 20,              | May 23.   |

On December 9, 1929, a very interesting International Debate between The University of New Zealand and Bates College took place in the Assembly Hall. As this was the only International Debate held in Maine this year, the people of Bangor felt justly proud that the B. H. S. Debating Club had the management of the debate. The subject was a very interesting one and it was enjoyed by all who attended the debate. The proposition for debate was: Resolved: That the emergence of Woman from the home is a regrettable feature of modern life. Each speaker was allowed fifteen minutes for his main speech, and each side was allowed five minutes for a rejoinder.

The debaters:

Affirmative

Victoria College

1. W. J. Mountjoy
2. C. R. Pawles
3. W. J. Hall

Negative

Bates College

1. J. H. Manning
2. R. Weatherbee
3. S. Gould

Affirmative Rejoinder Negative Rejoinder

W. J. Mountjoy

J. H. Manning

President Warren J. Moulton, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, was the presiding officer. At the close of the debate, each member of the audience was requested to cast his ballot on the merits of the question. The vote was in favor of the negative.

The B. H. S. Band, furnishing some excellent music as usual, was an added feature of the evening.

On December 19, 1929, the Latin Club celebrated its annual Saturnalia, which was something like Christmas to the Romans. Although it was a very stormy night, quite a number attended. The lights went out for a few minutes before the meeting began but they kindly kept on until the party was broken up and most were on the homeward way.

After saluting the king, Chandler Redman, Norman Cahners read what the Saturnalia was and how celebrated, in old Rome. Then, a short play was given by some of the members of the club.

Fern Allen, Beryl Warner, Natalie MacCleod and Frances Reynolds sang Latin songs, after which the whole club sang a few songs in Latin. Then, the club lined up and took a grab in the bag held by Santa Claus, receiving rattles, balls, balloons, rubber mice, dolls and all sorts of toys.

Much to the delight of all, there were refreshments consisting of ice-cream, cookies and candy. Miss Connor, Mrs. Cumming, and Josephine Thompson were the guests for the evening. After enjoying some delightful dance music by Abraham Kern, the party ended and everybody agreed that it was a very successful Saturnalia.

Everyone was certainly convinced on Friday, December 20, that B. H. S. has some fine actors and actresses. The Dramatic Club has long had the reputation in this city of always presenting the best in amateur theatricals, and when the news spread that two plays were to be given before vacation almost everyone bought a ticket. The two plays, Playgoers and The Maker of Dreams were cleverly given before a large audience and much praise should be given to the actors and actresses. The dramas were under the able direction of Mrs. Doris Bridgham who has had a great deal of experience in the casting and directing of all types of plays for high school presentation.

As an added attraction to the program, the Girl's Glee Club sang between the acts, offering a number of old and new Christmas carols. Besides this, the Senior Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sprague, gave some fine concert numbers.

The Playgoers, which came first, was a delightful English comedy in which Chandler Redman and Charlotte Cahners had the leading roles, and this furnished many laughs for the audience.

The Maker of Dreams, a fantasy, was one of the best one-act dramas at the school for a number of years. The leading roles were played by Natalie Anderson and Gridley Tarbell, who proved their ability in acting.

The program:

#### PLAYGOERS

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Master.....       | Chandler Redman   |
| Mistress.....     | Charlotte Cahners |
| Parlor Maid.....  | Alice Munce       |
| House Maid.....   | Evelyn Welch      |
| Cook.....         | Helen McGrath     |
| Useful Maid.....  | Mildred Haney     |
| Kitchen Maid..... | Fern Allen        |
| Odd Man.....      | Abraham Stern     |

#### THE MAKER OF DREAMS

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Pierrot.....      | Gridley Tarbell  |
| Pierrette.....    | Natalie Anderson |
| Manufacturer..... | Raymond Prince   |

Katherine Epstein, musical accompanist.

Director—Mrs. Doris Bridgham.

Business Managers—Elliott Reid and Oscar Fellows.

Stage Managers—Lawrence Blethen and Edgar Aucoin.

Property Managers—Ruth Drummond and Ruth Blanning.

Dorothy Williams in charge of candy and Katherine Reilly in charge of ushers.

The show proved that the Dramatic Club contains the best of the city's amateur talent and that Mrs. Bridgham has the touch of the able dramatist and director.

#### JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRY-OUTS

After two months of try-outs, the Juniors chosen for the semi-semi finals were announced on January first. The Juniors were delighted to have those first try-outs over because the suspense was terrible, and they swarmed to the bulletin board to see who were to partake in the semi-semis. But now comes the hard work. Those students who make the semi-semi finals and the semi-finals will certainly know what hard work is, but it is indeed an honor to make these tryouts and it is worth the work.

The Junior Exhibition is the most important factor for the Juniors, and each year it is looked forward to with much enthusiasm. The students are being coached by Mrs. Bridgham, who has given her untiring services in order to make the finals in March a very fine exhibition of speaking.

The following are those who will try-out in the semi-semi finals.

#### Girls:—

Margaret Avery, Carroll Blanning, Sarah Breidy, Winifred Brown, Kathryn Bussell, Frances Clough, Edna Crosby, Christine Curran, June Ebbeson, Catherine Epstein, Frances Flynn, Mary Gibbons, Frances Hayes, Madelyn Kearney, Rae O'Connor, Elizabeth Riley, Ida Rosen, Betty Russ, Nathalie Sanders, Dorrice Trickey.



**Boys:—**

Norman Cahners, George Carlisle, John Carbone, Nathan Cohen, Henry Flynn, Leonard Ford, Hyman Gotlieb, Henry Herrick, Howard Kominsky, Kenneth Kurson, Gorham Levenseller, Arthur Lieberman, Louis Morrison, Reginald Murphy, Henry Reid, Bernard Sanders.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the year 1928-29 Mrs. Carroll's English classes presented the following books of poetry by Maine authors to the Bangor High School Library:

Millay, Edna St. V.—The King's Henchman.

Millay, Edna St. V.—Renaissance.

Robinson, Edwin A.—Cavender's House.

These editions were added to the special collection of poetry by Maine authors which Mrs. Carroll's English classes are compiling. This collection includes in addition to those above:

Millay, Edna St. V.—Three Plays.

Millay, Edna St. V.—Harp Weaver.

Millay, Edna St. V.—Second April.

Millay, Edna St. V.—A Few Figs from Thistles.

Millay, Kathleen—The Evergreen Tree.

Miss Thomas' Home Room 1928-29 gave to the High School Library an illustrated edition of:

Benet, S. W.—John Brown's Body.

objective, not intending to live on their former bandsmen's laurels.

The new required number to be played this year is Egmont Overture, which will be the same for all Class A Bands both at the Maine, at the New England, and at the National Contest. The piece was composed by Beethoven, a very famous music writer of the eighteenth century.

At the first basket-ball game on December 28th, the Band blew a few old and new marches, although there was a subordinate game playing between the halves.

It has just been requested by a popular vote of the band that Richard Rice and Eugene Brown refrain from throwing all those pennies and dimes on the floor between the halves. If the warning is not heeded the Band will be forced to appoint an official to do all the "diving" necessary. Already, applications are being filed for the new job.—Cash in now, boys! Here is your big chance! Among the jam, to be the first to get the appointment, we find Eddie Gibbons and Robert Morgan. Good Luck!

A sad event happened at the rehearsal on December 17th, which has never occurred before in any rehearsal previously held. "Woody" Finnegan actually lost his voice. Has anyone found it yet? Yes. The reliable Mr. Robinson stumbled over it half-way thru a selection which he immediately stopped! . . . Those who had passed out the new piece to be played had accidentally omitted Finnegan who refused to put up a howl but took life easy. . . . imagine that! Our noble director lost no time in providing him with the needed E-flat Clarinet sheet.

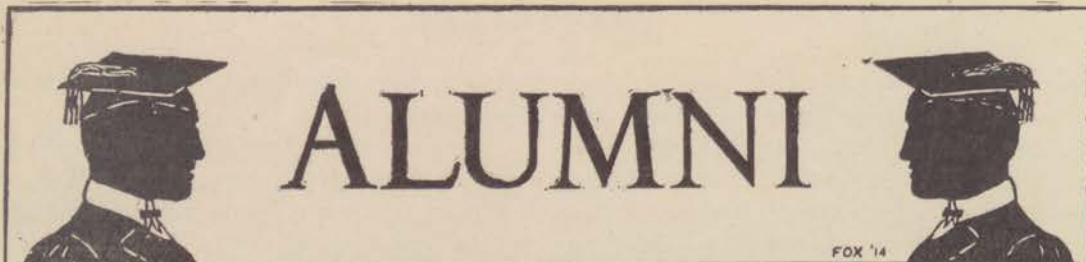
The Junior Band has finally dissolved and emerged into the big band, but all of its members did not make the advancement as has been the custom in previous years, for only the most essential parts were included to complete the necessary instrumentation, as the band is now filled with very capable players. In fact

(Continued on page 47)

## MUSIC

### BAND

The second term of school has begun, and the band is working into mid-season form once more. The coming contest this spring will be very keen in Maine, and in all New England, for many new bands have enlisted in the big music-battle of the century. Opposition in Maine Class A Bands this year will be far greater than before, with Portland and a few other new bands present. But B. H. S.'s 1930 band is working hard for the coming great



*"Do not forget old friends, for old friends are true friends the world over."*

### MARRIAGES

Myrtie Isabel Brackett and Lieutenant Richard Lee Babb were united in marriage. Mr. Babb was a graduate of '25 and entered West Point from which he graduated this year with the rank of Captain. He is now stationed at Fort Williams.

Madeline Cushing became the bride of William Kern. She is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Farmington Normal School.

Miss Margaret Chalmers to Harold Alcaide.

The engagement of Wilfred Bonnell Gillin to Frances Spooner Wilson has been announced. Mr. Gillin was a graduate of '19, attended the U. of M., and afterwards was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Muriel Stewart, '28, is attending the Dickenson Junior College at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Earl Page, '28, is a student at the Westinghouse Electrical School in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Paul Karnes, '29, is a student at the training school of the Burrough's Adding Machine Co. of Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Grace Faulkingham, '27, resumed her teaching position at Stonington after spending the Christmas recess with her parents.

A number of alumni who spent the Christmas vacation in Bangor included:

William Atwood, '27, now a student at Dartmouth College.

Ivy Weston, '26, who is a teacher at the Livermore Schools.

Robert Bell, '27, now a student at Holy Cross.

Dorothy Ranny, '27, a senior at the Lesley Kindergarten School.

Michael Luosey, '29, mid-shipman at the U. S. Naval Academy.

Edith Whittemore, '29, a student at the Mary Lyon School in Pennsylvania.

Danforth Hayes, '27, who attends Amherst College.

Harold Annas, '28, of the Eastman School of Music.

Stewart Meade, '28, of Bowdoin college.

Bunt Lynch, '29, a student of Hebron Academy.

Josephine Thompson, '29, of Dana Hall.

Thomas Hersey and Alpheus Lyon, '29, who attend Tabor Academy.

Bob Russ, '29, who attends Clark School.

*(Continued on Page 30)*

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### IN MEMORIAM

Miss Margaret E. Walsh

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# BOYS' ATHLETICS



*"Clean sport always wins."*

Over fifty candidates turned out for the basketball team, and among these, there were many good prospects. There are only two letter-men on the squad this year, although a few played quite a good deal on last year's team.

At the beginning of the season, the boys of the basketball team were given a series of lectures by Leslie Mann, who is associated with the Y. M. C. A. of Springfield, Massachusetts, and who was brought here by the local "Y." He has a wide knowledge of athletics, having played baseball on the big league teams, and having been a coach of winning teams in basketball. His lectures consisted of moving pictures of basketball plays and the way basketball is played in the West. These lectures were, without doubt, a great help to the team.

As soon as they were able, the coaches cut the squad and it now numbers fifteen. The brightest prospects for this year are Al Goodin and Jake Shean, forwards; Sid Epstein, center; and Henry Gulnac and Pete Furrow, guards; though Charlie Bradbury has a good chance of playing in one of the forward positions. It is said that one of the advantages of this year's team is that a substitute, who is practically as good, can fill the place of any player.

## **BANGOR 26; MILLINOCKET 21**

Bangor played its opening game of the season with Millinocket with a score of 26 to 21. This was a fast game and was a close contest between two teams that played hard to win.

The score was 4 to 4 at the end of the first period and 12 to 12 at the end of the half. From here on Bangor kept ahead, though only by a small margin. The playing was a little ragged at times but for the first game of the year it was very good and showed that the Bangor team had been doing a good deal of practicing prior to this game. Epstein got the opening pass for Bangor, but Baker of Millinocket made the first basket. Millinocket put up a good defense and Bangor tried some long shots, but these failed to work well. Shean was blocked in one of these shots and was given two free shots, making one "good." Gulnac made a basket and Ferras made two points on free shots, and the period ended "four-all."

Baker of Millinocket began the second quarter by scoring two points, Goodin made a basket, and then Harriman. Gulnac and Shean made one apiece, and Ferras two, Epstein made one, and the half ended with the teams tied, 12 to 12.

McQuoirie began the second half by shooting a long shot from the center of the floor. Goodin made two shortly, and Harriman made another, then Goodin scored a basket, and Ferras, one for Millinocket. Charlie Bradbury came in for Shean and played the rest of the game. The quarter ended, being 20 to 16 in favor of Bangor. Bangor held the lead the rest of the game, although it was so close that one couldn't be sure which team would win.

The final score was 26 to 21, with Bangor in the lead.

## BANGOR 26

Goodin rf 4 (1).....rf Ferras 2 (2)  
Shean lf 1 (1).....lf McQuoirie 1  
Bradbury lf 2.....c Baker 3  
Epstein c 2.....c Crockett  
Furrow rg 1.....rg Civiello  
Gulnac lg 2.....lg Carriopis  
lg Harriman 3

## MILLINOCKET 21

ket, giving Brewer the first score, the first quarter contained nothing unusual except that Brewer was ahead 5 to 3 at the end of it.

At the opening of the second period, the varsity were put in and the game quickened up making the score 8 to 7 at the half. On the third quarter, Bangor increased her score to 18, and DeLate and Wood made some good shots for Brewer, the quarter ending 18 to 12.

Goodin, Gulnac, Shean and Crowley were the stars for Bangor, while DeLate, Inman and Wood were Brewer's shining lights.

## BANGOR HIGH 25; BREWER 20

Bangor defeated Brewer in a rather slow game, though it quickened up at times when the score became more threatening. Bangor began with its second team playing except for Gulnac and Epstein.

The score at the end of the first quarter was 5 to 3 in Brewer's favor. At this time Goodin, Shean, and Furrow were put in and Bangor soon got the lead to keep it till the end. Carlton DeLate played a great game for Brewer, making some long shots. Inman and Wood also made some long shots that helped bring Brewer's score up. Wood made the first bas-

## BANGOR 25

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Bradbury rf     | lf DeLate 4   |
| Shean lf 2      | lf Hall 2     |
| Goodin rf 4 (3) | rf Grossman 4 |
| McKinnon lf     | c. Inman 1    |
| Epstein c 1 (1) | lb Getchell 1 |
| Crowley c       | lb Hooper 1   |
| Crowley rb (1)  | rb Wood 2     |
| Furrow rb       | rb Hall 1     |
| Gulnac lb 1 (2) |               |

## BREWER 20



# ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 28)

Carl Briggs, '29, a student at the Mt. Vernon Preparatory School.

Clarice Penney, '29, from Emerson's Oratorical School.

Eleanor Hatton, ex-'30, of Westbrook Seminary.

Sylvia Eames, ex-'31, of Oak Grove Sem-  
inary.

Dorothea Nickerson, '27, a student at Gorham Normal School.

Gorham Robinson, '26, of Bowdoin College.

Pat Byrnes, '29, of Rosemont College.

Ruth Gordon, Charlotte Thompson, and Phylis Hedin all of '27, students at Wheaton College.

Rod Mullaney, '29, of Hebron Academy.

Dorothy Dorr, '28, student at Gorham Normal School.

Marie Wilson, '29, of Nasson School.

Una Peavy, '28, a student of Smith College.

Earl Page, '28, from the Westinghouse Electrical School at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Gwendolyn Murray, ex-'31, of the Westbrook Seminary.

Florence Webber, a student at Mrs. Chamberlain's School of Every-day Art.

Charles and Pierce Webber, both students at Harvard University.

Roger Smith, ex-'31, of Westminster, Simsbury, Connecticut.

Nathan Ayer, ex-'30, of Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut.





*"The sweetest of all sounds is praise."*

First on our list, we find an interesting paper, The *Echo* from South Portland, Maine. We think, however, that a few cartoons and a larger exchange column would improve it. Why don't you try them?

Next we find the *Gleaner* from Pawtucket, Rhode Island. This paper which never fails to find its way to Bangor, is both well-written and interesting. At Pawtucket High we notice that the girls played volley-ball instead of hockey, but we also notice that the "Sophs" came out ahead. Here's wishing the upper-classmen better luck next time!

*Signal Butte*—Miles City, Montana. If anyone is curious as to the activities of Custer High, just read a *Signal Butte* and you will know all.

The *Jester*—Ellsworth, Maine

Yours is a snappy and well written paper, but can't you start a joke column as well as a few cuts?

Here we have the *Bangor State* from Bangor, Penna. Through this complete magazine we learn that the Bangor girls outdid their opponents in hockey, with a total of twelve to four. Good work!

W. S. N. S. *Tip-Top*—Machias, Maine. We were indeed pleased to receive one of the

first copies of the *Tip-Top*, and wish the Junior Class just the best of luck for its publication in the future. Your first edition is good!

The *Unionite*—Grand Rapids, Mich. Yours is one of the most pleasing magazines that we receive. "Kidding the Unionists" adds greatly, in making your paper amusing, and your large literary department is good. Keep it up!

The *Polustat*—Rockwood, Penna.

We notice that at Rockwood High they have started a French club, one of its purposes being to correspond with French boys and girls. A good idea! We also notice, however, that there were five freshmen on the honor roll and three seniors,—What's the trouble, "high and mighty."

The *C. I.*, which states the activities of the Fishburne Military School of Waynesboro, Virginia, is an interesting paper, well-developed in all departments. The "World's News" column is original as well as instructive. Add to it!

The *Whisp*—Long Island, N. Y.

Here is a paper which, though small in size we are always glad to find in our post-box. Yours is a newsy paper, but we miss an exchange column.

(Continued on page 43)

## THE ORACLE

FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL  
FOR THE  
FOOTBALL SEASON, ENDING DECEMBER 13, 1929

|                                                  | Loss       | Gain       |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------|------------|----------|
| Balance previous audit .....                     |            |            | \$236.01 |
| INCOME:—                                         |            |            |          |
| Patrons' tickets .....                           |            | \$276.50   |          |
| Students' tickets .....                          |            | 302.50     |          |
| Other income (interest, concessions, etc.) ..... |            | 47.51      |          |
| EXPENSE:—                                        |            |            |          |
| Expenses on New Field .....                      | \$419.79   |            |          |
| Football equipment .....                         | 1,018.40   |            |          |
| Miscellaneous .....                              | 463.39     |            |          |
| SCHEDULE:—                                       |            |            |          |
| Brewer at Brewer .....                           |            | \$509.15   |          |
| Westbrook at Bangor .....                        |            | 186.26     |          |
| Millinocket at Bangor .....                      |            | 83.88      |          |
| Portland at Bangor .....                         |            | 877.36     |          |
| Portland Reception .....                         |            | 53.25      |          |
| Portland Banquet .....                           | 114.50     |            |          |
| Old Town at Old Town .....                       |            | 3.00       |          |
| Portland at Portland .....                       | 311.40     |            |          |
| Auburn at Bangor .....                           | 17.17      |            |          |
| Brewer at Bangor .....                           |            | 500.97     |          |
| John Baptist at Bangor .....                     |            | 86.68      |          |
|                                                  | \$2,344.65 | \$2,727.06 |          |
|                                                  |            | 2,344.65   |          |
| Gain for season .....                            |            | \$382.41   | \$382.41 |
| Balance at end of season .....                   |            |            | \$618.42 |
| Represented by:                                  |            |            |          |
| Checking Account .....                           | \$516.41   |            |          |
| Savings Account .....                            | 102.01     |            | 618.42   |

Bangor, Maine, December 30, 1929.

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

LIONEL L. COOK,

Auditor.



# PERSONALS



*"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."*

We are greatly interested to hear of the way in which ten of our most distinguished students spent their Xmas vacations. As a matter of valuable research, the school made an intensive investigation and discovered that the following students originally obtained positions in the store assigned to each below:

Ralph Crowder—Olothrow's Two-and-Four-Cent Store.

Louise Barnfield—Wednury's Seven-Cent to One-Dollar Store.

Albert Fellows—Deelwhen's Electric Store.

Caroline Parke—Tar's Hatte Shoppe.

Norman Ford—Cash-and-Carry Delicatessen Store.

Jean Edgar—Mabel's Gift Shop.

Lawrence Fraser—Tarton's China Store.

Betty Johnston—Seasy's Specialty Shop.

Eaton Flynn—Seersef's Department Store.

Carroll Rosie—Joint Street A & P.

This formed a working basis from which the ten alternated positions.

Many tales are told of the great fun they had changing places during the last ten days of Christmas shopping. They really couldn't have been very proficient in any of their places of employment, but it seems that none of them were in one store long enough to be fired.

It is said that Ralph Crowder had difficulty on his second day of work, in becoming used to the prices of articles in Wednury's when he found things priced differently from two or four cents. Jean Edgar thought it strange, on her second day, that any one should want to buy whole sets of dishes—why not just a

vase or a single piece of special china? When the boys had their one day in Tar's Hatte Shoppe, they were so persuasive in their bad taste that much atrocious head-gear was seen issuing from the store. And imagine the dignified Caroline Parke selling groceries!

Little did we dream that Norman Ford would have such discriminating taste in the gift shop; on the day when he ruled supreme at Mabel's, people came in crowds to have him solve their Christmas worries. One could say: "I'm looking for something for my uncle's cousin's wife's niece's brother-in-law's youngest twins." Behold! with marvelous intuition Norman would know that they were both girls, and he would immediately bring out most suitable gifts for the youngsters.

Louise Barnfield looked like an adorable doll, perhaps posing as an advertisement in every store she was in. Wherever Louise was, there were scores of young men as customers. Eaton Flynn and Carroll Rosie both considered it beneath their dignity to go into the department stores or the grocery stores, but, being very much afraid of what the others might say if they didn't, they went grudgingly.

Next year we believe that the stores will have to establish a waiting list for this kind of workers, for many of the students who had steady jobs for the holidays wish now that they had joined the group of progressive toilers.

Send her an *Oracle* instead of a sweet.

Send her an *Oracle* and she's at your feet.

Compliments of

**Bangor Motor Co.**

\*\*\*\*\*

**Goodyear Tires  
Gas, Oil and  
Storage**

\*\*\*\*\*

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT SERVICE  
AND GOOD WILL

**R. B. Dunning & Co.**



**Plumbing  
AND  
Electrical  
Supplies**



54 to 68 Broad Street, BANGOR, MAINE

VEAZIE TECH vs. BANGOR HIGH

F. S. McKean, '30

Veazie Tech  
Versus Bangor High;  
Near the end of the game;  
The score was a tie.

Seven to seven  
The scorebook read;  
Things looked black  
For the white and red.

Bangor's ball  
On her ten yard line,  
Ninety to go  
And two minutes of time.

Al Goodin at center  
Takes the ball in his hands  
The tenseness of the moment  
Hushes the stands.

The ball goes back;  
Shean has it now.  
Can that boy run?  
Run, *and how!*

But the merciless backs  
Pile onto poor Shean;  
We hear a feminine voice:  
"Now isn't that mean!"

A forward to Crowley  
Takes the ball to mid-field.  
If we just had more time  
Veazie's fate would be sealed.

A lateral to Furrow  
On an end-run play;  
He gets by the line!  
*And now he's away!*

And now out in front  
Just a half-back or two;  
With his good right arm  
Pete pounds his way through.

So it's: "Just too bad,  
Veazie, sissy on you!"  
Thus, once again,  
Old Bangor comes through.



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"A—I—na:—Moan In Low.

Well, Ezra. They been telling me that ye up and bought The Madison Square Garden while you was in New York.

Yep. That's right, and I only had to pay ten dollars extra for the pigeons.

Why are a bum charade guesser, a trapped crook, and a seasick man like each other?

I giv'e up.

Yeh. They all do, too.

Congratulate me, Buckley. I've discovered a way to look through a stone wall.

How, Stern?

Make a window. Ha! Ha!

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And that, my son, is what I did in the big war.

But, Papa, what was the rest of the army used for?

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No, 'twas in a train wreck.

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Our utmost sympathy is extended to little Eddie Gibbons who cried his heart out at the age of eight because his kite wouldn't fly—and it was made of fly-paper at that.

Why do you work so hard?

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"And you don't know why the Zigflot fish swims backward?"

"No, I don't think I do."

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We ran across this article in a paper a while ago, and take the liberty of reprinting it, knowing that it will undoubtedly entertain, amaze, and edify you and all statisticians:

"Generally speaking, a man (we suppose that a woman would accomplish about the same amount of everything as a man) of fifty has slept 6000 days, worked 6500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4000 days, eaten 1500 days, and been ill 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drunk 7,000 gallons of liquid."

To make up some statistics of our own—

"Generally speaking, during the four years spent in High School, a pupil spends 1500 hours or 62½ days on home study, 150 days in recitations and study periods, does 7000 examples in either Algebra, Geometry or the like, writes from 30 to 50 themes, walks 300 miles going through the corridors, takes 64 quarterly examinations, goes to 60 games—football, baseball, basketball, hockey, etc., attends 400 movie shows, signs 50 bookslips, gives 15 oral themes, uses up 50 pencils, 2 packages of English paper, and 2 of Algebra paper, chews 75 packages of gum, eats 3 barrels of apples, 600 candy bars, drinks 200 bottles of soft drinks, falls down 10 times, is sick two weeks, memorizes APORFDZ and ZD-FROPA 4 times, gains 5 to 20 pounds, and grows 1 to 4 inches, is late for school 10 times, gets caught in rain without slicker, umbrella, or rubbers, 12 times, attends 25 dances, reads 28 *Oracles*, rides 40,000 miles going no-where, eats 4371 meals or 1457 breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, forgets some book 15 times, graduates once.

Judge—How far were you from this lady when she so suddenly expired?

Witness—Sixteen feet four inches and a half.

Judge—Well? How can you be sure it was exactly that distance?

Witness—I measured it, because I thought some fool might ask me the distance.

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How do you do? I've heard so much about you.

Ah, but you'll have a hard job to prove anything.

Coach—Remember that football develops leadership—now get in there and do as I told you.

"'Tis a sad case of overtraining" quoth the pretty mooly cow as the big, heavy, locomotive passed over her poor body.

The town of Switzerland takes its census by counting the number of echoes and dividing by the number of mountains.

Abe Kern is so modest.

Yes, so he's been telling me.

We still can't swallow the one about the absent minded professor who hung up his mittens to dry and then discovered that he had forgotten to take them off.

Algy:—Fauncy this, Percy. I saw a fellow yesterday who thought a football coach had four wheels.

Percy:—Haw! Haw! And how many wheels has one of the bally things?

Jack-O-Lantern.

"Hen" Fl—n, '31:—Yes, I've skated for hours on end.

"Bernie" St—r', '30:—Yeh?

"Hen":—Yeh!

"Bernie":—Well, why don't you get some one to teach you!

Prof. Alpert, '30:—Did you make the debating team?

Syd Ep—tein, '31:—N-n-no, they s-s-s-said I w-w-w-wasn't t-t-t-tall enuf.

What has two wings, two feet, a tail, is yellow and black and says, "tweet, tweet?"

A canary.

Ah, somebody told you.

Are all Pullman porters called George?

The one that stepped on my derby wasn't called George.

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## EXCHANGES

*(Continued from page 31)*

From Syracuse, New York comes an interesting paper the *Recorder*, to announce the news of Central High. Here through "The Society Bubble," one can easily find the activities of that school, while in the column of "Library Leaves," the best articles of the monthly magazines can easily be found.

The *Hebronian*,—Hebron, Maine.

A paper full of good stories and many write-ups and various activities.

On the front page of the *Milachi*, from Milaca, Minnesota, we were pleasantly surprised to discover an announcement concerning the National Honor Society, which seems to be quite active in Milaca High. We find "Twice Told Tales" amusing, while we find "grade notes" to be interesting, but quite unusual in a high school paper.

*Foxcroft Academy News*—Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

Here is a paper complete in all departments. "What to Do" is original as well as helpful. We hope to find you with us again.

The *Red Lion Hiltop*—Red Lion, Penna. brings us news of their "Second Regional Press Conference" at which there was a large attendance. It also mentions the great success of their musical comedy, "Gypsy Rover."

We always enjoy reading the news of Sanford High, in the *Red and White*. In November's issue, however we were sorry to read of your football scores. Better luck next year, Sanford!

*High Life*—Ripley, Tenn. We find your cuts very good, but can't you publish a Literary department and an Exchange column?

The *Orange and Black*—Hanover, Penna. Much credit is surely due to the publishers of this excellent paper. "College Bulletin" is an interesting as well as original idea. Keep it up!

*(Continued on Page 45)*

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## EXCHANGES

*(Continued from Page 43)**P. I. H. S. Ship*—Presque Isle, Maine.

This is a magazine which starts with a clever cover design and which is equally clever in cuts and write-ups all the way through. We think your literary department is excellent.

*Stephens Broadcast*—Rumford, Maine.

*Broadcast* is surely a good name for this paper, and there isn't a department missing. Call again!

The *Pine Cone*—Pine Bluff, Arkansas. "Bed-Time Stories for Students" is amusing and adds to your paper as does "Stuff and Nonsense." Your "News of the Sports" is very complete, but we find no literary column.

Here is a true article which we found in the *Jordan Booster*—Lewiston, Maine.

**Grief of Being a Journalist**

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.

If we are out rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not, some fellow will say that we "swiped" this from an exchange." So we did.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A Correction:—**

"Just Another Day" in the Christmas number of the *Oracle* was written by Minnie Alpert, '31, not Sylvia Alpert, as first stated.

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## MUSIC

*(Continued from Page 27)*

only fourteen new players were admitted. They are: Harold Grodinsky, saxophone; Bernard Saunders, saxophone; Robert Kurson, clarinet; Kenneth Anderson, clarinet; Elwood Bryant, saxophone; Maitland Baker, horn; Austin Miller, horn; Reginald Murphy, soprano saxophone; Charles Pressey, clarinet; Robert Stetson, flute; Maurice Emple, saxophone; Arthur Thayer, saxophone; Albert Conners, cornet, and Kenneth Stevens, drum. The complete Band membership, up to date, is approximately sixty, which is a few more than last year's band had.

This year, one of the greatest improvements in the Band is the possession of a real oboe, now played by Leo (the Lion) Viner. Its effect with all the selections thus far played has proved its enormous value to the Band. Last year Abe Kern played the Oboe part with a C clarinet, but the real oboe is decidedly more effective. Abe did a good job last year and is doing still better this year, with the B-flat clarinet blowers.

The band was featured at the Mayor's annual inaugural address in the City Hall on January 6. It was enjoyed by all.

## ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra is still working hard and is progressing very rapidly, although luck has been running against it for many an Assembly this year. For the past three Fridays, when the Orchestra was to play, its concert number has been 'cut' for we have had outside speakers to talk to us each time. However, the Orchestra provided the grand entertainment of the evening on December twentieth at the Dramatic Club Plays. Irving Grodinsky was the concertmaster of the evening, and many favorite selections, and marches were played. Director Sprague has great confidence in his orchestra this year, and is expecting great things.

*(Continued on Page 49)***ALL BOYS**

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## MUSIC

(Continued from page 47)

## GLEE CLUBS

On Tuesday afternoon, December 17th, the Girls' Glee Club created a sensation. Never before in its history was it so successful as that day in the Dorothy Memorial Hall when it presented a real Christmas Concert. The girls received a grand ovation as this was truly their first independent venture. The Hall had the Christmas setting and atmosphere. The girls wore sprigs of holly, and best of all, had bright red folders for their music. Red candles lighted the Hall, while evergreen trees, and wreaths completed the finishing touches.

The soprano soloist, Gertrude White, created a real hit with the audience. She is a prominent member of the Club. Other outstanding figures were Mary McLaughlin, Alicia Jarvis, and Beryl Warner. Miss Faith Donovan, popular Bangor cellist, was also on the program. She is a B. H. S. graduate. Hilda Donovan played the piano accompaniment part, while our noble singing teacher, Dorothy Brown Dean, was conductor of all the singing.

Following is the Christmas Concert program held Dec. 17th, by the Girls' Glee Club in the Dorothy Memorial Hall:

- I. Christmas Day is Here.. *Old French Carol*  
 I Know O Virgin Mary. *Old French Carol*  
 Soloists: Alicia Jarvis, Beryl Warner  
 Joseph and the Shepherds.....  
 ..... *Old French Carol*
- II. Good King Wenceslas *Traditional English*  
 God Rest You Merry Gentlemen..  
 ..... *Traditional English*  
 Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus..  
 ..... *F. A. Gevaert*  
 Soloist: Mary McLaughlin
- III. 'Cello Solos:  
 We Three Kings of Orient Are *Hopkins*  
 Jesu Bambino..... *Pietro Yon*
- IV. Soprano Solo—Sleep, My Jesus, Sleep  
 ..... *Bartlett*  
 Gertrude White

(Continued on page 51)

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## MUSIC

*(Continued from page 49)*

- V. A Snow Legend.....Joseph W. Clokey  
Solvejg's Cradle Song.....Edward Grieg  
Soloist: Gertrude White
- VI. 'Cello Solo—Gavotte Caprice.....  
.....Adelbert W. Sprague
- VII. Sleep, Holy Babe.....  
.....T. Frederick H. Candyln  
Silent Night.....Franz Gruber  
O Come, All Ye Faithful.....John Reading

The Girls' Glee Club also sang the following Friday evening, December 20th, in the Assembly Hall as a special feature between the two one-act plays. It was enjoyed by all.

The Boys' Glee Club, under the direction of Wilbur Cochrane, has been temporarily discontinued as it has combined with the Girls' Glee Club in rehearsing for the Festival Chorus. There is still hope that afternoon meetings will be arranged so as not to completely lose this valuable organization.

\* \* \* \* \*

No story, essay, or poem can be considered for the *Oracle* unless the faculty adviser, Miss Robinson, knows the name of the author.

## FLOWING GOLD

*(Continued from Page 23)*

Earle, tripped and fell, putting out the candle. Bob started to laugh but stopped short when he felt something pass his face and sting him, then on his neck and hands. Apparently a bees' or hornets' nest had been disturbed. He started to run for the entrance when he remembered that Earle might be in serious trouble. Upon turning back into the cave a few feet, he saw Earle coming towards him grinning and clapping his hands.

When they were back in camp, Earle told Bob that upon falling, he had tipped over some hives of bees which were in a little hollow on the floor. By luck, Earle was a person whom bees would not sting. The place over which Earle had fallen was the treasure place and the honey was the flowing gold.

*(Continued on page 53)*

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## FLOWING GOLD

*(Continued from page 51)*

They spent three days in the cave, Earle bringing out the honey, Bob fixing it so it would not be retaken by the bees. It was placed near the spring until the boys should return for it.

When they got back to the town, they found out that the old man who had died had once lived in the hills where the cave was located and that he raised honey for a living. In late years he had not been to the cave and so the bees had put in a very large store of honey.

A few weeks later the two boys were riding along toward the South with a tidy bank account which they had received from the sale of the flowing gold.

## BACK TO NATURE

*(Continued from Page 16)*

of them he plucked and singed and prepared for his evening meal. Never had he had a better supper than he ate on the beach that evening. The coots, roasted on the coals and washed down with quantities of clear cold water from a nearby spring, made for Hezekiah a royal meal. Then and there he decided to stay on the island and live the life he loved. He returned to the wreck and slept on the old cot. It was, "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away." Hezekiah was contented.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thirty years have passed away and Hezekiah, an elderly man now, lives in a humble cottage built out of lumber from the old wreck. He is still contented. He has as he says, "Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and plenty to smoke." Occasionally tourists visit Hunter's Ledge and perhaps one of the men may succeed in drawing him into a conversation, but he never speaks to a woman! He lets the world go by, and the world in turn leaves him alone. He reckons that he owes the world nothing and that the world in turn owes nothing to him. Hezekiah is happy in that island, to which he feels Providence brought him and to this day he sits in front of his shack, communing with his soul.

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## CONQUEST

(Continued from Page 11)

the efforts were rewarded. Eskimos told of finding a piece of wreckage which was identified by Diane as a part of the fuselage of the "Nymph." The Eskimos led the party to the foot of a huge mountain where parts still remained, bits of canvas and a piece of wood which was a piece of the propeller once.

Suddenly the dogs began acting queerly. They sulked and growled at nothing, apparently. An unearthly shriek as of a madman, vibrated and echoed through the cold, still air. A shaggy human, clothed in the skins of wild beasts suddenly appeared. Emitting another insane shriek, he sprang savagely among them. It took the combined efforts of the scientists and Eskimos to overpower the beast. Through the shaggy whiskers which concealed his features, a vivid scar, extending around from his forehead to the base of his skull, could be disclosed.

The scientist known only as our stranger gasped, "Shaw." It was indeed Shaw. He had lost his mind, owing to the terrific force of the blow which he received when the plane struck the mountain top.

This stranger turned out to be a surgeon who specialized in brain-work. He also proved to be none other than Diane's brother, who had been a World-War pilot and who had failed to return home from one of his patrols. He was reported killed in a "dog fight" over Mount See but he had gone in another direction and had been shot down by German shell fire. He was captured but released at the end of the war.

This accounted for the friendly interest he had taken in her and her co-pilot.

His operation on Jack Shaw was a perfect success. The aviator returned to his wife and baby who were overjoyed at seeing him. Dave Tompkins, for at last our stranger's name is revealed, tried to persuade Diane from any more attempts at flying but was unsuccessful. Flying was in her blood, and this brave little aviator is still flying, looking for new world's to conquer.



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