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The Oracle

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The Oracle Board, 1928-29

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Margaretta Warren, '30

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Roland E. Gibbs, '29

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Pauline Siegel, '29

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

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Alpheus C. Lyon, '29

Walter E. Ludden, '29

PERSONALS

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Ruth E. Sprague, '29

Edgar Baker, '29

ALUMNI

Clarice Y. Penney, '29

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To the Class of 1929:

In a few short weeks you will receive your diplomas. These diplomas will certify that you have completed in a satisfactory manner a prescribed course of study in Bangor High School.

Your diploma will assist you in being admitted to higher institutions of learning but it alone will not keep you there. It may be of great value in getting you started in business or in placing you in industry, but your true value will be determined by the kind of service rendered.

Remember that the world does not owe you a living. It is your privilege to make your own place in a world of the keenest competition that any age has known.

Success in business and industry to-day depends upon the keenest application of trained experts. Immense savings are being accumulated in this scientific age from the waste in industry of ten years ago.

Yet it is a wonderful world that you, as high school graduates, are going forth to meet. Although its competition is keener, its business and industry are being conducted on higher standards of fair play and honesty.

May the obstacles and discouragements, which you will meet in finding your place, serve only as incentives for more determined efforts on the part of each one of you to reach the desired goal.

Our sincere wishes for all that is good, great, and noble go with you in the years that are to come.

C. E. Taylor.

Principal.



President
ROBERT C. RUSS



Vice-President
POLLY F. BROWN

Officers
Class of 1929



Secretary
EMILY D. THOMPSON



Treasurer
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DEEDS NOT DREAMS

1929



Marcia A. Adelman

"Marsh"

Marcia Adelman, so they say,
Never gets anything less than A;
Yet when her studying's done for the day,
She's always ready for fun and play.

Debating Society; Glee Club; Dramatic
Club; Junior Exhibition.

Edgar S. Baker

"Eddie"

You know "Eddie." He toots a wicked
sax in the Band and swings a mean pen in the
Personals column. His favorite letter is—
guess.

Uh-huh, it's "K."

Band (4); "Oracle" Board, Personals.



Carl S. Baumann

Carl is the President of our noble Band.
He's the man that bangs the big bass drum
when the Band parades. And can he play the
xylophone!

Band (4), President; Orchestra (4); R. O.
T. C. (3), 1st Lieutenant.

Manuel Berger

"Manny"

Some day you'll see the Penobscot River
in flames. Manuel's the boy who'll do it.
Good luck, "Manny."

R. O. T. C. (2).



Helen S. Bernstein

"Stein"

Helen is a real good pal,
With big brown eyes and a pretty smile.
When you meet her in days to come,
I'm sure she'll give you lots of fun.
Dramatic Club.

Ellen C. Billington

"Billie"

This is a cheerful girl always ready to do
her part, and we hope she will succeed in this
world of ours. Good Luck and Best Wishes,
"Billie."

Junior Chorus; Basketball.





Frank R. Blaisdell

This sheiky-looking lad with the trick hair comb is one of our foremost orators and actors. He's an officer in our army and manages to drag down an A once in a while, too.

R. O. T. C. (3), 1st Lieutenant; Junior Exhibition; Dramatic Club, "Thursday Evening," Senior Play.

George T. Bowden, Jr.

"Tom"

George hails from Veazie, and Veazie has surely produced some fine fellows in the past. George is no exception; if he continues as he is now, we predict a great future for him.

R. O. T. C. (2).

Clarence H. Bradbury

In French, they say,
This young man is a wow.

He's popular, too.—
Good-looking? And how!

R. O. T. C., Picked Cadet (2), Member Winning Picked Platoon (2); Rifle Club (2); Track (2); Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals; Festival Chorus.

Arthur A. Brown

"Art"

Arthur's initials his ranks proclaim,
With B's the fewest, by far.
He's well-liked by all, and "good scout's" his name,
While in studies he's surely a star.

Rifle Club (2); Officers' Club, 2nd Lieutenant; Dramatic Club, Senior Play; Harvard Book Prize; "Oracle" Board (1), Personals; Latin Club (2), Consul (2); Freshman Chorus.

Carl A. Briggs

"Colonel" "Carlos"

He's a jolly good fellow, is scholarly (?) Carl,
And liked by one and all;
But if he's "not prepared to recite today,"
It bothers him not at all.

Band (4); Orchestra (4); Freshman Chorus; Festival Chorus (1).

James W. Bradbury

"Jimmie" "Jim"

"Jimmie" sure likes a good time, but he doesn't neglect the practical side of things. We wish him success, and lots of it.

R. O. T. C. (3), Officers' Club; Rifle Club.

Irene C. Brown

All that Irene's sweet face seems to promise is fulfilled in her equally fine character.
Nuf Sed!

Junior Ring Committee.

Polly F. Brown

Meet Polly Brown—a peach of a girl—

In athletics few Polly surpasses.
She's witty and clever and all kinds of fun,
And she's vice-president of her class.

Class Vice-President (3); Junior Ring Committee; Girl's Athletic Honor Council, Vice-President; School Hockey (3); School Basketball (1); Class Basketball (2), Captain; Baseball; Dramatic Club, "Jerry," Senior Play; Snapdragons, President; Library Club; Glee Club; "Oracle" Board (2), Girls' Athletics, Student Activities; Senior Essay, Medal Winner.





Ralph F. Brown

"Brownie"

This infinitesimal youth is hardly in danger of being stepped on by careless pedestrians. This is one instance where popularity may be measured in inches—"Brownie" surely has plenty of both.

"Oracle" Board, Assistant Business Manager (2); Basketball (2); Track (3), Captain; Dramatic Club, Senior Play; R. O. T. C. (2), 1st Lieutenant, Military Ball Committee.

Richard L. Buckley

"Dick" "Giant"

This husky lad is liked by all who know him, and his Packard and oratorical ability are almost world-famous.

R. O. T. C. (2), Member Winning Picked Platoon, '28; B. H. S. Debating Team (2); Latin Club (2), Aedile; Dramatic Club; Debating Society (3), Treasurer; Football, Assistant Manager, '26; Festival Chorus (1).

James S. Burrill

"Jimmy"

"Jimmy" is a military man as well as a good all-round fellow. Those who can count him as a friend may consider themselves lucky.

Wrestling Team (1); R. O. T. C. (3), 1st Lieutenant.

Patricia J. Byrnes

"Pat"

"Pat" is the girl

We all adore;

As the years roll by,

We'll love her more.

Snapdragons; Debating Society (2), Secretary, '28; Inter-Class Debates, '27, '28; Latin Club (3), Praetor, '28, Aedile, '28; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Junior Exhibition, Semi-Finals.

Doris M. Canty

"Dot"

This fair damsel has smiled her way into the hearts of her friends, so it's no wonder that they all expect her charm to go right on charming!

Festival Chorus (1); Orchestra (4); Senior Library Assistant.

Thelma P. Canty

"Pat" "Babe"

Thelma, so quiet and sweet,

Is a girl you'd like to meet;

If you want a friend true,

Thelma will surely do.

Junior Chorus.

Arlene M. Card

"Bud"

Here's to you, Arlene,

A comrade true;

When school days are o'er,

We'll remember you.

Dramatic Club; Senior Class Basketball, Captain.

Mary M. Carson

Mary, Mary, never contrary,

How did your school career go?

With hockey-sticks and basketballs,

And "B" letters all in a row.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council (4); Class Basketball (3); Class Hockey (2); Baseball (2); Track (2); School Hockey, Letter Winner (1); School Basketball (1).





Marian A. Carter

Here's to a pal,
Both jolly and true;
She's a friend, I'm sure,
To all of you.

Latin Club; Class Baseball (1); Class Basketball (1).

Ruth H. Charlton

This blonde maiden with eyes of blue,
Likes music, dancing, and studying, too;
But, nevertheless, we must confess,
'Tis "Donny" that she likes the best.
Glee Club (1); Festival Chorus (2).

Pauline A. Cohen

"Pollyanna"

This petite, vivacious lass is the friend of
all who know her. With her winning smile
and her ambition, success is surely bound
her way.

Debating Club.



Henry L. Colburn

Henry is one of the best guards in the State
of Maine, and an all-round athlete. Besides
his athletic achievements, he is a dandy fel-
low, popular, and good-looking, too.

Football (3), Captain; Basketball (2);
Athletic Council (2); R. O. T. C., Sergeant.

Eulalie B. Collins

"Lale"

Eulalie has won third honors in the Coun-
cil, a feat that only one other girl in the his-
tory of B. H. S. has accomplished. She's
a good friend, scholar, and athlete. What
more could be said of anyone?

Girls' Athletic Honor Council (4), Presi-
dent (1), Third Honors; School Basketball
(2); School Hockey (1), Manager; Base-
ball (3); Class Basketball (1); Class Hockey
(2); Latin Club (2); Track (1); Senior Es-
say, Third Place.



David H. Colpitts

"Dave" "Sonny Boy"

Here we have "Dave," our famous shiek,
A kind of fellow the girls like to meet.
He stars in athletics, we've noticed, too—
Good luck, "Dave;" we're cheering for
you.

Football (3); Band (4); R. O. T. C., Col-
onel, Member Winning Picked Squad, Offi-
cers' Club (3); Track.



Margaret G. Colpitts

"Marg"

This striking young lady you're lucky to
meet;
With her many talents she can't be beat.
In the Commercial department she surely
excels;
For Margaret nothing less than the chime
of bells.

Winner County Typewriting Contest (2);
State Typewriting Contest (2); Festival
Chorus (2).



Louis Cooper

"Louie"

A good fellow to know and a good friend to
have. We wish you luck in the future, "Lou-
ie."





Gertrude G. Cooperstein "Gerty" "Rusty"

Gertrude is esteemed as a very modest and ambitious lady, whose good qualities are so many that the list would be too long if we named them all.

Agnes C. Corey "Ag" "Aggie"

Just look at her picture and you will surmise

That this pretty lass has beautiful eyes;
With a smile that has won the hearts of all,
Agnes'll surely be missed at High School next fall.

Festival Chorus; Dramatic Club; Junior Chorus.



Nesame R. Corey "Ness"

Nesame is one of our football stars—
Surely you've all noticed this;
We know he'll make good in days to come,
And heartily wish him success.

Football (3); R. O. T. C. (2).

Marjorie R. Craig "Mickey"

This girl is a *wow* in athletics;
Many does she surpass.
We hear she has future ambitions,
So here's to you in Arnold's class.

Girl's Athletic Honor Council (3); Orchestra (4); School Basketball (2), Manager (1); School Hockey (2), Captain (1); Baseball (3); Class Basketball (2); Class Hockey (2).



Edrie B. Crockett

Edrie's friends think a lot of her, and she has a good many.

Clarice J. Currier

Here's to Clarice—she can't be beat;
Her four years with us have been a treat.
Here's to you, Clarice.

Emil A. Davis

Emil has been with us *all four years*. We'll miss him when we all part. He has gained many and true friends in this short time—we know he'll keep right on winning them.

Rifle Club; R. O. T. C. (2), Member Winning Picked Platoon; Senior Essay, Fifth Place.

Howard A. Day "Slitz" "H L"

Howard believes in having a good time—but who doesn't? Well-known and very popular, he doubtless will have the best of success.

Class Treasurer (1); Junior Exhibition, Semi-Finals; R. O. T. C. (2), 1st Sergeant.





Alice I. DeWitt

"Al"

This girl is one of our bright students,
And bright in other things too—
For she's a good dancer,—and popular?
Guess we'll leave the rest to you.

Ruth E. Dole

This tall girl is very quiet. Still, the old
saying holds true—still water runs deep.
We look for her success and wish her luck.

Dramatic Club; Junior Chorus.



Gertrude N. Dorr

"Trudy"

A blonde is her type;
She's quite all right,
For she is a friend,
Right through to the end.

Festival Chorus (3); "Pepita" Chorus;
Glee Club (3); Latin Club (1).

Merrita L. Dunn

"Meadie"

Merrita, with her friendly smile,
Is blonde, demure, and quite worth while.
She has many friends, and keeps them, too,
And that's no easy thing to do.

Glee Club (2); Festival Chorus (2); Latin
Club; Debating Society; Dramatic Club,
"Thursday Evening."



Ellis E. Dunphey

"Ben" "Rollo"

The weight of our class! "Ben" is a good
sport, thru and thru, and he also plays a
dandy football game. We all wish him suc-
cess.

Football (3); R. O. T. C. (2); Track (2).

Louise C. Eisnor

Louise is certainly good proof that big
things come in little packages.



Hyman W. Emple

"Hymie"

Here's to "Hymie,"
Cheerful and gay.
This happy lad

Will be a success some day.

Rifle Club (1); Orchestra (4).

Ruth B. Epstein

Here's to Ruth,
A pal good and true;
She is the kind
That rushes right through.

Orchestra (4); Expression (1); Festival
Chorus; Dramatic Club.





Alice B. Fessenden

We wish you the big things;
We wish you the small things.
Can't wish you any more things—
There's a limit to all things.

Robert F. Flynn "Bud" "Fleen" "Flynnny"

A likeable lad to see,
I know you'll all agree.
You'll remember him, too,
As a pal true blue.

R. O. T. C.

Zylpha I. Fogg

"Zil"

Here is another girl
That goes to Bangor High;
She is liked by all—
Look in her eyes and you'll guess
why.

Sylvia E. Foster

"Syl"

We like her and shall miss her,
When school days are done;
'Cause every time it "Ray"ns,
She's a smile for everyone.

Snapdragons; Debating Society (1); Latin
Club (3); Dramatic Club, Senior Play; Festi-
val Chorus; Junior Chorus.

Isabel J. Gallagher

Here's to our Isabel,
Quiet and true;
If she's your friend,
She'll stay by you.

Clifford F. Gallupe "Cliff" "Scotchman"

This young man has a winning personality
that has gained him prominence and popu-
larity in school activities.

R. O. T. C. (2), Captain (1); Rifle Club (2),
Rifle Team (2); Track (2); Dramatic Club,
"Pepita," "Jerry" (Property Manager),
Senior Play.

Helen B. Gaudet

Helen's cheerful face has won a place in
our hearts. If it weren't for Helen and her
joking we would surely be lost.

Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals.

Roland E. Gibbs

Roland can write up games, foot, basket,
and baseball better than the best of the rest
of us. He certainly is a credit to his class,
studious, but always full of fun.

R. O. T. C. (2), Member Winning Picked
Platoon; "Oracle" Board, Boys' Athletics.





Seth W. Gilman

Full of fun, but not too noisy, Seth is the kind of boy we all like to meet.

R. O. T. C. (2), 1st Lieutenant, Battalion Adjutant; Festival Chorus (2).

Abraham A. Goldman

"Abie"

He's not precisely noisy, but he's not so very quiet. Come to think of it, he's noisier outdoors than in class.

R. O. T. C. (2).



Dorothea J. Goode

"Dot"

Dot is Goode by name and good by nature. But when it comes to fun there isn't a better sport to be found.

Latin Club.



Dorothy G. Goode

"Pat"

You know "Pat." Who is it that doesn't recognize her cheerful smile? Her many friends can vouch for her pleasing personality.



Earl C. Griffin

"Griff"

Earl is one of the quiet boys of the class, but he likes fun just as much as the rest of us.

R.O.T.C., Member Winning Picked Squad.



Annie B. Gross

"Chickie" "Chicken"

Annie is a star at basketball, And at studying too.

We've all found out there isn't much Our Annie can't do.

Snapdragons (2), Vice-President (1); Dramatic Club; Class Basketball (3); School Basketball (1); Class Hockey (2); School Hockey (2); Track (3); Class Baseball (3), Captain (1); County Typewriting Contest; State Typewriting Contest; Junior Exhibition, Semi-Finals; Senior Essay, Fifth Place.



Elsie M. Hamlin

"Shorty" "Babe"

Everybody always has a good word for Elsie; we all predict success for her.

Festival Chorus; Junior Chorus; Dramatic Club.



Robert J. Hannon "Bob" "Mike" "Shrimp"

Here's the boy to whom we wish all the success anyone can have. Good luck, "Bob."

Rifle Club; Baseball.





Luella A. Hartt "Lule" "Wella"

Luella is a speaker of no mean ability. A friend of all, she will be missed next year.

Festival Chorus (2); Dramatic Club; Junior Exhibition; Glee Club.



Lawrence W. Hazelton "Larry"

Well liked by all, "Larry" would be a tall addition to any class, as he is to '29.

Best of luck, "Larry."

R. O. T. C. (2).

Osborne C. Heath "Ossie"

"Ossie" is one of the best-liked boys in school. In athletics he is surpassed by none. Besides this he is a prince of a good fellow and a gentleman.

Basketball (2); Football (1); Baseball (2), Captain; R. O. T. C. (3).

Mary E. Hessert "Dolly"

"Dolly" always has a smile for everyone. School would not be complete without her around. Everyone will miss you, "Dolly," and we all wish you the best of luck.

Glee Club (2); Cheer Leader, '28-'29.



Thomas M. Hersey "Tom"

Tom has been a great manager of the "Oracle." There have been none better. Always pleasant to everyone, he is sure to go far in life. We suspect he's a budding Rockefeller.

Band (4); "Oracle" Board (2), Business Manager (1); Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals; R. O. T. C. (2).

Cecil H. Herring "Fish"

Cecil is a very industrious lad, always busy, never wasting any time. We are sure he will succeed in whatever he undertakes.

R. O. T. C. (3).



Helen A. Hilton

Helen's demure; Helen's sedate;
Not always early, seldom late.
We've always liked our Helen first-rate.
She'll make someone a mighty fine mate.
Dramatic Club.

Dorothy P. Hodgkins

Dorothy's rank-card has produced a fine crop of A's in the past four years. She has earned them, too. Keep it up, "Dot."





S. Lowrie Hunt

"Larry"

"Larry" tries hard to make the girls behave at Dramatic Club, but Larry is a poor inducement for girls to behave.

Junior Ring Committee; Dramatic Club, President; R. O. T. C. (2).

Charles W. Jacques, Jr.

"Charlie"

Charlie's cheerful grin has helped make the Senior class a happy one. And you ought to hear him toot that big bass horn!

Rifle Team (2); Band (3); R. O. T. C. (3), 2nd Lieutenant.



Lucile T. Johnson

"Bunny"

This little girl has many friends who will miss her next year. Good luck, "Bunny!"

Glee Club.

Mary V. Jones

Always quiet until one really knows her, Mary is one of the best sports ever, and she's a loyal friend.

Latin Club (1); Junior Chorus.



Paul L. Karnes

"Lefty"

We are all sorry to have him leave us, but Paul doesn't seem to be shedding any tears about it himself. Just the same, Paul is a good scout, and we wish him all the luck in the world.

R. O. T. C. (2), Member Winning Company; Baseball (2); Basketball; Glee Club.

Madeleine A. Kelley

Here's one of the few girls who don't always have a lot to say, but when they do speak, say something. Here's to you, Madeleine.

Festival Chorus; Junior Chorus.



Blanche M. Kincaid

"Bebe"

This charming young lady is a very prominent member of B. H. S. During her four years' stay with us she has made many friends by her winning personality as well as by her work.

Emmons E. Kingsbury

"Em"

Besides being our most dashing young officer, Emmons is our star orator. We expect the University Band to turn out when he arrives at Orono next fall.

Band (4); R. O. T. C., Major; Junior Exhibition; National Oratorical Contest, District Finals (Third Place).





Pauline L. Kinney

"Polly"

Pretty, talented, vivacious, and a good sport, Pauline has won many friends during her short stay with us.

Basketball.

Louise M. Knowles

"Chuckie"

Here's another of the "reasons" why we think '29 is the A-1 class. Louise is always bright and cheerful and says her greatest worry is how to get to school on time.

Ida T. Kobritz

Ida is one of our finest honor students, excelling in everything she undertakes. Her motto is "Quality not Quantity."

Shorthand Contest.

Katherine M. Laffey

"Kay"

Flirtatious "Kay,"
A charming coquette,
Student and friend,
The best we've met.

Bertha R. Landon

Everybody who knows Bertha will agree that she is one of the best-natured girls in B. H. S. Her cheerful disposition has won her many friends during her High School career.

Snapdragons (1); Debating Society (3);
Interclass Debate (2); Junior Exhibition,
Semi-Semi-Finals; Dramatic Club, "Jerry."

Wyona E. Leach

"Y"

Once you've seen her, once you've met
This sweet brunette, you'll ne'er forget:
For, always smiling at her best,
She's charmed her way thru B. H. S.

Catherine Lewis

"Cay"

Merry and gay,
At work or at rest;
We're proud to tell you,
She's one of the best.

Orchestra (3); Glee Club; Festival Chorus;
Dramatic Club, "Thursday Evening,"
Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals; "Pepi-
ta."

Samuel L. Lieberman

"Fat"

This nice-looking young man has been popular in Bangor High School and has made many friends.





Walter E. Ludden

"Luden"

This inspiring example of photographer's art represents a youth who needs no introduction. He has accomplished much in four short years—just take a peek at his activities.

Junior Exhibition, Honorable Mention; Rifle Team, Captain; R. O. T. C. (3), Major, Second Picked Man, '27; Band (4); "Oracle" Board, Student Activities; Senior Essay, Fourth Place.

Michael J. Luosey "Mike" "Giant" "Ed"

We've heard of him on the football field; With a grip on the ball he would not yield.

And so last fall by playing this game, He added no little to '29's fame.

Football (2); Rifle Team (3); R. O. T. C. (3), Captain; Track (2).



J. Clifford Lynch

"Candy" "Cliff"

Another fine fellow whom we will regret to see leave Bangor High School. No one ever saw him mad.

Football Manager.

Lawrence C. Lynch

"Bunt"

"Bunt" is an all-round sport,

Always just the same—

And just exactly of the sort

That makes everyone feel "game."

Manager of Basketball; Dramatic Club; R. O. T. C., Member Winning Picked Squad.



Alpheus C. Lyon

"Al"

"Al" may not be the tallest or the heaviest in the class, but he's one of the brainiest. His activities speak for themselves.

Band (3); R. O. T. C., Officers' Club, 2nd Lieutenant; "Oracle" Board, Student Activities.

Kathryn L. MacGown

"Kay"

This little blondie is well liked and most always is seen laughing. She's quick to see the joke, and just as quick to make one.

Latin Club (3); Dramatic Club; Festival Chorus; Snapdragons; Junior Chorus.



Nadine A. MacLeod

"Dene"

Nadine is a reliable girl and a friend to everybody.—Quiet, but jolly, and always ready for a joke.

Max L. Marcus

"Ted"

Our "Teddy" wields a mighty pen; he is B. H. S.'s star reporter. Many of those clever write-ups in the paper are written by "Ted."

Basketball (3); Track (2); Dramatic Club; Debating Society (2).





Robert A. Marques "Bob" "Bobbie"

A boy who is a favorite with the girls, and also one of our best all-round athletes.

Football (3), Captain; Baseball (3); Class Baseball (1); R. O. T. C. (2), Member Winning Picked Squad.



John McDonnell "Mac"

Many times at the City Hall,
Thru the hoop he put the ball,
Seldom failing to get a score,
And making the final showing more.

Football (3); Basketball (3), Captain;
R. O. T. C. (2); Class Baseball (1).



W. Poyntell McLaughlin "Point"

"Point" is a steady fellow, and if you don't
all know him, you are missing something.



M. Louise Merrill

This pretty little girl is the joy of the school,
a friend to everybody, and an A pupil.

Festival Chorus (2); Glee Club (3); Lunch
Room (2).

Mildred H. Mersereau

Mildred dances her way thru life, and she
is one fine dancer; she "cops" the prizes.
Everybody knows her, and to know her is to
like her.

Festival Chorus.



James W. McClure "Jimmy"

Versatile? Handsome? Popular? That's
"Jimmy." He's one of our up-and-coming
young business men, persevering and
efficient, but never "Ruth"less.

"Oracle" Board (2), Advertising; Senior
Essay, Honorable Mention; Junior Exhibi-
tion, Semi-Finals; "Pepita."



Mildred W. McDonough

Studious, cheerful, bright, and gay,
This girl will surely win her way.
We'll remember you, Mildred.



Eleanor M. McLeod "Mac"

Quiet but true—
Eleanor, that's you;
Full of fun galore—
That's you, Eleanor.





Margaret R. Mooney

"Mag"

To know her is to love her,
A friend both tried and true;
With a jolly smile and a ready thought,
That's "Mag"—for me and you.

Dramatic Club.

Vivian I. Moors

"Vim"

We seldom hear from this shy little miss,
but we all know she's with us, and she's been
a great addition to our class.

Latin Club (2); Junior Chorus.



Anna E. Moran

"Anne"

Anna is quiet and studious—and efficient.
Good 'cess to you, "Anne."

Festival Chorus.

Alfreda M. Morrill

"Freda" "Al"

Oh, what a quiet girl is she! But she is a
good sport and is liked by all her friends.

**Lunch Room (1); Dramatic Club; County
and State Typewriting Contests.**



Esther K. Morrison

A peach of a girl, and a regular girl. Some
wise man will find a good catch when he wins
Esther.

Miriam L. Morrison

"Mim"

Succeed in life as you have in B. H. S., and
you'll reach the top, "Mim." Best luck to
you!

Junior Chorus; Festival Chorus.



Marion B. Morse

"Bubbles" "Bubs"

"Bubbles" is one of our good-lookers, and
she's just as good-natured.

**Class Basketball; Dramatic Club; Festi-
val Chorus.**

Lucilius E. Mudgett "Rudy" "Lu" "Prof"

Here's our class shiek,
Good-looking, and how!
When it comes to acting,
He's surely a "Wow."
Fascinating Lucilius!

**President "Emery Class," '25-'26; Junior
Exhibition, Semi-Finals; Dramatic Club,
"Jerry," Senior Play; R. O. T. C. (1).**





Roderick E. Mullaney, Jr. "Rod"

A rugged boy who loves to fight—
That's "Rod" in all his splendor.
He's strong in Latin(?), track, and fun—
Good-looking, tall, and slender.

Officers' Club (1), Captain; Track (2);
Junior Exhibition, Semi-Finals; "Oracle"
Board (1), Advertising.

Nora E. Mullen "Red" "Pat"

Here's to Nora,
A helpful friend.
We wish her success,
As school days end.

Senior Basketball.



Dorothy M. Murphy "Dot"

This tall, talented girl is one of the ornaments of the General Course; that means, of course, that she is a general specialist in everything in particular. The more girls we have like "Dot," the better.

John L. Murray "Moulder"

Here's to our class treasurer and star football man. May he continue to play all games in life as he has for B. H. S.

Football (3), Captain; Baseball (2); Class Treasurer (2); R. O. T. C., 2nd Lieutenant; Basketball (2).



Raymond F. Newell "Newkie"

This young giant is one of our foremost chemists. Ray is a debater and "Oracle" man, too. In fact, his activities are longer than he is.

"Oracle" Board, Exchanges; Dramatic Club; Debating Society (1); Rifle Club (2).

Clarence E. Nichols "Nick"

No matter where you meet "Nick" nor how many times a day, he always has the same cheerful smile and friendly word.

Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals; R. O. T. C. (2).



Laura E. Norwood

Laura's good at clacking keys. Really, she can play the typewriter better than most people can the phonograph.

Edna L. Oakes "Oaksie"

This is another of our business girls. While some of us are studying Virgil, Edna and the rest are taking down shorthand and counting imitation bank notes.

Glee Club (1).





Nelson K. Ordway

"Nel" "Major"

"Nel" is one of the brainiest boys in our class. He is always very "Natalie" dressed, as becomes his position as Assistant Director of the Band, and Editor of the "Oracle."

"Oracle" Board (2), Advertising, Editor; Band (4), Librarian, Student Leader; Orchestra (4); R. O. T. C., Captain, First Picked Cadet, '27; Debating Club (1); Freshman Chorus; Senior Essay, Medal Winner.

Evelyn M. Parker

We're very fond of Evelyn;
She's bright, quiet, and sweet,
Thoughtful, kind, and loyal—
One we like to meet.



Doris E. Patten

"Dot"

Here's to our Doris,
A friend so true.
We'll e'er keep her friendship,
'Mid friends old and new.

Clarice Y. Penney

"Clara"

Clarice has made a name for herself both in athletics and on rank cards. Without the least doubt she is one of the most popular girls in her class.

Singing Contest, Prize Quartet, '28; Dramatic Club, Secretary, Senior Play; Glee Club (2); Library Club; School Hockey (2); Class Hockey (1); Class Basketball (3), Captain (1); Student Coach and Property Manager, "Thursday Evening;" "Pepita;" Festival Chorus, '28; "Oracle" Board, Alumni; Junior Exhibition.



Ruth C. Perkins

Ruth is quiet, but popular. You may be sure that there are a great many friends wishing her good luck.

William B. Pond

"Bill" "Joe Ocean"

Bill is that kind of boy who always attracts attention. He has size, brains, and looks. Do the girls like him? Ask Beulah.

Rifle Club (2); Picked Cadet, '28; Member Winning Picked Platoon '27; Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals.



Virginia F. Read

Quiet and shy, a perfect lady, Virginia wins all hearts.

Dramatic Club; Junior Chorus.

Doris M. Reed

"Dot"

"Dot" can graduate from the old school without the slightest regret. She has accomplished all her purposes in being here, and studies are only a part of them.





A. Sarah Rich

"Richie"

We'll all be sorry to lose "Richie," but we all wish her the highest success in all she attempts.

Padie P. Richlin

Padie has certainly made a success of his school career. He has wit, dependability, and courage, so we don't have to worry about him.

**Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals;
Member Winning Picked Squad; Senior
Essay, Third Place.**

Frances G. Ricker

"Frank"

Frances Ricker, so they say,
Gets her lessons every day;
If she keeps up thru the strife,
She will make a success in life.

Dickens Prize Contest.

Albert W. Ring

"AP"

See the twinkle in his eye! He looks very serious till you notice that. Everybody who knows him sees the twinkle and forgets the seriousness.

R. O. T. C.

Ivy L. Robertson

"Lewie"

Unassuming? Yes, yet Lewie's friends rejoice in her good common sense and her jolly outlook on life.

Virginia L. Robertson

"Bobbie" "Ginny"

Virginia is one of the quiet girls of her class, that is not so quiet after all, and we're sure she'll make good.

Maxine N. Rogers

"Max"

Of course Maxine is a demure little miss—just the same one can't help noticing that winning smile.

Orchestra (4).

Isadore Rolnick

"Itchsky"

"Itchsky" is a true friend and is liked by all who know him—and who doesn't recognize his cheery "Hi, fella!"

Football; R. O. T. C. (2).





Agnes M. Spragg

With charming smile and bright eyes,
Comes to you a big surprise;
It's joyful "Aggie," full of fun,
But only when her work is done.
Festival Chorus (2).

Ruth E. Sprague

Has she "It?" And how! The only thing
she lacks to be a second Clara Bow is red hair.
Maybe she'll have that some day!

Junior Chorus; "Oracle" Board, Personals.



Jeannette H. Stackpole

"Tim"

Who is this so prim and sweet,
The girl you like and come to meet?
Why this is "Tim," a friend to all,
Although she is so very small.

Louis Striar

"Looney"

Want a good definition of "boloney?" Ask
"Looney!" But we all like him just the same!



Kenneth P. Sullivan

"Ken"

Now here's a scout you'd like to meet,
For Ken's a fellow that can't be beat;
With golden hair and eyes of blue,
He'll make a life-long friend for you.

Orchestra (4); R. O. T. C.; Rifle Club (2).

E. Arthur Taylor

"Bud" "Art"

"Art" may be small, but just the same,
When football comes he shows some fame.
But do not think he only plays,
For he grabs fame in other ways.

Football (3); Baseball (2).



Roberta Taylor

"Bob"

A little girl with eyes of brown,
Who wears a smile and ne'er a frown,
A pal in fun, a pal in work,
And in not a thing does "Bobbie" shirk.

Orchestra (4); Festival Chorus (2); Dramatic Club.

A. Josephine Thompson

"Jo"

A girl with qualities we all admire,
Whose brains and skill we all desire,
A girl with ways so kind and sweet,—
A better friend you ne'er will meet.

Latin Club (3); Festival Chorus (2); Orchestra (2); Dramatic Club.





Emily D. Thompson

"M"

Ready for work or ready for play,
Sometimes studious and sometimes gay,
True to her friends and lessons alike,
We know that Emily is just *all right*.

Class Secretary (2); Junior Ring Committee; Girls' Athletic Honor Council (4), Secretary, '28-'29; Class Hockey (2); School Hockey (2); Class Basketball (3); School Basketball (1); Baseball; Dramatic Club; Orchestra (4); Senior Essay, Fourth Place.

Pearl E. Thompson,

"Tommy"

Here is Pearl, a little girl,
That everybody knows;
She's made friends, among us all,
And will where'er she goes.

Girls' Glee Club; Festival Chorus.



Louida M. Toothaker

"Lou"

Here we have Louida,
A pretty little lass;
We all wish her the best of luck,
As time speeds on so fast.

Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi Finals; Dramatic Club; Lunch Room.



Carroll E. Turner

"Plucky"

This brainy boy from Veazie
A friend to all has been;
And we know, on life's great road,
He's surely out to win.

Rifle Club (2), Rifle Team (1).



Doris I. Tyler

"Dot"

Doris is sweet and pleasingly plump,
With a smile for me and you;
She's all right in every way—
A friend both stanch and true.

Glee Club; Festival Chorus.



Dorothy E. Vanadestine

"Dot"

Dorothy is one of our star pupils, as you know. She'll make her mark in life. Good Luck, "Dot."

Girls' Athletic Honor Council; Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals.



Sara Viner

This little lass, so sweet and trim,
Is a friend, I must confess.
Four years with her have been a treat.
Will we miss her? Well, I guess!

Snapdragons (1); Glee Club (1); Dramatic Club.



Frances M. Wall

Meet a future *prima donna* in the Metropolitan Opera House! Frances' activities proclaim her to be quite a songster.

Glee Club (3); Junior Chorus; Festival Chorus (3); Singing Contest; "Pepita" Chorus.





Bernard S. Waterman

"Bernie"

If brains were money, this young shiek would be a couple of multi-millionaires. What will the teachers do without him?

Football (1); Baseball (1); R. O. T. C. (2), 1st Sergeant.

Doris H. Waterman

Yes, folks, this is Doris;
Don't you think she's sweet?
She's handsome and poetic;
In fact, she can't be beat.

Dramatic Club; Junior Exhibition, Honorable Mention; Debating Club (3); Freshman Basketball Team.

Earl A. Webber

Here's to Earl, a lad who studies hard and has lots of fun besides. We look for him to be a Captain of Industry.

R. O. T. C., Member Winning Picked Platoon; Rifle Club.

Phyllis L. Webber

"Phil"

"Phil" likes dancing, horseback-riding, and "Reid"ing. She has the same cheery smile for everyone she meets. Really, she's a nice girl.

Latin Club (2); Dramatic Club; Junior Chorus.

Eleanor D. West

"Baby" "Ellen"

Eleanor is short and sweet, and she's a girl of common sense and charm, too.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council; Class Basketball (1); School Basketball (1); Class Hockey (1); Class Baseball (2); Junior Exhibition, Semi-Semi-Finals; Snapdragons.

Alice M. Whalen

Alice is a girl who studies hard and intends to get somewhere. If she keeps up the good work, there's no doubt of her success.

Junior Exhibition, Honorable Mention; Glee Club (1); Festival Chorus; Dramatic Club.

Edith A. Whittemore

"Whit"

Here is a girl who is bound to win;
She's always with you through thick and thin;
And when the fun begins to start,
Edith always toes the mark.

Glee Club (3); Festival Chorus; Dramatic Club.

S. Marie Wilson

"Rie"

Marie is the heart-breaker of B. H. S., is full of good cheer, and is always smiling; she always gets what she starts for, so of course she'll get something fine out of life!

Festival Chorus.





Ashley B. Wood

"Peck"

"Peck" is a good old scout and always full of fun. We all wish him a pile of success; we know he'll wish the rest of us the same.

Elizabeth M. Woodward

"Libby"

Here's Elizabeth, friendly and sweet,
A girl that you all should meet;
She is jolly and cheerful the whole day,
And we'll certainly miss her when she's away.

Dramatic Club; Festival Chorus.

E. Janet Young

"Jean"

"Dick"

Here's luck to Janet, who has made her class proud of her. Janet likes back seats, but she is surely in the front row in speaking.

Glee Club (2); Latin Club (3), Consul (1); Dramatic Club, "Jerry" (Student Coach), Senior Play; Junior Exhibition, Medal Winner; Maine Interscholastic Speaking Contest, Medal Winner; Festival Chorus (1); Class Hockey (2).



Elizabeth W. Young

"Lee"

"Bet"

Here's one of the most popular girls of the class. She is fortunate to have such a pleasing personality and good looks, too. But more than that, she is a good student and a good friend.

Dramatic Club, "Thursday Evening" (Student Director); Latin Club; Debating Club; Snapdragons; Festival Chorus; Junior Exhibition, Semi-Finals.



Francis A. Young

"Freckles"

Francis may be quiet, but he has won his way into all our hearts. So we wish him success in the future.

Rifle Club; R. O. T. C.

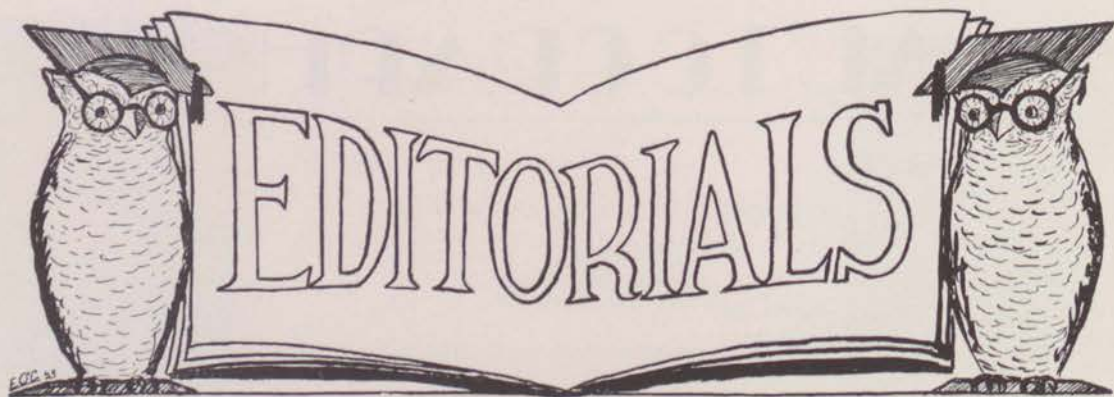


Madeline B. Young

Here's to Madeline—the girl with a smile; She's full of fun, and a friend worthwhile. By her pleasant nod and everyday "Hi!" We know it's our pal that's just passed by.



AUTOGRAPHS



"Anywhere, provided it be forward."

HIGH SCHOOL IN THE RETROSPECT

It seems hard to believe that just four short years ago we left Grammar School, looking forward to the time when we should enter High School. What a revelation those first few days of High School life were! Then we began to settle down to the task ahead of us, scarcely daring to wonder what the ensuing four years had in store for us. Before long we were in various activities, after our first "greenness" wore off, and found our place in the school program. Soon, thoughts were turned to the Sophomore year, then to the Junior, and finally we became Seniors!

Most of us can look back with pride at our High School life. Each obstacle that arose seemed a little more difficult than the preceding one, but in surmounting it we gained strength and confidence for the next. We are surprised now to see how petty and insignificant were some of the stumbling blocks we viewed with alarm when we were underclassmen.

Almost all of us excelled in one activity or another, and many can point with pride to achievement in various lines. Some of us have starred on the football or hockey fields, some on the basketball court, some on the baseball diamond, or on the track, or in some other branch of athletics. Others have found

outlet for their talents in the band, orchestras, glee clubs, and the other musical organizations; part are eminent as speakers, actors and debaters; there are those who have shown leadership ability in the R. O. T. C.—all have united to form a sort of network, of which each of us makes a separate strand; if he fails or shirks in his duty,—and to take part in school activities is our duty—more responsibility must be borne by others. Thus we have learned the necessity for cooperation, without which no great enterprise is possible.

The things we have had to do have not always seemed necessary or feasible to us, but through doing the unpleasant things willingly, we are now better fitted to apply ourselves diligently to the distasteful problems of life, which will sooner or later confront us.

Besides having gained the spirit of cooperation, perseverance, and tolerance, the friendships we have formed have had great influence over our opinions and our actions. Perhaps a firm friendship is the greatest practical thing one can gain from association with others. A staunch friend can lead a person to glory and honor, or to destruction and disgrace. Many friendships, with both teachers and schoolmates, formed here in High School, will continue throughout our lives; let us hope we have gained the right kind of friends, whose

companionship will be an inspiration.

There are many other things that we have learned in High School besides lessons from our studies and extra-curriculum work. Our judgment has been taxed and trained; we have learned to respect the ideas of others, and thus have acquired greater open-mindedness. We all have gained something of benefit. So now that school days are over, let us make use of these lessons. Let us meet life's problems fairly and squarely, and so prove to ourselves and others that these four years have well prepared us for life's larger school.

SCHOOL SONG

As the year draws to a close, we find that only four school songs have been submitted since the need of one of our own was announced in the January "*Oracle*." In the same editorial, a prize was offered to whoever should pass in a song that should be accepted by the school. Surely there are more than four students in the school who are capable of writing a verse or so.

Nevertheless, the "*Oracle*" has decided to submit the four songs to a group of judges. Three judges have been selected: two recent graduates of Bangor High School—a boy from the class of '27, and a girl from the class of '28—and an old alumnus of B. H. S., now a prominent citizen of this city. Each judge is to list the songs in order of preference, and the following question will be asked him: "Do you think any of the songs are really good enough for school songs?"

Two of the four songs were published anonymously in the February "*Oracle*," and another in the April issue. The fourth appears below; it may be sung to the tune of "A Capital Ship."

A capital name that has come to fame
Is that of Bangor High.
Our school's right there, the honors to share—
Our colors reach the sky.
Let's put the vim and the spirit in,
And show the team we're right there,
'Cause it always is found when the crowd's settled down,
That Bangor's way ahead!

Chorus

Hurrah for Bangor High!
Our colors reach the sky.
We are true blue, let's show our crew,
We know they're out to wi-i-in.
For Bangor's always fair;
Her players all are square.
They'll bring honors home,
To be always shown,
For dear old Bangor High.

What do you think of what has already been written? We should like to receive letters from all interested in the contest, listing the four songs in the order of your preference; we should also like to hear from the student body answers to the question put to the judges. Any other comment will be appreciated. Watch next year's "*Oracle*" for the results of this decision. If no song is chosen the contest will be extended indefinitely.

Let us hope that we shall not be without a song much longer; it doesn't speak very well for our school spirit. A snappy verse or two at football and basketball games, and other athletic events, will greatly help our teams toward victory. Any more verses that may be submitted before the end of the year will be sent to the judges. Let's get busy, whether we be poets or not, and have a formidable array of songs for the judges to choose from!

Class Ode

By Edith A. Whittemore

We stand in an orchard all spicy and still,
And pause for a moment upon a white hill.
We look down the sun-drenchéd path of the years
With its flickering shadows, its tremulous fears.

The time has slipped by us on swift-wingéd feet
As upward we climbed, minding not snow or heat.
And close by our side, every step of the way,
Our kindly guides watched us and helped us each day.

Through flowering meadows, by swift-running streams,
Our pathway has led us—and visions and dreams
Have come from the wonderful vistas we've caught
That all through our lives into deeds may be wrought.

But still there are heights ever beckoning on;
So now a farewell to the days that are gone.
And onward and upward we'll follow the gleam
To find noble living in deed—not in dream.



*"I would that tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."*

"And on Earth, Peace Goodwill towards Men"

Third Honor Essay

By Eulalie B. Collins

IN a little French town, not far from Paris, still stands an old, old church, stained by the winds and rains of nearly nine centuries. Inside it is dingy and damp, and thickly covered with dust, for it is no longer used by the townspeople. No doubt it would have been torn down long ago, if it had not been for the hosts of tourists that delighted in exploring it. It was as a tourist that I first saw it—saw over the rude altar that beautiful stained glass window; the angel, golden haired, blue eyed, white robed, with his arms held out in benediction to all mankind; the background, blue as the heavens on a June day; the border of lilies, so white, so pure; and below, the inscription "And On Earth, PEACE Goodwill Towards Men."

Silently I knelt at that old altar rail—alone—alone on New Year's Eve, in an old forgotten church. Slowly the noises and laughter of the happy throng faded from my senses and only the light of the gala lanterns, hung in the street outside, shone through the window, which cast its mellowed radiance over all.

As I reread the inscription I noticed a singular fact: all the words were begun with capital letters, but only one was spelt entirely with them—PEACE. For some reason that word became fixed in my mind. Peace—was there really such a thing as peace, complete peace? I wondered.

My eyes again searched the window. How real that angel looked! I could almost see his lips move, almost hear his voice saying those very words written at his feet. Somewhere, far away, a bell tolled out the hour—it was eleven o'clock. Still I knelt there, gazing up at the old window. Then very quietly the angel dropped his arms and pointed to the word in capitals at his feet—PEACE—and I thought that here, surely, was peace. I thought how strange it was that this old church still stood, amid all the wars and changing governments. It had been here when the first crusades marched toward the Holy Land, bent on wreaking vengeance on the Turks. Here were thousands of people—men, women, children,—trying to save the souls of blood thirsty Turks by murder, forced starvation, servitude. It had stood here during the French Revolution—when servant rose against master, when the incorrupt nobility suffered at the guillotine, and the ignorant ruled in bloody destruction. It had remained untouched while Napoleon led his countrymen into war with their neighbors; while thousands of men died, thousands of women became widows and children fatherless, for one man's desire for power, for one man's overpowering selfishness.

(Continued on page 79)

The Constitutional Convention

Third Honor Essay

By Padie P. Richlin

THE Articles of Confederation were a failure. In 1786, the condition of the country was appalling. Spain was holding tight the mouth of the Mississippi river and refusing Western settlers access to the Gulf and a certain title to a large part of the Southwest. England was in possession of the posts on our northern frontier, within our territory. In Massachusetts, a dangerous insurrection, threatening the very foundations of the Government, was in progress. The governments of seven of the thirteen states, were in the hands of a party, which believed in the issue of paper money, the passing of "stay laws" to prevent the collection of debts, and other schemes, which were bound to increase the prevailing confusion. So desperate were the times that then, as always in a crisis, there was an insistent demand for a dictator.

The outlook was discouraging enough; but in this dark year, a movement was begun from which little was hoped and much came. There had long been a desire on the part of Maryland and Virginia to reach an agreement, concerning the navigation of their adjacent waters. A conference was held, and from this came a desire for a more general understanding among the States. Finally Virginia, under the influence of James Madison proposed a meeting of delegates from all the States at Annapolis in September, 1786. The meeting was held, but only five States were represented. The delegates adopted resolutions drafted by Hamilton, asking for a conference to be held at Philadelphia, the second Monday in May, 1787, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, to devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government, adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

In May this convention met; a number of the delegates came late, but finally all of the States were represented save Rhode Island. It was plain that the serious condition of the country had wrought well on the public mind, for the delegates were the able, wise, vigorous men of the land. Among the ablest were Washington and Franklin—both of whom for their long unselfish public service, had wide influence—James Madison of Virginia, James Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, Alexander Hamilton of New York and Rufus King of Massachusetts. Washington was unanimously chosen president of the assembly. It was determined at once to establish a government with supreme executive, legislative and judicial departments. The adoption of this resolution meant that the convention did not intend to patch up the Articles of Confederation, but to found a real national government, with power to act—to form a constitution, whose efficiency should not depend on the whim and caprice of the States.

The convention began by adopting rules of order and the most significant of these was the provision for secrecy. No copy should be taken of any entry on the Journal, or even permission given to inspect it, without leave of the Convention, and "nothing spoken in the house be printed or otherwise published or communicated without leave." The yeas and nays should not be recorded. The rule of secrecy was enlarged by an unwritten understanding that even when the Convention had adjourned, no disclosure should be made of its proceedings during the lives of its members. Thus it was that the public did not know anything concerning the Convention, until four years after the death of James Madison, when the Government purchased his notes of the Convention from his wife, Dolly Madison.

(Continued on page 81)



Graduation Essay
NELSON K. ORDWAY



Graduation Essay
POLLY F. BROWN

Medal Winners

Class of 1929



Junior Exhibition
E. JANET YOUNG



Junior Exhibition
ROBERT C. RUSS

Fathers of the Constitution

Fourth Honor Essay

By Walter E. Ludden



OW great and enduring has been the work of our forefathers who formulated and gave to the world that inspired document, the heritage of every true American citizen, the Constitution of the United States.

Long since have those men ceased their work, but the results of their achievement will be forever manifested in the prosperity and welfare of our nation. Fired with a fierce spirit of liberty and fraught with patriotism they produced, in Convention, an embodiment of resolutions and conceptions of harmonious government that have never been equaled by any legislative body, and of such apt and discerning application to all requirements, past, present, and future, that even to the present day, it has been necessary to add only nineteen amendments to the original Constitution, and these, through nearly a century and a half of industrial and national growth.

When our United States, then thirteen struggling colonies, first threw off the yoke of British Monarchy, the governmental machinery was truly in a deplorable condition. In these days of prosperity and international greatness, it is hard to realize the financial difficulties and inadequacy of Congress in enforcing the laws and the humiliation it experienced through the inability to place necessary legislation into execution. In January, 1786, the total source of revenue for the support of our Federal Government was less than \$375,000 a year, and as a committee of Congress reported in those troublous times, it was not enough for the bare maintenance of Government on an economical establishment in times of absolute peace. Certainly it was with a fortitude inspired by spiritual reliance that these statesmen faced these overwhelming problems concerning the sustenance of the new democracy which had been raised through the sacrifices of the American Patriots.

When that historic body of delegates met in Philadelphia in the Federal Convention of 1787, it was the most significant and momentous gathering that ever convened in the United States.

The whole history of the world and the human race were influenced by the actions and procedure of that immortal assembly. They were met together for the purpose of deciding on a form of government that would bind themselves and the future generations into a lasting and perpetual union.

The 25th of May, 1787, dawned bleak and stormy, and of the delegation from the States, only twenty-nine were present, but despite these adversities the assembly was organized, the various offices were appointed, and George Washington was chosen President of the Convention by a unanimous vote. Just past the prime of his life, he was the greatest man of his period and his impressive personality and commanding influence were greatly respected and revered by the delegates and altho he did not take an especially active part in the formation of the Constitution, his opinion was of the utmost importance in the discussions of the Convention.

James Madison, altho considerably younger than Washington, was next in importance by virtue of his extensive knowledge and wide activities in public affairs, and it was he who superintended the work of framing the Constitution.

Many brilliant and famous men were included in the roster of this immortal Assembly—Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Pinckney, James Wilson and Alexander Hamilton. These men and many more dedicated their lives to the preservation and furtherance of the spirit of liberty that had brought them out of the Revolution victorious and enabled them to bring the great work of the Convention to a satisfactory and harmonious conclusion. *(Continued on page 87)*



ORACLE BOARD

Back row, left to right—James McClure, Kenneth Kurson, Gerham Levenseller, Arthur Brown.
 Middle row, left to right—Edgar Baker, Roland Gibbs, Alpheus Lyon, Walter Ludden, Eaton Tarbell,
 Roger Smith, Roderick Mullaney.
 Front row, left to right—Pauline Siegel, Clarice Penney, Chandler Redman, Nelson Ordway, Thomas
 Hersey, Gridley Tarbell, Polly Brown, Ruth Sprague.

Oracle Board, 1929-30

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

M. Chandler Redman, '30

ASSISTANT EDITOR

To be chosen in October

LITERARY

Dorothy Cook, '30

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Harry Boyd, '30

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Evelyn C. Welch, '30

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Grace Eleanor Hatten, '30

Irving L. Grodinsky, '30

Henry P. Gulnac, '30

PERSONALS

Raymond F. Prince, '30

Charlotte R. Cahnerns, '30

ALUMNI

Allana Landers, '30

EXCHANGES

Lydia Jones, '30

BUSINESS MANAGER

Gridley Tarbell, '30

ADVERTISING BOARD

To be announced in October

The Sidewalks of New York

Fifth Honor Essay

By Annie B. Gross



NEW YORK, to many people, is a Mecca. They come to the city, expectant and eager, convinced that there they are going to see life in its most vivid form. They tingle in expectation of finding that romance of "the big city," which we all get from our childhood books. They conjure up pictures of theatrical contrasts—of the magnificently rich and the piteously poor; and some of them wonder curiously about the quaint spots, those oases in the busy city life, where history peeps through. They thrill at the prospect of seeing strange foreigners, charming and exotic, in this, the biggest port in the world.

But how many leave New York after that first trip, disappointed and disillusioned! True, it has been different from the home city because it has been noisier and more crowded; the shows were good, surely, but one was too tired to enjoy them. The stores were like lots of others—only bigger. The people—! The visitor often thinks to himself, but doesn't admit it to others, that all the talk about "the romance of a big city" is just childish. He wants to get back to where there is one rich man he can respect, and where there are unfortunates whom he can help. The foreigners looked like anybody else. The great railroad stations, Fifth Avenue, 42nd Street, and 34th Street, were hardly what one could call quaint or picturesque. He only knows that he is tired out, and wants to get home. New York is not what he was led to believe.

The object of my essay, then, is to reassure such a visitor and to prevent the others who come here, expectant, from turning away disappointed. It is to show the visitor that New York has all the thrill one has dreamed about. That it has in its narrow confines bits of every European capital,—each quite complete, and true to its prototype; and that it carries in its fast-growing buildings and its fast-filling streets, from old Battery Park north to the borders of fashionable suburbs, the very recapitulation of American history! For, centered here in New York, there is not only an accumulation of old world culture, but without question, the germinating ideas and ideals of the future. New York has become far more cosmopolitan than London, and gayer than Paris. It is, indeed, the city unique.

The most logical place to start seeing New York is at its southern tip, the Battery. It is the beginning of the city, historically as well as geographically, and presents the most dramatic picture of the city's contrasts. Go down, one morning, then, to Bowling Green, and ramble. Watch the street names and keep an eye out for a quaint old door-way, hidden in the darkness beneath an elevated train. Look not only at the towering buildings rising all about you, but also at the streets they line, narrow and full of queer twists and curves. Remember that there is a meaning—way back in its history,—for every curve and every twist! Every pavement you cross follows exactly the path beaten out by Dutch wooden shoes, and every great building you wonder at, rests on a spot where once stood the cottage of a Van Dam or a Maerschalk.

If you do go down Washington Street, you will find a quaint little Syrian colony, quiet and peace loving, with stores flaunting lovely oriental laces and embroideries, and tantalizing Turkish candies. In the restaurants you hear only their ancient language, and see few other besides these olive-skinned, straight-nosed, handsome orientals. The menus are in Syrian and you dine on stuffed grape leaves, unleavened bread, and skillfully disguised lamb with okra.

On the last block of Washington Street, before you reach the open park once more, is a little mixed Mohammedan Colony, Arabian and Turk, with a sprinkling of Greeks. Here is the greatest mingling of nationalities in the city. At the corner of Morris Street, on a summer's night, one can imagine oneself in Bagdad.

(Continued on page 89)



B. H. S. DEBATING SOCIETY

Back row, left to right—Bernard Sanders, Mr. Bryant, Leonard Ford, Jr.
 Third row, left to right—Christine Curran, Richard Buckley, Elliott Reid, Rosalie Fellows.
 Second row, left to right—Merrita Dunn, Kenneth Kurson, Carroll Blanning, Grace Eleanor Hatten, Catherine Epstein.
 Front row, left to right—Raymond Newell, Bertha Landen, Norman Cahners, Ruth Blanning, Natalie Anderson, Ida Rosen.
 Seated in front—Dorrice Trickey, Peggy Somers, Frances Clough, Minnie Alpert.



SNAPDRAGONS

Back row, left to right—William Fraser, Christine Reynolds, Theodore Adams.
 Fifth row, left to right—Dorothy Orr, Hazel Ames, Miss Robinson.
 Fourth row, left to right—Geneva Epstein, Evelyn Tracy, Caroline Currier, Bernice Russell, William Striar.
 Third row, left to right—Abraham Kern, Arlene Merrill, Mary Economy, Anne Rapaport, Marcia Allen, Lloyd Johnson.
 Second row, left to right—Dorothea Higgins, Mae Cohen, Rena Allen (Secretary), Aimee Barnes (President), Elizabeth Schiro (Vice-President), Lucile Hayden, Edna Mulligan.
 Front row, left to right—Louise Rice, Violet Hart, Betty Dill, Evelyn Golden, Anna Perkins, Frances Duran.

The Kellogg Peace Pact

Fifth Honor Essay

By Emil A. Davis

ONSIEUR Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France originally had conception of the plan included in this treaty; however his suggestion of the movement was merely to put France and the United States on a friendly basis. This government saw at once the wonderful opportunity to establish peace throughout the world by means of this simple plan. A year or more was necessary for the details of the drawing up of this treaty.

This Peace Pact as we now have it does not represent the work of any single nation or of any individual; the ruin and death toll of the World War is so well impressed in the minds of every nationality that we are all striving to put ourselves beyond another similar calamity. Peace is now in the minds of all.

The treaty is short and expressed in plain language. There are no deep and intriguing passages. It is merely an honorary agreement that no undersigned nation will attempt to settle international disputes by other than pacific means. There were no negotiations between nations; the treaty was drawn up so as to be satisfactory to the four larger nations of Europe which were the seat of the last war, since there was probably more danger of conflict among them than elsewhere, to Japan, and the the United States. A treaty which is suitable to six of the larger powers of the World would naturally be suitable to the others so the treaty was left open for the other nations to sign as they should see fit.

In no way does this treaty conflict with other peace treaties such as the League of Nations or the Locarno Treaties, consequently it was agreed by all nations that there need be no modifications or reservations made.

The treaty has met with great approval and it has already surpassed any other known treaty, since fifty-eight nations have, up to the present time, either signed it or have notified the Department of their intention to do so.

There are no laws in the treaty which state when a nation may be justified in taking up arms in self defense; that, of course, is left to the individual nation to decide for itself, and to act upon its own judgment. On this account some criticized that a nation might go to war and claim that it was acting in self defense; but that is absurd since it would be necessary for that nation to justify itself before the opinion of the world besides the signatories of the treaty.

There is no military alliance whatever in this treaty. Should a nation violate the treaty it is deprived of the benefits of the agreement and the other parties are released from their obligations to that belligerent nation. Other than this, the only punishment is that that nation loses the confidence and respect of the worldly powers. No trace of military punishment or anything of the sort is found in this treaty and one must but look back in history to see what a treaty with such punishment would amount to.

The success of this treaty rests wholly on the honor and solemn pledge of the High Contracting Parties and that is the only solid foundation for a treaty among civilized nations of today. Other methods have certainly been given a fair trial in the past, but they were certainly not successful. We are all interested in peace because no great war can now occur without seriously affecting every nation. Ruin and loss of life are the only results of war, while everything may be gained in peace.

The two main articles of this treaty are as follows:

Article I. "The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the (Continued on page 93)



LATIN CLUB

Back row, left to right—Josephine Thompson, Chandler Redman, Raymond Prince, Norman Cahners, Richard Buckley, Evelyn Welch, Nathalie McLeod, Miss McSkimmon.

Fourth row, left to right—Miss Estes, Phyllis Webber, Natalie Anderson, Janet Young, Kenneth Kurson, Christine Curran, Catherine Epstein, Beryl Warner.

Third row, left to right—Patricia Byrnes, Kathryn MacGown, June Ebbeson, Alberta Edgar, Helen McGrath, Marion Carter, Vivian Moors, Arline Scanlin, Miss Webster.

Second row, left to right—Carroll Blanning, Priscilla Blaisdell, Arthur Brown (consul), Charlotte Cahners (consul), Pauline Cohen, Fern Allen, Madeline Kearney, Gertrude Dorr.

Front row, left to right—Minnie Alpert, Sylvia Alpert, Winifred Brown, Dorothea Romero, Peggy Somers, Merrita Dunn, Ida Rosen.

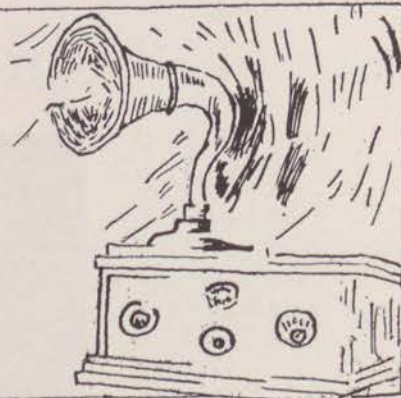
BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES

Fr 29



"Another finis written."

Goodby, goodby, goodby!! We're going to leave you now! Dear Bangor High School, you'll never find another class like us (probably our beloved teachers will agree when they think of some of the bonehead recitations we pull occasionally); but anyhow, for beauty, brains, character, individuality, flat feet, etc., we are unparalleled. So with our motto, "Deeds not Dreams," to guide us we ought to set this old world of ours afire, and maybe from this glorious class will go forth a couple hundred Lindys, Hoovers, Helen Wills. (Boob McNutt's) So once again we sing, farewell, adieu, and what's the Spanish version of a lingering leave-taking? Ah, I have it, "adenoids" everybody!!

CLASS OFFICERS AND SUCH LIKE

On a front page of this here extray fine edition of the "Oracle," the Senior Class Officers for the Class of '29 are to be found. Let's see what we have with us. Sure 'nuff! There's Bobbie, and Polly, and Emily, and Moulder, or if you read upside down there's Moulder, and Emily, and Polly, and Bobbie. It all figures up about the same in the end. No description of these here species is necessary—a couple of looks are sufficient.

Then, boys and girls, if you want another good laugh just keep thumbing along and you'll find the pitchers of them who are to orate at the graduation. Nelson Ordway and Polly Brown copped the two shiny medals with their essays, "World Peace" and "The Romance of Bells." There they are looking about

as usual. Then not so far off we find Jimmie McClure and Alfrieda Rolsky, whose respective essays, "Scouting" and "Women and Politics" won Honorable Mention. Clarice Penney and Walter Ludden are going to give a snappy talk on our doings for the past four years (more properly termed Class Historys), and Bobbie Russ is going to furnish the sob stuff when he delivers his Parting Address, and we mustn't forget Janet Young, Junior Exhibition Winner. After singing our Class Ode, written by Edith Whittemore, we'll bring to an end our graduation, and B. H. S. will no longer hold us with the ties that bind.

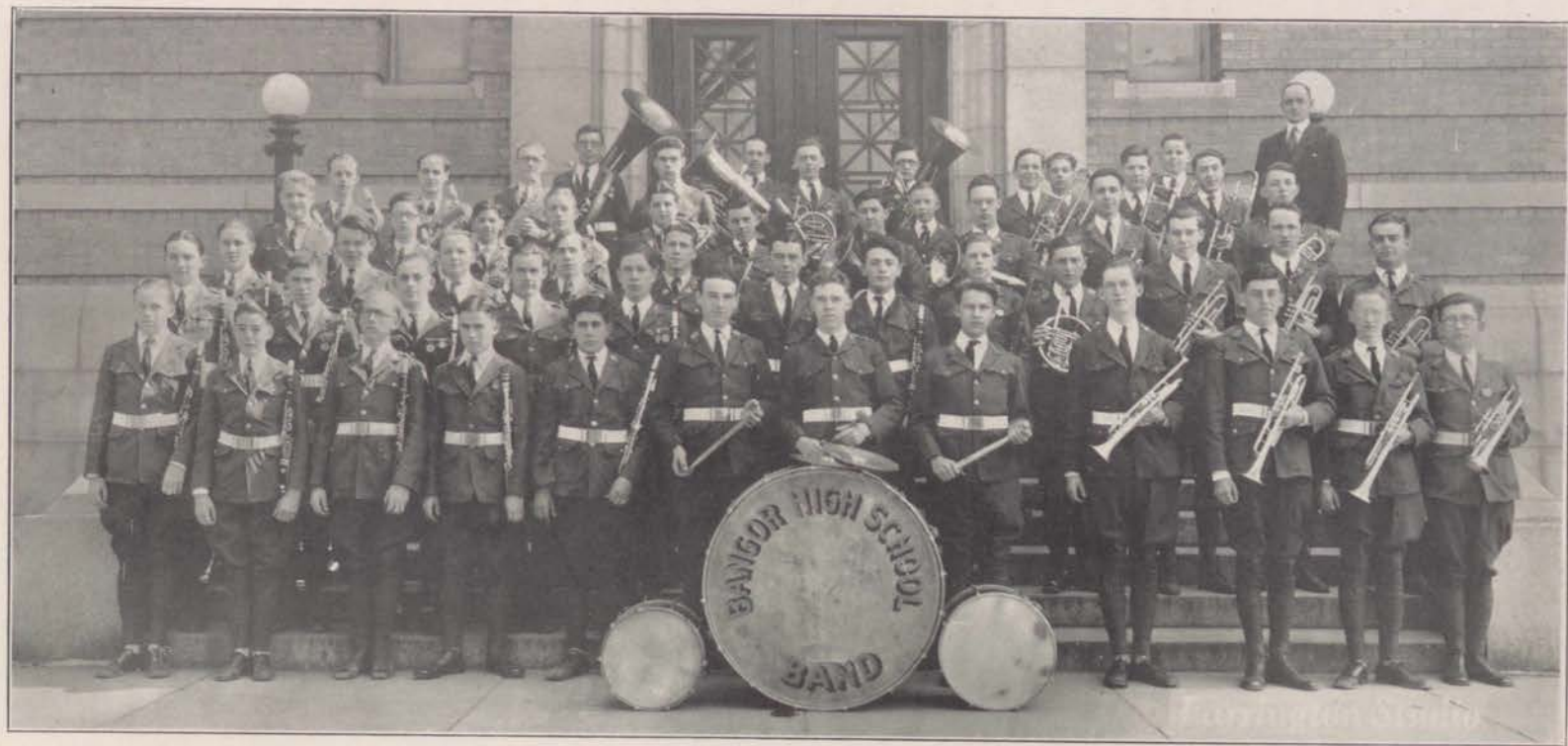
SENIOR BANQUET

The nite of the big eats is nearly upon us! That means our best bibs and tuckers and also—it will be the last time (except Graduation Nite) when the Class of '29 shall get together to make Whoopee! and how we'll make it! In your enthusiasm, however, don't take the silver for souvenirs; they need it for next year. Right now, it looks as if the program might shape up this way.

Toastmaster.....	Bob Russ
Welcome.....	Polly Brown
Athletics.....	Henry Colburn
For the Girls.....	Emily Thompson
For the Boys.....	John Murray

PROPHECIES

Classical Course.....	Ray Spencer
Commercial Course.....	Not yet chosen
Scientific Course.....	Alpheus Lyon



B. H. S. BAND, CHAMPIONS OF NEW ENGLAND, 1929

Back row, left to right—C. Jacques (Secretary), L. Colby, L. Ford, Jr., E. Baker, D. Rollins, Mr. Robinson.

Fifth row, left to right—R. Smith (Librarian), E. Baker, F. Faulkner, H. Morris, D. McCready, A. Thayer, Jr., R. Wilson, L. Evans, N. Sawyer.

Fourth row, left to right—N. Cahners, E. Brown, L. Viner, E. Kingsbury, K. Kurson, G. Carlisle, R. Morgan, W. Ludden, R. Prince, E. Morgan (Vice-President).

Third row, left to right—W. Hessert, E. Tarbell, T. Smith, C. Briggs, E. Johnson, W. Finnegan, A. Kern, E. Aucoin, L. Grodinsky, L. Yates, G. Tarbell, D. Colpitts.

Second row, left to right—R. Rice, R. Palmer, T. Hersey, A. Lyon (Treasurer, Drum Major), N. Ordway (Assistant Conductor):

Front row, left to right—G. Levenseller, E. Gibbons, F. Morse, W. Mongovan, P. Sawyer, R. McDonald, C. Baumann (President), L. Bowden, R. Spencer, O. Fellows, J. Mullen, E. Duran.

General and Home Economics Courses

.....Ralph Brown

Technical and Industrial Courses

.....Emmons Kingsbury

SENIOR PLAY

Want an evening of real enjoyment, everybody? Just exactly what we guarantee. "Come Out of the Kitchen" is the name of it, and with such a talented, charming cast, and with such splendid coaching by Miss Rideout, it's sure to be a knock-out.

Cast

Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane Ellen

.....Janet Young

Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Aramita

.....Peggy Somers

Mrs. Falkener, Tucker's Sister

.....Sylvia Foster

Cora Falkener, her Daughter. Clarice Penney

Amanda, Olivia's Black Mammy

.....Polly Brown

Burton Crane, from the North... Robert Russ

Thomas Lefferts, Statistical Poet

.....Ray Spencer

Solon Tucker, Crane's Attorney and Guest

.....Clifford Gallupe

Paul Dangerfield, alias Smithfield

.....Ralph Brown

Charles Dangerfield, alias Brindlebury

.....Arthur Brown

Randolph Weeks, Agent of the Dangerfields

.....Frank Blaisdell

It's too good to tell you about it beforehand, but just a word anyhow. The Dangerfield family is forced to play the part of servants; why, I won't tell you! Well, Janet Young is Olivia, the brains of the family, and also the beauty. She has a fine time trying to keep Elizabeth Dangerfield (Peggy Somers) from coming to blows with a certain haughty old woman (Sylvia Foster), who is trying her darndest to get her daughter (Clarice Penney) married to Burton Crane (Bob Russ), a big butter and egg man from New York, who is out on a holiday. But said daughter has a *penchant* for Thomas Lefferts, a delightful, whim-

sical poet, played by Ray Spencer. Paul Dangerfield (Ralph Brown), as an experienced (?) butler, wears a wicked dress suit, and Charlie Dangerfield, the irresponsible young boy of all work, played by Arthur Brown, is last seen as an old man. Figure it out for yourself! Amanda, the STOUT, elderly female person of color (Polly Brown), takes ten years off S. Foster's life when she (Amanda) jumps at her from—but never mind where! Solon Tucker (Clifford Gallupe) and Randy Weeks (Frank Blaisdell) both fall in love with Olivia, and the competition waxes pretty strong until Burton Crane fools them both. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well, you must see "Come Out of the Kitchen" for yourself! After all, virtue is its own reward! To tell you more would spoil the whole thing.

GOSSIP AROUND THE SCHOOL

Madame is still convalescing—her daughter, Mlle. Estelle Beaupré, came back to B. H. S. to take up Madame's duties. We welcome her, but how we miss Madame!—the Senior group pictures have been on sale lately at recess time,—two dollars each—the class banner of red and a natural shade of leather is really quite modernistic and unusual—the first leather banner B. H. S. has ever seen.—at the recent speaking contest held at the U. of M., Priscilla Brown and Abraham Stern won second place respectively for the girls and boys—also five dollars—one of the most charming pictures in the Girls' Glee Club is that of Sato Somers, the unofficial mascot, picture seen elsewhere in this issue—the G. A. H. C. went on a hike the other day to Paradise Park—the girls have been having spring hockey practice lately, and class games have been played—the "Oracle" Board can be seen on one of these pages—no one has been asphyxiated or otherwise blown up in Chemistry lately—but the smells—let us pass on—and now don't forget our final exams are approaching!

Walking is fine exercise—if you can dodge those who aren't walking.—*Ex.*



SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Standing in back—P. Blaisdell, C. Baumann, C. Lewis, Mr. Sprague.

Fifth row, left to right—R. Prince, E. Morgan.

Fourth row, left to right—S. Mead, N. Ordway, R. Spence, H. Morris, C. Jacques.

Third row, left to right—B. Smith, M. Rogers, J. Thompson, I. Grodinsky, P. Sawyer, C. Briggs, R. Palmer.

Second row, left to right—K. Sullivan, M. Craig, D. Canty, H. Emple, H. Novak, R. Gray, D. Small, V. Talbot.

Front row, left to right—E. Thompson, R. Taylor, R. Epstein, M. Goodspeed, M. Bean.

Winners of the State Cup in the Shorthand and Typewriting contest at Augusta, Saturday, May 18.

Alfreda Morrill, 1st place in Class B, won the silver cup at 67 net words per minute with 3 errors, and scored 5 points toward the school cup.

Ida Kobritz, 2nd place in Shorthand, 97%, scored 3 points.

Margaret Colpitts, 3rd place, with 70 words, scored 1 point, making total of 9 points to win school cup.

Annie Gross made a very accurate record, 67.8 words with 5 errors.

MUSIC

BAND

The '28-'29 Band has reached a new high water mark, both as to numbers and to musical excellence. For the last two months the Band has been working with two objectives in view; one is the championship of Maine, the other the championship of New England. The former has been attained, the latter is still in doubt as the "*Oracle*" goes to press.

THE LEWISTON TRIP

After a full three hours' sleep, we arose at the ripe hour of three-fifteen to find the day of May eleventh heralded by a rather smoky morning. When we had finished the usual ceremonies of dressing and eating, we started for dear old B. H. S. a little earlier than usual. We found the school in its usual place, just looking a little older and after greeting each other courteously we embarked in the busses and started in the general direction of Waterville. The bus drivers had evidently done that sort of thing before, for we arrived in H₂Oville in good condition. From Waterville to Lewiston we travelled as guests of the M. C. R. R. In the car preceding the one in which the Band was riding, were the Waterville band, orchestra, and glee clubs. For some reason the engineer decided to stop at Lewiston and we all thought it was a great time to disembark. From the station we rode to the Arm-

ory in busses, these cars had been paid for previously, but some of the drivers tried to collect extra money from some of the Scotch band players. Their luck was—well! not so good.

We found that we were unopposed in Class A. So we played our three numbers, The Lone Crusader March, Hungarian Comedy, and Huldigungsmarsch.

The group picture of all the bands was taken and then the big parade started. As there was no one behind us, we finally came to the conclusion that we were last. It was rather difficult not to crowd the *preceding* bands in front of us but the Band did march very well under the circumstances.

The afternoon was free and the Band members did not leave a stone unturned in either Lewiston or Auburn. The evening programme was delightful including trombone, violin, piano solos.

There is nothing to be said about the trip home except that this member of the state championship band was finally tucked in at four a. m. Sunday morning, after twenty-five hours of travelling, marching, and playing things. Six hours' sleep out of forty-eight, from six a. m. Friday to six a. m. Sunday! Nat Sawyer was voted by the Waterville girls the sweetest boy in B. H. S. Band. They also voted Reggie McDonald the most charming conversationalist, and 'Hard Hearted' Hersey plus Harold Morris were the most itful couple.

Yours truly,

A. Hornblower.

The one and *only one* person who has made the B. H. S. Band is Mr. Alton Robinson. As a director and as a friend, Mr. Robinson is as nearly perfect as it is possible to be and still remain human. It was only by the best of good luck for Bangor that Mr. Robinson remained in Bangor this year, as directors of his type are so few and far between that they are in great demand. By winning the N. E. Contest Mr. Robinson put Bangor on the map for the first time since the decline of the lumber business. Several other big men have had to



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Fifth row, left to right—Caroline Bacon, Nathalie McLeod, Regina Warren, Phyllis Peavey, Frances Hayes, Mrs. Dean.

Fourth row, left to right—Mildred Bean, Margaret Avery, Celia Gordon, Marian Simpson, Mabel Dixey, Alena Wright, Beryl Warner.

Third row, left to right—Priscilla Brown, Doris Tyler, Mary McLaughlin, Elizabeth Hessert, Catherine Reilly, Pearl Hersey.

Second row, left to right—Eleanor Hatten, Gertrude Dorr, Helen Banks, Lillian Pond, Frances Clough, Eleanor Chadwick, Mary Goodspeed.

Front row, left to right—Peggy Somers, Merrita Dunn, Thelma Anthony, Fern Allen, Patricia Byrnes, Beatrice Laite.

leave Bangor because they were not appreciated. If people don't realize what Mr. Robinson is really worth he may possibly be obliged to go where he will be appreciated. If he goes it is a safe bet that the Band, well—flops. If Mr. Robinson stays the Band will rise to greater heights providing that some if not the proper cooperation is given by every one in contact with the Band.

Band work is wonderful training, social, mental, military, and musical. Don't neglect an opportunity to learn an instrument and you, undergraduates, may have a chance to play in one of the leading New England musical organizations.

PERSONNEL

Flute and Piccolo—Edgar Aucoin.

Oboe—Abraham Kern.

E-flat Clarinet—Wilfred Finnegan.

B-flat Clarinet—Nelson Ordway, Alpheus Lyon, Thomas Hersey, Paul Sawyer, Carl Briggs, Wilfred Hessert, Richard Palmer, Eugene Johnson, Richard Rice, Frank Morse, Edward Gibbons, Gorham Levenseller, William Mongovan, Temple Smith, Eaton Tarbell.

Saxophones—Leo Viner, Eugene Brown, Norman Cahners, Emmons Kingsbury, Kenneth Kurson, Robert Smith, Edgar Baker, Frank Faulkner, George Carlisle.

Trumpets—Raymond Spencer, Edward Morgan, Raymond Prince, David Colpitts, Lester Yates, Gridley Tarbell, Eugene Duran, Oscar Fellows, Joseph Mullen.

Horns—Donald McCready, Harold Morris, Irving Grodinsky, Arthur Thayer, Jr.

Trombones—Nathaniel Sawyer, Donald Rollins, Lawson Evans, Ralph Wilson, Edwin Baker.

Baritones—Walter Ludden, Robert Morgan.

Basses—Charles Jacques, Leonard Ford, Jr., Linwood Colby,

Tympani—Carl Baumann.

Percussion—Reginald McDonald, Louis Bowden, Bennie Viner, Eugene Betterley.

ORCHESTRA

The Bangor High School Orchestra has completed one of the most successful periods of its career. Throughout the year it has pleased audiences at assembly—quite a difficult task—this fact alone points out the efficiency of the groups. Even at the beginning of the school year the orchestra performed very skillfully and now, at the close of school, the organization has reached a high standard, almost equal to that of a professional group. To Mr. Sprague, director of the orchestra, is due the credit for the excellent work of his musicians. Although severely handicapped in some respects, he has developed an organization which is truly an honor to B. H. S.

The orchestra has great responsibility in its part in school functions. Among the most important are Senior and Dramatic Club plays, the annual public school concert, the Junior Exhibition, and last but not least the final ceremony of our high school career—graduation. This responsibility has been placed on able shoulders, as Mr. Sprague and his musicians have always added greatly to any program on which they were featured.

First Violins: Hyman Emple, Concertmaster; Doris Canty, Marjorie Craig, Ruth Epstein, Maxine Rogers, Beulah Smith, Emily Thompson, Roberta Taylor, Josephine Thompson, Kenneth Sullivan, Stewart Mead.

Second Violins: Mildred Bean, Mary Goodspeed, Rhona Gray, Irving Grodinsky, Harold Morris, Helen Novak, Elliott Reid, Vincent Talbot.

Violas: Richard Palmer, Donald Small.

Bass: Charles Jacques.

Flute: Edgar Aucoin.

Clarinets: Carl Briggs, Nelson Ordway, Paul Sawyer.

Trumpets: Edward Morgan, Raymond Prince, Ray Spencer.

Piano: Priscilla Blaisdell, Catherine Lewis.

Trombone: Nathaniel Sawyer.

Tympani: Carl Baumann.



R. O. T. C. OFFICERS

Back row, left to right—John Wilshire, Charles Jacques, Edward Morgan, Austin Miller, Henry Gulnae, James Burrill, James Mullen, Leonard Ford.

Third row, left to right—Dexter Clough, John Murray, Eugene Johnson, Lorenzo Hackett, Harold York, Alpheus Lyon, Wendall Smart.

Second row, left to right—Bernard Striar, George McKenney, Harry Crowley, James Bradbury, Carl Baumann, Nelson Ordway, Roderick Mullaney, John Finn.

Front row, left to right—Clifford Gallupe, Albert Conners, Emmons Kingsbury, David Colpitts, Michael Luosey, Walter Ludden, Frank Blaisdell.

GLEE CLUBS

Mrs. Dean is certainly to be congratulated for her fine work with the glee clubs. Organized singing does, perhaps, develop appreciation of music more than any other musical activity. The glee clubs are therefore doubly valuable both as a group and as a training school. The human voice is, after all, the first and most complex musical instrument and the glee clubs help to perfect this common inheritance.

PERSONNEL

First Sopranos:—Mabel Dixey, Alice Whalen, Regina Warren, Beatrice Laite, Catherine Reilley, Gertrude Dorr, Frances Wall, Mary McLaughlin, Marion Simpson, Celia Gordon, Merrita Dunn, Priscilla Brown, Edith Whittemore, Eleanor Chadwick, Gertrude Graham.

Second Sopranos:—Frances Hayes, Mildred Bean, Sarah Viner, Fern Allen, Nathalie McLeod, Thelma Anthony, Phyllis Peavey, Margaret Avery, Caroline Bacon, Alena Wright, Peggy Somers, Lillian Coffin, Patricia Byrnes, Elizabeth Hessert.

Altos:—Louise Merrill, Grace Hatten, Mary Goodspeed, Beryl Warner, Frances Clough, Hilda McLeod, Marcia Adelman.

MILITARY

As the spring term draws to a close, we of the corps will say farewell to our regiment and join the ranks of the countless civilians, each following our respective tasks in life. The regiment has done well this year and much enthusiasm has been shown; under the leadership of Lieutenant McKenney, the corps has attained the highest degree of success ever recorded in the history of the unit. Starting under a handicap at the very outset on account of lack of funds, by unselfish application and good business management he has brought our regiment into such a state of financial prosperity that too much credit cannot be given our popular lieutenant. The officers and men, particularly those who have been

personally associated with him on the various committees, take this opportunity to express their appreciation of his work and interest in the boys, and the manner in which he has conducted their activities. Many an officer has come to regard Lt. McKenney not merely as a Lieutenant of Infantry but as a personal and valued friend, and every man in the regiment realizes what regard and respect should be accorded him as our commandant.

The Military Ball was the most complete financial and social success that Bangor has known for many years. A capacity crowd was present and the dashing uniforms and beautiful gowns presented a striking appearance. Among the prominent people present were Major and Mrs. John Wilson, Col. Moseley, representing the commanding General of the 1st Corps Area, Col. and Mrs. Herbert L. Bowen, Col. William Ballou, and Lt. and Mrs. McKenney. At a recent interview, Col. Moseley stated that the decided success of the Bangor R. O. T. C. this year is most gratifying to interested citizens and should inspire the future regiments to greater *esprit du corps*. Col. Bowen also stated that this Military Ball is the best that he has ever attended.

The surplus funds from the proceeds of the ball, which are ample, will be used for equipment for the regiment in general. Already 12 new sabres have been ordered, whistles and white cross belts for non-commissioned officers, and several other articles which improve the appearance of the corps. These were expected to be here by the 22nd, when Col. Wilson Burtt inspected Bangor for the Military Honor School. It has been rumored that we stand an equal opportunity with the other schools of New England.

Our work is nearly done. We, the graduating officers, regret to leave our regiment for which we have worked and strived, but it is with a sense of security and honor that we turn our commands over to the Junior officers, for we know that when that time comes they will not be found wanting but will strive on to carry the standards of old B. H. S. where we of the corps have left them.



BANGOR HIGH RIFLE CLUB

Back row, left to right—W. Gould, W. Cole, C. Turner, F. McKean, K. Jones, G. Gardiner, H. Noddin.

Fourth row, left to right—R. Smith, H. Stewart, R. Wood, H. Casey, L. Barker, B. Sanders, L. Morrison.

Third row, left to right—R. Morgan, W. Graves, E. Silsby, R. Barrett, W. Barrett, R. Turner, J. Bartlett, V. Morrison.

Second row, left to right—A. Miller, C. Jacques, J. Mullen, M. Luosey, H. Crowley, W. Hadden, G. McKenney.

Front row, left to right—M. Sanborn, G. Cunningham, E. Dunham, A. Conners, D. Clough, H. Rand.

Seated in front—A. Ellis, C. Pressey, J. Ruhlin, C. Cochran, S. Beaulieu.



"Say not the struggle nought availeth."

BOYS

TRACK

Fleetwood McKean in the mile and John McDougall in the shot-put were the two first place winners in the first day's events of the Bangor High School interclass track meet, Wednesday afternoon, April 24, at Bass Park. The summary of the first four placers found the Seniors and Juniors tied for first place with eight points, and the Sophomores second with six.

The mile run furnished plenty of excitement for the onlookers. Michael Luosey got away to a fast start and led the field for three quarters of the way, with Norris Crosby and Fleetwood McKean close behind, but at the three quarters mark it became apparent that Luosey had set too hard a pace for himself, and the winner would, be settled upon between Crosby and McKean. They both went into the last quarter stretch fighting for ground. McKean took the lead at the 50-yard mark to garner the first five points of the meet which went to the Junior class.

John McDougall easily won first place in the field event. His put of the twelve-pound shot nearly hit the thirty-five foot mark.

The athletes of the Junior class at Bangor high school, for the first time in many years, seem to have an edge on winning the interclass track meet. Although Rod Mullaney,

sprint letterman of last year, won five points for the Senior class in the 100-yard dash at Bass Park Thursday afternoon, May 2, by winning that event, the Juniors added six when their dash men placed second, third, and fourth to increase their total to twenty-seven points. The Seniors were second with fifteen, while the Sophomores were two points behind.

The 100-yard dash, the only interclass event of the day, was run off in two heats, the first two finishing to run in the finals. Mullaney took first and Ed Morgan second in the first heat.

In the finals, Bernard Striar placed second, Ed Morgan, who placed in the mile and half-mile runs, took third, and fourth went to Louis Striar.

Monday afternoon, May 6, at Bass Park, the Junior class class increased its score to 32 points by winning the fourth event of the meet, the one-half mile relay. The Seniors and Sophomores finished second and third respectively. The Seniors were then second with eighteen and the Sophomores next with fourteen.

The four coming events on the program of the meet have not been finished as the "Oracle" goes to press, but the Seniors who are now trailing the Juniors by nineteen points feel confident that they will overcome the lead by winning three of the four events, and thus raise their total twenty-one points.



B. H. S. 1928-29 BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back row, left to right—Coach W. Edward Trowell, S. Epstein, H. Gulnac, R. Brown, E. Reid, Phil T. Somerville.

Third row, left to right—H. York, W. Hunt, J. Burr, L. Furrow, R. Russ, D. McKinnon, Manager L. Lynch.

Second row, left to right—T. Marcus, O. Heath, Captain J. McDonnell, H. Colburn, A. Goodin, G. Shean.

Front row—E. Dunham, G. Flagg.

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE UNDER WAY

Fifty football uniforms were issued Wednesday afternoon, April 24, in response to a talk given by John T. Quinn, who was recently elected full-time coach of athletics at Bangor High School for 1929, to the boys after the morning and afternoon assemblies, for spring football practice, which got under way Thursday afternoon, at Broadway Park, in spite of a heavy rainfall.

The purpose of this spring practice is for the instruction of those who have never played football and know little about the game; thus they will be nearer an equal footing with the lettermen next fall.

On Monday, April 29, Coach Quinn began devoting his mornings to drilling the Freshmen, who will be candidates next September.

The feature of the spring practice will be the game which will be played between the Freshmen and the morning students near the close of the session.

GIRLS

The athletic season was wound up when the annual athletic banquet and reception to the athletic teams was held at the Bangor House, April 11. The banquet, considered a very brilliant affair of the year, was a big success.

PROGRAM

Toastmistress.....	Eleanor West, '29
Hockey.....	Marjorie Craig, '29
Basketball.....	Arvella McIntyre, '29
Review of Events.....	Emily Thompson, '29

AWARDS

Interclass Numerals.....	Mrs. Richardson
Cup.....	Coach of Champions
Basketball Letters.....	Mrs. Richardson

The cup, a much coveted trophy, was awarded to the Junior class. The Girls' Athletic Honor Council took in three members:



FOOTBALL LETTER WINNERS, 1928

Back row, left to right—Clifford Smith, Michael Luosey, Hugh Campbell.

Third row, left to right—John McDonnell, Robert Russ, Manager Clifford Lynch, David Colpitts.

Second row, left to right—Osborne Heath, Nesame Corey, Ellis Dunphey, Henry Colburn, Lawrence Furrow.

Front row, left to right—Bernard Striar, Co-captain John Murray, Co-captain Robert Marques, Arthur Taylor.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Photo by Farrington

Left to right—Coach Hilda C. Richardson, Fern Allen, Annie Gross, Arlene Stevenson, Pearl Hutchings, Emily Thompson, Clarice Penney, Captain Marjorie Craig, Mary Carson, Manager Eulalie Collins, Pauline Brown, Evelyn Welch, Nathalie McLeod, Lydia Jones.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right—Eleanor West, Frances Crane, Mrs. Richardson, Pauline Kinney, Annie Gross.
Front row, left to right—Emily Thompson, Mary Carson, Eulalie Collins, Captain Arvella McIntyre,
Manager Marjorie Craig, Evelyn Welch.



Emily Lyon, Lydia Jones, and Helen Galupe. Third honors were awarded to Eulalie Collins, president of the Council. Eulalie is the second girl in the history of the Council to have received third honors. The first girl who received this honor was Avis Haley. Second honors were awarded to Eleanor West, Marjorie Craig, and Evelyn Welch.

The following poetry, which certainly deserves much praise and credit, was written by Emily Thompson.

REVIEW OF EVENTS

By Emily Thompson, '29

The Athletic Season 28 and 9
Had a most successful Hockey time
And often early in the fall
Running madly with the ball
Was seen Coach Richardson's Hockey team
With lots of pep and plenty of steam
Free hit, roll in, and then a bully
'Twas then we learned the game more fully.

Our first performance was at Castine
An exhibition game, with our second team.

The second was played with M. C. I.
When Broadway Park was almost dry
And next we met our friend Castine
Our well instructed Hockey team.
Then came our one and only loss
In shine and slosh we played the Frosh.
A flip up here and there a flop
Just muddy mud from tip to top
A fancy step and then a dive
'Twas wonder we came off alive.

But not again was there defeat
Next week we beat them sure and sweet.
It surely was a wondrous sight
To see how all those teams did fight
And everyone was quite in doubt
As to who would win that final bout.
But every team just cannot beat,
Somewhere there has to be defeat
Reward goes to the team most plucky,
The Juniors carried off the trophy.

Thus to a most successful end
Did our Athletic Season wend.



"I take my own where'er I find it."

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Whisp, Wilmington, Del.

You have an excellent and unusual cover. The stories in the Literary Department are fine, especially "The Duel." Your magazine is one of the best we have received.

The Red and Black, Newport, R. I.

Your magazines are small, but very good. The best features of them are the covers, and "Ye Oracle." The quotations by Pat the Senior are also good.

The Tripod, Saco, Maine.

Your poetry is good, also your Literary, although more stories would improve it.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

You have some good stories in the Literary Department, but the joke department is not what it should be.

The Advocate, New Brunswick, N. J.

An interesting magazine. Your cover and "Book-Reviews" are two of your good points.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

Back row, left to right—Emily Thompson, Dorothy Vanadestine, Polly Brown, Helen Gallupe.

Middle row, left to right—Lydia Jones, Emily Lyon, Louise Rosie, Mildred Bradford, Barbara Stover, Mary Carson.

Front row, left to right—Eleanor West, Mildred Russell, Mildred Haney, Evelyn Welch, Frances Crane, Marjorie Craig, Eulalie Collins.

The *Broctonia*, Brockton, Mass.

Another fine magazine. An improvement could be made by adding to the jokes and putting them under a separate department.

The *Herald*, Westfield, Mass.

The crowning feature of your paper is "Books." This department is both well written and interesting, as well as helpful. A few more stories will help the Literary Department.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.

A well-written magazine. The Literary Department is good. Your cover and the department cuts are well drawn.

The *Lion*, Boston, Mass.

A peppy little magazine. Your cartoons are very well drawn, also your covers. "Hilarious Howls" is also good.

We also acknowledge:

The *Navillus*, Berwick, Maine.

The *Passamaquoddy Oracle*, Eastport, Me.

The *North Star*, Houlton, Maine.

The *Hermes*, Yarmouth, Maine.

The *Pennant*, Monroe, Maine.

The *Brown and White*, Stonington, Conn.

The *Maroon and White*, Providence, R. I.

The *Brewster*, Wolfboro, N. H.

The *Echo*, South Portland, Maine.

The *Orange and Black*, Hanover, Pa.

The *Lawrence Lyre*, Fairfield, Maine.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The *Aegis*, Beverly, Mass.

The quotations after each department cut are very unusual. Your exchange department is très bon.

The *Broctonia*, Brockton, Mass.

A fine collection of editorials and stories. It is rather difficult to find all the interesting material without a table of contents. Come again.

The following letter was sent to us by a recent graduate of Bangor High School. We certainly hope his opinions are shared by others!

156 Stuart St.

Boston, Mass.

April 4, 1929

Raymond F. Newell

Exchange Editor

The *Oracle*

Bangor, Maine

Dear Sir:—

Six years ago the *Oracle* was my school magazine at Bangor High and then I enjoyed it. In looking it over now I think it has improved tremendously since that time. The quantity of advertising is great—that's what counts most. The editorials are very well written. The personals brought us many good hearty laughs. I hope you have continued success.

Very truly yours,

(SIGNED) Clifford B. Hathorn,

The *Lion*, Burdett College.

ALUMNI

Prescott F. Dennett, '25, has been awarded a scholarship of \$1800 by the Columbia University School of Journalism, from which he graduates this spring. The money is to be used for study in Europe. Mr. Dennett was a member of the "*Oracle*" Board in his Senior year in B. H. S.

IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Daniel McCann, B. H. S. 1886, eminent physician, good citizen of Bangor, member of Bangor school board (1897-1919), father of five graduates of B. H. S.

HORRIBLE



Edgar S. Diller '24

CLASS REUNION, JUNE 14, 1944

(Special to the "Oracle")—The first reunion of the famous class of '29, Bangor High School, was held in the Veazie Town Dump today. The reunion was arranged by special permission of the Mayor of Veazie, Bob Russ.

The first to arrive was Peerless Briggs, who drove up in a speedy roadster, which he gracefully parked halfway up a telephone pole. His famous cane was still in good use, altho worn down to about an inch in length, and his still more famous limp was in good working order. Then came Ray Newell, driving a Hack truck, with a whole load of eager twenty-niners in the rear. Among them were Charley Jacques, with his thirty foot bass horn; Frank Blaisdell, the Hero of Hollywood; and Rod Mullaney, who is one of the Selectmen of Hard Neck, Calibraska.

The festivities were soon under way. Itchsky Rolnick was choirmaster, elected by popular vote. With Rolnick as temporary chairman, elections were held. Ray Spencer was elected President, and took the chair. (The City Constable is still hunting for it.) Al Lyon was elected First Vice-President and took another chair. By the time Cay Lewis had been elected Second Vice-President, all the chairs had been nailed down, so she was S. O. L. (sadly outa luck), and the rest decided it was not worth while to elect any more officers. George Shean appointed himself Briggs' keeper, and swiped one of Bill Pond's brogans to use for a persuader.

Meanwhile Richlin had been setting up tables. Some were original and preferred to eat off (or on) the ground. These, however, were soon discouraged by pink elephants and

peculiarly obnoxious sea-monsters, which disturbed them greatly. But all was not lost. Some of Richard Buckley's Mercury Paint (Harmless to Children, Fatal to Sea-Monsters) relieved the situation to a great degree.

Emil Davis tried to make an after-dinner speech, and was favored with a few tomatoes, from which the can had not been unwrapped. Emil collapsed and took no further interest in the proceedings.

During the afternoon, a few strenuous sports were played. Lucilius Mudgett won the Mah Jong championship, while Eleanor West walked off with the honors in Beanbag.

Howard Day would have won the hundred-yard dash, but Henry Colburn slipped on a banana peel and slid home first. Ossie Heath and Mary Jones were tied for third, so they each received an embroidered paper weight. Molder Murray won a fur-lined cowbell in the 220 and placed second in the thirty-yard creep.

Late in the afternoon a lively game of baseball was started. Polly Brown popped a fly, but it didn't kill him, so she was out. Hymie Emple socked a homer. All would have been well, but just then Art Brown came running up, all hot and bothered. He had just gotten his graduation pictures from the photographer, and was looking for people to swap with. The girls all made a dive for them, and in the excitement, Hymie made two touchdowns and a couple of baskets, to say nothing of five runs. It seems the scorekeeper lost his book and Hymie had to return it to him. It was now too late to play any longer, so the meeting broke up.

Thus endeth a tale of the great open spaces, where men are men, and women wash dishes.





Mrs. C.—What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?

C—R.—She'll be sixteen to-morrow.

Wa-a-b—I wanna go to the circus and see the lady get sawed in two.

Fond Parent—Shush now, Abie. You can go to the beauty parlor to-morrow and see mamma get her face lifted.

E—B—I can tell you the score of this game before it starts.

K—McG.—What is it?

E—Nothin' t' nothin'—before it starts.

P—R—I had to leave school on account of hydrophobia.

Fish W—Yeah?

P—Yeah. I couldn't spell it.



Shiek S.—Why are the days longer in summer.

G. W. S.—Because the heat expands them.

A maid—Oh! How nice to be an aviator.

A man—Yeah, wanta fly?

A. M.—You bet I do!

P. M.—All right. Just a minute, I'll catch you one.

A. St—(at soda fountain)—I want a glass of water, vanilla flavor.

The Latest Excuse

You can't flunk me, teacher, I'm insane.

C—B—Did you just get a hair-cut?

M—D—No, I just had my ears moved down a little bit.



It seems funny that in the National Flower Contest none thought to mention the Blooming Idiot.

Kindergarten Teacher—Johnny, why must we be kind to the poor?

Johnny—Because they might become rich some day.

After years of hard study, R—G—has decided that the kind of hens that lay the longest are dead hens.

Kay McG—: Do you know Ruth Blanning?

R. Drum—: Oh, yes; she's a book-keeper.

Kay McG—: Yes, she's had one of mine for three years.

Careless to Lose the Engine

Phil Webber was the prospective owner of a new Ford (Model A). The salesman-mechanic of S. L. Crosby was showing Phil the points of the car, also how to run it. It ran along very smoothly for a while, then began to gasp. The salesman stopped the car, raised the hood,

and remarked: "The engine's missing."

"Good heavens," said Phil, "it was there when we started!"

Prof. M. T. Bean says:

School is a great life if you don't weaken.

College is a place where one spends several thousand dollars to get an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

The only difference between a Freshman and a traffic cop is that you can get in a word or two with a traffic cop.

In Senior English Miss R—asked us to give our impression of the first Armistice Day. "Tu-Brite" Ordway said:

"Well, I remember we didn't have any school that day."

Lady Passenger—Could I see the captain?
First Mate—He's forward, Miss.

Lady Passenger—I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys.

HELPING HAND CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

(Hymie Emple, Mgr. Itchsky Rolnick, Pres.)

Are you a failure?

Did you start with high ambition and stub your toe on the road to success?

We have the remedy.

A course in the Helping Hand Correspondence School.

We fit your personality to a job.

We place square pegs in square holes. Don't run a peanut stand when you should be operating a hot-dog wagon. Fight the world with keen weapons.

Enclose no money—merely place a check before the course which interests you, state whether blonde or brunette, and we do the rest.

Sheik—Through the Sahara's worst sandstorm I have come to thee, Nellie.

Sheikess—Aye, Rudolph, surely thou must be a man of grit.

"Gridleak" Tarbell—I'd like to buy a diamond necklace for my girl.

Floor Walker—Glassware in Aisle 143.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST CONSENTS TO INTERVIEW

Arthur Brown gives message to "Oracle"

(As told to Arthur A. Brown, in collaboration with A. Brown.)

On obtaining an interview with Arthur Brown, inventor of Brown's Non-Penetrating Pin-Points, we were overjoyed to find that he would answer any questions we might put to him.

When we entered the laboratory, the great man made a wry face. In answer to our admiration, he explained that the quality of his wry faces was mostly due to the fact that only the best wry obtainable was used. This is sprayed on with carpet-beaters, after which it is left to petrify ten days. Then ten onions are carefully skinned, boiled, mixed with Portland cement and thrown out the window. This must be repeated ten times until a creamy consistency is reached. By this time the engine should be well started, and you are through.

"But how did you ever do it?" we exclaimed. He blushed and dropped his eyes to the floor. Then he immediately picked them up again. "Did you see the way they bounced when they hit?" inquired the great man. "That is due to



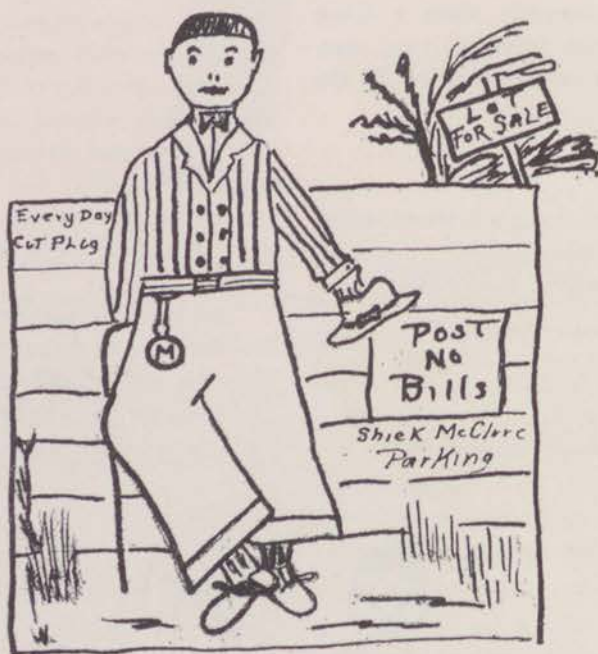
my new eye-drops. Try dropping your eyes once a day for three months and you will be able to do anything."

"Could we learn to speak French in ten easy lessons?" "Oh, certainly." Just then the bell rang. He started, but immediately stopped. "I feel a strange melancholy creeping over me." "That's no melancholy, that's a hornet," says we. He pulled a long face. "By George, that's interesting," and with a lightning-like motion he whipped out a ruler. "Fifteen inches, b'golly. That's the longest face I ever pulled."

wants to knit his brows, but cannot. What a blessing my machine will be!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Brown, but you really must answer my question." "Oh, I must, must I?" He hurled the sharp retort at us, but it broke on the wall and did no further damage. "Mr. Brown, we really must make an escape. Will you tell us how?"

"Very well. Take an ordinary kitchen cabinet and plant it. Be sure to water it frequently until it begins to shoot. Then keep out of sight for exactly five years and three seconds. By that time the shooting will be all



"But, Mr. Brown, we would like to know the secret of your success." "Just a moment, then, till I collect my thoughts."

With another lightning-like motion he whipped a magnifying glass out of another pocket and started to collect. "I have all but one, but I can't find him. Ah, there you are." And so saying, the superman picked him out from behind a Bunsen Burner. "By," he said, "the way, have you ever seen my brow-knitter. There is a machine that will make a fortune for me some day. Many a tired business man

over. Then take your old razor blades, make a neat package of them, sneak up behind a policeman, and deposit them in his pocket. That clears that up, I hope. Now, as I said before, get the dimensions of your escape, a few feet of white pine, and some glue. Plans for all sorts of escapes may be secured from my assistant, A. Stern, including enameled ones at fifteen cents apiece. Anything more, gentlemen? No, I see you have nothing for a poor starving widow. Heaven help the sail-

(Continued on Page 72)

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Troy, New York



A School of Engineering and Science



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 1400 students enrolled at the school.

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

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

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

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

HORRIBLE

(Continued from page 70)

ors on a night like this." With these pathetic words he broke into tears. This sufficiently clears up his disappearance, as some of the tears escaped through a crack in the floor, and he could never be put together again.

Boob—Her father was a big lumber man, wasn't he?

McNutt—Well, he had a wooden leg.

Health Hints (to Seniors going out in the World.)

Do not allow your conceit to become flabby or get run down at the heels. Listening to yourself on the radio is helpful.

Vigorous, upstanding ears are marks of character. Practice ear-wiggling to the tune of "I hear you calling me."

If fruits do not agree with you, cut out your Adam's apple for the time being.

If you have flat feet, do not despair. A flat head is much worse.

Remember eyes are the windows of the soul, and windows should be washed weekly.

No self-respecting person will be without well-muscled eyebrows. Engage in short, spirited eyebrow scrimmages before breakfast.

Don't neglect your wind. A blimp is nothing more than a toy balloon that has dieted.

Not Such A Quick Lunch.—Nitt—If you're in such a hurry why don't you order a minute steak?

Witt—Nothing doing. Once I ordered a minute steak with potatoes and it took me five minutes to find it.—*Judge*.

Wrong Number!—Father—I do not approve of your acquaintance with that telephone girl.

Son—Why not; she's connected with the best families.—*The Mill*.



Arthur Brown at Senior Prom

Willie—Say, Pop, did you ever go to Sunday School when you were a boy?

Father—Yes, son, regularly. Never missed a Sunday.

Willie—Well, I'll bet it won't do me any good, either.—*The Yellow Cab Magazine*.

Hee—Is the "Oracle" Editor particular?

Haw—Is he? He raves if he finds a period upside down.

Why did the burning deck boy choose
To stand upon his feet?

Because the lad had thicker shoes
Than he had trousers' seat.

(Continued on Pages 74 and 77)

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

Piano Study from Beginning to Teachers' Course

28th Season—September 7th

Studio:—Andrews Music House Building

Telephone 357

Summer Address:—2 Place Madeleine Paris, France

Graduation Shoes For Young Men and Women

AT

CURRAN CO. BOOT SHOP

72 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

MOONEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD STORE

"TRADE WITH PEPPER AND SAVE MONEY"

Corner Main and Cedar Streets

Telephone 1203

Shawmut Paint, Kyanize Paint and Varnishes, Wall Paper, Garden

Tools, Hardware—Free Delivery



BANGOR

Chinese Silk and Rajah Silk

Sleeveless Frocks

Two and Three Piece

Jacketed Sport Costumes

Flannel Coats

JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.

182 Harlow Street,—Bangor, Maine

Telephone 1050

MILLER - LARGAY CO.

Clothing and Furnishings

18 Broad Street, - BANGOR, MAINE

Class Will, 1929

We, the class of '29, being of sound (?) mind, do hereby give and bequeath:

Ray Newell's giant build to.....	Gridley Tarbell
Bunt Lynch's comeback slips to.....	Fred Robbins
Dick Buckley's Pushhard to.....	Oscar Fellows
Bill Pond's corn-popper to.....	Sleepy Reid
Carl Baumann's angel face to.....	Dexter Clough
Pauline Siegel's ranks to.....	Mildred Sawyer
Bob Hodgkins' dancing ability to.....	Joe Mullen
The Personals Department to.....	a couple of other poor saps
Al Lyon's tin-plated clarinet to.....	Paul Sawyer
Paul Sawyer to the.....	S. P. C. T.*
Clarice Penney's popularity to.....	Pat Brown
Earl Webber's Ford to.....	Lawson Evans
Briggs' limp to.....	Abe Stern
Janet Young's Irish accent to.....	Ruth Blanning
Kay McGown's "Baker"y to.....	Eleanor Hatten
Peggy Somers' hound to the.....	Glee Club
Dave Colpitts' sabre to.....	G. Levenseller
Bud Flynn's kid brother to a.....	Kewpie Doll Factory
Hymie Emple's Latin recitations to.....	Murray Blakeney
Lucilius Mudgett's feet-mittens to.....	Squeak Conners
Frank Blaisdell's curling-iron to.....	Chandler Redman
Virgil to the.....	Juniors
And the <i>Causeeries</i> to the.....	same bunch
Art Browns' trick walk to.....	Leonard Ford
Bill Pond's second-hand gum to.....	the Home for Aged Canines
Nel Ordway's "Natty" uniform to.....	? (Ask N. A.)
George Shean's neckties to.....	the Fire Department
A few hundred nice tame ponies to.....	anyone that wants 'em
Eddie Baker's "Kay"n to.....	? (Ask anyone you want to)

*T—Teachers.

(SIGNED): Robert P. Russ, Pres.
Polly F. Brown, Vice-Pres.

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BANGOR, MAINE

HORRIBLE

(Continued from page 72)

A Fish Story.—I tell you, I never saw such a fish!

No, I don't suppose you ever did.—*The Mill.*

SOME OF OUR HIGH LIGHTS

Most studious.....	John O'Brien
Most popular.....	Chester Arbo
Most fashionable.....	Richard Buckley
Most original.....	Hymie Emple
Best talker.....	Nelson Ordway
Best crabber.....	"Bunt" Lynch
Class funny man.....	Carl Briggs
Class flirt.....	Marian Carter
Class old maid.....	Clarice Penney
Class bachelor.....	"Bob" Russ
Class giggler.....	"Pat" Byrnes
Most sophisticated.....	Janet Young

We recently learned that our esteemed classmate, Carl Briggs, was the most wonderful baby. People came from miles around to see him. Yeah—they wondered what it was!

One of the biggest events of the year was the Ink catastrophe staged by Brother Colburn and "Kandy" Lynch. Both suffered many "black-and-blue" spots, black eyes, etc. (Carter's Ink, no doubt.) But it wasn't so nice when the victims had to get down on the floor and scrub up the ink "après la guerre fini."

In chemistry the other day R. F. N. dared Joe Ocean to touch a red-hot test tube.

"If you'll give me a quarter I'll lick it," said the challenged one.

Thereupon "Newkie" took out a very dirty quarter and gave it to him.

"Joe" put the bright coin to his lips, licked it, then slipped it into his pocket and strolled whistling down the corridor.

"My boy, when you grow up I want you to be a gentleman."

"I don't want to be a gentleman, Pop; I want to be like you."—*The Mill.*

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"AND ON EARTH, PEACE GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN"

(Continued from Page 37)

And it still stood when the World War broke out; that war which destroyed all placid ideas of our advanced civilization. Here millions of men, the pick of every country's youth, fell in a struggle—some call it glorious!—for freedom, for Christian ideals of right and wrong. And those men who weren't killed, who fought in all the filth and welter of blood, who saw friends killed, blown to bits, and who then returned home—what was left for them?

Why need all this be? From time immemorial, the profession of war has been considered the most dashing, the most gallant. The soldier is not looked on as a man who kills and wounds enemies and destroys property; who makes widows and orphans by the thousand; who tramples down crops, and burns villages, and brings ruin into thousands of lives; but as a man who exposes his life for others. In the popular imagination he does not kill for his country; he is killed for his country. At war time in army camps every virtue except that of strict obedience is abandoned. And there is no disease more contagious than vice. Its influence is like that of a continual and noxious vapour; we neither regard it nor perceive it, but it secretly undermines the moral health.

Then there are the millions of dollars spent by every country for this very military support; for experimental work in high explosives and poisonous gases. This branch of warfare has become so highly developed that a small mass no larger than your fist can destroy a territory equal to two thirds of New York City, of every bit of life and vegetation in less than a quarter of an hour. That is not even warfare—that is annihilation! How much more benefit could be reaped if this money was spent for the advancement of educational and industrial prosperity.

There are three distinct forces that breed war: jealousy, greed, and ignorance tinged

(Continued on Page 81)

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"AND ON EARTH, PEACE GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN"

(Continued from Page 79)

with fear. Every war can be traced back to at least one of these reasons and generally to all three. It is not until our feeling of patriotism for our own country expands and includes the feeling of internationalism for every country; it is not until we show our neighboring country that we trust it as we trust our own; it is not until *then* that we shall have lasting world peace.

Somewhere, far away, a bell tolled out the hour—one.....two.....three.....four.....as I watched the stained glass window the angel again appeared to be as I had first seen him.....five.....six.....seven.....eight.....arm's stretched forward, beseeching, blessing all who turned.....nine.....ten.....eleven.....twelve.....the New Year had arrived.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

(Continued from page 38)

The convention was in session nearly four months. During this time, there were many heated discussions and very long speeches. Once during the course of the Convention, the atmosphere was so strained, that it was necessary to adjourn for two days, giving the principles, in this certain debate, a chance to talk it over, not with their colleagues, but with their opponents. Finally the Constitution was drawn up and accepted unanimously by all the States present. Thirteen of the fifty-five delegates had returned to their respective States and three refused to sign the Constitution. Therefore, thirty-nine of the fifty-five delegates signed the Constitution. The work of the Great Convention was over.

The Constitution of the United States, including the nineteen amendments, does not exceed seven thousand words, and it may be read aloud in twenty-three minutes. Gladstone, an eminent historian said, "The Con-

(Continued on Page 83)

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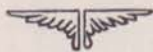


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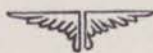
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THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

(Continued from page 81)

stitution is the greatest document ever struck off by the hand of Man."

Calvin Coolidge said, "The Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, those rights will be secure. Whenever it falls into disrespect or disrepute, the end of orderly organized government, as we have known it for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, will be at hand.

"The Constitution represents a government of law. There is only one other form of authority, and that is government of force. Americans must make their choice between these two. One signifies justice and liberty; the other tyranny and oppression. To live under the American Constituion is the greatest political privilege that was ever accorded to the human race."

MAKING A LIFE

(Continued from page 40)

Are you going to muddle through somehow until the dark gates open that lead into another life, or are you going to make yourself known and felt and become a power for good? Nothing can keep you back if you mean to go forward. We must make up our minds where we are going. Remember that it is not the way you go that matters most but how far you go that way; the great task set before us is so to prepare in the days of our youth, that in carrying on our work in the world we shall do things well. Go after life, and life will rush to meet you. You may make yourself immortal in a minute. You may give the World some great idea, invent some new thing; or you may throw it away and use it meanly and ignobly sowing the seed of ruin through many lives. Moments are golden things. Use them well for they are the hours in which you are making your name in the world. Think of a minute and all it may mean.

(Continued on page 85)

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MAKING A LIFE*(Continued from Page 83)*

Be pure. Be a Galahad. You may not ride through the world on a white horse to find the Holy Grail, but you may be a Galahad in the street, or the shop, at school, or at home. Galahad sought the highest ends by the noblest means. He gave his utmost for the best. He kept the great end in view. He set an ideal before him and followed it. Nothing small or mean could swerve him from his path. And whatever you do believe there is no surer way than this. You may work so that all you do heaps up advantages for yourself and leaves those who help you tired and joyless and poor. When you look back on such a life the looking back will bring you no peace. But you may work instead so that all you do heaps up advantages for yourself and others; and then if you look back you will have a peace that nothing in the world can take away.

One thing that every boy and girl must have to be a successful man or woman is chivalry. There may or may not have been a King Arthur with his Round Table but all through the world there have been men and women like him. Some are made famous in history. But mostly history misses them, and they belong to that unnumbered race of those who live unselfish lives, and do great things in countless little ways, and pass unknown save by the few who never cease to mourn them. They are chivalrous. They do not ride in gallant company, their deeds are not cried out to all the world; but through their lives they sow the seeds of chivalry not less than did King Arthur's knights. Chivalry is in the reach of all. We can wake up whether rich or poor and possess it every morning. It has in it the love of courtesy, the courage that never quails, the will to suffer pain for others, the zeal that wears life out in great causes, a boundless pity for the poor, a burning passion to right a wrong, the scorn of scorns for cruelty and the heart of hearts for all that is generous and helpful and noble and true. Can you think of the manhood and womanhood of the world made up of noble

*(Continued on Page 87)***Iron and Steel****Heavy Hardware****N. H. Bragg & Sons****BANGOR, MAINE****Automotive Equipment****Radio****RICE & TYLER****PIANOS - RADIOS****VICTROLAS****CENTRAL STREET****EUROPEAN HAIR STORE**

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MAKING A LIFE

(Continued from Page 85)

qualities like that? Through all the years that lie behind us our flag has stood for chivalry. It has caught in its folds the spirit of all that is best in the lives of the people. Chivalry is the secret of the United States. It was the secret of the American and Allied Armies in the great war. It is for us to see that this spirit lives on. The acts of our lives make up the nation and nothing we do is quite without its influence in the world. Let us bear ourselves to all with courtesy and honor and goodwill; for we must keep burning, forever, the precious lamp of chivalry.

Thus, be in all things honorable; be capable in what you undertake; be afraid of nothing but evil; be anxious for nothing but good. So you will serve your country well; so you will honor God; so you will travel to your destiny with peace and love, by a way that no cloud can darken, with a calm which none of this world's sorrow can destroy.

FATHERS OF THE CONSTITUTION

(Continued from Page 42)

It is not necessary to go into the intricate and complex problems of drawing up the Constitution thru all the oppressively hot days of that memorable summer, the dissensions, the opposition, the debates, and the deadlock on the critical question of proportional representatives, which finally resulted in a great compromise and the completion of the Constitution. It is sufficient to say that these men, realizing the significance of their tasks and imbued with spiritual qualities fitted for their responsibilities, decided upon an interpretation of free government, wholly acceptable to the American people.

And now, as we look back over the years of prosperity, growth and development of our magnificent United States, we cannot fail to realize that back of this domestic and international tranquility is a great and underlying

(Continued on Page 89)

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FATHERS OF THE CONSTITUTION

(Continued from page 87)

principle that has guided us and influenced all our actions since the day our forefathers, assembled in convention, affixed their signatures to that document which has been the source of counsel and authority in our national life and on which the future generations can rely, the Constitution of the United States.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from page 44)

Now, we shall visit New York's east side, the seat of melodramatic fiction, background of police records for a hundred years, and now the home of all the nationalities in the world.

The pathway to an unsavory but interesting part of the city lies through Park Row. Both sides of the old road have their notorious history, and though perfectly safe now, as in any part of New York, they furnish the background for both the greatest and the pettiest criminals on record, and vie with La Cite near Notre Dame in Paris, and Whitechapel, London, in Melodramatic fiction. As one goes along, he might hear the familiar refrain:

"East Side, West Side, all around the town,
The tots sang 'Ring-a-rosie,' 'London
Bridge is falling down,'

Boys and girls together, me and Mamie
Rourke

Tripped the light fantastic on the
sidewalks of New York."

Not far from Park Row is Chinatown. Through little twisting streets patter slanting-eyed Mongolians; hanging shields and banners bear Chinese characters. The very silence of it is foreign; it has its own life, its own newspaper; it is the mecca of laundrymen for fifty miles around. Its food is exotic but thoroughly clean, and its inmates honest. The Chinese New Year is celebrated for a week. Socially, like ourselves, they pay visits, smoke friendly-wise from long tin pipes, and drink rice wine. Another "heathen" custom of the same holi-

(Continued on page 91)

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THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 89)

day is to pay all debts, for it is a public disgrace for a Chinaman to owe money,—carrying over from one year to the next!

The vast east side is scarcely New York. It is Europe,—with a touch of Asia. The Ghetto, with the exception of a few Hungarians, Austrians, and Poles, is almost exclusively Jewish. On the streets are pushcarts where everything is sold from pins to fur coats. It is a striking scene of oriental bazaars, delightfully foreign, sometimes very humorous and often pathetic. On Friday night, the beginning of the Jewish sabbath, the "Ghetto" assumes dignity. Old bearded men don their high hats and frock coats, and go to the synagogue, where the service, with its solemn Hebrew hymns and its congregation, is most impressive.

Balancing the Russian Jewish district, on the west of the Bowery, and south of 10th Street, is one of the biggest of the Italian colonies. As we cross the Bowery we fling ourselves into the midst of it. There is a colorfulness, a gaiety and light-heartedness about Little Italy which is sadly missing in the Ghetto. On West Houston and Mulberry Streets there are as many push-carts as on Hester,—but here they run to fruit instead of clothes, and many an uptowner strives to get to Houston Street for his choicest tomatoes!

For the visitor there is always some display in Little Italy. It may be, indeed, a funeral, but even that will give him pause. He will hear trumpets, then the wailing notes of a dirge, and around the corner will march slowly the long procession. Black clad mourners walk beside a white hearse; the horses are decked with elaborate covers, and at least a six-piece band accompanies even the poorest Italian baby!

But now, as our time is growing short, we cannot linger any longer on the foreign section. As we hurry along, perhaps you may catch a glimpse of Harlem valley where is fought the savage battles of the Giants and other baseball teams in the Polo Grounds below.

(Continued on Page 93)

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THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 91)

Now, of course, you want to see the high spots of New York. Surely, without being told, the visitor will walk up the grand boulevard of Park Avenue with its palatial apartments, and down Madison with its shops that rival any in Europe. And then 5th Avenue! Of course he knows it. He goes into the beautiful public library and visits St. Patrick's Cathedral and all the other well-known churches. He must then plan to have his visit to the Woolworth Building fall at sunset time. He must see its enormous Gothic tower rise against a reddened sky, every rich detail of it silhouetted, and its gold gleaming. He must walk then, just a way, over fine old Brooklyn Bridge, to see the city "light up"—to see its windows become myriad stars opening up, one here, another there, and then, fast, furiously, until lower New York is all ablaze!

Let the visitor see his New York so, and let him wander just once, when the rush of the city has been great, to the quiet spots of Central Park. Let him sit on a bench there, where the hum of the city is far away, and then, slowly, stroll along the lake. Over to the east, the Italian Renaissance palaces rise above the trees, homes of the richest in the land, while southward, the red beacon light of the Metropolitan Tower counts out the quarter hours,—quarter hours that pass by in New York so fast, but teeming with activity, and each one marking some problem solved, another milestone reached!

THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT

(Continued from Page 46)

names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another."

Article II. "The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise

(Continued on Page 95)

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THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT

(Continued from Page 93)

among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

To most of us it may seem strange, but it was a real task to get the Senate's approval of this treaty. As the New York World saw it the very first session, after the anti-war pact had been given the right of way, was a "séance full of fire-works with Senator Borah, the central figure, attacked by a ring of other Senators pumping conundrums at him about the Kellogg Treaty." Borah kept his head and, although the questions came hard and fast, he was able to make a convincing reply to every one of them which was at all reasonable.

Of the many opponents to the bill perhaps one of the strongest was Senator Reed from Missouri. In his speech he said:

"We are told by one class of treaty advocates that the dream of the ages is about to be realized. Swords will be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. The roar of cannon will be supplanted by the chime of Christmas bells, and war's grim visage assume the lineaments of the countenance of Christ. What the proclamation of Sinai did not accomplish in four thousand years, what Christ's teachings have not achieved in twenty centuries, is to be produced by the magic stroke of Mr. Kellogg's pen."

Senator Borah suffered them to continue in this absurd manner until they had stormed themselves out and were willing to listen to reason. Then he pointed out to them how narrow minded and unreasonable they were; and by his wonderful convincing power he proved to them that this treaty includes all that any successful treaty should include, and that it was their duty to accept it. Through the remarkable power of his talk the treaty was ratified, eighty-five Senators voting "Aye," and only Senator Blaine voting "No."

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