

FEB 6 1936

BANGOR
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
BANGOR ME.

OCTOBER '35

Young men and women will
always find this banking in-
stitution interested and help-
ful in their business progress.

A checking account with a
bank not only reflects respon-
sibility, but is an important
factor in establishing your
credit and standing.

Deposits insured by The
Federal Deposit Insur-
ance Corporation with
\$5,000 Maximum Insur-
ance for each Deposit.

THE MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

BANGOR - - MAINE

Member Federal Reserve System

HIGH SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Bangor. High School.

The Oracle.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Irving W. Small, Superintendent, 18 Elizabeth Avenue

Charles E. Taylor, Principal, 223 Essex Street

Pearl E. Brown, Secretary, 281 Ohio Street

*Clarence H. Drisko, Sub. Master, 64 West Street

Rachel Connor, Dean, 60 Fern Street

INSTRUCTORS

Dorinda Ann Adams	19 Grove Street	Robert E. Lane	35 Holyoke St., Br.
Theresa Pretto Allen	51 Blackstone Street	Ernest H. Legere	23 Highland Ave.
Byron W. Barker	79 South Park Street	Margarette W. Lutz	224 Nowell Road
David E. Barker	59 Highland Avenue	Frank F. McGinley	101 Maple Street
*Natalie G. Barker	78 Kenduskeag Ave.	Mildred Eddy McGuire	101 Otis Street
Forrest C. Beal	41 Thirteenth Street	Pauline McLaughlin	65 Fourth Street
*Estelle I. Beaupre	396 Hammond Street	Anna B. McSkimmon	94 Third Street
Gladys M. Bunker	10 Walter Street	Mary F. Mahaney	118 Fern Street
Margaret M. Carroll	1 Whitney Street	Bernard J. Mann	43 Parkview Ave.
Arlin Miller Cook	273 Union Street	Hazel S. Mead	106 Grove Street
*Irene Cousins	11 Washington St., Br.	Charlotte D. Meinecke	91 W. Broadway
*Ruth Crosby	224 Nowell Road	*Janice R. Moore	48 W. Broadway
*Lenore Cumming	353 Hammond Street	*M. Catherine Mullen	11 Fairmount Park West
Dana C. Cummings	14 Chapman St., Br.	Herbert L. Prescott	49-B Kenduskeag Ave.
Vina J. Currier	179 Wilson St., Brewer	Mary T. Quinn	167 Maple Street
Irving W. Devoe	221 Elm Street	*Darthea V. Rideout	15 Grant Street
John P. Downing	Fuller Road	Standish A. Riley	102 Union St., Brewer
Marion DuBourdieu	55 Grove Street	*Adelbert W. Sprague	217 Union Street
*Bernice B. Dunning	156 Cedar Street	William G. Starkey	22 Chapman St., Br.
Walter E. Edwards	219 Ohio Street	Grace Lincoln Thomas	314 Hammond Street
Howard S. Emery	139 Center Street	Frederick L. Thurston	59 Kenduskeag Ave.
Margaret J. Estes	38 Fern Street	H. True Trefethen	269 French Street
Bertha C. Files	101 Maple Street	W. Edward Trowell	49 E. Summer Street
Walter M. Gay	300 French Street	Walter F. Ulmer	492 Main Street
Mabel H. Hall	50 Leighton Street	*George N. Varney	17 Lincoln Street
Clarence E. Hart	12 George Street	Charles H. Welch	225 Parkview Avenue
*Durward S. Heal	543 Hammond Street	Malcolm O. Willis	12 Tyler Avenue
Charles E. Holyoke	269 Wilson St., Br.	*Robert T. Snow, Lt. Col.	50 Penobscot Street
Elsie M. Junkins	75 South Park Street	Frank D. Doncheez, Ser.	591 Main Street
Edith M. Knight	15 Somerset Street		

*Heads of Departments

THE ORACLE STAFF of 1935-36

takes this opportunity to thank its subscribers and advertisers whose support makes possible this publication.

1933-1934 Honor Rating:

FIRST PLACE — *Journalistic Conference,
University of Maine.*

FIRST CLASS — *National Scholastic Press
Association, Minneapolis, Minn.*

1934-1935 Honor Rating:

FIRST PLACE — *Journalistic Conference,
University of Maine.*

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

	PHONE NO.		PHONE NO.
Automobile Bodies—Repairing		Grocers—Wholesale	
R. J. SMITH,.....	4679	THURSTON & KINGSBURY CO.....	8241
2 Union St., Brewer		50 Broad St.	
Banks		Hardware	
MERRILL TRUST CO.....	5651	HAYNES & CHALMERS.....	8204
2 Hammond St.		176 Exchange St.	
Batteries		Hotels	
ARVID L. EBBESON.....	3870	WINDSOR HOTEL.....	2-1722
May St.		114 Harlow St.	
Class Rings		Insurance	
BOUTILIER.....		PEARL & DENNETT CO.....	2-0053
37 Park St.—268 Hammond St.		6 State St.	
Clothing—Men's		Jane Junior Dresses	
CURRAN & GRIFFIN CLOTHING CO.		SMITH SPECIALTY SHOP.....	3067
38 Main St.		41 Hammond St.	
LARGAY'S MEN'S SHOP.....	8198	Monuments	
18 Broad St.		FLETCHER & BUTTERFIELD.....	5343
Clothing—Women's		86 Central St.	
MIRIAM W. WARDWELL.....	7883	Oil Burners	
12 Central St.		MERLE L. COFFIN.....	8878
Coal		725 Broadway	
J. F. WOODMAN & CO.....	2-0043	Painters	
9 Hammond St.		R. H. KAVANAUGH.....	9892
STICKNEY & BABCOCK.....	2-2004	39 Park St.	
5 Hammond St.		Photographers	
BACON & ROBINSON CO.....	4576	ALBERT J. FARRINGTON.....	8820
19 State St.		3 State St., Brewer	
Druggists		FRANCIS LEVERETTE VOSE.....	5800
SAWYER'S EAST SIDE PHARMACY ..	4118	32 Coombs St.	
29 State St.		Pianos—Radios—Washing Machines	
FOWLER DRUG CO.....	2-1269	RICE & TYLER.....	3351
104 Main St.		98 Central St.	
CALDWELL-SWEET CO.....	4596	Printers	
110 Broad St.		CONNERS' PRINTING CO.....	3319
Dry Goods		179 Exchange St.	
SENER'S.....	8879	H. P. SNOWMAN.....	3841
21 Columbia St.		40 Central St.	
Electrical Equipment		Produce	
BANGOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC.....		C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661
Main St.		62 Pickering Square	
F. F. V. Cookies		Sporting Goods	
LITTLE CITY GROCERY & MARKET ..		DAKIN SPORTING GOODS CO.....	6411
289 Center St.		25 Central St.	
Florists		Shoe Repairing	
BANGOR FLORAL CO.....	7729	PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	
State St.		35 Central St.	5479
Funeral Directors		Timberlands and Surveying	
WHITE & HAYES.....	2-0294	PRENTISS & CARLISLE CO., Inc.	4993
46 Center St.		12 Hammond St.	
Garages		Welding	
TIBBETTS BROS.....	8141	J. J. BOULTER & SON.....	7019
23 Haynes Court		293 Harlow St.	
Grocers			
SPANGLER'S Q not Q FOOD SHOP.....	8268		
8 Broad St.			

PRESIDENT
ABRAM L. KIRSTEIN
VICE PRESIDENT
WILLIAM K. HALLETT
SECRETARY
HAROLD H. HODGE
TREASURER
CARROLL A. WEEKS

"HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST"



DIRECTORS
WILLIAM C. BRYANT, JR.
GEORGE F. EATON
WILLIAM K. HALLETT
ALDEN F. HEAD
HAROLD H. HODGE
ABRAM L. KIRSTEIN
CARROLL A. WEEKS

ROTARY CLUB OF BANGOR

MEMBER ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

September 24, 1935

The Oracle
Bangor High School
Bangor, Maine

Dear Students:

The matter of our encouraging the efforts of the student body of Bangor High School to continue and improve the Oracle was presented to our club today, and we are glad to give you our hearty endorsement.

We feel that this publication is the mainspring of the social side of high school life, and the tighter you wind it the closer you bind yourselves in mutual effort for the good of your school.

Very truly yours,

Rotary Club of Bangor

ABRAM L. KIRSTEIN
President

HAROLD H. HODGE
Secretary

Published six times a year by the
students of Bangor High School, Bang-
gor, Maine.

Entered as second class matter,
June 14, 1914, at the post-office at
Bangor, Maine.

VOL. XLV

NO. 1

The Oracle

CONTENTS

OCTOBER 31, 1935

STAFF

LITERARY

A Day With Shu Cheng and Chung Ho	page 7
By Grace Wong	
Seventeen Cents to Five Thousand Dollars	
By Robert Morris	page 8
Seen From An Iceberg	page 10
By Bernice Faulkingham	
My Realization	page 11
By Ada Saltzman	
Chicks Will Be Chicks	page 12
By Emily A. Rand	
A Scavenger Hunt	page 13
By Isabel Cumming	
The Slip That Saved Saunders	page 14
By Phillip Goos	
Poetry	page 15
Editorials	page 17
What Others are Reading	page 18
A Review of Activities	page 19
Latin Club	page 19
Commercial Club Forms	page 19
Parent-Teacher Association	page 19
Rifle Club	page 19
Debate Club	page 20
Chorus and Glee Club	page 20
Assemblies	page 20
Band	page 20
Student Council	page 20
Senior Orchestra	page 21
Girls' Athletic Honor Council	page 21
Alumni	page 21
Mystified	page 22
Passing in Review	page 23
R. O. T. C.	page 24
Library	page 24
Girls' Athletics	page 24
Introducing Our New Instructors	page 25
Boy's Athletics	page 25
Class Officers	page 27
Movies	page 28
Wise and Otherwise	page 29

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.... Ernest F. Andrews, Jr.

BUSINESS MANAGER..... James Watson

LITERARY EDITORS..... { Isabel Cumming
Margaret Tyler

PERSONALS..... { Pauline Jellison
Barbara Welch
Spencer Winsor

ACTIVITIES..... { Hazel Chalmers
John Hessert
Janet Sherburne

ALUMNI..... Rachel Kent

GIRLS' ATHLETICS..... Mary Conners

BOYS' ATHLETICS..... Charles Peirce

HOKUM..... Miriam Golden

BOOK REVIEWS..... Helma Ebbeson

ADVERTISING..... { Danforth West
Phillip Goos
Horace Stewart

CIRCULATION MANAGER..... Earl Ruhlin

TYPISTS..... { Jeanette Leavitt
Helen Christakos
Virginia Bemis

ARTISTS..... { Dorothea Powers
Beatrice Gleason
Helma Ebbeson
Dudley Utterback

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

COMMON CLUB INTERESTS

1. Clubs should stand for simplicity in all matters—entertainments, refreshments, expenditure of money.
No club should give entertainments for money to be used for any purpose except defraying expenses of said entertainment.
2. Each club should arrange and conduct one Assembly each year.
3. How much publicity should be given to proceedings of clubs in city papers? Left to teacher in charge.
4. No pupil shall hold more than one major office during a school year. A major office means the highest office in each organization.

CLUB MEMBERSHIP

POINT SYSTEM

Each student should carry at least one but not more than **nine** points. The aim is to include everyone in some extra curricular activity, but to limit those who might let clubs absorb too much time. It is the student's responsibility to choose those activities in which he is most interested to make up a total of not more than **nine points**.

Athletic Managers.....	4
Assistant Managers.....	2
Athletic Captains.....	3
Athletic Squad Members.....	3
Class Presidents and Treasurers.....	3
Class Vice Presidents and Secretaries.....	2
Ring Committee, etc.....	1
Home room officers.....	1
Debating, French, History, Latin, Chemistry, Geometry, Commercial, Dramatic, Library, Rifle, Officers', Honor Council, and similar clubs:	
President.....	3
Other Officers, including permanent chairman of committees	2
Members.....	1
Members of band and orchestra.....	3
Members of Glee Club.....	1
Dramatic Club—parts in plays.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ -2
Editor of "Oracle".....	4
Business Manager of "Oracle".....	4
"Oracle" Board.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ -3
Debating Team.....	3
Junior Semi-finals.....	1
Junior Exhibition.....	2

The interest of one of the Oracle's friends made the printing of this page possible.

A Day With Shu Cheng and Chung Ho

GRACE WONG

SENIOR

The children in the Chang family take an all 'round bath every two weeks in summer and once a month in winter.

FAR AWAY toward the rising sun, lies a very old and honorable country called China. In the days when the people of Europe and America were roaming about with no settled homes, the people of China were growing grains, building temples and homes, painting pictures, and making silk and pottery.

Today, in a village a few miles north west of the city Peiping, the house of the Chang family stands behind brick walls. It is early morning. Many camels go padding by the wooden gate set in the brick wall. Herds of sheep and other animals go trodding by with their drivers behind them. They have come from Tartary which lies far away to the north, beyond the Great Wall of China.

Neither the animals nor the men can look over the high wall into the courtyard of the Chang family. There are several one story buildings inside the wall. Toward the north, close to the wall, are the kitchen and the rooms where the maid servants sleep. Next comes a large building built about three sides of the square court. Here are the party rooms and the waiting rooms for the people who come to call on the Changs. Close to the wall on the south side are the rooms of the men-servants.

Very, very early in the morning, the cook stirs the fire and makes breakfast. To reach the kitchen mother has to get up, go through a passageway in the west wing of the house and then along a brick path in the yard.

In the kitchen the cook is stirring the rice gruel in a great kettle over the stove, and Amah is filling an earthen pot with hot water. This water is for the wash basins in the bedrooms.

The boys' room is at the tip end of the east wing. Their names are Shu Cheng and Chung Ho, of the ages seven and twelve. They have slept in one bed carved with different designs on the panels. Plaited fibers woven into the frame made the bed soft and springy. A screen of curtains hung about on all four sides and on top. The bed was furnished with a mattress, stuffed with cotton and then covered with two sheets. For night clothes the boys wore cotton coats and trousers, similar to our pajamas.

The floor of their room is tile. The boys wear clothes

very much alike, all of which are made of cotton. First the boys put on long sleeved coats of white cotton cloth, then come white cotton trousers reaching halfway down their legs, blue cotton stockings, and a pair of black cotton trousers made in two layers. Lastly come their shoes which are made of felt.

The boys go out-of-doors to clean their teeth. They use tooth powder but father uses salt.

Shu Cheng who is seven years old had then run across the court into the kitchen. He is very hungry and wants a sweet little rice cake. He knows the cook will give him one.

The cook is leaning over the kitchen stove when Shu Cheng enters. She is putting sticks of charcoal into the stove to make it hotter. Shu Cheng thumps her on the back with his fists, "I want a cake," he cries.

Cook looks up. Her face is very red and hot. She gives Shu a cake. Sunk into the top of the stove, are great iron pots where the rice for the family is boiling. The front of the stove is solid, so Amah has to tend the fire from behind.

Now, breakfast is ready. Cook, Mother, and Amah carry the food from the kitchen to the room where the family are. They have to walk some distance, so the dishes are covered to keep them warm. When they reach the dining room, which faces south across the courtyard, they place the dishes in the center of the table. The table is square and painted very dark red. (Shu Cheng had already set it for breakfast). On its bare top which is washed carefully after every meal, he has placed eating utensils at each place. There is a pair of chopsticks and bowl for each person. Mother fills the bowls with rice gruel. Then she goes back into the kitchen to fetch the fried eggs. The bowls are made of porcelain and the chop-sticks are made of ivory, carved from elephants' tusks.

Grandfather sits down first in his chair which faces south. Father's and Mother's chairs are placed opposite Grandfather's chair and the children sit on stools on either side.

The children stand respectfully waiting for mother to come in from the kitchen. As she does not come right away, father gives the children permission to sit down. Grandfather and he then begin to eat. The

children sit looking at the food with longing eyes. Father turns his eyes toward the courtyard but there is no sign of mother coming through the door so he gives them permission to eat.

Just then the mother comes in from the kitchen with the eggs. There are two kinds of vegetables on the table. Each is in a separate dish. The first dish contains soy bean sprouts, cooked with salt, vegetable oil, and soy bean sauce. The second vegetable dish is filled with lettuce, bitter cucumbers, and parsnips, which have been mixed and soaked with brine for some days. These vegetables are very salty. There are eggs, too, which have been fried with onions and salt.

The children add some vegetables with the eggs to the rice gruel in their bowls. They use chop-sticks to dip food from the center dishes. When their bowls are filled they eat the vegetables and eggs and suck the rice gruel.

Both mother and father watch their children very carefully seeing that they do not make noises with their mouths or with their chopsticks, while eating. They are not allowed to rush through the meal nor to talk.

The children are taught that it is polite to show sorrow at having to leave the table. When they finish eating they place their chopsticks over their bowls with the eating ends pointed towards the center of the table. This is to show that they are ready to leave the table. But to their elders they say "Please eat slowly."

After breakfast Amah clears the dishes from the table and washes them in an earthen tub of hot water.

Against the wall at the back of the room in which the family eats, stands a long, low, narrow table. On this table is a little house just like the one in which the Changs live. Tablets inscribed with the names of the family ancestors are in this house. There is one tablet for each ancestor. On the birth day and the death day of each ancestor special worship is held in front of the little house. On all days mother burns some kind of incense before it. Then mother, father, and the children get on their knees and bow their heads to the floor.

Now it is half past seven and time for the children to go to school. The schoolhouse is an old Buddhist temple. The children have to cross several fields to reach it. The schoolhouse stands in the middle of the field. In all the classrooms are brick floors. There are no ceilings. Each child has a moveable wooden desk with a slanting top, and a drawer beneath in which to keep his books and paper. At twelve o'clock the children come home from school for lunch. Mother and Amah have it ready for them. Amah cooks rice and has it ready for them and takes care of the fire. Mother cooks the soup and the vegetables. For lunch the children have bean-curd which has been made with small strips of meat, spinach leaves, lard, salt, and soy bean sauce. The water in which they have been cooked

(Continued on page 38)

Seventeen Cents to Five Thousand Dollars

By Robert Morris

THE WORLD seemed to be going around and around in his head; eager faced, evil, horrible, fierce, terrible looking, little demons were pounding red hot slivers of steel into his brain, or would they never cease? Would there never be any relief from all these malicious devils who were slowly, but surely, eating his brain out, little by little?

After an eternity, it seemed, he freed his eyelids from the strange beings who were trying to hold them down and opened his eyes. Groaning, he glanced around. It was about ten o'clock in the evening, and in the distance the tall buildings of the city could be seen rearing their majestic domes high into the air. Brilliantly lighted signs, advertising everything from cigarettes to automobiles, flashed from building to building, giving the whole effect of huge monsters blinking and winking to each other. The streets were crowded with merrymakers going to and fro in evening dresses and tuxedos, with shoppers doing their Saturday night purchasing, with newsboys loudly proclaiming that they had the latest edition of the day, with beggars, vendors, thieves, policemen, and with all types of nondescript persons.

Around him, already, young couples had begun to gather on empty benches whispering sweet nothings into each others' ears.

He sat up with a start—"Where am I?" he asked aloud.

"Yer right here beside me, buddy," a gruff voice responded.

He turned, startled, and saw that he was sitting beside another man who looked, even in the dim light that was supplied by a distant street lamp, as if a shave, haircut, and a bath wouldn't do him the least bit of harm. This man was dressed in a dirty brown suit, baggy at the knees, collar turned up, yet, nevertheless, upon close examination, one was led to believe that this man once had seen far better days as his suit was of an expensive brand, and, quite clearly from the way it set on his shoulders, made to order. As he gazed at the man, the man's countenance seemed familiar, but he couldn't quite place him for the moment.

Buddy, as we shall call him that for the present, said, "What city is this?"

"Say, are you tryin' to kid me, or somethin'? Tryin' to make me think you don't know what city this is, what's your name, anyway?"

"Oh, my name is—that is, er—my name is—why I can't remember my name! But—oh, where am I? What is all this? Surely I must have a name, he asked me what my name was, if I have a name, what is it?"

The stranger swore softly. "That guy must be off his nut. Say, buddy, got any dough on you?"

Buddy reached into his pocket, only to find it as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. "My pocket book," he cried excitedly, "where is it? I had it here just before—before—" Before when? What? Oh, if he could only remember instead of groping around like a blind man trying to find his way at night. Again he stuck his hand in his pocket, his watch pocket this time, and brought forth seventeen cents. Holding this up he said, "This is all I have now, but I'm going to get \$5,000 when I—" Again his train of thought broke off, again, he almost remembered, oh, why was his memory so elusive? Why did it torture him so?

"Gosh, five thousand bucks, where are you going to get it, or are you just kidding me?" demanded the stranger eagerly.

"That's what I'd like to know, I have forgotten everything, who I am, what happened—everything! I think I'll go to the police station, maybe they can help me."

"Oh, no, no, don't do that," said the stranger quickly. "Say, what's this on your face? Omigosh, blood!" Putting his hand on the top of Buddy's head, "whew! Well, with your seventeen cents and a nickel that I have, we can get coffee and doughnuts for each of us, and then I'll let you in on a job that I'm going to pull off tonight."

The thought of food wasn't exactly repulsive to this young man's stomach, so he followed his newly found acquaintance to a cheap restaurant.

While eating, this man whose face Buddy was vainly trying to remember, outlined his plans for the night. Briefly, they were going to enter the house of a fairly wealthy banker, who was going to be absent from home that night, and lift anything of value. Somehow or other, the thought of robbing a house did not seem such a good idea to Buddy, something inherent in him seemed to cry out against it. Why, he did not know.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said, "why, do you know that I'm a—" Again he was on the point of remembering and again he just failed to remember. If this

kept up, he would go mad. Why must he be tortured like this? He pressed his head into his hands trying ever so hard to remember.

"Aw, don't worry, buddy," comforted the mysterious stranger, "You'll remember it all in a day or so. Come on, what have you got to lose by coming with me tonight? If everything goes all right, and I know that everything will go all right, we'll be in the money, we'll be able to buy ourselves some decent clothes and have some decent meals, come on, what d'yuh say, are you with me?"

Buddy was on the verge of saying yes, but some mysterious force seemed to be holding him back. After all, the crook was right, what did he have to lose, here he was, all alone, seventeen cents in his pocket, which by now had dwindled to two cents, homeless, friendless, unless he could call this man his friend, and a good sum of money to gain by going with this man tonight. But there was something about his face which put him unconsciously on his guard against him. Who was this man? Then the thought suddenly occurred to him to ask him just who he was. "What's your name, Mr.—?"

"Just call me Jack," said the thug suspiciously.

"What's the rest of your name? I know, it's—oh, come on, tell me." He almost sobbed this last as his memory failed him again.

"Forget it, forget it, buddy, you're just nervous and high strung, you don't know what you're talking about. You'll be all right tomorrow, but, meanwhile, we've got work to do tonight, coming?" Saying this, he rose, and Buddy, thinking that he might just as well, followed him.

Outside, the cool evening air felt good in his lungs and relieved the maddening pressure against his brain somewhat as they swung along at a brisk pace towards the house that they intended to rob.

At last, after going up and down countless streets

(Continued on page 34)



Something flashed through his mind—he REMEMBERED!

Seen From An Iceberg

By Bernice Faulkingham

WITH the encouraging thought that a searching party would be sent out for me as soon as my absence that morning was discovered, I dropped wearily down again onto the top of the huge, glistening iceberg, to which I had struggled the night before. After chafing my half frozen limbs with tingling snow, I burrowed deeper into the pile of furs, and half curiously, half dully, looked about at my strange surroundings. The cold, northern sun, its pale, weak light giving no warmth, was slowly rising from behind snow-capped mountains far to the east. As it moved gradually higher and higher into the dull, leaden sky, it seemed to look mockingly down on the tiny speck of humanity, seated on the summit of a mountainous mass of ice. Water, water, water—it stretched boundlessly in all directions except to the east and south.

To the north, dark, greenish-gray water rose and fell in engulfing waves, splashing hungrily against the smooth, shining side of my snowy throne. It swirled in deadly whirlpools about massive icebergs, jutting abruptly up from the sinister depths of the ocean. I involuntarily shuddered. My good ship had crashed into the berg's icy side in the dead of night with a sickening jar. Then it had slowly sunk into the sucking waves, taking with it, to a watery grave, a human cargo, some shrieking and wildly crying to the God they loved, others with steady hearts and misty eyes calmly waiting for their ghastly end. Quickly I withdrew my gaze from this tragic picture, and let it follow the leaping waves, out to the lowering horizon. Here they came to an abrupt end, and for the first time, I realized how easy it must have been for the people of the old world to believe that, at the edge of the horizon, one would drop off.

Then my attention turned to the west. The same playful waves, slightly bluer and topped by foamy crowns, skipped and jumped their way along as far as the eye could see. On this side also were towering icebergs, (Mother Nature's way of freeing mountains of their heavy weight of snow) and small ice cakes, probably broken from the eastern main land, floated noiselessly on top of the water, rising and falling with the rippling tide. The same grey sky hung balanced over all, smudged with a brighter tinge of blue, for the sun was now quite high in the heavens, while phantom clouds floated hazily about.

Then—but wait—for lowering my gaze again to the icebergs, I saw a tiny black object appear on the summit of one of them. Another and another came into sight, and then I recognized them as a family of seals on an outing. They moved slowly and laboriously about on finned arms, their silky, brown-black fur glistening with drops of water. The tops of other icebergs were now becoming covered with the little

visitors. The younger ones sliding on and off the ice with faint splashes, reminded me of a crowd of children, frolicking on a slide. A hunter's paradise! Yes, for I knew that the seals on one iceberg were worth as much as one or two thousand dollars.

My gaze then wandered to the south. Here it seemed that the freezing, biting wind that had been howling about me held a wee bit more warmth. Then, as I looked far out across the restless waves, the vast expanse of the ocean was suddenly broken. About a fourth of a mile away, but clearly seen across the rolling ocean, stood a small snow-covered island with huge waves booming against its miniature beach. My heart leaped, but then resumed its normal position, for the danger of floating ice cakes and ferocious sharks made swimming impossible. As I sat looking with longing eyes at this tiny place that truly contained firm, brown earth, a piece of what I had thought to be a huge embankment of snow, took shape, and lumbered awkwardly down to the shore. As it stood poised at the edge, outlined against the dark water, I recognized this second species of animal life as a monstrous polar bear. For a long time he stood as motionless as a statue, looking intently into the water, his shaggy white fur blown in all directions by the breeze, and his small ears pricked stiffly forward. Suddenly, as if by magic, his huge, white paw swooped down into the rippling waves, and up again, with a wiggling, silvery fish in its powerful grip. At that moment, from behind a snowy knoll came another and a smaller bear. Although I could not hear it, I could imagine the deep growl of rage she emitted, when she found that father bear had sneaked off to enjoy himself. They stood looking at each other for a moment, probably while mother bear scolded father for being such a pig when the cubs were so hungry. However, at the end of their little talk, the smaller one grabbed the squirming fish between her sharp, white teeth, and started for an enormous snow pile, father bear following meekly after.

With a sigh of regret, I turned my attention to the east. Here the sun shone more warmly than to the south, for it was nearly directly above me. As I let my eyes stray along the dancing water in search of some new pleasure, my heart suddenly leaped into my throat, and I strained eagerly forward. Half way toward me, and coming from the direction of the distant peaks of mountains that denoted the main land, was a tiny black speck. Three miles, two miles, one mile, and I was standing on the tip of the iceberg wildly waving my arms. All thoughts of the danger of falling or being frozen by the biting wind were gone, for I recognized the growing speck as two of the boys in a hunting boat. As they drew nearer, they shouted a warning, and I sat down again to await them on my pile of furs. After the first excitement had worn off, and while I sat waiting for them to approach, I realized that I was weak from hunger, and my numbed limbs pained whenever I moved. My companions

reached the iceberg and lifted me with my supply of precious furs (which I had saved from the water when the boat in which I had been going to the trading post had struck the ice) into the boat. As we glided swiftly toward the eastern mainland, and while my companions were skillfully evading the merciless ice cakes, I looked back once more at my now unoccupied throne. How much I had learned in two short hours of the life and scenes of the great Atlantic!

My Realization

By Ada Saltzman

IT WAS, indeed, a dreary night, a night reminiscent of haunted spirits and ghosts. A supernatural veil seemed to envelop the house. The studying of physics and French had just occupied my attention and I was very, very tired. English, however, remained; and it was with great reluctance that I turned to the essay assigned—*Sea Fog*.

I endeavored to concentrate on the printed page, but my mind, pondering on the injustice done in forcing me to read this wretched piece of writing, went wandering. *Sea Fog*—what a peculiar name for an essay! How dry it looked! What had been the motive in our teacher's mind when she had assigned this essay? What good would come out of the reading of this composition? And the author—who was he? Robert Louis Stevenson—bah! Had he ever done anything worth while? Had he ever "smashed" a line in two, or "socked" a home run over the fence? The only thing he had ever done, so I thought, was to make life miserable for me.

As I sat there fuming over the *Sea Fog*, Robert Louis Stevenson, and the injustice of a cruel world, a strange event occurred. The lights in my room suddenly dimmed. An unearthly silence seemed to fill the place.

Suddenly a piping, shrill voice came up to me from the printed page. For some reason, I was not surprised. It seemed as if I had been waiting for that very voice all evening.

I gazed down at the essay. The *S* in the title, *Sea*

Fog, had changed into a tiny man with a head strangely shaped in the form of the letter which he had replaced.

"My girl," the little man began, "you have shamelessly thrown my master in the dust. You have cursed him; you have denounced him. All this you have done without even giving him a chance. But, you are only a junior. I realize this. Therefore, at this very moment, you will come with me on a trip. I will show you what my master, Robert Louis Stevenson, has done to make this a better world to live in."

Before an answer could come from my lips, I was sailing out of the window, with the little man beside me.

We soon came to a group of large buildings which I recognized, with a start of surprise, as the Eastern Maine General Hospital. For some reason, it was now daylight. We sailed into a room. In a bed a frail-looking lad was lying. His face was twisted in agony. A nurse entered the room, a book in her hand which she handed to the boy.

"This book, Johnny, will make you forget your pain, read it."

The boy took the book and read a few pages. His face soon lost its touch of pain; he relaxed, and began smiling. I bent forward to read the title of the novel. Surely, it must be a great book to so change a boy. *Treasure Island*—by Robert Louis Stevenson was the title on the cover. My memory went back to my Freshman year when I, too, had read that book and enjoyed it. I had forgotten that Stevenson was its author.

It was then that I realized why the little man, smiling strangely beside me, had brought me here. I saw, partly, what Stevenson had done. By his books he had relieved many—who knows how many—sick people from their pain. Lord, why had I ever cursed and denounced him?

"Come," interrupted the little man, breaking the train of my thoughts. Out of the hospital we sailed. Before I knew it, I was in a room full of tots—obviously a kindergarten. A kind looking woman was reading to them from a book. The children, with fascination written all over their countenances, were listening at-

(Continued on page 32)



Chicks Will Be Chicks

By Emily A. Rand

HERE Saphrina!—I've got you Toby!" The words came from Mr. John Baker, a tall, thin, lanky man. His black hair was nearly gray and over his near-sighted eyes, he wore spectacles that kept slipping down his nose. He was a lively, forgetful man of about fifty eight years.

His words were addressed to some chickens he had just caught. Mr. Baker always named his animals, and in spite of his forgetfulness, managed to remember most of them. He was catching fifty of his chickens to send to his nephew, Peter Casper, for a birthday present.

Finally, the chickens were caught and were in crates ready to be addressed. He got out his pen, and getting safely through the name, couldn't remember the rest.

Pa, for that is what he was called, sat down on a block of wood with a discouraged sigh. He hated to ask Ma because she always made fun of him. Finally giving up, he tramped into the house.

"Ma! Hey Ma! Oh! that cursed telephone! Any time I want anything she is talking, talking, talking."

Pa, who had always hated the telephone, didn't bother to wait for Ma to stop talking. Mistaking her reply to her friend to be the answer to his question, he addressed his chickens to the wrong place.

Pa lived on a small but prosperous farm about two miles from Brownsville. In a short time he was in the village post-office, had insured and mailed his chickens, and started back home.

* * * * *

In due time the chickens arrived at a small village named Devonsville. The R. F. D. carrier, just returning from his route, said there was no person by the name that appeared on the crates.

Silas Tuck, the postmaster, grumbling about the "carelessness of people," went into the post office to look at the return address. To his dismay the writing was illegible and the crates were all marked "INSURED."

"Hey there, George!" shouted Silas to his assistant, George Blake. "See these chickens here? Well, until we find the owner, we've got to take care of 'em. You feed 'em, water 'em, an' anything else they need. Be careful of 'em, because, if we lose 'em we've got to pay for 'em! See?"

George, rather a dumb, careless person, nodded sleepily, then promptly forgot about it.

The next morning, George arrived at the post office very late, and at the sight of the crates, remembered Mr. Tuck's warning. He got some grain to give the chickens and opened the doors of the crates. Suddenly George thought he heard a noise in the yard. Being very inquisitive, he rushed out to see what was there. Nothing was in sight, and when he again entered the

back room, only a few chickens remained. Dazed, he sank into a chair, where Mr. Tuck found him a few minutes later.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"They're gone!" murmured George.

"The chickens!" gasped Mr. Tuck. "You block-head, they're insured! Help me find them."

Mr. Tuck was short and very fat. He scuttled around the room chasing the chickens. He crawled under a table, tripped over a chair, and finally caught all that were in the room—which was only ten. Ten out of fifty!!!! Forty yet to find. Dashing out into the yard, he captured four more and was in time to see two disappearing under the shed. With some hesitation he dove after them. It was a tight squeeze, but he made it. When his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he found there were more.

"George, George, come here and catch these cornered chickens!" he shouted. "An' bring some crates."

"O. K. shoo 'em out." cried George with more spirit than usual.

Finally Mr. Tuck crawled out. His coat was torn, cob webs hung from his hair, a long scratch ran down his nose, and his fat face was very red and dirty.

"Now let's count 'em," said Mr. Tuck. "We must have nearly all of them. One, two, three—only twenty-five!"

Mr. Tuck sank down on the doorstep in despair. His whole figure showed how discouraged he was, and he kept muttering, "Only twenty-five, only twenty-five."

Suddenly he heard a commotion in the field behind the shed. Running to the field, as fast as a fat man can run, he found a little black and white puppy chasing more chickens around the field. The puppy immediately saw Mr. Tuck, and thinking that it was



Mr. Blake before the chickens came.

"game," ran faster and faster. At last he was caught and tied up, and Mr. Tuck started toward the field again. He was tired, hot and discouraged, but he resolutely kept up his search. The chickens were easier to catch than the dog, and when he had caught all in sight, he once again counted them. Over and over he counted them, but he found that there were fifteen still missing.

About an hour later, while Mr. Tuck was still hunting fruitlessly, two children appeared. One was Betty, the postmaster's daughter, and the other was her chum Billy Roberts. Betty was a small, chubby girl of eight years. Her round fat cheeks were very red and her black eyes very bright. Billy was about the same age and size, and when one was seen, you could be sure the other was near.

"What are you hunting for, Daddy?" demanded Betty.

"Get out of my way and stay out!" he thundered. Then as a sudden inspiration struck him, "No, come back here. I've lost some chickens. They're insured and I've got to have them back. For every chicken you find I'll give you five cents."

Betty's black eyes snapped with excitement as she said, "We'll find them all."

The children dashed off happily, and inside of five minutes, returned with two.

The morning passed and nothing else happened. The search went on into the early evening but the children found only three in the grass.

The next morning, just as the sun was coming up over the hills, Mr. Tuck arrived at the post-office. He had not had much sleep and was very cross indeed. The little sleep that he had had was filled with dreams—dreams of chickens. He told himself that he did not want to see another as long as he lived, but he was glad

when he found five of them scratching in the dust beside the steps.

The day dragged slowly by, and there was no change. The children hunted tirelessly, but Mr. Tuck grew more and more excited and nervous.

Early the day after, a telegram came, saying, "Sent chickens to wrong place. Will come after them today. John Baker."

It can be truthfully said that Mr. Tuck spent the rest of the morning running in circles. He literally tore up the earth. He sent Betty to hunt in one direction and she barely got started when he called her back to look in another direction.

Five more chickens.....five more chickens.

About two o'clock Betty and Billy started out for the last time. Their tired little faces were hot and grimy, but they stuck to their job. The only place that was left to be searched again was the field behind the post office. The grass was tall and the field was bordered by bushes. They lifted every branch, went through the grass carefully, but the chickens were not to be seen. At last, discouraged, they turned back to leave.

As they were passing the last bush, they heard a soft clucking sound. Peeking carefully through the branches, they found the five more chickens comfortably resting in the dirt.

Betty let the branch fall softly back into place and sat down on the ground in relief. Suddenly she remembered her worried father, and, leaving Billy on guard, rushed off to find him. She found him in the shed and told him the news. His expression would be hard to describe, he was so relieved. Calling to George to bring a crate and to help him, they went to capture the chickens.

Only when the chickens were safely in the post office, ready for the owner, did Mr. Tuck dare to sit down. He had barely sat down, when a car drove up. He went outside, and a tall, lanky man got out.

"I'm Mr. John Baker," he said. "Are you Mr. Tuck? I'm the owner of the chickens. I hope that they did not make any trouble for you."

"Oh, not at all! Not at all!" said the postmaster.

As Mr. Baker drove away with his property, he muttered, "I don't like the way he looked and sounded when he said that!"



Mr. Blake after the chickens came

A Scavenger Hunt

By Isabel Cumming

THERE is nothing quite so senseless, or quite so much fun as a scavenger hunt. The idea of wasting good hours in search of odd and varied articles, makes up for what it lacks in intelligence, in good fun. It is, moreover, the favorite sport at Cranberry.

Each participant wrote on slips of paper the names of two articles, the harder to obtain the better, and

dropped them into a hat. Bob, blindfolded, drew out four. There were only two couples: Bob and Sally, Gren and I, with Bob acting unwillingly as judge.

The signal was given. Down toward the beach, Gren tore, while I, racing behind, manipulated the flashlight rather clumsily. A punt was untied and shoved down the beach into the water. I played the flashlight while Gren rowed in quest of our first object, a live mussel to be taken from a mooring-pole. That night, there was quite a little chop, a condition which gave us plenty of trouble, but which, we noticed with pleasure was growing steadily worse. Bob and Sally, who had postponed their mussel-getting, were in for plenty of trouble if the chop kept up. We pitched up to the first mooring. Rolling up my sweater sleeve, I felt cautiously around the pole while Gren tried to steady the boat. Nothing but moss met my expectant fingertips. I felt down farther and farther until my arm was entirely submerged in the dark water. At the next mooring, the same story was repeated. "The third time never fails," Gren said optimistically as I groped around the third mooring. "This is exception number five thousand, seven hundred seventy-nine," I muttered in reply. Just then my second finger-tip touched something hard and slippery. With a lunge I sent my shoulder under water, and brought up a miniature, but nevertheless genuine, mussel. No pearl-diver was ever prouder of his pearl than I, displaying my mussel.

We quickly rowed back to shore. Taking it for granted that Bob and Sally would use the same punt, we hauled it way up on the beach and tied it with an innumerable number of exceedingly tight knots.

Our next article was a hymn-book belonging to the village parson, with his autograph in it. The parsonage was about a mile from the shore, but we covered the distance in quick time. The house was all lighted up. In the parlor two young couples were trying to dance, while a hilarious game of cards was being played by native boys in the kitchen. It was obvious that the minister was neither at home nor expected for some time.

Discouraged at defeat coming so early in our quest, we continued up the island. Gren is on the Western High track team and so ran more often than he walked. He started running now. I had always thought my endurance pretty fair, but it rapidly disappeared trying to keep up with him. Huffing and puffing, we gratefully received the third and easiest test—a flower with a certificate stating that it came from a woman whose gardens were the best on the island. Her husband searched his pocket for the fourth object, a 1920 nickel, but with no luck. We suspected that he had found one and given it to Bob and Sally, for they had seemed quite pleased about something, when we passed them on the way up.

With two of the required four articles, we hopped, skipped, and ran down the road. Approaching the

minister's house Gren was seized with a bright idea—his first. If we borrowed a hymn-book and then put one of the minister's piano selections in it, (which were always decorated with the parson's name and address), wouldn't that be a "hymnal with the minister's autograph in it?" Selecting Chopin as a worthy autograph we started home, stopping in at every other house looking for a 1920 nickel. The few nickels that were in circulation on the island bore every date except 1920. In desperation we seized a nickel, the date of which was worn off and made a feeble attempt at carving 1920 on it. Thus, with two bona fide objects and two imitations, we returned home. There was no trace of Bob and Sally and we chuckled to ourselves as we visualized the difficulties they were having in securing a mussel. To spend time, while Gren poured over "Screen Classic Magazine," I sought out my brother. Imagine my feeling when I found him toying with a 1920 nickel.

Bob and Sally returned fully expectant of victory, with, what they thought, the only 1920 nickel on the island. They had given up in the matter of a hymnal making us one better. The regret registered on Gren's and my face as we recalled that we had decided against having a prize for the winners, was pathetic to see. A similar expression appeared when our respective and unappreciative families suggested that the energy spent in tearing around the island might better be expended in a little labor at home.

The Slip That Saved Saunders

By Phillip Goos

HHEY, JAY, telegram for you. The speaker, "Chuck" Jones, was addressing his friend, Jay Saunders, corporal in the 5th infantry, now at Fort Downes, Virginia.

"All right, but stop that shouting and come into my tent, and if you're a good little boy I might even let you read it. All kidding aside, though. I hope it's not bad news from home, and I can't think of any other place I would get a telegram from."

"Well, open it up and read it. We haven't much time before inspection."

Slowly and deliberately, Jay opened the telegram, smoothed it out, and commenced to read. It was very concise:

"Come at once to my office in New York stop Have will of your late uncle."

John Jones

Atty. at Law

"Well, strike me pink!" said Jay in an astounded voice, "there's something queer about this."

"Something queer about what?" asked "Chuck," "Here, let me read it."

He quickly took the telegram and read it eagerly.

"Snap out of it kid, I bet you are worth millions at this very moment."

POETRY

Thunderstorms

By Ann Tyler

Dripping, dripping,—dropping, dropping,
Comes the rain—never stopping;
Splitter, splitter—splatter, splatter,
How rain makes the people scatter.

Banging, banging—dashing, dashing,
Comes the thunder ever crashing;
Thund'ring, thund'ring—lightning, lightning,
Many noises—all are fright'ning.

Sloshing, sloshing—slushing, slushing,
How rain comes—always rushing;
Ceasing, ceasing— never, never,
Rain pours down as though forever.

Castles in Spain

By Margaret Romero

When I build my airy castles
In the narrow streets of Spain,
I am far across the ocean,
On the ancient, Spanish main.

Dreams of pirates bold and daring,
Gloating over plunder gained,
Change my background from the present
To the time when fairies reigned.

Then I have to stop my dreaming,
Bring myself to earth once more,
Take my mind from castles gleaming,
Just to do some silly chore.

Twilight

By Barbara Cox

Far in the west,
The sleepy sun descends
Amid gay hues
Which nature's beauty ends.

From dark windows,
Bright, cheerful lights now glow,
Through the treetops,
The warm winds gently blow.

High in the sky,
A myriad of stars
Peep shyly through
Silvery moonlit bars.

"Yes, but there's something I've never told you about my rich Uncle. Years ago, my father and Uncle were in love with the same woman, but she ran away and married my father. They were only half-brothers, and he hadn't liked my father before. After this had happened, uncle became a bachelor and lived alone. He vowed that someday he would revenge himself on both my parents, and I know there's something 'fishy' about this."

"Why, don't be silly, Jay. After all, a dead man can do no harm. Now run down to the 'Super's' office and get dismissed for a week while I start packing for you."

Jay left the tent, and "Chuck" began to pack his chum's grip. On the way to the "Super's" office, he debated whether or not he had acted correctly. Perhaps, after all, this was his Uncle's way of revenging himself on his parents. But "Chuck" was right; a dead man could do no harm. He'd run down to New York anyway and see what happened, because his family there needed money pretty quickly. He got the necessary leave from the "Super" and returned to his tent in ten minutes. He picked up the grip which his chum had packed, and soon the two chums were on their way to the station. At exactly three o'clock, Jay boarded the train for New York, and was off to hear about his late Uncle's will.

He reached New York at 4 P. M. the next day, and went directly to the law office of John Jones. Upon entering the office, he saw a young lady busy at the typewriter. Stepping up to her, he said, "I beg your pardon, but is Mr. Jones in his office?"

"Yes, sir. Have you an appointment?" inquired the stenographer.

"I received this telegram regarding the will of my late Uncle, from him yesterday, asking me to come here as soon as possible," said Jay, showing her the telegram.

"Right this way please," said the girl as she led Jay into Mr. Jones' private office.

The next minute, Jay was in the private office of the attorney, a middle-aged man with a very kind face, the kind of man one likes to talk things over with.

"You are Jay Saunders of Belgrade, Maine, are you not?" inquired the attorney.

"Yes, sir," replied Jay.

"My boy, according to this will which I now hold in my hand, you will become the heir of unknown wealth. You, however, will have to go to the home of your Uncle and open the safe in his den. You must go at night, alone, and open his strong box and bring the contents to me. This may seem queer to you, but I do not want you to worry. Your Uncle lived alone most of his life, and he did many things that were much queerer than this. He made this will about two weeks before his death, and at that time, made me sign a paper, stating that no one, except myself, was to know anything about this will. At the time he made his

will he made this statement, 'Now I'll get him, and he shall remember Edgar Saunders to the grave.' Don't be frightened by this, for I think he was referring to a man who had cheated him out of a considerable sum a few weeks before. My advice would be to go to the house tonight with a gun, for you can never tell what will come up. It is a large gray house, situated on 1563 Clark Avenue. You have until tonight to make your plans, and I wish you the best of luck."

"What about the combination to the safe?" asked Jay.

"Oh, Yes! You will find it in this envelope which was found near your Uncle at the time of his death."

Taking the envelope and thanking the attorney, John left the office and went to the nearest hotel.



After Jay entered his room, he opened his bag and slowly drew out a few articles which he needed. When he arranged his things to his own liking, he went down stairs to get his lunch. Finishing, he went back to his room and opened the envelope which the lawyer had given him. In it, he found a slip of paper, with the following information on it. "Right 87, left 10, right 39, left 2, right 96, *turn handle very slowly.*" As Jay sat in his chair reading these instructions, his mind slowly went back to the day on which he had to quit high school to join the army. How his parents had pleaded with him to remain in school, but he had joined, because he knew it would help his father a lot if he had one less mouth to feed. He knew that now was his chance to help both himself and his parents, and he wasn't going to give up now. What if his Uncle had vowed to get revenge on his parents? Probably his Uncle had realized that he was wrong after all, and this was his way of repaying his brother. If his Uncle had really wanted to harm his father and mother, why should he pick on him, his nephew?

About eleven-thirty, Jay, equipped with a revolver,

flash light, and other things which he thought might be of use, left his room in the hotel and hailed a passing cab.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"1563 Clark Avenue, and please hurry, for I must be there shortly."

In fifteen minutes the cab stopped in front of a large, gray house.

Jay paid the fare and asked the driver to return for him in half an hour. Then he got out of the cab and went to the door of the old house. Slowly Jay opened it with the key which he had found in the envelope and entered the house. With his flash light, he made his way noiselessly up the carpeted stairs to the second floor. On entering the first room he came to, he saw a bed, bureau, and other articles which make up a bedroom. He was just about to inspect the other, when he heard a sort of wailing sound coming from the very room which he was about to enter. He cautiously drew his pistol and opened the door. Flashing the light around, he noticed an open window, which he could not account for. At once he realized the cause of the wailing, for it was a windy night. He went out and entered the other room.

He flashed the light around and knew that this was his Uncle's den. He found the safe after a thorough inspection of the room. The one thing that puzzled him, though, was the fact that his Uncle had collected different types of guns and rifles. There was the large cabinet on one side of the room to prove it, because it was filled with almost every type of gun conceivable. Dismissing this from his mind, he continued his work. It was a typical wall safe about five feet from the ground and was hidden behind a picture of Abraham Lincoln. Putting the revolver away and pulling the piece of paper with the combination out of his pocket, he walked toward the safe. Quickly and feverishly he began to dial the numbers, for he was terribly frightened, although he wouldn't admit it to himself. Right 87, left 10, right 39, left 2, right 96. He began to turn the handle, as the directions demanded, when he heard the same wailing sound suddenly screeching in his ears. The sound frightened him at this crucial moment, so that he suddenly straightened up, and, in doing so, tripped over the rug. He groped for a support—the only available thing was the safe handle—he grasped it firmly, but it was too late—he fell with a thud on the floor, but not until after he heard three distinct pistol shots echo through the house. Quickly righting himself with the aid of his flashlight, he sprang up, keeping away from the front of the safe. On closer examination he found three pistols neatly arranged inside the safe, so that when the safe door was opened, it would release all three triggers at once, and would hit any object in front of the safe. Thanking his lucky stars for that lucky slip and wailing sound, Jay then searched the safe and found many bonds, mortgages and stocks, valued, as he learned from the lawyer on the next day, at two and one half million dollars.

A Student Looks at the Teachers' Convention Financial Report Student Government

Editorials

VOL. XLV

NO. 1

THE ORACLE

OCTOBER 31, 1935

A Student Looks at the Teachers' Convention

THREE days—not ordinary days, but days of leisure. A half-week's vacation because the teachers are going to hold a "meeting." The foregoing is probably what the student first thinks in regard to the Teachers' Convention. Let's follow it along and see what happens next. These days, and the convention held during them, serve a special purpose. These days are used in improving teaching methods. All this is done evidently upon the theory that better methods of attack—yes, attack upon ignorance—will make up many times over for the few hours lost.

School teaching from our observation, seems to be a rather peculiar sort of job, for one of its big tasks is to encourage real understanding between the pupils and the people of the community. The barrier of misunderstanding is being broken down constantly, however, and this is one of the aims of the Teachers' Convention.

The meeting of other teachers with the inevitable discussion of conditions, and means of approach, and methods of teaching, must aid the individual teacher, and finally raise educational standards in a community as a whole.

Although this article has been written from the student's viewpoint we hope we have pointed out a few of the more obvious purposes and aims of the Teachers' Convention.

So no more rejoicing over the two or three days of vacation because of the absence of teachers. Remember that every hour lost will be made up many-fold because of the new strategy your teacher has been taught by experts at the Teachers' Convention.

Student Government

A few years ago a Student Council was started in Bangor High School with the idea of giving the students an opportunity to have a voice in the government of the school.

It was a great idea and thus far it has worked to perfection. Students that are in the Council are the type of students that seem to be able to settle the important affairs that come before them to the satisfaction of both the student body and the faculty.

Financial Report of the Oracle 1934-1935

Cash on hand.....	\$611.77
Subscriptions	577.00
Advertising.....	851.50
Cuts, Junior Exhibition.....	20.00
Cuts, Senior and Club	347.75
Cash sales, June	21.75

TOTAL RECEIPTS..... \$2,429.77

Printing, six issues.....	\$1,352.00
Engraving, six issues.....	260.59
Season tickets.....	3.00
Journalistic Conference.....	11.00
Glossies, Cuts, Prizes, Mailing	41.35
Gift to Athletic Debt	200.00

TOTAL EXPENDITURES.... \$1,867.94

BALANCE..... 561.83

Respectfully submitted,

EDWIN YOUNG,
Business Manager

M. C. MULLEN,
Faculty Adviser

Student governing gives the student an opportunity to see the faults of his fellow classmates, and, also, he discovers ways to better himself, thus giving more credit, and securing more honor for his school. He develops a keener mind, and becomes more serious in all he undertakes.

(Continued on page 32)



What Others are Reading

Guests Arrive

By Cecil Roberts

GUESTS ARRIVE" is the story of a young girl who lived in London. She was poor and had always had dreams of someone leaving her a fortune. A great musician, who had loved her mother, bequeathed her a fort on an island a few miles out from Venice. In this fort the great pianist had spent the most enjoyable time of his life, and it had been transformed into a house with most of the modern conveniences except electricity. This home Cleo changed into a "pension" in order that she might have enough money for its upkeep. The guests who came to the "pension" were of a varied sort ranging from a wealthy woman to a young couple, who did not have a cent, and from a Count to a pair of imposters.

There is something here that holds you from the moment you begin until you have read the last word. I hope that you will try it.

The Electric Torch

By Ethel M. Dell

This is a typical Ethel M. Dell book. The plot is practically the same as her other books. The setting is first laid in India and later in England. The hero is a big, strong, silent he-man, and the heroine is a little woman who always says "no" when she means "yes". It is the story of a woman who marries a man much older than she is. She never loved him, and he was always jealous. Her sister-in-law tries to help her, but she can't do much. The husband is murdered, and his sister marries the man who declared that he killed the husband. After much difficulty the story of the murder comes out, and the hero and heroine "live happily ever after." If you like Dell's books, you will probably like this one.

Hilltops Clear

By Emilie Loring

Prue Schuyler had inherited a farm from her father, and after she and her brother had lost all their money they decided to live at the farm. Prue and her brother became friends with the rich man next door. Prue made up her mind not to care for Rod, and she did many

things to hurt him. Rod fell in love with Prue, and he was very upset when he discovered that Len Calloway had made a plan to get possession of Prue's timberland. Rod tried to help her, but she disliked him more than ever. Finally, she discovered Len's evil intent, and with Rod's help, managed to get the better of him. After that, Prue admitted to herself that she had always loved Rod. This is really an interesting story, and I hope that you will like it.

The Kings of Beacon Hill

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

This is the story of two Boston families between 1900 and 1924. It shows the difficulties that arose when the youngest son (Bob) of an aristocratic family married a girl, (Sandra), who was the daughter of a plumber in Roxbury. The family would have nothing to do with Sandra. Bob's mother would not see her, his aunt had enough gossip and made enough trouble for six people, his oldest brother tried to make Bob break with Sandra. Only Bob's other brother and his wife, Bob's uncle, and a very good friend of Bob's mother, would in any way help the young couple out. The black sheep of the King family arrived and did more harm to the family than Mrs. King would admit. After many difficulties the family became reconciled because Mrs. King was shown that Sandra could never make as much trouble as the son of her favorite brother not only could but did.

Strangers in the House

By Jane Abbott

This story of home life shows what misfortunes may arise by hypocrisy. It wasn't Anne's fault that on the surface she was the wife of a prominent citizen, while underneath she was merely the daughter of a country minister, that two oldest daughters were like their father. These daughters thought that Anne could understand their desires when she really couldn't. Her youngest daughter, who was very much like Anne, thought that her mother couldn't possibly know what would make her happy, but all the time Anne's sympathy was with her youngest daughter.

It is such a *real* book that I hope you'll read it and enjoy it.



A Review of Activities

Latin Club

THE LATIN CLUB opened again this year with a bang. The opening event being a party, which was held at the home of Mrs. Lenore Cumming, the faculty adviser. Fifty of the members were there, which consisted of only the junior and senior classes. The sophomores are not eligible until the end of the first quarter.

The business meeting was opened by Reginald Fournier, one of the consuls. The praetor, Charles Peirce, and questor, Barbara Cox read their reports, and one of the aediles, George Bell gave a short welcoming speech to the members.

The senior members answered the roll call by Latin quotations and their translations, and the juniors with Latin words and their translations. Helma Ebbeson and Judith Robinson gave short pep talks on the place of the Latin Club in Bangor High School.

After this, refreshments which consisted of sandwiches, cider and doughnuts, were served. Games and jokes were then enjoyed under the direction of Isabel Cumming, Barbara Farnham and Phyllis Smith. The pleasant evening was ended by singing the Latin version of the school song, making it a very successful event.

We have so far made no definite plans for the future, but there will be some which we feel sure will prove both interesting and successful.

The Latin faculty was also represented by Miss Anna B. McSkimmon. The new member, Miss Mary Quinn, was unable to attend because of illness.

The new members who attended were Betty Reid, Emily Rand, Spencer Winsor, Janet Winchell, Jean Peirce, Alma Drinkwater, Charlotte Clement and June Webster.

Commercial Club Forms

Who says the Commercial Students of Bangor High School are asleep? They have started something that will make history for the school. It isn't just an idea either, it's a definite fact.

This great organization is a Commercial Club for all seniors taking a straight commercial course who are interested.

With Miss Janice Moore, able head of the Commer-

cial Department, as faculty adviser, the club is bound to be successful.

This Commercial organization is planning to do big things, so watch its actions. The officers elected for this year are:

President—Virginia Bemis.

Vice-President—Ruth Junkins.

Secretary—Hazel Thomas.

Treasurer—Dorothy Mann.

Parent-Teacher Association

This year, the Parent-Teacher Association of Bangor High School hopes to have a new lease of life, with fewer and livelier meetings, more sociability, and a greater opportunity for parents and teachers to get together on mutual problems.

For the first meeting, on Thursday, October 10, Dr. and Mrs. Allan Woodcock are most graciously throwing open their capacious home at 150 Union Street. This gathering will have no other purpose (after a very brief business session) than the cultivation of friendliness and good-fellowship.

A committee composed of both parents and teachers will be in charge of introducing Father and Mother A. to Teacher B. Johnnie's problems and pleasures will be discussed over a glass of punch.

Professor Bradshaw, globe-trotter and world-commentator, will be heard at a later date.

One meeting will probably be in the manner of an open forum on present-day, educational affairs.

So, parents, you are cordially invited to mark the second Thursday of the month in your calendars and to get behind the P. T. A. this year.

Rifle Club

The first meeting of the Rifle Club was held with a large attendance. The club will be limited to thirty members this year, and no Freshmen will be allowed to join.

The officers for this year are:

Ralph Decrow, President.

Loyd Cutter, Secretary-Treasurer.

With such veterans as Decrow, Cutter, Millett, Hayden, Morneau, Varney, Bailey and Buck, the club promises to have a highly successful season.

Debate Club

Bangor High School's active Debate Club held its first meeting of the year on September 25. At that meeting, officers for the ensuing Debate Club season were elected as follows:

President—Myer Alpert.

Manager—Carlene Merrill.

Secretary—Phyllis Smith.

Corresponding-Secretary—Jeanette Leavitt.

The Club, in the course of the year, presents to the students of Bangor High School and to the general public, several outstanding features in the entertainment line. With this slate of competent officers, with the help of those experienced in the Debate Club's manner of presentation, and with the co-operation of the Club's sophomore members, all omens point to an exceptionally prosperous season for the Debate Club. The Club has had other meetings to discuss possibilities for the first presentation of this year.

Its actual debate activities will start off with the Bowdoin League debates at Bowdoin College on December 7. Bangor's representatives to the forum will probably be Myer Alpert and Ernest Andrews, both seniors, who were members of Bangor's state championship team last year. Good luck to the Debate Club in all its social and debating activities.

Chorus and Glee Club

The Festival Chorus is now making great progress under our new head of music, Miss Evangeline Hart. There were about 182 students who signed up, which pleased Miss Hart greatly. There will be approximately 120 picked from these. However, only those who prove to be the very best singers are to be chosen for the Glee clubs. Miss Hart is greatly interested and determined that the aim in both Glee Clubs should be to develop voice culture. She says that when the members graduate from Bangor High they will be able to produce and sustain a perfect tone, and be able to interpret music.

Miss Hart graduated from B. H. S. in 1926. Before her appointment here she taught the same type of work in Houlton. Let us work with, and help, Miss Hart in her aim toward producing music culture in Bangor High School.

Assemblies

What would a real school be without assemblies? The answer is simple—it wouldn't be a real school.

Something is always sure to be said or done at these assemblies. Sometimes it's speakers, pep meeting, music, and what not. If there be none of these, there are notices to be read by Prin. Taylor or Dean Connor.

According to the age old custom, the *Oracle* had the first Assembly which took place on Sept. 16. It was a

roaring success, you might say, although the Frosh did laugh at the wrong places.

The drama was called, "What Women Most Desire," and from the title you can well imagine what a hard time the knight sent upon this quest had. Of course the reply to the riddle was the *Oracle*.

At the close of the three-scened drama, the *Oracle's* editor told us about the subscription drive, and the business manager spoke on behalf of the advertisers, and about the *Oracle* contest this fall. The contest concerns the choosing of cheerleaders.

In the second assembly a pep meeting in the interest of the Bangor-Old Town game was conducted by a group of cheerleaders headed by George Bell. Every one had a good time cheering and singing the school songs once again.

At the assembly of September 25, Phyllis Smith and Horace Stewart spoke for the Debate Club. They reviewed and commented upon the two phases of the club's work, social and debating, and invited all students interested to join.

Band

The regular Tuesday night band rehearsals began on September 24 with Mr. Devoe as director. It is not definitely known yet how many will be in the band this year, but Mr. Devoe thinks that the number will be approximately the same as last year. There will, of course, be several new additions from the freshman class, who will increase the various sections somewhat. There were thirty-five present at the first rehearsal, and the different sections were fairly well balanced.

If you play any instrument which you think would be useful to the band you should see Mr. Devoe.

Officers were elected for the year with:

William Stetson, President; John Roberts, Vice-President; Donald Devoe, Secretary; Horace Stewart, Treasurer.

Student Council

We, the students of Bangor High School, believe in showing our loyalty to our school by living up to the characteristics of a successful student.

1. School Spirit:

We will support to the best of our ability all activities of Bangor High School: scholastic, literary, athletic, social.

We will cooperate with the faculty and with each other.

We will do our part in taking the proper care of school property.

We will keep our lockers tidy and refrain from throwing waste paper and apple cores anywhere but into the waste basket.

We will not do anything which will injure the good name of our school.

2. Courtesy:

We will show proper respect for our teachers.

We will regard the feelings as well as the rights of our fellow students.

3. Honesty:

We will not stand for cheating in class or in any activity.

We will not stand for stealing from the lockers, the class rooms, or the athletic or Military departments.

We will cooperate to check stealing by reporting names of students whom we know are guilty.

4. Courage:

We admire the student who dares to do what he knows to be right.

5. Sportsmanship:

We admire fair play and earnest endeavor; we admire one who keeps his pride under in victory and a stout heart in defeat.

This is the honor code that the students of Bangor High School have to live up to. And a warning to the students—freshmen especially—if the council finds you aren't living up to this, things will be warm for you!

At the first meeting of the Student Council, officers were elected. It also has discussed the various subjects called to its attention.

Senior Orchestra

There were about forty members present at the first orchestra rehearsal held in the Assembly hall on Sept. 18th. All of last year's juniors were back, and plenty of this year's juniors there to play second fiddle and what have you. Since this first rehearsal, it has been studying diligently under the capable direction of Prof. A. W. Sprague.

At the first meeting, Peggy Tyler was appointed concert mistress.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

The Girls' Athletic Honor Council is the organization that promotes all the girls' athletics. Its purpose is to develop a higher type of athletics at Bangor High School. The girls of this council are trying not to make this a selfish, snobbish clique, but a group of girls working for the interest of the whole school. One of the responsibilities of the girls is teaching Frosh Gym. This training is very worthwhile. Senior girls also have the work of coaching inter-class teams.

In the past years (and this year) the Council girls have had the booth at Mary Snow School Athletic Field. This year Rachel Kent is the general chairman and she will have different girls to help her each time. At this booth is sold candy, gum, crackerjacks, and

hot dogs. All the profits go for the purpose of buying basketball, hockey, baseball, and gym equipment.

As the teacher's convention is to be held in Bangor, the Council plans to hold lunches in the lunchroom. This will help the teachers as well as the Council.

To get into this Council, a girl must first win her numerals in some school athletics. Then if the Council thinks the girl has the six qualifications—Scholarship, Athletic Ability, Respect, Leadership, Dependability, and Sportsmanship—her name is put before the faculty. If approved by them, she will be taken into the Council at once. Girls are taken in three times a year, at the Hockey Party, Basketball Banquet, and the Freshman Assembly. This past year 1934-35 the following girls were taken in:

Hockey Party: Mamise Connors, Annette Curran, Barbara Freese.

Basketball Banquet: Isabel Cumming, Wealthy Stackpole.

Freshmen Assembly: Barbara Libbey, Margaret Moulton, Barbara Savage.

The officers for 1935-36 are:

President: Hazel Chalmers.

Vice President—Peggy Tyler.

Secretary: Isabel Cumming.

Treasurer: Rachel Kent.

The members are:

Sarah Whitney
Virginia Moulton
Betty Smart
Peggy Tyler
Ann Tyler
Isabel Cumming
Margaret Moulton

Rachel Kent
Barbara Freese
Barbara Savage
Annette Curran
Hazel Chalmers
Barbara Libbey
Mamise Connors

Alumni

One more class is now filed in the long list of alumni of Bangor High School. That is the class of 1935 whose members are no longer dignified seniors, but little freshmen at some college or at work.

There are a great number of former Bangor students attending the University of Maine. Some of them are:

Betty Homans	Sheldon Smith
Jean Sanborn, '34	Stanley Staples
Jeanette Sanborn, '34	Blair Stevens
Janet St. Pierre	Marjorie Taylor
Donald Blake	Artemus Weatherbee
Helen Bond	Jonathan Adams
Lucille Epstein	Charles Blanchard, '34
Lucille Fogg	Lawrence Gleason, '34
Albert Friedman, '34	William Hilton
Owen Lynch, '34	Hugh O'Hear
Robert Mooers, '34	Frederick Stetson
Donald Moore	Donald Leake, ex-'34
	Louise Rice, '32

Juliet Spangler has entered Wheaton College. Nancy

Conners and Rebecca Dooley have also entered that institution of learning.

Sally Woodcock, who got some of the highest ranks in the country, has gone to Manhattanville College, New York City.

Bud Higgins, '34, and Charlie Rice are attending Hebron.

Edgar Enman, Spencer Leake, and Eddie Ross have gone to Higgins Classical Institute.

George Powell, the popular leader of the Collegians, has entered Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, Harold Moon, former Cadet Major of the R. O. T. C. has also entered it.

Bob Clelland, one of the star athletes, class of '35, is enduring the trials and tribulations of a Freshman at Groton Academy.

Kay Whitney is working in Boston this fall.

Paul Higgins, '34, has gone up north to work for the Great Northern Paper Co. Bill West and Richie Higgins also heard the call of the wild.

Fannie Giles, Hope Betterly, and Glenice Peavey are attending Farmington Normal School.

Roberta Smith is at Bates College this fall.

Bob Hussy, Morris Rubin, and Tom Reed, three of the school's former football stars, were invited to join the training table of the U. of M. football squad.

William Ballou entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in July.

Frances Reynolds has returned from abroad where she spent the summer studying dancing. She is now teaching that at the University of Maine.

Bernice Braidy, one of Bangor High's greatest debaters, has transferred from Radcliffe College to the University of Maine.

Virginia Oberton has returned to Bates where she is a sophomore.

Some of last year's graduates who have enrolled at the Maine School of Commerce are: Norma Eames, Dana Kennedy, Virginia Brooks, Ralph Thompson, and Walter Morse.

Barbara Bickford is attending the Eastern Academy of Beauty Culture.

Gladys Smith, who was graduated from the Beal Business College, is now teaching at Machias.

Juanita Follet is working for the Central Office Supply Co. in Bangor.

Beatrice Cameron, '34, and Esther Fenlason, '34, have started training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Some former Bangor High Graduates at Beals Business College, are, Ruth McDonough, '32, Pauline Stetson, '34, Kenneth Donovan, '34, Lucie Nickerson, '34, Gertrude Wilcox, '35, Mary Spellman, '35, Mary Dowd, '35 and Wealthy Stackpole, '35.

Ed Curran, '34, Andy Cox, '34 and Bill Newman returned for the pre-season training of the Bowdoin football squad.

Doris Chalmers, '33 has returned to Simmons College.

George Merrill, '34 and Lorraine Lee, ex-'37, were united in marriage on Sept. 21. George was a member of the football squad and "B" club while in High School. Freddie Merrill, '35, was the best man at the wedding.

Thelma Silke, who is a graduate of the Beals Business College is teaching Commercial subjects and coaching girls' athletics in the High School at Brooks, Me.

Geneva Hibbard, '33, is a secretary at the Merrill Trust Co., in Bangor.

Jean Calhoun, '34, has returned to the Boston Conservatory of Music, where she is a senior.

Elliott Reed, '29, a graduate of the University of Maine, who went to Mass. Institute of Tech. is now working for the Bethlehem Steel Co. at Bethlehem, Penn.

Bill Perry, '35, is working at the Merrill Trust Co., in Bangor.

Joe Bertels, '34, has entered Bowdoin this fall, after attending Hebron last year.

Lois Smith, ex-'36, has entered Scarsdale School in New York.

Mary Gibbons, who graduated from Wellesley last spring, is assistant instructor at the new riding school in Bangor.

John Cutler, a former editor of the *Oracle* and graduate of the University of Maine, has joined the staff of the English Department at Ohio State University. While in college, Cutler was a member of the national scholastic societies, Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi.

George Carlisle, '31, who was graduated from Maine in '35, is now working for the United States Forest Service at Jacksonville, Ohio.

Joe Small, '32, has returned to his favorite haunts. He is now working for an A. & P. store at Bar Harbor.

Fulton Cahners, '34, after attending Philips Andover last year, entered Harvard this fall.

Norman Cahners returned to Harvard this fall. Norman went abroad this summer with the Harvard track team.

The Flagg twins ex-'36 entered Shiply School in Pennsylvania.

Constance Hedin has returned to Vassar as a Junior. Likewise Eleanor Clough to Mt. Holyoke.

Robert Kurson is at Dartmouth this fall.

Bob Cumming finished his Freshman year at Harvard in the High Distinction list, being among the first eight per-cent of the Freshman class. Last summer he bicycled some twenty-five hundred miles in France, studying Romanesque architecture.

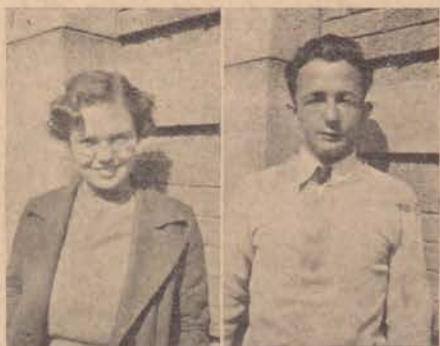
Mystified

Karnack, the Magician, constituted the first school entertainment this year. Some of Mr. Karnack's feats were quite simple, but on the other hand, he performed many tricks that were truly mystifying. To this writer

See page 24

PASSING IN REVIEW

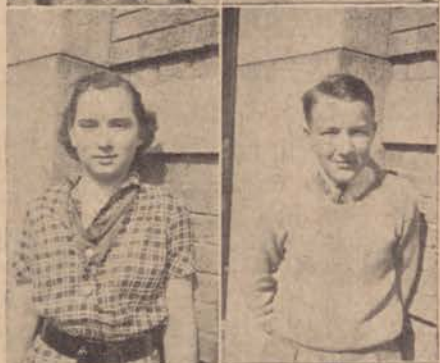
This dapper, delightful, dainty miss, stands not very high, but has a distinct personality. Every fall finds her swinging a hockey stick, with the rest of the squad, up in Linden Street Park. Betty Ayer likes horseback riding best of all, and has been in a saddle ever since we can remember. She confesses boldly that she doesn't like movies! Betty does, however, like both jazz and classical music, and she spends a lot of her time reading. Although quiet she's the best of friends.



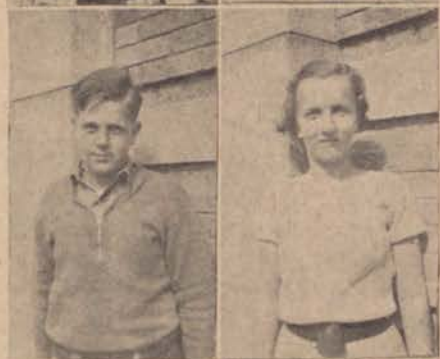
When he isn't swimming he is playing tennis, and when he isn't playing tennis, he is swimming (unless he is out gathering ads for the *Oracle*). This Junior, Phillip Goos by the way, is very musical, decorating both the band and the orchestra with his presence. He specializes in manipulating the violin, piano (with one finger), base horn, and radio. Jack Benny, Fred O'Keefe, and McGillicuddy rate in his estimation. At the present moment he plans to go to Columbia and be a chemist.



P. S. He prefers brunettes—they go with his clothes better.



This bright little lass prefers Lanny Ross to Bing Crosby any day. Marjorie Smith isn't particular with her eats; however sweets are her weakness. Her pet pastime is going to bed early and reading, with a basket of beautiful juicy apples lying in her lap. Horseback riding is this young lady's hobby with skating, tennis, swimming and dancing all coming in as close seconds.



Just a Frosh, John Hunt looks forward to the time when he will be a naval officer, and in the meantime, remarks that the High School is too small. His chief desire is to give orders, and sail around the world. Loretta Young has added him to her list of fans. Besides sailing he likes swimming, football, hot dogs, cold drinks and spinach. What a man!! Eh, Betty?



A good illustration of pep personifies Jane Bradshaw, who admits the secret of her boundless energy is Wheaties. When she isn't keeping on the Honor Roll at school, she may be found eating, riding a bike, swimming, playing tennis, basketball, hockey, in fact anything that spells action. Her dislikes—Bing Crosby and squash, are far outnumbered by her likes—Hepburn, Garbo, Joe Penner, and Jack Benny. She's headed for Oberlin, but in the meantime, watch her dust!

How would you like entering a school where you were a stranger and where French was the only tongue spoken? Reggie Fournier had had but one year of English when he entered B. H. S. Now he speaks English perfectly, is a consul in Latin Club, and a fine student. Reggie is not a bookworm; he does however read Shakespeare and Milton for relaxation. Swimming and eating are his hobbies. Reggie is planning to be a doctor. Watch this lad grow into a great man!

Whenever you hear a Boston accent, accompanied by a merry laugh, make way for Betty Reid. She specializes in eating, (anything and everything, but mostly fried eggs) cooking, swimming, playing tennis, basketball, hockey, or any sport in fact. Just to be different she's fond of knitting, which accounts for some of the cute clothes she displays at school. Lanny Ross, Fred Astaire, and Gary Cooper represent her idea of a perfect evening. In this, and in everything else, she is positively "tops."

Clifford West thinks Gracie Allen is a true comedienne but that George is a stooge. At last we've found some one who wholeheartedly and unreservedly enjoys and praises Stoopnagle and Budd. He's a classical carpenter; for his is the classical course, and he is helping build the family's new garage. Couple all this to the fact that he is seen at all the school's social affairs—and what have you? Just what we started with—Clifford West!

Who is the small person we often see sitting behind that mighty harp at the city hall? Why, of course it's Constance King! This cute bit of home-town product lists among her likes, Guy Lombardo's Orchestra, Lanny Ross, Joan Blondell, Major Bowle's amateurs, boiled lobsters, and—Dick Powell.

Now, her dislikes—Brussel's sprouts, Bing Crosby, and reading. This bright little lass from the Freshman ranks is another member of our knitting class with two skirts to her credit, thus far.

Charles Bartlett, usually called "Bubbles" is a popular member of the Junior class. He likes all sports and plays many of them. At Hancock Point, where he spends his summers, he is in or on the water most of the time, for when he isn't swimming, or diving, he is dashing about in a boat. Bubbles' appetite runs to hamburgers and lemonade, and he is especially fond of watermelon. Another of this young gentleman's pastimes is dancing. And why not? Isn't he the prize waltzer of B. H. S.?

one of the card tricks seemed the best presented of the evening's entertainment. Not content with simple tricks, Mr. Karnack, as well as changing the color of the back of the card changed a deck of apparently blank cards to a full printed deck.

Disappointment was universal when it was announced that the feature of the show could not be presented as advertised. That feature was the feat of cutting a girl in two with an electric buzz-saw. Because of an accident this number could not be presented—an accident, presumably, to the equipment and not to the girl.

Aside from the fact that some of the amusement provoking items were decidedly juvenile, and, aside from the fact that the young gentleman spotted the yellow handkerchief under the magician's coat when it was supposed to have disappeared in thin air, we may credit Mr. Karnack with a fine program.

Proceeds went to athletics.

R. O. T. C.

Slowly, but yet surely, the R. O. T. C. battalion is beginning to shape into a real army. The sophomores, inexperienced but eager and willing to learn, are working into the routine. The juniors are reviewing their movements and are doing their best to win a Corporal's or Sergeant's chevrons. The cadet officers, somewhat hoarse after a period of shouting commands, are working hard to hold their commissions for there are plenty of others capable of taking their places at the first sign of a let-down.

The battalion has something to live up to this year—the fourth successive honor rating at the annual inspection. Of course the squad movements are rather rusty now, but you may be assured that they will be smoothly polished by the time of the next inspection.

Since there are not enough men for four whole companies, Lieut. Col. Snow has divided the battalion into three companies which will put in a better appearance than four.

The corps of officers this year is headed by George Bell as Cadet Major.

Library

Daily now we are reaching new heights in the matter of attendance at the School Library. This increase may be attributed to several causes. The natural trend has been for some time toward increased use of library facilities with its fine set of reference books as well as books on specific subjects. Certainly not the least of this combination of circumstances is the approaching Junior Exhibition. At present, all the Juniors are in the process of picking, or have selected their try-out speeches.

Finally, the Bangor High School Library has acquired more than its usual share of new books and maga-

zines. Among the new magazines are: Leisure, Forum, Theatre Arts Monthly, The American Mercury.

You are cordially invited to inspect the new books and magazines at your convenience—permit required.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Call to Action

ANOTHER school year has started and with it the hockey season. Everybody is ready and rarin' to go with renewed energy after a summer's vacation.

Miss McGuire, our coach and physical director, is with us again with a busy schedule planned.

This year there is only one varsity player left, Hazel Chalmers, who plays the position of right inside.

The schedule is as follows:

Seniors vs. Juniors	Oct. 28, Monday
Seniors vs. Sophomores	Oct. 29, Tuesday
Juniors vs. Sophomores	Oct. 31, Thursday
Seniors vs. Juniors	Nov. 4, Monday
Seniors vs. Sophomores	Nov. 5, Tuesday
Juniors vs. Sophomores	Nov. 7, Thursday

This schedule is subject to change anytime. The sophomores had their first practice at 2:30 at Little City park on Thursday, Sept. 19, the juniors, Monday, 23, and the seniors Tuesday, the 24th at the same time.

The following seniors have signed up and passed the physical examination:

Hazel Chalmers, Ellen MacIntosh, Betty Barker, Rachel Kent, Thelma Doughty, Dorothy Kamen, Charlotte Cushing, Jeanette Leavitt, Hazel Thomas, Winona Fraser, Doris Bullard, Barbara Welch, Audrey Ayer, Sarah Whitney, Betty Smart, Margaret Maxwell, Annette Curran, Kathleen Rideout, Peggy Tyler, Betty Witte, Mamise Connors, Betty Ayer and Mildred Striar.

Juniors: Betty Reed, Velma Crosby, Nellie Drew, Frances Korbut, Jessie Farley, Beryl Crosby, Louise Giles, Genevra Brean, Ruth MacIntosh, Ernestine Turner, Phyllis Smith, Ann Tyler, Grace Dowd, Virginia Moulton, Betty Mack, Bernice Faulkingham, Evelyn Knowles, Mary Burke, Marjorie Little, Valeda Small, Faith St. Germain, Louise Betterley, Janice Merrill, Ellen Hathorn, Doris Hamilton, Wyone Drew, Mildred Flanagan, Frances Eastman, Emily Rand, June Webster, Alice England, Pauline Jordan and Dorothy Dauphinee.

Sophomores: Lillian Eastman, Doris Zoidis, Dorothy Bell, Beatrice Gleason, Sylvia Striar, Barbara Savage, Ruth Curran, Adelle Sawyer, Margaret Moulton, Anne Hanson, Gwendolyn Matchett, Blanche Barker, Anna Less, Zilpha Neally, Marie Tsoulas, Margaret Rogers, Margaret O'Connell, Jane Mulvaney, Margaret Maxfield, Winona Cole, Jane Bradshaw, Lillian Kopelow, Ada Alpert, Eleanor Sweeney, Virginia Meader, Mary Armitage, Doris Twitchell, Virginia Hastings.

PRESENTING—

Mr. Walter Gay, of the English Department, one of the youngest of our new teachers, graduated from Bates College last June. While at college, he participated in many activities. He won his letter in football and baseball. He also was President of the Varsity Club, Vice-President of the Student Council, Treasurer of the Class of "35", and Director of the Outing Club. To Mr. Gay, at the beginning of his career, we wish a great deal of success.

Mr. Ernest Legere is not a new-comer to our school, for he was graduated from Bangor High in 1924. He attended St. Mary's College in Van Buren and also went to the University of Maine where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in French. From 1928-1935, Mr. Legere was principal of Beal Business College.

Mr. Bernard Mann was graduated from Bangor High School in 1927. He attended the University of Louvain in Belgium and went to the University of Montreal in Canada. From the University of Maine, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1933. Last year, Mr. Mann taught F. E. R. A. French at Night School and this year he is teaching French at our own Bangor High School.

Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke, was graduated from Bangor High School, where she was editor of the "Locals" for the *Oracle*, in 1924. She attended Smith College where she took part in debating. The year after she was graduated from college, Mrs. Meinecke taught in Old Town, and she has substituted in Bangor and Brewer. Welcome to Bangor High School, Mrs. Meinecke. In Bangor High School, Mrs. Meinecke teaches English and debating.

Dorothy McClure, Mary Carlisle, Helen Hart and Louise Newman.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Pre-Season Practice

STARTING his fourth season as Head Coach, Mr. Ulmer was confronted with building a practically new team. Yet, with the assistance of Walter Gay, John Downing, and Athletic Director Durward Heal, he has succeeded in moulding a fast, hard-hitting outfit.

About thirty-five men turned out for pre-season practice under the direction of coaches Heal and Gay, Coach Ulmer being at Pine Camp. The squad has now increased to about sixty members, all giving their best to win a berth on the first team.

The personnel of the squad is headed by only two veterans, Daniel "Danny" Curran and Norman "Norm" Furrow, and several men who saw some ser-

Here's luck to a Bangor High graduate of 1926. **Miss Mary Quinn** graduated from the University of Maine with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1930. The next year she received her Master of Arts degree. In the years 1931-34 she taught in Fort Kent High School. Miss Quinn also taught in Old Town High and substituted in Bangor last year in both the eighth grades and in the Bangor High English department. In the summer of 1929 she went abroad, so you see, in Miss Quinn, we have a teacher of wide experience.

Mr. Arlin Cook who taught at Brewer High last year comes to us with a fine background of many schools. He was graduated from Cleveland Heights High School, and Western Reserve University in Cleveland from which he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. His graduate college was Columbia University, from which he obtained his master of arts degree. He has taught at the University of Maine, Northwestern University, Cleveland College, and Brewer High. This year, besides teaching English and debating at Bangor High, he is teaching at the Bangor Theological Seminary. Mr. Cook, also very capably, reviews books for a local newspaper. All these activities assure him of a very full curriculum.

Miss Dorinda Adams attended Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York. At Marymount she received her Bachelor of Arts degree and at the University of Maine, her Master of Arts. While at college, she was an active participant in musical functions, and she played the violin in the orchestra. Miss Adams taught in the Normal and Business departments at Beal Business College and belongs to the American Association for University Women. We hope that you enjoy teaching in Bangor High School, Miss Adams.

vice last year; namely: Winsor, Powers, Dauphinee, and Hammond. Men up from last year's J. V. and freshmen teams who are likely to be "in there" this fall are: Sedgely, Whidden, Gray, A. Smith, MacDonald, Morrell, Snow, Doughty, Nason, Flynn, Elliott, Minor, E. Smith, Rice, and with many others pushing these, the team is assured of eleven fighting football men who will more than uphold Bangor High's football reputation.

Bangor is faced this year with about the stiffest schedule that it has ever had. It is to play the leading and outstanding teams of the state including Winslow, Cony, Portland, Thornton and Waterville, along with the locals, Bapst, Old Town, and Brewer, and also Salem, Mass., one of the strongest teams in that section.

Coach Walter Ulmer, in summing up the pre-season practice, says: "I think we have a fine display of team morale even this early. We are sure of a fine, hard-hitting team on the field. But with the strenuous schedule, the matter of wins is merely conjectural.

With a school of our size, however, there should be more boys athletically inclined who would benefit themselves and the school, considerably, by turning out for football. Without this spirit on the part of the under classmen, the future of our foot-ball prowess is in the balance. We lost considerably in veterans from last season, but we will have a team in there fighting regardless."

Rams Shine in Opener

A light but scrappy Bangor High eleven got off to a good start against Old Town by piling up nineteen points while their opponents were unable to score at all. Working with smoothness and precision, the Rams passed and ran all around the somewhat weaker Indians.

Bangor received the kick-off on its 35 yard line and after failing to gain sufficiently on a couple of line plunges, punted, the ball being downed on Old Town's 12 yard stripe. After recovering an Old Town fumble on the ten, Duke Elliott, in two attempts, romped through the Indians' line for the first touchdown. The try for extra point failed. For the remainder of the period, the play see-sawed back and forth in midfield.

In the middle of the second quarter, George Munce ran back a punt 30 yards to Old Town's 24 and then took a lateral from Curran to the five yard marker. Using the same lateral combination, Munce carried the ball over for the second score.

On the kick-off following the second touchdown, Art Gray fell on the pigskin (which Oldtown had allowed to go over its goal line), for another six points. Ray Flynn plunged through the Indians' line for the extra point.

Although the Rams did not score, their play was predominant throughout the second half. Old Town threatened only once and that was when Thompson intercepted Curran's lateral pass and carried it to Bangor's 24 yard line. Old Town failed to gain and was forced to kick. Bangor had started another drive but was halted by the whistle, bringing to a close the first 1935 gridiron victory for the Rams.

Individual honors were few, but the team as a whole made a brilliant showing.

Coty was outstanding for the visitors. "Red" Glasgow, Old Town tackle, received a broken leg on the opening play.

Darby, Bangor High's mascot, made his initial appearance at the game.

The Line-up: BHS		OHS
re, Sedgely	le, Thompson	
Morrill	Cook	
rt, Dauphinee	lt, Reed	
Snow	F. Bouchard	
rg, Clark	lg, Thornton	
Gray		
c. MacDonald	c, Harriman	
Bryce		

lg, Winsor	rg, Thibadeau
lt, Hammond	rt, Glasgow
	Bouchard
le, Furrow	re, Giroux
Doughty	Cook
qb, Curran	qb, Clukey
Brannen	McClay
lhb, Powers	lhb, Carey
Smith	
Edminster	
rhb, Munce	rhb, Bouchard
Rice	Moorer
fb, Elliott	fb, Cote
Score by periods:	1 2 3 4
Bangor	6 13 0 0-19

Outweighed but not Outplayed

In place of the Thornton game which could not be played because of a misunderstanding in the schedule, the Crimson Rams accepted the invitation of the University of Maine Athletic Department to play a practice game with the Freshmen at Orono.

It took the Rams the first period to solve the Freshmen style of attack, during which time the yearlings put over two touchdowns. One of them resulted from a 25 yard jaunt by Mallett, the hard-hitting Freshman fullback. The second touchdown came as the climax of a long drive. Mallett plunged over from the six yard stripe for this tally.

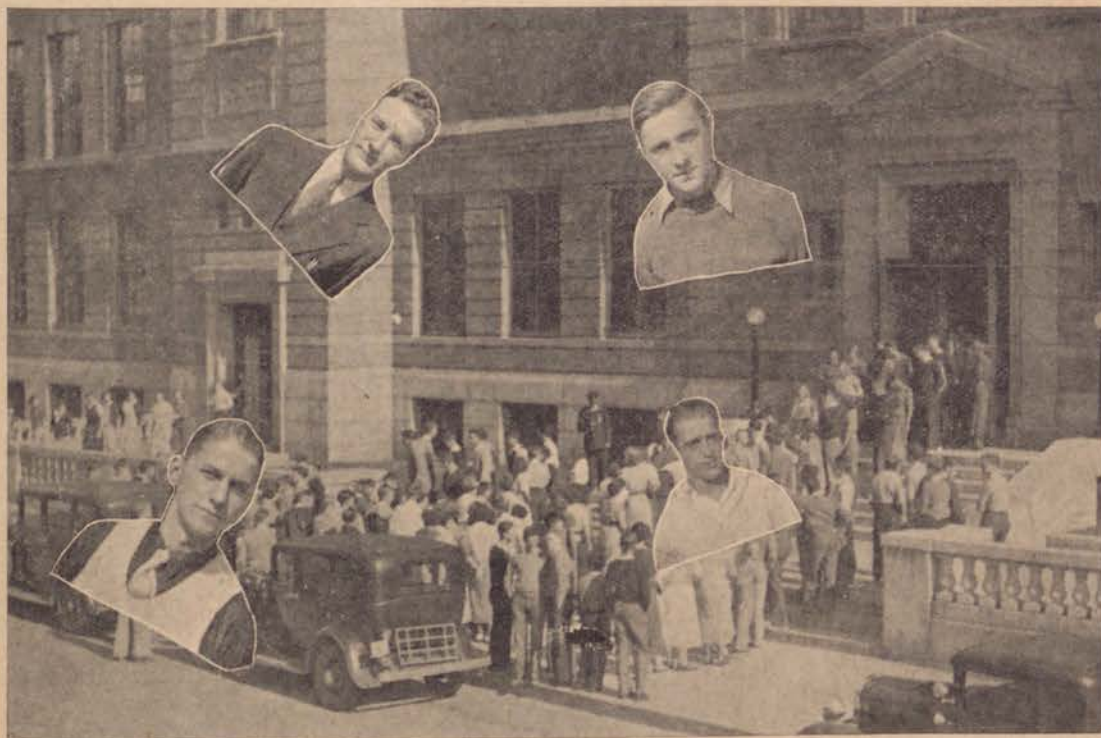
In the second period, after setting the Frosh back on their haunches, a flock of Rams broke through the opposing line and blocked a kick. It was Bangor's ball on the six yard line but the Freshmen were off side and were penalized to the one yard line. Then, on the next play the Crimson backfield was in motion before the ball was snapped so the play started again back on the six yard marker. After a lateral pass had failed to function, George Munce stepped way back and hurled a long pass to Bob Sedgley in the end zone. This was Bangor's only score, as the attempt for the extra point was blocked. For the remainder of the half the play was about even.

The Freshmen lost no time at the beginning of the third period in carrying the ball on a long drive for their third touchdown. Thomas carried it over from the twelve yard line, but his team mates failed to make the extra point.

The yearlings were predominant throughout the rest of the game and penetrated deeply into the Crimson territory only to be stopped by fumbles and the vicious defense of the Rams. Although Bangor was outweighed nearly twenty pounds to a man, their play sparkled brilliantly in places. A barrage of forward and lateral passes had carried them to the Maine 30 yard line when the game ended.

Ray Dauphinee, Winsor, and Sedgley played a bang-up game in the line, while Munce and Elliott played well in the backfield.

THE PRESIDENTS' PAGE



George Bell, senior

William Jenkins, sophomore

George Munce, junior

Edward Hurd, freshman

CLASS OFFICERS

Seniors:

President—George Bell
 Vice-President—Hazel Chalmers
 Secretary—Marion Morton
 Treasurer—Leonard McDonough

Juniors:

President—George Munce
 Vice-President—Pauline Goodwin
 Secretary—Virginia Moulton
 Treasurer—Reginald Hagerman

Sophomores:

President—William Jenkins
 Vice-President—Barbara Savage
 Secretary—Adelle Sawyer
 Treasurer—John Burke

Freshmen:

President—Edward Hurd
 Vice-President—Edith Barker
 Secretary—Katherine Faulkingham
 Treasurer—Stuart Smythe

MOVIES

Les Miserables

There has been much controversy, pro and con, concerning this picture. Whether Charles Laughton was or was not the type for Javert, whether this was Fredric March's greatest performance, or whether there was some indefinable quality lacking in his style, is up to the individual to describe. Personally, the remembrance of Charles Laughton hunting Fredric March as Jean Valjean, year after year, from magistrate's estate to beggar's gutter is quite sufficient to keep me awake at night. I join the ranks of those who loudly proclaim Fredric March never better. Whether the tone of the story has lost in cutting five books down to two hours, or not, I will leave that up to some one who has read the books to decide. The traditional Hollywood happy ending has been installed, but without sacrificing the drama. To me this was one of the greatest pictures ever yet produced on the screen, the best picture of the year, and one that no one can afford to miss.

The Wedding Night

If you thought this Sten girl was "swell" in *Nana*, you'll consider her a knockout in *The Wedding Night*. This time, she enacts the role of a Connecticut Polish girl, and she plays it with such warmth and sincerity! I sure hope we won't have to wait forever for another Anna Sten flicker. The locale is laid in an old farmhouse in Connecticut during a long, cold winter, and there is Gary Cooper, a sensitive young author, who has come home to his "ancestors," deserted by his gay, sophisticated wife. He is ready for an inspiration to write the great American Novel. Anna, who brings the milk every morning is it—and more. Helen Vinson, who portrays Ole Massa Gary's wife is simply grand! Same can be said about Massa Gary. He sho' am provin' hisself a mighty fin' actor these days. In other words, the picture is charming—it's dramatic—it's tragic—it's a picture you really ought to see.

China Seas

China Seas is about a hard-boiled girl, mutiny, love, gold-smuggling and treachery. If that doesn't sound to you like lots of action, I don't know what would. It contains all the exciting moments you've ever seen in a movie, packed into one. Clarkie Gable plays the captain and Jeannie Harlow the girl, with Wally Beery, the guy who attempts to get gold on board Gable's ship. There's a plot of Clark Gable's love for Rosalind Russell, but this is not nearly as exciting as the main plot, although Miss Russell is sincerely charming as the English girl. The scene where the steam-roller on deck is loosened by the storm, crushing men under its mighty roll, is enough to urge you to see this

great melodrama. A great deal of the credit should be given to Tay Garnett the director, for his fine settings. I predict that the fame of China Seas will go down in history, and the same for its stars, Gable, Harlow, and Beery.

Alice Adams

How Hepburn manages to walk off with a continuous succession of fine roles, while other actresses alternate good with weak, is a mystery to me. However, so be it. The roles are never wasted. Whether it is a gypsy, a musician, or the vivacious "Jo" of *Little Women*, Katie never puts over a poor performance. Alice is no exception. Some consider the loquacious "Alice" Hepburn's best. If anyone can see Alice and her brother at the dance, and Alice's supper party with its tragic ending without sensing a great talent foreign to Hollywood, I'll bet my brother's plaid tie, they don't know acting when they see it. You can take every Hollywood star, with a few English thrown in, but leave me Hepburn.

Two For Tonight

We bit on this with the faint hope that Mary Boland's comedy, Joan Bennett's looks, and some cute songs would counteract Bing Crosby. Our hopes were sadly shattered before the end of the first reel. We were expecting too much from Boland, Bennett, and the songs. The only reason we endured the whole of this was to see the shorts and then we were stung, too. Never again!

Anna Karenina

We realize that writing up Garbo, Hepburn, Temple, and Sten in the same issue, may stir up serious trouble. However Garbo still reigns supreme, although her throne is being seriously assaulted. Anna is the best role that the Swedish queen has had for some time. Fredric March is "Tops" as the daring young officer who gives up everything for Anna. The other Freddie (Bartholomew) snitched in a charming, English manner every scene he was in. Basil Rathbone remains my idea of a perfect nightmare, through his excellent performance. A great cast in a great picture!

Curly Top

What an actress that child is! What a fine dancer Shirley Temple is! Can't Shirley Temple sing beautifully for her age! That is what people all over the world are saying about that child prodigy, Shirley Temple. Moreover, in *Curly Top* she is better than ever. This story is completely different from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the role of the mischievous, lovable ring-leader of a group of young orphans, longing for a home and happiness. Here's another surprise! Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen and reveals a rich and beautiful voice.

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

OCTOBER 31, 1935

HOKUM

By Miriam Golden

WELL, hy, kids! Here we are all back from summer vacation, all safe and sound and okey-dokey. The black circles under the eyes of yours truly come from the nightly readings of Waltie Winchell but so far it's done no good. Ya just can't win!

We see where Kent is still being "Treated" places. And in this depression!..... Billy Reynolds going "Savage" at Green Lake and Bob Carlisle "Freezing" there. The new sophs taking baths nightly because Mrs. Cumming has just started throwing her "trash" and "rubbish" at them..... Paul Monaghan paying nickels to Helen Bond and Betty Homans (now a couple of collegiates) so that he and Elnora could be in their solitude. And speaking of Elnora, what's this we hear about all that Hamm this summer? And about your Jay-walking? You'll never get to heaven that way!..... Hey, what happened to the W. K. E. C. that started out with such good intentions..... And the W. M. C., Peggy and Isabel..... Winsor holding Hazel's hands much too long in the Oracle Board's skit in Assembly..... How do you like the way our boys have come intellectual all of a sudden? They all seem to be Reeding (page Miss Glory-Betty Reid from Braintree, Massachusetts)..... If any one wants to find out what that riddle told at Latin club was all about, Barbara Farnham and Edith Stern have kindly consented to tell them. Their office hours are 1.59 A. M. to 2.00 A. M..... Eenie, meenie, mo, that's how Becky Libby picks her dates..... By the by, we wonder where we can get a frankfort, toasted, roasted, and squeezed..... Poor Finnegan, he just can't overcome his love for the ole school—that's why he's back. (It must have been love at first sight)..... What was the idea of the Coco-cola and aspirin at Newport? Weren't you feeling well, Annette..... Who said "dieting is the triumph of mind over platter"..... Was it Billie Shakespeare..... Tommy Rice getting to be a

goody Goode..... Where is your patriotism to the Flagg!..... While we think of it, here's the shortest poem in the world, and the cutest couplet (since Mary Carlisle and Allan Woodcock started going places).

Hired.

Tired.

Fired!

Hazen Coffin at the football game, paying 25c to get in, and only having eyes for Sylvia Striar—Mamise, thinking that Noble Lord had just won first prize in a horse race, when Miss Mullen (teaching Burke) asked her what was meant by Noble Lord of the Blue Ribbon.

Cheers for Franklin D. Roosevelt, and George D. Bell—presidents from 1932-1936.

Polly Goodwin's theme song, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."..... Hey, why doesn't some one start a school of training for the Boarding House Reach.... We hear the Salvation Army moved up the next block when Mamise passed them in her car the other day. The musical rattle of her motor gave their orchestra too much competition..... The Freshman Class is here with a bang (of tricycles). Time out while we eat the lunch mother fixed for us. As soon as they get accustomed to the building (anytime in 1936) we'll hear a little more about them. Gosh! Were we really like that four years ago?..... No more news and no more space, so I guess it's time to say "Olive Oil"—but until next time, PLEASE be doing big things.'

Mrs. Carroll was reading to her class Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." To test the understanding of the scholars she asked if they could put the line into different words expressing the same meaning, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit bird thou never wert." An arm shot up from the back row. "Well Mr. Bell, let us hear how you would put it."

"Hi, Casey. You ain't no blinkin' bird."

Mr. Prescott: How many seasons are there in the year, Miss Freese?

Barbara Freese (thinking of her father's conversation of the night before). Two. Slack and busy.

BLOW-OFFS

Billy Stetson: I wonder how old Mrs. Cumming is?

Charles Pierce: Quite old I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar.

Sunday School Teacher: I hope by this talk that I have impressed upon you the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. Now, Miss Merrill, which had you rather be, good or beautiful?

Janice Merrill: Well, I think I'd rather be beautiful and repent.

He: They're putting false beards on Fords now.

She: Why?

He: To make them look like Lincolns.

Teacher: What's a metaphor?

Betty Barker: To keep cows in.

What would you call an aviator who fell in a sewer?
An ace in the hole.

"I work in a shirt factory."

"Well why aren't you working today?"

"They are making night shirts."

"Why is your face so red?"

"Cause."

"Cause why?"

"Causemetics."

"See this stickpin? It belonged to a millionaire."

"Who?"

"Woolworth."

Bo: What are you doing now?"

Zo: Buying old wells, sawing them up, and selling them for post-holes.

Mrs. Nipper—"I'm so sorry I couldn't come to your party.

Mrs. Catting—"Oh, weren't you there?"

Battered Motorist—Bruz West (waking up):

"Where am I? Where am I?"

Nurse: "This is number 116."

Bruz: "Room or cell?"

Audrey Ayer: Can you drive with one hand?

Freddy Johnston: You bet I can.

Audrey Ayer: Then have an apple.

Club "Pro": Your trouble is, sir, that you don't address the ball properly.

Haddy Hamm: Well, I was polite to the darn thing for as long as possible.

"Hans, you have frozen your nose."

"No, he froze hisself, Mr. Berkins."

"How did it happen, Hans?"

"I no understand dis ting. I haf carry dot nose fordy year, and he nefer freeze hisself before."

"What can I do for you, Ethel, to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mother of her five-year old girl.

"You can let me sit up a little longer," was the innocent response.

"Lend me a dime for my carfare home, old man?"

"I'm sorry, but all I've got is half a dollar."

"Splendid! I'll take a taxi."

"Fourth for bridge?"

"Okay."

"That's great! Now all we need's a third."

City Slicker: What does your son do?

Farmer: He's a bootblack in the city.

C. S.: Oh, I see, you make hay while the son shines.

Dad: My boy, when I was your age I was glad to get dry bread to eat.

Son: You're much better off, now that you're living with us, aren't you, papa?

Conductor: Ticket please.

Passenger: Can't I ride on my face.

Conductor: Sure, but I'll have to punch it.

Guide: That is a skyscraper.

Old lady: Oh my! I'd love to see it work.

Miriam Golden: I'm lucky at cards, but I always lose at horses.

Peggy Tyler: That's because you can't shuffle horses.

Junior Exhibition

On your toes, Juniors! Here's a chance for you to win your first medal from Bangor High. Of course every one can't win but it's good competition anyway.

This year there are to be ten groups. As there are two hundred eligible, that makes twenty for each group.

Already the first two groups have made their debut and the third is well under way. Of course there are always some who don't care either way, and then there are many outstanding speakers.

For you who hope to speak in Junior Exhibition—the semi-semis are to be chosen about Christmas time.

SPECIAL RATES ON 1936

CLASS PICTURES

THE PERRY STUDIO

193 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine



CARS - TRUCKS

Webber Motor Co.

499 Hammond St., Bangor, Maine

WINN SCHOOL of Popular Music

You can learn to play popular music for personal, social accomplishment or professional orchestra work.

12 PRIVATE LESSONS \$10

Evenings by Appointment

Jameson's Orchestra
AVAILABLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Evenings by Appointment

STUDIO 16 Broad St.

DIAL 3765

BOUTILIER

Jeweler

Specializing in
REPAIRING

=====

All Work Guaranteed

=====

2 Shops

37 Park Street

268 Hammond Street

SWEET'S

Drug Store

More than 60 years at the old
stand and still going strong.

*Old in experience but
modern in ideas.*

26 Main St., Bangor

Dial 2-1742

Dress Up and Look Smart
by wearing

the new

Englishtown Prep Suit

AT

\$25.00

LARGAY'S

Bangor's Smartest Men's Shop

18 Broad Street

J. F. WOODMAN CO.

Handling a complete line of

Anthracite **COAL** Bituminous

Authorized Dealer for

NEW ENGLAND COKE

We appreciate your patronage

Dial 2-0043 or 2-1554

Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 17)

Although not every student can get into the council, he may, if he has noticed some matter that should be brought before the council, present it to some member of the council and inform him of his complaint. Therefore, not only the members of the Student Council have a voice in school affairs but every member of the student body has a chance to do his part in governing many school affairs.

Student Government is doing a great deal for the student because he knows that he has to satisfy, not himself, but twelve hundred students, and therefore he is very careful in his consideration of all questions in which he has a deciding part.

The following is to all students, especially to the Freshmen who are not yet acquainted with the Student Council and Student Government:

In the activity section of the *Oracle*, to which we refer you, is the "Honor Code" drawn up by the Student Council. Every student is asked to cooperate in following this code.

MY REALIZATION

(Continued from page 11)

tentively as priceless gems of words in the form of poetry fell from the lady's lips. The book, I noticed, was the *Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Again I saw the enjoyment brought by Stevenson. Again I hung my head in shame at the thought that I had denounced Stevenson as useless.

And so the scenes went on. I saw working men, after a day of hard labor, relaxed in rocking chairs, enjoying *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. I saw school boys reading *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour* for book reports, and enjoying their tasks. What a relief from the burden of making book reports on dry novels! I saw English-speaking men in the Orient reading *Travels on a Donkey*, and revelling in the recollections of their homelands. I saw elderly professors reading Stevenson's essays. What enjoyment came over them as they studied his priceless words of wisdom. I saw young girls and old women—all enjoying and praising Stevenson. I saw theatres packed with children viewing the film, *Treasure Island*. How different from the love pictures that commonly clutter our theatres. I saw men and women fighting good naturedly to see the moving picture, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

But the grand climax of my trip was when I saw Stevenson, himself. His life, from early days at Edinburgh, Scotland, to his last days at Samoa, passed before me. I saw him a sufferer in his terrible disease; never complaining, always writing happy go-lucky pieces of composition, to make the world a better place to live in; for when people are happy, the world is at peace.

And when I finally returned to my home, and the little man had faded back into the printed page, I fully

Compliments of

W. C. Bryant & Son

Incorporated

Diamond Merchants and Jewelers

46 Main Street

Bangor

Palace of Sweets

HOME MADE

CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

We Serve Lunches to Please Everybody

The Most Up-to-Date Store

56 Main Street

Bangor, Me.

STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

SHEETS AND METALS

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

Bangor, Maine

AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

REPLACEMENT PARTS

BANGOR COKE

Produced in Bangor by Bangor Workers

BANGOR GAS LIGHT CO.

Roy Bard Motors

Wholesale-Retail Distributors

DODGE BROTHERS

MOTOR CARS AND TRUCKS

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CARS

USED CARS AND TRUCKS

SALES AND SERVICE

DIAL 8274

Cor. Oak and Washington Sts.,

Bangor, Me.

LET US SHOW YOU

"DELTA" ELECTRIC
WOODWORKING TOOLS

Stanley Carpenter Tools

DUNHAM-HANSON CO.

31-39 MERCANTILE SQUARE, BANGOR

Kenduskeag Valley Creamery

Cream — Ice Cream — Butter

**562 Union Street
BANGOR, MAINE
Tel. 5612**

“May the Oracle continue
its success in competition as in
the past.”

--A Friend

Mary A. Leadbetter

**GIFT SHOP—BEAUTY SALON
AND LENDING LIBRARY**

**GREETING CARDS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS**

**OUR CHRISTMAS CARDS ARE READY
FOR YOUR INSPECTION**

61 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

realized what Stevenson was. I knew that he was one of our greatest authors—a man who, disregarding his own sorrow, had endeavored to make the world a happier and better place to live in.

I finished *Sea Fog* that night.

SEVENTEEN CENTS TO FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

(Continued from page 9)

and thoroughfares, the two arrived at their destination in the suburbs. It was a white, three story house, built in colonial style. In front there was a porch and on each side was an old fashioned pillar extending from the ground up to the very roof top. The windows, which were all dark, were square and squat. The door had an old fashioned brass knocker on it. The roof was flat, giving the whole an impression of a square, white cheese box.

So this was to be the house they were going to rob. As Buddy looked at this fine, old, stately manse, he had a feeling of remorse, but it was too late to turn back now, so he followed his companion around to the back. Here Jack, taking a jimmy from his hip pocket, applied it to a window and in a few seconds had it open.

Turning to Buddy, Jack said, “You stay here by this window and if you see anyone or anything that looks suspicious, give a long low whistle and then hide. I can take care of myself all right. Here, take this,” putting a wicked looking pistol into his hand, “you’ll probably not have to use it, but it’s best to have it handy, just in case—”

“O. K.” whispered Buddy taking the gun and trembling all over the while, “I’ll watch out here, and you be careful what you do in there, I—I don’t feel much like shooting anyone now.”

“You’re O. K., kid,” rejoined the gangster, patting him on the back, “don’t worry, it’ll soon be all over and then I’ll take you to my home and give you a good night’s rest.” With this he disappeared into the inky darkness of the house.

As Buddy waited there in the appalling silence, he began to puzzle out the myriad of questions which he did not know—why he was in Chicago of all places, what had happened to him, how he happened to be on the park bench, how he had received that wicked bruise on his head, who he was, and who was this man with whom he was now thieving. One thing he was sure of—someone had hit him over the head, robbed him, taken him to the park, and left him; and, as a result of this injury to his head, he had lost his memory. Was the man who had robbed him and the one who called himself Jack the same person? No, he didn’t think that possible for he had about twenty dollars in his pocket before he was robbed and the crook quite clearly wouldn’t hang around after lifting this sum, no, they weren’t the same man.

But the question that seemed to puzzle him most

The Rines Co.

Modern Tempo Marinetti

*The Aristocrat of Knitted Wear
for
School, Sport and Town Wear*

For real SERVICE willingly given try

WOODMAN'S

on

Center Street

RANGE OIL

FUEL OIL

Dorothy Quincy Horth

Experienced teacher of voice
and piano

Most modern methods used, insuring
unusual progress

OPERA COACH
ITALIAN AND FRENCH DICTION

DIAL 7467
499 STATE STREET

Page Miss Glory!

She's the only one who hasn't bought a ticket for the Debate Club's AUTUMN DANCE, November 1, in City Hall! By tomorrow night, even she should have one.

The Debate Club thanks you for your great support — AND PROMISES YOU THE BEST PARTY IT HAS EVER GIVEN. We think that's saying PLENTY!

This will be the social sensation of the school season NOT ONLY FOR DANCERS, NOT ONLY FOR BRIDGE - PLAYERS, but for EVERYONE! There's always something doing at a Debate Club party!

Look at these features:

Perley Reynolds and his big, eight-piece orchestra—bridge, with prizes—puzzles, with prizes—stunts—super-vaudeville—grand favors—refreshments!!!

It's a Debate Club show! The answer?

MEET

US

★ ★ ★

THERE!



DAKIN'S

BANGOR - WATERVILLE

Sweaters - Suede Jackets

Just the thing for school wear



GUNS - AMMUNITION

All Hunting Equipment
and Accessories



ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

for every sport



DAKIN SPORTING GOODS CO.

WHOLESALE — RETAIL

HEAT HEADQUARTERS

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

Always at Your Service

Hard and Soft Coal

New England Coke

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

Telephone 5664 — 2-0623

5 Hammond Street Bangor, Maine

was his identity. It seemed as if he could remember everything except that which he wanted most to know—about himself. He examined his clothes, closely, he had on a dark blue suit, black shoes, all in good condition. "Well," he thought, "at least I'm not a tramp, then I must be a fairly decent and respectable man, and decent and respectable men don't go around with crooks, such as that guy in there, robbing houses."

Yes, and why did that man's face seem familiar? He was positive that he had either seen him or his picture somewhere before, but who could he be? Quite clearly his profession was that of a crook—but other than that, he knew nothing about him.

It was getting chilly and he pulled his collar up around his neck, and, as he did so, he felt something hard beneath his lapel. He lifted his lapel and there, bright and shiny, was a badge, which the first robber had overlooked in the rush, bearing the words: "Secret Service Agent, No. 493."

Something flashed through his head, he went red and white by turns, his breath came in gasps, sweat poured forth on his forehead—he REMEMBERED! Everything was just as clear now as it had been confused before. Quickly he reviewed the things that had happened to him before he came to Chicago.

He was Phillip Monsoon of the secret service in New York and had been sent to Chicago to capture a notorious gangster who had a price of \$5,000 on his head. After entering the city, he had been held up by a ragged looking thief and in the struggle that had ensued, he was knocked out, and when he woke up, he was with the other fellow who by now must have collected quite a lot.

The crook in the house was—yes, he was the very one that Monsoon had been sent after, Jack "Tiger" Malone. After studying his features for so long in the rogues' gallery, how could he forget it? An incredible coincidence, but true.

"Gosh," he thought, "it's about time he was coming out, how am I going to capture him?"

Then, looking down at the revolver in his hand, he grinned, sheepishly, of course!

There was a squeak as the gangster pushed the window open slightly more so as to get everything out. Phillip stepped aside. The gangster called softly, "Hey, Buddy, take this stuff off my hands, will you?"

Phillip took the bag out of Jack's hand, and when the gangster crawled out, Monsoon said in a clear, sharp voice, "Up with 'em, 'Tiger'!"

Startled, "Tiger" whirled ready to fight, but when he saw the gun in the detective's hand, submitted, and went with Monsoon cursing him with more swear words than Monsoon had ever thought were in the English language.

"Congratulations, Monsoon," said Inspector Brady warmly, after Malone had been safely and securely locked up.

"Thank you, Inspector Brady," replied Phillip Mon-

CHALMERS' STUDIO

23 HAMMOND STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS

\$1.00 PERSONAL \$1.00
Stationery

200 sheets Bond paper, 6 x 7, printed with your name and address, and 100 envelopes to match, printed on back flap.

Print copy plainly and enclose **\$1.00**. Paper will be sent by mail

Phone—6353

BANGOR BOX COMPANY

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

IT WILL PAY YOU

To inspect Our Line of Sweaters, Wool Breeches, Wool Sport Coats, Leather Coats, Bass Moccasins, Co-Operative Shoes.

M. L. FRENCH & SON

110 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR

Compliments of

R. B. DUNNING & CO.

Distributors of Electrical Merchandise,
Plumbing and Heating Material. All
Kinds of Building Material.

54 to 68 Broad St.

Bangor

L. H. THOMPSON

THURSTON THOMPSON, Rep.

Printer

BREWER

MAINE

FRANCIS LEVERETTE VOSE

PHOTOGRAPHER

PORTRAITS IN THE HOME

DIAL 5800

FORMERLY WITH BACHRACH INC.

AND

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

OF NEW YORK

CLISH'S FILLING STATIONS

FOUR LOCATIONS

Palm Street Garage, 25 Palm Street, Dial 6519

Hammond Street and West Broadway

Washington and Pine Streets

Veazie, Maine, at the Bridge

GAS - OILS - ACCESSORIES**ARMSTRONG TIRES & BATTERIES***"Service with a Smile"***Arthur J. Clish, Proprietor**

BANGOR, MAINE

*Watch for our scrambled
ads next issue***The Oracle**

soon, "I did my best and that's all. I didn't do so bad, though, turning seventeen cents into five thousand dollars, eh what?"

A DAY WITH SHU CHENG AND CHUNG HO*(Continued from page 8)*

is used for soup. Then they have rice and string beans cooked with oil and some more of the salted vegetables they had had for breakfast. With lunch they also have tea. Chinese people don't drink cold water as they do not like it.

After lunch, the boys play in the yard for a little while and at one o'clock they leave for school again. On their way to school Shu Cheng and Chung Ho see a funeral procession go by. Men and boys in ragged clothes hold aloft lamps and beautifully embroidered banners. Groups of musicians make sad sounds from strange, gilded instruments. Others beat upon old gongs round and yellow like the full moon. Everyone in the procession makes as much noise as possible. Then come men carrying effigies of paper to be burned at the grave. There are paper servants, paper horses and carts, paper clothing, and even a paper pipe. Everything that the spirit of the dead man will need to make him happy in the world of shades is brought.

Behind the bearers come the mourners dressed in white, rough clothing. Then comes the great box in which the coffin is carried. It is covered with embroidered red satin and is very heavy. Twenty-four coolies in green uniforms hold, on their shoulders, the poles that support it.

A man walking ahead strikes together two bamboo sticks as a signal when it is time to change the poles from one shoulder to the other.

At about four o'clock the boys return home from school, then go out into the neighboring fields to fly their kites. After they have played with their kites they return home and go out into the courtyard to feed their cats, dogs, chickens, pigs, and their most beloved animals, the water buffaloes. After they feed the animals they go into the house to wash up for supper. Father, mother, and Grandfather are already in the dining room, and the soup is on the table. Then they have light, fluffy rice which they eat at every meal, and, in separate dishes, bits of chicken and pork, tender bamboo sprouts, bean sprouts, mushrooms, and celery.

For dessert they have sweet cakes, preserved fruits, and ginger.

After supper the entire family, including all the servants, gather in the great hall where they play many games. Amah calls them for their bath. The children in the Chang family take an all round bath every two weeks in summer and once a month in winter. After they bathe and have on their night clothes they are again ready for bed.

Across the land and sea in far off America, boys and girls are just getting up, but in China another day has ended.

Authorized Dealers

LYNN RANGE and FURNACE OIL BURNERS

AMERICAN BOSCH

"Round the World" Radios

24 Hour Service

MERLE L. COFFIN

Dial 8878

725 BROADWAY

Tibbetts Bros. Garage

"Dependable Year 'Round Service"

Conveniently located for prompt and
efficient work

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

23 Haynes Court

Opposite High School

BANGOR

DIAL 8141

I'd like to say a word about advertising. As many of you know, the Oracle is supported to a great extent by its advertisers. Many of these business men stay by us steadily, while those who don't feel able to do this, help us when they can. We owe a lot to them --- probably more than you realize. Without their support, the Oracle could not have become an A-1 High School magazine. Without their generous aid you would probably be getting a multigraphed leaflet instead of a printed magazine. With this in mind, each and every one of you should do his or her best in helping us show our appreciation and respect to these Bangor and Brewer business men in every way possible.

JAMES WATSON, '36.

Going Hunting?

Get your equipment here. We have everything for the hunter. Guns, Ammunition, Compasses, Knives, or whatever you need.

HAYNES & CHALMERS

EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR



Thurston & Kingsbury Co.

Wholesale Grocers

48 to 52 Broad Street

Bangor, Maine

When in want of Quality Groceries
call for T & K Brand

RANGE

OIL



Established 1854

FUEL

OIL

GO TO **WEST** YOUNG MAN
for

Insurance — Appraisals — Real Estate

Pearl & Dennett Co.

WILLIAM F. WEST, President—B. H. S. '13

Eastern Trust Building

Bangor, Me.

Better-Light Lamps

... a special offer that you should not overlook ...

OFFER No. 1

- 1 - Better-Light Wall Lamp \$2.95
- 1 - 100 watt Mazda Lamp .20
- 6 - Mazda Lamps up to and
including 60 watt at 15c each .90
- A \$4.05 value

for only **\$1.95**

OFFER No. 2

- 1 - Better-Light Table Lamp - - \$6.95
- 1 - 100 watt Mazda Lamp - - .20
- 6 - Mazda Lamps up to and including
60 watt at 15c - - - - .90

An \$8.05 value

for only **\$3.95**

OFFER No. 3

- 1 - 100 watt Mazda Lamp - - .20
- 6 - Mazda Lamps up to and including
60 watt size at 15c - - - .90

A \$1.10 value

for only **90c**

The

Bangor Hydro-Electric Company

"at any of our stores"