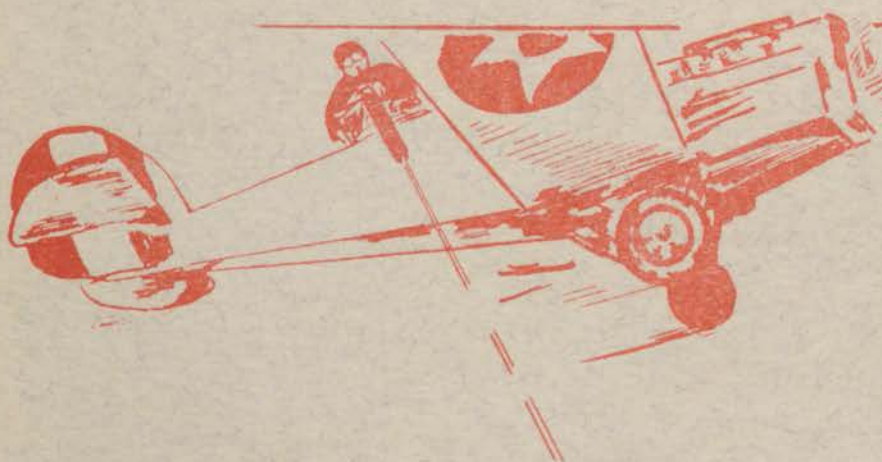


ORACLE

BANGLOR PUBLIC

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March
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*Beginning another extraordinary story
complete in two instalments*

Wings of Fate!

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

Junior Number
Class of 1929



ANNOUNCEMENT

As soon as incorporation papers are received, the name of the former Bangor Store of the Besse System Co., will be changed to

DORR SYSTEM CO.

There will be no change in the management or policies of the Bangor Store and no change in the Great Buying Power of our Organization.

I appreciate the loyalty and co-operation of our thousands of valued customers in the past and I assure you all, that in the future this organization will be ALL that it has in the past - and *MORE.

Thank You,

GEO. C. DORR

*Would advise your keeping posted thru the daily press or otherwise—of something BIG that's going to happen here in the near future.



Young Men and Women

Begin your business career by starting an account at this bank.

The experience gained by handling your own Checking or Savings account will be an important part of your education.

At this bank, where so many young people do business, your account will be especially welcome.

\$1.00 opens a Savings Account here.

We pay 4% interest compounded quarterly.

MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

BELFAST - BUCKSPORT - DEXTER - JONESPORT

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BANGOR, MAINE

Resources over \$19,000,000.00



Compliments of

Charles Murray
Bangor, Maine



The Oracle

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March, 1928

Junior Number

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"Over or through, never around."—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE "Oracle," having followed with eagerness the discussions of the City Council and Committees concerning the bill for the completion of the new Athletic Field, wishes to express the pleasure of the students of Bangor High School in its successful passage.—N. O.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

"The greatest competition of its kind ever held in the world."—Calvin Coolidge.

Great interest is being shown here and there about Bangor in the National and International Oratorical contest. These contests are given annually under the auspices of the country's leading newspapers, for a twofold purpose:

1. To increase interest in and respect for the basic principles of government in each of the participating nations.
2. To promote a better understanding between nations by means of a frank and friendly exchange of viewpoints.

These contests started indirectly six years ago in California, when a contest of this kind was undertaken with such success that the Government undertook a National contest. In 1924, the first National Oratorical contest was introduced. During 1924 and 1925, the movement was so successful that in 1926 it became international. This year, it is the Fifth National and Third International Oratorical contest. Seven nations are entered, namely: The United States, England, France,

Germany, Mexico, Canada, and Japan.

To enter the contest, a person must be a bona-fide secondary school pupil under nineteen years of age. He must write out, learn, and declaim a speech ten minutes in length on one of the following subjects:

1. The Development of the Constitution.
2. The Present Significance of the Constitution.

In the international phase, foreign contestants are urged to speak in part on the laws and problems of their own countries.

The eliminations are as follows:

The winners of the "First Selection" enter the "District Finals;" next come the "Newspaper Semi-finals" and the "Newspaper Finals;" then the "National Semi-finals," and on May 25, the "National Finals" at Washington. The eight speakers in the National Finals will be given a free tour of Europe this summer, visiting six countries and attending the Olympic Games. The prizes for the earlier eliminations are given by the newspapers in charge. The amount of the prizes is up to them. The winner of the Finals of the District Bangor is in, will receive fifty dollars.

Finally, on October 13, comes the "wind-up" of the contest—the International Finals at Washington. Here, the winners of the National Finals from each of the seven countries, will compete. The competitors from France, Germany, and Mexico will speak in their native tongues; all others will speak in English. Hence, the judges will be competent multi-linguists.—N. O.



"Let us read."—John Clair Minot.

Wings of Fate

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

Part I

WHEN, acting on orders from the Major of the American aviation corps at Thiery, to escort a French reconnaissance plane to secret quarters over the German lines, Bud Gerard tuned up the engine of his speedy little single-seater, in company with three other S. E. 5's at the field barracks on that clear morning, it was with the premonition that something was going to happen.

Daylight had followed a night of one of the most ghastly encounters in the history of the war—the French had been forced to retreat under the heavy barrage of the Germans, a preparatory measure to the advance of their troops; the middle sector of the American troops had been entirely wiped out; while the entire advance lines of the Allied forces had been subject to a severe strain.

The throb of the distant guns had penetrated even to the barracks, five miles behind the trenches, and through the closed doors of the dispatch office the intermittent click-

ing of the wireless had sounded throughout the night like the death-beats of a dying cause.

It indeed looked like the crisis of the war—even more so when Major Reynolds, the dash-

ing young commander of the corps, whose firmness and whose personality had secured for him the affectionate title of "Maje," appeared from behind the closed doors of the wireless room, with unusual gravity written on his lean countenance, and gave some brief instructions in a low tone to the four young lieutenants who snapped to quick attention at his approach.

"Men," he said quietly, "you are without doubt

aware of the fact that our forces suffered severe losses last night—how severe I do not know, but severe enough to cause much apprehension as to the success of this campaign." He paused as the four nodded in confirmation.

The major went on: "In five minutes a French reconnaissance plane will be due here, possessing sectional maps and other valuable



BUD GERARD

data, and, most of all, maps of the vital points in the German defense. This plane must be escorted to secret quarters, whose location is known only to the Frenchman himself. Needless to say, this task is a dangerous one; but the importance is so great that it dwindles the risk into insignificance. These papers must be gotten through!"

The lieutenants nodded again. "You mean then, sir, that it is up to us?"

"Entirely—and keep in mind that unless this information is delivered, a counter-attack, intended to rout the Boche, will be rendered impossible—which, as you probably realize, is the only hope of forcing them from their present position. That is all."

Exactly three minutes later, a young Frenchman clad in dungarees leaped lightly out of the cockpit of his plane and was introduced to the four lieutenants.

"Monsieur—?"

"Dupré," supplied the aviator with a frank smile.

"Monsieur Dupré, meet lieutenants Gerard, Maxwell, Lyons, and Colbert," continued the major, "and now, hurry! Gerard, you are detailed commander of the flight." And with a parting "Good luck!" he left them.

After a hurried consultation in which Bud was given final directions and the course of the flight, there was the usual handshake. Bud was conscious of the firm, hearty, handshake of the Frenchman and of his pleasing personality in that last grip. Then the crisp voice of the Frenchman: "We had better examine finally the engines, is it not so, messieurs?" Bud nodded assent and they separated to their respective planes, to begin that minute inspection that would mean so much in a critical test.

Bud, tinkering with an obstinate bolt on the landing gear, motioned to the grease-jack to start the engine. A second later the roar of the motor, deep-toned and powerful, broke forth. He straightened up and grinned proudly. Not much trouble there. . . . He found himself glancing at Dupré out of the corner of his eye. "O. K.," he muttered to himself,

"and my guess is that he knows how to fly a plane."

His guess was confirmed a moment later when the Frenchman, leading in the take-off, skimmed up from the ground as gracefully as an eagle. Vaulting into the cockpit, Bud throttled up the motor—and as he glanced back saw that the others were just taking off. Soon he felt the plane glide slowly first, then with increasing speed, out into the center of the field, as it responded to the touch of the rudder and throttle. He never failed to get that kick out of leaving the ground—that sensation of power beneath him.

Once in the air, they resolved into that cross-formation that the Frenchman had laid out for them—Bud slightly in advance, Maxwell and Lyons with the reconnaissance plane between them, with Colbert bringing up the rear. Bud glanced at his guage—six thousand feet. That was a little bit too low; he climbed a trifle, the others following closely. Bud twisted around in the cockpit and gave the French plane the once-over, noting that it was rather a queerly-built machine, and, notwithstanding the efficient manner in which the aviator handled it, heavy and of odd design. The body was wide for one cockpit, and the whole effect was one of clumsiness; it seemed rather too roomy for one man. But it was more fitting that he should keep a weather eye peeled for danger than to start picking flaws in other nation's planes, he told himself. He glanced upward—everything was seemingly as it should be; as he scanned the skies for danger no glimpse of hostile planes met his eye—yet that feeling of impending trouble persisted in hammering away at his consciousness. Danger was in the offing.

It came finally and speedily in the form of eight specks rapidly increasing in size. Bob waited until he could distinguish the sinister flaming cross on the under wing of the nearest plane and then fired a few rounds of shells, which gave the signal to break formation. Immediately the three others dropped in a vertical dive, allowing the reconnaissance

plane to separate from the formation. Bud, glancing over his shoulder, saw the sudden zoom of the Frenchman as he climbed to a high altitude where he could look on. Meanwhile, the planes had dropped, switches cut, from behind a film of hazy clouds. Bob broke his upward spiral into a half-roll, turning to meet the enemy. Simultaneously, Colbert and Lyons zoomed audaciously upward, guns spitting lead. The maneuver was not without its effect—one plane wobbled uncertainly and then burst into flames. Bud glanced down; they were directly above the American trenches—he saw a huge, giant minnenwerfer throwing off a shower of fireworks, and loaded with potential ill health in every square inch of its three foot diameter, crash into a trench filled with precious human lives—heard the crash and saw those same human beings blown to eternity. He shuddered—horrible—ghastly. . . He started suddenly, aware of a shadow cast in front of him, and snapped around in a stalling turn. He was just in time—a Boche plane went skimming across his tail surface; but Bud, checking his speed, came about quickly on the German's tail, caught the plane across his deflection sight for a bare second, and let him have it. The plane went hurtling downwards.

Meanwhile, Colbert, Lyons, and Maxwell had fared exceedingly well. One more plane had gone down, disabled. Things in general began to look more cheerful.

But now the enemy, profiting by an experience that had cost them dearly, resolved into a deadly fan-formation, intending to trap the four planes. Bud, hanging on his prop, glanced around in time to see that Maxwell had been caught in the center of the trap. He snapped around quickly, and with throttle wide open, zoomed up, with the intention of breaking up the formation so that Maxwell could clear himself. But he was a trifle too late—he saw the machine gun of the plane in the center of the trap rain a hail of lead upon poor Maxwell, saw him throw up his hands and start on that preliminary to a vertical dive. A minute later there was a burst of flames—that was all. . .

Bud wiped off the tears of rage and remorse, snapped down his goggles, and whirled rashly into the very center of the fracas. They would pay—these bloodhounds! He was conscious of a sharp twinge in his left shoulder where a stray bullet had found its mark. A moment later he had run that gauntlet of death and was right across the nose of the plane that had fixed Maxwell. He dodged a little to the right and fired directly into the prop of the Boche plane. It was with a feeling of grim exultation that Bud saw the plane settle into a plunging dive—a feeling that he emphasized by a hail of lead from his Splitt-dorf. He glanced around again, saw Lyons and Colbert engaged with the leader of the German flight himself; then, unable to account for the disappearance of one of the enemy, he cast a look upward. With a start of dismay he jammed his foot down on the elevation control and yanked the throttle open. One of the Boche was attacking the reconnaissance plane, and the reconnaissance was unarmed! . . . If anything should happen to that plane! . . . The German saw him coming and whirled around to engage him, but Bud evaded him and edged up as near to the Frenchman as possible, motioning to him to withdraw. Dupré shook his head. And then a surprising thing happened—the outer shell that appeared to be the real fuselage of the plane, went hurtling into space, and the forms of two aviators appeared suddenly from a cockpit in the rear, and with them two capable looking machine guns. Bud saw the triumphant smile of the Frenchman as he dashed down into the center of the fracas, and he knew that the battle was as good as won for the Americans.

By this time, however, the Boche had apparently decided that enough was enough, for a minute later they started back toward their hangout, a sadly shattered remnant of the daring troupe that had challenged them so audaciously a short time before. Bud had no mind to follow up the chase; he watched them disappear with a feeling of the most

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The Pin is Mightier than the Sword

By Abie, '29.

The tiny republic of Aguardiente, in Central America, was in the throes of a revolution. The Nationalist army was hopelessly lost. Its General, Carlos del Buen-Retiro, sat in his tent, fuming at everything in general, and his orderly in particular:

"Que hay, hombre? Porque no viene Vd.? Why don't you come? Accurse this revolution. Mozo! Mozo! Send Lieutenant Dos Pesetas to me. At once!"

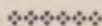
"Lieutenant," he said, as his aide entered the tent, "I have information that the accursed rebels are planning a blow which shall finish us forever. We don't know what it is, but it will take place tomorrow afternoon at the latest. You must discover the plot of

those pig-eating cannibals and foil it. I depend on you."

"Bueno! Me voy." He saluted smartly, executed a precise about face, and left the tent. It seemed a hopeless task. He had to find the plans of the rebels, fifty miles away, and prevent their successful execution. Well, at least he could try. Hastily, the lieutenant doffed his uniform and put on the garb of a workingman.

The neighboring city of Tequila was known to be a resort of the rebel general, though he had never been caught there. Suddenly, the lieutenant saw ahead of him the bulky form of Pedro Centavos, henchman and chief aide

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Follow this Man: No. 2 1-2 Never Fails

By Raymond F. Prince, '30

Dressed in his customary suit of bright red, with green hat, spats and yellow neck tie, Number 2½, the unfailable, was again on the trail. The trail was hot, the pursuit was hot, and he himself was hot, but he grasped tighter the implement which he had in his hand. And now he swings his implement around his head, and throwing it forward—caught! Again he had succeeded!

Hurrying up, he picked up the tiny poodle and hurried to the wagon with his capture. Already this buzz-wagon was half-filled—but he had enough. Cranking the ancient flivver which served as his vehicle, he climbed aboard and headed the aged tub for the Community Sausage Factory. Surely they would be glad to see him.

Pulling up before he factory gate, he hit the dishpan on the radiator with the huge spoon which he carried for this purpose, and the gate was soon opened. He was greeted

heartily by the employees of the factory, who immediately ushered him into the office of the president. Here he was greeted even more heartily, and with the president he went down to see the car load of mutts. Now here is a strange thing—when the president saw this flivver full (or half-full) of curs, he started jumping up and down and down and up, and at once he pulled out his big, enormous, over-stuffed pocket-book (also called a wallet) and paid our hero the grand sum of five dollars (\$5); then he grabbed one of the mutts (the poodle previously mentioned) and disappeared in the direction of the box-office (I mean his office). Now—quiet, Dickey—the secret is this: the office dog of his pet stenographer—keep still, Dickey—had been missing for twenty-three (23) minutes, and his stenographer had already had six (6) fits.

Now you know as much as I do.

When a Feller Needs a Friend

By Clarence Bradbury, '29

With a nervous voice, the first speaker began. His speech—I do not know what it was—took but a short time. He bowed and left the stage, followed by a clapping of hands from the audience. Almost before I knew it, four speeches had been made. It occurred to me that there were only two speakers before me. I arose and went behind the stage. There I found a boy rehearsing his speech as if his very life depended on those few lines. He arose as the clapping of hands told him that his turn was next. I wished him "good luck," and he bestowed a sickly smile upon me.

I had been watching the other speakers. Their actions, their looks, and even their manner of talking seemed to show that they were laboring under a strain. The relieved look that was spread over one's face as he appeared after having finished his speech manifested his joy at having completed his task.

Suddenly, the full realization fell upon me that my turn was next and that I had not looked over my speech for the last five minutes. In an instant I had it out and was perusing those worn sheets of hand-writing. I had barely returned the papers to my pocket when—why! could he have finished his speech so soon? Apparently it was so, for I could not think of any other reason for his return.

I pulled my coat down, felt to see if my necktie was on, then stepped out to see—what I hope I shall never have to see again from the same position. Before I had gone onto the stage, the audience had not seemed so large, but from my position it seemed to have fairly doubled in size.

I announced the title. It did not seem loud enough to me, so I followed it up by giving the author's name in a louder tone. My speech seemed to recite itself automatically. I could not keep my attention upon it. My eyes were roving over the motley

group of faces gaping at me. First, I noticed the judges posted at different places among the crowd: one directly in front of me, to whom my eyes would continually return; another in the most distant place of the room; and another whom I did not particularly notice.

The thought occurred to me to discover if there were any of my classmates seated before me. I began scanning the innocent faces more carefully. I could not find a boy whom I could recognize. Girls—there were girls everywhere: some with eyes fairly popping out of their heads; others with heads cocked to one side as if they were half asleep; and still others who were amusing themselves by making the most ridiculous faces ever achieved by a race of people before. I was roused from my reverie by a few words which were more stressed than others, and which I had spoken.

My speech was nearly at an end, and I was beginning to congratulate myself for having successfully finished it, when I came to the most difficult part of my speech. I had but lately memorized it, so it was practically new to me. The thought came to my mind that I did not know it. My knees began to tremble more violently than before; the sweat was coming out upon my face and began trickling down the side of it. It itched—Oh! how it itched! I suffered the most severe agonies of my life during those last few minutes, for I dared not raise my hand, and I would die if I took out my handkerchief.

I struggled on with another sentence. Then, everything was blank—I could not remember a word! I knew not what to do! My mind left the speech, and for about five seconds—it seemed eternity to me—I was thinking of the audience, of my parents, of my teachers, and of many other things that

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How I Did the Deed

By Frederick G. Robbins, '29

Suddenly, the thought occurred to me that "today is Sunday." For a long time I had known that it must be done by this day. However, I had not had the desired opportunity, so now I must make one. I thought over all the things I would like to do instead, but it was too late. Then I thought, "If it must be done, I will do it now."

Having made up my mind, I commenced searching for the implement which I had decided to use. It should have been in my desk drawer, but it wasn't. Frantically I searched the entire room, on the bureau, in the bureau drawers, even under the bed, but I did not find it. I had to find at once, so that by morning all would be over. Suddenly I remembered. The last time I had used it I had reloaded it and left it in my coat pocket, ready for service.

While I was making my preparations, I was surprised by the noise of footsteps on the stair. I opened the door just enough to enable me to see a perspiring policeman puffing

up the stairs. My heart beat more quickly, as he said, "They just found a dead man out in the street." However, when he asked if Mr. Kelleher, the undertaker, was in, I was able to reply in a calm voice that Mr. Kelleher's office was across the street. Seemingly satisfied with this reply, he turned and descended the stairs.

By no means deterred from my purpose, I re-entered my room and locked the door. Immediately, however, the telephone rang. By the time I had completed convincing the caller that he had the wrong number, I was thoroughly angry. Determined not to be bothered again, I muffled the bell. I even put cotton-batting in my ears to deaden any sound. When I locked the door, I knew I would not leave that room until I had completed what I had undertaken to do. Filled with this resolve, I sat down at the desk, seized my fountain pen, and wrote the long-delayed English theme.



The Travels of Prince Comma

By Betty Russ, '31

The Palace was in a hubbub! Everywhere was a hustle and bustle! And the cause of all this excitement? Why, indeed! Haven't you heard? Little Prince Comma, the darling of the Punctuation Palace, was going away to seek his fortune.

The courtroom was the scene of the Prince's heartrending parting from his parents. Queen Period wept gustily into her handkerchief; good King Colon—poor man, Queen Period ruled him with an iron hand—was saying "A-hem! A-hem!" very loudly and often. Prince Comma stood before them, a picture of gallant manhood.

"Farewell, dear father and mother!" he cried.

"Farewell, my son," wept the queen as she pressed the prince to her ample bosom.

"It breaks my heart to leave you, mamma!"

At these words, the queen sank into her chair, overcome with grief. The Prince dashed through the gates on his coal-black horse, and was gone!

Remembering the careful teachings of his grandfather, Semi-Colon, the Prince determined to help whomever he saw in trouble. It

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The Return of Nick Carter

(With Apologies to Old Boy Nick Himself)

By Sherlock Holmes, Jr., '28

Nicholas Carter laid aside the book he was reading, stretched himself, arose, and went to answer the door bell which had been ringing strenuously for half an hour.

Outside, standing in a pouring rain, he found a shivering telegraph boy, holding a telegram in his stubby fist.

Mr. Carter, familiarly known to countless readers as "Nick," paid the boy and opened the telegram. He read:

Rangoon, India
July 31, 1928

Nicholas Carter
236 W. 74th St.
New York City
Dear Sir:

Come at once stop great danger stop reward stop.

Immediately, our hero snatched a satchel, which he always kept ready-packed and waiting beside the door, and ran out into the night. He boarded a downtown sub-way train to Penn Station, where he took an express to Long Island. Within an hour and a half after leaving his apartment, he arrived at Roosevelt Field, talked a moment with the commandant, and clambered aboard a tri-motored Fokker monoplane, which had been hastily wheeled onto the field. A pilot named Farnham took his place beside the controls, and the ship rose into the murky night.

After thirty-three hours of flying, they landed at LeBourget airdrome. Here our hero, who had been able to snatch a few hours of sleep on the journey over, dismissed his weary pilot and secured another, an evil-looking fellow by the name of DeHuizo. After refuelling, the plane again turned her nose skyward and continued on her journey. Over Southern France, across the Gulf of Genoa, surmounting the Appenines, and southward over the Adriatic, it flew; then directly east

over Albania and Macedonia and the Aegean into Turkey.

When they were approaching Angora, according to "Nick's" computations on their map, they heard, above the din of their own engines, the whirl of approaching planes. The night was almost cloudless, with a full moon illuminating plainly a wild stretch of land below. The altitude was about three thousand feet. The other planes rapidly neared and Nick saw there were four in all, of foreign make. When they were within eight hundred feet, DeHuizo suddenly clambered out of the cockpit with a villainous look on his face, and jumped clear of the plane. His safety parachute ballooned out, and he quickly slacked one side of the belying cloth to get out of the way of the falling plane.

The Fokker went into a deep dive, and immediately the four planes opened fire from concealed machine guns in their rear cockpits and floors. Instantly the monoplane's wing was riddled with bullets, while the plane went swirling downward with all the drive of the three engines.

"Nick" instinctively seized hold of the joy stick and pointed the nose directly upwards. Quicker than lightning he climbed out over the front cockpit and into the pilot seat, rescuing the plane from another dive. By this time the other planes came near enough to take effective aim. He was directly below them, about five hundred feet. Suddenly he opened the throttle wide, and at a speed of 130 M. P. H., zoomed directly towards the sky, and, as if by a miracle, passed above the lead-raining cordon. One of the planes, in readjusting its guns, fired point-blank at another, which went swirling towards the ground, leaving behind it a red trail of fire.

Our hero then straightened out the plane and reached forward into space, increasing

his speed, on the level, to 150 M. P. H. The three remaining planes dogged his heels in pursuit, and thus they flew for many hundred miles over Turkey, Iraq, and Persia. The superiority of "Nick's" plane showed itself in the fact that it slowly outdistanced its pursuers. Over the Arabian Sea they ran into a bank of clouds, where "Nick" gave the other planes the "slip" and brought his plane safely to land at Bombay a few hours later. After quickly setting mechanics to overhauling the plane, "Nick" snatched several hours of sleep and then took off again. After an uneventful trip over the vast plains of the Hind, he landed

at Rangoon at nine o'clock of the morning of August 4th. He hired a high-powered car and soon was tearing towards the city itself. Inside the city limits he slowed down and drove to the main telegraph office, where he learned the address of the sender of the telegram. He secured a native guide to lead him to the place directed, which he found to be in a narrow, dirty street in the native section. He passed thru a low doorway into a black, smelly antechamber. Before he could turn back, four huge, black natives jumped on him, bound, manacled, and gagged him. They

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Lindbergh in Boston

By Dean Rachel Connor

One of the brightest spots in the program of the National Education Association was the arrival in Boston of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, whose mother, Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh, was to receive an honored life membership in the National Education Association. The atmosphere of the city seemed charged with excitement. To make it more realistic, the moment "Lindy's" plane was heard whirring over the city, the newsboys began to shout, "Extra—'Lindy's' arrived!" The papers were already printed, just waiting for his arrival to go on sale, but they appeared as if by magic. Crowds stood on the street gazing skyward, just to catch a glimpse of "Lindy's" plane, even though but a small bit of blue was visible above the tall buildings.

The afternoon of March first was one of great excitement at Mechanics Hall, headquarters of the N. E. A., where tickets were to be given out, two to superintendents of schools only. A large crowd of teachers waited, in hopes that some superintendent might take but one, thus leaving the other for a less fortunate person. Some teachers were so anxious to see Mrs. Lindbergh and her illustrious son

that they wanted to join the Department of Superintendents of the N. E. A. with its five dollars dues, just for the two tickets it would entitle them to. Since registration had closed the previous day, this plan could not be followed. As soon as the fortunate ones received their tickets, they hurried to the large auditorium, where the ceremonies were to take place.

Some, anxious for seats where they could see the stage well, went as early as four o'clock in the afternoon, supplied with magazines or papers to while away the time. This availed them nothing, as the hall was cleared of people one hour later. The crowd simply moved to the steps outside. When the doors were finally opened at six-fifteen, such a mob had collected that it jammed the steps and sidewalk for a long distance. The immensity of the crowd may be appreciated when we know that three hundred policemen had been delegated to handle it. By the beginning of the evening's program, not only was the large auditorium filled, but also the stage.

The evening's program began with a short concert by the Boys' Band of the Boston High

Schools, followed by the M. I. T. Glee Club. Then, at eight-thirty, Col. Lindbergh, his mother, Governor and Mrs. Fuller, and others of the speakers' party, came on to the stage. Enthusiasm ran high, especially for "Lindy," but he seem unaffected by it. In a straightforward, concise manner, he spoke to that large audience of the effect aviation must have upon education. Mathematics and science have played so important a part in the development of aeronautics that it is necessary to include the principles of elementary aeronautics in our curriculum, at least, so that we may intelligently understand the newspapers. Lindbergh seemed just like a serious, intelligent school-boy, unaffected by the admiration and the adulation which his splendid accomplishment and dignified behavior have caused.

Education has indeed been affected by aviation, since five hundred sixty-five new words have had to be defined and added to our dictionary. Now we must establish their proper usage. Between two and three hundred of these words are included in the vocabulary of the average man of today. General information concerning aeronautics might easily

be included in our history, mathematics, physics, general science, and economics courses, without adding to our over-crowded curriculum. We need, as intelligent citizens, to be able to read about aviation in order to appreciate the great service it is bestowing upon us. For one example, the air mail is becoming of increasing importance to our country's service.

When Mrs. Lindbergh, who is a teacher of science in the Cass Technical High School of Detroit, was to receive her medal conferring life membership in the National Education Association, she stepped forward in a dignified and charming manner to receive it from her own superintendent of schools of Detroit. Her acceptance, though brief, was charming.

The whole program lasted but a little over an hour; it was inspiring because it was simple and purposeful. As first stated, this honor paid to Mrs. Lindbergh, a teacher in one of the high schools of our country, and through her, to her son, was one of the high lights of the National Education Association meetings in Boston in 1928.



Man's Folly

By Polly Brown, '29

Far up on the barren slopes of the Rocky Mountains, a man garbed in the rough clothes of a miner, toiled over a stream that gushed and boiled its way turbulently to the placid valleys far below. For a long time there was no sound save the soft slither of gravel rolling around in the bottom of a pan held expertly in the man's hand.

Suddenly, with a wild yell he jumped to his feet. "I've found it! I've found it!" he exclaimed. "I'll be rich, *rich*, and after all these years!"

Charlie Simpson hadn't had an easy time in life. Raised in a lumber camp and self-

educated, he had toiled to manhood. The fever of gold was in his veins, and with the last of his hard-earned savings he had furnished himself with a complete miner's outfit. For many weary months he had toiled unceasingly, travelling from one site to another—and now he had struck gold! Is it any wonder that he was beside himself with joy?

When the shadows were lengthening and the sun was a great red pool of light on the horizon, a burro emerged from a clump of pines, and could be seen picking its way carefully down the rocky trail. Beside it strode

(Continued on Page 53)

The First Snowfall

By Harold Annas, '28

Mary and John were newly-weds. They had been married in early fall and now, as they glanced from the kitchen window upon the newly fallen snow—the first snowfall of winter and a heavy one at that,—they were just as much in love as ever.

"Oh, John, isn't it a beautiful morning!" exclaimed Mary as she stood in the doorway waiting to see John off down the drive. Mary always waited in the doorway to see John off in the morning.

John nodded assent smiling. Mary's enthusiasm always amused him. He walked from the house to the garage door and tried to open it. He pulled at the door once, twice, and many times more, but it would not open.

"What's the matter, John?" Mary asked. "Why don't you open the door?"

"I can't! Don't you see the snow is holding it shut? Please get the shovel!"

John's voice sounded rather exasperated.

Mary, somewhat crest-fallen by John's answer, went to get the shovel.

Fifteen minutes later the snow had been shoveled away enough so that John was able to open the garage doors. He was smiling again now, and Mary, standing in the doorway, smiled back.

"You won't be late to the office, will you, dear?" Mary asked.

John looked at his watch. "No, not if I make good time in the car," he answered as "Lizzie" started with much shaking of tin and a great deal of puffing and blowing. "Lizzie" had been Mary's and John's wedding gift from John's father, and "Lizzie" was their pride.

"Lizzie" backed down the drive with great dignity and no undue haste until she reached the middle of the drive, and then she stopped. John started the engine again but what was the matter? "Lizzie's" wheels spun around in the slippery snow but she refused to budge. Frown-

ing slightly, John gave a violent twist to the steering wheel, which sent "Lizzie" up the bank and almost into the side porch, where she stopped with a great grinding of breaks and gears. Mary screamed and John's brow was like a thunder cloud.

"Oh, John, are you hurt? What happened?"

"Can't you see? How am I to get 'Lizzie' out of this place?" John shot a lion-like glance at Mary as if she were the cause of all the trouble. Mary was almost in tears.

"I suppose—I suppose you'll have to shovel her out," Mary answered haltingly. She remembered the shoveling earlier in the morning, and then John would be late to work.

"But can't you think of some other way? It will take too long to shovel her out."

"Well, she might grow wings and fly off if you asked her to," Mary answered rather cuttingly.

John shot her a look full of withering scorn.

"Or I might arrange for an airplane to sail over and pick her up by a rope."

"Oh, John, I never thought you'd say that to me," wailed Mary, again on the verge of tears.

John looked irritated beyond measure.

"Oh well, I didn't mean it." Mary looked somewhat consoled. "Anyway, I've still got to get the car out."

"I tell you, John, I'll get another shovel and help you. It will be done in a few minutes!" Mary was all enthusiasm again.

John seemed dubious but nodded assent.

A half hour later, John and Mary, rather hot and tired from their shoveling, had "Lizzie" and the surrounding driveway shoveled out. As John was starting "Lizzie," preparatory to leaving, Mary, with a twinkle in her eyes, said: "Anyway, your idea about the airplane wasn't at all bad, John; we can make use of it next time 'Lizzie' gets stuck."

FRENCH

PETITE POUPÉE FRANÇAISE

Par Evelyn Haney, '28

Nous savons tous que nos petits amis d'autres pays ne s'habillent pas comme nous. Nous pourrions dire un pays est soit chaud ou froid si nous voyions les enfants habillés. Ceux qui demeurent dans les climats froids seraient enveloppés dans des épais draps de laine. Les enfants dans le climat chaud porteraient du drap clair de la mousseline ou du coton.

Les Françaises sont fameuses pour leur bon goût en habits. La fille Française est toujours très propre même si elle est tout à fait pauvre. Les riches aiment à habiller leurs enfants laborieusement. Leurs petits habits sont façonnés des plus admirablement et coûtent souvent beaucoup d'argent.

Si nous habillions une poupée comme une petite Française s'habillerait quelquefois de quelle manière l'habillerons-nous ?

D'abord il faut choisir une poupée de cire au teint pâle et cheveux bruns. En France c'est la coutume de permettre aux enfants de veiller tard la nuit ainsi on ne trouve presque jamais d'enfants aux jolies joues roses.

Il faut habiller la poupée française très délicatement faisant usage de soie fine bleu glacé avec une ceinture d'étoffe écossaise en soie pour la robe avec abondance de dentelle sur les vêtements de dessous.

Les enfants Français sont très souvent habillés entièrement en costume écossais et montrent toujours leurs genoux jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient tout à fait grands.

Nous irons vite: notre poupée aura de blanche chaussettes et des brodequins en cuir patent lesquels boutonnent presque au haut des brodequins. Le chapeau est très plein et est façonné de dentelle avec un nœud de ruban bleu pour l'orner.

Elle aura de petites perles autour du cou ou peut-être un fil de petit corail rose pâle. Elle aura un bracelet d'or au bras et un nœud de ruban de soie bleu pâle sur les cheveux.

Maintenant nous avons habillé notre poupée française qui est prête à faire une visite d'après-midi avec sa mère.

Mais comment l'appellerons-nous ? Il faut avoir un nom pour la poupée. Marie est un joli nom, n'est-ce pas ?

M. LONGFELLOW

Par Barbara Eaton, '28

Tout près de Cambridge, une belle maison de bois s'élève au milieu des arbres; elle fut habitée par Washington, qui, au commencement de la guerre y avait établi son quartier général. Elle est doublement historique, car ce fut aussi la demeure d'un poète éminent des Etats-Unis, M. Henry W. Longfellow qui naquit à Portland, Maine. Le poète américain a voyagé dans toute l'Europe, il parlait plusieurs langues. Il a reproduit des poésies de presque tous les pays, des ballades allemandes et des vers de Jasmin. M. Longfellow visita les diverses contrées du vieux monde, et sa muse en a gardé de nombreux souvenirs. Il a écrit un chant de vie, qui exprime avec force le sentiment de l'action, comme il convenait au fils d'une société énergique et travailleuse.

VEINE ADMIRABLE DE NAPOLEON

Par Sylvia McLaughlin, '28

Il est intéressant de savoir l'histoire de bonne fortune de Napoléon, au temps où les Royalistes complotaient contre sa vie. On avait formé le complot de le tuer au moyen d'une machine infernale. Elle se composait d'un canon à poudre et on le mit sur une charrette, à laquelle on le lia fortement par des cordes avec de la mitraille accumulée autour de cela, et ayant une mèche lente attachée à la poudre. Les conspirateurs étaient des Bourbons qui désiraient faire assassiner Napoléon, de sorte qu'on pût rétablir la monarchie. Cette nuit de violence fut le vingt-quatre décembre, 1800.

Ce soir-là Napoléon devait aller à l'opéra. Les conspirateurs placèrent la charrette, qu'un paysan nommé Georges Cadoual avait préparée, dans la rue Saint Nicaise et ils attendirent que la procession vint à passer. Au moment exact on alluma la mèche, et quelques conspirateurs attendirent actuellement pour observer le dégât de l'explosion. La mèche brûla un peu plus lentement que ces monstres ne s'étaient imaginé. La voiture dans laquelle se trouvait Napoléon passa à côté de la charrette chargée. Mais on avait à peine passé quand eut lieu une explosion terrible. La rue fut immédiatement plongée dans l'obscurité. Le fracas de verre cassé en morceaux et la pierre volant de tous côtés se mêla aux cris d'agonie et de terreur. Vingt personnes tombèrent. Cinquante trois, y compris les conspirateurs qui avaient allumé la mèche, furent horriblement blessés. Tout le voisinage fut jeté dans une panique de terreur des plus effroyables.

Au dehors la nuit tranquille au milieu de Paris et loin des scènes de guerre et de mort, cette chose terrible de carnage et de destruction avait sauté tout à coup, semant l'agonie et la mort parmi les femmes innocentes et les petits enfants, et remplirent les esprits d'une fureur terrifiée. C'est la raison pourquoi les Français donnèrent à cette méchante invention le nom de la « machine infernale. »

Napoléon l'échappa bel sans aucun mal; mais il ne fut jamais en plus grand péril.

LE PAYSAN ET LA REINE

Par Jeannette Fowler, '28

Un jour que la reine d'Italie montait au bois royal de Licalo avec les gentilhommes de sa cour on s'égara. Enfin un paysan passa. On lui demanda de leur montrer la route. L'homme ayant vu les richesses de la joyeuse compagnie, pensa qu'on prétendait seulement ne rien savoir.

« Comme si vous ne saviez pas, » dit-il.

La reine sourit et l'assura qu'on était égaré. Puis il leur montra le chemin. Elle donna à un des gentilhommes vingt francs pour le paysan.

Quand le gentilhomme le lui donna il dit, « Mon homme, voici un petit cadeau de la reine d'Italie. »

« La reine, » s'écria le paysan, et allant à la reine lui dit, « Pardonnez-moi de ne pas vous avoir reconnue. » La voiture s'en alla.

Le lendemain, le paysan alla revoir la reine. L'huissier le fit prisonnier quand l'homme qui lui avait donné la veille les vingt francs, le reconnaissant prévint la reine de sa présence.

La reine le fit venir. Il vint la voir souvent et peu de temps après il entra dans son armée. La reine l'aimait beaucoup tout le temps qu'il fut dans l'armée.

DINTY, NOTRE CHAT, JOUE AUX MARBRES

Par Dorothy Dorr, '28

Toute les fois que Charles et Donald, mes petits frères, se préparent à jouer aux marbres, Dinty, notre chat, est prêt à jouer avec eux.

Aussitôt qu'il entend le bruit des marbres dans le sac frappant ensemble il attend pour prendre le premier marbre qui roule sur le plancher. Puis commence le jeu.

Donald met le glacé en place et Charles roule un marbre. Le chat semble savoir qu'il ne doit pas toucher au glacé mais il arrête le marbre après qu'il a passé le glacé.

Maintenant les garçons varient le jeu un peu en prenant une boîte ronde d'environ un pied de haut ouverte à un bout et avec un petit trou à l'autre bout par où ils jettent les marbres dans la boîte.

Pendant que Dinty essaye de regarder par le trou au haut de la boîte pour voir où les marbres ont disparu il tourne la boîte. Puis il rampe dans la boîte à l'autre bout et s'y applique le nez à travers la petite ouverture.

Ensuite Donald jette des marbres dans la boîte et Dinty joue avec eux. Bientôt l'attention de Dinty est attiré au doigt de Charles qui frappe le côté et le chat met la patte au travers du trou.

Ma mère leur dit maintenant, « Mes enfants, il est temps de se coucher. »

**THE
JUNIOR
EXHIBITION**

CLASS OF 1929

March 30, 1928

Program

March—Carillon.....*Laurendeau*
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Fiddle Told.....*Franklin*
CLIFFORD B. SMITH

A Cutting from "Lovey-Mary".....*Rice*
LUELLA A. HART

The Mount of Laws.....*Caine*
EMMONS E. KINGSBURY

Stanzas from "The Nativity".....*Words by John Milton*
Music by David Stanley Smith
JUNIOR CHORUS

Yellow Butterflies.....*Andrews*
MARCIA A. ADELMAN

The Chariot Race from "Ben-Hur".....*Wallace*
FRANK R. BLAISDELL

Air Louis VIII.....*Ghys*
ORCHESTRA

A Cutting from "Monsieur Beaucaire".....*Tarkington*
E. JANET YOUNG

The Prisoner's Plea.....*Anon*
ROBERT C. RUSS

The Matinée.....*Booke*
ALICE M. WHALEN

The New "Hail Columbia".....*Words by W. Murdoch Lind*
Music by George W. Chadwick
CHORUS

I Am Innocent of This Blood.....*Riemann*
WALTER E. LUDDEN

The Littlest Rebel.....*Peple*
CLARICE Y. PENNEY

Excerpts from the Suite, "Love Scenes".....*Charles Bendix*

The Meeting at the Ball(Waltz)

Wedding Bells (March)

Decision of Judges

**LUELLA A. HART**

Luella is versatile—and charming too! We know she will captivate the hearts of her audience, for she has never failed to capture the hearts of any audience.

CLIFFORD B. SMITH

Although few of us knew that "Clif" was a speaker, he showed us all a new side to his versatility. He is one of that kind of fellows who are always doing something worth while.

**EMMONS E. KINGSBURY**

Emmons' stick-to-it-iveness leaves no doubt in anyone's mind that he will be a successful public speaker. Time will tell—but we know that he will leave no stone unturned to acquire victory.



**FRANK R. BLAISDELL**

Frank, one of the quiet type, does his best in everything and usually accomplishes what he sets out for. His pleasing personality has won him many friends.

**E. JANET YOUNG**

Janet's ranks proclaim her as one of our brightest pupils. Every day we realize more and more that the Class of 1929 is most fortunate in claiming her a member.

**ALICE M. WHALEN**

Alice's name certainly begins with the right letter, for Alice is A in Ability and A in every way; and she well deserves all the honors that come to her.



WALTER E. LUDDEN

Walter is our star sharpshooter and captain of the rifle team. If he hits the target as accurately in public speaking as he does in rifle practice, he will carry off highest honors.



CLARICE Y. PENNEY

Clarice is clever, captivating and capricious. With her talents galore and her countless friends, all may envy her. Who knows Clarice that does not admire her?



MISS DORIS M. PLAISTED

OUR own teacher of expression, Miss Doris M. Plaisted, is a graduate of Bangor High School and of Emerson School of Oratory. Every student in High School believes that in personality, power to teach, and general effectiveness and charm, she beats the world.

"The Junior Exhibition, which has been held annually in this High School for many years, is a worthwhile phase of the school program," she writes. "Here the student's voice is trained to enable him to meet an audience, and his poise and self-confidence are tested to the utmost."



LOCALS

POK 14



While there is Life, there is Hope.

READING TIME: 8 min., 5 1-5 sec.

Notice the nice new caption, Pretty hot? Yes, it's pretty snappy. Convenient too. If you have just 8 min., 5 1-5 sec., between classes, you can read the locals. *Liberty* uses this same idea, and as we fear that that magazine will soon be big enough to compete with the "Oracle" for literary supremacy, we must watch the small points.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Editorial Department has published a detailed editorial concerning the Oratorical Contest. The First Selection took Place Wednesday, March 14. Stewart Mead was the winner.



C. STEWART MEAD

The following spoke Wednesday:

1st Speaker: Stewart Mead.

Subject: The Development of the Constitution as an Antidote to the Chaos Under the Articles of Confederation.

2nd Speaker: John Bell.

Subject: The Advantages of the Existing Relations Between the States and Federal Government under the Constitution.

3rd Speaker: Robert Goldberg.

Subject: The Development of the Constitution.

The District Finals will take place at Newport; on March 30, there will be seven contestants, and the winner will receive \$50. Good luck, Stewart.

ASSEMBLY

Wednesday, Feb. 8—John Clair Minot spoke to us on "Books." Altho this great editor spoke for only ten minutes, he made them very profitable ones.

At the same Assembly, Carl Larsen, '25, accompanied by our own band, of which he was student leader in his Senior year, rendered a baritone solo, "Heart and Hand Polka," by H. T. Rollinson. Carl and his baritone are fast becoming famous, and we are certainly glad to hear from him.

Friday, March 9—The girls' basketball team (a motley crew) sat on the front of the stage. (Chairs were provided.) "Don" Moore—the only boy there with those eleven beautiful young ladies—held down one end of the stage. The girls were given five minutes of the Assembly exercises. Manager White mentioned the

unusual record of the Girls' Basketball Team. "Don" Moore led in some snappy cheers for the girls.

The beautiful damsels on the squad are:

Manager Merna White, Captain "Mike" Morrill, Eulalie Collins, Evelyn Haney, "Gus" Martin, Pauline McCready, Marjorie Craig, Pauline Brown, Rachel Gilbert, Arvella McIntyre, and "Mid" Rose.

Monday, March 12—John Barry returns—First time for 912 hours.

The integral, atmospheric circumstances deviated, ascribable to transverse assemblage of vibrating molecules or vacillations of concernment radiated thru the invisible, inodorous, inspired, transparent, compressible, elastic, and ponderable ethereal medium, confined through the means of these upright inclosing sections resultant of a space appropriated for occupancy.

John spake. He spake five minutes; accordingly, he received a good hand. He spake about the Bowdoin Musical Club Concert on Friday, March 16.

Next, Mr. Bryant spake. He spake on the same subject. He went more into detail. Quoth he: "Forty men will participate in the performance." Quoth he: "Tom Kane's orchestra will play." He received a good hand both before and after his speech.

Wednesday, March 14—To the Music of the Band's weird chords and dischords, the upper classes marched to the Assembly Hall at 12 o'clock. The Freshmen were already assembled there. Bowen waved the baton, and with a last vigorous crash dischord, the band completed its first selection.

John Barry led in some extemporaneous cheers (and How)! Manuel Epstein, '25, our once famous orator, gave a call for co-operation at the game to come in the afternoon.

Proving the adage, "It never rains but it pours," Mr. Barry,—ahem—in a short, rousing, skilled oration, called for support.

COMMENT

Junior Rings—The Junior Rings certainly do catch the eye, and they seem to please

the Juniors. One girl likes them so well that she bought two—at least she wears two. It seems the Seniors like them pretty well, for some Seniors wear them, too.

Senior Pictures—The Senior Pictures seem to be making quite a stir one way or another. Remember, Seniors, your pictures, your activities reports, your friends' write-ups, and last but not least, the old two dollar bill, must be in by April 1. *No photographer will give you sittings after that date.*

DEBATING

The Interclass Debates held on March 8, were won in each case by Negative teams. The Sophomores and Juniors, by winning these debates, place in the finals. The Juniors will have the affirmative in the finals. In the Junior-Senior debate, the best individual speaker was Richard Buckley; in the Sophomore-Freshman debate, the choice of best individual speaker was a tie between Norman Cahners, Ruth Blanning, and Carol Blanning. The finals will be delivered before the Teachers' Club on April 10. The proposition in all these debates is "Resolved: That there should be a Federal Department of Education with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet."

DRAMATICS

Thursday, March 15, "The Trysting Place," a one act farce by Booth Tarkington, was presented by members of the Dramatic Club.

Mr. Tarkington makes adroit use of the entertaining possibilities of a high-class summer hotel, and he also gets the most out of his characters: a boy of sixteen, his mother and sister, and the charming young widow of twenty-five, all of whom have their particular private, and ludicrously conflicting reasons for using the "Trysting Place."

The cast:

Mrs. Curtis, the young widow. Priscilla Bell
Lancelot Briggs (not Carl), the boy.
..... Donald Moore

(Continued on Page 38)



"I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-men than I would have heaps of fine gold."—Charles Dickens.

Henry Samway, '27, who is at Kent's Hill, is the third highest scorer in basketball in the State. His score so far is one hundred forty-five points. Henry was captain of the B. H. S. basketball team last year, and we all know how he made our opponents step! He also won his gold football for playing on the team last fall.

Charlotte Drummond, '24, was on the Smith College Debating team which recently won from Columbia University. The question was "Resolved: That a four-year College course does not fit a person for future life." Smith had the Affirmative.

Helen M. Carson, '26, who is attending Farmington Normal School, was one of the six girls chosen to represent that school at the New England Conference at Poland Springs, Maine.

Marion Blaisdell, '25, graduated from Farmington Normal School last year, and is now teaching at East Corinth Academy.

Charlotte Hubbard, '26, is at Radcliffe College. She is doing B. H. S. justice by keeping up her good ranks that she used to get when she was here.

Donald Huot, '24, recently made the Tau Beta Pi fraternity at Maine. This is the honorary engineering fraternity.

Jean Blaisdell, '27, entered Farmington Normal School last fall. If we don't miss our guess, she'll be a great teacher.

Sarah Blaisdell, '25, is a Junior at Farmington Normal School, where she is taking a Home Economics course.

Harriett Flagg, ex-'28, is at Miss Baldwin's school in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She is preparing to go to Bryn Mawr College.

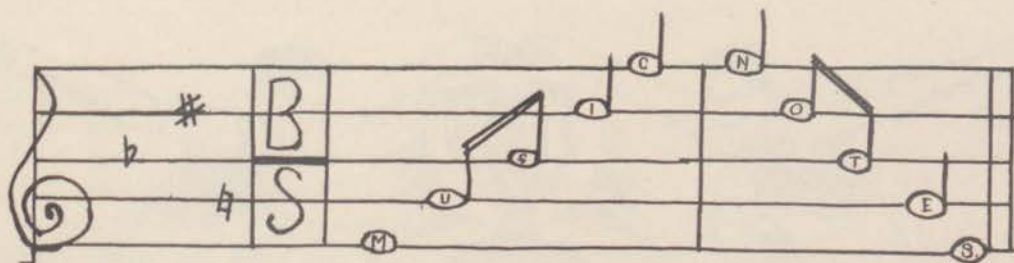
Billy Atwood, '27, who is at Exeter Academy, has just recovered from pneumonia and is at home for a short time.

Maurice Dennison, '27, one of our famous skaters, is at Hebron this year.

Charles Bragg, ex-'27, recently fell on the ice and fractured his skull. Nevertheless, he has now recovered and seems to be none the worse for having "cracked his bean."

Edward Stern, '26, and Charles O'Connor, are both on the Maine Varsity Debating team, which is going to Massachusetts to meet several good teams there. The question is "Resolved: That the United States should cease to protect by armed force, capital invested in foreign lands, except after a formal declaration of war." Both these boys were star debaters in High School and seem to be carrying on the good work.

In Memoriam
VAUGHN COFFIN, '26



L.J. '30

"Let music swell the breeze."

THE VALUES OF MUSIC

THE values of music are well estimated in looking back over the years and centuries, for even from the beginning of things there has been some form of music.

One of the most important of these values of music is the ethical value. The American Indians recognized the power of music, for at all ceremonies the chief factor was music. The Indians also believed that music cured sickness, brought back sanity to the demented, and cured naughty children. We have been told that it has been found as effective today in the conduct of children in both the home and school. Music has also been found to benefit the soldiers who were shell-shocked during the world war, thus bearing out still more fully the theory of the Indian.

Closely following the ethical value of music is the cultural value. Music is linked with literature, for all poetry has rhythm, and to feel this rhythm is a sense of music. Music is more essential than literature, for it is capable of releasing emotions in people's minds and ennobling their thoughts. Music is also the best means by which one can attempt to raise living to a higher plane.

Geography is learned through music by the folk songs of the different countries and through these songs the various types of people belonging to the different countries are portrayed.

Somewhat connected with the geographical value, is the historical value of music. In order to understand a masterpiece, one must know the composer and the circumstances concerning the composing of the piece. An illustration of this is the Marseillaise, the French national song, which was written by

Rouget de Lisle during the great French Revolution.

One of the greatest values of music is in religion. There is some form of music in almost every church, and in some churches the religious services consist chiefly of music.

The social value of music is indisputable. There is no social function that is a complete success without music. In the homes where there is music there is more harmony and love among the family. In communities where there is music there is a closer bond of friendship, feeling, and sympathy among the people. So, when the people of the nation realize the value of music, it will be fostered everywhere, and happier homes and communities will be the result.

We live, move, enjoy our everyday life, though the harmony of music. It soothes us in our weary hours and gladdens us in our happy moments. Music also brings us to a true realization of the wonderful harmony that exists throughout all nature.

Many are the emotions caused by music. The stirring notes of the bugle cause the soldier to charge against almost insurmountable objects and win his fight. The slow mournful sound of a dirge casts down peoples' hearts, while beautiful harmonies transport one with joy.

Who but the great Divine could create such a wonderful art as music? This has been well illustrated by the poet who states that

"God is the author, and not man, he laid
The key-note of all harmonies, he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and under-
stand."



"Play up, play up, and play the game."

INELIGIBLE FOR MAINE TOURNAMENT

Good Bye! Farewell! We hope to do better next season! Our final chance to make a showing in basketball failed in our attempt to win a play-off for the Maine Tournament against Old Town High at our City Hall. This is the first time in the history of the Maine Basketball Tournament that Bangor has not been represented. The game was nip and tuck the first period with both teams playing on a par. In the last three periods of the game Old Town had the lead. A big loss to Bangor was McDonnell, who was not able to play on account of injuring his foot in practice. His place, nevertheless, was ably taken by Ralph Brown.

Bill Welch was the shining light for the Crimson. Now comes the most disappointing part of the write-up; the score was 27-18.

BANGOR LOSES FAST GAME TO AUDIENCE

One of the most thrilling games witnessed by local basketball fans this season was the BANGOR-SOUTH PORTLAND GAME. Bangor had the lead throughout the whole game until the last quarter. In this quarter, the South Portland men were given some foul shots. The audience was so over enthusiastic that they jeered when Mal Rice was shooting. The referee gave him an extra shot, which tied the score with Bangor. This same occur-

rence happened again, giving South Portland the game.

The stars of the game were therefore the audience, and Mal Rice of South Portland. The score was 17-14, in favor of the Capers.

BITTER DEFEAT IN LEWISTON GAME

The crimson quintet was given one of the worst defeats ever suffered in the City Hall. Lewiston had the upper hand all the way through the contest. The home team seemed to lack the fight which it possessed in its other games. The summary is as follows:

LEWISTON, 24	BANGOR, 9
Parker, r f 2.....	l b McDonnell
Hurley, r f	
Bowker, l f 4 (2).....	r b Gillen I
Winn, l f	
Bickford, c I (2).....	c Callinan I
Durgin, c	
Mandelstan, r b 2 (2).....	l f Tapley
	l f Heath, (I)
Veilleux, l b.....	r f Welch, 2
Keenan, l b.....	r f Murray

BANGOR DEFEATS WATERVILLE

Bill Welch and Hoot Tapley Star

This was Bangor's first victory of the last five games which they played. Coming from behind at the end of the half, the Crimson won the game. The game was a fight all the way through and was one of the cleanest games seen fought this year.

Waterville opened the scoring, getting two

baskets before Bangor got any. Then Hoot Tapley piled up two points by fouls. Waterville dropped another basket and the period ended with Waterville ahead 7-2.

At the beginning of the second half, the Bangor offense got going and tied the score before a few moments. Tapley picked up another point and Welch dropped a goal from under the basket. Then Waterville got some baskets to tie the score. Before the quarter was ended, Tapley shot a basket which made the score 16-15, Bangor.

The last period was a struggle worth watching. Both teams fought valiantly for the game. The game ended with a score of 22-17, in favor of the Crimson.

The shining lights of the game for Bangor were Hoot Tapley and Bill Welch, who both played an exceptionally good game.

The summary:

BANGOR HIGH (22); WATERVILLE HIGH (17)

Welch r f 5.....l b Johnson
Tapley, l f 2 (3).....r b Hersey, 2
Mason
Callinan, c 1.....c Hurd, 2 (1)
McDonnell, r b 1.....l f Larry, 1
Gillen, l b (1).....f Campbell, 2 (2)

Referee, Wallace, of U. of M.

OLD TOWN WINS CLOSE CONTEST— GILLEN STARS

This was the first basketball game that Old Town has ever won in our City Hall. Sleeper, tall center, was the bright spot for Old Town. He was all over the floor and played a fine defensive game, to say nothing for his shooting.

Everything seemed to be going wrong for the Trowell men. The boys had hard work getting started, for the first period closed 5-0, with Old Town leading.

Mason substituted for Heath at the beginning of the second period. Welch sent the fans cheering by dropping in a pretty foul. Gillen made one of the prettiest shots of the contest, shooting one in from the center of the floor. But Old Town was leading 9-5 at the end of the half.

Old Town stopped the Crimson's offense again and again with their fine defensive playing. In this quarter, Freddie Gillen injured his ankle, but continued to play. The period ended 11-9 for Old Town.

Much cheering encouraged the men at the beginning of the last quarter. The play started off fast and furiously, and neither side could score. Callinan put up a fine exhibition of basketball, which nearly won the game for Bangor. He started the scoring by shooting a foul. After this, the game became a trifle rough, and both teams fought furiously for honors.

The game ended 14-12, with Old Town the winner.

Summary of the Season of 1928—Basketball Results:

School	Place	Bangor	Opponent
Millinocket at Bangor.....		17	13.
Brewer at Bangor.....		18	9
Portland at Bangor.....		17	14
Old Town at Old Town.....		16	15.
Millinocket at Millinocket.....		21	22.
So. Portland at So. Portland.....		3	30.
Portland at Portland.....		9	32.
So. Portland at Bangor.....		17	14
Waterville at Bangor.....		22	17.
Lewiston at Lewiston.....		18	27.
Deering at Deering.....		12	34.
Lewiston at Bangor.....		9	24.
Old Town at Bangor.....		12	14.
Old Town at Bangor.....		18	27.
Total.....		209	292

MCDONNELL ELECTED CAPTAIN GOOD MATERIAL

At a special meeting of this year's basketball team, six letter-men elected John McDonnell to lead the next year's quintet. The six lettermen voting were Captain Fred Gillen, Edward Callinan, John McDonnell, Arthur Tapley, Kenneth Mason, and William Welch.

The election was met with much enthusiasm and favorable comment, as "Mac" McDon-

nell is, without doubt, one of the most popular athletes of the Junior Class. He was one of the football stars this past season, when he played regular half-back on the school team.

This winter he has still retained his name as a star in basketball. At every game, "Mac's" name was heard cheered out by the fans when he made a pretty shot. He has played his position as well as any student player in the State.

Bangor High School should have a successful team the coming year. Coach "Eddie" Trowell has had some lower classmen on the squad this season in order to get experience for them to steer the boat themselves.

Besides Captain-elect McDonnell, there is Ralph Brown, who followed the team all season and played center in quite a few periods. "Brownie" is tall and rangy—a great asset for a basketball center. "Moulder" Murray, better known as star fullback and Captain-elect of Bangor's football team, has some real talent as a basketball player. Then there is "Ossie" Heath, who has done some clever playing and excellent shooting. Another one we have in the Junior Class is "Bob" Russ, President of the Class. We expect some fine playing from "Bob" on next year's team. Henry Gulnac is the only member of the Sophomore Class who has had the honor of being on the squad the whole season. Besides all this excellent material, there are always a few unknown who apply for positions and make names for themselves.

NEW BASEBALL PLAN

Plans are already made for the schools in Penobscot County to have a Baseball League

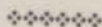
among themselves. This idea is a novel plan which should work out more advantageous than past baseball schedules have been. Bangor and the other towns in this county have always had snappy ball teams, so there will be plenty of competition. The teams to participate in this new league are Bangor High School, Brewer High School, N. H. Fay High of Dexter, Higgins Classical Institute, Stearns High of Millinocket, and Shencks Junior High of East Millinocket.

All of these schools are very much enthused over this new plan, and it should increase the gate receipts which have been so low in the past. Bangor has always had a large number of baseball fans, but they have not seemed to have any interest during the past season. The league will be modeled along the lines of the league in operation in the Western part of the State, which is sponsored by the Portland Telegram.

As a trophy for the winners of the league, and to increase the interest, the Dakins Sporting Goods Co. has offered a large silver loving cup for the victors.

Bangor seems to have some experienced men left from last year to help her win the league. There are five lettermen, who are all good players, just waiting for the first practice call.

Baseball will be coached by Frank McGinley, last season's football mentor. There are three pitchers for him to work with, namely: Captain "Bill" Welch, Dearborn Shaw, and "Art" Tapley. "Art" Tapley will also be ready to do the catching, and with "Moulder" Murray, leading batter on last year's team, there should be a real good team.



Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team of B. H. S. has wound up *one* if not *the* most successful season in the history of the school. Out of the eleven games that have been played up to date, only one black mark is against their record. Out

of such a hard schedule, this is little short of remarkable, also, considering that the team was entirely new and green. A total of 360 points has been scored against their opponents 224.

The games this year have included two with each of the following teams: M. C. I., Eastern State Normal School, Brewer High, Bar Harbor High, Maine Freshmen, and Higgins Classical Institute. The game that was lost was with Castine at Castine.

After many long delays, the much talked-of suits arrived, and during the last few games, the girls have presented as snappy an appearance as any team could wish for. The suits are maroon, trimmed with white.

Miss Coady comes in for a great share of her team's success, as it has been due to the efficient manner in which they have been coached that the season has been such a great success. Out of an entirely green squad of girls, she has produced the snappiest and hardest-playing team Bangor has ever seen.

Captain "Mike" Morrill has been very popular among her teammates, and they all rate her the best captain yet. It has been due to the untiring efforts of Merna White, our manager, that such a fine schedule was arranged.

The team next year will sadly miss the fine work of the seniors who will graduate, namely: Captain Morrill, Manager White, "Ray" Gilbert, "Mid" Rose, "Polly" McCreedy, "Ev" Haney, and "Gussie" Martin. However, there will be four veterans—"Mickie" Craig, "Lale" Collins, Arvella McIntyre, and "Polly" Brown—to carry the good work along.

Although the season was not a great success financially, yet the girls have managed to clear expenses. Considering that they have to depend on themselves to carry their season through, this is a great deal better than might be expected.

BANGOR LOSES FIRST GAME TO E. S. N. S.

For the first time this season, the girls' basketball team tasted defeat in the hands of the fast team representing Castine Normal School. Played on a small floor and in two sections, it caused the Bangor Girls some difficulty.

The game from the start was fast and furious, with both teams forcing themselves to

the limit. With twelve girls on such a small floor-space, there were bound to be some mix-ups. Bangor was ahead the first quarter, but at the half Castine was leading by a small margin.

Castine forged way ahead in the third quarter, but at the very beginning of the fourth, Bangor began to play desperately. Basket by basket, the Crimson lassies brought the score up to a tie—27-27. This spurt tired the girls so much that they were unable in the last minute of play to keep Castine from shooting three baskets in quick succession. The final score was 34-27.

Miss Coady kept in the entire first team of Captain Morrill, "Ray" Gilbert, "Mid" Rose, "Mac" McIntyre, "Mickie" Craig, and Polly Brown, thruout the game, and, led by the inspiring work of Captain Morrill, the girls put up the fight of their lives, but to no avail.

BANGOR 43; U. of M. FRESHMEN 11

This game, played on the Freshmen's floor, was too one-sided to be interesting. Bangor kept scoring steadily, and the Frosh found the Crimson guards a stone wall. As usual, Roscoe Cuozzo was there helping with the cheering.

The next game was

BANGOR 39; BREWER 19

When you are told that the first half of this game ended 17-12 in favor of Brewer, you will understand what a brilliant come-back our girls made in the last half. The first half looked evenly fought from the side-lines. The only trouble was that Brewer got more baskets than Bangor. But the last half—! What a half that was! It was Bangor the long way from beginning to end. Brewer hardly even saw the ball. When the Orange and Black forwards did see it—they only saw our guards pick it out of the air and send it back to the forwards. The only basket Brewer made in the last half was in the last minutes of play.

Our valiant captain, "Mike" Morrill, shot so many baskets that it became a habit, and her side-kick, "Polly" Brown, wasn't far behind. "Ev" Haney and "Gus" Martin cer-

tainly made the Brewer guards look sick! And centers! Bangor's jump center, "Mac" McIntyre seemed to float around. That ball just can't get out of her reach, no matter how far up it goes. And we have so many good side centers that Miss Coady had to play them all. They are Manager "Gentle" White, "Micky" Craig, and "Lale" Collins. The Crimson-clad guards make almost all the forwards appear "not there." They are "Rae" Gilbert, "Polly" McCready, and "Mid" Rose.

BANGOR DEFEATS H. C. I. IN A GOOD GAME.

The next game, the girls journeyed on the electrics up to Higgins, where they met the H. C. I. sextet in an old church modeled into a basket ball court. The baskets were in the corners, and it was hard for the Bangor girls to get the knack of shooting.

The game was easily Bangor's from the very first quarter, but nevertheless, it was a good fast game. The whole first team started the fray, but throughout the game, Coach Coady substituted.

At the half, Bangor was leading by a safe margin, and when the final whistle blew, the score was 28-17, favor of Bangor.

BANGOR 24; U. OF M. FRESHMEN 22

This game was one of the hair-raising, nerve-racking kind—that is, it was for the Bangor rooters (what there were of them). The first quarter was very slow and ended 6-3, Bangor. The second quarter was faster, and at the end, the Frosh were leading 12-10.

The last half was very fast. The third quarter ended with the Freshmen leading, 20-16. The last quarter, Bangor decided that they would keep their record clear in spite of the Freshmen—and they did by one basket.

The Crimsonites were not up to their usual form, having had no practice for almost two weeks.

BANGOR BEATS M. C. I.

Bangor won its last game when the Crimson lassies met the sextet from M. C. I., on the local gymnasium floor. The game, although exciting in spots, was generally one

of the slowest played this year. Bangor held a safe margin throughout the game, and at no time did M. C. I. really threaten. This was the eleventh game that the lassies have won this year out of twelve played. This is the best record that a girls' basketball team has hung up since the sport was started five years ago.

In the M. C. I. game, Bangor's superior passing and shooting held them in good stead throughout. The score at the end of the game was Bangor, 27; M. C. I., 19.

The girls want to thank Mr. Cuzzo and everybody else who have attended the games, for their support. They certainly appreciate it.

CANNOT ADVANCE CLAIMS FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

After hanging up such a splendid record this season, the members of the girls' basketball team have had their hopes of advancing claims for the State Championship sadly dashed. The Crimson lassies have been confident all season that if they continued their winning streak, they would certainly have a chance to challenge some fast Western team for supremacy.

The girls have run their season without any help, and when final expenses were paid, they even had a few dollars left, but certainly not enough to send a team away. So they learned that the only way they could go would be for each girl to pay her own expenses. It would probably cost between fifteen and twenty dollars for each girl who made the trip; therefore, this was out of the question.

We sincerely wish for better luck next year.

Bewhiskered Bovines.—Insurance Agent: "Madam, is your husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes, he is in the barn with the cattle."

Insurance Agent: "Shall I have any trouble finding him?"

Lady: "No, he's the only one with whiskers."—*The Mill.*

PERSONALS



"He who laughs last, laughs best."

LONELY HEARTS COLUMN

Edited by the Kenney Sisters

ELDERLY MAN, very feeble, has bank account and personal property, and no one to leave it to. Wants healthy girl or woman for wife. Address William Welch, 1001 Ocean Avenue, East Veazie, Me.

LONELY LITTLE WIDOW, worth \$3.07½, wants soul-mate. I dare you write! Address Agnes Karnes, City Dump, North Burlap, Me.

TRUE-BLUE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY—guarantees satisfaction or money back. 10 days free trial. Photographs, family history, and patented Never-Rite fountain pen on receipt of \$15.00 to cover postage. Address Marjorie Stevens, care American Consul, Betchatwobits, West Africa.

REFINED AND CULTURED GENTLEMAN, well advanced in years, wants wholesome home-girl for wife. Must be good cook. For further particulars, address Robert "Nit-Wit" Gallagher, Box .01, East Over-shoe, Me.

ARE YOU LONELY AND BLUE? Then write "Betty" Gillespie, Box ¾, Never-gyp, Kansas. She will secure another lonely heart to correspond with yours. Inclose \$.0000 postage.

WIDOW WITH TWELVE CHILDREN wishes to marry, as it is considered unlucky to have thirteen around the table. Write Leone Lobley, Hoodoo, Nebraska.

WANTED: WOMAN UNENCUMBERED with high school education. Write I. M. Dumb, care Lonely Hearts Column.

WOMAN WITH PET POODLE, Confined to bed with attacks of galloping consumption, desires willing husband to walk little Fido. Write Helen McGrath, care Detention Room.

NOTE: Address all communicatoins to the Lonely Hearts Column, State's Prison. The editors, Elsie and Pauline, point with pride to the marvelous record of human hitches and slip-(k)nots they have brot about. Among their grateful patrons, they include "Shanker" Murray, internationally notorious chewing-gum thief, "Pat" Byrnes, thrice selected as the pick of the Carmel Zoo, "Peg" Rowe, holder of the ice-cream-drinking championship, and "Shrimp" Murray, tonsilleectomy expert.

DIZZY LORIMER'S JOKES AFTER CENSORSHIP

The and when he
but besides
..... said if
so and
and the after
..... he was
.....

Teacher—Why don't you answer me?

Bright pupil—I did shake my head.

Teacher—Well, you don't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here, do you?—*Ex.*

A Suggested Intelligence Test

Questions

1. What was the President's name twenty years ago?
2. What made the fly fly?
3. Why is your nose in the center of your face?
4. What is the difference between snow and Sunday?
5. Why is an empty purse always the same?
6. What does curiosity often lead to?
7. How can you keep a dog from going mad in August?
8. Why does an Indian wear feathers in his hair?
9. When was quarter of the world murdered?
10. Why is a hen immortal?
11. Why is a pretty girl like a hinge?
12. What is the quickest way to get fat?
13. When you stand up, what do you lose?
14. What is the best paper to make kites of?
15. What has four eyes and cannot see?
16. What is the scarcest thing in a subway?
17. What did the cat get when it crossed the desert?
18. Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?
19. What has four wheels and flies?
20. What animal keeps the best time?
21. What is the greatest feat of strength ever performed?
22. What is more wonderful than a horse that can count?
23. Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?
24. Why do hens always lay in the day-time?
25. How would you get down off an elephant?

Answers

1. Calvin Coolidge; it has always been his name.
2. The spider spider (spied her).
3. Because it is the scenter.
4. Sunday falls on the first day of the week—snow can fall on any day.
5. Because you cannot see any change in it.
6. See page 53.
7. Shoot him in July.
8. To keep his wigwam.
9. When Cain killed Abel.
10. Because her son (sun) never sets.
11. She is something to a door (adore).
12. Buy it at the butcher's.
13. Your lap.
14. Fly paper.
15. Mississippi.
16. Horses.
17. Sandy claws (Santy Claus).
18. It would be nothing without its tail.
19. A garbage wagon.
20. A watch dog.
21. Wheeling, West Virginia.
22. A spelling bee.
23. Because there are more of them.
24. Because they are roosters at night.
25. You can't get down off an elephant—it grows on birds.

THE JOKER

THE HOARDING INSTINCT
SOME STUDENTS COLLECT



SOME BANK NOTES
OTHERS



COME BACK NOTES

VIRGIL

WHY
I
WOULD
LIKE
TO
MEET
VIRGIL

WHAT
WOULD
BE
LEFT
AFTER
I
MET
VIRGIL

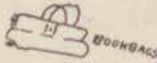
WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME



AT 7:45 A.M.

AT 7:45 P.M.

ARTICLES
FAVORED BY
FRESHMEN



BOOKBAGS

AND



BOOKBAGS

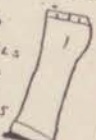
ARTICLE
FAVORED BY
SOBBERERS



HIGH
HEELS

AND

LONG
PANTS



ARTICLES
FAVORED BY
JUNIORS



SHAVING
MIRRORS

AND



RAZORS

ARTICLES
FAVORED BY
SENIORS



PICTURES

AND



PICTURES

REDMAN: "SAY FAT, YOU HAD OUGHT TO
BUY THE NON-BREAKABLE FOUNTAIN PEN.
A STEAM ROLLER CAN'T BUST IT."
FAT: "HEE! LET ME STEAL ONE OF 'EM."
REDMAN: "NOT SO RATHER TRY
THE STEAM ROLLER."



"THE DARK HORSE"

EXTRA!

"Chet" Welch Finds "Dope" Marques

In the February issue of the **ORACLE**, our Missing Persons Editor related the terrible tale of "Dope" Marques of Southwest Adenoids, on a visit to the Big City (East Inkwell). As all our readers know, "Dope" is a patient at the Home for Incompetents in the latter city. "Chet" Welch, sleuth supreme, was set on "Dope's" trail by anxious relatives. "Chet," as yet, is unaware of the place where "Dope" is "residing," and when last seen was browsing around the Besse-System, looking for a second-hand Sherlock Holmes spy-glass in the fire-and-water sale.

Finally, he procured an expensive nickel-inlaid periscope with a slightly-damaged glass for 37 6-7 cents and 2 cancelled postage stamps. Thus equipped, "Chet" began to follow the trail of the missing hero with 11 baying yellow hounds who, after leading him about for seven hours, ended up in a butcher shop. The sleuth then decided to try his hand alone, without the use of any Algerian cheese-hounds, and, tilting his black and white checked detectives cap on the back of his head, he proceeded to thoroughly examine every square inch of the two main (and only) streets of East Inkwell. Altho pestered by countless questions from both the suspicious inhabitants, he finally managed to find "Dope's" trail, for on the very spot where the latter had been seized by the police to be taken to the Home, "Chet" found three torn-off ears and a broken funny-bone, showing that "Dope" must have put up a terrific fight, but the pool of 18c. gasoline and warm blood leading to the Hospital grounds proved that the burly officers had been too much for our poor, oppressed hero.

Once inside the grounds, "Chet's" task was far from easy, for he, himself, ran the terrible risk of being taken for a "nut" and placed inside one of the cells for violent inmates. Unfortunately, this is just what happened. "Chet" was recognized by the other "nuts" as one of their own, and the Hospital guards placed him in a solitary confinement cell. In

the very next cell he heard a wild yelling and singing, and he recognized the voice of the long lost "Hopeless Bob" Marques. He learned from one of the guards that "Bob," or "Dope," as he is familiarly and lovingly called, had become a dangerous case, having killed three guards and broken a whole tooth-pick in two with his unaided bare fists. "Chet" quickly decided that it would be for the greatest good of the world in general and the students and fellow-sufferers of Southwest Adenoids High School in particular if "Dope" remained behind the bars of the State Home for Incompetents, surrounded by 7 heavily-armed guards.

But now an even greater problem faced our daring sleuth. How was he to free himself from his padded cell?

(See next chapter)

SENIOR WRITE-UPS

Why not be witty about your JUNE "*Oracle*" write-up? We suggest this to Roger Allen, "The Half-Lit Half-Wit:"

"If Roger's brains were as big as his feet,
The missing link would be complete."

And this to Eddie Lowell:

"Here's to Eddie, our shiek so lavish,
Who feeds the frails on hot air and horse-radish."

And this to Henry Colburn:

"Long live Henry, the high school blade.
He took a girl to the Big Parade.

(P. S.—The R. O. T. C. on Memorial Day.)"

And this to Eleanor "Shrimp" Kelliher (if she ever graduates):

"Success to 'Shrimp,' the high school vamp.
Who slipped in a puddle and found it damp."

To a Spangler

Hail to thee, bright scholar!

Dumb thou never wert;

In Latin, though, we fear it,

Showest, for thy part,

Translation, when an unpremeditated art.

HEE! HAW!! HAW!!!

Heard Round About The Place

"Junior" McI.—Would you like to go to the dance tonight?

The fair one—Why, yes.

"Junior"—Won't you buy your ticket from me, then?

W. S-a-t, '30—(in the big city)—Can I get a room?

Hotel Clerk—Have you a reservation?

W. S-a-t, '30—(indignantly)—Do I look like an Indian?

"Red" C-l-n-n, '28—What's good to clean Ivory with?

"Brick" M-l-s-c, '29—Try a shampoo.

"Joe" C-s-n—Has anyone seen Pete?

"Mal" C-rk—Pete who?

"Joe"—Petroleum.

"Mal"—Kero-sene him yesterday, but he hasn't ben-zine since.

C-l B-gs—I've taken three lessons in French from a correspondence school.

El-y Th-s-n, '29—So? Could you carry on a conversation with a Frenchman?

B-gs—Oh, no, but I could talk to anybody else who had three lessons.

Mr. B-y-t—What makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience troubling you?

J. B-l, '28—No, its my winter underwear.

Teacher—Have you ever read "Don Quixote"?

"Mal" Cl-k—No, but I've *seen* "Donkey" Moore.

Mr. P-n-l—Name some liquid that won't freeze.

"Lolly" Huot—Hot water.

"Al" L-n, '29—I say, old dear, what's good for biting fingernails?

P-d-e R-l-n, '29—Sharp teeth.

J. B-r-y, '28—Are you the man who cut my hair the last time?

Barber—I don't think so—I've only been here six months.

CLASSICS IN SLANGUAGE

(With apologies to somebody)

LITTLE RED RIDING PANTS

Once upon a time, there was a big hunka horsefeathers what walked around with the handle of Daniel Golden. He was hooked in by a gazelle-eyed palooka which had not only kept her girlish figure but doubled it, named Mildred Kennedy. Well, it seems there was two micks—. But to hop back to this red hot love stuff: One day, Dan'l was goin' shanks mare thru the woods with a bottle of ginger-ale for his grandpop's second cousin, which had the mumps, when he comes across a little meow with a white stripe on her back. Now Dan'l was one wise sucker, what I mean! He knew his kittens, havin' lugged water to the canaries in the zoo once. So he picks up the pore lil puss what was half-starved from guzzlin' too much hot tamale.

But it wasn't that kind of a kitty!

ALUMNI NOTES IN 1938

H-r-d A-n-s has opened a Beauty Parlor.

G-d-y T-b-l has beaten the world's record—he's only eight feet four.

"Brick" F-n-g-n is a big brunette—living in Iceland.

"Mal" C-a-k is a reporter for the *New York Times*.

"Brick" M-l-s-c is a famous outlaw of Chicago.

Class Pictures

Oh, yes, I've got 'em—but say, they're rotten;

Just look right here and see.

I hate to ask you,—another boob—

But will you exchange with me?

"Bob" R-s—Which is more important—a man's wife or his trousers?

"Jim" M-l-n—Well, there are lots of places a man can go to without his wife.

TRAVELTALKS—NO. I

Roaming The Wilds of North Pruneville
With Rae Gilbert

Early last fall, Rae Gilbert, the dainty equestrienne, took her trusty steed, aptly named "Princess Fat," into the wilds of North Pruneville.

She was a brave girl, and feeling as strong as Daniel in the Liars Den on account of drinking fourteen "cakes" down without coming up for air, she galloped on "Princess Fat" into the very center of the booming metropolis of North Pruneville. Here she saw four, big, brutal men lounging on the steps of the grocery store. They demanded her money or her life. She replied: "Take my money and shoot this old grey head, but leave my 'Fat' alone." They ran towards her and were about to revel in her warm blood, when who should come dashing up on a coal-black white horse but our Prince Charming (Name deleted by Censor). He leaped from the saddle, aimed his trusty B. B. gun directly at the four men, and fired. They dropped in unison, as tho cut down by a scythe. The hero stepped forward, claimed his blushing bride-to-be, and rushed her into the grocery store where they were immediately married by the Justice of the Peace, whom they had interrupted in the middle of his favorite story about the Traveling Salesman. He extended a special cut-rate reduction of 98c to the handsome couple, who, needless to say, lived happily ever after, for three days.

"Ken" M-s-n—Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods.

"Bill" W-ch—What happened?

"Ken"—The tramp escaped.

"Dick" B-k-y—I'm a little stiff from bowling.

"Jack" B-l—Where did you say you were from?

N-l-n O-d-y—Are you a mechanic?

"Jim" M-C-re—No, I'm a McClure.

LOCALS

(Continued from Page 25)

Mrs. Briggs, his mother.....Anna Buck
Jessie, his sister.....Agnes Karnes
Rupert Smith, the young man.....
.....Dearborn Shaw

Mr. Ingolsky.....Wilbur Watson
The mysterious voice....Herbert Anderson

This play was presented before the Dramatic Club in order to make a study of the stage. The play was criticized by the members of the Club along lines of acting, setting, portrayal, etc., for instructive benefits.

This play, as was "The Maker of Dreams," was under the supervision of Miss Plaisted, altho each play is coached by a member of the Club. "The Trysting Place" was under the coaching of Ralph Leonard.

LATIN CLUB

At the meeting of the Latin Club, January 19, the officers for the remainder of the school year were elected.

Here they are:

Consuls:	{ Sylvia McLaughlin.
	{ John Barry.
Practor:	—Patricia Byrnes.
Quaestor:	—Ruth Blanning.
	{ Evelyn Weleh.
Aediles:	{ Chandler Redman.
	{ Margaret Culley.
	{ Newell Kurson.
Tribunes:	{ Natalie Anderson.
	{ Jack Bell.
Censors:	{ Miss Webster.
	{ Miss McSkimmon.

Meeting, February 2.—Miss Robinson, as speaker of the afternoon, gave a very interesting lecture on "Latin Hymns." Miss Culley followed Miss Robinson by singing one of the more famous Latin Hymns.

Meeting, February 16.—Under the supervision of Miss Estes, the Juniors presented a play, "Cordelia." The outline of this play was read by no other than Richard "Strong-arm" Buckley, eminent student. Games were played and refreshments were served.

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Wholesale Grocers

COMPLIMENTS OF THE

BANGOR HOUSE

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WINGS OF FATE*(Continued from Page 9)*

sincere relief. They were apparently safely across the enemy lines, and now that information could be delivered without mishap.

Fifteen minutes of flying brought them to a cleverly camouflaged hangar, at the end of a level field. Bud was surprised enough when, with a parting wave of the hand, the Frenchman swooped suddenly down to the field below. Instantly, it seemed to disappear mysteriously in the forest, seemed to be fairly swallowed up in the underbrush. Bud turned to the other flyers and gave the signal to head for home. There was no time to loiter now; at any moment they might be sighted by the enemy—an occurrence which would perhaps betray the location of the hidden field to their prying eyes.

Bud took the lead again, with a feeling of deep regret as he glanced back and was conscious of the fact that Maxwell was gone—gone forever—and that the famous flying quartet of Thiery field was lacking one of its most popular flyers: Maxwell—big hearty Maxwell with a jibe for everybody; Maxwell—who went through life with a romping carelessness that made him the idol of the younger cadets at the field; Maxwell—daring and unafraid, who had finally taken death in the same carefree manner that he had faced life—with a cheerful smile on his face, and the triumphant joy of one who, having fought well, dies fighting.

They were nearing the German trenches now, and Bud, casting around for sight of the enemy, gave a groan of disgust when he sighted a tiny speck that turned out to be a German scout plane, waiting with concentrated inhospitality for their return. The scout plane, apparently undecided as to just what tactics would be employed by the Americans, swung around behind the two planes in the rear, waiting for a chance to strike; but Bud, realizing that it would be only a matter of moments before the whole German corps would be on their trail, determined to put the scout

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out of action right then and there. He dived steeply, coming in under the scout, tilted the nose of his plane upwards, and yanking up the pressure handle, pressed the trigger. Simultaneously there was an ominous crack, and his plane side-washed dangerously—when he fired through the propeller, the synchronizer had failed to work, and the propeller was smashed to bits. Bud jammed the rudder over to preserve his equilibrium, but of no avail—he felt that first quarter-turn as the plane settled into a vertical dive—and he realized that his plane was going into that dreaded tail-spin—a preliminary to almost certain death.

(To be Continued)

THE PIN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 10)

of his country's liberator. Perhaps something might turn up if Pedro were followed. He slipped along in Pedro's wake, and when the villain turned in at a tailor's shop, followed suit, just in time to see the tailor display a magnificent pair of trousers to Pedro, who promptly paid for them. Then Dos Pesetas saw his opportunity, for Centavos turned to look at two girls who were passing outside, and the tailor went to the other end of the shop for some wrapping-paper. Stealthily slipping up, he thrust a large white-headed pin into the seat of the trousers, figuring that his assistant would thus be enabled to recognize Pedro, whom he had never seen before.

Pesetas ran out of the shop, emitted a shrill whistle, and sauntered off down the street. When his assistant came running up, he told him to be sure not to lose sight of the man who should have a large white-headed pin in the seat of his trousers. Then he went on, satisfied that Pedro would be well-watched.

But Pedro did not act according to schedule. He donned the trousers in the shop and left by a rear door. From there he hurried to the Pass of Alguacilas, which the National army was to traverse on its way to Tequila.



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In co-operation with engineering firms, offers *four year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

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Boston, Massachusetts

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Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

The assistant remained in front of the tailor-shop for two hours before he went in search of Pesetas to tell him of his failure.

The rebel general had planned well. It seemed that nothing could interfere with the success of his scheme. He had forgotten only one thing, but that was enough, for he had neglected to propitiate Lady Luck. Everything else was fine. The Nationals were sure to be on time. Pedro was thoroughly trustworthy. His men were well-drilled. His dynamite was new, his electric wiring had been tested, and his powder man had been trained for the job he held.

Pedro was on time. Taking out his field glasses, he saw the enemy coming along the pass, the sun gleaming on the barrels of their carbines, their horses jogging along peacefully, the very picture of complacent security. What had they to fear? Madre de Dios, were they not in their own camp, practically? Surely the rebel would not dare to approach so close to them as that.

Now they were directly opposite him. Now was the time to set off the blocking charge of dynamite, and then, as they wheeled in confusion, to set off the charge behind them, barricading their way completely.

Pedro bent over the plunger. Sapristi! He straightened up in agony, clapping his hand to the seat of his trousers. He could have sworn somebody had shot him, but he had heard no rifle. Again he leaned over, more cautiously this time. "Aujourd'hui! Sacre bleu! Caramba!" (Pedro was educated, and had traveled widely). "Cursus honorum! Scaramouche! $X \frac{1}{4} \frac{1}{8} ? \$ \frac{1}{2} ! \dagger \frac{1}{4} \% \$ \dagger () !!$ " (Deleted by Censor) "What is the matter?" He sat down on a rock to think about it, only to leap wildly up as a burning pain shot through him. Santa Maria! He lost his balance, gesticulated wildly, and fell on the plunger just in time to explode the charge in back of the Nationalists, cutting off the pursuing rebel army; and then caromed off and depressed the second plunger, trapping his own forces and warning the enemy.

Truly has it been said that "the pin is mightier than the sword."

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Washing Machine in the World

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WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

(Continued from Page 11)

are brought to one's mind when in such a position. I tried to start again and could not. So I did the first thing that entered my brain. I stretched out my neck at least six inches and lifted my jaw, as if my collar were too small and I were trying to loosen it. At this action there came to my ears a word, a single word, as if from a great distance. That word was "dead," and from it I formed a sentence somewhat similar to the one in my speech, which stated that "the old man was dead."

My speech was over. I withdrew from the stage and stayed behind the curtains until I had recovered sufficiently to take my seat in the audience.

Now I am watching the remaining speakers, knowing exactly how they feel, not envying them their task, but pitying them with all the pity that I am able to summon from the depths of my own experience.

THE TRAVELS OF PRINCE COMMA

(Continued from Page 12)

was a splendid resolution, and it was not long before the Prince had a chance to carry it out.

He came to a Series of Words tumbling over themselves to reach their mother, old Lady Subject. The Prince deftly inserted himself between each two, leaving his very own mark (,) to serve to keep them apart. Waving his plumed hat to Mrs. Subject, he travelled on.

Early the next morning, he saw ahead of him Independent clause running as fast as he could away from teasing, hateful little Dependent clause standing-first-in-the-sentence. Spurring his horse forward, Prince Comma came between them, and holding little Dependent back, again left his impassable sign.

Journeying onward, the Prince again found that he was needed. Non-Restrictive clause was fighting with Restrictive Clause. Upon seeing the Prince, they asked for his advice.

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Do not buy from those who
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How can those advertisers pay for their ads?

THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD SUBJECT
TO DISCUSS IN ECONOMICS

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Request your printer to use "Eastco" Papers!



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"Eastco" High Grade Bleached Sulphite Pulp

"Eastco" Rayon Pulp (Spruce Cellulose)



*Mills located at
Bangor and Lincoln, Maine*

*General Sales Office
292 Madison Avenue
New York City*

Specify "Eastco" Papers for your Stationery and Printing!

"He says," cried Non-Restrictive defiantly, "he says I ain't ('am not,' whispered the Prince)—needed in the sentence!"

"It is very true," replied the Prince, and with two stamps of his foot, he shut the howling Non-Restrictive off from the rest of the sentence.

Only a few miles on, further trouble was met. Words and Word Groups were playing with Grammatical Sequence, but every time Grammatical Sequence opened his mouth to say anything, they rudely interrupted him. Seeing Prince Comma, he cried out, "Hi! Prince, can't you do something to make these fellows stop interrupting me?" "Gladly," replied the obliging Prince, and he used his stamp effectively to keep Words and Word Groups quiet.

So the journey was continued all over the world, the Prince always doing his duty as he saw it, such as making his mark before and, but, for, or, nor, as, and because, to remind them to speak more clearly; or, when Word or Word Group wished to take a vacation, making his seal serve in their stead; or placing his mark before a brief quotation. Oh! this Prince Comma was a fine chap! Everyone loved him and needed him.

But when his work was finished, he joyfully returned to Punctuation Palace, there to fill his original office of loving son to Queen Period and King Colon.

THE RETURN OF NICK CARTER

(Continued from Page 14)

carried him up and down long flights of stairs, over a dark courtyard, into a high-ceilinged, smoke-filled chamber. In the center of the room, on a raised dais, sat his old enemy—the Arch-Wizard of Asia, Komar Hayyam—puffing at a long, curved water pipe. With a blood-curdling sneer the latter addressed our hero:

"Ha! You thought you had me cornered in the British jail at Hongkong. But my, Komar Hayyam's followers never sleep! Here I am, rescued.

"The telegram was a dupe to enable me to

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to take my revenge. By some miraculous chance you have escaped my airmen, but think not you will escape me. To the dungeon with you!"

The four burly blacks seized our struggling hero and bore him down a long flight of stairs into an immense and absolutely black cavern. He could hear the lapping of waters against stone.

Suddenly a searchlight from above began to play on the water. Huge, grinning crocodiles appeared above the water, their evil little eyes blinded by the light, their huge teeth jutting up from cavernous jaws. "Nick" heard the Wizard snickering from somewhere in the dark. The blacks lifted him bodily and flung him far out over the water.

Just before he was thus hurled, "Nick," the adept at locks, had loosed his hands from the manacles and ropes. In his descent he clutched frantically at the air, and as he was about to strike the water, his arms struck a slimy wooden pillar, about ten inches thick. He grasped it with a desperate hold; slowly, as if with superhuman strength, he pulled himself upwards. The searchlight suddenly played on him. Scores of shots rang out, but, by the aid of some friendly Fate, he was not hit. After several minutes, he reached the clammy roof, and, to his surprise, found a small, open trapdoor in the ceiling. He pulled himself thru, and crept forwards on all fours along a small, black passageway. Suddenly a door opened, directly in front of him; three more blacks fell on him. "Nick" ducked them, and with the strength of an enraged bull, heaved them aside and rushed forward into the light of another court. Seeing a door opposite him, he ran forward to open it, but it was locked. With a great lunge, he crashed thru it and came out on the same street by which he had entered.

Quickly he rushed to police headquarters, secured a squadron of police, and returned to raid the Wizard's haunt. The Wizard and thirty followers were surprised and taken. Several days afterwards they were all hung, after a quick trial. So "Nick" received the twenty-five thousand dollar reward for the Wizard's capture.



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BANGOR, MAINE

Telephone 1841-W

WILBUR S. COCHRANE - Teacher of Piano

STUDIO:—91 FOURTH STREET

TELEPHONE

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

MAN'S FOLLY

(Continued from Page 15)

Simpson, his rugged face alight with hope and joy. He was going at once to the little settlement of Rocky Creek to stake his claim.

The next day, in the blistering heat of the mid-day sun, the man and the burro plodded up the main street and stopped before the largest shanty that the town boasted of. Springing lightly over the steps, Simpson rushed into the office of his old friend, Bill Dyer.

"Bill," he began to babble incoherently, "I've struck it rich! I'm a rich man—and after all these years! Thank God!"

After a while, he came to his senses and gave Dyer a connected story of his great find. "Charlie, have you any specimens with you?" asked Bill.

"Oh, sure," and Charlie thrust some dull shining pebbles into his friend's hand. Taking a strong microscope from his pocket, he gazed at each specimen a long time, while Charlie impatiently walked around the room.

Finally, Bill arose, and turning to his old companion, began, "Charlie, old man, I'm sorry! You remember that old saying, 'All that glitters is not gold'?"

"You mean that—?" stammered Charlie.

"Yes, there's not a particle of gold in one of these lumps I've analyzed."

For a long time Charlie sat stunned by the shattering of all his dreams. At last he stood up, wrung Bill's hand, and walked slowly out of the room.

Evening again, and a man plodding beside his burro could be seen toiling towards the far-distant peaks tipped with the last lingering rays of the setting sun. The man's face reflected some of the sunset's glory, and in his eye glowed a light that would never die. Yes, he had failed once, perhaps he would fail again, but he would always take up the trail,—that heart-breaking trail of man throughout the ages—the trail of riches.

zine upside down.

6. In this case it led to turning this maga-
Intelligence Test Answers (Continued)

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Young Man—Make

BOSTONIANS

Your Spring Shoe

CURRAN COMPANY

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STOVER & PRILAY SHOE COMPANY

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HOME OF FOOT SAVER SHOES FOR WOMEN**EUROPEAN HAIR STORE**

Everything Good in Beauty Culture and Toilet Goods

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68 MAIN STREET

HILLSIDE DYE HOUSE

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62 State Street

BANGOR, MAINE

EAST SIDE PHARMACY - - - 32 State Street

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

Prescriptions - Fine Chocolates - Soda - Ice Cream**W. J. CHERRY'S BARBER SHOP**

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THE SELLING FACTOR

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A Full Line of Convenient Appliances for Every Need

*China - Glassware - Silverware - Electric Goods
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F. L. JONES CO.
CRACKERS OF
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69, 71, 73 PICKERING SQUARE :::: BANGOR, MAINE