

ORACLE



APRIL
1928



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The Oracle

Vol. XXXVI

Number 5

Published Monthly by the Students of Bangor High School

Subscription \$1.00 Yearly

Single Copies 25 Cents

Address all business communications to
THE ORACLE, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
BANGOR, MAINE

The "Oracle" is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium
Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879

The Editor reserves the right to change or reject any article submitted for publication.

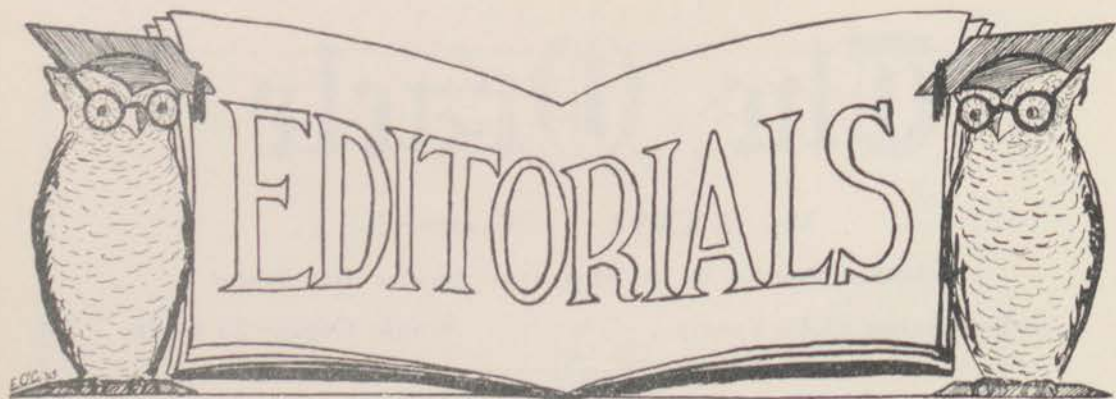
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It can be done.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND

At the beginning of the school year in 1916, there was a call for candidates to form a High School Band. Due to the efforts of Mr. H. D. O'Neil and Mr. Hall C. Dearborn, both members of the Bangor Band and Symphony Orchestra, a band of about twenty-five members was formed. Imagine a band without basses or trombones, and with very few clarinets! That was what Mr. O'Neil, as conductor, had to work with. But in spite of this handicap, a band was organized, and the First Annual Concert and Dance was given in the spring of 1917. Funds were also obtained by the late Horace M. Pullen, who was intensely interested in the project. He was always "a very present help in trouble" during his life, and did much to insure the permanent organization of the Band.

The Band continued under the leadership of Mr. O'Neil until 1921, when Mr. Leland Whipple took it over for one season.

Mr. Alton L. Robinson, who plays Solo Clarinet in the Bangor Band and Symphony Orchestra, next assumed the leadership. Under his direction, the Band has shown unusual progress. Among his many accomplishments is the building up of the clarinet section from four to fifteen members. Besides the clarinets, there are eight cornets, six saxophones, one flute, three horns, one baritone, five trombones, two basses, and three drums—a total of forty-four instruments. A band of this size really ought to have a section of

twenty-five clarinets, and Mr. Robinson is trying to accomplish this.

Our Band is recognized by musicians of this city as being a most important and essential part of the school. Its graduate members form a large percentage of the University of Maine Band; one Bangor boy, Willis R. Rollins, '22, was its student director in 1926; another—you Seniors remember this one—, Karl D. Larsen, '25, is now the assistant director. Five boys now in the High School Band, as well as some former members, play in the Bangor Band. Other members have made names for themselves elsewhere—prominent among these is Franklin Gordon, Boston's leading saxophone player.

In Maine, there is an annual contest at Waterville for High School bands and orchestras. In previous years, the B. H. S. Band has not entered this contest, due to lack of funds, but this year, Mr. Robinson has decided to do so. We will all be interested to see how our musicians compare with those of other schools.

This contest comes on Saturday, May 12—just a week after the Eleventh Annual Concert and Dance at the City Hall. A fine program is planned for both events. Those who have ever been to a concert by the High School Band will surely not miss this one, on May 5. Let's *all* go, and show our Band that we want it to come through with flying colors at Waterville!—N. K. O.



"Literature, like Nobility, runs in the blood."

Charles Lessee - - Maine Woodsman

(A Piece of Real Biography)

By Phyllis Hall, '28

ON the coldest Sunday afternoon of the year 1924, a small knot of men gathered in the little grave-yard of L—, Maine. The wind was so sharp that they grew restless as they waited for the "jumper" sled and its two horses to haul the plain pine box to the newly opened grave. The horses were having a hard time breaking the new road through the heavy snow. The few mourners, who had accompanied the body from the house, carried shovels, with which they dug through the worst of the constantly changing snow-drifts. Finally, the sled lurched its way to the head of the grave, and four men lowered the pine coffin into the earth. The minister, who had been brought thirty miles from the nearest pastorate, said a brief prayer. He hesitated, as if about to make a few remarks, then apparently changed his mind. And the burial service was over. The shovels set to work until soon the grave had been filled with the rocky gravel that is peculiar to this rugged country.

So passed all that was mortal of Charles Lessee, one of the last of the old trappers and guides. All the men who had braved the weather to see him buried waited until the last shovelful of earth had been added to the mound above him. One of them voiced the thought of many in the throng, when he said—with an

utter absence of feeling other than relief—, "Wal, I callate that's the last of Charlie." In fact, most of the mourners were decidedly mourners in name only, although there were a few there who had known and really loved the old trapper and guide.

Charles Lessee's creed and whole life were based on the Biblical precept: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He never forgot a friend, nor forgave an enemy. With women and children, he was all that the word gentleman implies; but if any man crossed his path or thwarted him in his own ideas of right and wrong—woe betide that man! Some calamity was sure to overtake him shortly afterward. Perhaps his horse or cow would be found in the pasture, dead from a bullet wound; or perhaps a mysterious fire would destroy his barn or timberland. Disaster was sure to befall him in some way, and if he invoked the law to help him, something worse was sure to happen.

Charles, in common with all the natives of this rough country, had little patience with the game laws. He believed that the deer in the woods and the fish in the streams and lakes were intended as food for himself and his kind, irrespective of the season of the year. He did not believe in slaughtering ruthlessly, but only when meat and fish were needed to eat,

did he kill. As a consequence, there was many an encounter with the fish and game warden, as well as with sheriffs and their deputies over other criminal and civil matters. History does not relate a single instance in which the officers of the law came off the better.

Lessee was a giant in build—over six feet in height, with heavy, shaggy head, bull neck, tremendous shoulders, and great depth of chest. His whole body was that of a "Tarzan," and his voice, a horse rumble. When not hunting,—so that quiet was unimportant—he had a habit of clearing his throat with a "h-r-r-ump!" which has been described as an excellent imitation, on a small scale, of an elephant. He loved the forests, which he knew so well; he was a master hunter and trapper, and with his tremendous physique, a guide who far surpassed all others in a country noted for its guides. Many are the stories told about him;

perhaps a few of the more authentic will serve to show the man with his contradictory nature.

When he was a young man, he was a member of the "Grady gang," a tough crowd of boys who found delight in breaking up dances and beating all who opposed them. At one such local dance, they filed in, stopped the lone fiddler, and announced that the dance was over; then they ordered all to leave the hall. All obeyed. But one boy did not move fast enough for Tom Grady, leader of the gang, so he brutally kicked the frail boy. Charlie saw it, and after knocking him senseless, whipped or put to flight each member of the gang. After that, he was never again seen in their company.

In the winter of 186—, there was a shortage of food in the little hamlet, together with an epidemic of what would now be called "la

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The Peterkins Explained

By Beulah M. Smith, '29

(Author's note to the Editor: In behalf of the unjust depreciation of the natural intelligence of our honorable Literary Editor and the readers of such literature as appears in these pages, the author wishes to give proof that "The Peterkin Papers" are read by others than the frequenters of the Children's Department of our fair city's Public Library. [See note to "The Locked Door," February issue of the "Oracle."])

MRS. LESLEY, the wise Lady from Philadelphia, we are thankful to learn, was a *very* wise lady; therefore, she understood foolish people

better than we do, who are only *rather* wise. So perhaps this explains why she could help the Peterkins out of their numerous difficulties better than we might have been able to do. Maggie was a very lucky little girl to be the first one of all to hear these stories from the lips of her mother, the Lady from Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Eliza would have been extremely offended had she known that the full impressiveness of her name had been lessened to Eliza Ann. The readers are sure to sympathize with her, knowing the all-importance of a

name. But perhaps the author of "The Locked Door" agrees with our friend, Bill Shakespeare, that any name will serve.

Solomon John may even now be fulfilling his fondest hope. In all probability he is a noted doctor skilfully treating his patients by correspondence, owing to his extreme aversion to sick people and to Mrs. Peterkin's fear of his bringing various diseases into such an intellectual family circle. Many of us would like to become doctors if we never had to come in contact with sickness of any sort, this being Solomon John's ambition.

Many readers will agree with the little boys that there are many more important things than the acquirements of a mere education—for instance, the putting on and taking off of india-rubber boots.

We wonder what the Peterkins' landlord, Mr. Mudge, would have thought had they succeeded, on the morning of the big snow-

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Wings of Fate

By Robert V. Lorimer, '28

Illustrated by Donald E. Pressey, '28

Part II

NOW Bud brought his plane out of that dreaded tail-spin, he himself never knew—perhaps it was by the effort of a super-will in perfect accord with a well-trained body and mind—perhaps it was only by the product of a whimsical chance; but finally, when that dizziness had left him, he saw that his plane had miraculously ceased its twisting, and that he was due to land on a devastated field on the outskirts of No Man's Land, a place of trampled barbed fences, entangled wires, and abandoned dugouts, with here and there a deep gash in the ground where a shell had buried its way. And then, with a start, Bud saw that there was another plane on the field below,—an American S. E. 5—and a minute later he ascertained beyond doubt that it was Maxwell's plane, unharmed save for the fact that the hood and propeller were slightly charred. Another strange freak of chance had brought Bud to the same spot where Maxwell had been forced to land. Evidently, he had not been killed, for the plane was empty, and Maxwell himself was nowhere to be seen. But there was no time to deliberate as to the best place to make a landing—the field appeared to be growing rapidly larger every second. Bud set his teeth grimly and eased back on the joy-stick. There was a shrieking of wires; the plane zoomed once—twice.... There was a crash as the plane struck the ground, and it seemed to sink beneath him—that was all....

When Bud regained consciousness, it was night—but a night whose darkness was pierced by the rays of giant searchlights and whose hiding places were full of shadowy forms in spiked helmets and drab uniforms, waiting for those same spotlights to pick out the figures of any of these foolish pigs of Americans, who persisted in attacking them under the very

muzzles of their cannon, and who, perhaps, were even now rashly contemplating a surprise advance somewhere out in that inferno of shrieking shells and bursting shrapnel. These American dogs were afraid of nothing!

Bud squirmed and twisted his way out of the wreckage of his plane, which lay in a crumpled heap of debris,—nose jammed down into the mud, tail in air—and groped about him. For a minute he could feel nothing, but suddenly, his hand came in contact with something cold and slimy, and, as if to confirm his guess, a big bung-shell, bursting in the air a short distance away, lit up the darkness. Bud saw now that it was just as he had thought—when he had landed, his plane had fallen into an enormous crater, which probably accounted for the fact that he had not been sighted by the enemy a long time before. He clapped a hand to his shoulder as a sudden twinge went through it. Fat chance of making a getaway with a useless arm! He glanced up. Overhead the shells were screaming as they whizzed past, and intermittently, there was the steady throb of the heavy artillery and then the dull thud and crash of the heavy half-ton projectile burying itself in the ground. Bud wondered how far he was from the American lines. He hobbled over to the plane and focused his flashlight on the compass on the instrument board. He took it out and twirled the needle—it whirled around aimlessly. Bud banged it away dejectedly—the shock of the fall had evidently demagnetized it. Now—he threw himself flat in the mud as he heard, unmistakably, the guttural exclamation of a figure which had appeared like a spectre out of the temporary darkness. There was a reply in a tongue that was German and none other to the well-trained ears of the man crouched behind the shelter of the cowling on his plane,

for Bud had learned to speak German as fluently as his own language when he had been in diplomatic service in Berlin before the war. He glanced around, wondering what had attracted their attention, and then he saw that he had dropped his searchlight on the ground. He rolled over noiselessly, smothering its rays under his coat—but he was too late; the first had seen it. A minute later there was a beam of light playing on the wrecked plane, and a voice in badly accented English addressed him.

"Come out, pig-dog of American!" came curtly from the edge of the pit.

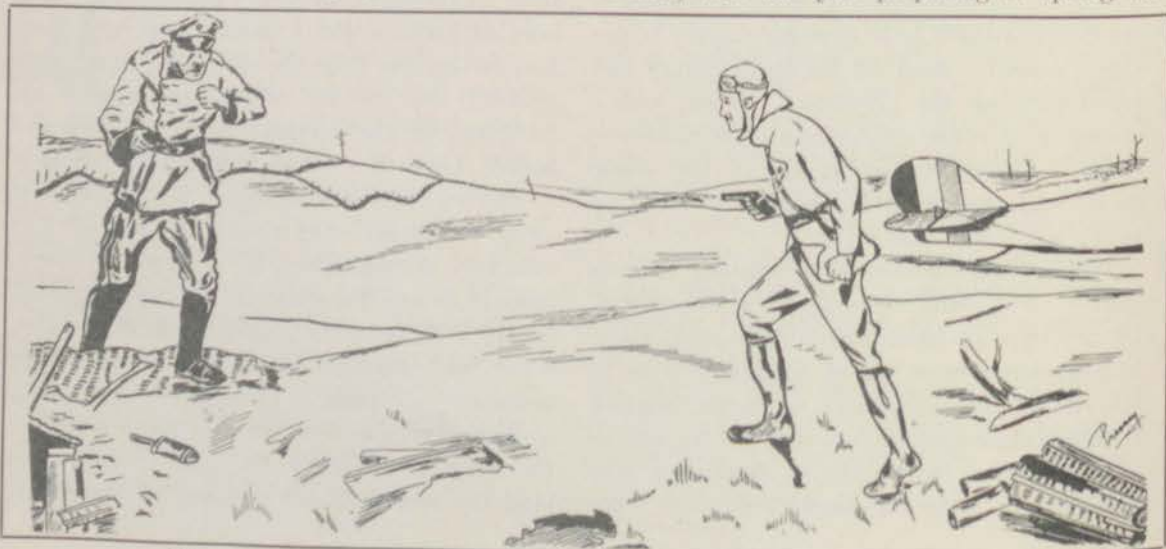
Bud, stalling for time, felt around for the swivel of his machine gun, and pivoted it around to bear on the foremost of the two figures.

"Wer ist es?" he queried from the shadows.

He heard the two exclaim in amazement. "Ein Deutscher!" muttered one.

There was a barely audible click as the machine gun swung around on its ratchet. Bud, in the darkness, felt the trigger move back slowly, and waited tensely for an exploding shell to illuminate the field. The Germans, thoroughly confused now, hesitated. It did not seem just right—a countryman stranded in a shell-pit with a wrecked American plane; but he was undoubtedly a German, for what pig-dog of an American could speak German as they had just heard it spoken? One started to clamber down into the pit, but Bud saw the

other detain him, and they parleyed together for a moment. Bud gripped the pressure handle firmly—if they set foot on the bottom of the pit! And then he had an inspiration—if he could only tie back the trigger of the machine gun and then, under cover of its fire, sneak up on the Germans! He fished in his pocket hurriedly for a piece of twine; suddenly, his fingers closed on a sheaf of papers bound by a heavy rubber band. He slipped it off carefully, and with his hand on the pressure lever, prepared to slip the rubber band on the trigger. At that instant, just as the two Boche started to let themselves down into the pit, a huge shell ricocheted by, and an instant later it crashed to the earth, lighting up the forms of the two. Simultaneously there was a burst of flame and a rattle of shots from the machine gun, as Bud slipped the band over the trigger. The first Boche crumpled up in a heap; the other, emitting a startled curse, threw himself flat on his face. Bud, crouching behind the plane in the darkness, came suddenly to the realization that he had no weapon. He cast around hastily for a suitable means of defense against the remaining German, who was creeping warily around the rim of the pit. Suddenly, Bud felt his foot come in violent contact with a heavy object on the bottom of the pit. He picked it up, realizing vaguely that it was the compass that he had thrown away, and hurled with all his force at the figure of the Boche, who was just preparing to spring on



There was a crack as Bud's gat spoke, and the German . . . threw up his arm.

him. The man crumpled on his face without a sound—dead.

Bud climbed out of the crater and wiped a hand across his forehead, dazedly. What about Maxwell? Had he been captured, or was he in one of the trenches nearby? He let himself into the nearest trench and began to grope his way, stumblingly, in the darkness. He came suddenly to something that felt like a door, around a sudden bend in the trenches. He opened it, and then he tripped over the body of a man lying across the threshold. He rose once, then overcome with weariness and exhaustion, fell heavily on the damp floor of the dug-out.

When Bud awoke, the sun was streaming through the open door of the dugout. Everything was quiet—the tide of battle had evidently shifted. Occasionally, as he lay there trying to collect his senses, there was a distant shock of cannon; but aside from that, everything seemed peaceful and still. Bud opened his eyes. Just in front of him, a German officer lay outstretched with his body run through by a bayonet; and behind Bud was another man—why, it was Maxwell! Bud rose to his feet, and raising Maxwell, saw that he was still alive, although there was an ugly gash across his left temple, where a bullet from the machine gun of the Boche that had sent him down had struck him. Bud wiped the blood from the wound and carried him out of the dugout into the open air. As he climbed over the rim of the trench, he thought of Maxwell's plane. Perhaps it was uninjured! He carried Maxwell over to the plane and thrust him into the cockpit. Then he lifted the hood of the plane. Everything looked all right—the gasoline-gauge showed that the tank was half-full—that was plenty. He put his hand on the blade of the propeller, preparing to start the plane, but suddenly the voice of a man, singing, came to his ears. Bud's heart sank.

The voice was drawing nearer now; Bud could distinguish the words. In a moment, the singer broke through a clump of trees nearby.

"Das Deutschland—" The song ended in a startled imprecation as the figure of the

American confronted him. For a brief instant their eyes met—Bud saw a deeply lined face with a fierce hooked nose above a twirled mustache. Then the German drew down his face into an ugly leer and whipped out his gun; but if he was quick, Bud was quicker—there was a crack as his gat spoke, and the German's gun hand hung useless at his side. He threw up his arm.

"Kamerad!" he spat out viscerously between clenched teeth.

Bud motioned toward the dugout. "Marschieren Sie!" he said curtly, "und schnell!"

The German stared at him for a moment. "Gott im Himmel!" he muttered.

"Marschieren Sie!" repeated Bud firmly. He pushed the German, reluctantly obeying, into the trench; and a minute later he was back at the plane, a volley of blows and vituperations reaching his ears from behind the closed door of the dugout.

A moment or two later, Maxwell opened his eyes.

"Hello, old man," said Bud cheerfully. Maxwell smiled wanly for a moment, then clutched Bud by the arm. "Hurry, Bud, for God's sake! The Germans attack—at nine. I wormed it out of that fellow in there," with a shudder. "Quick, Bud...." His voice trailed off weakly. A moment later, the imprecations of the German were drowned by the steady roar of the exhaust, as the plane took off smoothly into the air.

* * * *

Half an hour later, in the field hospital at Thiery, Bud raised Maxwell to a sitting position, and together they watched through a window a squadron of American planes disappear in the clouds. Bud shaded his eyes as the last dim speck passed from his sight, and then turned to Maxwell.

"Great stuff, flying, huh?"

"You bet! And say, those fellows sure can scrap!"

And that was just what our German friend said when he poked his head out through the dugout door three hours later—but he said it with expletives.

Boys will be Boys

By Henry M. Flynn, '31

SAILING by way of the wind was nothing unusual for the "gang" of the summer of three years ago.

It was on the Maine coast, and the "gang," as I have called it, was composed of four boys, namely: Bud, Jed, Art, and Jim. During the summer, they had encountered many thrilling incidents, but the last to their credit will be remembered not only by the "gang," but by others as well.

Captain Laurence, from whom they had hired a sailing vessel, the *Nancy*, was lazily stretched out on his bench along side his small homelike cabin, smoking and enjoying the bright rays of Mother Nature. The boys' daily visits had always been a pleasure to the Captain as well as to them, for he always had a new story to tell them of his adventures while he was at sea. Interesting they were, and as he told them, they were plainly pictured in the minds of the boys.

"Good morning," came from the crowd of boys.

"Good morning, me boys," drawled the Captain. "Methinks we are in for a storm."

"Aw, gee, don't say that; we've all planned on a real cruise this time. Our other trips, you know, were just for the day. We are all going home Saturday and we want something real thrilling to tell the folks, so we're going on this overnight cruise. Don'tcha s'pose it'll pass over?" disappointed Bud quickly said.

"Well, I dunno; it looks kinda bad."

"Where do you see it? It's all sunshine now."

And with a few more questions from the "gang," the Captain ended the conversation by saying, "I warn you fellers not to go." With this, we said good-by and left him to continue his interrupted nap.

"Gee whiz, Jim, do you s'pose we ought to go? The Captain is usually right, and I think he meant it."

"Oh, heck, let's try it. We'll take our slickers along, and if it begins to rain, we'll be O. K."

So with this argument, the affirmative won, and the "gang" prepared for their overnight cruise. Five o'clock found them well out to sea, and by six, the sun could be seen slowly setting in the horizon. The wind had been fine for sailing all day, and the boys were finding much sport along the salty waters.

"Ding—dong—ding—dong." Jed, the appointed chef, was ringing the bell vigorously.

"C'mon, fellers; time t' eat."

"Hope he didn't burn the beans again."

"We don't have beans tonight."

"No?" quickly asked one of the boys.

"No, we're having that chicken the fellers caught up the road before you woke up this morning."

"I hoshie the wishbone," chimed in Jim, as he lazily sauntered forth to where the boys were discussing the meal.

"C'mon; the bell rang long ago, and my keen sense of smell tells me that we'd better get moving."

"I second the motion," came from Bud.

And in less than a minute, the small cabin-like room below was the scene of one hilarious meal.

"I kinda feel's if I'd eaten a little too much," said Art. This was nothing new. He was always ready to eat when it came to something good.

While all this was taking place below, the weather was changing for the worse above. The calm breeze had changed to a wind, and, as the Captain had predicted that morning, there was a storm approaching.

"Wow!" said Jim, the first to come up on deck. "Come up here, fellers, quick! Looks as if we're in for it."

"Just see those dark clouds coming!"

"Look out there: see the white caps rolling and tossing. . . ."

Already, the sky was changing from the bright blue and white to almost black in color. It was a plain fact that the boys "were in for it," as Jim put it. It was seven o'clock by Bud's watch, and they were quite awake to their oncoming danger.

"We should have stayed nearer shore, and I don't mean maybe."

"It's too late to say that now."

"Reef the sails and try to get there now."

"Yes, that's the best we can do."

Meanwhile, the storm approached.

"Gee, it's beginning to rain. . . ."

"What did I do with those slickers?"

From just "rain," as they had thought it to be, it had changed to a thunder storm, and those in this vessel experienced it as no other person could.

Lightning, first slow in coming, soon showed more plainly. In a short time, the cloud which bore rain soon brought more—a deluge of it. Thunder began to grumble, although it could hardly be heard above the roar of the wind and the fall of the rain.

All night long, the storm kept up, and al-

(Continued on Page 39)



Grandma "Steps Out"

By Janet Young, '29

GRANDMA Wayne sat musing beside the window of her tiny room in the home of her son and his wife. The day was white, glowing, frosty, and Grandma thought of many similar days in the past, when Tom Wayne was still a small boy, living on a farm in the country.

It must be confessed that today this sweet-faced, gentle old lady was in a particularly rebellious state of mind. Of course, Tom's wife, Gertrude, was very kind and thoughtful of her mother-in-law, as were, indeed, the rest of the family; but it was this very thoughtfulness which was bothering her. Grandma felt as though she were scarcely more than a very useful piece of furniture, which must be guarded against all harm. If anyone was hurt, if there was a rent in a filmy dinner gown, if there was a cut finger—one always heard the same refrain: "Take it to Grandma."

Do not think, however, that they were consciously selfish. On the contrary, her meals, her room, her very movements were carefully supervised for her welfare. This day, Grandma wanted above all, to run over to call on one of her old friends. Perhaps, if the truth were known, she wanted even more than companionship—a chance to walk in this cold, gleaming, invigorating winter air. Gertrude

had vetoed this plan most emphatically, however, so Grandma was sitting, when we first saw her, at the window of her room, with rebellion in her heart.

Suddenly her face brightened! She breathed rapidly, as though she had some secret within herself! No one was at home; what could prevent her from wrapping herself up warmly and taking a brisk walk around the block?

Soon the door of the big house opened cautiously; a pair of bright eyes peeped out; and finally, a quaint little figure appeared, in a warm, but obviously ancient cloth coat, with a tiny "pancake" hat perched precariously on the top of her scanty pug of hair, and all-enveloping galoshes on her feet.

The thoughts of the little old lady were happy and thrilled at the prospect of being on the streets alone—free, so she was oblivious of the amused smiles of the passers-by.

Suddenly, she found herself before the entrance of a theatre where showed the notice, "Doug Fairbanks—Today."

Grandma's heart skipped a beat. Although she kept the secret well-hidden within her own heart, no pleasure was quite so alluring to her as—yes, you have guessed it, I'm sure, and I do not wonder that you smile—Doug

(Continued on Page 41)

A Princess of Royal Blood

By Dorothea Buhl, '28

AT the small town of Preston, a group of about twelve girls had a club. Every class of society in the small town was represented, so it seemed: Constance Carter represented the rich class; Joan Grant, the aristocratic class; Vera Smith, the middle class; and Hope Evans, the poor class. These girls were very dear friends, and social distinction did not divide them.

Constance's father, as mentioned before, was very rich. Constance had never gone to public schools; she had either gone to private schools or had private tutors at home. Joan Grant had also been educated in the same way. Vera Smith went to public schools, and Hope Evans did likewise, but she had to work her board even to have the privilege of going to school.

One afternoon, Constance's mother was returning from a card party. She was tired, her head ached, and she felt out of sorts. A remark which she had overheard during the afternoon stayed in her mind and made her cross. Two ladies had been discussing a campaign in which they were interested, to raise funds for a certain philanthropy.

"I am going to ask Mrs. Carter if she would not like to subscribe one hundred dollars," said one lady.

"So much?" asked the other in an uncertain voice. "I don't believe I would if I were you."

"Why not?" asked the first lady.

"Haven't you heard," replied the second, with the air of departing a delicious secret, "that Mr. Carter is on the verge of financial ruin?"

"No," answered the first lady in a tone of lively interest, "I haven't. Who told you so?"

"A great many people are saying so," continued the second. "Do you know that they took their daughter out of the private school she had been attending and sent her to the

public school this year? They must be hard up if they can't pay school bills any more."

"It certainly looks like it," agreed the first lady. "Possibly I had better not ask Mrs. Carter for any subscription at all; it might embarrass her, poor thing."

No wonder poor Mrs. Carter had a headache. She had taken Constance out of private school at the girl's own request, for she wanted to be at home.

Mrs. Carter tried to find a way out; she must not have her daughter disgraced. Constance was being eyed every day by curious acquaintances, who wondered if they could see a difference in her dress, or any other evidence that might point out the Carter financial ruin.

Mrs. Carter asked her daughter if she would not like to give a party, and of course received a delighted affirmative. This party was to surpass any of the social events heretofore in the town of Preston: There would be an orchestra from New York City, and Constance's dress would be purchased there; there were to be costly prizes for the games, and expensive favors; Constance was to invite fifteen girls and fifteen boys. Mrs. Carter thought surely this would be a way of proving that they weren't completely "broke."

Invitations were given out, and there was much excitement among the young people. Joan's dress was beautiful. Vera Smith had a terrible struggle in getting something to wear which would be appropriate. But Constance's dress was unusually gorgeous. She wouldn't show it to any of the girls; she was going to surprise them. Still, she had promised two of the girls that if they came early, she would show it to them—and indeed they were early; they could hardly wait to see the dress. It was a light blue chiffon, exquisitely hand-embroidered in dainty-colored butterflies.

"Oh-h," they gasped, not daring to touch it.

"There goes the door-bell," exclaimed Constance, "and I'm not even dressed. It's some of the boys; I hear their voices;" she said presently, after listening to the sounds from below. "Run down, will you, girls, and entertain them until I come?"

She slipped into her dress hurriedly. Again, the bell rang, and she came to the head of the stairs, just as the maid was relieving Hope Evans of her wraps. And what did she have on? A white skirt and middy blouse. Oh, how could she! Constance had invited her because she pitied her; she wanted to give her at least one good time to treasure up in the memory of her school-days. Hope had accepted the invitation gratefully. But Constance felt indignant with her; why did she come dressed in such a fashion?

Then, Constance thought of the words of the Camp-Fire Song. How those words impressed her when she had attended the first Ceremonial!

"Whose hand above this blaze is lifted,
Shall be with magic touch engifted
To warm the hearts of lonely mortals,
Who stand without their open portals.

Whoso shall stand
By this hearthstone,
Flame fanned,
Shall never stand alone—."

How these words rang in her ears! *She* was supposed to possess the magic touch to warm lonely hearts.

(Continued on Page 43)



A Blighted Romance

By Grace Eleanor Hatten, '30

IN the small town of Castine, in the state of Maine, stand many old and beautiful houses. As one will remember, Castine is a very old settlement and was an important military defense during the War of the Revolution. In this town is located old Fort George, a historic fortress about which many stories are told. One of the better known of these concerns General Peleg Wadsworth, the grandfather of our own Maine poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I will try to tell you a story which centers about one of the oldest houses in Castine. This house is situated on a hill, just below Fort George. It is a very beautiful and stately home that sits back about twenty-five yards from the street. The grounds of the house are separated from the street by a white picket fence, and from neighboring home-sites by cedar hedges in which the trees have been allowed to grow to their full height, making a tall, evergreen background for the large, square, white house. The closed shutters of the house are made of heavy boards and are

secured to the house by huge iron hinges; they thus give an atmosphere of great safety. The doorway is now shuttered so that one can not see it, but I think of it as having a beautiful fan light and an old brass knocker.

The homestead was the scene of great preparations on a certain morning about a hundred years ago. There was hustle and bustle in the air in every part of the house. From the kitchen came the delicious aroma of spices and cooking meats; from the different rooms came the sound of joyous laughter and conversation. The parlor presented a scene of beauty, as there were many beautiful flowers in bouquets, large and small, scattered in profusion all about the room. A peek into the dining-hall sent thrills of joy and anticipation up and down the spines of the youngest members of the party, as well it might; for there was the festal board fairly creaking under its bounteous supply of foods—jellies, cakes, pies, confections, spiced baked hams, roasted fowl, pickled fruits, port wines, and other delicacies. The cause of all this rejoicing was the wedding

of the daughter of the house. Many a young man present envied the lucky groom, for was not Miss W— a maiden very fair to gaze upon? and could she not bring to her husband a dowry unsurpassed by any?

At last, from the large hall, came the sound of the old grandfather's clock striking the noon hour. As though this sound had been a silencing hand, a hush, so prevalent that it was broken only by the tick of the clock, the twitter of the birds in the branches outside, the distant bark of a dog, and the distant but audible song of an old negro servant, fell upon the laughing guests. They silently moved toward the staircase, for there on the landing stood the bride and her father. The lovely girl stood in all her bridal raiment beside her rather pompous-looking father. Slowly, the couple moved to the flower-embanked altar, where the minister awaited them; but the groom, where was he? He was not in his place awaiting the bride. Consternation reigned as the minutes passed, and still the absent groom did not arrive. At last, the minutes turned into hours, and the sun sank in the west; the bride was weeping softly on

her father's shoulder, while the guests tried in vain to comfort her. Just as the sun vanished from sight, hoof-beats were heard on the street; here at last must be the belated groom. But alas, the waiting guests were again doomed to disappointment, for the lone rider brought a message of woe to the anxious bride and her guests. The groom had vanished forever—for on the evening before, so the message read, he had wedded a young lady in Falmouth. At this startling news, the weeping bride swooned, and the guests turned to go with sad faces, for—the romance was blighted.

Immediately, the house was closed, the shutters were barred, and the bride and her father drove away, never to return again.

Years later, a relative of the family came back and opened the homestead to find all in almost perfect condition. It is said that even the flowers were preserved, although dead, and that the food remained on the table. The house has since been occupied regularly in summer by the relatives, and the sad but romantic story will doubtless live for years to come.



The Marquis Mystery

By Nat, '30

THE rain was pouring in sheets upon the little town of Boden, situated on the northern shore where the Baltic washes the coast of Sweden. The sea was a mass of foam; its billows were rushing towards shore like outlaws fleeing from pursuers and grim death.

Death! A similar scene of death was taking place in a small log cabin nestled in Boden cove. Inside the little cabin, silence reigned, broken only by the sobs of Dorothea Van Mann and the murmur of the voices of the physicians who were gathered around the death-bed.

Outside, the steady drip-drip-drip of the rain added dreariness to that day in April. Every-

thing was dark; the fog was heavy and the sea was black.

"Too late," murmured one doctor by the bed.

"Yes," assented another as he turned to Dorothea. She broke out sobbing anew at the sight of the only woman she had ever known as mother, who was making her last feeble struggle against death. Dorothea rushed to her side and flung her arms about her. The old lady smiled faintly and, trying to speak, she pointed towards her parrot's cage, but—too late—Death claimed its toll.

Dorothea was sent to a home. About a week later, she revisited the little cottage for

the last time. As she was about to leave, she remembered her mother's last movement; so, looking in the parrot's cage, she found a small piece of paper. She started to open it, but a matron from the home, Miss Smith, snatched it from her hands, saying that it did not belong to her.

Dorothea did not realize the significance of the act, and, being overawed by the matron, she let the incident pass unheeded.

Several days later, as she walked along the street and thought over the past sad events, a question arose in her mind. Had Mrs. Van Mann really died a natural death as the doctors had claimed? Was it possible that she might have been murdered? The thought persisted! But why? Why was it kept from her? Where was the mysterious paper that Miss Smith had taken? Who was the murderer? Where was he? Anywhere near? Dorothea pondered over these questions in vain as she made her way home. Arriving there, she found that Miss Smith had resigned her position and disappeared. The only hope of a clue had vanished.

One day in May, when Dorothea arrived home from school, she found all the children congregated in one room to celebrate her sixteenth birthday. Dorothea was very happy, but under the surface, there was the dull ache for the one that was missing. Her mother had promised her a surprise on her sixteenth birthday, but now that gift would never be given.

One day, Dorothea went out in her rowboat, as she always did when lonely. She was about two miles out when a fog came in quickly,—as it usually does along the coast—and before she realized it, the fog was so thick that she could hardly see two yards ahead of her. Pulling on the oars, she headed, as she thought, for shore; but instead she went seaward. Drawing back on an oar, it slipped and plunged into the sea, just as the thunder roared and the rain began to fall.

She was drifting! Directly in front of her, she heard the shrill blast of a vessel as it bore down upon her. Vainly, she tried to elude

the steamer's course. Crash! She was thrown violently from the boat. The pressure of the water seemed unbearable as she sank beneath the waves.

* * * * *

Opening her eyes, Dorothea realized that she was on board the boat which had so recently almost destroyed her.

The wind was blowing in a wild hurricane along the deck, and the light in her cabin revealed to her the presence of three people. One, a tall stately man, was a physician. Another was a girl about Dorothea's age—short, with curly, black, bobbed hair. Her build was athletic, showing that she was accustomed to out-of-door sports, while the air of refinement that surrounded her was plainly visible. And, too, she possessed a pair of the most wonderful brown eyes that Dorothea had ever gazed into. Margaret Burns owned that rare charm of true personality.

But the third person! Looking past Margaret, Dorothea clutched the sides of the cot and stared at the window. There, closely pressed against the window-pane, was the face of a man. His eyes were wild, and the expression on his face was malicious. With a stifled cry, Dorothea dropped back; the others looked in the direction in which she had been staring, but the face had disappeared.

That night, Dorothea lay in bed with Margaret sitting beside her. At times, when she dozed, Dorothea would wake up in terror as she fancied the face at the window. It haunted her, and in vain Margaret tried to comfort her. The night dragged on, and as the first faint streaks of dawn crept in, it saw both Dorothea and Margaret asleep from sheer fatigue.

Upon waking, Dorothea found that the boat was headed for America, and, as it had an important cargo on board, it could not turn back; so she was compelled to go to the land of her dreams—America.

Soon, Dorothea and Margaret had become fast friends, and they spent most of their time on deck. Dorothea told her new friend all

about Miss Smith and her mother's death; and she minutely described the face at the window. Dorothea learned that the doctor who attended her was Margaret's father. They lived in New York and were just returning from their summer vacation, spent abroad.

The fourth day at sea brought excitement. As Dorothea was leaning over the boat rail, she recalled past events. All was quiet except for the lapping of the waves and the general noise of the machinery. Voices interrupted her reverie, and she was startled to hear a familiar voice saying, "Well, we've got the paper now, and we can let matters lie for awhile; meanwhile, let's enjoy ourselves."

Dorothea stepped back to the corner of the cabin and waited for the two people to appear. When they came into view, they conversed a few moments in low tones. Then the woman turned to unlock the door, and Dorothea recognized her as—Miss Smith! Her male companion turned abruptly and left, while Dorothea quickly returned to Margaret's stateroom and told her her discoveries. Miss Smith was on board and she held a paper, which, undoubtedly, was the one she had taken from Dorothea! The one thing to do was to watch her movements.

Seven days after having been picked up by the boat, Dorothea and her companions reached America. They entered the jam of New York traffic and somewhat later came to the Burns estate. Leaving the car, they went into a large garden, in the center of which was a beautiful fountain. The marble statues on each side of the rose-covered archway were marvelous in their alabaster splendor.

Two months' time found Dorothea a companion for an old lady. During this time, Mr. Burns kept detectives upon the trail of Miss Smith, but she had them completely baffled. She and her companion had completely vanished in the maze of New York.

Dorothea and Margaret had planned a vacation together—the woods of Canada being their destination. Mrs. Burns had a sister, Mrs. Marquis, who had a camp there. Many years before she had lost her little daughter

through kidnappers, but she had never given up hope of finding her. She and her husband were very rich, but preferred solitude. There, then, the girls planned to go.

They arrived prepared for a good time, and as it was quite far north, there was plenty of snow. The first few days were spent in exploring the back-woods. On the fourth day, Dorothea went snowshoeing alone. Upon her return, she passed the settlement hotel, a very crude structure. On the piazza were seated several men who were playing cards. As she drew near, she heard them quarreling, as their voices raised to a loud pitch.

One man was saying, "Don't you dare bet that paper; it isn't yours."

"I'll do as I please," was the smooth reply. Dorothea recognized one voice as belonging to Miss Smith's companion. She moved nearer the veranda, just in time to see the men come to blows. A scramble ensued, and, as the men fought, the wind whipped the paper from the table and sent it sailing into the road. The men on the piazza were too interested in the quarrel to notice Dorothea as she started for it. As she picked it up, Dorothea noticed that it was written in code, but she kept on to the Marquis camp. Arriving there, she and Margaret hastened back to New York without letting Mr. and Mrs. Marquis know the reason for their hasty return. Dorothea turned the paper over to Mr. Burns.

One night, while working on the code in his study, Mr. Burns was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Marquis. The newcomer started as his eye rested upon the unsolved code paper.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

Mr. Burns explained about Dorothea's find and, in turn, received the information that the paper belonged to Mr. Marquis. He had received it from his father, an old sea-captain. It had been stolen at the same time of his daughter's disappearance several years ago, so his amazement at seeing it can well be understood.

The work now was to decipher the code. With the help of old police records, they found the following:

"Pearl—dock three N. Y. C.—Ship S. S.—room eight—center—over."

All they could figure out at first was that the object to be found was a pearl. Suddenly, however, Mr. Marquis jumped excitedly to his feet.

"I've got it!" he cried. "My father's ship was the *South Sea*, and it is now tied up at New York Central, Dock Three. The rest must mean that the pearl is over the center of room eight."

Meanwhile, back at the settlement, the fight was subdued only by the appearance of Miss Smith, who demanded the paper. The men turned toward the table to get it, but it was gone. They searched in vain.

"It's a good thing I finally worked out and memorized the solution to the code last night," she said. "You two useless men come along with me, and we'll head for Dock Three, New York Central."

Dorothea and Margaret were informed of the answer to the code, and the next day, Mr. Burns, Mr. Marquis, and the two girls arrived at the abandoned *South Sea*.

Following the directions of the code, they were in the midst of figuring out what "over" could mean when they heard a noise which sounded as though someone were trying to gain entrance from outside. Mr. Marquis advanced towards the door. Standing in the shadow, he saw a man enter, and, drawing his ever ready automatic, he covered the intruder. At this moment Dorothea recognized the man as Miss Smith's companion and also as the man who had looked in at the cabin window. He was then turned over to the police.

For a time the meaning of the word "over" remained unsolved. It was Dorothea who finally struck the clue. Looking over the spot which she had measured off according to the code, she noticed that one of the pendants on the hanging lamp was longer and larger than the rest. She reached up in idle curiosity to touch it—to her surprise, it dropped off. Turning it slowly over in her hand, she discovered the pendant was divided in the center. This, when screwed apart, revealed a

large pearl. All gathered around her to examine her find, but in her excitement, Dorothea dropped the seemingly perfect object, and to her dismay, it broke into many pieces. But there on the floor was left a small piece of paper, which, after a careful examination, proved to be a map to a rich pearl region located in the Indian Ocean.

Then, the police compelled the culprit to confess, and he told the following story:

"About ten years ago, my brother killed a man. He would have got off free if it hadn't been for Mr. Marquis, who furnished conclusive evidence against him. I swore vengeance, so, soon after, I kidnapped his daughter and took her to Sweden, giving her into the care of my sister, Mrs. Van Mann."

At the mention of Mrs. Vann Mann, Dorothea started perceptibly.

The prisoner continued: "One day, my sister found a piece of paper in a pocket of the girl's dress. I was present at the time, and, seeing that it was in code, I demanded it. She, however, refused, and ran off and hid it.

"Meanwhile, my sister had become closely attached to the girl, and had threatened to reveal to her her parentage on her sixteenth birthday; she also said she would give her the code paper, which she had found out to be very valuable.

"Having threatened my sister in vain, I finally was reduced to desperation, and almost on the eve of the girl's birthday, I murdered Mrs. Van Mann.

"When the girl was sent to the home, I got Miss Smith, a matron at the home and a friend of mine, to watch her every movement and, if possible, to get that code paper. I guess you know the rest," he concluded bitterly, "and I suppose you know that this girl is Dorothea Marquis, the girl I kidnapped."

After the general excitement had subsided, Mr. Marquis suddenly exclaimed, "I know how my daughter got that paper! It was on the top of my bureau, where I had left it the night before, after trying to decipher it."

Thus, Dorothea and Margaret became cousins as well as the best of friends.

At the Sweet House

By Richard L. Buckley, '29

IT was one night in the middle of July, that Jack went to call on Virginia. He arrived at Virginia's house about eight o'clock. He rang the door-bell, and Virginia's father answered.

"Oh, hello, Jack. It's a great night out, isn't it? Come right in and make yourself at home," greeted the father of the house.

Before Jack had time to say anything more than "Good evening, Mr. Sweet," the father had gone to the foot of the stairs and called, "Virginia, Jack is here."

"All right, Daddy, I'll be right down," came the reply.

Virginia came down about five minutes later. In the meantime, Jack—who was very well acquainted with Mr. Sweet and also the rest of the Sweet family—sat in the living-room talking to Mr. Sweet about many matters, which I will not relate. When Virginia entered the room, both men arose from their seats. Just then the remainder of the Sweet family, including the "kid" brother, appeared. They all had something to say to Jack. Then, one by one, they made their exits from the room, the "kid" following reluctantly.

Now Jack and Virginia were left in the room alone. They sat, side by side, on the davenport. As I said before, Jack was well acquainted with the Sweet family. Now that family was well acquainted with Jack's family. The parents of both families had talked to each other about the question "Resolved: That Jack Darling is suited to Virginia Sweet, or, in other words, the young couple is ready

for matrimony." The parents finally agreed on the affirmative side of the above question. They had promised each other that they would not say anything for a while, but Jack's family, realizing it was leap year, told Jack, on the quiet, about the news and gave him the command word "Propose."

The evening went on. All the time Jack was getting up his courage, when, all of a sudden, just when his courage reached the speaking point, he lost all power of speech, and his most heroic efforts would cause him to emit no more than a hoarse and inarticulate grunt.

So he had to be content to just "sit and look pretty." At length, about half past eleven, the voice of Mrs. Sweet, at the top of the stairs, said, "Virginia, it is eleven-thirty."

"All right, Mother," was the reply.

Jack knew what that meant, so he started to go home. Before he left, he stood on the door step (as usual) to talk to Virginia, I mean, say, "Good-night." He had stood there about half an hour, when a window in one of the above chambers was opened and the voice of the grandfather was heard to say, "Sir, I have no objections to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my grand-daughter, but out of respect for the rest of the household, who are trying to go to sleep, would you kindly take your elbow off the bell push?"

Thus, Jack's resolution to propose came to nothing and he had to beat an ignominious retreat until such time as he could again summon courage to address the fair Virginia.

*LEST WE FORGET
THE BAND CONCERT AND DANCE
Saturday, May 5*

Junior Exhibition Winners

MEDAL WINNERS



E. JANET YOUNG

A Cutting from "Monsieur Beaucaire" Tarkington The Prisoner's Plea Anon



ROBERT C. RUSS

HONORABLE MENTION

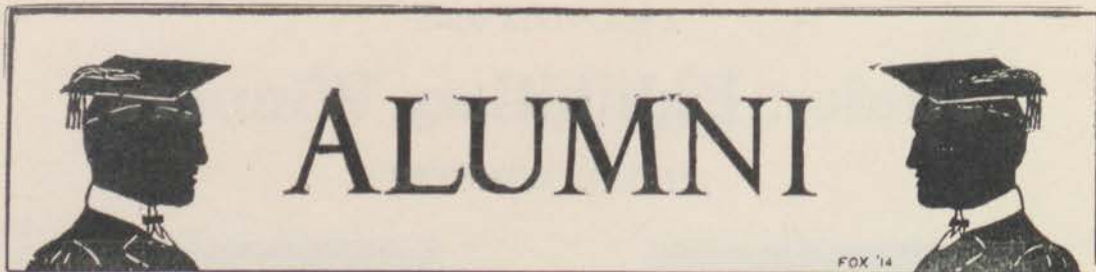


ALICE M. WHALEN

The Matinee, Booke I Am Innocent of This Blood Riemann



WALTER E. LUDDEN



"The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."—Robert Browning.

FRIENDS of E. Horace Briggs, B. H. S. '27, and of John Farnham, ex-'29, will be glad to know that they are spending a happy year at Hebron.

Cornelius Sullivan, '27, is enjoying himself at Maine Central Institute, we hear. We sincerely hope our ears are good.

Members of Class of '27 at University of Maine

Beryl Bryant, Clarine Coffin, Phil Cohen, John Cutler, Alfreda Dennis, Margaret Fellows, Evelyn Fox, Jessie Frazer, William Hackett, Edward Hanson, Donald Jenkins, William Jordan, John Kazutow, Donald McCormick, Malcolm McCormick, William McLaughlin, Marjorie Mooers, Clifton Percival, Viola Purinton, Philip Rubin, Julia Schiro, Henry Segal, Jeanette Smith, Jeremiah Sullivan, Francis Webster, Edgar Woodward, and Frank Wright.

Some of the B. H. S. Alumni home for Easter are:

Fen Allen, '27; William Atwood, '27; Jean Blaisdell, '27; Charles Bragg, ex-'27; E. Horace Briggs, '27; Constance Chalmers, '27; Alden Denaco, '27; Maurice Dennison, '27; Phyllis Dunning, '27; John Farnham, ex-'29; Margaret Fellows, '27; Ruth Gordon, '27; Thompson Grant, '27; Phyllis Hedin, '27; Howard Holman, ex-'29; Robert Leadbetter, ex-'26; Jack Mason, '27; Irene Murray, '27; Lowell Parker, ex-'29; Harold Robinson, '27; Henry Samway, '27; Cornelius Sullivan, '27; Albert Tarbell, '27; Charlotte Thompson, '27; Charles Webber, ex-'28; Pierce Webber, ex-'27.

FEN Allen, '27, won his gold football at Deerfield last fall.

Bessie Adams, '25, has announced her engagement to Mr. Kenneth A. Woodbury of Brunswick. The very best of good luck, Bessie!

Women Physicians, B. H. S. Graduates, Who Have Worked Abroad

THE book called "Certain Samaritans" describes the relief given by American women doctors to sufferers from war, devastation, pestilence, and cruelty, at first during the World War, and ever since in war-torn countries, particularly in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. Adventures in life and death which make fiction look pale are recorded in every chapter. Lives have been saved by the hundred; blind people have had their sight restored; fever-stricken have been nursed to health.

All these good deeds, of course, have been done at the risk of the lives of the "Samaritans." Among the doctors who have thus risked their lives in their task of helpfulness are three graduates of Bangor High School! Think of that!

We had a school song during the World War:

"When Old Glory went to battle

And for her, men had to die,

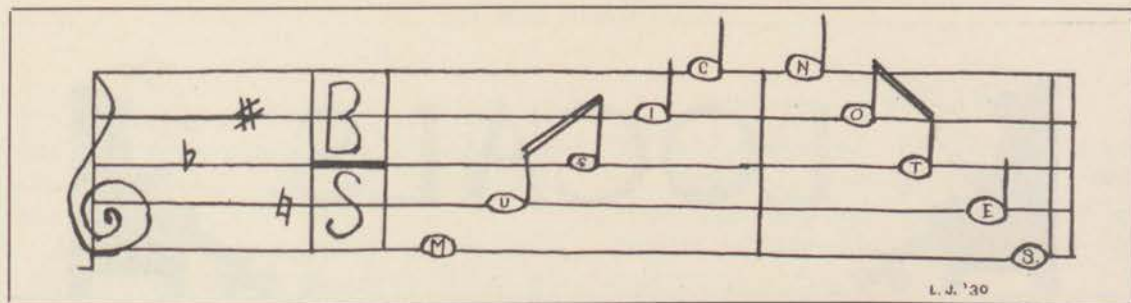
Some were there from Bangor High."

But in the great and perilous work of mercy, following the devastation of war, out of two hundred women who risked their lives to save other lives, three were graduates of our school:

Dr. Barbara Hunt

Dr. Grace N. Kimball

Dr. Elizabeth Burr Thalberg



"The origin of Music is attributed to the whole range of human emotions."

JIMMY HEARS SOME GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE BAND

ONE bright and sunny morning, little Jimmy went back to school. Just why he did, we couldn't find out. Entering the magnificent portal of B. H. S., he saw a crowd of students around the bulletin board, all intensely interested in something that was on it. This strange scene puzzled him; never, in all the long time that he had attended B. H. S., had he seen anything like this. What could all these upperclassmen see on that bulletin board to interest them?

Being, as most Freshman are and as all should be, rather small in stature, he could not get through the crowd to see what was attracting their attention and causing all this excitement. Jimmy, however, being a brave little boy, was not to be defeated by this handicap. He knew what he would do. He would wait until these students had gone to class; then he would have time to see what was there.

As soon as the bell had rung, he wasted no time in getting to the bulletin board. At the first glance, he saw only what had always been there, as far as he could remember. Then, in looking closer, he saw the following notice:

Concert and Dance

BY

Bangor High School Band

CITY HALL

Saturday, May 5, 1928

Little Jimmy was then more puzzled than ever. His little mind was trying to grasp the meaning of all this, but it was hard work.

At first, he knew not what to do. While wondering how he could find out something about the Bangor High School Band, he saw a Senior who lived right across the road from him. Mustering up all his courage, Jimmy went straight to him and asked him if he would please tell him about the High School Band. The Senior was inclined to laugh at first, but then, remembering when he had been a Freshman and had asked the same question, told him about the Band. This is what he said:

"The Bangor High School Band is, as the dictionary would say, a group of around forty or fifty boys, each playing a musical instrument. They go to the football games and help out the school spirit; they go to the basketball games and amuse the audience, while waiting for the game to commence. I was sure you had seen them—if not, you must have heard them.

"Oh, yes, you *must* go to the concert if you possibly can. The Band is certainly a good one this year. They rehearse from one to two hours every Tuesday night under the direction of Mr. Alton Robinson, an expert musician. I hear that they are learning some fine pieces this year. Besides the concert, there will be a nice dance afterwards. A good crowd will be there, and one of the best orchestras will furnish the music.

"Well, Jimmy, I've got to go to class now. But don't forget the concert and dance May 5. I'll be looking for you there."



LOCALS



FOX 14

"Be the best of whatever you are!"

Reading time: 8 hr., 5 min., 8 2-10 sec.

WELL, peoples, this magazine is the fifth of a series. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we must go to school, and you can never tell when the groceryman is going on a strike. No matter how long you soak it, you can never drive a nail with a sponge. (Destitute Richard's Allmenakk.) Peoples! I don't see how in Sam Hill I'm going to use up 8 hr., 5 min., 8 2-10 sec., but I'm told it's easy. It seems the idea is to read the locals over and over until the clock strikes. Pity to the nut that does it!

The first thing on the program is this here

ORATORICAL CONTEST

WELL! Stewart crashed a very nice shiny medal, just missing the 50 simoleons by about 1-16 of a hen's tooth. The lucky bird that won the 50 iron men was one William H. Dunham, Jr., from the N. H. Fay High School of Dexter. Seeing as how he's from our district, we sure hope he goes to Europe.

ASSEMBLY

Monday, March 26.—Miss Agnes Safford, principal of Westbrook Seminary for girls, started off the Assembly speakers' list this month. She addressed the classes on the advantages that the Junior College at Westbrook offers to girls preparing for college.

Wednesday, March 28.—Stewart Mead, in preparation for the district finals of the International Oratorical Contest, delivered his Oration, "The Development of the Constitution as an Antidote to the Chaos Under the Articles of Confederation."

Thursday, March 29.—President Clifford Gray of Bates College was introduced as a speaker. He proved, however, to be an entertainer; for twenty minutes he kept the students in an uproar by his stormy wit.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

THE Seniors are very proud of the demonstration given by the Juniors in the City Hall, March 30. We feel that all in all it was nearly as good as last year's. (Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie.) Watch our smoke, Ezra, at the Graduation Exercises.

Thumb through this magazine and you will find the pictures of the winners.

WINNERS OF INTER-CLASS DEBATE



Ruth Blanning and Elliott Reid

FRANÇAIS

Oh! Oui! Oui! Toutes les maisons! Mais oui! Je ne comprends pas! N'est-ce pas? Pas de bananes! Oui! Oui! Matière puis-sante!

May 4 will be French Night in this school. Students in Madame Beaupré's classes will present a performance in the Assembly Hall. Rehearsals are in progress now on two plays: "La Poudre aux Yeux" and "Les Fâcheuses."

"La Marseillaise" will be sung AND Eleanor Cross will recite "Joseph II et le Sergent" AND Muriel Stewart will recite "Junot et Bonaparte" AND, last but not least, Sylvia Goodkowsky, singer deluxe, will sing "Ma Normandie" AND "Bereuse de Jocelyn"—all for the price of one admission.

BAND

RED HOT NEWS ITEMS

TALK about nerve! I write up a nice long article about the Band's going to Wat-terville, and they tell me that they are going to tell about the trip in the Editorials Department.

BUT

LISTEN TO OUR CHORDS AND DISCORDS

AND

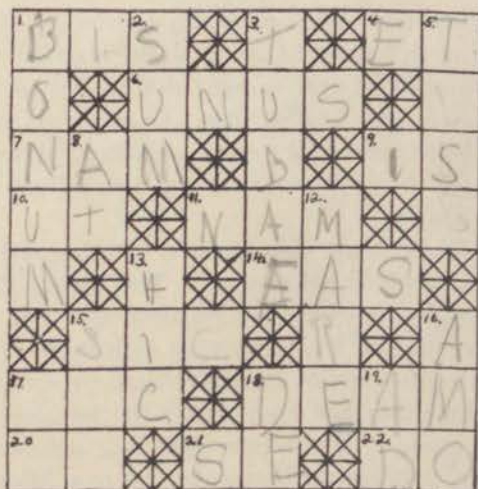
For the love of Mike, attend the Band Con-cert and DANCE at the City Hall, Saturday, May 5. Atwood & O'Brien's burning, fiery, glowing, animated, vehement, violent, impetu-ous, passionate orchestra plays for the dance.



LATIN

A LATIN CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

THE following cross-word puzzle is to be filled in with Latin words. The correct forms of the verbs, nouns, etc., are not given—it is up to the solver to find them. A prize will be given to the first Freshman who passes in the puzzle correctly solved to Miss McSkimmon, together with a paper telling the forms used—gender, number, tense, person, mood, etc.



Horizontal

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. twice | 14. she (plu.) |
| 4. and | 15. so |
| 6. one | 17. mouse |
| 7. whether | 18. goddess |
| 9. this, that | 20. same as 9 |
| 10. that, so that | 21. himself |
| 11. now, for | 22. to give |

Vertical

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. good | 13. this |
| 2. to be, exist | 15. same as 5 |
| 3. trumpet | 16. to love |
| 5. your | 17. I |
| 8. that, so that | 18. concerning |
| 12. sea | 19. to, toward |



"You can, you must, you will."

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME

Spring is here with all its varieties of sports for the athlete. Think of how many sports there are played in the spring! One can mention chiefly track and baseball.

The last sport named can fairly be called the National game of the United States. This is the one that we are most interested in now, since the weather has not permitted any track practice as yet. In every part of the country, at the present time, hundreds of thousands of boys and young men play baseball. It is the most important game at the high school, prep schools, and colleges during the spring months, and besides that, thousands of men play the games for regular salaries. A good player receives several thousand dollars for the season.

Nearly every large town or city has one or more professional teams. This means that they play baseball as a business, and they receive pay for it. They play with teams from other cities and millions of dollars are invested in buildings and grounds for the purposes of the game. We wonder how long before the City of Bangor will complete its new Athletic field. In the largest cities, some games have drawn attendance of more than 40,000 spectators.

The oldest organization now in baseball is the National League, which is composed of clubs in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, and Boston. The American League, the great

rival of the National League, is made up of clubs in Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington, and St. Louis. These are called the "Major Leagues."

The International League is next in importance. It is composed of clubs in Toronto in Canada, and in Baltimore, Buffalo, Rochester, Jersey City, Newark, Syracuse, and Reading in the United States. There are many other organizations in other cities of both countries, and some of them play excellent ball.

The team which wins the greatest percentage of the games played in each league is the Champion of that league. The major league winners play for the Championship of the United States. Sometimes, the winner in a minor league plays a series of games with the winner in another league.

Though the game is played more in the United States than anywhere else, it is very widely played in Canada, and some of the best players are Canadians. The game has gained a foothold in Australia, Japan, the Philippine Islands, and Cuba. It has not been much played in Europe.

IN OUR OWN SCHOOL

Already, the message of baseball practice has been given out in B. H. S. As you read in the last "Oracle," the schedule of games will be played with the schools only in the Penobscot County. Manager Jack Bell has succeeded in arranging a fine schedule:

(Continued on Page 45)

Financial Report of the Bangor High School Athletic Association For the Basketball Season



I respectfully submit a report of an audit made of the accounts for the Basketball Season, on March 25, 1928 and which I find to be correct.

	Expense	Gain
Balance as shown by audit of December 7, 1927		\$1,792.62
Expense of Winter Carnival at Augusta	\$66.95	66.95
		<hr/>
		\$1,725.67
Received from Students tickets		\$568.50
Received from Patrons tickets		236.00
General expenses of Basketball season	581.01	

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

Bangor vs. Millinocket at Bangor	184.84
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor	101.83
Bangor vs. Portland at Bangor	228.53
Bangor vs. Old Town at Old Town	
Bangor vs. Millinocket at Millinocket	42.18
Bangor vs. Portland & South Portland, at Portland & South Portland	21.35
Bangor vs. South Portland at Bangor	63.05
Bangor vs. Waterville at Bangor	105.06
Bangor vs. Lewiston & Deering at Lewiston and Deering	30.83
Bangor vs. Lewiston at Bangor	9.12
Bangor vs. Old Town at Bangor	117.27
Bangor vs. Old Town at Bangor 3d game	123.15
	<hr/>
	\$684.49
	\$1,728.23
	<hr/>
	684.49

Net gain for the basketball season

\$1,043.74

OTHER INCOME

Received from Sweater Dance	72.74
Interest Received on Savings account	13.64
	<hr/>
	\$86.38
	<hr/>
Balance at end of season	\$2,855.79
Balance to the credit of the Bangor High School Athletic Association in the Merrill Trust Company at the close of business March 25, 1928—	
Savings Account	\$2,377.78
Checking Account	478.01
	<hr/>
	\$2,855.79

L. L. Cook.

PERSONALS



"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

LONELY HEARTS COLUMN

Edited by the Kenney Sisters

MIDDLE-AGED LADY SEEKS YOUNG

Lothario to bring romance into her life. Must be able to wash dishes, sweep floors, make beds, dust, and cook. All interested apply to Margaret A—, West Tonsillitis, Saskatchewan.

RICH YOUNG WIDOWER, AGED 63

years, wishes to marry again for the 12th time. References as to character can be secured from my 1st, 3d, 4th, 6th, and 9th wives, or thru any other of my former spouses who may be living. Write Robert "Three-Eye" G—, 1061 East Forty-Eighth St., Bangor, Me.

WIFE WANTED IN TEN DAYS, AS MY

uncle's entire fortune of 3c. will come down to me, if married before Apr. 28. If not, I will be disinherited. Age, weight, height, looks, and mental abilities do not matter. See James "Ham" C—, New Bunions, Me

HANDSOME YOUNG MILLIONAIRE,

recently jilted, is willing to marry anybody in order to show the world somebody will have him. Write John B—, Box 56001½, South Etna.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF WOMAN-

Haters wishes to notify everyone that one of its members, in name Hugh "Yoo-Hoo" C—, has persistently violated its code by talking to everything falling under the name of flapper, and so the sooner he is married off, the better. All lovesick, jilted ladies,

age & mental condition not mattering, apply to the Secretary's Office, care *Life*, the Library.

The "True-Blue Matrimonial Agency," which was began small, has now raised its head into the clouds. The office has been swamped with responses. Permit us to publish one of our certified testimonials:

True-Blue Matrimonial Agency

My Dear Agentess, Empress, Poetess:

For the benefit of your readers who may not be credulous, I wish you to publish this grateful letter.

Once I was bashful—but look at me now! Everywhere I go, I am followed by an admiring throng. Since I dyed my curly hair red & followed "Love Secrets," No. 13, I certainly have IT.

When I first sat down to the piano, all my friends smiled; but soon they satspell bound as melodies from Listerine & the Toothbrush Symphony dripped from my digits. I have papered my dining-room with proposals which I received from your agency, & am beginning on the kitchen.

Keep on with your good work!

A Sincere Advocate of the Cause,

Edward J. C.

Another of our supporters from Alaska writes this:

Since reading your Famous Book and Receiving .0000009 2 100% proposals, wherever you see me, you see a crowd.

Very truly yours,

H. T. C.

The Kenney sisters wish to acknowledge the many thousands of replies they received to last month's appeals. I. M. Dumb and William Welch easily led in the number of letters received, getting $2\frac{1}{4}$ apiece. Following, we print one of the many answers:

Mr. Willie Welch
Lonely Hearts Column
c. The Kenney Sisters
State's Prison

Dear Willie:

I, a gold-digging *Sophomore*, having remarked your advertisement in the Lonely Heart's Column, wish to apply for the position of wife. I meet all your requirements, being a good cook, **ETC.**

Telephone—XYZ,
c. The Little Red House on the Hill,
Expectant Soph

Do you wonder why Jack Bell's so small?
Why he never seems to grow tall?

One day, I asked him why,
And he made me this reply:

"I guess you must be crazy 'cause I'm not small at all!"—(Not Much!)

"Newkie" N-w- -l, '29—Will you get out of my way?

"Hen" G-l- -c, '30—Sure, if you'll grow up so
I can see you.

"Abie" B- -wn, '29—Don't you think that N-l- -n O- -w-y has an almost impossible way of doing that problem?

"Jim" M-Cl-e, '29—Well, he has rather an Ordway, at that.

"Rat" R-b- -ns, '29—What is tighter than one Scotchman?

Cl-r-n-e B- -d- -ry, '29—Two Scotchmen.

"Rat"—What is tighter than two Scotchmen?

B- -d- -rv—"Al" Lyon, '29.

FRESHMAN INTELLIGENCE TEST

Note: Passing mark is 50%.

1. Observe closely the following list of words. Pick out the word containing more than four letters. Check it thus (\checkmark).
Cat Dog
Hen It
Hippopotamus
2. If a boy has five pieces of candy and he has three friends, how many will he have left? (Note: Pieces of candy, not friends.)
3. If Columbus discovered America in 1492, and the War of 1812 was fought in 1812, how many years after Columbus was this war? (Note: Find difference in dates.)
4. If a street is 1,000 ft. long, and a scale used is 100 ft. to 1 in., how long will a drawing of the street be? (Note: Do *not* find difference in numbers.)
5. Finish this sentence by checking the most logical ending:

The seven Freshmen who were thrown into the pond got

- (1) a lolly-pop for good behavior.
- (2) tired of playing hopscotch.
- (3) all excellent in their report cards.
- (4) ALL WET!

LAUGHS

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
But with discretion laugh,
For a cheerful grin will make you—
The subject of teacher's wrath.

If you laugh too loud and too often,
Into the office you go,
And when you come out, your face is—
The picture of deepest woe.

—*The Meteor.*

Mr. P- -n- -l—What is density?

K. M., '28—I can't define it, but I can illustrate it.

Mr. P.—The illustration is good; sit down.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT

(A. P.—S. M., '28, *Special Reporter*.) Our civic authorities have recently appointed from our midst, "Doc" Wilde, the infamous pilot "of Spirits of Ammonia" as night watchman on Lower Ohio Street up as far as George. Assisting him will be "Hank" Light, right drawback on the football squad of Bulls' Eye Tech.

Of course, we miss them, and we wonder when they'll be "Homer" gain—after the moon has "Rosa" bove the trees?

Sophie—Is the bearded lady your mamma?

Freshie—No, she's my papa.

Miss D.—What kind of circle are you working with?

F-a-k B-a-sd- -l, '29—A round one.

TO THE FRESHMAN:

Don't worry if your tests are hard,
And your high marks few;
Just remember that the brilliant Senior
Was once a nut like you.

Art Tapley wears round in his pocket
A letter from East Millinocket.
Step up, girls from Veazie;
You'll get it quite easy,
And beg for his picture to wear in your locket.

And then there's our student named Clough,
With patrician and scholarly brow.
When his lessons are done,
For his day's bit of fun,
He reads scholarly essays—and how!

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Tarbell should become a Lyon trainer in a circus?

Huot should be arrested by the S. P. C. A. for throwing the bull?

Emple should grow?

Ordway should swallow his tonsils?

Richlin should shave?

Annas really was a shiek?

Chisholm should graduate by '50?

Lorimer should become an aviator?

England should get above 65 in a history test?

THE DARK HORSE CALL 'EM

Consider: Wouldn't it be strange if:

Evelyn	was a	<i>Schoolbell</i>	instead of a	Campbell?
Max	was a	<i>Corooster</i>	instead of a	Cohen?
Harvey	was a	<i>Policeman</i>	instead of a	Crook?
Eleanor	was a	<i>Criss</i>	instead of a	Cross?
Dorothy	was a	<i>Window</i>	instead of a	Dorr?
Robert	was an	<i>Iceberg</i>	instead of a	Goldberg?
Kermit	was a	<i>Cemetery</i>	instead of a	Graves?
Rosa	was a	<i>Strikeout</i>	instead of a	Homer?
Madeline	was a	<i>Tulip</i>	instead of a	Rose?
"DOC"	was	TAME	instead of	WILDE?

HIGH SLAMS



Bill
Welsh.



C. Penny.



Jim
Muller.



"Gus"
Martin.



John Gilbert
NEVER had any
thing on our
own John B.
for looks
(See Pauline
Kenny.)



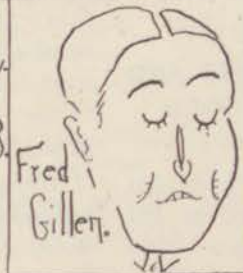
"Doc"
Wilde.



"Pat"
Brown.

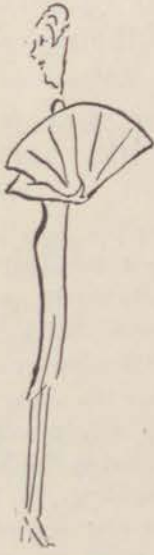
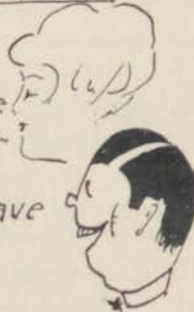
Some of
ours.

Can any-one
imagine Bill Mac.
looking like this?



Fred
Gillen.

Ike L. Would you
like to go to a dance
with a good look-
ing man?
E.Cr-ss. Why? have
you a friend?



"Pat" Clark.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM (FOR THIS SPRING)

"Brick" M-ls-c.....	This end
"Hen" G-l-e.....	Left fishing tackle
"Stewie" M-d.....	Left mudguard
"Chet" W-l-h.....	The middle
"Don" D-y.....	Right mudguard
"Curly" L-r-b-e.....	Right fishing tackle
"Bob" R-s.....	The other end
"Candy" L-n-h.....	Right drawback
"Doe" W-l-d.....	Left drawback
"Bunt" L-n-h.....	Part way back
"Ray" J-k-s.....	Way back
"Moulder" M-r-y.....	Coach
"Huck" M-l-n-s.....	Ass't coach
"Hoot" T-p-y.....	Cheer leader
"Lolly" H-t.....	Water boy

Games to begin immediately—around Christmas.

Show your school spirit.

E-la Gr-se—I think I hear burglars—are you awake?

"Ev" H-n-y—No!

"CHET" WELCH FREES HIMSELF AND CATCHES ARCH-CRIMINAL GOLD- BERG!

In our last issue, we left "Ches-tuh" Welch hopelessly stranded in a padded cell of the East Inkwell Home for Incompetents. The only reason that we're going to let him escape is to make a bad end of a worse story.

For eleven days and seven nights, the "Sleuth" vainly probed the innermost corners of his mind, seeking a means to force his way out. Suddenly, a thought struck him and knocked him bowlegged. Here's how: He let the spark of genius within him set fire to a nickel El Ropo he had in his pocket, and everyone was knocked cross-eyed by the odor. "Chet" then calmly proceeded to eat the padding of his cell and stroll past the armed guards, who, as we have just remarked, were loco from the sweet fragrance of El Ropo.

Once outside the walls, "Chet" adjusted his detective's spy glass and examined the

footprints leading to and from the institution. Of a sudden he paused, stooped closer, and then leaped 3 inches into the air and emitted a whoop which would have done credit to a good-sized canary. He had found the footprints of the Arch-Criminal of the Underworld, Robert "Slippery Sim" Goldberg. Three thousand times had this villain been within the clutches of the law—three thousand times had he shot down those who would imprison him. Ten thousand men had bit the concrete when "Slippery Sim" had fired his trusty machine gun into their midst. Once, he had been a pure, innocent, little boy, who said his prayers and studied his Caesar. But one day, his morals wavered and fell—he stole a safetypin from "Shumski" Milan, the Carmel bad-man; and from then on, his life was one crime after another. Tho but 23 years old, he had participated in fifty-six thousand robberies and escaped with 67½c worth of loot. His biggest theft on record was that of an encyclopaedia from the library.

Thus, we can understand how overjoyed "Ches-tuh the Sleuth" was, to come so suddenly upon the footprints of this merciless fiend who was wanted in 58 countries reaching west from Chicago to North Bucksport. So "Ches-tuh" proceeded to follow up these footprints. Whenever he came near losing sight of them among those of so many others, he managed to keep up the trail by following the acrid mounds of chewing tobacco "Slippery Sim" had expectorated at each fifth step. For three years, our brave detective pursued the criminal, stopping only once, when hungry, to eat his right shoe-lace and his fur ear-muffs. But still the trail of the bandit's size 18's led onward into the far untracked West, where men are rich and women are gold-diggers. Anyone else would have given up in despair—but not so our valiant "Ches-tuh." Undaunted and unafraid he trailed his man. And success was his reward!

One day, in front of Axel Grease's Bakery in Gopher Prairie, N. D., he spied the Arch-Villain gazing longingly at the home-made cream puffs, fresh from the factory, reposing

(Continued on Page 47)

MODERN ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

*Ranges, Refrigerators
Washing Machines
Ironers and
Vacuums*



BANGOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC CO.

31 MAIN STREET

A Full Line of Convenient Appliances for Every Need

MERCHANDISE OF STRONG APPEAL

To Brighten Dull Corners—Decorative Art Pottery—Fancy China—Colorful Glassware

To Improve a Service—Dinner Sets—Glass Stemware—Sterling or Plated Silverware—Universal Electric Table Appliances and Stainless Cutlery

To Lighten One's Daily Tasks—Improved Cooking Ware—Practical House Cleaning and Wash Day Accessories

Most Complete Stock of these Varied Lines North of Boston

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Boston

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Bangor

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CRACKERS OF ALL KINDS

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

THE BANGOR Y. M. C. A.

ANNOUNCES A

10 DAY OLDER BOYS' PERIOD

AT CAMP JORDAN

AUG. 29 to SEPT. 8

Exclusively for High School Fellows. Just
Before School Opens

Further information at the Y

127 Hammond Street, BANGOR, MAINE



BOUDOIR ACCESSORIES

We have a splendid line of beautifully decorated powder boxes, lip stick holders and other boudoir accessories in gold and silver and other metals that represent the very latest fashions in such things. You will enjoy examining these beautiful and useful articles. Remember, also, that you can get anything you desire in fine jewelry at our store.

W. C. BRYANT & SON
JEWELERS

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**The STUDEBAKER
COMMANDER**

25,000 Miles in
less than 23,000 Minutes

\$1495
F.O.B. FACTORY

E. Y. ELDRIDGE CO.
40-44 SUMMER STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

How about your
Graduation Suit?

**Hart, Schaffner &
Marx Clothes**

ALL READY FOR YOU

NEW LOW PRICES

Miller & Webster Co.

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable

CHARLES LESSEE—MAINE WOODSMAN

(Continued from Page 8)

grippe." Lessee heard in some way that a small herd of caribou was headed for a lake nearby. He took his rifle, put on his snowshoes, and tramped through the forest twelve miles to the lake. There, he found the herd, killed eleven caribou, dressed them, cut them up, and without sleep, journeyed back and forth for three days, until each house in the plantation had a supply of meat. Then, he slept for a day and a night.

People also tell how he rescued a French Canadian river driver caught in a log jam, when no one of the twenty other drivers dared go out on the jam, which was threatening to give at any minute. He brought the Frenchman ashore, and when examination showed that both the man's legs were broken, carried him eight miles to where horses could be secured.

On the other hand, there are the stories of lumber camps burned to satisfy a real or fancied grievance, wardens' canoes that were slashed to ribbons and sunk, and even forest fires that were set by him. On one such occasion, a sheriff with his deputy journeyed ninety miles through the woods and streams to arrest him. On the way back, Charles overpowered both men, took their guns, and told them he would journey to the county seat when the drive was over. He kept his word—some six weeks later, the judge talked to the woodsman—that was all. He did not wish another fire—there would surely be one following a jail sentence.

But good and bad—according to our standards and man-made laws—I like best to think of the Charles Lessee who adopted the little orphan and educated her, of Charles Lessee the nature lover, the fearless woodsman, the friend and companion. A few of us think of these things and hope they outweigh the bad things told of him.

At any rate, he is gone, and no other like him is left.

NASH LEADS

The World in Motor Car Value

\$845.00

TO

\$1990.00



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DAVID L. CARVER

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PIANO, VIOLIN, MANDOLIN
AND BANJO

AGENT FOR

Gibson Mandolins and Banjos,
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25 Broad Street, Room 10

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TELEPHONE 1107



How Do You Heat Your 15 Gallons?

The average family uses 15 gallons of hot water daily for all purposes. This has just been computed by a research laboratory. What a relief to know that you can have this amount always ready when ever you turn the faucet—for a few cents in cost.

A Hotzone Self Acting Gas Water Heater solves every hot water problem

LET US HELP YOU TO HAVE REAL HOT WATER

BANGOR GAS LIGHT CO.

THE TRI-MORE CHOCOLATE CO.

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MAKERS OF

Tri-more Doughnuts, Tri-more Chocolates, Tri-more Needhams, Tri-more Peanut Butter Sandwiches

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Wholesale and Retail LUMBER

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BANGOR, MAINE

E. I. MORRIS - Furrier and Tailor

64 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

RAY MOTOR CO., - Distributers Chandler Cars

and Oilomatic Oil Burner Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

BANGOR PULPWOOD & LUMBER CO.

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P. F. GEAGAN

BANGOR BOTTLING COMPANY

Manufacturers of

CARBONATED BEVERAGES

ARCTIC SPRING GINGER ALE—Made from Pure Arctic Spring Water

Exclusive Bottlers of WHISTLE, WHIZ and HIRES' ROOT BEER

6 and 8 Spring Street, Bangor, Maine

Telephone 2606

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

THE PETERKINS EXPLAINED

(Continued from Page 8)

storm, in cutting a door through the side of the house in order to reach the Lady from Philadelphia to ask her how to get out. Here's hoping Mr. Mudge didn't see the holes in the plaster made by the little boys' hatchets.

Personally, the author thinks that Agamemnon shows by far the most forethought of any Peterkin. This bright young man kept an encyclopedia close at hand at all times. In this, he could always look up the statistics of each scrape in which the Peterkins were involved. At times, this came in handy to our bright young scholar; but what if the cow jumped over the back fence into Mr. Bromwick's patch, and Agamemnon tried to learn what to do by looking up "butter" in the volume X-Z, having only that volume with him at the time? Only the Lady from Philadelphia could help them out of this difficulty.

After reading these, only a few of the incidents of the Peterkin family, you will agree with the author that the Peterkin family was one to be depended upon when an emergency of any kind arose.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE AND PETE

DON'T MISS THE

BAND CONCERT and DANCE

PRESENTED BY THE

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

Saturday, May 5, 1928

Atwood & O'Brien's Orchestra

ADULTS 50c.

STUDENTS 35c.

WHEN YOU THINK OF

Seafood



THINK OF

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27 Franklin Street, Bangor, Maine

Men's and Young Men's Suits and Furnishing Goods in every price and style
 TO FIT THE BODY AND MIND
BENOIT - MUTTY COMPANY

New Franklin Laundry

HUGGARD - Funeral Director

CHALMERS STUDIO

Portraits by
 Photography

23 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

(Continued from Page 13)

though the boys and their vessel had drifted near to shore, they did not realize it.

With the coming of dawn, the gale subsided and the sun arose. The ocean was calm as any lake and showed no sign of the severe storm the night before. The boys were drenched, and as the sun's warm rays dried their wet clothing, they tossed restlessly about in a half-asleep condition. The waves lapped against the shore and the sides of the boat, and soon the boys began to be aware of the fact that it was morning and that they were safe.

Sleepily, Jim called out, "Can you beat it; how'd we get here?"

"Shut up and let a feller sleep, will ya," returned Art, only half-awake.

"Hey, listen, fellows; this is no joke. Can't you remember the storm last night?"

Without really giving it a thought, the sleepy Bud gave this for an answer: "Oh, yes, this looks like Treasure Island. Tell Captain Kidd we'll all call for breakfast."

But it wasn't long before the boys were really awake, and at once, they started to gather information as to their whereabouts. Some few minutes were spent with a telescope, and it wasn't long before the boys found themselves safe and approaching the cabin of Captain Laurence. They were greeted with a broad smile from the Captain, for he certainly was glad to see them alive after one of the worst storms that had ever hit the Maine Coast. Their story was told, each boy assisting in adding a few more facts. The boys bade the Captain good-by until afternoon, as they were at that time to see him for the last time, and return to him his boat, for they had to make preparations for going home the next morning.

"Well, my rheumatiz certainly didn't fool me this time," said the Captain to himself, just as the "gang" was out of sight. "But boys will be boys!"

Bangor Musical Festival

MAY 1 - 2

Auditorium

ATWATER KENT RADIOS

and
Speakers

✻

ARVID L. EBBESON

MAY and SUMMER STS.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

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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Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
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Mechanical Engineering*

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers *four year collegiate courses leading to the Bachelor's degree of

*Business Administration
in
Business Management
or in
Accounting and Finance*

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and part of his other school expenses.

FOR CATALOG OR ANY FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE TO:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

*Five year programs on co-operative plan on and after September 5, 1929

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

GRANDMA "STEPS OUT"

(Continued from Page 13)

Fairbanks, with his care-free smile, and his thrilling grace.

Dared she? Ah! a moment only, for "he who hesitates is lost," and before Grandma realized quite what was happening, she was handing a tiny slip of pasteboard to the uniformed individual at the gate, and slipping into a seat in the darkened theater, thrilled to her very core.

As her eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, Grandma noticed something disturbingly familiar about the back of the young man across the aisle.

As she stared—yes, actually stared—apprehensively, some inexplicable force drew his eyes to those of his neighbor.

Shades of our departed ancestors! Could it be? Was it possible? Yes, only too much so, for while Grandma gazed searchingly at the boy, amazed recognition sprang into his face, and Bob Wayne, her grandson, arose to join her.

"What are you doing here, Grandma?" he asked. "You certainly aren't alone, are you?"

"Why, yes, I am, Bobby," she answered quaveringly. "You won't tell on me, will you?"

The pathetic pleading of the old lady's voice struck a responsive chord in the boy.

"Bully for you! Say, let's make it a real spree. I know a corking place where we can get dinner, and we'll take in a musical comedy afterwards. I'll tell the family you were chaperoning me. O. K.?"

"Why, why, do you dare?" cried Grandma breathlessly. "Do you mean it?"

"You bet! Let's go!" replied the boy enthusiastically.

Is it necessary to follow them through this interesting program? Suffice it to say that Grandma and Bob, after sufficiently pacifying the protests at home, found a new relationship, and Grandma recalled this event with a thrill, to her dying day.

SENIORS,
We Thank You
For Your
Very Liberal
Patronage



PERRY STUDIO

W. I. ERB, Manager

ALBERT J. FARRINGTON

**Photographs of
Distinction**

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

SITTINGS AT NIGHT BY APPOINTMENT

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

This is a Neighborhood Store

QUALITY AND SERVICE

The Corner Grocery

Telephone 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park Street

COMPLIMENTS OF
SOL LEAVITT

STANDARDIZED OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

11 Main Street



BANGOR

Painted Walls and Bulletins in Eastern Maine

Member of United Outdoor Advertising Association, Incorporated

THE HOPKINS STUDIO

Mary E. Hopkins

Photographs, Amateur Finishing, Enlargements

63 SIXTH STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

GO TO THE

BANGOR HARVESTER CO.
FOR THE BEST

Washing Machine in the World

"THE MEADOWS"

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable

A PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

What would she do? There were a few girls waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Carter was wondering what effect the butterfly dress would have upon them.

Constance looked again into the reception room. She had a good view of it, but the girls couldn't see her. Hope had withdrawn from the group of laughing girls, and occupied a chair in the corner by herself.

*"Whoso shall stand
By this hearthstone,
Flame fanned,
Shall never stand alone!"*

Constance turned and fled to her room, and resolutely began to unclasp the fasteners of her butterfly dress. A ripple of astonishment went through the rooms downstairs when she descended, clad in a white linen skirt and middy blouse. Her mother could not believe her eyes. She hurried forward and asked in a low voice what the matter was with the new dress. "Nothing, mother," said Constance sweetly, with such a beautiful smile that her mother dropped back in perplexity.

Constance advanced straight to Hope and greeted her first of all, with a cordiality that put her at ease at once. The other girls of course understood this fine little act of courtesy, and shamefacedly began to include Hope in their conversation.

So, if Mrs. Carter had counted on Constance's dress that night to testify to the soundness of the Carter fortune, she was destined to be disappointed; but, on the other hand, if inborn courtesy is a sign of high birth, then Constance had proved herself to be a princess of the most royal blood.

Brief romance:—She loved the lad with the pigskin; she rode with the lad with the coon-skin; she admired the lad with the sheepskin; but she married the lad with the frog-skin.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth.*

IF THE ORACLE READERS

Do not buy from those who
advertise in the Oracle

How can those advertisers pay for their ads?

THIS OUGHT TO BE A GOOD SUBJECT
TO DISCUSS IN ECONOMICS

*We should like to hear the conclusions
reached as a result of the discussion*

PENN MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

J. T. TAYLOR, General Agent

16 BROAD STREET

\$1,000 Endowment Policy, age 16—\$16.31 per yr.

The Rines Co.

are showing a new

assortment of

Youthful Straws
and Felts

Request your printer to use "Eastco" Papers!



Eastern Manufacturing Co.



manufacturers of

"Eastco" Fine Writing Papers

comprising

Atlantic Bond

Atlantic Offset

Atlantic Ledger

Atlantic Cover

Atlantic Mimeograph

Systems Bond



"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!

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 26)

*Wednesday, May 2—Brewer (League Game).

Saturday, May 5—Higgins Classical Institute (League Game.)

*Friday, May 11—East Millinocket (League Game).

*Saturday, May 12—Millinocket (League Game).

*Wednesday, May 16—Bar Harbor.

Saturday, May 19—Rockland.

Wednesday, May 23—Brewer (League Game).

Saturday, May 26—East Millinocket (League Game).

Thursday, May 31—Dexter.

Saturday, June 2 — Millinocket (League Game).

*Tuesday, June 5—Higgins Classical Institute (League Game).

*Saturday, June 9—Rockland.

Total of twelve games—six home and six out-of-town games.

*Out-of-town game.

CANDIDATES

Pitcher—Captain William Welch, Dearborn Shaw, Irving Grodinsky.

Catcher—A. Taylor, R. Leonard, A. Tapley, H. Chaison, K. Mason, E. Morgan.

Infield—P. Karnes, L. Hackett, A. Pineo, J. Murray, R. Leonard, J. Flynn, R. Rice, W. Hessert, O. Heath, R. Graham, C. Pooler, H. Ronan, D. Shaw, R. Brawn, E. O'Ree, E. Nickerson, L. Barrett, D. Day, J. Mulaney, J. Barry, C. O'Donnell.

Outfield—B. Waterman, C. Ross, O. Earle, O. Heath, A. Tapley, R. Graham, C. Pooler, H. Ronan, D. Day, K. Mason, R. Marques, J. Barry, C. O'Donnell, A. Aldrich, R. Lorrimer, L. Barrett, E. Richardson, P. Garland.

The captain of this year's team is our own "Bill" Welch, who says:

"Give the *boys* good backing, and the boys will give *you* good games."

Our Association Provides a Systematic Method of Saving

One may deposit from One to Fifty Dollars each month

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

Interest Compounded Semi-Annually

Funds may be withdrawn at any time

Accounts may be opened at any time

INQUIRE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS



Bangor Loan and Building Association

Room 64 Exchange Building

Bangor, Maine

Iron and Steel Heavy Hardware



N. H. Bragg & Sons

Bangor, Maine



Automotive Equipment

Radio

L. A. PAUL COMPANY, Inc.

Dodge Brothers Motor Vehicles
Graham Brothers Trucks

Full Line of Parts

Telephone 1206—BANGOR, MAINE

Automobile Accessories

Most Complete Garage Service in Maine

Everything for the Motorist

BANGOR MOTOR COMPANY

Opposite Bangor House

Telephone 406

Compliments of

PEARL & DENNETT CO.

REAL ESTATE and

INSURANCE

Telephone 3

8 Post Office Square, BANGOR

ACME MFG. COMPANY

MASON'S AND BUILDER'S
SUPPLIES

SUMMER AND SOUTH STREETS

Telephone 387

BANGOR FLORAL CO., Inc.

Cut Flowers, Flowering Plants
Floral Designs

State Street, Bangor

Near Mt. Hope

Telephone 3171-W

L. H. THOMPSON, Printer

BREWER, MAINE

You Should Make Their Advertising Profitable

PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 32)

inside the window. Mr. Goldberg, K. E. Q. (Kill 'em quick), was dressed in his best pair of overalls, yellow shoes, pink spats, salmon-colored socks, and a latest model 1906 Fedora—as ever the best-dressed criminal of the Underworld. “Ches tuh” quickly walked up to “Slippery Sim,” introduced himself, and then knocked “Slippery” senseless with some Spirits of Imontoya, prepared by Dr. Agnes Karnes in the Chemistry Laboratory.

The Arch Criminal is now reposing in the city jail of East Nit-Wit, Penn., from which he regularly sends copyrighted articles to “Whiz Bang” on “Why I Am A Success In Life” or “Three Gun Sim.” “Ches-tuh the Sleuth” is taking a well-earned rest at his new home, 365 Broadway. In the June issue, we will further continue the hair raising episodes of “Chet’s” life.

This summer, on the banks of Lake Lucerne, A sturdy figure one might there discern.

'Tis Francis Oscar Wilde,

Our high school's model child,
Become a life saver (?????) with mien stern.

TRAVELTALK—NO. 2

Meandering On The Slopes of Alfalfa Center with “Duxo” “Speed” O'Donnell

First, it must be explained that the Slopes of Alfalfa Center are two ant-hills that lead up to North China. The Slopes, together with the neighboring cow-pastures and hen-yards, form one of the grandest views to be seen east of Bar Harbor.

To continue our story: “Duxo,” who has resided in Bangor all of his 7½ years, never had any intention of going to the Center; but one bright Winter day in spring, business called him there. So he hitched up “Gertrude,” a handsome mule of twenty-four summers (she sleeps in the winters), and proceeded to go down-hill to the Center at the rate of a half-mile an hour. As the boy had been nicknamed “Speed,” on account of his ability to



QUALITY
GROCERIES
NONE
BETTER



Bangor, Boston & New
York Dye House

Quality Work = Perfect Service



BANGOR, MAINE

PHONES

Plant: 436-W

Central St. Office: 436-Y

State St. Office: 2913

The Henley-Kimball Co.

Hudson and Essex Motor Cars

Compliments of
WESTBROOK SEMINARY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE
PORTLAND, MAINE

Compliments of
PENOBSCOT GRANITE & MARBLE COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE

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

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE CO.

BARNET LANDON - - Merchant Tailor

Rooms 101-106—11 Central Street
BANGOR, MAINE

PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO. Expert Shoe Repairing and Rebuilding
 Full Line of Foot Appliances

Traveling Bags and Suit Cases Telephone 155-M 35 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

THE W. H. GORHAM CO. - - Painters and Decorators

PAINTS AND VARNISHES—WALL PAPER
54 STATE STREET, - - BANGOR, MAINE

Compliments of
C. H. SAVAGE CO.
Wholesale
Produce and Fruit

62 PICKERING SQUARE, - - - BANGOR, MAINE

WILLIAM D. HAYES
 Public Accountant and Auditor

31 Central Street—Room 315 BANGOR, MAINE

Telephone 1841-W

WILBUR S. COCHRANE - Teacher of Piano

STUDIO:—91 FOURTH STREET TELEPHONE

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

get from B. H. S. to "Mike's" in record time, it was very difficult? for him to ride at such a slow pace. It took him thirty-four days, three hours, and ten minutes to get to the Post office of Alfalfa Center.

After this little journey, he began to feel slightly hungry, so he went to the Ritz and ordered some "Bean Soup." He decided that he didn't feel at all sleepy, having often been awake for a month or so before, and so he took a stroll thru this lively center of business. He was pushed from left to right by the hustling throngs, and one vicious gangster, known in Police Circles as "Slippery Arvid" Ebbeson, picked him up and threw him in the path of an onrushing elevated train. The train came rushing towards him,—nearer—nearer—nearer—when suddenly, a giraffe walked by.

With his head held high, "Duxo" leaped from the track onto the giraffe's neck. He slid down Nature's Elevator—the aforesaid neck—and almost scared the poor giraffe out of its wits, anyway, so much so that it started to gallop up the hill in the direction of North China.

Halfway up the hill, the giraffe tripped and fell into a large hole in the earth, commonly known as a "Gravel Pit," bearing poor, little "Duxo" with him. . . .

* * * * *

But to make this story end happily, I can't kill "Duxo" until he graduates, so I'll end it by saying he fell on top of the giraffe and wasn't injured at all. All those disappointed in that a cruel and blood-curdling description of "Duxo's" death wasn't given in this story, send complaints to "Bill" Meguire.

Vaughn N. Coffin, '26, died February 21, at the age of twenty-one. He was a member of the Commercial Club, Orchestra, and Band, being president of the band in '25 and '26. His fine character won him many friends at B. H. S., who extend their heartfelt sympathy to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lore M. Coffin of Bangor, and his sister, Mrs. H. B. Carson, '22, of Newport.

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons

REALTORS

Real Estate, Insurance and Investment Service



"Sign of the Model House"

Kirstein Bldg. 14 Central St., Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

Googin's Filling Station

778 State Street

For Correctly Fitted Glasses, visit

I. M. HUTCHINS

Registered Optometrist

14 Central Street

Bangor, Maine

COMPLIMENTS OF

PINE TREE PACKING
COMPANY



FACTORY AT TIN BRIDGE

Office:—Room 34A Exchange Building

BANGOR, MAINE

BANGOR FURNITURE CO.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

84-88 Hammond Street, BANGOR, MAINE

EUROPEAN HAIR STORE

Everything Good in Beauty Culture and Toilet Goods

11 Main Street, Up one Flight



13 State Street,

Phone 88

A. STANLEY CAYTING

Violinist and Teacher

Studio: Andrews Music House Building, 100 Main Street Phone 834-W

M. STEINERT & SONS CO.

78 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

Telephone: Bangor 1350

The New Candy Store and Ice Cream Parlor

G. E. LUFKIN

41 COLUMBIA STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

CHARLES HAYWARD & CO.

73 Broad Street

Wholesale Grocers

Bangor, Maine

HARRY V. CLAY, Inc.

Tires, Accessories, Gasoline, Oils

Telephone 706-W

365 State Street

BANGOR

EAST SIDE PHARMACY

32 State Street

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

Prescriptions - Fine Chocolates - Soda - Ice Cream

W. J. CHERRY'S BARBER SHOP

QUALITY AND SERVICE

CENTRAL STREET

CHILDREN A SPECIALTY

Mrs. Stover's Private School

HIGH SCHOOL

Evening Classes for Adults

SPECIAL COACHING

154 Court Street, BANGOR, MAINE Telephone 1058

Our Advertisers Make the Oracle Possible—

THRIFTY TRANSPORTATION R E O

FLYING CLOUDS

WOLVERINES

SPEED WAGONS

DARLING AUTO CO. of Bangor, Inc.

142 Exchange Street,—Opposite Penobscot Exchange

BEAL COLLEGE - -

Many graduates of Bangor High School are now attending Beal College. This is the business school that is always selected by discriminating people. We teach all commercial subjects. New students are admitted at any time. Ask for further information.

FREE CATALOG.

J. W. HAMLIN, Principal

23 Hammond Street, Bangor

Telephone 3658

HIGH GRADE CONFECTIONERS

HOUSE OF QUALITY & SERVICE

MANUFACTURERS OF

ICE CREAM
FUDGES
CREAMS
SYRUPS
and
SODAS

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TEL. CONN. 58 MAIN ST. - BANGOR, MAINE ESTAB. 1918

CANDIES PALACE-OF-SWEETS-CO. INC. SODAS

THE ORACLE

EVERYTHING THAT MAKES A BARBER DESIRABLE TO A CUSTOMER

Five Chairs

A Clean and Pleasant Shave
7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Open Daily, except Sundays, from
Saturdays, 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.

McKINNA'S BARBER SHOP

WILLIAM J. McKINNA, Proprietor

ALL KINDS OF TONSORIAL WORK DONE BY
FIRST CLASS WORKMEN

45½ Hammond Street—Opp. City Hall—Under Telegraph Office

BANGOR, MAINE

MACCABEES D. S. C.

DAKIN SPORTING GOODS CO.

Supplies for

Hunter, Camper, Athlete
Fisherman, Autoist

Special Discounts to Students

25 Central St., Bangor



Compliments of

R. B. DUNNING & CO.

54 TO 68 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE



COLLEGIANS WEAR THEM

A poll of the colleges of America would reveal
WALK-OVERS as first choice of the Under-
graduates.



Walk-Over

8 BROAD STREET—BANGOR

The paper used on this cover is Atlantic Cover Stock, made by the Eastern Mfg. Co.—South Brewer, Maine