

**The
Oracle**

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Junior Number
March, 1930



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BANGOR, MAINE

EVENTS IN MARCH



March 1 Old Town at Bangor.

March 8 John Bapst at Bangor.

March 13 and 14 Basketball Tournament at Orono.

March 17 St. Patrick's Day.

March 20 The French Plays.

March 28 Junior Exhibition.



"THE BIG LOAFERS"

BAKERS OF

Mack's Milk Bread

Jonason's

"A Good Place to Eat"

*****

Dear Mabel:

I have been having a grand time in Bangor.

Last night Jack and I went to a dance. At intermission we went over to Jonason's, on Main Street. We had a Salad, Ice Cream and Coffee.

They also serve Sandwiches, Fancy Ice Creams and Drinks. Everything's attractively served and especially well cooked.

Believe me Mabel, if you come to Bangor, be sure to go to Jonason's.

Love,

JILL.

*****

11 Main Street, Bangor

*****

WATCH FOR MORE OF JILL'S LETTERS

The Oracle

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BANGOR, MAINE

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March, 1930

The Oracle Board, 1929-30

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EXCHANGES

Lydia Jones, '30

BUSINESS MANAGER

Gridley W. Tarbell, '30



"If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest."

THE POWER OF INITIATIVE

THERE is a gold mine of wealth to be found in every student of this high school who has will power and determination.

That matter can neither be created nor destroyed is a fundamental law of chemistry. But the fact remains that valuable material can be hidden in the person of everyone. Such material is of no value, no importance, no worth, but what such material might develop into and by what means is shown in the following paragraphs.

"There is no reason why you should hesitate to aspire to any position, any honor, any goal, for the mind within you is fully able to meet any need. It is no more difficult for it to handle a great problem than a small one. Mind is just as much present in your little everyday affairs as in those of a big business or great nation. Don't set it doing trifling sums in arithmetic when it might just as well be solving problems of moment to yourself and the world.

"Start something! Use your initiative. Give your mind something to work upon. The greatest of all success secrets is initiative. It has the one quality which more than any other has put men in high places.

"Conceive something. Conceive it first in your own mind. Make the pattern there, and your sub-conscious mind will draw upon the plastic substance or energy all about you to make that model real.

"Drive yourself. Force yourself. It is the

dreamer, the man with imagination, who has made the world move. Without him, we would still be in the Stone Age.

"Galileo looked at the moon and dreamed of how he might reach it. The telescope was the fruition of that dream. Watt dreamed of what might be done with steam—and our great locomotives and engines of today are the result. Franklin dreamed of harnessing the lightning—and today we have man-made thunderbolts.

"Initiative, plus imagination, will take you anywhere. Imagination opens the eyes of the mind, and there is nothing good you can imagine there that is not possible of fulfillment in your daily life."

Initiative and an inferiority complex don't hit it off together so very well. Which to give up is of course an unnecessary question.

Initiative will lift anyone with imagination to the top-most pinnacles of glory and reward.

What started Columbus searching for a western route to Asia? Initiative and an imagination which five centuries later were to spur a youth to cross to Europe alone in a monoplane.

But why do we all look to someone else to accomplish the impossible? Human nature, perhaps is the answer. But there are a million men and women in this country who are striving to overcome their present conditions. Their goal is not spectacular fame, but a drive for self-betterment. What better goal in the end than self-betterment, with the legacy it leaves to posterity.

And before we, who are to graduate from high school in a few years, leave this institution, let us look to ourselves and see the material within us that initiative will bring to the front, that it may be sharpened and polished before we enter into the life of the world.

THE PROBLEMS OF AN AMATEUR EDITOR

There are many difficult problems which confront the amateur editor when he takes his post. His knowledge of the literary requirement is probably slight and he has to make up for what he lacks by his ambition to learn. The work is at first hard but if he is ambitious it will come more easily as he continues.

One of the first things for the young editor to learn is to know what he is writing about and then to write it interestingly. This is perhaps the hardest of all the problems that have to be solved. He has to hold back his inclination to preach, and he also has to write clearly and precisely.

Then after the editorials have been written and all the material for the magazine, newspaper or year book has been collected, comes another difficult problem. The editor has to read over all the material and revise it if necessary. He has to watch carefully for the punctuation marks; for a misplaced comma, semicolon, colon or a period may convey an entirely different meaning than the author has in mind. Another of the problems in the read-

ing of the material is the correct spelling of words. There is nothing that looks so bad, in a story, as misspelled words.

After these requirements have been filled, the paper goes to the printer. But before it is printed, another copy of the edition must be read. After this is done, the paper goes to press. Then as soon as the publication is ready for distribution, it is given out.

The edition is read and criticised by many. The young editors have to be continually looking for new methods with which they can improve their paper. In order that they may be able to do this, many colleges and universities have in the last few years held journalistic conferences. Knowing that there are numerous problems which confront these amateur editors, the colleges have introduced many helpful suggestions that tend to ease the task of publishing the paper. At these conferences many prominent newspaper men give their full time and ability in answering the many difficult questions that are brought up.

This year the University of Maine held a conference for all the amateur journalists of the state. At this assembly many problems were brought up, discussed and thrashed out. It was pointed out that the final responsibility of a publication rests upon the editor whether the work is good or bad. So much unsettled ground was covered at this conference that if these conferences are carried on, the problems of the amateur will steadily decrease and the school journals of Maine will steadily increase in popularity and distribution.—H. L. K.





"Literature is the immortality of speech."—Willmott

Unfair

Frances O. Hayes, '31

DEEP in the heart of the Hill-Top Forest is a wonderful spot, really too beautiful to be imagined by one who has never seen it. Tall evergreens, breathing in soft whispers, stretch their branches high into heaven's blue; shorter hardwoods, rustling gently throughout the day, vie with one another to greet the sun; little shrubs, shaking themselves merrily, try to attain the height of their larger cousins; a soft carpet of grass and evergreen needles, dotted with bright flowers, covers the ground; the noisy river, dashing toward the sea, is quiet and calm as it passes this fair spot, seeming to feel it unseemly to utter more than murmers as it journeys on.

As one enters the little nook, each little twig seems to have just moved, every branch appears to sway, as though many little woodland creatures had just departed—yet there is no sound, except, perhaps, the cheery note of some far-off bird.

For many years this had been the place for the annual meeting of all the natives for miles about. The creatures of field, forest, air, and water, had gathered there each spring to become acquainted once again, to greet newcomers, and to mourn the absence of some. In this happy assembly there were no strifes, except those of a harmless nature; enemies met enemies, all in friendly feeling.

But no longer was this the scene of such happy gatherings. For eight years the creatures of the region had met at a spot several miles north, where there was a bit of river-bank nearly, but, certainly not, *as* beautiful.

The last meeting in the old haunt had been a sad one. After the usual greetings, Timothy Skunk, chairman of the proceedings for that year, had asked for any business to be discussed. At first no one said a word, but finally Bumpy Meadow Mouse gained courage to voice the thought of many and said: "Most of us know what *one* purpose of this meeting is, and that is to decide upon a new place that we can inhabit this summer."

Bud Rabbitt, one of the youngest present, said: "But, Bumpy, isn't this a perfectly lovely place to live in?"

Bud's mother, who was angry at Bud's interruption in the conversation of his elders, said, "Hush, Pud, you will know soon enough."

"I think this is a perfectly splendid place to live in. Why do we have to leave?" This was from Junior Jay.

"Perhaps the younger ones do not realize the reason for our decision to live elsewhere hereafter, so I shall explain. For many years this has been our home, but last year a group of curious humans moved into the house beyond the forest. They so interrupted our lives

and any happiness that we might have had, that we resolved to endure the discomforts here no longer."

Mother Warbler, in her soft voice declared, "After my home was all built and ready, we had to leave it because those people discovered it and came about so much that we couldn't stay there any longer."

Timothy Skunk knew that a heated discussion of their misfortune was about to start, and, since he disliked excessive complaining, he said: "Now we all know the reason for our departure, but has anyone a suggestion for a new region to live in, and a suggestion for next year's meeting place?"

"Oh, yes," said Reddy Squirrel, "I know a wonderful place, something like this, but, of course, not nearly as pretty."

"Where?"

"How did you find it?"

"How far—?"

"Is it large?"

"Is it by the river?"

These are but a few of the many questions that went about the group.

"Why," continued Reddy, "I saw Jim Crow there one day last summer, and Dick Chipmunk has been there many times with me. It is up the rushy river quite a distance, and across the river from the fair island. There are many trees about—well, it is a lot like this spot, but not so quiet and beautiful.

"Oh, yes, we were there once—but it certainly is not so wonderful as this." This was heard on all sides.

So the original inhabitants of the Hill-Top Forest were forced by a group of people who did not respect the rights of Mother Nature's children from their old haunts to a spot which, though beautiful in itself, was a new one, one without any fond memories, one with few familiar scenes.



Do Ghosts Eat?

Paula Pinkham, '32

HE weekly meeting of the S. E. P. Club was in full session when a pretty dark-haired girl burst into the room.

"Oh! girls, I've got the most fun we've had this winter in store for us," she cried as she flung her raincoat on the bed and pulled a chair up to the fire.

"Well, Molly, tell us about it quick," cried Emily Stanhope, the red-head of the club.

"Yes, do, Molly, or she will lose her temper," Joan Barret added. "Now we're getting off from Molly's story altogether" the last member, Peggy Savage, remarked sarcastically.

"Well girls, it's like this! I met Timmy Colpits on the campus and he told me that the boys had been up to the haunted mansion and found a way to get in. He said we didn't dare go up there by night and I said we did, and we'd prove it too. So we have got to go tonight after the dean has turned out the lights."

"I'll bet Timmy Colpits knows something about that ghost," Joan added.

"Yes, that is what I thought so I am going to take some of mother's doughnuts along and if I see the ghost I will offer him one. If it is Timmy he can't resist. What time is it now?" Molly asked turning to Emily.

"Seven-thirty, let's all go to our rooms and get some sleep, then meet up in the grove at nine-thirty," Emily suggested putting on her coat.

"O. K. with me," cried Molly.

"Me too," added Peggy and with this they all left.

At nine-thirty the girls met in the grove.

"If we are all here we had better start for the house," announced Peggy who had been the first to arrive.

"Yes, come on," agreed Joan.

When they reached the house it was very

dark, there was no light except the shimmering reflection made by their flashlights.

"Timmy said we had to climb through a window in the kitchen," said Molly.

"Who will go first?" asked Joan

"I will," answered Molly who was a born leader.

They all entered the dark kitchen and decided to find the ghost, dividing into two groups.

After they had been through all the rooms they were to meet again in the kitchen.

Molly and Peggy were the first to arrive. Seating themselves on a bench they prepared to await the outcome of their companions. "I'm tired and I am going to leave these things on the table for awhile," Molly murmured.

They were chatting briskly when continued shrieks were heard to rise from the cellar.

"That's Emily, I do wish she wasn't so nervous. Let's hurry and see what they have heard or found," Peggy cried running toward the cellar door.

When they reached their friends, Emily was seated on a barrel trembling with fear.

"What was it?" they asked in the same breath.

"The Ghost, and he went up on the dumb-waiter," Emily told them.

"Let's follow," Peggy suggested.

With this they all got into the elevator for that is what the dumb waiter really seemed to be. As soon as they reached the attic they began to hunt for the ghost but finally gave up and returned to the first floor. When they were in the dining room Molly suddenly motioned silence. She had left her doughnuts in the kitchen.

"We will get them and sneak out so if the boys are in the house they will not see us," whispered Molly.

"Do you suppose that could have been Timmy?" asked Emily.

She needed no answer for at that moment Molly threw open the door. There stood a tall white figure un-masked, holding a bag in one hand and a brown object in the other.

The Ghost was eating a doughnut.



Once Where Money Failed

Henry M. Flynn, '31

THE snow had fallen unceasingly the night before. It was the morning of the big carnival, and the ground was covered with this snowy white blanket for miles around.

"Well, said Jack, "I guess the Carnival came on just the right day."

Jim, his room-mate at LaSalle, gave a loud warwhoop which certainly set forth his idea on the subject.

LaSalle, a school for boys, had always been noted for its Winter Carnival in years gone by. Their records in everything but snowshoeing are unsurpassed. This year, they hoped to get the cup for being the best all 'round winter sports school in the State.

Jack Hubert was a new comer, entering as a

"Soph" that fall. Since his coming to LaSalle, he had gained friends rapidly, and with the election of officers had come out on top as his class president. It was evident that he was an excellent snowshoer, and as the day drew near for the Carnival he was, of course, induced to enter the race.

Another, Gene Abbott, was also a good snowshoer. He had come in second the year before when he had first entered LaSalle as a Junior. He was now a Senior, and his popularity had taken a downward trend with the coming of Jack Hubert. A pang of jealousy was increased day by day on Gene's part, because of his rival's increasing popularity.

So it was, the day of the Carnival had none too soon arrived. The school was in an up-

roar, from one end to the other, in preparation for the big event, and ten o'clock found the Carnival in full swing.

Schools from near and far were entered in the various winter sports. The snowshoe race was scheduled for two o'clock, and as that time approached, the boys were anxiously awaiting the appearance of Jack.

"He is never late—something's the matter," came from one of the boys.

"Here he comes now," and with that all the boys turned to see a ghost-like expression on the familiar face of Jack.

"Hey, fellers, I can't find my snowshoes, I've spent all morning looking for them."

"Where'd you put them?"

"Well, I put them up against my locker after practice yesterday afternoon. I've done the same thing day after day; of course, I thought they'd be all right."

"Hello, Jack," came from Jim, "where have you been all morning? Should have seen the skating, 'Noddy' won for us—Why, what is the matter?"

Jack once more laid the facts before the boys, and with a downcast look started for the office to report that he could not enter the race.

"Hello there!" came from Gene. "All ready for the race? Don't mean you're not going to enter? I've got an extra pair of snowshoes up to the Dorm."

Jack, knowing that only his own would serve the purpose—of winning, thanked him and walked on. "Kinda funny he mentioned about the snowshoes before I even told him about losing mine," he thought.

Gene watched him sneeringly, and with a triumphant look on his face walked toward the group that Jack had just left.

"Dimples" Lawrence, a Freshman, green as them all, strolled along the campus in deep thought. His father, who was a very strict parent, had sent his son to LaSalle where he thought he could cure him of a money-spending habit he had acquired as a young child. "Dimples" received the large allowance of

twenty-five cents a week, and his father believed that sending him this small sum would cure his son of being a spendthrift. But "Dimples" simply could not live on that—his great weakness for "eats" at the corner drug store certainly found a place for that weekly quarter, long before it had arrived. Gene, on the other hand, received the largest allowance from home of any boy in the school, and knowing that "Dimples" liked to become the possessor of a little extra cash, had brought "Dimples" under his influence.

Anyway, as was said before, he was strolling along the campus engaged in deep thought. He paused and looking up was just in time to see Jack enter the main building. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was ten minutes of two, and with a guilty conscience he stood and looked in the direction he had just seen Jack disappear. He started for that spot slowly, then it was not long before he found himself in front of the main building. He faltered, and then with a sudden leap, taking two steps at a time, he soon found himself inside, pausing a moment at the office door, he finally got up his courage and went in.

"Mr. Jordan, I would like to see you—it's important."

"Just a moment, Abbott, this snowshoe matter is the most important now."

"But— — —I know all about it."

"Dimples' " confession brought Gene into the matter, for it had been he who had paid the Freshman to hide Jack's snowshoes until after the race. "Dimples' " name saw five demerits added, and Gene was expelled from the school.

Jack won for LaSalle and they received the long-wanted cup.

Years later, we find Jack and Gene the best of friends, and many times they discussed the times when Gene wasted many a five spot and how long it took him to realize that money would not buy what he really wanted then,—friends,

Merry Lynn Cottage

Louise Pellum, '32



It was a warm spring morning in April. The breeze was blowing gently and the whole world seemed to say, "Spring is here!"

Marilyn felt like crying rather than shouting. She bent over her typewriter trying to make her keys click; instead, her fingers would lag, making the machine jump. "Another error!" she almost sobbed. Why *couldn't* she type today? The vision of a country road with a winding lane, leading to a cottage came before her eyes instead of the copy. Not a week before, at a local theater house, she had seen such a vision, and the very breath of spring was linked with it.

After many laborious efforts she completed the letters. Slipping into her coat, she decided to skip over to the Post-Office to mail them out on the earliest train possible. The Boss wouldn't miss her anyway, for he had important business in his private office where he had declared that no one was to bother him.

Marilyn was gone only a few minutes. She took her time returning, looking in at store windows, stopping to admire the new spring coats and dresses. She really *couldn't* afford a coat this spring; she would have to make last year's go, for it could be fixed over. She *was* rather clever at that, even if she *did* have to admit it herself.

A man's voice interrupted her thoughts, "Yes, it will go for a song, they say." His companion replied, "Well, I don't see how they can sell it. Who ever heard of anyone's wanting even such a lovely cottage 'way out in the wilderness, anyway?"

Marilyn jumped at this question. Rushing forward, she declared eagerly, "I would buy it; how much is it?" The two gentlemen were surprised; it took them a few seconds to gather their wits about them. "Why," said the stout man, "do you want a cottage 'way out in the country?"

"The farther, the better for me," exclaimed Marilyn, her eyes shining.

Both gentlemen smiled at this exclamation, and the partner said, "Well, this ought to satisfy you, then. The price of the cottage is five hundred, cold cash."

It nearly took Marilyn's breath away. Only five hundred dollars for her cottage of dreams!

"I'll take it!" she exclaimed, before thinking of anything else. She would have danced away, building air castles, not thinking of the business end of the situation had not the stout man brought her to earth with:

"Well, Miss, my name is Graham,—Earle Graham and this is my friend Mr. Don Graves. I assure you that we are very pleased to make your acquaintance."

"My name is Marilyn Bunker. I work at John Hancock's Insurance Company in the Johnson Building. I must hurry now, but if you will come up this afternoon about 4:45, we will talk business." With a cherry good-by, she turned and walked gaily toward Johnson Building.

At 4:45 o'clock Marilyn looked up from her typewriter to see Mr. Graham and Mr. Graves come into the office. After they were seated, they talked for about an hour. At last they decided that Marilyn and her brother should go with Mr. Graham on Saturday afternoon to see the cottage and what repairs were needed. Mr. Graham was the agent to sell so it was his duty to have the cottage fixed for the new owner.

By the first of May, Marilyn and her brother, the only members left in her family, went to live in the cottage for the summer. As Ralph had a Ford roadster, they drove back and forth to the city every morning and evening. Since they both had Saturday afternoon off, they accomplished a great deal about the grounds of their cottage. The first thing was to name

(Continued on page 54)

Reminiscences of the Yukon

"Ben My Chree"

Mary Gibbons, '31



IN a remote spot at the farthest end of Lake Tagish, Yukon Territory, is a bit of Old England. After a long cold day, the traveller is told that the boat is stopping at Ben My Chree. Full of curiosity one looks at the mountain towering overhead and the tiny float at its base. What can there be here? There is not a sign of life or habitation; but curiosity leads one on. Following the path from the float, one comes upon a little cottage surrounded by beautiful flowers. Farther back there is a large lodge.

In the lodge live two of the most delightful old-folks I ever met. They make a practice of dispensing their hospitality to those who come on the bi-weekly boat, and hospitality it truly is in the oldest and best sense of the word, for they make a point of personally greeting and caring for each member of the party.

The story of this couple is most romantic but to look at the tiny, frail, whitehaired old lady, dressed in a tight-waisted black taffeta with lace at the throat, and a full, flowing

skirt, or the old gentleman with the bluff manners of an English squire, one would not think that both of them had experienced life "in the raw." This is their story.

Otto Patridge was born on the Isle of Man and there lived until he came to manhood. Then he married the pretty Sarah Gray. In the year 1895 they came to the "provinces" and settled in Victoria. They had a happy home and were very comfortable, but then came the "Gold Rush of '98," and Otto caught this prevalent fever. Nothing would do but that he must go to the Klondike.

With a life-long friend for a partner, he set out for the Yukon. Fortune favored them and they struck gold. Together they built a home and at its completion sent for their wives, who were also fast friends. It seemed as if everything was favoring them,—a rich mine, happy marriages, a comfortable, if remote, home, a congenial partnership—all that a young, very-much-in-love couple could wish for. And then came the tragedy.

(Continued on Page 54)



A Trip to California

Alfred B. Schriver, '33



IT was a beautiful July day in a quaint little city of Maine. The surrounding country made a beautiful picture of Nature's green woods, lakes and hay fields dotted with farmhouses, all over the hilly landscape. But I was tired of Maine. I wished to see more of our scenic country. It was decided that our little family should take a trip into the South and West.

Leaving Maine, we traveled south and soon

reached the Carolinas. Here the climate was warm yet comfortable. The towns were quite small but the people were very obliging and friendly. In most towns there were more negroes than "whites." The negroes of the South are good-hearted and very courteous but are not very responsible. Driving from town to town, one sees miles and miles of plantations on which the thriving cotton and corn is cultivated. On the plantations there are small

huts in which either negroes or "poor white trash" live. The well-to-do live in large mansions in the cities.

Traveling along the roads at a fast pace, we soon reached Atlanta, the capitol of Georgia. Driving a few miles in an easterly direction, we came to Stone Mountain the largest solid piece of granite in the world. On this large mountain a wonderful piece of art is being carved. It is to commemorate the "Confederation of the Southern States."

We then struck west crossing the Mississippi and hurrying on to Arizona. All around were monstrous sharp-peaked mountains surrounded by the extensive, hot, sandy desert of almost inconceivable length. We visited two wondrous dams, "The Coolidge Dam," and "The Roosevelt," both inspiring because of their size and beauty. On the "Apache Trail," leading to Roosevelt, we saw the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen of high, colored mountains. We staid in Phoenix a week and I observed the wonderful irrigation systems.

Leaving Phoenix, we arrived at the Grand Canyon. It is a mile deep and nine miles across to the nearest point. It was its size and beautiful colors that awed me most.

But we couldn't stay long at the Grand Canyon and we soon climbed over the Coast Range and came down into San Bernardino, California. Here we had left the intense, dry

heat and could feel the cool sea breeze. All the surrounding country was filled with beautiful little cities with miles of green orange groves, peach groves, plum groves, walnut trees, vineyards, gardens of melons, and large oil fields. The very air rang with business and prosperity. The city of Hollywood is the most beautiful I have ever seen and Los Angeles has wonderful theaters and many lovely things for pleasure. The water of the Pacific is warm and the coast is just one long sandy beach.

We stayed in California about two weeks, then entered Texas again. Here we saw large cattle ranches. Some of the towns were hundreds of miles from any other town. Keeping to the south we saw the Rio Grande and in the distance the beautiful Gorilla Mountains of Mexico. While driving one evening, we saw two diamond-backed Texas rattle snakes.

After reaching Louisiana, we saw nothing but swamps and wild pigs running free at will. But I must admit we did see fields and fields of green sugar cane higher than any man.

New Orleans is a fine city. It has the best park that I have ever seen with a perfectly lovely swimming pool.

Now to make a long story short, we hurried back to good old Maine just in time to start in school.



Reunited

Katherine Myers, '32



HE taxicab stopped before a shabby little house in a narrow street. The driver jumped out and opened the door.

Many eyes peeped out of many windows of other little, shabby houses. Some people bolder than others even came out upon their stone steps, for a taxicab was a rare thing in that street.

Out of the taxi stepped a richly dressed, mid-

dle-aged man. He looked neither to the left, nor to the right, but walked straight up the narrow path to the door and knocked.

A small careworn woman came to the door. One could see that she had once been pretty, but poverty had taken its toll. Her clothes were very worn and patched but unbelievably clean.

The man asked her if she was Mrs. Martin

(Continued on Page 43)

**THE
JUNIOR
EXHIBITION**

CLASS OF 1931

March 28, 1930

Program

March, "The Belle of Chicago".....	<i>Sousa</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
The Call to Nations.....	<i>MacDonald</i>
KENNETH KURSON	
A Tale of Old Madrid.....	<i>Crawford</i>
IDA ROSEN	
Martyrs of Progress.....	<i>Ross</i>
HENRY HERRICK	
Charity.....	<i>Rossini</i>
JUNIOR CHORUS	
The Wheels of Time.....	<i>Barclay</i>
CATHERINE EPSTEIN	
His Soul Goes Marching On.....	<i>Andrews</i>
NORMAN CAHNERS	
Adoration.....	<i>Borowski</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
A Minuet—A One Act Play.....	<i>Parker</i>
BETTY RUSS	
A Cutting from "If I Were King".....	<i>McCarthy</i>
GEORGE CARLISLE	
A Cutting from "Seventeen".....	<i>Tarkington</i>
CARROLL BLANNING	
Poo-Bah, from "The Mikado".....	<i>Sullivan</i>
JUNIOR CHORUS	
The Supreme Menace.....	<i>Beaver</i>
ARTHUR LIEBERMAN	
The Man in the Shadow.....	<i>Child</i>
ELIZABETH RILEY	
Triumphal March of the Boyards.....	<i>Halvorsen</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
Decision of Judges.	

Judges: Professor Mark Bailey, University of Maine.
 Professor Herschel Bricker, University of Maine.
 Mrs. Ralph Knott, Bangor.



KENNETH KURSON

The Call to Nations - - - - - MacDonald



IDA ROSEN

A Tale of Old Madrid - - - - - Crawford



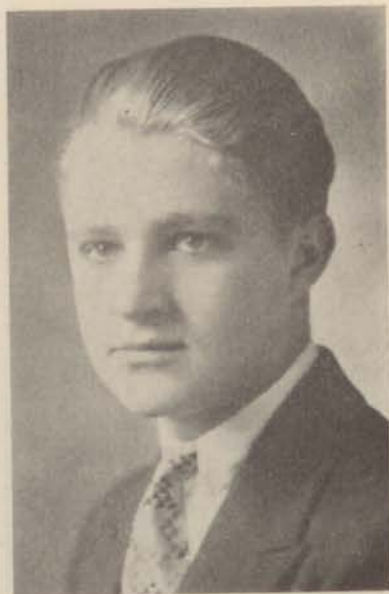
HENRY HERRICK

Martyrs of Progress - - - - - Ross



CATHERINE EPSTEIN

The Wheels of Time - - - - - Barclay



NORMAN CAHNORS

His Soul Goes Marching On - - - *Andrews*



BETTY RUSS

A Minuet—A One-Act Play - - - *Parker*



GEORGE CARLISLE

A Cutting from "If I Were King" - *McCarthy*



CARROLL BLANNING

A Cutting from "Seventeen" - - *Tarkington*



ARTHUR LIEBERMAN

The Supreme Menace - - - - - Beaver



ELIZABETH RILEY

The Man in the Shadow - - - - - Child



Mrs. Doris P. Bridgham, former head of the Department of Elocution in B. H. S., has been at work several months, in the absence of Miss Darthea Rideout, coaching the ten Juniors for Exhibition. If History tells what is to be in the future, judging from Mrs. Bridgham's past successes at Junior Exhibitions and Dramatic Club theatricals, one can be sure that the night of March twenty-eighth is to be a red-letter triumph for her.

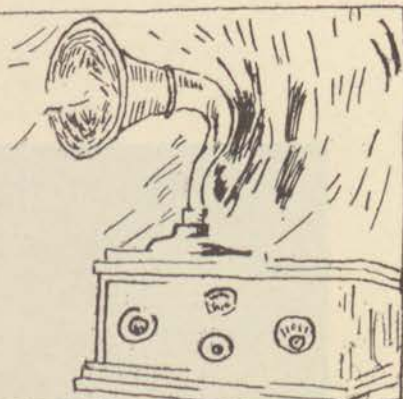
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do."—Emerson

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Another year has passed and once again our minds are turned toward the Junior Exhibition, the most important event for the Juniors; of course the class of 1931 is very much excited, especially those who are to speak, and the coming speaking-contest is on every Junior's lips. There is very fine material this year which will make it one of the finest exhibitions. The ten speakers, whose names and pictures you will find elsewhere in this issue, are practicing diligently under the superb training of Mrs. Doris Bridgham and are awaiting March 28, with much excitement. One thing is to be said, certainly no one will envy the judges because they will, doubtless, have a very hard time to select the best speaker, for we know what a time they had at the try-outs. So, turn a few pages in this issue and see the faces and names of the speakers in the Junior Exhibition of the class of 1931.

DEBATING

This is certainly the debating season and each and every member of the debating society is at work. The Club, as in former years, has joined the Bates League and we are all hoping that both the teams will win. The subject, Resolved: That the Jury System should be Abolished, is one of great interest at present and much material is to be found on it. The Negative team composed of Norman Cahners and Kenneth Kurson, will debate Danforth High at Danforth, while the affirmative team consisting of Natalie Anderson and

another girl, who will be chosen in the near future, will debate Lincoln at Bangor. Mr. Bryant deserves much credit as he is the coach, and a fine one, too, and he is giving his untiring services to the girls and boys in order that they may make a splendid showing. Watch for further notices as to the dates of these debates.

ASSEMBLY

On Lincoln's Birthday, the student body was addressed by Evelyn Welch and Edward Gross who spoke on the life of Lincoln. Evelyn told of the early struggles of the great emancipator in Kentucky and Indiana and how he received an education, (which was almost a luxury in those days,) while Edward spoke of Lincoln's political career, and his success in life up through his tragic death. He closed by telling of the wonderful things that Lincoln did for our country and that "Honest Abe" should be an example for the boy or girl of to-day. Both speakers delivered their speeches in a fine, easy manner, which was a pleasure to listen to.

A few weeks ago, Dean Paul Nixon of Bowdoin College spoke in assembly. He spoke on a few of his experiences in Europe, which were very interesting. He told us about the time that he visited Stanley Baldwin who was, at the time, premier of England. This story was instructive as well as entertaining, as we gathered a bit of Baldwin's character and how he entertains his guests. We all enjoyed the Dean and all hope that he will address us again.

FRENCH NIGHT

The Senior French classes will present their annual French Night March 21, in the assembly hall, under the direction of Madame Beaupre! Each and every one has worked faithfully and diligently in the hopes of making this the best of all the French Nights, and, without doubt, it will be just that. The program consists of two one-act plays, vocal solos and recitations and everyone is assured of a wonderful time. Madame has rehearsed the scholars for three weeks and much praise is due her.

The program follows:

PART I

Reading, Greeting to General Pershing
..... Eugene Brown

Comedy, *The Duchess Dressmaker*

Characters

The Countess..... Helen Haley
Christine..... Agatha Stanhope
Baroness of Kerbreand..... Grace Stevens
Marchionness of Menneville
..... Dorothy Romero
Mme. de Berry, wife of a rich banker
..... Fern Allen
Corinne, hired Dressmaker.... Evelyn Welch
Esther, assistant Dressmaker
..... Marian Hughes
Helen, Duchess Dressmaker .. Ruth Blanning

PART II

French Solos

Berecuse..... Ruth Drummond
Ma Marmandie..... Ruth Drummond
Pianist—Lawrence Blethen
Reading, At the United Senate.. Helen Novak

Comedy, *La Lettre Chargee*

Characters

Hortense, young widow..... Charlotte Cahners
Francine, maid..... Jeanne Morneault
Tougasson, American..... Abraham Stern
Hector de Courvalin, substitute
..... Chandler Redman
Chorus, La Marseillaise.

Mr. George C. Lamson, teacher of Chemistry, and popular with his classes, resigned at the end of the February term. In his place has come Mr. Frederick L. Thurston, Bates 1906. Mr. Thurston was both a debater and a football man during his college course. For a number of years he was principal of the high school in Rochester, N. H. and later entered the lumber business in Pittsfield, from which town he comes to Bangor. Mr. Thurston has a daughter in M. C. I. and a son in Bates College. On behalf of B. H. S. the *Oracle* welcomes him to the school.

MUSIC

BAND

The annual big contest of the year is very near at hand. In the early part of May, B. H. S.'s Championship Band, under the direction of Mr. Robinson will again endeavor to repeat the great success that the Band has met with during the past two years. The Band, since the last of February, has adopted the two rehearsals-a-week policy in order that it may give the best it has for the honor of the school.

Bangor, Maine has the privilege, this year of entertaining Maine's third annual State Contest in this city at the Auditorium, and all indications point to an unusually large crowd, both as to audience, and the great number of High School Bands, and Orchestras that are in the contest. The winning band of Class A competition in Maine will journey the following week to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where said band will represent the state of Maine in New England's sixth annual clash of the Class A bands there.

Last year Bangor had no opposition in the state contest, but this year there is no doubt that they will confront something of an entirely different nature. If Bangor should be so fortunate as to win again in the state contest, there would be still more opposition awaiting them at Pawtucket. But the boys are working hard to come through both contests on the top, and nothing can stop them,—es-

pecially when you mention the word Pawtucket, or even Lakewood to them (?).

As in the past B. H. S. will play three pieces at the contest. First, they will play the "Queen City March," as a warming up number. This march was written by Mr. Stinson, a resident of Machias, who dedicated this piece to the "Bangor Band." Mr. Robinson was given the privilege of using this march at the contest. Second, the band will play the "Slavonic Rhapsody" by C. Friedmann. This is our band's selected number, and although difficult is very harmonious. Third, the band will play the "Egmont Overture" by Ludwig van Beethoven. This piece is the required Class A band number, around which all the competition is based.

For the past winter season, the band has been playing for the basketball team, which ended the season with a most successful string of victories.

With about sixty-five members to its credit, the band has very nearly completed the necessary instrumentation desired. Thus, we await impatiently for the day to come when we again fall in line to share the honors of victory for our alma mater.

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra also has something big to look forward to. It is the coming Maine State Orchestral Contest to be held in our own city the same day that the bands are to compete. This is a big event to the Senior Orchestra at B. H. S. for it means that they will have their first chance in the history of the organization to exhibit their real musical value in the form of a state contest. The Orchestra has always been a credit to the school in the past years, and at the present time it has developed into a well-trained group of musicians.

Mr. Sprague has been drilling the Orchestra very hard for the past few weeks, and expects to be well represented at the contest. He has entered with the Class A Orchestras, and will compete with Portland High School's Senior Orchestra, winner of last year's State contest,

(Continued on page 53)

MILITARY

The following non-commissioned officers have just been appointed:

Warren Flagg, to be regimental color sergeant.

Maynard Clark, to be sergeant, Company A.

Sanger Beaulieu, to be sergeant, Company A.

Robert Turner, to be sergeant, Company A.

George Cunningham, to be sergeant, Company A.

Robert Kingsbury, to be sergeant, Company A.

Edward Parent, to be sergeant, Company B.

Max Epstein, to be sergeant, Company B.

Walter Lufkin, to be sergeant, Company C.

Donaldworth Skofield, to be sergeant, Company C.

Owen Curtis, to be sergeant, Company C.

Russell Hawkes, to be sergeant, Company C.

Ralph Dyer, to be sergeant, Company E.

William Casey, to be sergeant, Company E.

Donald Morse, to be sergeant, Company E.

Allen Ellis, to be sergeant, Company E.

Donald MacKinnon, to be sergeant, Company F.

George Carlisle, to be sergeant, Company F.

Henry Herrick, to be sergeant, Company F.

Ralph Burrill, to be sergeant, Company F.

C. S. McNaughton, to be sergeant, Company F.

Whitman Rutter, to be corporal, Company B.

Everard Howard, to be corporal, Company B.

Kenneth Kurson, to be corporal, Company B.

Charles Marshall, to be corporal, Company B.

Albert Miles, to be corporal, Company B.

George Gardiner, to be corporal, Company C.

M. Sanborn, to be corporal, Company C.

N. Kent, to be corporal, Company C.

George Cole, to be corporal, Company E.

Ralph Morgan, to be corporal, Company E.

James Cox, to be corporal, Company E.

(Continued on page 51)

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"A bold onset is half the battle."

WINTER SPORTS

Bangor High's Winter Sports team was chosen by Mr. Somerville, who selected five men to represent the high school, they were: George McKenney, Edward Morgan, Norman Cahners, Fleetwood McKean, and Norris Crosby. The meet at Rumford was not wholly satisfactory, although in the skating event Edward Morgan captured 3rd place in the mile and half mile, while McKenney secured first place in the 440. In snowshoeing McKean got a 3rd in the mile. The meet was won by Caribou, Bangor tying for third place.

BANGOR 28; AUBURN 32

Bangor, without the services of Al Goodin and Shean, who were taken out on fouls for half of the game, was defeated 28 to 32.

This was a fast and exciting game with the Auburn team leading from the start. At the end of the first period Auburn led 17 to 4 and with this large lead they were able to keep ahead throughout this game. In the second half Bangor made a better showing and held them 5 to 2 during the second period. At this point the second team was put in and they played an excellent game, holding Auburn 28 to 18 at the end of the third period. The fourth period was the most exciting of all. At this time the Bangor team made a final drive and very nearly scored a victory after their belated start, the game ending 32 to 28 in favor of Auburn. This made one victory apiece for the two schools.

AUBURN 32

Whirley, lf 3	rb Gulnac, 1
Wilkins, lf (1)	lb Furrow
Shea, rf 4 (1)	lb Libby, (1)
Brogan, c	c Epstein
Vallancourt, lb 1 (2)	c MacKinnon
Adams, lb 2	rf Bradbury, 4 (2)
Meguiers, 2 (3)	lf Shean, 2 (1)
	lf Libby, 2 (2)
	lf Reid, 1 (2)

Referee, Eddie Roundy, Colby. Time, 4 eight-minute periods.

BANGOR 20; OLD TOWN 12

Bangor High defeated Old Town for its tenth victory this year. This was an excellent game, Bangor leading from the first and playing throughout. There were many fouls, which helped to bring the score up on both sides.

In the opening quarter Goodin scored first by a foul and later dropped a basket in, the period ended 3 to 0. In the second period Bangor led 8 to 3, the shooting of the Old Town team being wild. In the last half Bangor did some clever passing and shooting. The defensive work of Libby and Gulnac was very good while Shean and Goodin led in scoring. However it was not individual playing that won the game but team work. This factor had been lacking in a few games and the passing and defense in this game was pleasing to watch.

(Continued on Page 49)



"Do not forget old friends, for old friends are true friends the world over."

Eleanor Hatton, ex-'30, has been chosen as one of the ten girls of Westbrook Seminary and Junior College of Portland, who will go to Boston, Feb. 28. Miss Hatton will go at the school's expense to sing for the Westbrook Seminary reunion which is to be held at the Copley Plaza Hotel.

Eleanor Cross, '28, a member of the Freshman class at Simmons College played a prominent part in the class play, presented at the college on Friday evening. Miss Cross, in B. H. S., was prominent in dramatic, social clubs and other school activities. She was the winner of the girl's medal in the Junior Exhibition and gave the class history at the commencement exercises.

Barbara Whitman, '26, daughter of Henry Whitman of this city, one of the advanced pupils at the New England Conservatory of Music, was one of the soloists at a concert held in the George W. Brown hall, Boston, recently. While in school, Miss Whitman, was one of the leading young musicians in the city, appearing in numerous musicales, concerts and entertainments.

Many Bangor friends will be interested in the following report, taken from the Journal-Transcript of Franklin, N. H., of a little play

by Mrs. John S. Shepard of that town—formerly Miss Alice Robinson of Bangor. Mrs. Shepard is a sister of Miss Mary C. Robinson of the High School faculty and of the late Dr. Daniel A. Robinson. Prior to her marriage, she taught in the Bangor Schools. "Color Schemes," was the title of the one act play.

Prescott Dennett, '26 of Bangor, who is traveling in Europe on a traveling scholarship from the Pulitzer School of Journalism, tells of his recent arrest by the Fascists at Rome in a letter received by his mother who is a teacher in the Bangor schools.

Mr. Dennett says the excuse given for the arrest was that he stumbled into the Fascist secret code office in the Chigi Palace. Other excuses—were "impoliteness before the captain of police" and standing and sitting with the feet crossed. Mr. Dennett writes that he met Leo White, B. H. S., '26, a graduate of Holy Cross from which college he was appointed by Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray, Bishop of Portland, to go as a student to the American Catholic College at Rome. These appointments are made by the American bishops to worthy students attending the American Catholic colleges, who plan to take the cloth. They are sent to all the leading foreign universities in Paris and Rome.

IN MEMORIAM

Raymond White, B. H. S. '26. He was a young man of unusually sunny disposition and a member of the Bangor Band. Mr. White was keenly interested in the Grace Methodist Episcopal church, and also the Scoutmaster of Troop 11.



"The attack is the best defense."

BAR HARBOR SEVERELY DEFEATED BY BANGOR

Full of determination to win every game left on the schedule, Bangor went on the floor and gave Bar Harbor a good beating.

Pete and Barbs were going well until Pete got 'rough' and Nat MacLeod came in to do her stuff, and did she shoot some baskets? The Bar Harbor guards must have felt funny when they saw Nat and Barbs make basket after basket.

Mildred Bradford helped Lydia out in the center as Em became so excited that she forgot T. N. T.

Not much can be said about the guard section of Bangor as it pretty nearly is perfection. (No boasting).

The outstanding feature of the visiting team was the long distance shots made by Higgins, a letterman of four years.

Coach Abernethy was sorry she had to defeat her former school so badly, but she just couldn't help it.

BANGOR, 35		BAR HARBOR, 14	
Stover, rf, 7 (3)	.....	Smith, rf	
Peters, lf 3 (1)	.....	Fenwick, 1 (1)	
MacLeod, 9 (2)	.....	Higgins, lf, 5 (3)	
Jones, c	.....	Holt, c	
Lyons, sc	.....	Blanchard, sc	
Bradford	.....	Wilbur	
Crane, rg	.....	Sawyer, rg	
Welch, lg	.....	Young	
Sanders	.....	Haraden, lg	

BANGOR DEFEATED BY U. OF M.

The freshmen from U. of M. took a victory away from our girls on our own floor.

The game was exciting but a little rough. The freshmen had a fine team, four players being stars from Bangor last year.

It was an evenly matched game except that the foul goals were made by the U. of M. most every time as Polly Brown has a sharp eye. Thus the freshmen heaped up a score larger than Bangor's.

Barbs Stover sunk some fine baskets, but they were overhead shots, giving a count of only one each time. Bangor's guard section and centers played their usual good game.

But the freshmen went back to Orono with a victory of 22 to 12.

BANGOR		U. OF M.	
Stover rf (2)	.....	Moulton, rf	
Peters, lf 1 (1)	.....	Young	
MacLeod, lf 2	.....	Brown, lf	
Jones, c	.....	Thompson	
Lyons, sc	.....	Briggs, c	
Russell	.....	Collins, sc	
Crane, rg	.....	West	
Sanders, lg	.....	Smith, rg	
Bradford	.....	Henry, rg	

SECOND TEAM

The second team has played but two games this year and both of these have been with the Girl Reserves.

(Continued on page 47)



Criticism—not altogether a wise thing to do.

"*Journal*," Berkeley, Calif.—We congratulate you on publishing your own magazine! Your departments are numerous and complete and your cuts are very clever. We hope that your next issue will take a trans-continental trip also!

The "*Blue Arol*," Attleboro, Mass.—As usual there is no just fault to be found with your interesting magazine; it is one of the best that we receive. Call again!

We wonder if all the editions of "*The Student*" from Malone, New York, can be as complete and newsy as "*The Sophomore Number*." Your cuts and cartoons are clever and original. Under the Literary department we find this.—

Study?

A book, some notes, a class
A seat, a Prof, some gas,
A hope, a sigh, a moan,
A page, a thought, a groan,
A talk, an hour, some bunk,
A month, a quiz, a flunk!

"*Scotland Courier*," Scotland, Penna. Yours is one of the "newsiest" papers that we receive. The "English Section" is an original idea and contains some very interesting stories. The clever cuts add greatly to the appearance of your paper while "*Dormitoryettes*" add to its humor. We are looking forward to your next issue.

Anyone would welcome a magazine like the "*Brocktonia*," from Brockton, Mass. Your cuts are especially good! What a fast basketball team your boys must have!

The "*Trident*," Brewer, Maine.—Yours is an excellent magazine from beginning to end, but why not have a table of contents that your well developed departments might be more easily found?

The "*Red and White*," Sanford, Maine.—Another interesting edition, but we would welcome a few more jokes and a literary department. Congratulations to the students who passed the English Exam with honor rank!

"*Brown and Gold*," Haverhill, Mass.—This paper though small in size, gives in full the many activities of Haverhill High. Your departments are numerous and well written, but we would suggest a few cuts or cartoons.

On looking through "*Station E. L. H. S.*," of Auburn, Maine, we find the first publication of the "Sport Confab", which starts well—so here's hoping that it will become a regular feature.

The "*Recorder*," Syracuse, New York. Here is a newsy paper which we always welcome! Your cartoons and cuts are good, but can't you have a few more stories? Keep up the basketball record girls!

(Continued on page 45)

PERSONALS



"Do not take life too seriously, you will never get out of it alive."

The B. H. S. annual extravaganza was presented on Chusdey nite, February 32, at seven fifty-one and a half o'clock, before an unusually large and very appreciative audience. The play, "King for a Day," is the latest and most successful of our own brilliant playwright, Roscoe Cuozzo and it thrilled, chilled and delighted the vast assemblage. The cast, which was perfectly selected by the coach, Helena Hughes, follows:

King—Sidney (Himself) Epstein.

Queen—Barbara Stover.

Fiddlers three—Woody Finnegan, Charlie Bradbury, and George McKenney.

The beautiful princess—Minnie Alpert.

The handsome prince—Abraham Kern.

Court jester—Chumski Milan.

Custodian of the crown jewels—Maynard Clark.

Ballad singer—Dickie Palmer.

Magician—Pete Furrow.

Rising sun—James Mullen.

Setting sun—Joe Mullen.

Uncle Tom—The inimitable Fordie.

Heiress—Dona Croxford.

The little Sillies—

So Silly—Laura Hackett.

How Silly—Nancy Connors.

Sorta Silly—Frances Jones.

Silly Silly—Charlotte Newall.

Sucha Silly—Peggy Thayer.

The deep-dyed villain—Dick Buckley.

Vice-villain—George Shean.

The shadow on the wall—Henry Gulnac.

The moon in the sky—Agatha Stanhope.

The ambassador to Skeovia—Frank Wood.
The controler of black magic—Don McCready.

The Hula dancer—Eddie Aucoin.

American millionaire—Gorham Levenseller.

Millionaire's wife—Winnifred Brown.

The same's daughter—Dorothy Chandler.

Court crier—Candy Lynch.

Custodian of the key to the palace—Abraham Stern.

The dashing and daring young aviator—Shank Murray.

Members of the chorus—Paul Sawyer, Robert Morgan, Ellie Reid, Maxine Bicknell, Phyllis Southard, Emma Witham, Dot Friedman, Edith Graves, Harold Morris, Bernard Sanders.

The curtain (pulled by Kenney Kurson and Chink Brown) opened on the beautiful palace of the king, who was holding court. Sid wore the crown gracefully over his right ear and swatted flies with his sceptre. The queen gorgeously attired in silks and satins was chewing gum and reading the funny paper. The court stood round and paid homage as a court does. As the plot unweaves, we sympathize with the rejected suites of the handsome prince and itch to choke the last breath from the dastardly villain who uses the basest of means on his victims. Of course, right prevails and Abraham brings home the bacon and they live happily ever after. Dickie Palmer's choice rendering of *My Heart Skips a Beat*, brought tears to the eyes of all, and the work of Chumski Milan as jester is another of his many triumphs. Great

credit should go to Frances Crane and Evelyn Welch, whose piano accompaniments were marvelously executed.

Is—re Al—t, '30—I'm glad I don't like to study.

R—h Bl—g, '30—Why?

"Izzy"—Because, if I liked to study I would, and I hate to.

Heard In Chemistry:

R—ard P—mer, '31: If I could get inside of this bottle, I could push the stopper out.

Ev. Wh—-man, '30—What's your Ford's name?

A-l-na L--d--s, '30—It's named 'Regulator.

Ev.—Why is that?

A-l-na—All the other Fords go by it.

"Don" Robinson,—Am I a little pale?

"J—ck" T—k—s,—No, you're a big tub.

FAST

A fellow told us he was so fast that whenever he made up his mind to do something, he always did it, and at the same time he made up his mind to change his mind from what he made up his mind to do the first time but by the time he changed his mind from what he made up his mind to do, he finds that what he made up his mind to do is done, so he has to change his mind from the state of a changed mind back to that state of mind which he was in when he made up his mind to do what he intended to do in the first place.

Exchange.

The more you study,
The more you know,
The more you know,
The more you forget.
The more you forget,
The less you know,
So why study?

By O. F. '30.

P—y L—b—y, '30—Your father looks most dignified and distinguished with his snow white hair.

B—y S—rs, '31, (?)—Yeh! He's got me to thank for that!

J—ny W—lsh—re, '30—Why are you limping so? Hurt your foot?

M—ke Cr—ley—No! Gotta corn.

J—ny—Have you done anything to help it?

M—ke—After what it's been doing to me? I guess not!

Teacher—The thing I like best about this year's Freshman class is that you can always tell what the pupils will do next!

Visitor—And what is that?

Teacher—Nothing!

Barber—How do you want your hair cut?

N—t—lie An—son, '30—Off!

N—n C—h—rs '31—Don't go yet. You are leaving the debating club entirely without reason.

K—n K—sn, '31—I always leave things as I find them.

Sophomore—What have you there?

Frosh—Some insect powder.

Sophomore—Good heavens, you aren't going to commit suicide?

Clerk—This book will do half your work for you.

W—d F—n—g—n, '30—I'll take two!

Cop—Where do you think your going so fast?

G. Sh—n, '30—To the game.

Cop—Well, wait a minute and I'll give you a ticket.

To keep warm at night: reach for a blanket instead of a sheet.

Gertie White: You big handsome brute!

Hen Chaison: Ah now, you know I'm no brute.

Have you ever heard—

Brother Ed Morgan play the "Debutante?"

Abe Stern sing "True Blue Lou" and "Little Pal?"

Harold Morris sing "I may be wrong—?"

The joke about the Frenchman and the Farmer's daughter?

The raspberry on Norman Cahn's Oldsmobile?

One of Woody Finnegan's best attempts?

Leonard Ford sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?"

Young Viner play the oboe?

Dona Croxford lisp?

Gorham Levenseller do a tap dance?

Or Dot Freidman do a clog?

Carroll Blanning imitate a Pekinese puppy?

Henry Flynn render the "St. James Infirmary Blues?"

Sonny Epstein express his opinion of his opponent in a basketball game?

Henry Gulnae yell "Defense?"

George Shean tell about the time he caught the bobcat?

About the fish Harry Boyd caught out to Pushaw?

How Ebbeson and Evans spend their time during Chemistry period?

The "no-school" signals very often this winter?

About Bernie Striar's adventures in Augusta?

And Jimmie Smart's adventures in South Portland?

About Issy Gross' fits of sleeping sickness in Madame's room?

And the same applying to Marion Hughes?

The story of Little Rabbit?

How Nancy Connors got her dimples?

What Ralph Dyer said when he saw Evelyn Golden for the first time?

What Richard Higgins thinks about good things in small packages?

That bridges were originally built to shade the fish on hot days?

Why dogs can't live in a desert?

That the Scotch first invented the glider?

That the locomotive whistles to keep up its courage?

Of the musician who couldn't play a violin because of his double chins?

That the one who wrote "Singin' in the Bath-tub" wasn't taking a cold shower at the time?

About the Warden who fed yeast cakes to the prisoners to keep them from breaking out?

That milk is good for the blood? But who's blood-thirsty?

That seeing is cribbing?

That the 1930 style animal crackers will soon be out?

The old baseball ballad—A good big inning is half the battle?

What the Scotch do to prevent sea sickness? Hold a fifty-cent piece between their teeth.

How Our Hero Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix or the adventures of F. Kingsley McKean.

To the tune of Moan In Low

Hopping along atop the snow,

With his snowshoes flashing fast

Fleetwood Macduff goes dashing past.

Now the finish line's in sight

And we cheer with all our might,

Except for happy Brother Ed

He's laughed until he's split his head.

But on the sidelines—look, my dear,

A man from Caribou is there.

In front of Mac he holds some dimes

And indicates—by little signs,

He'd like to start a friendly game.

Now according to his name,

Mac is Scotch. Despite our groans,

Fleetwood K. digs out his bones,

Throws a penny in the pot

And starts the game right on the spot.

But Mac's luck was elsewhere that day—

He lost his all, 'tis sad to say.

A mighty leap up in the air—

Three strides—a jump—and he was there.

His red hair blown in wild array

Like some wild jack's that loudly bray,

The Galloping Ghost had won again—

(To lose their all makes Scots insane).

So take a warning Caribou—

See what you forced Fleetwood to do.

CELEBRITIES OF THE MONTH

Alexina Michaud—height: 5 feet even; weight: 'twould be telling but you can guess; eyes; those big brown ones; disposition; sunny; Alex may be petite but she lacks nothing. She excels in singing and crooning melodies, and her trills have an outstanding quality. She's up in her studies, especially French, and enjoys winter sports, showing a marked preference for speed skaters. We're glad you're what you are, Alex, and wouldn't lose you for the world.

Guy Flagg—Height: medium, between four and six feet; weight: about 150; eyes: blue eyes about a mile in depth; hair: blonde; disposition: aimiable. One of our budding athletes—a swell baseball player, showing up best in the pitcher's box, and an adept at the other games. Guy's one of these quiet chaps but he's one of the best. It won't be long before he'll be one of our social lions.

Phyllis Lloyd-Jones—a description of Phil would be a waste of time. Everyone knows her. You'll find her anywhere and everywhere at any time of day, or night, and where you see Phil you'll also see B——.

Albert Conners—how would you describe a milk bottle—let's see—well not so tall, or perhaps medium would be better; rather plump, and very impressive looking, how's that? Squeak is one of our big soldier boys. The way he gives commands would make a freight train do an about face. Squeak's taking cornet lessons and some day is going to be a great musician, maybe as famous as Rudy, who knows? Meanwhile he's studying hard and getting an education.

Natalie McLeod—As the wolf said to little Red Riding Hood, why are you so tall, my dear? "The better to shoot baskets and catch passes," says Nat, "and to run away with the ball, playing hockey." Nat sure can toss baskets, but perhaps you don't know she's one of our best scholars? It's true. We'd be willing to bet she could translate Virgil better than he could himself, and she's just as good in her other studies, too. Wish we had more like you Nat.

Richard Rice—If you ever hear a noise like an avalanche, don't turn around—it's only Dick. His feet are naturally heavy. As an advance warning, don't let him slap you on the back—you'll never straighten up again. But all fooling aside, Dick is a swell guy. He was a big help to the football squad and can rate an A in most of his studies. He saw service on the baseball team last year, at first base and can make a clarinet talk turkey. Did you ever see him when he wasn't grinning?

We've been peeking around and are now ready to give you the low down on the Freshmen.

The so-called 3 musketeers (Wait 'til they start taking drill) Paul Fairley, Bob McAvey, Farmer Ford.

And the so-called 4 horsemen (maybe they can tell you why) "Hanker" Burke, Angelo Preadoris, Harold Pertes, Hal Grodinsky.

And 3 little vamps (this is inside information) Grace Maynard, Emma Tweedy, Althea Hamlin.

The doves (isn't that a sweet term?) Nancy Conners, Peggy Thayer.

The Nine Muses (this is a good joke) The girls glee club.

2 little studes

Bob Cummings, Newall Avery.
and a couple of pianists

Helen Prescott, Frances Jones.
and a debater named Bennie Viner.

(we can't read what these are supposed to be—it looks like "The Spirits")

Bemis Bell, Paul Knowles.

The beauty parlor (we presume it means habitues of the same)

Eleanor Clough, Barbara Bertels, Althea Hamlin.

and here we have an athlete—

Arlene Spinney.

and 2 (if not more) sheiks named Lean and Carlisle.

Not such a bad summary, but we know (personally) a few more who are very nice Freshmen.

To enter without examination a student must have received
"college certificate grades" throughout his senior
year of preparatory work.

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I have checked.

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Address.....

All is fair in love and South Brewer according to Ted and his Greater Gang over W.L.B.Z.

Boss—And so you'd like to have the afternoon off? I suppose your grandmother is dead?

Boy—Oh no, sir. She has two tickets to the game.

And so I've changed my mind.

Does it work any better?

I tell you there's a nigger in the woodpile.

Well that's a funny place to look for chickens.

Fordie—I'm going to be a surgeon.

Lin Colby—Not for me. Too much inside work.

Where are you working now?

A & P.

Oh yes, one of the chain gang.

A tip from the Scotch: stay at home and let your mind wander.

Irish cab-driver: G'wan, shake yourself, ye moth eaten old corpse. (Confidently to his passenger.) It was the horse I was speakin' to, Ma'am.

I thought you said your room was spotless?

Yes, sir. Not a clean spot in it.

They say the guy who engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin is now getting a big salary tattooing the actors in a flea circus.

Hark! Listen to the wheels! Don't be excited; it's just Ea-n T-b-l, '31, trying to think!

Innocent Freshman: What do you do when you get something ending with R. S. V. P?

Lordly Senior: Don't let them fool you. There isn't any such sending station.

"Twenty yards for slugging," said the referee.

"Half off for pleading guilty?" asked a future lawyer.

The three quickest ways to send a message: 1, Telegraph—2, Telephone—3, Tel-a-girl.

OUR CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

WOMEN HATERS: Jim Mullen, Jake Shean, Ed Gross.

MEN HATERS: Pat Brown, Betty Russ, Ruth Blanning.

SHORTEST: Hen Gulnae, Grid Tarbell, Maynie Clark, Ralph Dyer.

TALLEST: Evelyn Golden, Richard Higgins.

FATTEST: Sid Epstein, Edith Rice.

SLIMMEST: Ken Jones, Decker Clough, Bill Newman.

PESSIMISTS: Candy Lynch, Larry Hackett.

OPTIMISTS: The Faculty (at exam time).

TRAVELING INFORMATION BOOTHS: Helen MacKean, Rosalie Fellows, David Rubin.

BEST SPORTS: Dick Buckley, William Cole.

BEST EATERS: Jimmie and Frank S.

BEST DANCERS: "D. D." Dyer, F. Kingsley McKean.

MOST POPULAR: no decision by the judges.

QUIETEST: Woody Finnegan, Eddie Aucoin, Mike Crowley.

NOISIEST: Shank Murray, Harry Boyd, Oscar Fellows.

BEST ORATORS: Ten Juniors.

HARDEST WORKING: The *Oracle* Board.

Those who passed by his house the other day heard El—ot Re—d, making a low rumbling sound and they couldn't tell whether he was singing bass or grumbling.

We wonder why F. C. and M. B. and also Jo—n Hey—an prefer the store room to the class room in 315.

R—th D—m—d, '30—Why do you talk continually from morning until night?

Iz—y G—ss, '30—It's the only time I get. I sleep from night 'till morning.

For Sale Cheap

Fine granulated sugar. If you don't like it you can lump it.

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For catalog or any further information write to:
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SENIOR ALPHABET

A—is for Allen, this lass has won fame.
 B—is for Boyd, he too played the game.
 C—is for Crane, the girl for the team.
 D—is for Dunning, his haircomb is keen.
 E—is for Ebbeson, oh, boy! can he paint.
 F—is for Fellows, he's almost a saint.
 G—is for Gulnac, he heads all his class.
 H—is for Hughes, she's a good little lass.
 I—is for Inman, the senior of whom we hear.
 J—is for Jones, we think she's a dear.
 K—is for King, Veazie's his home.
 L—is for Lynch, we all hear him moan.
 M—is for Munce, a maiden so charming.
 N—is for Novak, in studies, alarming.
 O—is for O'Donnell, Dux is with us again.
 P—is for Pooler, who's back now and then.
 Q—is for Question, where all teachers rate.
 R—is for Russell, in basketball is great.
 S—is for Shean or the Smarts' as we choose.
 T—is for Tarbell, a boy we'd hate to lose.
 U—is for Used, the gum under the desks.
 V—is for Viner, she never forgets.
 W—is for Witham, this girl is not shy.
 X—is for X in Algebra, a letter we apply.
 Y—is for Youth, which we all want to maintain.
 Z—is for Z of which there is no name.

N—man C—n—rs, '31—I think I'm quite a musician.

Mr. Robinson—You ought to be with Wagner.

N—man—Why, he's dead.

Mr. Robinson—I know it.

He—Your girl friend called up and said she wouldn't be able to meet you today.

Him—That's a wait off my mind.

Norris Crosby—Understand? Hurry and put on your kilts; we're going to the ball game.

F. K. McK.—And why should I put on my kilts?

Norris—Aye, 'tis ladies free day.

Friend—Why are you reading that book again? You finished it once.

Gandy—Yes, but now I'm reading between the lines.

DISTURBED DREAMS

Paula Pinkham, '32

Sitting in a class-room gazing at the wall,
 Teacher marking papers meaning his downfall.
 Student sits there dreaming between the short
 cat-naps.

Suddenly up looks teacher, "Working hard?"
 she snaps.

"Yes'm," answers student opening up a book.
 Back to work goes teacher with one farewell
 look.

Hand on clock moves onward as the minutes
 fall.

Student finds himself again gazing at the wall.
 Quickly up looks teacher with anger in her eyes,
 "To the office now, young man," with flinging
 arms she cries.

To himself he mutters as he leaves his study
 floor,

"Can't a guy just dream a bit outside that office
 door?"

POPULAR SONGS — BY DITTO STUDES

Rendered in Chords, Flats
 and a Note here and there

"Where is my wandering boy tonight?

..... Alice Munce

"Miss You" ..... George McKenney

"Am I Blue?" ..... Candy Lynch

"Babyface" ..... Maxine Bicknell

"My fate is in your hands" ..... George Shean

"Sidewalks of New York" ..... John McGrath

"Love is a dreamer" ..... Jim Mullen

"Singing in the bath-tub" ..... Kenneth Jones

"The Vagabond Lover" ..... Don Hillman

"Sympathy" ..... Go Levenseller

"Among My Souvenirs" ..... Eaton Tarbell

"I offer you congratulations" Carroll Blanning

"That Wonderful Something" ..... Allana Landers

"In apple blossom time" ..... Jack Dunning

"Turn on the heat" ..... Bud Flynn

"Keep your sunny side up" ..... Ruth Drummond

"School Daze" ..... All of us

"I'm a Dreamer" ..... Gene Johnson

Mechanically inclined—Finally he took his
 mother apart, and tried to reason with her.—
Edith Wharton in "The Writing of English."

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Troy, New York



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The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are nearly 1600 students enrolled at the school.

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

Graduates of any of the above courses may continue their work in the Graduate School of the Institute. The Master's Degree is conferred upon the satisfactory completion of one year's work and the Doctor's Degree for three years' work.

The method of instruction is unique and very thorough, and in all departments the laboratory equipment is unusually complete.

Interesting illustrated pamphlets giving information regarding the courses of study and the methods of instruction and containing views of the campus, buildings, and laboratories, the student activities, and the work of graduates, may be had by applying to the Registrar, Room 008, Pittsburgh Building.

JUNIOR ALPHABET

A—for Alpert, the one with the curl,
 B—“Blanning, a werra nice girl,
 C—“Cahners, a boy that's quite smart.
 D—“Dunham, with a kind, friendly heart.
 E—“Epstein—he'll grow some more.
 F—“Flynn—Frances, to be sure.
 G—“Gallagher, a lass that is sweet.
 H—“Herrick, who sprawls in his seat.
 I—“Irving,—McInnis likes cherries.
 J—“Johnson, his boots are the berries.
 K—“Kurson, destined for fame.
 L—“Levenseller, but he's not to blame.
 M—“Mullen, look 'round for T. Smith.
 N—“Newman, his size is a gift.
 O—“O'Conner, she really is cute.
 P—“Pressey, he likes to shoot.
 Q—“Quimby, that likes to screech.
 R—“Russ or Rosie, a peach.
 S—“St. Germain, he has a good line.
 T—“Tremble, in studies does shine.
 U—“Utterback, of Alma you've heard.
 V—“VanDyk, she has a kind word.
 W—“Wood, our shiekist shiek.
 X—is the number for which we seek.
 Y—for York, who sings like a bird.
 Z—“no one of whom we have heard.

THE ROAD TO FAME

James Sullivan, '33

Bangor was hoping to make fame
 In basketball, a well known game.
 For her first game, she decided to strive
 With East Mitten and her well known five.
 The day was set! ! The day had come—
 The hall was filled with everyone! !
 The game raged on,—neither side would yield.
 East Mitten's fate could not be sealed.
 One man shot a real mean ball,
 The others could not shoot at all.
 At last they put young Bradbury in
 And everyone was sure to win.
 And Bradbury never changed their thought,
 For through the ring went his first shot.
 It was the shot that won the game
 That gave the team its well-known fame.
 By saps like me these poems are written.
 But only Bangor can beat East Mitten.

LOST: A PINK DRESS IN A BOX

One day my brother and I went to the city.
 I was going to buy me a new dress and he was
 going to get some things he needed on the
 farm. I was so anxious to get my dress that I
 went to the first store that I came to, which
 was Freese's and looked at the dresses. There
 were so many pretty ones I didn't know really
 which one I wanted. Finally I decided on a
 very pretty pink one with several pleats across
 the front of it and a belt with a silver buckle
 on it. After I got my dress I went to the car
 and left it there not thinking anything would
 happen to it. After I did this I did my other
 shopping of which I had quite a lot to do.

It was quite late when we came back to the
 car again to go home. But imagine our sur-
 prise and fear when we found our car was gone,
 dress and all. We didn't think much about
 the losing of the car then. We thought how
 in the world were we to get home! Then a
 bright idea came to my brother, he telephoned
 to our father who came and got us.

A few days afterwards, when we were in the
 city again we found our car in nearly the same
 place we had left it. The car was all right, but
 my cherished pink dress was gone.

Carolyn E. Salisbury.

A little wise guy is Eddie
 His last name you can guess.
 He's five feet two without a shoe
 See Reilley for the rest.

He's known to every lass and lad
 Those unknown to him are few.
 Although the LaSalle may be green,
 He's far from that it's true.

Abie was telling his friend about Moe's
 clothing store being struck by lightning.

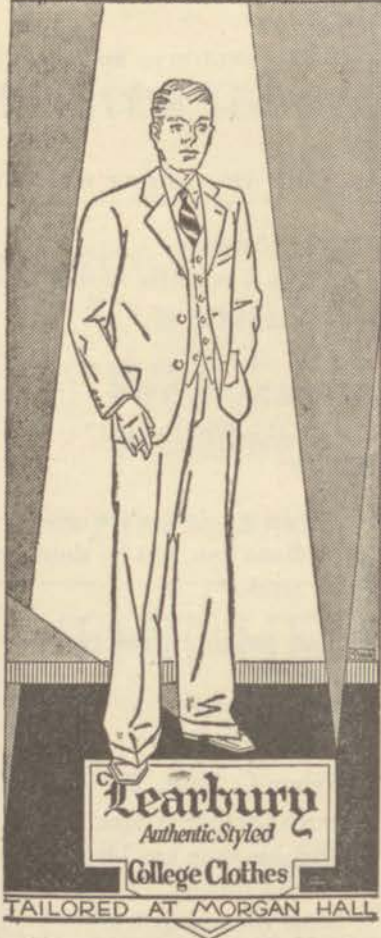
“Well,” said Abie's friend, “I suppose
 Moe'll have to move now.”

“Why of course,” returned Abie, surprised,
 “Lightning never strikes twice in the same
 place.”

How does the car run after its first hundred
 thousand miles?

Fine. Just listen to the horn!

THE HOUSE OF COLLEGE CLOTHES



Boys like to choose their
own Clothes - -
and Miller-Largay Company
know what they choose.

IT - - BEING OF COURSE ONE OF
THE NEW SPRING - -

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WITH TWO PANTS

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18 BROAD STREET

Bangor's Smartest Young Men's Shop

Na—a—ie An—son, '30—You should never go swimming after a hearty meal.

G—ge C—l—e, '31—Why not?

Na—a—ie—You won't find it there.

Ar—ur L—er—m—n, '31—Never did have any luck, I'm always left out in the cold.

K—n K—r—on, '31—Never mind, you won't be in the next world.

Ch—l—tte Ca—ers, '30—Where did you get your cold.

Fr—ces R—y—ds, '31—If I knew I'd take it back.

Wen—l Sm—rt, '30—What did you do when R—th said she thought you were odd?

J—m—ie M—ll—n, '30—Told her I'd get even.

If all true-confession authors were stretched out end-to-end, they'd still be lying.

Hatter—This is the softest felt we have.

Ralph Wilson—What I want is something more tender. I lost a bet, and I've got to eat my hat.

A club is a place where you pay dues to meet people who owe you money.

A small boy with a new boy scout knife is as harmless as a cyclone.

B. H. S. AFFINITIES

The Cocoanuts	"Rolly" Richardson
	"Gommy" Levenseller
	"Don" Parker
	"Pete" Furrow
Hard To Get.....	Our Lessons
The Missing Link...	Use Your own Judgment
Close Harmony.....	B. H. S. Band
The Gay Retreat.....	R. O. T. C.
The Fireman's Child.....	"Bunny" Saunders
The Dance of Life.....	Freshman Hop
The Terror.....	Examinations
Fox Movietone Follies.....	The Student Body
Honky Tonky Club.....	Debating Society

One definition of sausage is groundhog.

E—ot Re—d, '30—So you sing in the chorus.

C—or—b—r, '30—Yes.

E—ot,—What part?

C—or—al—Well I went in as first base, but they changed it to short stop when they heard my voice.

Student No. One—Do you ever write home for money?

Stude No. Two—Never.

One—Yes, I think it is better to send a telegram, too.

Ev. We—ch, '30—I always do my hardest work before breakfast.

Fr—es Cr—ne, '31—What's that?

Ev.—Getting up.

Mac—Has yer son got an ear fer music?

Moe—Weel, I dinna ken, but he shure gotta good stomach fer steak.

One Scotchman bought a car because the clutch was thrown in.

MY FRIEND

Velma C. Tate, '30

Though his hair is dark
And his eyes are blue,
He is my friend,
With friendship true.

He is willing and ready
Without a sigh
To always help others
And never ask why.

A smile on his face,
A light in his eyes,
He is never melancholy,
I wonder, why?

As I sit and think
Of words that rhyme
None are good enough,
For that "Pal" of mine.

I am lucky to find
In course of time
A friend so kind
Like that "Pal" of mine.

PHONE 1080

R. J. SMITH

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If a man wants an open car and his wife wants a sedan, the open discussion usually resolves itself into a closed incident.

Prisoner's song—Let's do the Breakaway.

Ford song—I'll get by.

Halitosis song—All by yourself in the moonlight.

Have any trouble getting Europe?

Plenty! I don't get it at all.

Just apply a hammer forcibly against a tube and you'll hear glass go (Glasgow).

They had been discussing the topic of hunting in the Maine woods.

R—ard R—ce, '30—I like any kind of wild game.—Do you?

E—ly Ly—n, '30—Yes. Do you happen to know a good one?

Ev-l-n W-l-h, '30, driving down Hammond Street Hill to Fran-s Cr-ne '30—Oh, Frances! My brakes don't hold a bit! Would you mind dragging your foot along the pavement?

He—My brow is lily white.

She—Ivory should be white.

Are the fish biting?

Only biting each other.

Coo, Coo.—He—I think there is something dove-like about you.

She—Oh, really?

He.—Yes, you are a little pigeon-toed.—*The Mill.*

The House of Representatives isn't the only house which has a lot of bills staring it in the face.—*Detroit News.*

Nothing Like That.—Customer—Are you showing your fall underwear?

Saleslady—Goodness, I hope not!—*The Mill.*

C—lv—n C—ade, '31—Every time I go along the road at night I am startled by the apparition of a jackass.

Ber—ie St—ar, '30—You're not the only man who gets frightened at his own shadow.

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EAST SIDE PHARMACY - - - 32 State Street

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BREWER, MAINE

REUNITED

(Continued from Page 14)

and she having replied in the affirmative he sent the taxi away and followed her into the house.

I will have to leave to your imagination what went on in the house, but within a week the little house and the furniture were sold for what little it was worth, and a taxi cab came and got the stranger, Mrs. Martin, and her two children.

I suppose you are wondering what it is all about. I will tell you, as I heard it told by one neighbor to another.

"One of her kids told me that man was 'er paw," said the first neighbor. "She sed that him an her maw were separated in a train accident, when they were little uns."

"Ya don't say?" answer the second neighbor.

"Yuh, her maw thought he was dead so she went and got her two-kids, who were with a friend, and tried to make a home for them. She's had a hard time of it but it'll be all right now, the kid said that he's rich."

"I suppose now that she's rich she'll forget all 'bout her ole frien's," sighed the second neighbor.

But Mrs. Martin never forgot her old friends and was a great help to them in every way that she could be, because she never forgot that she had once been poor like them.

AIR CASTLES

Virginia Flint, '32

I'd like to sit on that golden cloud,
 Off there in the golden west,
 And watch the moon from her purple shroud
 Rise for the sun to rest.
 You and I in our golden boat
 Would sail, till the moon rose high
 And steal so bold, from our boat of gold,
 The beauty, and glow of the sky.

Dona Cr-xf-d, '30—How old do you think I am?

Allana L-nd-rs, '30—You don't look it.

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Hardware and Mill Supplies

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Musical Merchandise, Strings, Etc

**TAKE OFF THOSE VIOLIN CASES
AND WEAR**

WALK-OVERS



44 MAIN STREET-BANGOR

EXCHANGES

(Continued from Page 26)

The "*Hebronian*," Hebron, Maine, is surely the place to go for *good* stories and poems! Your excellent paper contains one of the largest literary departments on our list of Exchanges. We hope that "*The Hebronian*" will find its way to Bangor again!

"*Stephens Broadcast*," Rumford, Maine. We find once again the same complete and interesting paper. We would like to see, however, a literary column as well as a few more exchanges. The cartoon "*Wake Up*" was very good. Publish more like it!

In the "*Red Lion Hilltop*," from Red Lion, Penna., we find the definition of a zebra to be "A horse with his ribs outside." Your paper contains an excellent "Poet's Corner" while the "Book Review" column is interesting and original.

The "*Aucturus*," Caribou, Maine.—By "The Aucturus" we judge that Caribou High has two victorious basketball teams as well as a championship Winter Sports team! The Operetta "*Lady Frances*" promises to be a great success—we hope so anyhow.

The "*Magnet*," Madison, Maine.—You have an excellent literary department, while your exchanges are very original. Can't you add a few cartoons and cuttings—they will improve the appearance of your paper.

To a Red Head

Ah-ha-ha my pretty maid,
You're fairest of the fair.
The only fault I have to find
Is your hot and flaming hair.

Cop—And how is the fire sale coming?

Cohen—Hush! Not so loud. The fire's been postponed till next week.

Ed Baker—resting comfortably on the sidewalk—Gosh, I didn't see this banana peel on the steps.

Henry Chaison—Better luck next time.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 25)

The first game was between the periods of one of the varsity games, and our plucky seconds came out victorious.

Gen. Robinson has the makings of a fine forward if she would grow just a little bit taller. And Christine Reynolds will soon be able to out-jump any center. Helen Tremble and Thelma Silk, two good forwards on the Bangor squad, played with the Reserves. The score was 10 to 5, Bangor.

SECONDS

Cunningham, lf. . . . . Tremble, lf 1 (2)
 Robinson, rf 3 (3) . . . . . Graham, rf
 Averill, rf 1 . . . . . Silk, rf (1)
 Reynolds, c . . . . . Breidy, c
 Russell, sc . . . . . Perkins, sc
 Allen, sc . . . . . Silk, sc
 R. Allen, rg . . . . . Mooney, rg
 Rosie, lg . . . . . Higgins, lg

RESERVES

The other game was not so good. Averill and Robinson scored for the Seconds and Tremble and Silk for the Reserves. Silk put in some fine shots for the Reserves and outnumbered those of the Seconds. Russell and Allen in the center did wonderful work and so did R. Allen and Rosie as guards.

But the Seconds had to taste defeat and they say 'Never again!'

SECONDS, 11

Robinson, rf 2 . . . . . Tremble, rf 3 (1)
 Cunningham . . . . . Silk, 5 (1)
 Averill, lf 3 (1) . . . . . Graham
 Russell, c . . . . . Breidy, c
 Green, c . . . . . Perkins, sc
 Allen, sc . . . . . Mooney, rg
 West, sc . . . . . Higgins, lg
 Rosie, rg
 Doane, rg
 R. Allen, lg
 Russell, lg

RESERVES, 18

Leonard F—d, '31—Operator, give me eleven times fifteen, minus nine, divided by six, add to it three times the original number, and please hurry.

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BOYS' ATHLETICS*(Continued from page 23)*

BANGOR, 20	OLD TOWN, 12
Shean, lf 3 (1).....	rb Harris (1)
Goodin, rf 2, (2).....	lb Warren
Epstein, c 1.....	lb Querin
Libby, lb 1 (1).....	c Burr, 2
Gulnac, rb.....	rf Gerro
	rf Sawtelle
	rf Wadley, (1)
	rf Murray, 1
	lf Sirois, 2

Referee, Kenyon, Maine; Umpire, Brice, Maine. Time, four eights.

BANGOR 24; JOHN BAPST 19

Bangor High outscored John Bapst quite easily though it took the first team to do it. This was a rough game, a great many fouls being called on each team. Bangor opened the game with its second team but at the end of the first period, John Bapst had the lead, and the first team was put in. These men, led by Al Goodin, soon took the lead to hold it to the end.

The game opened with Bangor's second team playing and though they put up a good fight they were outscored in the first period. In the second period the first team was put in and crept ahead but at the close of the period Bapst still led 11 to 9. In the last half Bangor made a strong attack and quickly forged ahead to hold it the rest of the game. This was a somewhat wild game.

BANGOR, 24	JOHN BAPST, 19
Reid, lf (1).....	rb Haggerty
Shean, lf (2).....	rb Doherty (1)
Bradbury, rf 1 (1).....	rb Pearson
Goodin, rf 1 (2).....	lb McHugh, 2 (1)
MacKinnon, c 1 (2).....	lb Conway, (2)
Epstein, c 1.....	lb Connor
Burr, c	
Flagg, lb.....	c Spellman, (2)
Gulnac, lb (1).....	rf Babine, 1 (2)
Furrow, rb.....	rf Dougherty
Libby, rb 3 (1).....	lf Korsky, 1
Bradbury, rb.....	lf Tolman, 1 (1)

Referee, Eddie Roundy, Colby; time, four eights.

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MILITARY*(Continued from Page 22)*

Donald Scanlin, to be corporal, Company E.
 P. Goode, to be corporal, Company F.
 Harold Reid, to be corporal, Company F.
 N. Cohen, to be corporal, Company F.
 Guy Flagg, to be corporal, Company F.

Gorham Levenseller, to be corporal, Company F.

With these new non-commissioned officers, all doing their utmost, the morale and efficiency of the regiment is sure to become even better than it is at present.

The rifle team deserves much praise for the excellent showing it made in the First Corps Area Match. It took first place and that in itself is quite a victory but it also made one of the highest averages in years. The rifle team is no doubt pleased but all they have to say at present is watch them take the Hearst Trophy Match. The following teams are to compete in this match:

First Team

Crowley
 McKean
 Barrett
 Jacques

Second Team

Mullen
 McKenney
 Barrett
 Jones
 Sanders

Third Team

V. Morrison   L. Morrison   Cole

The Officers' Club is fairly well-organized now and has held several meetings. Among other accomplishments, each officer is learning all the military manouvers, and also military calisthenics, so that the whole unit will be confident of their military knowledge when the annual inspection and review takes place this spring. The regiment, both officers and men believe that they can win the title of honor school this year. Bangor is under a distinct handicap in that we have no weekly mass drill in which the regiment assembles but the *Oracle* ventures to predict that, in spite of that handicap, the regiment will win.

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MUSIC

(Continued from Page 22)

and with many others. Waterville High School's Senior Orchestra, winner of both the state and New England, Class B, championships last year, will no doubt again join that class.

Among the additional instruments to the B. H. S. Orchestra lately is a violin-cello played by Catherine Epstein.

The Orchestra has played many times in the assemblies this year, and also played at a teachers convention not so long ago.

The coming Junior Exhibition on March 28th, will feature the Orchestra, as has been the custom in the past. They will accompany the Junior chorus in a song entitled "Charity" by Rossini. Gertrude White will be the soprano soloist singer in this number. Another song of no less importance is "Poo Bah" by Sullivan, which has also an orchestral accompaniment. Then there will be many other pieces that will entertain the audience while the judges are rendering their decision.

At the contest the Orchestra will start in with a march by Sousa. "The Belle of Chicago" next will be their own selection, "The Triumphal March of the Boyards" by Holvorsan, which has an excellent theme; and finally the required number "Don Juan," an overture by Mozart which is a very clever composition.

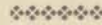
GLEE CLUBS

The Girls' and Boys' Combined Glee Clubs are working hard for the coming spring Festival, while the Juniors are hard at work for their annual Junior Exhibition. Mr. Sprague and Mrs. Dean have the direction of both groups.

This brings to a close this month's broadcast of Student Activities on Music by the Band and Orchestra departments of the *B. H. S. Oracle*.

We have our High School songs and cheers
And yells that are sublime,
But our universal school yell is,
"Hey, loan me a dime."

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it. At last they decided upon the right name. Ralph painted the sign which hung over the piazza screen door. "Merry Lynn Cottage" the sign read, and it truly was a merry cottage all summer long for Marilyn, Ralph and their many young friends. They loved it so much that instead of closing it and returning to the city, they kept it open all winter. Many times on the crisp winter air, a passer-by could hear the ringing laughter of the happy young people as they enjoyed the fun which Marilyn's "Merry Lynn Cottage" provided for them.

"BEN MY CHREE"*(Continued from Page 13)*

One clear day, with no warning, came a slide from the excavations, and it buried the young partner, Silas Hammond, and his wife.

This was a great blow to the Partridges for they were sincerely attached to their friends. But added to this was the misfortune that the mine could no longer be operated.

This calamity left this cultured young couple stranded in the vast Alaskan wilderness with no other human beings to converse with from one six months' end to the next. Semi-yearly trips to Carcross were possible but think what those six months must have meant to them, shut off from all human relationship.

Then the tourists began coming and in their joy at the thought of human companionship, the Partridges threw open their home to them, a habit which they have kept up ever since.

Now they have a launch and during the summer months they can go to Carcross in it; and the boat comes from Carcross twice a month, bringing people, magazines and much modern equipment. They have a caretaker and his wife now, and live in comparative comfort, but the best years of their lives, their hopes and their dreams, lie buried in that little home, which, in fond memory of their childhood life, they have named for a boat plying between England and the Isle of Man,—*"Ben My Chree."*

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