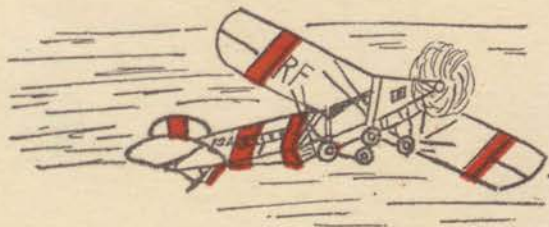


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"Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee."

WHO FLUNKS

WHEN a pupil does not pass his quarter's work, who flunks? The teacher, the parents, and the pupil, himself, should work together for the betterment of the pupil.

From the cradle, the parents have governed the upbringing of the child; from the earliest kindergarten days, the teacher has modelled his brain that he may partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; the child, himself, from the sixth or seventh grade has been capable of holding himself in hand.

Treating the "adjusters of education" in respective order, we find:

The parents are most ably fitted to direct the underlying principles of education by: first, creating an amount of respect and obedience in the child; by creating an atmosphere in the home that will induce the child to forsake his outside companions for the home and its occupants.

The teacher takes it upon herself to teach the pupil—for the child is a pupil the moment he comes under the instruction and supervision of another—the fundamentals of education.

The teacher, in my opinion, holds the guiding hand for the education of the pupil. The teacher must first, create a trust in the pupil, for when a pupil trusts a teacher, he generally likes her. And a pupil who likes his teacher, will do more than a pupil who does not care for the instructor. Also the teacher,—who is

a workman in the same sense as a carpenter or an artist,—must be capable of turning out a finished product from the material given her. The material may not be of the best, yet it is up to the teacher to do the best in finding the outstanding qualities in each pupil.

The pupil must, to avoid failing, try to like his teachers, both for the principle in itself, and for the benefit derived therefrom. It seems true that a pupil stands a better chance of passing if he has been polite and agreeable to the teacher of that subject.

Another way a pupil may avoid a failure is by giving his best to his work. How many do? One instance is known where a boy made-up successfully a semester's work in Caesar with the incentive that if he made it up with a good mark that he would go to California the next summer's vacation. I think that effort carries a pupil a long way towards avoiding the detested failure.

If the pupil shows an interest in his work, the teacher takes an interest in him and forgets, perhaps, minor shortcomings.

An important way to avoid a failure is to prepare lessons thoroughly. It is an easy matter for a pupil to get up in class to recite and correct himself by the expression on his fellow-pupils' faces; but where would he be if, with the same amount of preparation, he should go off by himself and write on the same subject.—C. R.

BANGOR AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

BANGOR as a port, town, and city has always been in communication with the outside world. A country to prosper must be in touch with the rest of civilization; so, with a city.

The first white man to come to Bangor was Champlain in 1605. He came by sailboat up the Penobscot; and to this day, this beautiful river has been a means of access to Bangor.

A much more arduous trip was the journey to Boston in years afterward, by horseback. Many preferred the slower, gentler trip by water. Some who needs must hurry took horses and made the perilous trip over mere paths formed by different wagons who happened to be going in the same direction.

In 1836 enterprising citizens with a view to aid the natural resources built a railroad twelve miles long up the river to Old Town. This railroad continued to do business for nearly a third of a century. This railroad, the first in Maine, and one of the first in America was in operation when many neighboring New England cities, much larger nowadays, were still asleep to the fact that a railroad meant much to the prosperity of a city. At about the same time America's first iron clad steamship, "Bangor," plied its trade between Bangor and New England ports.

We see by this that: the steamboat replaced the sailboat by its greater facility in reaching

inland ports; the railroad replaced the steamboat by its greater speed; and the airplane will replace the railroad by combining the assets of both the steamboat and railroad. In Mexico, in places where civil engineers were not able to run a railroad successfully in to the mountainous districts, the airplane furnish the means of both reaching inland spots successfully and reaching them at a greater speed.

What of Bangor in this airport question? Will she be outdone by half-civilized Mexican towns?

In 1922 Bangor was visited by a lieutenant of the army who expressed his satisfaction at the location of Bangor as an ideal airport for a Forest Fire Patrol base. With Bangor as a base, aid could be sent out for a radius of one hundred and fifty miles thereby covering nearly the whole of Maine's forested area.

Later Colonel Mitchell in his court-martial, expressed the fact that Bangor formed the third vertex of a triangle formed by Chicago, Chesapeake Bay, and this city. This triangle must be depended upon to act as a defense against attacks coming from the east.

As private citizens we are interested in an airport by reason of the airmail service which is to soon cover the country. Will Bangor be in this airmail service or shall she depend upon railroads for her mail? The various civic clubs of Bangor have done much in pushing this movement. Let's give them support.—C. R.





"Literature is the fruit of thinking souls."

Bittersweet

Minnie Alpert, '31

IF you read the newspapers or current magazines at all, you have probably heard of Jeanne Kingsly, you know, the one who put over the big Elwrod and Bryant deal; I think she had something to do with the L. C. R. contract that created such a stir in industry. Miss Kingsly is one of the so called modern bachelor women who have put their finger in the pie of Big Business. One is held afar in awe of the tall, handsomely dressed, commanding presence of this woman, but those who know her, know her only as an intensely human, romantic, grown up girl, whose varying suppressible emotions are held very much in check.

Noisy tumult filled the streets as the five o'clock bell rang, letting thousands loose from work. The air rang with voices, old voices, young voices, happy voices, sad voices, monotonous voices, cynical voices, voices that saw no hope in the morrow, living the day out to its fullest extent, saw nothing ahead but the repetition of the day just gone by, looking forward to a pleasure filled evening, trying to forget, to run away from something, something that was sure to happen, inevitable. Thus the New York crowd at five o'clock, the gayest, the saddest, the fullest, the loneliest crowd in the world. And twelve stories above the shadowed streets, listening to the voices below, hearing only the hum of people

going somewhere, somewhere, supper, theatre, apartment shared with the girl friend, perhaps home, babies. "Oh," her hand flew to her throat as if to choke the sob that rose there. So sat Jeanne Kingsly, richest, most famous, most envied, greatest business woman of today—so she sat, alone.

Suddenly she rose to her feet, caught by a sudden impulse, crossed the room and out of an antiquated and worn desk took an old photograph album, a small, homely, home-made cedar chest, and a diary, whose pages were a bit yellow and musty as pages are apt to be after remaining unturned for nearly nineteen years. The lights were turned low, and the tall figure that looked surprisingly uncommanding in the dim lamp light, sat once again in the deep comfortable chair.

For a moment she hesitated before opening the photograph album. It had used a great deal of her energy and a little heart ache hidden somewhere under that mask of strong indifference to gain that reputation as the most unfeminine woman in business, as the only one of her sex to play a man's game in a man's way, to leave behind her in this field of industry all woman's emotion, all woman's cajolry, "Just for tonight," she pleaded with herself, "just for to-night." Finally the page was turned. On the fly leaf was written in that long ago precious white ink. "Remember us,

High School days," The lines were not quite straight, or perhaps it was only because a forgotten feeling blurred the eyes of the woman, Jeanne Kingly, for a moment.

The first picture was that of her brother. Merry laughing Bert, with his frank eyes looking back into hers. Where was Bert now? Buenos Aires, Honolulu, Hong Kong? She hadn't received a letter from him for months. "Why doesn't he write more often?" she asked herself nervously, and then she remembered, it was she that should have written last. No wonder he hadn't sent a letter sooner. Bert had said in the last that he was going to punish her; she had forgotten. "Forgotten?" She forgot too quickly.

And there was a snap shot of Kay Benson taken in a most undignified position. Kay hadn't known, as she was secretly drinking her soup from the dish because she was in a hurry, as she explained later, that Jeanie would have a camera at this opportune moment. No one had known then that Kay would die so young, so pretty, while the laughter was still in her heart.

Then an enlarged photograph of Central High School. A hundred memories rushed to her mind, the day she flunked her exams and when it had been time to 'fess up she had cried defiantly. "Who'll care, ten years from now whether I flunked my exams or not. It won't make so much difference, besides you always say it's the future that counts." In her heart of hearts she had known she was wrong but she was unable to find an answer to that argument, it would serve its purpose.

"Jeanne Elizabeth Kingsly," she remembered how frightened she felt. When father was angry he sometimes called her Jeanne, but more often the familiar Jeanie, but never, never her full name. "I have often told you that the future counted but I have never said the present did not count whatsoever. What is the present but preparation for the future? And it will count ten years from now and you know it. It doesn't make any difference which exams you flunk, now or ten years from now. If you flunk you've failed, failed. Understand

that, and if you think that nobody will know about it you're mistaken. You'll know about it. It all depends upon whether you flunk or not, life, everything." He had flung his hands in the air with a helpless gesture, his anger had spent itself. "Well, daughter mine," he ended drawing her close, "this time you will not have flunked in vain. I hope it will be the first and last, you have learned a lesson." She had learned a lesson. All her life she had said doggedly to herself. "It all depends, it all depends," and then there was always the dread of exciting that hurt, disappointed father-look to action again.

Then there was the night she had cried because Tom Deane had not asked her to dance with him. How silly it seemed now, so foolish, so futile. Yet there was something poignant, something unutterably sweet, something lost, when she had forgotten Tom Deane. How handsome he had looked at the next dance when he had declared that he was "stag." And would she fill his dance program? Would she? And how she had almost obeyed a sudden wild impulse to scornfully "spurn him aside." She laughed aloud now suddenly. Those were the very words that had come to her mind that night, something she had read in a novel the day before. Tom Deane, she must look him up some day. Probably he had a wife and kiddies now. No, she wouldn't, she decided. She might be disappointed. So many of those slim young fellows had grown fat and old, but Tom, oh, he couldn't be that way, besides Deane was too common a name to look up; but back in her mind the same fear lurked.

Here was a picture of herself on the rocks at the beach. That was the one and only day she had ever played hookey. It was such a beautiful spring day, she had simply had to stay outdoors. How still the street had seemed with all the children in school. The pungent odor of earth opening up, the soft balmy air, the fresh tang in the breeze that came from the sea. How warm the sun had felt! She had undertaken the seven mile walk to the family cottage. She laughed again at the recol-

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The Thwarted Theft

Grace Stevens, '30

SUSAN Maynard burst into the kitchen where her mother was beating eggs for a cake.

"Mother, please may I have my Sunday School class here for supper tomorrow evening?" she asked.

Mrs. Maynard sighed and Sue perceived a tear glistening on her mother's cheek.

"Oh Mother, dear, what's the matter? Tell me. You're not ill are you?" cried Sue, placing a chair for her mother. Mrs. Maynard sank wearily into the chair and wiped the tears away with a corner of her apron.

"No, Susan, my child, I'm not ill. I have tried to be brave, but since your father died five years ago I have had a hard time to manage, too. I succeeded pretty well up until a year ago then, because of my eyes getting worse I was forced to give up my sewing; so I had to mortgage the house and—and"—here Mrs. Maynard stopped, the tears falling quietly.

"And what, mother?" queried Sue, patting her mother's hand tenderly.

"And the mortgage comes due tomorrow," said Sue's mother simply. "Oh!" exclaimed Sue and she added, "How much is it?"

"Three hundred dollars. It seems such a small amount, too."

"Have you any money at all, Mother?" "Yes, two hundred dollars, but Noah Jones is a hard-hearted man, and he said the *whole* amount tomorrow or it would be the poor-house for you and me."

"Poorhouse?" shrieked Sue.

"Yes, child. Where else could we go. We have no living relatives. And I will not accept charity."

"Never mind, Mumsey. Everything will come out allright. You wait and see if something doesn't turn up before the Deacon calls tomorrow."

"I—I—hope so," said Mrs. Maynard, "but the sky looks very black right now."

"Remember, Mother dear, that song, 'Every Cloud has its Silver Lining,' declared Sue gaily.

A silence followed in which neither spoke. Suddenly the sound of the door bell vibrated through the house.

"I'll go, Mother. It's only the mail," said Sue hurrying to the door. She returned with a white envelope addressed to Mrs. Maynard. Susan's mother opened it quickly and a check fell out.

"A—a—check, Susan. And for one hundred dollars. Oh, our prayer is answered," cried the woman.

"Didn't I say something would happen, but read the letter, too. Who sent the check?" asked Sue.

"I'll read it to you Sue. Get my glasses please." Sue returned with the glasses, and Mrs. Maynard read aloud:

"My dear Madam:—

As executors of your deceased brother's property, we take pleasure in sending to you a check for your share of his estate.

Very truly yours,

Messrs. Hanson and White Co."

"Wonderful, isn't it mother?" declared Sue.

"Yes, we should be thankful that we are saved from poverty. Now, take this right down to the bank and have it cashed. Be careful, dear."

"Oh, yes, I'll be *ever* so careful," answered Sue, slipping into her hat and coat.

Soon after, Sue was at the one bank in the town of Easton, where she lived. She went up to the grilled window and passed the check (which her mother had endorsed) to the clerk.

"Good morning Miss Maynard," greeted the clerk behind the window, "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like this check cashed, please." "Certainly, and how is your mother today?" he questioned.

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So's Your Old Dad

Velma C. Tate, '30



It was high tide—the waves were piling in on the point by the light-house and the thunder of them was heard all over the island. The sky was black and the wind blew the rain out of the northeast with such violence that living out of doors was made very uncomfortable.

Frank Witham's store was the meeting place of all the men on the island on such days. The stove in the store was surrounded by these men who had always spent their lives on the salt water.

"'Tis pretty choppy outside."

"Yes, 's been blowing pretty fresh out of the northeast'ard for the last two days and I guess it hain't blowed itself out yet."

"Yer right, I seen that rich Allen feller from New York hove his yacht into the cove this noon."

Just then the door opened and young Lewis Foster burst into the store.

"Hello, Cap," was Lewis' greeting to the man who had just remarked about the yacht.

"Hello, hello, young feller. I'm glad to see ye, how be ye? I hain't seen ye since you towed me in, the time I broke down off Clide Point last summer," was Captain White's reply.

"That's right Cap. How is your boat going this year?" asked Lewis.

"First rate," said Captain White, "she never went no better. How's that swell yacht of yer father's a-goin'."

"Oh! boy, she's great! I'm going to take a run out around the reefs right now. I like rough water and the White Cap will go through anything. Say! I've never seen it quite so rough as it is today," said Lewis.

"Don't be foolish young feller. 'Tain't fit for a fisherman to go out in, to say nothing 'bout you. Of all the fool ideas you young uns git in ye heads! What'd ye do if yer engine went dead on ye out by them reefs? Why you'd be drowned just as sure as the whale swal-

lowed Jonah," said Captain White.

"Oh, go on, Cap," said Lewis, "I guess I've been down here long enough to know how to handle a boat and besides my old man's up to the club and the engineer is with him and they'll never know anything about it. I'll be back in a couple of hours, anyway. Say, give me a couple pounds of coffee for the cook will you, Frank? We'd be out there now if it wasn't for that blamed cook," Lewis replied.

"Take my advice young feller and stay ashore. There's plenty of room in 'Davy Jone's Locker' for just such fellers as you and that Clif Bowen," was Captain White's warning.

"Here's your coffee, young feller. You'd better take the Captain's advice because you don't know all there is to know about them reefs out thar and even with the best engineer on earth you'd git stove to pieces if you ever hit, on a day like this," said Frank Williams, the storekeeper.

"Well, so long, Cap, I'll show whether I can handle a boat or not. Clif can run those engines better than the engineer anyway."

With that Lewis went out into the driving wind and rain.

"Blamed fool," was all the Captain said.

Meanwhile, down in the engine room of the White Cap, Clifton Bowen, Lewis' inseparable pal, had donned a pair of jumpers. He was getting ready to start the two twin-six Marine engines when a darky's head appeared in the hatch above.

"What you all adoin' down 'mong them engines, Massa Clif?" came the cook's voice. "If de engineer should fin' you down dere playin' wid his engines you all would get yo' necks broke."

"We're going to give you a ride, Sam," replied Clif.

"Behave yourself young un," ejaculated the negro. "All you got is foolish ideas and nuth-

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Speed vs Speed

Fleetwood McKeen, '30

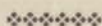
THE wilderness silence over Chinook lake was suddenly dispelled by the irregular hum of a cold outboard motor, slung on the stern of a prospector's canoe which nosed away from the landing at the end of the carry from Battle creek and headed for the upper reaches of the lake.

A strange sound to the startled waterfowl as they leaped into the air at the approach of

this invader of their quiet sanctuary. A strange sound indeed, to be heard in this great wilderness of the Northwest Territory, far from the ordinary bounds of noisy gasoline motors.

A tall, fine looking man in neat khaki guided the boat toward the mouth of the Chinook river which made its swampy entry into the lake in a small cove at the upper end.

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The Old House

Grace E. Hatten, '30

BETTY Lou certainly made an attractive picture as she reined in her prancing black horse and gazed at the old house set far back among the evergreens. Her eyes were a vivid sapphire, shadowed by dark lashes; and her hair, that gorgeous shade of Titian red that artists admire, was coiled in the nape of her lovely white neck. She had a delicately chiseled little nose and her mouth was like a vivid scarlet poppy with a wistful droop at the corners as if her thoughts were sad.

If houses have personalities, then the old house, which Betty Lou thoughtfully regarded, was a courtly gentleman who had grown seedy through neglect. Oh! how dismal and haunted it looked with its white columns nearly obscured by the ivy twining its zealous fingers about every post. The evergreens, covered with misty grey moss, bowed low over its old roof and enveloped it perpetually in a gloomy shadow.

Lately, tales of ghosts and weird lights, of headless spooks and misty white spirits, had been told by the terrified darkies who lived a short distance from the old place; and at last Betty Lou with her little colored maid, Rose

had determined to solve the mystery of the old place, for she knew it well.

Three short years ago, Colonel Travis' stately mansion had rung with laughter and merriment. Betty Lou had been an honored guest there, engaged to lovable Jack Travis. Then suddenly tragedy had lain its heavy hand upon the household. Jack had been reported killed in one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War. A few months afterward, the Colonel died, and less than a year after, his sweet wife, crushed under the double weight of sorrow, died also. Since then, the house had been deserted except "for ghosts and ghouls," as the darkies said.

Rose was the greatest possible contrast to Betty Lou for her skin was a dusky black, but her heart was pure gold. She came into view hurrying her ancient mule along with cries of "Go, along there, yo' lazy ol' lubber,— yo'."

"Come on, Rose, we must hurry."

"All right, Miss Betty Lou."

They led their mounts to the old stable which once had held the colonel's spirited beasts, then very cautiously they forced open one of the large many-paned windows and dropped noiselessly into the dim old hall.

"Lord sakes, Miss Betty Lou, this place sho' does look haunted," said Rose with a subdued chattering of her teeth.

Betty Lou sat down on the familiar divan and her thoughts turned to Jack. His memory would live with her always. She shut her eyes and saw him as plainly as if he stood before her, his tall erect figure, raven black hair and clear grey eyes. She must have fallen asleep for, when she opened her eyes it was pitch dark and she heard Rose's terrified voice saying, "Miss Betty Lou, I hear dem old spooks!" Betty Lou listened and sure enough there was a little persistent tapping on the window pane. She glanced out, and was horrified to see long gaunt bony fingers at the pane. Oh! What was that crouching in a corner, a queer indistinct something with fiery coals of eyes! Rose had spied it too, and immediately began mumbling all the queer chants and ghost charms which she knew.

"Oh, what under the lub of hebben is dat?"

"Hush, Rose, don't let your imagination run away with you."

There it came again—an eerie wail echoing dismally through the old walls. The stealthy footsteps falteringly descending the stairs. Now they were padding across the hall. Horror of horrors! The door knob began to rat-

tle! Rose clutched Betty Lou convulsively, and they both crouched on the old divan scarcely daring to breathe. Why, Betty Lou asked herself, had she ever come to this haunted house? Was this the end of life? The door opened. Someone came slowly in, stumbled and fell, remaining motionless on the floor. Then silence, ominous and unbroken.

"Is it dead?" asked Rose.

"We shall soon find out. Come with me, Rose."

They made their way to the kitchen, and Betty Lou rummaged in the cupboard for a lamp and matches. Returning to the dim living room with the lamp lighting up the gorgeous tints of her bronze gair, Betty Lou set the lamp on the floor and glanced at the silent figure near it. Did her eyes deceive her? Was it a ghost indeed? Had she died and entered the realm of the spirits? The man on the floor was her own dear Jack, in a faded and worn Confederate gray uniform. An empty sleeve gave mute evidence that Jack Travis had done his bit in the war.

"Jack——dearest" she cried, on her knees beside him."

The man opened his eyes and murmured, "Betty Lou, my dearest Betty Lou, I thought

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Reward of Patience

Prudence Robinson, '32



It was a warm, sun-shiny day in early spring. All the birds were singing and the whole world seemed happy and gay, all except the family of Charles Paige, the famous lawyer. He was slowly dying. Doctors could do nothing for him, and he had plenty of medical attention, too, for money was of no consequence to him. At last he let go his feeble hold on life and left his wife and three-year old son to care for themselves. He supposed he was leaving them with money enough to keep them comfortably for the rest of their lives, but when his business

was all settled up and the funeral expenses paid, it was found that the young wife and child were nearly penniless.

After the funeral Mrs. Paige took her baby and went to a little country village, where she rented a small house, and by working hard at anything she could get to do she managed to raise her boy to the age of twelve years. He was a bright little chap who was always busy at something. When he was not working at his studies or doing chores for his mother or some of the neighbors, he was trying to play his father's violin. His father had been an

accomplished violinist and his skill lived again in his boy. His mother knew very little about playing a violin but she taught her son all she knew of it. She was too poor to give him violin lessons, but she told him if he worked hard and saved all his money, his chance would surely come some day; meanwhile he must work and wait.

There were few chances to earn money in the little village where they lived, but by taking advantage of every opportunity they managed to live quite comfortably in a humble way. The mother sewed for others and did various other things to help the little bank account grow, which was to give Frederick his musical education. It grew very slowly and there were times when they thought they surely must draw on the little hoard, but there always appeared some way out of the difficulty, and the little pile continued to grow very slowly.

Three years had passed and now Frederick was fifteen years old. He had advanced slowly with his music lately for he had learned all his mother could teach him, and there was no one else in the village who could play the violin any better than he could himself. It was then that he discovered a poor widow in the next village about five miles away, who promised to give him a lesson every Saturday if he would split her wood and do things around the house. This he did thru every vacation for two years. Then his mother was taken seriously ill and the little bank account was swallowed up in a few weeks. It was then Frederick grew discouraged. It seemed that he should never get the chance to study his beloved music under the great master. His mother soon got well, however, and they started out once more to pay a doctor's bill and replace money in the bank.

Allan Wood was a rich banker in a large city. He had no children, his wife was dead, and he was very lonely. He had no near relatives and very few real friends. True it was that there were many people who tried to win favor in his eye because of his fortune, but he could see thru their schemes and would have

nothing to do with them. Having plenty of money, he decided to retire from business and devote the rest of his life to find a real, true friend. He settled his affairs in town and went to a small country village, which happened to be the one where Frederick and his mother were living. He dressed in very poor and shabby clothing and changing his name to John Gray he started out on his quest of friend-making.

He had a good education and was an accomplished violinist. When he played on the violin, he could stir the very soul. He could make one laugh or cry as he chose.

Frederick soon became acquainted with the old gentleman and many were the happy hours they spent together with their violins. Frederick learned much from his older friend who was always ready to help him.

Mr. Wood or John Gray as the villagers called him was young at heart and could get as much enjoyment out of a fishing trip or a squirrel hunt as Frederick himself; consequently they saw much of each other. Frederick told him his desire to go away and study music. He also told him of the little bank account, how it had been swept away and how they had started it growing again. All the while the man was studying the boy and putting his friendship to all sorts of tests; but he always proved true and they became very intimate.

At last the time came when Frederick could go away to study music under the great Italian master. Working hard at his music he soon learned to play very well. He played the notes that were in front of him without a mistake but the master was not satisfied with his playing. He would pound with his fist on the table and say, "Play ze way you feel! You'll never, never, never, learn to play ze violin if you don't put ze emotions into it. You must put your heart and mind and soul into it. If you feel sad, your music should be sad music; if you feel glad you must make happy music. Now, try once again!"

Frederick would always play again but he could not seem to succeed. At last he thought

his master was wrong and was about to give up in discouragement when word came from home that his mother was critically ill and he must come at once. He prepared to go to her only to find that he would not be allowed to leave the country, for it was during the Great War, and no one was allowed to travel between the two countries. He was almost crazy with grief, the only peace that he could find was in his violin. While he played, his mind was soothed and rested. He decided to keep on with his lessons; to try once more. Then if he failed he would give up his music. He went to his master once more and played for him. When he finished he found his instructor in tears. "Oh, you have it!" he cried, wiping the tears from his eyes. "You are all right now. You will be great!"

Frederick felt joyous and happy over his apparent success for a few moments but the thought of his mother, far across the sea, so ill killed his joy and he became sad and disconsolate again.

At last a letter came telling him that his mother had passed the crisis and was on the road to recovery. Then his spirits soared, his heart sang, and the world shone again with life and happiness. He played again for the master. This time instead of a heartbroken ballad, his violin sang a merry song, and his heart sang with it. He was going home, home. The war was ended and in a month he would be in his own country. The little Italian fairly danced as he played and when he finished he said, "Go, my boy. I can teach you no more. You have learned to put your heart in your music, that is all that is necessary."

About three weeks later Frederick was on his native soil and great was the rejoicing of his friends. John Gray gave a wonderful dinner in honor of him. After the dinner John Gray revealed to them his true name and his resolution. Frederick and his mother were again raised to their old station in society. They moved to a large city and Frederick became a great musician.



School Song

Edgar S. Baker, '29

Cheer, Cheer, Cheer, for Bangor High
Wave our colors till they touch the sky
So we'll Cheer, Cheer, Cheer.

We all know you're full of pep
We can win if you watch your step
Then we'll Cheer, Cheer, Cheer.

All our men are fighting true
To bring the honors back to you
So we'll Cheer, Cheer, Cheer.

When the ball is on the wing
Then you'll hear our voices ring
In our Cheer, Cheer, Cheer.

Cheer, Cheer, we all are here
Courage boys we'll all stand near
Loyal to Bangor High.

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN FREE VERSE

By Division C, 1930

THE PAPER BOY

By Evelyn Whitman, '30

A lean, eager face,
 Wreathed with yellow curly hair,
 A ragged, patched little shirt—
 Was it ever really white?
 Three buttons doing duty for nine.
 Shoes—no stockings.
 "Buy a paper, please?" plus a wistful grin,
 Who could resist?

SPRING

By Margaretta Warren

When the snow is gone
 And the world grows warm again;
 When happy, singing birds arrive
 From their distant winter home;
 As the shy yellow violets push up their downy
 heads,
 Green leaves burst forth
 And lo—'tis spring.

FLYING

By Gridley W. Tarbell, '30

A heavy leather coat
 A bulky parachute on my back
 My helmet fitting snugly
 Goggles set
 My right hand on the joy stick
 A choke—a roar!
 Down the bumpy field
 A final bump
 Zoom!
 A mile above the earth.

SPRING HATS

By Esther Hathorne, '30

Bright hats of many colors,
 Swarm the streets in spring;
 Red ones with many flowers,
 Navy blue or black,
 Close fitting,
 Wide brims,
 Some of straw and some of felt.

THE FIRST LEAVES

By Mildred Paul, '30

How bare the world looks!
 The woods seem dark and dreary,
 The trees stand tall and stately,
 Not a sign that Spring is here,
 But suddenly, look! we see the little green
 sprouts, pushing their way through.
 Soon they will grow larger and larger,
 Lighting up the woods with their splendor.
 We will no longer look up to see the bare
 branches,
 But catch a glimpse of the sky, through a
 mass of green.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS

By Harold Morris, '30

A railroad track runs near the mill,
 With the moon shining down upon the water
 with the stars above
 A shrill whistle is heard in the distance,
 Soon a tiny ray of light is seen afar off
 Becoming brighter as it moves nearer
 Until one also hears the clanging of the bell
 Around the curve into sight the engine swings,
 Pulling its twelve illuminated cars
 Past the old mill with its terrific noise, roaring
 and screaming
 Until the tail lights are lost on the horizon
 And the noise lost in space.
 Again all is still at the mill, as the smoke rises
 And disappears.

Junior Exhibition Winners

MEDAL WINNERS



PRISCILLA F. BROWN

Pierrot's Awakening *Anon*



ABRAHAM STERN

The Meaning of Americanism *Hughes*

HONORABLE MENTION



ALICE E. MUNCE

A Cutting from "Romola" *Eliot*



EUGENE E. BROWN

Madame X *Anon*

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
of the
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
for the
BASKETBALL SEASON ENDING MARCH 27, 1929

	Loss	Gain	
Balance previous audit.....			\$780.63
Income:			
Student tickets		\$483.25	
Patron tickets		192.00	
Interest		1.65	
Sweater Dance		31.67	
Expense:			
Basketball Equipment	\$386.70		
Miscellaneous	300.11		
*Balance due on Athletic Field	290.77		
SCHEDULE:—			
Millinocket at Bangor		\$130.13	
Brewer at Bangor		101.16	
Portland at Portland	99.84		
Old Town at Old Town	8.00		
Augusta at Bangor		9.38	
Portland at Bangor		86.18	
Millinocket at Millinocket	36.48		
South Portland at South Portland	38.29		
Augusta at Augusta	38.29		
South Portland at Bangor	8.95		
Deering at Bangor	111.51		
Old Town at Bangor		354.64	
Alumni at Bangor		70.30	
		\$1,460.36	
	\$1,318.94	1,318.94	
*Net gain for season			\$141.42
Balance at end of season			\$922.05
Represented by			
Savings Account			\$167.26
Checking Account			754.79
			\$922.05

*Statement not submitted until after the books were closed for the Football Season, and, therefore, the net gain for the basketball season is \$432.19.

Bangor, Maine, April 3, 1929.

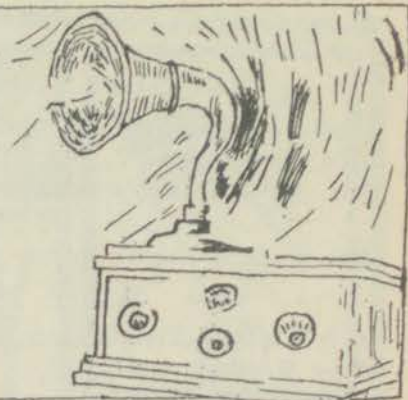
I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

LIONEL L. COOK, Auditor.

BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

E 29



"Push on—keep moving."

A real spring with its attendant activities has arrived. The Juniors' important annual event, "The Junior Exhibition" is a thing of the past and the Seniors now hold the orchestra seats, for it won't be long now, and then graduation! Beautiful, and not so beautiful negatives, the art of local photographers, are daily in evidence thru our spacious corridors, and the merits of this or that tilt of the nose are discussed with favor. In some ways, tho, it's pretty tough to be a senior now-a-days. If it isn't two dollars for one clutching paw it is three bucks for another. But, dear boys and girls, we're only going to be high school, Seniors ONCE in our whole lives. That really is rather pathetic when you think of it. In fact we're not young and frivolous any longer, or that is, not *much* longer. However, we'll be giving the Freshmen and Sophomores a chance to grow a little.

FRENCH NEWS

It was with the deepest regret and sympathy that we heard of the misfortune which overtook Madame Beaupre. While returning to school one afternoon she slipped on some ice near her home and fell, breaking her ankle. Altho confined to her home, she is co-operating with Miss Thatcher in all possible ways, so that the Senior French classes will not fall behind during her absence. Miss Thatcher, who is substituting, is carrying on a difficult task with splendid results, and by doing our best to help her we will materially be aiding both her and Madame. The French Night has not been definitely abandoned and it is hoped that it will be celebrated later in the season.

DRAMATIC CLUB

At a meeting of the Dramatic Club held Thursday afternoon, March 7, it was voted to give a public performance April 12. Two one act plays will be presented at this time, "Thursday Evening", by Christopher Morley and "Jerry", by Celia Shute. The two plays were read to the members of the club and were highly approved. Every member of the club was given his choice to try out for the parts of each play and from this number the persons whose interpretation was the best were chosen. Daily rehearsals are being held in the Assembly Hall, under the direction of Miss Rideout and the student coaches. The casts are:

HONORS FOR B. H. S. ORACLE

On March 9, many delegates from all sections of the State came to the seventh annual Journalistic Conference of Kappa Gamma Phi which was held at the U. of M., on Friday and Saturday. When the state awards were made for the best newspapers, year-books, and periodicals, Bangor High School was awarded first place, for the best periodical in the State of Maine. Congratulations, members of the Oracle Board, and all others whose efforts have helped Bangor win this honor.

THURSDAY EVENING

Gordon Johns Frank Blaisdell
 Mrs. Laura Johns Peggy Somers
 Mrs. Johns, Gordon's Mother
 Kathryn Lewis
 Mrs. Sheffield, Laura's Mother .. Morita Dunn

JERRY

Avis Worthley, Jerry's sister, Bertha Landon
 Jerry Worthley, a collegian, Ray Spencer
 Professor Allan Holland, a botanist,

..... Lucillius Mudgett
 Miss Huldah Peasley, the great-aunt of Avis
 and Jerry Polly Brown

The student directors are Arthur Brown
 and Elizabeth Young. Robert Russ is business
 manager, Clarice Penney and Clifford Gallupe
 the managers, and Ralph Brown is stage man-
 ager. The proceeds of the two plays will be
 given to the Debating Society.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Friday night, March 21, before a packed
 house the ten Juniors chosen competed for
 honors. The judges choice was a difficult one,
 for every speaker presented his piece in a skilled
 and talented manner. Priscilla Brown was
 the Medal winner for the girls and Abraham
 Stern, carried off highest honors for the boys.
 Honorable mention went to Alice Munce for
 the girls and Eugene Brown, for the boys. It
 was only too bad there weren't six more prizes
 to hand around!

MUSIC

BAND

The State and New England contests are
 barely a month away and the band has, we
 hope, approached correspondingly to its peak
 of perfection. The B. H. S. Band has many
 dangerous rivals, who have been working dili-
 gently since their defeat last spring. The
 majority of these competitors have advantages
 over the B. H. S. band; such as numbers,
 money, instrumentation and location. So if

any one thinks that winning the contest is
 assured, we permit him another guess.

This two rehearsals a week racket (business)
 means plenty of work to some of the indolent
 musicians, including: 'Koko' Ordway and
 'Humbug' Sawyer, also S. Rice protests 'cum
 studio.'

The following pieces are the reason why
 some of the band members appear to have that
 four o'clock tired feeling; The Chant From
 the Great Plains, Hungarian Comedy, and
 the Military Suite.

In the past the officers of the band have
 worn Sam Brown's and the other members
 have been adorned with garrison belts. The
 Lieutenant suggested that the band should
 wear white enamel belts with brass buckles.
 Mr. Robinson spoke in favor of this suggestion,
 and after the votes had been counted, two or
 three times, it was decided that the majority
 of the band desired this addition to the regular
 uniform. The belts will be a step for Demo-
 cracy as every one will apparently be of the
 same distinction.

ORCHESTRA

One of the most important duties of the
 orchestra is its appearance at the Junior Ex-
 hibition. A large crowd always attends this
 affair and very good music is needed to make
 the program a complete success. Last March
 22nd, the orchestra lived well up to its former
 reputation, fine excellent work. The selections
 were rendered with precision and color and
 everybody was well satisfied with the musical
 programme. The orchestra will appear later
 in the concert at the city hall and will be fea-
 tured for the last time of the school year at
 graduation.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has been heard, twice,
 so far this school year and we hope to hear it at
 least once more this spring before school closes.

Mrs. Dean, supervisor of Music, states that
 work is continuing regularly and that good
 progress is being made.

(Continued on Page 39)



"Promoting Peace through preparation for Defense."

This year, the prospect of Bangor being the Military Honor School of the First Corps Area is perhaps the brightest that it has ever been. The men themselves have shown a most enthusiastic interest in Military activities and now, under the practical leadership of Lieutenant McKenney, the regiment has advanced until it has come to the busiest and most active period of the year.

The morale of the regiment is good, and within the next six weeks the Military Department will have participated in and managed some of the most momentous events of the season. At a recent meeting of the cadet officers, committees were appointed for the execution of the details and already they have achieved good results.

The events which are to take place are the Military Ball, held at the City Hall, May 10th, the Prize Sabre Drill at Broadway Park and the Military Inspection also at Broadway.

THE BALL

The Military Ball is certain of being one of the biggest and most colorful social functions of the school year. All committees are working hard for this event and a program has been compiled as follows:

- a. Selections by the Band.
- b. Individual Prize Drill.
- c. Crack Platoon Drill.
- d. Grand March.
- e. Dancing.

A souvenir booklet containing the full pro-

gram of events is being made up which will be a worth-while remembrance of the occasion.

THE PRIZE SABRE

Through the good-will of the Rifle Club, a beautiful sabre has been presented to the R. O. T. C. which will be competed for annually—the cadet officer winning it to keep it until he graduates. In order to win the sabre the officer must prove his superiority in Platoon drill and in the following:

- a. Manner of giving commands.
- b. Voice, inflection.
- c. Cadence, timing of commands.
- d. Technical knowledge.
- e. Appearance.

This sabre is coveted by the officers and will merit the utmost ability of the contestants.

THE INSPECTION

The entire R. O. T. C. will be inspected in May by General Wilson Burt, who is in command of all R. O. T. C. Units in the New England States. This is the Governmental Military Inspection which is held annually. The program will be approximately as follows:

- a. Calisthenics by the regiment.
- b. Individual Drill.
- c. Squad drill.
- d. Platoon drill.
- e. Cadence drill.
- f. Inspection.
- g. Review, Presentation of medals. The public is invited to all of these occasions.



"In youth we learn, in age we understand."

Ruth Hunt, '25, has been recently elected to the Smith College Social Science Club. Members of the Social Science Club are chosen because of their ability in economics and sociology. Miss Hunt, after graduation from our school, attended Concord Academy, Concord, Mass.

James G. Colpitts has completed his studies at the Bryant and Stratton School, and will receive the Business Administration diploma in June.

Raymond G. Worster, is attending Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

Rachel Foss, '27, will enter the University of New Hampshire next fall.

Philip Linn, '27, has gone to India.

Raymond O'Donnell is going to South America, where he will enter the employment of the United Fruit Company.

Phyllis Dunning, recently took a prominent part in a Musical entertainment given at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Recent marriages of our Alumni are:

Dorothy Alexander, '26, to Donald W. Saltmarsh.

Thelma Shea, '27, to Kenneth Lapworth.

Eleanor Kelleher, '28, to William Welch, '28.

Some engagements have been announced:

Alice Webster, '25, to Harold Russell.

Myrtle Dunning, to Byron McPheters.

Sylvia Snowden, to Roger Bond.

Mildred McGarigle, to John Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Dunphy, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stevens, nee Marjorie Barber, are also receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Tewksbury, prior to marriage, Eleena Cole, '26 are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

Helen Russ, '25, has been doing practice work in the Bangor Public Library in connection with her course at Simmons. She will graduate from that college this coming June.

Clarine Coffin, '27, a Sophomore at U. of M. has just been elected to Beta Pi Theta, National honorary French Society. She is on the staff of "the Campus," its college weekly, is a pledge to the Contributor's Club, and is a member of its Varsity debating team which recently debated University of New Hampshire.

Philip Adams, '27, is now attending an aviator's school in Texas.

IN MEMORIAM

Leonard G. Paine, one of the distinguished alumni of Bangor High School was a member of the school in the class of 1881, a fine student, in both classics and mathematics, not graduating, but leaving to attend a preparatory school for Yale, the family college. He is remembered as a brilliant student and his later career fulfilled the promise of his youth. He

(Continued on Page 39)



"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

BASEBALL

Monday afternoon, April 1, thirty-two candidates for baseball reported to Coach McGinley at the high school. Coach McGinley will have three letter-men around which to build his 1929 team. They are Ossie Heath, Bob Marques and Richard Rice; both Heath and Marques play in the field while Rice is a first base man.

"Moulder" Murray, who led in the hitting in the Bangor Daily News-Commercial Penobscot Valley high school league last year is ineligible because of the scholastic ruling which was passed by the principals of the Maine secondary schools and which went into effect last Dec. 24.

The first game of the season will be played May 1, against the Alumni, followed by the eight games of the Bangor Daily News-Commercial League.

TRACK

Wednesday afternoon, April 3, Coach "Ed-die" Trowell, track mentor at Bangor High, made his first call for all promising trackmen. There were forty-two men who reported for the first session which was held in the high school building, for the purpose of getting a line on all the material.

Coach Trowell has but two letter-men from last year's squad with which to build a team that will take places in the three meets that Bangor High has entered this season. Captain Ralph Brown, discus thrower and high

jumper, and Roderick Mullaney, sprinting ace on Coach Trowell's last year's squad.

The first meet that Bangor will take part in this year will be the county meet to be held in Old Town on May 22. Already a large number of the county teams have filed their intention of entering the meet and there is sure to be plenty of competition at hand for the local Crimson team in this meet.

Owing to present muddy condition of the new athletic field on outer Broadway it will be some time yet before any of the high school teams will be able to get on it, so the first practice sessions of the squad will probably be held on the track at Bass park some time during the vacation.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

With three veterans left, Coach Richardson succeeded in building a basketball squad which made a creditable showing for Bangor High School. Each and every member of the squad deserves much credit and praise.

To the unthinking supporter who demands a string of victories, the record of three victories, five defeats, and one tie was far from satisfactory. But if such a support would only take into consideration what was accomplished amid the difficulties of time, he would realize how fortunate the girls were in doing as well as they did. One game that we can be proud of winning was the game with Castine, played at Bangor.

(Continued on Page 41)



"It is easier to be critical than to be correct."

As Others See Us:

This is a new exchange, and we are glad to admit it to our list. Your paper is one of the best all round papers we receive.

As We See Others:

The High Life, Ripley, Tenn.

Your joke department is very complete. "Who's Who in the Senior Class" is interesting. There is only one fault to find; where are your stories?

The Milachi, Milaca, Minn.

A well arranged paper, also well written.

The Red and White, Sanford, Me.

A fine paper as usual. You have several interesting features, including: "What to do" and "Intimate Glances."

The Monitor, Wellesley, Mass.

A good magazine. Your cover is very unusual and well drawn. Your "Smiles" could be improved by enlarging the department. Smile some more.

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

A very newsy paper. The humorous part of your paper is well developed.

The Westonian, Newark, New Jersey.

Another new but exceedingly fine exchange. Your "Buy Weekly News" is an excellent idea. The only improvement would be a Literary Department.

The Echo, Amityville, New York.

A new exchange but interesting and well written.

The Monad, Belleville, New Jersey.

An excellent and complete magazine. There should be more authors in your school to contribute to the Literary Department.

The Echo, South Portland, Maine.

An exceptionally fine paper. Your "Science Corner" is interesting. The humorous biographies in "Jox" are also good.

We also acknowledge:

The Whip, Westbury, N. Y.

The Washington Tattler, Tampa, Florida.

The Porpoise, Daytona, Beach, Florida.

The Arielette, Bucksport, Maine.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

The Burdett Lion, Boston, Mass.

The Jester, Ellsworth, Maine.

The Clark News, Worcester, Mass.

The Stephens Broadcast, Rumford, Maine.

The Bangor Slate, Bangor, Pa.

The Madisonian, Madison, N. H.

The Pointer, Rumford Point, Maine.

The Occident, Bowdoin College.

PERSONALS



"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

THE ADVENTURES OF JULIUS

(Strictly Mythical)

By Fleetwood McKean, '30

Julius Caesar was a man of might,
In the days when Rome was young.
And in the Roman Forum from morn 'til night
He pumped a wicked lung.

Julius stood on his big soap-box
And lied like a man possessed,
'Til up from the crowd came the bouncer,
Who packed a terrible left.

He told Julius to beat it;
Says Julius: "Yeah? Here's How!"
He swarmed aboard that bouncer
And they sure did kick up a row.

The crowd yelled; "Veni, vidi, vici!"
Each time he landed a punch.
When the Praetorians tried to stop him
He flattened the whole darn bunch.

Thus Julius strung his line,
Lying all the while.
He raised quite a smoke in Rome
'Til Brutus cramped his style.

At last our reporter has succeeded in getting an interview with Prof. Newell, the Chemistry expert. Prof. Newell makes this statement:

For a long time, my attention has been called to the great scarcity of pedestrians. Since I got my truck, I have not run over a single one! Therefore I shall start a movement for the "Conservation of Pedestrians."

Dastardly Plot Exposed

Wun Lung Luosey and Mush Mouth Morse, the arch-villians of B. H. S. were recently discovered in an attempt to steal the Assembly Hall. Never in all the history of our noble institution has such a crime been heard of. It seems that Luosey has been taking a course in Antiques, and on seeing Itchsky Rolnick and Shiek Saunders asleep in Chapel, was seized with a desire to adorn his hideout with them, mistaking them for statues of the Sleeping Beauty. He knew that he could never, of course, get out of the school with two such valuable pieces of junk under his arm, so he conceived the idea of taking the Assembly Hall.

His project would most certainly have succeeded had it not been for the keenness of our master defective, Lucilius Mudgett and his faithful attendant, Phil Libby. Mudgett saw Luosey conferring with Morse, and listening, found out that they intended to carry away the Hall in Lawson Evans' Kosy Koop. With great presence of mind he and his hound, Hippo went out and removed the engine from the car, dumped it in the river, and got in in place of it.

Pretty soon out came Luosey and Morse. Luosey took the Hall out of his pocket and put it in the rumble seat, while Morse tried to start the car. It wouldn't go, of course, and Morse decided that some of the cylinders were missing. When he opened the hood, the hound, Hippo, bit him ferociously on the left ear, and Mudgett overpowered Luosey. Then they carried the Hall back, but unfortunately,

they spilled out Rolnick and Saunders. These poor boys rolled into a manhole, and have not been heard from since.

Great credit is due to the defectives for their magnificent work in this affair. The friends of Rolnick and Saunders have made up a purse as a reward, and invite all who knew these two to join in. Mudgett and Phil expect to live on their income for the rest of their lives, while Hippo is to have fresh chicken as long as he wants.

SONGS AND WHOM WRITTEN FOR

The Dance of the Daffodils, Chumski Milan
I Love You, Final Exams
Better Late than Never, (duet),

J. Murray, P. Richlin
O, I am a Gay Cavalier, 'Big House' Hersey
Half-Way to Heaven, Buster Mullen
(Will he ever get there)

You're the Cream in My Coffee, Nessie Corey
Aint She Cute? Fern Allen
She's Got It,

Your Best Friends Won't Tell You
You Have No Idea, Neither has E. Aucoin
Thanks for the Buggy Ride, 'Coot' Moore
Girl of My Dreams, Itchsky Rolnick
Crazy over Horses, Cowboy Hewes
She Don' Wanna, Or do she?
Picking Cotton, C. B. (Guess who this is)
Where the Shy Little Violets Grow,

Chet Arbo, lookin' for Them
There's a Precious Little Thing Called Love

'Gus' Ordway
I'm a Red Hot, Ice Cold Ladies' Man (quartet)
'Duby' Russ, 'Tony' Smart, 'Mink' Mullen
and 'Ash' Wood

When You and I were 17 'Bernie' Striar
I Faw Down, Apple Karnes
Five Foot Two, 'Hennie' Gulnac
The School House on the Hill, Brother Coburn

Carl B., '29—"Say, lady, if that dog bites me, he dies. See?"

Lady—"I believe you. I don't see how he could recover from it."

A TRICK FOR TWO

A tramp entered a baker's shop shivering and trembling pitiously.

"A loaf, please, mum," he said, placing the money on the counter.

The woman handed him one. As he took it, he said, with shaking voice:

"Where is the nearest hospital, mum, please?"

"The nearest hospital?" she ejaculated.

"Yes, mum I'm feelin' very bad. I believe I'm sickenin' for something—the scarlet fever, I think."

"What!" she shrieked. "Get out of my shop!"

He turned submissively to obey.

"Here, take your money!" she cried.

He did so, and dropping the bread, said, humbly:

"You'll take your loaf, won't yer, mum?"

"Get o' my shop!"

He crawled out, and with bowed head went 'round the corner. Presently a twin monument of wretchedness came toward him.

"Well; Bill?" he said:

"Right-o, 'Enery!" came the answer. "It worked, Al, mate, now, you do it for a bit o' bacon and then we can have lunch."

BUNION RACE

Now that the boys are out for track, Captain Brown is deeply ensconced in planning big meets. The chief event will be the Bun-ion race. Nobody knows as yet just what this really is. 'Tis still a dark and mysterious secret. But as near as we can figure out it's a race to grow bunions. Cliff Gallupe and Rod Mullaney are the chief runners-up. Let's go. Everybody step on their toes. (Rod's & Cliff's I mean) and help the little boys out!

An English class was holding an election of club officers, when someone nominated Rolnick for treasurer. Immediately Rolnick yells:

Second the nomination! Move the nominations be closed.

(Continued on page 28)

Band Concert

Medal Awards



**REMEMBER
THE
MILITARY
BALL**

May 10th - - City Hall



Souvenir Programs

Competitive Drills

PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 26)

Two Algebra Students of B. H. S., get Together.

"Say, Fat, let's get an ice cream soda. How much coin have you got?"

"If twice my pennies were subtracted from four times my nickels, I would have twelve cents less than what I now have.

Good! If a soda with a double ice cream cost $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent more than it does we would still have enough left to buy two toy automobiles if a dollar and a half would buy fifty of them.

You said it! Coming swimming?

Mother said that the time I spend swimming must be in the same ratio as the time I spend on my lessons.

Ain't it the truth! Well, I gotta get home to lunch. Even if my walking rate is to yours as a snail is to the hand on a school-room clock you gotta remember that one-half the distance to your house, minus two hundred yards, equals $\frac{2}{3}$ the distance to my house plus three hundred yards.

C'reck, and 5 min. after you've started your lunch we lack ten minutes of starting ours.

All right! See you at twice the time it is now less five minutes.

S'long.

Ques: What time was it?

There was a bozo named Hart

Who at Chemistry thought he was smart.

Mixed some stuff in a cup,

And blew the place up,

And he lit on his ear in a cart.

Miss P. (picking up piece of paper with April Fool on it)—You've heard of people who write letters and forget to sign their names, haven't you?

Well, here's somebody who signed his name and forgot to write the letter.

Bill Mongovan—Have you heard the Hoboken Song?

Betty Dill—No, what is it?

Bill—The Hoboken Bucket! (And we let him live!)

"What queer types we run over around here," quoth the motorist.

Said the him flea to the her flea:

"I'm going to the dogs."

Hymie Emple in English recitation:—Er-er-

I think so-er-er - - -

Miss R.—You're as vague as a London fog!

Here is a letter we received the other day: Messrs. I. Lifta Fase & Co.

365 $\frac{1}{2}$ False Teeth Ave.,

Clay, Pack.

Gentlemen: (if you are such):

While worrying over the final exams for last quarter I chewed off all my beautiful lily-white finger nails. The other day I was waiting for a street car with my only dime in my fist, I dropped it—not the street car, the dime. Due to the lack of nails, I could not wrap my fingers around that dime and had to walk all the way home from B. H. S. to Spring Street. What I want to do is grow finger nails so I can go back and pick up that dime (I saw it yesterday in the same place).

Dear, kind Mr. Lifta Fase, what is good for biting nails?

Hopefully,

Nervizz Gibbs.

Here is your answer Mr. Gibbs:

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Spring St.,

Bangor, Me.,

Dear Mr. Gibbs:

We recommend sharp teeth for biting nails.

Sincerely,

I Lifta Fase.

There was a young man named Goodin
Whose head had a whole lot of wood in,

When it came to a dinner,

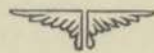
He was always the winner,

You oughta see'm shovel the food in.

(Continued on Page 30)

Jonasch's

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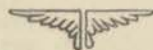


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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 28)

Hymie E.—(translating in French) A bas les masques! Down with the stockings. (The little Bolshevik!)

'Tis said that Persis Barnfield, is going "Louie." We wonder!

New Points in Etiquette

N. O.—(in French class) Il verse du vin dans son bouillon. He gargles his wine with his soup. (Our French Department didn't do much good, we guess.)

Heard in 102

Miss W.—Mr. E., will you translate?

Hymie stands up, says nothing, and keeps on saying it, staring at his book.

Miss W.—What does that first word mean?

Hymie exudes a deep silence.

Miss W.—Well, what's the verb in that sentence?

More silence from Hymie.

Miss W.—Come, come, Mr. E., you sound just like a Sophomore.

Room 101 is greatly honored by having two characters P-r-is B-r-n-f-e-d and L-u-e M-r-is-n superbly acting the parts of Romeo and Juliet.

'Tis said 'tis true that C-r-r-l B-l-n-ing's special kind of cakes are "Griddle" cakes, also "Thompson's" doughnuts are a great delight to M-r-n Gr-h-m. While mentioning these we might also say that "Bakers" bread is a great delight to L-u-se M-s-n.

Estelle Crawford is said to have a great craving for the "Morse" code.

Grace Higgins likes well to pronounce the name James in French. Ask her why and then try to puzzle out why she blushes.

Ray Spencer was trying to dence,
With a girl whose name was Hortense,
When she stepped on his feet,
He tried to retreat,
'Cause Hortense was simply immense.

We know a feller named Murray,
Who never is in a hurry,
One day he was late,
And came to school at a rate,
That showed he was starting to worry.

In speaking about the spelling of names on the sheet passed around to Seniors for the names for the diplomas, Mr. Taylor remarked that we should be careful to make our letters distinct, so that an i, for instance, would not be mistaken for an e. We are reminded of a boy whose name was Oswald Hill, and who preferred the initial O.

Mr. Bryant: What is an indirect question?
Brite Soph: A question without a question mark.

Miss—: Mr. Richlin what are you doing up in that corner?

Padie:—Restin'.

Miss—: From what?

Richlin—: Well, gee a feller can't sleep all the time, can he?

It seems that Madame's pride and joy, Senior A class, have progressed wonderfully in French. Our charming young substitute was quite surprised at getting the following translations:—

A. Brown—Vous avez de ça... You have *It*.

(We think Arthur has been indulging in Elinor Glynn's novels.)

Also this one:

Hymie: 'A bas les masques'.

Down with stockings! (Naughty Hymie).

Foolish Question No. 000306 5-13.

What do bakers do with the hole in doughnuts?

Ans:—They use them to stuff macaroni.
—Exchange.

Ques. in Chem. Exam:—Name three kinds of baking powders?

Bradbury (he works in an A. & P. store)—
Royal, Davis, and A. & P.

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SO'S YOUR OLD DAD

(Continued from Page 11)

in' else but. You sho ain't goin' make ol Sam go out in dis wedder is yo?"

"Here's your coffee. You can either go with us or go ashore," said Lewis, who had just appeared over the rail.

"Lord O'Massy, I wouldn't let you two young uns go alone fo anythin' so I stay," said Sam as he disappeared into the galley.

Lewis went at once to the pilot house where he removed his oilskin. Taking the speaking tube he asked of Clif, in the engine room, "Everything O. K., Clif?"

"O. K!" came the reply.

"All right, start the engines while I raise the anchor," commanded Lewis.

Whereupon Lewis pulled the switch operating the motor, which ran the anchor windlass. Having finished raising the anchor, Lewis signaled for half speed ahead and headed the White Cap out of the cove. As the boat came into the water that was a little rougher, Lewis felt a thrill of pride as he signaled for full speed ahead.

With the two powerful motors going at full speed the White Cap fairly leaped out of the water as every wave hit her bow. As the boat would go down into the hollow of a wave, her bow would plow into the next one and tons of green foaming water would pour over the deck. Luckily, all the hatches were closed, and no water got inside.

The sky was still dark—the rain had ceased but the wind was blowing more furious than ever. As the boat rounded Clide Point, the full force of the gale struck her. The waves were enormous and the boat moved up and down like a chip of wood. The powerful engines drove onward, however, without hesitation. Lewis headed the White Cap for a mass of white foam about eight miles from the point. Bob's plan was to circle the foam which covered some ledges known as Hog Back Reefs and to return on the other side to the Island.

"How are the engines running?" Lewis asked of Clif in the engine room.

"O. K." came the answer. "Keep well to

the windward of Hog Back Reefs, won't you?"

"Leave that to your Uncle Lewis," he replied.

As the boat neared the reefs, the immensity of the waves could be judged by the fact that at low tide Hog Back was twelve feet under the water, now the reefs would come out of water entirely at times.

The fact that darkness was fast approaching, made Lewis change his mind about his course. He decided to cut through an opening in the reefs and return to the Island thereby saving a lot of time. Saying nothing to Clif, Lewis, headed the boat toward the opening. Lewis did not take the wind into consideration and he was blown rapidly to the leeward. Seeing that he was not going to make the opening, Lewis shouted for full speed astern as he turned the wheel to the right with all his strength.

Slowly, very slowly, the White Cap turned but as she went down into the next trough Lewis felt a crunching thud. Immediately he heard Clif's voice in the speaking tube.

"Lewis! Lewis! we've broken both propeller shafts."

The boat had not turned quickly enough and the stern had hit the reef, breaking both shafts. Lewis left the pilot house not waiting to don his coat or hat. As he passed the galley, he heard Sam's voice.

"Oh, Lordy, save dis here nigger, I know'd I should have stayed ashore. I shouldn't never have let those young uns take dis boat."

As Clifton and Lewis meet behind the galley, they felt the boat hit again. Something must be done and done quickly, if they cleared the reef they had just hit, half a mile to the leeward of them was the worst part of Hog Back Reefs. It would be only a short time before the wind would blow them into the reef. Death seemed certain. It would be impossible for a human being to swim eight miles in such a gale. Nearer and nearer they came to the reef. Now they could hear the waves break like thunder on the rocks.

"What's that?" asked Clif pointing toward the Island.

(Continued on Page 34)

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SO'S YOUR OLD DAD

(Continued from Page 32)

"Don't ask me," was the reply. The object Clifton had pointed to was coming nearer. As it plowed its way through the wind, the boys recognized a motor boat. As it came still nearer they saw with joy it was Captain White's lobster boat. Captain White was at the tiller. Each donning a life preserver, the boys went to the galley where they found Sam with four life preservers on. Taking Sam literally by force, the boys' jumped into the water.

Captain White came alongside of them, as near as he dared, and threw out a line. The boys caught it and dragged themselves into the boat. Then they pulled the sputtering Sam in after them. Just then they looked back at the White Cap. She hit the reef on the next wave and was smashed to kindling wood in less than five minutes. Five minutes more and they would have been in "Davy Jone's Locker."

"Blamed fools," was all the Captain would say.

A crowd of people were waiting at the slip when Captain White returned with his human cargo.

Lewis jumped from the boat and rushed, as he was, into his father's arms.

"Dad," sobbed Lewis, "I've ruined the White Cap."

"Well, son, we can buy a new boat," said Mr. Foster.

"Anyway, Dad, I'm glad we're alive."

Tears came into Mr. Foster's eyes, as, tightly holding Lewis in his arm, he said,

"So's your old dad."

SPEED vs SPEED

(Continued from Page 12)

Although not lacking in physical strength, Gold Rush Dwyer preferred to let a motor work for him on his trips, even if it did mean an extra trip on the portages. It came in handy at times, when speed was important.

Dwyer was just in from 'outside,' where he had been blowing in the fruits of his last strike, a rather shady deal, disadvantageous to a cer-

tain young man who had thought himself rich for life until his claim had been jumped by the man who now sailed complacently over the glassy waters of Chinook lake.

A sagacious man, Dwyer, who was wise enough to deny himself a few nights of debauchery so that he would not be without a grubstake when it became necessary for him to hit the trail again.

His years of hard and fast living had left very few marks on him, and now, instead of the villain that he was, he resembled more a gentleman seeking adventure by himself in this trackless wilderness. That was the exact impression that Dwyer wished to give.

The little motor hummed industriously up the lake, driving the boat into the mouth of the Chinook just as the sun reached the top of the darkening spruces.

Here, at the mouth of the river, Dwyer made camp upon a bit of high ground, chuckling to himself as he prepared his evening meal. He was still thinking of that unsuspecting young fellow whose claim it had been so easy to jump. Too bad that the college that had educated him had not included a few details concerning claim recording along with the knowledge of geology which he had utilized in making the strike.

Take himself, now. What he knew of prospecting methods he held in secondary importance to his ability to find means of ousting rightful owners from their claims. Let others do the work, he would step in when it became apparent that the strike was valuable.

On the north bank of Bear creek a man labored with unseemly vigor, considering the heat of the day, at clearing away the gravel from the base of a ledge which at this point formed one bank of the creek. He had found unmistakable signs of gold in the rock itself and now he was digging at the earth below it in the hope of finding still further proof of the value of his discovery.

This was soon forthcoming, for he bent over the diggings as when he had reached a depth of several feet and after turning over the peb-

(Continued on page 36)

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SPEED vs SPEED (Continued from page 34)

bles for a moment stood up with awe and triumph written on his perspiring face. There in his hand rested a gold nugget, the like of which few men have the good fortune to discover.

After collecting several nuggets to use as samples, which he placed in a money belt as he returned to his camp, he began preparations for an early departure.

Gradually a sound penetrated his consciousness which he had unconsciously dismissed before as the drumming of a partridge. As he paused to listen he knew it could be nothing less than the hum of an outboard motor.

Incredulous at first, he at last realized that it would be easy enough to navigate those waters with such a boat, although it was rather a new wrinkle to prospecting, traveling in a motorboat.

The motor slackened its speed as it reached the mouth of Bear Creek, indicating that the operator intended to explore the brook.

In a few moments the boat came into view a hundred feet below the man who stood awaiting it, undecided whether or not it would be feasible to let his presence be known. He glanced at his diggings, which would certainly catch the eye of the stranger and so decided to hail the craft.

Gold Rush Dwyer was startled by the hail which reached him above the roar of his motor, but only momentarily. He wasn't a man of finicky nerves. He steered for the camp which he could see under the trees, and in a moment his boat grounded gently on the bank at the feet of the waiting prospector.

"Howdy, stranger," he greeted the newcomer as he pulled the nose of the canoe onto the bank.

"Good day to you, sir. It is a pleasant surprise indeed to find a white man after traveling so far alone."

Dwyer was careful to give the correct impression and introduced himself as William Dwyer, professor of the geology department in Swangler Institute, Chicago. He was putting

his knowledge of geology to a practical test by doing some prospecting while enjoying his vacation. So far, he was forced to admit, he had not even found the least bit of gold in any of the ledges which he had examined. Maybe Mr. Blake had had better luck?

Mr. Blake had. He showed Dwyer his find and answered all his questions without a hint of suspicion. Dwyer immediately set this fine looking young fellow down as another of the easy kind and decided that it would be an easy job to take his claim, provided it was worth while.

When Blake showed him the largest of the nuggets, Dwyer totally forgot the part he was playing in his astonishment. This claim certainly was all right. He decided to come clean and show his true intentions.

He placed the nugget in his pocket instead of passing it back. Blake demanded it but Dwyer's only answer was to draw his revolver and remark that he would need it as a sample when he recorded his claim. At this the prospector flared up, as Dwyer expected he would. Blake was warned and could do nothing so Dwyer put his gun away after dropping a hint that a bullet through one's leg would be rather uncomfortable in such an out of the way place.

Beside the fire that night Dwyer carried on a one-sided conversation, to which the prospector was deaf. At last, in the middle of a story he rolled to his blankets. Dwyer decided that he was trying to throw him off guard by his disinterested manner. Just like one of these fresh college boys, thinking he could get the best of Gold Rush Dwyer. When it came to a tight place, Dwyer had been there before and knew the game. He sat by the fire all night, gun ready, and wide awake.

Thus they passed the night, without any attempt by Blake to do anything violent. The prospector went to work on his claim, evidently intending to get as much out of it as possible before Dwyer could have it recorded. He stopped work as Dwyer prepared to leave and stood on the bank watching the fruitless cranking before the motor could be persuaded to start.

(Continued on Page 41)

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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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MUSIC

(Continued from page 20)

SINGING CONTEST

A competition for vocal musicians will be held in the high school auditorium later in the year. The contestants will strive for honors in the following classes; The best girl soloist, the best boy soloist, the best duet, and the best quartet. The last two ensembles may be mixed or otherwise. Valuable prizes will be donated by some of the public spirited citizens of Bangor. The winners of the four classes will appear at the annual concert at which the public schools of the city are represented.

The purpose of this competition is to arouse interest in vocal music and to increase appreciation of it. From the first the results of the competition have been very good and the degree of success, has increased each year.

DEBATING

Except for the Interclass debate AND the banquet, two big exceptions, the debating year is finished.

Instead of a regular debate at one of the sessions, each speaker took a popular magazine and showed why it should be read. All who had not previously debated at the last session, choosing the side which appealed to them personally, spoke on the question "Nations should disarm."

Both Bangor teams at Lewiston had bad luck. O well, such things will happen!

ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 22)

went to Philadelphia many years ago and was manager of the branch of the Otis Elevator Company. His daughter, Elizabeth, graduated from our school in 1914.

"Among the Marriages"

Esther Armstrong, '26, to John Mack; Gladys Dunbar to Ralph H. Downes; Verna Jennings, '27, to Frank Clark; Marion Morse, Ex-'29 to Arthur Wiles;

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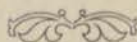
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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 23)

Even if the basketball record was not successful in regard to victories, much was gained during the season. Many unknown athletic stars were discovered, the school spirit for attending girls' games was increased, many were trained for next year's team, and each and everyone learned good sportsmanship.

Coach Richardson comes in for a great share of her team's success, as it has been due to the efficient manner in which the girls' have been coached that the team has "come thru."

Captain MacIntyre has been very popular with her team-mates. It has been due to the untiring efforts of "Mickie" Craig, our manager, that such a fine schedule was arranged.

The games this year have included two games with Brewer, Maine Classical Institute, University of Maine Freshmen, Eastern Normal School, and one with Bar Harbor.

SPEED vs SPEED

(Continued from page 36)

Presently the motor took up its work, whirling Dwyer down the brook, waving a gay farewell to the now smiling prospector on the bank. Evidently he was a good loser. It was the best job Dwyer had ever put over and he was well satisfied with himself and the world as he swung into the larger river, giving the engine full speed. There was no hurry, but there was no need to loaf along, either. He would be at the door of the recording office in Gull River within three days, while the prospector, Blake, traveling on foot, for he had been without a boat, could not hope to cover the distance in less than a week.

Three days later Dwyer walked into the recording office, as he had promised himself he would and immediately began to record his claim. While he was still at the task two men entered the office, to which he paid no attention. As he turned to leave, he glanced at the two newcomers and at the sight of the lone prospector, Blake, he stopped short with astonishment.

(Continued on page 43)

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SPEED vs SPEED

(Continued from Page 41)

"Good day to you, sir," mocked Blake as he saw that Dwyer recognized him. "No, I'm not a ghost, I travel around in the flesh still so please don't look so astonished. I suppose you are wondering how I got in before you. Well, I did it with my little seaplane, the Prospector's Delight, which I kept on a lake, just above my camp which you visited the other day.

"When I reached town I decided that so famous a personage as William Dwyer, professor of Swangler Institute should receive a fitting welcome. The police were very well pleased when I announced your intended visit, as they had heard of your fame in other professions besides geology. They have sent a welcoming committee of one, to conduct you to headquarters. Mr. Dwyer, allow me to present Sergeant Downing of the North West Mounted Police."

A PAINTED POOL

Jeannette Stackpole, '29



KNOW where a clear little pool lies hidden in the bosom of a cool, green wood.

The purple iris grow near one side and cast their vivid color on the calm, placid water. And one may also see the very tops of the tall stately pines silhouetted on the mirror-like surface. In front of these pines, and pictured more plainly in the water are the beautifully clean, white birches that reflect bits of green and gold on the pool. They seem to lean gracefully over the water as if to see their reflection by the sunlight.

Almost in the center there is a large boulder, protruding above the water and casting a dark spot on its otherwise colorful reflection. Small rocks around the pool seem to be a perfect frame for so lovely a picture.

I often think of this spot in mid-winter, and wonder if it is not just as beautiful, though in a different way, as in mid-summer.

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THE THWARTED THEFT

(Continued from Page 10)

"Just fine, thank—you," replied Sue.

The clerk counted out the money passing it to her.

"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five and twenty-five make one hundred. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Sue went out quietly, but was so absorbed in her thoughts that she didn't notice a rough-looking man slouching near the door watching her closely. He waited till she had passed through the door, then, he hurried after her. He followed Sue all the way to her home keeping always, at a safe distance.

"Hundred dollars eh?" he muttered to himself, "a nice catch. Pays to keep yer ears open. I'll wait till midnight and then I'll ———," but what he would do was lost in the noise of a passing automobile.

Sue went into the house and passed the money to her mother, but Mrs. Maynard gave it back to her.

"Here Susan," she said, "you take this and this other two hundred and put it in your bureau drawer. I'll sleep in your room tonight."

"All right, mumsey."

Sue went to her bedroom and hid the money under some handkerchiefs in one of her bureau drawers. That afternoon, one of Mrs. Maynard's neighbors asked her to stay with her all night as her husband had gone away; so leaving Sue to take care of her precious money, she left the house about 7:30.

At 9:30 Sue went to bed, after having taken a last fond look at the money, but she couldn't sleep. There seemed to be a feeling in the atmosphere as if something were about to happen. About eleven o'clock Sue fell into a fitful sleep. She tossed and turned, and finally, awoke to hear a stirring just outside her bedroom window. She thought that she must have imagined that she had heard a noise, but no—there it was again and louder, too. A scraping on the side of the house as if

(Continued on page 47)

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THE THWARTED THEFT

(Continued from Page 45)

someone were climbing up by the rose trellis. As the sounds became plainer Sue became a little frightened. Nevertheless, she slipped out of bed quietly, went over to her bureau, and took out the small revolver (that had been a present from her father before he died) from a drawer. In her excitement she forgot, entirely, about the money. Then, she got into bed, and pretended to be asleep, when a head, with a cap pulled down over the forehead, appeared stealthily above the window sill.

Quietly, the man climbed into the room, through the open window. Sue knew that his eyes were roving over the interior, and felt, rather than saw, his eyes come to a rest on the bed. She thought that surely whoever the man was could see how she was trembling. He passed over to the bureau, and opened a drawer. In an instant the fact flamed up in her mind that the money was what he was after. Her mother's money that was going to save them from the poorhouse! Oh, why, wasn't her mother here? She saw him rummage in first one drawer, and then, in another. Would he find it? She prayed that he wouldn't. She wondered how he knew she had the money. Probably he heard her talking to the clerk in the bank. She gripped her small weapon more firmly, but still she waited.

"Where can the money be?" she heard him query. "Ah, here it is; One hundred dollars and what's this, two hundred? Three hundred. Well—well, this is luck. What a find! And no one will ever know who took it."

The thief chuckled to himself. Sue could stand the suspense no longer. Hearing that chuckle she decided that her money had been discovered; so she raised up slowly, and pointed her revolver at the burglar's back.

"Put up your hands, and drop that money!!!" commanded Sue, her voice suddenly becoming brave.

The thief whirled with a suppressed oath, and dropped the bills at his feet. Sue was

(Continued on page 49)

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THE THWARTED THEFT

(Continued from page 47)

quaking with fear, and her heart pounded against the bed-clothes, but she put up a brave front, and ordered the burglar to pick up the money, and put it onto the bed. He did so reluctantly.

"Now put up your hands and stand there." The man hated to do it, but Sue looked as though she and her revolver meant business; so he complied. Then, Sue began to scream and holler.

Mrs. Maynard, who was only staying next door, rushed over as soon as possible and into Sue's room.

"Why—why—Susan Maynard! What is the trouble? Have you gone crazy? She exclaimed.

"Never mind about me, mother. Just call the police, and tell them to hurry, because I can't hold out much longer."

Before anyone could have said, "Jack Robinson," the police were at Sue's home, the burglar hand-cuffed, and Sue was made to tell the story.

"My daughter!" cried Mrs. Maynard.

"I'm all right, mumsey dear."

"Yes, and you are a heroine, too."

"Nonsense, I'm just plain Susan Maynard, and very sleepy too. To think mother that that money came just in time to save us from poverty, but it brought us all this trouble, too. I hope that everything will turn out right after tonight," said Sue sleepily. And it is needless to say that it did.

THE FIRST LEAVES

By Charles Clark, '30

The bare trees standing idle,
Their hands outstretched for leaves,
Many small brown buds
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BITTERSWEET

(Continued from page 9)

lection. She wasn't the only one who had played hookey that day. How guilty her father had looked when she had caught him lying on his back in front of the cottage quoting poetry. Again the salt spray whipped her cheek but it was of different quality.

She opened the cedar chest; there was an oyster that she had found on the beach. An oyster with a pearl. Father had said that it was not very valuable but it was valuable, valuable because of past associations. Because that oyster shell was not merely a classification to her but meant the reminder of happy summers: boating, swimming, outings. Bert, Kay, Della, Tom, Mother, Dad. A fragrant odor filled the room, a long forgotten odor. What could it be that made her eyes smart, her throat ache, her lips smile, stir up forgotten memories, forgotten feelings? Her hands wandered over the newspaper items, a ring, an old magazine, a frat pin, a four leaf clover, an invitation to a school chum's wedding, until at last they touched something, something familiar yet strange, the feel of dried leaves once more sending a tingling thrill thro her fingers, the thrill that only a collector knows. Then she remembered. It had seemed almost cynical to have put that bunch of flowers among the other remembrances, but they had come out so perfectly after being pressed, that little fragrant herb she had always loved, bitter-sweet. That breathless catch in her voice, that purposeful shine in her eyes was neither new nor strange. It had happened before when she was a silly sentimental girl. That night she had decided to put the bittersweet in that box, then she had dreamed of what was going to be. How different was reality from those dreams. She was to have been a settlement worker, a worker of noble ideals or else to marry some one that looked very much like a certain movie hero, and to have—how many was it? Oh yes, three children: two boys and a girl. Somehow the right man had never come along. Perhaps she expected too

(Continued on page 53)

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BITTERSWEET

(Continued from page 51)

much. Perhaps her knight might come riding yet, she couldn't have a Galahad but she could surely content herself with a Lancelot. Her home was to have been either a mansion, with a huge ballroom and a drawing room, or a honeysuckle covered cottage. It had been hard to decide, that word—drawing-room had held a certain fascination for her then. She knew which it would be now, one couldn't risk happiness in a mansion. She suddenly caught herself—why, she was dreaming dreams again, planning on her man. "A sentimental fool," she told herself scornfully but then she had never felt as she felt now since 25, 26, 27, 30, 35 slipped by and still he had not come. Why not go on building dreams as she had always built them? Sometimes dreams came true, and if they crashed she could look back as she was looking back tonight. Why! why! what was she doing now? The present did count. She was building memories to fill the future, even as she was building dreams now to fill the present. Why the things that happened to one did not count so much, things didn't last somehow, it was the dreams and the memories counted, why, half of life was made up of that kind of happiness. No, not half, whole, what was that word? Once again a fragrant poignant odor filled the air, once again her eyes smarted, her heart smiled bittersweet.

THE OLD HOUSE

(Continued from page 13)

that I never should see you again."

In a few minutes Jack explained his reported death. "You see, dear, I've been in a northern prison camp for two years, I just managed to get back here, and I guess I've been delirious ever since. The sight of you Betty Lou, with the light shining on your glorious hair brought me to my senses.

"Oh, Jack," sighed Betty Lou.

You can guess what happened next and the old house rejoiced, among its painted walls and winding staircases, at the happy reunion.

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