

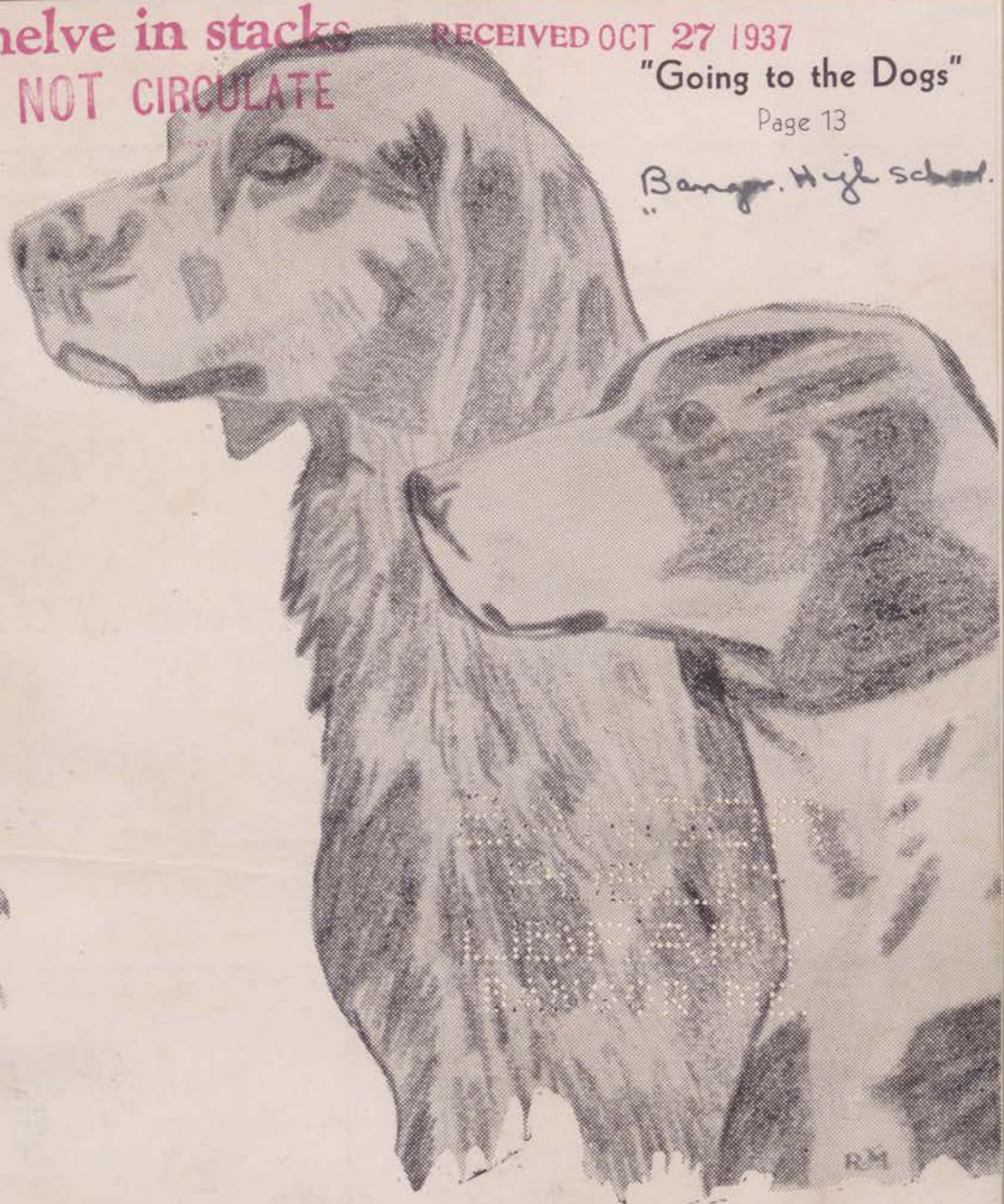
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"Going to the Dogs"

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Bangor High School



OPEN FORUM — Page 29

"I Like Hunting" — Pauline Campbell

"I Dislike Hunting" — Carleton Orr

"CLEVER LEM" — Jack Backman — Page 7

22
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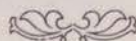
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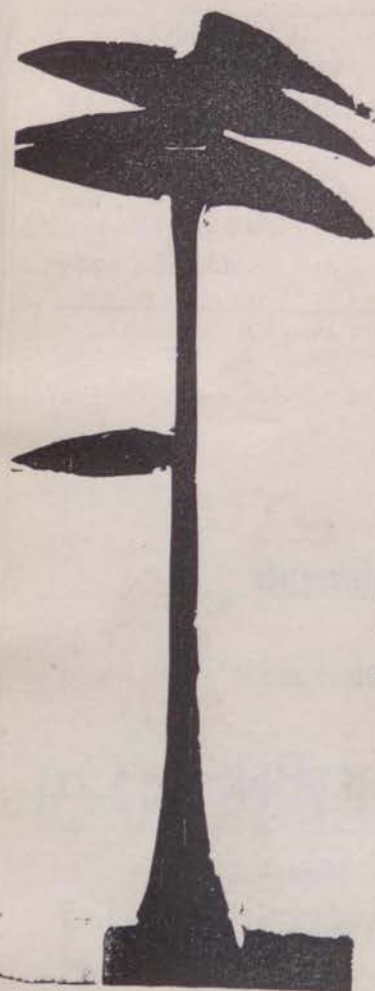
Bangor, Maine



Forest Night

By Richard Coffin

The dancing of the breezes on the lake;
 The golden path we travel toward the moon:
 The little drip and splash our paddles make;
 The silence—then the laughing of the loon:
 A shadow as the bat goes flitting by;
 A winking light upon the lake's far edge;
 The whisper of the birch, the breathing sigh
 Of night winds in the tall pines and the sedge;
 The moon that sails on high above the hill
 And seems to shed a dust upon the scene
 Which glances from the ripples of the rill
 And throws its shadows through the forest screen:
 The buck that comes to drink beside the shore
 Who hears the tiny waves around our bark,
 Whose coming cracked no twig or stick before,
 Whose going leaves us nothing but the dark;
 All these make up the velvet summer night
 Through which we glide till stars and moon are gone.
 Then on the clouds there comes a graying light,
 And in her golden glory bursts the dawn!



"Clever" Lem

JACK BACKMAN

JUNIOR

YEP, aint nothin' to it 'cept buyin' us one of these here printin' contraptions an' then hirin' us one of these here edytors fellers an' then we be all set!" Lem Haskance Rawlins was plainly excited. After all, had it not been his brilliant idea that originated the scheme of publishing a paper in Lambington City?

He tilted his chair back against the wall of his "Lambington General Variety Department Store," and went on. "Reckon I didn't go through eight grades of gramma' school in Washington County fer nothin', by cracky! I know about a newspaper.

"I be knowin' all about edytors, preporters, poeters, humoristicers, literaryists, an' all thar' is to know 'bout papers, eh, Ebenezer?" Lemuel Rawlins stopped talking, mainly because he was out of breath. A tall, thin individual, with his eight years of schooling he was the "mos' edycated" of all Lambington. He had a monopoly of all the stores of this fair city—there being but one in this thriving community of two hundred fifty-two men, women and children.

Ebenezer, several years younger, who was to follow in the tracks of his prodigal brother, "Ye know durn well what me an' all the rest of we'uns be thinkin'! We think as ye thunk up the best idee since ye thunk of bein' born. Yesiree, this be goin' ter be the best paper on this side of Lost Loon River!"

"Yep, guess t'will be some—"

Ring-a-ling-a-ling!

The store bell, never rung by the customers except on Sundays, was now ringing.

Into the store walked the slickest dressed person Lambington City had ever had the occasion to meet. Tan hat, red tie, and tweed suit, it was a spectacle to behold in the eyes of Lem and Eben Rawlins. Was this not the first "city-feller" to come

to Lambington since Lizzie Higgins' funeral?

"Hy, uh, everybody," the stranger eyed Lem and Eben first with curiosity and then with concealed amusement. "I'm on vacation, see? From Chicago, get it? They're lookin for me on account—eh-h, I mean, eh-h, I'm trying to get away from some guys who want me autograph and like me a lot, see? I'm a bank president, get it, and I picks this joint as a quiet little burg where I can get me some rest. Yer gut any applejack, yeh, whisky? Yeh have? Well, well, that's fine. Look, I'll pay yer good if I kin have some private rooms here and plenty of red-eye, yeh, applejack. See, I need some rest from being bank president so long. Us big guys gotta take vacations too, yuh know."

"Why, shore, Mr. Stranger, eh, what be your name?—"



"He tilted his chair back against the wall."

"Tug Murph—, I, eh-h, mean John Smithers."
"Mine be Lemuel Rawlins, an' this be my brother, Ebenezer. An' now 'bout the rooms, I reckon as ye kin be stayin' here an have a dang good rest. An' we be havin' some durn good apple cider, an' I reckon as we kin dig ye up some whisky, somewheres. Wal, here be the keys—an' here be a pint of apple cider—what, ye don't want apple cider? Wal, I'll give ye some whisky then. Goo' night, Mr. Smithers."

Thus was "Tug Murphy," alias John Smithers, allegedly a bank president, introduced to the city of Lambington.

The next morning as he came down the stairs, John was met by Lemuel.

After the customary salutations Lem suddenly asked, "Be that a gun ye be havin' in your pocket, that sticks out like that?"

"Why, yeh-h, what of it? If I aim to go hunting, can't I?"

"Reckon ye kin, but not in this time of the year. Reckon ye ought to give me the gun to take to the sheriff's."

"Why, eh-h, here it is." Reluctantly, Mr. Smithers handed over his revolver, and added, "Don't need it, anyway, if I can't, eh-h, hunt."

"Thankee, sorry, but it's my job. Ye know, Deputy Sheriff. Sorry."

"It's O. K. Skip it." John Smithers didn't think he'd need a gun in this hick town anyway; leastwise, he hoped he wouldn't. He had had a tight squeeze getting away after his last job back in Chicago. In fact it had almost spelled jail for him. Well, he was safe, now, among these farmers.

"By the way, Mr. Smithers," queried Lem, "Did ye say, ye be a bank presydint?"

"Yeh-h, I'm a president; why do you want to know?"

"Lookee here, Mr. Smithers. Seein' as ye be a presydint I was wond'rin' whether ye could—"

Lem explained the town's objective. Told him how much a paper would mean to Lambington. Being as he was a president, could he help them out, he being so "edycated an' all else?"

John Smithers jumped at the idea gladly. He saw great possibilities in this. If these hicks had any cash, he'd have every cent of it in his pocket before he left the town. To think that they swallowed every lie he told them so easily!

"Sure, I'll help you out," he assented eagerly. "I'll buy you presses and equipment and help you with everything!"

Alone in his room, he made his plans. This was going to be easy. He wondered how much cash these farmers had tucked away. Whew, but these hicks were dumb! He'd have to tell Charlie the Whiffer

how he passed for a bank president. The more he thought of it, the easier it seemed. If only they had a pile of cash on hand!

Downstairs, two other persons were elated.

"By gawsh, this be goin' to be a godsend. A bank presydint! An he's goin' to help us! A reg'lar 'ris-toocrat' in Lambington City! Yesiree, and he's gonna help we'uns!"

"Lem, ye know what this be? It be opportunity ringin' our bell. Shore was lucky when he came to Lambington. We wouldn't know where to start to look for an edytor or a printin' press!"

So it came about that John Smithers, better known in Chicago as "Tug" Murphy, became the business manager of the up and coming paper that would be called the "*Lambington Clarion*."

Slowly and tactfully he worked out his plans. He did not even suggest that they give him money to buy presses—as yet.

He got on friendly terms with Lem by simply letting him trim him in pinochle.

The next afternoon the big announcement came to John Smithers.

They had money! Plenty of it!

"Yep, this here money be sure comin' in handy. Do ye reckon as we kin git us a press for \$25,000.53?"

Smithers could hardly keep back his excitement, "Twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Yep, reckon it be enough to buy us a press?"

The Honorable John Smithers recovered himself. "Well, eh-h, can't be sure. Might be enough, can't be sure."

After taking a breath, he added, "That money is
(Please turn to page 34)



"John Smithers made a speech."

Tact

By Doris Clisham

DANNY, whom are you going to ask to the prom?" queried his twin as they crossed the campus towards home.

"Sue, maybe."

"Guess who asked me."

"I'll bite, who?" he answered banteringly.

"Ray Bilton," she replied with a proud toss of her pretty head.

"Gosh! Smooth goin', Sis," he ejaculated. "There's only one thing that can keep us from having a swell time, and that's——."

"Yes, I know, *Gram*," Diane broke in despairingly.

"Oh well, let's hope she has an attack of hay fever again," Dan said hopefully as they passed through the gate and up the walk.

Perhaps this last remark was a bit unkind, but hay fever had been the only obstacle in the way of their grandmother's accompanying them anywhere and everywhere.

Ever since Dan and Diane Trew had come to live with their grandmother during the college months, she had tagged along to parties, movies, picnics—wherever they had sought amusement.

Still hale and hearty at fifty-nine, and young in spirit, she believed that she was a steadying influence to the young folks and that she could still join in their gayety. Afraid of hurting her feelings, however, the twins had refrained from speaking to her about it and had taken her presence as a matter of course.

Yet, as a result of her continual supervising, Diane's escorts and friends were dropping off, as were Dan's also.

During the intervening week before the dance Dan

and Diane argued constantly as to the possibility of her accompanying them.

"But why should she possibly wish to go? She can't dance any of the new steps," argued Diane.

"Suppose you answer that. I'm sure I can't," Dan replied. "If there were only some way to keep her from going!"

"Well, we can't tell her we just don't want her. What this situation needs is tact."

In such a way these discussions always ended, for they could think of no solution to their problem. Their only hope was hay fever, and there hadn't been any sign of it as yet. As the days went by, hope was finally giving way to despair. Perhaps by not letting her know of it, they could slip away unnoticed, but this was doubtful, for it might be said that she had an eagle's eye.

Even this plan was shattered when at lunch two days before the prom the conversation inevitably led to the dance.

"Well, children, when is the Junior Prom?" asked their grandmother. "Mrs. Jackstone has been telling me that Sue has accepted an invitation to go with you, Dan. When is it?"

"It's—er—Friday evening," he answered hesitantly.

"Why, landsakes! I didn't know it was so near! Well, Diane, you and I will have to go shopping this afternoon. I haven't a thing to wear."

"But you're not going, are you, *Gram*?" Diane said with special emphases on the *Gram*.

"Why, certainly, dear. Don't I always help with a gay time?"



"Guess who asked me to Junior Prom," said Diane with a proud toss of her head. "Ray Bilton!"



"Smooth goin', Sis," ejaculated Dan. "There's only one thing that can keep us from having a swell time."

"I'll say you do," and under his breath Dan added, "help turn it into a funeral!"

"But whom are you going with?" Diane kept on.

"Well, Dan. I'm sure Sue won't mind."

"Huh?" Dan gulped as his sister flashed him a smile of victory. At least she and Ray wouldn't have to take her.

That afternoon Diane accompanied her grandmother Grant shopping. No use to lie and fain illness, for it would only be postponed until the next day. Better to get it over with, and anyway, poor Dan was going to have to take her.

"How do you like this one, dear?" Mrs. Grant asked as she tried on a satin evening gown, designed for a much younger woman than herself.

"Oh, it will look lovely," said Diane, only mildly interested, and added to herself, "on a different person."

Finally she decided on this gown, and after making other purchases, Diane drove her home.

"Who is taking you, dear?" Mrs. Grant asked on the drive homeward.

"Ray Bilton," Diane said, holding her breath for fear she would change her mind about going with Dan and go with her. Eager to make a good impression on Ray, she did not wish her grandmother to tag along. It was not that she resented Gram, but three is always a crowd, and she would certainly be better off sitting by her fireplace.

The day of the prom arrived and with it fair weather. Bright and clear, it was a lovely day that would tend toward making a perfect evening. And it would, indeed, be a perfect evening in more than one way for the twins, but for one thing. However, they said nothing and decided to have as grand a time as possible, Diane, the more easily, for her grandmother had not changed her mind about going with Dan and Sue.

Mrs. Grant, who had started getting ready at tea-time and at last believed herself to be at her best, waited patiently for the twins. After a fast game of tennis they had come in quite late and were now getting ready.

A picture of youthful loveliness, Diane came down stairs to Ray's greeting.

"Gosh, but you look swell to-night, Diane! It's quite late, so let's go."

As Ray helped her into his long, shining roadster, Mrs. Grant called from the doorway, "I hope you have a lovely evening, dears."

Ray thanked her, and Diane waved back as the car purred up the avenue toward the college.

The party was well along when Sue, Dan, and Mrs. Grant arrived, for, as they had started to leave, his grandmother had had to go back and powder her nose.

Dan and Sue had waited in none too good a humor

while she thus wasted their time and so arrived when the prom was well underway.

Ray and Diane greeted them, as they glided past to the swing music of the orchestra.

Diane was enjoying herself and couldn't help laughing at the angry countenance of her twin as she thought to herself, "Poor Dan!"

Dan and Sue had excused themselves and were dancing. At least she couldn't tag along while they danced!

"I'm sorry, Sue," he apologized. "You know how hard it is to shake her."

"It's all right, Danny. You couldn't help it. Anyway, she won't have to be with us much. Can't she stay with the older people—the chaperones?"

"She can, but she won't. She thinks she can enjoy herself more with the young folks," Dan said, and forgetting her, they began to enjoy the dance.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Grant was approached by a tall, athletic looking youth who addressed her.

"Can I borrow your frame for this next tussle?"

Aghast at such boldness, and by translating his question from the slang, she understood him to be asking for a dance.

(Please turn to page 31)



"Can I borrow your frame for this next tussle?"

Lesson No. 1 In Life

By Ann Bigelson

BOB McKAIL eyed the double chocolate-frothed ice-cream soda with a boyish relish. He straightened his pert bow-tie self-consciously as the pretty little waitress strode lithely in his direction. But before she had time to set it down on the small table, he was on his feet with an inward groan. Hastily he shoved fifteen cents toward his companion.

"Treat's on me, Charlie. F'got all about a little extra work I've got to do—the finishing touches on the 'Diplomat', you know."

And so saying he strolled out of "Harper's Hang-Out" with a nonchalant air that was all his own. His friend, staring dumbfoundedly at the retreating back, accepted this as a gift from the gods.

Bob, a student at Denver University, was also editor-in-chief of the school magazine, and in addition to this his name headed the literary contributions in practically each edition. There was no doubt that he possessed, besides a pleasing personality, an unusual knack for story writing. It was also evident that he was well-acquainted with any and all phases in life, for he seldom approached the same subject twice. Bob was popular. "He's one keen dresser" was a statement often confirmed by his numerous associates.

He quickened his step as he reached Mercury Hall, the building in which the office of the college monthly was located. Turning to his left he took the stairs two at a time and continued down the corridor. He hesitated before the last door. A moment later he cautiously opened it with a low, smothered gasp.

Pudgy Stewart, varsity football star and the all-important assistant editor, grinned sheepishly up from the desk where he sat with his long lanky limbs sprawled over the polished top.

"Swell!" he greeted the figure leaning uncertainly on the door.

Bob but vaguely heard the greeting. He thought, "Pudgy made it before I did. Perhaps he hasn't read the newest edition of the Mutual—if he has I'm a 'gonna'." Aloud he said: "Hi, Pudgy, what's new?"

"Your latest brainstorm will be the newest rage of all the English profs as soon as the Diplomat's printed. It's a wow!"

"Uh-thanks, Pudgy."

Pudgy squinted up at Bob's dark clean shaven face, watching the habitual scowl form on his brow.

"Not enthusiastic enough, Bob! Or is it a sure case of modesty? C'mon, what's bothering you?"

"Aw, nothing, Pudgy. Er, maybe it's the, er, Spanish exam. By the way, where did you find my latest?"

"In the drawer." Pudgy took no note of the other's obvious sigh of relief "You're not peeved because I didn't ask? Fact is the title interested me so, I couldn't wait for you to show up."

"Quite all right, old boy." He grinned over at Pudgy, but his voice held a sullen note. "Uh-had no idea you'd be occupying the office this afternoon. But—"

Bob just wasn't his old carefree self, decided Pudgy—kind of jittery, it seemed, and quite uneasy. Pudgy arose from his comfortable perch and moved over near the window.

"Well, don't let me keep you from your work, Bob. That's the last thing in the world I'd want to do!" Pudgy flung himself upon the studio divan, his eyes following Bob's every move.

The young so-called author slowly seated himself in the chair the other had just vacated. He reached a languid hand for a fresh piece of paper and absently chewed at the stub of the pencil held listlessly between his fingers. Five minutes—fifteen—an hour passed and Pudgy, carefully watching him, wondered at Bob's



He hesitated before the last door.

mere pretence at jotting down words. Silently pacing the back of the room, he burrowed himself into serious contemplation; now and then he stole a glance over the other occupant's shoulder—still a blank sheet!

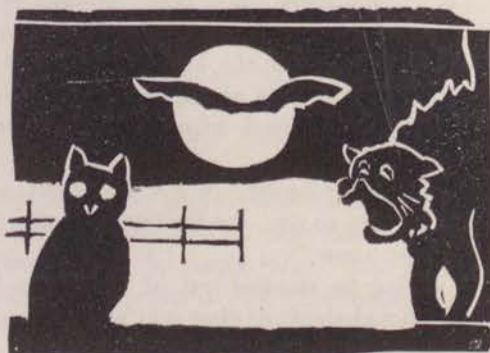
(Please turn to page 31)

Hallowe'en Fantasy

By Margaret Maxfield

Moon—mist and star-dust
And wild bat wings—
Black trees and red moon
And fairy rings.

Owl's eyes and cat's eyes
And weird rustlings—
Patters of elf-feet,
And magic things!



Now swoops the gray ghost
Down from the sky,
Glides through the dark grove,
Silently by.

Slides down her broom-stick—
Down through the glen,
On past the pool where
Wee fairy men

Fish for the dog-star
Glimmering there,
Deep in the black depths,
Silver moon-hair!

Pumpkins and candles
And apples red,
Odd masks and white sheets—
A black cat's head!

All around, the magic
Of fairy rings—
Moon-mist and star-dust
And wild bat wings!



HOBBIES

"Going to the Dogs"

ONE OF the most interesting hobbies to be found among our teachers is that of Mr. McGinley who breeds dogs for hunting and hunts as well. He has tried to collect the best lines of setter blood in the whole United States and has almost completely succeeded in doing this. In his kennels in East Eddington he has dogs bred of winners of nation-wide fame and his aim always is to get a strain which is even better.

Asked why he gets so much pleasure out of his dogs, Mr. McGinley replied, "Everybody loves a dog—any kind of a dog. But a dog with a special duty to perform is more affectionate and in return causes you to have more affection for him." One can see where this is true and certainly it is something to think about.

To anyone who is kept indoors day after day by his particular work, the benefits of hunting in spare time are very apparent. The fresh air and the exercise are of course important, and the relaxation of a day in the open, with a gun and a dog for company, is most beneficial.

Some may think that the sport of hunting consists of going out and shooting down as many birds as he possibly can up to the quota allowed by the law. But to the man who hunts for a hobby and for the real pleasure which is afforded, it is not the *number* of birds won but the *manner in which* they are won that count. His biggest thrill comes when his dog shows an especially good point which he can follow up with a beautiful flush. Then he feels that something really worthwhile has been accomplished.

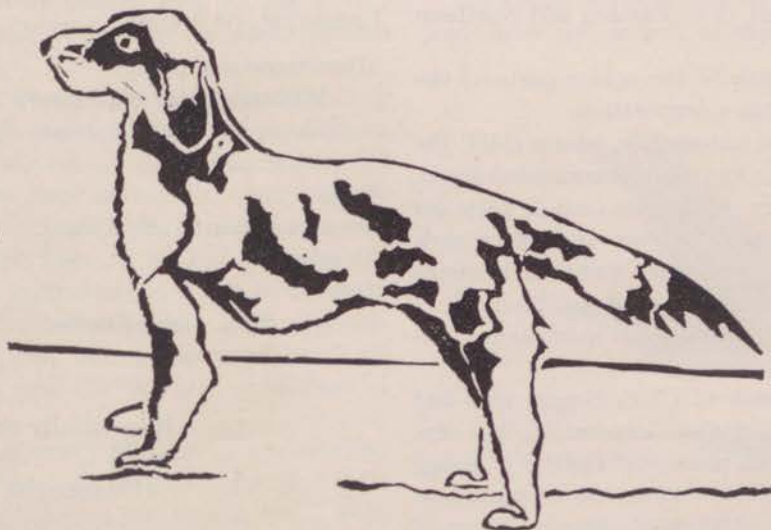
Early morning is the preferable time to hunt according to Mr. McGinley. The dog works best then; and too, the birds are not so wild, and they lie better to the dog. So all you early birds, here's your chance to catch a worm, the worm being a big thrill and some early exercise!

If you were to ask Mr. McGinley if you might see pictures of some of his dogs, he might, if you were lucky, draw out his wallet and show you a group of pictures which he carries there, and if you were born under a super-enormous lucky star, he might offer to show you his numerous albums filled with all types of dog snapshots. The stories which are attached to many of these pictures are a highlight in themselves.

Whenever Mr. McGinley goes into the field, he always takes his camera along. In this way he records for future reference and enjoyment many excellent points and also humorous sidelights. In speaking of this particular trend of his hobby Mr. McGinley says that he usually shoots as many pictures as he does birds.

Another interesting phase of the dog angle is the field trial. This is a gathering of well-known dogs in some particular territory to determine the champion. In these trials there are three classes, namely *puppy*, *derby*, and *all-age*. The distinction among these amounts to this: the pup is expected to hunt though not necessarily to find birds; the derby is expected to hunt and find and point birds even if his form and manners are slightly off-key; and the all-age is expected to hunt, find birds, be steady, and have perfect manners. To qualify for the pup division a dog must be not more than one year old; for the derby between one and two years; and

(Please turn to page 30)



Mr. McGinley breeds dogs for hunting.

"Everybody loves a dog—any kind of a dog."

Looking Backward Three-quarters of a Century

THE company of N. H. Bragg and Sons, dealers in steel and hardware, is one of the oldest business concerns in Bangor. It began in 1854, when Norris Hubbard Bragg, together with his wife, two sons, and all his belongings, moved from Dixmont to Bangor. For a year he worked in company with a Mr. Basford, and then set up a trade for himself. To his shop came the stages which served Bangor and the nearby towns.

In due time, Mr. Bragg's sons came into the business, and shortly after his early death, the firm became known as N. H. Bragg and Sons,—its present form.

This was by no means a large establishment, for the brothers, together with two or three helpers, carried on the entire business.



When this firm was first established, the age of specialized manufacture had not yet arrived, but by the time that N. H. Bragg's grandsons entered the business, it had become much larger and more diversified, and its trade covered all of Eastern and Northern Maine.

In 1905, after the death of the senior partner, the company was changed into a corporation.

With the arrival of the automobile, whose child, the Model T Ford, we today eye with ill-concealed scorn, the concern was naturally enlarged to include parts for Model T's, and accessories for this and other cars. (Under the heading of accessories came such minor details as bumpers, speedometers, and the like.)

During the war years there was an increase in business, and the company prospered.

In 1921, upon the death of C. F. Bragg, who had hitherto been president of the Corporation, his son, Franklin E. Bragg, took his place; and Roland E. Bragg became treasurer and clerk. Thus the management has remained, with the addition of other members of

the family, D. J. Eames and C. F. Bragg, 2nd, in more recent years.

In 1932 the front of the store was remodeled, and the offices were transferred to the second floor to make more room for a modern parts department. In part of an adjoining building which had heretofore served as a warehouse, a complete machine shop was installed.

Today the concern, which is still located at its original site on Broad Street, employs twenty-eight men, for the company, keeping pace with the times, has maintained a flourishing business. Now trucks and trains carry goods of this long established firm to all parts of this territory, continuing by modern methods a business which, more than seventy-five years ago, was transacted by means of stagecoach.

Financial Report

Statement of Financial Condition

The Oracle, September 15th

Receipts

Cash on hand.....	\$683.81
Subscriptions.....	523.97
Advertising.....	845.76
Junior Cuts.....	18.00
Cuts, Senior and Club.....	382.71
Cash Sales.....	19.45
Refunds.....	.60

Total receipts..... \$2,474.30

Expenditures

Printing, six issues.....	\$1,403.40
Engraving, six issues.....	261.94
Miscellaneous expense:	
Mailing, cuts, stationery, bill heads,	
filous, casting, linoleum, type metal,	
developing.....	33.53
Prizes.....	10.00
Membership in N. S. P. A. }	
Membership in C. S. P. }	12.00

Total expenditures..... \$1,720.87

Balance..... 753.43

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLOTTE D. MEINECKE,

Faculty Advisor

The Fund for Injured Athletes

AT LAST fall in all her glory has returned to us. With her have come football, a new school year full of advantages, and a pile of books desiring much attention.

Let's lay aside all things for the present and watch a football game. The scene is laid in any athletic field. Crowds of spectators are seated on the sidelines, watching and cheering their favorite team as it warms up for the tussle. The whistle blows and the ball sails through the air. Soon the boys of both teams pile up as the tackle is made. The players get up and the umpire places the ball for the next play. The offensive team is back of the line of scrimmage getting its instructions while the defensive team rests. The teams line up and the signals are given. The carrier seems to be making good progress; however, he is finally tackled. Most of the boys get up, but one remains on the ground. There is a call for a stretcher and the boy is carried from the field. We now turn from the game and put our attention on the player whom fate has overtaken. At the hospital, it is discovered that he has a very severe fracture and will be laid up for weeks in that institution.

A great expense has been added to the already heavy burden carried by the individual's parents. *Doctors, operations, nurses and rooms cost money in any hospital!* Each player's parents have agreed to stand any expense resulting from participation in athletics, but there is a limit to everything.

A fund for helping injured athletes has been organized. Money is to be raised in various ways: dances, candy sales, and what not. All profits made from such enterprises are to be used for the best advantage of injured players.

This plan will afford every student an opportunity to give members of the teams tangible support. Let's make this project one hundred per cent in every way, for it's really worthwhile!

Watch Out—You May Be Next

As the brightly colored leaves begin to fall and the nights grow colder, the "Call of the Wild" returns.

As that "old feeling" comes back, men, women, girls and boys shoulder their blunderbuses of all types and head for the woods. They are out to seek those thundering partridge and streaking woodcock.

As the number of hunting enthusiasts increases, more caution in the woods must be taken. Every year the list of fatalities gains in numbers. Young people of high school age as well as older people help to make up this page of gloom.

This unnecessary loss of life is generally due to hunters' carelessness with firearms. *A gun is not a plaything!* A gun is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a fool, but safe as a rattle in the possession of a careful hunter.

The boys of Bangor High School, at least, should have no serious trouble with their own guns. They have been given a very thorough training in the handling of a gun by the military department.

Let's each and every one of us try to make this hunting season safe as well as enjoyable!





What Others Are Reading!

"Thank You, Mr. Moto"

By John P. Marquand

HERE is a book full of mystery, adventure, intrigue, and romance, and it all takes place in the Far East!

Tom Nelson's life was the tranquil life typical of Peking until he met Mr. Moto, a Japanese secret service agent, and Eleanor Joyce, who had been sent to China from America to buy a set of eight pictures of rare Chinese works of art. One of the pictures was in the possession of Jameson Best, who was shot in his home in Peking. The other seven were owned by Prince Tung, a Chinese friend of Nelson's. It was because of these pictures that Nelson and his three friends, Miss Joyce, Moto, and Prince Tung were taken and held captive in an abandoned temple in North China by a Chinese bandit. A great deal of excitement took place here.

You will want to read the book to find out how they escaped, with what unusual circumstances Tom Nelson discovered his love for Eleanor Joyce, and what they had to thank Mr. Moto for.

"The Baroness"

By Ernst Wiechert

"The Baroness" reveals the characters of two people from very different walks of life.

The Baroness, mistress of an estate of many thousand acres and of a secure home with farm-hands and maid-servants, was at peace with the world until the late afternoon when Michael Fakrenholz came across the fen. Michael Fakrenholz was a soldier who had been held in captivity twenty years. He had escaped only to wander over the roads a broken, disillusioned man. The Baroness, who was ever a kind though proud woman, and was always doing a good deed, made him keeper of her forest. Gradually, his outlook on life changed.

Read this book and learn the part the Baroness played in this change, and how she lost her proud spirit.

Victoria, 4:30

By Cecil Roberts

The train leaves Victoria Station, London, at four-thirty. It goes across the continent all the way to Athens. Among the many passengers making the trip are Herr Gollwitzer, a noted conductor going to the music festival at Salzburg; Mr. and Mrs. Blake, a newly-wed couple; Henry Fanning, a novelist driven out of the country in search of a plot; Prince Paul of Slavonia, going back to rule in place of his father who had been assassinated; a Greek waiter on his way to Athens to be married, and Dr. Wyfold, sent in search of his nephew. None of the passengers know each other except by reputation, as in the case of Herr Gollwitzer and Prince Paul; but events which occur on the way bring many of them together. Everyone reaches his destination and fulfills whatever mission he is undertaking. Different ones get off at some of the stations, and the train finally pulls into Athens with only the Greek waiter aboard. The book, one of the very new ones, is told in an interesting way, and is very well done.

Kennebec, Cradle of Americans

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

In this book Mr. Coffin tells of the Kennebec River and its people, a region he is very well qualified to write on. He emphasizes the historical connections: the story of Father Rale, Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec, and the hitherto unknown love affair of Aaron Burr and a Kennebec maid. He tells of industries past and present: ship-building, ice-cutting, logging, fishing, and farming. He brings in the Kennebec farmers and sailors, the very severe winter weather (a trifle exaggerated and the good old "down-east" cooking. This book is the first of the series, "Rivers of America," which tells in a vivid way of a section which played a vital part in American history and industry.

News of Interest



Latin Club

ANOTHER interesting and profitable year was planned for the Latin Club at its first meeting of the season held in room 307. The meeting was opened by Mrs. Lenore Cumming, faculty advisor of the club, who pointed out the reason for the club's existence and its chief aims. She stated that its chief reason for existence was to give interest and reality to the study of Latin by a closer acquaintance with the daily life, civilization, and culture of the Romans; to view a people whose part was so important in the world's history; in a word, to make Latin live.

Next Carleton Orr, retiring praetor, and Marjorie Blaisdell, retiring quaestor, read their reports. The club then proceeded to elect new officers for the first half of the year. Donald Beaton and Frederic Leonard were elected as consuls, while other officers included: Pauline Campbell, quaestor; Langdon Freese, tribune; Mary Rice, Beverly Holbrook, tribunes; Wilfred Butterfield, Greta Ebbeson, Carleton Orr, and Alicia Coffin, aediles; and Jean Morse, curator.

The members next looked to plans for future meetings. The great Caesar Augustus will have his 2000th anniversary celebrated by the seniors at the October meeting. The Juniors—a lively and most energetic group—will present a Latin play in full Roman style for November. (We recall the historic merit displayed by this same group last Ides of March, in portraying the death of Julius.) Then comes the Saturnalia and again there will be the "sound of revelry by night."

Events after the new year will include discussions on the culture and civilization of the Romans, classical scenes by means of slides, and last, the fun will be in the classical manner of the 1st century—and the 20th.

The editorial board of the S. P. Q. R., the club magazine—wholly a voluntary group—is already at work scouting for news. Anyone wishing to contribute please get in touch with Doris Littlefield, Margaret Maxfield, Greta Ebbeson, Curtis Jones, Eben Leavitt, or Carleton Orr.

Dramatic Club

Although the Dramatic Club has not had its first meeting of the season, plans are now being made for it to be held in the near future. Miss Evelyn Haney, new dramatic coach, stated that she plans to have lectures on play production and stage management at the meetings. She also plans for a three act play to be held around the Christmas Season.

Public Affairs Club

The Public Affairs Club opened its season on Monday, October fourth, by electing officers. The following were elected to hold office for the first half of the year: President, Earl Herrick; Vice-president, Barbara Savage; Secretary, Barbara Libbey; Treasurer, Paul Ford; Publicity, Mary Nelson.

Miss Cousins presided at this meeting and points for future discussion were brought up. The newly elected president, Earl Herrick, appointed a program committee composed of Sylvia Sleeper, Frederic Leonard, and Robert Fortier. Plans were then made to have several travel talks and also various speakers in assembly. Much was done by the club in this work last year, and done successfully.

It was decided that the day of club meetings would be every other Thursday, starting October twenty-first.

Girls' Glee Club

Sixty girls have signed up for the Girls' club. When this was written, Mrs. Huey had not completed the list of members who are to belong to this year's club. She expects to have an excellent group. She says that the girls have great musical talents and she intends to use them to the greatest advantages.

Although this club has strict regulations, we are sure that our girls will succeed in the musical world.

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club literally and figuratively started its season with a bang as the squad of about sixty turned out for its first session.

To teach the newcomers something about the correct firing positions Arthur Gallupe demonstrated the prone position, Durant Bowers showed how the sitting position should be taken, Morris Rand illustrated the kneeling position, and Sergeant Donchez, the instructor, took up the off-hand stance.

A large squad generously sprinkled with veterans of one, two, and three years promises another good year for the Rifle Club, and also the hope of topping the excellent success of last year's team in both its matches and its tournaments.

The Commercial Club

The Commercial Club, one of the younger clubs of Bangor High, is well on its way toward its third successful year under the direction of its advisor, Miss Janice Moore.

Last year the members of the club went on field trips to well-known business houses; the club held a typing contest, entertained speakers from outstanding business firms, and, as a special feature, it presented a Major Bowes Program. This was so well given that it was again presented in assembly and at the Teacher's Club.

This year the club intends to do even greater things. Although no definite plans have been made as to programs for the coming year, we are sure that all junior and senior commercials will find this club interesting and helpful to their course.

At the first business meeting of the year the following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	Elizabeth Dolan
<i>Vice-President</i>	Eudolia Tinker
<i>Secretary</i>	Evelyn Walls
<i>Treasurer</i>	June Morrissey

The president then took over the meeting and the following were elected as committee chairmen:

Program Committee.....	Clarice Fielding
Social Committee.....	Frances Chaison
Publicity Committee.....	Marjorie Nelson

All commercial teachers are cordially invited to attend and all students taking commercial subjects, who want to know more about the business world, come to the commercial club!

Debate Club

With a smaller but very efficient organization, the Debate Club began its activities early in the season with a candy sale, having a \$50 goal, at the county teachers convention, after first re-electing Lewis Vafiades as president. John Howard was elected vice-president; Barbara Hill, secretary; and Jere-Bill Goessling corresponding secretary.

The Debate Club will present as its show-of-the-year a concert with MacDuff Copeland and Kenneth Duff as the chief attractions.

This concert, which has been performed in all the leading theaters of England, gave a command performance before 2,000 wounded soldiers and King George V. Also, during the World War, it appeared before a million well and wounded soldiers.

Mr. Copeland shows extreme versatility in that he sings, tells jokes, acts, and plays the piano, bagpipes, and violin.

Kenneth Duff when only seventeen was the leader of thirty musicians in a London music hall. He is today internationally known as a violinist who ranks amongst the best.

The date for this concert has been set at October fifteenth, and without any doubt we owe it to ourselves to attend.

Orchestra

The orchestra held its first meeting and rehearsal of the year on Wednesday, September twenty-eighth. Mr. Sprague stressed the importance of all members being present at each meeting for the simple reason that the senior orchestra plans to play in various places this year. This means a busy, yet we feel successful year.

The regular meetings are scheduled to be held every Wednesday from three-thirty until five, with Louise Twist acting as concert-mistress in the absence of El-lery Tuck.

Assemblies

According to Bangor high school tradition, the *Oracle* board had charge of the first assembly of the year.

This assembly was in the form of a one-act play, starring editor Charles Redman, strangely enough, as Charles Redman, the editor of the *Oracle*. The second lead was played by Danforth West, playing himself, business manager of the *Oracle*.

The action of the play deals with the unorthodox methods of the business manager to boost the sub-

ON RADIO ROW

LAST October, you remember, this column reported the birth of "swing." During the past summer, thank goodness, no new style of syncopation has been invented for the special purpose of coming through our loudspeakers to bring agony to the average and joy to the jazzy. Perhaps the worst is yet to come.

Looking at the brighter side of things, it appears that radio fans will be treated to a very entertaining season. Many new programs have made their debuts for the year. These, added to the hosts of returning programs, as well as those which have continued through the summer, present all signs of an enjoyable and well-rounded-out season along Radio Row.

The *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, broadcast over C. B. S., and heard in Bangor through W L B Z, brings before the microphone some of the nation's finest musicians and conductors in a full hour's program from 9:00 to 10:00. For the present period the seventy-five-piece Ford Symphony Orchestra and the chorus are under the baton of Jose Iturbi. The sponsor has arranged for Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, Lotte Lehmann, Richard Bonelli, and many other outstanding performers to appear on the program as guest artists. Truman Bradley is the program's announcer. Mr. W. J. Cameron, vice president of the Ford Motor Company, delivers a short talk each week as has been the custom in the past.

Jeanette MacDonald, the lovely singing star of motion pictures, is now the hostess of *Vick's Open House*. Miss MacDonald, recently married to Gene Raymond, has appeared on many programs as guest artist, but this is the first time she has had a program of her own. After her tremendous successes in *Naughty Marietta*, *San Francisco*, and *Maytime*, she has turned to radio to gain new honors in that field. She is assisted on her program by a mixed chorus of young voices and the Vick's Concert Orchestra conducted by Josef Pasternack. Those who love beautiful music might well listen to this program which is presented on Sunday at 7:00 P. M. over the C B S—W A B C network.

Boake Carter gives the news and his interpretation of it every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 7:45 P. M. in a fifteen minute broadcast over C. B. S. sponsored by Philco Radio. This broadcast is more informing than those presented by news-services as it not only presents the news, but opinions on it by a man who knows news and the news behind the news.

A new program, entitled *Coca-Cola Presents the Songshop*, made its first appearance last month. It is

broadcast Friday night from 10:00 to 10:45 over CBS. The show presents, as its leading lady, soprano Kitty Carlisle, of Broadway and movie fame. Jovial Frank Crumit acts as master of ceremonies. Co-starred with Miss Carlisle is Baritone Reed Kennedy, star of radio and concert stage. Supporting this cast are a twenty-two-voiced glee club under the direction of Kenneth Christie and a forty-seven-piece orchestra conducted by Gustav Haenshen.

The Ford Motor Company is the sponsor of the program, *Al Pearce and His Gang*, presented every Tuesday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System's W A B C network. Al Pearce, you know, is the one who goes around knocking at people's doors and hoping they're not at home so he won't have to pester them into buying things. When he isn't selling his goods and wares, Al acts as master of ceremonies of the program. He presents on the program Arline Harris, whom he believes to be the fastest thing on radio. If she isn't, she's running a close second to whatever is. He also gives us Tishie Lish, the queen of kitchenic cookery. While Tishie's recipes are none too good, they certainly surpass her singing. Nevertheless those who go in for comicalities will find that this program meets with their hearty approval.

The editors of *Time* and the editors of *Life* are the sponsors of *The March of Time* which is broadcast over C B S every Thursday night from 10:30 to 11:00. The news as presented over *The March of Time* is so dramatic and so exciting as to sound at times almost incredible. It presents a vivid inside picture of the world's events and at the same time goes to show that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

Eddie Cantor is back on the air rejoining the cast of *Texaco Town* after having been absent on his summer vacation. Eddie broadcasted on Sundays for several years but has now shifted to Wednesdays. He may be heard over W L B Z from 8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Jimmy Wallington handles the commercial end of the program and exchanges jibes with Eddie. Deanna Durbin, the juvenile singing star who made such a big hit in *Three Smart Girls*, is the program's leading lady. Cinema critics predict that her new picture, *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, which also features Leopold Stokowski, will be a huge success. Music is provided by mountain-sized Jacques Renard and his orchestra. The comical antics of Saymore Saymore, Eddie's telephone operator, and Pinky Tomlin help to make *Texaco Town* one of radio's more entertaining programs.

(Please turn to page 30)

scriptions of the *Oracle* at the expense of the editor, who is against advertising in any form.

After the editor runs afoul of the law by means of the sign which the business manager had pinned on his back, and which Officer Richard Coffin thought to be attracting too much attention and to be holding up traffic, the subscriptions began to pour in in answer to the article which the business manager gave the paper, commercializing the incident.

At the conclusion of the play, Lewis Vafiades told the assembled students about the new policy of the *Oracle* board, and of the new goal of 1000 subscriptions, which the board hopes to reach this school year.

SECOND ASSEMBLY

At the second assembly of the student body, Richard Coffin spoke in favor of the fund for injured athletes, which a group of students, acting in cooperation with the athletic department, are attempting to establish.

Also at this time, John Webster and John Howard spoke in the interest of the Debate club's concert, featuring MacDuff Copeland and Kenneth Duff.

THIRD ASSEMBLY

Professor Larkin of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, Berkely, California, addressed the students on "The New Universe." Professor Larkin, a very capable astronomer, spoke in a style that was understandable to the students and, at the same time, was interesting.

The remainder of the assembly was devoted to a pep meeting in preparation for the Bangor-John Baptist game which was held the following day. The speakers for the rally were Coach Walter Ulmer, John Webster, and Leslie Smith, captain of the 1937-38 Rams.

Alumni

Ellen Hathorn, class of '37 and author of 'Hokum' that year, is attending Westbrook Junior College. She is out for all girls' athletics and also dramatics. . . . From the class of '34 Bill Ballou is doing splendid work at Annapolis, and Andy Cox is playing football on the varsity at Bowdoin. . . . Fred Hanson, '36, after a year at Hebron, is an up-and-coming freshman at the U of M. . . . Bob Sedgely, '37, is at the University of Arizona and is taking R. O. T. C., and playing football on the freshman team. . . . Bill Stetson and Haven Sawyer, class of '36, took a year at Manlius Military Academy, and now Stetson is a freshman at the U of M and Sawyer is attending Cornell. . . . Louise McCarthy, '37, is a freshman at Stoneleigh College. She is active in athletics. . . . Elmer Yates and Jonathan Adams, '35, are both at West Point. . . . Charles Dorr, '37, is now at Bentley School of Finance in Bos-

ton. . . Harold Hamm, William Gifford, Phillip Goos, Janice Merrill, Class of '37, are freshmen at the U of M. . . . Horace Stewart, '37, Editor-in-Chief of the *Oracle* in 1936-'37 is attending Amherst College. . . . "Duke" Elliot and George Munce, '37, both football stars at Bangor High are doing their part on the varsity football squad at Maine Central Institute. . . . Mary Tremaine, Shirley Drew and Lawrence Davies, class of '37 are taking the course at Maine School of Commerce. . . . Sally Woodcock '35, and Barbara Cox, '37, are attending Manhattanville College. Miss Cox is a freshman and Miss Woodcock is chairman of the Ring Committee in the Junior class. . . . Fred Rice, '37, is at Hebron where he is active in athletics. . . . Juliet Spangler, '35, is president of the Junior class at Wheaton College. . . . John Utterback, Donald Devoe, and Joseph Dinsmore, '37, are at the U of M.

Football

"It's a pass!" "Hi!" "Block that punt!"—such were the echoes which appropriately hovered over Mary Snow field as Bangor's prospective gridmen reported for duty to Coach Walter Ulmer, one week before school opened. Having lost several stellar men such as "Duke" Elliot, "Gerry" Upton, Ray Dauphinee, and George Munce, Mr. Ulmer, ably aided by Mr. Heal and Larry O'Connell, immediately began to comb the squad, some sixty strong, for their successors. Among the returning "vets" are "Red" Smith, James White, "Bart" Coffin, Richard Coffin, Billy Bryce, and "Bob" MacDonald, all eager for the first kick-off.

The week began with the preliminary "toughen-up" exercises, blocking, tackling, and a touch here and there of plays.

The newer men were assigned to Mr. O'Connell; Mr. Heal occasionally "tested" the line-men, and Coach Ulmer supervised the whole squad. As a tough schedule lies ahead, Ulmer allowed no loafing on the squad, and the boys, catching his contagious enthusiasm and love of the game, wholeheartedly cooperated.

We expect a lot from "our boys" this fall, and we are confident of one thing—that they will always let the opponents know they are fighting a real team.

Good luck, boys, in your initial encounter with Brewer, and the succeeding whistle! We are behind you.

Bangor Defeats Brewer

Smashing with relentless force and gaining momentum, Bangor opened its season with a 13-0 defeat over Brewer. The first touch-down was scored in the

PASSING IN REVIEW

Philip Jameson

"Phil" is that cute little Junior whom all the girls have been talking about. (I don't see it). All joking aside, however, "Phil" is a swell little athlete and a great guy. Last year he played a beautiful game of basketball for the Sophomores and even a better game of baseball in the varsity nine. According to him, he and studying get along very well together. He doesn't bother books and books don't bother him. "Phil" knows all the answers.

Janet Reid

A Freshman without reverent awe of our institution, yes! yes! We dug her out of the classics, and here she smiles at you. She summers actively by whipping up the slopes of Katahdin (a slope with a 45 degree incline, puff! puff!) She has "one of them right smart beer jackets," and having autographs inscribed thereupon keeps the gal dashing about. Someday, after she serves her four years here, she's going to Bouvé Boston School of Physical Education, and thence out into the world with only a recipe for apple pie. She says she could live on it.

Stuart Smythe

He's the one who's hiding under the "Assistant Manager's" jacket and if by chance you find two, he's the one with the bow tie. Tying yourself up with clubs and this 'n' that, simply doesn't go with this junior; you've got to devote yourself to the N. A. F. (Noble Art of Fun) and with Stu it's no part time job. It's the loveliness of Madeleine Carroll that sends him into dithers, and the bangles of B. Goodman that returns him to a normal state. He's going to stick with us for another year and then he's off to be a Diesel Engineer.

Pauline Goodwin

"Polly" is no newcomer to Bangor High, having been here a year ago. However, we feel she needs a little introduction. She informs me that she likes most sports, especially swimming and skiing. She thrills at movies in which either Loretta Young or Ronald Colman have a leading part. She likes any kind of a musical radio program. She loves to dance, eat "everything," and study (don't we all)? Although she hasn't much preference she guesses English is her favorite study, Burke or no Burke. "Polly" is, taking everything into consideration, an all-around girl of whom Bangor High may be proud.

Edward Babcock

Ever seen this busy lad? He's a man's man; football, beefsteak, and that sort of thing. But one thing we have on him, he suzy-ques, and let this be of no trifling interest. He is the snappiest sophomore suzy-quer the school possesses (additional fact — Sally taught him). It's a flip between being a basketball hero and seeing Alice Faye, but both are the utmost ambitions of Ed, and it was rumored to us and from us to you that driving his Oldsmobile bores him no end.



Mary Powell

There's many a gal who sews, but few are the ones who can stitch up a tweed suit of an afternoon. Seeing is believing, and we saw. Talkative and always gay, we found that Mary has a definite yen for sports. Hockey, horse-backing, basketball, tennis, baseball, swimming in the early stages, and football (wow!) absorb that super-energy of hers. And she trains for each and everything on pickles and milk! Most probably, you've seen Mary rouse 'em with her cheerleading, so keep it up and "Lead on, Mary!"

Lewis Vafiades

"Lewie" is about the busiest fellow you ever saw. Besides being president of the Debate Club (in itself a job for 3 men) and varsity debater, he also plays regular guard on the football team. Not content with all this, he still finds time to belong to the Latin club and write the "Boys Athletics" for the *Oracle*. Studying Latin, Geometry, English, and Chemistry helps fill out his time. Any one of the above mentioned jobs is enough for one person. Still "Lewie" finds time for everything. Don't ask me how he does it. I dunno. The boy must be good.

Malcolm Hardy

"Mac" is that "silly Soph" who has been doing so well on the football team. Although at first he wasn't going to talk, we finally wormed the following facts out of him. He likes all movie stars 'bout the same, but his little heart beats especially fast when he sees Sonja Henie glide over the ice. He doesn't like to eat, but, nevertheless, he will, if teased, consume enough to keep going. (Joke) "Mac" doesn't dance (poor girls). Football and basketball especially appeal to him and, in the former, I predict Mac (or is it "Male") will go far.

Charles Jellison

"Charlie" is Mary Snow's gift to the class of '41. Last year, while at the afore mentioned school, his rank card was a literal maze of A's (even as you and I). Charlie informs us that his favorite movie star is the idol of all Freshmen, Donald Duck. Being human, "Charlie" likes to eat anything and anytime, especially spinach. (That's what makes him so husky, the brute.) No fooling, though, "Charlie" Jellison is a great little fellow and truly a gentleman and scholar of the old school.

Frances Chaison

Is it the smile that wows 'em? We don't know. But whatever it is, take a lesson from Franny. Time glides away happily enough when there's fried chicken to be "et" or a movieing to be done. Even burning the sixty-watt bulb (or modern version of the proverbial midnight oil) keeps her mind in a contented state, if it has a pacifying (!) S. S. Van Dyne to dwell on. All-round sports enthusiast, anyhow, Franny is head cheer-leader this year, and is warming the bench, such an ordeal, boys! (Wrote the boys, "No indeed!")

second period when MacDonald, Bangor quarterback, "scooped up" a short punt on the Brewer 30-yard line. "Red" Smith, Bangor captain, charged the Brewer line for six yards. "Stan" Fletcher hit the line for four more, and Smith measured off-tackle for two yards, and a first down. The two following charges netted only two yards, so Wally Sawyer shot a beautiful pass to rangy "Barney" Morrill's waiting arms, who shot over for the score. The attempt to rush the line for the point failed.

The second touch-down was scored in the third quarter when Bryce, Bangor center, scooped up a fumble, caused by a hard tackle by "Red" Smith, and dove over for the touch-down. Smith then charged the center for the point, making the final score of 13-0.

Brewer's stalwart eleven showed plenty of fight, but were unable to stave off Bangor's crushing attack.

The only casualty of the day was a sad one for Bangor, for Ellery Tuck, Jr., suffered a fractured left leg and was definitely "out" for the season. Tuck was an up and coming fullback, who promised to fill the wide vacancy left by "Duke" Elliot.

Bangor vs. Waterville

Although fighting a powerful and fast battle, Bangor was defeated by Waterville in the former's second game of the season. Bangor completely out-played Waterville in the early stages of the game, but the offensive charges were not clicking. Early in the second period Waterville began its drive, for a long spiraling pass from Captain Ivers to Vachon gained 16 yards and brought the ball to Bangor's 9-yard line. Cosgrove, substitute for Hachey, speedy back for Waterville, then plunged through tackle and guard to score. The point was not realized.

Bangor again tore into the fray, shining defensively, but showing an inconsistent offence.

With the opening of the fourth quarter, many reserves were sent in to relieve the tiring regulars, who were beginning to feel the intolerable heat. Then Waterville cut loose for 13 more points, by an end run and a pass.

With a meager 3 minutes to play, Bangor finally cut loose through the air, but failed to score as the game ended with the score reading 19-0.

Bangor vs. Rumford

With injuries barring many hey-men from the Bangor squad, Rumford was met in a game almost a duplicate to the Waterville game, even down to the score,

The Red Raiders struck hard, but were unable to crack the Rams' wall. Shifting to end and off-tackle runs, Rumford finally got started, scoring once in each of the second, third and last quarters. The Rams still strong defensively, appeared weak in the offense. The first touch-down by a pass was followed by a line plunge which made the score 7-0 for Rumford.

The second touch-down was unusual, for a punt was blocked on Bangor's goal-line, and Rumford fell on it to score.

Rumford realized its final touch-down by plunging through and worming its way up the field. The game ended with the score 19-0.

Girls' Athletics

This year the weekly treks to Linden St. Field include one hundred twenty-five upper-classmen. Hockey practices started with a bang under Miss McGuire's able direction, and there are supposed to be six practices and four games for each team. All games will be played at Little City Park on the days scheduled unless it rains on that date.

The schedule is as follows:

Monday—Nov. 1—Seniors vs. Juniors.

Tuesday—Nov. 2—Juniors vs. Sophomores.

Thursday—Nov. 4—Seniors vs. Sophomores.

Monday—Nov. 8—Seniors vs. Juniors.

Tuesday—Nov. 9—Juniors vs. Sophomores.

Monday—Nov. 15—Seniors vs. Sophomores.

These games will be exciting, as they always are, so everybody go up to Linden St. Field and show some "classy" school spirit!

The senior girls on the Girls' Athletic Honor Council, Louise Newman, Virginia Simpson, Gwendolyn Matchett, Barbara Libbey, Barbara Savage and Jane Mulvany will help Miss McGuire with coaching. Virginia Simpson was elected hockey manager and Rita Johnston her assistant.

Echoes from Everywhere

As we begin the new year we find ourselves greatly indebted to our friends in other schools who have sent us their magazines and the story of how they do things. We are particularly interested in the *W. S. N. S. Tip-Top*, of Washington State Normal School at Machias, Maine, and *The Literator*, of Houlton High School at Houlton, Maine, but our—shall we say—specialty this time will be to introduce you to the *Red and Grey* which comes to us from the far-off Canadian Academy at Kobe, Japan.

(Please turn to page 30)

CINEMANALYSIS

Broadway Melody of 1938

ELEANOR POWELL—the tapping star of the screen—shows us some new steps. In this picture she not only taps but tries some Rogers and Astaire stuff which she doesn't do too badly at all.

Handsome Robert Taylor helps Eleanor with the romance, while Buddy Ebsen adds to the comedy and does a little tapping on the side himself. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker are also included in the cast.

Although we don't consider it as good as the "Broadway Melodies" of past years, we think you would enjoy it.

Wee Willie Winkie

What could be more delightful than Shirley Temple, the darling of the screen, in Rudyard Kipling's story "Wee Willie Winkie!" To top off the cast, there are Victor MacLaglen and Caesar Romero, playing the roles of a Scotsman in the army and a chieftain of a Mohammedan tribe respectively, with June Lang and Michael Whalen playing the slight love interest which runs through the story.

Shirley and her widowed mother (June Lang) go to India to live with Shirley's grandfather, a British officer, who is stationed there in a garrison. Almost immediately Shirley is dubbed "Wee Willie Winkie" by Victor MacLaglen and by this name she is known to the end of the story. With characteristic childlike trust and appeal, she unwittingly falls in with a group of foes to the fort. Betrayed by a servant in the household, she is taken captive to the chief of the enemy tribe.

The picture ends of course with the expected rescue effected by little Wee Willie Winkie's love and trust in two strong men; the one, her grandfather, head of the fort representing British law and order; the other, Kota Khan, chieftain of the hostile Mohammedan tribe.

The Good Earth

This is *the* picture of the season and is one of the finest and most educational that has ever been shown on the screen.

Not only has the picture a good plot, but those excellent actors, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, play the leads.

It depicts the life of the poor Chinese and how they

are treated by the rich; how the poor live; how the women work and the men take all the credit. One of the most remarkable scenes in the picture is the one showing the locusts descending upon a field of wheat.

It is a movie well worth seeing. We wish all such educational pictures might be as interesting.

Varsity Show

Not just another musical, but a very good musical. And furthermore a tribute to Maine is made by the playing of the Maine Stein Song as the collegiates formed a huge letter "M."

The scenes of this picture are laid at Winfield College, of which Dick Powell is supposed to be an alumnus and Fred Waring a teacher of mathematics. When Winfield College puts on its annual "Varsity Show," the Pennsylvanians play numerous college songs and the collegiates form the letter of the college.

We hope Hollywood will remember us again when she stages another musical hit as good as "Varsity Show."

Thin Ice

Another spectacular picture starring the Queen of the Silver Skates! Sonja Henie again skates her way into everyone's heart.

This picture, we think, is far better than "One in a Million!" Perhaps the difference in her acting and looks is due to the fact that she is starred with Tyrone Power—the dashing young man she has been seen with around Hollywood.

The picture takes place in the Swiss Alps and the scenic beauty adds to this romantic picture.

Comedy is scattered here and there throughout the play.

Not only skating reigns supreme, but the skiing—in which both Sonja and Tyrone take part—is marvelous as well as breath-taking.

All in all it is one grand picture!

Double or Nothing

Just another picture where love and romance take the leading roles.

The famous crooner Bing Crosby is starred with Kitty Carlisle. Of course, there is Martha Raye to help out with her wide-mouthed singing, but we feel that this picture might well be improved upon.

WHO'S WHO



Mr. Joseph B. Chaplin

Bangor High School's new principal is Mr. Joseph B. Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin was born in Cornish, Maine. He attended Cornish High School, the University of Maine, and Columbia University. He has had thirteen years experience as principal; during the past ten years he has been principal of Newport High School. Mrs. Chaplin is a graduate of Colby college and taught for some time afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin have

one son who is a Freshman at Bangor High School. Of course Mr. Chaplin is most interested in school and all that is connected with it. However, he is very enthusiastic about sports, including football, basketball, baseball, golf, tennis, hunting, and fishing. His honest opinion of our school is that it contains fine teachers and pupils; he also feels that improvements can be made, and during his regime he will do his utmost to help us in every way.

Miss Evelyn Haney

Who is the Bangor High School graduate of 1928 who spends most of her leisure moments in playing golf, and who has recently returned to her alma mater to teach expression and dramatics?—none other than Miss Evelyn Haney.

After she had taken part in both the Junior Exhibition and the Senior Play, Miss Haney very logically turned toward the Emerson College of Oratory for further study concerning that subject. While in this college she was elected to the Phi Mu Gamma Sorority, and was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation.

Then Miss Haney spent her time in directing amateur plays in New England. And a while after this work she returned to her native town—Bangor.

At the Northern Conservatory of Music, Miss Haney opened her Bangor studio, and in the summer of 1937 she was elected to the faculty of Bangor High School.



AMONG THE TEACHERS

Miss Jessie Fraser

Miss Jessie Fraser, who is responsible for the Juniors learning their English, is new here this year. Before coming to Bangor High she taught English and coached dramatics at Hampden Academy. She also had charge of the school magazine *The Sedan*.

Although this is her first year here as an instructor, the building is certainly not strange to her, as she graduated in the class of 1927. She finished studying at the University of Maine in 1931. As she was once a member of the Snapdragons, under Miss Mary Robinson, what could be more fitting than that she coach them this year—as she is doing? Traveling is her chief diversion, and she has been practically all over the United States.

Mr. Charles O'Connor

Mr. O'Connor, who is filling Mr. David Barker's place in the commercial department, may be a new teacher in the high school, but that does not mean that he is a stranger to the school. He tells us that he attended Bangor Public Schools and graduated from Bangor High in 1925. In 1931 he graduated from the University of Maine, and for the succeeding year was assistant to the Dean of Men. He later attended the Graduate School of Yale University in New Haven,

Connecticut, from which he graduated in 1933.

Mr. O'Connor's hobby is gardening, although at one time he tells us that he was very much interested in stamp collecting.

Mr. O'Connor first started teaching in Stearns High in 1933, teaching there until last May, when he came back home to fill Mr. Barker's place.

This year he will be an assistant to Mr. Prescott in debating.

Miss Thirma Smith

Miss Smith has the type of personality that makes you feel at ease immediately, and will help a great deal in making her classes pleasant and interesting. Before coming to Bangor High School, Miss Smith taught at Corinna Academy, Jonesport High School, and Houlton High School; she taught all the commercial subjects at all of these schools. Although Miss Smith has been teaching for twenty-two years, she has many interests outside of her work. She enjoys football and basketball games very much; she also reads a great deal and goes to worthwhile movies. During her vacation on the coast, she participates in summer sports such as hiking and swimming. A teacher with such an all-around personality will surely make classes interesting to her students.



Mr. Lawrence O'Connell

Solemn and meditative in the classroom, cheery and well-liked on the football field, Mr. O'Connell (better known as Larry) returns to Bangor as a teacher.

In his younger days, he went to school at Pond Street and is an alumnus of Hannibal Hamlin.

He was a star quarter-miler and played a bang-up game at end while in high school! and also while attending the U. of M. At Maine he was one of the more active members of the class of '34, being out for football and track, on the Student Council, an Owl, a Senior Skull, a Pale Blue Key, "M" Club, and a host of other things.

Although he has taught physics, economics, and English, he prefers geometry and coaching his J. V. team, which he believes will develop into one of the best varsity teams that Bangor has seen in years.

Miss Dorothy Gustin

Miss Dorothy Gustin is that attractive, dark haired teacher of economic geography and Freshman English. Born in Caribou, her list of schools reads like a directory—Bangor Grammar Schools, M. C. I., Maine School of Commerce (Normal School), the University of Maine, and the Bangor Theological Seminary. She's especially interested in dramatics, enjoys basketball games, and is an ardent football fan. Miss Gustin also reads a lot, particularly British contemporary novels. No mysteries or western thrillers for this young lady! Like most of us, she likes to eat, but, while a sad number of us diet "tomorrow," she really diets today! And in spite of all these time fillers, Miss Gustin still finds a little more to see George Arliss or Helen Hayes. She has a lot of enthusiasm for the legitimate stage too, and here her favorites are Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne. Her great ambition is to travel—anywhere, everywhere, and all the time; but meanwhile she reads Halliburton and dreams of a magic carpet.

Mr. Harold C. Chapman

Mr. Harold C. Chapman is the new history teacher, teaching Commercial and Industrial students. He is a native of Brunswick, Maine, and, though a graduate of Wesleyan at Middletown, Connecticut, he earned his M. A. at Bates.

He's an outdoor man; he has to be to keep his two daughters, aged ten and five, out of mischief. He summers at Poland Springs, and as for sports—tennis, baseball, basketball, skiing, and snowshoeing are all in

his line. What does he like best to do? Reading is his hobby, any kind of reading so long as it's history, early American period preferred. Movies? Not unless they happen to be historical. And does he eat his spinach? Well, he has to set a good example for those children!

Mr. Frederick W. Pinkham

Imagine, if you can, an entire summer being spent in learning *how* to write. Seems rather unbelievable, doesn't it, but this is precisely what was done by Frederick W. Pinkham, Bangor High's new teacher of penmanship and typing.

Mr. Pinkham was born in Lincoln, Maine, and here he received his grammar and high school education. Being very interested in the intricacies and art of *good* writing, (there is such a thing, you know) Mr. Pinkham entered the Zanerian College of Columbus, Ohio, and spent a full summer doing diploma work there.

The following six years found our penman teaching in Isleboro, Maine.

Spending his first year here in Bangor, Mr. Pinkham is truly an asset to the school in more ways than one. Highly interested in athletics, he is a devotee of basketball and track, and will, perhaps, coach our tennis teams, for in this is he especially adept.

Welcome, then, Mr. Pinkham, to Bangor High School! May your pensmen and potential tennis players flourish!

Mr. Into Suomi

A graduate of Monson Academy and the Maine School of Commerce, Mr. Into Suomi, whose chief ambition is to be a good teacher, chooses athletics as his chief and only hobby. While at Monson Academy he was one of its starry luminaries in all sports. Having previously taught in Winterport, Mr. Suomi is one of our new commercial teachers.

He also will coach Freshman football, Junior basketball, and Varsity baseball. So from all known facts, it looks as if Mr. Suomi's ambition will be realized in every way.

FLASH!

We have just learned that the first two dances held for the benefit of the fund for injured athletes have brought in over one hundred dollars! That's going places in a big way—congratulations—to all of you who are so ably supporting these affairs. A good time combined with a worthwhile objective—school spirit shown in the finest way: cooperation!

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

OCTOBER 26, 1937

HOKUM

By Jane Bradshaw

WELL, well an' stuff! Here we are again, just one big happy family excepting the Frosh who are practically in tears (poor things) because the teachers won't let them rattle their rattles in study period. Baw!

What ho and a few red flags! Communists in our midst! Even Austin (call me Ossy) Keith is upholding the five year plan; and Dwinal sings "I'm Blazin' A Trail To My Home" while riding to our house of knowledge each A. M.

Ahem! Miss Valerie Powers, ahem, is Ready, Wil-ling and Able (heavy sarcasm) to give free dancing lessons at only a dime a dozen. Come on now—"One, two, three, SLIDE, Charlie."

The Faulkingham's telephone has been disconnected. It seems Kay prefers horns to Bells while "Preshrunk" herself. Who likes trucking—or is it a truck driver, Dot? . . . So Bruzzy finally made up his mind—What! Again? . . . Wal, Fred Giddings, we hope it's not a "traveling" salesman you're trying to be? . . . And Betty Barker's bright and shining face—we recommend Johnson's Baby Powder—once again haunts us. The gal still roots for Haverhill—it's a nice "town" isn't it, Betty? Why the knapsack, Wilfred? Don't tell me you're a Boy Scout, too? . . . Oh, Yoo-hoo, June Winchell, why is a study period? You don't know? We sorta thought so! And whose initials are those in your notebook, Mary Nelson? Charlie Jellison is quite a Big Throb among the Frosh. Well and well! Ike Downes is doing it solo these days: we await developments with interest.

Hi de hi Editor Redman! ! Do you smell cheese? Or do you? And with this sweet (?) thought "Au re-voir!"

P. S. Here's a thought or three.

So Rare Polly Goodwin
The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down Jere-Bill Goessling
Swing for Sale Stanley Rudman
L'Amour Toujours L'Amour Mary Ellen Armitage
Everybody's Swingin' It Now Queen City Club
How Could You Freddie Leonard
The Lady Who Wouldn't Be Kissed Jean Mack
Hallelujah—(remember?) Marion Tracy
May I Have the Next Romance with You E. Lovejoy
Chasin' Around After You Mary Nelson
Zig-Zagging Edith Barker
Red Cap Valerie Powers
Sometimes I'm Happy Preston Rand
Ridin' High Evelyn Rice

Why Billions for Defense but Not One Cent for Tadpole Conservation?

By Langdon Freese

OUR prosperous nation has spent billions of dollars on preparing for, and fighting wars, but how much does it expend to preserve our national frog supply? Not one penny!

Each year youngsters and men and women snatch happy frogs from their natural habitats in unchecked numbers. Factories are founded which prey on these



poor amphibians by catching them and exploiting their lower limbs for profit. Professors, scientists, doctors, and others dissect them. There is, perhaps, an excuse for an adolescent's abhorrent actions concerning the abduction of frogs, their eggs, and tadpoles, but we can not overlook the adults' acknowledged abuse of this noble species merely in gluttony.

It is a puzzling puerile propensity that causes children to persecute this race by capturing them for pets. Probably the most shocking treatment comes about when a child finds some eggs. These eggs are disturbed rudely, indeed, placed in some horrid container and carried home.

They are mistreated terribly on the journey and when they come to the end of the trail they are placed, squashed and bruised, into a larger container.

Finally, through cannibalism and in water which has been far too infrequently changed, a few tadpoles grow into froghood, jump out of their jar, and meet their fate by being stepped on or dying of starvation from being lost in the house, or at the order of the parents, are thrown out into the cruel world.

Is this justice? Shall we tolerate such barbarous practices? Shall we permit Sunday picnickers to slosh through productive spawning beds? When our forefathers came forth onto this continent, did they take frogs' eggs from their rightful resting places? Did they tempt innocent frogs with the desire to jump into the dark, dusty corner of the domiciles of any decrepit dodo that brought them home, as the dominant demons of today do? No! They distinctly did not.

Do you realize that the eggs taken from their well-chosen sites would grow into full-fledged frogs, that these fine, fat frogs would eat, every day, thousands upon thousands of injurious bugs and insects that would without the assistance of our feathered and frog

friends sweep over the earth in irresistible numbers, and by eating the produce of poverty-stricken peasants finally overwhelm all animal life on the face of this globe?

It isn't beyond our comprehension to realize that some radical action must take place in the very near future to rescue ourselves from the impending disaster of a depleted frog supply and possibly even the extinction of the entire species.

The time has come. Let us strike while the iron is hot! Are we men or mice? Will we stand back and idly watch harmless tadpoles suffer while we enjoy ignoble ease and contentment?

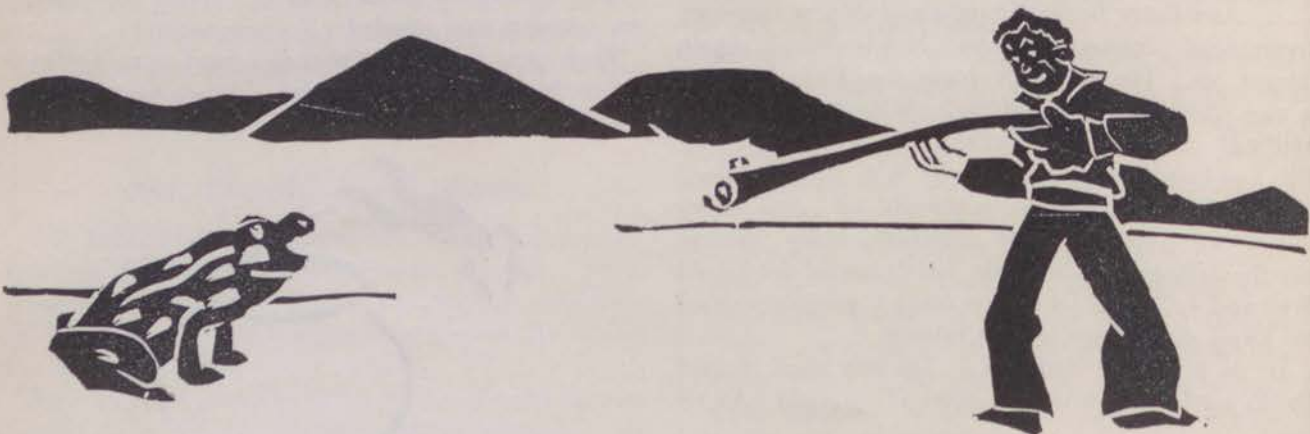
I propose that we take one-half of the cost of building one battleship; marshall a large group of earnest citizens from the ranks of prominent business and professional men, add to them a multitude of school-children; and reinforced by this faction charge forth into the swamps during *Prevention of Cruelty to Tadpoles Week* in a magnanimous effort to conserve our frog forces.

I propose that the present administration in Washington form a nation-wide society for our cause, appropriate appropriations, encourage the rugged individualist who will battle the base elements that are detrimental to our defenseless frogs.

I propose that we educate the kiddies by teaching them the proper methods of handling frogs, their eggs, and tadpoles; by propounding theories which explain the terrifying calamities that would result from too much molesting of our frogs.

I propose that a law be passed forbidding the use of barbed hooks for catching frogs. Moreover, automatic shotguns should be most assuredly prohibited, and no calibre rifle larger than a .32 should be utilized

(Please turn to page 30)



Automatic shot-guns should be prohibited

THE OPEN FORUM

I Like Hunting

WELL, the woodcock season opens tomorrow," remarked my father at the supper table.

"Does it really?" inquired my mother.

After Father had answered in the affirmative, both Jack, my brother, and I listened carefully and waited expectantly. Father, however, said nothing more, and finished his mince pie in silence.

Neither of us dared reopen the subject, so the vision of woodcock and partridges taking to wing among the gayly colored autumnal forests was but a picture in a page of the closed book.

The next morning, however, the book was opened again for us, and when Father's gun, the bullets, the lunch, and Jay, the dog, were packed in the car, and it raced merrily down the road, Jack and I seemed to find ourselves packed in also.

* * * * *

"Hark!"

"Sh-h!" Jack said to me as I caught up.

Looking ahead, I could barely discern through the bright foliage Jay, outlined in white, tail straight out, one paw lifted, frozen to the point. When Father flushed the bird it took wing, but suddenly descended at the sharp crack of Father's gun.

"Go seek, Jay, go seek!"

Jay disappeared into the woods.

"Go fetch, good boy, go fetch." Jay suddenly emerged from the trees, and wagging his tail proudly, triumphantly pranced up to his Master with the bird in his mouth.

All this thrills me. While Jay was pointing there was not a movement in the forest except the fluttering of the leaves; not a sound except the rustle in the trees.

Somehow, when you are in among those great trees, on the good solid earth of the forest, with the bright blue sky above, you forget your petty trials and tribulations at home. As to the cruelty of hunting, I feel that those birds are put here on the earth for man.

Tramping over fields, climbing over fences, crossing streams, following crooked roads until they become but a lane which decreases to a footpath, that winds into a squirrel track, breaking through the underbrush, I feel so exhilarated.

When the sun sets we start home, maybe with birds, maybe without, but with the satisfaction that we have spent a day in a good wholesome sport, feeling much better after the day in God's forests.

—Polly Campbell

I Dislike Hunting

MANY years ago when the old settlers first came to this country, hunting wild animals was a necessity to their existence; moreover there were plenty of animals and they killed only what they needed to eat and no more. However, as the years rolled past, hunting ceased to be an act of need and turned into a gentleman's sport and a test of skill. At first the hunters were wary about killing off too many of the animals, but as time passed on, hunting turned into a veritable slaughter. Today, the huntsman's cry is, "On to the kill!"

The sound of gunfire echoes from every hillside, and the screams of dying animals rend the air. Men are killed! People are wounded! Careless campers' fires rage through the forest! And lastly, many species of wild life are well started on a short journey of which the goal is extermination.

At length the scene and season close with one last flash of fire, one final reverberating crash of thunder from the mouths of many guns. The last hunter turns for home with his still smoking rifle under his arm just as quiet falls upon a sad scene of ruin and destruction. There are many who will never again feel the pressure of a gun stock against their shoulder. No more will the woods provide a haven for the wild animals that have fallen to the voice of man's miniature cannon. Now as wails of lament replace those of suffering animals, a vision of smoke billowing from the homes of many animals and of frightened deer and terrified rabbits fleeing before the terrible onrush of angry flames rises and passes by.

A short time ago a gentleman said to me, "Oh, the deer in this state have increased a lot the last few years." To this statement I replied, "Yes, and so have the fiends who track them down with high powered rifles and shotguns."

Our wild life cannot withstand this barrage of killers that sweeps over our state year after year without any respect for life or property. Only when there are no animals left will the ones who kill them repent. I advocate the preservation of these animals and wish that this state especially could be transformed into an immense park where they would be forever free. Here might they find peace, and the only weapons used to shoot them would be cameras. Tourists passing through would be able to see many of them in their native haunts, and, after some time had elapsed they would become tame enough to be the pets of all comers.

—Carleton Orr

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 19)

Floyd Gibbon's program, *Your True Adventures* is off the air while Floyd is assisting in the filming of screen versions of true adventures broadcast during the past months. This program which was sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive, was not originally planned to last so long, but remained because of its popularity and may return again. The first of the series of short pictures has already been shown at several theaters.

The Hollywood Mardi Gras started off with a bang several weeks ago and has assumed a place among radio's headliners. The new program is presented by the Packard Motor Car Company each Tuesday night at 9:30 over the N B C Red Network. Charlie Butterworth, genial gangster of screen and radio, is master of ceremonies of the full hour's program. Co-starred on the program are Lanny Ross, radio's best known tenor, and Florence George, the possessor of a lovely soprano voice. Don Wilson is the program's announcer. Don, by the way, is one of the highest paid announcers on radio. Raymond Paige and his orchestra very effectively supply the show's musical scores. Each week a guest artist or guest artists are presented. The show is one of the finest on the air, being well-balanced and very entertaining. In recognition of this fact, the *Radio Guide* recently presented it with the Medal of Merit, awarded to those programs which consistently present good fun and fine music for the public's entertainment.

WHY BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE?

(Continued from page 28)

for the shooting of frogs.

We must stamp out commercialism. If we can do this it will mean an immediate material gain, as the numbers of our subject will increase enormously. To do this, fish and game associations all over the country must coöperate to the fullest extent in establishing size limits and creating a definite bag quota. Also I believe that more attention should be paid to the controlling of predators. By all means let us control predators.

Our frog supply must, can, and shall be preserved for future generations. Let us not wait until next month or next year but tomorrow! Tomorrow is the time, and when tomorrow comes, we will act!

"GOING TO THE DOGS"

(Continued from page 13)

all-age anything above two years. The trial course is laid out in an imaginary circle. Usually the start is in

a field and then the participants go into a wood-lot to emerge into another field where birds have been placed by field officials. Here is a spectacle worth observing even if you aren't acquainted with the sport.

Although you may prefer golf, tennis, or knitting as your own particular choice for a pastime, I think you will agree that hunting combined with dogs is a fast moving and fascinating hobby.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

(Continued from page 22)

The *Tip-Top* is a fine paper to our way of thinking, and we wish, too, that we could run our magazine without any advertising. The idea of a message from an old student each time telling about his before and after impressions of school is also excellent. It would be an advantage to the publication, however, if folks did not take life so seriously there and put a little more humor into it.

The *Literator* is a corking good job for any school. It is a well-balanced one, and we like especially the write-ups of the courses. This seems to be something which many papers have overlooked.

The *Red and Grey*, our first international swap, certainly upholds the artistic traditions of its mother country, Japan. Its frontispiece is a real work of art, a Japanese color print. The pages are bordered in true Japanese style with the symbol and date, "Year of the Cow," while sections are heralded by ancient Oriental warriors, as fierce-looking as they are really reputed to have been. We like best of these the page introducing the music section, which differs a bit from the others, a picture of a pensive young girl of old Nippon playing a reed flute with a sickle of the new moon behind her shining into the garden.

Of course, it has the usual departments, and their exchanges are extremely varied. A clever touch is its locals column "To be perused by students only" with "Articles for the editor's wastebasket welcomed."

The athletics section is all that one would expect of an English school, with the usual Boy Scout activities.

Running through this magazine, we discovered a poem that strangely reminded us of our home state of Maine, and so we pass it on to you:

MY LOG CABIN

I love that little old cabin of mine
Built from the logs of spruce and pine,
With the cracks all jammed with sweet fresh moss,
It has no style or grace of line,
But it's home to me, that cabin of mine.

TACT

(Continued from page 10)

How unlike the young men of her time with their courtesies and consideration!

However, she had come in search of a gay time, and eager to have it, she accepted.

She was soon gasping for breath as he all but dragged her around the floor. She simply couldn't follow him; his feet were most of the time on top of her pet corns, and it was all she could do to keep from crying out.

At last, after what seemed hours and in reality was only a few minutes, he led her back to her seat. As he left her, after depositing her, as so much baggage, in a chair, he said, "Thanks, Grandma."

Dan and Sue were having a grand time and had no thought for Dan's grandmother. Ray and Diane, too, were almost oblivious to her presence. It was much later in the evening before they thought of her again.

"Where's Grandmother?" asked Diane as she waltzed by Dan.

"I don't know. I can't seem to find her."

Still unable to find her after the dance was over, the four of them started homeward without her. After the "good-nights" and the "thanks for a lovely evening" had been said, the twins started up the walk to the house.

As they came laughing into the hall, they spied their grandmother sitting before the fire in a rocking chair, employed with knitting needles.

"I see my scheme worked," Dan whispered proudly.

"Yes, it took tact," said Diane, as she mentally thanked the boys who had aided them in bringing about this welcome transformation.



LESSON NO. 1 IN LIFE

(Continued from page 11)

Aw, it wasn't any use anyway. Where was that magazine he had been reading? He'd left it on the desk, oh, no—he had put it back in the rack. He didn't want to disturb Bob, tho, but what the heck, he wasn't working anyway. He managed somehow to secure it without too much commotion. This done, he settled himself lazily among the scattered pillows on the coach. He stared at Bob's grim face, noting how ill at ease the boy seemed. The words before him became blurred—all that was necessary to solve the little mystery was to put two and two together. Pirates, say, that checked precisely with Bob's last story, and the beginning was identical—gee, what was he thinking of? Robert Richard McKail was a genius at writing—all his stuff was original—but why, some inner voice argued, did he subscribe to all the popular reading matter and

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keep them neatly piled away? His warning: "Read the magazines if you must, but be sure you don't lose my papers in them" came back to him—and why—the arguing rushed on, did he ask for privacy, saying he could think better alone? Was that why Bob wasn't working now—because there were no magazine from which to copy from?

Pudge closed his eyes as if to shut out these absurd thoughts. He struggled to read on. Word for word, it was almost the same construction. Bob should have known he would get found out sooner or later. Robert McKail, the school's red-headed idol—impossible!

Down on the floor below Professor Ramsdell was dozing over the last edition of the "Diplomat"—an article by Robert McKail, very promising, no grammatical errors and put together in his usual fine standards. He was truly a clever artist. He'd go far in this world, the kind old professor mused. He tossed this away and picked up a copy of the "Mutual", a widely read magazine. He turned the pages freely, lingering over the title of "Patriotic Piracy" glaring in huge red print up at him.

He'd read this through, then retire, for he'd had a rather trying day at class.

In the deep silence and dim light of the room, the professor suddenly reached across his reading table for the "Diplomat"; something in it sounded similar to the story he had started in the "Mutual" issue. A low sound emerged from the man's dry lips as he saw McKail's name and realized the hateful truth staring point-blank at him. In spite of his apparent weariness he spent the remainder of the evening checking all the editions of the magazines with those of the school. Familiar passages duplicated those of other authors. Same plots. The boy had made a grave mistake. Such proceedings must be checked at once.

The following day Bob was accused of plagiarism by the faculty advisor of the magazine staff. Somehow he was not surprised—deeply ashamed and embarrassed perhaps. For weeks he strolled about the campus, the intolerable situation indelibly printed in his mind.

Now that he had been caught red-handed he felt almost relieved that the truth had come out. It took him quite some time to realize how dishonest he had been. But he soon noticed the changed attitude toward him of students and faculty, and the long, lonely hours he was now forced to spend in his study, he used to probe into his own character. Slowly the realization came that his plagiarism was not cleverness, but dishonesty. And with this realization came a true abhorrence for his own conduct.

Bob, slowly emerging from the abyss of humiliation

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and remorse, accepted the arrival of his inevitable judgment day with a resignation tingled with a strong desire to benefit from his first stiff lesson in life.

"CLEVER" LEM

(Continued from page 8)

only chicken feed to a bank president like me, but it might buy you a press."

He took leave from Lem and Eben as soon as possible to go to his room.

Here he was, Tug Murphy, bank president, newspaper manager of the *Clarion*. What a laugh he'd give the boys in Chi when he got back! \$25,000 to gain!

The next day a town meeting was called to decide whether the \$25,000 in the town treasury should be appropriated for the paper.

George McCaron, town manager, made a speech, "Too much money!"

John Smithers made a speech—the town voted to use the money. They'd never need it, anyways.

Lemuel Rawlins was happy.

The whole town was happy.

John Smithers was jubilant!

"It's like taking candy from a baby," he thought.

The next day he sent out a letter to his old crony of Chicago, Charlie the Whiffer.

"—and that's the story. So don't forget to send an old junk of a printing press up here. I'm sending you \$200 to buy it and \$1,000 when I get this up here.

Love and kisses—lots of 'em,

Tug."

After writing this letter, he made his final plans.

He would first get the old hulk of a press; next he would make up a phoney bill for \$26,000 in the name of some company that even good old Lemuel would know.

Then he'd stick around for about a week; and, finally, take all the cash "to pay the bill in person."

That Monday the press came. It was carried over to the town hall, and another assembly was called.

John Smithers made a speech on the eventual success of the paper. Then, 'mid shouts and cheers, he opened the huge box within which was the press.

It was a massive object, and despite the smashed print, defective machinery, and the absence of several important bits of mechanism, it was, to the townspeople, a perfect machine.

"And here's the bill," nonchalantly spoke out John Smithers.

"Twenty-six thousand dollars?" faltered Lem.

"Yep. What of it?"

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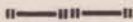
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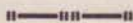
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"Well ye see, Mr. Smithers, we'uns of this town gut only \$25,000. An' I be durned if thar' be more than ten dollars and seventy cents more in this here place!"

"Why, Lem, I thought I knew you better than that."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Lem, I'll supply the thousand dollars, myself."

"You, Mr. Smithers?"

"I'm a good fellow, and anyway, that's nothing to me!"

"Oh, Mr. Smithers, we'll never be able to repay ye."

"Oh skip it. It doesn't mean a thing to me. Yuh know, all us bank presidents got lots a' money." Smithers beamed, as a philanthropist when giving some benefit.

"Oh, thankee, again, an' when be ye a-startin this paper for we'uns? We'uns would like to be a-seein' this contraption a-goin'."

"Dunno, eh-h, yet," Smithers replied, "probably in a coupla' weeks. To tell the, eh-h, truth, I, eh-h, don't know so much about running a paper. Say, why don't ya hire yourself a real editor to, eh-h, print it?"

"Ye mean, ye don't know how to run a paper?"

"Yeh, why?"

"Well, we'll have to be a-hirin' us somebody, then."

"Yeh, I'll give you some good office to write to. But be sure to tell him to come in a month or so, no sooner!"

"Why?"

"Oh, just don't want it to be known that I, eh-h, am here. You know, publicity, eh-h."

"I see, I'll tell him that!"

"Now, don't forget—in a month—no sooner, don't forget!"

"Nope, I won't," Lem assented. "Got to be goin' now though—to the store. G'by."

"Goodby."

Now his work was in its last stage. In a week he could go back to Chi with \$25,000 in his pocket besides the \$6,000 which he had maneuvered in his last job in Chi—the job that he had come to this hick town on account of, to wait until it would cool down for him in Chicago.

The next few days seemed like centuries to him. He did not want to leave with the money in a hurry as it might arouse suspicion. In about two more days he would ask for the money, supposedly to pay the bill in Chicago. They would never suspect that he'd never pay the bill until the editor would come, and that would give him a whole month to get away.

Later that day, Lem came up to Smithers and made the announcement which chilled Smithers' heart.

"Boy, Mr. Smithers, ye should have seen the won'ful pitchers of the printin' press I sent to the man ye

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told me was goin' to be our edytor, an' I tole him how ye got it for so cheap a price, an' how ye still be here, an'—"

"You mean, you sent a picture of the press to that man who might be your editor?"

"Yep, aint ye not glad?"

"Oh yeah, I'm happy—very happy about it! Have you, eh-h, mailed it?"

"I mailed it, why?"

"Oh, I'd like to see the picture you took."

"Oh, I'll show it to ye. Here it be in my pocket."

Lem took out a picture that gave full credit to the worthlessness of the press.

"You—you mean you sent this?"

"Yep."

Smithers took another look at the photograph and then hastily took his leave. In the seclusion of his room, he thought over the predicament he was in. He knew that any sane editor would immediately see that Lem and the rest of Lambington had been cheated out of their money, and knowing that the "cheater" was still in the city, the prospective editor would surely rush over to Lambington to try to catch him. He only hoped that Lem had not as yet got an answer from the editor.

With as much tact as possible under the circumstances he asked for the money "to pay the bill."

It was given to him innocently.

Next he told Lem he was leaving town. He had to in order to get out of town, since Lem had the only auto between Lambington and the next town thirty-five miles away.

"Ye say ye be a-leavin' town?"

"Why, yes, can I take your flivver?"

"Oh, no, ye be wrong when ye be thinkin' ye kin be leavin' us like this!"

"Say, what are you drivin' at, huh?" Mr. Tug Murphy was ruffled. Could this old rooster have anything on him? "Why can't I leave? I got to pay the bill."

"I reckon ye gut to leave—but before ye be leavin' just drop into Sheriff Zekes' house."

"And what if I don't want to?"

"Reckon I don't want ye to leave without going to Sheriff's house, an' ye can't leave without my autyomobile."

The notable Tug Murphy, alias Mr. Smithers, saw that he was trapped. If he went to the Sheriff's, he would be "a goner." If he stayed here much longer, the Sheriff would come for him.

"Yep, we got some celebration for ye at Sheriff Colebrook Zekes' house," remarked Lem.

"Say, here's \$10,000—or here's \$25,000, even. Everything I took from you, but just let me take your flivver."

"We'uns don't need your money an' you're not

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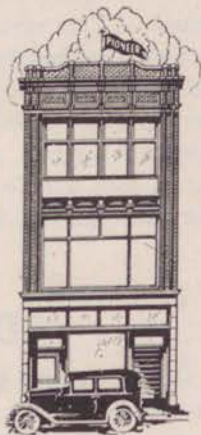
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gonna miss this little celebration we're puttin' on for ye. What would we do with your money? We don't need so much to pay the edytor, so what we need with such a "present?" Ye done so much for us, hiring a' edytor an' buyin' a press, that we don't need anything else from ye."

"Here, I'll give you \$35,000; every cent I've got. You can get a good press, hire plenty of editors—and just give me your flivver."

"Seein' as ye wish to leave town so much, all right. I'll let ye take my flivver."

"Phew, thanks, and here is the \$35,000."



"Here's \$10,000; just let me take your flivver."

Cursing to himself, he started the car, and chugged out of town as fast as the car would go.

* * * * *

Later that evening, Lem was talking to Sheriff Zekes. "Yep, sure was some modest feller. To think he was so modest; he wanted to give me so much money, an' finally gave me so much, an' wouldn't even stay to the swell party me'n Mrs. Zekes, an' Mr. Zekes was preparin' for him, an' the cake an' everything we was gonna give him for presents gone to waste—sure was some benyfactor—some good fellow!"

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that George Gershwin wrote the "Symphony in Blue," the first jazz symphony?

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