

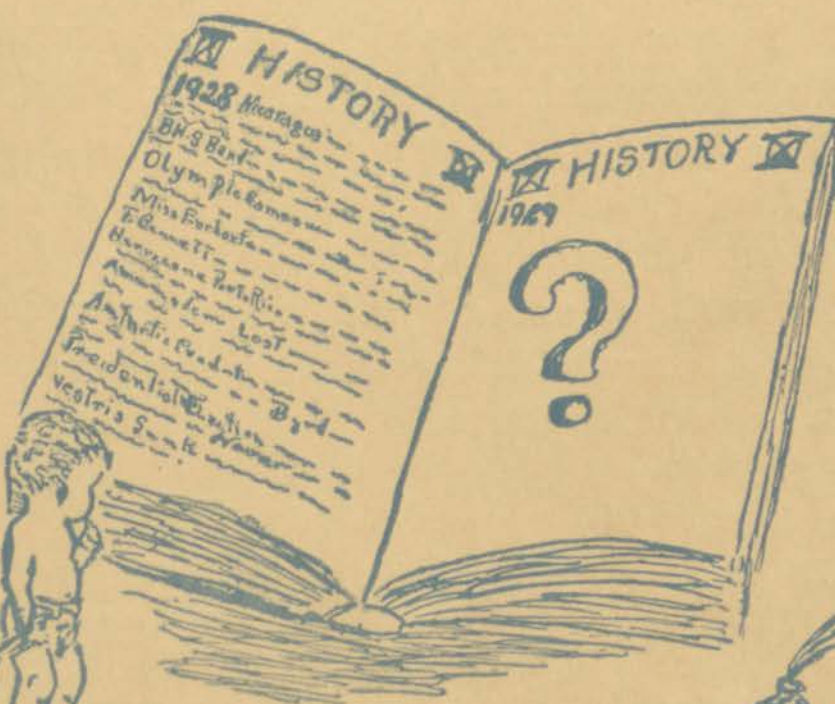
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The Oracle

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Perfection is unattainable, but nearer and nearer approaches may be made.

SCHOOL SONG

BANGOR High School badly needs a new school song; the familiar song that has been sung for many years at football games belongs to Columbia University and may be found entire, words and music, in the song books of that University, with the trifling difference that we sing "Bangor High School" instead of "Columbia." This may be news to some people, but the "Oracle" vouches for its truth.

Now, poets and sports, get busy and write us a snappy song of our very own!

WILL 1929 PROSPERITY HELP EDUCATION?

HERBERT Hoover will enter the White House with a priceless fund of goodwill behind him, and we can look forward to four of the most prosperous years in our country's administration. The President-elect is one of the nation's foremost business experts, and can be counted on to consider equally all states and sections in the Union. Such is the opinion of Mr. Roger W. Babson, the founder of the Babson Institute at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, a nationally known business expert. Mr. Babson, in a copyright article, states in conclusion: "I feel, therefore, in consideration of all the facts in the situation, that business men may count on 1929's being a year of reasonably good activity which should compare favorably with the

twelve months just closing. Furthermore, the American people are in an affirmatively optimistic mood toward the year ahead. The last few years have been kind to us. We must expect stiffer competition, both at home and abroad, in 1929. But while it will require a little harder work, a little more application to the job, yet 1929 offers distinctively good opportunities. I might put it this way—the last few years have constituted an opportunity for the American business men. 1929 represents a challenge. And I am positive the American business men will meet this challenge."

Now how will this affect our school life? What has a prosperous administration got to do with Bangor High School? Prosperity affects everyone and everything. Success in the various industries means more money, and money spells greater prosperity. The favorable conditions will affect us all more or less. But perhaps the most important item to us will be the inevitable prosperity along educational lines. The increase in the available financial funds of our universities, colleges, and other institutions will make possible better-paid faculties; this will have a tendency to raise the scholastic standing of the various institutions. Many schools and colleges are handicapped by a lack of adequate buildings, grounds, equipment, and other essentials; during the next four years many changes can be attempted along these lines.

1929 business conditions indicate that the American family will perhaps be better able—

certainly in as good a position—to send more sons and daughters to the higher institutions of learning. Thus the American youth will be fitted better than ever before to cope with the everchanging panorama of life.

When our boys and girls come to realize more fully the unlimited opportunities in store for them, we know they won't hesitate, as Mr. Babson says, to work a little harder, to apply themselves a little more to their task.

PROFITABLE READING

"Let us read."—John Clair Minot.

SORROWFUL as it may be, it is probably more than true that many of us do not read as much as we should, and many of us who do a great deal of reading, do not always read the best books. When we reach High School, we find much less time for recreation of all kinds; for this reason, if for no other, we should select with discrimination what we read. We are greatly aided in this respect by the numerous lists of good books compiled by each English teacher.

Reading good books is one of the best methods to train and broaden one's intelligence. Then, by reading, we learn about facts of history, deeds of famous men and women, the show-places of the earth, the mysteries of science, philosophy, psychology, ethics. We also can find enjoyment in the better class of fiction.

It takes practice in reading to find the main theme—the "high lights," as it were—of a story. The book reports we write in High School help us greatly in getting the most out of a story.

Those of us who intend to go to college have another thing to consider in choosing our books, especially those of us who expect to take examinations. The College Board Examinations in English alone, for the past twenty years, have included questions on *one hundred thirty-seven* books. And then we must consider the numerous books listed under examinations in other subjects.

Let us all consider our reading more carefully, and select none but the best books.

PRIVATE SCHOOL VERSUS HIGH SCHOOL

FOLLOWING is the substance of an actual conversation with a boy who had left high school to enter a private preparatory school.

Inquirer: Are the teachers better at Bronlipps school, or what?

Tom: No; I don't think it is the teachers. But, you know, you study more away from home.

Inquirer: How does that happen?

Tom: It's partially because you have a regular time for study at Bronlipps and you aren't allowed to do anything else at that time.

Inquirer: Couldn't you have a regular time at home?

Tom: Oh, yes, I suppose so. In fact, my mother always did insist that between seven and nine in the evening I should at least pretend to study.

Inquirer: Why "pretend." I'm not asking to be prying; I've got a boy of my own growing up and I want to know for his sake when he gets a little older.

Tom: Well, you see, at home you keep your books round anywhere and your study in any old chair or on a table piled with newspapers or out in the kitchen or in your bedroom if it isn't too cold, and you don't feel like studying in places like that; you are reminded of everything else. At school you have your desk, your books and papers are on it, and it looks so businesslike that you are at work before you know it.

Inquirer: My boy is going to have right away a desk of his own and a special place where it shall sit. It is going to be in a warm, well-lighted, and quiet corner. You see, I can't afford to send him to an expensive private school; moreover, I want to keep acquainted with him while he's young. A desk, a reading light and an electric radiator, if necessary, won't cost as much as the tuition for one term at a high grade school. Some Bangor High School students get honors in college without further study, and I'll see if my son can't be one of them.



All Literature writes the character of the wise man.

Mellowed

By Minnie Alpert, '31

CANDANCE MERRILL had always rebelled against growing old. Even when a small child she remembered being slapped lightly on her hands, and the reproving voice of her mother, "You're too old to play mud-cakes any longer," had dragged her away from this enticing pastime. Then, she had been vaguely disturbed by this hideous phenomenon of growing up, regarding it as an ordeal to be undergone at some time in the dim future. At thirteen she had been even more agitated, as the problem of growing up loomed nearer and nearer, when she overheard her mother, one evening, talking to a neighbor, "She's the most childish girl I ever saw. She seems actually to want to be a baby all of the time." A little later, she began to grow weary of hearing the everlasting, "You're a young lady now; act like one." On another evening, she had voiced her opinions of love and marriage to her mother and the neighbor discussing Mrs. Brown's latest husband. Of course, they were all highly romantic and painted a bit too brightly by a fanciful imagination, but nevertheless, she had felt angry when she heard the lady laugh lightly behind her hand, and when Candance was supposed to be out of hearing, say amusedly, "Excuse me, Louise, but I couldn't help laughing. I was the same at her age, but—" and nodded wisely. Candance didn't

see her but she could just feel that nod. Candance hated people who nodded wisely as if they doubted. "But," the good woman continued, "she'll know better when she grows older." How the girl despised these words, "when she grows older." She hurried to her room and flung herself on to the bed. "Oh, oh!" she sobbed to no one in particular, "I don't want to grow up if—if things are not the way they seem, or as they are written in books. I want to stay just the way I am with—with my dreams and my ideals and not have them all spoiled." She liked that phrase, "with my dreams and my ideals" and proceeded to surround herself with a romance, of which she was the heroine, the well-meaning neighbor chief villain.

The summer after her sixteenth birthday had been one long swirl of gaiety. It was then she had had her first beau, and when they had stood on the back doorstep for over an hour saying goodnight, her father laughingly took her face between his hands and regarded her keenly. "Well, Louise," he turned to his wife, "our little girl is growing up! And," he continued, "she's going to be a beautiful woman."

But her mother was plainly shocked. "James, the idea! Putting such notions into the child's head. She'll be as vain as a peacock from now on."

"Not vainer than as if she kept guessing that she was pretty and finally arrived at the conclusion that because she was, she could do as she pleased. Beauty must be controlled or it will lead to self-destruction. Then," he spoke musingly, "there is so much that a beautiful woman can do. She holds in her hands the power of kings. Such women have ruled the world either for good or bad since it has begun, and it has been mostly for the bad. Now don't you think, Louise, that if they had been educated to their beauty when they were young so that the fact would seem of negligible importance, that they had advantage over other women only because they were able to influence men, not for the bad but for the good; that the most important thing was to be a good woman?"

"I think you are right, Jim." Mother bent over him and kissed the spot where his hair was beginning to thin. She hadn't called him Jim for a long while.

Candance had remained where she was standing, simply because she had not been told to go away, but now her mother turned around, her voice softer than it had been for a long time. "Go to bed, childie; my little girl!" The last glimpse Candance caught of her father and mother made a little song sing in her heart that night, and later, whenever she thought of her mother, it was sitting on Dad's lap with her head within the circle of his arms, her fast-fading tresses coming down on her shoulders, running her fingers through his brown curly hair with the firelight shining on both of them, making a halo 'round the spot where they sat.

Before going to bed, Candance sat down before the mirror. She had daringly thought that she was a very pretty girl, but not further than that. Her father's words had aroused new food for thought to her. She sat thus, musing of those beautiful women she had vaguely heard of, books about whom her mother had forbidden her to read. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary, Queen of Scots must have been beautiful; Mona Lisa, Emma Hamilton. Of these, Mona Lisa was the only one who had been truly good. The others had

caused more wars, more hatred and more bitterness than history can ever record. She had heard some of the ultra-sophisticated of her class say that it did not pay to be good any more. No, perhaps it didn't, for the wild ones got away with boys when they were young, and husbands, not their own, when they were older, while other girls, just as pretty, were pronounced mentally "dead." A half-forgotten phrase came back to her mind, "A woman pays for everything unvirtuous that enters her life. She pays and pays." Yet, there were volumes written about Cleopatra and one had to hunt in an encyclopedia for Florence Nightingale. But what was it we were all seeking; what were we on this world for anyway? For ultimate happiness? Yes, that was what everyone was seeking, though they might deny it as a selfish motive. What was Dad working his head off in the office for anyway? What good were those hard bright bits of silver that didn't mean anything? To make life a little easier, to purchase happiness was the only answer. And Cleopatra—did she find happiness? Surely not. She was forced to take a coward's retreat from life; and the rest of the line of beauties, had they found happiness? "No," she thought to herself, "They had all paid and paid and paid." Florence Nightingale? She tried to recollect all she knew of the woman. She must have died happy knowing that some good had come to the world because she had lived. But had Florence Nightingale sought happiness? No, she hadn't. She had found happiness by service to others all the more because she had found what she had not sought. Those who sought it were bound to be disillusioned, and to follow delusions. Ah, but those who found but did not seek—yes, it paid to be a good woman.

Candance grew up that night, though she did not realize it at the time. Autumn came and went. New Year's Eve, Candance's birthday, found her wishing that, oh, she did not want to grow any older but for everything to stay just as it was forever!

The Dark Angel, taking its toll of deaths that Spring, took with it Candance's mother,

and as the minister repeated, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away," she heard a tearful sister murmur, "She was a good woman and died happy." Later, she heard her neighbors whisper, "Too bad! and just as the child needed her most, while she is growing up." Then it was that Candance knew, knew she had gone through the agony of growing up one summer's night after she had learned that she was to be a beautiful woman.

The prophecy was fulfilled. She was a pretty girl, an uncommonly pretty girl, but surely, surely not beautiful; but as she grew older, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven years

old, beauty came to her, a beauty not of youth but of such that might have graced an Aphrodite de Melos.


* * * * *

It was New Year's Eve. Now, Candance had a son—her little man, she called him, and Candance did not want him to grow up but to remain always, always, as he was. Tonight she was thirty years old. She felt frightfully aged when she saw children she had pushed around in perambulators with their first beaus under the mistletoe. She watched the old year out and the new year in, with one hand

(Continued on page 39)

The Island of Rainbow Men

By Max Marcus, '30

 HE MOST extraordinary man I ever met was Cuthbert Tate—a peculiar name for an adventurer and explorer, for that's what he was. He was known as the man with nine lives, although he had lived through a dozen.

One evening in January a few years ago, I was told by the chief editor of the *Morning Mercury* to get an interview with Mr. Tate, who was known to the world as the "Man of Miracles;" my object was to get a series of articles about his numerous explorations, discoveries, and experiences, which were to be published later in book form. The world was agog with rumors of his latest discovery of the Rainbow men and the missing link, and was more than eager for news.

I hurriedly made my departure. It was not very long before I was ushered by a dignified servant into a fine aristocratic home on Fifth Avenue.

On the walls were many trophies from different parts of the globe, but later I was shown the special trophy room, which contained many interesting and unusual collections of objects previously unknown to man.

During the twenty-nine years of his exploring, this was the first interview to be given by

Tate, and I felt highly elated to be the interviewer. The reason for the interview was that the editor of the *Morning Mercury* was a former classmate of his. Because Tate feared that his discoveries and secrets would be lost and not credited to him, and because of his hurried departure from one part of the country to another, no one had been previously given an interview. His discoveries had been regularly reported to the government with collections and notes of brief details.

Mr. Tate was graduated from college, intending to become a physician, but his love for the out-of-doors and his interest in his father's research work made him known as the greatest modern contributor to science.

His life had been one adventure after another. He had notes beside him describing the wonders he had seen. However, he did not resort to any notes for reference, because his love for his work was so great that he knew every spot, incident, and territory that he had traversed.

As he told me these thrilling experiences in the lounge room, the only visible light was from an old-fashioned fire-place; all was realistic, as if he were living the scenes over again and I were with him.

He related how he had become adrift on a small ice-floe in the Arctic, only to be brought back by a reverse tide to an unknown island where he found vegetable growth as dense as that of the tropics, caused by hot springs; how, in the tropics, his ship had been wrecked in shark infested waters; how with extraordinary agility he dived into their midst, killed one with a knife, and while the other sharks consumed his victim, he reached a distant island in safety.

However, it was while exploring the dark and untrampled regions of the island of Krakatoa, a volcanic island in Landu Strait, between Sumatra and Java, that he discovered the Rainbow men, men whose skin by nature had taken all colors of the rainbow. The reason for this coloration was due to the tropical vegetation which grew only on that island, caused by the gases of the volcano, which contained the dyes that affected the change in skin color.

The explorer finished by telling me of his most amazing and mystifying escape, that of coming out of a volcano alive, after he had become trapped in it and it had erupted for three days without harming him.

It was his last week in camp on the island, and he was to explore the volcano; with him he took two natives, an old sea captain, and an army deserter whom he had picked up at the port of Shanghai. Taking the deserter with him and leaving the others to watch the stores at the foot of the slope, he entered the volcano, which had been inactive for two hundred years.


When they were twenty feet inside the crater and were gazing into the seemingly inactive pit, there came a slight rumble, followed by one more terrific, which caused the earth beneath to tremble. In another moment, Tate was hurled against the side of the crater, only to vanish in an opening crevice. The deserter was instantly cremated by the hot lava.

On the fifth day, when he entered camp, he was hailed as a spirit, even by the old sea captain. He soon explained that he had been cast into a subterranean cave. Here fate again was with him instead of misfortune, for he discovered the long sought-for mystery of the missing link in the First City of Men in the subterranean cave, and thus established his theory of evolution and the fact that the island was once a part of the mainland.



The Price of Vindication

By J. W. B., '29

HE black-crossed plane swooped low over the American field, disregarding the rain of machine gun bullets which ripped through it; its helmeted and goggled pilot leaned over the side of the cockpit and tossed out a package. A tiny parachute opened and bore the package to the ground, where it was picked up by a group of pilots and mechanics.

Opening it, they found a gold watch, a pocketbook, a picture of a smiling girl, and a folded paper. Major Blake, the commanding officer of the 18th Pursuit squadron, known as the Eagles, unfolded the paper and read, "Lieutenant Frank Lear was shot down at 10:14 this

morning; signed, Fritz Mueller, Imperial Flying Corps."

A silence fell on the group, and then one of the pilots turned towards Lieutenant John Mueller, a recent replacement.

"Any relation of yours, Lieutenant?"

John Mueller, white-faced and staring, did not appear to hear him.

"Any relation of yours?" repeated the other.

"Brother," said John hoarsely.

"Oh! I see!" coldly remarked the other, turning his back squarely on John.

A moment of silence and then, one by one, the others turned their backs also, all except Major Blake.

"Mueller," he said kindly, "you're in a hard fix! I know that you can't help what your brother did, but—it's hard on the boys. You know as well as I how much all the boys loved Frank. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy; go up and knock down a Jerry or two yourself and the boys'll forget all about this."

Without a word, John saluted and walked into his bunk-room, donned his flying overalls and helmet, walked over to his trim little Spad, which the mechanics had just wheeled out of the hangar, and took off. Five minutes later, he was swiftly winging his way across the allied lines.

Lost in his bitter thoughts he failed to notice a swift Albatross which dropped from the clouds above and behind him, until a stream of tracer bullets shattered his instrument board, sending bits of glass flying about the cockpit.

Frantically he kicked a hard right rudder and banked, hoping to shake the "Jerry" off his tail. He leveled out from the bank, but that dread rat-tat-tat, still sounded in his ears, and a stinging pain shot through his right arm as a slug found its mark.

Looking back, he could see, over the blazing Spandans of the enemy ship, two goggled eyes
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Rather Late

By James W. McClure, '29

ONE day this last summer, for lack of something better to do, another boy and I decided that we would take his old Ford, some pails, and a little lunch, so that we could go blueberrying. We finally agreed that Black Cap Mountain would be a fine place to go to, as we could drive the Ford within a short distance of the blueberry patch. Another argument in favor of this was that we knew for certain that there were berries there. After pumping up the tires, we started off at about eleven o'clock, promising our folks that we would be careful and that we would be home early, as is the usual thing under such circumstances. We took the Holden road, as we thought that we could make better time that way.

We arrived without mishap at the farmhouse where we were to leave the car. We had been having a pretty good time while we were riding, and we felt quite peppy. As we started to leave the car, my friend looked at it and remarked that he hoped that the tires would still be up when we came back. He said that he had a weak tire on front. Well, right then that began to take the joy out of living. To have to come back and pump up a tire with a

hand pump, after picking berries all the afternoon in the hot sun, didn't look so pleasant. But, muttering words of prayer and hope, we "hit the trail."

We arrived at the top of the mountain just about the time that our stomach told us that it was dinner-time. After eating our lunch, we started picking in earnest. It was quite hot, but later in the afternoon it began to cloud over, making it cooler. After filling our stomachs and our pails—notice that I mentioned stomachs first—we hiked back to the car to find—a flat right front tire.

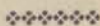
I had rather expected this, to tell the truth, so I wasn't much surprised. We took the tire off and put in a different tube, put the tire on again, pumped it up, and finally started off. Everything went fine until we were about halfway between East Eddington and Holden, when we heard a P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s. I looked at him "kinda sick like" and got out to get ready for business. We tried another tube and put it in the tire and began pumping it up. We got the tire pumped up to within two pounds of what it should be. He insisted that he should put in the other two pounds and to save time and argument, I told him to

go ahead. He had taken just four pumps when the tire gave. Nothing to do but to take the tire off again! Perhaps I haven't mentioned it, but this was an old model Ford and it *Did Not* have demountable rims. We had to pry the tire off every time. Please bear this in mind. He had just three other old tubes left and all three of these were full of holes. So we had to get out the vulcanizing set and set to work with that. We soon found out that the set wasn't any good! We took that tire off, put in a different tube, put the tire back on again, and pumped the old tire up just nine times. Well, that was rather tiresome work and to help matters, it was getting dark and I was

supposed to be home by six o'clock, as my folks were going out that evening. We just couldn't seem to get a tube that could hold enough air. So finally, I went into a nearby farmhouse to telephone. I told my folks the circumstances, also telling them that we would do all we could to get home.

Finally, we gave it up as a bad job. The only thing left to do was to run all the rest of the way to Holden on the rim. And that is what we did. And of all the luck, while going up a hill, the engine went dead cold! It required twenty more minutes to fix the engine then. By this time, it was quite dark. Then

(Continued on Page 45)



A Tragedy

By Ruth E. Sprague, '29

DADDY, daddy, the boarder has come; and oh, but he's handsome!" cried Annabelle, running out to the kitchen, where John Lee, an old sea-captain, sat on a low stool, mending fish-nets.

"Has he, my child?" queried the Captain. "Run and meet him while I wash up a bit."

Annabelle shyly went to meet the newcomer. As she faced him at the gate they stood for a moment appraising each other. He saw a slim young girl with dusky brown hair hanging loosely to her shoulders, clear, white skin, and dark velvety eyes. She saw a tall, slender youth with wavy blond hair, merry blue eyes, and a humorous mouth. He was an artist who had come from New York to this little village by the sea to paint landscapes.

Annabelle led him to the cottage, where her father greeted him in a hearty, seaman-like fashion and showed him to his room, which faced the sea.

The days that followed were full of pleasure, excitement, and also hard work. Philip Armistead, the young artist, possessed a wonderful personality, and soon was, as it seemed, a part of the family. He and Annabelle became good pals, and he was like a son to old

Captain Lee. Sometimes Annabelle sat fascinated as he deftly portrayed her beloved play ground upon his easel, and at other times she posed for him against some beautiful background.

They gaily prepared the meals together and after they had eaten, hilariously washed the dishes and put the cozy cottage in order. In the evenings Annabelle sat spell-bound while Phil told her about the great cities and foreign lands, or he sat and peacefully smoked his pipe while she read stray bits of poetry. Often Captain Lee told thrilling tales of hair-raising escapes from death he had experienced when at sea.

Thus, the long, joyous summer passed. The time was swiftly drawing near when Phil would have to go back to the city. Often as old John Lee sat watching them at some childish play, he thought how lonely Annabelle would be when Phil went home. She had lost her mother when very small, and having no brothers or sisters had had only her father for a playmate.

Just a few days before Thanksgiving, Philip left for New York. He was very happy, eager to get back to his old friends, and did not seem

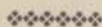
to regret leaving Annabelle and the Captain. After he had gone, as Captain Lee had predicted, Annabelle was lonely. She missed the jolly times they had had, and especially she missed the carefree, laughing companion. Soon she realized that he had only considered her a playmate to help pass away the long days and would never come back for her. She was heart-broken.

In February, an epidemic of diphtheria swept over the little village, taking the toll of many lives, Annabelle's among them. She didn't try to fight death. In her delirious ravings

she called for Phil, but he did not come. One bitter cold evening she smiled her last smile on her loving, heart-broken father and went "home." After this Captain Lee did his work mechanically. His daughter, his lovely child, the only bright spot in his life since the death of her mother, was gone. He was alone—alone.


One bright day in May, Phil came back. At the door of the cottage Captain Lee met him. Phil started in surprise and horror as he saw the old man. He seemed to have grown

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The State Runt

By Raymond F. Prince, '30

 HERE was no question but that Rodrick Lee Smith was a great detective. In our frat we all admitted that he had Sherlock Holmes beat a mile, and "Runt," for so he was called, gloried in the fame he received, and diligently sought every opportunity to display his talents. It seems that someone or ones had been helping themselves in the kitchen, and the cook, more out of curiosity than anything else, offered a reward of one dollar and extra dessert for a month to the one who would bring the culprit or culprits to justice, meaning to himself. Well, Runt decided to get on the good side of the cook, so he planted himself by the kitchen door to wait for the unsuspecting thief to show himself. He got tired of waiting after two days, and gave up his task as impossible. However, that night he tiptoed down and caught half a dozen fellows in the kitchen eating the ice amere and cake which was for the next day's dinner. He told the cook and claimed the reward—but he isn't very popular with me, because I was one of those he caught. We'd had a key made to fit the door of the kitchen, and so we had a meal every night after the others had gone to bed.

I started in to tell you about our game with Hamilton, but first let me say a few words about Runt. He possessed all the qualities of one who would naturally be called Runt—short, freckled, and full of his own importance. It was always he who would unceremoniously walk in when you were trying to cram for a test, and send all thoughts flying with his own unceasing conversation. There was no way of getting rid of him, except by actually throwing him out—which it was often necessary to do. He was one of that kind who apparently never study and never seem to need to, for he was a member of many honorary organizations, and always got good marks. But all of us have our failings, and his was mathematics. He didn't like the study, he wouldn't study it, and he hated the instructor. The only reason he was taking the study was because his father insisted upon it. His instructor that year was Clarence Bailey—called "Red" by his many friends among the students—and he was an authority, and one of the powers that be, on the school paper, the *State Speaker*.

In those days, State College had a membership of about three thousand, and Hamilton,

a smaller college, was its deadliest rival for athletic honors. The year before, Hamilton had easily, in fact too easily, defeated State on the gridiron to the tune of 42-0, and State was wild for revenge. This defeat had been a bitter pill to swallow, seeing that Hamilton was a smaller college, and since that time the State war cry had been "Beat Hamilton," and more than once the police had sent in a riot call to stop a fight between the students of the two colleges.

I was playing guard that year, and everything was promising a most successful season. There was a lot of material, and Runt was playing fullback and posing as a triple-threat. He told all that would listen to him that he had forgotten more football than most players ever learn, and seemed to take great pride in the fact. As the date of the game drew near, we thought we could be reasonably sure of victory, especially as Hamilton had lost more players by graduation than we had.

Runt was one of the kind who believe it is all a question of the mind, so he decided that if Hamilton *believed* they were beaten before the game started, it would be a sure victory for State. This was easy enough to say, but to make a team of one-hundred-seventy-five pound, thoroughly trained athletes *feel* defeated without trying, is another thing altogether. But Runt was confident of his ability to do the impossible, so he devoted all his time to finding some way of mentally defeating the great Hamilton team.

Meanwhile, both Hamilton and we were winning all our games, and sports writers were unanimous in the opinion that we had a 50-50 chance, which was of no great encouragement to us.

It was while reading of the Harvard-Princeton game that Runt received his remarkable inspiration. He was thoroughly convinced that if a certain player were advertised as unstoppable, and a lot written about him in the papers, the Hamilton team would be less certain of victory. *Of course* the only player good enough to be thus advertised was Runt himself, so what could we do but approve?

It was, therefore, with much amusement that I learned from "Wil" Nickerson, my roommate, that Runt had taken up mathematics in earnest, hoping to win the favor of Red Bailey. He must have succeeded, for after Saturday's game with Jackson the *Speaker* appeared with the following:

SMITH EASILY BREAKS THROUGH
JACKSON LINE;
BELIEVED HE IS THE DECIDING
FACTOR IN VICTORY FOR
STATE OVER HAMILTON

This was a big joke with the school, for everybody knew that it was only with the aid of the rest of the team that he had done anything at all, and even then we had had to push and help him through. But you should have seen Runt! Boy! it was funny! You'd think he had discovered the North pole by the way he acted, because if he thought anyone was watching him, out would go his chest, and he'd start off with a strut that he had perfected, looking for all the world like a little bantam rooster. He was about as modest as a peacock and was always looking for praise.

About this time, I sprained my ankle and that put me out of the game for the rest of the season. Maybe I wasn't sore, for Hamilton was getting stronger every day. The coach tore his hair and cried and swore, but it didn't help matters in the least.

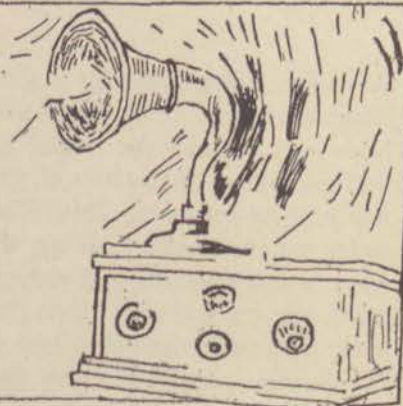
Well, the day finally came, and I sat on the bench to watch the game. It was a perfect day and I was feeling great—with the excitement and all. The Hamilton team must certainly have been impressed by the stories they had heard, but the one who was impressed the most was Roderick Lee Smith, himself. It surely looked funny to me to see Runt out there telling them not to worry as he was there and would save them from defeat. Instead of encouraging me, it made me weaker—with laughter. I guess he really thought he could beat them alone. There was a big crowd there, about 20,000 men, women, and children, and innumerable dogs of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions.

(Continued on Page 43)

BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

E 29



Remain Conscious of your Regard of Extra-curriculum Activities.

Greetings, faculty (almighty beings), and all ye little dumbells, meaning most of us who may sometime (this word is used advisedly) know enough to graduate! How did Santa Claus treat you? And now that our two weeks of heavenly bliss are gone, tho' not forgotten, isn't it just the nicest thing in the world to be back here among our beloved teachers, studying, taking tests, studying and—at this point I am overwhelmed by tears. 'Tis too much! ! But alas! and alack! The cat came back (that's poetry), much in the manner we did, and how the dear little Freshmen did weep when with tender, loving hands they laid away their candy canes, dollies, rattles, tricycles, A B C blocks, and all their pitty, pitty stowie books, yes, sir! all about Peter Wabbit an' zat great, big, bad ol' wolf what nearly caught him and et him clean right up, sure nuff!—until quarter of five.

To put aside the sob stuff and get down to brass tacks—not much exciting has happened since the "Oracle" was last issued. On account of Mrs. Bridgham's illness, the Dramatic Club has suspended all operation, and about all school activities have suffered a relapse.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

On December 6, the Latin Club met in the Assembly Hall to celebrate the Saturnalia, or Roman Christmas. Some came in costume, and all were supposed to represent some prominent character in Roman history. Those who failed to do so had to recite a nursery rhyme.

A large number of Sophomores were taken in at this meeting. Everyone had a great old time playing games, with Richard Buckley as king for the evening. A one-act play (nameless) was presented by the following cast: Arthur Brown, a hungry American youth; "Ray" Spencer, ditto; and Peggy Somers, a French waitress. Fortuna, represented by Janet Young, was there with gifts for all. After refreshments of ice cream, cookies, and candy, the meeting was adjourned.

On Thursday, December 13, the Dramatic Club held its last meeting before the Christmas holidays. The study of the one-act play was resumed, and a short play, Beau of Bath, was presented for the members to criticize. Janet Young directed it and the following were the entire cast: Clarice Penney, Ralph Brown, and Ray Spencer. It has definitely been decided that two plays will be given soon. The plays are already here; one is a real, good, old-fashioned comedy and the other is a fantasy with a musical score. The cast for these two plays has not been selected.

This society held a very interesting meeting December 4, debating the question: School credits should be given for outside work in music. Theodore Adams and Evelyn Golden upheld the affirmative; Samuel Levine and Lena Lavoot, the negative. There was some lively open rebuttal. The members voted that the affirmative had won

the argument, but the Society, almost unanimously, voted for the negative on the merits of the question.

The meeting of January 8 was a written lesson upon how to conduct a meeting, the questions based upon a typed sheet of instructions which have been closely followed by the officers and members.

Friday evening, December 14, the members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council were guests of Mrs. Hilda Richardson, at her home in Brewer. At this time, Mildred Bradford, a Sophomore, was taken into the council. Games of all kinds, a Christmas tree, presents, and refreshments all helped to make this evening very enjoyable.

COMMENT

The Junior rings arrived after a while, and great has been the rejoicing in the class of '30. For weeks, the office beyond the desks resembled a free-for-all, as everyone tried to get a peek into the box which contained these choice lumps of metal. Then the voting took place and a keen-looking ring was chosen. The Juniors are to be congratulated for having such an unerring eye for beauty.

Tuesday afternoon, in Dean Connor's room, the officers of the Senior Class got together to discuss the whys and wherefores of the Senior Class Meeting. A great many were presented and finally two from the lot were selected. (By actual count, Treasurer "Moulder" Murray spent exactly four hours and a half the night before writing his two and one tenth mottos). So the next day, after Assembly, the Seniors held their first class meeting of this year, or any other year, for that matter. President "Bob" Russ was chief cook and bottle-washer for this momentous occasion, and he presented the business of the day. First the mottos, "Deeds not Dreams," and "Look Forward not Backward" were voted upon, and the former won by an

overwhelming majority. Thus history was made, and "Deeds not Dreams" shall ever be the aim of the class of '29. It was then decided that the officers should choose the class colors and the design for the banner. The meeting was adjourned and all picked up their books, feet, and such trifles and departed for their long-delayed classes.

INSIGNIA FOR THE "ORACLE" BOARD?

At the recent meeting of the "Oracle" Board, it was suggested that this year the custom will be started for each member to receive a pin of some sort, symbolic of the work done by the Board. For the purpose of doing some more extensive thinking on the subject, a committee consisting of Polly Brown, Nelson Ordway, Walter Ludden, and Thomas Hersey, was chosen.

MUSIC BAND

The first term of school is ended and the band is still working conscientiously to bring itself into championship form. The competition at the New England band contest this spring is expected to be very keen, as Massachusetts seems to support many excellent bands. One of our most worthy rivals is Gloucester High, whose band is unusually proficient and somewhat larger than B. H. S. Band; moreover, the instrumentation is a little more complete. This band won second place in the contest at Boston last year. Another competitor is the House of the Angel Guardial Band; this group has won the New England championship twice, but last spring received third place. Evidently music is taken very seriously in this school, because the boys are required to practice an hour a day instead of an hour a week, as at B. H. S.

Of course some "dark horse" may win the championship, but in all probability, it will go to one of the three schools mentioned.

As the basketball season begins, the band seems to be the center of support of the team. At the first two games, the band has been applauded loudly by friend and foe. It has been

suggested that four pupils be chosen from each class to sit in the audience and help the crowd follow the cheer leaders. This plan should do much to relieve the apathetic condition of the student body which was so manifest at the Brewer game. This group should be chosen by their qualities of animation, magnetism initiative, and dependability. The cheer leaders last fall did exceptional work and every one of them deserves much credit, but they have not received the backing which they deserve.

The members of the band were sorry to learn of the accident to Betty Gillespie, and it was voted to give her a token of remembrance on account of the faithful work at one of the most difficult duties that a student could undertake. After consultation with Mrs. Colburn, Mrs. Quimby, and Mrs. Lyon, sponsors of the movement, a book, *Churchill Street*, by Mrs. Mildred Wasson of Bangor, was purchased and inscribed by the author with the following poem:

To Betty:

Whose quickening spirit cheers the Red and White

To goals beyond goals of brutal might:
Whose loyal faith wrings triumph from defeat,
And leads our failing hearts to braver beat:
May the same gallant urge to victory
Inspire you now to win quick recovery.

—M. W.

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has made several pleasing appearances before assembly. Although this organization is composed of expert players, there is a lack of perfect balance as to the instrumentation. The greatest deficiency is in the lack of a 'cello and stringed bass. The school owns two of these instruments and the free use of them would be given to anyone in high school who would begin taking lessons. This is really a fine opportunity, because one of these instruments would be very expensive, and any person with average ability could soon become a member of the orchestra.

ra. Quite recently, four new viola players were admitted.

GLEE CLUBS

For the first time since (and even before) Columbus favored America with a visit, the Girls' Glee Club sang before assembly, Friday, December 14. This group, composed of morning students, sang three interesting Christmas carols. These selections were greatly enjoyed by the audience and they received enthusiastic applause.

The Freshman Girls' Glee Club sang four Christmas carols at the afternoon assembly, Thursday, December 13. The soloists were Jacqueline Johnston and Evelyn Tracy. This group also made a fine showing and received a good hand.

MILITARY RIFLE CLUB

Thursday evening, December 6, the High School Rifle Club met in room 307 and elected the officers and Team Captain for the ensuing year.

The men elected for the respective offices are as follows:

Michael Luosey, President.

George McKenney, Vice-President.

Harry Crowley, Secretary.

Cadet Major Ludden, last year's Club President and Team Captain, presided and gave a most interesting talk on his trip to Camp Perry, Ohio, and his participation in the National Matches there.

The meeting was then devoted to the nomination and election of officers, after which Lieutenant McKenney gave the boys a very instructive and highly interesting talk on ballistics and preliminary rifle marksmanship. There was much enthusiasm shown at the meeting, about seventy-five men being present.

The rifle team last year shot in many interesting and famous small-bore matches that were highly instructive to the team members. Among the matches fired were the Hearst

(Continued on page 47)



*" 'Tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey."*

Leo White, '25, having won a scholarship at Holy Cross, is taking a four year course at the American College at Rome. The scholarship includes travel through Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. We are very proud to have a graduate of our Alma Mater have such an honor conferred upon him.

The class of 1901 recently met for the twenty-seventh time. This class holds the record for reunions, having held one each year since graduation. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert W. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Collamore, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Horace A. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene H. Pfaff, Miss Mary M. Williams, and Miss Carrie C. Mayberry.

Frank M. Sparks of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been appointed to be the editor-in-chief of the *Grand Rapids Herald*, with which he has been associated for a number of years. Mr. Sparks did newspaper work in Bangor for a while, and went west shortly after his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1900. It was not long before he became affiliated with Grand Rapids newspapers, steadily advancing to his recent promotion.

Leslie C. Whitecomb, '27, has been named by Senator Gould as first alternate for appointment in West Point Military Academy. He attended Hebron Academy last year and is now taking a course at Georgetown University.

Ralph Curtis and William Parent have passed their examinations for the United States Navy.

James D. King and Edward L. Downing have enlisted at the local army recruiting station for duty with "Maine's Own," the 5th Infantry, stationed at Portland.

A. Abbott Rand, '28, has enlisted for the 62nd Coast Artillery at Fort Totten, New York.

John and Charles Largay are attending St. Anslems College in Manchester, New Hampshire.

Recent weddings are:

Ruth E. Mills, '22, to John M. Carroll.

Frances Kennedy, '20, to Daniel F. Bohan.

Inez E. Plummer, '28, to William Alexander.

The engagement of Grace Webber to André Cushing, '24, has recently been announced.

Among those who came home from the Thanksgiving holidays are Muriel Sampson, Mildred McGuire, Phyllis Dunning, Mabelle Rogers, Mary McAvey, Sylvia Eames, Sylvia McLaughlin, Hilda Powers, Katherine Mead, Ruth Smith, Edna Dearborn, Dorothy Dorr, Elizabeth Spangler, Cynthia Jones, Fred Gilen, Francis Allen, Frank Allen, Prescott Vose, Philip Smith, Albert Tarbell, Hugh Connor, Henry Samway, Charles Largay, and John Largay.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Ella Haynes, last member of the class of 1862. Mrs. Haynes never lost her interest in her Alma Mater, and until her health became poor, she subscribed for the "*Oracle*."

CONTES FRANCAIS

Guérison de Shadows

Par PHYLLIS WEBBER, '29

LA première semaine après l'arrivée au camp on se servit de chevaux pour obtenir des renseignements pratiques touchant les chevaux. Une des premières leçons était l'explication des cinq pas.

Quand la période était à demi écoulée une petite fille, qui, en vérité, était en retard se faufila au coin de l'écurie et prit place sur l'herbe au près de moi.

Vous savez tous probablement que la plupart des chevaux ont naturellement trois dé marches, le pas, le trot, et la galopade, mais les autres quelquefois en ont plus, que quelqu'un (peut-être un précepteur) les a dressés à faire.

Monsieur Boswell, le précepteur anglais de la cavalcade venait de nous parler des cinq pas d'un « sorrel » nommé Shadows quand la jeune fille arriva.

« Et maintenant vous comprenez tous pourquoi nous disons que Shadows a cinq allures, n'est-ce pas ? » ajouta Monsieur Boswell pour finir cette partie du discours.

Quelques minutes après une petite fille éleva la main et dit à voix basse :

« Oh ! Monsieur Boswell, pourquoi est-il ainsi ? Le médecin ne pourrait-il le guérir ? »

A Travers la Lunette d'Approche

Par PAULINE SIEGEL, '29

« FERME un œil, » dit le vieux capitaine Watson à son petit-fils Willie, lui passant la lunette d'approche. Mais Willie ne savait pas fermer un œil sans fermer l'autre, et alors, il ne put rien voir du tout.

« C'est cela ! » s'écria le capitaine Watson, quand, enfin, le petit fit ce que le capitaine lui avait dit.

« Mais je ne peux rien voir ! » répondit Willie. « Tout est noir et embrouillé. »

« Peut-être le foyer n'est pas en bon ordre, » dit le capitaine, prenant l'instrument, et le changeant tant soit peu.

Mais malgré cela Willie ne put voir. En vain son grand-père poussa et repoussa le tube ; tout semblait toujours le même. Puis, soudain Willie exclama, « Oh, je vois quelque chose. C'est un vaisseau près du rivage. C'est celui de papa, aussi, et le voilà, atterrissant le vaisseau. »

Et si grande fut l'anxiété pour la sûreté de son père qu'il repoussa les lunettes et ouvrit les yeux.

Mais où était le navire qu'il avait vu si près ? Il n'y avait aucun signe de navire maintenant ! Seulement on pouvait voir de petits bâtiments de tous genres du côté où il regardait. Il jeta un coup d'œil sur son grand-père, mais le vieillard se tenait les côtés de rire.

Alors Willie devina que c'était une ruse ; ainsi le vieux capitaine lui parla de la lunette d'approche et de son usage.

Village Désert (Oliver Goldsmith)

Par VIVIAN MOORS, '29

SWEET Auburn était une fois le plus charmant village de la plaine avec son église et son école étranges et vieilles. Il y avait des fermes partout et les gens étaient très industrieux.

Chaque homme avait les droits égaux, chacun ayant sa propre ferme et sa propre famille ; tous étaient amicaux l'un envers l'autre et travaillaient ensemble non pas pour le pouvoir et l'influence.

Quand un pauvre vagabond entrait dans ce village, il était recueilli, nourri et gardé en attendant qu'il fût prêt à partir.

Chacun était heureux, tout le monde, jeunes et vieux, aimait le congés. Les jeunes jouaient des jeux, les vieux les regardaient faire, s'amusant beaucoup.

Sweet Auburn était béni ; ayant un admirable maître d'école et un ministre. Le maître d'école était très sévère, mais il était aussi très plaisant. On pensait qu'il était très savant car ne pourrait-il pas lire et écrire ? Le ministre était aimé aussi bien que le maître d'école. Il était aussi prêt à aider son prochain, très

influent par ses sermons, même ceux qui venaient rire de la religion se mettaient à la suivre.

Mais la richesse et le luxe s'abattirent sur ce village simple et ancien quand un riche vint y demeurer. Dès ce temps-là le village se dépeupla.

Les vieux paysans qui étaient heureux autrefois et contents travaillant ensemble, étaient continuellement repoussés et le riche prenait leurs places. Chacun ne travaillant que pour le pouvoir et l'influence. On ne voulait pas accepter de vagabonds à Sweet Auburn maintenant et le pauvre était renvoyé du foyer et du village qu'il aimait soit à la ville ou restait là dans le dénuement.

Le ministre et le maître d'école n'avaient plus de contrôle.

Ce village était gouverné maintenant par les riches et les puissants et les fermes servaient à leurs plaisirs au lieu de servir à l'agriculture. Ainsi Sweet Auburn autrefois aimé de tout le monde devint un village déserté par les paysans.

La Princesse Elan Taché

Par PATRICIA BYRNES, '29

SUR l'île Indienne, dans une petite maison, pas en mauvais état, construite au bord du fleuve Penobscot, vivait la Princesse Elan Taché (Alice Nelson), une jolie demoiselle indienne, petite-fille du puissant chef, Grosse Montagne, de la tribu Penobscot.

En juillet, en visitant l'île, j'eus l'avantage de la rencontrer. Elle paquettait activement sa malle en préparation d'une excursion au dehors et était enregistrée pour un long engagement au casino à Paris.

Elle était terriblement surmontée et s'excusa de la condition sens dessus dessous de la maison. Quand elle se mit à rire je vis une collection de dents perlées, et une couple de jolies fossettes. En l'interrogeant j'acquis des renseignements sur sa vie.

La princesse était une danseuse, spécialement en danses indiennes. Elle pouvait écrire des contes, de la poésie et elle avait acquis de l'argent en posant pour des tableaux. Choisie

parmi un groupe de cent indiennes elle avait posé pour la statue de la Victoire.

Aux collèges de l'Est elle avait chanté, dansé, et raconté des histoires à l'heure du coucher avec l'aide de la corporation des danseuses indiennes avec laquelle elle voyageait.

Elle était d'une famille de huit enfants. Une de ses sœurs voyageait avec Ranch cent un; un de ses frères suivait un cours à l'université Colombia; pendant que les autres habitaient sur l'île.

J'appris plus tard que l'homme qui nous avait passé dans un bac était son père, Horace Nelson, un homme très instruit et ancien étudiant à Dartmouth.

Un Rêve

Par HELEN GAUDET, '29

Ce devait être un samedi soir que j'ai fait ce rêve parceque c'est le seul soir que je fais un bon souper (se composant de haricots). Par conséquent, je mange rarement des haricots sans me souvenir de cette petite expérience.

Je me couchai vers dix heures et quelques minutes après je me trouvai dans la classe française. La salle était très grande et brillante comme le soleil.

La maîtresse avait un gros dictionnaire français duquel elle nous demandait des mots. Ce fut un concours et celui qui épela correctement la plupart des mots remporta un prix.

Je ne me souviens d'aucun mot mais évidemment, une des filles le mérita, car la maîtresse alla dans un petit appartement et prit un petit vase, orné de fleurs rouges, d'une tablette et le lui donna avec grande cérémonie. Il y avait un petit clou attaché au vase sur lequel était écrit: « Dix sous. » La maîtresse nous expliqua que c'était pour faire voir la valeur de bien épeler.

Puis la cloche sonna et je me levai mais au lieu de me lever de ma chaise je quittai mon lit chaud et quand les pieds touchèrent le plancher froid je m'éveillai et, oubliant tout concernant la « chère » valeur d'épeler correctement je soutai dans mon lit si violemment que je cassai presque les ressorts.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



An honest and wise man will acknowledge that only to be a true victory which is obtained without violation of faith, or blemish upon honor.

NEW ELIGIBILITY RULES

At the Maine Teachers' Convention which was held here at Bangor High School last October, the Maine Association of Principals of Secondary Schools passed two new eligibility rules which went into effect on the twenty-fourth of December, 1928.

As a result of these new eligibility rules, ten basketball candidates on Bangor High School's 1928-1929 basketball squad are ineligible to play in any of the scheduled games.

The first ruling states that a pupil must have received at least a rank of seventy for the preceding semester in three subjects, and that he must be passing in the current semester. The other ruling states that any pupil who has attained the age of twenty is ineligible, whereas formally it was twenty-one.

The first of the following rules effects eight of the basketball candidates, and the second effects two.

Eligibility Rules:

Paragraph 1. No pupil shall be eligible for any interscholastic athletics contest who is not maintaining for the current semester and who has not carried successfully for the preceding semester, the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility of the school of which he is a member, provided, however, that the minimum scholastic requirements for athletic eligibility shall not be less than fifteen periods of prepared work a week or its equivalent.

Paragraph 2. The words "preceding sem-

ester" shall be interpreted to mean the semester in which the pupil was last in attendance, two weeks being sufficient to establish a pupil's attendance for the semester, but no scholastic work for which the pupil has received athletic credit shall count toward the minimum requirements of fifteen periods of prepared work.

Definition: The word "semester" is understood to mean one-half the school year.

Section 3, paragraph 1. A pupil is ineligible to participate in any interscholastic athletic contest who has represented in athletics a class A secondary school or schools for four years; who has competed under an assumed name; who has attained the age of twenty years; who has played as a member of any college team.

BANGOR 28; MILLINOCKET 23

Bangor High opened its 1928-1929 basketball schedule, Saturday night, December 29, in City Hall, with a 28-23 win over Stearns High, Millinocket.

The game was hard fought all the way, but Bangor always held a small lead except in the first period, which ended with the score 6-6.

The last half was the best part of the game, with much faster playing, the final count being 28-23 in favor of B. H. S.

The Crimson's teamwork, together with the exceptional shooting of "Ossie" Heath and Al Goodin and the floor-work of Capt. McDonnell, was the fireworks of the entire game.

Comparative Statement of the Football Seasons for 1927 and 1928 of the Bangor High School Athletic Association



	Loss	1927 Gain	Loss	1928 Gain	
Balance previous audit		\$1,201.03			\$2,362.19
Expenses on new field			\$2,170.85		2,170.85
					<u>\$191.34</u>
Income:					
Student tickets		\$517.90		\$385.00	
Patron tickets		313.50		255.00	
Concessions		41.16		10.80	
Interest		24.40		20.76	
Expense:					
Football equipment	\$526.28		\$757.40		
Ass't Coach	158.00		125.00		
Miscellaneous	298.27		450.21		
Schedule:					
Brewer at Bangor	\$25.50			126.46	
Millinocket vs. Bangor			58.97		
Winslow	84.90				
Portland at Bangor		864.03		922.06	
Portland Banquet	123.25		126.25		
Portland Reception		32.50		41.15	
Old Town	1.00			201.80	
Lewiston	49.44		99.88		
Portland at Portland	242.55		269.00		
Waterville	23.40		87.19		
Brewer at Brewer		206.48		409.85	
E. M. C. S. "Night Game"				223.31	
Rockland		124.31			
Second team at Bar Harbor			33.00		
	<u>\$1,532.69</u>	<u>\$2,124.28</u>	<u>\$2,007.70</u>	<u>\$2,596.99</u>	
		1,532.69		2,007.70	
Net gain for season		\$591.59	\$591.59	\$589.29	\$589.29
Bal. at end of season			\$1,792.62		\$780.63
Represented by					
Checking Account		\$428.48		\$616.65	
Savings Account		1,364.14		163.98	
		<u>\$1,792.62</u>		<u>\$780.63</u>	

Bangor, Maine, Dec. 21, 1928

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

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) LIONEL L. COOK, Auditor.



B. H. S. 1928-29 BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back row, left to right—Coach W. Edward Trowell, S. Epstein, H. Gulnac, R. Brown, E. Reid, Phil T. Somerville.

Third row, left to right—H. York, W. Hunt, J. Burr, L. Furrow, R. Russ, D. McKinnon, Manager L. Lynch.

Second row, left to right—T. Marcus, O. Heath, Captain J. McDonnell, H. Colburn, A. Goodin, G. Shean.

Front row—E. Dunham, G. Flagg.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

*"If you or I shall rule, let's fairly try,
And force or fortune give the victory."*

BASKETBALL

The season that is looked forward to by so many students has now come. The first practice was held Wednesday, December 5, under the supervision of Coach Richardson. Thirty-four girls reported.

Arvella McIntyre, our snappy jump center, and one of the best centers in the state, will captain the team, and under her leadership, a fine season is expected.

Those who won their letters last year are Arvella McIntyre, Marjorie Craig, and Eulalie Collins.

Captain McIntyre has been shifted from her center position to forward. Coach Richardson will develop Collins, Craig, and Mildred Russell for the center position on the Crimson sextette, and has promising material for guards in Welch, Crane, Carson, Penney. M. Young, E. Thompson, A. Gross, and P. Kenney are out for forwards.

Those who reported for practice are as follows: F. Bradford, E. Lyon, E. Welch, F. Crane, D. Leavitt, G. Robinson, H. Strickland, D. Grant, E. Hutchings, C. Penney, D.

Landon, A. Stevenson, A. Gross, M. Young, E. West, D. Vanadestine, L. Jones, G. Mead, M. Haney, M. Russell, M. Peters, M. Carson, N. McLeod, E. Collins, M. Graham, W. Brown, N. Sanders, H. Gallupe, B. Stover, Canning, D. Trickey, E. Thompson, M. Craig, and A. McIntyre.

In the past, the students and faculty have been attending the games, and everyone on the team appreciated the fact that good old B. H. S. was behind them.

Due to the efforts of Manager Craig, a fine schedule has been arranged. The schedule:

Jan. 4, 1929—Brewer at Bangor.

Jan. 11—Eastern Normal School at Castine.

Jan. 18—Bar Harbor at Bangor.

Jan. 25—Brewer at Brewer.

Feb. 1—Maine Classical Institute at Pittsfield.

Feb. 8—University of Maine at Bangor.

Feb. 15—Eastern Normal School at Bangor.

Feb. 21—Bar Harbor at Bar Harbor.

Mar. 2—University of Maine at Orono.

Mar. 8—Maine Classical Institute at Bangor.



CAPT. ARVELLA L. MCINTYRE



*"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"*

At Central High School in Syracuse, New York, they have a fine idea. If anyone wishes to know anything about a book, he hands it in and the question is answered in the school paper.

At Westbury, book reviews are regular features in the school Paper.

We noticed several revised Personals from the "Oracle" in the *Red and White*, the Sanford High School Paper.

In the *Orange and Black*, the school paper at Hanover, Ga., there is an "Open Forum," a department in which a person may express anything which he thinks is of benefit to the school. This paper has a first honor rating in the National Scholastic Press Association at the University of Minnesota.

Barringer High School in Newark, New Jersey, is the third oldest high school in the country.

In the *Commercial News*, Commercial High School, New Haven, Conn., they publish names and their derivations.

Book reports of popular fiction are published in the Gloucester High School paper.

The *Orange and Black*, Hanover, Pa.

You have a very fine paper. Your school news is well written. We like the "Open Forum," but we miss the Literary Department.

The *Rohistat*, Rockwood, Pa.

We enjoyed reading your school news, which we think is very well written. The article by Professor Barner is good. Your paper could be improved by more jokes and stories.

The *Jester*, Ellsworth, Maine.

You have an interesting paper. "Thanksgiving Luck" is good and your write-ups show a lot of school activity, but where are your jokes?

The *Beacon*, Gloucester, Mass.

We like your magazine very much. The Literary Department is especially good and your cover is artistic and shows talent.

We also acknowledge:

The *Bowdoin Orient*, Bowdoin College.

The *Maine Campus*, University of Maine.

The *Echo*, South Portland, Maine.

The *Red and White*, Sanford, Maine.

The *Commercial News*, New Haven, Conn.

The *Stephens Broadcast*, Rumford, Maine.

The *Arielette*, Bucksport, Maine.

The *Whisp*, Westbury, Long Island.

The *Golden Lion*, Julesburg, Colorado.

The *Milachi*, Milaca, Minnesota.

The *Salemica*, New Salem, Mass.

The *Madisonian*, Madison, New Hampshire.

The *Recorder*, Syracuse, New York.

The *Washington Record*, East Machias, Me.

The *Gleamer*, Pawtucket, R. I.

The *Acropolis*, Newark, N. J.

PERSONALS



*"And our time employ
In pleasures which alone give life its zest;
You'll be a tale and ashes like the rest."*

HELPFUL HINTS TO STUDENTS

Seeing a Basketball Game

1. Bet cop at gate ten bucks he'll see you sneak in. Let him hold the stakes. Walk in.

2. Swipe keeper's uniform from bughouse. Tell cop Carl Briggs just went in. Cop will recognize the emergency and admit you at once.

3. Affix brick to end of fishline. Imbed hook in some portion of cop's anatomy. Throw brick through window. While cop is chasing brick, walk in.

4. Deliver swift kick to cop. Cop will pursue you inside. Hide immediately.

5. Give cop trick cigar. When it explodes, walk in.

6. Buy season ticket.

Note. In Methods 3, 4, and 5 it is well to have a false wig and beard in case cop is peevish and sore.

INSIDE BASKETBALL

The small attendance at the games last year has led us to believe that not enough members of the student body understand basketball, and in an attempt to correct this condition, the "Oracle" is conducting a great campaign for the education of the students, so that School Spirit may be increased. One of the ways in which we hope to do this is by explaining some of the plays by which Bangor was enabled to win her games last year. For

this purpose we have engaged that grand old man of basketball, Elliott Reid, to write a series of articles. Here we present two of the most inside plays known to coaches. These plays of course will not be used this year, but we feel nevertheless that interest will be aroused by them.

No. 1

The Santa Claus Wobble

The center obtains the ball on the tip-off by placing his left hand firmly on his opponent's countenance and pushing strongly. This gives him a greater leverage and puts the opposing center at a disadvantage. The ball goes to the right forward, who tosses it to his aunt's second cousin, sitting in the gallery. The ball is then taken around behind the basket and passed to the coach. The coach is disguised as Santa Claus. He puts the ball in his pack, but owing to the fact that everybody knows there is no Santa Claus, the coach is able to take his place unnoticed on the court. He tosses the ball through the basket and takes his place again, ready for the next play. This play is good for ten or twelve points every game.

No. 2

The Bricklayer's Buglight

Each man goes on the field with a brick and a flashlight. The flashlight is secretly attached to the uniform of each man on the opposing team. The brick is palmed during the first

few minutes of play. At a given signal all the lights are extinguished. The flashlights indicate plainly the positions of the men and thus the bricks may be accurately aimed. When the lights are again turned on it is very easy to secure the ball and make a basket. The one drawback to this play is that it cannot be used more than once each quarter, owing to the difficulty of obtaining new flashlights.

ORIGIN OF THE SLIDE RULE

The slide rule is a wonderful instrument which originated way back in 1814 when Napoleon was learning to make pretzels. By the use of this machine he was able to calculate the diaeresis necessary for the supermelagorgeous phantasmagoria which composed the hyper-indistinguishability conducive to complete exophthalmia. This was only a crude apparatus, yet Shakespeare, as we have said above, soon became one of the most accomplished taxi-drivers known to history. (Jacques and Miller—*Life and Times of Alcibiades*, Vol. XVI, pp. 187-189.)

The slide rule is a cross between a bowlegged adding machine and a worn-out safety razor. It is a great help in calculations, and may be obtained in handy pocket-sizes from six feet up. Here is a sample problem for the slide rule. This problem is difficult, if not almost impossible of solution in any other way.

In the utmost southern part of North Africa there is a banana tree and on the bush are twelve coconuts. This tree is about fifteen feet in height and its diameter is about equal to the length of a French vocabulary. On which side of this obstruction does the sun shine on the first day of May, 1899?

If you cannot solve this problem, write to the Editor or look on page 53.

LATEST SPORTING TIP

Turkey Feet Murray and Co. announce a whoop schedule. Some fast games are expected. Georgie Giddings, the prancing star

of last year's game with West Brewer, is back on his old position of mud guard. Chumski Milan is also at guard. His fleet flat feet may be heard jarring the gym every time he moves. "Pest" McInnis is at center. Truly, his height is astonishing. Mr. Murray, the old Thanksgiving pedes, is at forward, as is also old John Barley Karnes. The schedule: June 8, North Mitten at the Glove. June 15, Smitty's gang at East Bangor. June 28, the Sanford Street Sluggers at Sanford Street. This should be interesting.

B. H. S. MARATHONS

We propose the following names for any marathons of the types we shall mention, as representatives to uphold the honor of dear old Bangor. Oratorical contest: Straight, long-winded, driest, dumbest, fancy, and common or garden variety—Richard Buckley, B. P. O.

Sleeping Contest: We'll back Ellie Reid, '30, against all comers.

Bluffing Contest (Recitations)—Al Lyon, '29.

If you have any more nominations, send them in and we'll see what we can do about getting them on the team.

KEN SULLIVAN IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE or Hunting the Wild Boar in Siberia

With a great crash our hero fell to the floor. His new double-acting, hydraulic letter-opener had backfired again. However, nothing could trouble his dauntless spirit. With great energy he set to work.

From behind him a long, thin, sinister arm reached out, bearing a little package wrapped in black paper. Then, like a voice from the tomb, or maybe the grave, came the announcement, "Here's the chicken sandwich you sent for. Fifty cents, please."

With a start our hero spun around, seized the sandwich, and ate it wrapper and all, at a single bite. Swiftly he crossed the room,

manipulated various levers on a complicated panel, and slowly faded from view, closing the door after him.

Over in the other corner of the spacious laboratory a similar scene was taking place. He reappeared. He disappeared. At last, all was ready, and his fountain pen was filled.

Moral: Find the missing link.

This story hasn't got much sense to it, but then, it may not need much sense. Dear, gentle reader, were you ever a fond author? Our hero wasn't crazy. Oh, no! Neither am I. He was only asleep, dreaming about an overdue English theme.

FAIRY TALE

Once there was a little boy who wrote out a lot of Personals and passed them in to the "Oracle." And the poor Editor was so surprised that he went right out and bought the little boy an all-day sucker.

B. H. S. BIOGRAPHIES

Edited by

I. Yamma Nutt, F. O. B. (Full O' Boloney)

Last month, you will remember, we presented the only picture of the 1957 Basketball Team ever to be published by a school paper. The "Oracle" scooped all its rivals by this epochal and breath-taking feat of journalism.

This month we have secured another feature. That we will continue to present these is our proudest boast. This month, as we have said, we are presenting a biography in full watercolor, together with a camera study of Charles J. Toole in one of his sentimental moments.

Mr. Toole, or Puzzums, as he is called by his more intimate friends, came to us in 1925, and at once distinguished himself for his studiousness, by a most unusual method. It seems Mr. Toole went out for the basketball team. When called upon to recite he would forthwith launch into an exposition of basketball methods, which would so bewilder the poor instructors that he

would be asked to sit down. In this way, he earned A's, B's, C's, D's, F's, left and right. Of course, not all of us are gifted in this way, and we can only stand off at a distance and admire.

In obtaining this biography, the "Oracle" lost six members of its business staff and a couple of Personals Editors, due to the quaint custom of Mr. Toole's of unconsciously wringing the neck of anyone to whom he is talking.

OUR OWN FOOTBALL MANAGER



CHARLES JAMES TOOLE, ESQ.

To quote Mr. Toole: "I'm afraid this little idiosyncrasy of mine will some day involve me in a legal tangle, but, alas and alack, what would you have me do?" At this point my neck had just about reached its elastic limit, and with great dexterity, I eluded his wistful, ever-searching fingers, and, to use the slang term, beat it.

SHOOTING THE FIERCE HIPPOPOTAMUS

By P. Richlin, '66

One night "Hophead" Hillman, the Wild Man of 207, decided that life around B. H. S. was far too tame. So he loaded up his .22 caliber cannon, his invisible ink-well, and started

off. He hopped into his aeroplane, the Spirit of Limburger Cheese, long famous in Bangor High, and sped quickly off for Africa.

He got only as far as Veazie, however, before he remembered he had left his Arctic outfit at home. He slammed the plane into reverse and stripped the gears. What to do! Ah! an inspiration. He produced Chandler Redman from the left rear wing of the plane, where he had been stowed away, and seated him where the propeller should be. Chandler started to protest, and the wind and hot air mingled and soon rose to a gale. The plane sped steadily on.

Alas, however, the speed was too great, and both wings fell off. Our hero spread out his High School cap, and they were wafted gently downward into the broad Penobscot. No, they didn't drown, much as I regret it. It seems that Lawson Evans was out with his sea-going Ford, and came to their rescue. They were brought home without a single hippopotamus skin to show. But no! It is not to be. Just as they were entering the outskirts of Bangor, Hillman sighted a perfect specimen of the Bow-legged Hippo, one of the great species known to mankind. Out came his trusty cannon, and the hippo was soon stretched out at his feet.

Our hero ascribes his success to the fact that never in his life has he eaten anything but Poker Centre Lemonade. He says he will soon write his autobiography, after which he plans to tour America, as soon as he graduates.

"Dot" Romero, '30, recently shocked her fellow students by openly asking in Latin Class, "But why can't I have a he?"

Hyman Emple, '29—I don't see how the Freshmen keep their hats on their heads.

"Izzy" Gross, '30—Oh, that's easy. Its just pressure on a vacuum.

Mrs. Carroll—You spelled the word rabbit with two t's. You must leave one of them out.

Oscar Fellows, '30—Yes'm. Which one?

Pupil in French class (trying to use "if" in a sentence)—Si-si—si—.

Voice from rear of room—Aw, sit down; you're si-sick.

Charlotte Cahners, '30—The boy flies away. Mrs. Carroll—No, you should say, "The boy flees." Now give me the past tense.

Charlotte—The boy has flees.

Beulah Smith, '29—What's that thing you've got there?

Joe Ocean, '29—That there is a pawn ticket.

Beulah—Why didn't you get two, so we could both go?

It has just come to our ears that the "Oracle" is to run a French Department in the future. Now there are a good many students who cannot read French. It seems to us that this condition ought not to continue. So we are publishing this Course in Self-Taught French.

You will observe that there are two columns. In one is the English sentence and in the other its French equivalent, written so you can understand and pronounce it. By our method, you can learn to talk French in an amazingly short time. Let's go.

Have you seen my brother's book? Arvay-voo voo ler leever der mone frare?

Simple, what? Let's try this one.

My father lost his false teeth. Mone pair ah pair-doo say dahng fos.

Good-morning. How are you? Bong joower, mon-seer. Comant voo portay-voo ser mah-tang?

Open the door, please. I am cold. Oovray la port, seel voo play. Jay frooah.

You can easily see how intensely simple and practical this course. It will be sent to you on two years' trial for ten subscriptions to the "Oracle," or for five genuine Personals. This offer holds good only until the end of this year, so send in your subscriptions. You may win a baby doll yet.

(Continued on page 32)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 30)

Big-Game Hunter—See that eagle perched on the limb of that tree?

Little Big-Game Hunter—Uh-huh. What of it?

B. G. H.—Watch me put a hole right through that barn in back of him.

Of all the sad surprises,

There's none that can compare
To stepping in the darkness

On a step that isn't there.—*Ex.*

Teacher—Give me a definition of "Malnutrition."

"Donk" Moore—It's some kind of disease, isn't it?

CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

Rastus—How yo' ole lady like the washing machine you done buy fo' her?

Sambo—She jest cain't get used to it fo' some reason or othah. Why, ebbry time she get in it, the paddles knock her down.

No Place for a Lady.—At a small country station, a freight train pulled in and side-tracked for a passenger train. The freight started to do its switching as a placid, well-dressed woman who had alighted from a passenger train was walking near it. Just then one of the freight brakemen called to another:

"Jump on her when she comes by, Bill, run her down by the elevator, cut her in two, and bring the head up by the depot!"

The lady picked up her skirts and ran for the station, shrieking at every step.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.—The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Whitworth raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer the Creator than we are and they speak the love

that is in their little hearts never so fully as when darkness has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence—then—"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug!"

"Jack, what is one-fifth of three-sevenths?"

"I don't know exactly, but it really can't be enough to bother about."

Going Down.—Somehow or other the parachute refused to open, and its occupant felt himself tearing through the air at a dreadful speed.

His comrades picked him up half an hour later, placed him on a stretcher, and started for the hospital.

On the way, he recovered consciousness. He gazed at the sky overhead and felt the swaying motion as he was carried. He looked at his wrist watch.

"My stars!" he gasped. "Half an hour and I ain't landed yet!"

"Truck-driver" Newell applied to a garage in answer to an advertisement in the paper for a reliable chauffeur.

Everything seemed to be satisfactory with the applicant. He had never been summoned and had never had an accident.

"Are you honest?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes. Quite."

"Well, suppose you found a purse containing fifty thousand dollars in your taxi, what would you do?"

"Do?" echoed the applicant. "Nothing, of course. I'd live on my income."

The "Mane" Event.—Just before the polo match, one of the players was talking to a lady friend.

"Have you ever seen a polo match before?" he inquired.

"No, never," she replied, "but I'm sure I shall enjoy it, and I wish you'd hurry up and begin, for I'm just dying to see those beautiful ponies kick the ball about."

(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 32)

ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT

1. Be sure to slam the dishes in the lunch room, for then some will probably break, thus causing an increase in the pottery business.

2. When at a basketball game take care to stand in front of somebody else. It develops his patience.

3. During assembly, squirm around in your seat as much as possible. Then the teachers will know you are interested.

4. Come back in the afternoon to watch the Freshmen. The faculty appreciates your fondness for the school.

5. Never on any condition hold the door open for the next person. He needs the exercise as much as you do.

6. Chew gum continually, preferably a large wad. Do not fail to exercise your whole face. It makes you look so much more attractive.

7. Always slide clear down in your seat. It develops gracefulness.

8. Don't wear a necktie to school. The teachers like originality and independence.

9. Don't get your lessons. The teachers might lose their jobs.

10. Don't have ambition. Caesar was killed on account of it.

11. Do not fail to mark up the desk with your pen. The teachers and students will appreciate your artistic ability for years to come.

12. Don't forget to be very English and walk on the left, especially on the corners.

13. Don't copy the teacher's pronunciation of French or Latin. Don't learn your vocabularies. Make new words. The teachers admire originality.

14. Be absent now and then so the teachers will miss you. (Absence makes the heart grow fonder.) We'll say!

—With revisions from the *Monad*.

"Oh, what a strange looking cow!" exclaimed a sweet young thing, who was visiting an agricultural college. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"Well, you see," explained the polite young stable-hand, "some cows is born without horns, and never has any, and others shed theirs, and some we dehorn, and some breeds ain't supposed to have any horns at all. There's lots of reasons why cows ain't got horns, but the big reason why that there cow ain't got horns is because she ain't a cow—she's a horse."

MANHATTANESE

"If an erster had a verce,
He'd lift it gladly and rejerce
Upon September foist;
Imprisoned since the foist of May,
Beneath the moiky soif he lay—
But now his chains are boist.
And yet his verce ain't never hoid,
Becuz the erster ain't a boid."

A Chemical Experiment—Two gentlemen named Stone and Wood were standing on the street corner when a beautiful young lady passed by. Stone turned to Wood and Wood turned to Stone and they both turned to rubber.

Something Wrong—A young man traveling in the Pennsylvania Dutch section saw the following notice pinned over the push button at a house where the bell was out of order:

"Button don't bell. Bump!"

It was a very heavy packing-case, and a passerby had volunteered his help to the perspiring truckman. It was warmly welcomed.

They commenced to struggle with the heavy box, but after ten minutes of hard pushing and shoving the case remained in its original position.

"Well," said the truckman, wiping his streaming features, "I don't know what's the matter, but we'll never get it out at this rate."

"Get it out!" exclaimed the other. "Why I've been trying my hardest to get it in."

Believe it or not.—This is the story of a superb six-cylinder car that had broken down on a hill. The owner of a car about the size of a perambulator stopped and asked:

(Continued on page 36)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 34)

"What's your trouble? I'll tow you to the top of the hill."

The owner of the big car smiled condescendingly, and said:

"All right. But if you ruin that toy, don't blame me."

The small car towed the big one up. At the top the owner of the big car asked:

"What is all that smoke coming from the back of your car?"

"That? Well, would you believe it! I've had my brakes on all the time!"

The Perfect Alibi.—Waiter: What do you think of your chicken soup, sir?

Diner: I am of the opinion that the bird has proved a complete alibi.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh.—He had been knocked down by a car, which had not troubled to stop.

"Did you get his number?" asked the policeman.

"No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

Pretty Soft.—Carl Briggs and Joe Ocean were spending the week-end with some friends in Veazie. Before they retired for the night, their host remarked:

"Well, boys, I think you'll have a comfortable night. The bed is a feather one, and nothing beats 'em."

At three o'clock Briggs woke.

"Change places," he said. "It's my turn to lie on that feather."

"Silver-tongued" Buckley, the boy with the Golden Voice, tells us an exciting experience of his while hunting big game down in South Africa. He had gone for a stroll in the cool evening air, just before going to bed, and was returning to camp, unarmed and alone. To his horror, he found himself being stalked by four leopards.

"As I knew from experience that most wild beasts are frightened of the human voice, I let out a yell that scared even myself, and re-

peated the yell every few yards of the way back. This did keep the beasts away, and I reached camp as hoarse as a crow."

"A bit pleased with yourself, ain't you?" was my welcome. "We heard you singing for the last hour or more."

Also Squash.—The sweet young thing gazed pensively at the rural scene.

"Why are you running that steam roller thing over that field?" she asked at last.

"I'm raising mashed potatoes this year," replied the farmer.

A Grave Error.—When "Abe" Stern was in New York last summer, a well-known vaudeville musician in one of the greatest theaters, struck by his cleverness and wit, asked him to be his assistant. Quite thrilled, "Abe" assented. He was to disappear from the stage door, and make his appearance at the front of the house. The theater was situated on the corner, one side of the corner was the entrance to the theater, and on the other that of a free evening school.

"Abe" started from the stage door, but went around the corner, and, seeing the other entrance mistook it for the entrance to his theater. He pushed aside the doorman, dashed madly down the aisle, fired his pistol several times, and shouted, "Here I am."

Fresh Air Cure.—"When I was a boy," said a millionaire, who was telling his club members some of the troubles of his boyhood, "I walked to Los Angeles. I found a job, and after five years of hard work, managed to save enough to buy a bicycle. Not long after this, I got a letter from home. Mother was very ill. So I jumped on the bike and rode and rode and got back to Iowa just in time to hear the doctor say that the fresh air of California was the only thing that could save her."

His audience gasped.

"You didn't take her back?" someone asked. "No," he replied, "I dragged in the old bike, let the wind out of the tires, and mother's alive to-day."

(Continued on Page 53)

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Troy, New York



A School of Engineering and Science



The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are 1400 students enrolled at the school.

Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

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MELLOWED

(Continued from page 10)

in that of her husband's and the other in her father's. For a while she was left alone with her father while her doctor husband went out perhaps to bring a new little life into the world or to see an old one out.

Suddenly she burst out madly the old complaint, "I don't want to grow old! I don't want to grow old! Just think, people spend thirty years of their life from sixty to ninety, as many as I've spent this minute, and they are all wasted. You're too old by that time to care whether you live or not. I don't know how to express it; I must sound awful y foolish to you, but why can't I have those extra thirty years when I want them and stay just the same age all of the time? It doesn't seem fair. It doesn't seem fair!"

"Are you happy, Candance?" asked her father gently.

"Happy! Why, Father, I'm just bursting with happiness!"

"Do you remember, Candance, when you were a child, you did not want to reach a certain age, but when you did get there, you always found something waiting for you a little better than you had had before? You remind me a bit of Peter Pan. He dwells in the Neverlands,"—he tapped her forehead lightly—"and he wants to keep young. It doesn't matter so much if the outside grows old, but keep Peter Pan young! When I first got my old briar pipe, it was wild and had to be broken in. Later, as it aged, it mellowed. That's what those extra thirty years are for, to mellow. And here's the greatest promise that has ever been given to Youth," and he quoted softly:

"Grow old along with me;

The best is yet to be."

It should be in the Bible, but it's in my old leather copy of Browning."

Never again was Candance to look backward, but ever forward, and slowly the great promise filled her whole future—the best was yet to be!

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THE PRICE OF VINDICATION

(Continued from page 12)

fixed upon him with an expressionless stare; they seemed to him to be the very personification of death itself.

Frantically he raced across the sky with loops, barrel-rolls, side-slips, tail spins,—almost every known trick—in a vain effort to shake the German off his tail. The German, however, stuck like a leech and continued to pour twin streams of bullets into the Spad, and John knew that soon he would be making that last long plunge—in flames.

Another slug ripped through his already wounded arm and muttering curses, he dove savagely for the earth and then pulled back on the stick till it touched his overalls. Up he went in a mighty zoom, the Jerry following closely. Up! Up! he went until he reached the "ceiling," and suddenly his motor stalled. The Jerry, whose "ceiling" was considerably higher than the American's, unprepared for this, shot past like a bullet, and for one instant he was outlined in John's Vicker sights.

A short nervous burst from the Vickers, and the Jerry ship, its gas tank pierced, spun toward the earth, a mass of flames.

John, suddenly very weak from loss of blood, fainted and his ship, out of control, fell in a whirling tail spin for the earth, a mile and a half below.

When about a thousand feet from the earth, John recovered consciousness and automatically he reversed the rudder and threw the ailerons against the spin, bringing the ship on an even keel about two hundred feet from the earth.

Regardless of the pain in his arm, John landed and rushed toward the pilot who lay clear of the ship but so burned as to be unrecognizable. A glint of metal struck John's eyes and reaching down he picked up a gold watch. He examined it, gave one despairing cry, and toppled over.

Ten minutes later, a squad of doughboys found him tightly clutching a gold watch, on which was the inscription: "Fritz Mueller from John, December 25, 1912."

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THE STATE RUNT

(Continued from page 15)

The State band played a couple of marches, and then the game started. Hamilton kicked off; and Runt caught the ball and went just five yards before he was downed. On the first play, he started around left-end, and was stopped for a loss of eight yards. That was the beginning of a terrible story. We punted—a nice fifty yard kick—twenty-five yards up in the air and twenty-five down—and a Hamilton man was under it. On the first play, they completed a pass that was good for twenty yards and on the next play, they rushed through center for a touchdown. As if this opposition wasn't enough, someone had added insult to injury, and had socked Runt in the nose; this, as my room-mate would have said, aroused his ire. But he indeed blew up when he heard the Hamilton center say to one of the guards. "Isn't the Runt a pretty little child?" and the guard replied, "They say he has marcelles, and takes mud baths for his complexion." We kicked off, and in his rage, Runt kicked one of the Hamilton guards—right under the eye of the referee. They put him out of the game without even a warning. He sat on the bench beside me for the rest of the game without saying a word, and didn't apparently care what was happening. I never saw a person so humiliated and taken down as Runt was. He was completely changed.

To make a long story short, the score at the half was 18-0, and the game ended 30-6; our quarterback, having eluded all pursuers, made a touchdown. The Hamilton fans tore up the goal posts, and started to parade the State campus, but the State supporters thought that was too much and they had a merry fight until the police came. We had planned a big celebration for that evening, but that was given up.

Roderick Lee Smith doesn't strut nowadays. He doesn't talk as much as he used to, either; and more important still, we study in peace as far as he is concerned.

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RATHER LATE

(Continued from Page 13)

I had the brilliant idea that neither of us had any money! We surely did have visions of going all the way to Bangor on the rim, crawling along at about eight miles an hour. I knew the fellow in the garage at Holden and so I told him our tough luck story. He gave us a brand new tube and at seven-thirty, we started on the main highway for Bangor. We reached home a little before eight to find that my folks had gone out after us! Of all the mix-ups! There was nothing that we could do but to wait for them to give up the hunt. About nine o'clock, they came home. They had passed us while we were in Holden. They had done about everything that they could to find us. They even had the operator trace the telephone call that I put through. The operator remembered the call, because she noticed that a reverse charge was rather out of the ordinary from that number. At first, they hadn't noticed the track that we had made with the rim, but then, they wouldn't have because it was dark. Dad had a bright idea and got out and looked at the road. They saw the track and followed it into the garage, and then they saw that they had missed us there. So, at the time that they should have been coming home from the movies, they were coming home from a "hunting trip." We all agreed that "All's well that ends well."

NOCTURNE (at Lucerne)

By Edith Whittimore, '29

A path of silvery gold leads to the moon;
The twinkling stars shine down from Heaven
above.

The mountains stand like castles in the air,
Now blackly etched against the evening sky.
The gentle wind plays through the pines and
makes

Them softly sing and sway in peaceful joy,
The islands, like black sentinels, stand guard
Beneath the moonlit hills, to watch and wait.
From hidden mountain-nooks the waterfall
Doth swirl and break against the jagged rocks.

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STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 18)

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Owing to the fact that there are only a few of last year's men left to carry on, the team will be started under a handicap, but this will be gradually eliminated thru the efforts and growing proficiency of the new members who have so enthusiastically turned out for the tryouts, and altho they will not all be "dead-eye-dicks," there are sure to be several good shots among them.

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A DOG THAT CAME BACK

Anonymous

WHEN I was a boy fourteen years old I had a big collie named Bob. We were inseparable, so of course when my sister went away by train one day, and I saw her off, Bob came too. When it was time to go home I called him, but there was no Bob to be seen. Thinking that he had probably strayed off with another dog, I went home. However, when he didn't return that night, I got worried, so the next day I hunted for him at the station and advertised in the papers, but to no avail—the dog was gone.

About a year later, while I was eating dinner, I heard a scratching at the door. To my great amazement and joy, when I opened the door, in came Bob, with a piece of rope hanging from his collar. On reading the inscription on the collar I found that he had come from a woman who lived about two miles from me. I immediately left for her house, determined to thank her for keeping the dog safe. When I explained my purpose for being there, she at once grew angry, and said the dog was hers.

"But he's mine," I insisted; "I have had him licensed, and he is registered at the city clerk's office."

"I tell you he's my dog!" she snapped, "and if you don't return him to me at once, I'll have you arrested."

"I'm taking him to the country with me this afternoon," I said, "so you'll have to hurry up and get me arrested before then!"

She did hurry, for when I got home, Mr. Jenkins, the policeman next door, was waiting for me with a warrant for my arrest.

"I know she's all wrong, sonny," he said, "and I ought to know—I've pulled him off my bulldog enough times! We'll have to see this thing through, though, but I'll testify for you."

When we got to the courthouse with Bob, the woman was already there. She testified that she had owned him all his life, but Mr.

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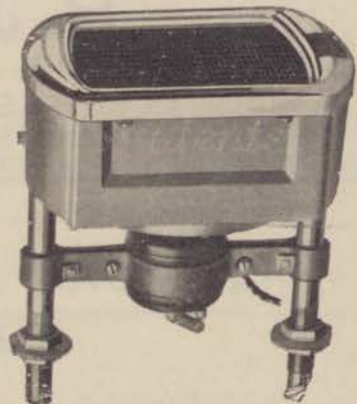
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Jenkins' testimony was more convincing to the judge.

"I guess he's yours, boy," was the verdict.

"He's mine; I can prove it!" the woman cried angrily.

"All right," said the judge quietly, "I'll give you a chance. How can you prove it?"

"I can make him do a trick. Here, Fido" (she had named him Fido), "come here, boy."

The dog was lying beside me and wouldn't move, in spite of her calling, so finally I dragged him over to her.

"All right, Fido, roll over," she commanded, but in vain. Then she poked him in the side and legs, all the time telling him to roll over. At last she grabbed one of his legs and pulled him over. "There," she said defiantly.

"Well," smiled the judge, "I don't think that's much of a showing. He's your dog, all right, son, but would you mind letting him go with the one whom he chooses?"

I was willing, and went out followed by Bob. The minute I got outside, the woman stepped between me and Bob and snapped a leash to his collar. At this moment Mr. Jenkins interfered, and told her in rather forceful language that she had gone far enough. Grumbling, she released him, and I proceeded to the gate of the courtyard. There I was met by a group of youngsters, all jumping around and gleefully shouting, "Mickey's arrested; Mickey's arrested!" Amid this confusion, the dog, a bit bewildered, left me for a moment, and before I could do anything the woman again leashed him and started to run off.

"Shall I get him for you?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"No," I replied with disgust, "I'm sick of the whole thing."

Nevertheless, that night Bob chewed his rope through and returned to my house. I afterwards found out that an engineer had seen the dog at the station on the day of my sister's departure, and, thinking he was a stray dog, had taken him home and given him to the woman. Apparently, she had kept him tied all the time, and he had finally broken loose. However, she never bothered me again.

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A TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page 14)

years older in those few months. His face was haggard and drawn and his eyes had a far-away, sorrowful look. "Annabelle—where is she? I've come back for her!" cried Philip.

"My son, my son," said the old Captain brokenly, "she is dead."

"Dead! My Annabelle—dead!" gasped Phil. "It cannot be. I love her and I've come back to take her, and you, back home with me!"

Together, the two who loved her best went to the little grave and heartbrokenly tried to comfort each other. They stood there for a long, long, time, then went slowly back to the cottage.

Philip took Captain Lee back to the city with him, where he lived in comfort till he went to join his daughter. Philip became a very famous artist, but he never again painted pictures of the sea. He died unmarried at an old age.

PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 36)

"Ham" and Eggs.—A farmer's wife shipped a crate of eggs to a wholesale house in a city, but before doing so she wrote on one of them:

"I got two cents for this egg. What did you pay for it?"

She added her name and address.

A year later she received an answer written on the highly embellished stationery of an actor.

"My dear madam," he wrote. "While playing the part of Hamlet, recently, I received your egg for nothing."

ANSWER TO PROBLEM ON PAGE 28

The sun always sets in the west and rises in the east. Now that tree is in North Africa in the southern part of the state. The tree is fifteen feet in height and unusually thin and bears twelve coconuts, and with so many coconuts it has a slight tendency to lean towards the ground. Thus the sun would naturally shine on the back side of the tree.

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