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Spring Number
April, 1927



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The Oracle Board

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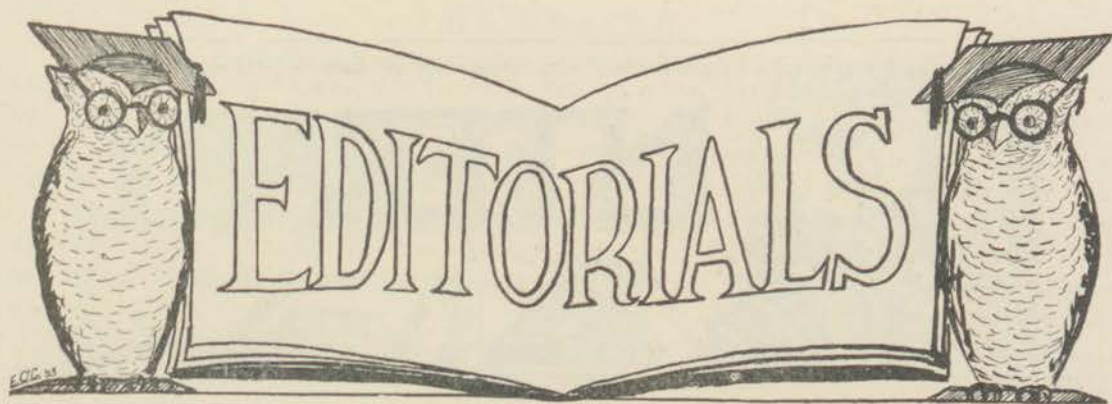
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The class of 1927 is in sight of its once far distant and seemingly inattainable goal. In a few short months its members will complete their high school course.

It is time to consider what we wish to do in the future, to select a vocation. Everyone should give serious thought to this. High school has prepared us for further study. Further study does not necessarily mean going to some higher institution of learning. There is ample opportunity for further study at home. College merely removes the responsibility of self-education.

Formerly lectures on many vocations were given in high schools. The students had a chance to witness demonstrations of various industries. Actual contact with these things was of great benefit to them. It is far easier to choose a suitable vocation and one for which you will fit yourself, if you see a first-hand demonstration of it.

On the other hand the members of this generation have an infinitely greater opportunity of securing more training in the course they take in high school. Work can be found by ambitious students. Scholarships are offered in many high schools. As a rule the average high school graduate of to-day who wishes to attend a college can do so.

Year by year greater opportunities to secure and read good books are given to the public. Extensive and intelligent reading keeps the mind from stagnating. It develops a vocabu-

lary and from a good vocabulary comes the gift of expression. Incidentally, Bangor has the best equipped and most efficiently managed library in the state.

It has been a constant source of satisfaction to the editors of the *Oracle* to see the favor with which the first two issues of the magazine have been received. The *Oracle* Board has worked hard and long to make a bigger and better *Oracle* this year. Owing to financial trouble the number of issues was cut down but we have tried to make up for this by producing a better magazine than ever. We feel that our efforts have not gone unrewarded. It is our hope to make the coming June issue the best yet, a high mark certainly. It is not too early to think of pictures and poetry, seniors, so be "on your mark" at least now.

For the past two years the idea of a baseball team for Bangor High has been discussed pretty thoroughly in the spring. For several years the school has not been represented in the "king of sports." Last year a distinct step upward was made by having teams representing each class. A series was played and many fine games were enjoyed by good sized crowds. Many have expressed the wish that the school might have a team this year. The wish is on the road to fulfillment. We were very glad to learn that the school is to have a 1927 baseball nine.



For Honor of the School

Marjorie Deane Stevens, '28

A bitter feud was raging between the two factions of Hampton Hall. Truly such an issue might well have instigated the famous "War of Roses,"—such an all important question it was. Just which faction should elect its leader as "Marshall of the Prom?" was the question. "Chunkie" Turner, leader of the South Dormitory, and "Bim" Chandler, champion of the North, were striving for the honor,—"Bim" fairly and above-board, and "Chunkie" slyly "buying off" more than one disreputable fellow. They contended about evenly until toward the close of the fall semester, in the latter part of November, when "the worm turned."

It was just before the Hampton—Ridgeley game, and "Bim," as captain of the eleven, was trying to sandwich in at least three hours of practice a day with his brawny team, and still keep up his high scholastic grades. The game was on the home field. Chances broke about even, although the team was matched against its most powerful rival. What if it should be "weighed in the balance and found wanting?" Terrible idea!—not to be thought about.

Till the trouble about the marshalship of the Prom had come up, the team had played together as one man, striving for the ultimate benefit of the school. How to bridge the gap

thus caused was "Bim's" chief thought. Night and day the question worried him but alas, no way presented itself to the chaos of his thoughts. As the days went on, he grew more and more despondent. Even Fred Endicott, his closest friend, grew alarmed. He had never known "ole Bim" to be so downhearted before.

Two things were struggling in Bim's mind; one, the good of the school, the other, pride. He owned up to himself that he was awfully keen on the job of "Prom Marshal." He would awake one morning confident of a moral victory, and then at night he would find himself as anxious as ever for the much sought-after position.

The day before the game, Fred and Bim were strolling along the famous cement walk in front of the Dean's office;—Fred discussing animatedly the game in the offing, and "Bim" absent-mindedly turning over the problem weighing on his mind. Suddenly an idea came to him. He whooped with joy and clutched his arms about his pal's stocky waist. "I've got it!" he shouted.

"Well, all I've got to say," grinned Freddie, "is that it must have weighed a ton!"

"Bim" was now all eagerness for the much discussed game. This, in brief, was his plan of action: he would lay the whole matter be-

fore the team. He would announce his withdrawal from the candidacy, and petition the team to stand behind him for the school's sake if not for his own. Possibly he would even ask to have "Chunkie" put in his place as a temporary captain, although he was simply aching to try his nettle against the opposing team.

* * * * *

A kind of grim silence hung over the dressing-room, broken only by the scraping of cleated boots on the wooden floor. Coaches, managers, and most of the substitutes were excluded from the quarters. "Bim" felt his heart beating swiftly and the blood going and coming in his cheeks. He felt as if his moment had come, and subconsciously a half-prayer formed in the back of his mind. There was silence, and a tense waiting for something unexplained.

It was the time! "Bim" rose to his feet and found eighteen pairs of eyes fixed upon him,—some sneering and some worshipful. Then he began his speech, famous in the football annals of Hampton Hall.

"Fellows," he said on a calm voice, "do you realize the importance of the issue that is at

stake? Do you realize that now we must test the old adage, 'United we stand, divided we fall'?"—Ten minutes he took for that brave little speech. That was all, but when he was through a faint blur covered the eyes of each player as he silently accepted the challenge to battle for his Alma Mater. It seemed only a moment later that a knock sounded at the door and "Bim," his voice husky with feeling, almost whispered, "All right, fellows, let's go out there on the field. Remember,—school first, last, and always."

From the first quarter, the game was Hampton's. The wonderful spirit of the plucky lads, the admirable mechanism of their movements, and the quick, brainy individual work was noted and commented upon by everyone. When the last whistle blew to the tune of a 35-7 victory, "Bim" was the hero of the day.

The following morning, overcome by shame and a belated sense of honor, "Chunkie," also, quietly withdrew his name from the contest. Next term "Bim" was unanimously elected President of the Senior Class, the highest tribute that the school could bestow upon their admired and acknowledged leader.

*****

The Journey of John Pendling

Ruth Blaning, '30

I, John Pendling, set out on my travels in the year 1913. Being then a boy of fourteen years, without kith or kin, I experienced no such heartaches as many have at parting, but instead, was exceedingly impatient to be off, for, I was starting into that land of moose and bear, known as Eastern Canada.

I was indeed proud of myself, for not many boys of my age had journeyed overland from Washington State to Eastern Canada. In June I started off with the entire sum of three hundred dollars in my pocket, a suitcase packed with my best and also my worst clothes, a book, and a card pinned to the lapel of my coat, telling my name, age, and future address. It

must be mentioned that I pinned this on my coat at the advice of a motherly old lady of Oberan, from whence I started.

On entering the passenger car of an eastern-bound train, I was so fascinated with it that for a time I could think of nothing else. Many were the scrapes I had. I can remember pushing a button, not knowing what unseen mysteries were behind, and of seeing a porter clad in white, answer my summons saying, "Anything wanted, sir?" Indeed, I was so surprised, I hardly knew what to say. So, to get over the difficulty, I scraped an acquaintance with him and the remainder of the day was spent in peace.

As I sat calmly looking out of the window, I thought of my past life. Being the only child of Mr. and Mrs. James Pendling, who died from scarlet fever when I was but three years of age, I was brought up by a spinster, Miss Spencer, who was as good and kindly a soul as ever lived.

In summer I was wont to journey into the wilds and listen to the rapping of a woodpecker, or the gurgling of the brook. Sitting among the whispering pines, I had often wished to travel eastward, and now my wish was being granted, for, an uncle who owned vast timber lands in Canada had died and left me, his only kinsman, all this property. I was now traveling eastward, expecting to spend the rest of my life in these great forests.

Through the window, I saw beautiful patches of cool green forests matched against bits of azure blue sky. The train passed wonderful sky-blue lakes with imposing and serene mountains standing behind, seeming like guards that had stood for centuries and would look down at the world for ages to come. I saw the golden sun flood the sky with crimson and at last sink below the horizon leaving the tall pine trees like sentinels on duty.

After supper, I was initiated into the joys of sleeping on the train and you can imagine my surprise at seeing a bed that would fold and unfold. So at last, after this, my first wonderful day on the train, I sank into repose, thinking only of what was going to happen on the morrow and not of what had taken place in the past.

In the morning when I woke, I rubbed my eyes and tried to recall where I was. At last it came over me in a sudden rush of memory that I was traveling and I at once jumped up to look out of the window. I saw great regions of desolate hills and valleys with large lakes around which were great beds of alkali, and I soon learned that we were in the bad-lands of South Dakota. All that day the train passed through seemingly endless stretches of desert, plain, and mountain, and by the time the day had worn itself away, I was beginning to weary

of traveling and longed for a glimpse of my favorite haunts in the cool green forest.

In the morning I was told that the train would pass through Omaha, and that we could get out and stretch our weary legs for a time. A few hours later the train rolled into the Union Station and I was exceedingly glad to find myself once more on level ground. I at once made up my mind, that I would take a jaunt into the city and to my mind, to think was to act. I soon found myself in a great crowd of people, and, looking at nearby buildings for marks by which to find my way back, I let my feet follow those of the passerby. I was soon in front of one of the large department stores, and having several hours to spare, I decided to have a look at the toys, for which I still had a fondness. On finding myself at the counter where electrical and chemical outfits could be found, I became so engrossed in these mysterious wonders, that I lost all sense of time. At last I looked up and the hands of the clock pointed to within fifteen minutes of time for the train to leave, so, not wanting to lose all my earthly possessions, I started on the run to the station. Imagine my consternation on arriving at the depot to see the train starting and rapidly gaining speed. I started down the track, hoping to overtake it and my relief was indeed great when I at last crawled over the railing of the observation car, and found myself once more in a seat, along with my suitcase and other belongings. Now indeed was I thankful and at once I decided that nevermore would I do such a rash thing when I had such a short space of time on my hands.

The rest of the day the train rapidly covered great stretches of golden corn and wheat-fields. Telephone posts went sailing by and every once in a while I would see a large hawk swoop down into a field, rising again with some poor creature in its beak.

The next morning we arrived in Chicago, where I had to change trains. The remainder of the day was spent in traveling along the Great Lakes and through never ending fields of grain.

The following morning I was indeed glad to find myself in the mountains. They looked wonderful to me, for, my eyes were weary of beholding grain, grain, and more grain. Indeed, the peaks looked like giants, for some had the likeness of man, some of beast, and some were nothing more than a great pyramid, but they looked delightful to me, for I had always lived in a mountainous region and I loved them.

Later in the day, the train arrived in Boston. It was a foggy day and seemed to me typical of the old fishing days, of which I had read so much. I visited King's Chapel, the Old South Meeting House, the Tomb of Paul Revere and many other historical places, and, as I stood in front of them, I was awed as I thought of the wonderful events that had taken place there. Shaking off the thoughts of generations gone by, I returned once more to the station and took the train for northern Maine where I was to make connections for Canada.

The trip along the Penobscot River was lovely and inspiring and many times since have I thought of the first time I viewed that majestic river flowing onward to meet the

ocean. We sighted the Belfast sailing up the river towards Bangor with numerous white seagulls spreading their wings above and following the boat along, hoping to find a morsel of fish or some other food.

At last the train crossed the border, and I found myself in the land of my forefathers. The next day the train arrived at Jackson and Jim, my uncle's most trusted man and helper, came to meet me. In one of the great camp trucks we rolled along over the rocky path, soon arriving at the lumber camp where I was introduced to the lumbermen. They showed me all around the camp and I investigated all the different cabins and buildings. At length, I roamed into the woods and was delighted to hear the hoot of some sleepy owl, the call of the loon, the chattering of the chipmunks and the deep rustling of the pines. I was glad once more to be among my native forests, where I could roam at will and let time fly by on wings.

Thus ended my first and only long journey, of which I am to this day so proud. Today, I, John Pendling, am a man twenty-eight years of age, but I remember this journey as one of the happiest events of my boyhood.



The Joys of Borrowed Finery

By Anna Buck, '28

"C'm'on, Gibbie, you've got to let me have 'em. C'm'on—will you? They'll be here in an hour."

"But good grief, man! why dismantle my room? Take Jack's pillows?" "Aw—they're not so keen as yours. They just match that big banner I've got."

"You and the girl friend at tea! That hands me a hearty guffaw."

"Yes—but her mother is coming and I want the room to be ultra-special."

"Pah! Trying to fit with the mater—what? All right, take 'em."

You've got ambitions,—so had Caesar,—but I've got to have them at five o'clock be-

cause Dad and Mother are arriving for inspection."

"O. K. with me—five then."

Spike darted back to his room armed with gaily colored cushions, four flaming banners, and a very modern pair of candlesticks. With tense precision he decorated his room,—with the borrowed finery.

The flaming banners (Jerry's) were artistically hung on the walls. The candlesticks (Bud's) were placed on the mantle, and the cushions (Gibbie's) were slung carelessly on the sofa. The book rack and table each held several volumes of wonderful literature (from the library). The tea table was arranged with

the most minute care and a vase of flowers held down the center of the tray cloth.

Finally, his room settled, Spike walked about nervously awaiting the knock on the door that would bring "the girl friend and her mother." They arrived only a half hour late and Spike was on the verge of a collapse when he discovered that it was almost four-thirty.

After the greetings and introductions Spike served tea. Sally broke the silence saying, "Aren't these books splendid, Mother? and doesn't everything blend well? You certainly have a room to be proud of."

"Thanks, glad you like it," said Spike as he stole a glance at the clock. Suddenly his contentment was shattered by a knock at the door. He opened it and there was the man from the library.

"Say, listen: I've got to have those books from the library now."

"Sh: Don't talk so loud. I have company now, but you will have them by five."

"Well, don't you forget it then,—at five sharp."

"All right,—all right; but don't talk so loud. Spike went back to the room, his heart heavy within him, wondering if the occupants heard the heated conversation. He laughed and said: "Just a friend of mine wanting to know if we had any work to prepare in the library."

The mother had one of the books in her hand and, after glancing through it, said, "This is a very interesting book, Spike. I suppose you have a lot of reading to do."

"Oh yes, we have a considerable amount to do." Spike glanced at the clock and much to his horror saw that it was ten minutes of five, and wondered under his breath, "Won't you ever go?"

Suddenly Sally said, "I suppose you do a lot of studying, don't you Spike?"

"Oh, yes: I have these exams on tomorrow and I expect to do a lot of work on them to-night."

"Well,—I guess we had better go."

"Oh well, if you must—; I am sorry you can't stay longer; but you must come again sometime,"—adding under his breath, "When you can't stay so long." At this moment Jack knocked and Spike said, "Just a minute, Jack, they're going."

"Well, snap out of it. I've got to have those cushions before Mother and Dad arrive."

"Sh-h-h, give me a few minutes longer."

"All right, but get going."

Spike returned and helped Mrs. Jones and Sally with their wraps and almost helped them out the door.

"I am so glad to have met you Mrs. Jones; do come again."

"Thank you, Spike. I should enjoy it so much."

At last, the entrance was reached and with that Spikes hopes crashed as Sally exclaimed, "Oh dear, I lost my gloves. I must have left them in your room, Spike. Just a minute, I'll go get them."

"Oh no: Please don't. I'll get them for you." He rushed ahead of Sally and when he reached his room he found that it was wrecked and ruined. Gone were the flaming banners, the gaily colored cushions, the candlesticks and last but not least the books. Indeed it was a faded picture now,

He hunted wildly about the room for the gloves but to no avail. Just as he turned to go to the door, Sally came in and said, "I am so sorry to have bothered you Spike, but I found them tucked in the cuff of my coat." Then her glance took in the room. "Oh my:" she exclaimed, "What has happened?"

Just then the door burst open and the boys each carrying some of the borrowed finery paraded and danced about the room and back into the hall. The shock was too much for Spike. He collapsed at Sally's feet and said, "You see it was just a fake."

The Wishing Bridge

Grace Hatten, '30

One day, when I was a girl of about twelve, my family suddenly decided to tour New England and New York state. I was very excited, as I had never been outside of Maine before.

It was on a bright July day when the family, including my parents, brother, grandmother, and myself, left Bangor. The first part of our tour led through New Hampshire and Vermont into Canada, where we visited Quebec and Montreal. We again entered the United States near Niagara, where we visited both the Canadian and American Falls. We went to New York City by way of Buffalo and Albany.

We entered the city of New York, one day, late in the month, and spent there about a week of which much time was spent in the aquariums, museums, and art galleries, of which I was most interested in the latter. After leaving the City we toured Connecticut and Rhode Island, and soon entered Massachusetts, where we visited Boston, Concord, Plymouth, Marblehead, and many other places of interest.

In Marblehead, we visited the old 'Wishing Bridge.' It was believed, in olden times, that if any one stood on this bridge and made sincere, earnest wishes, that these desires would surely come true. Both my brother and I wished as we stood on this bridge, I made three wishes, although I did not believe they would come true, because I thought, that in all the long years which the bridge had been built, it had probably lost its magic.—But had it? I should say not!

My three wishes were somewhat to this effect: 'That at some time I should be renowned for my knowledge of some profession, —preferably art. That at some time during my life I should tour the world and that during this trip, I should receive all the knowledge possible to help me in my profession. These

have come true in the ways which I shall now relate.

After graduating from High School, I attended for two years a certain college; then I left for New York, where I entered a school of art, specializing in architecture and interior decoration. I graduated from this school with high honors, and entered the establishment of a celebrated architect and decorator, where I worked as an assistant. I soon worked up to the position of first assistant; and then, through my own influences to partner. After having been in this establishment about two years, my partner suddenly because of illness was forced to retire. This left me, with the title of sole owner, and the chance to acquire wealth and fame, of which I cared most for the latter.

My second and third wishes came true recently when, with a friend, also interested in art, I toured the world. In my tour I spent much time in Europe and Northern Africa. In Egypt I visited Kainak where I saw the remains of a famous temple. In Greece I visited Athens and Delphi where I found fine examples of Greek architecture. In Italy I visited Rome, where I studied the Forum, the Coliseum, and other famous places: Pompeii, Milan, where I viewed the famous cathedral, and hence, where I studied many famous buildings. I also obtained a store of general knowledge of Italian, furniture and art. In Spain, I visited and studied the choicest and Spanish types of architecture and furniture. While in France, I spent much time in the ruins of old castles, in the medieval buildings still surviving, and in the art galleries. In England I studied English furniture of both the modern and antique type and visited numerous buildings and ruins, including Stonehenge, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and other famous churches. In Germany I in-

spected the old cathedrals and ruins, and in Holland I studied principally the architecture.

During my trip I collected many antiques and much knowledge that will be invaluable to me in my profession.



The Wreck of the "Caroline Gray"

Eleanor Brown, '28

The Captain stood at the bow of his coasting schooner, the "Caroline Gray", with his hat in his hand,—his mind reviewing the events of the past few days. He came of a very superstitious family and this was what he was thinking about. Before leaving the dock at Norfolk, Virginia, where he had finished loading a cargo of coal, he had seen a rat quietly climb down the ladder and run up the deck. Now this is considered one of the worst of omens for a voyage. Even the bravest of seafarers, always said that when a rat left the vessel, it was time for everyone to do likewise. Although Captain Gilbert was stout of heart and this incident hadn't worried him then, it was worrying him now.

The barometer had been dropping steadily and every indication of a storm had been seen. Night came and with it, one of the fiercest of gales that ever lashed the Atlantic Ocean. The waves rose higher and higher before the fury of the tempest. The Captain paced the deck in a feverish mood.

Already the vessel had sprung a leak and the water was pouring into the hold almost as fast as it could be pumped out.

The crew consisted mainly of negroes, sluggish, lazy, and treacherous. At last more men were needed to work the pumps and Captain Gilbert wended his way along the rolling deck, till he reached the forecastle, where he called all the sailors. Most of them had been sleeping soundly and were not overpleased at being rudely awakened. But they arose and proceeded on deck for duty. The master arranged the pumps so as to accommodate as many men as could pump at a time and while his back was turned he heard whisper-

ing. Upon turning around again he showed each where he could take a place; but, to his utter astonishment, each one declared his intention of not working.

Then commenced the active mutiny. The vessel was sinking fast and all would have, at most, one hour to live unless they all set to work at the pumps. As the Captain stood thinking, the negroes rushed upon him with their knives upraised and intent on murder. Quick as a flash he stooped,—picked up the heavy iron pump handle and brought it down upon the head of the first man. Frightened by the fall of their leader, the rest put their knives away and quickly took their positions at the pumps.

The night was pitchy black and not a steamer light had been seen on the horizon. Captain Gilbert was reduced to despair. Across his mind swept the picture of his home, his wife and his children, who depended on him for their daily bread and he lifted up his head, breathing a prayer to God. As his eyes came level with the horizon, he suddenly caught the glimpse of a small light and he knew his prayer had been answered!

He rushed below and, grasping the mattress from his bunk, hauled it up onto the deck. After soaking it thoroughly with gasoline he set it a fire. Realizing that this was his last hope of rescue, he watched with anxious eyes, the movements of the tiny light.

Meanwhile upon the steamer, the lights of which Captain Gilbert had seen, the third officer had just left his watch and was about to retire. Tired out he talked but a minute with the second officer, who had come to relieve him. The second officer swept the horizon

in a glance to see if there were any lights to report. His glance settled on the blaze away to the westward and lingered there for only a moment. He knew at once that someone was in distress but being more or less lazy he did not trouble himself to report this. Below, in his stateroom the third officer was preparing to sleep, but suddenly he found he had forgotten to see which way the wind was blowing to write down in the log. Being one of the kind who never delays anything, he looked out the port and as fate was to be merciful his window looked across the water to the spot where the sinking vessel lay. He knew at once that danger was meant by the signal and he reported to the commanding officer.

Immediately, the steamer changed her course and proceeded to the aid of the vessel, that lay at the mercy of the waves, being kept afloat only by the efforts of the men at the pump.

The sea was so rough that the steamer found that she could not get any nearer than within hailing distance and so the Master talked to Captain Gilbert through a megaphone. It was soon agreed that they would try to keep the *Caroline Gray* afloat until morning, which was then but an hour off.

Over the eastern horizon the dawn broke and with it came a large boat from the steamer. One by one the men jumped into the water, the Captain last and they were picked up each in turn by the men from the steamer.

Half an hour later Captain Gilbert, stood on the deck of the steamer and watched his vessel sink. It continued to go until its sails touched the water, and in one half a second the bow disappeared and the whole vessel sank. And with a feeling of great gratitude, Capt. Gilbert thanked God, who had been so merciful to him, in his time of greatest need.



An Epitome of "Oliver Twist"

Frederic Garcelon, '29

Dickens wrote the story of *Oliver Twist* with the purpose of arousing people to do away with the public workhouse, which were in a shameful state in his time.

The one idea of the managers of the work houses was to run them as cheaply as possible, and, as a result, many of the poor people there were starved to death.

Oliver Twist was born in one of these work-houses, and the inmates were kept so hungry that at length they cast lots to decide who should walk up to the master and ask for more gruel at supper time. The lot fell to Oliver, and when he asked for more, the work-house master was so angry that he offered five pounds to anybody who would take the boy, as an apprentice.

As a result, Oliver went to work for an undertaker, who fed him on scraps left on the table when the family was through eating.

Noah Claypole, another boy who worked

for the undertaker, bullied him, and talked so insolently of Oliver's poor dead mother, that Oliver driven to desperation, thrashed him. Mrs. Sowberry, the undertaker's wife, believed everything Noah said about Oliver's part in the matter, and as a consequence, she locked Oliver up in a dark, dingy cellar.

In the morning, however, Oliver escaped, and after walking six days, came to Bamel, which is near London. While he was resting there and trying to get a little food to relieve his hunger, he struck up the acquaintance of John Dawkins, otherwise the "Artful Dodger," who promised to give him a way of earning his living when they reached London.

Arriving at London, the "Artful Dodger" conducted him to the den of Fagin, a wicked old Jew who taught boys to steal. Oliver did not at first realize that he was in a den of thieves, who would teach him to steal, but one morning, when he was with the "Artful

Dodger," he was surprised to see him pick the pocket of an old gentleman. The "Artful Dodger" then ran away, and Oliver was accused of the theft. At last, his innocence proved, he was taken into the home of the old gentleman, Mr. Brownlow.

One day, however, when he had a five pound note and some books in his possession, Oliver was recaptured and carried back to the Jew's den. Two burglars, friends of Fagin, planned to rob a house in Chertsey. They took Oliver with them to climb through a small window, and then unlock the door for them.

The three night prowlers were fired upon by the butler, and Oliver, who was wounded, was left for dead. The owner of the house,

Mrs. Maylie, and her adopted niece, believed him innocent and took care of him until he recovered.

One day the lad happened to see Bill Sikes (one of the burglars) looking at him through the window. His friends, fearing he was in danger took him up to London. Here they discovered a plot against Oliver, but soon, through Mr. Brownlow and the boy's other friends, the the villainous band led by Fagin was brought to justice.

Bill Sikes murdered his companion, Nancy, for betraying Fagin and, himself, met a horrible death in trying to escape from the roof of a house, to which he had been pursued after one of his murky deeds.



Coffee-Taverns of Old England

John Bell, '28

Man is a sociable being. Unavoidable instincts impel him to seek the company of his fellow-men. To this purpose, every age has its means of social contact. The old Greeks and Romans found it in their political gatherings; we find it in ways many and varied, but nevertheless the underlying urge is the same—the desire for companionship. In the seventeenth century a singularly interesting institution found favor among the English and the other peoples of Europe. This was the coffee-house. Before proceeding further, let us review the history of coffee, itself, the and spread of its popularity.

Coffee was unknown to the ancients, although the plant has grown wild for countless centuries in parts of Abyssinia. But, excepting for a slight medicinal use, it did not come into being as a beverage until the fifteenth century when it was introduced into Persia. From here a Mohammedan priest carried it to Aden, and from there to Mecca. From here the visiting pilgrims, or Hadjis, returned with it to Arabia and Egypt. A curious use of the wakeful powers of coffee arose with its in-

troduction to the Mohammedan world. It was found that it would keep one awake during the long and wearisome religious service. And many an obese Mohammedan, with tendencies towards slumber, partook of coffee for this purpose. And so, of course, it thus found disfavor among the sterner Mohammedan elders, and in 1511 A. D. it was declared an intoxicant, and thus, according to the Koran, forbidden. The ban was soon lifted, however, by the Sultan Causon, and the popularity of the drink spread, by way of Syria, to Constantinople, where the first coffee-house was established in 1554 A. D. Soon other coffee-houses were opened in Venice, in Paris, and finally in England, under the names of Cahue, Kauhi, coffa, or coffee-houses.

There is some dispute as to what was the first English coffee-house, but the majority of historians believe that the "Angel," a coffee-house established by Jacob, a Jew, in the parish of St. Peter's, Oxford, in the year 1650, can claim the distinction. Here it rapidly gained favor among the students, and even among some of the faculty though frowned on

by the deans, as a waste of time. The second establishment was that of a Greek, Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, started in 1653. The claim to have been the first coffee-house in London is made for "Don Saltero's" in Cheyne Walk, although it is doubtful whether Cheyne Walk would then have been considered a part of London. This house, begun by a barber, was noted especially for the museum it contained, and the questionable relics enclosed within it, such as "The Queen of Sheba's Milkmaid's Hat" and "Robinson Crusoe's and His Man Friday's Shirts." Richard Steele wrote a very interesting article concerning the "Don's" violin playing. And now let us turn to a description of the interiors of the houses, themselves, and their frequenters.

The English coffee-houses were essentially different from those on the Continent. Whereas in Paris, women and men, alike, met in the coffee-houses, more or less as in our modern "the-dansants," the English coffee-houses were limited to men only, as women were then considered to be too flighty in mind to understand anything savouring of real thought. Thus it was that the masculine population of London, free from feminine restraint, found full liberty for expression of opinions over the coffee-cups.

The interiors of the coffee-houses in general were very similar. Simply a large room, with several tables for reading or writing; a big, open fire-place, with tea and coffee always on the hob; waiters and small boys were continually running about, serving dishes and bringing pipes; and a bar, presided over by a pretty barmaid, stood in one corner. The walls were plastered with beautifully-embellished pictures of patent medicines and beautifying waters. The usual charges were twopence for coffee, three-halfpence for green tea, and a penny for a pipe. And thus, at a trivial expense, could any man profitably spend any time of the day in conversation with the best wits and ablest talkers of the time. Modera-

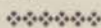
tion was the general keynote of the coffee-houses; and though the talk and banter may have been loud, it was never boisterous. By the rules of the house, and by common accord, swearing, and brawling were forbidden. The coffee-houses served in the capacity of newspapers, and in them one could hear anything from conjectures on government policies to discussions on abstract philosophical theories. It was here that Dean Swift wrote to his "Stella," and where Richard Steele corresponded with his "dearest Prue." It was, then, very natural that the most deliciously-spiced scandal should find its way thither, to be commented upon by the keen tongues and minds of the best wits. Political discussions, also, waxed very high. Indeed in one of the numbers of the spectator, that gentleman says that at "St. James'" coffee-house, he heard the whole line of Bourbon, including all the family branches, disposed of in less than fifteen minutes. In 1675 political discussion became so fierce that Charles II denounced the coffee-houses as hotbeds of Roundheadism and ordered them suppressed by law. Their popularity was such, however, among the people, that they were reopened, after a short period, and thereafter their history was one of rapid growth, these being over three thousand of them in London, alone, in 1700. And with so many coffee-houses, it is of no wonder, that each separate house became known by the class of men who met under its roof.

Thus the "St. James," perhaps the most famous of them all, was the center of Whig politics. Here the Whig leaders convened to air their views. Here, also, was gathered the foreign and domestic news of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." "Buttons", in Convent Garden, where Brooks Club met, was another famous Whig center; while "The Cocoa Tree," in Pall Mall, "Ozinda's," in St. James' St., and "Bell Tavern" in King St., Westminster, were frequented by all good Tories. "Will's," in Bow St., was renowned for the famous men of literature, who gath-

ered there, especially Dryden. "White's Chocolate House," in St. James St., was noted as much for its decrees on fashion and letters, as for its comments on politics. Many of Steele's essays were written here. Learning and the arts were to be found at the "Grecian," in Devereux Court, Strand. Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, and Dr. Halley patronized this house, as well as many noted lawyers. "Garraway's," in Exchange Alley, was visited by people of quality, as Dr. Radcliffe, Queen Anne's physician, Steele, and Swift. It was especially noted for the auctions and lotteries held within its walls, and many stock deals were transacted here, also. The great South Sea Bubble company met here, and it was the place where tea was first sold in England. "Jonathan's" and the "Sultan's Head," near the Stock Exchange, were the general marts of stock-jobbers. "Lloyd's," in Lombard St., was the center of shipping news. All the gay, young fops and dandies paraded their apparel at "Man's," in Charing Cross. The "Jerusalem," the "Rainbow," "George's," "Tom's," "Wando's," the "Thatched House Club," the "Fountain," and "Squire's" were also very famous. Indeed a few of these houses exist today as clubs,

namely: "White's," "The Cocoa Tree," and the "Thatched Roof Club." These coffee-houses were popular far into the nineteenth century, in 1840 their number being estimated as between 1600 and 1800 in London. But their day of greatness was past, and they were gradually superseded, in the polite world, by the chocolate-house, which, itself, lasted but a short while, leaving only memories in its wake. And now let us make a short summary of the purpose of the coffee-house in general.

The coffee-houses undoubtedly served their purpose of disseminating news; they provided a place for unequalled repartee; they opened up a means of inexpensive and harmless entertainment, with truly broadening possibilities; and lastly they provided man with a place to associate, in all good nature, with his fellow-humans. Therefore it is not out of place for us to pay silent tribute to the coffee-houses for the valuable service, they rendered in their age; and perhaps it is to be lamented that no quite so congenial method of social contact exists today, for, without doubt, none of our modern institutions have the interesting flavor, and the human touch, to be found within the coffee-houses.



Roger Finds Himself

Winnefred '28

Nancy, as a little girl, loved Roger; she admired him too. But Roger was a boy and didn't like girls. "Always crying at something or getting in a fellow's way." So spoke Roger with the wisdom of seven years.

Eight years later, both chanced to spend another summer at the old farm but Roger's attitude toward girls was unchanged. To be sure, Nancy was a good sport and useful in her way, for hadn't she mended that rip in his best shirt so neatly that his mother's careful eyes hadn't seen it? But then, girls couldn't climb trees or ride bare-back or do anything really lively.

In Nancy's seventeenth and Roger's eighteenth year they both spent the summer at one of the favorite sea-side resorts and Roger was the proud possessor of a trim little cat-boat, "The Chat."

One afternoon he condescended to take Nancy for a sail. The day was quite windy and they bobbed gaily along on the blue water.

Perhaps Roger was over confident, at any rate he should not have been sitting facing away from wind, for he didn't notice the widening patch of darker blue water, rapidly approaching, that warns a good sailor of a squall.

He put the tiller over without looking

around, but before they were fairly turned the squall struck them.

It whipped the main sheet from Roger's control and the boom, slamming over, struck him squarely on the head. Undoubtedly the sail suddenly released was all that saved the boat from capsizing.

Nancy had been comfortably curled upon the floor of the little cock-pit, but now she started from her day-dreams. Reaching for the flapping main sheet she made it fast and turned her attention to getting the boat under way again,—no easy task, for the squall was a fore-runner of a stiff breeze and the home-slip lay almost directly into the wind.

At last she had time to look at Roger who was lying stunned on the deck. The boat kept

her too busy to help him until, after almost two hours of difficult tacking when she ran alongside the yacht-club float. Roger's father came running down to the boat and the two carried the boy up to his house where they put him to bed and called the doctor.

The next day, none the worse for his adventure, Roger met Nancy in the grove by the spring. How pretty she was in her cool green linen dress with her hair brushed back from her face. He felt suddenly shy. "Funny," he thought, he hadn't realized that girls were like this. He discovered that he had always liked Nancy especially well. That night Nancy hummed a gay little tune as she unclasped his high-school pin. He had promised to give her his fraternity pin the next year.



John Keats

By Lawrence Mann, '27.

A rare inspired genius, Keats!

A lover of the beautiful,
With sad eyes, ah, expressive, too,
Emotional head and thoughtful.

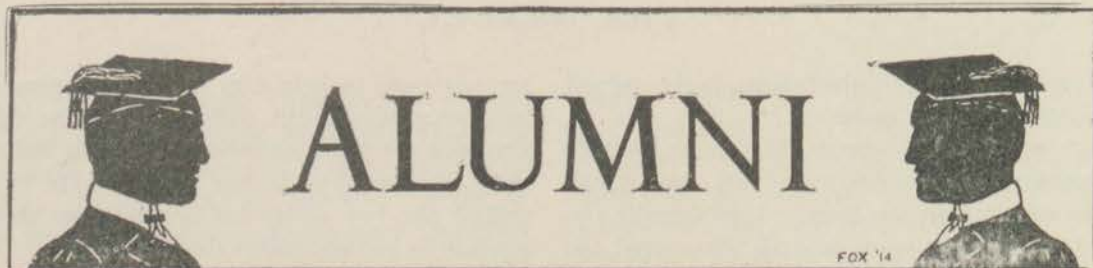
In England's beauteous pastoral spots
You always saw such visions rare!
All nature seemed to breathe of life,
Most green and fresh, and fair.

To you were nature's ways endeared.

Mind how you loved the nightingale,
The beauteous clouds, the river blue,
The forest green, and hill and dale.

You loved to let your spirit roam

In all poetic fancy wild,
'Mid florant scenes and water-ways
And pastures fertile. Nature's child!



Doris Parke, '26, was this year elected president of the freshman class at Farmington Normal School.

Gorham Robinson, '26, John Dunning and Ralph Brown, formerly of B. H. S., are at present home from Hebron Academy on a short vacation, due to the fact that Sturtevant Hall in which they were living was recently destroyed by fire.

Dorothy Ireland, '26, recently took part in the play, "The Swan," at Wheaton College. Only four freshmen girls were chosen for the tryouts and Miss Ireland was the one picked for the part. "Dot" showed her ability as an actress while a member of the B. H. S. Dramatic Club and we are glad that Wheaton has also recognized this ability.

Daniel and John Sullivan, both B. H. S. students last year, are this year attending the Polytechnic High School in San Bernardino, California.

Dorothy Culley, '26, is this winter playing center on the girl's freshman basket-ball team at the University of Maine.

Kenneth Ludden, '25, was the student from the University of Maine to receive the nomination to take the test for West Point. We are all proud of him, and wish him all success.

Mary Robinson and Alice Webster, both are this year playing on the Girl's Varsity basket-ball team at the University of Maine.

Helen Stewart, B. H. S., '25, is training for a nurse, at the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital in Boston, Mass.

The many friends of Prescott Vose, '25, will be glad to learn that he is now a convalescent after a very serious operation for appendicitis at Bowdoin College.

Marriages of interest to many Bangor people are those of Marguerite Murray and Carleton Bean, both of the class of '22, and Bruce Smith, '25, and Viola McGlinchy.

Claire Dumphey, B. H. S., '26, has joined the Navy. He is now sailing toward China. After taking this course he will enter Annapolis. It is reported that "Fat" is soon to be appointed Rear Admiral. We all wish him success.

Harold Schiro, '26, this year made the Dean's test at Bowdoin College.

Mary McAvey, '25, recently sang in the pupil's rehearsal at Laselle Seminary. Miss McAvey gave two selections, "Who is Sylvia," and "Hark, Hark the Lark."

John Townsend, '25 is this year violin soloist with the Bowdoin Musical Clubs. Two other Bangor boys belong to the Clubs, they are Alden Sawyer and Merrill Hunt. Mr. Sawyer is this year manager of the combined Glee Club and Musical Clubs.

Miss Pauline Guth, '19, is now in Boston, where she is employed by the Hick's Gallery, Fayette St.

Harry Boyd, B. H. S., '24, who has been confined to his home by illness for some time is gaining rapidly and his many friends are hoping for a speedy recovery.

Thelma Shea, B. H. S., '26, recently took one of the leading parts in the play "Captain Applejack" presented by the Maine Masque during the Maine Winter Carnival. Miss Shea, one of our star actresses while in B. H. S. is certainly carrying on the good work at Maine.

Ralph B. Mayo, '24, a junior at Norwich University is a second bass in the Norwich Musical Clubs, now in the midst of their concert season.

At a recent indoor track meet at the University of Maine, Karl Larson, B. H. S., '25, broke the existing track record for the half mile run.

Victor McNaughton, recently won first place in the mile run, at the University of Maine.

Thomas Shean has recently opened a law office on Broadway, New York.

Thomas Jordan, B. H. S., '20, has recently taken a position with the Claim department of the Travelers Insurance Company.

Faith Donovan, '26, our star cellist while in B. H. S. is this year playing for much larger audiences. Several cello solos played by Miss Donovan were recently broadcast from station W. B. Z.

Catherine Trickey, '26, is this year holding a position in the library at the University of Maine.

Five seniors from Bangor are among the sixteen members of the Class elected to Phi Kappa Phi, National Honorary Scholastic Society at the University of Maine, according to a list announced March 9th. They are Mary P. Aiken, Mary C. Belinian, Milton H. Clapp, Ann C. Clark, Blandina C. Couillard.

IN MEMORIAM

J. Harry O'Leary, '25





LOCALS

PQK 14



At the usual chapel exercises held on January 17, Mr. Hall Dearborn called our attention to the approaching winter carnival. He read the card of events and urged that a goodly crowd turn out and make the carnival a success.

At a later chapel, Bruce Cunningham spoke very eloquently about the success of Pepita in New York theaters and pointed out that at such a small admittance fee, the second performance should bring more people than did the first performance.

On January 31st, Robert Nickerson made his final appeal for the sale of more basketball season tickets. He said that they would be sold at one dollar for four games and that this was certainly a bargain price.

The French Club held its seventh meeting on Jan. 24, in the Assembly Hall. All were pleased to note that a large number were present. The business conducted by the President took only a short while and then the entertainment committee took charge of the meeting. The program consisted of a French recitation by Flora Armatruda and French songs by Dorothy Bradford. Two clever sketches were presented: the first a scene in a French hat shop, in which Phyllis Hedin and Margaret Butterfield played, and the second, a French doctor's office in which Donald Yates and Frank Wright took part.

Games were played by all the club members. During the evening the Club was treated to popcorn balls. The committee for the next meeting was appointed as follows, Clifton Percival, Alfreda Dennis and John Ross.

The Girls' Rifle Club has elected six members from the Junior Class. They are: Dorothy Somers, Evelyn Haney, Ella Grosse, Pauline Sawyer, Eleanor Cross, and Pauline McCready. The girls have been progressing very rapidly and have shot a match against the Boys' Rifle Team.

The Latin Club has held the mid-year election of officers and the results are as follows: Consuls: Henry Cushman, Gertrude Ebbeson
Praetor: Lawrence Huot.

Quaestor: Clifton Percival.

Aediles. Eleanor Brown, Charlotte Browne, Newell Kurson, John Barry.

Tribunes: Lawrence Mann, Louise Culley.

Censors. Miss Webster, Miss McSkimmon.

A meeting of the Latin Club was held Feb. 17, 1927, in the Assembly Hall. It was the first "Junior" night. The meeting was called to order by Miss Ebbeson. A few matters of business were taken up and then the evening was given up to the committee in charge. It was a fine program. John Bell read an article on "Valentine's Day." John Barry explained the plot of a short play which was presented immediately after. Those taking part were: Lawrence Huot, Eleanor Brown, Caroline McIntosh, Harriett Flagg and Charlotte Browne. Games were played and refreshments served.

A meeting of the Latin Club was held March 3, 1922. It was second "Junior" night. The meeting was held in Room 211. The meeting was called to order by Miss Ebbeson. Each member answered the roll-call by impersonating some person in Roman history or in mythology.

The Latin Club has for its club pin a miniature "fasces" wrought in sterling silver. The "fasces," Roman emblem of authority, is the emblem of the club and each one is made according to the requirements of the Roman "fasces."

The Juniors and Sophomores again competed for a cup March 8. It was not debating this time however. It was basketball, and the Sophomores won the interclass basketball championship by defeating the Juniors 27-23.

We are glad to have back with us Miss Hilda Coady, our Physical Director who has been out of school four weeks on account of an attack of pneumonia.

The Bangor Teacher's Club gave a play called "Cranford" Saturday night in the assembly hall for the purpose of raising a sum of money for the endowment of the Mary S. Snow scholarship at the University of Maine.

Following is the cast:

Miss Mildred Jenkyns.....	Miss Brown
Mr. Peter Jenkyns.....	Mr. Barker
Miss Mary Smith.....	Miss Gage
Miss Jessie Brown.....	Miss Rowe
Captain Brown.....	Mr. Potter
Miss Pole.....	Miss Ervine
Mrs. Forrester.....	Miss Lynch
Miss Betty Barker.....	Miss Glass
The Hon. Mrs. Jameson.....	Miss Allamby
The Conjuror.....	Mr. Trickey
Martha.....	Miss Dunning
The Carter.....	Mr. Drisko
Peggy.....	Miss Mullen
Jennie.....	Sylvia Alpert
Two customers—James Clement, Spencer Winsor.	

Carlo..... Buster Coffin
Home made candy was sold. This play was a great success and was enjoyed immensely by the audience.

Debates were held Tuesday, Feb. 8. at Bangor High School in each of the three Senior English classes of Miss Mary C. Robinson. These divisions have been studying the funda-

mentals of debating for the past two weeks and put their knowledge to a practical test in these debates. Byron Barker acted as judge in the first and second debates, and Dean Rachel Connor gave the decision in the third debate.

A meeting of the French Club was held in Assembly Hall at the High School, Feb. 8. After a short business meeting, Mr. Clifton Percival introduced the speaker of the evening, Professor Kueny of the University of Maine. He gave a very interesting and detailed talk on the life of the French school child. He also told of the system of schools in France and of the studies and other activities pertaining to their school life. This lecture was one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting given to the club this year.

The list of members of the class of 1927 who will be required to write essays for the coming graduates has been announced. All seniors who have attained an average rank of 80 or above for their course, are required to write this essay. The writers of the two winning essays, besides having the honor of speaking at the graduation exercises, also receive French medals.

The final contest for the Bowdoin cup was held in the Lecture Room the last of February. The Juniors had previously defeated the seniors and Freshmen, Sophomores. This time the Juniors were the winners, and the class numeral 1928 will be engraved for a second time on the cup, this class having also won in their Freshmen year. The champion debaters of the school are therefore, Phyllis Lorimer and Newell Kurson. A large audience was present to listen to the speeches. Ruth Blanning and Abraham Sterns, represented the Freshmen.

The Dramatic Club, was entertained at the State Hospital by Phyllis Hedin the last of the winter. A little play was given before the Nineteenth Century Club which met there. Refreshments followed and dancing. Everybody had a good time.

MUSIC



THE CRITIC

January 14—The Orchestra played a very fine selection, "Melodie," by Rudolph Friml was performed. Friml, a modern composer, has written some charming pieces. This "Melodie" is no exception, and its splendid performance by the Orchestra tended to bring forth its delicate harmonies to best advantage.

January 21—The Orchestra gave a very brilliant rendering of T. H. Rollinson's "Crusader Overture." This overture has several intricate parts, the burden of which falls to the first violins. The difficult selection was played very well.

January 26—The Band performed vivaciously, a march, "The Fighting Crimson," composed by the student-leader. The melody of this march was conceived in Portland on the evening of the "big game" when a "fighting crimson" eleven went down to heroic defeat. The Fighting Crimson is dedicated to the band.

February 2—The Orchestra played two selections this morning. The first was a graceful waltz, "Softly Gliding," arranged by Rayder. However, it was the performance of the second number that won the Orchestra new laurels. "Hungarian Dance, No. 5" by Johannes Brahms was played. Brahms, certainly one of the greatest composers of the nineteenth century, turned for inspiration to the great masters, Bach and Beethoven whom he copied with exactitude though he never caught their spirit. He was not at first appreciated in his native Germany and in 1861

moved to Vienna where he soon established a reputation. His Hungarian dances are noted for their vigor. He wrote symphonies, of which the "First" is generally considered the best, and many beautiful songs. It is much to the credit of the Orchestra to play things of this type.

February 9—The Band played Sir Edward Elgar's celebrated "Salut D'Amour." This great English composer has written many splendid things. His works are pensive, sweet, and full of beautiful harmonies. And yet, he has caught the modern spirit, as we judge from his "Cockaigne" which is full of the bustle of a bustling London. The Band was exquisite in certain pianissimos and other parts which require delicate handling.

February 18—The Orchestra gave a very entertaining number. "The Blue Mediterranean" was composed by F. Volpatti. A "souvenir de Nice," it seemed to breathe of the bright and sunny skies of France along her Mediterranean sea-coast. The woodwind was much in evidence. It was often supported by pizzicato strings while the strings had several solo pizzicato parts of their own. It was a very fine performance.

March 2—The Band gave an interesting selection, "Scenes from Operaland," arranged by Al Hayes. The selection consisted of a group of well-known operatic melodies. Familiar airs from "Raymond," "Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Carmen," "William Tell" were heard. The Band performed with that fire and energy of which it is so capable.

MUSIC: TODAY AND TOMORROW

As time progresses, new things come into existence. Even so it must be with music. That is why modern music is so different from that of years ago. The creative spirit in man continually seeks for something new. Man seeks until he finds this new music and then presents it to a public which, being versed in old traditions, cannot appreciate it.

The great change from the old to the modern music lies in what is called tone color. The old composer gathered together his notes, made ponderous chords, perhaps, and sweet melodies. All these tones, however, had to his mind but one nuance. Leaving out dynamics altogether, these tones would have had the same nuance-effect! To-day, a composer is conscious of the sound of each instrument. He gives his melodies to the instruments which best express his thoughts. Thus he is able to repeat melodies by giving them to different instruments; he is able to pursue novelty, to attempt the unusual; in fact, he is confined to no limit. Great works are produced, but one can easily see how the age of innocence in music is ended. What a departure from the sturdy music of the old school! It reminds one of Ancient Rome. A manly, courageous type of Roman was produced during the Republic. Then came the Empire, bringing with it ease, luxury, Greek-slaves, and dispelling the age of innocence. We may liken our modern music to Rome, the Empire. Magnificent, glorious, superb, it remains, and because of its complexities, it can pass with some slight imperfections which the old composer could never allow in his music. It is built on the foundations of the old school, but has taken up embellishments which the old school did not recognize. The best music of to-day, we say, is extremely beautiful. It is indeed, and yet, it was not understood at once. However, its daring, its greatness, its subtlety make people gasp and then become adherents to it.

The French mind was the first to distinguish

between the bare-tone and the colored-tone. Hector Berlioz knew the emotional effect of each instrument and took a delight in shocking his audiences. Franz Liszt, the greatest pianist of all time, was a marvelous composer. Those who have heard his symphonic poem "Les Preludes" can appreciate his genius. Then came Richard Wagner with revolutionary ideas in operas. Others, Anton Bruckner, Hans Pfitzner, Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss, have done fine individual work. Cesar Franck, the great mystic, who composed his music in the organ loft of St. Clotilde, Paris, is especially fine. His "Symphonie en Re Mineur" ranks among the greatest ever conceived.

Claude Debussy brings us to a point where we think we can almost determine what the music of the future will be. Why? It is because this music is music which we have great difficulty to understand. It is music unfamiliar to us, even as that of Berlioz was to his audience years ago. Debussy seems to be trying to get right down to nature. He would express, as no other composer, the sighing of the wind through its tree-tops, the soft lapping of the water on the shore. In his "L'Après-Midi d'une Faune," he makes the impression of a vegetable world which has its essence in the hot, summer sunshine of the land of the faun.

Or if we do not like to accept Claude Debussy as a type of future music, let us go back to our Old Rome theory. When corruption crept into the Empire and chaos reigned, Rome was an easy prey to the invader. Shall our future music be subject to outside influences which will change it utterly? Has music reached a stage where it must be changed? Is the quarter-tone to be developed. The Greeks used the quarter-tone. Is Greek music, then, to be the music of the future? If so, will it be influenced by the music of to-day? Time alone will tell. Let us enjoy all music and turn an appreciative ear to that which is new and may portend the future.



BANGOR H. S., '24; DEXTER H. S., '13

Bangor won it's first game of the season, Dec. 29, in City Hall, from the fast N. H. Fay quintet by a score of 24-13.

The game was hotly contested throughout, but the Crimson had the edge at all times. The large City Hall floor bothered the lads from Dexter, and after a few moments they gave up their fast passing attack and resorted to long shots, seldom finding the hoop, however.

The Crimson team and floorwork was typical of all Trowell coached quintets—a fast passing attack and a fine man defense. Altho the playing was rather ragged it was very good for the season's first showing, and the team should develop into one rivalling last year's Championship five.

BANGOR, 23; PORTLAND, 19

Bangor high School's basketball five won a glorious vitcory over its bitter rival, Portland high shoal, Jan. 8, on the City Hall floor, finishing on the big end of a 23-19 score after a wild five minute overtime period.

The game was one of the most exciting ever seen here and the enormous crowd was in an uproar from start to finish.

The game started off in a "cloud of dust", but each team employed such fine defensive tactics that six minutes elapsed before "Wonderful" Whitcomb broke the ice and dropped in a pretty basket for the first counter of the game. "Mushy" rolled in another two points for Bangor, and Gunn and Agger each came thru with a basket for Portland, the quarter ending 4-4.

The Crimson gathered five more points the next period—while the Blue failed to score. This gave Bangor the lead at half time, 9-4.

Captain Samway ran wild in the third quarter giving Bangor a lead of 15-8.

The final period was the fastest of the game, and was played in an uproar. This period was all Portland's and when the whistle blew ending the game the score was deadlocked 17-17.

A five minute overtime was agreed upon. The crowd went wild, when Samway scored on the tip-off. Gurney tied the score again with a pretty long shot. Whitcomb and Samway scored four more points—putting the game on the ice—for Portland failed to score and when the period ended, Bangor was on the big end of a 23-19 count.

The entire Crimson team played a wonderful game, Samway and Whitcomb were the

high point men of the battle—while on the defense "Freddy," "the handsome blond," was a whole team by himself.

For Portland, "Bobby" Agger was the big noise, playing a great floor game and showing a wicked eye for the basket.

BANGOR, 17; DEXTER, 21

The Crimson quintet suffered its first set back of the season, Jan. 14, in Dexter's own "coop," being downed by a 21-17 score.

Dexter played a strong defensive game and forced the Crimson to take long shots, many of which were from one end of the "court" (?) to the other.

Dexter led 7-5, at the end of the first period, 12-10 at half time, 19-15 at the three quarter mark and 21-17 at the finish. Leighton and Chapeon starred for the home team, while Samway, Whitcomb and Rachlin kept the Crimson in the running.

BANGOR, 37; OLD TOWN, 21

Bangor high defeated Old Town high in a fast game at the Helen Hunt gymnasium Jan. 19, 37-21, fighting evenly in the first half and sweeping ahead to win in the last two periods.

The Crimson led by a single point throughout the first half, the count being 5-4 at the first period and 15-14 at half time. In the third period Bangor opened up a 24-18 lead, and scored 7 more points the last period, the final count being 37-21.

The Crimson used a large number of subs in the last quarter and the second stringers held the lead easily.

Capt. Samway was high man of the evening with 14 points. For Old Town Zalinski and Wadleigh starred.

BANGOR, 18; BREWER, 6

Bangor high easily defeated Brewer high 18-6, on City Hall floor, Jan. 21, in the slowest and most uninteresting game ever staged here.

The local quintet wandered around listlessly, supremely overconfident, and about as peppy as a dying cow. The team did manage to keep awake for the four periods and before finally collapsing into a dead to the world sleep managed to gather in 18 points.

On the other hand, the Orange and Black team fought every minute, but even so were clearly outplayed.

Samway and Whitcomb on the offense and "The handsome blond" on the defense were Bangor's stars in the modern version of "the dying swan." Capt. Moran played a good game for Brewer.

BANGOR, 17; SO. PORTLAND, 26

Bangor was defeated by the fast So. Portland high five, at So. Portland, Jan. 28, coming out on the wrong end of a 26-17 score.

The game was fast and hard fought all the way, but So. Portland playing on their own floor was by far the superior team. The Crimson played an excellent game however and forced the home team to the utmost.

Lord and Hinds for So. Portland, and Samway, Whitcomb, and Racklin for Bangor were the big stars of the game.

BANGOR, 12; PORTLAND, 17

The Crimson quintet suffered their second consecutive defeat on their trip to the Western part of the state, losing by a score of 17-12 to their bitter rivals Portland high, Jan. 29, at Portland.

Handicapped by the loss of "Lanky" Whitcomb, star center, the Crimson put up a game fite but could not overcome the five polut lead that the Blue gathered in the first half.

The game was a hectic rough and tumble affair and both teams kept up a terrific pace from the first to the last bark of the timers gun.

"Big" Agger effectively stopped Capt. Samway, the Crimson's scoring ace, following

him around so closely that "Hen" garnished only one point during the evening.

Agger, Gunn and Gurney for Portland, and Samway, Valenta and Gillen for Bangor were the stars of the contest.

BANGOR, 27; SO. PORTLAND, 25

A fighting Crimson quintet, with a "never say die" spirit, staged a desperate rally in the closing minutes of play and won a sweet victory by a margin of two points over the fast So. Portland five, in City Hall, Feb. 5, the score being 27-25.

South Portland got away to an early lead and held it for three quarters, but the locals remembering the heart-breaking defeat handed to them in the same manner by So. Portland last year, overcame the lead and won the game.

The closing moments of play found the large audience in an uproar, and many a sedate and dignified person found himself on his feet shouting and yelling at the top of his lungs.

The Capers strove frantically to even up the score but could not, and the timer's gun rolled down the curtain on one of the best games ever seen on this floor.

BANGOR, 17; WESTBROOK, 21

Westbrook high won a hard fought game from Bangor high, Feb. 11, in City Hall, by a 21-17 score.

The Crimson team was considerably weakened by the loss of "Mushy" Rachlin, star back, and their passing and team work suffered accordingly.

The Westbrook team has the honor of being the only team in the state to trim the Crimson on the home court this season.

Westbrook led all the way, 6-2 the first period, 11-7 at half time, 15-11 at the three quarter mark and 21-17 at the finish.

Roma, Chamard and Sullivan were three of the smoothest working men seen on this

floor this year. Valenta was the shining light of the Crimson, Samway and Whitcomb also turned in good games.

BANGOR, 31; RUMFORD, 27

Bangor won a wild and hectic battle from Stephens High of Rumford, Feb. 18, at Rumford by a score of 31-27.

The Crimson team was the only high school team to win from Rumford this year. Massee Prep. of Connecticut, New England Champions was the only other quintet to turn the trick against Rumford.

The "local boys" of Rumford let their enthusiasm run away with them and when the final whistle sounded, prospects looked rather poor for the Crimson jerseyed lads ever seeing Harlow St. again. However, "Toby" Valenta gave a little exhibition of "the manly art," and sufficiently cowed the Rumford fans, so that the Bangor boys reached the hotel safely.

Capt. Samway was the big star of the evening, scoring 17 of his team's total points.

BANGOR, 16; WESTBROOK, 18

The following evening the Crimson was defeated by the strong Paper City team, at Westbrook by the close tally of 18-16.

Westbrook's home court is unusually small and would make a shoe box look like the U. of M. indoor field in comparison.

Altho hampered by the small floor, the Crimson put up a game battle and the game was marked by Westbrook fans as being one of the best ever seen on that floor.

Roma, Chamard, Sullivan, Samway, Valenta and Gillen were the stars of the battle.

BANGOR, 32; RUMFORD, 24

A wonderful Bangor quintet showed its superiority over Stephens high of Rumford, Feb. 26, in City Hall, taking the game by a 32-24 count.

(Continued on Page 37)



AS WE SEE OTHERS

"*The Netop*," Turner Falls High, Turner Falls, Mass.:—A charming compact little paper. "The House of Honors" is a thrilling continued story that has us guessing as to how it will end. "The Spirit of Christmas" is a fine story written up in a somewhat more mature style than the ordinary high school story is apt to be, and its characters are made to act in a lifelike manner that is beyond the scope of the average high school student. There is just one fault with this magazine—to find the state in which Turner Falls is located in—it is necessary for one to look thru the advertisements; rather an inconvenience, don't you think?

The "*Red and Blue*," St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H.:—This is one of the best arranged papers we have received this year. The extensive literary department contains a wealth of excellent material, and the "Forum" and "Book Reviews," are two novel and worthwhile departments. The exchange department we think could be improved if a few comments were made on some of the exchanging papers. How about it?

The "*Brocktonia*," Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.:—We wish to compliment this paper for its strikingly attractive cover. The large numbers of poems and stories are excellent; also the jokes. The story "Marchons! Marchons!" we particularly like. We think that "A Wood Glen" and "The Soul of

Lincoln" are two poems of unusual beauty. The extensive athletic notes we also read with pleasure.

The "*Aquilo*," Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.:—A new exchange which is welcomed to our list. We read the editorials with interest and liked them all—especially the one entitled "Stand Still and Rot." The cut for the Exchange department is certainly unique.

The "*Said and Done*," Muskegon High and Hinkley Manual Training School, Muskegon, Mich.:—The January issue of this old and highly esteemed exchange is of the same high standard of the other issue which we have received. "A Birds-Eye-View" is a short humorous sketch that is certainly screamingly funny.

The "*Red and Blue*," Jenkintown High School, Jenkintown, Pa.:—The clever cartoons of this magazine are worthy of notice. The Exchanges are written in a charming yet business like way.

The "*Red and Black*," Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.:—a fairly well developed paper. We read with interest about the numerous victories of the crack Roger's basketball team. There is one thing that we do not like and that is having the advertisements mixed in with the contents of the magazine even if it does tend to give them a better chance of being noticed by the reader.

The "*Jabberwock*," The Girl's Latin School, Boston, Mass.:—A fine paper with an entertaining literary section which contains one story "I Won't! Said Mary" that is to our mind the best story we have ever read in a high school magazine. However it seems to us that the Exchanges are not very extensive for such a fine magazine.

The "*Now and Then*," Waynflete Latin School, Portland, Me.:—An excellent magazine. The literary section contains many interesting stories and sketches. In "A Senior Halloween Stunt" the three witches of "Macbeth" are put to a much more congenial task than that of the play, for they tell the future of a girl of each class in a ludicrous yet Shakespearian style. The sketch "Peace is Declared" is also good and brings to our own mind the first Armistice day which still remains vivid in our memory.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—

The Oracle, Jewish Orphan Home, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Maine Campus, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

The Maroon and White, Gibson, City, Illinois.

The "Broadcast," Everett Senior High School, Everett, Mass.

The Tester, Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Maine.

The "Oak Leaves," Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The "*Oracle*,"—We can not say enough in praise of your fine publication. You are certainly very welcome to our exchange column. "*School Radiator*,"—Somerville High School Somerville, Mass.

The "*Oracle*,"—The Autumnal number of the *Oracle* is one of the best arranged and attractive issues of all the exchanges which have thus far reached our desk. This number, how-

ever, lacks one thing—a cover illustration. "Dickens as a Writer," was an extremely good essay, and appealed particularly to the editor, who is himself a devotee of Dickens. The Music department in this magazine is very unusual, and the editor of this department must have had considerable training in this art. "Polyphonic Music" is a cultural article on this type of composition, which should be read through carefully by any person claiming an interest in music, as it shows a genuine study and knowledge of advanced musical forms, really remarkable in a high school student. The "*Tatler*," Washburn High, Nashua, N. H.

The "*Oracle*,"—A really clever issue, your extensive Exchange Department deserves commendation, and we should welcome your comments on "The Red and White." The author of "Friendship surely 'knew her stuff.'" The "*Red and White*," Rochester High, Rochester, N. H.

The "*Oracle*,"—Congratulations on an excellent magazine. Your departments are well developed, and headed with artistic sketches. The "*Brocktonia*," Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Professor: "Who was Homer?"

Student: "The fellow that Babe Ruth made famous."

"Ah shuah pity you," said the pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

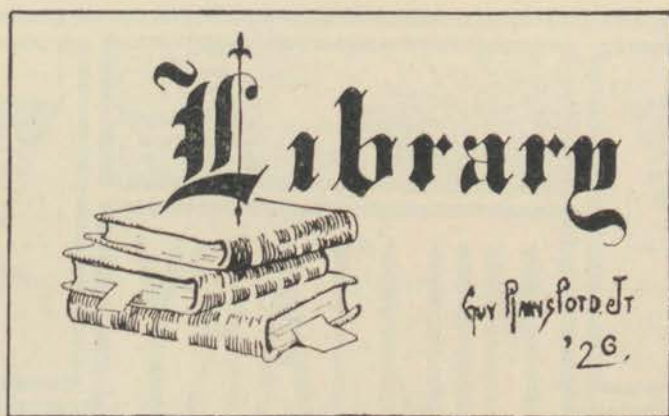
"Maybe you was," retorted the other, "an ah reckon you'se goin' to die the same way."

First Cannibal (running into camp): "Is I late fo' dinner?"

Second Cannibal: "You is; everybody's eaten."

"Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

"Sorry sir, but you know how slow turtles are."



LIBRARY

Miss Gertrude Crosby has presented to the High School Library three numbers of "The Reveille." This paper was published by the members of the Bangor High School way back in 1864. Between December 21 and 32, 1864, the people of Bangor were having a large fair for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, similar to the Red Cross of today. So the students of the High School published three numbers of "The Reveille," which were sold at the fair for the benefit of the wounded soldiers.

There are many familiar names on the editorial board, for it was composed of Laura May Farnham, Blanche Willis Howard, Selma W. Paine, Joesphine P. Holland, Amanda M. Wilson. This paper was printed in the office of the Whig and Courier on Kenduskeag Bridge.

These papers are a very valuable and interesting addition to our Library. They will be in the exhibition case outside the Library door so that all the students may see them.

Miss Crosby also presented a picture of

Roger S. Howard, who was a teacher at Bangor High School about 1855. This picture will also be in the case.

LIBRARY CLUB

The March meeting of the Library Club was held on Wednesday evening, March 9, in the High School Library. Mr. Raymond Walkley, Librarian of the University of Maine Library, spoke on college library work. He showed the difference between public library work and college and high school library work. His talk was not only instructive but also very interesting.

The entertainment for the evening was a Saint Patrick's celebration. Jessie Fraser gave an entertaining account of Saint Patrick's life. Old Irish songs were sung by Ella Grosse, Pauline McCreedy, Irene Murray, Pauline Brown and Clarice Penney. The club members had a competitive Walk to Dublin. Refreshments were served by the entertainment committee, consisting of Jessie Fraser, Ella Grosse, and Eulalie Collins.





The appointments of the cadet officers were made.

Captain Tribolet, head of the department of Military Science issued the following order: the named cadets are promoted and appointed to the ranks following their name. These ranks also come in order.

I. Donald Yates, to be Cadet Colonel.

II—Ralph Leonard, to be Cadet Lieut. Colonel.

III—Fred Gillen, to be Cadet Major, 1st Battalion.

IV—Burpee Berry, to be Cadet Major, 2nd Battalion.

V—Horace Briggs, to be Cadet Major, 3rd Battalion.

VI—Wilbur Watson, to be Cadet Captain and Regt'l. adjt.

VII—Eugene Stinchfield, to be Cadet Captain and Regt'l. Personel.

VIII—John Ross, to be Cadet Captain and Regt'l. Supply Officer.

IX—C. S. Mead, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. and Adjt., 1st Battalion.

X—Lawrence Huot, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. and Adjt., 2nd Battalion.

XI—L. Bowen, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. and Adjt., 3rd Battalion.

XII—H. Richardson, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. and Regt'l Intelligence Officer.

XIII—Burrill McManus, to be Cadet Capt. Company "A."

XIV—J. E. Alley, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "A."

XV—G. Morrison, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "A."

XVI—J. G. Colpitts, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "A."

XVII—S. Shannon, to be Cadet Captain, Company "B."

XVIII—E. C. Page, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "B."

XIX—K. Graves, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "B."

XX—Donald Pressey, to be Cadet Capt. Company "C."

XXI—D. L. Shaw, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "C."

XXII—H. Coslow, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "C."

XXIII—J. L. Kendall to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "C."

XXIV—E. Smith, to be Cadet Captain, Company "E."

XXV—C. E. Bunker, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "E."

XXVI—D. Johnson, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "E."

XXVII—J. Barry, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "E."

XXVIII—D. Moore, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "E."

XXIX—A. Randall, to be Cadet. Capt Company "F."

XXX—E. Nickerson, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "F."

XXXI—E. C. Fletcher, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "F."

XXXII—F. H. Wright, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "F."

XXXIII—N. S. Landry, to be Cadet, 2nd Lieut. Company "F."

XXXIV K.K.Kimball, to be Cadet Capt. Company "G."

XXXV—G. St. Germaine, to be Cadet, 1st Lieut. Company "G."

By order of Captain Tribolet.

W. W. Watson, (Capt. Adjutant).

RIFLE TEAM

The Bangor High School rifle team is again doing their old stunt. They defeated Phoenix High, Arizona and Culver Military Academy by good margins. The matches were completed February 19, 1927. The following results were received showing that Bangor High School defeated both teams.

BANGOR H. S. RIFLE TEAM

	Prone	Sitting	Kneeling	Standing	Total
W. Gallant.....	100	100	99	92	391
E. Nickson.....	100	99	100	90	389
W. Ludden.....	100	100	95	89	387
D. Pressey.....	99	99	97	92	387
D. Yates.....	100	100	98	86	384
Team total.....					1938

Phoenix Union H. S. team, total was 1881, giving the Bangor team a margin of 57.

The match with Culver consisted of a fifteen-man team ten high scores to count, and shooting in four positions.

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

	Prone	Sitting	Kneeling	Standing	Totals
W. Gallant.....	100	100	99	92	391
E. Nickson.....	100	99	100	90	389
W. Ludden.....	100	100	98	89	387
D. Pressey.....	99	99	97	92	387
D. Yates.....	100	100	98	86	384
P. Gallant.....	99	98	93	92	382
L. Barrett.....	100	99	98	83	380
A. Rand.....	98	98	98	86	380
E. Johnson.....	100	99	97	82	378
E. Davis.....	99	97	95	86	377
Team total.....					3835

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

	Prone	Sitting	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Viner.....	100	99	95	91	385
K. Hayden.....	100	100	96	87	383
Hannaford.....	99	100	97	84	380
T. Hayden.....	99	98	93	87	377
Goldbraith.....	100	100	94	82	376
Suiter.....	99	95	91	91	376
Watts.....	99	99	82	91	371
Cameron.....	100	91	93	86	370
Goetz.....	100	89	94	81	364
Wagner.....	100	98	88	78	364
Team Total.....					3746

Bangor High won over Culver by a margin of 89 points. Culver is a great military school and has great firing points from which to work with, also a large number of Rifle men to pick from, this shows the training Bangor High got and the ability shown.

THE ORACLE

Bangor Athletic Association, Bangor, Maine
Gentlemen:

March 22, 1927

This is to certify that I have examined the vouchers incident to the Football and Basketball seasons and find them to be correct and in good condition.

The balance to the credit of the Bangor High School Athletic Association in the Merrill Trust Company at the close of business March 8, 1927, of \$1,502.78 is correct.

Respectfully submitted,

L. L. COOK.

Financial Statement of Bangor High School Athletic Council for Football and Basketball Seasons ending March 8, '27

FOOTBALL SEASON

	Profit	Loss	
Balance at beginning of season			\$151.56
Received from Student's tickets	\$349.50		
Received from Patron's tickets	275.00		
Received from concessions at Bass Park	24.00		
Misc. expenses incident to the football season		888.77	
GAMES PLAYED			
Brewer at Brewer	\$209.94		
Milo at Bangor	82.52		
Portland at Portland		193.95	
Old Town at Bangor	126.72		
Waterville at Bangor	45.33		
Portland at Bangor	465.03		
Portland Reception	29.60		
Portland Banquet		126.25	
Thornton at Bangor		233.17	
Brewer at Bangor	427.29		
Lewiston at Lewiston		55.95	
Gloucester at Gloucester		70.25	
Gross profit	\$2,034.93	\$1,568.34	
Gross loss	1,568.34		
Net profit			\$466.59
Balance at end of football season			\$618.15

BASKETBALL SEASON

Received from Student's tickets	\$556.60		
Received from Patron's tickets	217.00		
Expenses incident to the basketball season		582.41	
GAMES PLAYED			
Dexter at Bangor	\$187.31		
Portland at Bangor	189.06		
Dexter at Dexter		90	
Old Town at Old Town		3.75	
Brewer at Bangor	139.75		
So. Portland and Portland at Portland		6.94	
So. Portland at Bangor	84.65		
Westbrook at Bangor	102.06		
Rumford and Westbrook at Rumford and Westbrook		158.45	
Rumford at Bangor	108.25		
Old Town at Bangor	97.65		
Gross profit	\$1,682.33	\$752.45	
Gross loss	752.45		
Net profit			\$929.88
Winter Carnival at Augusta		45.25	45.25
Balance at end of Basketball season			\$1,502.78

SECOND ACT OF DRAMA IN ROOM 307

"Don" Jenkins Plays the Leading ROLL

Another startling event was brought to life on a recent Wednesday of last week. It is said to rank in importance with the occurrence related in our last issue.

It was also on a Wednesday during the Senior Singing Period, in the Lecture Room. The director of this menagerie had not arrived and the room was in an uproar. Even the loud and cruel voice of Jerry Sullivan could not have been heard above this imitation of a boiler factory.

Some of the criminal leaders of the class crowded around one animated object in the form of Donald Jenkins, the popular full back of Bangor High's Champion indoor baseball team. With a few blows over the head "Jenks" was caused to fall into a profound sleep. While in this condition he was spirited away by the wretched rascals who had clubbed him into inability. He was placed in the book closet that lies on the side of the entrance to 307, the closet was then locked. Just then the teacher arrived and all was calm and every one was in their seats with, of course, the exception of Jenkins.

An intermission of twenty minutes was then rendered, before the comedy continued.

A rap came on the door that leads into the corridor, and at that door was found a youngster who wished to gain entrance to the book closet, that he might procure an armful of bound literature for the use of his class. Of course, he was granted this request and when the door was opened, there on a couch that is stored in the closet, lay "Jenks" reading a book. And then they all laughed.

MORAL: Rest in peace.

Noah Webster's Works Now Studied By School Students

Well, Bangor High School has always been noted for the records that it has made. We have a new one now.

It has been the custom for the dictionary to be used purely as a book of reference. But that custom is gone for we can prove.

Last week Alice Sybil, (the brown-eyed, brunette) walked into the school library, cast her permit upon the desk of the librarian and deliberately walked up the dictionary and started to read. She appeared very interested and at frequent intervals she emitted mumbles and chattering that could not be understood by human beings. Alice continued this queer pastime during the whole forty-minute period and then returned to her room.

MORAL: All that glitters is not gold.

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE PRESERVED

Upon the third floor the other day a very queer little jolt of witticism was heard.

It was during an English recitation in a class of all boys, (Mullaney, Gallant, Welch and all that bunch) when this funny little incident happened.

The teacher, speaking about English History and about Lords, Counts, Dukes, and Dukesses, asked how Chesterfield Cigarettes got their name.

One little rogue (Ronan I guess) down in the front row, pipes up, "Because they satisfy."

SUCH A BUNCH OF WISE CRACKERS WE HAVE IN THIS SCHOOL

THE QUESTION

Why is A Robinson's neck like
a typewriter?

THE ANSWER

Because it's UNDERWOOD

NOTICE!

A Return Bout is scheduled
Between

"CHAVIGNY" KELLIHER
and

"WEED" JOHNSON

Room 313—April 10—9.45 A. M.

THIS IS A HOT ONE!

Just a Funny High School Boy Prank

At the Bangor—Oldtown basketball game many new and novel means of amusing the restless crowds were employed.

As usual the penny chasing contest was a great hit. As soon as the gun for the half was fired, coins from all over the building rattled down to the floor. Children of all ages rushed to the scene and rapidly confiscated the spoils. Allen and Miller were unable to get on the floor on account of their reputation as being expert money grabbers.

After a while this sport got kind of tiresome and the audience yawned for a change. Then a bunch of original ushers got together and contrived the following scheme. By placing the flame of a match under a coin it was discovered that the coin was caused to become heated to such an extent that it was uncomfortable to handle. After doing this they cast it into the arena for the hungry orphans. One over-eager chap jumped for it but was beaten by a larger fellow, but the larger fellow was in for the surprise of his life which he soon found out. He left it on the floor, where it was finally recovered by "Rake" Colpitts.

MORAL: Economy is best in the long run.

WANTED

Position—Will do all kinds of carpenter work, etc. Have had experience in city buildings, gymnasiums, and also with such men as the financial manager of our athletics, Phil.

Apply to HUGH CONNOR, 381 Hammer Street, Planeville, Arkansas.

Association of Judges adopts "Delirious Feet" as Title For New Crime

New Fangled Dances claim first victim
George "Shiek" Chapman, Instigator

(Special to this Section)

The inhabitants residing in the neighborhood of Third Street have been manifesting great disapproval of a certain person "Maintaining a nuisance," as they explained it. This nuisance happens to be Shiek Chapman and his delirious feet.

He was captured late this evening, standing upon a S. & H. Ice Cream Container practicing the Black Bottom, our newly acquired dance.

George claims that he was merely using the latest method of freezing vanilla, gooseberry ice cream—but, the non-residents claim, "You cannot judge an Oxford by a pair of Overshoes."

"Shiek is well known in B. H. S. and he has taken several prizes in making unflavored ice cream and even fewer for dancing, along with being the French Dishonor Student.

Any information of said affair will be gladly received Call 1-88, or write personally to Olamon.

CONFLICTING REPORTS

Many rumors coming into our office state that Promotor A. Robinson will, in the near future stage another bout, between "Battling Mid" Rose and "Kid" Jenkins.

"Mid," as the former is known, says that he is sure of an easy victory. His weight and condition confirm this statement.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

During a recent recitation period the question of patriotism and the problem of the public spirited citizen was brought up. After much discussion the teacher in a Patrick Henry attitude proclaimed, "What is the price of liberty?"

The person to whom this question was directed arose and said with the same spirit, "Five cents." "But I don't see what the price of a magazine would have to do with our subject."

PITY A POOR BLIND MAN

David Colpitts before the public eye
once more

(Special to this Section)

Although "Dave" Colpitts vigorously denies the story, and brands it as "Malicious, vicious, and false," there are those who give credence to a report as to that young man's conduct.

Dave knows all the latest ditties and is usually singing them. The place makes no difference, nor does the time, but it looks this time as though this peculiar habit has gotten him into a terrible mess.

According to gossips, young Colpitts stood on a prominent corner of our city, holding his brother's battered blue hat in the approved pan-handlers style, and sang the recently copy-righted song, "Put Your Arms (Arms) where They Belong."

One of the city vigilants, seeing this act, carried David to the City Hall where he was fined a large sum for begging without a license.

BETTER GET A DOG LICENSE
"DAVE!"

Heard in Chemistry:

Teacher:—"What is the symbol for water?"

Pupil: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Teacher: (in disgust) "sit down!"

Pupil: "Well, you said that it was H 2 (to) O."

Heard in History:

Miss F. "What was the textbook of the Roman schoolboy?"

Freshie: "The Twelve Tables."

Miss F.: Explain what you mean by the Twelve Tables."

Freshie: "The multiplication tables."

Heard in Physics:

Mr. U: "What is a critical angle?"

I. E. Ge—h—l—'28: "A critical Angle is what I am in now. I can't solve this problem."

Heard in 202:

Mr. B. "Christmas, tell us the outline of your story."

P. C. told it.

Mr. B. "Now read it."

P. C. "I left it at home."

Physics Teacher to Class:

"Use your blocks of wood."

What does that mean? We wonder.

What B. H. S. students may become.

H. V. Flagg. A *banner* scholar.

E. Cross. A *cross* school teacher.

F. Bragger. A *boaster*.

D. Chase. A *track* star.

E. Miller. A *manufacturer* of flour.

B. Eaton. A *human* skeleton.

C. Brown. *White*.

H. Baker. A rival of The Fickett Company.

QUESTION BOX

Ques. If your cat fell into a well, what would you do?

Ans. Drop your cat-a-line and Caesar.

Ques. What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet?

Ans. A coat of paint.

Ques. When can a man have something in his pocket even when it is empty?

Ans. When there's a hole in it.

Ques. Why is the letter "A" like twelve o'clock?

Ans. Because it's in the middle of (the) day.

Ques. Why is an orange like a church steeple?"

Ans. Because we have a *peal* from it.



ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 26)

The Crimson showed the best form of the season, and if the local lads hold the same form at Maine—they should cop the title.

Rumford led 9-7, at the first period, and 17-10 at the half. But the Crimson, spurred on by the cheers of an almost insane audience, not only cut down Rumfords 7 point lead but went ahead and salted the game away by an 8 point margin.

Samway, Valenta and Whitcomb, were the big guns for Bangor. "Lanky" Whitcomb, completely outplayed his highly touted opponent.

Piawlock, McMerrin and Gidman, played nice ball for the visitors.

BANGOR, 33; OLD TOWN, 15

Bangor won a very slow and uninteresting game from Old Town, March 4, in City Hall, by an easy 33-15 score.

The only feature of the game was the playing of the numerous "subs" sent in by Coach Trowell.

Thus endeth the season of 1926-27.

U. OF M. TOURNEY

BANGOR, HIGH, 14;

GUILFORD HIGH, 17 ! ! !

Nuf Sed.

SAY IT WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF FLOWERS, TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD, BY WIRE



A GLIMPSE OF OUR STORE

80 CENTRAL STREET, BANGOR, MAINE
Tel. 1781-W Res. 67 Center St. Tel. 1781-R

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Our Floral Designs are the Best

**Outside
and Inside
Finish**

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

Sheetrock Fire-proof

**Clotex or
Wall Board**

**Piazza
Material
Stepping**

**Sheetrock
Cement Plaster
Textone**

WE HAVE THEM
C. Woodman Co.

136 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

**Cedar Shingles
Asphalt Shingles
Roofing, Etc.**

THE HOPKINS STUDIO

Mary E. Hopkins

Photographs, Amateur Finishing, Enlargements

63 SIXTH STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Paints and Varnishes

Wall Paper

THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

**Painters and
Decorators**

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BANGOR, MAINE

CHALMERS STUDIO

Portraits by
Photography

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SAVING SCHEDULE**

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

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

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

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

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

Come often and bring others.

BANGOR LOAN & BUILDING ASSOCIATION

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

"The Store of Beautiful Gifts"

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

THEY ARE THE BEST WE CAN SELECT

W. C. BRYANT & SON

46 Main St.

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Bangor, Maine

CHARLES MURRAY

Gasoline - Kerosene

HIGH GRADE LUBRICATING OILS FUEL OIL GREASE

Not connected with the Big Four

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CHARLES MURRAY, President

STATE DISTRIBUTOR

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BRANCHES: PORTLAND LEWISTON WATERTOWN AUGUSTA ROCKLAND

NOKOL Has thousands of satisfied users

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Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

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Specialist in Optometry

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A FRIEND

Modern Shoe & Repair Co.

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Bangor, Maine

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BANGOR, MAINE

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PACKED BY

Northern Maine Packing Co., Inc.

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Should be Insured*

A \$500 Endowment Policy
requires a deposit of only
16 cents per week up to
age 16. Age 17 and 18,
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LARGER POLICIES IN EXACT
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Full information gladly given.
Inquiry will put you under no obligation.

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Soda
Ice Cream

GRANT & WINCHELL

Electrical Contractors

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WESTINGHOUSE PLANTS

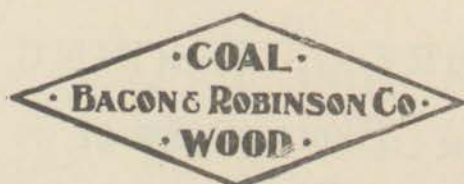
"Our Motto, A Satisfied Customer"

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Telephone 4110

Bangor, Maine

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Headquarters for Broiled Live Lobsters, Baked, Stuffed, Salads and Chops

Also Regular Dinner from 11 to 2.30

FREY'S CAFE - - 30-32 Central St.

Pianos, Victrolas, Records, Sheet Music, Musical Merchandise, Strings, Etc.

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For Quality Sea Food Telephone 3600

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Don't forget our Lobster Pound between Searsport and Belfast

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.

Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables, Etc.

SALMON A SPECIALTY

We have unlimited facilities for handling
Penobscot River Salmon in any Quantity

BANGOR, MAINE

COMPLIMENTS OF —

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

MOON & CRATTY
Proprietors

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Proprietor

Telephone 2553-W

7 Hammond St., opposite Merrill Trust Building, Bangor, Me.

Electric Clipper

Electric Massage and Shampoo

We Sharpen Safety Razors

No Long Waits—6 Chairs

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BANGOR, MAINE

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LORD BROTHERS

Grocers

Telephone 4090

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DOLLIVER SHOP

44 MAIN STREET

STOVER & PRILAY SHOE COMPANY

A Good Place to Buy Good Shoes and Hosiery

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COMPLIMENTS OF

SOL LEAVITT

Ice Cream and Candy for Parties and Socials

G. E. LUFKIN

COLUMBIA STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

ATWATER KENT

RADIOS

and

Speakers

ARVID L. EBBESON

MAY and SUMMER STS.

Hub Shoe Store

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BANGOR - MAINE



Expert Shoe Fitting

Newest styles as soon as created.

We feature stylish footwear
for students.

Let your next pair be HUB'S



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Knitted Dresses

Dakin
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Fisherman, Autoist

Special Discounts to Students

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TOP COATS

FOR

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and

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Room 315

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