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"No matter what a man's work, he can do it better if he is well informed."

MORE SCHOOL SONGS

THE statement that our school song was not original, in the editorial "School Song" in the January issue of the *"Oracle,"* was quite a surprise to the majority of the student body, as well as some of the faculty and others who read the *"Oracle."* We know of several other high schools that also have the same song; this in itself would be sufficient reason for changing ours. In response to the aforementioned editorial, two anonymous songs have been submitted to the Editor. However, there must be a few poets in the school not heard from, so as an added incentive, the *"Oracle"* will award a suitable prize to any member or alumnus of Bangor High School who passes in a suitable song. This offer holds good until a song is accepted, unless readers of the *"Oracle"* are notified of a change.

As the awarding of this prize will greatly depend upon the judgment of the student body, the *"Oracle"* will print anonymously each month the best verses submitted. This month, both songs mentioned above are printed. We want to hear your comments on these songs, and hope to have more to present next month.

The first one of the following songs may be sung to the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland," or "Some Day the Silver Chord Will Break," depending upon whether we win or lose a contest. The author of the second did not suggest any tune.

For Bangor High, O Bangor High,
Let cheers resound clear to the sky;
We've known the sad pangs of defeat,
But we must all the fact repeat
That Bangor boys have pep and vim;
Each game with honor they *can* win;
If we are loyal to Bangor High,
Her foes the boys can sure defy.

'Tis Bangor High, our Bangor High
We all must laud clear to the sky.
There are no foes we need to fear;
We all can help by standing near.
'Tis confidence we can increase
By songs and cheers which ne'er should
cease;
For Bangor High—the Red and White,
Proclaims her name to mountain height.

Sing a song of victory
For Bangor High, old girl!
She fills our heads with knowledge;
She'll fit us all for college—
I tell you she's a pearl.

*Portland, Portland's a good place to see,
But Bangor's the town for me!
Then sing for all you're worth
For the best school on this earth,
For Bangor High, old girl!

*Substitute Brewer, Houlton, 'Gusta, The Cape, etc. for other verses.

CHARACTER

"Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

IN the month of February were born the two men who, perhaps, did most in making this nation of ours; but neither of the famous men realized that the republic would ever become what it is today. It was for them to act rather than to dream of future days. It was the work of their characters in which were bred the highest qualities of man.

One of these two men created the nation. Born in well-to-do circumstances, he was a subject of the King of England. In his soul, probably, he was forever free from the tyranny of the mother country. It remained for him to free the thirteen colonies and erect a nation from them. His life was spent in caring for the new country. As private citizen, general, and president, the welfare of the young democracy was uppermost in his mind.

The second of these two men steered the Ship of State through a most harassing state of affairs and kept the nation united. Although of poverty-stricken parents, he was born a free man and gave his life to those who were not so fortunate at birth. The principles he formed in boyhood led him to the winning goal in the crisis of his life. As president of the nation and by fearlessness and uprightness, he kept the nation one when the phantom of secession enveloped it.

The lives of Washington and Lincoln furnish shining examples of what every American boy and girl should strive to be.

The youthful outstanding characteristic of Washington is of course truthfulness. We all

know the "cherry tree" story. He attempted to be himself and, although thoughtful of others, did what he considered to be just. There was not the slightest grain of falsity in his makeup.

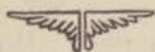
Of Lincoln we think first of his honesty. The trip he made to return the three cents which he had overcharged the old lady stands out on the mind as no other event of his childhood does. Kindness was another predominating trait found to a strong degree in Lincoln. He left a political speech to defend a young lad charged with murder. Such qualities as these make the man.

One must attempt to do more than exist. He must strive to think and prepare for the future. Everyone has an ambition to be fulfilled but the success and realization of his hopes lies entirely within himself.

Perhaps one succeeds better by following his own better judgement than the staid rules of custom. All customs sooner or later appear ludicrous when perceived by a later generation. People have been in the bleachers at a football game and felt a desire to cheer but remained silent because they did not think the others there would join in or because they did not dare cheer alone. Human nature remains the same down through the centuries, however.

By laying aside such rules of custom one lays bare the inner character of everybody and sees the true worth in the individual. If that person should look at himself he would be quite surprised to see what he was at heart.

We, to be upright, must have the strength to respect our own opinions. We must not live for ourselves but it is surely proper to live through ourselves. There are varied ways to "make our lives sublime" but by living honestly we reach the maximum point of character.—C. R.





The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

Gold-Dust

By Grace Stevens, '30

A SMALL, dark-haired girl dressed in riding breeches and a Khaki shirt came around the corner of the cabin which was situated on the summit of Mt. Crecy. She led, by the halter, a young horse. An old gray-haired man smoking a pipe sat busily enagaged cleaning a rifle under a pine tree.

"Good morning, Uncle Ned," greeted the girl.

"Mornin' yerself, Nancy girl," replied her uncle removing his pipe and laying his rifle aside.

"How's the rheumatism?" queried Nancy tying her horse to a tree and sitting down beside the old man.

"Oh, so—so. How's yer pop and what brings you up this hard trail so early this fine morning?"

"Oh, not much, Uncle Ned. I just thought I'd take a little morning airing and what is nicer than these lovely, green hills with the trees all dripping with morning dewdrops?" and Nancy spread out her arm indicating the beautiful view, from the mountain, of the little mining town snuggled between the hills below, and, nearby a river stirring lazily in the breeze.

"Yes, it is kinda purty," said Nancy's uncle.

"Why, Uncle, it's just gor-rr-geous. If I lived up here I'd stay out under this tree all

day long and just watch the scenery and listen to the birds singing. I think that Mother Nature has been very kind to the world, don't you?" asked Nancy.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout Mother Nature but is right 'an'some up 'ere after all." The old man stood up, refilled and lighted his pipe before he spoke again.

"Well the town down there's rid of a bad 'un now," he said.

"How's that, uncle Ned?" asked the girl, curiosity getting the best of her.

"Yer don't mean to say you didn't know that that half-breed, Infirm Joe, was lynched last night?"

"Yes, I do. Dad probably knew but he never tells me of affairs like that. Wasn't he the man that stole the gold-dust from Dad's company?"

"Uh-uh. That's the one. They never have found the place where he hid the money and it couldn't be forced from him even when he was told that he would hang."

"But, Uncle Ned," declared Nancy. "He must have told someone. When a man is going to die and he knows it he usually tells his secret to somebody that could benefit by it."

Her uncle puffed leisurely on his old corn-cob.

"Well-ll no, not necessarily, little girl. Now

this half-breed was a curious sorta fella, and he figur'd on gettin' outa the scrape O. K. to enjoy the money."

"I know, Uncle, but when he found out there was no chance of his escaping, I should think he would naturally tell someone but—as you say, if he was a queer fellow, it isn't to be wondered at. Anyway, there's a possibility that the money may be found. I wonder——"

"Wonder what, Nancy?" questioned her uncle looking at her intensely.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking how wonderful it would be if I could only find the gold-dust and give it back to Dad's mining company." The girl roused herself from her reveries and got up.

"Well, it is a romantic possibility to think of, Uncle Ned, but I must be leaving," said Nancy.

"Seems good to have you come up once in awhile. You don't come half often enough. Give my regards to yer pa 'n' ma. Good bye, Nancy girl."

"Bye-bye," Nancy replied and as her horse wound his way down the rocky, narrow trail she turned in the saddle and waved back to the man who was watching her from the summit.

Nancy was the only daughter of her mother and father, who was John Reynolds, president of the Crecy Mining Company. They lived in a pretty house in the village while Nancy's uncle, whose health was not good, lived up on the mountain where the air was invigorating and purer. About three months previous the mining company's safe had been dynamited and robbed of three leather bags of gold-dust each weighing twenty pounds. The clue of a bright red feather found beside the safe led the sheriff to Injun Joe. He had just been punished but the secret of where he had concealed the money was buried with him.

* * * * *

A week later, following the conversation between her uncle and herself, found Nancy wishing more and more that she might discover the place where the half-breed had hidden the money. Accordingly, on a warm, sunny, afternoon when most of the town was

asleep, she mounted her horse and set out in the direction of what had been Injun Joe's home. The path led through a thick wood where the sun did not penetrate. Nancy rode carefully, winding in and out among the trees and bushes, following the path. After riding for fifteen or twenty minutes she beheld a low cabin, almost wholly enveloped by vines, behind the trees. She dismounted, tried her horse and walked quickly towards the cabin. An old rusty padlock held the door but this didn't worry Nancy. She walked around the cabin until she came to a small window. Taking a hatchet from a bag on her saddle she removed the nail that held the window, raised it and climbed inside.

The interior was just as it had been when deserted by Injun Joe a week before except for things thrown upside down and turned inside out by the sheriff and his men, who had been looking for the money. It was rather dark, so Nancy found a lamp and lighted it. A bed of fir branches and covered with three, thick army blankets occupied one corner while an oil-stove was in another. A rickety table, two camp stools, and a chest of clothes comprised the remainder of the furniture. The chest had been emptied by the sheriff and the garments lay strewn about on the floor. The whole cabin presented an appearance of poverty except for one thing and that was that covering one entire side of the cabin was a rich Indian blanket of intricate and beautiful design.

"I wonder how that beautiful thing happened to be in this terrible place," mused Nancy to herself. "Perhaps Injun Joe made it." She lifted one corner of the blanket to feel of it and when she did she saw a little door in the wall. Immediately, she became very excited and thought of what a fine adventure she was having. She yanked the blanket away and grasped the doorknob. She, naturally, expected the door to be locked but, to her surprise, the knob turned easily and she found herself in a dark aperture. After returning for the lamp she saw plainly in a corner a large wooden chest.

"Oh, I've found the gold-dust. I *know* I have. It *must* be here!" she cried aloud. Nancy pulled and tugged to lift the lid but it was of no use. It was nailed fast.

"I *will* get it open. I *will*. I *will*," she declared determinedly and taking the hatchet she pounded and pounded until the heavy oak wood gave way and she raised the cover. Yes, the bags were there but the shock of really seeing them and knowing she had succeeded in her quest was too much for Nancy and she fell backward too surprised and happy to utter a sound but she quickly recovered and taking up the bags went out of doors and tied them onto her saddle. Then she went back, closed the little door, placed the blanket as it had been and left the cabin after carefully nailing the window so that no one would suspect someone had made a visit to Injun Joe's cabin.

She had about three more miles to go before she would be out of the woods when suddenly she heard a faint sound like the trotting of horses coming towards her. To be on the safe side she got down from the saddle, untied the money-bags, and hid them in some shrubbery by the side of the road. She broke a branch from a tree and laid it beside the shrubbery also in order to remember the place when she should return. She had just resumed her position in her saddle and gone on about fifty feet when four rough-looking men drew near and commanded her to halt.

"What are you doing here?" one man, presumably the leader, asked her.

Nancy was a brave girl and she knew it would do her no good to give them any back-talk, so she answered gaily, "I'm only out for my own recreation, sir. Please let me pass."

"Don't happen to know of a man named Injun Joe, do yer?" one of the men put in.

"Yes, sir, I do," Nancy replied, "he stole some gold-dust from my fathers' company."

"Well, you knew he lived back-a-ways didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing up at his cabin?" the leader asked quickly looking straight at her.

The question was asked so suddenly that it startled Nancy and she lost her self-control.

"I—I—I was j-just l-looking f-f-for m-m-my——," she stammered, but the leader cut in.

"We know what you were looking for all right. The gold-dust, of course. Well, we think you know more than is good for you, so I'm afraid my little beauty'll have to go back with us till we find out how much you *do* know." So saying the leader turned her horse around and directed her back to Injun Joe's. She was glad that she had left everything as it had been before she entered the cabin, except in the room beyond the blanket; for she knew it would be only a matter of minutes before the men (who were, most likely, Nancy thought, friends of Injun Joe and he had, after all, confided his secret to these men,) would discover that she had taken the gold-dust and they wouldn't be any too gentle with her. She *must* act at once if she were to save the money and perhaps, her life. If only she could trust King, her horse, to carry her faster than the other horses would carry the heavy men. "Anyway," she thought, "I'll take the risk for my own sake." So she slapped King and turned him around and they were off at a rapid pace almost before the men who were riding ahead, thinking of course that a mere girl wouldn't think of trying to escape, knew it.

"Hey, you big dunces, go get her," yelled the chief to his men, at the same time firing his revolver into the air, hoping to scare Nancy, but she wasn't frightened so easily and the shot only scared her horse so he traveled all the faster. On and on they went, passing the spot where the hold-dust was concealed, drawing nearer and nearer to the town and farther and farther away from the men whose horses were not very good and they were about to give up the chase.

In a few minutes Nancy had ridden into the town on her faithful King. She jumped off hurriedly and ran into the house where Mr. Reynolds was about to telephone the sheriff to make a search for his daughter.

(Continued on Page 47)

Strange Things Happen

By Virginia Robertson, '29

PAULINE HARTFORD was the daughter of luxury. She had everything she desired from an expensive fur coat to a snappy train. The only thing she wanted was a friend, a true friend, one she could trust as she would a sister.

Pauline, or Polly, was a handsome girl with auburn hair, which waved about her face in deeper, more beautiful waves than a beauty parlorist could put in with hot irons. Along with this she had big blue eyes with long black curling lashes, rosy cheeks which concealed two deep dimples that played hide and seek when she laughed. But best of all when she smiled she displayed two beautifully dazzling white rows of pearls.

She attended a winter college in Chicago known as Amstادم Learning Bureau. Polly liked the girls there very much.

This year Polly left with a hurried kiss to mother and dad and after a hard trip was received amid shouts, hugs and kisses at school.

The first thing Polly did was look for new girls to make them feel at home in her crowd. Polly introduced herself to a girl who stood back to her by coming up behind her and throwing her arms around her neck in a loving fashion and whirling her around. She was so surprised that she stepped back for she thought she was looking in the mirror. This girl had the same wavy hair, blue eyes, dimples with handsome teeth and except for the difference in dress one couldn't have told them apart! While Polly was well dressed, the other was poorly but neatly dressed.

Polly recognized a friend at once. She introduced herself politely and asked to show her around the building. She found that the new girl's name was Elizabeth Whitecomb and took the liberty to call her Betty at once, for that is Polly's way of doing things up brown.

After Polly's trunk had been sent up she found that her room and Betty's were side by side with only a swinging door between them.

That night after lights were out, Polly got up and softly pushed the door open and called, "Betty, Betty."

"Yes," replied a sleepy voice from the bed in the corner.

"Come into my room, please. I can't sleep and want to talk to you. Will find something to eat," pleaded Polly. "All right," and soon the white robed Betty came dancing into Polly's room blinking at the brightness of the light.

They talked and ate saltines and chocolates until past midnight.

When the rising gong rang the next morning Polly and Betty awoke to find themselves locked in each others arms and the light still burning. They had fallen asleep while talking and had slept that way all night.

Betty scurried into her room and hurriedly dressed, then she picked up her room, hung up dresses, etc. for she had an idea that the rooms would be inspected that day.

Poor Polly hadn't the slightest idea that there would be inspection so early in the year and her room was a mess.

Polly came in to get Betty to go down to the breakfast room to chat with the girls the fifteen minutes left before breakfast was ready, but seeing that Betty was so busy studying, went with another, but no sooner was she gone than Betty hurried into her room and cleared and picked up and hung up dresses, put away shoes, etc. Then she passed the rest in the breakfast room.

After breakfast was over the girls trooped back to their rooms, laughing and singing but their laughter changed to sorrow as they saw the tags summoning them to Miss Sullivan's office for punishment for untidy rooms.

On Polly's and Betty's tags, however, was written the word "approved" which surprised Polly very much and what she saw when she opened her door surprised her more.

She pushed the swinging door open and

stood there with her hands on her hips looking at Betty who pretended not to hear her and continued to write hurriedly at a small desk beside the bed so that is why her back was toward Polly, but nevertheless her hand began to tremble.

Polly came over and stood beside her and said, "Well, darling, who are you writing to? Your sweetheart?"

Betty looked up and smiled. "No, sweetheart; just a fairy God-mother, dear," she replied, glad because Polly hadn't mentioned the room as yet.

Betty continued to write but Polly turned her head round and forced her to look at her. "What did you do it for?"

"Because I had an idea that there would be an inspection to-day and I couldn't bear to see you get a tag."

Polly threw her arms around Betty's neck and wept.

After that the girls were more fond of each other than before and very often one or the other would come and crawl into bed with the other one and sleep all night.

They always studied together and both stood at the head of their classes.

Polly became President of the girls' club and Betty became Vice-President and in their costumes they couldn't be told apart. The girls called them the twins because they couldn't be separated.

Polly wrote home and told her mother about her new friend. She didn't, however, tell her the resemblance in their looks; she kept that for a surprise.

Polly received a letter from her mother the following Monday, inviting her to bring Betty home for Christmas.

When Polly broke the news to Betty, she laughed and cried in glee and when Polly came to the part about Betty asking her parents, Betty went off in gales of mirth; she never had been so glad to be her own boss before.

Betty told Polly sorrowfully that she didn't have any father or mother but she lived with Mrs. Arthur Johnson in Florida, who had sent her up here to finish her schooling. This

was the fairy God-mother to whom she wrote every day.

So Polly wrote back home and bid her mother to expect them the week before Xmas.

Betty wrote to Mrs. Johnson that day as usual and told her she wouldn't be home for Xmas Vacation and asked her permission to make the visit. She promised to write daily and to send home a box from New York.

This letter writing was one of the things Polly ranked highest in her love for Betty and the ever ready ability to do things to please Mrs. Johnson as she did her school finals. She won everybody's love before the end of two weeks. Even the teachers talked about the two girls at faculty meetings.

Just before school closed for Christmas vacation, Betty received a huge box from Mrs. Johnson. She opened it and found five new expensive silk dresses, two new felt hats, a new fur coat, new shoes to match her dresses and a half dozen pairs of Chiffon stockings, besides new underwear to take on her vacation trip.

Mrs. Johnson said in a note in the box that she had been trying Betty out for three years and try and kill Betty's love for her by making her appear in public in plain clothes. But Betty's undying devotion to her duty won the race and now Mrs. Johnson was trying to make up to Betty all she had missed in those three years.

Betty cried in her happiness and thus Polly found her an hour later as she came in to see what was keeping Betty away from the swimming pool that she loved so well.

Betty and Polly were met at the station by the chauffeur stating that Madam Hartford was not feeling well and Mr. Hartford was working so they couldn't meet the train.

Polly met her mother with a shower of hugs and kisses and turned around to introduce Betty to her mother and to her immense surprise her mother fainted.

She called for help but Betty silenced her and set to work on Mrs. Hartford while Polly watched the marvelous feats which Betty accomplished in the few minutes it took to bring

Mrs. Hartford back to consciousness.

When Mrs. Hartford came to, the tears were streaming down her face and she feebly mumbled, "Betty, my baby."

Polly stood shaking with sobs, not knowing what else to do, while poor Betty kissed Mrs. Hartford over and over, for Betty was no other than Elizabeth Hartford, Pauline's twin sister who had been stolen from the cradle at the age of eight months and although every possible thing had been done to find her no trace had been found, and now she turns up in her old home without knowing it.

At the time of the kidnapping Pauline had been sick and she was sleeping in her mother's room and Betty was alone in the nursery. So both were not kidnapped.

Mrs. Hartford had never told Pauline about her twin sister for she said she never could

bear to even think about her loss.

It was the happiest Christmas the Hartford family had ever known in the many long years that had followed the twins' birth. Now Mrs. Hartford began to bloom again and if anyone would have thought they were triplets instead of mother and twins; for the girls got their beauty from the mother.

When they returned to school they were dressed alike and no one could tell them apart.

Mrs. Johnson wept bitterly at the loss of Betty, who was her pride and joy, but Mr. Hartford sent her an enormous check for the lovely care she had given to poor Betty in the years that she had had her.

Polly had found her friend she wanted so badly and also her sister. They were never seen apart after that for where one went the other followed.



The State Championship

By Raymond F. Prince, '30

STATE College was in an uproar!! Classes had been postponed and every student, professor, janitor—in fact every human being connected with the college was searching, some on the campus, some in the houses, and some even in the trees, for the championship team that was to represent State College on the morrow against Hamilton College for the championship title and the famous Dinklehoover Trophy. During the night, after having been carefully put to bed, the team had disappeared; it was now perhaps lost, strayed, or what is more likely, stolen. No doubt you are wondering how a college varsity team could be stolen. Let me explain; this team was made up of the three outstanding pulex serratriceps (commonly called fleas), and their two substitutes, of the campus. They were the highest jumping, farthest jumping fleas in all fleadom, and their title had been successfully defended against their only contenders, the Hamilton team, the year before. On the

morrow, they were to meet the NEW Hamilton team of pure-bred, imported fleas, to decide the title.

State College was one of the few institutions in the country that was able to boast of a flea team. This team had been established as an approved and supported varsity team of the college the year before at the request of Clarence (Red) Bailey, the popular mathematics instructor, who was interested in fleas and had promoted the idea. He, with the help of Will Nickerson (who was my room-mate) and I borrowed a donkey and a couple of stray dogs, one day, and divested them of their troubles. With six hundred eighteen perfectly healthy fleas, we eliminated them by contests and intelligence tests, until we had the fifteen most acrobatic ones of the lot. The rest we gave to a dog who had annoyed us for the past two weeks with his barking at night. We held daily practice in high jumping, distance jumping, and endurance jumping and finally agreed that surely no flea team could outshine this

one. By constant practice, we learned to tell them apart and refer to them by names; there was Cy, and Elsie, and Lizzie, and Maizie, and Daisy, and Cuthbert, and—well, those were the best ones. We had a lot of fun betting which way to they would jump, but we never won a bet because they always jumped in a different direction from that which any of us had anticipated. Once I thought that I had a sure bet: I bet Will that, on his next jump, Cy would jump at least three inches in the air. I lost fifty cents on that bet. It seems Will had put some fly paper under Cy when I wasn't looking. When we had the team trained as far as it was possible for us to do, we presented them to the college to take part in competition with other flea teams. Adolfe Dinklehooper, a former graduate, became interested in the team and presented a cup, called the Dinklehooper Trophy, which was to be competed for each year, and to be the permanent possession of the team winning it three times. The year before, we had won it after defeating, as I said before, the Hamilton team which had been the only other contender. Hamilton, upon finding out that we were sponsoring a flea team, in order to keep up with the Jones, as they say, had advertised for trained fleas, stating that they would pay twenty cents per flea. They were immediately swamped with fleas, some coming in thousand lots, and some even in fancy boxes. Some of the Hamilton freshmen, after suffering at the hands of the Sophomores, borrowed a couple of thousand of them one night and put them in the Sophomore's beds. And the Sophomores, after scratching and slapping at the unsuspecting and innocent fleas, for about a fortnight, grew indignant at this bold and ungentlemanly act of the fresh-

men, and treated them even worse than they had done before. Hamilton faculty elected a coach for the flea team, and he, thinking a flea was a flea, whether coached or not, put them in a box and put the box in his closet. A week before the contest, he took the box out, got rid of all the fleas but twenty, and presented them to compete against our team. We won easily. The Hamilton fleas wouldn't jump when they were supposed to, and jumped away, never to be seen again, when no one was watching them. After this defeat, Hamilton, still enthusiastic for a flea team, sent abroad for some pure-bred fleas, and secured a professional flea trainer to educate them sufficiently to outjump our team, and win the Dinklehooper Trophy. And now, with the contest one day off, our team had disappeared from its training quarters, namely the gymnasium supply room.

Red and I were feeling pretty badly, and Will, who had been away from college for the last week because his grandfather was very ill, had not yet heard of the calamity. Red and I were in my room trying to decide what we had better do when in rushes Will himself, happy as a cat with a catnip mouse.

"Cheerio, people," he greeted, "my grandfather left me ten thousand, besides some real estate, and am I happy—? Who-o-pee!! I'll say!! And I saw some Hamiltonians in the drug store; probably here for the great flea contest, what? And then, down on the avenue, I saw Clara and — say what's the matter with you two—on probation or something?"

"Beloved cousin," I said, "do not falter at what you are about to hear. It will drag down thy vitality and thy spirit. May I inquire if thy constitution is strong enough to hear the great weight of the bad news I am about to impart."

Will looked at me a moment, blew his nose hard, and walked to the window.

"Arthur is very low," he said in a sad tone.

"Arthur? Tell me, vile creature, who is this Arthur to whom you refer?" I asked, thinking of his grandfather.

"Arthurmometer," he answered, still in the



CLOSE-UP OF CUTHBERT

same sad tone. "Tis twenty-two and no more. Ah, woe is me. I never dreamed I would live to see the day so cold for the race."

"What race," I said, not profiting by my first answer, "and how long have you been following the ponies?"

"I refer to the human race," he answered, sadly as before. "And never would I have thought—"

"Listen, you," I said, rather provoked, "The fleas are gone. Where—we do not know. I firmly believe that some one, in the absence of their keepers, meaning Red and I, has broken in and made off with them. Of course, there is no evidence, but—say, Red, do you think that these Hamiltonians that Will saw might know anything about this affair?"

"I don't know, Bud," he said, "but I admit that it does look rather suspicious that they should be here a day ahead."

"I, Sherlock Y. Holmes, shall investigate this affair," Will announced, trying to appear merry, but I could see that he was rather discouraged, for he had spent more time with the fleas than I had, "and maybe I shall find a foot print that was, perchance, overlooked by you."

After Will had gone, Red and I sat there, doing a lot of thinking, and watching the cars going along the avenue through the window, I don't believe he had been gone five minutes before he was back with a box—yes, it was the flea box, in his hand. I never was so surprised in all my life.

"Need I advise you to wear glasses?" he jollied, holding the box up, triumphantly. "It was in its usual place, and I asked the gym instructors if they knew of any one's taking it, and the answer was a double negative all around. Now what have you to say?"

I didn't have a thing to say, but trust Red to use his head, and he advised, "Open it up and call the roll."

Will did. That is, he opened the box. But where there had been five fleas, there were now six, not one of which was Elsie, Lizzie, Maizie, Daisy, or Cuthbert. Cy had been dropped from the squad because of his bad habits, some time before this. Now, we knew the team had

been stolen and we must find them before the contest, one day ahead. At six o'clock that night we were as undecided as ever, but Will didn't seem half as glum as I had expected. Maybe he was planning to train some more, I thought, but that seemed hardly probable. I went to bed that night with a feeling that the championship was lost, and had bad dreams in which I was a flea and was trying to jump, but Will had put me on some fly paper and I couldn't. Finally I gave a big jump, left the fly paper and found myself lying under my bed and—it was the day of the contest.



Perhaps I had better say a few words about fleas in general, as you probably have not witnessed a flea contest and I think you will appreciate my story more if I tell you a few facts. Now the flea, when placed under a microscope, is found to be a very interesting creature with some show of beauty about it. The body is rather narrow, or "compressed," as is the correct term; it is covered with a hard, shining, horny skin on which are rows of short and sharp bristles, having their points directed backwards. It is owing to these bristles and the projecting edges of the horny segments, that to hold a flea in the fingers is so difficult a task. By means of its powerful limbs, the insect forces itself through the fingers a very little at a time; but however short may be the progress, at each struggle it is a little nearer

freedom, for the bristles very effectually prevent it from being forced back into the position from which it had escaped. The flea is reddish-brown in color. Its average jump is thirty times its own height, but some of them have performed some extraordinary leaps. A flea can crawl as well as leap, and indeed, does crawl by preference, only jumping when it thinks itself in danger. By constant practice, we had discovered the way of making a flea jump its highest, and we had trained the fleas to jump, each jumping when we called his name. This, we called taking the roll-call. Now let's go on with the story.

Wil had seemed to be so undisturbed at our loss the night before, that I thought he had some plan, or perhaps knew where they might be, but evidently this was not so, because he was still in bed when I got up and he couldn't have gone out in the night without waking me. I grabbed his big toe and hauled him out of bed. This didn't wake him so I held his nose for a while and that woke him up.

"Hey-ey-er-er yes, Mr. Jones. Yes, sir, quite so. Sic transit gloria mundi. Nihil de nihilo fit. cr-er-ah—," he murmured, still half asleep.

From that I knew that he had been doing his studying while he slept. I'd give a solid gold can-opener if I could do mine that way. I explained that it was the morning of the big day and we would have to find a team. He wouldn't believe it was morning at first, but I dragged him to the window, put up the curtain, and showed him the sun.

"Guess, you're right," he yawned, "it's morning, all right. To-day? Oh, yes. The big day. Well, never mind the team. Forget 'em. You got enough to worry about now. Let's hurry up and get dressed. I'm starved."

We dressed quickly and rushed down to breakfast. The other boys tried to jolly us about the contest but we were jolly-proof. Will gave them a knowing smile and told them to be on hand and see the fun. After breakfast, we had a couple of classes. I, for one, don't know a single thing that was said, done, or proposed in those classes that morning.

My mind was on jumping, and whether I could jump higher if I tried very hard. The morning dragged on until two o'clock, the time set for the contest. A big bunch of rooters had come over from Hamilton, and they seemed to understand the predicament that we were in. They knew the names of our fleas, and gave cheers for each one, individually. I was nervous and my knees were rather weak but Will was jolly and full of jokes. He turned to me.

"Bud, one farmer asked another farmer if his dog chased cows, and do you know what he said?"

"Don't know. What?" I asked, trying to be agreeable.

He said, "No, my dog is a bull dog. I'll bet you seventy-five cents we win this afternoon. Is it a go?"

"Well-er-no. You must have something up your sleeve or you wouldn't bet. Have you?" I asked trying to learn something definite.

"Not exactly, but we'll wait and see."

We parted at the drug store and I didn't see him again until that afternoon. The contest was held in the gym and there was quite a crowd there. Red put the fleas we had found in the box through their paces and I must say that they didn't know A from izzard. The minute I saw the Hamilton team I recognized them. There were the five of them: Elsie, Lizzie, Maizie, Daisy, and Cuthbert, and in the pink of condition. Every jump was perfect. The high jump, the distance jump, and the endurance jumping were as easy for them as taking pie from a baby. The carbon copy of a team we presented didn't place once. I was sore. The team we should have had was pulling down honors for Hamilton and nothing to stop them. I got up out of my chair and started for the table.

I'd show them. I hadn't gone two steps before I was jerked back into my chair and Will hissed in my ear, "Sit down and cool off."

I sat. Outwardly, I appeared calm, but inside, I was boiling. Then I noticed some confusion up front. In the middle of it was Will, and Red was beside him. They were talking

to the referee and the other officials. Suddenly the announcer turned to the audience and said. "There seems to be a mistake here. The teams were representing their opponents' school according to these young men, and they say that they are able to prove that the winning team was that of State. I am not able to tell the difference between the teams, when they are outside of the boxes, and if these gentlemen can prove satisfactorily to us that this is so, the judges will award the contest to State. Now, we will see if it can be proved."

Will took five cards, marked them Elsie, Lizzie, Maisie, Daisy, and Cuthbert and on the cards put the flea that was named. This was so the judges could tell the fleas apart. Then Will commanded—

"Elsie"

Elsie jumped. Two feet at least.

"Lizzie."

Lizzie jumped. Not quite so high.

"Maisie."

Maisie jumped. Almost two feet and a half.

Are you satisfied?" Will asked the judges.

"Yes. And now," the announcer said, turning to the audience, "I take great pleasure in announcing that State College again has the championship team. It is indeed an honor to present the honorable Adolfe Dinklehoof, who will present the Dinklehoof Trophy to Mr. Bailey, representing the championship team. Mr. Dinklehoof."

Red walked up and received the cup, and motioned for me to follow him. He led the way to the Supply room, and then turned to me and said:

"The Hamiltonians don't know the first thing about fleas. They didn't even know how to make them jump. I guess we can count on winning next year, too, and then it'll be our permanent possession."

Just then Will walked in.

"Cheerio, people," he greeted. "Say, Bud, want to bet with me now?"

"No," I said, "but I'd like to help you spend that ten thousand dollars your grandfather is leaving you."



The Blue Grotto

By Beulah M. Smith, '29

WHEN I was in Spain I saw many beautiful places but of these the Blue Grotto ranks highest. A gentleman acquaintance had told me not to leave Spain without seeing the Blue Grotto. His description sounded interesting, so I asked him just what it was. He told me that it was a small volcanic peak protruding from the water about two miles off the coast of Spain. So in the middle of July a party of several ladies of which I was one, booked a launch to take us out. We had heard of the beauties of the "Blue Mediterranean" and were anticipating the two-mile sail with pleasure. The day dawned, sunny and warm, but a brisk wind was blowing. We started out, however, in the morning, not daunted in the least by the high waves. The launch did not look very sea-worthy and some of the ladies were rather skeptical about starting out. But the launch was an ocean-steamer compared with what was coming later. As we did not know anything about that, we were not worried. On the way out, in spite of the rough sea, a girl and man appeared and sang. And how they did sing! The girl was a pretty little thing and the man, her father, was huge, having a bass voice that was in proportion with his size. Neither spoke a word of English and they both sang in their native tongue. The ladies in my party were too seasick to appreciate it but my friend, Alice, and I appreciated it too much to be seasick.

We had been traveling for some time when the motors stopped. We all sat up, hoping that we could step out on land at once. But could we? No! The only "land" we could see was a huge bluff sticking out of the water, quite some distance away. There was certainly none of the beauty of which I had been told. How should we reach it and *how* should we land on it? There was only the sheer bluff with no landing place whatsoever.

Suddenly, almost as mushrooms spring up in one night, appeared a fleet of tiny boats,

almost like pea-pods. Each was rowed by one man and there seemed no room for anyone else. A boat came alongside and the pilot of our launch held up two fingers. The ladies screamed delicately. What would it be in those pea-pods if they were as sick in the launch? I took one look at the oarsman and shook my head at Alice. He looked too much like the street-cleaner at home. When the next boat came I looked carefully at the oarsman. He was a slight improvement on the first so Alice and I held a consultation. We certainly would be no worse off moving forward in the wee boat than bobbing about in the launch. It ended in our boarding the second boat by means of a precarious looking board. We were moving, which afforded us some comfort. To be sure we moved up and down at a far greater speed than forward but we "stuck" somehow. Queer as it seemed we were moving straight toward that great bluff. We didn't know where we were going, but the man did, so we had to be content, for he spoke no English and we were unable to understand his Spanish. We were moving slowly when suddenly he called in a guttural voice something that sounded like "Duck, duck!" We looked about, but seeing no ducks, decided that he wanted us to bend low. We did this with great alacrity as the bluff loomed straight over us. We both shut our eyes but could sense that we were going through a tunnel. When the man grunted again we raised our heads and what a sight greeted our eyes! We were on a pool of glassy, blue water. The shores were of blue rocks and sand, all shades of blue imaginable. On the shores were little children bathing and playing on the sand, *au naturel* so to speak. Overhead was a patch of clear, blue sky. It was certainly a glorious sight! We were rowed about the pool three times, that being the limit, owing to the smallness of the pool and the great number of visitors. I suppose there is some scientific reason for the blueness of

everything but I was not able to learn it. When we went out, the oarsman grunted again and this time we did not look for ducks.

When we were near our launch, he held out his hand and said, "Tip." That was one English word he *did* know! We each passed him several coins, enough, we thought, but he glanced at it disdainfully. Still holding out his hand he repeated, "Tip!" this time more emphatically. Alice and I looked at each other and frowned slightly. This was highway robbery! We shook our heads whereupon he stopped rowing. We couldn't stay there so we gave him a few more coins. But this wasn't enough and we continued to bob unmercifully. I looked at Alice. She was growing green and

I felt rather colored, too. We couldn't give him all our Spanish money nor could we continue to bob about there on the sea. I opened my purse again and took all I could spare, Alice following suit. I took hers, and with mine, passed it to him, saying emphatically, "That's all." He must have understood for he pocketed the money and took up the oars. We were some glad to board that launch!

Counting the costs of the launch and tips the trip was expensive, but I didn't begrudge the money for we heard grand opera in the purest Spanish style and saw one of the most beautiful phenomena of nature that I saw anywhere in Europe, for the price of a grand Opera ticket in New York.



A Novel Race

By Richard L. Buckley, '29



T WAS on a sunny afternoon in August not so many years ago that this mile race between an airplane and an automobile speedster took place. Neither did it take place in Los Angeles nor Indianapolis but in Bangor at Bass Park.

The grandstand was filled to its seating capacity and the standing room was fast being filled. The bands played, flags waved, horns blew, people shouted, while the auto speedster (which was a Stutz Special driven by a local man) and the airplane (which was a Wright and driven not by a local man) were warming up.

Ah! It was now two o'clock. The racers now came roaring down the back stretch, the Stutz on the ground, the Wright in the air. As they whizzed across the starting line, the report of the starter's gun was heard. The race was on! Down the track they went, and around the first bend. The Wright was in the lead, of course. Planes can travel faster than autos. But oh, how that Stutz did hum! Around the second turn they buzzed. Ah, the Wright had lost ground, I mean had dropped back, and the good old Stutz kept going, holding the lead until the plane passed over it on the back straight-a-way. Around

the third and fourth turns they swung. The Stutz seemed to gain on the turns. Now they raced down by the grandstand on the long straight-a-way. Every human being was almost standing on air. The camera men were getting real moving pictures, perhaps even vitaphones, as they were seeing and hearing.

As the second lap started the Stutz was rods ahead. How the crowd did cheer. The man at the wheel of the Stutz sure could drive. Around the first bend he dashed seventy-nine miles an hour. The man at the Wheel of the Wright made this turn only at sixty-seven miles an hour. But we must admit that a plane cannot make sharp corners as fast as an auto. Thus we see the Stutz is in the lead. But oh, what a big surprise, when after turning the second bend the man with the Wright flew up the back stretch at a hundred miles an hour or better and took the Stutz just before the third bend, holding this place around the bend then passing the Stutz only to slow down to round the fourth turn. Around this turn they went "nip and tuck," and then each man "stepped on the gas" until his foot was on the floor or in other words his engine was "wide open." Down the home

(Continued on Page 51)

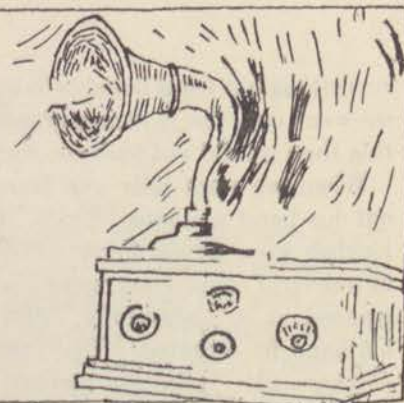
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



Tell me what you do, and I'll tell you what you are.

Well, here we are again, or that is, those of us who survived the quarterly tests and rank cards. Honestly, isn't life just one flop after another! We study for eight whole weeks or more just so we can pass our quarterly exams, and then finally when we sit trembling over a couple dozen questions that we're sure we never even HEARD of before, our gray matter flies out the window, or to some equally useful place, and we just sit there with cold perspiration on our scholarly brows for one whole hour. It is so disillusioning! Then comes the dawn or maybe the sunset! The next Thursday we slither home with our rank cards and firmly convince our fond mammas and papas that we honestly and truly certainly did deserve an **A** instead of a **D** but it's just thatt he old teacher is down on us and that, "Say, Ma, I got just exactly as good rank all quarter—no, maybe better even—than Percy Fish, but the teachers all like him, so what's the use of my studying any more, etc." Never mind, it won't be long now before we have a whole solid week, seven days, fourteen half-days, one hundred and sixty-eight hours and so on and so forth, far, far, into the nite, of vacation in which to recuperate.

The weather man may think he's been pretty smart this year with all his sudden changes of heat and cold, but we'll say it's taken a mighty husky man to keep from getting the flu, grip, and what not. Why, one day we swim to and from school, the next day we skate, and the day after that we snowshoe. Variety may be the spice of life, but enuf is enuf!

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

All fall Mrs. Bridgham has been drilling the Juniors for their tryouts in preparation for the Junior Exhibition which will take place in March. The twenty girls who were selected for the semi-semi-finals are as

follows: Priscilla Brown, Grace Stevens, Ruth Blanning, Charlotte Cahners, Mildred Haney, Mary Goodspeed, Natalie Anderson, Grace Hatten, Elizabeth Williams, Celia Gordon, Evelyn Welch, Alice Munce, Dallas Dunlap, Fern Allen, Natalie McLeod, Thelma Hawes, Evelyn Whitman, Geraldine Peavey, Dorothy Williams, and Helen McGrath.

The boys also did credit to themselves and the following twenty were chosen: Eugene Brown, Lawrence Blethen, Irving Grodinsky, Benjamin Shapero, Abraham Stern, Edgar AuCoin, Gridley Tarbell, Jack Tompkins, Albert Conners, Hugh Campbell, Edward Gross, Wilfred Hessert, Chandler Redman, Kenneth Jones, Lawrence Miller, Samuel Stern, Elliott Reid, James Pendleton, Henry Gulnae, and Norris Crosby.

The following girls were selected for the semi-finals: Priscilla Brown, Charlotte Cahners, Mildred Haney, Natalie Anderson, Evelyn Welch, Alice Munce, Dallas Dunlap, Fern Allen, Dorothy Williams, and Helen McGrath.

The boys chosen were Eugene Brown, Abraham Stern, Edgar AuCoin, Gridley Tarbell, Edward Gross, Wilfred Hessert, Chandler Redman, Kenneth Jones, Elliott Reid, and Henry Gulnae.

On Friday afternoon, Feb. 1, the five boys and the five girls who will represent the class of 1930 in the Junior Exhibition to be held sometime in March, were chosen. The three judges who ranked the speakers found it very difficult to make a choice, as all who took part spoke in a very skillful manner, which speaks well both for Mrs. Bridgman and for our new teacher, Miss Dorothea Rideout. The three judges were Miss Mary C. Robinson, Miss Winifred Taylor, and Elmar T. Boyd.

Following is the list with names given alphabetically as announced:

The boys: Edgar AuCoin, Eugene Brown, Chandler Redman, Abraham Stern and Gridley Tarbell.

The girls: Fern Allen, Natalie Anderson, Priscilla Brown, Alice Munce, and Evelyn Welch.

CLUB NEWS

The Debating Club this year hopes to make up for the numerous losses in football to Portland by debating our old rival on March 1. The debates are arranged as a triangle composed of Bangor, Portland, and Augusta.

Bangor's affirmative team, composed of Kenneth Kurson and Norman Cahners, will meet Portland's negative at Portland, and on the same date another Portland team will meet the Bangor negative, composed of Natalie Anderson and Carol Blanning, at Bangor.

The subject used for this debate will be "Resolved: That the United States government should cease to protect by armed force capital invested in foreign countries except after a formal declaration of war." Almost the same question will be used for the Bates League debates which comes on March 22. The Bates authorities saw fit to use a wording of this question which is identical with that of Maine except that it substitutes the word "Caribbean" for that of "foreign countries." This similarity of questions makes it possible for

Bangor to concentrate its preparation on practically one subject and, if necessary, to move debaters from one team to the other.

The students selected for the teams in the Bates Inter-scholastic League are

Affirmative: Richard Buckley and Abraham Stern.

Negative: Leonard Ford, Jr., and Ruth Blanning.

Plans are also on foot for the annual inter-class debates on the subject of abolition of the jury in criminal cases. These debates are always hotly contested at the high school, and hold a large share of local interest.

In the tryouts for the Interclass debates for the Bowdoin cup, the following were chosen for preliminary debate upon the question "Trial by Jury in Criminal Cases should be Abolished." Mr. Barker and Miss Files were judges for the occasion.

Theodore Adams, Rena Allen, Geneva Epstein, Abra Kern, Albert Landers, and Elizabeth Schiro will debate upon the same question February 12, and the three speakers finally chosen will represent the class of 1932 at the interclass debates.

With noise and confusion unparalleled in the history of its organization, the Bangor High School Latin Club held a meeting within the awesome and time-worn walls of Room 110 (on the first floor of our noble and inspiring building) on Thursday, January 31, 1929, for the express purpose of electing consuls and other minor officers for the ensuing half year. Under the charge of Consul Arthur Brown, motions moved, paper flew through the air, pencils scratched, and votes were counted. With a good margin over his opponents Arthur Brown was re-elected consul, and Charlotte Cahners was chosen to hold him in check. For the offices of tribunes, Raymond Prince was re-elected and Fern Allen replaced Priscilla Brown. Priscilla Blaisdell was elected praetor, with the unanimous approval of the club.

Kenneth Kurson, Norman Cahners, Kathryn MacGown, and Peggy Somers were honored with the rank of aedile. And last but not least, the two censors, Miss Webster and Miss McSkimmon, were re-elected, and will pass judgment on all affairs. The Sophomores were conspicuous by their presence; we hope their enthusiasm for Latin will not wane through Cicero and Virgil.

DEBATES IN SENIOR COLLEGE ENGLISH

Period I

Question: The Class of '29 should take a trip to Washington instead of the usual graduation exercises.

Affirmative

James McClure
Nadine McLeod

Negative

Beulah Smith
William Pond

Timekeepers: Earl Zoidis, Carl Briggs.

Judge: Mr. Barker. The decision went to the negative, with William Pond, as best speaker.

Period II

Question: Capital punishment should be restored in Maine.

Affirmative

Eulalie Collins
Mary Jones

Negative

Waldon Hastings
Marian Carter

Timekeeper: Roderick Mullaney.

Chairman: Earl Webber.

Mr. Barker gave the decision to the negative; best speaker Waldon Hastings.

Period V

Question: Capital punishment should be restored in Maine.

Affirmative

Alpheus Lyon
Clarice Penney

Negative

Phyllis Webber
Emily Thompson

Timekeepers: Arthur Brown, Nelson Ordway.

Chairman: Padie Riehl.

Judge: Miss Connor. The decision was for the affirmative, with Alpheus Lyon as best speaker.

FACULTY

At the end of the half-year two changes were made in the faculty. James Pennell, our popular chemistry teacher, left us to take a position in Springfield. Our new teacher, Mr. Lamson, comes to us from Massachusetts and is already very well liked.

Mrs. Bridgman, who has so successfully carried on the dramatics of the school for the past few weeks, has resigned and is succeeded by Miss Dorothea Rideout, who has taught dramatics in Presque Isle High School. Miss Rideout is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Emerson College of Oratory.

Miss Mary C. Robinson, teacher of English, took a Caribbean Cruise during the Christmas holidays, returning at the beginning of the second week of school. The trip included calls at Haiti; Jamaica; the Canal Zone, including the voyage through the Gaillard Cut, with a guide who pointed out all the points of interest; the city of Panama; Havana, Cuba; and Nassau among the Bahamas.

MUSIC

BAND

The membership of the band has increased so materially that the 1928-29 organization has reached a high tide mark for the number of members. At present, the band boasts approximately fifty talented musicians while last year the number was little over forty. Among the very latest entrants we are proud to introduce to an admiring public the following future bandmen: Lloyd Fenslon and Joseph Mullen, who perform on the trumpet; Lawson Evans and Ralph Wilson, trombone virtuosos; Linwood Colby, base player; Louis Bowden, drummer; George Carlisle and Kenneth Kurson, sax players; and last but not least, Gorham Levenseller, William Mongovan, Temple Smith, and Abe Kern, clarinet performers.

With the addition of George Carlisle, baritone sax player, who has been receiving much

praise lately, the clarinets and saxes are able to perform separately as a reed band. This is a novel achievement and exemplifies to a certain extent the excellence of this year's band. When we know that the brass instruments can work together as a team, that aggregation is hard to beat.

This sudden and encouraging increase in enrollment was to a great extent due to the fact that the members of the Junior Band were recently admitted to the School Band.

Willie Finnegan is now playing an E-flat clarinet, an instrument just purchased by the school which has never before been used in the band; and Abe Kern plays a C clarinet as a substitute for oboe.

If the band continues to progress at its present rate, it will be one of the finest musical organizations ever to represent the school, whether the New England Championship is won or not.

Laughs and Lies from the B. H. S. Band

The members of the band felt highly honored when the famous Spanish director, Senor Carlos Del Briggioros, consented to lead the band before the B. H. S.—P. H. S. checker game.

Several vocal solos were rendered by the following I. W. W. members: "Far, Far Away" by "Reggie" McDonald (the farther away the better); "I wish I was in Dixie" (so do we) by Hersey the Heart-breaker; and Ray Spencer started to sing "Roses of Picardy," but one of the thorns stuck in his throat.

"Polly" Sawyer doesn't drink milk because he says it isn't quite the thing for his complexion.

Band Etiquette

No one in the band ever goes anywhere for any reason after dark unless fully garbed in evening dress.

When attending a *matinée* a Prince Albert and top hat are necessary, neither of which should be removed throughout the performance.

Applause is vulgar, and throwing gum is not done in the best audiences. Remember that waiters, servants, etc. are inferior beings and should be treated with perfect scorn. When giving an order always shout over your shoulder with eyebrows correctly raised, giving an impression of contempt, lest you should seem in sympathy with the lower class.

When meeting a gentleman (if ever), slap him soundly on the back between drinks of water, always addressing him as "old man."

When attending a dance, never, under any circumstances, ask a girl to dance unless you have been properly introduced to her, her father and mother or guardian, and have seen her coat of arms, noted how recently it was assumed, tabulated the number of her ancestors who came over in the *Mayflower*, and traced her genealogy back to Mary, Ex-Queen of Scots.

Never answer questions unless you are sure of the inquirer's social standing, historical background, and police record. If a shop girl or stenographer or beauty parlor expert would smile at you, have her immediately arrested. (She deserves it.)

Anyone desiring further information please phone this writer for a personal interview.

By "Al" Lyon, B. V. D. P. D. Q.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has continued its successful appearances before assembly, rendering some familiar marches and difficult compositions with equal skill.

A pair of tympani was recently purchased by the music fund for the band and orchestra. This fund was created by joint concerts of these groups. The addition of these kettle drums will greatly improve the instrumentation of both the orchestra and band. Last year on the Boston trip the band was obliged to borrow two kettle drums, but the ownership of the tympani will greatly improve the situation by removing all doubt as to the availability of this important part of a band's instrumentation.

(Continued on page 30)



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

Under the competent and faithful coaching of Lieutenant McKenney and Sergeant Clarke, the Rifle Club has already gained headway, and in addition to the regular team members who are shooting in the match, a number of new men have developed into very proficient small bore rifle men.

Every year a qualification course, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, is fired in many Clubs throughout the United States, and as our High School Club is a member of this organization, its members are eligible to shoot for the qualification medals offered. Some of the various grades of riflemen are pro-Marksman, Marksman, Sharpshooter, Expert Rifleman, and Distinguished Rifleman, this last being the highest award conferred by the Association.

Those men who have finished the pro-Marksman and Marksman courses and are qualified to wear the corresponding bronze medals are:

Pro-Marksmen

William Gould.
James Ruhlin.
Bernard Sanders.
John Wright.
Charles Pressey.
Henry Reid.
William Newman.
Louis Morrison.
Vernon Morrison.
Kenneth Jones.
Allen Ellis.
William Cole.
John Bartlett.

Marksmen

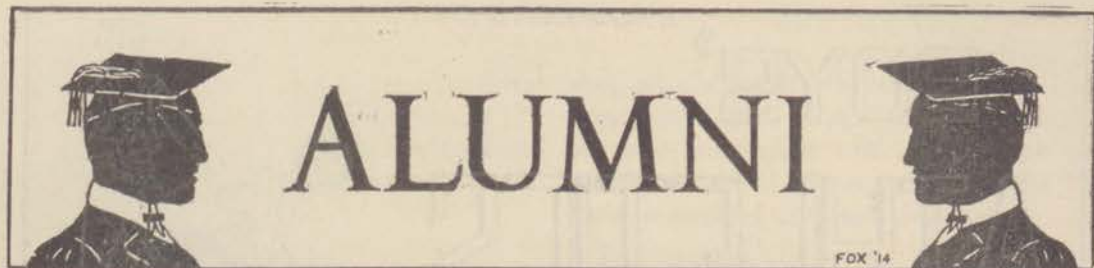
William Cole.
George Gardiner.
William Gould.
Louis Morrison.
Vernon Morrison.
Henry Reid.
James Ruhlin.

To qualify for Marksman requires a score of at least 300 out of a possible 500 with a bullseye one-eighth of an inch in diameter at a range of fifty feet. This requires concentration and ability on the part of the riflemen, and no little praise should go to Lieutenant McKenney for the excellent results he has obtained from the Club. The Lieutenant is himself an expert shot with the Springfield Army Rifle and certainly knows the game when it comes to coach shooting.

Thus far, George Gardiner has been the only man to qualify for the silver Sharpshooter's medal, making an average of over 35 on the ten targets fired, but it is hoped that the other members of the Club will soon show their sharp-shooting ability by winning this medal.

For the past few weeks the team members have been devoting themselves to the completion of the First Corps Area Match, the targets for which include all four positions—prone, sitting, kneeling, and standing. The team is slowly rounding into shape and it is expected that there will be some good scores handed in.

(Continued on Page 41)



*"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."*

Gov. William Tudor Gardiner has recently announced the appointment of Miss Mary Kanaley as his assistant secretary. Miss Kanaley has been a member of the official family in two previous administrations. She first went to Augusta in 1921 as stenographer to the late Gov. Frederic H. Parkhurst. Following his death, she was retained in the position by Gov. Percival P. Baxter. During the greater part of the second term of Gov. Baxter, Miss Kanaley served as assistant secretary. At the close of the Baxter administration in 1925, she resumed the duties of secretary to Gov. Gardiner, who at that time was speaker of the Maine House of Representatives. Although her duties ceased at the close of the legislative session in that year, she again entered the employ of Gov. Gardiner in 1926.

James F. Mitchell, Esq., Bangor's new city solicitor, has been engaged in active law practice in this city for several years. He attended Bowdoin college where he graduated in 1922. From there he went to Harvard Law school from which institution he was graduated in 1925. Mr. Mitchell has the best wishes of a host of friends for success in his new position.

George Wilson, '27, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy at Newport, R. I., where he is at present in the Naval Training Camp. He is soon to be transferred to Virginia where he is to take a course in Electrical Engineering.

Carlyle Johnson, '28, has entered Northeastern University in the Electrical Engineering Department.

Helen F. Benner, '24, is teaching in Eastern High School.

Georgia Mayo, '26, is teaching in East Hampden.

Alice Benner, '25, is a student at the Nursery Training School in Boston.

Claire Lucille White, '24, is training at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

Frances Maxfield, '27, is at Farmington Normal School.

Recent Marriages of interest are:

Betty Havey and James T. Blair.

Mary E. Clough, M. D., and Sidney A. Friedman.

Harriette H. Jones and John C. Wallace.

Elmira A. Ring, '28, and Howard B. Lambert.

The engagement of Dorothy F. Spear, ex-'25, to George A. Crafts, ex-'24, has been recently announced.

The engagement of Elizabeth Mulholland to Alan W. Crowell, '21, has also been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bemis, née Dorothea Adams, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thaxter, prior to her marriage, Edith O'Connor, are also receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

IN MEMORIAM

Charles H. Reid, Jr.

Edmund Burke.

Eleanor Guthrie.

Emil H. Gren.

Beatrice B. Smith, '29.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"He was a six-foot man, A-1, clear grit and human nater."

BANGOR 24; BREWER 11

On Saturday night, January 5, the Crimson's basketball squad defeated their old rivals from across the river by a score of 24 to 11. The boys on the Orange and Black put up a hard fight; for what could have pleased them more or what could have been a better start for the new year than to defeat their most bitter athletic enemies?

Captain McDonnell played a wonderful defence and counted for many mishaps under Bangor's goal. Heath, the Crimson's center, was the high scorer of the evening, winning the admiration of the entire audience with his wonderfully accurate shooting, making at one time three baskets in succession. Colburn also was a big feature in the Crimson's defence.

Brewer's stars for the game were Carpenter, Delait, and Miles.

BANGOR H. S. 26; WESTBROOK H. S. 21

Bangor's first game "over West" was a sure enough victory over Westbrook, played at the Portland Athletic Club gymnasium, January eleventh, with a final score of 26 to 21.

It was a close game all through, and the sure long shots made by both teams added a great deal to the interest and excitement of the contest.

Bangor High's powerful Crimson quintet showed their training in this game, and the entire team that played went through their paces without a break.

The summary:

Bangor 26

Goodin, r. f. 4 (3).....l. g. Knight
 Marcus, l. f. 3 (2).....r. g. Verrill, (1)
 Shean, l. f. 1
 Heath, c. 2 (1).....c. Roma, 2
 McDonnell, r. g.l. f. Carver, 4
 Colburn, l. g.r. f. Brawn, 4
 Furrow, l. g.

Westbrook 21

WAY OUT WEST IN PORTLAND

Bangor High's first Western trip was and was not a success. Bangor swept Westbrook completely off their feet on the eleventh, but the next night, the Crimson went down to a tough defeat at the hands of Portland.

Bangor's glaring weakness was the defence which had been so exceptional in the games in City Hall and which had played a large part in the triumph over Westbrook, but which, on the twelfth, failed to function.

After trailing Bangor for the first half, which ended with Portland one point behind, the Blues sailed by the Crimson and went under the wire, 32-18.

The summary:

Bangor 18

McDonnell, l. b.r. f. Lord, (1)
 Colburn, r. b.l. f. Diamon, 4 (1)
 Brown, r. b.l. f. Clark
 Heath, c. 2 (2).....c. Kimball, 5 (3)

Portland 32

r. f., McGeehan

shot, after which Heath with one of his sensational plays, gave Bangor the lead again, but by some unfortunate turn of fate they were unable to hold it. Thus a duel was lost that must be avenged on Cony's own floor.

The summary:

Conv 26

Bangor 21

Coakley, l. f. 3 (1) r. b., Russ
Marriner, l. f.

Titus, r. f. 4.....l. b., Colburn, 1
Malcom, c. 1 (1)c., Heath, 5
Hurd, l. b. 3 (1)r. f., Shean

r. f., Brown

Furrow, (1)

Hunt, r. b. 1. f., Marcus, 3 (2)
Buck, r. b.

Referee, Wallace, U. of M. Time, four 8's.

PORTLAND 26; BANGOR 12

Bangor High again went down to defeat by a large margin at the hands of the Forest City quintet, Saturday night, January 26, in City Hall, the score being 26-12.

After about three minutes of furious playing, Dave Diamon, Portland's football star of last fall, opened the scoring with a long shot from the center of the court. Each team fought its best to penetrate the other's defence, but the strong defence of Portland was held throughout the first period, Colburn scoring a foul for Bangor near the close of it.

Although Heath and Al Goodin, famous for their long shots, rolled shot after shot onto the rim, they just wouldn't stay.

The summary:

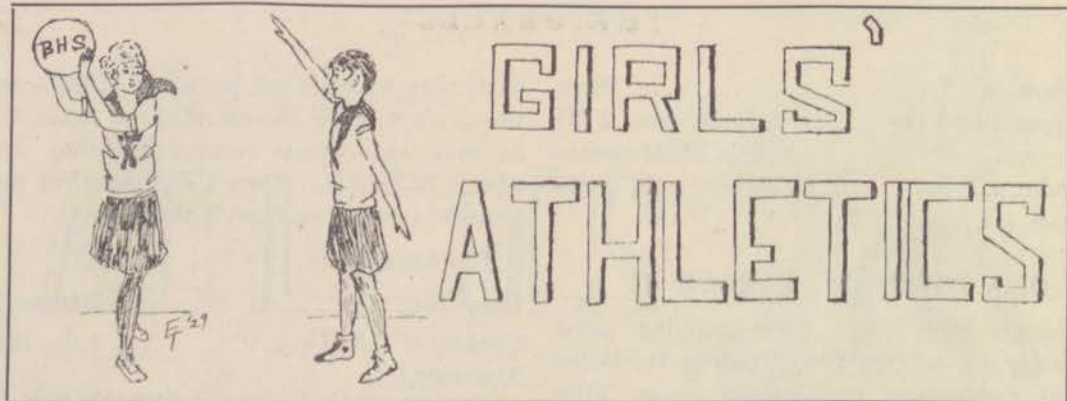
Portland 26

Bangor 12

Diamon, 1 f, 1 (1) r b, Colburn, 1 (1)
Silver, 1 f. r. b, Gulnae
Clark, 1 f.

Lord, r f, 3 (3).....1 b, McDonnell
McGeehan, r f1 b, Gulnac
McMinen, r f.

(Continued on Page 43)



"Look to the Lady."

FIRST GAME OF SEASON A TIE SCORE

The first basketball game of the season was played in the Bangor high school gymnasium, January 4, against Brewer High School.

The Brewer team was leading during the first quarter of the game, with a score of 6-2. But the Crimson lassies forged ahead in the second period, and the half ended 14-13, Bangor.

The third period started off fast and furiously, but neither side scored during the few minutes of play. The ice was broken when "Em" Thompson dropped in a pretty basket, which was soon followed by another. Kenny then rolled in two more points for Bangor. Burnette came through with a basket for Brewer. Thus the third quarter ended, 19-17, Bangor.

The final period was the fastest of the game, and was played in an uproar. The Brewer girls began to play desperately, and with but four minutes left, Brewer was leading with a score of 23-19. It looked pretty tough for the Crimson lassies. But our girls rallied, and when the final whistle blew, the score was 23-23.

One of the outstanding features of the game was the passing of the Bangor girls. The shooting of the Brewer team was unusually good.

The summary:

Bangor 23

Brewer 23

Gross, LF., 2..... Burnette, LF., 8 (1)

Kenny, LF., 4 (1)

Thompson, RF., 5..... Spencer, RF., 3
McIntyre, C..... Bradbury, C
Collins, SC..... McIntyre, SC
Crane, RG..... Swan, RG
Craig, RG.
Welch, LG..... Hutchings, LG
Carson, LG

Referee, Miss Cassidy of Orono High School.

Time, four 8-min. periods.

CRIMSON GIRLS DEFEAT BAR HARBOR

The Bangor High School team entertained the Bar Harbor girls, January 18, and defeated them before a large crowd in one of the fastest games ever played in the Bangor high school gym.

Coach McKechnie's team flashed in the first period when it lead the Crimson by a 3-2 score. But the Crimson lassies, as yet, hadn't begun to play. When they did—well the score at the end of the half was 17-9, Bangor. The tricky pivoting of Coach Richardson's forwards baffled their opponent's guards. The visiting team gained slightly in the third period, which closed with Bangor leading 25-15. The game was hard fought throughout, but Bangor high came through with a final score of 31-17.

The Crimson team as a whole played well, but the work of Thompson and Gross was outstanding. Higgins and Colson starred for Bar Harbor.

(Continued on Page 43)



A mirror where our faults and virtues shine confessed.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Broctonia, Broekton, Mass.

You have an exceedingly fine magazine. The cover is excellent, and your heading cuts are very good. In fact your magazine is one of the best on our list.

The Kodak, Cheboygan, Michigan.

Your "Who's Who Among the Teachers" is very humorous. The Literary Department has some interesting stories in it.

The Gleaner, Pawtucket, R. I.

You have an exceptionally good paper. Your heading design is excellent.

The Red and White, Sanford, Maine.

Your paper is well arranged and very interesting. "Astigmatic Star Gazing" is both unusual and humorous.

The Echo, South Portland, Maine.

An excellent paper as usual. The stories are good, but more jokes would add much towards livening up the paper. We think printing the paper in colors is a fine idea.

The Stephens Broadcast, Rumford, Maine.

An excellent paper; but wouldn't some stories improve it? Start something along that line.

The Red and Blue, Jenkintown, Pa.

The cuts for your departments are good, especially the one for the Exchange Depart-

ment. All your paper lacks is sufficient jokes to pep it up a bit.

The Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

A well written paper but there is a lack of stories.

The Meteor, Berlin, N. H.

Your Year Book is fine. It is very complete and the cuts are unusually well drawn. The Short Story Number is also good.

The Rostrum, Guilford, Maine.

Yours is a good magazine. It could be improved, however, by having some cuts for the departments.

The Brown and White, Stonington, Conn.

A good magazine. Why not have more and longer stories in your Literary Department?

The Chronicle, South Paris, Maine.

Your magazine is very good. The poetry is interesting and well written and we think some of your stories are fine and show real talent.

The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.

A very complete magazine. The cover shows talent and your Science Department is interesting.

The Quarry Town Blaster, St. Paul, Indiana.

A very interesting paper. Your "Vox Students" is a fine feature, but where are your stories?

The *High Life*, Ripley, Tennessee.

We enjoyed your paper very much. The write-ups are interesting and well written.

The *Lakonian*, Laconia, N. H.

Your magazine would look better if there were not so many advertisements in the front. More jokes would improve it. Create a more artistic atmosphere in your magazine.

The *Bangor Slate*, Bangor, Pa.

Hello, Bangor!

Your cover design is fine. Why not have cuts for your departments?

The *Echo*, Lisbon, N. H.

A well written magazine. The Literary Department is fine but some long stories would improve it.

The *Monad*, Belleville, N. J.

A good paper but the Literary Department is neglected. There should be more authors in your school.

We also acknowledge:

The *Pinetum*, Stratton, Maine.

The *Burdette Lion*, Boston, Mass.

The *Early Trainer*, Lawrence, Mass.

The *Hebronian*, Hebron, Maine.

The *Pointer*, Rumford Point, Maine.

The *Brewster*, Wolfboro, N. H.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The *Beacon*, Gloucester, Mass.

This is an excellent paper. We like the idea of quotations after each department cut.

The *Red and White*, Jenkintown, Pa.

A table of contents would improve your magazine. We enjoyed Hiawatha.

The *Chronicle*, South Paris, Maine.

You have one of the best arranged books on our Exchange List. The distinguishing features of your paper are the Latin and French Departments. Call again.

The *Broctonia*, Brockton, Mass.

Your section headed Latin was very interesting and original. Your department headings were good also.

The *Echo*, Lisbon, N. H.

We enjoyed your Literary and Athletic Departments. Your cuts are splendid. The arrangement of your paper could be improved by having the advertisements at the end.

The *Gleaner*, Pawtucket, R. I.

Your stories are very clever.

The *Meteor*, Berlin, N. H.

If "all the Literature writes the character of the wise man," we can also receive the characteristics of your school from this department, finding it of high degree.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 23)

MUSIC

GLEE CLUBS

Tests were recently held for both glee clubs to determine the ability of candidates.

The girls have been working on the following numbers: "L'Abandonné," a Belgian folk song arranged by Diems Taylor; "The Dream Robber" by Edith Lang, and "Danza," an

Italian folk song from the period of 1684-1755, arranged by Francesco Durante.

The afternoon girls' club has been studying the following compositions: "Ave Maria" by Mozart; "Hey, Hey, the Daffodils" by Edith Brocken; and "Home Everywhere," which is a Portuguese folk song.

PERSONALS



Now I'll tell one.

HERE AND THERE

We saw Al Lyon the other night trying to get into the Opera House for fifteen cents. He told the manager he'd watch the picture with only one eye.

We understand that Richard Buckley is going to challenge Bunt Lynch's team to a show-down before long. He says that he will make up his team five minutes before the game is called, and will give the manager's team twenty points as a start.

This sounds like a great battle, so let's get behind Buckley and give him a hand.

Harold York is hiding his light under a bushel basket. Some one should present him with a contract to broadcast his delightful ditties. Will not someone persuade him to let his light shine forth upon this dark and dismal world?

I. Rolnick, in French class, says: I thought *aller* was supposed to be followed by a preposition before it.

Mrs. C. asks her fifth period English class: Don't you remember during the American Revolution—?

M. Chandler Redman, naming the seasons in French: l'hiver, l'été, l'automne, le printemps.

Mrs. C: What were Johnson's ideas concerning the Scotch?

Carl B: What Scotch?

Would that the school had escalators!

Each year the throwing away of pencil stubs causes a great loss to the Nation, and the waste of money is considerable. Cliff Gallupe, our

eminent scientist and student extraordinary has put forth the suggestion that if pencils are made two inches shorter, there will be no waste in the future. Pencil manufacturers please note, and take steps to eliminate this waste.

The other day we saw Ray Newell running around the corridors mumbling to himself. On closer investigation we found he was reciting poetry, and he finally produced this for us.

Who are we? Who are we?
We're the boys from Chemistry!
Are we fragrant? Well, I guess!
We've been making H_2S !!

SCHOOL DICTIONARY

Personals Editor: A slightly crazy student, who may be seen wandering around the corridors at any time during school, vainly searching for

Personals: Very witty, brilliant, clever jokes and articles. They are written by

Contributors: Three faithful students who have never yet failed to pass at least one Personal per month in to the

Oracle: The best paper published by B. H. S. It is gotten out by the

Oracle Board: More slightly crazy students. They get that way from trying to think of ways to get

Material: Sometimes known as

Copy: What goes into the paper every month. This can sometimes be described by the word

Boloney: What the students say when asked for Personals.

SQUEAK CONNORS AND THE AWFUL PREDICAMENT

One day "Squeak" Connors was carrying a gun in Drill. The weather was hot, and the gun was heavy. Squeak was fast becoming exhausted. What to do? What to do?

While he was thinking of these sad things, his foot slipped and he fell down. Alas, he lost his grip on the gun, and the thing fell right on his neck. Poor Squeak couldn't get up. He tried to shout, but no words came.

A Freshman came along, but he was too weak to lift the gun up, so he went away. Then along came Santa Claus, none other than our old friend, Hymie Emple. With the help of Hymie, Squeak finally got out from under the gun.

The instructors took pity on him, and made him a Second Looney, so now he doesn't have to carry a gun.

Moral: You never miss the water till the well runs dry.

At last we have a Chapel Speaker to help us along the thorny path of life. Last February 4, Mr. Hezekiah J. Dogge addressed a few well-chosen remarks to the Assembly, and was received with great applause.

"Abe" Stern wants to know why the night falls, and when it falls, why it doesn't break. And when the day breaks, why is it that it never falls? Can't some of you Physies Phiends answer him?

Kay McG—(at basketball game): Who's that man they're all quarreling with?

Edgar B—: Why, he's keeping the score.

Kay: Oh, I see. And won't he give it up?

Polly Brown: How can you tell the difference between a teacher and a pupil?

Emily Thompson: Well, if there are only two in a room, and one of them is asleep, the other one is the teacher.

Teacher—I am dismissing you ten minutes early this noon. Go out quietly please, so as not to wake the other classes.

"Jimmie" McClure: What? Three dol-

lars to take out a tooth! I should say not. I'll pick a fight on the way home.

Rod Mullaney, the present famous paper-weight champion of Bangor High, has challenged all comers to a fight in Room 419³/₄, and expects a lot of takers.

It seems that Stewart Mead, famous fight promoter, heard Rod say something to the effect that he fought for the love of it, and decided that this was too good an opportunity to lose. Stewie immediately signed Rod up, with the result that Rod is now training under the direction of "Strongarm" Buckley, that past master in the art of face-making. Rod hopes to be able to scare his opponent out of the fight by making faces at him, and with the natural start he has, should do very well.

A few of the prospective matches are Edmund "Toughie" Ellingwood, Ken Sullivan, the Wild Man of Borneo, and Chandler Redman, the High School Hero.

Al Lyon has consented to act as referee, and we have obtained Raymond Prince as timekeeper. Ye Personals Editor is holding the stakes, provided they are big enough.

Let's not let things come too easy for Rod, or he'll be getting a stiff neck, so everybody come and see the fight. We want lots of volunteers, some real bad men. Look at the samples we have given you, and produce your fighters.

Tickets can be obtained from the office, or from any of the officials. Price, 1c³/₄, or one new, or two slightly used, Personals. Remember, Rod Mullaney, as yet undefeated, is taking all comers.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR STUDENTS

How to get that Extra Point

Of course we all know the teachers give us 74, 84, or 94 in order to give us training in debating, so we are presenting a few suggestions to help raise it to a 75, 85, or 95.

1. **The Sob Scene.** Plead with him in a husky, trembling voice, frequently drying your tears with a dainty lace handkerchief in which you have concealed a large onion. Raise

your eyes to his (or her) face with a mournful expression, like that of a dog when someone steps on his tail, and beseech in tearful accents, "Please, please, give me one point." This will get the men every time, girls. (This doesn't work so well for the boys, however.)

2. **The Descriptive Method.** Go into detail regarding teacher's history and that of his immediate ancestors. Teacher will tremble with rage, and in so doing will probably forget what he was going to give you.

3. Just absent-mindedly mark crosses while you are talking to teacher. Teacher will also begin to mark crosses and will place a plus after your rank.

4. Joggle teacher's elbow while he is writing the ranks on your card. This will no doubt convert a minus to a plus.

5. If these fail, study.

It seems that Lyon and Richlin were taking their lady friends home from a dance, and the car broke down. They voted that Lyon should crawl under and try to fix it. When he emerged from beneath the car, Richlin beamed delightfully on him.

"I've just finished oiling that cylinder, Lyon. Believe me, I oiled it, too."

"Cylinder!" howled Lyon. "That was no cylinder; that was my ear!"

Friend: You look all tired out. Final exams?

M. Clark, '31: No. You see, my married sister is measuring her house for carpets. She hasn't got a tape-measure, and I'm exactly six feet tall, so to oblige her I've been lying all over the house.

There was once a man who had three dogs. One evening he came home and found them all asleep on a couch. He whipped them and drove them away.

The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping.

The third night, returning earlier than usual

he found the dogs sitting before the couch, *blowing on it to cool it.*

"Gee, if that guy with the bushy hair only had a wooden leg!"

"Why so?"

"We could use him for a mop."

Irate Husband: I thought you said you went to cooking school.

Wife: I did, but I flunked in biscuits.

Fire!

"Fire!"

The cry rose from the throats of a throng of people gathered together beneath a large warehouse, from which clouds of dense smoke and roaring flames were pouring.

A tall emaciated man came running up the street. With terrific efforts he made his way through the crowd. Then, with a smile of joy on his face, and not even a helmet to shield him or a thimbleful of water to aid him, he walked into the building.

In a little while there was not a puff of smoke or a tiny flame to be seen, and our hero walked forth, loosening his belt, happy and uncharred.

"Well," said an onlooker, "we don't need fire-engines when that fellow's about. He sure can put a fire out!"

"Put it out!" scoffed another. "Put it in, you mean. He's been in the circus forty years, and is an experienced fire-eater, and I'll bet that's the first square meal he's had for many a month!"

Daring Boy Saves A Girl's Life

Bob Russ, Bangor High School ventriloquist, was strolling down the busiest street in Veazie when he heard the fire bells blowing. Instantly he looked in the direction of the Fire Station, and saw a team of oxen hauling a Stanley Steamer at the fast rate of a slowly-moving freight train. But low and behold, before his very eyes was a fair damsel skidding gaily across the street, right in the path of the fast moving fire truck. Before a cross-eyed cat could shake her hoof he rushed out into the street and made a flying tackle, and at the

same time held up his hand hollering to the man to stop the wagon. A squealing of brakes and a grinding of gears brought the vehicle to stop within the distance that "Giant" Newell could throw Charley Jacques.

If it were not for our gallant Robert, the lady would now undoubtedly be fatally uninjured. The High School should appreciate Bob's heroism in averting this terrible disaster, and we herewith and from henceforth propose that a fund be started to purchase a leather medal, engraved with the seal of F. W. Woolworth, to be presented in similar cases.

Dumb: What's the slipperiest thing you know of?

Dumber: Two eels wrestling on a cake of ice.

B. H. S. BIOGRAPHIES

Last week, while on my annual visit to New York, I ran up to see my old friend, the mayor of Sing Sing, whom I have known ever since the day I was pledged for Cracka Bitta Rock, the largest fraternity in Sing Sing. I was looking over some pictures in his office, when I recognized Padie Richlin, President of Alpha Grabba Pick, and I at once decided that B. H. S. should certainly have a biography of this famous son of hers.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI



OUR PADIE

AIN'T HE CUTE?



SHIEK DUNPHY

Padie came to Bangor High straight from Sing Sing High. He is here shown in native costume, as he appeared when he made his inaugural speech, on the first anniversary of his entrance at Sing Sing. He had just won the rock-breaking and pick-heaving contests, and had been chosen for the All-Sing Sing Sandbagging Team. Hence the look of placid joy you see in his face, as he studies faithfully, so that he may not be dropped from athletics. He is reading *The Progressive Rockbreaker* in preparation for the coming exams. While at Sing Sing he was Honor Student for fifteen consecutive years.

Padie has just been retained as coach of the B. H. S. Sewing Circle, and with the help of Ellis Dunphy, manager and star needle man, has lined up some fast matches.

Ellis is another old timer. He is a member of Eta Hunka Pie, Thomaston H. S. He passed his exams with a high mark, since he had been trained since early youth in sneaking into basketball games without paying. However, he came to B. H. S. to finish his education. This picture was taken in one of his unguarded moments (the keeper was off buying an ice-cream) and shows him as he used to look when enjoying himself at his favorite game of Cowboy.

(Continued on page 36)

For Good Laundry Work

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BRAEBURNS

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With Knickers or 2 Pants

John T. Clark Co.

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Quality

Service

Satisfaction

Telephones:—Plant 436-W

Central St. Office 436-Y

State St. Office 2913

Mention the "Oracle" when you buy

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 34)

B. H. S. STARRY FIRMAMENT

Edmund Lowe	"Mike" Luosey
Victor McLaglen	"Pete" Furrow
John Gilbert	"Molder" Murray
Ronald Colman	"Chet" Arbo
Hoot Gibson	"Hoot" Hewes
Rin-Tin-Tin	Carl Briggs
Belle Bennett	"Dubie" Russ
Clara Bow	"Pat" Brown
Greta Garbo	Janet Young
Snookums	Howard Day
Louise Fazenda	"Jim" Mullen
Charles Rogers	"Itchky" Rolnick
Charley Chase	"Chumski" Milan
Al Alt	"Al" Goodin
Ramon Novarro	"Ossie" Heath
Alice White	Virginia Read
Nancy Carroll	Emily Thompson
Adolphe Menjou	"Adolf" Hersey
Corinne Griffith	Polly Brown
William Haines	"Bob" Marques
Johnny Mack Brown	"Jimmy" Mack Clure
Louis Wolheim	"Grid" Tarbell
Sammy Cohen	"Sheik" Saunders
Charley Murray	"Charley" (?) Ross
Johnny Hines	Johnny (P.) Richlin
Harry Carey	Nessie Corey
Tommy Sanchi	Harry Crowley
Phyllis Haver	"Phil" Webber
Dolores Costello	Elizabeth Young
Jean Hersholt	Paul Sawyer
Charles Farrell	"Nat" Sawyer
Dick Barthelmess	Dick Rice
Roscoe Karnes	"Ape" Karnes
Ruth Roland	Roland Gibbs
Emil Jannings	Emil Davis
Colleen Moore	Beulah Smith
Harry Langdon	"Clem" Clendenning
Lupino Lane	"Fat" Gulnac
Karl Dane	"Fox-tooth" O'Donnell
Wallace Beery	"Squeak" Conners
Hayakawa	"Candy" Lynch
Spirit of Valentino	Lester Yates
Lon Chaney	Dexter Clough
Vera Reynolds	Francis Reynolds

Ricardo Cortez	"Bone-Crusher" Buckley
Richard Arlen	"General Dave" Colpitts
Don Alvarado	Geo. (Washington) Shean
Vilma Banky	Irma Roundy
Ben Turpin	"Cliff" Gallupe
Doug Fairbanks	"Kenny" Jones
Jacqueline Logan	"Phil" Libby
Farina	"Abe" Stern
William Powell	"Ellie" Reid
George Bancroft	Harry Hunt
Charlie Chaplin	Harry Hasey
Harold Lloyd	"Dopey" Hillman
George K. Arthur	"Gomey" Levenseller
Bobbie Vernon	Harold Morris

I had a fall last night which made me unconscious for several hours.

Where did you fall?

I fell asleep.

We had a wooden wedding at our house last night

Who got married?

Two Poles.

Why do you call that colored man a black-mailer?

Because he works in the post-office.

You went fishing yesterday, didn't you?

Yes.

Catch anything?

I should say so! I hooked a fish so large I could not get it into the boat.

Phew!

And the first thing I knew the fish gave a tug at the line and I fell into the river.

I suppose you got all wet?

No, I fell onto the fish's back.

Seen in a Freshman theme: Hercules was the strongest man in the world. He could lift himself up by the back of his neck and hold himself out at arm's length for hours at a time.

Father: What does this fifty on your chemistry exam mean?

Most Anyone: I don't know unless it's the temperature of the room.

(Continued on page 41)

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By Carolyn Currier, '32



HE wind was blowing a gale, and the rain and waves were washing over the deck of the ship at a tremendous rate of speed. Above, the sky was inky black, with every few minutes a flash of lightning and the roll of thunder in the distance. All of a sudden the ship, of which I was a part of the deck, gave a quick lurch, and with a lot of creaking and groaning finally plunged into the water on its side. In the darkness we had struck a hidden ledge, and I had been torn away from the main part of the deck where my brothers and sisters were. I was thrown into the icy cold water to shift for myself and to reach land in the best way that I could.

I floated along for days and days until the storm broke up, being tossed this way and that way by the hungry waves that seemed about to devour me. Finally I saw land, and I felt just about as Columbus must have felt when he discovered America. That night, on the flood tide, I was washed ashore amongst a lot of wreckage from another ship. I lay there exhausted, wondering what was to become of me.

It chanced that the next week a party of men were scouring the beach for timber with which to build a cottage nearby. "That's a good piece of wood," I heard one of the men say; "it will be just the thing for a ridge-pole."

The next day they started the building, and I was hoisted up and put in place, but I was a little too long. They sawed a piece off me and threw it to one side. Finally the cottage was finished with much joy and merrymaking. I found to my surprise that on the piece that had been sawed off, they had painted the word "Driftwood" and had nailed it up over the door. You can imagine my joy at having my own name given to the cottage of which I was a part. Then I knew that all who came to the little cottage on Penobscot Bay, would learn my story sooner or later and would repeat it to the next generation.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 36)

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Have you any wool?

Yes, sir! Yes, sir!

Three bags full.

One for my master,

One for my dame,

And one for all the students to pull over
the eyes of 36,886,999 professors.

—Ex.

THE BEST ALIBI

Rastus is in jail and telephones to his friend
Mose to bail him out. The following is part
of their conversation.

Rastus—Mose, can't yuh get me out?

Mose—Well, Rastus, what did you do to
get in?

Rastus—Ah done took an apple.

Mose—Did yo-all eat the apple?

Rastus—No, Ah didn't; Ah didn't luk it so Ah
puts it back and takes a pie.Mose—Ah, yuh took a pie, huh? Did yuh
eat that?Rastus—No, ah didn't lak that eithah, so
Ah took a cocoanut, and Ah ate that.

Mose—Did yo-all pay for the cocoanut?

Rastus—No, cohse not, ah gave her the pie
f'r the cocoanut.

Mose—Did yah pay f'r the pie?

Rastus—Wal, no, Ah gave her the apple f'r
the pie, didn't Ah?Mose—Sho yuh did, now. Did yah pay f'r
that apple, huh?Rastus—Cohse Ah didn't. Why should
Ah pay for the apple, nigger? Ah didn't eat it!

—Station WPG, Atlantic City.

MILITARY

(Continued from Page 24)

Thru the cooperation of Lieutenant McKen-
ney, matches have been arranged with Mas-
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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 43)

Craig, LG	Harrihan, LG
Crane, LG	Sawyer, LG
Carson, RG	McQuinn, RG
Welch, RG	

Referee, Torsleff, Bangor.

Time, four 8-min. periods.

BREWSTER GIRLS DEFEATED BY BANGOR

The next game of the season, the Crimson girls journeyed over the bridge to the Brewer high school gym, January 25, and there defeated the Orange and Black sextette in a very noisy exciting game.

From the opening whistle Bangor was always in the lead, although the Brewer girls played desperately. The pivoting and speed of the Brewer girls was very good. But the Crimson team proved to be far superior. Although the Orange and Black team fought every minute, it was clearly outplayed.

The Bangor girls had developed some fast team work since their last battle with Brewer, and greatly surprised the audience.

At the end of the half, Bangor was leading by a safe score, and when the final whistle blew, the score was 17-5, Bangor.

Kenny and Gross were the stars for Bangor. Gross was all over the floor, breaking up passes, and making some pretty shots.

The summary:

Bangor 17	Brewer 5
Kenny, LF., 3 (1)	Spencer, LF., 1
Gross, LF., 3	
Thompson, RF., 2	Burnette, RF., 1 (1)
	Davis, RF
McIntyre, C	Bradbury, C
	Spencer, C
Collins, SC	McIntyre, SC
West, SC	
Craig, LG	Swan, LG
Crane, LG	
Carson, RG	Hutchings, RG
Welch, RG	

(Continued on Page 47)

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

*(Continued from page 45)*BANGOR GIRLS LOSE GAME TO
M. C. I.

The Crimson sextette lost to M. C. I. girls in an interesting and unexciting game at Pittsfield, February 1. The Bangor team did not play its usual good game until the final period. The score at the end of the half was 15-1. The final score was 30-11, Pittsfield. Enuf said!

Bangor's line-up:

Craig, RG.; Carson, LG.; Welch, LG.; McIntyre, J.; Collins, SC.; Thompson, RF., 2, (3); Gross, LF., 1; Crane, LF., 1.

Referee, Grady.

Time, four 8-min. periods.

GOLD-DUST


(Continued from page 10)

"Father, father," gasped Nancy; and she told him her story. He called the sheriff, who formed a posse and they set out for the men and money. The men were captured and the money turned over to Mr. Reynolds. Nancy became the heroine of the town and whenever she went was praised for her bravery and courage.

"You must tell us next time, when you ride off alone, where you are going my dear," said Nancy's father, the next day. "I will, father, but I really enjoyed every minute of my adventure and would do it over again right now if I had the chance," she answered. "I'm afraid that you won't get the chance. It'll be a long time before the town gets over this affair," declared her father, picking up his evening paper to read.

A NATURE STUDY LESSON

By James W. McClure, '29

NE of the most interesting features of the nature study program at camp, a few summers ago, happened one morning at about nine o'clock. A large wood tortoise, measuring more than four-

*(Continued on Page 49)*ART
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A NATURE STUDY LESSON

(Continued from Page 47)

teen inches in circumference, came out from under one of the wooden platforms and proceeded to dig a hole several inches deep in a small sand-pile in the middle of the campus.

Then, she began to lay eggs in the little hole that she had made. She went at this very methodically. As soon as she had laid one egg, she would reach out a hind leg and press it down firmly into the bottom of the hole, and with another leg, would gather up some loose sand and pack it very firmly about the egg. She repeated this process just twenty-four times. During all this time, scouts were gathered around very closely, watching the process. But Mrs. Tortoise didn't seem to mind it a bit. She had a task to do, and she was going to do it. A lot of pictures were taken while she was laying the eggs, but beyond winking one eye, she didn't seem to mind it at all. No, that wasn't supposed to be a joke. It was true that every time that the camera clicked, she would wink her right eye. We never could find out just the reason for this, but, nevertheless, it was so.

We scouts worked quite a system in taking these pictures. At that time movie cameras were not as common as they are now, but we did the next best thing. All the cameras that were in camp were put to use, each scout using his own. We were numbered. Number one would get into position and take a picture just as the turtle was starting to lay the egg. Then number two would jump into place and snap a picture, and so on until the turtle had finished the process of laying one egg. Then, afterwards, remembering our numbers, we got a set of "process pictures," so to speak.

After the tortoise had laid the twenty-four eggs, she rested for about two minutes, and then she moved off into the tall grass and took another rest. Then, she finally went into the woods and disappeared.

The scouts watched the sand pile very closely during the next week or so, but for some unknown reason, the eggs never did hatch. But it surely did create quite a little interest.

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A NOVEL RACE

(Continued from Page 19)

stretch came the racers even faster than Tom Mix would dare. The question now was how could the judges tell the winner? The spectators couldn't tell; for, if they looked up they would see the Wright, if they looked down they would see the Stutz; if they look between they would see space. Nevertheless, the crowd cheered, stamped feet, clapped hands, lost hats, and did almost everything but to become silent. Past the finish line the racers roared. The race was over.

As soon as the crowd quieted down (in about five minutes) one of the judges announced to the crowd the results of the race. He said in part: "The fastest and most exciting one mile race of its kind in Bangor's history, yes even Maine's and perhaps New England's history, you have just witnessed within the past few seconds". (Cheers from the crowd). "Mr. O'Kavendish, who is known the nation wide, and who has been given the nickname O'K from his initials, was the driver of the Wright plane which has won many races at Indianapolis for Mr. Kavendish. The driver of the Stutz Special, Mr. J. M. N., who is a local man, needs no introduction; as you all know he has been a 'fast man with the gasoline' in these parts. The time of today's big one mile race was forty-nine seconds and was won by Mr. J. M. N., the driver of the Stutz Special."

Thus we perceive that in certain cases an automobile is faster than an airplane.

TREASURE

By Gridley W. Tarbell, '30



HE had almost given up all hope of ever finding anything that even looked like a map, after his far from luxurious journey from Bermuda to B—, Virginia.

I might now do a little explaining: he was Richard Medford who had lived for the last fifteen years in Bermuda.

One day when he came home from work to his meagre lodgings he found a letter which

(Continued on Page 53)

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TREASURE

(Continued from Page 51)

went on to say that a very dear friend of Medford's father had left an old proviso in his will, stating that "if Richard Medford, the son of my beloved friend John Medford, shall come to B—, Virginia by the December fifteenth after my death and go to the old 'Southerland Plantation' and give the night password to the caretaker (which password he shall learn from my lawyer Mr. William Crowell of the firm of Crowell, Jackson and Wilson) he will be shown the way to get a goodly fortune."

When Medford received this letter it was the third of December and as neither he nor his relatives had money enough to get him even a third class passage to New York, he had to work his way.

He arrived in New York on the eleventh of December and went directly to the office of Crowell, Jackson and Wilson only to learn that Mr. Crowell was out of town and would not be back until the next day.

The next day Medford found Mr. Crowell in and after proving his identity he was told the password. Mr. Crowell on learning that Richard had no money gave him money enough to get to Charlotte, Virginia. From Charlotte he walked twenty miles to B—, and on arriving there he was directed to the Southerland Plantation by the village policeman. It was now the fourteenth of December. Medford went to the caretaker's house and was welcomed warmly.

The next morning the caretaker gave him an envelope containing directions for finding a map to lead him to hidden treasure.

Now we are back where we started; the boy had done as the directions had said and had found nothing. He sat down to go over the directions again when he saw a small piece of paper on the floor. He picked it up thinking he had dropped it from his person. He casually unfolded it and to his amazement found it to be the final key to find the map!

After finding the map he got the treasure, which, by the way, was one and one-half a million dollars worth of government Bonds.

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