

# ORACLE

BANGOR

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### ANNE'S AWAKENING

By Beulah M. Smith, '29  
Author of "The Love Game"

### "WIDE OPEN ALL THE WAY!"

Motor Racing in which Youth comes  
thru on top—by Ruth E. Sprague, '29

February Number  
1928

# BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE EFFICIENT

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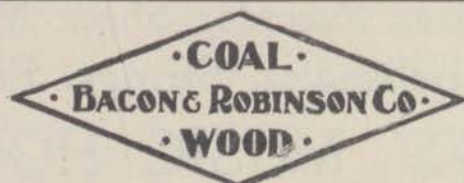
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# The Oracle

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## February, 1928

### The Oracle Board

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## THE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD

About two years ago, a club was formed by some of the graduates of Bangor High School. These graduates were men who had won their letters in the major sports of the school, and they called their club "B' Club." Although they were active for only about six months, they accomplished a great deal in this short time.

These men had played football and baseball on the "athletic field" at Bass Park and they had run on the dirt track there; therefore they formed this club to acquire an appropriation for a *real* athletic field in the city budget for 1926. It was estimated that the cost of the whole field, with its driveways, track, fence, and grandstand, would cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. Immediately, the "B" Club introduced a bill to provide six thousand dollars for leveling and grading. The Seniors and Juniors of the school can remember the petitions which were signed by every member of the school, and sent to the city council. Nineteen hundred of the city's most prominent business and professional men, some of its wealthiest residents, and thousands of citizens directly interested in the athletic field also signed petitions which were presented to the city government. By these petitions, and by the work of the "B" Club, the bill was put into the budget, and after a stormy session of the city council, it was passed. Work on the field was carried on that year, and it was almost entirely leveled off, enough so that the skating is good there now, when it is flooded.

Although the "B" Club is no more, some of its members have got together again, and this year they have proposed a bill for another six thousand dollars in the city budget. The City Engineer has given an estimate, as follows:

"An estimate by the City Engineer to complete the new athletic field—not including the running track, grand-stand, and driveways, in 1928:

Additional grading.....	\$400.00
1200 cu. yds. loam on football area .	900.00
Seeding, 2.25 acres.....	200.00
Drainage; 5200 ft. drain tile.....	1,700.00
8 foot fence, 1500 ft.....	2,800.00
	<b>\$6,000.00</b>

There is very little opposition made by the Aldermen and Common Council; they would like to put the bill into the budget for two reasons: First, as good citizens they would like an up-to-date improvement made in the city; and second, they feel that as so much has already been expended for this field, the good work ought to be finished. The students of Bangor High School and Bangor's interested citizens also wish to see this bill pass: Groups of students representing the student body have already seen most of the Aldermen, in order to express their desire for the field; and some prominent citizens have asked the "*Oracle*" to print an Editorial on the subject. Mayor Wilson says: I myself, sincerely hope that the six thousand dollar appropriation will go into the city budget; I hope and believe that there will be funds enough to make this possible.



If the city appropriates the six thousand dollars, as it probably will, there will be thirteen thousand dollars left to obtain—the amount for making the grandstand, track, and driveways. Some of Bangor's leading citizens have said that they will advance that sum to be repaid by the gate receipts. Therefore, it is very likely that we will have the completed field by the beginning of the next school year.

Principal Taylor makes the following statement:

"Almost every citizen of Bangor who is interested in our school is convinced of the pressing need for a new athletic field. Bangor High School has been conducting its outdoor athletics under a handicap at Bass Park. A movement toward a new athletic field, in the vicinity of the Mary Snow School, was started some time ago. Estimates on the completion of this field may be found elsewhere in this issue of the *'Oracle.'*

"I feel confident that the City of Bangor desires for its youth an athletic field, suitable to the needs of football, baseball, and track. As you have stood behind our various activities in the past, we are looking forward to your continued support in the future.

"Let us all get behind the movement and make the athletic field at the Mary Snow School one of which Bangor will be proud."

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit in its finest form is the "soul" of the school, it is what makes the school. It is not just cheering for the team; it is standing behind the principal and the teachers, and standing up for all the school's highest ideals, and for ideals that will improve it. You may not agree with the school authorities on everything, and other people may talk and act against them, but the motives and actions of the authorities are always to improve the school—stick behind them!

As we have said, part of school spirit is in backing up the teams, whether they are victorious or defeated. The teams have the spirit

to go out for practice, for hours practically every day, no matter what the weather is. They gladly risk personal injury in practice and in games—what for? For glory? Perhaps. For a good time? Perhaps. But would a student go through the drudgery, hard work, and nervous strain he suffers, just for these two things? The answer is obvious: He does it for his school; his school means more to him than anything else. And the others; do they back up their teams? Do they go to all the contests? If they have the real school spirit, *yes—always!*

We should like to be able to say that Bangor High School has this spirit, but truthfully,—can we? Let us look at some of the recent basketball games.

A foul is called on a Bangor man, and immediately the audience roars disapproval. When the opposing man gets ready to shoot the foul, hisses are heard from the Bangor crowd; even when silenced by the referee, whistles and cat-calls are heard. Our teams are composed of thorough sportsmen; when they see that their supporters are taking an unsportsmanlike attitude, it has a disheartening effect on them. We should be good sports if for no other reason than to encourage the team. The real reason is; *School spirit*—in the sense we are looking at it—*includes sportsmanship.*

In our different legitimate school organizations, let us remember that we are working for the best in the school. In electing our class officers, captains of teams, and heads of other organizations, let us forget all our societies and clubs and put the school first. *That is school spirit.* That is what our principal, our teachers, and all loyal Bangor students, stand for.

We have that spirit in Bangor High School, for without it, there would be no football, basketball, baseball, track, or any other team here; there would be no attendance at the games. So let us make use of the best that is in us to develop the school spirit more; let our motto be "The School First!"



## *Anne's Awakening*

By Beulah M. Smith, '29

"Going to be home this afternoon, Anne?" called a merry voice after the slender figure of a girl disappearing around the corner of the corridor. Anne stopped, turned and faced her questioner, who was a small sparkly girl with red curls, signifying a hot temper, but whose happy, brown eyes showed that she might be a true and trusted friend.

"Yes, as far as I know, I'll be there," Anne answered in a soft drawling voice. "Do you want something special, Jane?"

"Well, if you'll be at home around four, I thought I might drop in," Jane answered.

"I'd like to have you come. I'll probably be alone, because Dad was called away this morning on business." With this reply, the two continued on their respective ways, Anne followed by Jane's friendly voice calling, "Until four, then."

Anne Willoughs, a senior, had been in Cornell High School for several months, making very few friends. Motherless, she had come to Connecticut from Virginia with her father, a small brother and two servants, an all-around man and his wife, the cook. They had moved into one of the first houses ever built in the town, a beautiful old Colonial mansion. Mr. Willoughs was away from home much of the time, so Anne's time and love were spent on her frail little seven-year-old brother, Peter; and on her beautiful grand piano, of which she was an accomplished player. At school she was envied, but respected. At first the students had classified her as "snobbish," on ac-

count of the usual aloof Southern air, and her beauty. She was fairly tall and slender, with large blue eyes and sunny chestnut hair. She dressed simply but well, and had very good taste. The students, save for a few, had very little to do with her, excepting the customary school pleasantries; but the classification of "snobbish" had disappeared.

At four, on this warm May afternoon, Jane Burnett walked up the shaded drive and rang the bell. John, the old servant, opened the door and took her up to Anne's rooms on the second floor. Jane found her hostess in her sitting-room, curled up on the window seat with Peter, a little fellow with black eyes and a mop of black curls, beside her. At the sight of Jane, Anne sprang up and seated her guest in a lounging chair beside the seat on which the brother and sister had been curled. Peter ran to Jane and climbed into her arms with the intimacy of old friendships. Jane playfully mauled him, and he shouted with glee. Anne smiled as she said, "I've never seen Peter take to a comparative stranger as he's taken to you. He generally dislikes to have a stranger even call."

At the mention of disliking strangers, Jane sobered and came to the point of her visit. "Anne, why don't you ever join the crowd at school? You've been here since October and you've hardly been at any social events. You *can't* be happy doing so little outside! And you could be *so* popular, if only you would! Is it because you don't like us Northerners?



Are we so very different from Virginians?"

At this Anne protested. Her eyes were unhappy as she cried, "Oh, no, Jane, it's not that! You don't understand! Don't you see that I'm all Peter has? Since mother died Dad's been away nearly all the time. He's always resented Peter's having me when he can't have mother. He worshiped her! Sully loves Peter and he loves her, but she's only the cook. So you see I can't leave him to her, and no nurse can get along with him. Sully would take care of him but she shan't!" Anne's eyes were filled with tears and Peter climbed into her arms.

"But, Anne," Jane pleaded, "it's nearly graduation time and there are only two more dances before then. Don Dover wants to take you Saturday night. Won't you please come? The crowd is going to the Chink's for dinner and then to the dance at school. Come on!"

"No, Jane, I can't. Please don't tease! I'd like to go with Don"—Anne's eyes dropped—"but remember he hasn't asked me."

Here Jane's temper sprang into action. She jumped from her chair and stamped her small foot.

"Oh, Anne," she cried, "you make me tired! I've done my best to help you have a good time and now I'm done! I don't blame Don for not asking you! He knows that you won't break your spotless record and say 'yes' just once in a while." Then, seeing Anne flinch, Jane was instantly penitent. She flung her arms about Anne and cried, "Oh, dear, forgive me! I didn't mean it, really I didn't. I guess I'm too hasty. Please, Anne, say you don't care? I always say such awful things!"

She kissed Anne vehemently and Anne, gracious Southerner that she was, soothed her and wiped her brimming eyes. When Jane left, everything was as before. But as the door closed on her friend, Anne rushed to her rooms. Flinging herself on her bed, she began to sob softly. Was this the aloof, cool Anne of the previous months? Had she really been happy in giving her whole time to a small brother, perhaps foolishly wasting the best times life could give her?

Presently she dried her eyes and went to the drawing-room. She seated herself at her piano and calling Peter to her side began to play. When Sully came to the door to announce dinner she muttered, "Poor darlin', she's not gettin' much out of this year, and for no reason at all."

For the rest of the week no mention was made to Anne of the coming dance but there seemed to be a different atmosphere. Jane was floating here and there, some secret burdening her mind but not affecting her feet.

At last Saturday arrived, warm and sunny. Anne could hear groups of merry young people passing the porch, all chattering about the coming dance. Several, seeing Anne, hailed her, calling, "Better come, Anne." But, odd as it seemed, she noticed that none of her own crowd asked her if she hadn't changed her mind, as they usually did. She hardly knew whether to be resentful or not. As evening approached Anne thought desperately, "I wish Don would ask me just once again. I believe I'd go. I could wear my new blue evening dress that I got in New York this last trip and—" Her thoughts had reached this point when Peter appeared.

"Come play, Anne," he teased. "I want to hear you play the new piece."

"Can't you wait until after dinner?" Anne asked, gently pulling the little fellow to her. "Anne's going to surprise you at dinner."

Peter was curious, as little boys are, and guessed wildly, but Anne was firm, refusing to tell him, all the while forming a plan in her mind.

Before dinner she went to her own room. Going to her wardrobe she took from it a lovely dress of a shade which matched the blue of her eyes, accentuating their beauty and that of her white skin. When she was ready to slip the filmy cloud of a dress over her head she murmured, "It seems like old times in Virginia, dressing to go out after dinner. Oh if mother were only here!" Checking these reminiscences, she went downstairs and entered the great dining-room. Peter met her at the

*(Continued on Page 39)*

# *"Wide Open All the Way!"*

By Ruth E. Sprague, '29

The veteran racer settled himself comfortably in his great leather chair and started in with his narrative:

"Ever since I can remember, I have had a passionate interest in motor cars—and speed. Therefore, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that when Bob Marsh asked me to ride with him as mechanic in a race on a half-mile dirt track, I accepted.

"I like to think that as we were ready for the start, we cut a figure resembling somewhat the picture made by the big-time racers on the wooden speedways. It seemed to me for a moment that my teeth would chatter loose with the nervous tension I was under, and I fumbled awkwardly with my goggles and helmet.

"Suddenly a pistol barked — we were off! The motors roared, and though we were forced into second place on the turn, Bob seemed content to follow the pace of the blue racer.

"Don't worry about him', he shouted, 'it's the red car behind us that's got the stuff.'

"It seemed he had no sooner uttered those words than his prophecy came true, for with a menacing roar the red car closed in on us, crowded us close to the rail, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"The motors hummed still louder; they coughed with a staccato bark once or twice, and then settled down in earnest to the business ahead. Bob drove like a maniac, like a man who had forgotten Life and Death. Suddenly, on the next turn he skidded into the red car. A cloud of dust arose, there was a blur of red in front of us, and suddenly it swerved, cutting across in front. A nerve-racking scream of terror arose from the stands. Men started running; and, as I heard the ambulance-gong clanging up the field, I realized that the car in which I had been speeding so fast a moment ago, was on its side, and that I was wiping blood from my eyes with a blood-

and dust-stained sleeve. Bob's arm hung limp at the shoulder, and his face was white, but as they started to lift him in, he turned to me—I was only scratched up a little—and muttered between clenched teeth: 'Get in there, buddy; push it upon its wheels again, an' get in! He got us, but the race isn't over yet! Get in, and hold her wide open all the way!'

"Before I knew it, the black racer was again under me and roaring down on the trail of that red car three quarters of a lap ahead. The blue one and the green one were also ahead of me now. Crazy, impossible, I told myself. I could never catch them. I was afraid, afraid—

"Seriously injured — fatally perhaps —, Bob's last words were "Go in and win—wide open all the way!"

"I slid lower in the seat, I gripped the wheel a little higher; my foot pressed the accelerator a little harder. I tried to forget everything but those cars ahead; I had already forgotten the time and the number of laps we had covered. Those who cheered when I started out again after the accident, were no longer interested in me, for I was as good as out of the race. I hadn't a chance, they thought. A grandstand play—that's what they thought I had made when I had gotten up and started out again. Of course it was no use. But I was here, here to win, and in spite of the odds the dangers, the almost insurmountable difficulties, I was going to come in, wide open all the way!

"A gong clanged—the ambulance was coming back. The doors in the back opened, but I was past before I could distinguish the occupant. The next time around, I saw him—Bob. His face was a battered mass, his arm and shoulder were swathed in white dressings, but it was the same old Bob—indomitable, unconquerable! Was it fancy or did I really hear the next time I passed: 'Open 'er up! Wide! You've got a chance, old man!'



"I had a chance! It seemed as if a dam had suddenly burst within me, and abruptly all fear left me; all cowardice, all doubt, were washed out.

"The cars were sliding back now, the green one first. I passed him on the turn. The expression on his face, beneath the grime and oil, was ludicrous as I passed him. I could have laughed for sheer joy. I thundered down the track past the blue car!

"Now for the red one. Into the turn and out, but still the red devil was ahead. Only one chance now—the turn where we had upset! The car lurched under me; for one terrible moment it seemed as though the rims would buckle under the terrific strain. But they held! I came out of that swirling roll of dust in front of the red racer, and thundered down to the checkered flag, with the old boat

wide open all the way!"

In conclusion, the narrator turned to the young man beside him, saying: "When men come to me discouraged, with hard-luck stories, about to quit, as you have come, I say to them: "Grip the wheel tight, boys, don't be afraid; you'll come thundering down the home-stretch of life—*wide open all the way!* For life is just a great race, my boy; everyone is struggling and working for the highest place."

With his eyes still aglow with the excitement of the story of this great racer's first victory, the young man held out his hand and said gravely, "Sir, I can't thank you enough for the fight you've put in me. I feel one hundred per cent better. Nothing, no sort of defeat, can stop me now." And unconsciously squaring his shoulders, he started out to win the race for fame, fortune, and first place.



## *The Locked Door*

By J. Bell, '28

(Editor's Note: Fully aware that our readers are all totally illiterate, which, alack! is truer than it sounds, I feel it my duty to acquaint them with the Peterkins before they struggle into the following tale.

This celebrated family of East Hokonus, Conn. are famed far and wide for their extreme resourcefulness in emergency, such as penning epistles to the Lady in Philadephia to learn the correct way to stop the leak which is flooding the bathroom!

I suppose there was an author to these tales, but if so your honorable literary editor begs leave to forgive the reader's ignorance [I'll bet she doesn't know herself.]

Now the Peterkins had but recently bought a shiny new Ford. To go with the Ford they had bought a shiny new garage. To go with the garage they had bought a shiny new lock and key.

Assembled in their backyard, the evening following these purchases, the Peterkins fell to commenting on their resplendent, new possessions. Suddenly, Agamemnon was struck with the idea: "How could we get the car out if we should lose the garage key?"

He repeated the question to the family. Immediately this set of brilliant minds began to ponder on this pressing question. The twins made the first suggestion:

"Why not remove one side of the garage and lift the car out?" they asked.

"But," returned Eliza Ann, "it would be much simpler to take out the back and push the car out that way. Then we would not be liable to drop it and smash the windshield."

"Why not unscrew the hinges on the door and take it down, and thus make an opening for our beautiful little four cylinder chariot?" advanced Mrs. Peterkin.

"Best of all," proposed Mr. Peterkin, "let us write to the Lady in Philadelphia."

"Ah! but why not show the genuine flash of true genius which exists in our family?" rejoined Agamemnon. "Let's experiment ourselves."

So the Peterkins collected all the family tools, consisting of a left-handed monkey wrench and a corkscrew, and set to work. First they removed one side of the garage, but the car stuck. So likewise with the other side and the front. On removing the back, the garage caved in, smashing the flivver

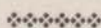
to bits.

"Ah! noble matyr to science that thou art!" exclaimed Agamemnon to the late departed product of Mr. Ford's factories, as he lovingly fondled the remains.

A neighbor, walking by, stopped to inquire the cause of this dire calamity.

"How could we have gotten the car out if we had lost the garage key?" shrieked the Peterkins in chorus.

"Well, why didn't you have a duplicate key made?" laughed back the neighbor.



## The Night Call

Part II.

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

He stepped quickly across the floor in the dark interior of the sleeping room and turned on the lights. A glance at the forms lying in the various bunks along the wall revealed the fact that they had been gagged and then coolly chloroformed while they lay sleeping. The whole affair had been so systematically accomplished that the man behind the deed was a man who took no chances with fate; and in Bob's mind there was but one such individual involved in this little *cous de main* who had the initiative and strategy necessary to carry thru to a finish such a desperate undertaking successfully—and that man was the captain (*ex tempore*) of the station.

Although every minute was dear Bob delayed long enough to untie the soaked bandages tied over the faces of the flyers, for he realized that they would remain unconscious for a longer time still if the saturated cloths were allowed to be in close proximity to their nostrils.

Having accomplished this duty, Bob glanced again at his watch. Twenty precious minutes gone! He fumbled hastily in his pocket

for a moment and then brought forth a small piece of paper. Steadying it against his knee he scribbled a hurried note, telling the men to send out a searching party. Laying it in a conspicuous place so that the flyers would see it when they had regained consciousness, he turned and left the building.

Outside, he paused for a moment, debating. Should he wireless the Federal police at once, or should he start on the trail while it was still hot? He decided to start on the chase immediately. But, if he failed to find the crooks within a couple of hours' search, he would return and let them know of the robbery which had taken place. By that time, he reasoned, the other flyers might even have regained consciousness and have sent the report themselves. Hurriedly he crossed the field and entered the hangar. His keen glance swept the interior of the big building in a second. Let's see—Number 14 was missing. That, of course, was the plane in which the bandits had used to make their getaway. Then suddenly, in spite of his aching head, Bob gave an elated whoop. Gosh, what luck!



Number 14's gas tank was pretty well empty! Bob had noticed that afternoon just before he had turned the plane over to the mechanics that the plane needed some gas, and had made a mental note of the fact, so that if the plane was needed in an emergency he would remember to fill it up before starting out. He lost no time debating which plane he should take, but promptly seizing the nearest, a small two-seater, by the tail skid he trundled it out through the open door of the hangar. Just outside the door he switched on the controls, gave the propeller a twirl, and as the motor gave a staccato roar in response, he vaulted into the cockpit and taxied out into the big field. A moment later the plane took off and left a tell-tale streak of exhaust to mark her swift flight across the sky.

Bob Martin, leaning forward, peered into the inky darkness ahead. His thoughts were racing around in his usually well-ordered brain like a mill-wheel. Right now the thought which had gripped him with a bull-dog hold, refusing to be shaken off, was that he must at all costs get that money! He tensed as he thought of the artful trick of the erstwhile captain in getting him alone into that room, and he clenched the joystick in his hand savagely as he recalled that blow descending on his head. But who was this mysterious crook who had succeeded in getting himself into the force and getting his cronies in likewise? Bob whistled under his breath. So that was how all this business which was supposed to be a strict secret had leaked out!

He leaned over the side of the cockpit and watched the lights of a hamlet far below brighten and then dim as the plane left them behind. He had taken the course to the border, for that was the direction which they would be most likely to take; but it was a mighty slim chance that he would be able to locate them that night, unless they were unwary enough to show a light.

He glanced at the control board. Every thing seemed to be O. K.; the altimeter registered five thousand feet; the speed counter exactly one hundred fifty per hour. Bob re-

covered his spirits enough to give a little chuckle. It hardly seemed probable that three persons in a plane as heavy as the one they were using would get so very far on three gallons of gas!

He leaned back in the cockpit and did a little mental calculating. "Problem"—he muttered to himself, "if three gallons of gas will last one man in a plane for ten miles, how long will it last three?" He estimated about eight, for a rough guess. He glanced again at the control board. He had been flying about four minutes, and as that was approximately in the neighborhood of eight miles, he shoved the pivoted rudder bar over, and the plane described a wide arc and began to work in a northwesterly direction.

The young lieutenant swept the black area below him with eager eye. By a swift but accurate calculation he had decided that by patrolling a radius within a limit of nine miles he would perhaps stand a slight chance of discovering the three bandits. He acknowledged to himself that these crooks had been pretty clever—putting the flyers out of the way through the aid of chloroform, and almost, but not quite getting rid of himself—and as they had showed such craftiness before it was not very likely that they would be off their guard enough to show a light, but there was the chance, however slight, that they might have felt safe enough from discovery so that they had—and on that chance he was gambling. Back and forth he circled, scanning every bit of territory in that direction until he had arrived at the conclusion that they either were not there, or were cautious enough to hide their light. There was, however an equal chance that they had been forced down in the northeasterly direction. With the faint hope left that this might be true he turned the plane around and flew over to that section which he had not searched.

Once more began that tireless circling back and forth above the arc below. Suddenly his gaze riveted on a tiny speck of light far below. He gave an elated chuckle, and patted himself on the back that he had remembered to

fly high enough to avoid the possibility of his motor being heard. He peered down again, and taking a good look at the tiny speck of light far below, so faint that it seemed to flicker like a distant star, he shut off the motor and nosed down in a steep dive toward a spot a short distance to the right of the unwatching bandits. By the aid of his pocket searchlight he made an easy landing in a small clearing. He sat tight for as much as three minutes, listening intently for any sound that would indicate that the bandit band nearby had discovered his whereabouts. No sound came to his ear save the occasional swish of the branches of the overhanging brush, and the eerie hoot of a screech owl a few yards away. Again came a repetition of the cry, but there was something queer in the sound of it which made the lieutenant stiffen. It had seemed to him

that somehow the call of that owl had been not quite natural. He remained in a crouching posture for the space of about ten seconds, and then quietly lowered himself to a prone position and silently began to work his way through the underbrush toward the spot where he hoped to find the three bandits. As he wriggled his way through the dense growth he tried to think what that owl cry signified. Of course it had never been uttered by an owl—the lieutenant's long outdoor training had told him that—the only plausible explanation of the cry was that it was a signal of either warning or assurance given by one of the bandits standing sentinel duty. Bob fervently wished that it might be one of the guards rather than the captain; he hardly trusted the man at the end of a gun, let alone

*(Continued on Page 43)*



OUR ALMA MATER



## *The Gravity Screen*

By Arthur Brown

On the Transcontinental Limited sat four men, smoking their cigars after dinner. The talk turned to the discoveries of science. One of the them, a quiet, reserved man of about thirty, after listening to the talk of the others, broke into the conversation. "Speaking of scientific discoveries, I suppose you fellows remember the tornado which occurred near Marlborough, last May?"

"Of course, but what has that to do with science?" asked the man who had just told the group a thrilling story of a scientist in Africa.

"Quite a lot," said the first speaker. "Probably you won't believe this, but nevertheless it's true." He stopped, as if reflecting, for a moment.

"Well, go on—spring it. I guess we can stand about anything," said another.

"All right, then, I'll tell you. To begin with, you have all heard of Willys Knight, the famous scientist? At the time of the tornado I was visiting him. I had been there for about a month before the catastrophe occurred. At first I hadn't seen very much of him, for he was working in his laboratory, and I was busy writing some articles on economics. Perhaps you may think it strange that I should be at work while on a visit, but it was necessary to finish the articles before the fifteenth. I finished these about two weeks after I came. Being at leisure then, I determined to visit his laboratory, if he would allow me to do so. The laboratory was carefully guarded from all approach, so I did not know whether Willys wanted any visitors or not. He and I were old friends, but I did not want to interrupt him while he was at work, and since he appeared at the house only at rare intervals, I had no opportunity to ask him for another week. When I did get the chance to see him, he gave me a pass to show the guards about the place, but he warned me that it was very dangerous to visit the laboratory.

The next day I visited the laboratory. It consisted of a number of low buildings constructed of copper, as nearly as I could judge. Willys appeared in the doorway of one of them. I went over, and he explained that he could spare me the time to show me around since he would have to wait about an hour before he could determine the result of a vital experiment. He pointed out the dynamo room, where he produced his own power, the transformer room, where he stepped up the current so that he could have high-tension electricity. From these transformers, he said, he could obtain a ten-foot discharge. As he showed me around he explained the object of his research. He was trying to neutralize the attraction of gravity, and incidentally, to manufacture a perpetual motion machine. Just then, he looked at his watch, and started off at a run for the building in which he had been when I arrived, at the same time motioning for me to come with him.

As we entered the building I saw an arrangement of coils surrounded by two luminous rings. Willys explained that this was a resonator, constructed on the principle of the Tesla coil, with some modifications of his own. From these coils a wire led to a quartz tube about three inches in diameter and two feet long. The tube was aglow with a purplish light, which was focused on a small ball of crystal with a needle of some metal which I did not recognize projecting from it. The needle pointed at the roof, and from it there sprang a ray of intense green light, which was reflected by a polished parabolic mirror onto a revolving cylinder driven by a powerful motor.

From the cylinder the ray was reflected through a quartz tank into which Willys poured some sparkling liquid which he said was radioactive. On the other side of the tank was a frame-work of iron, bolted to the

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## *Recognition*

It was our first day at camp and I sat by the lake watching the girls and boys go to and fro. Although I had been there only a few hours I had already made a few friends. My attention was suddenly taken by a girl who sat a few rods away, a rather pretty girl with long dark brown wavy hair, large bright brown eyes, cheeks that reminded you of red roses and teeth like a string of pearls. I watched her until she departed with some friends.

That evening I noticed this girl again and asked my friends if they knew her but none of them had noticed her before.

The next morning I was surprised to find that the unknown lassie sat at the table next to mine and I pointed her out to my sister asking her if she wasn't a girl we used to go to school with whose first name was Eleanor but I did not remember her last name. "You see," I said, "her hair and looks are the same."

"But," said my sister, "Eleanor had very

unattractive teeth. She was very good looking until she showed her teeth. See what beautiful teeth this girl has."

That afternoon the girl with whom I was roaming around said, "Do you feel as if some one is watching you all the time?"

"No, why?" was my reply.

"Well that girl with the dark brown hair in the second canoe ahead of us watches you all the time. When she is near you she always looks as if she wanted to ask you a question."

That settled it with me. The next time I got the chance I was going to ask the maiden if she were the Eleanor I thought she was and if her name wasn't Eleanor what was it.

That night as I was going in she came up to me and asked me if my name was Betty, to which I replied, "I was sure I recognized you."

During the days that followed we renewed our old friendship.



## *An Argument Between Instinct and Reason*

By Harry E. Hasey, '28

It was a warm day in August as Harold was walking toward Ashtown, from Bingville. He was dressed in a white broadcloth shirt and pair of grey trousers and tan shoes. As he approached the town of Ashtown, he saw on a high hill to his right, a tall, thick-leaved, many branched, and wide spreading oak tree. It was a beautiful tree and he expatiated upon its beauty, saying "Oh, boy, what a tree, what a tree!" Taking out an old notebook he began to sketch the old oak tree. As Harold was finishing his sketch he heard the rolling of wheels on the gravel roadway. He looked up to see a large car coming down the road. It was a long, low slung roadster with a great deal of nickel plating, wire wheels, and a rear

deck was covered with suitcases. The man driving the car was a middle aged man with the appearance of having traveled a great deal. As the car drew closer it slowed down and finally came to a stop in front of Harold. The man in the car said, "How do you do, could you tell me if this is the town of Ashtown I am about to enter?"

"Yes," said Harold "that is the town of Ashtown." As Harold spoke he turned toward the town and, as it happened the traveler noticed the sketch he had made in his notebook. The man was amazed to see such a sketch in the hands of a boy. He asked to see it. Harold showed him the sketch and the

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*Heart's Desire*

Cubby, '28.

Gilbert Quef was the youngest child in a family of six. His father was a tailor by trade and earned scarcely enough money to support his family. They lived in an apartment house on Rue Val-de-Grace. From his earliest childhood Gilbert had shown himself musically inclined. There was an old piano which had been in the family for many years, and although the funds necessary for music lessons were lacking, nearly every day Gilbert would sit down on a bench which served as a piano stool and run his slender fingers over the keyboard. Although the piano was much out of tune, there was something in his touch that was unusual for a child of his age. His father would have been glad to give his son a better chance in life but knew well he could not afford it.

The Quefs were very religious and attended St. Antoine. Gilbert loved to hear the big organ roll forth its wonderful melodies, and often he would pretend that he was sitting up in the loft and playing the great masterpieces of Bach, Mozart and Gluck. Little did he realize what the future was to bring forth!

One Sunday morning he told his father that he would like to start early. He refused to say why and started off, feeling very happy. When he reached St. Antoine he walked quickly over to the door which led to the organ loft, but found it locked. Turning around he spied the concierge, an old lady dressed in black, kneeling on a prayer-stool. He asked her if there was any way he could get up into the organ loft for he wanted to see the organist on urgent business. The innocent, pleading look on his face told her that no harm could be done in telling him how to get up. She told him to press a button three times at the left of the door and it would open. He did this and closed the door quietly behind him. He ascended the stairs as quickly as possible and at the top found another door waiting to be opened. This accomplished,

he found himself in the organ chamber, and he could feel his heart knock against his ribs. His face alert with excitement and expectation, he tiptoed over to where the organist was sitting idly gliding his fingers over the great keys. Gilbert came up to him so quietly that the organist did not hear him. He evidently felt as if some one were watching and looked around. There stood a little boy of about ten years, with his mouth wide open and his big, black eyes full of awe and wonder.

Gilbert was not at all a bashful boy, and seeing the player's eyes on him he rushed over and tried to speak but the words choked in his throat. The music had inspired something in him that he had never felt before and for the moment words were impossible. All he could think of was how wonderful and mystic the full chords were and the effect of it all went to his heart as only the music of an organ can do.

When his speech came back to him he told the organist how much he wanted to play an organ, and tried in vain to express how it affected him. The organist was amazed at the feeling he seemed to put into his words and realized that the boy was unusually musical. He asked him who he was and where he lived, and learned from his story that lessons were out of the question. He liked Gilbert's looks, his little pinched face and flashing black eyes. Gilbert espied a book on a table beside the organ and opened it. It was a book which told how to play the organ and how one was built. He asked if he might take it home and study it, and this request being granted, M. Floquet, the organist, told him to come down again the following Friday. Gilbert acted very happy on the way home, but when asked why he felt so would not reveal his secret.

He studied the book diligently all the week and on his next visit surprised M. Floquet with his knowledge of the contents. He was allowed to play a few moments each week

with the help of the organist. This went on for many weeks, when M. Floquet, who from the first had realized that the boy was a genius, asked Gilbert to take him to his father to discuss his future. Gilbert looked crestfallen for he wanted it to be kept secret a little longer. M. Floquet was introduced to M. Quef and then the secret came out. M. Floquet offered to give the boy lessons free of cost, for he had come to think a great deal of his young pupil and knew that some day Gilbert would be more famous than he himself.

Thus five or six years rolled on and Gilbert was then substitute organist at St. Antoine. At the age of twenty-one he was given M. Floquet's position, at the request of that great man, and his salary was very large. Part of this salary he gave to his father who was then able to move to a more desirable dwelling. Gilbert was soon recognized as the greatest organ player in France, and who knows but that in ten or twenty years he will be the greatest in the world.



## *Marion Gray's First Basket-Ball Game*

By G. Mead, '30

Marion Gray came to the Jackson Seminary in her Junior year as an entire stranger. She did not remain a stranger very long, however, because she was an exceptionally good mixer. She soon became very popular with nearly everyone, both boys and girls, in all the classes. There was one girl, however, who became jealous of Marion, soon after her arrival, because before this time she had always been a favorite and had received a lot of attention, but now she was hardly noticed at all. Her name was Judith Farrell, but she was always called "Judy."

It was just Marion's luck to have to room with Judy. She quickly perceived that Judy did not like her, but she could not understand why, for she had always tried to be nice to her. Every day Judy became less and less pleasant to her. Finally, when it seemed to Marion that she could stand it no more, she asked Ruth Ware why Judy disliked her. "Well, Marion, I don't like to tell you, but I will. Last year Judy was very popular and had everything her own way. Now, you have gotten ahead of her and she is jealous. But don't pay any attention to her, dear, everyone knows how mean she is to you and how well you have born her."

"Thank you," said Marion, "I was wondering what I had done to her to make her so disagreeable."

When the basket-ball season came around, all the upper-class girls urged Marion to come out for the team. Everyone knew she would be good at it because she was so good in gym. At first, Marion thought that perhaps she would go out for it, but one night Judy said, "Are you going out for basket-ball, Marion?"

"I don't know," said Marion, "are you?" "I may; I played forward on the team last year." Marion could tell immediately that if she went out for the team, Judy would not. Therefore, Marion decided not to, because she knew how Judy would feel to have to give up because of her.

There were to be six practices before the first big game, which was to be against Milton Academy. The first four practices went by and Marion did not go near the gym. Finally, the coach made Marion promise to go to the fifth practice. Marion went out for forward, and surpassed Judy greatly. While practicing, they played on opposite teams, and Marion shot twenty-one baskets, while Judy shot only nine. The coach told Marion confidentially that if she kept up this way, she



would surely make the team, and he asked her to come again to practice the next day, when the team was to be chosen.

When the next day came, Marion and Judy got into their gymnasium suits. Judy, who did not have her sneakers on, said to Marion, "Will you please look in the closet and see if my sneakers are in there?" Marion started for the closet, and Judy crept softly behind her. When Marion opened the door, Judy pushed her in, closed the door, and locked it. When Marion found that she could not get out, she opened the small window in the closet and prepared to stay a while.

Judy reached the gymnasium and found that their coach had been called away and would not be back for several weeks. There was a new coach, however, who did not know any of the girls. He had instructions to pick the team and the squad that day.

All the girls asked Judy where Marion was, and every time she was asked, she said, "I don't know", and walked off. Soon, all the girls went out of the gymnasium to look for Marion. Of course they could not find her, so they came back, all with worried faces. "Did you find her?" asked Judy, and when they gave a negative answer, she chuckled to herself. Then she heard Mildred whisper to Helen, "Look at her! She's glad because poor Marion can't be found, for now *she* will make the team. I just hope she isn't even on the squad! But then, I suppose it's no use to hope, because she made the team last year and she is a pretty good player. Hardly anyone makes the team before she is a senior."

"Say," said Helen, "I'll bet she *does* know where Marion is. She seems rather sure that Marion won't be here."

Judy pretended not to hear this conversation, and kept right on trying to shoot baskets. Then the whistle was blown, and the attendance was taken. Everyone was present except Marion.

Practice did not go as well as it had the day before. All the girls felt sure that Judy was responsible for Marion's absence. The coach put Judy on the first team, and she was very

happy—until she reached the dormitory.

She trudged along through the snow, whistling, but all of a sudden she stopped short. Looking up to the window of the closet in her room, she saw that it was closed! She had been gone several hours, too. Had Marion smothered in there? What would she do? She started to run. Perhaps she could get there in time. She rushed in the door and up the stairs, where she almost bumped into the dean, but she kept right on without even trying to excuse herself. She tried to open the door, but it was locked! How had this happened? She pushed and pushed, but the door did not open. Finally Judy heard footsteps inside the room. Then she heard a key turn in the lock, and the door opened. There stood Marion! This was the last Judy knew for several minutes—she fainted.

Judy awoke to find herself in her bed, with Marion standing beside her. She was frightened to think what Marion might say to her, but she was not yet sorry for what she had done. Later in the evening, though she was all right again.

The game against Milton Academy was to be held the next afternoon. It happened that Marion's gym class was just before the game. Marion decided to sit down and see the game, but she did not bother to take off her gymnasium suit. She sat down on a bench beside Mildred Pearson, who happened to be Judy's substitute.

At the very start of the game Milton Academy made a basket. Within three minutes the score was 10-0 in favor of Milton. One of Jackson's forwards had been knocked out, but it wasn't Judy. Finally Judy shot one basket, but by that time Milton had shot three more.

Just before the end of the first half, Judy was knocked out, and the coach, taking Marion for Mildred Pearson, who had just gone to the other end of the gymnasium to see some friends, told her to take Judy's place. Marion wondered, but obeyed instantly.

There was one more minute before the half ended. Marion got the ball, but as she

was not in a position where she could shoot, she threw it to Helen Black, who fumbled and dropped it. The Milton guard got it, and soon it was passed to the Milton forwards, and the score was 20-2. Then the bell rang for the end of the half.

While Marion did some very deep thinking, which she kept to herself, the rest of the team talked.

In a few minutes they were on again. This time, Marion, who had noticed that one of the Milton guards was very slow to turn around, kept behind her and in front of the basket, as much as possible. Soon Marion had the ball. She threw it and made a basket. Before the audience had gotten over the first surprise, she had shot another one. Then the people began to sit up and take notice. Soon Marion had shot eight baskets and one foul. Only two more baskets would put Jack-

son ahead of Milton. Helen Black made a basket. The score was now 20-19, and there were three more minutes to play!

"Come on now, Gray!" shouted the coach, who by this time had discovered that the girl whom he had put in was Marion Gray instead of Mildred Pearson. "One more basket!" Marion heard him yell, and this gave her courage. A Milton guard passed the ball to another player, but Marion intercepted it. In a second she had shot another basket. Jackson's score was one ahead of its opponent's! Helen and Marion each made one more in no time; then the game ended, and Milton Academy was beaten by Jackson Seminary for the first time.

After the game, Judy came up to Marion and told her that she was sorry for what she had done. "Forget it," smiled Marion, and from that time on they were the best of friends.



## *My First Wildcat*

By N. O.

Last summer I went to the country to visit my cousin. We had planned many good times together by mail, for we had both just joined the Boy Scouts, and as we had been on a few overnight hikes, we knew something about campcraft.

One night we persuaded my uncle to let us go for a three nights' camping trip in the woods about two miles from the house. That same night a neighbor came over, and when he had learned of our plan he began to tell us stories about wildcats and other savage animals in the woods where we were going. As we were only twelve years old, and very enthusiastic about the trip, we didn't "smell a rat" in the very idea of wild beasts in woods so near civilization; nevertheless this made us feel rather squeamish about going, but we didn't want to back out now. Accordingly we dismissed the matter from our minds, and began to make preparations for the trip.

The next night found us at a little clearing in the woods, with a well pitched tent, around which we had dug a ditch, a good fireplace with a flat stone bottom, and our provisions neatly arranged by the side of the tent, and covered with a poncho.

After a good night's sleep on a springy bed of balsam boughs, we woke up to find that some animal had stolen part of our provisions. Our first thought was that it was one of the wildcats we had been told about, but we soon forgot about it as our minds were filled with more interesting thoughts as the day progressed. The next morning, though, we were again dismayed and rather frightened to find some more provisions gone. Nevertheless we decided to stick it out, for we didn't want to be accused of showing the white feather, and what was more, we had a twenty-two calibre rifle that we had brought to shoot squirrels, and with which we were sure we could kill



any animal.

As the night approached, we had some misgivings but we grimly stuck to our post. Nature, though, demanded her toll, and at last we fell into a fitful slumber. Suddenly we were awakened by a sound in front of the tent. Quickly I aimed my gun, which now felt like a ten-cent pop-gun, at a point between two

gleaming balls of fire, which we both took for the eyes of a wildcat. At last, after vainly trying to hold the gun steady, I fired. I must have missed by a mile, for there was a startled meow, a sound of something beating a hasty retreat, and my cousin's flashlight gave us a glimpse of an enormous black tom-cat scuttling away into the darkness.



## *A Timely Rescue*

By M. Venno, '28

Mr. Theophilus Andrew Boggs was a very prominent figure in his neighborhood. That is, one could readily distinguish him at a distance for though his legs and arms were very short, his circumference more than made up for it. He was a very short-sighted individual and inclined to be rather absent minded.

Theophilus owned a very dear friend in the person of Adolpheus Brown, lean, lanky and tall, but a man after Mr. Boggs's own heart, for they both loved the same things and seemed to entertain the same thoughts, though Adolpheus was blessed with a keen sense of humor which was lacking in Mr. Boggs. Boggs was by no means benefited by this sense of humor which Mr. Brown appeared to enjoy. In fact it often caused none too patient Theophilus unlooked-for catastrophes.

On this bright sunny morning when the two friends met on the street, Adolpheus seemed to be greatly excited. When he caught sight of Mr. Boggs he immediately proceeded to unload himself.

"Say, Thoph, have you heard the news?"

"What news is that, Adolph?" inquired Boggs, not paying much attention, for he was rather enjoying the morning sunshine.

"Why!" exclaimed Adolpheus, "they say that a Bengal tiger has escaped from the circus in town. Nobody has seen it, but it is believed to be in this district."

"No need to worry and have such a time over that," was Mr. Boggs's comment.

That afternoon Mr. Boggs was rather disappointed not to find Mr. Brown waiting at the accustomed place near the little wood back of their respective houses, where they generally went for a quiet and cool walk in the heat of the afternoon.

So, having apparently forgotten all about the exciting news, which had so concerned Adolpheus, he started on his walk alone.

He had only entered the woods a short way when he heard a low growl. Like a flash he remembered the news of the morning and with his scanty hair rising around his ears the terrified Theophilus turned to behold the tiger standing at bay within a few yards of him. With a yell that must have been heard through all the countryside for miles around, Mr. Boggs started running.

To the left there happened to be a great scraggly spruce with limbs protruding on all sides like thorns. It was to this ancient monarch of the little wood that Mr. Boggs directed his short legs with surprising speed and agility. So great was his impetuosity, indeed, that upon reaching the tree he had to catch hold of a nearby bush to check his undignified and distracted flight. To Mr. Boggs it seemed an eternity before he reached that tree, but in reality it was a matter of seconds.

It will be remembered that Mr. Boggs was a very portly gentleman and the labor of climbing the tree upon arriving there proved very difficult to the frenzied man. On account of

the shortness of his arms and his superfluity around the waist, he had to depend on the limbs for his support, which was by no means light. To reach around the tree was impossible. As fate would have it, when Boggs was a quarter of the way up he stepped on a limb which broke beneath him. Fiercely he grabbed another limb. This too broke, and Mr. Boggs made a rapid descent, arriving within two feet of the ground with his trousers securely fastened in the limbs and his head pointed downward.

At this critical moment a loud and joyous whistle was heard. Looking up as best he could Mr. Boggs espied Adolpheus Brown coming down the path. Whooping loudly

he attracted the attention of the surprised Mr. Brown, who seeing his friend in his spectacular position, burst out laughing.

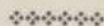
"Help me loose, you insignificant——," expostulated the unhappy Boggs.

Adolpheus quickly rescued Theophilus from the embraces of the limbs and demanded to know how he had got that way.

"I—saw—the—tiger," exclaimed Boggs. "Help! there he is now. Run for your life."

Mr. Brown looked in the direction of Theophilus' trembling finger and swatted Mr. Boggs on his broad back.

"Why you have forgotten your glasses again, Thop, old dear. That is Tom Calhoun's old yellow dog. They got the tiger this morning."



## *The Story of the Old Sea-Chest*

As Told by the Chest Itself

By Frances O. Hayes, '31

I am a heavy wooden sea-chest, about two and one-half feet long and one and one-half feet high, bounded by strong iron hinges, and made by the smithy of far off Tucopia.

I was once filled with the soft, light clothes of the princess when she was a young bride. While on her wedding journey, the ship on which she was travelling was seized by pirates, and among other plunder, I was taken aboard the pirate ship. Here my contents were cast away, my silken linings were torn out, and I was handled very roughly in their mad search for valuables.

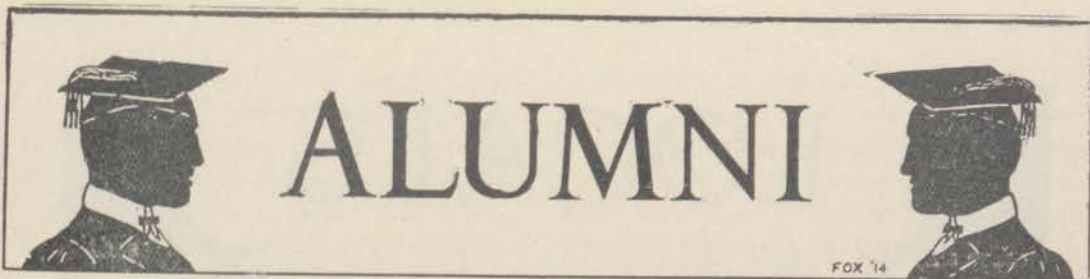
Finally, I was filled with treasure of a different sort—gold and silver coins. Then I was

buried deep in the ground on a strange island.

After many years, a man, having been marooned on the island, discovered me, took me to his cave, and there emptied my contents. There I stood by the entrance to the cave, with my lid thrown back—scarcely to be recognized as having once graced the chamber of a princess.

A few years later, I was again discovered—this time by several adventurers. I was put on the ship *Hispaniola* and taken to Bristol, England, where I now repose in the chamber, not of a princess or person of high station, but of a humble sea-captain's wife.





Silsby B. Mayo, '21, received in June, 1927, from the faculty of the School of Engineering of Northeastern University, the degree of Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering. While he was attending Northeastern, he was a member of the Mechanical Engineering Society.

Billy Atwood, '27, is at Exeter. If reports are true. Bill is going through with flying colors.

Harold McMann, '26, is attending Norwich University. We hear he likes it and is on the top of the wave.

Gorham Robinson, '26, is spending this winter at Bowdoin College, the winter resort of those who are interested in pursuing the tracks of that wonderful animal of the genius "educashun."

This notice pertains especially to the feminine element of Bangor High School, but the masculine contingent may take notice too. Girls! When you need a cake of scented soap or a new tooth-brush, take a little walk out to the Fairmount Pharmacy any get them there. Margaret Hathorne, '27, will be glad to help you. She's helping her father and we hear that she's pretty good help too.

Claire "Fat" Dunaphy, '26, was recently home from the navy for a little vacation. ("Fat" always did like vacations, even when he was in B. H. S.) He's going to sea again when he gets back and we hear he's quite a sailor boy now. Dame Rumor has it that if he keeps on the way he's going now he'll soon be Rear-Admiral.

Do you ever wonder whose sweet voice it is that says "Number, please" when you take up the receiver on the telephone to call up a

friend. You never can tell about such things but perhaps it is Inez Plummer, '26, or Frances Giddings, '27. We think they're pretty nice "Hello" girls.

Marjorie Wentworth, after finishing her course at U. of M., is teaching in Hampden Academy.

Robert Patterson, a former Editor of the *Oracle*, and a graduate of Harvard, is teaching in Moses Brown school, Providence.

Constance Chalmers, '27, is at Lasell Seminary.

Muriel Sampson, '27, is at Miss Wheelock's School.

The address of Muriel Sampson and Prudence Guth is: 96 The Fenway Student's House, Boston.

George Bryant, '25, is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity. His address is: 530 Beacon St., Boston.

Lowell Parker, '27, is at Hebron.

Margaret Chalmers is teaching in a kindergarten in Waverly Massachusetts. She is a graduate of Miss Wheelocks School.

Charles Webber was in the finals of the golf tournament at Exeter.

Pierce Webber is the Captain of the tennis team at Exeter.

Doris Waterman is at Walnut Hill School.



# LOCALS



A History of the activities of our school organizations and individuals.

This department, as all others, needs the support of the student body. Important locals should be handed to the locals editor. There should be some one student in each class and in each organization whose duty it is to write a brief article on the doings of that particular department for each month.

The Junior Ring Committee, consisting of Robert Russ, Pauline Brown, Emily Thompson, John Murray, Francis Allen, Laurie Hunt, Marion Morse, and Irene Brown, has occupied itself during the last month with the selection of class rings. As a result, three handsome rings appeared in the earlier part of January; these were voted on by the class. The ring chosen is as handsome a ring as has ever been selected by a class of this school.

On March 30, the Junior Exhibition will take place. For the last two months various students have been training for this event. The finals have resulted in the selection of the following contestants:

## BOYS

Emmons Kingsbury  
Clifford Smith  
Robert Russ  
Walter Ludden  
Frank Blaisdell

## GIRLS

Clarice Penney  
Luella Hart  
Janet Young  
Marcia Adelman  
Alice Whalen

## DEBATING

The months of February and March will be busy ones in the Debating clubs. Both boys and girls will co-operate to fight out the inter-

class debates for the Bowdoin Cup. The class of 1928 has already won the cup for two years and will need only one more victory to claim permanent possession. John Barry and Eleanor Brown are the Senior speakers. Since no Junior girls cared to undertake debating this year, two boys, Nelson Ordway and Richard Buckley, will uphold the reputation of the Junior class. The Sophomore and Freshman girls have chosen sisters, Ruth and Carol Blanning, as their respective candidates. The boy chosen to represent the Freshmen is Norman Cahners, President of the Freshman Boys' Debating Club. The Sophomore boy has not yet been chosen.

The subject of these debates is "Resolved: That there should be a Federal Department of Education with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet." The preliminaries will take place on March 8, and the winners will debate before the Bangor Teacher's Club on March 30.

The boys acting independently of the girls, will also debate in the University of Maine League on the subject used in the Interclass series. In this league, a Bangor affirmative, composed of John Barry and Norman Cahners, will debate Ellsworth's negative at Ellsworth, and another Bangor team, composed of Abraham Stearn and Nelson Ordway, will uphold the negative of the same question against Bar Harbor at Bangor. The winning team will place in the semi-finals to be held at Orono on March 16.

Two other teams of boys are at the same time working on the question to be used in the Bates Interscholastic Debating League; "Resolved: That all loans the United States made during the World War previous to the Armis-



tice to her Associated Nations, should be cancelled." For this league, teams composed of Herbert Clough and Newell Kurson for the negative, and Jack Bell and Kenneth Kurson for the affirmative, have been chosen. Both of these teams will be paired against Ellsworth, the affirmative team debating at home. The opening debate in this league occurs March 16. Bangor has been fortunate enough to win both of these debates in the last two years, and so has earned the right to make the trip to Lewiston for the Semi-finals. The boys are doing their best to earn this trip again this year.

In arranging these the plan has been followed of pairing one inexperienced and one veteran debater. Through debates, assembly talks, and school plays, John Barry, John Bell, and Newell Kurson, have gained experience in public address. Opportunity is now given them to pass on the lessons of this experience to those who will be Bangor's debaters next year. Norman Cahners and Kenneth Kurson are Freshmen who have won the rather unusual honor of making a varsity team in their first year, and Herbert Clough and Nelson Ordway are members in high scholastic standing in the Senior and Junior classes respectively, but without previous varsity experience.

In considering the dates of these debates, the clubs are not forgetting that March 16, the date of the Bowdoin Music Club concert in Bangor, is an important date to them; for it is through the money annually returned to the school from the sale of student tickets, that debating is financed. An invitation has recently been received by the boys to debate the Bowdoin Freshmen. While no action can be taken in the matter at once, the boys will be glad to take a trip to Brunswick if time can be found.

### BRAINSTORM HITS HIGH SCHOOL

Mid year exams leave trail of grief and sorrow behind in Bangor High School. Populace about B. H. S., keyed to high pitch by results of tests.

(*Special to the "Oracle"*)—During the two days of January 26-27, a devastating brain-storm raged at the intersection of Harlow and Spring Streets. The results of this terrific disaster show plainly in some places. One enthusiastic student is carrying (his or her) arm in a sling as a result of "author's cramp." C—l B-i-gs, '29, slipped a cog in his head from intensive study.

### DRAMATICS

Since the opening of school in September, the Dramatics Club has been very active and successful. In addition to the regular meetings of the club, two one-act plays, "The Ghost Story" and "The Man of Destiny" have been presented.

In December, preparations were made for practice plays, which are presented before the club members. These plays are under the direction of various club members; they are both entertaining and instructive. One of such has already been presented. On February 1, "The Dream Maker," under the direction of Ella Grosse, was enacted by a cast including the following: Pierrot, Ella Grosse; Pierrette, Beula Smythe; the manufacturer of dreams; Una Peavey.

The plot: A young man (impersonated by Ella Grosse) is unceasingly looking for his "ideal" (a woman of course). The dream-maker (impersonated by Una Peavey) proves to him that one need not always look but sometimes must wait (mushrooms). Following advice, Pierrot finds the "ideal" (Berla Smythe) literally "under his nose."

The next play will be under the direction of Ralph Leonard and Donald Moore, and is now scheduled for February 15.

The editor wishes to note that in the January *Oracle* the story "A Hunting Trip," was written by Herbert Anderson, '28, and "Miles" was written by Harry Honey, '28. The author's names were accidentally omitted. Please excuse.

(Continued on Page 53)



During the past few weeks the R. O. T. C. unit has been doing quite a bit of work in the line of rifle practice. Matches between the different companies were arranged and six men, including an alternate, were finally picked to represent their unit in the competitive matches. In glancing thru the scores that have been made there seems to be a good lot of the very best material for the rifle team. A change in the size of targets that the team is using this year makes it a great deal harder to make a perfect score. The boys are now shooting the Corps Area match and are planning to tackle the Hearst Trophy match as soon as possible. We wish them all the luck in the world and hope they can repeat what has been done in the preceding years.

The results of the Inter Company competition are as follows:

Co. G—First	1. Sullivan, 50
	2. Gallupe, 50
	3. Baker, E., 49
	4. Lousey, M., 48
	5. McKenney, G., 48
Alternate, Miller, A., 48	
Total—245	

Co. E—Second	1. Barrett, L., 50
	2. Reid, 50
	3. Hillman, 49
	4. Prince, 47
	5. Nichols, 47
Alternate, Hewes, 45	
Total—243	

Co. A—Third (tie)	1. Crowley, 49
	2. Morgan, 49
	3. Ludden, 49
	4. Smith, C., 47
	5. Jacques, 47
Alternate, Hunt, 46	
Total—241	

Co. F—Third (tie)	1. Nichols, 48
	2. Averhill, 48
	3. Jones, 48
	4. Brown, 48
	5. Rand, 47
Alternate, Dudley, 45	
Total—241	

Co. B—Fifth	1. Cust, 49
	2. Bradbury, 49
	3. Davis, 46
	4. Newell, 45
	5. McIsaac, 45
Alternate, Ordway, 41	
Total—234	

Co. C—Sixth	1. Graves, 48
	2. Grikin, 48
	3. Mitchell, 47
	4. Welch, 46
	5. Smith, R., 44
Alternate, Pineo, 44	
Total—233	



# MUSIC

## THE WOOD-WIND FAMILY

One of the most important members of the wood-wind family is the flute. The earliest instrument that in any way resembled the present day flute was the ancient Egyptian Noy. The tone on this instrument was produced by blowing across the cut end of a reed, in the same way that a bottle can be made to whistle by blowing across the open end. In the modern flute the ends are closed and a mouth-hole is cut at about the distance of one diameter of the tube from the end.

Formerly the lower three-fourths of the flute was slightly conical in bore. This was called the cone flute. The representative cone flute is an eight-keyed instrument, which has six finger holes, six closed keys and two open standing keys. In 1832 Theobald Boehm constructed a flute. The principles of this instrument were (1) that each note should speak independently out of a single hole as though the remainder of the bore were cut off, (2) that all keys in their position of rest should be permanently open. This flute was called the cylinder flute as the bore was cylindrical.

This flute has become the most popular and is used more extensively today because music of all keys can be played with perfect ease.

The piccolo is the same as the flute in construction but is smaller in size and higher in pitch. This, however, is not used as much in orchestras as it is in bands. These are the only instruments belonging to the wood-wind family in which the air is made to vibrate without the aid of a reed.

The other members of the wood-wind family are constructed on the same principles as the flute, except in them the air is made to vibrate by a reed, some having double reeds. Those having one reed are, clarinet, saxophone, and etc. Those having double reeds are three in number, namely, oboe, English horn and bassoon.

The wood-wind family contributes tone "color" and variety to an orchestra. This family forms a choir for complete harmony corresponding to the registers of singing voices. The flute, soprano, piccolo, high soprano; oboe, lyric soprano; English horn, alto and tenor; clarinet, dramatic soprano, alto and tenor; bassoon and bass clarinet, baritone and bass.

In Bangor High School orchestra Edgar Aucoin plays the flute, and also the oboe part on the flute, Nelson Ordway and Carl Briggs play clarinet; and Paul Gallant plays the bassoon parts on the saxophone. This is all of the wood-wind family that is in our orchestra, but without this the orchestra would certainly sound queer.

## THE BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

By Irving Grodinsky, '30

There is a band in Bangor High,  
That no other High School can defy;  
It holds such high rank every year,  
That all the others are put in the rear.

There are many bands in the state of Maine,  
But none of them will ever reign;  
For Bangor High has them all outclassed,  
From the very first to the very last.

To keep tune and time, each player tries;  
Each one of them deserves a prize;  
Because they work hard every week,  
In order for us to have what we seek.

That's the reason for its skill,  
And an empty heart it will always fill;  
For the wonderful music those members play,  
Is seldom heard even now-a-day.

Now, let's get going! What do you say,  
If when the next time we hear our boys play,  
We give them such a *plaudit grand*,  
That the roof will echo each clapping hand.



## PARTIALITY TOWARD THE ATHLETE

A very much discussed topic in our school today is the attitude of our students toward athletics. In the high schools of Pittsburgh a questionnaire was submitted to every pupil. Among other questions they asked pupils the following: Have you ever felt that preference or partiality was shown toward the athlete by the superintendent, the high school principal, athletic coaches, the teacher, the student body, the people of the community?

The replies are summarized in the following table:

	Percentage of Pupils Replying Yes	Percentage of Pupils Replying No
1. Superintendent.....	12.8	52.3
2. High School Principal....	21.0	52.5
3. Athletic Coach.....	47.0	29.1
4. Teacher.....	45.8	36.4
5. Student Body.....	51.7	20.8
6. School Board.....	9.9	66.3
7. People of the Community..	36.0	33.1

The following comments supplement the data presented in the table as to the situation in our own school. Less than one per cent of the pupils express a criticism of the high school principal, and these pupils object to the granting of special privileges to the athlete. In B. H. S., we doubt whether any partiality toward the athlete comes from this source. Altho a relatively high percentage of pupils feel that preference is shown by the athletic

coaches, very few state the manner in which it is shown. Some feel that football players are given preference in Basketball and that cliques and gangs are favored. In our school most of our coaches teach other studies, and the students' opinions vary about how much pull an athlete has with his coach in the classroom. In regard to the teachers some DO and some DON'T give higher marks to athletes so that they can play. Some say that it is easier for athletes to be excused from class, and a few, all of whom are athletes, say that teachers make the work harder because they have a weapon to hold over them. About the partiality shown by the student body themselves, a few say that athletes are pampered and favored and made to feel that the entire school was worshipping them; others say that many pupils help the athlete to pass in his class work. Some pupils feel that people of our city give preference to the athlete when he or she is seeking a position. Some complain that too much emphasis is placed on athletic ability as compared with scholarship.

As this is a live topic some criticisms will be appreciated Pro and Con. This article was written at the request of many students and with much consultation with the student body.

## LAST MINUTE SHOT WINS GAME FOR MILLINOCKET

A game that was judged the most spectacular that has ever been played in the town of



Millinocket was the game between Stearns High of that city and B. H. S.

The Millinocket team, from the start was very anxious to make up for the defeat they suffered in our city. This was Bangor's first strive for victory outside of its own city Hall so all in all the game was a real thriller. The first quarter of the game ended with Millinocket in a 3-1 lead. In the second quarter our boys made a real uphill strive and made the score 11-5 in favor of the crimson. After the first half our local boys returned to the floor full of vigor and fight and only two seconds before the final whistle was blown Bangor was in the lead. But out of a clear sky came a real movie stunt played by Millinocket which decided the victory for their school. Our Bangor boys have nothing to be ashamed of when one considers the score 22-21. We sincerely hope that some day there will be a new ruling in basketball that will not allow the last minute of the game decide victory. The Crimson star of the game was Art Tapley who played a wonderful defensive game. The summary:

#### MILLINOCKET 22; BANGOR 21

McEwen, r f., (1)	l b., McDonald (1)
Stephens, l f, 1 (2)	r b, Gillen, 2 (1)
Michaud, c 1 (1)	l f, Mason
Hall, r b, 4 (2)	l f, Tapley 3
Howard, r b	r f, Welch
Tibbetts, l b, 1 (2)	r f, Murray 2

#### BANGOR BADLY DEFEATED BY SOUTH PORTLAND

Anybody who talked to one of the crimson players who played over at South Portland was told, "We were beaten and beaten badly—but wait until next week." This defeat was the most smarting sting that a Trowell coached team has ever met. Our team was held scoreless in three periods of the game. Our only comeback was in the second period of the contest when our center Sic Callinan, looped a long one and Moulder Murray shot a foul.

The South Portland quintet played as perfect as a basketball team could. Each and every man took care of his position, particu-

larly on the defense, and there were rare occasions when a crimson man got into the open for a good basket.

Our outstanding player was Capt. Fred Gillen who made some desperate attempts to hold back the Capers, whose attacks were very pretty to watch. Anyway, let us forget this game and look ahead and see what happened the following week.

#### SOUTH PORTLAND 30; BANGOR 3

Johnson, l f (2)	r g, McD'n'll
Curran, r f (2) 1	l g, Gillis
Urbano, r f (1) 1	c, Callinan (1)
Greely r f,	c, Brown
Rice, c (3) 2	r f, O'Ree
C'ne'nn'a, c	r f, Welch
Nelson, l g, (3) 2	l f, Tapley
Davis, l g	l f, Mason
Miller, r f (1)	l f, Murray, 1
Anderson, r g	l f, Heath

#### PORTLAND AGAIN OUTSCORES BANGOR

It seems as tho one loss leads to another when we consider the scores of the last three games. Evidently this trip to the southern part of our state was quite unsuccessful. The Portland write-ups give Bangor the credit of giving the Blue Team plenty of opposition in the early stages of the game, Bangor had a 4-2 lead at the end of the first period. But after that Bangor failed to break up Portland's fine passing. NUF SED.

#### PORTLAND 32; BANGOR 9

McDonough, l f, 2 (3)	r b, McDonnell (1)
Lord, l f	l b, Gillen
Diamon, r f 2 (2)	c, Callanan
Roper, r f	c, O'Ree
Kimball, c 1 (3)	r f, Welch 1
Robertson, l b 2 (1)	l f, Tapley 2
Agger, r b 3 (3)	l f, Murray

#### EXCLUSIVE PICTURE OF A REAL TEAM

Aren't the girls just too cute for words! But notice how husky looking they are. Wouldn't the boys hate to play them,



1928 GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



1928 WINTER SPORTS TEAM



though! These girls are basketeers to the last man. B. H. S. is proud of every one of them. No, those aren't the new suits, they haven't arrived yet.

There is something missing in this picture. Everyone think! The Seniors may have one guess and the Freshmen fifty. Yes, that's right, Coach Coady isn't there. Next picture we have taken we're going to tie her and stand her up in one corner. This time you slipped us but just wait until next time, Coach Coady, and we'll have you in our picture.

See that awfully nice looking girl right in the middle of the front row? Well, that's our Captain, Mike Morrill. Mike's popular with the girls, a corking player and a peach of a captain.

Beside her is Manager Merna White, who has all the disagreeable work to do, such as making up schedules and keeping track of our millions of dollars. Merna plays side center and you should see her hang on to that ball.

On the side of Capt. Morrill is Polly Brown. She plays left forward with Capt. Morrill.

Beside her on the end is the jumpiest jump center you ever saw, Arvella McIntyre. Mac's a real star and one of the best centers in the state. It's but pastime for Mac to jump so high that she hits the ceiling.

On the other end is Ray Gilbert, our shining light from Higgins. Ray plays guard and we'd like to see the forward she can't stop.

See if you can find Ray's companion guard, Mid Rose. Why sure, there she is way up back! Mid is short, but that doesn't stop her from being one of the best guards Bangor has ever had.

Now everyone hunt for the rest of the basketeers. There are Uke Collins and Mickie Craig, both side centers, who are so good that they have to alternate in the games. It's too bad, but then, it isn't often that one finds so much talent in one school.

The rest of the girls who had their pictures taken are Polly McCready, who substitutes as a guard, Evelyn Haney, another forward, (remember how well she played in the Higgins game?) and Gussie Martin, still another

forward who can drop the old ball thru the hoop whenever Bangor is hard up.

### BANGOR GIRLS UNDEFEATED

The Bangor High girl's basketball team is on the road to State Championship! They are half way thru their schedule of twelve games and have so far been undefeated. That is a record that any team could be proud of, and B. H. S. should take off their hats to the girls. With only one veteran left, Capt. Morrill, Coach Coady has developed a winning team out of raw and inexperienced material.

The team has defeated H. C. I., Castine Normal School, M. C. I., Brewer and Bar Harbor twice. For the rest of the season every girl on the team will put up the fight of her life to keep the schedule clean.

The students and faculty have in large numbers attended the games, and everyone on the team appreciates having Bangor High behind them. People seem to be realizing that the girls are worthy of support and that their games are as full of thrills and action as any boys' game ever played. Let's hope that it won't be long now before the girls are playing Portland!

To you who have been to the games—don't you think the girls put up a wonderful fight? Didn't your heart nearly stop beating at times during the Castine game and others? If all of Bangor's teams had the spirit the girls have, it wouldn't be long before Bangor brought home the bacon in all sports.

The new uniforms seem to be lost, strayed or stolen. The girls hoped to have them for their big games with Bar Harbor and Castine, but they have so far had to wear the old blue suits.

### BANGOR BEATS CASTINE

The second game of the season was with Castine Normal. Anyone who saw that game and didn't get the thrill of their lifetime doesn't know real basketball. Bangor was so much

the under dog that it wasn't even funny. Here they were, a green team, about to play an all veteran team with the exception of one forward, and she was Grace Faulkingham, the high light of Bangor's team last year!

The first quarter was hectic, and when the whistle blew Castine had a one-point lead with the score 6-5.

Bangor made a brilliant rally in the second period and at the half way mark was looking much prettier with the score 18-9 in her favor.

During the third quarter Castine kept Bangor very busy, and for a while the Castine forwards managed to bring up the score. The Bangor guards played a wonderful game and it was their great defensive work that held Castine. At the end of the quarter Bangor was still ahead, sitting on the top end of a 24-19 score.

Both teams were exhausted but not one girl gave up fighting until the last whistle. Bangor won in a manner that any team might be proud of, by clean, hard, fast playing.

### BANGOR ROUTS M. C. I.

The next week end Bangor played M. C. I. at Pittsfield. They were fast but before Bangor's splendid team work they were entirely defeated. At the end of the first Bangor was way ahead so Coach Coady substituted for the remainder of the game. Bangor played a great game, and at the finish the score was 27-17, Bangor.

### CRIMSON LASSIES TAKE SEASON'S FOURTH WIN, DOWNING BAR HARBOR

The first period of this game started off fast and furious, with Bar Harbor getting an early lead of five points, but in the next few minutes, amidst the yells of the Bangor crowd, the Crimson team went into action in such

a way that for the rest of the game the wearers of the Orange didn't have a chance in the world. The score at the end of the half was 23-5, Bangor.

From then on the Bangor subs played, but Bangor kept up their big lead, and at the end of the game the score was 39-18.

### BANGOR'S OLD RIVAL, BREWER, IS DEFEATED

On Jan. 31, Bangor walked (?) across the bridge and met Brewer's sextet in their new gymnasium. The game was rather rough, but Bangor won easily enough with a 39-25 score. The score would have been larger, but Coach Coady gave a string of subs a chance, thereby showing that Bangor has a good team in store for next year.

### BANGOR WINS SIXTH STRAIGHT AT BAR HARBOR

The Bar Harbor game, on Bar Harbor's floor, was one of the fastest and closest ever played, with Bar Harbor trailing closely the whole game. It was the first time a Bar Harbor team had ever been defeated by Bangor on their own floor, so it meant a lot to the Crimson girls to win.

From beginning to end the contest was a thriller, with Bangor always a little ahead. Even though hindered by a slippery floor, the girls came out on the nice end of a 16-10 score at the end of the half.

The last half was full of all kinds of thrills, Bar Harbor sinking in some pretty long shots, and all the while creeping up on Bangor. The Crimson lassies played desperately and always managed to keep two or three points ahead. At the final blow of the whistle the Bangor girls were ahead 32-28.



# PERSONALS



DOC WILDE—"I saw a man on the street the other day with one side of his face entirely black!"

BOB RUSS—"Impossible!"

WILDE—"Sure—the other side was black too."

"CHET" ARBO—"What's the difference between "PAT" Brown and a mouse?"

"DUD" BEAN—"I don't know—tell me."

ARBO—"One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's."

BILL WELCH—"Eddie Callinan says I'm a wit."

"SAMADORE" LOWELL — "Well, he's half right."

"RAY" JENKINS—"How do you work the pedals on this piano?"

"CLIFF" GALUPE—Haven't you ever driven a Ford?"

JENKS—No, that contraption is called a patent pea-huller."

If Julius Caesar came back to earth the only thing he'd recognize would be Chandler Redman's Jokes.

Ike Leonard: Yep, those are snowshoes.

E. Cross: My goodness, I don't see how you can expect to keep your feet warm in those things.

## HUNTING NOTICES FOR 1928

In 1927, 402 hunters were shot—12,956 were half shot.

## THE LOWDOWN ON THE BAND

On going into chapel the other morning, I heard a queer groaning and wheezing sound like a young chimpanzee having a night-mare. At first I thought it might be "Sorrel-Top" McIsaac blowing his nose, but then I remembered he never has been seen with a handkerchief. I then thought it might be "Rat" Robbins trying to sing, but on looking towards the stage, I saw a bunch of youthful enthusiasts, wiggling their fingers around some pieces of pipe, from which they were trying to bite the ends. They were all red in the face and perspiring, with their cheeks puffed out as tho they were trying to chew two jawbreakers at the same time. In back some dangerous-looking specimens were hammering away on big, round hat-boxes with little sticks of wood. A guy, whose name I think is Bowen, with a stick in one hand, jumped all around the front of the stage, did a couple of Steve Brodies over the speaker's stand and ended up with a Comanchi Indian dance. The faster the enthusiasts seemed to squawk on the funny things they were holding, the faster he would wave his stick and jump around.

Suddenly the noise stopped, Bowen fell unconscious onto the piano, and Mr. Taylor got up and said we ought to appreciate having this wonderful Band with us and that words couldn't express his opinion of it.

Ah! So this was supposed to be a band. I felt relieved to think it couldn't be a gang of boiler makers repairing the steam-pipes, and began to look the outfit over more closely. Some were holding a lot of whatjamaycallems made from wood with shiny tin trimmings. I recognized "Allie" Lyons, the Sheyk of the

Great Unknown, trying to play one of these, which sounded like grandpa stepping on the cat.

Some others had their mouths stuck in something that looked like a pitcher with a long handle to grab between their teeth. When "Skinny" Gallant played one of these you could see him take in a deep breath and then suddenly expel all the air thru his mouth and into the funny-looking thing he was playing. Big clouds of dust would come rolling out of its mouth.

"Lolly" Huot, "Farmer" Prince, and that hopeless-looking Ludden boy were playing some lengths of twisted pipe, with little buttons on the side which they poked up and down. They sounded worse than a steam caliope.

"Charlie" Jacques was all wrapped up in a great big long thing that looked like a ventilator on a steam-boat and sounded like the "menagerie at feed-time."

The fellows who were the best, I think, were the ones who did the stunt playing like "Ike" Leonard. They would drape their lips around the end of some brass pipe, and then every time they took a breath they would swallow yards and yards of pipe by pushing on the other end, and then they would pull it out again.

And we wonder why there are people who don't like music !!!

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Old S. Peaske says: I never did trust these circus freaks—Only yistiddy I see in the paper, "Three Armed Men held up Drug Store."

Miss R. How long is a trip to Washington?  
C-n-n, '28. As long as from here to Washington.

Miss R. How long would it last?  
T. S-r-tis, '28. About 4 hours.

All the girls would like to know where R-l-d G—bs got his permanent.

## PETE ROLEUM'S COLUMN

OIL — GAS — HOT AIR

The honorable editor of aforesaid column included, beg pardon to express sincere sympathy affection for reader addressed. Being first launching with ink on the sea of efforts literary, he humbly again entreat honorable reader read said column by means of patience.

Mr. B—k—r: Were there any guns on Treasure Island?

B. L., '31: Sure! Ben Gunn.

Marjorie S., '28—The original animated cartoon!

"Bill" Geagan, local boxing mentor, has recently been handing our poor readers a lotta horsefeathers about Heifer Hamilton, the star boxer and rent-dodger, from East Mitten. I feel it my duty to relate the sad story of Heifer's cousin, "Dope" Marques, of Southwest Adenoids.

This burly lad weighs 33 1-4 pounds in his stocking feet (88 pounds with his gumrubbers on) and stands 6 feet 7 sitting. He is known in his home town as the best raquet-smasher who ever fumbled a basket. He holds the local records for fancy embroidering, doll repairing, and gum chewing.

"Dope" recently won the booby prize of three cents at the Ladies Prefer Suspenders Contest of the Southwest Adenoids House. He decided to take a trip to the big city on the proceeds. Wrapped in a striped orange muffler and yellow mittens he was sent by pareel post to East Inkwell to make his own way in the world without even his best friend to tell him how.

Arrived in the metropolis, "Dope" was immediately trundled into the "buzz" and taken to the State Hospital for Incompetents as a suspicious character. His family, losing track of him, set "Sleuth" Welch on the trail. When last glimpsed, "Chet the Sleuth" was reported scouring the Besse System Fire and Water Sale for a second-hand Sherlock Holmes' spyglass.



PLEASE DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THIS PAGE IF  
YOUR TIME IS MORE VALUABLE THAN MINE. //

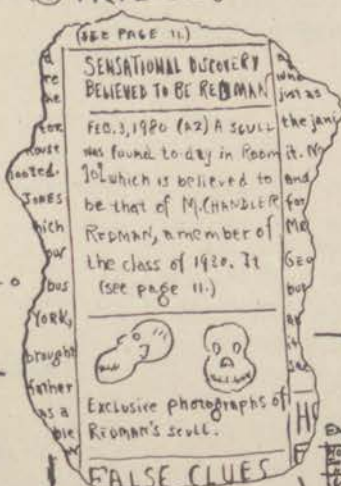
[READING TIME: 5 YRS, 12 MOS, 365 DAYS APPROXIMATELY.]



# THE BASKETBALL TEAM TOURS THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE STATE---



MISS RUTH DRYMOND--  
HORSEWOMAN  
EXTRAORDINARY--o



GEN. WATSON'S  
EARS WILL  
SOON GET  
TIRED OF  
HOLDING HIS  
HAT UP...o



RICHARD BUCKLEY IS  
DISCOVERED TO BE A  
STRONG MAN. HE HAS  
LIFTED GUM FROM THE  
FLOOR. HIS HUNGER CONQUERED  
HIS SELF-CONTROL --o

ED LOWELL'S  
HOME MADE IRISH  
CONFETTI---GUARANTEED. o



HOW FAMOUS  
BRIGGS SAVES  
HIS ENERGY  
AT HOME. HIS  
FOOT JUST  
REACHES  
THE LOWER PEDAL..o



DAN PRESSEY  
TAKES UP  
LITERATURE--  
THE ORACLE--o



THIS IS AN  
EXCLUSIVE PICTURE  
OF AGE STERN  
EATING BANANAS  
IN HIS NATIVE  
JUNGLES..o



SLEEPING  
BEAUTY~?  
MAJORIE D. STEVENS



LESTER YATES' SPORT  
MODEL FORD DOES NOT  
CHOOSE TO RUN--o

NOTE:  
THE ARTIST WISHES TO APOLOGISE TO ALL  
WHO FEEL NEGLECTED OR INSULTED FOR  
SOME REASON OR OTHER. THANK YOU

John Hamrick

As the rest of this terrible tale comes to pass, our readers may expect the full details down to the last tack on the electric chair.

The old captain was trying to ride an army mule. After throwing the old fellow about like an idea in a brainstorm, the mule caught his hoof in the stirrup.

"Ho, there, you blankety-blank-blank mule" shouted the captain, "if you think you're trying to get on, here's where I get off!"

Extra! Extra! Extra!

Has anyone got a second-hand teething ring to lend "Bobby" Graham before he starts eating lead pencils again?

Bangor High School is like a nut candy-bar—you have to look inside to pick out the nuts.

Miriam B—'28 to S. M—d (who is presiding over a debate) Madam President.

S. M—d is suffused with pink blushes.

Miss W: Why is this an historical infinitive?

R-n Gr-y: Because its in a history.

Mademoiselle: What other animal in South America gives wool besides the sheep?

H. G. (Our Flaming Soph.): "Ostrich!"

Mr. P.: (Finishing a careful explanation) Well, if it isn't sulphur that produces the odor when its burned, what is it?

N-w-lll K-rs-n: (After much pondering) Sulphur!

Mr. P: Name three articles that contain starch.

L. L., '28: Two cuffs and a collar.

### IN TRIGONOMETRY

Miss D.: I wonder if Mr. Pressey can tell me what the part opposite the scant is.

Answer: "Cosecant!"

### "FAVORITE SONGS OF FAVORITE SONGSTERS"

①The "Campbells' are coming.  
Donald Pressey, '28.

②We ain't got a barrel of money.  
Male Chorus

③"Chaison" the blues away.  
Malcolm Clark, '29.

④"Brown" eyes why are you blue?  
Stewart Mead, '28.

⑤I'm "Wilde" about you.  
Female Chorus.

⑥On a "Somers" Night  
Emmons Kingsbury, '29.

⑦I've got to get myself somebody to love.  
Abbot Rand, '28.

⑧Sing me a baby song.  
Carl Briggs, '29.

⑨Everybody loves my Girl  
Male chorus.

### DORIS EISNOR'S DICTIONARY

Cynic: A bloke who is having the time of his life thinking he isn't.

Example: "Happy Jim" Milan.

Egotist: The bird who tells you something about himself you were going to tell him about yourself.

Example: "Silent Donk" Moore.

Flirtation: Attention without intention.  
Page Jimmie Mullen!

Heredity: Something every father believes in till his son reaches high school.

Marriage: Chief cause of divorce.

Optimist: A "broad" who refuses to count her calories.

Example: "Shrimp" Kelliher, '28.

Pessimist: The goop who won't brush his teeth for fear of wearing them out.

Example: "Skinflint" McIsaac.

Rouge: The pink of perfection.



## BORROWED WIT

Teachers! Attention! Glimpse these nine nifty suggestions on how to prevent cheating, clipped from "College Humor:"

1. Students will march to class under guard of city police armed with sawed-off shot-guns.

2. Will be stopped at doorway and searched for contrabrand notes, etc.

3. Before entering classroom each student will be submitted to psychological examination to determine whether or not he has any idea of cheating.

4. Each student must wear blinds and place a handkerchief in his mouth.

5. Students and teachers will enter together and the doors will be locked and sealed.

6. Students will sit two seats apart with teachers standing between each two students. Teachers will be armed with blackjacks to inspire respect.

7. Additional teachers on the outside will watch thru peepholes in the wall.

8. Highly tuned dictaphones will be concealed behind the pictures to catch the slightest whisper.

9. When the student has finished his examination a lie detector will be used to find out whether or not he has cheated.

Before marking the papers, teachers will discount ten points from each paper on the possibility that the student has cheated. In other words the best way to prevent all cheating in examinations is to have no examinations.

## TRUE FICTION COLUMN

"Hours in classes all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And by asking foolish questions,  
Take up all the teacher's time."

Miss I: Will somebody use "come" in the passive voice, if he can?

Bright Freshman: I be-come a man.

"A school paper's a great invention:  
The school gets all the fame;  
The printer gets all the money;  
The staff gets all the blame!"

Caesar's Last Words:

Brutus: How many doughnuts did you eat, Caesar?

Caesar: Et tu, Brutus.

"Latin is a language,  
Dead as dead can be,  
Once it killed the Romans;  
Now it's killing me!"

Some students in a French university, studying English, were asked to translate the following lines from Hamlet:

"To be or not to be."

The first Frenchman answered: "To was or not to am;" the second: "To were or not to is"; the third: "To will or not to should."

Who said fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong?



# THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Plays  
M. C. I.



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1928

Be There !

HIGH SCHOOL GYM



## WATCHES and BRACELETS

The increasing demand for gem studded bracelets and reliable wrist watches has spurred our designers to excel themselves in new and pleasing creations. You will be interested in our collection, we are sure; and we shall be glad of an opportunity to serve you.

W. C. BRYANT & SON  
JEWELERS

46 MAIN ST.

BANGOR, ME.

When Better  
Automobiles Are Built  
Buick Will Build  
Them



Knowles & Dow Co.

52-54 POST OFFICE SQUARE—BANGOR

ALBERT E. KLYNE

JEAN W. KLYNE

## The Klyne Studio



(New Location) 50 MAIN STREET  
Over Standard Shoe Co.  
BANGOR, MAINE

You Shoulp Make Their Advertising Profitable



## ANNE'S AWAKENING

(Continued from Page 9)

door and at the sight of her he flung himself into her arms, crying, "Oh, Anne! Anne! you're lovely!"

All through the dinner hour Peter's eyes scarcely left her and Sully and John admired her from the doorway; Anne was exhilarated by this affectionate admiration. Although she lingered long over her food she ate almost nothing.

After dinner Peter caught her hand and coaxed her to play. The drawing-room was candle-lighted and a fire glowed from the big fireplace. Anne seated herself at the piano with small Peter beside her. Her fingers slipped over the keys and the music equaled that of many artists. Time slipped by unknown to the two at the piano. Anne had lost all track of it when she suddenly became aware of some other audience. The music had become soft and soothing and Peter was nodding sleepily. Dropping her hands from the keyboard Anne turned. There at the far end of the room was a group of people, of which Anne could see only two faces, Jane's and—Don's. She sprang to her feet, too astonished to speak. Jane came forward followed closely by Don and the others.

"Why Anne," Jane laughed, "don't look so stricken. We won't hurt you. Guess we did surprise you though. But we decided that if you wouldn't come of your own accord we'd come and get you. I see you're all dressed anyway. How come?"

Anne hastened to explain that she had only done it to please Peter, not mentioning that somewhere, deep down in her heart, had been the feeling that she might go to the dance.

Don came to her side and said in a low voice, "Won't you please come, Anne? I haven't asked anyone else to go with me, hoping that somehow we'd find a way. Say you will Anne."

"But I can't leave Peter alone, she protested. Sully, hearing this, came forth from the doorway where she had been waiting for just such an opening. "Miss Anne," she said. "I'll

## Special Classes

ARE SCHEDULED FOR

## High School Fellows

AT THE



127 Hammond Street, BANGOR, MAINE



Col. Lindbergh and

The **STUDEBAKER**  
**COMMANDER**25,000 Miles in  
less than 23,000 MinutesE. Y. ELDRIDGE CO.  
40-44 SUMMER STREET  
BANGOR, MAINE

# Where'er You Go

*at School, at Home or at the Opera, at Reception  
or at Ball, WALK-OVERS will add the finishing  
touch to your costume.*



## Walk-Over

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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*Dakin*

*Sporting Goods Co.*

Supplies for

Hunter, Camper, Athlete

Fisherman, Autoist

*Special Discounts to Students*

25 Central St., Bangor



Compliments of

### R. B. DUNNING & CO.

54 TO 68 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE



Compliments of

## SPANGLER'S Q Not Q

You Should Make their Advertising Profitable



take Master Peter to our cottage and put him right to bed. He'll be all right and you needn't worry about him in the morning."

At this the others all joined in the chorus, and Anne fled, laughing, to get her coat.

At the entrance of the merry boys and girls, the others, already in the big hall, saw Anne, bright and sparkling. Instantly, a crowd of boys were reaching for her dance program. Don took possession of it and took as many dances as possible for himself. While dancing, Don whispered, "I thought you'd never make the break. If only it could have been months earlier. But remember and beware! The Senior Ball is mine and all the dances therein!"

Anne laughed happily as she promised. "But what will Peter do now?" she asked suddenly. "He's so little and shy!"

Don laughed easily as he made his reply. "You're going to Eaton"—a college not far from Cornell—"this fall, aren't you?" Anne nodded and he went on. "I know a lady there, a professor's wife, whose little son died last year. She's been looking for a boy to take to help her forget for some time. She'd love Peter and he'd be near you. The only question is whether your father would agree."

"Oh, yes," cried Anne. "He's never loved Peter and he's scarcely ever at home. Dad'll be glad not to have him on his hands now that I'll be gone."

Thus, the next fall saw Anne settled in a prominent sorority-house, near her little brother, who was happy in his new home. Anne was as popular as any fair co-ed on the campus. Don was in constant attendance on her and they were planning happily for graduation and a home of their own.

Anne was heard to say one evening when Jane and she were talking in her room, "Jane, I owe it all to you. To think that I might have given up all these good times just for foolish self-sacrifice!"

WHEN YOU THINK OF

# Seafood



THINK OF

# JONES'

SEAFOOD MARKET, INC.

49 Pickering Square

Phone 220

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## The S. L. CROSBY COMPANY



*Authorized  
Ford Dealers  
since  
1907*

*Compliments of*  
***Eastern Furniture Company***  
*Bangor, Maine*

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

**DYER & ROUNDS**  
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 AGENTS FOR HOMER PIPELESS FURNACES

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27 Franklin Street, Bangor, Maine

**DISTINCTIVE PORTRAITURE** Consult us for Special Graduation Rates  
*EMMA J. TANEY, Photographer*  
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***New Franklin Laundry***

***Mary N. Leadbetter Gift Shop***  
*Eastern Trust Building*

**CHALMERS STUDIO**

Portraits by  
 Photography

23 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—



## THE NIGHT CALL

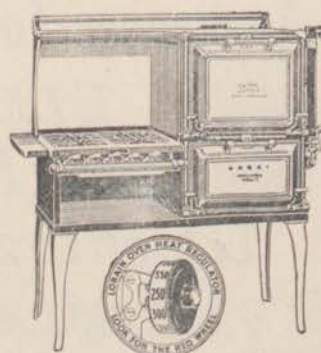
*(Continued from Page 14)*

doing sentinel duty out there where he might return at any minute. Suddenly the cry reached his ears again—this time it sounded quite a bit farther off. Bob tensed—now was the time to act. By this time he had reached the clearing where the bandits had been forced down. He parted the brush for a moment and with a hasty glance took in the situation. Gosh darn it! It was just as he had apprehended—the man whom he had most wished to keep in sight was the man who had been chosen to be sentinel. Well, there were the two guards in plain sight—if he could only get them while they were separated from the captain and prevent them from giving the alarm it would be a cinch to stick up the captain when he came back. Carefully he began to clear away the brush for the purpose of getting a good chance to spring. There! His muscles tensed, and with a single movement he straightened and sprang outward into the little clearing. The bandits, seated on an old log at the distance of about two or three yards from the spot where Bob had been concealed whirled around with startled exclamations to be confronted by the figure of the lieutenant. In his hand he held a something which looked unmistakably to the startled guards like an automatic.

"One yip from you"—he made a motion as if snuffing out an imaginary candle—"and you'll go out just like that!" he informed the guards tersely. "Now I'm going to ask you to place your hands behind your back. Taking a coil of light rope from his belt he dexterously bound their hands, then hurriedly frisked them for weapons. "Now"—he straightened suddenly as he felt something hard and cold pressed firmly against his neck.

"Your turn to stick 'em up now!" grated a harsh, familiar voice in close proximity to his ear. "Just thought I'd drop in on your little party for a moment—sorry I had to come without an invitation!"

Bob advanced a step toward the returned



The  
Clean,  
Efficient  
Way  
to Cook

## IS THE GAS WAY

Every Woman today looks to modern appliances to solve the housekeeping problem.

A Modern Heat Controlled Gas Range and Self Acting Water Heater solve your most important problems

**BANGOR GAS LIGHT CO.**

**ATWATER KENT**

# RADIOS

and

## Speakers



**ARVID L. EBBESON**

MAY and SUMMER STS.

# Electric Appliances for the Modern Housewife

*ELECTRIC  
Ranges, Refrigerators  
Washing Machines  
Ironers and  
Vacuums*



**BANGOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC CO.**

31 MAIN STREET

*A Full Line of Convenient Appliances for Every Need*

*China - Glassware - Silverware - Electric Goods  
House Furnishings*

*Complete Stocks of Quality Wares at Moderate Prices*

**Jones, McDuffee and Stratton Corp.**

(P. H. VOSE CO.)

Established 1810  
Boston

PHONE 211

146-150 Exchange Street  
Bangor

**F. L. JONES CO.**  
**CRACKERS OF  
ALL KINDS**

69, 71, 73 PICKERING SQUARE     ::::     BANGOR, MAINE

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—



captain, slapping his left hand in seeming casualness with his gauntlets in his right. It was an old trick—but a trick that seldom failed. With a sudden cat-like motion of his right hand he delivered a lightning stroke with his gloves on the gun-hand of the unsuspecting bandit. The gun was knocked out of his hand so quickly that it was in the possession of the lieutenant before the bandit had had time to recover.

Bob smiled sweetly. "Won't you be the guest of honor, captain?" he asked with an innocent grin. "Just take your seat at the head of the table over there"—he indicated a spot beside the other crestfallen crooks.

The only response to this was a vindictive snarl from the bandit. "Think you're pretty smart, don't you?" he growled sullenly.

Some five minutes later, having transferred the gasoline from the small plane to the big Curtis, a rather over-crowded plane rose and circling around the place where the three unwilling passengers had been forced down, turned tail and started toward the lights of a distant city, the heavy roar of the exhaust growing fainter and fainter until all was still under the dark blue sky.

The End

### SENIOR PICTURES

The annual pilgrimage to the photographer must be begun by each member of the Senior Class and each member must have made this pleasant voyage when April 1st arrives. The charge for the privilege of having your photo produced in the June issue of the "Oracle" will be \$2.00.

The \$2.00 will be collected in your home room starting March 5th and must be paid before April 1st.

See the photographer early because there is bound to be a grand rush at the last minute.



## Quality Class Photographs



*Special Rates  
to B. H. S. Seniors*



*Phone an Appointment*



# PERRY STUDIO

ALBERT J. FARRINGTON

**Photographs of  
Distinction**

We make the better grade of Class Photos, not cheap, but good

SITTINGS AT NIGHT BY APPOINTMENT

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**This is a Neighborhood Store**

QUALITY AND SERVICE

**The Corner Grocery**

Telephone 1160

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STANDARDIZED OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

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*Painted Walls and Bulletins in Eastern Maine*

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Mary E. Hopkins

Photographs, Amateur Finishing, Enlargements

63 SIXTH STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

GO TO THE

**BANGOR HARVESTER CO.**

FOR THE BEST

*Washing Machine in the World*

**"THE MEADOWS"**

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable



## THE GRAVITY SCREEN

(Continued from Page 15)

floor, and supporting something which resembled a ferris wheel about six feet in diameter, but with heavy lead weights in place of the seats. When the liquid was poured in, the ray suddenly underwent a change. On the side of the quartz tank the green ray from the cylinder still played, but on the other side it totally disappeared. The ferris-wheel began to revolve swiftly, the weights flying upward where the ray passed under them. Willys yelled in triumph, but his joy was short, for suddenly the whole building was torn violently from the ground, and went flying up into the air, leaving only the floor and the strange apparatus. Then we ourselves were lifted from our feet by the tornado which caused the sudden *release* of the air from above the gravity screen. You see, when the gravity screen was put in operation, it released the weight of the copper building, which was torn away by centrifugal force as the earth revolved, and as the copper had acted as a screen beyond which the ray had no effect, the air above the ray was affected as soon as the copper was removed. This column of air immediately rose, as it had no weight, and went flying off into space, where it was lost. At once, more air came in to take its place, and this in turn was lost, creating, you see, a tornado of terrific force. As we were lifted by this, my foot caught in a wire and cut the circuit, stopping the apparatus before much harm was done. Willys was very much chagrined, and when I left, soon after, was deep in study as to how he should control his machine. So, you see, the tornado had quite a lot to do with science."



## Every Boy and Girl in Bangor High Should be Insured

A \$500 Endowment Policy  
requires a deposit of only  
16 cents per week up to  
age 16. Age 17 and 18,  
17 cents per week.

LARGER POLICIES IN EXACT  
PROPORTION

Full information gladly given.  
Inquiry will put you under no obligation.

### PENN MUTUAL LIFE

J. T. TAYLOR, General Agent

16 BROAD STREET

## The Rines Co.

Are showing a new  
assortment of  
School Dresses in Painted  
Crepes, Imported  
Jerseys and Wool  
Novelties  
and invite your inspection

*Request your printer to use "Eastco" Papers!*



# Eastern Manufacturing Co.



*manufacturers of*

*"Eastco" Fine Writing Papers*

*comprising*

<i>Atlantic Bond</i>	<i>Atlantic Offset</i>
<i>Atlantic Ledger</i>	<i>Atlantic Cover</i>
<i>Atlantic Mimeograph</i>	
<i>Systems Bond</i>	



*"Eastco" High Grade Bleached Sulphite Pulp*

*"Eastco" Rayon Pulp (Spruce Cellulose)*



*Mills located at  
Bangor and Lincoln, Maine*

*General Sales Office  
292 Madison Avenue  
New York City*

*Specify "Eastco" Papers for your Stationery and Printing!*



## AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN INSTINCT AND REASON

(Continued from Page 16)

tree from which it was taken. The man saw that this was indeed a wonderful sketch for so young a boy to make. He asked Harold how old he was.

"Fourteen," Harold said.

"Have you gone to High School?"

"No, tutors," said Harold.

The man said, "Oh, I see. What is your name?"

"Harold Wood."

"Are you a relative of Captain Wood of the liner 'Agonoquin?'"

"Yes, I am his son,"

"You are?" asked the man in surprise.

"Yes," said Harold, "I am his son."

The man said, "Get in and we'll talk things over on the way to town."

Harold got in the seat of the car and looked around. He looked at the dashboard with all its instruments and gauges and was baffled. He asked the names of the various instruments on the dash and said, "Boy, some boat!" in spite of himself.

The man in the seat beside Harold had been silent but said, "Yes, I like it; your father said the other day that you were staying for the summer at Camp Capsoogless. How does it happen to find you down here in Maine?"

"I got tired of being cooped up with a mess of instructors and beat it," replied the boy.

"—And I, John Chambers, find you sketching pictures worth a hundred dollars and without a coat or hat or valise and,—have you any money?"

"Two bits."

"M-m, just about."

"Say, Mr. Chambers, is that picture I drew worth anything?"

"I don't know as that particular picture is worth a very great deal but if you practiced you could be painting, or drawing pictures worth real money. Who taught you to sketch?"

"Nobody, I picked it up myself."

## Our Association Provides a Systematic Method of Saving

One may deposit from One to Fifty  
Dollars each month

Dividends at rate of not less than 5%  
credited each January and July

Interest Compounded Semi-Annually

Funds may be withdrawn at any time  
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INQUIRE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS



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Iron and Steel Heavy Hardware



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Bangor, Maine



Automotive Equipment

Radio

## L. A. PAUL COMPANY, Inc.

*Dodge Brothers Motor Vehicles*  
*Graham Brothers Trucks*

Full Line of Parts

Telephone 1206—BANGOR, MAINE

Automobile Accessories

Most Complete Garage Service in Maine

*Everything for the Motorist*

### BANGOR MOTOR COMPANY

Opposite Bangor House

Telephone 406

### JORDAN-FROST PRINTING COMPANY

182 Harlow Street, BANGOR, MAINE

### ORIENTAL RESTAURANT

*Serves American and Chinese Food*

### BUCKLEY DRUG COMPANY

Corner Central and Hammond Streets :-: :-: BANGOR, MAINE

### ACME MFG. COMPANY

MASON'S AND BUILDER'S  
SUPPLIES

SUMMER AND SOUTH STREETS

Telephone 387

### NATURE FOOTWEAR CORP.

MANUFACTURERS

"DOCTOR'S CHOICE" Shoes for Children

BREWER, MAINE

### L. H. THOMPSON, Printer

BREWER, MAINE

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable



"I paint a little myself. How would you like to come along with me and see the sights and incidentally Bar Harbor? Your father will be in Bar Harbor in the week."

"All right, I'll come."

As they went along they came to a place that was an ideal lunch ground. There was a path leading toward a small brook.

"Here is where we stop for lunch!" said Mr. Chambers, "There's a corking swimming pool behind that rock. Go and look."

"Harold jumped up and as he rounded the curve in the path he was heard to say, 'Oh, man!' He came running back and said, 'I'm going swimming before lunch.'"

Harold got his bathing suit and ran over to the brook. A little while later, after having prepared the lunch Mr. Chambers called for Harold. There was no answer. He called again,—still no answer. What could be the reason? Running down the path and around the rock Mr. Chambers saw Harold's body floating toward the swift water which led to a little falls below. "He must have hit his head on a rock or something," wildly thought the man. He had explored the falls and knew that if Harold's body ever went over it he would never live to tell the story. He ran down the bank and waded out into the stream. He missed, clutched again, and missed. He waded back and ran down to the shallow pool above the falls and waded well out and waited. Through the middle of this pool, where the current was the strongest there ran a deep channel. Mr. Chambers tried to estimate the depth. In his unsettled state of mind he got the impression that it was deeper than it really was. He could not swim.

As he walked out into the cold water of the stream his instinct kept constantly crying out to him to turn back. His reason said, "By all that is fine you should save this lad, even at the cost of your life." His instinct said, "You'll be drowned."

"Save him," his reason screamed, "before it is too late."

His instinct cried, "Go back! Go back!"

He cried out saying, I will save him in spite of the devil." He did.



QUALITY  
GROCERIES  
NONE  
BETTER



Leavitt's  
Central Street Shop



*The Latest in Hosiery  
and Underwear*

**The Henley-Kimball Co.**  
Hudson and Essex Motor Cars

## LOCALS

*(Continued from Page 25)*

The "Kindergarten Class" of our wonderful institution of learning in their annual baby show selected for the prize-winning babies:

President, Lawrence Furrow.

Vice-president, Betty Russ

Secretary, Frances Hayes

Treasurer, Roger Smith

For the benefit of those in doubt, the judges wish to announce that the first prize-winner, Lawrence Furrow, won entirely on his good looks. (We hope looks aren't deceiving.)

A mammoth slide rule, now in the physics laboratory, is the first of its size to enter a High School of Maine. This rule, which is about six feet long, will be used for the teaching of slide rule classes.

On January 11, a vital change in the singing schedule was made. Mr. Sprague notified the assembled upper classes of this change.

## ASSEMBLY

January 13, Robert Goldberg and Donald moore appeared in chapel (on the stage) to speak in the cause of Basket-ball. Both acted natural and produced a great outburst of laughter—by their witty words.

Principal Taylor made an announcement in chapel Friday, February 3, which transacted into slang means: 'No hissin' at the games; if you do, some one near you is goin' to tell you to get out before you get kicked out. This later proved to work out O. K. Altho there was no hissing, some "wise guy" gave the "Capes" two extra shots by telling the "ump" what he thought of him.

February 3, John Barry, our eloquent boy orator, again appeared before the public eye. This time John was given a period of time in which to speak his piece and keep his peace (cribber). It seems that John wished a good attendance at the basketball game the next night. He certainly got it, the team was well supported.

## Louis Kirstein & Sons

### REALTORS

Real Estate  
Insurance  
Investment

} SERVICE

Merrill Trust Building

Bangor, Maine

## Baker & Hodge

### Company

## General Insurance

Eastern Trust Building

Telephone 1555 BANGOR, MAINE

33 Years of Service

## For Correctly Fitted Glasses Visit

### I. M. HUTCHINGS

Registered Optometrist

14 Central Street - - BANGOR, MAINE

Eyes Examined

Glasses Fitted

## OTIS SKINNER OPTICAL CO.

15 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Hygienic Equipment

Modern Methods

(OVER NEWBERRY'S)



THE ORACLE

# DARLING AUTOMOBILE CO. OF BANGOR

INCORPORATED

REO

CARS AND SPEED WAGONS



REO

PARTS AND ACCESSORIES

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BANGOR, MAINE

## KINEO MILL END CO.

29-33 Columbia Street, Bangor, Maine



*Everything in Dry Goods*

*Hosiery, Underwear*

*Blankets a Specialty*

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