

Bangor High School

# ORACLE



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October, 1934

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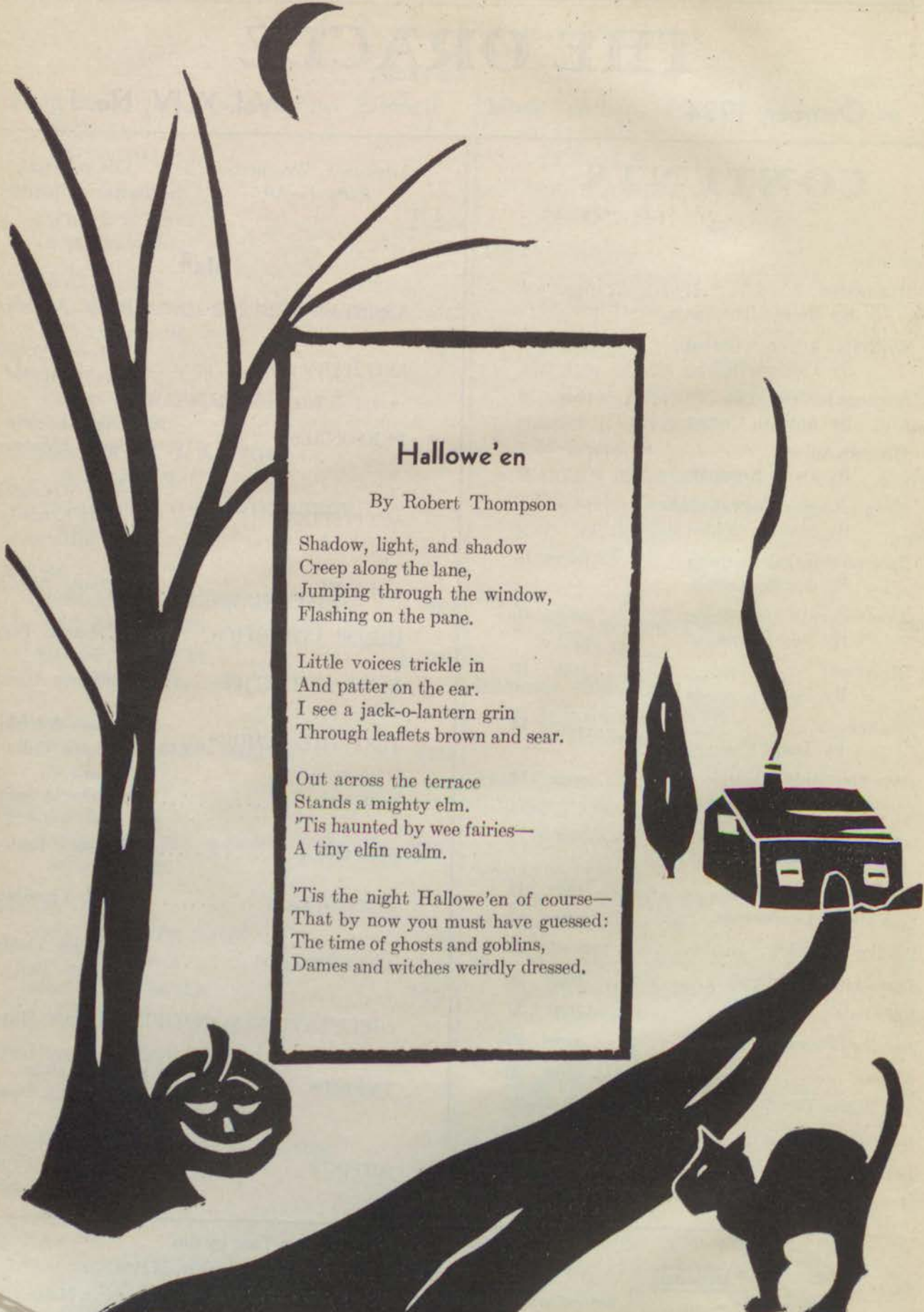
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## Hallowe'en

By Robert Thompson

Shadow, light, and shadow  
Creep along the lane,  
Jumping through the window,  
Flashing on the pane.

Little voices trickle in  
And patter on the ear.  
I see a jack-o-lantern grin  
Through leaflets brown and sear.

Out across the terrace  
Stands a mighty elm.  
'Tis haunted by wee fairies—  
A tiny elfin realm.

'Tis the night Hallowe'en of course—  
That by now you must have guessed:  
The time of ghosts and goblins,  
Dames and witches weirdly dressed.



# The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, OCTOBER, 1934

## Wherefore Art Thou Barbara

By Patricia Bell

MRS. BATEMAN, sitting on the front porch of her white colonial house, gazed worriedly at her offspring who was languidly returning from the four o'clock show at Centerville's only theater. She had a perfect right to look worried, for Barbara was very unlike the average high school girl. Not that she was grotesque in any way—her dark curly hair, soft, brown eyes and full-lipped mouth were all perfectly regular, but there was a catch—Babsie, who was sweet sixteen, was a movie-goer. Of course she had always seen pictures, ever since the days when she used to thrill at Theda Bara, and munch peanuts, but only for the last few months had the cinema been an absolute passion. As was inevitable, the movies had taken their toll on Babsie, much to her mother's inward and her father's outward disgust. The last week, after she had seen Garbo, she tightened all her dresses at the waist, let down the hems and went around in a moody silence, refusing to take any part in the family conversation. The week before that, after she had seen Hepburn, she bobbed and curled her hair and practically ruined the house, to say nothing of her mother's nerves, with her vivacity.

At this point in Mrs. Bateman's reflections Barbara sauntered casually up the veranda steps. One could easily tell from the newly arched eyebrows and elongated mouth that she was now an admirer of La Crawford. As Mrs. Bateman recognized the new obsession, she sighed and leaned back in her chair despairingly.

Babsie was in a highly dramatic mood as she entered a vacant study room the next morning at school. She had noticed this little room a number of times. Because it was in a little frequented part of the building, she had decided 'twas an ideal place to enact her favorite dramatic achievement, "Romeo and Juliet."

Choosing a straight backed chair to be the stronger half of this romantic duo, she began speaking to and caressing it murmuring in her soft throaty voice, "Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?" As she recited the beautiful passage, her voice gradually rose until at the finish she was quite exhausted with her efforts and dropped her head forward on her arms. She was interrupted in her reverie by two hands being clapped enthusiastically together. She jumped up to confront the beaming face of the dramatic teacher.

Mr. Preston was no fool—he knew budding genius when he saw it—and he was always on the lookout for new talent to use in the high school plays. He considered Babs "a find." Coming straight to the point, as was usual, he remarked, "How would you like to try out for the senior play?" And as her face brightened, he added, "Anyway, be at the assembly hall tomorrow afternoon, and we'll see what you can do with the part."

With that he was gone, and Babsie stood staring dumbfoundedly at his back, as he hurried out of the room. She, Barbara Bateman, whom nobody ever noticed, play the lead in the yearly play? It was beyond belief! Why, all the popular girls would rebel! Nevertheless, Barbara knew he was offering her a big break—the chance to act before a real audience. Nothing could stop her.

The next afternoon at two-thirty Barbara pushed her way into the crowded assembly hall and was given a script by a very much disheveled Mr. Preston, his tie flapping, and his glasses dangling in mid-air, suspended from one twitching ear. Babsie outdid her contemporaries, and won the leading part, much to the disgust of the defeated damsels and their indignant knight-errants.

As Barbara took her place on the stage for the first rehearsal of "Hector's Lady Love," she discovered that "Hector" was to be portrayed by none other than Richard Daley.

Let it here be stated that Richie was the big butter-and-egg man of Centerville High. There was never a social or athletic function that was not graced by Mr. Daley's good-looking six-footedness. He was by far the most popular and desirable man in the town, and there was not a girl of his acquaintance, casual or otherwise, who had not sighed at one time or another, "Isn't he gurr—and!"

For those reasons and because he had always been her secret passion, Babs paused to add a few more gobs of mascara to her naturally thick eye-lashes, and to hastily execute a few deft swipes with her lipstick. It certainly was going to be wonderful to be Richie's "lady love", even if it were only in a play.

The rehearsal was, emphatically, a flop. The leading lady was anything but natural and made dramatic



crisis of the most trivial comedy parts, not to mention the fact that she made herself hoarse trying, vainly, to master the deep, fascinating tones of her present movie idol. And Richie said he felt "like a drip," wandering around telling everybody of his "undying love for Virginia", a fact that was supposed to be a dark secret until the tender love scene of the third act. All in all, "Hector's Lady Love" bid fair to be the most asinine affair ever witnessed by a civilized audience.

During the next six weeks, Barbara went through the most trying era of her life. Her classmates' joking, her director's discouragingly frequent criticisms, and, most of all, Richie's absolute indifference hurt more than she cared to admit.

She was a drab moth who had been transformed overnight into a multi-hued butterfly, but her friends, or, more appropriately, acquaintances, took the change as a joke and made cutting remarks, most of which Barbara overheard. She felt like the small child who picks the beautiful scarlet blossom and then discovers it to be poison ivy.

The night on which "Hector's Lady Love" was to receive either roses or razzes was, ironically enough, beautiful. Seven-thirty found Babs sitting at her small dressing table staring at herself in the brightly lighted mirror. What was she to do? The whole cast was in a state of fevered agony to get the horrible ordeal of the premiere over. She must do *something*. The play *had* to get across. Suddenly she seized a towel and started to wipe her face. Streaks of ugly red and black stained its whiteness. Next she drew her hair out of its sophisticated coiffeur and fluffed it around her face, then placing her hands on her hips she stood smiling at her reflection. What did she care for Garbo or Crawford? She was herself, Barbara Bateman! She had her own little world, and she must make a world, and she must make a success of it. Babsie hugged herself and giggled. It felt so good to be friends with herself again.

When the first act began, the whole cast was crowded into the wings. Something had happened. Barbara was forgetting her lines! Poor Richie didn't know what to do, so with red face and open mouth he stood regarding Babs who, not in the least embarrassed, improvised lines to the merriment of the audience. That was the first act.

By the end of the third the whole cast was demoralized. Nobody knew what to say or when to say it, or why. They only knew that they all looked like morons and that the audience loved it.

When the curtain rang down on "Hector's Lady Love" for the last time, the applause, which had never been equaled in Centerville's theater before, burst forth. The play, thanks to Barbara, was a comedy smash.

With the applause still ringing in their ears, the cast surrounded Babs to congratulate her, and it was then that Babs knew that she'd never have another lonely

moment. Everyone found something new in Babs, something human and likeable, that for so long had been overshadowed by false aspirations. Babs had never before felt the joy she knew when the members of "Hector's Lady Love" pledged their undying friendship to her.

When the gang dispersed and Barbara was on the way home, she found that she wasn't alone. Two white shoes kept provokingly perfect time with hers. Naturally they belonged to Richie. The Richard Daley was walking home with the hitherto unknown Barbara Bateman. She smiled, and he returned it and uttered the words that she had been longing to hear—the words that can be the beginning of so much, "What are you doing tomorrow night?"

## Sixpence For Tinkering

By Annette Curran

**W**HILE the wind howled and whistled outside, we sat around the cheery fire and listened to an old Irish story told by my grandfather who was an Irish emigrant.

The story was told as follows:

It is well known that the Good People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are invariably generous.

Now, there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests in temporal matters, and gave alms of what she had no use, for the good of her soul. One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good Mother?" said he. "There's a wedding on the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife. "One must be neighbourly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, she pinched her arm and whispered sharply—"Not that, you idiot! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, that they are sure to mend it before they send it home." So one obliges the Good People, and saves sixpence in tinkering.

Thus reproached, the maid fetched the sauce-pan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf who thanked her, and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt that no one could touch it. "Ah, good-for-nothing girl!" cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself, "you would ruin



the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!" "And that's two-pence," cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone. The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and was all burnt as before. "The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman, in great vexation, "and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown away."

"And that's four-pence," added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoilt, and the housewife shed tears of anger at the waste, crying, "Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal!" "And that's sixpence," cried the voice from the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, Mother!"

With that the Hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

But after that the saucepan was as good as any other.

## His Own Advice

By Dana Kennedy

SILAS Stone's hard old eyes glinted like agates. "Do you think I can hand out my money without security to every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes into my office whining a hard luck story? Take my advice—send your wife and children back to her home—wherever that is—until you get work again. Old people usually have something laid away. Let her father support her, if you can't. I don't see why I should."

Tom Allenby's lean fingers clenched the arm of the chair. The landlord had given him one more day—the groceryman had not been that generous.

"I thought—since it took all my savings to move here—to work in your mill—that you might be willing to lend me a little," he explained dully—"especially since you've laid me off without warning."

"You'll have to look elsewhere!" Silas informed him, curtly.

Tom gulped back the hot words that burned on his tongue. The thought of Muriel and the children, waiting his return, made him patient. If the man had a heart—

"Think," he pleaded. "Suppose your own children were hungry—and cold—their father—"

"Stop!" Silas roared. "Now—Get out of my office!" His scrawny forefinger was jabbing toward the door. "Get out—Before I call in an officer!"

Tom paled. The threat was enough. He would have dealings with the law soon enough—without forcing the issue.

"I'll go" he panted, walking blindly to the door. He had all he could do to keep from smashing his big

fist through the glass. But, of course, that wouldn't do. They were expecting him at home.

Tom's eyes blinded in the noonday glare. He took the longest way home. He had to think—but his mind was refusing to tackle the problem. His visit to Silas had been a last resort—really. Come to think of it Muriel had not been too expectant. There had been a look in her eyes, a hopeless, desperate gleam when he had told her his intention. She had said nothing.

Alone in his office Silas was having difficulty with his work. Children! Why had the fool reminded him of—children? Fifteen years he had been trying to forget that he had—a daughter—somewhere. He would almost succeed in getting her out of his mind—permanently—when something like this would come up to bring her before his eyes more vividly than ever.

Silas flinched with anger when he thought of their last meeting. She had met a good-for-nothing actor—Silas knew what he was the first time he had seen him—and had told her. But she had defied him—to the extent of running away. Even when he threatened to cut her off without a penny—she had defied him. And he had heard from her but once. A week after she had gone. They were married—at least she said so—and were deliriously happy. Silas snorted when he thought of it.

The afternoon wore away and Silas walked home in the cold winter twilight. It seemed good to draw up before the open fire and relax. A trying day. But he could rest now. The great house was quiet as a tomb!

Children! The word seemed to spring at him from every page of the newspaper that he turned. Children—to make the empty rooms ring with laughter!

Silas fiercely fought the pang in his heart. If he had not been quite so harsh—perhaps there would have been children. He cleared his throat, gruffly. He was glad—to be alone. One couldn't read, couldn't relax in silence after a long day's work, with children around.

His single servant—a thin, silent, housekeeper—wheeled his supper up to the big easy chair and withdrew stolidly. Silas pushed it away in less than five minutes!

He must have dozed. When the door bell rang, it was nearly eight by the clock on the mantle. But his servant had instructions—he was never in evenings. He would doze some more.

A bustle in the hall aroused him. He rubbed his eyes, disbelievingly. Children's voices—hushed, subdued, but eager and alive, nevertheless. Silas turned.

The housekeeper was standing in the doorway, her long face creased with distress and apprehension.

"T'aint my fault," she mumbled. "They pushed past me. They say—they say—"

"Never mind what they say," Silas grated, "get them out of here!"

Even as he spoke a face appeared on either side of the servant—and Silas knew that there were other faces



back of them. It seemed that he could see eyes shining—He could see eyes shining—out of round faces crowned with curly, yellow, hair. Somehow they were familiar faces, too—only there should have been only one.

"Come here!" Silas could hardly recognize his own voice. He hadn't meant to say that at all.

Timidly the oldest urchin—she must have been ten—sidled up to him, the others flanking her loyally.

Silas hand strayed unvoluntarily to the golden thatch of her hair. His arm slipped down around her waist.

"Who are you?" he asked through dry lips.

"Betty Stone Allenby" she replied promptly. "And mother says you're our grandfather. She told daddy after he called to see you. She said you wanted us to live with you until daddy gets work."

Silas blinked. Gradually his arm tightened around her waist. Then his face slowly cracked into a smile.

## Even a Burglar Knows a Sucker

By Miriam Golden

**W**ELL, I guess I'm not so bad." Jerry Winters, a short, fat young man of twenty-five summers twitched his newly-grown moustache and felt the one thousand dollars and two railroad tickets which he had just won as chief selling salesman of the Poeb Spat Company, Inc. as he entered his rather small, stuffy, and odorous apartment, and at the same time breathed in the air as if it bore all the freshness of a new flower.

"Hm, not BAD, at least for the guy with one thousand bucks." He looked around him as though for the first time. He noticed the picturesque pictures of romantic girls strewn around the walls, and then suddenly a great idea struck him.

"Ah—now I can settle down; me for a wife and a wife for ME." His fat stubby hands grabbed the address book which was a part of the contents of his bulging pockets, and he immediately made a list of all the girls he had ever known, their respective ages [Jerry had a good memory], and their addresses. These papers were cut up and placed in his derby, mixed, and then Jerry Winters took the fatal step; he picked one. The condemned woman's slip read:

Ella Rand—42-48 Walton Street

In less than a minute Jerry had slouched on his hat, put his money in his bureau drawer, and rushed out. In his haste to interview his future bride he had forgotten to lock his apartment door.

Now this Ella Rand was a sort of seasony type of woman. She wintered or chilled when there was nothing doing, but immediately warmed when there was some nice eligible man around, or when circumstances would be pleasing to her. Ella was forty-two, but if questioned she would be sure to answer 'in my early thirties.' In her younger day she had been one of the city's most ardent gold-diggers, but luck had been

against her, and year by year she had watched the catches of the season go out of her reach and into somebody else's opened arms.

At this moment when we find her she was contemplating whether a hasty trip to Newport would be advisable, but realizing there was but three dollars in her purse, she dismissed the idea altogether and gave a deep little sigh. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, a gentle knock, altogether unlike the pounding of the landlord's, so, powdering her nose, and reddening her already crimson lips, she gallantly opened the door. The first thought that rushed across her bewildered mind as she saw Jerry Winters was, what did a *poor* man want with Ella Rand, a priceless gem? So she said a little coldly,

"Why,—Mr. Winters—?"

"Oh, no! Jerry Winters." Then, in a dramatic way all his own, he slammed the door closed, walked into the little parlor, seated himself on the couch, and beckoned for her to sit down.

"Ella, I've won a salesmanship prize of one thousand dollars and two railroad tickets."

Ella's eyebrows went up practically one inch and her whole atmosphere immediately changed.

"Jerry, you darling, I always knew you had the stuff in you. Oh! I'm really so happy—for you." A customary Rand tear fell from her mascaraed eye.

"Ella, I've come to see you on a very important mission. Could you—would you be my wife?" To be frank Jerry had expected a pause, perhaps a refusal, but in all his twenty years he had never expected what happened.

Ella Rand spoke one word, quick, short, and sweet, "Yes," and threw her much exercised arms around him.

They sat there for a while until Jerry had explained everything concerning his money and the trip that they would take to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon; then, flabbergasted, he picked up his derby and left.

"Yes." How his heart thrilled to that word.

"Yes." How the world had brightened up at that word.

Yes, Jerry Winters was on top of the world.

Next day he briskly walked from the office, his head still in a heavenly daze. He was just about to walk up his steps when Tony Cuozzo, the fruit seller on his block, rushed up to him.

"Mr. Winters, you have won a milliona dollar?"

Jerry was taken back. "Tony, what? Did I hear you say one million dollars? Who told you?"

"I no remember. Wait! Yesa, Spreigel, the butcher, he tell me. He say everybody hear it. He say someone by name of Ella, or Fela tell everyone."

"Oh, well, Tony, I guess he heard wrong. It's not one million, though I wish to heaven it was. It's but one measly thousand."

"Oha Mister, you-a no-a fool-a Tony. He-a knows all," and Tony rushed back to his stand.



Jerry breathed a sigh of relief, smiled to himself, walked upstairs and opened the door of his apartment.

But what a sight met his eyes! The room was in an uproar! Everything was turned upside down! The first thing that bit through Jerry's mind after he realized that he had been robbed was the safety of his money, his one and only thousand dollars and his tickets! In a split second he had opened his bureau drawer, and the sight that met his eyes was pitiful. The drawer was bare and devoid of everything except his collar button. For three hours Jerry sat on his little couch and pondered. What a world it was! Here he had been about two inches away from happiness, and then suddenly it had been grasped out of his reach. Well, there was nothing to do but to see Ella and find out how she would take it, so once more, only this time very sadly, he donned his little black derby, carefully locked his apartment, and started out.

Tony was busily selling some fruit when Jerry passed him, but he immediately called Jerry and told him to wait a minute. Jerry did as he was told and then Tony came rushing to him. "Mr. Winters, tell-a me, whera you get this money? Tony wanta make-a lot a money too."

"Tony, I've been robbed. I won one thousand bucks and two railroad tickets as a prize for selling the most merchandise for the Poeb Spat Company. But Tony, someone entered my rooms and took my money and prize. Oh—Tony, if you can find that money I'll give you my gold watch you've always wanted."

But Tony couldn't wait. A robbery in this section of Blomberg was some exciting news, and one in broad daylight too! Tony had rushed in to tell his pals, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

Jerry's heart was exactly where his shoes should be when he pressed the button under the card reading, *Ella Rand*, in large gold letters.

Ella opened it and bewilderment was plainly written all over her face when she saw her husband-to-be.

"Ella—"

"Why Jerry, dear, what is it? Your face is as white as a ghost. Tell me quick, dear."

Jerry cast his eyes downward, and they fell on an opened paper, then he gave a start, for the small headlines read:

Ella Rand Engaged to Young Millionaire. Instantly he forgot his troubles. "Ella, what does this mean? Who is this young millionaire?"

Ella laughed softly, "Oh, dear, that's you. It was all a big mistake. You see, I called up and told Erma, my best friend, and I guess somehow it got around, and I suppose it got exaggerated a bit and the first thing I knew, that was in the paper with my picture; er-er-but it is a nice picture of me—don't you think?" The picture had been taken twenty years before.

Jerry wiped his brow. "Ella, I have some very bad news for you. My one thousand dollars and two tickets have been stolen. But—Ella—let's not let that

interfere with our happiness, for after all, what's a measly one thousand dollars to a world of happiness?"

It was just as if a sudden iceberg had struck the room, or rather had struck Ella. "Why, what in the world do you mean? You really haven't been robbed have you?"

"Yep, but Ella, let's not let it interfere with our happiness." There was a loud and hearty laugh. "Jerry, you fool, what do you think I'm going to live on? Why, that thousand dollars would have just been enough for our honeymoon. Listen, Jerry, I'm expensive. I took your cheap rate today because bargains ain't what they used to be, and my face never was. Well, goodbye, Jerry, and until some-one comes around with another fifty thousand, I guess Ella Rand will always have the prefix *Miss* before her name." And with one nice long push, Jerry Winters found himself in the hallway.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days later Jerry Winters received a large bundle in the mail. Upon opening it he received the surprise of his life. The package contained one thousand dollars, two railroad rickets, a fifty dollar bill, and a letter written in a large scrawly hand-writing, which read:

"Jerry Winters:

I herd about Ellie Rand and sawed her pichter in the paper. God bless you, my man! I never lets a fello down so here's 50 bucks besides the stuff I took. This maybe will be your only consolation I'm a-thinkin'.

Here's ma hertfelt simpathy to a sucker.

*Incognito"*

"Well, there's other gals," and Jerry pocketed the money, put on his trusty derby, picked up his address book, locked his apartment, and walked out.



"I'VE BEEN ROBBED"



## Low-pressure Salesmanship

By Lucille Epstein

I COULD see from the very start that it was to be anything but an easy task to persuade this woman, who had an unusually feminine mind, to purchase an ad. in the *Oracle*. I became somewhat encouraged, however, when she said to me in that sweet manner of hers, that I could hardly tolerate,—

"Well, dearie, I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe I'll just take a peek at your little paper.—My gracious, dearie, I see where this organization is putting on two Shakespeare Plays. Goodness me! I can remember when I used to recite Shakespeare. Yes, indeed! I belonged to a private Shakespeare Club, and would you believe it, dearie, all the members had to drop out except myself, because they just couldn't get the right inflections when they read the plays.

"Now you know yourself, dearie, that you can't recite Hamlet in a low, lifeless manner. You've got to put *thought* into your reading, and you know, that's just what most people don't do.

"This is how you should recite Hamlet's soliloquy," and she began, much to my displeasure, to utter those very famous lines in an almost ludicrous fashion. She frowned; her eyes stared at a show-case full of women's sweaters; her hand rested emotionally on her heart as she burst into the line—"To be or not to be."

When she had finished her recitation, I started to tell her how well she read, and also tried very tactfully to approach the subject of the *Oracle*, but it was of no use—she was simply lost in her own reflections, evidently reminiscing of by-gone days. When finally she did come to her senses, startled, she said,—

"Why look, dearie, it's almost six o'clock—closing time! The *Oracle*? Oh come in some other day when I have a lot of time to talk to you."

## Confessions of a Flat Tire

By Ada Saltzman

I AM A poor, old, dismal, flat tire. Once I was the glory of my owner; once I was shown with pride to all the neighbors, but now—how can I stand it—I am discarded and hated like a mother-in-law.

I can still recall how smoothly I slid along the cement roads. What happiness filled my tube then, for I was young, and sorrow was not known to me. How thrilled I was when my step-brother, Mr. Auto, would roll along at a sixty-mile pace. What elations and thrills were communicated to me through the steel spokes of the wheels!

Yes, I was happy, until I met "Lizzie Ford." How beautiful she was, what trim lines she had, and what beautiful big lights peered from her magnificent front. She was located right beside me in the garage, and the

very first time I saw her, my leather heart turned a somersault. It was love at first sight. How I longed to be a tire on her wheel. Only I know the anguish that went through me.

But, alas, Lizzie did not look at me. Her bright lights would not even gaze at me. Her beautiful steering wheel never pointed at me. I was heart-broken, I wanted to die.

And as the days flew by, weaker and weaker I grew. The old pep left me slowly. The road began pinching me severely. No more did speed give me elation. No more did my owner boast of me. No more did he glance at me with a "sweet-heart" expression. Alas,—I was a back-number,—a broken-hearted lover.

Then came that dreadful day. I was stumbling along at a wearied pace on a road, when gradually a terrific pain came over me. My tube seemed to swell, my leather covering grew hot, and an awful feeling stirred me. Everything turned over and over, my mind went into a whirlwind—then—boom—and darkness.....

I am now a poor, heart-broken, flat tire. I am in a grave yard for tires with thousands of my brethren who suffer as I do. But, how can the foolish creatures, who call themselves human beings, understand us, for, to them, we are only poor flat tires with no hearts, with no feeling. Ah, if they only knew!

## Reaction

By Dana Kennedy

CONTACT!

The single word snapped through my brain like a pistol shot. I eased down into the cockpit and tried to tear my eyes away from mother Earth. It was useless. The earth was a magnet—a fantastic, beloved magnet.

An arm flashed. A motor roared—roared again, coughed. The din increased as the sputtering cough changed to a monotonous drone.

Suddenly, with all the noise, it was strangely quiet. It couldn't be that—But it was! A tree top just whisked by.

The door, what a flimsy thing! It was stricken a victim of St. Vitus all at once.

The strap, an exact counterpart of the one which had made my nose reach for the upper regions some seconds past, had expanded—

I didn't have a cold nor could I have caught one in that short time. Then, why couldn't I inhale as nature intended? My nose was there, all right, only it was now a mere protuberance.

I should not have long if this maddening pressure didn't release its grip—and obviously it wouldn't. All hereditary pugnacity surged in my brain. However there was nothing, nobody to exert my surplus energy upon except the pilot. It wouldn't do.

It was a miracle, but my head was still in place. It



swung on its pivot.... Strange, where the hills vanished.

Those poor mortals down there, creeping, crawling in another world.....

My stomach was wrong side up. No, inside out.

The strange, rumbling murmur vibrated through the fusilage.

Hey! The pilot was getting out. Must be crazy—He turned with a grin.

"How'd you like it, Bub?"

## Sailing

By Isabel Cumming

**I**T WAS a perfect day for a race. The sky was flecked with fleecy clouds which sailed carelessly along, permitting the sun to shine with an appreciated warmth, but keeping it from getting too hot. The Mount Desert hills seemed like a caravan of giant camels crossing the desert as they stood aloof yet seemingly friendly. A few sailboats were venturing out upon the blue waters of the bay, while in the numerous island-harbors, others were being prepared for their all-day cruise. A strong breeze was blowing, topping the waves with white caps and flapping the white sails of the boats impatiently.

In the harbor of one island, our knock-about, the "Yoho," was tossing restlessly at her mooring, eager to be off.

The "Yoho" was soon ready for her ordeal, so we cast off, and sailed smoothly past the island dock amidst jeers and cheers of our friends and friendly enemies. The starting point, an imaginary line between two of the Harbor Club yachts, lay to the east, from which direction the wind was blowing, making it necessary for us to tack all the way over. We taxied past the yachts and joined fifteen other knock-about, idling a hundred yards behind the starting line.

The warning gun went off. Cautiously we sailed up to the starting line, careful not to go over it, but eager to be as close as possible. As the starting gun thundered forth, we slackened her mainsail a little. A gust of wind filled her sail, and we were off to a grand start.

I sat at the tiller listening to the waves slap, slap, against the bow of the boat and viewed the scene around me with due appreciation. The boat was tipped so her gun'll on her starboard side skimmed the water, shipping an occasional wave. On her port side, George was managing the sail and issuing orders to the rest of the crew, Betty, Bob, and me. In front of us ran one boat, the "Mud Puppy", while the rest struggled to keep up behind. We were second, and we had all day to pass the first boat. The hours sped by, while we took turns at the jib, tiller, and mainsail.

It was my second turn at the tiller when I noticed that we weren't going so fast as our starting pace. I glanced back. Of the fourteen sailboats that had star-

ted, only eight remained and two of these seemed to be in the act of turning back, although the race wasn't half over yet. My attention was then drawn to the sail, which was flapping ever so slightly. Bob drew it in a little, remarking that the wind was dying away.

In less than a half hour we were caught in a dead calm, only a few hundred yards from a red flag which marked the first end of the triangle course. But the boat wouldn't go without wind, and, as there was no wind, there was nothing to do but wait. Tantalizingly slow, we drifted toward the flag. The first boat was having her difficulties as well as the four behind.

Noon drew near. After we had finished our lunch, a motor boat came and towed one racer away. Our captain was seen coming toward us, down the Western Way.

He came within hailing distance. Were we going to give up? Ahead of us lay what might be hours of waiting and the disgrace of being towed home at dark. On the other hand, we could be towed home now and still have part of the afternoon left. But the wind might come up. After a moment's hesitation we shouted in answer to his offer of a tow, "Never!" The captain waved and sped off aware of the longing glances that were following him.

We idled, so it seemed, for hours, gradually approaching the flag. I lay half asleep, when I noticed that the distance between the "Mud Puppy" and the "Yoho" was lessening. Bob, had noticed this too, for he shouted, "We're moving," which drew the attention of those in our boat and of those in other boats to the fact. Slowly, but surely, we crept up on the first boat. Then a gust of wind filled our sails and carried us ahead of the now moving "Mud Puppy."

The wind increased, and we sped along with the "Puppy" right in our wake. The second flag was passed. We were now on the home stretch.

Down the Eastern Way we sped, not so fast as we had started out, but by no means idling. As our spirits rose our caution dropped. Coming around a point of land, we cut in shore too closely. Our new position was in the lee of the land and here the wind almost failed us. The "Mud Puppy", noticing our mistake, headed out. Straight on it sped, while we crept out of shelter. Thankful that only one boat had passed us, we tried to recover first place. But the "Mud Puppy" didn't lose her position so easily as she had gained it. Only a few hundred yards remained and those were being covered with incredible speed. As the finishing line drew near, one of the crew of the "Mud Puppy" let out her mainsail too far, which slackened her pace for a minute. That minute was all we needed. We were up on her. The gun roared. The race was over. We had tied for first place!

Just as the sun was sinking over the hills, the happy crew of the "Yoho", tired but triumphant, strolled up the dock already enlarging upon the events of the day.



## My First Ride on a Star

By Ann Tyler

**I** WAS on a star near all the planets in the sky, and the star was swinging back and forth, back and forth. Around me were a million other little stars with tiny men sitting on them. What a queer picture this was!

All of a sudden my cheeks were puffed way way out and my head swollen to an enormous size. I felt myself slipping, slipping, and slipping. All the other stars were whizzing by me. I was going down faster, faster. Bang! I awoke with a sickening dizzy feeling. The tooth was out.

## Underdog

By James Watson

**I**T WAS one of those misty, rainy days, so common in the small coastal towns of Maine. The rain drummed monotonously on the metal roof of Sandy Simmons' small wooden frame machine shop, which also served as his home.

There was little work even for an ambitious young mechanic, but Sandy was an industrious soul. When he had nothing better to do, he would over-haul his time-worn lathe, or tinker with his Model-T Ford Coupe until it ran like an automobile. But he noticed with more than passing interest the big limousine which had drawn up in front of the single door of his garage. "Uncle Zeke," who hung around the garage and chatted with him, noticed it also.

A rather thick-set man got out of the back of the car and strode toward the small ramshackle building. "Is dere a garage in dis burg?"

"This is a garage," replied Sandy in a matter of fact manner.

The man guffawed, "I tought dis wuz a black-smit' shop. Haw! Haw!"

"Well, this is a garage. What can I do for you?" Sandy asked curtly.

"We got a busted spring in de car, and we're in a hurry to git it fixed."

"Well, I probably could fix it in time. It's quite a job."

"Lissen youse, have de car done by tomorra night or else ya don't git paid, see?"

Sandy was not used to taking orders like this from anyone, but he said nothing. Uncle Zeke resented it however, and would have said so, but it was Sandy's business.

"Okay, sweetie, go git de car, and don't hit nuttin' wid it."

The "tough hombre" turned to go, but asked, "Say, hick, has Maw Simpson got any spare rooms?"

"There's nobody in this town by that name," Sandy replied wondering.

"Haw! Haw! Haw! Ya num' cluck, I mean is there any joint where a guy kin hit the hay? Hotel, old ladies home, flop-house, git me?"

"Oh, you mean a boarding house," Sandy suggested. "Gracious me, gramma, but you catch on quick,—ya dumb hick. Well, where is it?"

At this last, Uncle Zeke, who had remained in the background, got up and shouted shrilly, "Git out of here, git out of here quick, afore I git my Winchester. We ain't a got to take no sech talk from nobody, and we ain't a goin' to neither!"

"Shut up grampa," the tough directed. "You ain't in this at all."

Sandy spoke up before Uncle Zeke could say anything more, ignoring the man's taunts, "Well, I reckon the best place for you fellas 'ud be Davises' down the road a little ways."

"S'long greenhorn, and don't fergit ta milk the caows," the man said without acknowledging the information.

Sandy was furious, but he had long since learned to control his temper. He had never before had anything to do with men like these.

Uncle Zeke was thunder-struck. He had always been respected because he was said to possess "a good dose" of that well-known New England talent, "hoss sense."

The toughs had gone, one of them taking Sandy's raincoat which had been hanging on a nail just inside the door. Sandy, who hadn't noticed this went to get the car without another word, while Uncle Zeke, perhaps a little bit disgusted with Sandy for not knocking the man down, hobbled over to the general store.

It was a big long low V-12 La Salle fit for any king, but it needed to be washed badly.

Sandy had the spring mended by noon the next day, and having nothing else to do, washed and polished the car, noticing with curiosity several holes in the back and left side of the car.

It is a well known fact that news travels fast in a small town, and Cape Beth was no exception. Before noon it was known from one end of the village to the other that six strangers had spent the night at Davises' boarding house, and had run up a bill at Robinson's—the general store—in one day that only a large family would run up in a week. It was not, however, known to many, that they had left their car at Sandy's garage, for Sandy, always busy at something, would not waste his time sitting around the store talking, even if he were talkative.

The toughs called for the limousine about five in the afternoon while Sandy was out chopping up some boards to replenish the fire in his footstove which made his garage fairly comfortable on these cold damp days. However, he returned with his armful of wood in time to present a neatly penned bill for 3 hours work in repairing a spring at 25c per hour.



The driver crumpled it up and threw it in Sandy's face, hardly glancing at it,

Sandy trembled with rage, but he held himself. "Well, aren't you going to pay it?" he stammered.

"Now, why should we?" the mug answered unconcernedly. Sandy glanced around. He was outnumbered 6 to 1. The La Salle started off and the toughs sneered back at him.

"Those.....those dirty sneaking rats. I'll show those smart-alecks," he said between his teeth, "but how?" The constable was out of town. Sandy saw red. It wasn't the money that enraged him so much as his utter helplessness in the situation, and the contempt with which he was treated.

The next day Sandy, who had cooled off a little, was sitting on a rickety old chair thinking things over, when—

"Say, lissen, bumpkin, I hear youse can fix guns." It was one of the mugs who had insulted him the day before.

"Sure I can; what of it?" Sandy retorted curtly.

"Aw right, you hick; cut the funny stuff before I crack ya one."

"I'll say just what I feel like, and what's more I wouldn't think of fixing a gun for a bunch o' dirty stinkin' crooks like you and your lot, even if I thought I'd get paid!"

"That'll be enough from you, you sassy farmer, there's the gun." Sandy saw a bulge in the man's right coat pocket.

"I won't do it," he said.

"You will if ya knows what's good for ya," said the man hauling a heavy automatic from his pocket. Sandy had always wondered how it would feel to have a gun intentionally aimed at him; now he knew.

"All right," he mumbled, "It'll be ready tomorrow mawnin'."

"It'd better be, and if there's any monkey business, ....."

The man had forgotten to tell him what was wrong with the gun, but he could find out. He'd fixed quite a few clogged-up shot guns and.....clogged guns.

Late that night, Sandy finished the most careful job he had ever done, put away his tools, and what remained of a stick of dynamite.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uncle Zeke came over about nine. With his usual gruff "Good mawnin'" out of the way, he began sputtering about the way "those smart city fellers" had spoken to him, and said that Sandy "Should of driven 'em out of the shop."

A faint smile flickered over Sandy's face, and he made some vague remark about getting even.

"Wall, anyhow they must be purty rich 'cause they run a bill for thirty-eight dollars and fifty-nine cents over ta Robinson's," the oldster remarked.

"Yes, and old man Robinson won't never see a dern cent of it either," Sandy added cynically. He felt talkative this morning, somehow. Uncle Zeke was willing to share in a conversation but he shrunk away when the big car stopped in front of the garage.

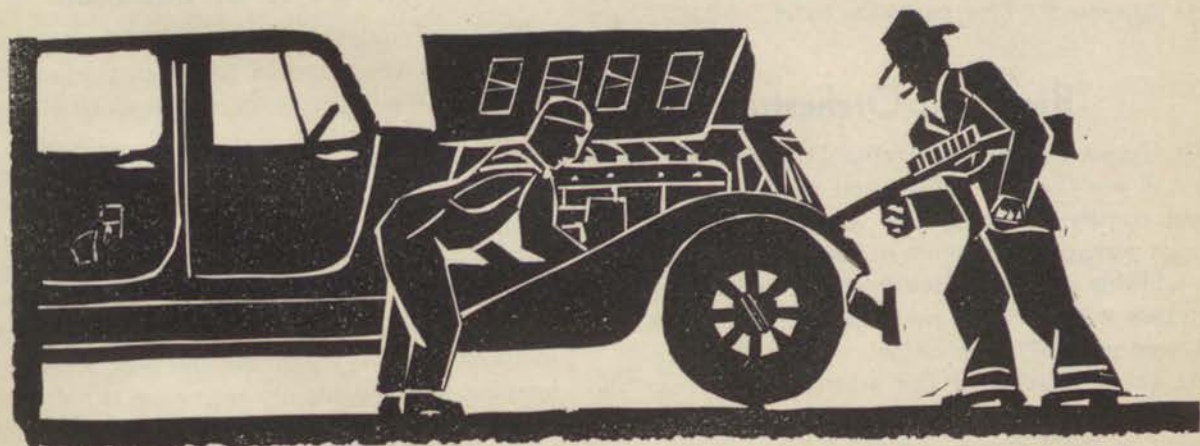
"W're's de gun?" asked the man who had given it to Sandy. Sandy handed over the gun. "And say, hick, we're pullin' outa here now; youse kin tell de resta de dudes dat we'll send de little dears a check." The toughs laughed mockingly.

"Sure, I'll tell 'em." Sandy smiled.

"And jus' for dose wise cracks a' yourn, ya won't get none."

Sandy pretended to be angry.

Sandy Simmons desired nothing more of life, when, three days later, he read a small headline on the second page of a New York newspaper: "Gangsters Maimed for Life as Gun Explodes."



"THAT IS ENOUGH FROM YOU, YOU SASSY FARMER!"



# PARADE OF EVENTS

## Student Activities

**A**LL the activities are in full swing now. They are positively humming—getting in that state which resembles popping corn. As the enthusiasm waxes the activities begin to pop.

Debate club as usual lead the procession. They are already “whipped into shape”—a colossal undertaking.

The debate club always presents some stupendous spectacle. Last year they were behind Shakespearean plays. This year as a preliminary they gave the people a chance to see a huge harmonica band in action.

R. O. T. C. cadets have been sweating for the past months executing the various commands.

All the musical clubs are whooping it up in fine style.

The Dramatic club has started—the Student Council is organized. Sigma Omicron Sigma is sciencing.

And last but not least we've settled down from our summer vacation and begun to work in earnest. Let us hope that the activities work for our happiness and benefit.

## The Student Council

The student council—aptly called the voice of the students—elected officers at its first meeting. Since then it has met and discussed the various subjects called to its attention.

To the freshmen in particular and to a great many upperclassmen—the council wishes to announce that they [the students] have an honor code to live up to. If you don't live up to this code you certainly can't expect to represent the school in activities. Neither will you make things pleasant for yourself. For when the council discovers some wrong you have done, things certainly are warm for you.

So take heed! Live up to the code!

## Band and Orchestra

On Tuesday night, September 11, 1934, the assembly hall was the scene of the first band rehearsal with about twenty or twenty-five veterans on hand. Although perhaps this was not so large a number as usual the addition of eight or ten freshmen and several new members will probably raise the personnel to a well balanced musical organization.

At the invitation of the athletic department the band decided to play at the football games and was present at the first one and at all home games since, with Elmer Yates exercising the baton.

The officers of the band this year are as follows:

Elmer Yates—Student Leader.

Jonathan Adams—President.

Carlton Baker—Vice President.

William Stetson—Secretary.

As yet nothing has been said about running the Freshman Hop. This dance is usually run about the middle of the school year by the band officers and band.

From the very start of rehearsals Mr. Robinson has been handing out fairly difficult music to improve the sight work and technique. Many marches and other compositions that help a band have been practiced so that by the middle of the year we will have that peppy band which has been the pride of B. H. S. for years.

There were about forty musicians present at the first orchestra rehearsal held in the Assembly Hall on the second Wednesday of school. While there were quite a few old members back, there were also a lot of new faces present. Since this first rehearsal the orchestra has been practicing every Wednesday under the direction of Professor A. W. Sprague, and it bids fair to become a fine symphony.

At the first meeting Shirley MacIntosh was appointed concert mistress.

## Festival Chorus

As John Phillip Sousa once advised “Say it with a song,” thus the Festival chorus has heeded the advice. It is most certainly saying it with a song. Quite a few songs in fact.

The chorus is preparing to put on a bigger show this year than ever before. To do this it has settled right down to business—learning how to sing—and sing right.

## R. O. T. C. Battalion

Drill got underway the second Monday of school with about two hundred and eighty enrolled. This number is slightly over the quota which is two hundred and fifty-five.

The first week was mostly taken up with the explanation of drill and an introduction to the subjects of instructions. The following week uniforms and books were issued and the former mob began to take on the semblance of an army.

On Armistice Day the battalion will parade without weapons. In the meantime the poor sophomores are learning and the juniors reviewing the different facings, marchings, and squad movements so that the battalion may present a good appearance.

Those lordly seniors who expected to be cadet offi-



cers without any competition this year were somewhat mistaken. Major Snow decided to have all the aspirants for officers compete by drilling the various platoons and companies. In this manner the best drill-master will receive the highest commission. This does not apply only to commissioned officers but will go right down to sergeants and corporals. Therefore the battalion will be under the best student command available.

Some of the boys who liked so well to pull those bolts out of the rifles and accidentally drop them on the floor were surprised to find that they can't pull them out so easily this year. A little device has been put in the guns that hampers the removal of the bolts so that if any are taken out it will be on purpose and not a matter of accident.

## Rifle Club

At the first call for rifle club candidates about one hundred and fifty registered. Because of this unusually large group, it was necessary to divide it into three sections, meeting on Monday and Wednesday nights and Saturday mornings, respectively.

The first meeting was held on October 1, 1934, with Sgt. Donchez instructing the men in the fundamentals of the prone position. The following three weeks were devoted to the sitting, kneeling, and standing positions. The scores of each candidate during this preliminary practice were kept and the highest thirty were chosen to represent the Rifle Club.

Last year Student Council decided that Rifle Club is a major sport and, therefore, deserves a letter. To obtain a letter a man must shoot in at least two thirds of the matches and be listed in the high ten. Probably by the last of this year, or the first of next, we will see some of those new B's with crossed rifles being paraded by those members who have succeeded in meeting the requirements.

## Assemblies

The sounding of three bells—all the students know what that means. In fact in Bangor High there's only one thing it can mean and that's assembly.

Students are always quite sure something is going to be said or done there. Often it's full of surprises—speakers, pep meetings, music and what not. And there are those notices of Principal Taylor or Dean Connor to be depended on—no matter what happens.

The first assembly of the year was given over to the *Oracle* according to the ancient custom handed down from former generations. And a splendid success the *Oracle* Board made of it too.

The act was called "Life Begins at 8.08." Eight minutes past eight is the zero hour for the *Oracles* to come from the printers to be distributed among the buyers. [Incidentally Edwin Young was a very good clock even though the hands did go backwards occas-

ionally.] The members of the board gave a realistic portrayal of the intense excitement, the dragging seconds which preceded the *Oracle's* arrival.

At the end of this little one act real life drama Artemus Weatherbee explained the ins and outs of the *Oracle*—what it was going to do—how it was to be done. He pointed out this fact in particular: "Students without a season ticket *cannot* obtain a June *Oracle*!"

In the second assembly a pep meeting in the interest of athletics was held. The purpose was to pave the way for a pencil selling contest which would pull the athletic treasury out of its debt. Everybody had a jolly good time cheering, singing, listening to speakers, then cheering some more.

At the assembly of Sept. 26, the students heard Roberta Smith, speaking for the Debate Club. Certainly a large number of would-be debaters were induced to join the Debate Club by her admirable sales talk.

## Senior Girls' Glee Club

'Twas a pleasure to see the number of feminine music lovers that joined the Glee Club this year.

They have been practicing for some time and they are certainly improving steadily.

Those who joined this year are:

Betterley, Betty	MacIntosh, Shirley
Betterley, Hope	McKusick, Thursa
Bond, Helen	Moore, Betty
Burrill, Eleanor	McLawlin, Arlene
Chalmers, Hazel	Morton, Marion
Clement, Charlotte	Murphy, Zella
Cluff, Virginia	Nickerson, Bessie
Dailey, Catherine	Peavey, Glenice
Dooey, Rebecca	Powers, Dorothea
Dauphinee, Ruth	Price, Esther
Dennett, Madeline	Savage, Elnora
Eames, Norma	Sherburne, Janet
Everett, Audrey	Skills, Eleanor
Faulkner, Charlotte	Smith, Lois
Flagg, Anna	Smith, Roberta
Flagg, Caroline	Stackpole, Wealthy
Fraser, Winona	Stairs, Madeline
Getchell, Beatrice	Steeves, Dorothy
Graves, Virginia	Stinchfield, Sarah
Hathaway, Ethel	Stuart, Eleanor
Haley, Alice	Taylor, Marjorie
Hemberg, Viola	Thorpe, Geraldine
Hersey, Gwendolyn	Tsoulas, Helen
Jellison, Pauline	Tyler, Margaret
Kent, Rachel	VanDyk, Rita
Leveille, Elaine	Watson, Geraldine
Lewis, Margaret	Warner, Althea
Libby, Rebecca	Welch, Barbara
Martin, Jessie	Wilcox, Gertrude
Maxwell, Margaret	Wong, Grace
Mann, Dorothy	York, Gertrude



## Senior Boys' Glee Club

The Senior Boys' Glee Club has started amid a crashing crescendo of do—ra—me, on its way to attain the highest achievements ever.

Although the Glee Club lost some of its illustrious members through the remorseless hand of Father Time, it staggered along until Miss Donovan got the ex-freshmen tuned up. Of course there was plenty of the old stock [in the form of Juniors and Seniors] left to help out.

The members of this club are:

### First Tenor

Colpitts, Keith  
Gilkey, Ralph  
McKeen, Richard  
McKenney, Paul  
Price, Arnold

Prouty, Edgar  
Roberts, Charles  
Smith, Elliott  
Utterback, John

### Second Bass

Alpert, Sidney  
Andrews, Ernest  
Bravemann, Theodore  
Clendenning, Merrill  
Clement, James  
Colpitts, Horace  
Cutter, Lloyd  
Downes, Garold  
Enman, Edgar  
Flynn, Raymond  
Jacquith, Philip  
Kennett, Harold  
Kobritz, Sam  
Leighton, Julian  
Leonard, Guy  
McPhetres, Leonard  
McPhetres, Linwood  
Nelson, Arthur  
Nickerson, Thomas  
Peirce, Charles  
Stuart, Donald  
Thompson, Robert  
Tinker, Laurence  
Weatherbee, Artemus

### First Bass

Brown, Graham  
Emerson, Merwin  
Garland, Joseph  
Hanson, Fred  
Jones, Arthur  
Kennedy, Dana  
Kingsbury, Ceylon  
Lake, Paul  
Leek, Alden  
Lynch, Kenneth  
McMullin, Walter  
Morneault, Claude  
Sedgeley, Robert  
Sidelinker, Emmery  
Southard, Harris  
Stevens, Vaughn  
Tinker, Nelson  
Walton, Dana  
Young, Leslie  
Robinson, Preston

### Second Tenor

Dinsmore, Joseph

## Debate Club Activities

The Bangor High School Debate Club has started another season off with a bang, with election of officer's, a successful concert presented, a larger club than ever before [121 members strong] and an eventful year ahead. The first meeting of the year was held September 21, when a big crowd of students gathered in room 307, to elect the following officers:

Artemus Weatherbee.....President  
Edwin Young.....Vice President and Manager  
Sally Woodcock.....Secretary  
Robert Morris.....Corresponding Secretary

By this time the concert given by the Orono Harmonica Band has become history, and much of the credit for this goes to the following committees:

Managers: Roberta Smith, Edwin Young.

Tickets: Betty Moore, Chairman, and Lois Smith, Carlene Merrill, Phyllis Smart, Jeannette Leavitt, Phyllis Smith, Barbara Farnham, Pauline Goodwin, Aphrodite Floros, Dorothy Epstein, assistants.

Advertising Group I. Stanley Staples, Chairman, Donald Bridges, and John Hessert, Ass'ts.

Group II. Horace Stewart, chairman, and Joseph Dinsmore, Dudley Utterback, Ass'ts.

Group III. Dana Kennedy, chairman, and William Palmer, William Clisham, Ass'ts.

Publicity: Lucille Epstein, chairman, and Ernest Andrews, Artemus Weatherbee, Sally Woodcock, Robert Morris, Roberta Smith, Spencer Winsor, Rose Bigelson, assistants.

Refreshments: Hope Betterly, chairman, and Ferne Collins, Pauline Jellison, Rebecca Libby, Patricia Bell, Barbara Ewer, Sarah Stinchfield, Frances Giles, Janet Winchell, Kathleen Rideout, assistants.

Stage, Seats, etc.: Edgar Enman, chairman, and Peter Skoufis, Robert Witham, Linwood Perkins, Gerald Averill, Sidney M. Alpert, Harold Smith, Arthur Nelson, William Libby, Paul Foss, John Fiske, assistants.

George Bell assisted with installing the loud-speaker system.

These students all worked their hardest, and much praise should go to them for their success.

So, with such achievements in back of us, and a whole debating season to look forward to, we can certainly say that the Debate Club is "going places" this year!

## Parent-Teacher's Association

This year the Parent-Teacher's Association is making a special point of having programs of wide appeal and great interest.

On October 18, the first meeting was started off with a debate between Miss Clarine Coffin, assistant coach of debate, and Miss Irene Cousins, head of the department of history. The question under discussion was—"Resolved: That Bangor High School should provide appreciably more social activities for the student body," with Miss Coffin upholding the affirmative, and Miss Cousins, the negative. This debate was held because of considerable discussion whether or not there is room in the school program for further social activities. An open forum followed the debate, after which a social hour was enjoyed.

The program for the year follows. With many items in prospect, it sounds like a very full and entertaining year for the Parent-Teacher's Association.

NOVEMBER 15, 1934

Speaker: Professor James Moreland, from the University of Maine.



**JANUARY 10, 1935**

Lecture and exhibition by faculty and students of [a] Home Economics, and [b] Industrial Arts Departments.

**FEBRUARY 14, 1935**

Band Concert by Bangor High School band, under the direction of Alton L. Robinson.

**MARCH 14, 1935**

Debate by varsity teams of Bangor High School Debate Club: Resolved: That the Federal Government

should adopt the policy of equalizing education opportunity throughout the nation by means of annual grants to the several states for elementary and secondary education.

**APRIL 11, 1935**

Speaker: Dr. Calvin M. Clark, Chairman of School Board.

**MAY 9, 1935**

Final meeting. Election of officers and final reports. Meetings at 7:30 in Bangor High School Assembly Hall.

## EXTRA!! LAST MINUTE CONFESSIONS!!

Iron-nerved B. H. S. Teachers Break Under Literary Editors' Merciless Third-degree!!!

[Special to the *Oracle* by Dooley and Smart]

### Mr. Patterson in Print

The new teacher of Freshman Latin, Mr. Robert Patterson, was once the editor of the *Oracle*—in 1914 to be exact—and therefore, as he said himself, he understood just how the editors hoped to fill up space with this interview, and offered to talk as long as he could.

Before coming to Bangor High School, Mr. Patterson taught at the Moses Brown School in Providence, Rhode Island; he remarked that he had never before taught girls—he had his doubts—but he guessed he'd get along all right.

[He surely will, with that twinkle in his eye.]

He continued by saying "this business of having two sessions is somewhat confusing as I have been used to teaching in the morning and coaching football in the afternoon. Here, the procedure is reversed."

Of his own free will, this perfect answer to an interviewer's prayer continued:

"I don't know much about the attitude and spirit of the students as compared to my day. I wasn't writing down any ideas for posterity, but we got along."

### Miss Alice Bunker

Smilingly going down to defeat under my persistence, Miss Alice Bunker, Bangor High's new teacher of Freshman English, agreed to answer any question I might give her, and by this method I learned that she had graduated from Higgins Classical Institute in 1924, and from Colby in 1928. Her previous teaching experience has been five years as an instructor of Latin and French at Lincoln, and one year of teaching English, Latin, and French at Brooks High.

To the question—which she preferred teaching in, the large school or the smaller—Miss Bunker answered, "I much prefer the large school, although of course, here it is much harder to get acquainted." But—take

my word for it—it won't be very long before every student in B. H. S. will know this tall pleasant-faced lady, who teaches the freshmen their phrases and clauses.

### Paging Mr. Hart

One of the new members of Bangor High School's faculty, Mr. Clarence Hart, although an algebra teacher is no longer a wholly unknown quantity.

He attended Orono High School, and was graduated from the University of Maine in 1928. At college he was one of the outstanding track stars, being a member of the Freshman and Varsity Cross-Country teams. He also belonged to the Sophomore Owls, the M Club, and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

He taught one year at the University and afterwards at Stearns High, Millinocket.

Mr. Hart prefers to teach in a large school because of the organization and efficiency.

### Miss Phyllis Lorrimer

Miss Phyllis Lorrimer is a new teacher at Bangor High, but that does not necessarily mean that our school is strange to her. Far from it! In fact Miss Lorrimer states that she graduated from B. H. S. in 1928, and also [not quite as readily] that she was former literary and personals editor of the *Oracle*, besides taking a leading role in debating while in high school—and if you are inclined to doubt this last statement, just ask some one who is the new manager of the Snapdragons!

In the summers of 1931 and 1932, Miss Lorrimer made lecturing tours throughout New England and Ohio, under the auspices of the Peace Caravan, which is still more proof of her skill as a speaker. [Note to Debate Club members—look what may be your reward if you work very, very, hard indeed.]

(Continued on page 34)



# PASSING IN REVIEW

**S**HE'S that black-eyed, black-haired merry junior lass that you see around the corridors fairly radiating personality and laughter. We actually believe she'd have a joke to crack if the world were falling apart. She goes to camp all summer and is considered the best of sports. She was a junior counselor at Camp Sherbo this year. She loves jam, so well in fact, that one of her camp mates says she thinks in terms of it. That apparently doesn't affect her brain any, for she gets good ranks although she confesses she likes to do anything but study. All that probably accounts for the little bridge parties she holds in some of her classes. [She has a pack of cards no bigger than a tiny match box]. She's a grand swimmer, and, although she never saved any lives, she says that she saved a fainting woman once. And can she play the piano! She's up the keyboard and down again before you begin to catch on. She uses such expressions as "sappo" and "boppo"—says they make her feel better. All this ought to help you guess who she is—Miriam Golden!

He's a famous violinist, a good seaman, and doesn't care for girls especially. Thinks women are all right in their place, but their place isn't on a boat. Of course you know it's Ellery Tuck. For the last three years, he has been sailing with his father on their schooner, the "Arlene Booth." He likes to read, especially sea stories. Goes to the movies when he isn't reading, practicing, playing football or tennis, or making boats. Prefers Laurence Tibbett and operas on the radio, and George Arliss and Diana Wynyard on the screen.

He has taken violin lessons for six years and is he good! The Senior orchestra can hardly wait for a second Schriver or Brill. Being a boy, naturally his favorite past time is eating. Eating what? Lemon pie! It's only human nature after all!

Everyone knows her—at least most everyone. I'd be willing to wager that three fourths of the school could point her out. She's little, this senior, but her big smile and cheery, "Hi, pal!" make up for lost height. She loves to dance and is seen at all the dances with [?] [that almost let the cat out of the bag.] At the football games you'll know her by the inevitable cow bell—a big brass one with red and white ribbons. By the way, she's very interested in sports, and never misses a game. She's got what the school needs more of—*School Spirit*. And is she smart! She gets her work done in twice the time it would take anyone else and still gets A's and B's. She's a swell pal and a person you always like to have around. Juliet Spangler is this girl's name.

When we mention the Debate Club and Honor Roll, we must not leave out the name of Robert (Bull Dog) Morris. Who is he? Phillip Morris' brother? No—Well I'll keep you in suspense no longer. He's that sophomore, who, as a freshman, distinguished himself as a debater and scholar. As a debater, he rose from trivial skirmishes in the T. N. T. Club to the heat of the class debates where he showed clearly that he liked verbal antagonism; as a scholar he seized a high place on the Honor Roll when he received from 3 to 4 A's each quarter. Nor does this mentally alert lad plan to stop with his first year; indeed not! he plans to cop all laurels from now 'till graduation; so watch out for the "Bull Dog." Now I know you're all wondering where or how he received that unique "nickname." Well, it's a long story, but it seems that when he was a little fellow, nature had gifted him with an unusually deep voice for his age, and, when he didn't like something or someone, he would scowl and growl, and hence, the nickname "Bull Dog." Whether or not the name applies now, I do not know, but I'm sure that if it does, it will soon wear off for lack of things to growl at, at Bangor High.

And she still does—What? Giggles. She's rather a famous celebrity, being the best female speller in the city. Quite a record, huh? But she hasn't rested on her laurels, by any means, she's in the A. A room and aspires to the Xylophone [she spelled it] or the accordion.

She would spend half the night reading, but for Mother. She likes boarding school stories and mysteries. She's one of those lucky individuals who never have to think about keeping her girlish figure; she thrives on chicken, beefsteak, string beans, and ice cream. Spends her summers in Boston at Revere Beach [terra marique]. She is a grand little dancer, especially likes the music of Wayne King or Rudy Vallee. She doesn't "go" for movies much except when it's Janet Gaynor, or Warner Baxter. By the way, she asked me to insert this "ad"—"Wanted, one spaniel puppy—preferably black. Please address all communications to Elizabeth Jane Barker." Betty to you—

Although he loves to read all kinds of detective stories, and positively thrives on wild and wooly "West-erns," Paul McKenney is really a very domestic creature, and is nothing short of an answer to a mother's prayer. Why? Because in his spare time, not only does he eat Max Allen's specials of Hot Dogs and Hamburgers, but actually washes dishes and performs the duties of "a right nice house-wife" without even minding.



When Paul was questioned about his future ambitions, he replied that because he was so loath to leave old B. H. S., he believed he would return next fall to take a P. G. Then he plans to attend the University of Maine and become a surgeon. We might be hearing "big things" about Paul in the future!

She's always laughing, always gay and has that certain something about her that makes her one of the outstanding members of the class of 1936.

Her favorite pastime is eating! She devours everything from raw onions to crackers and milk. At most any time in the day you can find her munching crackers. I've even caught her with some in her pocket on the way to school. Imagine it!

This girl is an all round athlete. It's a treat to see her on the Hockey Field, and she certainly does justice to a basketball. She swims like a fish, and handles a baseball bat like a professional.

She is a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. She also belongs to the Latin Club, Glee Club, and Orchestra.

Her hobby is collecting pretty pictures to paste in her great big scrap book. I wonder how many pictures she already has of Freddie. Oh dear! You all know now who this charming miss is. It's none other than Hazel Chalmers!

You all know Jackie Bullard. She's that slim blond girl with the great big blue eyes.

She goes to the movies often. Her favorite actress is Carol Lombard and like a great many of us, she is an ardent admirer of Clark Gable, that magnetic personality of the screen.

She is an active member of the Debate Club and also has joined the Science Club.

Her hobby is sports. Jackie plays basketball and hockey. She's quick on a basketball floor, and you should see her on the hockey field. She feels at home in a bathing suit and cuts thru the water with ease and grace.

Her favorite radio programs include Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, and that widely known radio crooner Bing Crosby.

Jackie is always on the go, bubbling over with new plans and well liked by us all.

You like her, I like her—and so does everyone. Who is she? Virginia Moulton, Class of '37. She's very athletic and good at it too, and a member of the G. A. H. C. Boys? Prefers swimming. She loves to read—especially bloody murder stories at eleven-thirty at night accompanied by a good sour apple and a tomato sandwich.

She spends her summers at Green Lake either on a surf board, or in a Chris-Craft. She would rather lis-

ten to Joe Penner than any crooner you can name. [rather a peculiar specimen, eh?]

In the winter she skates, when there's ice, and plays cards. She also is a good dancer. The most important thing she aspires to, is to walk, talk, dress and act like Ginger Rogers. Who wouldn't? Is there anything she can't do, you ask? Yes, just one little thing. She never can remember if it's right to begin on the left.

Fred Merrill, that's the name of that young, handsome, energetic lad who starts the football moving for Bangor High School's offensive attacks on Her opponents. He's right in there, so to speak, on the defensive gridiron work also; and, as there are many slips twixt the cup and the lip, so are there many hard falls for the opposing team twixt Freddie Merrill and the goal line. This is Fred's second year as center with the varsity squad and its fight! fight! fight! with this aggressive lad when he's on the field for Bangor High. But, this is a strange thing now, when he's off the field he's meek and kind, never picking a fight with anyone,—you know, sort of Jekell-Hyde character.

Aha! and here's a bit of inside 'dope': Fred is a great lover of music, especially cello music. He can sit for hours just listening to someone buzz on the cel. . . . but say! maybe!—maybe! it isn't music, yes you're right, two to one it's the cello-player. Now for ambitions, you must recall that all *great* men have ambitions, great objects in view and this is Freddie's: to be a millionaire! How? Oh, of course he didn't disclose that fact when interviewed, but he seems to have the idea right under his hat, and that's about all we could learn about Freddie; you see he's a very modest, untalkative fellow and—well when he grows up and earns his 'pile', we hope he will remember his pals. [That's a good boy, Freddie.]

Once he was introduced as the best looking of the three Winsor boys. During his freshman year, he was nick-named "Sully," because of his great wrestling feats. We have tried to find someone who knows what he does not do. He can play foot-ball with the same ease and skill with which he sails his skiff, the "Razzberry." Sully's fame has already spread as a debater, an actor, athlete, sailor, and anything else you can mention. It is expected he will go big in the coming football season. People that are very busy have no time for hobbies, so Sully has none. But with just pride, he will point out to you some actual photographs of the U. S. Frigate "Constitution" which have on them the autograph of the commander of the ship. Since Spencer has entered school, he has been well liked by every one, because he is always the same, always ready to lend a helping hand, and, in short, the kind of student that will make a good citizen.



# TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

## Two Bits for Opera

**T**HE SUN has frozen; the *Oracle* has its material in on time—and I have learned to take Grand Opera and like it! Verily, verily! The latter miracle was accomplished in little more than an hour at Columbia's new musical comedy, "One Night of Love," and this time the word "musical" means exactly that. The hardboiled American audience has had grand opera given to it—pure and undiluted—straight from symphony orchestras and the throats of actual opera singers, and it loves it.

With but one exception, the entire musical score is classical, and each number is presented with a brilliant setting. For instance, one of the high spots of the picture is the scene where the students, practising on a dozen different instruments on their tiny balconies and in stuffy little rooms, blend together to accompany Miss Moore's singing, and then enthusiastically throw her praise—offerings of garlic and bananas.

"Aha," you slyly remark, "the good old sugar coating! That's what *she* likes, not the opera music."

I firmly maintain that the music itself has what it takes to make "One Night of Love" so astoundingly successful,—and let all doubting Thomases go and see for themselves.

Think of some of the musical comedies you doubtless have seen and heard in days past, and weep. Remember the one when the heroine appeared to be gargling, while her musical voice romped gaily along to the tune of the "Spring Song" without the aid of the usual facial contortions? But in this picture—how different! The radiant voice of that charming operatic star, Miss Grace Moore, does not in the least resemble so-called "canned music." Perfect synchronization is the keynote of the whole film. No wonder Charlie Chaplin is forsaking those 'good old, silent movies' in favor of the comparatively modern "talkies." No trick shots at fifty feet above the stage mar these natural stage scenes.

How many of you can go to the Metropolitan, and hear "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" for only two bits? New Englanders have somewhat the reputation of Scotsmen; wake up, and get wise to your blessings

## Costumes Make the Play

Jane Eyre

Evidently in this picture, the producers believed that authentic costumes and settings would cover up a multitude of sins. However correct the background may be, nevertheless it does not hide a slow-moving, loosely-constructed plot, and stilted performances by the actors. Many people might go to see this film because of the reputation of the well-known novel: "Jane

Eyre." What a disappointment to discover that modern scenario writers have warped and twisted this famous old story so that it is practically unrecognizable!

However, if one looks at the early Victoreean furnishings, and the billowing, beruffled, and beribboned gowns of the ladies, one may forget that the time sequence is impossible, or that the leading lady's smile is turned on in utterly irrelevant circumstances.

All that can be said for the screen interpretation of the story is the development of suspense in the last few scenes of the play.

## Belle of the Nineties

After threatening for many moons to "go up'n see'er s'm t'm, I finally did it. Yep, I just got an eye full and running over of the one and only Mae West. So what? So she talks through her nose, and I don't like it; moreover, the whole picture was full of similar sad disillusionments for me! It's rather too bad the cameramen couldn't have obliterated her extra chins, but they made up for this slip by the shots of the negro camp meeting. In fact the photography and sound effects [not the antique Mae's singing] in these scenes are the only things that make the picture at all bearable.

## Barretts of Wimpole Street

I was no Shearer fan, neither did my heart beat faster for Frederic March, and I always thought Charles Laughton had too much waist-line until I saw the Barretts of Wimpole Street with these three stars. Suffice it to say, I went, I saw, I was conquered.

The acting not only impressed me, but also the costumes. When the lovely Norma Shearer appeared on the screen, garbed in some regal satin and fur combination, I applauded the genius of Adrian, Paramount's costume designer. In the smallest detail, the gowns expressed the prevailing style of the Victorian Age. The settings showed careful study of the period by the art director, and depicted the era at the height of its glory.

Although containing little action, this particular picture leaves one with the idea of facing a rather strong wind. This effect is due, in my belief, to the decidedly fine acting on the part of the principal characters, and the surprising ability of the supporting cast. Frederic March's part is somewhat subordinated to that of Shearer and Laughton, but he is perfect as the breezy, impetuous Browning.

Although the parts that Laughton portrays, including that of the irascible, half-mad Edward Barrett, cause me to say, "I hate him," yet I receive the impres-

(Continued on page 34)



# EDITORIALS

## You're the Loser

**A**NOTHER line-up—new faces, new wiles, and a team that clicks—has ushered in the 1934 football season. We have witnessed thus far in this year's games some of the best football in our history. The answer for this sudden rise to fame is found, of course, in the team.

But what new-found power is it that has suddenly arisen from hidden depths to instill the *real* stuff into the boys on the field? Nothing more or less than the student body itself is that power.

For years our football has been in a slump. Why the sudden change, we wonder?

Then in a flash, the realization of the truth of the situation comes to us.

In the past we have thoughtlessly said, "School spirit, bah! What's that to do with a team's playing? If cheering has to be done, somebody else is going to do it."

What about this attitude?

Is it the whole-hearted adoption of the N. R. A. motto: "Do Your Part" that has changed our non-cheering classmates into wildly enthusiastic supporters? Perhaps so. At any rate the whole school is backing the team. What's more, everyone likes it!

When the next game rolls around, watch every individual on that team, his determination and grit, his *fight*. Then, if perchance, you can sit in the stands and dully take in half the games, well, you're the loser.

## Such Is Life

By Edith Flores

**Y**OU wake with a languid feeling—not like other people. You aren't warm; you aren't cold; you are droopy. You eat breakfast slowly with a detached air, and then you unhurriedly leave the house with an amused glance.

In the classroom every one seems to be boorish. Dear me, how vulgar their enthusiasm is! You consider it scandalous to wave your hand, much less be prepared when called on. At recess you complain, mournfully, "I don't see how I stand it. It simply nauseates me."

You are bored or you think you are. Perhaps you are really earnest and would like to know the cure. It is this: Train yourself to what is going on around in the world, in the city, in the school. Some knowledge you can obtain from books, movies, radio, school, but much more can be secured by your personal efforts in other activities. So wake up and enjoy life before it passes, and make it enjoyable for some one else, too, by shedding your "I'm too bored."

## Lunchroom

By Phyllis Smart

Three cheers for the improvement which has started in the lunch-room, and may it grow bigger and better. Why not have a few small tables and chairs lined up around the wall where the students may sit and enjoy a more enlarged and varied menu? I think it would be found that the expense of such changes would be easily covered by the extra profits which would come as a natural result.

## The Rifle Team Gets Sweaters

By Lloyd Cutter

The Bangor High School Rifle Team has recently been given the privilege of having a letter with a suitable design. It should have been carried out long ago. The rifle club has brought many honors to the school and plays as important a part as any of the other clubs and teams of the school.

It requires steady nerves, keen eyes, regular sleep, and a lot of regular practice to stay on the team after you're once there.

An hour of honest rifle practice is equal to an hour of football, baseball, or basketball practice. After one watches the rifle team practice, he is well convinced that the team earns the privilege of having its letter.

## Financial Report of the Oracle

1933-'34

Cash on hand.....	\$443.53
Yearly Subscriptions.....	535.00
Yearly Ads.....	875.70
Cuts, Junior Exhibition.....	20.00
Senior Cuts and Club Cuts.....	366.58
Cash Sales.....	51.25

Total Receipts..... \$2,292.06

Printing and Engraving, 6 issues.....	\$1,586.05
Season Tickets.....	3.25
Journalistic Conference, U. of M.....	8.00
N. S. P. A.....	3.55
Incidentals, Debate Club, prizes, etc.....	29.44
Gift to Boys' Athletics.....	50.00

Total Expenditures..... \$1,680.29

Balance..... 611.77

[Net Profit, 1933-'34, \$168.24]

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM BALLOU, *Business Manager.*

M. C. MULLEN, *Faculty Adviser.*



# JUST THE ECHOES

By Hope Betterley and Frances Giles

WELL, here we are.....and here's mud in the eye of our predecessor....the great "peek" originator of this column.....we find "columnisting" harder than it sounds.....Saw Jimmie Nason chasing around in the corridors the other morning.....what.....not a sophomore after all these years.....Regie Dauphinee dashing around the football field with "How to Kick a Ball" under his arm....."Kent" seems to keep Currier Treat away from Sixth Street.....Oh, well, Rachel...Who are we to talk? Exotic Arlene still "Mooning" about the corridors...or was that only an illusion...question mark...Hazel Chalmers and Freddie Merrill seem to be "Fording"....must be the converse of that old song "You've got to be a beautiful girl to get along with a football hero"....Now for the "scoop" of the month.....It seems Norma Eames bought a ring in the 5 and 10 Cent Store from Kay Daley...the next day she came tearing back...one of the diamonds had fallen out...when Kay hesitated about changing it...Eames says, "Let me see Mr. Woolworth this minute...."

Have you seen: "Atlas" Barker and his Lincoln dashing around town...Thelma "Lovely-hair" Bickford and "Park Theatre" Bennet meandering hither and thither...Billy Fickett and his big blue Buick....

We got a letter from Lois Smith the other day....she and one of her numerous swains are having a fight.....[that, again?]......she says "I want to make-up. What shall I do?"....We'd say, "Buy some rouge and lip-stick of your own."....Thanks for the letter....call again with your "heart" problems....we know all the answers...How long since that handsome football hero, Jimmie Morrison has been a *femme*?....we always thought that *that* job was the privilege of the fairer sex....Have you seen all of the new comers around B. H. S....June Pooler from Newburg Academy—not far from West Point...that's why so many letters home....Dick Hanson from Ellsworth High....Mina Schroeder from Penn....and Bob Clelland from Concord Mass. High—he's the chap that swayed the football coach to the extent of getting in the Old Town game after being here only a week....Nice work....It seems Clayton hasn't been raving much about Gwennie's dimple lately....don't fret, Gwendolyn....one really shouldn't rave about the depression in times like these....Paul Kelliher has graduated to Wayne Garland's R. O. T. C. uniform....we hear that even *these* sleeves are too short....Better get Kay to sew an extension on, Paul....Did you know: that Jackie Bullard is pining for the big woods....cheer up Jackie, the graduation ball is only nine months away....always said there was nothing like being

dated up ahead of time....how about it Pauline Jellison....Elnora Savage wearing the purple and white....Roberta makes a call every morning at 210....Oh for the life of an usher....Seen around town: Charlotte Elkin out "kiddie carrying" around with Rip Murphy....Barbara Bickford and Billy Ayer at the movies....doesn't Jerry Watson look broadminded now that she's parting her hair in the middle....Rumor has it that Al Faulkingham is going to run for consul of the Latin Club this year....according to Al...it's one of the "Cumming" clubs.....

It's a little early yet to talk about the freshmen....but they're all here on their tricycles....except Leo McLeod because of his Higgin's superiority—he came in a wheelbarrow....more of the freshmen next month....

Extra....Flash....for all the beauties....After spending every lab period on experiments, Jay Finnegan and Shelly Smith have discovered that soap hurts the face....if it is thrown hard enough....Found out where Raymond Lee and Tommy Sawyer get those unimitable swaggers....it comes from the gob uniforms they wear every Monday night....Looks as if bicycling is in again....You should have seen the Moon boy in chemistry the other day....sleeves rolled up mopping up the floor....little man what now....it won't be long before young Harold will be able to get a job as dishwasher....looks as if B. H. S. is leading a checkered existence these days....black and white checked dresses....trousers....to say nothing about those red checks on examination papers....Saw "Poodgy" Stuart hunting for a can opener the other day....no, he wasn't trying to get in his pocket-sized limosine, nothing so ordinary for Poodgy....he was trying to get it into his locker. Eddie Ross was bragging about the girl who smiled at him the other day. Yeah—she must have been a stranger in town. We were going to end by telling you a joke about crude oil but the Editor censored it because it wasn't refined....so this is about all !!!

**Debate Club's Orono Harmonica Band plays to packed house and nets \$225**



# ALUMNI

**A**NOTHER vacation has passed, and last year's seniors are this year's freshmen either at college or at work.

Bangor High is unusually well represented at the University of Maine this year, there being thirty-three freshmen, in all.

Here are a few from last year's graduation class whom you are sure to remember.

Rose Costrell	Morris Rubin
Robert Hussey	Harold Taylor
Jean Kent	Annette Youngs
Leo Lieberman	Merrill Eldridge
Catherine Rowe	George Tsoulas
Cynthia Adams	Mary Wright

Andrew Cox, last year's "most popular boy" and editor-and-chief of the *Oracle* enters Bowdoin this year.

Edward Curran, one of last season's football players, and well-known 'the school over', goes to Bowdoin also.

Some of those graduates of B. H. S. who desire a business education have enrolled at Maine School of Commerce. They are Eleanor Bissell, Mary Jenkins, Elizabeth Toole, Alicia Toole, Eleanor Dickins, and Annette Monaghan.

Joe Bertels, "Eddie" Rice, and Owen Lynch are attending Hebron.

Paul Giles, Donald Leake, and Hugh O'Hear have entered Higgins Classical Institute.

Do you remember the part Paul Higgins played as cook in a senior play last year? Well, he's living up to that part! He's cookee in a Great Northern lumber camp 'way up in the woods above Moosehead Lake. He always was interested in forestry, and, although it's hard life, he has stuck to it all summer, and is well liked by the crew.

"Fritter" Greene is working up in the wilds also, although in a different camp. He seems to be adding a lot more brawn to that which he gained last year in football.

Our graduates seem to be fairly well scattered all over New England.

Katherine Epstein, Frances Clough, and Mary Gibbons are seniors at Wellesley.

Eleanor Clough has returned to Mt. Holyoke College where she is a sophomore.

Paul Winsor is going to Colby.

Virginia Oberton has entered Bates College. We hope they appreciate her smile, jokes and good humor over there as much as we did at Bangor High.

The Sanborn twins are studying this year at Northfield in Mass.

Beatrice "Beachy" Cameron is enrolled at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Harriet Woodsum is studying at the Leslie Kindergarten School, Cambridge, Mass.

Bernice Braidy, last year's foremost debater at Bangor High, has entered Radcliffe.

Doris Chalmers, '33, has returned to Simmons College as a sophomore.

Constance Hedin, '33, is a sophomore this fall at Vassar.

Miss Una Peavey has recently accepted a position as Dean of Girls, and teacher of Dramatics at Briercliff. Miss Peavey was graduated from Bangor High in 1928, and from Smith College in 1933.

Betty Maxwell has entered the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston.

No one can complain of a lack of school spirit among the alumni. During the summer, three or four class reunions were held.

The class of 1909 celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at the Canoe Club last June. Most of those present said they didn't feel a day older than when they graduated.

On October 3, the class of 1884 held a reunion commemorating the fiftieth year of their graduation.

Seven members of the class of 1934 were selected to take sophomore English at the University of Maine this year. These lucky freshmen are Rose Costrell, Stanley Getchell, Caroline Long, Catherine Rowe, Harold Taylor, George Tsoulas, and Peter Zoidis.

Kenneth Kurson, '31, a senior at Dartmouth college, attained a scholastic average of 4.0, a record of five A's, during the second semester last year. His name appeared in the report of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment."

Frances Thatcher Adkins, '24, was graduated from Boston University last year with the three highest honors; namely, Valedictorian, name inscribed in gold in the Assembly Hall, and Phi Beta Kappa Key.

On September 15, John White '25, and Margaret Fellows '27, were married at Verona. Miss Fellows was graduated from the University of Maine and studied art at the George Vesper School in Boston. Mr. White attended the University of Maine and was graduated from Cornell University.

## In Memoriam

Kenneth R. Jack

Ralph A. Peavey



# THE SPORTS PARADE

## BOYS' ATHLETICS

By "Jock" Adams

### The First Kick-off

**I**N THE first game of the season under gloomy gray skies, Bangor fought a heavy Old Town Team to a scoreless tie. Bangor's running attack had Old Town on the go the first three quarters, but the third quarter Old Town let loose a baffling passing attack and had Bangor with their backs against the goal line.

Old Town chose to receive and were downed on their thirty yard line. Failing to gain, they kicked. The Old Town Team was rendered helpless by the crimson line and could not gain an inch. After several exchanges of kicks, Bangor started goalward just as the period ended. Reggie Dauphinee tore off right end for twenty-seven yards to Old Town's twenty-five yard line. After two line bucks, Dauphinee went to the eighteen for a first down. Jimmy Dauphinee then went off tackle for nine yards and repeated for five more. Right here the Old Town line stiffened and held for downs. Dionne kicked out of danger. The half ended just as Dionne intercepted a pass stopping another drive into Old Town territory.

The third quarter was uneventful, but Old Town failing to gain through the line let loose a barrage of passes which bewildered Bangor. Mixing his passes well, Dionne shot some passes which carried Old Town to the four yard stripe. Old Town was stopped twice before the game ended.

The Bangor line turned in an outstanding performance. Old Town did not make more than twenty yards in scrimmage during the whole game.

#### BANGOR

l. e. Leek, Furrow  
l. t. Doughty  
l. g. Lee, Winsor  
c. Merrill, Brown  
r. g. Adams [c]  
r. t. Upton  
r. e. Morrison, Bass  
g. b. Ross  
l. h. b. J. Dauphinee, Brannen  
r. h. b. Perry  
f. b. R. Dauphinee, Clelland

#### OLD TOWN

r. e. Thibou  
r. t. Murphy  
r. e. Rand  
c. Leavitt  
l. g. Cunningham  
l. t. Mitchell [c]  
l. e. Perry  
Dionne  
r. h. b. Clukey, Bouchard  
l. h. b. Duprey  
f. Cote

### The Jayvee Battle

Before a small crowd of three hundred, Brownville

Junction and the Bangor Jayvees fought a scoreless tie. The game was played out between twenty yard lines with Brownville having the slighter edge. Joe Brennan did most of the ground gaining and some nice tackling. The most spectacular play of the day was when that little pack of T N T, Johnny Denihan, intercepted a pass and sped for twenty yards before he was hauled down.

#### BANGOR J. V.

r. e. Bass, Devoe  
r. t. Hammond, Corbell  
r. g. Winsor, Baird,  
Ray Dauphinee  
c. Brown  
l. g. C. Rice  
l. t. Hibbard, Bolton  
l. e. Furrow  
q. b. Denihan, Finnegan  
l. h. b. Brennan, A Zoidis  
p. h. b. Powers, Curran  
f. b. Elliot, F. Zoidis

#### BROWNVILLE JCT.

r. e. Know  
r. t. McKinnis, Davis  
r. g. Henderson  
c. Giberson  
l. g. Bryant, Challenour  
l. t. Cunningham  
l. e. W. Rosebush  
q. b. Hughes, Washburn  
l. h. b. Graves, B. Rosebush  
r. h. b. Osgood  
f. b. Taylor

On the first day of football practice, Coaches Walter Ulmer and Durward Heal were greeted by a fairly light team. The lightness of the team however did not bother Coach Ulmer for ever since he first came here he has been looking for a light, fast, scrappy team. As there were five letter-men on the team he certainly had a right to be pleased. Besides these, there was a wealth of good looking material.

At the first of the season, Ulmer's greatest worries were the end positions. But after the first initial scrimmage, Jim Morrison and Spencer Leek, pushed hard by Bass and Furrow, put him at his ease. Jerry Upton, last year's sophomore star will take care of one of the tackle berths while Doughty, a new football candidate, will take the other. Ray Lee and Jock Adams will plug the guard holes. Lee, who by the way, was transferred from the backfield to the line, will do the kicking off for Bangor. Fred Merrill, sensational center of last year, will be in there again. These linemen will have to keep on the jump if they wish to keep their positions from such outstanding substitutes as Moon, Winsor, Spearin, Hammond, Hibbard, and Brown.

In the backfield there will of course be the Dauphinee brothers. Jimmy making those breath taking run-backs of punts and brother Reggie doing the kicking. Eddie Ross and Bill Perry will fill the quarter and half-



back positions. Stepping right on the heels of these players are Joe Brannen, Danny Curran, Duke Elliot, Johnny Dennihan, Freddy Rice, Clelland and Finnegan.

## Swamped

Rolling up an incredible score of 39-0, a hard hitting Bangor team bowled over a greatly outclassed but still fighting Greenville eleven. Greenville was on the defense most of the time and made only one first down. Walter Ulmer, alternated the regulars and the JayVees, but the Greenville lads could do no better against either.

It took less than one minute to score the first touchdown. Leek recovered a fumble on the 20 yard stripe, and it took only two plays to make a touchdown. The next score came later in the period when Leek blocked a Greenville punt which was recovered by Bangor. This time three plays were required to score. Bob Clelland, a transfer from Massachusetts, accounted for the third score.

In the third half the Bangor backfield ran through Greenville's line at will and piled up 20 more points.

### BANGOR [39];

### GREENVILLE [0]

Leek, re	McLeod, Jones, le
Upton, Moon, rt	Sanders, lt
Adams [c] Spearin, rg	Harvey, lg
Merrill, Brown, c	Murray, c
Lee, Winsor, lg	Webber, rg
Doughty, lt	Allen, rt
Bass, le	Grant, Folsom, re
Ross, Finnegan, qb	Templeton, St. Germaine, qb.
J. Dauphinee, Brannen, lhb	Bartley, Jones, lhb
Perry, Curran, Elliot, rhb	Noyes [c] Grant, rhb
Dauphinee, R., Clelland, fb	Bradford, Jardine, fb

Touchdowns: R. Dauphinee, 2; J. Dauphinee, 2; Finnegan, Ross, punt after—Ross 2, J. Dauphinee. Referee: O'Connell. Umpire: Conners. Head Line-man: Ewer.

## Bangor Breaks Jinx

For five long years Bangor football teams have been waiting for a chance to beat John Bapst. Every time they have been upset by some fluke or jinx. But at last they finally turned the tables by completely outplaying Bapst on a field ankle deep with mud. The teams were of fairly equal weight, a fact which gave neither side an advantage over the other. The only score of the game came when Jerry Upton, smart Bangor tackle, dashed in and batted a pass down behind Bapst's goal line. This was made a safety by the rule that says that any incomplete pass behind the goal line is a safety.

Incidentally, the greatest exhibition of school spirit witnessed in many years was shown at this game.

Bangor kicked off to Bapst with "Star" Lee booting a peach of a kick to Bapst's 12 yard line. Bapst returned it to the thirty and after being smeared [with mud] for losses they kicked. The ball was pretty slippery and Jimmy Dauphinee made his only fumble of the day with Bapst recovering. Al Parent was then spilled for a ten yard loss with the whole Bangor team on his neck. During the rest of the half a punting duel followed between Barry and Reggie Dauphinee. Jimmy D. thrilled the crowd by catching the slippery orb on the dead run, eluding tacklers and running the ball back about ten or fifteen yards.

The score came late in the third quarter when Reggie Dauphinee booted a wonderful 49 yard punt to Bapst goal line with Spencer Leek stopping it on the six inch marker. Then Bapst tried the unheard of by calling for a pass from behind their own goal line. Every Bangor man was in on the affair with Upton, who batted down the pass, about a yard in the lead.

### Summary:

### BANGOR [2];

### JOHN BAPST [0]

Morrison, re	Dean, le
Upton, rt	Marley, lt
Adams [c], rg	McNeil, lg
Merrill, c	Clement, c
Lee, lg	Casper, [c] rg
Doughty, lt	Sullivan and Bradbury
Leek, le	Moroton, re
Ross, qb	Rittal and Guptil, qb
J. Dauphinee, lhb	Parent, lhb
Perry, rhb	McHugh, rhb
R. Dauphinee, fb	Barry, fb

Bangor: Safety in third period. Referee, Charles Kavanaugh; Umpire, Sam Cutts [Maine]; Headlinesman, Wotton [Rockland]; Periods, four tens.

## Portland is Sunk

Bangor's fighting eleven continued on its way to success by rolling over a bewildered Portland team. Bangor's superiority was established from the first of the game. Jimmy Dauphinee was the outstanding star for Bangor. His short passes to Spencer Leek and his tricky running accounted for the first touchdown. The second touchdown came late in the third period when Dauphinee again dashed over the line after Eddie Ross had recovered a fumble on the 7 yard line. Not long after Eddie Ross interrupted a pass and carried it to the 15 yard marker. Dauphinee then carried it to the ten yard and then Bill Perry ploughed through for the last and final touchdown.

### PORTLAND [0]

### BANGOR [19]

Higgins, McCatherine, re	le Leek, Furrow
Mitchell, rt	lt Doughty, Moon
McIntyre, Owen, Swan, rg	lg Lee, Winsor

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# GIRLS' ATHLETICS

By Lucille Fogg

## First Call

**A**NOTHER year has come, and we are all back once more at good old B. H. S. filled with vim and vigor and a greater show of school spirit than ever before.

Miss Maguire, our coach and physical director, is with us again brimming over with new plans for the coming year.

Of course, in the fall, our chief interest is on the hockey field. Let us now look in that direction. The first call for hockey candidates was Sept. 13, and a very large number turned out. Among these girls were both experienced and unexperienced players, while there were three girls, Barbara Jarvis, Alice MacLeod, and Lucille Fogg, who were chosen last fall for the All Bangor Team, which is always selected after the hockey tournament is completed. Last year Barbara Jarvis captained the junior team. She played inside, and it certainly is worth anybody's while to see her dribble a ball down the field. Alice MacLeod had a very important job—that of goal tender which certainly keeps a person on the go every minute. Lucille Fogg's position was that of half-back. These three girls will probably be an asset to the senior team this year. As usual there will be a hockey tournament between the three upper classes. The schedule is as follows:

Juniors vs. Seniors—Oct. 23, Tuesday.  
 Sophomores vs. Juniors—Oct. 30, Tuesday.  
 Seniors vs. Sophomores—Nov. 1, Thursday.  
 Juniors vs. Seniors—Nov. 6, Tuesday.  
 Sophomores vs. Juniors—Nov. 8, Thursday.  
 Seniors vs. Sophomores—Nov. 13, Tuesday.

This schedule is subject to change at any time.

Last year the seniors had the championship team, and walked away with the cup. These games always prove to be very thrilling and breathtaking. So come on everybody—show your school spirit—go up to Linden St. Field and cheer your team on to victory.

The following seniors are out for hockey: Eleanor Burrill, Alice MacLeod, Phyllis McDonough, Helen Bond, Glenice Peavey, Lucille Fogg, Frances Goodwin, Hope Betterly, Frances Giles, Barbara Greene, Betty Homans, Barbara Jarvis, Elnora Savage, Ruth Thurston, Dorothy Strickland, Jacqueline Bullard, Betty Betterly, Gertrude Bennett, Wealthy Stackpole, Beatrice Baudreau.

The juniors: Dorothy Kamen, Rachel Kent, Ellen McIntosh, Hazel Thomas, Bessie Nickerson, Barbara Welch, Betty Smart, Peggy Tyler, Hazel Chalmers, Sara Whitney, Mary Connors, Barbara DeBeck, Mildred Striar, Betty Ayer, Charlotte Elkin, Lois Smith,

Althea Cole, Maydelle Fielding, Betty Witte, Carlene Howell, Marguerite Olmstead, Annette Curran, Margaret Maxwell, Audrey Everett, Doris Bullard, Winona Fraser, Ethel Hathaway, Betty Barker.

The sophomores are: Ruth McIntosh, Priscilla Smith, June Webster, Betty Mack, Ellen Hawthorne, Virginia Moulton, Barbara Freese, Rosalie Mansfield, Joanne Heleotis, Anastasea Brountas, Edith Brountas, Sylvia Rubin, Evelyn Knowles, Wilda Clewkey, Ann Tyler, Doris Hamilton, Margaret Cromwell, Janice Merrill, Edith Stern, Frances DeVoe, Ernestine Turner, Edith Graves, Marion Small, Mary Burke, Bernice Faulkingham, Louise Giles, Louise Betterley.

## Girls' Athletic Honor Council

Girls' Athletic Honor Council is an organization at school that promotes all girl athletics. The purpose of this council is to develop a higher type of athletics at Bangor High School. Every member of this council tries not to make it a snobbish select group but a club that works faithfully for the school alone, and not for herself personally. One great responsibility is that of teaching Frosh Gym. The girls take turns at this, and it certainly is excellent training in leadership. The Senior Council girls also have the job of coaching inter-class teams. In past years the Council girls have had the booth at the Mary Snow School Athletic Field. This year Barbara Jarvis is the chairman of this committee with Elnora Savage and Barbara Welch as her assistants. This committee will be somewhat varied during the football season. The girls sell candy, hot dogs, soft drinks, and gum and all profits go into the treasury for the sole purpose of buying basketball, hockey, baseball, and gym equipment. Managers and assistant managers for hockey and basketball are chosen from Council members. This year Betty Homans is manager of hockey, while Hazel Chalmers is assistant manager. As for basketball, Helen Bond is our manager and the assistant manager has not yet been chosen.

In order to get into the Council a girl must first win her numeral in some school athletic team. Then if her name is brought up for the Council, the six qualifications, which every girl who is a member must possess, must be carefully thought over. These qualifications are Scholarship, Athletic Ability, Respect, Leadership, Dependability, and Sportsmanship. The girl must not only be approved by council members, but also by the faculty. It is only then that she receives this honor. Girls are taken into the Council three times a year; Hockey Party, Basketball Banquet, and Freshman Assembly. This past year 1933-34 the following

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## God's Pocket

By Rachel Field

**Y**OU'RE as safe as if you was in God's pocket," were the words old Sammy Sanford greeted Rachel Field with, as, frightened at his "ancient mariner" appearance, she started away. Thus commenced a friendship—a friendship which shortly before his death compelled a lonely old man to entrust to her his most treasured possession—his grandfather's diary. From this diary and from the many long talks Miss Field had with Sammy came her new book—"God's Pocket."

No one living now on Cranberry, a small island off Mt. Desert, remembers Sammy's grandfather, Samuel Hadlock and his fair-haired bride—The Prussian Lady—as she was called. And yet, on many a stormy night, as the fisher-folk gather, they proudly tell the history of Samuel Hadlock.

Even as a youth Samuel loved adventure. Instead of earning a simple living by fishing in the nearby waters as other young men of the island did, he joined a crew and went whaling up in the arctic. It was on one of these expeditions that Samuel brought back two Esquimos. With these he outfitted a show and crossed the Atlantic.

He toured England and Ireland with great success. Royalty and beggars, rich and poor, old and young received the troupe with great enthusiasm. "Dun well" his journal states, and later "Sailed for Jerminery."

At Charlottenburg in Prussia the captain went to the home of a magistrate, Ludwig Russ, to obtain the required license for his show. Russ was not at home, and Dorothea Albertina Wilhelmina Celeste, his fair-haired daughter received the tall stranger from Maine. She knew not a word of English; his few phrases of German were intended for other business than that of lovemaking. "Yet" said his grand-son one hundred years later, "they looked at each other and they knewed."

The savings of our Yankee sailor were invested in a luxurious house and a coach and pair, and the grand-son in which he lived would have made the simple folk of Cranberry gasp with dismay. The bride's string of names was too much for Samuel so he called her Hannah Caroline, and Hannah Caroline she remained.

The next year the couple spent in touring Europe. In Paris their daughter was born and christened with a name with a down-east flavor—Jane Matilda.

Shortly after, they set sail for America, Samuel promising his wife that they would return in two years.

The dignified if somewhat pretentious house he built for her on Cranberry still stands on a small hill overlooking the Western Way. In that house two children were born, a boy and a girl.

But the sailor cannot stay. Ever the sea calls him. So after a few brief years on the island, the captain fitted out the schooner "Minerva," manned her with island men, and leaving the fair-haired Hannah Caroline, who had rapidly learned the language of her husband, he set out for northern waters on a sealing expedition.

Months passed—years. The Minerva with her crew of nineteen never returned. Four years later the ghastly tale of death in the frozen north was brought to the stricken island, where hardly a home was not bereaved. For fifty-two years Hannah Caroline lived in sight of the Mount Desert hills, three thousand miles from the home of her childhood, and today she lies with her kinsfolk-by-marriage in the little cemetery in Southwest Harbor.

"All that now remains of Samuel Hadlock of Maine is a gold snuff-box; a silhouette cut in London in 1824; an old compass, maps, and a chart; a marriage certificate in German script; and two tattered copybooks crowded with faded entries in a vigorous Spencerian hand; these and a story of love and tragedy."

—Isabel Cumming.

## The Lively Lady

By Kenneth Roberts

**T**HIS story deals with a certain young man of Arundel in the Province of Maine. Time: year of the outburst of our second great war with England, the War of 1812. Few wanted war, the good people of Arundel least of all. But when the British commenced to impress innocent Yankee sailors, indeed, captains, into the British navy, there was little else to be done. The certain young man of Arundel fully appreciated that, after having been taken from the very deck of his own ship and placed on a British sloop-of-war. Only a lucky escape ever brought him back to his home. But he and his friends could never forget. With revenge in their hearts they put out to sea once more, this time in a fast sloop, privateering. They ran down British vessels, took prisoners, took valuable cargoes, did every thing except return ill-treatment upon their enemies. They made a fortune for themselves in seized goods. But life was not without its hell. Disaster swept down upon the small group of Yankees. They lost their ship. They marched as bitter prisoners to the great prison at Dartmoor. They suffered, and they died. They were nothing but insects in that miserable hole. They lived for days, weeks, months without daylight. They were punished cruelly for no offense. They were slaughtered like sheep in a massacre which took place long after

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# FUNNY BONERS

Persons always making scenes—stage hands.

Lawyer: [trying to badger witness]—And where did you see him milking your cow?

Witness: A little back of the center.

The latest definition of rigid economist—a dead scotchman.

Ruth—He told me he could live on my kisses.

Helen—Are you going to let him?

Ruth—Not until I find out what I'm going to live on.

Boss—There's two dollars missing from my desk drawer and no one has a key but you and I.

Office boy—Well let's each put a dollar back and forget it.

Father: What would you do if I gave you a hundred dollars?

Son: Count it.

Ed-y R-ss: Your'e a low down, spineless jelly-fish, and do you know what I'm going to do to you?

J-r-y U-t-n: No, what?

R-ss: I'm going to break every bone in your body.

"Life!" said the judge. A short word, but a long sentence.

Con—What sort of a man is he?

Don—The only thing he ever got honestly was his rheumatism.

## CAN YOU DO IT?

Say these fast six or seven times:

[1] Rubber Buggy Bumper. [2] Toy Boat.

Wife—Why is it that we can never save any money?

Husband—The neighbors keep doing things that we can't afford.

She—Mrs. Skidmore was terribly embarrassed when she had a party Sunday and there were thirteen at the table.

He—Why, is it superstitious?

She—No, but all she had was twelve of everything.

Will: "I guess that Abner's in love with that school-teacher over in Plum Hollow."

Bill: "Think so?"

Will: "Yep. He was in town Saturday tryin' to swap his shotgun fer a bath tub."

Father: What, you paid \$3 for an old laying hen?

Son: Yes, pop, I wanted one that was experienced.

Patient: Doctor, did you ever make a serious mistake?

Doctor: Yes, I once cured a millionaire in three days.

An agitated assistant rushed up to the manager of the big store. "We've just caught a woman shop-lifting."

Manager: What has she taken?

Asst.: Fifty yards of elastic.

Manager: Tell her that she's in for a long stretch.

Visitor [hungry]—And what time do you have dinner, my little man?

Little Man—Soon as you've gone, I heard ma say.

D-t Str-ck-nd: It must be quite three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you, you have aged so!

Al-c- Fl-r-s: Well, I wouldn't have known you either, except for that dress.

Jones: Where have you been?

Brown: To the cemetery.

Jones: Any one dead?

Brown: All of them.

Willie, accompanied by Father and Mother, was crossing the ocean. Father and Mother were both very seasick, but Willie was not. Throughout the trip he had been annoying the passengers. Finally his mother, turning to the father, said in a very weak voice, gasping between each word, Father—I wish—you'd—speak—to—Willie."

Father, turning a sea-green face toward the rampant youngster, spoke in a languid voice, "How-de-do, Willie."

B-tty B-rk-r: What shall I do when I can't express myself?

B-rb-ra C-x: Go by parcel post.

[Heard by a freshman].

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a Captain."

"Then I lose my bet."

"What did you bet?"

"I bet that he must be dead."

An eye-opener—The baby at 6 a. m.



Mother—What were your sister and her beau talking about?

Little Brother: Their kith and kin.

Mother: That's a very proper thing to be talking about, how did they come to speak of that?

Little Brother: Well, he said, "May I kith you," and she said, "you kin."

Teacher to L-c-lle F-gg: What is a relief?"

[Gong rings].

L-c-lle: There's one.

Madame: Please translate the French.

S-lly W—de-ck: In French?

#### Lovers' Lane:

3rd floor recess—E. E. and A. F., A. W. and P. J., P. K. and K. W., E. H. and R. S.

Judge: What is your age, madam?

Witness: I've seen thirty-one summers.

Judge: How long have you been blind.

T-m- N-ch—son: [taking his watch from beneath his pillow]: A quarter to eight and no one has called for me yet. I shall certainly be late to class if they don't come soon.

J-m D-uph-nee: What's that noise in the library?

Re-ie: Must be history repeating itself.

The tourist had been inspecting the little country church. "Why is the bell ringing, my man?" he asked the verger as he was stepping out into the open again. "Cause I'm pulling the rope," came the sour reply.

H-l-n B-nd: Why does a red-headed girl always marry a quiet fellow?

R-th Th-rst-n: She doesn't. He just gets that way.

N—h Edm-nst-r: How old is this cow?

D-n-ld Br-dg-s: Two years.

N—h: How do you know?

D-n-ld: By looking at her horns.

N—h: What a fool I am. I might have seen that she has two horns.

#### HERE AND THERE

A gentle breeze is blowing on a wild summer afternoon when the door of the large red building on outer State Street is opened, and out walks a boy, crying and looking rather haggard. A passerby, a low, contemptible, freshman, Jimmie Hathorne, zoologist, insect hunter, bird lover, etc., etc., et cetera, while hunting for a catoreloquium [don't ask me what it is] spies poor Edgar [Alice] Enman. Moved by this pitiful sight Jimmie tried to comfort Alice, pardon me, Edgar, but

he had a difficult task. Between sobs Edgar gave out this sad tale. [Edgar is telling story now.] I was in my study room [sob—sob, and a couple of snuffles] diligently studying [?] when a thought came to me [on a kiddy year], why couldn't I stand one needle on top of another [Tish-tish] [Jimmie Dauphinee put out the fire]. Well I tried and tried but to no avail. I was still trying a week later in front of my favorite store [the red and gold store] when the wagon drove up, two attendants jumped out and had me inside in a jiffy. They said I was crazy. [Well isn't he?] When I arrived they wanted to see in what class I should be put so they put a pan under the faucet and turned the water on and gave me a dipper, telling me to start bailing out the water and to empty the pan. Well I started but I could make no headway [no head]. After ten hours the attendants returned and said that there was no class dumb enough for me and told me to leave. But this is not all, before he left he wanted to know how this test could be passed, so the attendant showed him. He shut off the water faucet and then quickly bailed out the water. When this story reaches our readers poor Edgar will still be trying probably to stand one needle on top of another.

Ed. note: Edgar is a senior! Tschk, tschk!

Freshman themes have nothing on Chevrolet cars! They both get bigger and better as the years pass on. The following is a masterpiece composed by an outstanding Frosh.

"Some times it payes to have a cold.

"I have a corn pach down in the lower part of our field. The skunks have been eating it and I have been eating it and I have been trying to shoot them all summer, but in vain. So I got my traps out and I set four of them. The next day I went down with my gun and sure enough. I had a big skunk and I short him, but did he sent me over.

It was a day or two before I recovered wholly. When I recovered I went to my traps with my gun and a cold. There was another skunk and the boy that was with me saw him first. The skunk made such an odor that the other boy could not get any where near him. But I had a cold and could not smell him and therefore it never affected me. It payes to have a cold wen you go skunk hunting.

P. S.—To dear teacher: Skunks allways remind me of a funny tonge-twister. I thought that you would probably like to know it as a fomer teacher learned it to me. This is it. A skunk sat on a stump. The stump said that the skunk stunk, the skunk said that the stump stunk—who stunk, the skunk or the stump?"

Flash! Flash! Bangor High School authorities recently made public an amazing statement—this is the statement: "The class of 1938 possesses the largest  
(Continued on page 34)



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success for the coming year

**Klyne's  
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## HOKUM

By Roberta Smith

**G**EORGIE-GEORGIE, puddin' and pie, kissed  
the girls and made them cry. Why a P.G.,  
Georgie? Love of study or of M. S.?—Betty  
Homans declares, "America, I love you, but, gosh,  
don't I hate New Jersey!—Helen Bond has  
given up the chain stores for bigger money. Many a  
good bargain has been found in an A and P, Helen—  
Pat Bell was seen all summer long going into the East-  
ern Trust Bldg. She says she gets a thrill out of going  
up in the elevator!—Lucille is breathing easily now  
that she has landed her fish-hook, line, and sinker—  
What wonderous powers a women hath! Gladys Ben-  
net [Brewer] succeeded in getting both McPhetres  
twins to a church supper! ! It took them three and a  
half hours to get home. The supper was in Winter-  
port! ! !

The dumbest quest of the month is attributed to  
Barbara Jarvis. Madame Beaupre in assigning the  
lesson for the next day said, "Tomorrow we will take  
two pages starting on page 407." About ten minutes  
later Barbie got up and asked, "What will the other  
page be?" —Just why Harold Moon comes up Pop-  
lar St. is a mystery no longer. Figure it out for your-  
self—Incidentally, the way we look at it, Arline is  
giving a certain young man a run for his money! !—  
Elnora Savage has gone for the good old purple in a big  
way and what we mean! !—Betty Moore swears she  
never uses any powder on her school girl complexion—  
A shining example to all her friends! Wow! ! !—  
"Blessed be the tie that binds" between a father and  
son—the son usually has it on! ! The worst pun of  
the month—and the best poem is:

I cannot write, I cannot draw  
I don't resemble Venus,  
I cannot sing, I cannot write  
I guess I'm just a genius!

Don't give up the ship, Edgar, maybe you're one in  
disguise! ! Come out of it, Edgar, come out of it!  
Ouch! ! I'm getting worse and worse. But here's a  
hot one. Bill Berry sent a card to Franny while he  
was away and the post man says this is the way it went:  
—"Hi Franny, how's Hope? Tell Whitey to save me  
a suit—Bill."

Some devotion and how! ! !—The "Ayer" out Broad-  
way is very sweet and sort of satisfying—let's have  
more of it—

There's a certain young lady in the senior class who  
believes in woman count shy. In case you are inter-  
ested she may be seen every afternoon in Bob Clel-  
land's drive-way—helping him wash the car! ! Blonds  
take to blonds, huh. Say? Just off the wires. Orders  
from head quarters have it that Lucille can only see  
her green necktie once a week now! !—tough lines.



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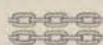
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University of Maine

Subject: Periodical Literature--What it Might  
Offer, and What we Pay for

Open Forum

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1934,

7:30 P. M.

## PORTLAND IS SUNK

(Continued from page 25)

Chase, c	c. Merrill, Brown
Gaskill, lg	rg. Adams, [C] Spearin
Romano, lt	rt. Upton, Hammond
Burns, D'Baise, le	re. Morrison, Bass
Lawson, qb	qb. Foss, Denihan,
Stover, lhb	lhb. J. Dauphinee, Bran-
	nan
Vance, Connor, rhb	rhb. Curran, Perry
Noel, Casey, fb	fb. Clelland, R. Dauphinee

Score by periods:

Bangor.....	0	6	0	13	—	19
Portland.....	0	0	0	0	—	0

Touchdowns: J. Dauphinee 2, Perry. Point after touchdown, Curran [rushing.] Officials: Referee, Wotton, [Maine.] Umpire, Hitchner, [Penn State]. Head line men, Kavanaugh, [Brewer.] Periods, 4 10's.

## Defeat

A hard hitting Winslow team downed the Crimson eleven to the tune of 13-0. This is Bangor's first defeat of the season, but they went down fighting. Arsenault, with his accurate passing, and Kurlovich, with his bruising line bucks, were the outstanding line gainers for the Black Raiders.

Winslow's assault began right at the opening kick-off. The kick-off was downed on the ten yard line, and they started an eighty yard drive until Bangor finally stopped them on their own ten. Bangor made several gallant stands, one on the six-inch line, but of no avail. The Winslow team followed up two perfect passes in the second period to gain those precious points. Bangor then showed their ability to come back in the second half. The line began to stiffen up and stop Winslow's running plays. In the second half, Bangor was deep within Winslow's territory. Twice they were almost up to the ten yard marker where Winslow intercepted forward passes. This second half fight and the one substitution showed the fine condition that the Bangor squad was in.

Summary:

### WINSLOW [13]

Pourier, le  
Millett, Wascenas, lt  
R. Roy, Rob Roy, lg  
Sadulsky, H. Roy, c  
F. Savasuk, Fedorovich, rg  
Maroon, [C] rt  
Horne, re  
Bourassa, Jwazdosky, re  
Arsenault, qb  
Poulin, lhb  
C. Savasuk, Shorey, lhb  
Kurlovich, rhb  
Albert Shorey, fb

### BANGOR [0]

Morrison, re  
Upton, rt  
[C] Adams, rg  
Merrill, c  
Lee, lg  
Doughty, lt  
Leek, le  
Ross, qb  
Curran, Perry, rhb  
Dauphinee, lhb  
R. Dauphinee, fb



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Score by periods:

Winslow.....	0	13	0	0	—	13
Bangor.....	0	0	0	0	—	0

Touchdowns: Kurlovich, Arsenault. Point after touchdown, Pourier [pass.] Referee, Edwards [Springfield]; umpire, Teemey [Waterville]; head linesman, Alvino [Fordham]. Periods 4 10s.

### HERE AND THERE

*(Continued from page 29)*

number of kiddie cars, tricycles, book-bags, roller skates, hair ribbons, and all day suckers of any Freshman class since that one of 1937."

When one of our special correspondents—Pegothy note-writer Tyler, discovered this colossal bit of news, she took a broad leap and a high jump for her self, and quick, fast, in a hurry like, came down to our sacred institution to investigate this striking statement, and she found it to be sad but very true. While she was there, she thought it best to get the low-down on what's what and why. As a consequence of this overwhelming idea, she produced the following figures the next day.

Kiddie cars—87—49 of which had trailer attachment for books.

Tricycles—20—all of which had three wheels.

Book Bags—as many as there are Freshmen.

Roller skates—7 pair—5 of which were secured from Bobbie Benson and his H Bar O Rangers.

Hair Ribbons—worn by 66 Freshman girls. Note: The well-dressed little Frosh has one to match each of her cunning dresses.

All Day Suckers—consumed by 99 44/100% of the class during recess. Note: The other 56/100% had stomach-aches.

Now do you wonder why mothers turn gray?

### LAST MINUTE CONFESSIONS

*(Continued from page 17)*

#### Mr. Heal

The new athletic director, Mr. Durwood Heal, is a graduate of East Millinocket High School, Ricker Classical Institute, and Colby in the class of 1928.

In college he majored in mathematics. He always had a decided preference for athletics of all kinds, and gradually took up that work.

In reference to the football situation, Mr. Heal may be quoted as saying that "he could only be optimistic, and say that he hoped to do things" and that "there is a fine squad of boys out on the field working hard."

### BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

*(Continued from page 20)*

sion that here is an actor far beyond the usual run of so-called "stars."

Maureen O'Sullivan does a good piece of work in her



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unusually sensitive interpretation of the impulsive youngest daughter, and other more minor parts, such as the lisping cousin, Bella, and the girl-shy, stuttering, Octavius are cleverly carried out. The rather somber scenes are lightened considerably by the well-done bits of comedy introduced by Una O'Connor as Wilson, the maid, and, of course, Flush, the dog.

**GIRLS' ATHLETICS***(Continued from page 26)*

girls were received into the Council: Hockey Party: Hazel Chalmers, Betty Smart, Sara Whitney, Lois Smith.

Basketball banquet: Barbara Welch, Rachel Kent.

Freshman assembly: Ann Tyler, Virginia Moulton.

Council members try to bring in only the very best girls—girls who have responsibility and are willing to work for it all during their years at B. H. S.

To be chosen for the Council certainly is a very great honor, and one that all girl athletes certainly should desire and work for.

Officers of the G. A. H. C. for the year 1934-35 are:

President..... Helen Bond  
Vice-President..... Kay Whitney  
Treasurer..... Barbara Jarvis

Members are:

Helen Bond	Sarah Whitney
Kay Whitney	Betty Smart
Ruth Thurston	Virginia Moulton
Barbara Jarvis	Ann Tyler
Betty Homans	Peggy Tyler
Hazel Chalmers	Lois Smith
Lucille Fogg	Barbara Welch
Elnora Savage	Rachel Kent

**THE LIVELY LADY***(Continued from page 27)*

peace had been declared between the two belligerents. This was English love for her child-nation!

Our certain young man of Arundel struggled with the rest, and, fortune taking his weary hands, led him from Dartmoor, led him forever from the gored, mangled bodies of his countrymen, led him to the only one who could give him what he had ever hoped for in life.

Here is a story that, in its very bitterness, is so true it will make you see red, it will send the blood literally pounding through your veins, it will make the perspiration stand on your forehead! You will live every crowded moment by the hero's side as he lived it. You will know the pang of defeat, the swelling pride of victory, the wretchedness and torture of war prison, and the eternal happiness of a great passion.

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