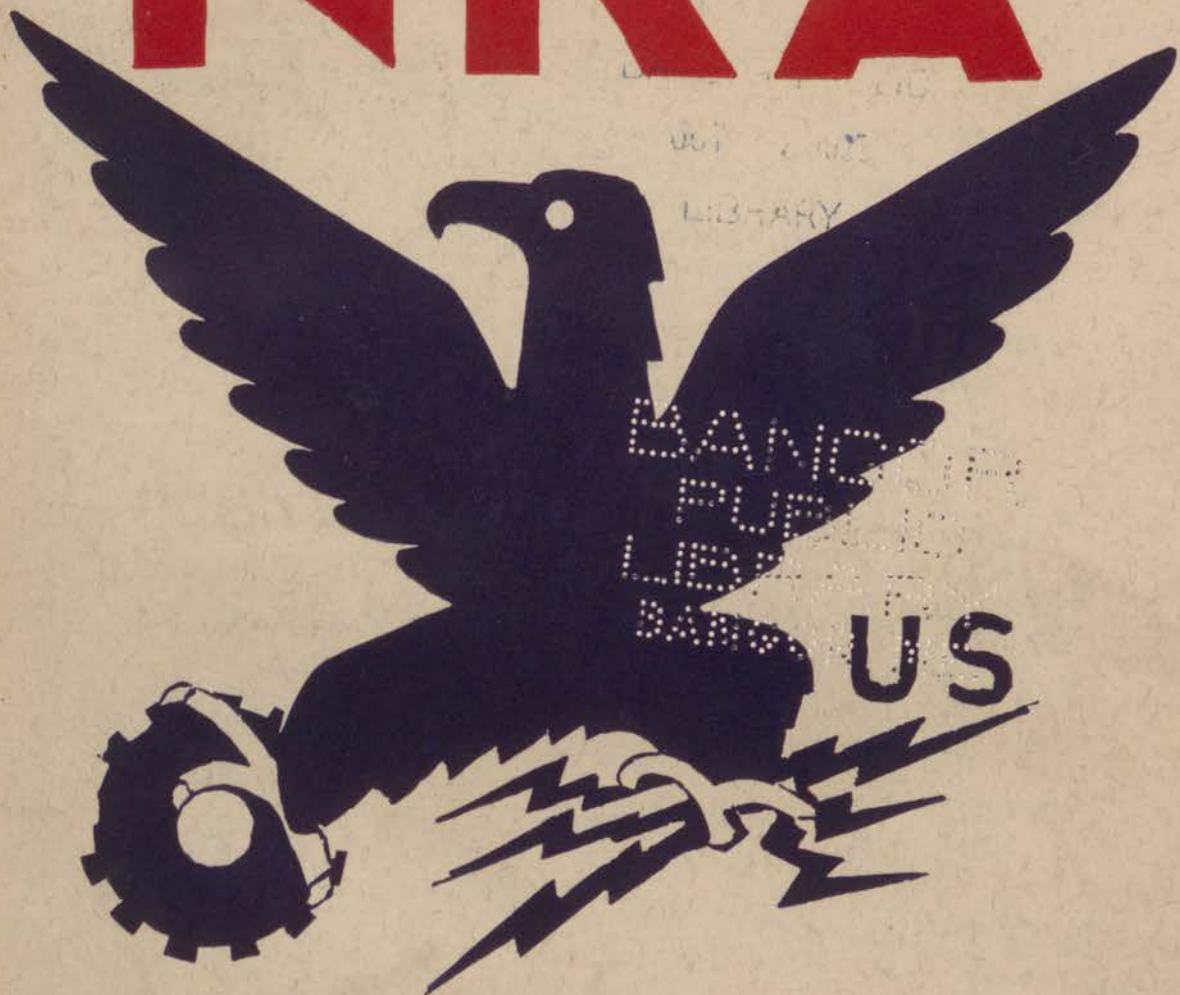


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A TOAST

In every little corner
Of our mighty U. S. A.,
A bright, blue eagle hovers,
The sign of the N. R. A.

Since every business has its code
And everyone a chance,
We'll soon be on the prosperous road.
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Let's stand behind our president,
And we shall see the day
When we are proud that we have lent
A hand in the N. R. A.

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FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC
CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI



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Number I

October, 1933

THE BLUE EAGLE

THE N. R. A.—under the sign of the great Blue Eagle—is an emergency measure which was initiated by President Roosevelt to put people to work and to get the wheels of industry and business started again.

The plan, in brief, puts pressure on one spoke of the wheel in order to set the whole cycle in motion. The purpose is to maintain a definite and constant balance between capital, labor, and consumption. No one of these three essential factors is to get out of proportion; that is, we must have neither too much nor too little of any one factor.

Thus, under the N. R. A., the employers put more men to work. These men, in turn, spend their wages for the things they need. The factories, with business booming because of restored buying power, increase production, money begins to circulate freely and we have prosperity again.

At the very outset we are assured by the best authorities that the plan is entirely practicable. These things *can* be done, and each step *can* follow the one before with absolute certainty. Naturally the question that immediately arises is this: *will* these things be done? The answer is that they can and will be done only through cooperation. Even a small minority of "knockers" can ruin the whole plan. Business will be started again

not by some employers doing their part, but by *all* employers, and employees working together as much as possible.

Most of the employers will cooperate: witness the large numbers who already have enrolled under the N. R. A. The others will have to, if public sentiment and spirit is so aroused as to compel them; and this public opinion will be aroused if we all continually boost and back the Blue Eagle.

There are those who do not thoroughly understand the tenseness and the danger in our present situation. In the past when people were starving and governments were helpless to relieve conditions, the people often revolted and took matters into their own hands. Naturally we do not predict so dark a future for our country, but we do suggest that the wise thing to do, now that the government has attempted a plan, would be to support that plan while we have the chance. Under any circumstances such as these, there are always plenty of non-supporters, "weak-sisters", who simply throw up their hands in despair. If all were like these, there would be just cause for despair. But we may be thankful that the American people have never yet failed in any great emergency.

Still, there would be no sense in asking anybody to support a plan that wouldn't work. However, right here in Bangor we can already

see encouraging results. Naturally we will never see the spectacular boom of a factory town, but we can see enough to hearten us. Our stores have put many people to work and have raised the wages of those already employed. In the following extracts taken from the themes of Bangor High students we get a glimpse of what the N. R. A. means to citizens in our own town.

Although the N. R. A. is still in its infancy, it has helped thousands of people not only by putting more men to work, but by paying more wages and shortening the hours. For example, I have two brothers. The N. R. A. has given one four days vacation a month where before he didn't have any time off. The other brother has an increase of twelve percent in wages. Many other people have

been helped in the same way.

I have consulted my uncle and father, who are restaurant owners and they think it is a wonderful idea. Already they have employed five people and have increased the wages during the past two weeks. Of course, their expenditures are increasing but if every employer does his part to help the N. R. A., business will begin to show a gain once more.

The other day I was talking with the son of a prominent gasoline man who is under the N. R. A. His opinion was very favorable towards the N. R. A. as they hired more men and raised the salary of five. He said that since the N. R. A. has gone into effect the people have more time for pleasure as they can work only forty eight hours a week.

ATHLETICS

A new era in athletics has begun at Bangor High School, a new era which we have every reason to believe will be a great success. In Malcolm Willis, our new faculty manager of athletics, we have an enthusiastic, energetic leader, who has the best interests of the boys and of the school at heart at all times. Walter Ulmer, Ed Trowell and the rest of the coaching staff are all fine men and character builders as well as coaches.

But there are two things essential to carry on a successful and winning athletic program. One is competent management of the business end, plus good coaching, and we have that, as previously mentioned. The other thing is perhaps even more important; that is, the whole-hearted support of the student body for the team that is out there representing them. This enthusiasm must start of course with the students and include the faculty and alumni.

Although we realize that this subject has been hashed and rehashed, the fact still remains that moral support is absolutely necessary for a winning club, and I'm sure we all

want a winner. So every student get behind our team and boost. Be for Bangor High School one hundred per cent, win, lose, or draw; and when you show me that kind of spirit, I'll show you a fighting and winning team.

The price of student season tickets has been slashed to fifty cents—a drastic reduction from last year and surely within the reach of everyone. For this greatly reduced fee, the spectators also will get a better show. First of all, a snappy and flashily uniformed team.

Second, a great schedule. No set-ups in a card that opens with Bapst on September 23 and will extend through November 18 when our own Crimson team will probably journey to the Bay State to play one of the top-ranking schools of that section. Third, more novelties such as games between the halves, marching by the band, peppy cheerleaders, student card stunts in the stands and all the rest of the spectacular show that makes football the greatest game of all—the King of Sports.

R. H.



THE REBELLION IN THE HOUSE OF MAULE

By

PHYLLIS SMART

LILLIAN MAULE looked around the sunny kitchen of her home, and sighed happily. "It certainly does seem good to get home," she said. "College was fun though. I'll never forget the good times I had,—but, Moms, why didn't you come to my graduation! Father made some vague remark about a cold you had, but I knew a cold wouldn't have stopped you."

"Your father thought the trip would be too tiring as I *did* have a little cold,—but I was terribly disappointed, dear," answered Mrs. Maule sadly.

"As I remember it, when Gladys graduated, Father wouldn't let you go for the very same reason. Sometimes I think Father is rather unreasonable," Lillian said heatedly.

"Now, Lillian, you know I never question your father's judgment," replied Mrs. Maule, surprised that anyone should do such an unheard-of thing, "Eh—what are you planning to do this summer, dear?"

Immediately Lillian was all enthusiasm.

"Oh, Moms, Miss Reid, the head librarian, offered me a position as her assistant. You know, that's just the kind of work I've always liked. Of course, the salary isn't very large, but I can stay here at home, and yet I won't have to live on your kindness entirely. Miss Reid told me that she is going to resign next year, and that would give me a much higher place and better salary. What do you think, Moms?"

"Why, Lillian, I think that's just lovely!" cried her mother, her round, sweet face and mild, brown eyes lighting with pleasure, "Have you spoken to your father about it yet?"

Lillian's face abruptly hardened.

"Yes. He said that he'd never let me go out and work like any common drudge. Mother, doesn't that sound rather foolish to you?"

A small frown—the largest one Mrs. Maule could manage, however, appeared on her usually placid face.

"Why, I think librarians are most gentle. I can't see what your father doesn't like about a position like that."

Just then the front door slammed, and a masculine voice called peevishly.

"Isn't my supper ready yet, Elsie?"

"Oh, it's you, Richard! Just a minute, my dear, just a minute, and I'll have it right on the table," and Mrs. Maule bustled away, forgetting librarians and Lillian, everything but that her lord craved nourishment.

Lillian did not forget librarians as soon as her father's arrival, however, and during supper, she said to her parent, "Have you any good reason why I shouldn't be a librarian, Father?"

"You have my views on the subject, Lillian. I do not see why any reasons should be given. I would rather not discuss it any more."

Mrs. Maule opened her mouth several times, and about five minutes later had the audacity

to say timidly, "Really, Richard, I think it's a very nice chance for Lillian. Miss Reid is one of the most intelligent women in Sterling."

Richard Maule could hardly believe his ears. Was it really Elsie, his dutiful wife, who was speaking thus to him? He stared haughtily through his glasses at her for a solid minute, and, when Mrs. Maule was again feeling satisfactorily inferior, he answered, "You will kindly leave this matter to me, Elsie!"

Lillian then casually remarked, "I think I'll go to Worcester tomorrow and visit Gladys for a few days."

"Perhaps you can get some sense from Gladys," retorted her father, "She knows her place is at home with a husband and family, instead of out working—working like a man!"

The next day, after Lillian had gone, Mrs. Maule suddenly remembered that the Ladies' Night of the Commercial Club was to be held that very evening. Of course, Richard belonged to the Commercial Club; he belonged to every important organization in town. Dear Richard *always* insisted that she attend Ladies' Night, but what would she wear?

Oh, yes, Mrs. Maule was only an ordinary woman. She wanted a new dress. Of course, Richard had said upon inquiry that she should wear the dress she got last year for Ladies' Night; it was a perfectly good dress. Well, what if they would all know it was the one she wore last year? Women are the fussiest creatures!

Mrs. Maule sighed as she started downtown to do the daily marketing. As she passed the windows of the city's largest department store, she noticed, oh, such an attractive little blue silk! With a guilty feeling, she sidled nearer the window to look at the price tag. Nine dollars! Why, that was a bargain! She could go in and see it closer. Of course, she wouldn't buy it, but surely just looking at it wouldn't do any harm.

A clerk hurried up, all smiles and gestures. "May I help you, Madame?"

Mrs. Maule giggled nervously.

"Eh-ah, I'd, eh, like to look at that blue

dress in the window if you wouldn't mind." Mind? Of course not! The clerk would be delighted to show it to Madame. Immediately the blue dress was dangling before Mrs. Maule's dazzled eyes. Now, wouldn't Madame like to go right into this little room—right here, that's it—and try it on?

Mrs. Maule's lips started to form a refusal, but, before she could speak, she was hustled into a large closet, with a full length mirror on the wall, and the door was closed, leaving her alone with the blue dress.

A little imp inside Mrs. Maule began to whisper, "Certainly it would do no harm to try it on," and closing her ears to her conscience, Mrs. Maule slipped the dress over her head with trembling fingers.

Stepping first this way and that in front of the mirror, she fancied she could hear the admiring remarks from the women on Ladies' Night—"Elsie, my dear, it fits you to perfection," "Where did you get such a creation?", and so on.

The clerk softly opened the door.

"Ah, Madame, you are ravishing in it! The color exactly suits you—and such a bargain, only nine little dollars! Madame cannot afford not to take it."

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Mrs. Maule handed the clerk a ten-dollar bill. Before she quite realized what had really happened, she was left alone at the counter with the dress, neatly wrapped, and the change in her hand.

Then and only then, did she begin to waken from her daze. Oh, what would Richard say? He would be so angry because she had bought it without his permission, and that was not all. The dress was light blue, and Richard thought light colors were altogether too frivolous for middle-aged women; it had short sleeves and a low neck, yes, even a corsage of velvet violets at the shoulder.

With a heart heavy as lead, Mrs. Maule turned her steps toward home, forgetting the marketing in her guilt. Faint with dread, and yet with a strange feeling of satisfaction in her purchase, she prepared dinner, and,

when her husband came home, she took the bull by the horns, so to speak and said weakly, "Eh, Richard, my dear—."

"Well, what's on your mind, Elsie?" he asked jovially, the smell of a savory dinner in his nostrils. She blurted out the whole terrible thing.

"Richard, I bought a new dress this morning. It cost only nine dollars—."

"A new dress? Elsie, let me see it at once. I distinctly told you that you did not need one."

Mrs. Maule began to snifle.

"Oh, but, Richard, it was such a bargain—!"

She scurried away, and brought back her temptation.

"Elsie! This is too cheap-looking for words. My wife shall not be seen in public, wearing such a dress!"

A queer feeling of rebellion, altogether new to her, seeped into Mrs. Maule's heart. Strange words rose to her lips.

"Richard, last year I felt positively ashamed. All the other women had evening dresses on, and I—I wore that horrid, snuff-colored, long-sleeved, awkward-looking thing. This dress is very stylish-looking, I think."

"If this is the way you are going to act and speak to me, I shall say nothing more. If you wish to be a laughing-stock, you may," her husband replied with dignity.

That evening, Mrs. Maule still felt faintly rebellious. She wondered greatly at her restless feelings. Where was her former wifely spirit? She would try to show Richard that she was truly sorry for what she had done—nevertheless, she wore the new dress!

Elsie Maule was one of the most attractive women at the club that night. Even her husband grudgingly admitted it—to himself. Her eyes bright, and her cheeks pink with excitement, she moved among the others, practically walking on air.

"Ah, Mrs. Maule, may I say you are looking very beautiful tonight?" cried the President of the Club, Ralph Giles.

"My dear, your dress is perfect!" gushed his wife, "Come, Ralph, we must greet Mr.

and Mrs. Smith; they have just arrived," and hauling her husband out of earshot, she changed her manner abruptly.

"Beast! Why didn't you yell your extravagant compliments so they could hear you in the next town? Praising that dumpy little Elsie Maule, and sneering at your own wife!"

All was not harmony between the Maules either. Mr. Maule felt that his wife should be respected for her virtue, not praised for her beauty, and he told her so in very loud tones and strong terms.

"Why any man is fool enough to fill a woman's head with tommy-rot like that, is more than I can see!"

"Hush, Richard, the others will hear you!" whispered Mrs. Maule nervously.

"Elsie, it's high time we were going home," roared her liege lord, ignoring her weak protest entirely. His wife followed meekly enough, but once inside their own home—.

"Richard, do you really think such remarks as you made were entirely necessary?"

"Elsie, evidently you do not appreciate what I have done for you," replied Mr. Maule sadly and irrelevantly.

"Oh, Richard, you have been one of the best husbands a woman ever had, but tonight—," began Mrs. Maule.

"I try to be a good husband," interrupted her spouse with dignity. "Therefore, Elsie, tonight I saved you from yourself. You cannot deny that you were enjoying Giles' mouthings."

"Oh, Richard, forgive me!" Her husband shone once more as the only star of Mrs. Maule's heart, but like a comet, the thought of President Giles' words kept flashing warmly through her mind.

Mr. Maule did not sleep very well that night. He felt that his wife wasn't thoroughly subdued. In all their thirty years of married life, she had never acted like this. There was no other explanation but that she was feeling ill. He was really worried about her. He would call up Gladys in the morning; surely she would help him out.

(Continued on page 36)

MURDER

BY MERRILL ELDRIDGE

MARKMAN, the philatelic detective, had been called into his first murder case, as he frankly stated to Mr. Charles Russell, New York Superintendent of Detectives, at whose request he had come to New York, where they were now seated in Russell's office discussing the case.

There was very little to go on. The dead man, Phillip Weeks, was a member of the Collectors' Club. His body, with its throat cut nearly from ear to ear, had been found by two small boys near a little used path in Central Park. Russell was his friend and, when the police had made no progress in twenty-four hours, had sent for Markman, in whom he had implicit faith.

There had been no signs of a struggle, said Russell. He simply lay there in a pool of blood in the early morning, and some twenty feet away the police, who had been called by the boys, found the bloody razor with which the terrible deed had been done. There were no clear fingerprints on it, and there were no definite footprints to help in the investigation.

The man was identified by letters in his pockets, and his body now lay in the morgue, awaiting official action, of which there seemed to be very little prospect. And the queer part of it was that he had not been robbed in any way. Apparently it was a cold-blooded murder. It might have been caused by enmity, but the man had few friends and no enemies, so far as anyone knew.

"Tell me all you know about him," said Markman finally. "Perhaps we can hit on a clue."

"There is very little to tell," replied Russell. "He was an odd sort of fellow, keeping his own counsel and staying very much to himself. I probably knew him better than anyone else at the Club because I sensed his loneliness and tried to make him warm up to me, but I never got very far. He told me one

time that he came here from Martinique, and that in the eruption of Mt. Peelee he had lost every relative he had in the world.

"He lived alone, and spent a good many of his evenings at the Club, reading extensively in the library, sometimes trading or buying stamps. But he was odd, as I said, and inclined to be morose. When he felt he knew a thing, he would listen to no opposite opinion, so the boys were rather inclined to let him alone, a decision which seemed to suit him perfectly.

"He had a pretty valuable collection which we found in his rooms when I went there yesterday with the police looking for clues. There was just one thing missing. A short time ago he came to the Club one evening with an old collection that he had turned up somewhere, and in his glum way was evidently very happy over a 24c Airmail stamp with the center inverted. As you know this stamp is worth about \$3000.

"We crowded around to see the treasure, and, when one of our experts ventured to



RUSSELL POINTED OUT THE SPOT

doubt its being genuine, he flew into quite a rage. He said that before buying the collection he had studied everything in the library on the subject, and he *knew* it was all right.

"The boys were inclined to laugh the matter off and drop it, but he argued excitedly a few minutes, and then slammed the album shut and walked out with it. Now, that collection is also in his rooms, but the Airmail stamp is missing. Yet it doesn't seem possible that he could have been murdered for just that stamp."

"I should hardly think it probable," said the detective slowly. "Had he any other peculiarities that might help us?"

"Nothing I have been able to think of," answered Russell. "He was left-handed, but that has no bearing on the case. Now do you want to go down and see the body, or go to headquarters and see the papers he had on him?"

"I'd like to go with you to the spot," replied Markman. "It is barely possible that we may find something the police have overlooked."

The place was unguarded now; the police had decided that there was nothing there to help solve the mystery. Russell pointed out the spot and the place where the razor was picked up. Markman looked and studied and walked about with his head bowed in thought. After a bit he stopped suddenly.

"Russell, I want you to witness this," he said. Taking his small tongs from his pocket, he picked up a tiny scrap of paper from behind a bush and held it out for Russell's inspection. Russell gasped. It was barely a quarter of an inch in size, but the collector saw in an instant that it was part of an airmail stamp. On hands and knees the two searched the grass and recovered several more bits, which the philatelic detective placed carefully in an envelope and put in his pocket.

"Now, let's go down to headquarters," he said. He held up a hand to check Russell's questions. "Let's not speculate on the possibilities yet. Wait and see what we find as we go further into the case."

At headquarters Russell introduced the detective and stated that he had called him into

the case, asking that he be shown the effects of the dead man. With a visible sneer on his face, after finding that Markman was not a certified detective, the sergeant turned them over to an officer who led them into a room and brought in a big manila envelope.

Markman looked closely at the various articles—the old-fashioned, heavy watch, pen, pocket-book, etc., and then picking up the letters and papers began to peruse them closely. At one letter he touched Russell's foot, warningly, and passed it to him. Russell was obliged to conceal his emotions as he read a letter to the dead man from one of the greatest stamp authorities, regretting being obliged to inform him that the stamp that he was returning was undoubtedly but a clever counterfeit. The letter was dated five days previously.

Mr. Markman arose, thanked the officer, and told Russell he would now view the body. In the cab on the way to the morgue Russell said, "What do you think, Markman? Is it possible it was suicide?"

"I think there is very little doubt of it. That letter broke his heart. From what you have told me of his character I think he could not face the other members of the club and have to admit that he was wrong."

"But how could he have killed himself and the razor be found twenty feet away? He dropped in his tracks and his own razor and brush were in his rooms. I made sure of that."

"That is the weak link," said Markman frankly. "I cannot account for it so far. Let us hope that a view of the body will be of some help."

At the morgue the officer on duty had evidently heard from headquarters, for he also had a look of derision on his face as he led the pair to the body. The detective looked fixedly at it for a few moments. Then he turned to the officer and said: "The man is undoubtedly dead."

"Any fool could tell that."

"You noticed it, did you?" replied Markman. "And did you also notice that he was killed by a left-handed man?"

(Continued on page 32)

THE

DRAMATIZED FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF WASHINGTON IRVING

Act I, Scene I

Time: 9 P. M.

Place: In the drawing room of Leslie's home.

The scene takes place in George Leslie's magnificent mansion. Mary rushes to the door to receive her first guest, George's best friend, Washington Irving.

Mary: Washington, how glad I am to see you! You are the first one to arrive.

Wash: How do you do, Mary? How well you are looking this evening!

Mary: Thank you, Washington. (She courtesies) Let me take your coat, George is awaiting your arrival. (Bell rings loudly and other guests arrive.)

(After the guests are assembled, the men group in one part of the room to discuss present day politics, while the women play whist.)

Betty: One no trump.

Helen: I pass. I have not a face card in my hand. Isn't that disgusting?

Elnora: Remember, girls, we shouldn't talk across the board. It's your bid, Sally.

Sally: Two no trump.

Betty: But my dear Sally, that's my bid. You see——(the scene switches to the other side of room).

George: If Mr. Blank gets elected, the whole country will go Whig!

Guy: It stands to reason, if the——

William: (breaks in) It's all nonsense! Whether the country goes Whig or Federal makes no difference.

Donald: Let's not spoil the party by talking politics.

Artemus: I agree with Don. Say, boys, let's show the women how to play whist.

(The men join the women).

(Extra tables are set up, and a lively game is started once more.)

Mary: (trying to start a conversation in

which the men would be interested) William, who do you think will be our next president?

William: Well, Mary, that's a question which needs a great——

Donald: Stop him, that's all he talks about.

William: As I was saying, Mary——

Betty: I agree with Don, let's not talk about politics (she changes the subject to feminine things) Elnora, have you seen Helen's new dress? It's sweet! It is so——

William: Well, in my estimation, politics are more important than dresses. I am firmly——

Artemus: I give up. I guess it is useless to keep him still.

The bridge game is finally broken up and refreshments are served. While they are eating, the door bell rings sharply.

(Curtain)

Scene II

Time: 10 P. M.

Place: In the Hall.

Spirop: (opens the door) Yes?

Mess: A message for Mr. Leslie, sir. (Mess. tips cap and exits from left) (Spirop exits from right).

(Leslie hastily tears open message—reads it aloud once—grows white—gropes for support—and clenches the message in his fists.)

(At that moment Washington goes into the hall in search of his friend. Worried by the sight of Leslie, he asks:)

Wash: Bad news, Leslie, old boy? (no answer).

Wash: I say, old top, have you had bad news?

Leslie: Yes, I have not a penny in the world. My wife—oh, how will she take it—she must not find out.

Wash: Nonsense, you must tell her right away. Cheer up, this isn't the worse thing

WIFE

BY LUCILLE EPSTEIN, LUCILLE FOGG AND JULIET SPANGLER

that could happen. What if your mother or Mary had been killed? Mary will take it like an angel, I know. You're lucky to have such a fine woman to tell your trouble to.

Leslie: No, no, Washington, I can't tell her. She has been used to luxury all her life. All her dreams will be shattered. She must never know.

Wash: Brace up, old man. You must promise me that you will tell Mary the first thing in the morning. Come, give me your word.

Leslie: It will be a difficult task. No, no, Washington, I can't do it! Poor Mary, oh my poor wife!

Wash: If you want your marriage to continue to be happy, you must tell her, and let her help you in this trouble.

Leslie: All right, I promise, Washington.
(Curtain).

Act II, Scene I

Time: 8:30 A. M.

Place: Breakfast room.

Spirop is in the breakfast room—George enters.

Spirop: Good morning, sir.

Geo: (in a daze) Er—Good morning, Spirop.

(Mary's pleasant voice is heard from the hall!)

Good morning, everybody. (Mary enters)

My, isn't it a glorious day! George, dear, you don't know—why what is the matter? You look so pale.

George: Why——er——nothing is the matter. I——er——.

Mary: (with bewilderment): George, are you ill?

George: No, Mary, really I'm all right. Let's have breakfast. (Mary and George sit down to eat).

Mary: It was a grand party last night, wasn't it? We have an invitation to go over to Sally's this evening. I told her that I'd let her know whether we could go or not. Will you be able to go?

George: Er——yes. I mean——er——no. What did you say?

Mary: George, I know that there is something wrong—womething is bothering you. Won't you tell me what it is?

George: (thoughtfully) Well, Mary, I'm afraid that there won't be many more gay times as there were last night.—I——



"THERE IS A LITTLE DARLING HOUSE"

Mary: (interrupting) Why, George, I know you are ill!

George: No, Mary, I'm perfectly well, physically, but—but—well—er—. You know that big real estate deal Mr. Getchel and I were putting over?

Mary: (listening intently) Yes.

George: Well I'm afraid everything is *lost*!

Mary: (calmly) You mean that you've lost all the money which you invested in the big deal?

George: (hysterically) Yes, Mary, isn't it simply *awful*?

Mary: Why of course not, dear. Our life has been too idle for us to really enjoy it. One doesn't realize how much more fun it is to sacrifice things which he wants, and to work hard for what one gets. Why, George dear, you don't know how fortunate we are to have lost our money. I know that it sounds queer, but you just wait until we've got used to a different life, and you'll see how much we'll enjoy it. Why, then, George, we'll get the real benefit out of life. Really, dear, when I think of it, I can hardly wait until we sell the house and move someplace else; we're going to, aren't we, dear?

George: (heaving a sigh of relief) Yes, Mary, I believe we will. You don't know how grateful I feel now. You're just a perfect brick. I feel as though some little angel has just showered us with tons of happiness, joy, and sunshine.

Mary: (with enthusiasm) George, do you know where I'd *love* to live? There is a little darling house about twenty miles outside the city that has been for sale a long time. Why, dear, you don't know how nicely we could fix it up. The air is so pure in the country. There will be so many things to do. Oh, George, I can hardly wait until we see if we can get the house. Aren't you thrilled, George?

George: Mary, I'm so happy I can hardly speak!

(Curtain)



"A MESSAGE FOR MR. LESLIE, SIR"

Act III, Scene I

Time: 6 P. M.

Place: Just outside Leslie's new cottage.

Mary: (tasting one of the strawberries which she has just picked) My! aren't these berries good? The season has been just right, and the berries are so large that I didn't need to pick so many as I did. I shall save the rest for tomorrow morning's breakfast. Won't George be pleased? Really, now I wouldn't go back to the city for anything. I'll dip the pail into the spring and get the water. (She puts pail into a spring near-by.)

George: (Coming up the lane with Washington.) I'm so afraid that Mary won't like the housework, or the small house, or the country. She can't give the parties or entertainments that she used to give. She

(Continued on page 31)

POETRY

By REBECCA DOOEY



IN my tender years the word poetry meant a series of jingles—Nursery Rhymes, to be specific—which were painstakingly taught to me, for often I rebelled at wasting a few minutes of my precious time—time in which I was sure to find a more profitable way of amusing myself, making mud-pies for instance, than in reciting “Twinkle, twinkle little star.” In the presence of fond parents, these jingles were then recited in the typically shy, finger-in-mouth, swaying-back-and-forth manner of a little girl saying her first piece in public, to a group of seemingly admiring, wonder-struck friends (who doubtless thought that their own offspring could do much, much better.) Inevitably however, I grew a little older, and the demure “Mary, Mary, quite contrary” no longer suited my tomboyish attitude. So the troublesome jingles were left in the dust, and for a span of years I knew no poetry except that which was read to me.

In my fifth year of school, after the most important foundations of education had been formed, my teacher decided to give us a course in literature to heighten our interest and appreciation of poetry. It was then that I received my first impression of real poetry—and I mean *real* poetry, for I was well drilled in some of the classics, hardly one word of which I fully understood. If anyone had asked me then what poetry was, I should have glibly answered that it was a series of stanzas, number varied, of four lines each with opposite lines ending with rhyming words. It never occurred to my small, unpliant mind that there might be poems without rhymes. Poetry—well, it just wasn’t poetry if it didn’t rhyme. As I think of some of the masterpieces that I laboriously learned, I am inclined to believe that they were taught to us for that very reason. When a line ends with a word that is almost the same as one in another line, both

in sound and accent, it is much easier to fix in the memory. Even now, bits of Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life,” which I thought I had forgotten and lost forever, come to my mind unbidden. Other lines of poems, titles, authors and themes forgotten by this time, keep popping up when they are least expected.

Two or three years later, I took the prescribed study of poetry. By this I mean the study of meter, and meter only. Many a line of poetry was “underlined” and “overlined” with mystic long and short marks understandable only to those who were initiated. I soon had a different conception of poetry altogether. It became a nightmare, a curse upon my happy days. I delved into old, forgotten, dusty books seeking bits of poetry to “meterize.” But my study of meter did not detract from my firm adherence to rhyme. Instead, it added another fact to my convictions. Poetry with no meter and no rhythm—well, it might just as well be prose.

However, this study of meter gave me the “poetry bug.” I certainly was smitten. Why, I even wrote it—the usual stuff, all about “beautiful birds and butterflies flitting around in the warm summer sunshine, with pretty little flowers all nodding their heads”; you know the type. Even the effects of my works of art when read to an admiring (?) audience did not dampen my ardor. I read and read poetry, and then read some more. My parents grew actually worried, and often placed their palms upon my forehead to see if, by any chance, I were feverish. Nothing could stop me from poring over lyric lines, and scribbling small verses which I thought would surely gain undying fame for me in the near future. I dreamed of the adulation of multitudes that would be mine, and, I regret to say, I had these sweet day-dreams in school, and was often awakened most unpleasantly, to say the least.

However, one day my set ideas of poetry received a jolt that made it necessary to revise all my earlier impressions. I discovered that there actually was poetry that did not rhyme! At first my sensation was slightly resentful that no one had told me this before, but then the curiosity in Eve exerted itself, and I investigated. I found that poetry with no rhyming words had just as much lyrical and rhythmic quality as, and sometimes more than the poems using the every-other-line-a-rhyme effect. I promptly began to readjust my views, and to take a real enjoyment in poetry. Avidly I read such classics as I could lay my hands on, and gradually my appreciation deepened and broadened.

Today, I really enjoy reading poetry, but I certainly make no pretense of writing it as I did a few years back. I enjoy it as a sort of hobby, a pleasant pastime. No actual, grilling study is put into this hobby; it is merely a sideline, although one cannot read even a little poetry without absorbing some knowledge of the styles of writing.

There are poems expressing every emotion. Sadness, ecstasy, meditation, and comedy are all suggestive of different moods. To me poetry is an outlet of emotion through the author's ability to express these same feelings which I, myself, am unable to put into words.

Horace Stewart Visits World's Fair By Plane

Have you ever seen a record broken? Horace Stewart, a freshman in B. H. S., had that thrill at the International Air Races at Curtis Reynolds Field in Chicago when Jimmy Wedell broke the land speed record for airplanes. While in Chicago, Horace also went to the World's Fair. He was, he revealed, attracted by the bright colors of the buildings. Many of them were of stucco in gay colors of red, green, blue and purple; and, although the majority of them were only one story, many had towers.

When Horace was asked which city he liked the best, New York (where he stayed two days) or Chicago (where he remained three days) he laughingly replied that New York wasn't so hot as Chicago.

Although he only spent three days at Chicago, he managed to see many unusual and amusing things. He visited the Travel and Transport Building, the Firestone Building, where every phase of tire making was shown, the General Motors building (which he admitted he liked the best) and Ripley's Believe It Or Not Odditorium where many thousands of people came to see the freaks of nature.

The trip to Chicago was uneventful. But on the way back, after they had left Portland

by plane for Bangor, the ship ran into a bank of fog at Bath and had to turn back to Portland where the occupants of the plane took a train for Bangor. Horace, who had been up in a plane many times before this trip, stated that he didn't feel any unusual sensation in going up, but on coming down he was uncomfortably conscious of a great din in his ears.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE ORACLE 1932-33

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand.....	\$223.73
Yearly Subscriptions.....	515.22
Advertising, 6 issues.....	760.20
Junior Cuts.....	16.00
Senior Cuts.....	273.00
Club Cuts.....	46.25
Cash Sales.....	50.30

Total Receipts..... \$1,884.70

EXPENDITURES

Incidentals, postage, etc.....	\$16.08
Season Tickets.....	8.25
Journalistic Conference.....	8.00
N. S. P. A.....	3.55
Printing, 6 issues.....	1,196.30
Engraving, 6 issues.....	204.49
Extra edition, June Oracles.....	4.50

\$1,441.17

Balance..... \$443.53
(\$219.80 Net Profit 1932-33).

Respectfully submitted,
ALBERT GASS, *Business Manager*.
M. C. MULLEN, *Faculty Adviser*.

THE REALISTIC SCENE

BY ROBERT CANDERS



ARTHUR ATTEL was known as a man who had never stopped trying. To-night—after thirty-odd years of patient waiting and everlasting plugging he was to receive his reward. Broadway. What a difference after the small towns that he had played in before! Broadway! The crowning achievement of every actor's life.

But Arthur Attel was not well. The thirty years of constant working and traveling had taken their toll. He was getting quite far along in life. It was some time since he had begun his career at the age of twenty-one in a small Maine coast town. But Attel was determined to put his heart and soul into his performance tonight. What if his heart was a little weak? The play must go on!

A capacity crowd packed the large Broadway playhouse to see the world's premiere of "Life and Death", Broadway's gigantic spectacle. The large audience waited impatiently for the curtain with tremendous expectancy. This was to be the play of the age! Actors had been recruited from all over the country and even from Europe for this presentation. It had to be good!

The climax of "Life and Death" occurred in the final scene when the old man, after living an unsteady life, tells his son about his dishonesty. The shock and shame of the moment, added to the age of the man, is too much. The old man dies gasping his confession to his bewildered son. The foregoing

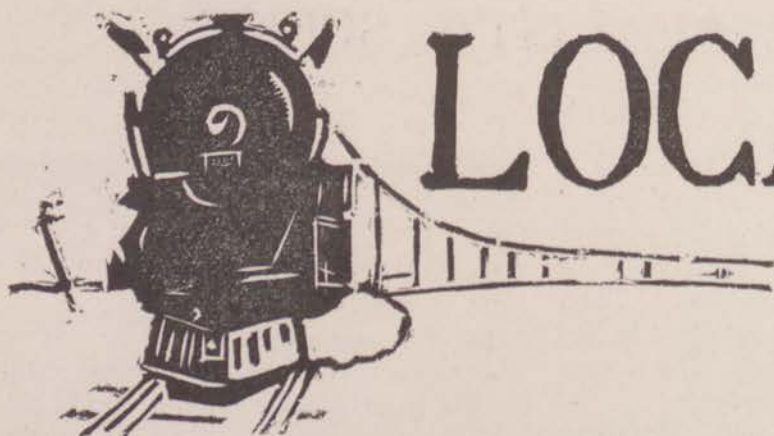
scenes, together with the strength of the story makes this scene tremendously heart-gripping. Arthur Attel had the role of the old man, and no one was more determined to make this play a success than he.

The first acts passed before the audience. They were received with very great pleasure by the many famous people who, along with the rank and file made the cosmopolitan crowd. The final act was awaited with great interest. It was sure to be extremely good after the success of the first acts.

At last it came time for the final scene. Everything was ready. Arthur determined to make good. This would be his best performance.

As the gasps of the dying old man ended, the curtain fell on the greatest play that had ever struck Broadway. For more than five minutes the applause was deafening. Arthur Attel had given a perfect characterization of the dying old man. Theatre-goers said it was the most perfect they had ever seen. And it was perfect, for behind the scenes, frantic actors and stage-hands struggled to bring Arthur Attel to consciousness. But a doctor pronounced him dead. He had put his whole heart into his last performance, and his poor weak heart was unable to stand the strain. The curtain had fallen not only on the play, but also on the life of the gamest actor of all time.





LOCALS

R. O. T. C.

Students! Ten-Shun! The military department of Bangor High School is ready to start off with a great big bang this year under the very able guidance and careful supervision of Major Robert T. Snow. Major Snow came to Bangor only last year, but he has done an excellent piece of work. Military affairs are getting under way in shorter time than usual, and uniform issue slips were distributed in the second week of school.

Since we have such a fine set of cadet officers, this ought to be a very good year for the R. O. T. C. Can't you just picture student Major Clarence Fields in that "snappy" new uniform swinging a shiny sabre and bawling orders at the top of his lungs? Oh boy! It must be a lot of fun to be a "big-shot" like Major Fields.

Ah!—but wait! There is a sad part to the majority of stories, and this one is no exception to the rule. Sergeant Beckert, who has been with us for a number of years, retires this fall with the rank of captain in the United States Army. We are going to miss his cheery smiles, his jokes, and even his occasional reprimands, but we wish him the best of luck in everything that he undertakes.

Sergeant Beckert's place will be filled by Sergeant Frank D. Donchez who has been an instructor at the University of Maine for several years. Sergeant Donchez, we extend a cordial welcome to you as one of our leaders

in the R. O. T. C., and the boys of B. H. S., you may rest assured, will cooperate with you in every way.

Our rifle club will begin in a short time with Stanley Getchell as its captain. Of course, you have not yet forgotten the great Hearst Trophy which last year's team won for us, and let us hope that the new team will be as successful.

Just now there is not a kink or a wrinkle in the military program which needs smoothing out, except the creases in trousers of some Sophomores. Things promise to run as smoothly as ever.

DEBATE CLUB

The Debate Club this year will turn first to its sponsorship of the stage presentations of Shakespeare's *MERCHANT OF VENICE* and *MACBETH*. A meeting was held September 19th to organize this project, the biggest that the Club has yet attempted. To produce these plays, *THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYERS* come direct from Lakewood Theatre where they will play one week. In Bangor, both plays will be presented on the same day, on the High School stage; the afternoon performance—*Merchant of Venice*—will start at three o'clock, and *Macbeth* at eight-fifteen.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYERS, featuring James Hendrickson and Claire Bruce have appeared successfully in leading colleges, universities, and theatres all over the country.

Their recommendations may be read on the bulletin boards now up in the corridors, and in the special advertising distributed by Club members. It's sure to be one big day, October 13th, not only for high school students, but for every play-goer in the city. The hall should be packed at both performances, for it will be an event such as the high school has not seen in a long, long time.

The usual autumn dance so successfully staged the past three seasons by the Debate Club will be omitted this year in order that all the attention may be given to the promotion of the Shakespeare Players. Rumor has it, however, that the club is planning a VALENTINE dance that will make former efforts in this field look tame indeed.

As soon as the excitement of the plays has cleared away, the Club will turn its attention to actual debating activities. Last year was extremely successful; an attempt will be made this season to extend the debates even further, allowing much new material to get a chance at meeting in interscholastic debates.

Attendance at the first meetings, and reports in addition, indicate that the membership of the organization this year will surpass the already high record set last season. By providing interesting and exciting programs and activities, the Debate Club offers every student a worth-while extra curricular activity.

LUNCH ROOM

Business in the Lunch Room started with a bang Thursday morning. My, my, how those girls have to hurry. Just think how full every minute of recess is for them while some of us just wander around aimlessly, accomplishing nothing special. (However, let us not forget those who can indeed get their studying done during recess.) Wouldn't we miss recess and the lunchroom if, by any chance, we didn't have them? Just imagine school without them. Y' know, it's nice to think of things like that—makes you appreciate what you've got.

TRYOUTS

It seems as though competition for Junior Exhibition were getting keener every year. Even now, the juniors are haunting the library, searching frantically for a piece for try-outs. Public speaking is a coming art, so to speak. Nowadays, preparation for a great many professions requires public speaking, because it plays a very important part in the world today. Take the radio, for instance. Think how little time announcers have in which to say as much as they do. Every minute is crammed with meaningful words, spoken in exactly the correct way. As for the tests which an announcer has to take before he can get any position, what isn't included in them about expression just isn't worth speaking about. So, juniors, make the most of the unusual opportunity which Bangor High offers you. And, sophomores, your expression classes are certainly worth whatever time and effort you spend on them.

BAND

The regular Tuesday night band rehearsals began on September 12 with Mr. Robinson as director. It is not definitely known yet how many will be in the band this year, but Mr. Robinson thinks that the number will be approximately the same as last year. There will be several, of course, from the freshman class who will increase the various sections somewhat. There were thirty-two present at the first rehearsal, and the different sections were fairly well balanced. The band needs especially trombone and horn players; it is expected that the freshman class will remedy this difficulty in some measure. If you play any instrument which you think would be useful to the band, you ought to see Mr. Robinson about it at once, and this suggestion applies to every last member of the school.

Major Snow will get the thirty-six piece military band organized earlier this year so that it may participate in the Armistice Day parade. A considerable amount of criticism was raised when the band did not function in this parade last year, but that was because

it was not fully uniformed. Two officers' uniforms will be reserved for the student leader and the drum major, and the student leader is to be given a lieutenant's commission.

Our band did not win the New England contest at Newport, Rhode Island last May, but is that any reason why we should not support it? Far from it. They did their best. What more can we ask of them? Remember, we can't win all the time. This year the band boys need our support more than ever, and of course we shall give it to them. Nothing is yet known about either state or New England band competition for 1934, and it is doubtful if our band will be able to participate, but, whether it does or not depends in a large measure upon the students of Bangor High School.

ASSEMBLY

The Oracle board, as has been the custom for several years, had charge of the first assembly. In this assembly the morning students had a chance to witness "Joey" (Joe Bertels, in case you have forgotten) impersonating a freshman, although there is not a great deal of difference between him and a freshman. But Joe was there, book-bag and all, cowering under the stern glances of Editor Andrew Cox. Didn't know Joe could act, did you? Of course he would not have done as well if he had been acting the part of a senior, but you will all admit that "Joey" knows how to make a monkey of himself.

By this simple program, the students found out a part of the process which the Oracle undergoes in the making. Undoubtedly you will all agree that the first assembly was a fine one, and let us hope that we will have more assemblies equally entertaining.

P. S. We don't want Mr. Bertels to take this article too seriously.

LATIN CLUB

Latin Club begins a new year with the following slate of officers:

Consuls: Edward Curran
Aphrodite Floros
Quaestor: Sally Woodcock

Praetor: Dorothy Nealey
Tribunes: Bernice Braidy
Natalie Nason
Aediles: Edwin Young
Rose Costrell
Lucille Epstein
Virginia Orbeton
Censors: Mrs. Cumming
Miss Estes

Plans for the year are not entirely complete, but it is expected that more will be attempted in the way of Latin dramatics, with one or two more meetings of an entirely social nature.

As we stroll down the halls we notice second year Latin classes full to over-flowing, of eager-eyed sophomores, longing for the day when they will be introduced to the immortal Julius. To them we say: "Cultivate the gentleman's acquaintance and we'll welcome you to Latin Club."

Seniors interested in things Roman are invited to join the club, whether or not their course still includes the study of Latin.

ORCHESTRA

The first orchestra rehearsal was held Wednesday, September 13. There was an attendance of thirty, which was excellent for the first assemblage of the organization. A large number of the orchestra's best players were lost, because of graduation last June, but the shortage in numbers will be overcome by the entry of the new juniors.

The orchestra of 1933 was one of the best that Bangor High School has yet produced and let us hope that it will be even better this year. Have you ever thought how "dry" the assemblies would be without the assistance of the orchestra and the band? Ponder on what a sacrifice Fat Brown, the tight Scotchman, makes when he toots that trumpet in the orchestra, and it is all for your benefit.

The orchestra will probably have a fine year, and wouldn't it be "swell" if this wide awake organization could participate in some contest in 1934? But, if such is ever the case, it will be the part of the students to support it in the same way as they do athletics.

THE BOOK NOOK



1933 MAGAZINE STORIES AND ARTICLES

- Broken Engagements—E. Philips Oppenheim
Oct. Ladies Home Journal
- *You Must Fly—Ruth Nichols
Aug. Pictorial Review (article)
- A Woman Curiously Cold—Zona Gale
Oct. Ladies Home Journal
- Are Movie Stars Actors—Florence Fisher
Parry
Sept. Delineator (article)
- *The Spindle Age—Margaret Craven
Sept. Delineator
- *The Game Never Changes—Florence Pfalz-
graf
Aug. Good Housekeeping
- Spilled Milk—Will Gooddill
Sept. Woman's Home Companion
- No Other Gods—Willa Roberts
Sept. Woman's Home Companion
- What Hitler Wants—Leon Trotsky
Sept. Harper's (article)
- *Hello Dangerous—Fannie Kilbourne
Sept. American
- *A Good Desert Isle Companion—Maxine
McBride
Sept. American
- The Wedding Gift—Courtney Ryley Cooper
Sept. American
- Recognition for Russia?—P. W. Wilson
Sept. Review of Reviews
- Thomas Alva Edison—A Hartley Gratton
(biography)
- *Is College Worthwhile?—Robert E. Rogers
Sept. Forum

Books

- *One More River—John Galsworthy
- *Heavy Weather—P. G. Woodhouse
- Snows of Helicon—H. M. Tomlinson
- *The Dragon Murder Case—S. S. Van Dine
- Seven Yesterdays—Paul Hoffman
- Over Here—Mark Sullivan

- Strangers Return—Phil Stong
- Danger in the Dark—Arthur Chase
- Murder Won't Wait—Cavall John Daly
- *Angel in the House—Kathleen Norris
- Painted Lady—Helena Gross
- Still Waters—Margaret Nickerson Martin
- The Clock Ticks on Valentine—Williams
- Percentage—Charles Francis Cae
- *Saturday's Millions—Lucian Cary
- Jeremiah the Princess—E. Philips Oppenheim
- *Five Darp—Eric Hatch

The * indicates that those books, stories, and articles are of particular interest to the reader, and that they are among the best of the current season.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"

By H. C. McNeile

The only clues to the murder were an ink-stained bit of blotting paper, an ink bottle without a cork, a bronze hairpin and a paper reading, "The days of the week backwards. If two, omit first." It was quite a mixup to be sure, but no match for Bulldog Drummond.

LATEST! Results of Popularity Contest

BOY: Andrew Cox

GIRL: Betty Maxwell

ALUMNI

As we all know, a few members of the class of '33 are taking a P. G. course this year.

Some B. H. S. Alumni attending University of Maine this year are:

Newell Avery	Betty Dill
Barbara Bertels	Louise Hastings
Woodford Brown	Frances Jones
Elwood Bryant	Albert Landers, '32
Frank Burke, '32	Edward Silsby, '32
Paul Burke	Margaret Thayer
Norman Carlisle	Paul Winsor

Thomas Reed, 1932 editor of the Oracle, who was prominent in activities and athletics while attending B. H. S. was one of the three Bangor boys invited to join the University of Maine varsity football squad. Another of the boys was Jack Thompson, '31.

Harold Grodinsky, one of the popular boys of last year's class, has entered City College, New York.

Joan Cox has entered the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattenville, New York.

Edmund Boudreau has entered Higgins Classical Institute.

James Cox, '32, after "prepping" for a year at Hebron Academy, will enter Bowdoin College this fall.

Alvah Ford has entered M. C. I.

Frederick Newman, one of last year's football players, has enrolled at Fryeburg Academy.

Frank Morgrave, ex-'34, is studying this year at Higgins Classical Institute.

Margaret Sperry has enrolled at Nasson Institute in Springvale, Maine.

Constance Hedin '33 is entering Vassar this fall. She will find as head of the French Department Florence D. White, Ph.D., a graduate of Bangor High School, daughter of Principal Henry R. White, whose picture hangs in the office.

Girls who enter Mt. Holyoke from B. H. S. have a similar advantage. Helen Patch, Ph.D. of the Romance Language Department is Senior Professor of French. Dr. Patch visited Bangor this summer and renewed her acquaintance with Miss Mary C. Robinson, Miss Mary L. Webster, Madame Beaupre and others of her former teachers in B. H. S.

Louise Leonard, A.M., (Smith College) is Professor of French in Hood College, Maryland.

Wellesley students are always pleasantly greeted by Professor Lennie Copeland, Ph.D., of the Mathematics department, who is an alumna of B. H. S.

Phyllis Lorimer, who graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors at Mt. Holyoke in '32, and won her A. M. at Radcliffe in June '33, will teach in Washburn, Maine.

Arline F. Palmer, Mrs. John D. Beardsley, of Washington, D. C., is visiting in Bangor. She was an unusually fine debator in her High School days.

Gretchen V. Hayes graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary in June, 1933, and is now pastor of the church in Garland, Maine. Miss Hayes was a prominent debator in B. H. S. and a Junior Exhibition speaker.

Marion Bragg, formerly of the U. of M. faculty, is teacher in East Orange H. S.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Football got away to an optimistic start on August 30, when Walter Ulmer, starting his second season as head football coach called out a picked squad for pre-season practice. Among the thirty-five men reporting, were a number of veterans headed by seven lettermen: Ed Curran, Power-house Rubin, and Small, linemen; Sharkey Staples, Nelson, Stuart, and Hussey, backs. Pushing these veterans for varsity berths is a host of promising material. Outstanding among these are Adams, Cox, Ballou, Green, M. Staples, Upton, Dauphinee, Wright, Elliot, Hibbard, Martin, Higgins, Daley, Merrill, and Giles.

With these men as a nucleus, Ulmer will develop a playing squad of twenty-five men. The Junior Varsity will consist of the remainder and will be directed by Faculty Manager Malcolm Willis with some competent faculty coaches.

While it is yet too early to pick regular line-up, it looks as if Ed Curran, giant wingman of last year will get the call at one end position, while Andy Cox, Bass, Upton, and Giles battle it out for the other terminal post. Tackle are Ulmer's chief worry but with such stalwarts as Staples, Small, Wright, G. Merrill, and Hibbard, he should be able to develop an aggressive pair of maulers for this important position. The guards are headed by last year's sensational line star, Rubin. Jock Adams, scrappier and tougher than ever will occupy either the other guard berth or the

pivot position. Big Bill Ballou is another ace guard who will see action along with Summers, a promising newcomer. Both Rice and F. Merrill are capable centers and will both be in there. Frit Green, one of those batter-down-the-door players will fill the right back position, while Bob Hussey and Sharkey Staples will do the chores at the left half-back and full-back positions respectively. Don Stuart, a tricky runner and vicious blocker will occupy the quarterback post. These backs will be hard pressed by the Dauphinee brothers, Martin, Nelson, Elliot, Peters, and Hillman.

Coach Ulmer states that although he has but an average sort of team he hopes to put a fighting, hustling, hard hitting club into the fray with John Bapst in the initial tilt of the season on September 23, and without making any predictions as to the winner it ought to be a great brawl, bigger and better than ever, when our own Crimson Imps take the field against those Purple Eaglets from John Bapst.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept.	23	John Bapst at Bangor.
	30	Brewer at Brewer.
Oct.	7	Berlin, N. H. at Bangor.
	14	Portland at Bangor.
	21	Thornton at Bangor.
	28	Portland at Portland.
Nov.	4	Bar Harbor at Bangor.
	11	Brewer at Bangor.
	18	(out of state) pending.

BANGOR 6; BAPST 20

A beautiful day, a large enthusiastic crowd, and a lightning fast field marked the sixth annual meeting of two bitter rivals, John Bapst and Bangor High. The Crimson team entered the fray determined to beat the Eaglets and break a three-year-old jinx, but when the final gun sounded, the score was Bangor 6; Bapst 20, and the jinx remained unbroken. However, the score alone does not tell the story of that hard-fought battle.

Bapst won the toss and chose to take the wind, Bangor electing to receive. Bapst kicked off to Captain Staples who was downed on the Bangor twenty yard line. Bapst, horseshoes in both pockets as usual, got the initial break of the game. Capitalizing on a Crimson misplay, they recovered the ball deep in Bangor territory and shortly after scored and added the point after. Bapst again kicked off, this time to Hussey who returned the ball to midfield. Then the Crimson Wave rose in all its might and rolled steadily goalward, every lineman doing his part and the backs stepping off big gains on every play. With first down on the Bapst five yard stripe, Sharkey Staples scored on a buck through the line. The attempt for the extra point was no good. Bapst again kicked, this time to Upton who returned it to the Bangor forty-five yard line. The remainder of the half was uneventful except for a great goal line stand in the closing minutes, when Rubin, Curran, Adams, Green, and Upton tossed the Purple backs four successive times to take the ball on downs. Staples kicked to midfield as the half ended.

The second half opened with Bapst receiving. Taking the pigskin on their own forty-five yard marker, they ripped a wilting forward wall to ribbons, lugging the leather some fifty-five yards to score and convert. The teams then see-sawed back and forth with Bapst getting the better of it. Line replacements failed to bolster Bangor's tiring forward wall. With a couple of minutes to go the Purple kicked. Hussey, taking the ball on his

own fifteen yard stripe, raced to midfield, and it looked as if a last minute Crimson rally was on, but a fumble on the next play stopped the drive, and once more Bapst started goalward. But with George Merrill leading the defense, they were halted on the Crimson ten yard mark. With seconds to go, Hussey faded back to pass, but a charging Purple forward intercepted the ball and fell across the goal line as the final seconds ticked away. They failed to convert. Score, Bangor 6; Bapst 20.

BANGOR (6);

l. e. Curran (C)
l. t. Merrill
l. t. Small
l. g. Rubin
l. g. Summers
l. g. McGowan
c. Adams
r. g. Ballou
r. g. Daley
r. t. Staples
r. e. Upton
r. e. Martin
q. b. Hussey
q. b. J. Dauphinee
l. h. b. Stuart
l. h. b. Frazer
l. h. b. Nelson
r. h. b. Green
f. b. Staples (C)

JOHN BAPST (20)

r. e. Davis
r. e. Dean
r. t. Smith (C)
r. g. Aird
r. g. Marley
c. Crabb
l. g. Casper
l. t. Bradley
l. e. Julien
l. e. Golden
q. b. Rittal
q. b. Sheehan
l. h. b. Parent
r. h. b. Farwell
f. b. LaFountain
f. b. Geaghan

Touchdowns: Farwell 2, Casper, Staples.

Point after touchdown: LaFountain, Rittal.

Officials: Referee, Butler; Umpire, Matthews; Head linesman, Manter.

Periods: 8-10-8-10.

**Crimson wave rolls over
Brewer, but final gun
robs Raging Red of earned
victory, and Brewer es-
capes with scoreless tie.**

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Another school year has come around, and let us hope that all those who are back again, have brought with them plenty of good School Spirit, that they are going to use in backing up their teams and urging them on to victory.

The girls' coach and physical director, Mrs. Churchill, is back with us again and has a good schedule planned for us this year; it includes a hockey tournament between the sophomores, juniors, and seniors, and a basketball and baseball tournament between the girls in all four classes. The freshmen are to try their skill at soccer during the coming few weeks.

Mrs. Churchill will give her first call for hockey candidates next week, and it looks as if a good number would turn out from the number of requests that have been coming in for it to start.

Last year the senior class of 1933 had the championship teams in hockey and basketball, while the juniors, took the cup in baseball. So come on you sophomores, juniors, and seniors, let us see who will come out on top at the end of the hockey tournament and have the championship team!

The class games will commence around the first of November. After spending the month of October in practice, they ought to prove to be swift and thrilling as they usually do. Now, students, that you know there will be class games and know when they will start, why not come out and cheer for the team which is representing your class and at the same time see some good swift games of hockey, for that is what they will be?

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

The Council girls, including Helen Hawes and Katherine Whitney, are all back again this year, and are ready to go ahead and work to raise money for different things that may arise during the year.

This year, as Teachers' Convention is not

being held in Bangor, the Council will not run the lunch counter as they did last year, but they will have charge of the refreshment booth at the football games at Mary Snow Field as in previous years, and hope that the enterprise will prove successful.

Many of the students do not know what the Council stands for.

The purpose of this Council is to develop a better type of girl to represent Bangor High School in athletics; also to develop good leaders. We try not to make this Council a select, or snobbish group, but a group of girls who have the interests of the school at heart, and who are working for the school—not for themselves personally. The Council girls choose those who they think will make good leaders and who have the six qualifications which are scholarship, athletic ability, respect, leadership, dependability and sportsmanship. Scholarship is considered one of the most important of these requirements, for many people think that athletes are seldom good students. We do not believe that this is so, because a girl can be a better athlete if she is a good leader, dependable, a student, and holds the respect of the majority of the school.

Girls are received into the Council three times during the school year: at the Hockey Party, the Basketball Banquet, and the Freshmen Assembly. When a girl has earned her letter or numeral her name may be presented to the Council, and, if approved by them and by the faculty, she receives an honor. This past year 1932-'33 the following girls were taken into the Council.

Hockey Party: Lucille Fogg, Barbara Jarvis, Frances Giles.

Basketball Banquet: Corrinne Morrison, Jeannette Sanborn, Elnora Savage.

Freshmen Assembly: Margaret Tyler, Carolyn Reed.

The Honor Council supports all girls' ath-

letics, and has very little outside help. They coach inter-class teams and teach all freshmen gym classes.

To be chosen for the Council is one of the highest honors recognized by the school.

Officers of the Girls' Athletics Honor Council for the year 1933-'34 are:

President: Mary Wright.

Vice-President: Elizabeth Toole.

Secretary: Ruth Sanders.

Treasurer: Geraldine Reynolds.

Members are:

Mary Wright

Elizabeth Toole

Ruth Sanders

Geraldine Reynolds

Thelma Lovejoy

Corrine Morrison

Jeannette Sanborn

Alicia Toole

Helen Hawes

Carolyn Reed

Helen Bond

Ruth Thurston

Betty Homans

Barbara Jarvis

Elnora Savage

Lucille Fogg

Katherine Whitney

Frances Giles

Catherine Piper

Margaret Tyler

HOKUM

Well, after about three weeks of school, most of us have settled back to the old grind again—and what a grind! Still it does feel good to be back again (this for the benefit of the teachers again.)

The old school doesn't seem right now that the "Old Guard", Leavitt, Fraser and Hawks, has left. What will the R. O. T. C. do without its adjutant-captain?

Judging by the number of post-graduates who have decided to remain with us again, it looks as if old man prosperity is still playing "Hide and Seek" with us.

They tell me that a certain Robert Hussey is due for some great write-ups in the Oracle sport section this year. Bob is editing that section. Can that be the reason?

On looking over the roster of our noble Senior class, I happened upon the name of a certain H. "Tanglefoot" Kendricks. It looks as though "Tanglefoot" has finally decided to assume the dignity of membership in a Senior class. Incidentally Mr. Kendricks wishes to announce that all people who tell you that he entered B. H. S. in the class of '30 are prevaricators of the highest order. Kendricks has definite proof that he entered high school in the class of '29 and is prepared to substantiate his statements.

Latest gossip has it that Warren Staples

was seen walking through our corridors in company with Evelyn Nickerson. Better watch out, Lucy!

Contrary to this, however, is the fact that several freshmen, notably "Blondy" Bluestein and Vlae were seen riding to school on tricycles. Last year, so Bob Kurson said, there was even a shortage of kiddy-cars.

I have been asked to announce a special meeting for the purpose of evolving a code for B. H. S.—all students invited. Eddie Curran and any others not included under this category please do not attend. The time and place of this meeting are to be kept secret. The results, if any, will be posted in our next issue.

We guys are trying our darndest to make the faculty put us in a class with the working men (Cranston and Cole included) so we can get a 4 hour shift (talking about shifts—you ought to see Rubin hoof it down the gridiron). Our classes would be included in the 8 hours and then come back to school again.

Rose Costrell and her assistant (ah! ha! Who is she?) are up to their necks in tears. After unearthing a gripping story which, by the way, was anonymous, they enraged the entire faculty trying to find out who wrote it. They found out—and was the result bitter—it was written by an alumnus and they couldn't print it! Did the girls weep and weep!

FUNNY BONERS



Boss: "Well, did you fix the doorbell at 23 Cross Street?"

George Powell: "Nope, there was nobody there."

Boss: "What do you mean? The lady said she would be there all morning."

George: "Well, I rang the bell three times and nobody answered; so I thought there was nobody at home."

Ikey and Rachel took their baby to the movies. When they went in they were warned that they would have to leave if the baby made a disturbance, although they would get their money back.

Halfway through the main picture Ikey turned to Rachel and said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"Not so good," answered Rachel.

"I think it is rotten," said Ikey. "Pinch the baby."

Teacher: "Mr. Canders, what is a deficit?"

Bob: "It's what you have when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing."

Juliet Spangler (in the country): "What's that smell I smell?"

Farmer: "It's fertilizer."

Juliet: "Oh, for the land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yeh."

Eleanor D-rk-n-: "How much are your peaches?"

Peter Z-i-is: "Penny each, Miss."

Eleanor: "I'll have one, please."

Peter: "Givin' a party?"

SONGSTORY

It's The Talk of the Town—Smoke Rings—Marching Along Together—Among the Moonlight and Pretzels—In the Little White Church on the Hill.

Shame On You—Louisville Lady—For Pet-tin' in the Park—Under a Blanket of Blue—; and Shame on You—Lazybones—for Lyin' in the Hay—but the River's Taking Care of You.

It Isn't Fair—but Done Blame Me—for Trouble in Paradise—Sweetheart Darlin'—because I'm Moonstruck—and Living in Doubt—Morning, Noon and Night.

Don St-a-t: "Is the captain double-jointed sir?"

Coach Ulmer: "No, why?"

Don St-a-t: "I just broke his leg then."

Despite the depression girls without principal draw interest.

In darkest Africa Sidney M. Alpert and Sidney ? Alpert were watching a leopard chasing a large fat man.

"Can you spot the winner?" asked Sidney M.

"The winner is spotted," answered Sidney ?

He was seated in the parlor,

And he said into the light,

"Either you or I, old fellow,

Will be turned down tonight."

Jack D-nn-ng tells us that she's only a garbage man's daughter, but she ain't to be sniffed at. Ouch!

Billy W-e-ht: "We are Kappa Sigs and honest men."

Judge Walter M-i-e: "The Kappa Sigs line up on this side and the honest men on the other side."

Jean C-lhe-n (a castaway): "Good Heavens! Cannibals!"

Male Castaway (unknown): "Now, now, don't get in a stew."

(Continued on page 30)

BUY ORACLE

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

PRINCIPAL PROTESTS PROTRUDING PAPERS; BITTER BATTLE EXPECTED OVER OLD CUSTOM; NEW MOVE STARTED BY SCHOOL AUTHORITIES

HAROLD MOON FAVORED BY THE WISE ONES TO WIN JAYVEE JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Latest reports have it that Harold Moon is favored by the wise ones to win the Junior Exhibition. Moon is the lad who competed against Claire Libby for a minute and a half. It is a toss-up between Francis Giles and Lucille Fogg for the girls.

The Exhibition will be held as usual on the banking behind the school. Robert Canders, George Bell and that well known Gwenny Bartley will act as cheer leaders. Claire Libby and Blair Stevens will act as judges for the long-awaited event.

The excitement is running high and everyone is waiting tensely for the time when the exhibition is scheduled to start. We can't tell you the exact time now, because the officials told everybody connected with the thing to come about fifteen minutes early; so you just come fifteen minutes later and you will be all right.

The subjects of the speakers are varied and will prove interesting to all. Moon will speak on The Composition Of A Cosmetic And Why. This will naturally prove interesting to many people, although such a deep subject will not be understood by many freshmen. Miss Giles will speak extemporaneously, while Miss Fogg has her speech all learned—but she won't tell anybody what the subject is.

We are requested to announce that tickets will go on sale at recess Monday. Sheldon Smith will sell one or even two or three, if he has that many. If he hasn't that many, see Claire Libby and she will get you a good seat.

This is the second annual Jayvee Exhibition. Last year it was held in the auditorium, but that wasn't large enough; so this year it will be on the banking behind the school. B. H. S. sure shows a lot of spirit when it comes to listening to people talk.

LATEST - B. H. S. SIGNS N. R. A. CODE

STUDENTS ALLOWED TO STUDY
ONLY TWO HOURS PER DAY
UNDER N. R. A.

Will Not Be Allowed to Attend School If
They Do Not Sign Pledge

The popular "Feet" Curran, when asked what he was going to do about it, would say nothing but "nuts" in his usual offhand manner. The Oracle reporter fired questions at him from all sides, but all he would say was the inevitable "nuts." A squirrel would have made a good haul right then. However, we found out something from one Floros. Students will not be allowed to take books out of the school without a special permit; recitation will take up only ten minutes in each recitation class, and study periods will be devoted to leapfrog.

Seniors who are too dignified for leapfrog, will be sent home during study periods. Tiddleywinks and such games will not be allowed; only instructive games, like Beanbag and such. Freshmen, or at least sophomores, will be the goats of all games. In other words, they will be the frog in leapfrog games and such as that. We will be the leaps. Whoopee!

You know we kinda like the idea of this N. R. A.—Less time in school (translated from the Latin by Robert Canders). Ten minutes recitation in each class! The next twenty minutes will be used studying—if you *have* to study! Then, if you add correctly and subtract and everything, you will have ten minutes left—if you don't get the ten minutes, you can go home. Those who are left will do a little rapid fire work in questioning the teachers, first to see if they are up to par.

Now isn't this N. R. A. going to be just too sweet for words?

PROMINENT STUDENTS NEAR COL- LAPSE AT SENSATIONAL AND UNEXPECTED NEWS

A move was instituted today by B. H. S. authorities to prevent students from having papers protrude from books. The question is a grave one and already is threatening to become a national issue. Several prominent high school students when interviewed expressed their views in a heated manner almost completely demolishing the interview.

Natalie Nason, the first person questioned, immediately threatened to become apoplectic as she muttered:

"No more papers in books? All the joy would be taken out of life if there weren't papers in books. Outside of extra Chemistry and Latin assignments that's all the fun I have. Please, oh please, do something about it," and she burst into tears.

Morris Rubin took it like a man. With eyes flashing and his nose gradually growing redder and redder, he said in a choked voice, "What would I do if I didn't have papers in my books. It's the thing that makes teachers think I study. My recitations don't seem to influence them. I—I can't go on," and the Battle Axe of the Gridiron collapsed. While he was being revived by some of the good old home-made oxygen (Robert Cander's product) which seemed to do more harm than good, a few others were interviewed.

Lorraine Farnham emphatically insisted that something should be done about it. "Look at all the paper that's wasted when it's merely used to project from books. The amount that's wasted by 1400 students in five years would buy a truck to carry all books of freshmen to school thus eliminating bookbags, thus eliminating energy, thus practically eliminating freshmen."

OCTOBER 10, 1933

NUMBER 1

AN UNUSUAL DISCOVERY MADE IN B. H. S. STAR FOOTBALL PLAYER SINGS SOPRANO SCIENTISTS PROCLAIM "FEET" CURRAN PRODIGY

FIRST FRESHMAN INTERVIEW

Special Correspondent In Room 207

"The Bangor High School has an Oracle which will as you know make your eyes bright like Grandma's. And the Oracle will help to make a person more popular. The people on the Oracle staff put hard and almost "embarrassing" (we don't know what it means, do you?) labor on their Oracle."

This astounding statement was made by a freshman from Room 207 in a syndicated interview with an Oracle representative.

Asked what his opinion of athletics was, the gentleman replied in solemn tones: "You have certain sports in which the best players of the High School play with different High Schools and Academies of the same or different towns such as Portland, South Portland, and other numerous places of enjoyment. In regard to his liking for high, he had a few words carefully prepared which were casually mentioned. "The reason I like High School," he said, "is because we don't have to stand in front of the class and recite the whole lesson. Some other reasons why I prefer High School to Grammar Schools are that we change rooms which is a comfort because some teachers always grow sickening after a while and a change does us or anybody else good. Also, at High School, one has more freedom and has enough to do to take up any spare time which should not slip by or if it does it can't." With these cryptic words, he left, leaving the writer struggling to revive.

FIRST GAME OF SEASON WON BY TAYLOR'S TERRIBLES

Harold X. Taylor, well known dashing fullback and captain of Taylor's Terribles, led his team to victory over the Mighty Frosh yesterday. That was the reason that Taylor's Terribles won—they were the better swimmers. You should have seen Harold X. ploughing through center with Blair Stevens doing interference. Blair surely is a good little interfeerer.

But the Mighty Frosh headed by that brute George William Powell (Willie P.) certainly put up a gallant fight. Although Willie P. does not call himself a freshman, he was allowed to remain on the team because their opponents could not prove that he was anything else but.

Well, Taylor's Terribles won, but it was a close score. Score sheets on sale at the Tatler office. Upper classmen 10c; frosh 5c. (The reason for the lower price for Frosh is, of course, that they couldn't really be expected to understand the whole thing anyway.)

Notice: Please form an orderly line, and do not crowd.

**Have just received
fresh carload of
penwipers. All
those desirous of
obtaining one of
this year's model,
see**

**ROBERT HUSSEY
in room 307 at re-
cess.**

HAD LIFELONG AMBITION TO BE OPERA SINGER, MOTHER REVEALS

Braving one of the worst storms in years, three hundred girls raided the doors of B. H. S. You guessed it—tryouts for Glee Club were being held. An extra force of guards was rushed over from the Police Department while the distracted parents of the girls hurried to the building. Many prominent singers were seen struggling to get in by hook or by crook—mostly by crook.

In the prevailing excitement, Mari Toole began to pull Ruth Robinson's hair. Attracted by the screams of the girls, several husky football players dashed up the steps, dressed in football togger, and carrying footballs under their arms. But, alas, the doors had been crashed and they were swept along with the girls. Miss Donovan at the piano prepared to test the voices. Hardly knowing what he was about, "Feet" Curran went forward in a daze. Miss Donovan who didn't glance up, ordered him to sing. In the hush of that enormous hall, his clear sweet baritone rang out as he sang "Love's Old Sweet Song."

"Try it again singing on a higher scale. You should sing soprano. Your voice has quality."

Again he raised his voice in song and again the crowd was hushed. The doors of the assembly hall were then closed and no more details could be learned. However, this following item appeared in the paper the next day:

"Mr. Edward "Feet" Curran was fined \$10 and costs for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest having deliberately hit the Deputy Sheriff Lieberman, thus weakening the sheriff's power of translating Latin. Therefore, many were enabled to have good recitation which disturbed the teachers. For this act he was fined \$10.

FUNNY BONERS

(Continued from page 27)

The harassed Juniors wonder why they call
plane geometry plain.

From a Freshman's theme:

"He approached the door and rapt with the
knocker."

Mr. Barker: "What's the feminine of sorcerer?"

Jimmy W-ts-n: "Oh! Cup."

Beautiful but Dumb (watching farm hands
spreading out a stack of hay to dry): "Is it a
needle that you are looking for?"

Golddigger: "How much is he worth?"

Friend: "Oh, in the neighborhood of half a
million."

She: "Why, that's my favorite neighborhood!"

A Freshman was proudly displaying the
beautiful Bible he had won for regular attendance
at Sunday School. A friend of his mother's,
who was said to lie about her age, spoke up.
"I remember I won a Bible for the same thing
when I was about your age."

The youngster looked her over critically for
a moment and then commented: "Well, it
must have been the Old Testament."

THE RETURNING STUDENTS

The freshman girl, and freshman boy
March to Harlow Street, filled with joy,
The awakening, alas! will be quite rude
When they are caught in a silly mood.

The boy and girl of the Sophomore class
Are very haughty as they pass,
They're seasoned students now it seems,
And their lives with full experience teems.

The Sophs of last year,—Juniors now
Are they chesty, yes and how'!
In Bangor High, just one year more
And then who knows what they will score.

Here are the Seniors slow,—sedate
Looked up to as if in state,
Bangor's hope in future times
And some will be in far off climes.

Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, Seniors too,
Bangor High'd mighty proud of you.
We wish you all happiness and luck,
Face your problems, don't "Pass the Buck."

WHY FRESHMEN PREFER HIGH SCHOOL

Taken Verbatim—Refreshing—Original—
Anonymous

If my English teacher should ask me which I
preferred between High School and Grammar
School, I would say High School.

If she should ask me why I would tell her
because of the hours as I am able to stay up
late at night. Another thing is the way the
rooms are arranged because when changing I
have plenty of time to take in changing and get
better acquainted on the way without being
late for class. Also, I am considering my
stomach and the cafeteria takes care of that.
In grammar school we had unnecessary studies
such as geography, music, drawing, and spelling.
As I don't care if the Rocky Mountains
are old or new, or the glacier period, which will
never do me any good, came over the land
about a million years ago, or how to reach my
high "C's", and an "F" like this means the
same as an "F" like this and as I'm not going
to be a cartoonist, why should I bother about
drawing. I can see a wee bit of sense in spelling,
but who cares if class is spelled with two
s's or one. High School eliminates all but
four studies which is swell.

Sometimes you have to go downtown after school, now you're already down in one jump.

Perhaps the best thing is the distance between rooms where you can get your studying done on the way. There is a good and a bad side to everything and the bad side to High School is the last study period of the day which is not very good compared to three-quarters of an hour of moving pictures.

WHY FRESHMEN PREFER HIGH SCHOOL

When the wind is howling around the building at grammar school and the recess gong rings, there is a mad rush for coats, hats, mittens and overshoes. You rush out in the snow and wind where if you have a lunch it is too cold to eat it and stand around trying to keep warm by rubbing your ears and pushing each other down (Ed. note: Jolly good sport). You are just beginning to enjoy the fun when the bell rings and then your bungling (and only a freshman, too) outer garments and exhausted by the exercise, try to write with your reddened, icy, cold hands. While at high school, you can go to a warm lunch room where you can procure and enjoy a sandwich to pacify the hollow feeling in your stomach and often talking a while with your friends you can return to your room refreshed by the recess. (Pause That Refreshes.)

In high school changing rooms is very different from grammar school, it being difficult to hear oneself think for the corridors are filled with noise.

At grammar school you were forced to arise to go to school at 8.30, but if you have the privilege (?) of being a freshman, you may arise and eat your breakfast when you would have dinner if you didn't have any breakfast so you could have dinner in the first place.

Amorous Artemus (Wea-h-r-ee) Ambles Along An Avenue.

Balmy Bernice (B-ai-y) Borrows Books.

Coy Claire (L-b-ey) Catches (Word for Men beginning with C).

Walloping Willie (B-ll-u) Waxes Wroth.
Manly Maurice (S-all) Makes Merry.
Illusive Isabel (C-m-i-g) Is Ideal.
Hale Hazel (Ch-lm-rs) Hates Halibut.
Gay Geraldine (C-uk-y) Gets Good.
Batty (B-rt-ls) Bakes Buns.
Rambling Rose (C-st-e-l) Recites Radiantly.
Abstruse Andy (C-x) Absorbs Absurdities.
Two To-les train tremendously.

THE WIFE

(Continued from page 14)

must get her enjoyment out of work. I'm afraid she won't like it.

Wash: Don't be downcast, George. Mary is the type of girl that will share with you all the privations which you undergo. She will make the best of it, anyway. Why worry? We all hope that prosperity will soon come again, and until then, don't let this change of affairs ruin your life.

(Mary, at this point, is setting the table, and also singing "Old Folks at Home.")

George: (Clutching Washington's arm) Oh! Washington, do you really think she will be happy here? It doesn't seem possible after living in luxury all her life, having servants, parties, and all that money can buy. I will give her all that I can, but that will be but the dire necessities of life. This is terrible! (At this point, Mary sees them and rushes toward them clasping George about the neck.)

Mary: Oh, George, this is wonderful! I love it here! I wouldn't go back to the city now for anything!

George: Mary, you're an angel!

Mary: Washington, I'm so glad to see you! How are you? I hear that you have had a superb trip.

Wash: Yes, Mary, but it does me more good to see you happy here than a thousand trips.

George: Do you like it, Mary?

Mary: All the dreams of my life are come true, George, dear. We shall be so happy here! It's just like paradise. Just you

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Twin Sweaters

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KNOWN AS THE BASIC SYSTEM STORE

look, the old-fashioned garden, the clear spring, the small but homely little cottage, and everything's perfect! But I'll tell you the rest later. It's supper time. I've just picked a box of strawberries from the field back of the house, and the fresh peas are already. Won't you sit down? I thought you would like it better eating under the tree than in the house.

(Mary brings on the food.)

George: Mary, I didn't know that you could cook so well. Tell me, dear, when you learned.

Mary: I learned when I was young.

Wash: This is the best meal I have ever had, and I am the happiest that I have ever been.

Mary: I am glad you are, Washington.

George: Mary, no matter if it rains, the sun will shine on us always.

Mary: I'll tell you what I am going to do to the house. I'm going to make some pretty curtains for the library, decorate the kitchen in yellow, and outside I'm going to make the garden teem with colorful flowers. This is going to be the prettiest house around here.

George: Mary, I see that we don't need money to be happy. That is true, I think, for everyone. With money come trials and financial worries, worries for fear of robbers, and many other things from which we are now exempt. Thank Heaven our worries are over, and we shall now be so happy in our little home that we shall forget that we are not the only ones on the earth.

Mary: George, it's perfect here.

MURDER

(Continued from page 11)

"What's that," cried the officer. "What do you mean? A man with his throat cut from ear to ear, and you try to tell me you can see it was done by a left-handed man. Let's see you prove it, if you can."

"In a few minutes I will," replied Markman, "and I'll also teach you gentlemen to show more respect to a man who is simply trying to help you save your reputations."

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Call up Headquarters and find out if this man was left-handed or not, and then I'll talk to you."

The officer went out to the phone and after a few minutes came back with a very different expression on his face. He said that they didn't know whether the man was left-handed or not, but they would send the detective assigned to the case down immediately.

The detective shortly arrived, and he approached Mr. Markman with a manner very different from that which he had previously shown him. He shook hands and said, "Mr. Markman, I will be very glad of any information or pointers that you have picked up. No one but a fool is too smart to learn, and I confess I have no clue to the murder as yet."

"It was not a murder," replied the philatelic detective. "It is a plain case of suicide. Come back to the body and I'll prove it to you."

Standing before the body Markman said: "This gentlemen was left-handed, as Mr. Russell can testify. He was a morose and dogmatic sort of man and very set in his opinions. He had recently bought a stamp collection with a rarity in it which the members of the Club were inclined to doubt the genuineness of. He submitted it to an expert and day before yesterday got a letter at his rooms returning the stamp and saying it was a clever forgery. That letter you have.

"Bitterly disappointed, and unwilling to face his fellow club members and admit his error, he took an old-fashioned razor, went in the evening to the park, tore the stamp into bits, and then gave his throat one terrible slash, hurling the razor as he did so. That is all there is to it."

He pointed. "Look at that slash. You can see it was made by a left-handed man. The cut is perfectly smooth where the razor entered at the right side, but rough and partly torn at the left where the blade made it jagged from the force and depth of the cut."

He smiled at the Superintendent who was slowly nodding assent. "Well," he went on, "you have the letter. Here are the torn bits

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of the stamp. I think if you hurry back to Headquarters you will still have time to give the story to the late editions. Send the reporters to Mr. Russell this evening for the stamp details. The morning papers will want to embellish the tale. Goodbye, and good luck."

**THE REBELLION IN THE HOUSE OF
MAULE**

(Continued from page 9)

He carried out his plan the next morning, and telephoned to his oldest daughter.

"Hello, Gladys? This is Father. I'm very worried about your mother, my child! Ill? Well, not visibly, but she has been acting so queerly. She buys the most outrageous new clothes, and actually enjoys it when men tell her how beautiful she is, and all that bosh. We—ell, only Ralph Giles, but—Gladys, what did you say? 'At last Mother is waking up'—I don't understand you. Oh, you just spoke to Lillian. Your mother actually defies me; she argues with everything I say. 'I wouldn't worry about it'? Well, I consider it is something to worry about. What? Oh, all right, but Gladys—why, I guess she's hung up!"

Soon after Mr. Maule's conversation with his daughter, Mr. Blake — next-door neighbor to the Maules—dropped in.

"Say, Maule, why don't you and the Mrs. go to the races with my wife and me tomorrow? Mrs. Blake can't go as early as I'd like to; so I thought we men could go together and meet our wives later. How about it?"

Mr. Maule cleared his throat importantly.

"Ahem! I'd be delighted to go, Blake, but I don't think Elsie had better. Eh—she hasn't been feeling well lately and—"

Mr. Blake looked surprised. "She seemed healthy enough last night. Ah, I see, that's why you went home so early. Well, I hope she feels better. My wife will be disappointed. I'll call for you at nine tomorrow. We'll have lunch at the fair-grounds."

As soon as Mrs. Maule heard about this, she again showed one of her surprising stubborn streaks.

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"Why, Richard, I don't see why I can't go."

"My dear, you look very tired, today. I wouldn't want my wife to be ill," her thoughtful husband replied gently. "Besides, I don't consider horse-racing as anything the most lady-like women would want to attend. You must not go, my dear," and he hurried away.

Mrs. Maule felt very much like weeping. Richard was probably right, but she had always wanted to see a race. However, it was her duty to obey her husband. She tried to dismiss the matter from her mind, but the next morning, when her husband drove off for a happy holiday, Mrs. Maule watched from the window with a rebellious heart.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Blake came running up the path.

"I saw you out sweeping off the piazza, Elsie; so I knew you must be feeling better. Do come, won't you? I've got to go to Worcester, but I'll be back in an hour. You'll be all ready, won't you? I won't take 'no' for an answer," and without giving her time to reply, Mrs. Blake jumped into her car, and disappeared.

Mrs. Maule was immediately besieged by a tumult of emotions.

"I have always been a good wife to Richard, and I hope I always will be. Therefore I should do as he says; he is so thoughtful of me—so afraid I might get over-tired; but I would get just as tired staying home, and cleaning the house up. I never have any fun. I don't belong to any of the clubs that all my other friends do, simply because my husband disapproves of them. I have only seen two moving pictures in my life. If I had had a little spunk, I would have gone to my own daughters' graduations. Why didn't I go? Because my husband ordered me not to. Why, all my life, it's been like this. I'm beginning to see that Richard must "boss" some one all the time. Since the girls are too old, I've taken a double dose of it—with a smile, and a 'Yes, dear Richard.' Well, I'm not going to do it any longer."

When Mrs. Blake returned, Elsie Maule was waiting for her, cool, determined, and with

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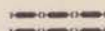
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the light of battle in her eyes.

Mr. Maule was very satisfied with himself. At last Elsie was back to normal again. Of course, she had not stayed home very willingly, but—she had stayed. He glanced up in the grand-stand.

"Ah, there's Mrs. Blake. Goodness, how that woman with her resembles Elsie! Great heavens! It is Elsie. Elsie here! This is the last straw. I won't stand for this sort of thing one minute longer! Just wait until I see her! Just wait!"

Seething with rage, he took his leave of Mr. Blake, and hurried home to wait on the piazza until his wife should appear, getting angrier every minute.

At last the Blakes drove up to the pavement. Mrs. Maule jumped out, thanked them, and walked calmly to meet her husband.

"Elsie!" he bellowed, but, before he could say one word of his carefully planned oration, Mrs. Maule said softly, and in a voice of sugary sweetness.

"Yes, Richard, I went to the races—and what are you going to do about it?"

"I—I," he stammered, dashed by his wife's sudden attack.

"Yes, you,—you!" cried Mrs. Maule, the pent-up bitterness of her thoughts of the afternoon bursting forth, "It's *always* been you! Richard, I have just discovered that you are, and always have been the most selfish man I know. Just because of your urge to lord it over me, I have been deprived of any pleasure whatever in my life. That's all over now. Do you hear? All over! No more will you say 'Elsie, do this. Elsie, do that,' while I—your humble slave—go lamb-like to do your bidding!"

"Why, Elsie!" gulped Mr. Maule.

"—And Lillian's life shall not be spoiled either. You know very well that that librarian's position is a wonderful one for her to have," and then more kindly, "Won't it be nice to have her home all the time?"

"Oh, yes, my dear!" replied her husband meekly.

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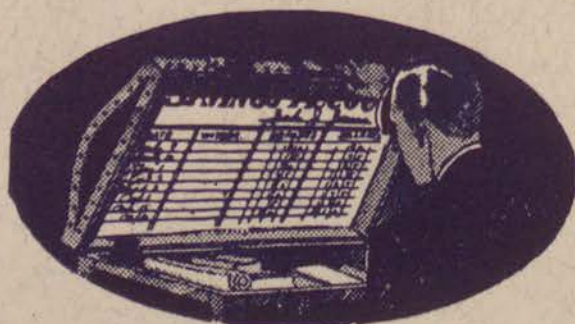
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