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APRIL





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BANGOR, MAINE

Bangor High School Baseball Schedule 1930



Sat., May 3, Brewer at Bangor.
Wed., May 7, Orono at Bangor.
Sat., May 10, John Bapst at Bangor.
Wed., May 14, Bar Harbor at Bangor.
Sat., May 17, Bangor at Belfast.
Wed., May 21, Belfast at Bangor.
Sat., May 24, Bangor at Bar Harbor.
Wed., May 28, Bangor at Orono.
Wed., June 4, John Bapst at Bangor.
Sat., June 7, Bangor at Brewer.



"THE BIG LOAFERS"

BAKERS OF

Mack's Milk Bread

Jonason's

"A Good Place to Eat"

Dear Jill:-

I was in Bangor last week. I thought I would try Jonason's. I sure did have a great time. All the High School crowd was there, and if they go there it must be all right.

The Sandwiches, Ice Creams and Drinks they serve there are the last word in perfection. Hope to hear from you next month.

Sincerely,

MABEL.

11 Main Street, Bangor

WATCH FOR MORE OF JILL'S LETTERS

The Oracle

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BANGOR, MAINE

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April, 1930

The Oracle Board, 1929-30

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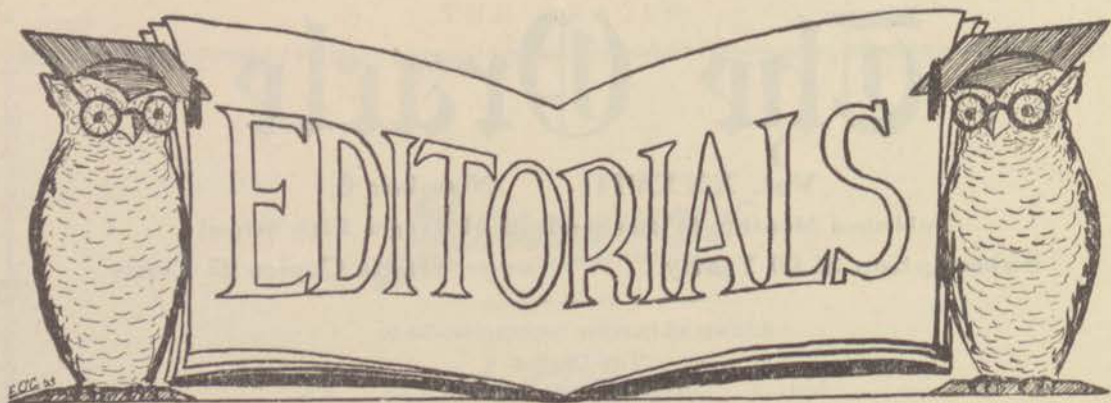
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BASEBALL

Baseball is, as we know, a newly introduced sport at Bangor High. This sport has not had the even chance to succeed as have the other various sports.

How many of us have ever stopped to think seriously about our baseball team? No doubt, we are all discouraged with our team before the beginning of the season by the hard knocks it received from the previous season. But let us remember that every team must rise gradually, not skyrocket into fame. Patience and perseverance will bring results. And if we get behind our team with a well developed and well directed spirit, the team will be spurred on to victory.

Every school in the United States has a few narrow-minded students who are continually knocking school sports, but no attention should be paid to them for these students never did, and probably never will amount to much except "wet blankets."

There are at least a few students in Bangor High, who do care for the baseball team or it would not have existed as long as it has. And if this year, new admirers are added to our list of baseball fans, the team will be strengthened morally as well as physically, for there is nothing that places more spirit into a baseball team than to know that a well filled gallery of home fans will be waiting, at every game, to cheer for them.

Throughout the schools of the country, it has been found that a school, where the student body contributes some of their time to

their athletic teams, has a greater and more lasting school spirit. It does not mean that the school that sends the greatest number of students to watch their teams practice will have the best team, for a small school with only a few supporters may have a championship team. It means that the students should go with the proper school spirit.

But none of us should think that while we are sitting around and talking about the team, that it will have a string of victories in its wake, for it won't. To have a victorious team, we must encourage it by our loyal support, not discourage it by our inactivity.

So, when the baseball season tickets are sent around to our home rooms, let every one of us buy one and watch our team work on to victory.

A HIGH SCHOOL PAPER OF 1875

Although the *Oracle* is no longer in early youth, finishing as it does its thirty-eighth year this June, it was neither the first nor the second high school paper to be published; in fact probably no one now living knows just how many such papers have been launched.

A copy of a paper called "*The Pyramid*" has come into the possession of the school recently. It was published by the "Second Class" which is now called the Junior class. The terms are certainly moderate; for the printed announcement reads: "Terms; good attention, to be paid regularly on the day of publication." Nor are there any advertise-

ments to help in the matter of expenses; in fact one wonders just how the paper was financed; at all events its eight pages are well and clearly printed.

The "Second Class" numbered thirty and the following poem by one of them appears on the front page:

Quis

Who makes us hard verbs conjugate,
Tells us of Troy's unhappy fate,
Which fell by Juno's lasting hate?

H. Dame.

Who tells us all about the stars,
Venus and Jupiter and Mars,
And systems of hard cranks and bars?

Miss Wilson.

Who makes us read the Frenchman's lay,
And points out what it is they say,
And asks us, "Parlez-vous francais?"

Miss Lord.

Who teaches us about the mummy,
And tells us Egypt is a dummy,
Each one of us a perfect mummy?

Miss Philbrook.

Who only puzzles not, nor frets,
With numerous and fearful threats,
Nor gives us o'er with vain regrets?

Miss Powers.

Who teaches us to sing the scale,
Until from want of breath we fail,
And end our lessons with a wail?

G. Moody.

Who come to school in rain or shine,
And learn our lessons all so fine,
Nor e'er at duties stern repine?

We thirty.

The *Oracle* is proud of its predecessor and hopes its own pages will seem as interesting to the students of 1985.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

When William Howard Taft died, the United States lost one of its most able and promi-

nent court figures. Mr. Taft had been connected with law proceedings for fifty years. During this time he held many different offices attached to the government.

He was graduated from Yale College with very high honors and decided to take up law as a life work. He was soon admitted to the bar and not long afterwards, named District Attorney. In this office he fulfilled his duty so diligently that he was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court. Here his judgment proved excellent and he was selected for the position of Governor of the Philippine Islands.

President Roosevelt, chose him for Secretary of War and, as his work was appreciated, he served a second term. He was, not long afterwards, sent to Cuba to adjust some insurrectionary conditions there.

He returned home in 1908, and at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, he ran for President. With Roosevelt's help and prestige he gained the nomination. He won the election by an overwhelming majority and began an eventful career as President. During his term such bills as: "the Interstate Commerce Law" and "Parcel Post and Postal Savings Banks" were passed. He ran for reelection in 1912, but was defeated by Woodrow Wilson.

After this defeat, Mr. Taft's efforts were diverted from law and were attached to the Red Cross organizations. He was elected President of this association and was affiliated with this charitable institution until 1921, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Harding. He held this office until 1930, when he resigned because of ill health. From this time on until his death, on March 8, his life was slowly waning.

Mr. Taft, was a firm believer in steady progress. One of his often quoted sayings was: "I believe that progress is not made by great strides but step by step."

His thoughts were always for the people and the government. His work was always the best and his good-fellowship won him the hearts of the people of the nation.



"Literature is a luxury."

The Mysterious Cross

Lloyd S. Johnson, '32

JOHNNY was working on a specially constructed steel plate, highly magnetized, one day, when he began to scratch his head with a wire which was to connect the plate with a battery. The wire was only partly insulated, and the part which was not insulated fell across a piece of paper lying between two pieces of hard wood.

After Johnny had scratched his head for a while, he dropped the wire. Just then his mother entered saying, "Where is the fire, Johnny?"

When he looked up he noticed that a pile of paper on the other side of the room was in flames. He quickly put out the fire and resumed his work. One question remained in his mind: "What caused that fire?"

Suddenly it came to him. The electricity in his hair, conveyed to the magnetized plate by the wire which was slightly magnetized, produced a glare more powerful than the rays of the sun. The steel plate was slanting in such a way as to throw a reflection on a powerful magnifying glass; as this was lying against a storage battery, it reflected the powerful glare on the pile of paper, setting them afire.

"Whoopee!" cried Johnny. "What luck!"

"Hey! ma, I'm a rich man now. I have just discovered a Death Ray."

"What is a Death Ray, anyway?" asked Mrs. Goodluck.

"Why, it is a ray of light that will set anything on fire, and I am going to try to make it melt steel or iron," exclaimed the joyful Johnny.

Two months later a telegram arrived, which read, "Mr. J. Goodluck. Death Ray fully patented. Congratulations on so great a success. J. A. C."

"Say, ma, you know I bet that the Death Ray and the Stabilizer that I made for my model Airplane, would make a better showing than the two machine guns that they have on the Spads. Anyhow, I am going to try it."

On June 2, 1917, a month later, a bright faced young man brought a new Spad to a perfect three point landing, in front of the principal hangar of the Lafayette Escadrille. He jumped out of his plane, ran up to headquarters, showed the colonel his credentials, and asked for further orders.

"Well, Mr. Goodluck, I have bad news for you. Your brother was shot down this morning by a German Ace."

Johnny followed the Colonel to a small hut where his brother lay, surrounded by friends. "Johnny, there is something crooked about this squad. My motor failed me when in perfect condition. Please look my plane over very close-l-y."

"Yes, Bill, I will," and with this assurance Bill smiled, his eyelids drooped, and slowly

closed. The doctor bent over him and felt his pulse. "I'm afraid he's gone, boys," he said.

Johnny knew that this was no time for him to break down. He found out where Bill's plane was wrecked, and under the cover of night, he crawled out into No Man's Land and examined the motor.

After finding no trouble whatever, he started back. As he was leaving the scene of the wreck he noticed the gas tank cap and picked it up. After examining it carefully, he was about to throw it down, when he noticed that the vent hole was plugged. "A crooked mechanic," he soliloquized. He took the cover back with him, and when morning came, examined it. There on the polished surface of the cap were the veins of a man's hand, clearly imprinted, forming a peculiar cross. This looked very familiar, and Johnny suddenly remembered that one night, when his testing room was broken into, he had discovered a cross similar to this, on the surface of his desk, which had been opened.

That noon Johnny was sent with Formation No. 12 to destroy two German balloons about a mile behind the lines. Immediately after crossing the line the Americans were greeted with a burst of Archie from the gunners below. Suddenly Johnny's plane rocked violently, and started into the dreaded tail spin before he could correct it. "So this is the Archie the pilots joked about," Johnny muttered, "but I do not think it is very funny." He pulled himself out of the spin, and joined his squadron just in time to see his commander's plane rock violently, the signal to break formation and fight the now approaching enemy.

The first thing John noticed was four bullet holes in the celluloid wind-shield, when another ship came in front of his sights. He was just about to pull the trigger on his guns, when he noticed the insignia of the Lafayette Escadrille on the fusilage of his supposed enemy.

He was just thinking how lucky it was that he had not shot at his own comrade, when he noticed that the enemy planes had been shot down.

He joined his patrol, and as their time was up, they flew home. When they landed and looked their planes over, Johnny found that a piece of shrapnel from an "Archie" had passed through the fusilage of his plane, a few inches from his body.

His mechanic pointed to some blood on his shoulder, so he took off his flying jacket and found that a bullet passed through his shoulder, unnoticed during the fray.

This wound kept John from flying for a week, after which he went over the lines again. This time he was lucky enough to bring down his first enemy plane, one of the "Flying Dutchman's" Squadron of Death.

The next time he went up, he was forced down by a plugged fuel line, but was lucky enough to reach his own landing field. After making a hair-rising, dead-stick landing in a cross wind, he climbed out, looked his plane over, found that his gas tank cap had been plugged, and discovered the mysterious cross on it.

He went into his hangar, concealed carbon paper under the covering of the bench where the mechanic was in the habit of sitting, and then hid himself in a closet.

Presently the door opened, and Bill, his mechanic, walked in, seated himself on the bench, leaning back on his hands in a comfortable position.

He had just got settled, when Johnny came out of the closet and sent him out on an errand. Johnny at once examined the paper on the bench, and found the mysterious cross clearly imprinted, where Bill's left hand had rested.

When Bill returned, Johnny said, "Bill, it did not work with me the same as it did with my brother, did it?" Bill's face turned white, and seeing that he was caught, took his one chance for escape. He drew out a small calibre automatic, shot at Johnny, ran from the hangar, jumped into a plane and took off, heading for the German lines.

A few moments later, another mechanic found Johnny lying in his hangar, and reported

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Nancy's Visit to Chinatown

A Sequel to "Gold Dust"

Grace Stevens, '30

FOR those of you who didn't read "Gold-dust," I will state a few brief facts. First, our heroines' name is Nancy Reynolds. She is a pretty girl about 16 years old, living with her parents in a small Western village at the foot of Mt. Crecy.

In "Gold-dust" Nancy proved herself a daring and fearless girl when she rode off alone to find some gold that had been stolen from the mining Company of which her father was president. She had an exciting adventure with several rough men, but in the end found the money and returned to her home. The following story is another experience of Nancy's—her first experience in the East.

"O Mother, I just know I'll hate school way off there in New York. I won't go and leave you and Dad and Grandpa—I won't, I *won't*," wailed Nancy.

"But, my dear child, Aunt Charlotte has insisted that you come East, where educational facilities are much better than here, and try life for a year. You and your cousin, Jimmy, will have such fun and everything will be so different that you'll love it, I know," replied Nan's mother, placing the last few necessities into Nancy's trunk.

"But, Mother, that's just it. Everything will be so different. I hate different things. I could stay right here with you and Dad forever and ever. It is so calm and peaceful. I shall be homesick and feel all out of place in that big city where it is a steady hum-drum, day and night."

But in the end Nancy gave in, altho she went any way but willingly.

During the two weeks before the school opened, Nancy spent much time writing letters to her home in the West, telling how homesick she was; while the rest of the time she went sight-seeing with Jimmy in his red roadster.

Jimmy was 21, and had graduated from

college, 3 months before. He was tall, very good looking and, had a delightful personality which won him many friends. When Nancy was to enter school, Jimmy was to begin work in a law office, but until then he spent his time entertaining his cousin.

To Nan (who had had only her horse, King, for a companion) this young cousin, with a car that could go faster than her horse had ever gone, was a continuous joy in her most homesick moments. He taught her to drive and often let her take the car alone.

It took Nan only a short time to get acquainted with the girls at school, and from them she first learned that there was a certain section of New York called "Chinatown." The girls told such weird stories of this place that Nancy had a desire to visit it.

So one afternoon Nan backed Jimmy's roadster out of the garage and, in high spirits, set out for Chinatown without telling her Aunt Charlotte where she was going.

Half way down the avenue Nan met Carol Nason, the girl that lived next door.

"Hi, Nan," Carol greeted her chum, "where are you headed for?"

"Chinatown," replied Nan gaily, "the land of thrills and chills. Want to come?"

"Surest thing. I've always wanted to go there, but the rest of the girls are all 'fraidycats and wouldn't go."

Carol climbed in beside Nan and directed her, as Nan had never before been in that part of the city. As they neared Y— Street, chief Street in Chinatown, groups of excited Chinamen stood in doorways and alley-ways muttering together; while overhead, leaning out the windows were the women chatting in a foreign tongue. Dogs and children were running wild in the street while a police officer gazed calmly upon the whole scene from the sidewalk. The stores and laundries were packed close together and seemed about to tumble

down they were so rickety. Chinese boys shuffled along carrying baskets of clothes upon their heads or shoulders, while every few steps was a water-carrier with the customary device for carrying water strung across his shoulders.

Nan had some difficulty steering thru the dogs and children as she wasn't exactly an adept at driving thru traffic; however at last, she reached a wider space in the street and drew up beside a restaurant painted red and yellow with huge purple placards outside advertising the best chop suey in Chinatown.

"I'm starved," exclaimed Nan, "let's eat."

"Do you dare to leave the car here alone?" asked Carol.

"Why not? I guess it'll be all right with that officer over there," answered Nan.

"If you should ask me, Nancy Reynolds, I should say that officer was sound asleep," said Carol.

"Yes—it does look that way, but I'm not worrying. Won't Jimmy be surprised when I tell him, about this adventure? I wish I had known of this place before. I would have asked him to bring me here."

The two girls pushed open the restaurant door and went inside. Small booths lined each wall. At the end of the room was a long counter, tended by two Chinese boys. The room was dimly lighted by a hanging lantern in the center of the ceiling. Nancy and Carol chose a booth on the left and sat down at the small table. While they were waiting for someone to come and take their order, the girls looked around. The booth they chose was lighted by a small paper lantern which gave out only dim rays of light. The walls were decorated by rough sketches painted over in red and green. The table was covered with a red cloth. A grass mat was on the rough floor.

"Well, they are long coming," said Carol.

"Why don't you go down to the counter and tell one of the boys that we want some chop suey P. D. Q?" suggested Nan.

"All right, that's a good idea. And they had better hurry, too. It's 4 o'clock now, and I must be home by 5," said Carol, leaving

Nan alone.

As soon as Carol had disappeared around the corner of the booth Nan felt her chair moving backward. She jumped up and turned around. She screamed just as a thin bony hand reached toward her from one of the panels, forming a part of the wall.

"Help, Carol, quick!" but it was too late. She was grasped firmly by her arm and dragged thru the panel which immediately clicked back in place.

* * * * *

When Nan screamed, Carol ran back, but saw nothing of Nan; so she hurried out of the building before the two boys at the counter could hold her back. She ran to the policeman.

"Oh mister, come quick. It's Nan. They've taken her. Oh! please do something," she cried, taking his arm and fairly propelling him across the street. At sight of the officer coming the two Chinese fellows fled; so when Carol and the policeman entered the room it was deserted. Carol rushed to the booth and described how everything had been.

"And I rushed back here, but she had vanished," she related.

"Well, that's queer. These Chinese sure are sly ones," exclaimed the man scratching his head.

"Oh, aren't you going to do anything? She may be hurt or dead. Oh, dear! I wish we'd never come to this old place," wailed Carol.

Officer Sullivan began pounding the walls around the booth.

"Ah—ha!" he shouted at length, "here's where our fair maiden went to. See it's all hollow under here. Now I wonder how that opens. There must be a spring around here somewhere. Ah! what's this—a key-hole?"

Carol searched eagerly for signs of a key-hole, but could see none.


"Where's the keyhole?" she asked.

"Right here. See—in the dark part of this sketch. Now, there ought to be a key."

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The Tragedy of Spook Ridge

Donald Graham, '32

N the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Indians were still collecting scalps, a small man was often seen dusting the terra firma on a prairie prancer, of excessive bulk. Bill was known throughout the territory in which he lived as "Charmed Bill." This title had been conferred upon him because of the almost miraculous tales that were his contribution to the daily gossip at Spook Ridge, where he had his abode. Bill's ancestors had all been daredevils. One of them had been famous for catching arrows by the feathered ends as they whizzed by, but one time a clever Indian made a notch in the point of an arrow with long barbs on it, and shot it feather end first. When Bill's ancestor reached out to grab the arrow the barbs sank deeply into his hand and he died of blood poisoning. Likewise, while it was naturally expected that Bill would give the same type of performance, it was prophesied that he would die an early death.

The beast that bore him on his wild and lonely ventures was known by all to be the fastest piece of raw meat in that part of the country, as well as the largest and most graceful. The brute was light fawn in color and was without doubt beautiful. Bill had found the creature after it had strayed away from an Indian camp, where it had been owned by a prominent Indian chief, although Bill was not aware of the fact. The chief had nearly every Indian in the country in search of the animal and a promotion in the tribe. Bill had been chased by whole tribes of Indians, but, even when they did come close enough to shoot at him were afraid to shoot for fear of hitting the horse. Thus it was that Bill appeared to have such an uncanny amount of successful ventures and queer escapes.

One gloomy day on Friday, the thirteenth of July, in 1813, Bill set out in spite of the proverbs of ill luck which accompanied this day and rode along the wildest part of Spook

Ridge. He had grown tired of relating former adventures after a whole week of repeated boasting.

As he rode calmly along, he could not help observing the calmness of the scenery about him. Here a hawk was calmly murdering a fish from a river nearby, a little further on a flock of crows were calmly feeding on a dead deer, while still further on his horse calmly leaped over the bodies of two dead white men.

Suddenly, as he rode calmly onward, an Indian rode calmly out of the woods behind him. It was the chief who had formerly owned the steed he was riding. Bill Cutler swung around in the saddle and, with a pleasant smile, waved at the Indian. He then slapped the horse smartly, and the animal sped off like a shot, but slightly faster. The chief was riding hard behind him, but Bill expected to soon be far ahead of the savage. Now he was riding along the edge of a small pond. He could see the ripples on its surface blowing bubbles for the tadpoles to play with.

Suddenly the chief uttered a peculiar weird call, and the surface of the pond stopped rippling. Bill held his breath. To his surprise, the horse stopped abruptly. Bill lost his breath for a moment but he reached out and caught it again. He clenched his fists tightly together, and then opened them and shook the sweat off them.

Again the chief made the queer call. This time the horse—immediately recognized the voice of his old master. The animal swung around and ran whinnying back in the direction of the chief, just as the latter was preparing to shoot an arrow at our hero. As the horse turned and started running back, the chief shot at Bill, thinking at this distance, he could hardly miss. He shot too soon, however, for, as the horse turned to clear a large stump in his path, the arrow missed our hero and sank

(Continued on page 47)

Dill Pickle

Ellen Laughlin, '30



He room was crowded with boys. Some were draped over the piano listening to jazz; others were decorating chairs, pictures of blissful contentment. Still others were attempting the newest dance step. Here and there remnants of a feast were visible.

It was the meeting of the Kapper club to plan the big dance, the social event of the year in Milton. From somewhere the president appeared and seating himself behind a small table, Ted White rapped for order. "Now," said the president, "we will discuss the business of the evening. We all know the special business is the invites to our club dance. We all know who the invitations go to and every year the twenty most popular girls in Milton are chosen by a committee, and the members of the club go with them. Bill Williams, our secretary will read the list of names which we have chosen."

Bill got up pompously and read the list of twenty names. For the first time in the evening complete silence reigned, and then one boy broke the charm with a long drawn out sigh, and said, "So that's the list!"

Most of the boys wanted to take Betty, the Mayor's pretty daughter, and arguments came thick and fast.

Ted yelled for order. After some semblance of order was restored, Pete rose to his feet and drawled, "But who is this Dorothy Ada Fitz Patrick? I never heard of her."

"Yes," put in some others, "who is she anyway?"

"Order," from the president. "Bill our secretary knows all about her." "Speech, speech," the boys cried.

Bill arose, bowed, and began. "Well she's a niece to those two Misses Fitz Patricks up on the hill. She has just returned from abroad. Although she spent some of her childhood here in Milton, I couldn't find out how long ago that was.

"But how old is she?" put in Pete. "Oh!" Bill smiled weakly, "that's the only thing I don't know. As far as I can find out she's anywhere from fifteen to thirty.

"Dill Pickle," sadly spoke Pat, and for the rest of the evening Miss Fitz Patrick was plain "Dill Pickle."

"Order" sang out Ted. "The only way to match up the girls is to draw names." A hat was produced and one by one the boys drew. The slips were unfolded. What a battle arose!

"Hurrah!" cried Bill, "I've got Betty." Suddenly he turned to Ted and asked him who he got.

"I've got!" he said disgusted, "I've got!" "Dill Pickle!" chorused the boys.

ACT II

Ted White walked slowly up the beautiful drive leading to the Fitz Patrick mansion. The grandeur of the place did not add to his self-confidence.

This March day was warm and slushy, so Ted picked his way carefully. Glancing up he saw he was almost to the front door. A maid seemed to be polishing the door knob. She wore an old blue sweater over a black maid's dress. Ted wondered if she knew more about the "Dill Pickle."

Dick ran up the steps and stood there very embarrassed. "Is Miss Fitz Patrick in?" he asked.

"Miss Fitz Patrick is not in just now," she replied, "any message?"

"Well," he continued, "you see I have to take her to our club dance, and I don't know what she looks like." "Say," he cried, "do you know how old she is?"

The girls' eyes fairly danced as she said, "Let me see, about twenty-five. Dutch cut hair, freckles, and she's tall, most too tall for you!"

Ted was six feet or more himself, and at this

(Continued on Page 47)

Once in a Blue Moon

Minnie Alpert, '31



shaft of dusty sunlight through an office window,—Day-gone. "It's an elusive thing, isn't it, Dad?"

"What's an elusive thing, Son?"

"Oh, Day!" An impatient note had crept into his voice, he did wish that there was someone who would understand, to whom he would not have to ever be explaining. He looked down into the expectant eyes, and softened. Oh, well! what did it matter, he might as well go on since he had begun. "You know, Dad, Day. All we see of it is this cloud of yellow dust through the window. It's such a beautiful thing, just a fleeting expression upon the face of the earth. I wish we could catch it and hold it, sometimes—you know what I mean don't you?—hold it so we know that it has come and that it is going away, not just let it slip by and forget that there ever was such a thing. Oh, you couldn't understand, Dad! There should be a little more ceremony, a little more something, so that when it goes we would remember - - - not just this cloud of yellow dust."

"Rather a poet, aren't you Lorde? An earnest poet. So Day is like a girl, now you have her, now you don't. Ha, ha!" as he gazed at the dismayed expression on his son's face. "Well, Lorde, perhaps I don't understand, I never went in very much for this 'poetry and arts' stuff. When I was a boy, and not so very many people knew much more than a little reading and writing, and culture was just something the Greeks had had, a word obsolete in this young, gawky country. It was easy for a man with a little common-sense to work himself 'way up into the millions, but now—now, you need more than common sense, you need education, you need culture. For instance you, always knowing you were going to run this company someday, studied Shakespeare!"

"But, Dad,—"

"Now, now, I didn't call you up to the office

to argue with you about Shakespeare, or—Day. I've never read the Poet myself, but that doesn't mean that I haven't any use for him—I'm not as narrow-minded as that—but simply, that I haven't the time. I just wanted to tell you, Son, that I'm mighty proud of you, today. Y'know, Lorde, I've looked forward to this moment for a long time. Why, at times I've almost been afraid that you were going to be just another 'rich man's son'. But I might've known it, Boy. The old blood wouldn't allow any lazy, lily-fingered sap to crop up in the family. You looked as if you were meant for great things. Your mother would have liked to have seen you, today. I was proud, proud when the President gave you your degree, and said 'with highest honors.' What do they call it, Boy? 'Cum maxima laude.' Oh, I was proud, proud! And, not a mother's son among them murmured: 'Oh, well, he's got a pull.' Not a one!"

"Oh, Dad!"

"Y'know we've always sort of understood each other, haven't we, Son?"

Lorde started. Understood each other? Oh, well, sort of—rather. A rush of feeling infused him with a sudden warmth, and he looked steadily into his father's eyes. "Yes Dad, we have. If it hadn't been for you, if I hadn't been so—so proud of you, of your clean living, of your high standards in business, if I hadn't tried so hard to live up to you, I would have been, today,"—a sudden vision of himself a poet, a writer, an artist, happy in a garret, cut off his line of thought. He stared incredulously into space. "I—I would have been, today, Dad,—" he left the sentence unfinished.

The father, misunderstanding, beamed with pride. "Your very silence, Lorde, has been a more expressive tribute than words could have been. Yes, we've always understood each other, Lorde. Now, let's get down to business, Son. Since you didn't want to take

a trip to Europe, right now, but wanted to work instead, I tried to think up a pleasant job which must be done. I know you wouldn't take one of those superfluous ones which always seems to be waiting around for a 'rich man's son.' And, I know I didn't want you to plunge right into a pile of work, so I combined a little—well, it can't exactly be called a vacation—with something that must be done. "You see, right here, Son," he pointed to a map which hung on the wall, "the Company has owned that piece of territory for a long time, fifty or sixty years I should say, and hasn't done a thing with it. A few days ago we decided that the new railway ought to be built through there since the route would be much shorter. Of course, the land is pretty rough up that way, and it will cost quite a good deal, but eventually it will save both time and money. That gave me a few more ideas. I've been talking with the highway commissioner, and I don't see why the new, concrete highway shouldn't be built through there,—it would cut out some twenty or thirty unnecessary miles for them, too. Now, with the railway and highway together, why couldn't someone with capital make a summer resort there, even in winter the sports would be great. There's a lake and pine trees and the rest of the hokum that catches a city crowd. Why great things could be done with that tract of land, Son!"

The boy grinned with admiration. "Gee, Dad, you're just spurting with ideas, aren't you? But where do I come in?"

"Now, I've got to send a man—not just any man, someone with the training of a civil engineer and you have that—to look over the lay of the land, tell me what he thinks of this summer resort-and-highway idea, do a little surveying to get the necessary figures that I have to lay before the Board of Directors, even see if the timber would be worth anything, y'know get all the information possible. Anyway, you see how necessary it is that you go there. Then, you'd have fun too, camping out in the open - - - When will you be ready to go?"

"Tomorrow."

"Good! That's how a boy of mine should talk. G'by Lorde."

"Good-bye, Dad."

* * * * *

A shaft of yellow sunlight on a worn highway, a rosy flush in a golden west,—Day—gone. "It's an elusive thing, isn't it?" Lorde spoke to the wind as it rushed by his speeding car.

"An elusive thing," the wind answered.

"Day. It's here, and it's gone. I can't catch it, even now. Shall I ever be able to keep it, to hold it, to look at it?"

"To look at it."

He stared grimly at the fantastic 'hot-dog stands', at the gaily colored billboards, at the ugly 'caution-curve' warnings. The car ahead sent up a cloud of dust, choking him, blinding him. He muttered savagely, bitterly. "Find Day *here*."

"Day *here*," the wind moaned.

He pulled the brim of his hat down over his forehead, the headlights tortured his eyes. Gradually after hours of driving, the traffic lessened. Only here and there shone the lights of an occasional 'All Night Service' filling station. The wind still whistled about him, filled his mouth with acrid, stinging particles of dust. He was tired, his eyes closed involuntarily more than once. He would have liked to look at the stars, their quiet calmness always soothed him, but the dust rose and hid them. He was tired, tired. But only physically, he assured himself quickly, mentally he was alert. His thoughts wandered, scattered. What a great sport Dad was, what a great sport he had always been! A commercialized great sport! How dared such an ugly thought come into his mind, he thrust it away from him, yet it somehow remained. He tried to think more pleasantly. His tenderness for 'the old man' had aroused more than one boyish taunt while he was at school, had aroused more than mere admiration from their elders. How he had longed to go to Europe! How much he dared not tell himself. So much he had wished to travel the famous highways and to seek out the quaint little byways, so much!

so much! Lord, how he had dreamt of it! London, Rome, Milan, Athens, the Passion Play, perhaps Egypt. And he hadn't gone, had told his father that he did not wish to go. He had been afraid to go, afraid that he would let himself go, afraid, afraid. He knew that in some old, little town in Belgium, his fingers would itch—was it for a pen, or for a brush? He knew it was for something, something which would have disappointed his father, which would have made a hurt, beaten look creep into his eyes. 'I've worked so hard m'boy since I was a kid. I've built up the Company, I've made it what it is today. I've been the living soul of it, and—and then to have it pass into a stranger's hands after I'd given everything to it—why it would kill me, Lorde, kill me though I were dead. You must take the Company over next, Lorde, you must!' After that he had definitely cast all thought of Europe aside. "He has bound me and my son and my son's son to the Company forever," he caught himself saying. Oh, that was untrue, untrue! He couldn't say anything worse if his father were the most cruel taskmaster. And he was such a good sport, he reiterated sleepily, a commercialized—ugh! Suddenly, with a screech of brakes, he stopped his car before a lonely house.

"Is that you, Mr. Bartlett?" a voice called from the door.

"Yes, Jim, here I am."

"Your father 'phoned me so I waited for you. Put your car in the shack behind the house."

"Right-oh, Jim. Do you know what time it is. My watch has stopped."

"Four o'clock now, Sir."

"Well, I'm pretty tired. Will you call me at twelve? I want to start before three in the afternoon. Have you any idea how long it will take me to get to the lake?"

"Well, the trail is fair. I've been over it within the last few days. Ought to take you about three hours if you go at a pretty good pace. Want me to go with you?"

"No, thanks, Jim. I'd rather go alone."

* * * * *

A shaft of dazzling sunlight washing a mountain-side in a blaze of glory, a rosy Flush enhancing a golden west, the petals of an evening promrose slowly unfolding, a night-hawk swooping down from the palely glimmering stars,—Day—gone. "It's an elusive thing."

"An elusive thing," the wind caught the words and flung them against the hillside.

"The ceremony, the something, is here. Day—Day, it hasn't slipped through my fingers, I have it at last."

"At last," the wind whispered through the trees.

He gazed at the evening star, his ruffled spirit calmed, his heart aching with the beauty of it. "The poets knew it," he cried aloud, and quoted softly:

'and while thou drawest the

Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew

On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes

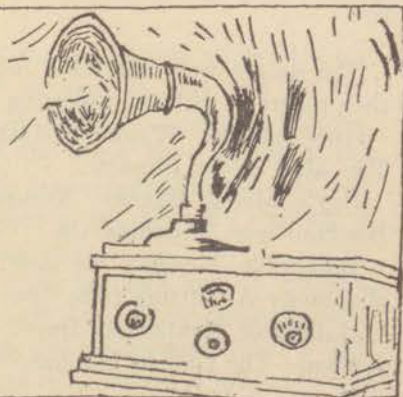
And wash the dusk with silver.'

"And wash the dusk with silver," he repeated. A giant pine tree scarred by years of battle with storm and gale lay tranquil in the arms of the evening wind, swayed, but now and then, gently as if to a wordless song. Etched against the silver moon, it stood black, like a silent sentinel to a land that was not meant for mortals. An ecstasy of pain filled his body, of pain so sweet that he revelled in it, bathed his very soul in it, and was refreshed. The moon rose higher over the hillside majestically, splendidly, the shades of night overcame at last the remaining vestiges of gold left by the sunset sky, the silver lake gleamed as it caught the reflection of the evening star, the trees and hillside darkened and became things unreal, inhabitants of a world of shadows. He lifted his arms in an attitude of worship. "If I were a poet, I would throw away my pen, and gather all the most beautiful poetry in the world together, here. If I were an artist, I would throw away my brushes, and live, *live* here in this place where Day can-

BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

E_r 29



"Push on—keep moving"

ASSEMBLY

A few weeks ago, Mr. Sprague spoke in assembly concerning the singing contest which is held every year at the high school. There are prizes for nearly every kind of vocal combinations and he urged the students to enter into the contest. The students themselves, have to make up the combinations, but it is a great experience for all. The contest takes place sometime in May, and the boys and girls are preparing for it now.

You just can't imagine who spoke in assembly the other day. Leonard Ford, yes sir! and guess what he talked about! the great spring event, the Military Ball which is to be held May 29th, at City Hall. He told the girls that if they were lucky, they might be asked by an officer and every girl knows what that means. This is an outstanding social event of the year and you really shouldn't miss it. The boys are trying to raise money for a regimental flag and this is their means of doing it. There will be the usual drill and exhibition and then general dancing, with music by Perley Reynolds' 8-piece orchestra, with Norman Lambert at the piano, which surely means a good time for all.

DEBATING

On March 21st, the negative team of Bangor High, journeyed to Lincoln to debate, while the Lincoln debaters came to Bangor. The subject of debate, Resolved: That the Jury System should be abolished, is one of great

interest and one that has been discussed for a long time. The negative team composed of Natalie Anderson and Kenneth Kurson, won a two to one decision from Lincoln but Lincoln won a 2 to 1 decision from our affirmative debaters, Christine Curran and Persis Barnfield. All four debaters are experienced ones, especially Natalie and Kenneth, as they have debated for four years. Christine and Persis were on the interclass team last year. Both teams made a splendid showing, and although the girls didn't win, we know that they put up a good fight and B. H. S. is certainly proud of its four varsity debaters. Next, in the series of debating, are the interclass debates.

Robert Cumming, Robert Kurson and Mildred Rolnick will represent the freshmen, being the survivors of a debate between the Snapdragons and the afternoon boys. The other teams are not yet chosen.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Another Junior Exhibition has passed and now the next thing of great importance is graduation, but this last Exhibition of the Class of 1931, certainly was a fine one. All ten speakers were exceptionally good and it was indeed difficult for the three judges, Prof. Bailey, Prof. Bricker and Mrs. Ralph Knott, to decide which was the best speaker. Much praise is due Mrs. Doris Bridgham, who diligently trained the ten Juniors for over two months and who untiringly gave her services to make this exhibition one of the finest ever given.

The judges were out for a long while, and they returned with the following decisions:

Girls' Medal Winner—Eliazbeth Riley—
The Man in the Shadow.

Boy's Medal Winner—Norman Cahners—
His Soul goes Marching On.

Honorable Mention for girls: Carroll W. Blanning—A Cutting from "Seventeen."

Honorable Mention for Boys: Kenneth M. Kurson—The Call to Nations.

The ten speakers:

Kenneth M. Kurson The Call to Nations
Ida Rosen In Old Madrid
Henry Herrick Martyrs of Progress
Catherine Epstein Wheels of Time
Norman Cahners . . His Soul goes Marching On
Betty Russ A Minuet
George D. Carlisle

. A Cutting from "If I were King"
Carroll W. Blanning

. A Cutting from "Seventeen"
Arthur Lieberman . . . The Supreme Menace
Elizabeth Riley . . . The Man in the Shadow

NATIONAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

On April 4, representative speakers from five high schools, Bangor, Old Town, Ellsworth, Dexter and Monroe, met in the third district finals of the National Oratorical contest in the assembly hall. Along with the speaking program was a number of selections by the high school band, which were as usual, well enjoyed by everyone. The contest was different as all the selections, directly or indirectly, dealt with the Constitution and were written by the contestants as part of their requirements of the contest. Irving Grodinsky, represented Bangor High and won second place. He spoke very well indeed and was certainly a credit to Bangor High. The judges were Prof. Lutes and the Principals of Crosby High and William E. Cobb School. Mayor Blanchard, presided.

DRAMATIC CLUB

A few weeks ago, at one of the Dramatic Club meetings, a play written by one of its

members was presented before the Club. Fern Allen, a senior and a very popular and clever, young lady was the author of the play, "Dear Auntie" which certainly was a success. The parts were enacted by some of the Club members who were not in the two one-act plays, given last December. Much praise is due Fern and we hope that she will write another one soon.

THE CAST

Aunt Matilda, the deaf aunt Ada Rogers
Mrs. Prentiss, a middle-aged lady
. Ruth Drummond
Mr. Prentiss, a self-centered lawyer
. Edward Baker
Alfred, the lazy, dominating son
. Donald Hillman
Gerald, a friend of Alfred's
. Lawrence Blethen
Josephine, the sweet daughter
. Nathalie McLeod
Teddy, the kid sister Fern Allen
Mr. Pomfrey, Miss Hutching's lawyer
. Irving Grodinsky
Prompter Helen Haley
Stage Manager Avis Nickerson

At the next meeting, a mystery play, "A Real Ghost," was read by Lillian Haycock, who wrote it. The play was very interesting and the club enjoyed it a lot. After that, a few members of the Club, headed by Marian Gordon, read about the history of the drama.

Next, in the line of work of the club, is the Senior Play which is given every year and everyone is looking forward to it, as it is one of the most important events of the year.

GLEE CLUBS

On May 17th, the auditorium will witness a large crowd when the Eastern Maine Music Festival Association presents their annual concert with three famous artists as soloists. B. H. S. will be represented in that their combined Glee Clubs will act as the chorus. Both Mr. Sprague and Mrs. Dean have been working hard to prepare the Clubs for the occasion. Many members of the school Glee Club

have enlisted in the annual singing contest which is always held in the Assembly Hall. There are prizes awarded for the best male solo singer, best girl soloist, the best duet, and quartet. The contest is held this year on May 2nd.

ORCHESTRA

Mr. Sprague has enlisted the Orchestra in the ranks of the Class A contestants at the Maine State contest of orchestras on May tenth. Bangor High has now joined up the Junior orchestra with the regulars to assist it in presenting a complete instrumentation. This has proved to be a very good idea as both teams are working together well.

On March 28th, the orchestra, as usual added much to the annual Junior Exhibition in the City Hall.

Good luck to the Orchestra on May tenth!

BAND

Late in April, the High School Band will hold its annual spring concert to help pay expenses on any trip the band may take this year. The affair has always been a success as everyone plans to hear the band before their tour of New England at the contests. The committee in charge this year is the same as in previous years; the officers of the Band. They have secured the City Hall, and have composed a spectacular program. Working together with the committee, Mr. Robinson has decided to complete the program with a variety of musical scores, among which will include the required contest number, "Egmont Overture," and the "Slavonic Rhapsody." The members, as in the past, will wear their official "cadet band" uniforms which always adds much to the attraction of the organization. A large attendance is expected.

On the evening of April fourth, the band generously accepted the invitation to play for the fifth district National Oratorical Contest of Maine which was held in the B. H. S. Assembly Hall. Mr. Blanchard, Mayor of Bangor, was the presiding officer of the contest. However, in his opening speech, he turned aside

for the affair of the moment to extend his appreciation and all possible gratitude to Mr. Robinson and his band of master musicians. On the part of the band, they all thank the Mayor for his generous compliments, and will try again this year to win glory for the city of Bangor, and our school.

May 10th, is the big day here in Bangor, for then there will be a State championship contest of bands and orchestras—What a time there will be, and don't forget it takes place at the Auditorium! Read the next issue of the "Oracle" for a complete story of this great event. The members of the *Oracle* board extend their best wishes to the band, hoping they will win again.

THE MODEL HOUSE

Delia G. Mudgett, '31

Under Miss Crosby's able supervision, the Home Economics Class, which consists of Juniors and Seniors, has accomplished a very creditable task, by furnishing and decorating a model house. This work has been a pleasure to every student in the class, and many of them wish that they could do the same enjoyable work all over again.

Miss Crosby, our Home Economics Teacher, has enjoyed the work as much as the students, and every student in this class has contributed to help make this a successful project.

The results obtained by furnishing this model house have been so pleasing that the Home Economics Department has decided to put it on exhibition, May 14th.

This six room house is of colonial architecture, with the colonial style of furniture.

The students in the class were divided into groups. Each group, of three or four, was appointed to decorate one room. On each committee, was a chairman whose work was to assign a duty to each member. In this way the enthusiasm of the students was kept up, as each individual had a responsibility to be carried out.

The white stucco exterior wall of the house, with windows, and roof trimmed with green,

give at once, the appearance of a homelike atmosphere of the colonial period. The exterior is distinguished by a tall door and high windows, with small panes of glass. Model trees are placed around the front part of the house, to give a realistic appearance.

Furnishing the interior was by no means an easy task, and took careful consideration in the following five principles: Choice of type, background, scale, color, and individuality. These principles were carried out in each room by the students.

"Color in the home, is the rainbow's gift of happiness" is the old saying. Applying this to the model house, we as a class have given a bountiful supply of color, in decorating this house. There are at least three or four colors in each room, which blend harmoniously.

A number of delightful pieces of furniture of the same period are combined in this house. The living room is furnished with Queen Anne pieces; the bedroom in Empire furniture, a style which was named after Napoleon; the other bedroom with four posted canopy bed, gives an interesting variety in the combining of furniture.

Besides purchasing, decorating, and arranging the furniture, the students have also made and arranged the accessories, some of which were made by hand. These are rugs, curtains, pictures, bed spreads, blankets, sheets and pillow cases. Then there are other accessories which have been purchased, including the mirrors, lamps, candles, dishes, and equipment for the fireplace.

Every room has at least one center of interest. For example in the living room, the fireplace is a center of attraction, and in the Empire bedroom, the bed, with its silk ruffled bed spread.

All the rooms, except one, were papered by different members of the class, this one, the kitchen was painted.

The house can be illuminated by small electric lights in each room.

The cooperation of the students with Miss Crosby, has given all concerned a great deal of instruction as well as happiness.

RIFLE CLUB

Major Boldinger is now looking over the material for next year's team. The first team men have finished their matches and are acting as coaches to the men who are going to take their places on the first team next year. In this manner the Major hopes to have his first team ready to start shooting as soon as the rifle club is formed next year. Also the method ought to prove very successful, as personal coaching is the only way to develop good shots.

The first team men did not do so well in the Intercollegiate match as in the Corps Area Match, but in spite of this, they are hoarding in a by no means low score, and they are hoping to at least place in the rather stiff competition.

The Hearst Trophy targets have, also been sent in to headquarters to be checked over by the officials of the match. The score is a great deal larger than the one passed in last year, principally because of the change of targets. With the new targets, a much higher score is possible, but allowing for this change of targets, the score this year is higher than the one with which New Bedford High won the match for the Eastern section last year.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAM

Ten Highest scores are sent in:

H. Crowley, A. Miller, W. Barrett, C. Jacques, F. McKean, J. Mullen, C. Barrett, G. McKenney, K. Jones, B. Sanders, V. Morrison, L. Morrison, R. Turner, A. Ellis, W. Cole.

Bangor High wins the First Corps Area Inter-Collegiate Match.

MILITARY NEWS

The plans for the Annual Military Ball are now well under way and everything seems to indicate that the Ball this year will surpass all previous ones; both in the excellent program of events and exceptional dance program. Every man in the regiment should do his utmost to make this Ball as big a success financially as it is sure to be socially.

(Continued on Page 45)

Financial Statement of the Department of Athletics, Bangor High School for the Basketball Season Ending March 28, 1930

	Loss	Gain
Balance of previous audit.....		\$618.42
INCOME:—		
Patron tickets.....		\$229.50
Student tickets.....		470.25
Other income.....		1.02
EXPENSE:—		
Basketball equipment.....	\$535.11	
Miscellaneous.....	397.02	
SCHEDULE:—		
Millinocket at Bangor.....		190.53
Brewer at Bangor.....		101.16
Portland at Bangor.....		167.63
Old Town at Old Town.....	5.00	
Augusta at Bangor.....		62.83
Auburn at Auburn.....	55.08	
Portland at Portland.....	55.09	
South Portland at Bangor.....		333.38
Mattanawcook at Bangor.....		85.58
South Portland at South Portland.....	77.57	
Augusta at Augusta.....	77.57	
Auburn at Bangor.....		60.48
Old Town at Bangor.....		204.68
John Bapst at Bangor.....		73.51
Winter Carnival at Rumford.....	138.68	
	\$1,341.12	\$1,980.55
		1,341.12
Gain for season.....		\$639.43
		\$639.43
Balance at end of season.....		\$1,257.85
Represented by:		
Checking Account.....	\$654.82	
Savings Account.....	603.03	\$1,257.85

Bangor, Maine, April 4, 1930.

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

LIONEL L. COOK, Auditor.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



RESULTS OF THE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Bangor easily outscored Monson Academy, 22 to 8 in the Basketball tournament at Maine but was beaten by Waterville in the semifinals by a score of 33 to 21. This was a hard fought game, many of Bangor's shots rolling around the rim of the net only to bounce out. Waterville held the lead throughout the game, tho Bangor put up an excellent fight in the last period.

Houlton outplayed Waterville in a fast game, winning the championship of the Maine Tourney. Cheverus was the winner of the Bates Tourney outscoring South Portland, 29 to 26. Cheverus also beat Houlton but it was later learned that one of Cheverus men was ineligible and therefore this made Houlton the state champions, Houlton had a fine team, winning by their slow, sure style.

TRACK AND BASEBALL

The track team under the supervision of Coaches Quinn and Trowell, should have a very successful season, tho all of the prospects haven't turned out yet. Many of last year's men have been practicing at the University of Maine. Among those that will go out for track are Gulnac, Striar, Furrow, Crosby, McKinnon, McKean, Morgan, York and Thompson.

There are not many letter men left in base-

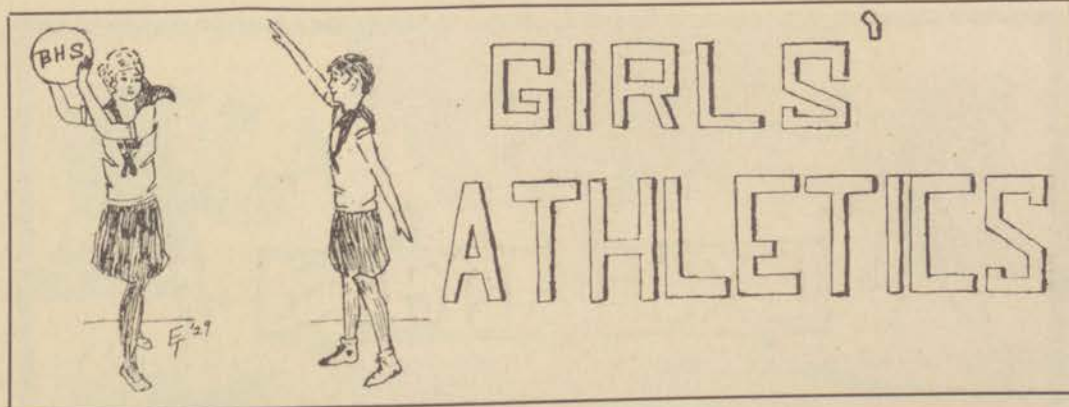
ball this year but undoubtedly a good team will be formed. Some of the best prospects are Flagg, Furrow and Burr pitchers; Goodin, McPherson, York and Chaison, catchers; Rice and Hackett, first basemen; Bradbury, second base; Leavitt and Hackett at short, and Pooler at third.

FRESHMEN CANDIDATES FOR BASEBALL AND TRACK

A great many freshmen have turned out for baseball and track.

The baseball candidates are: Maitland F. Baker, John B. Bell, Eugene Brown, Elwood D. Bryant, Paul W. Burke, Norman D. Carlisle, Charles M. Clark, Murray F. Cronin, Simmons A. Dymond, Edward F. Farwell, Donald F. Gibbons, Raymond A. Goodspeed, Harold M. Grodinsky, Paul W. Higgins, Stanley J. Leen, John N. Maguire, Kenneth A. Moore, Charles E. Perham, Harold L. Pertes, Angelo Predaris, Harvard E. Reynolds, Elmer G. Smith, Warren W. Staples, Alfred W. Tilley, Walch F. Weston, Aaron K. White.

The track candidates are: Albert S. Anderson, James S. Blanning, Eugene Brown, Woodford B. Brown, Norman D. Carlisle, Murray F. Cronin, Morris L. Emple, Andrew C. Grover, Ralph W. Haney, John E. Hartt, Kent S. Hassen, Jack D. Mack, John N. Maguire, Kenneth Philbrook, Angelo Predaris, Harvard E. Reynolds, Elmer G. Smith, Robert N. Stetson, James A. Sullivan, Alfred W. Tilley.



Every year it has always been the custom to have class basketball teams for the purpose of allowing those girls, who did not play on the school team, a chance to play basketball.

A tournament is arranged; that is, every class team plays six games, two games with each class. The winner of the tournament is presented a silver cup. This cup has to be won three times by the same class before it becomes a permanent possession.

This year the cup was won by the Sophomores who had an exceptionally fine team for a class team.

The Freshmen came in a close second for the cup; the Freshmen together with their good players and determined eagerness had some team!

The first round of the tournament:

The first game of the tournament was played between the Freshmen and Sophomores, the latter finishing with a score of 33 to the Freshmen's 17.

The second game between the two upper classes, Juniors and Seniors, was won by the proud Juniors, 22-12.

Then came the third game between the "little" Freshmen and the Juniors. The Freshmen piled up such a score that you could hardly find the Junior's score in the score-book. But it was finally determined to be Freshmen 33; Juniors 11.

In the fourth game the Seniors were badly beaten by the Sophomores. The score was 19-2.

In the fifth game the mighty Seniors were again beaten, this time by the "little" Freshmen, 22-9.

The Juniors put up a good fight against the Sophomore team in the sixth game, but with the results of a close score and the Sophomores ahead, 20-13.

Thus ended the first round with the Freshmen having two games to their good and the Sophomores three.

The second round opened with the second Senior-Sophomore game. The results of which were in favor of the Sophomores, 23-10.

The Junior-Freshmen game came next, and the Juniors were again routed by the Freshmen this time 28-11.

The Upper classes clashed in an exciting game which had a parallel score throughout. But the Juniors came out one more than the Seniors at the finish, 14-13.

Another exciting game followed, between the two best teams, Freshmen and Sophomores, and their scores were also even until the last, the Sophomores having 18 to the Freshmen 15.

The last game was taken by the Sophomores from the Juniors with a score of 26-12.

The Sophomores, winning every game in the tournament will be presented the silver cup at the annual Girls Athletic Banquet.

Not being satisfied the Sophomores wanted to play the school team. So the school team was rounded up and without practice and

(Continued on Page 49)



"It is easier to pull down than to build."

The "*Navillus*," Berwick, Maine. Your literary department and cuttings are the best yet! We find nothing to criticize in your interesting magazine and hope that you will drift our way again.

In the "*Red and White*," from Sanford, Maine, we find:

Shakespeare Applied to Students:
Freshmen, "A Comedy of Errors,"
Sophomores, "As You Like It,"
Juniors, "Much Ado About Nothing,"
Seniors, "All's Well that Ends Well."

"The Hollywood Club" in your January number was quite amusing.

"*Norco News*," Pottstown, R. D. Your paper represents many interesting activities, but we fail to find your literary department. Congratulations on "The Clean-Up," seniors!

In the "*Echo*," South Portland, Maine, we find the Capers starting their baseball season with four veterans. We wonder if baseball will be as successful as basketball has been?

"*Arcturus*," Caribou, Maine. Another of those papers interesting from beginning to end. We could only suggest a few cuts and a larger literary department.

"*Stephens Broadcast*," Rumford, Maine. Yours is the same newsy paper. We find "March Birthdays" original and "Book Reviews" quite interesting. Cartoons are always welcome! Keep them up!

The "*Northern Lights*," Millinocket, Maine. We find your pleasing magazine good from cover to cover. The "Stearns High School Directory" is original and most useful. We are looking forward to the arrival of your next issue.

The "*Madisonian*," Madison, N. H. Here we find another magazine full of good stories and cuts. Under "Corpus et Animus," we find that the boys came out on the better end of a basketball schedule,—here's to the same sort of luck in baseball!

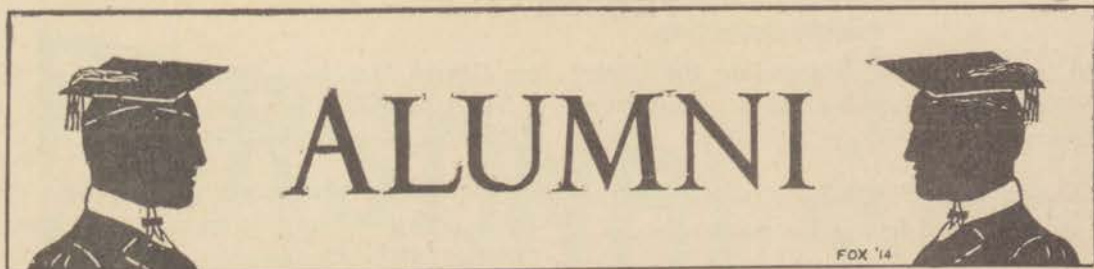
In "*The Jester*," from Ellsworth, Maine, we discover the usual excellent literary department. Your poems are also good, but we would suggest a larger exchange department.

In the first issue of "*The Peanut*," Mill River, Mass., we find two original and interesting features, "American History Puzzle Picture" and "Tricks and Stunts." Although we do suggest a table of contents and an exchange column we hope that your following editions will be as good as the first.

The "*Jabberwock*," Boston, Mass. It is only a waste of time to try to find criticisms for your interesting paper. Keep up the excellent literary department!

"*High Life*," Ripley, Tenn., would keep anyone's "sunny side up!" May we reprint a few of your "locals?"

(Continued on page 43)



The current issue of the Current Events received in Bangor, announces the prize winners in the method contest. Over 1,000 school teachers submitted articles on the subject, My Methods and Devices for Teaching Current Events. Mrs. Mable Freese Dennett, B. H. S. 1893, and now a teacher in the Valentine school was the prize winner for the State of Maine. Each State winner receives \$10.

Dr. Helen Patch, 1910, professor of modern French at Mt. Holyoke, has received the honor of being selected by the faculty to represent the college at the dedication of the new buildings at the University of Brussels, Belgium. The event will be attended by prominent representatives of all the large colleges and universities of Europe and America. The king and queen of Belgium will be present.

Miss Erna Roundy, class of '29, has gone to Boston to take a special course in marcelling and permanent waving. Upon her return she will open a beauty parlor at her residence, 98 Court Street.

Una Peavey, '29, a student at Smith college has arrived home to spend the Easter vacation.

Newell N. Kurson, '28, a member of the Dartmouth College debating team will debate against Boston College.

Charlotte Thompson, Ruth Gordon, Phyllis Hedin, Pauline Sterns, Cynthia Jones and Elizabeth Spangler, returned to Bangor Friday from Wheaton College, for the Easter vacation.

Ruth Gordon, '27, and a junior at Wheaton College has been elected President of the Col-

lege Government Association for the coming year. She was president of her class during her sophomore year. Maintaining her reputation as an exceptional athlete, which she won in high school, she distinguished herself last year on the court and was elected president of her class basketball team. This year she became a member of the varsity squad.

Clifford B. Hathorn, ex-'25, after several years association with the advertising business in Boston, has been appointed local representative for Edmund S. Whitten Inc., a well known advertising agency in Boston.

Billy Hunt, Hugh Connor, Bunt Lynch, Rod Mullaney are spending the Easter recess at their homes.

William Atwood, Amherst, arrived home for the Easter vacation.

Henry Colburn from Kents Hill is spending the holidays at his home.

Friends of Marjorie Stevens, B. H. S. '28, and now a student at the U. of M. where she is taking a course in Journalism will be pleased to know that she was appointed to report the speech of Miss Gale Laughlin, given before the Federation of Women's Club. She was also asked by the Commercial to give the write up on the Junior Exhibition.

Friends of Rosamond Taylor, '27, will be glad to hear of her recovery from an operation for appendicitis.

Edith Whittemore, a student at Swathmore College is spending her vacation at her home on Somerset Street.

Philip Smith, '26, is spending the Easter vacation with his mother, he is a student at Harvard Business School.

Stewart Mead, '28, is spending his vacation at his home and has as his guest a Bowdoin student, William Kline.

Alpheus C. Lyon, Jr., has returned from a cruise to Porto Rico and Santo Domingo with a party of fellow students from Tabor Academy, who spent the spring vacation in this pleasant manner.

Carlyle Johnson, '28, has returned to Boston to continue his studies in the Northeastern University, where he is enrolled in the sophomore class.

Thomas Hersey, '28, who has been spending his vacation here with his parents, is now visit-

ing George Mabbitt in Plymouth, Mass., for a few days, before returning to his studies at Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

Helen Russ, who has a position with the Bates College Library, is spending the Easter vacation with her parents.

"Bob" Russ, who is a student at Clark School at Andover, N. H., has arrived home for the Easter vacation.

Ruth Knowlton Pickard, '26, was united in marriage to George Riopelle of Lawrence, Mass.

Clarice Penney, returned home from the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, where she will spend the Easter vacation.

Charles Bragg of Amherst will pass the Easter holidays at his home.



Chastity

A lily—
Fair—unsullied—pure
Grew by the side of the road
The dust of the street has soiled her face
But her heart is pure as gold.

Geneva Fogg.

Grandeur

Mountains—
 Towering—grand
 Frowning on human frailty
Mountains—
 Soft—misty
 Irrescent
Smiling at early morn.

Geneva Fogg.

Sea-Gods

Gods of the sea,
 Placid—
 Quiet;—
 Angry—threatening the sailors of
 the deep,
 Overpowering mankind.

Geneva Fogg.

PERSONALS



*"My way of joking is to tell the truth
It's the funniest joke in the world."*

Have you heard that

A mule won't bray if he can't raise his tail?

A rooster won't crow if he can't raise his tail?

And—this is what we were coming to—Busy people don't have a chance to make trouble?

A wise man is always suspicious about a "Sure thing?"

The town of Z—is so dry that they use pins to put their postage stamps on?

A nautical mile is longer than a land mile because it swells in the water?

Some women lead a double life—their's and their Husband's?

Every man has his price and every woman has her figure?

The best treatment of spinach is to leave it in the garden?

An old fur coat may keep a woman as warm as a new one but she won't be as happy?

An intelligent woman never overlooks trifles—until she marries one?

Wm. Fr ---- is so tough that he gargles his castor oil?

A Berlin man ate a 300 pound hog in 10 days? The hog is still living?

An Indian rubber man has the snappiest comeback?

An elephant may be detected by the faint odor of peanuts on its breath?

Microbes are killed by deep breathing? But how is one to teach them to breathe deeply?

Some of us can fool ourselves but we can't fool our pocket-books?

The first and most important thing in getting a meal is to find the can opener?

Four out of five have It, and the fifth one has to walk?

"Talkies" are eye, ear, nose, and throat entertainment?

Hokum is applesauce and applesauce is hokey and hokey is bologna and bologna is bunk and bunk is merely another name for hokum?

Shoe strings don't have tips in Scotland?

A picnic is a sure sign of rain?

Some whistlers can't perform without their music?

It is better to have a cedar chest than a wooden leg?

When one stands on one's head the blood flows into it and makes one dizzy. This is not the case with the feet, however, as they are not empty.

Rome was built in a night?

A woman, when asked if she cared to donate anything to the home for feeble minded, called her husband?

A slip of a girl, and a slip of the pen, much trouble can cause to the wisest of men?

Most people had rather learn from experience than to follow another's advice?

A person may not take much exercise just because he is out six nights running?

A woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking?

A girl engaged to a struggling young lawyer should release him from his promise?

But a few years ago, people wondered what they would do when the whales were all gone and there was no whale oil for illumination?

MOSTLY CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

What nationality are you?

Well, my father was Irish, my mother Italian, I was born off Barcelona, and a man named MacTavish is my dentist.

What's MacTavish got to do with it?

Why that makes me of Scottish extraction.

Is Mrs. Smith the modern kind of woman who sings in the rain?

No, she's the old-fashioned kind who reigns in the sink.

Do you want me to take a large or small picture of you?

A small one, please.

Then you'll have to close your mouth.

A red headed boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager after hiring him sent him on an errand in one of the most fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone and the following conversation took place:

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Bellevue apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No," said the janitor, "but I want my gun back."

Little Betty asked her mother: "When I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, Betty."

"And if I don't marry will I be an old maid like Aunt Emma?"

"Yes, dear."

Little Betty thought a long moment, then shook her head.

"Well, I am in a fix," she said slowly.

Em—ds, W—thinks the postage stamp is a new dance. Well, letter!

Every boy here could get a job with the city—if he wanted to.

Isn't that a rather sweeping statement.

Madame B—Do you sing bass?

El—ott, R—d—Sure, how does the first verse begin?

H—r—D Fi—ld—Do you know Ida?

N—t Sa—y—r—Ida who?

H—r—d—I dunno.

Do you prefer to wash your own hair?

I have never washed anyone's else.

How did Jake develop such big biceps?

It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it.

What type of man is a good listener?

A dumb man without any arms.

As the fire department said after they had broken in the roof and drowned the house—we've made a mistake, it's the wrong address.

I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-himmed spectacles—pshaw! I mean hick-rimmed spornacles.

I know what you mean, sir. You want a pair of rim-sporned heectacles.

Maid—So you don't like to work for high-brows?

Another one—I'll say I don't. I worked for one pair of nuts—and never again. Him and her was fighting continually, and it kept me running back and forth between the key-hole and the dictionary all the time.

I hear your store was robbed last night. Lose much?

Not as much as if the crooks had got in the night before. You see, yesterday I just finished marking everything down 20 per cent.

Are you the man that gave the kitty to my little brother last week?

Yes, sonny.

Well, Ma says to come over and take them all back.

A missionary says that in China, when a mother wants to find her wandering boy, she has to wash about a dozen of the kids faces before she finds her own.

What do you want for your birthday, sonny?
Ten gallons of gas.
You mean ten gallons of gas?
Yes, inside of a brand new roadster.

Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts—the haid, the chest, and the stummick. The haid holds the brains, if there is any, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs, and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck.

Nit—Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

Wit—Then what's the idea of spending all your life paying glowing tributes to the donkey?

Mother, when do you think a man can be considered as having enough money?

When he's got more than enough.

Mother: Mary, can you give me any reason why I shouldn't punish you?

Mary: Yes, Mother. The doctor said that you weren't to take any violent exercise.

Who's that little shrimp?

He's one of the upper crust.

Got too much shortening in him when they made him, didn't they?

The newly-appointed judge was hearing a case involving an auto accident. "Where is Mr. Spitzenoffer?" he asked severely.

"He's defunct," answered the clerk.

"Defunct or not defunct," retorted the new judge, "he ought to have been here."

Have you got something that will cure fleas on a dog?

I don't know, sir. Can you tell me what ails the fleas?

A little girl ran into the house with a piece of wire which she had picked up in the street, and inquired of her sister what it was.

Her sister looked at it blankly for a moment. "I don't know," she said. "Go and ask mother."

The mother thought hard for some moments, but at last, gave it up. "Go and ask grandma," she said.

The little girl did as she was bid. Grandma told her. It was a hairpin.

Conductor! Help me off the train.

Certainly.

You see, I'm stout and I have to get off the train backwards. The porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm six stations past my destination now.

Be careful. I just hit my crazy bone.

Don't worry. Your head can stand a little thing like that.

Wife—I'm afraid dinner will be a bit burnt tonight, dear.

Husband—Did they have a fire at the delicatessen?

J—ny Wil—re—What a dirty look she gave you!

C—I—n C—de. Who?

J—ny. Mother Nature.

Mrs. C.—Tell the class the story of Macbeth.

D—ve Rub—n, '31—I've forgotten the plot but I can whistle the theme song.

N—n—ey C—n—s—I suppose you were on the foot-ball team?

"Hen" Fl—n—Well, yes, I did the aerial work.

N—n—cy—What's that?

"Hen"—I blew up the footballs.

It is generally known that a high school diploma + 10c. will buy a cup of coffee.

Impecunious boy.—Will you marry me dear, when we graduate?

Cautious girl.—Yes, if I can find some one to support me.

B—n—e St—r—Gee, I'm in an awful fix!

H—ry C—y—What's wrong now?

B—ne—I've spelled professor with 2 f's and don't know which one to cross out.

The boys of the Virgil Class are learning from Aeneas how to love 'em and leave 'em.

And I'll be a real good girl if you give me a dime.

Ah, a ten cent peace.

What does your boy Dick intend to make of himself?

I am trying to get him on the police force.

Well, they'll get him one way or another.

Bridget, it always seems to me that the unkindest mistresses get the best cooks.

Ah, ma'am, go on wid your blarney.

Spanish gentleman—Si, si, señor, I wish to obtain a position.

Office boy—Well, you'd better si the boss.

Crash-bang-and other words meaning a collision. The two wrecked wrecks came to a stop. An authoritative badge with a man attached to it approached.

"How did you happen to crash into that other car?" asked the enforcer of law and order, surveying one of the wrecks.

"Ah me, but 'twas the exasperator that was at fault," admitted the driver of the offending car.

"Exasperator!" exclaimed the constable. "You mean accelerator?"

"No, I don't," said the driver.

"Then what part of the -er-ah- car is the exasperator?"

"Well," said the driver with a sickly smile, "she usually drives from the back seat."

He scowled as he upbraided his wife. "You would believe anything a fool told you," he charged.

"No, not always, but sometimes you are most convincing," she smiled sweetly.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Will "Jake" Shean please return, the small pictures and oblige the owners!

She: The world is full of rascals. This morning the new iceman gave me a counterfeit half-dollar.

He: Where is it, my dear?

She: I gave it to the butcher.

City banker (visiting the farm) I suppose that's the hired man?

Farmer (who has visited banks) No, that's the first vice-president in charge of cows."

What would happen if

Pat Brown got to school on time?

Edith Graves should stop running in the corridors?

A. Johnson were seen walking the corridors without his two acquaintances?

Harold Morris could make his hair stay down?

Betty Russ should walk to school?

Paul Harper ever became serious?

Leonard Ford lost his snappy walk? (Isn't he a walking Christmas tree?)

Dexter Clough, neglected to prepare a lesson?

Anyone should skip The Band Concert and Dance?

Cal Knaide, Polly Richardson, Guy Flagg, Carleton Libby, should enter the singing contest as a quartet?

Just a little secret—The bass section of the band, Ford, Jacques and Colby, played one piece while the rest of the band played another at the Oratorical Contest.

We understood that Reggie McDonald is learning fast how to become a cowboy; and poor boy he is so sleepy now-a-days.

Remember Reggie: "Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as being awake in the day time."

Mr. Q.—How fast are you?

Grid T—bel, '30—Well, I can run a hundred yards in 15 seconds.

Mr. Q.—Any good in distance?

Grid—Not very.

Mr. Q.—All right,—I'll put you down for direction.

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MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WE ARE INTERVIEWED BY THE CENSUS TAKER

1—What is your relationship to the family?
General nuisance.

2—Do you live at home?
I eat and sleep there.

3—On an average, how much do you spend each week?
As much as I can get.

4—Have you a radio set?
That's what we bought it for but Dad has other ideas about it.

5—Does your family live on a farm?
You'd think so if you had to mow the lawn.

6—What is your sex?
Above the average.

7—What is your color?
I prefer green.

8—What was your age at your last birthday?
The nth power of the 16th root of 5000 divided by the sum of the digits in the left hand column. (See if YOU can guess).

9—Are you married?
I haven't made any serious mistakes yet.

10—What was your age at your first marriage?
Ah-say, do I have to answer that?

11—Have you attended school or college at any time since Sept. 1, 1929?
Yes, and I can prove it. Here are my failure slips.

12—Are you able to read and write?
Well, I'm not blind and I have two hands.

13—What was the state of your birth?
Innocent and unconscious.

14—What was your native language?
My native language was and is the same as it will be tomorrow at this time—namely children should be seen and not heard.

15—In what year did you come to this country?
Just about New Year's—but IT WASN'T MY FAULT.

16—Are you naturalized?
Yes, but our new puppy isn't. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

17—Can you speak English?
I'll tell the cock-eyed world! Want ta hear me spout?

18—What is your occupation?
It may surprise you but I'm so busy I haven't time for one.

19—In what industry are you employed?
Some call it the daily grind.

20—Are you now employed?
I will be as soon as you clear out and give me a chance to tackle my French.

21—Are you a U. S. veteran?
No, but I've read the Boy Allies series.

22—If so what war were you in?
Well us cowboys and them injuns had a scrap with the gas house gang once, but we called it a feud.

23—Were you wounded?
I don't know as you'd call it wounded but I got socked with a paddle and couldn't sit down for a week. An' I got a nosebleed out of it, too.

24—Have you one of the curses of humanity?
I have a leaky fountain pen.

25—What is the name of this c. of h.?
Lay off, will ya? I ain't married.

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

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

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

26—What do people call you?

I've been called everything from a sissy and a moron to an unspeakable.

27—Do you comb your hair in the middle?

I used to, until I changed my mind. This new mind can carry more heft on one side than it can on the other so I part it on the side.

28—Are you bow-legged?

Ach, what a question! Well, I'll tell you, below the knees I am—but only a little wee bit, and at the knees, I'm what you might call a little knock-kneed, ain't it so? Now, putting the two together, I have nice straight ones. See, have a look.

29—Have you a car?

Look. A garage bill. \$90. New battery. New generator. New tires. Have I a car. Ha ha. I laugh up my sleeve. It's a rolling mortgage.

30—Do you have a cat?

Two weeks ago we had a cat. Today we can't keep track of them.

31—Do you have a dog?

I don't know for sure. We haven't seen him for two months.

32—Have you any other pets?

Plenty. There are two rats in the cellar, three mice and a squirrel's nest in the attic, and a skunk under the back piazza.



LITERARY (Continued)

Lost—An Amber Hair-Pin

Sylvia Ham, '32



HE Duke and Duchess went to a theater in London to attend a concert. As they entered their box, the Duke said casually:

"Did you wear that amber hair-pin, set with diamonds that I gave you for your birthday?"

"Certainly," she replied, "I always wear it; why did you ask?"

"Well," he replied, about as interested as any man, "you haven't it now." And he sat down beside her with a loud sigh.

"Oh dear, what shall I do!" cried the duchess for the hair-pin had cost two hundred pounds, and even dukes feel the loss of such a sum.

After the concert was over, the duke dispatched pages to hunt for the duchess's hair-pin, but it could not be found anywhere. Then the Duke had this notice placed upon every public building in the city.

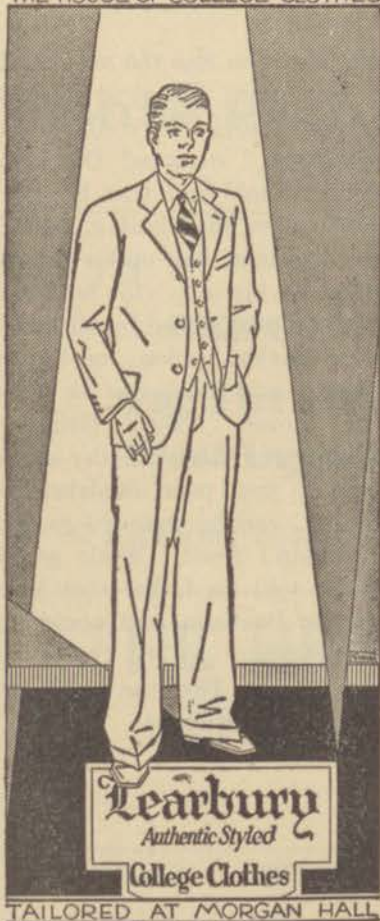
Lost—an amber hair-pin, studded with diamonds. Finder please return to the Duchess of

X and receive reward of five pounds.

A little boy, shabbily dressed, saw this notice. He sighed and thought of what he would do with this money but he thought he wouldn't have a chance so he went on. As he was passing the theater he saw what he thought was a piece of glass lying in the gutter. He passed on to school and did not inspect it. But the next day it was still there and, fascinated by its glare; he picked it up and found to his amazement that it was the long-lost hairpin. He took it immediately to the Duchess who was pleased to receive it. The duke told her to give the boy only one pound, but the five pounds was given to him.

He did something then that I suppose hardly any other boy would have done even if he were older. He gave the money to the Duchess and asked her to spend it for him as she saw fit, because he had no parents but lived with his brother, and you may be sure the Duchess kindly did as he requested.

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own Clothes - -
and Miller-Largay Company
know what they choose.

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

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Old Gobbo Goes to Venice

Ruth Averill, '32



ES, Margery, indeed! Put in four, or rather eight turtle doves for as I am a poor, hard-working father, made such by our worthless son, who is working for our Master, Shylock. I know that we should help feed the gobbling boy for he is not able to do so himself," said Old Gobbo to his wife as he prepared to visit Shylock, the Jew, in Venice. So Margery put in eight turtle doves to salve Gobbo's conscience for letting his lazy, good-for-nothing son work for his worthy Master Shylock.

Old Gobbo, upon reaching Venice, met his son, but being sand-blind didn't know him. Young Gobbo, otherwise Launcelot, being very mischievous, didn't tell his father who he was, but confused him by asking the way to Shylock's house. As Old Gobbo inquired about his poor boy, Launcelot contradicted him saying that his name was Master Launcelot, and that his son had gone to heaven. "Oh,

my poor dear boy, who was the very staff of my life, my very prop! He must have died by over-working. Surely it couldn't have been by over-eating," mourned Old Gobbo. Then, as Launcelot told him that he was his own son, Gobbo gave his blessing, declaring that Launcelot had more hair on his chin than old Dobbin had on his tail, (for he had felt of the back of Launcelot's head by mistake.)

"Take me to Shylock's, Son, for I have a present for him," said Gobbo as he showed Launcelot the doves. "But, father, the Jew has been deprived of my worthy services. Give the doves to your poor, famished son," replied Launcelot, and he sounded so pitiful that Gobbo couldn't resist. While gobbling them, Launcelot told his father that he was going to work for Bassiano, and would travel with him to Belmont; so Old Gobbo went back home pitying poor Bassiano for his ignorance of Launcelot's worthiness.



Dreams

I fancy that I hear once more
The lazy lapping of the water on the shore—
See the fleecy coucuds vanishing before the
summer wind;
But only wake to find that these have gone
Hidden by Time.

Geneva Fogg.



The Reward

Phyllis Howland, '32



"H," if only I could have finished my college course," moaned Jim Riley to his parents. Their train came slowly into the small station at Meadowbrook where Jim's father had been left a small farm. As their funds were low they had decided to come and live on it. Mr. Riley had invested in the stock market and had lost, which was the cause of Jim's being taken from college.

They found the property in very good condition and located in a very pretty spot.

After being there a week, Jim decided to explore the country. He started in the morning; by noon found himself far from signs of civilization. While eating his lunch, he noticed smoke rising from the valley below. Descending the hill he came upon a beautiful,

(Continued on Page 41)

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R. J. SMITH

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THE REWARD

(Continued from page 38)

but very old mansion. He went to the door, tried to get in, but found it locked.

Deciding to go on, he turned down the path, but stopped when he heard pitiful moans which seemed to come from the house. He forced a window open and went in to investigate. The furniture in the house was covered thickly with dust, making the rooms very gloomy and dismal. He explored the house from top to bottom but found no source of the dismal sound. At last he decided to rest. He leaned against the wall, by accident he pressed against a secret panel which opened into a narrow corridor.

At the end of the corridor he found a pair of stairs leading down. He descended and found the basement as beautifully furnished as the upper chambers. Jim was startled when he heard the moans louder and louder. He went from room to room until he found an old man who was very sick lying on a bed. Beside his bed, tending him was a very beautiful girl. She gazed at him as if he was a ghost. At first he could not get the girl to talk, but after assuring her that he was her friend, she told him the story.

She told him, she was Peggy Carroll and her father was Clarence Carroll, the millionaire. Jim cried, "Oh! it can't be true! Why, they have famous detectives working on his disappearance." Peggy told him that a gang was holding her father and her for ransom. Peggy and Jim knew if help was not secured for her father he would die, so Jim left her and went back to the village where he got a rescuing party to go after the aged man.

They took Mr. Carroll to Jim's home where Mrs. Riley soon nursed him back to health. The gang that had almost accomplished their plans were captured and punished. Mr. Carroll who became very fond of the little farm, purchased it from the Riley's. Mr. Carroll tried to persuade Jim to take the reward offered. He decided to take enough money as a loan, to finish his College course and then later he was to get an even greater reward.

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EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 26)

The "Milachi," Milaca, Minnesota. Although we would like to see a few more stories, each issue of the "Milachi" is "bigger and better than ever." "Shavings" is always a good column. Add to it!

"W. S. N. S. Tip-Top," Machias, Maine. We find that mumps have descended upon the Washington State Normal School and thus postponed two good plays. Here's hoping that the mumps will soon let up and hand the teachers a chance and make "knock-outs" of their plays!

A magazine like the "Recorder" is enough to cause anyone to anticipate pleasure. Under "The Society Bubble" we find the "newsiest of news" as to Central High; while under "Library Leaves" —well, the name explains itself. We are glad to find "Hot Shots" a regular feature!

The "Red and White," Norwich, Conn. Through this interesting edition we learn of the many activities which Norwich Free Academy supports. We hope that the excellent baseball schedule will be filled in to your advantage.

Again we have the pleasure of reading "The Gleaner," from Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Although "The Tatler," is up to its usual good standard, we miss a larger exchange department. Your cartoons add greatly.

The "Red Lion Hilltop," Red Lion, Penna., Your "Poets' Corner" is one of the best that we receive, we would like however to see a larger literary department. Here's hoping that "Pattie" will be a success.

Faith

The first star shines from afar,

Twilight,—

Memories;—

I still believe, as when a child,

That this star will make my Dream come true.

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MILITARY NEWS*(Continued from Page 22)*

This year the Ball is being given by the Officer's Club and May 29 has been chosen as the date. The following committees have been appointed:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman

Lt. Col. McKenney

Asst. Chairmen

Capt. H. Crowley

Maj. H. Gulnac Capt. L. Ford.

Maj. J. Finn Capt. A. Miller

Capt. G. Tarbell Capt. J. Mullen.

Capt. A. Connors

Advertising—Maj. H. Gulnac.

Program—Capt. McKean.

Tickets—Capt. L. Ford.

Decoration—Capt. A. Miller.

Presentation—Maj. J. Finn.

Hall—Capt. J. Mullen.

Each of these committee chairman are to pick from two to six men to serve on his respective committee. These committees are to be organized and ready to work as soon as vacation is over.

All the officers and men are cooperating with Major Baldinger and Sergeant Clark to help the unit improve so that it may be looking its best for the annual inspection which is to be held Thursday, May 23. Judging by the excellent showing we made last year and allowing for a year's improvement we should have every chance of winning the much coveted title of Honor School for the First Corps Area.

Just a word now to the men of the regiment as regards the selling of tickets for the Military Ball. This is your Ball and it is only by each of you doing your share that the Ball will be a success. If each of you will try to sell at least four tickets, we will be able to buy the silk Regimental Colors this year from the proceeds of the Ball. This is a goal well worth striving for and it is only fair that we should all do our best to help the various committees, especially the ticket committee.

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THE TRAGEDY OF SPOOK RIDGE

(Continued from Page 12)

into the horse's breast, killing the animal almost instantly. At almost the same time Bill fired his rifle at the chief. The Indian toppled from his horse with a bullet in his side. Suddenly, as he lay dying on the ground, the chief yodeled the war call of his tribe.

Almost immediately the call was answered from various spots in the woods nearby. Suddenly, from all around Indians came running out. Before Bill could decide what to do, he was surrounded. As he attempted to flee, arrows came from all sides, and he died from thirteen arrow wounds.

DILL PICKLE

(Continued from Page 13)

statement he sat down limply on the steps. Then a sudden idea seized him. "Listen," he said hurriedly, "I'm Ted White, and president of the Kapper Club. If Dill Pickle can't come, would you go with me?"

It was now that Ted noticed the two Aunts. He was more embarrassed than ever.

One of the Aunts spoke out quickly. "Why Dorothy Ada! What are you doing in that maid's dress?"

The young lady went to them smiling. "Oh you see Mame was sick this afternoon so I put on her uniform and did some of her work for fun." "And this," she said turning to Ted, "is the boy I'm going to the dance with." Suddenly as an after-thought she exclaimed, "And guess what, at last I've got for a nickname:— 'Dill Pickle!'"

Lillian had a cud of gum,
She chewed it long and slow.
And everywhere that Lillian went,
That gum was sure to go.
It followed her to class one day,
Which was against the rule,
So teacher took the gum away,
And chewed it after school.

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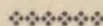
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ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

(Continued from Page 17)

changed, vanished, but the Beauty remained.

Once, Lorde's tall, young son stood by the window, and said:

"Day's an elusive thing, isn't it, Dad?"

"Did you say that *Day* was an elusive thing?"

"Yes, Dad. You know what I mean, don't you, Dad?"

"Yes, I do, Son. I know too well. It almost caused me many years of bitterness. Y'know, m'boy, we musn't over-estimate Day, and we musn't under-estimate it. There's something more important than just that,—it's the Human Drama, and Day is but the setting, the magnificent scenery for this Play of the Gods. Most men never glance at the scenery, they're too busy for that, they just play their parts as well as they are able. There's something brave and heroic in that. But sometimes it happens that a man does look once. There's something brave and heroic in that, too, because no matter how beautiful the scenery is he must keep on playing. And there are so many that don't look - - -."

"It doesn't happen very often, does it, Dad?"

"No, Son, it doesn't. Just—once—in—a blue-moon.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 25)

playing out of position they gave the Sophomores a taste of their own medicine. The Freshmen, desirous to know what it was like, played the school team and received the same treatment.

Freshman numeral winners:

Louise Hastings, Eileen Spinney, Mariam Landon, Gladys Smith, Thelma Sullivan, Eleanor Clough, Georgianna Perkins, Doris Chalmers, Phyllis Bates, Helen Hawes.

Sophomore numeral winners:

Christine Reynolds, Leona West, Thelma Silk, Helen Tremble, Edna Doane, Rena Allen, Louise Rice, Betty Dill, Jacqueline John-

(Continued on page 54)

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NANCY'S VISIT TO CHINATOWN

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes, but it wouldn't be right out here for anyone to see," said Carol.

"Of course not," admitted Tom Sullivan, "but I have a skeleton key that ought to fit any keyhole."

So saying he drew the key from his pocket and fitted it into the keyhole. Immediately the panel slipped aside disclosing a dark passage.

"Sh-sh" whispered Tom. Sounds of a struggle came to their ears—then silence.

"That's where they are all right. Now follow me quietly," he ordered pointing his tiny flashlight before him.

After traveling along the thickly carpeted passageway for about a minute, they paused and listened.

"Help—Help!" someone was shouting. "In here. This way."

The guiding voice brought Tom and Carol at last to a small door. Pushing this open, they found Nan. She was lying on the floor tugging at the cords binding her wrists. A handkerchief that had covered her mouth had slipped down, thus allowing her to scream.

"Oh, Nan, what happened?" asked Carol running to her side.

"Never mind that now. I'll tell you about it all later."

Tom Sullivan cut the ropes and helped her to her feet.

"Oh," shuddered Nan, "let's get out of here quickly. He was so terrible."

"Who?" queried Carol.

"That man. I don't know who he was. Chinaman I guess. Told me that he was going to get a good ransom for me and that if I didn't shut my mouth he'd kill me, too."

"Well, where did he go to? I'd like to lay my hands on him for a minute," exclaimed Tom Sullivan.

"He ran when he heard the panel click open. Told me to keep still, but I didn't and then you came."

(Continued on page 54)

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THE MYSTERIOUS CROSS

(Continued from Page 9)

it to headquarters.

Two weeks later Johnny had recovered and was about again. Soon after, a German plane defied the Allied guns, swooped low over the field, and dropped a message, which read: "Johnny Goodluck, meet me over Paris at 10,000 above, 10.47 Monday, Bill."

Monday came, and at 9.30 Johnny took off for Paris. At 10.45 he sighted Paris in the distance, and a few miles to the east he saw a German plane. A few minutes later, over Paris, they were ready for the combat.

Johnny started to loop, but Bill followed, pouring a stream of lead into his plane. He slumped over the controls, and went into a tail spin. Bill dove below him, so as to fire a round into his motor, to set his plane afire. He reached for the trigger, but his hand never touched it, for the ship that looked so much like cold meat to him, became a fast flying, straight shooting, death bearing plane. Fire spurted from its guns, Bill's plane quivered, its pilot slumped over the controls, never to know when his plane hit the ground, in flames.

Johnny turned to start for home, but noticed a formation of German planes diving at him, which he supposed had come to support Bill. He pulled the switch which pulled his Death Ray into place, and as the first plane came across his sights he pulled the trigger, and the German ship went down in flames. Three others followed in the same order. The remaining plane got a shot at him, and hit him in the leg. He was fast losing consciousness, when the plane flashed before his sights. A ray of light flashed from Johnny's ship, and this plane followed the others.

Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness, he snapped the lever which connected an automatic stabilizer of his own device, to the controls.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself in an American Hospital in Paris, and learned that his automatic stabilizer had

(Continued on page 54)

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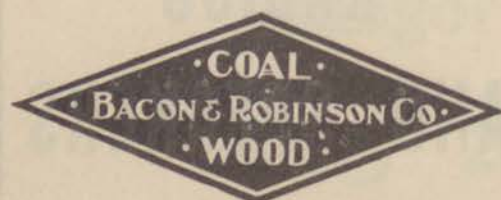
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THE MYSTERIOUS CROSS

(Continued from Page 53)

brought him safely to the earth.

A few days later he was made an Ace, and decorated with the Croix de Guerre. That afternoon as he was sitting at the window, he heard a cannon go off, another, and still another, until finally the whole city was covered with a haze of powder smoke, and he wondered if there was an aerial raid, when a nurse came rushing into the room, shouting "Armistice."

NANCY'S VISIT TO CHINATOWN

(Continued from Page 51)

By this time they had reached the sidewalk and Nan and Carol jumped into the red roadster.

"Thanks, Mr. Sullivan," they called as they drove away.

Once out of Chinatown, Nan breathed freely.

"Well, that's one more escape from threatened death. I'd better pay more attention to my lessons from now on and leave the Chinatowns, etc., alone."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 49)

ston, Ruth Averill, Alberta Call, Dorothy Sabine.

Junior numeral winners:

Genevieve Robinson, Dorothy Cunningham, Frances Hayes, Winifred Brown, Rosalie Fellows, Louise Rosie, Frances Green, Doris Trickey, Helen Gallupe.

Senior numeral winners:

Helen Orbeton, Fern Allen, Arline Stevenson, Genevieve Meade, Helen Novak, Dorothy Grant, Elizabeth Fellows, Avis Nickerson.

Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg.

How awful! The burglar's?

No; my husband's. He'd heard the noise, too.

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