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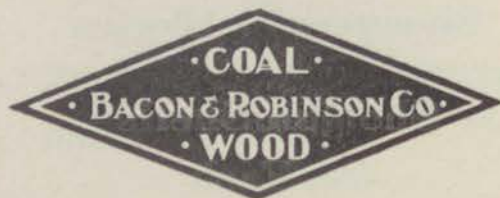
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The Oracle



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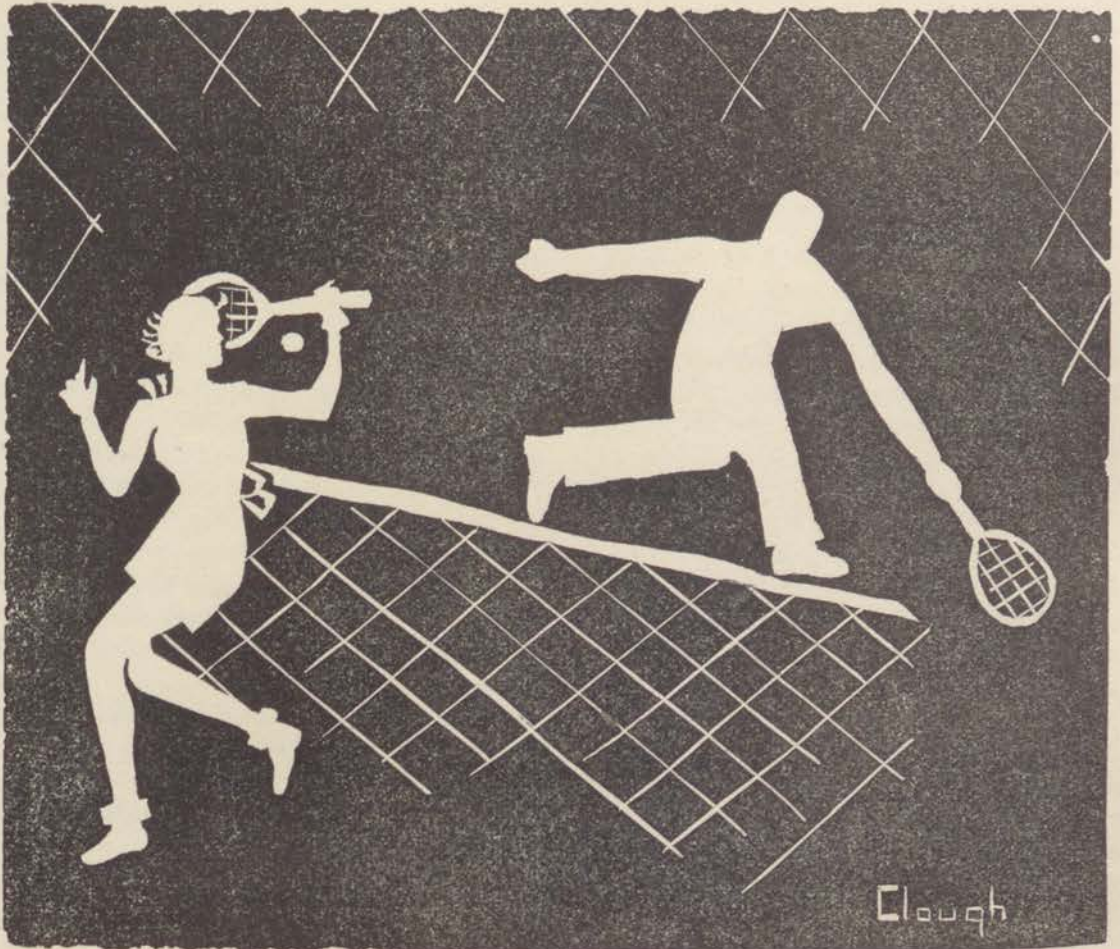
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TENNIS COURTS

The glad news is out and rings from the highest mountain tops to the deepest dells! Bangor High is to have tennis courts! Not immediately, perhaps, but that we're to have them is cause enough for rejoicing. There are no free public tennis courts in the city at this time; that is, there are none open expressly for the public. These two new courts, which will be located in the upper end of our athletic field on Broadway, will be open to anyone, be he graduate or undergraduate.

And the Girls' Honor Council is promoting all this. May more power be theirs. Already, they have forty dollars toward the project. Three gifts, one from the class of '31, constitute the starting fund.

Now that the tennis is to be a reality, it is

not too much to expect that B. H. S. will be represented by a tennis team in the future. Several Aroostook towns have them, and great is the rivalry thereby. There is plenty of team material in the student body, for as great a percentage of the student body plays tennis as plays football or baseball.

The game is perhaps more popular than either of these two. At Harvard University there are thirty-five tennis courts for the use of the students. In another college there are eighteen. Boston has them on many of its playgrounds. There are literally hundreds of them around New York city. Bangor has but four which are open to the public.

This project is something which will be of benefit to almost everyone. Get behind it and push! Put it over in a hurry! Let's go!

Miss Mary C. Robinson

The retirement of Miss Mary C. Robinson from Bangor High School marks the close of a period of forty years of conspicuously successful service. She brought to her work keen intellect enriched by broad culture, rare powers of discrimination, earnest purpose, high ideals and great enthusiasm.

The second youngest in a family of six, she was born in Orrington to Harrison and Mary Clement Robinson. While she was still a small girl, her parents moved to Bangor. They were independent folk, hardworkers all, and scholarly—a representative early New England type.

Her brother, Franklin, was later to become a distinguished professor noted for his research work in X-ray at Bowdoin. Another brother was to teach in Boston Latin School, a sister to become an author of note and a brother to become a well-known doctor in this city. Truly, this was a wonderful family.

Miss Robinson attended the local schools, but, despite the fact that she removed to Brunswick during her senior year, 1882, Bangor High School, may with just pride speak of Miss Robinson as its "First Lady." After completing high school in Brunswick, she matriculated at Smith College.

Her distinguished career as a teacher began in Bangor in the grade-schools where she taught for several years. Then for a season, she acted as governess for several children in Bermuda. In 1892, Miss Robinson commenced the first of many rich years at Bangor High School. It was during 1892 that she was fitly chosen to be advisor to the *Oracle* in which capacity she achieved great success. The present fortunate circumstances of the magazine are due almost entirely to those thirty-eight years of tireless effort which Miss Robinson cheerfully offered. She was the first

dean of women in any high school in New England and as such, presented a sympathetic viewpoint to the students of Bangor High School and helped solve their problems. For many years she was the beloved coach of the freshman debaters, and in addition to instructing English, taught Latin some years ago.

As a writer and lecturer on education, she has a wide reputation for her interesting, enjoyable and instructive treatises; many of them appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The height of her career was reached when she received an honorary degree from Smith College for service well performed.


She has ever been the friend and helper, inspiring courage and good cheer to everyone. Her attachment and devotion to her work seems to increase with the passing years. Many are bearing into life the ripened fruits of her instruction to qualify them for its many duties and gladden its various paths. One of those who has felt her helpful influence has written the following tribute:

To one, who from her youth has given mind
And heart and strength to leading wilful youth
Along the path to knowledge that was light,
To learning that, with her as leader, seemed
Not so much work, as gay adventure to
The luring land of undiscovered things;
To one, a teacher, dean, and steadfast friend,
We give our praise, and tell what all must
know,
That you can never wholly go from us.
Your memory lives in every student's heart;
We miss the cheering smile, the strong, sure
hand,
The gracious dignity of word and deed;
And we who teach reach for a higher star
Because of you, Good Teacher and True Friend.

C. M. C.

The Tale of Jack Rolliston

Edward H. Redman

UTSIDE the warm, cozy cottage, the rain poured profusely downward, driven by the fury of an eighty mile-an-hour gale. Besides the racket caused by the wind, one could hear the rumble of the ocean, as the mountainous storm-driven waves broke against the rocky beach about a mile to the eastward.

Inside the cabin, we three were seated comfortably around the stove, listening to the yarns spun by my great-uncle, a retired sea-captain. We listened eagerly to all the tales which he told us, but the one which I shall attempt to recount here lingered best in my memory.

"Some fifty years ago, in 1877, I believe," he began, in the good old days when men went down to the sea in ships—fine old full-rigged crafts, I signed for first mate's birth on the Gloucester whaler, Jack Rolliston, bound for a three-year whaling voyage.

"We sailed on a bright June day. The crew was satisfied, the grub, good, and the weather fair. By nightfall land was out of sight.

"Our captain, Joash Winslow, was a very young man for his important post, but he was the son of the owner of the whaling fleet to which our ship belonged. He had shipped as a boy first, when his father's fleet consisted of but one whaler, owned and commanded by him, but now our captain, although young, was one of the best of the whaler skippers. Although he commanded his ship with great discipline, he was generally liked amongst the crew, but unlike most skippers of that day, he treated well those under him who were obedient to his commands.

"Our second mate, Mr. Jackson, was rather a brutal sort of man who treated his command unnecessarily harsh. He seemed to delight in tormenting the crew, who quite naturally

hated the sight of him. Nevertheless he was a good whaler of wide and varied experience.

"Mr. Kiwah, our third mate was a Fijeean, who it seems stowed away on a whaleship, when a boy of sixteen, and, gradually working upward, finally became third mate. He was an excellent harpooner, and he could command his men with great tact, for which reason he too was generally liked amongst the crew.

"Our crew was largely made up of foreigners, French, Negro, South Sea Islanders, Dutch, Portuguese and last of all the famous Nantucketers. The entire crew numbered about thirty in all, counting the cook, carpenter, steward, sailmaker, and cabin boy.

"After the excitement of getting under way was over, we began to settle down into the regular routine of a whaler. At all times three men stood watch in the masthead, and the whole crew was divided into watches, assigned to the various officers. I was in command of the first watch, and also the largest whaleboat, since I was first in command below the captain. My duties on the chase were only to steer the craft, and to incite the men to greater action when the prey should blow. My assistant in command was of course my harpooner, Christobal, a Spanish-Filipino.

"Days passed into weeks, but, as yet we had seen no whale. The captain, whose interest in the catch was greater than that of any of the others,—because his position both in regard to his ship and in regard to the owners of the vessel, gave him the third lay, or third largest division of the profits made during the voyage,—began to grow impatient. He charged the lookout to report every creature seen, from an albatross to a whale, lest there be a mistake.

Swinging eastward to take in the Canary grounds, we kept on plodding, but with

slight success, until one day about noon every man on board thrilled to the cry, "There she blows, there, there she blows."

"Where away?"

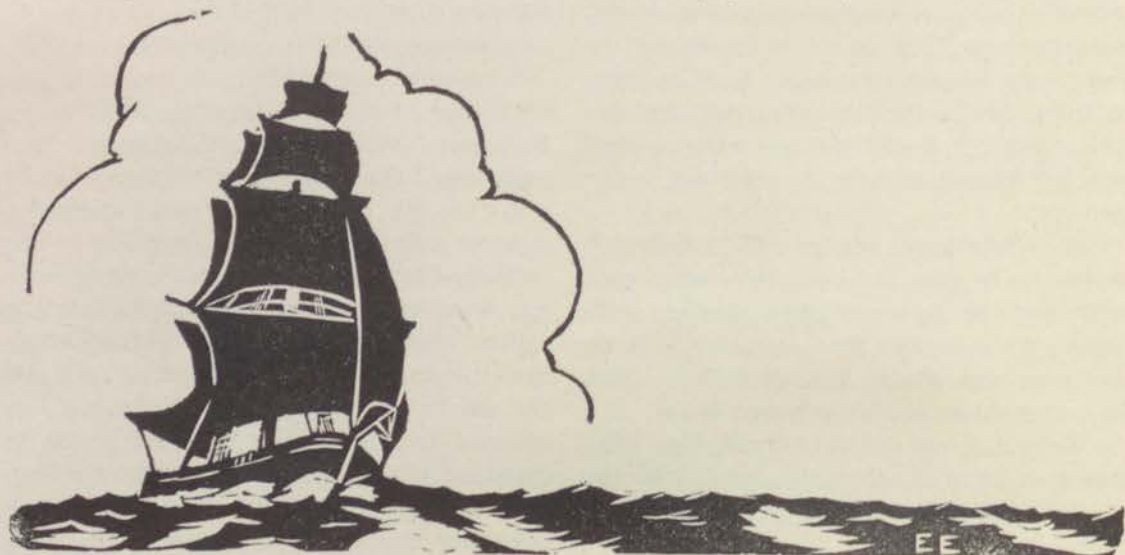
"About a mile east of the port bow."

"Lower away, men. Get ready, jump!" The captain's clear bass voice boomed forth.

"And then came the lookout's cry, 'There go flukes,' which meant the whale had lifted its tail, slapped it broadside against the surface of the sea, and dived straight to a depth of a thousand feet or more.

"Ten seconds after the command to jump, we were speeding toward the spot where we

"Drawing our prize close to the ship, we attached him by means of cables to the side of the ship. Then, after the cutting stage had been erected over the side of our vessel, the other mates and I began the cutting in. First, the great lower jaw is removed, then the rest of the head. These are hoisted on deck, and left till the rest of the whale has been cared for. Then great sheets of blubber are stripped off and placed in the hold. The last of the whale consisting of the small of his back is lifted bodily upon the deck. After the whole whale had been dissected, the men got out the try-pots and proceeded to remove the



expected the whale to rise. With commands and entreaties I urged on my men towards the leviathan, and arrived upon him in the lead of the two other boats. Ordering Christobal to his post, I drove the boat aground on the whale's back. Immediately the first harpoon struck, followed closely by the second, which is attached on the same rope as the first, but about ten feet back of the haft of the first harpoon. The monster, with a mighty lurch, dived a full thousand feet into the sea. Then, altering his tactics, he rose to the surface, and began to drag us along at a most breath-taking speed. As we began to feel him slacken his pace, after an hour or two of that express train speed, we closed in on him, as quickly as possible, and I inflicted the fatal stab.

oil. When all the blubber had been tried out, we found we had sixty barrels of first grade sperm oil in the hold.

"As has been mentioned above, my direct inferior officer, Mr. Jackson was a hard slave-driver, and at times rather unscrupulously abused the men. While chasing the whale, he had forced his men to row so mercilessly that one, a sailor of not the stoutest health had a stroke and died soon after we had finished our trying out.

"Now, treatment of this sort does not rest well with whalemens, who are by nature an unruly class of seamen; consequently Big John, a huge Portuguese sailor, and the pal of the dead man, began to make trouble. Although three of us aft, were fair in our dealings

with the crew, our good will was forgotten by the crew in their animosity toward our villainous colleague.

"As we neared Cape Horn, the region in which the greatest harmony between the fore-castle and the cabin is necessary to make a safe rounding, the men began to show signs of open mutiny. Our commands were obeyed sullenly, and twice the lookouts failed deliberately to report whale-blowing only a half-mile away. Then, one crisp spring morning in November—for spring comes in November south of the equator—I began to notice that the men, instead of being at their posts and at work, were standing in small groups, talking very excitedly in ill-concealed whispers.

"About an hour later when the next watch came up, the men of the first watch remained on deck, instead of going below as they were accustomed to do. Puzzled by these queer actions, I sauntered towards them, near enough to see that they were beginning to crowd around a large box which two of the second watch men had brought up with them when they had come up, and from which the men were selecting rifles and knives.

"Without commanding them to stop their arming, I immediately ran to the cabin, and arousing the captain, my two inferior officers, the harpooners, and the steward I hurriedly implored them to arm themselves. Then Captain Winslow displayed his merits as a commander, for he calmly ordered the ammunition to be brought forth and displayed upon the table. He commanded all the guns to be loaded, and divided them among the men. The steward was selected to reload each as quickly as it was fired. Each man also was issued two knives, one for each hand.

"After both the crew and ourselves had completed the arming, we noticed that the crew were debating on their next move. Then, a huge burly sailor, the dead man's pal, named Big John, separated himself from the rabble, and began to walk toward us, and, pausing about six paces from the cabin door, he shouted that if we did not surrender Mr. Jackson within ten minutes, the crew would wipe us out.

"Captain Winslow, upon hearing this threat, opened the cabin door, and stepped outside. We watched tensely for what we expected to happen—that he would be immediately cut down; however the crew was so amazed by his bravery that they refrained from firing. Then our gallant leader's clear voice rang out, 'Men, you are about to engage in a serious crime. By marine law you are all liable to hang for this offense. While you treat me as your superior officer, respect and obey me, I will treat you as men, but when you act like the cowardly shark, and seek to give vent to your rage in a mass attack, I will treat you as the shark, and send you overboard that your brothers may dine upon your gore as they do upon their own. I shall not surrender Mr. Jackson unto you, nor admit him in the wrong for I cannot, by the laws of marine custom. Attack if you will, but you will gain your just rewards.' Then, turning, Captain Winslow reentered the cabin.

"For a second or two, a deep silence pervaded the crew, but spurred on by the threats of Big John they adjusted their knives, and holding their rifles, they began to slink forward. Gradually they stole towards us, creeping behind the masts or coils of rope, some few advancing in the open. Then Captain Winslow gave the command to fire, and three of the advancing mutineers fell to the deck. As the smoke cleared, an intense silence again pervaded the ship, and not one member of the crew was bodily exposed to our fire, but from behind each obstacle a long gleaming barrel protruded, guided by the hand of a once capable whaler. Bang! Whizzzzz! Pop, pop, poppety-pop! and twenty well aimed slugs, accompanied by the crackle of glass, and the splintering of wood, crashed through the window and the door. The steward collected most of them, being as he was, less protected than we were, as he stood near the table in the center of the cabin. He fell dead to the floor. Our only other casualty from this fusillade was a bullet in Christobal's shoulder.

"Then Captain Winslow, warning us to
(Continued on page 40)

The Violet - Man

Viola Noye

ONCE upon a time when fairies lived on the earth, there was one band ruled over by a good, but proud and haughty queen called Sapientia, because of her great knowledge of all things.

One of her followers who was called Tumultus—possibly for the reason that he caused so much noise and commotion—was very fond of playing jokes on all the other fairies. Sometimes these jokes, although innocently intended, caused great trouble. But he was not a bad fairy, for he tried very hard to overcome these faults.

One day a new fairy who had lost his own people was brought before Queen Sapientia, who welcomed him and asked him to stay with them until he should find his own people. Tumultus, who knew more about the Queen's own particular kind of magic than anyone else, was commanded to instruct the new fairy, Sylvester.

In a short time the two fairies became fast friends and shared a common enemy, the commander of the Queen's troops.

One day when the commander had been particularly disagreeable to them, Tumultus said, "Sylvester, you are more silent than I. Tonight when the commander is sleeping I will give you my magic shears. Steal into the commander's room, and at my signal, clip one hair off his head, and immediately all his hair will fall off."

"But," said Sylvester doubtfully, "I don't know where his room is." At that Tumultus gave him careful directions.

That night, when everyone else slept, Sylvester stole quietly into the room where Tumultus had directed him. At the signal, he clipped one hair. There was a scream from the Queen. Sylvester escaped from the room and joined Tumultus in the courtyard. Alas! They had not heard that the Queen had left

her own rooms to go to those of the commander who had, in his turn, moved to rooms on the opposite side of the castle. This change had been made to insure greater safety for the Queen, whose life was threatened by some bad fairies roving in that vicinity.

The two culprits tried to hide, but the Queen's whistle was blown, calling them to appear before her. Such was the power of this whistle, that no matter how much one might wish to escape, at one blast from this magic whistle, he was forced to return and appear before the Queen.

The Queen looked straight into their hearts and read their guilt. She was furious! When she asked the commander what should be done with them, he answered, "Put them to death."

But the Queen said, "No, death is too easy a punishment for them. Culprits, come with me!"

She led them far into the middle of a great forest. Poor Sylvester was changed into an evergreen tree by the angry and humiliated Queen, who said, "Here you shall remain, as long as your branches stay green."

Tumultus did not share his friend's fate. At the foot of the tree grew two white violets. One was small and delicate looking, giving out a dainty fragrance. The other had no fragrance, but it was taller, much more beautiful, and held its head proudly.

The Queen said to Tumultus, "I shall put you in the heart of this violet. Perhaps she can cure you of your mischievous ways. Remember, when you overcome your troublesome habits, both you and your friend will be freed. If you do not conquer yourself, you will always remain in the heart of this violet, and Sylvester will stand over you, groaning as the wind bends him at will."

If you are out in the woods some spring day

(Continued on page 39)

The Land of Wind-Mills and Wooden Shoes

Isabel Cumming, '36



UVER since I can remember, my dream has been to see Holland, and, when I did see it, it was almost too good to be true. Crossing the North Sea from England to Holland was no dream, however. Unlike the Atlantic, with its tremendous swell, the North Sea was choppy, and how we were tossed about!

Our first night was spent in Middleburg—a quaint old sixteenth-century town—in a hotel facing the main canal. The first sound I heard next morning was the clippety-clop of wooden shoes on the brick cobbles of a bridge spanning the canal. Then came a creaking sound, and, looking out, I saw that the bridge was slowly swinging around to let a line of canal boats go through. In the crowd, waiting for the bridge to swing back, were farmers with cart-loads of fresh vegetables drawn by large dogs; there were men with baggy trousers gathered in at the ankles; there were men in loose blouses with full sleeves, and queer little square caps; women with full skirts, suggesting numerous petticoats, completely covered by stiffly starched white aprons, tight fitting bodices covered with spotless kerchiefs and lace caps with large circular frills, clamped with gay pins onto tight little pompadours.

Small boys and girls were dressed exactly like their fathers and mothers. There were

men, women, and children, some on foot, others with bicycles, almost all wearing wooden shoes. Wooden shoes for walking seemed clumsy enough, but for bicycling,—until this day I don't know how it's done!

We planned to get through breakfast as soon as possible. Alas! When we saw what we had to finish, we decided not to hurry. Ours was a typical Dutch breakfast, of ham and eggs, two kinds of cold meat, rolls, a heavy sweet bread resembling cake, cheese, peaches and plums, with strawberries and cream for dessert. No place for delicate appetites in Holland!

One of the most famous spots in this country is the cheese-market at Alkmaar. The whole market-place was covered three-tiers deep with round Dutch cheeses, about the size of small pumpkins, with narrow paths between the piles. A prospective buyer strolled along these paths, eyeing the cheeses critically, picking one up now and then, squeezing it, punching it, slapping it, to make it sure was firm. One could almost see the cheeses wince under this close inspection. Then he pushed into the cheese an instrument much like an apple-corer, pulled out a sample and tasted it. If suited, he strolled up to the seller, held out his hand, and stated his price. Then the seller

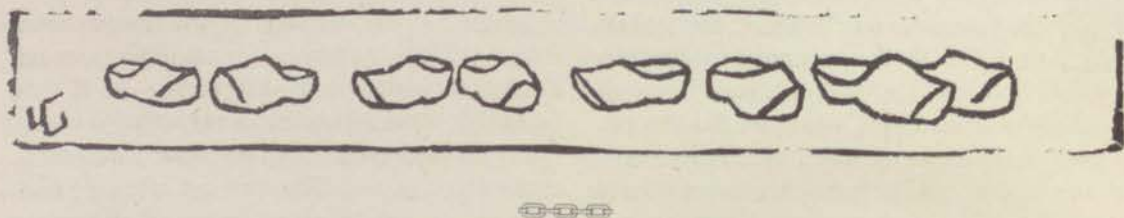
slapped the outstretched hand, shook his head vehemently and laughed at the thought of his cheeses selling at such a ridiculous price. The buyer turned away, only to come back shortly with another offer. More slapping of hands. Eventually an agreement was made and the cheeses were loaded onto large trays, each carried by means of a rope around the shoulders of two men. Through the closely-packed crowd ran the tray-bearers, uttering a peculiarly penetrating cry, the Dutch for, "Clear the way," and how we did jump! From the weighing-house, the cheeses were taken to the banks of the canal, where they were rolled through sluices into canal boats. Cushions were placed in the bottom of the boats to provide a soft landing, but nine times out of ten, the cheeses landed elsewhere.

Motoring through Holland is like nothing

else in the world. The road often lies along the top of a dyke, bordered by rows of straight, tall trees. On one side lies the sea, on the other, cultivated fields cut across by tiny canals where picturesque wind-mills stand guard, stretching their arms to the sky. At other times, the road lies below the dykes and below the level of the sea. It was a strange feeling when driving along such a road, or picnicing by the roadside to find, on climbing up the dyke that the sea, on the other side was several feet higher than our picnic-ground.

Soon we came to some tiny village, with its well-scrubbed houses and streets and its gardens with flowers of every color. Tulip-time was past, but such gardens with such a variety of gay colors I had never seen.

Holland, once the land of my dreams is now the land of pleasant memories.



My Visit to The Fox Film Studios

Albert Friedman

ONE never realizes the extraordinary methods employed in making pictures until he, himself, has actually seen a picture in the making.

During my visit at the Olympic Games in California, I was lucky enough to visit the Fox Film Studio, which, with the exception of the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studio, is the largest motion picture studio in the United States.

The studio itself, is called the Fox Film City, because it covers so much territory. There are instruments in this studio that can produce rain, snow, lightning, hail, and wind.

As I entered the studio, I noticed in the distance the reproduction on the Grand Canyon, and such was my curiosity that I immediately

hurried over to inspect it. It was nothing more than a huge construction of stiff cardboard, cleverly treated by several coats of paint and plaster.

Then, as I walked along, I came to a neatly arranged group of bungalows, in which the actors and actresses live while working on a picture. In front of each house on the lawn, there were found the stars' names made of flowers — a beautiful sight.

Then I came upon a western town, used for making cowboy pictures. Everything was exactly in order to make it appear real. The buildings represented ordinary stores and saloons.

The next sight which greeted my eyes was a

representation of a part of Chicago after a gang fight. Bullets had shattered all the windows in the stores, and blood lay everywhere.

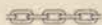
After this gory sight, I came to an exact replica of Chinatown with its squalid markets and stores. The illusion was almost perfect.

As I walked on, I saw before me an immense pool of water about a quarter of a mile in diameter. This, I learned, was their ocean upon which water pictures were made, and where planes crashed. By means of a system of pipes, lying at the bottom of the pool, huge waves were created by forcing compressed air through the pipes into the water.

In airplane pictures one often notices that

after a fight, one of the pilots has been shot to death, and, as he is wounded, he grips his neck and makes awful gestures with his hands; then one sees his plane go plunging to the earth, and one wonders how anyone can get near enough to take the picture. Two different pictures taken at two different times, are necessary to create the illusion of the pilot being shot and of the plane crashing to the ground.

Needless to say the technique used by motion picture producers fascinated me. But great as my interest was, it would be hopeless in a short article of this type to give any thing like an adequate description of the wonders exercised in producing pictures.



Old Fashion Girl Triumphs

Roberta Ewer

THE high school at Wellington, a small eastern town, was greatly upset on a certain day in the early part of June. It was the day before the "Most Popular Girl" contest which was held every year.

For the last three years there had been scarcely any competition. Betty Harmon, pretty and the most popular, had held the honor since her freshman year. There was little doubt but that she would get it this year, too, especially since Joe Birmingham, ring-leader in the contest, was Betty's best boyfriend.

But then came the crash. Two nights before the contest, Betty left poor Joe in the "lurch," and went off to a country club dance with Albert Rollins, a young "rich" who happened to be visiting relatives in Wellington at that time.

This had cut Joe to the quick. No girl could drop him like that and get away with it—least of all Betty Harmon. And if she thought she was going to be elected "Most Popular," she was very much mistaken. He had a thing or two to say in this contest, and, if Betty got elected, he'd leave on the first train for Paradise.

Therefore, on the day before the election, the school was in a state of confusion. Groups talking in undertones were seen all over the building. Classes were late, books left around, studying neglected. Everything was upside down.

A meeting was held in the boy's locker-room that noon to talk it over. Joe's tale of Betty's desertion had spread like wild fire through the school. Joe had nearly every boy's sympathy. They agreed to vote for whomever he suggested. Yet everyone received the surprise of his life when Joe decided upon Stella Grey.

"What's the matter with her?" Joe wanted to know.

"Well, nothing special, only she's so old-fashioned," someone answered.

"Antique, if you ask me," put in somebody else.

"Well, I'm not asking *you*, see?" retorted Joe angrily. "Just because she doesn't happen to use lipstick, wear seven-inch heels, and smoke, is no sign that she's old-fashioned is it?"

Several strained coughs followed.

"I tell you," Joe went on, "she's just the girl we want. She's a senior, smart, kinda

plain, but pretty just the same, and, er-er-well, you see Betty doesn't like her very well."

Ohs and ahs greeted this new evidence.

After a moment, someone broke into a cheer for Stella Grey, and in an instant it was taken up by the whole group.

Joe went to bed that night, feeling at peace with the world. Of course he was still angry at Betty, but he would get his revenge all right next day. He could just see her angry look as Stella was presented with the silver cup which might have been hers, had she not played that mean trick on him. Betty was a poor loser. This would hurt her more than anything else he could think of.

He could also picture Stella's proud, surprised look of pleasure. Poor kid, she was sure getting a lucky break. And why shouldn't she? She was as good looking as Betty except she didn't show it off so much—more sophisticated, or something. This would make the crowd wake up and show her a little attention for a while.

However there was little sleep for either Betty or Stella that night. Betty was hurt by the accusing glances she had received all day, and she couldn't stand to be shunned by the crowd. It was all Joe Birmingham's fault. What right did he have to rule her? If she wanted to go to a dance with Albert, why shouldn't she go? They were all mean and she hated them.

If she didn't win the contest, she'd never speak to Joe or anyone else again. Joe wasn't "the only pebble on the beach." Albert was lots nicer—and richer. Oh, she'd get even all right if she didn't win that contest.

Stella, on the other hand, lay awake, not because she was angry, but because she was torn between desire for the cup and loyalty to Betty. It was impossible for her not to have heard about the results of the locker room conference. If she accepted, she would always know that she had been elected to help Joe get even with Betty, and not because she was the most popular girl at school. Yet, if she refused to be elected, and stood up for Betty, the crowd might see her side of it and elect



Betty instead. Couldn't they see that it was being dishonest to elect her, when it should be Betty? Nevertheless, why shouldn't she, Stella, have all the glory for a change, if they were all willing?

These thoughts, and a thousand others ran through her mind nearly all night. But, finally exhausted, she fell asleep and awoke with the disappointing, but fair, conviction that she must not accept the honor of being elected.

The voting took place the next afternoon, and at seven that evening the entire student body, as well as many outsiders, filed into the Assembly hall to hear the report of the winner.

Needless to say, eighty-five percent of the votes cast were for Stella Grey. Loud cheers, clapping, and cries of "Speech, speech," were heard all around her. Joe, who sat next to her, gave her a gentle push toward the stage.

For a moment, as she looked at the swarm of faces before her, she felt stricken and panicky. Wasn't it better to accept and get it over with? She looked towards Betty, and one look at her flushed face made her feel ashamed of herself. What Stella had taken for keen disappointment on Betty's face was really anger.

Betty longed to rush out, but couldn't move. Stella Grey of all people! What was the school coming to? But her thoughts were interrupted as Stella began to speak.

"I want to thank everybody who voted for me, and I'm greatly honored." ('Humph, honored!' thought Betty) ('Poor kid, she's tickled pink,' thought Joe) 'I'm greatly honored. I would love to accept this cup, but I can't.' Gasps from all sides greeted this statement, but she kept bravely on. "Oh, can't you see? I can't accept what really belongs to somebody else. I-I-please give it to Betty. She deserves it and I don't."

Tears fell then, tears of disappointment and fear of what she had done. She rushed from the stage and out of the room. Nobody moved to stop her. Everyone was too amazed to do more than stare after her with open mouths.

In a moment Joe was on the stage. "Sorry folks," he said, taking all the responsibility upon himself, "but I guess the whole thing was pretty crooked. Only we didn't realize it 'till just now. I move that we postpone the whole thing another week and then hold a re-election."

"Second the motion," said voices from all sides.

"All those in favor of holding a re-election a week from today raise their right hands."

Every hand went up.

Then followed a week that none was likely to forget very soon. It was a week when lessons went all wrong. Studying was thrown to the four winds. Every girl at Wellington was put through a cross examination. Betty Harmon became more isolated every day. It was impossible for even her best friends to put up with her constant harping upon Joe's meanness, and Stella's conceit. Every afternoon

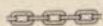
the boys held a meeting and discussed one girl and another, but none seemed to satisfy. Betty was out of the question altogether, and so was everybody else—but Stella. More and more notice was taken of her every day. She was really pretty when you came to give it a thought. She had a great deal of personality, too. In fact, she had everything needed to win the contest. Every meeting was opened and closed with her name, till it was apparent by the end of the week that none but Stella Grey would do. They must have Stella or nobody. As one of the boys voiced it, "No Stella, no contest."

Joe had resigned as ring-leader, but he was all for Stella nevertheless. It was one girl in a million that would have done what she had done. You wouldn't catch Betty giving up that cup just because she thought it ought to go to somebody else. No Sirree!

If the first election day had proved exciting, the second was doubly so. The assembly was packed that evening, long before the appointed time. A hush fell over the whole group as Joe came onto the stage.

Clearing his throat, he began. "Members of the faculty, friends, and fellow students, I have been asked to announce the winner of this year's most 'Popular Girl' contest. Due to a misfortune, as you all know, it was necessary to hold a re-election. The votes were cast only after careful thought and deliberation on the part of every one in the school. It gives me great pleasure, at this time, to present this cup to the winner, Miss Stella Grey."

(Continued on page 39)



My Notion of Music

Helen Tebbets



I'VE been defending myself from the charge of not knowing what music is—perhaps I don't know. But when I'm dragged to a concert by some doting great-aunt who is "sure I will enjoy the program—it's so instructive," and the female "artiste"

comes out in her best bib and tucker, with a diamond comb in her hair, and a whole rose bush pinned on her dress, I find myself nearly at the point of hysterics. Led by the tips of her white gloves, by the light of her gleaming bracelets, she walks onto the stage where,

twisting and folding a sheet of music, she prepares to give the initiatory scream.

Now if she would just trot out in her everyday clothes, old shoes and darned stockings, and sit down in a rocking chair and sing "Auld Lang Syne" or "Home Sweet Home," instead of running her voice up and down the scales for an hour to show how high and low she can go, without dropping into a fit, I'd like it.

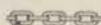
If you only knew the agony I'm in, when, drawing near the end of her musical gymnastics, she decides to wind up with one of those swift, deafening, "don't stop to breathe" finales, you would pity me from the bottom of your heart. I wish she would split her throat or stop. I know that presently she will daintily bow herself off the stage and then, in response to the dutiful applause, come back out and do it all over again.

Take a group of negroes singing their old spirituals—there's singing—real singing! Or take a duet or quartet, harmonizing and contrasting.

You hear our grandparents say, "Oh, this jazz—it's terrible." or "What is this younger generation coming to, anyway?" And they speak with so much contempt of these "crooners"—Bing Crosby or Russ Columbo. But at least they sing as if they enjoyed it,—without much effort—easily—not like these concert singers who strangle and murder a song with such high pitched screeches or such long, drawn-out holds, "fa-so-la ing" all over the place.

I'd much rather hear the laundry woman singing "Old John Brown" over her wash tub or go to church on Sunday and hear the whole congregation sing with all their hearts and souls, the simple hymns.

And then to cap the climax, when I'm just about ready to murder the next person I hear or meet who has anything to do with such "going-ons," someone near me who pretends to be a music lover murmurs when the star has just finished her grand finale, "Oh Joan, wasn't that just too sweet!"



FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE ORACLE 1931-32

RECEIPTS

1930-31 Oracle Board	\$ 50.62
Yearly Subscription	532.50
Ads. Oct. Issue	207.60
Ads. Dec. Issue	182.05
Ads. Jan. Issue	156.90
Ads. Feb. Issue	150.90
Ads. March Issue	150.90
Ads. Apr. Issue	156.90
Ads. June Issue	179.90
Junior Exhib. Cuts	20.00
Senior Cuts	316.00
Club Cuts	38.13
Cash Sales	47.45

Total received.....\$2,189.85

EXPENDITURES

Incidentals, postage, etc.	\$.98
Cuts and Printing, Oct.	219.32
Cuts and Printing, Dec.	204.36
Cuts and Printing, Jan.	189.76
Cuts and Printing, Feb.	194.81
Cuts and Printing, March	202.08
Cuts and Printing, April	184.34
Cuts and Printing, June	724.47
N. S. P. A. Dues	3.55
U. of M. Dues	10.00
Tickets and Envelopes	11.20
Oracle Pins	21.25

Total paid out.....\$1,966.12

Total receipts	\$2,189.85
Total expenditures	1,966.12
Balance	\$223.73
Net profit, 1931-'32	173.11

LLOYD JOHNSON, *Business Manager*,
M. C. MULLEN, *Faculty Adviser*.

Topics Talked About

This column expresses the viewpoints of students interested in school affairs.

It is an open forum.

THE "PEP-MEETINGS"

Number 1—by W. F. Weston

In Bangor High School the student body has the wrong idea of school spirit. They think that it means that every time we have a pep-meeting all they have to do is make the most noise, no matter how they make it.

Making a lot of noise isn't going to help the team win. It is the good, hard cheering that gives the team the idea that you are backing them.

If every student would co-operate with the cheer leaders, we could have some of the best cheering ever done in Bangor High School. This year we have one of the best teams that we have ever had, and the cheer leaders are the best, also. Let's get into the spirit of it all, and help put our team across.

Number 2—by William Hardy

There is more than one kind of school spirit. There is a difference between cheering in the assembly hall during a pep meeting, and cheering for your team at the ball field.

Take, for example, the pep-meeting in the assembly hall at Bangor High School, Friday morning, September the twenty-third. The cheering was loud, but disorganized; the students didn't follow the leader.

This kind of spirit will not hearten the team in the assembly hall, nor on the ball field. There must be a leader in everything, even in cheering, to make it effective. Therefore, the leader must be popular and well-known.

Let us have organized cheering, and not follow the fellows in the audience who show off. If you cannot cheer without showing off, keep still.

Number 3—by Eugene Brown

School spirit, that quality so necessary for a good school, and which seemed to be so strong at our first rally, received a decided set-back at the Machias rally.

The students could not have shown poorer spirit than they did, by repeated bursts of cheering in the face of pleas to stop by the cheer leaders.

If the students had been in place of the football squad on the stage, they would have acted differently. We fellows on the stage, I assure you, felt very foolish, first thinking that the students were having some ill-timed fun with the leaders, and then feeling that they were "razzing" us. No matter how self-controlled one may be, such an event can be nothing but embarrassing.

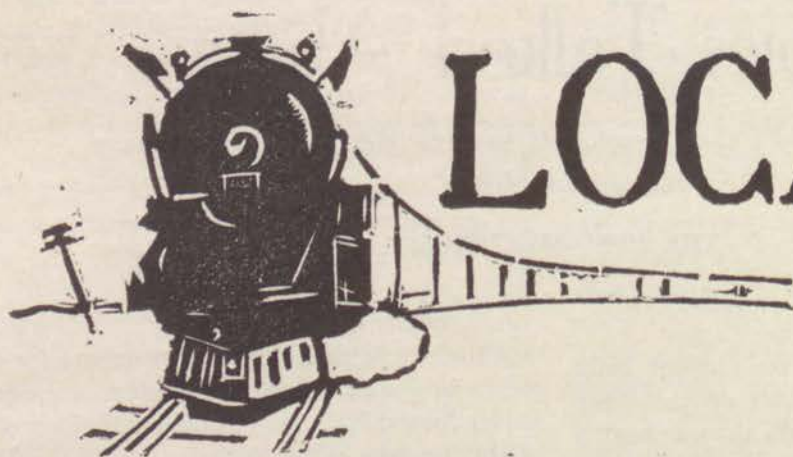
We feel that those who do this are nothing more than the "Barbershop gang"—that group which, if it does condescend to go to a game, goes via the sub-fence route, and airs its criticisms, never giving credit. Educate this group, and gain self-respect and school-spirit in the true meaning of the word.

You are now enjoying, or should be enjoying, the best days of your life. And you don't seem to realize it. Now get into things! Back every social and athletic event, your teachers, and your fellow students. I challenge you to make this school a different and a better place!

Number 4—by Gerald Corey

For the last two or three years, Bangor High School hasn't been winning many games in football or basketball. Why? Because the students have little school spirit. The students do not pay to see their teams win. If

(Continued on page 37)



LOCALS

RALLIES

The Friday assemblies of the last few weeks have been turned over to the athletic department with Bob Kurson and his cheer leaders directing. The rallies seem to be inspiring good school spirit, for the cheers are given with a will, but that isn't enough. If we have good school spirit we should have nearly one-hundred per cent attendance at the games, and each and every one cheering at the top of his voice. Imagine the moral effect the blast from twelve hundred lusty voices would have on the opponent's team. Why, they wouldn't be able even to play, for such cheering would blow the opposite team over the fence and out Essex Street somewhere. Let's have one hundred per cent attendance at the remaining games.

ASSEMBLIES

As has long been the custom at Bangor High School, the first assembly of the year was held under the able supervision of a very distinguished group of seniors, known as the *Oracle* Board. A quite original program was arranged and presented by members of the Board in the form of a brief skit. Newell Avery, our editor-in-chief came forward, in the middle of the playlet and told the upperclassmen, including the sophomores, of the three great contests sponsored by the *Oracle* this year. He also reminded the assembly of their duty as spirited students to support this activity.

Two of the big contests sponsored, have been won by Room 201 in the morning session; namely, the contest featuring the consignment of Skippies to the Home Room first attaining one-hundred per cent in subscriptions, and the contest offering a consignment of Polar Sticks to the Home Room turning in the most money. It was a grand spectacle to see the Classical Juniors munching on those succulent Polar sticks. It is rumored that certain members of the *Oracle* board horned in on the eats. Your reporter has heard that certain ones got a tummy-ache as a result of the feast. Shame on you, seniors, permitting Mr. Prescott's juniors to cheat you out of your treats. In the afternoon session, room 201 turned in the highest number of subscriptions and thereby received the consignment of popicles. The winners of the Most Popular Boy and Girl contest, sponsored by the *Oracle* are Mack Flewelling and Louise Hastings.

And don't forget the disarranged letters in the advertising section of this *Oracle*. Hunt them up, put them in the correct order and bring to Albert Gass.

DEBATE CLUB

The first meeting of the Upperclass Debate Club was held Wednesday, October 12. The chief business of the meeting was the election of the Club officers, and the appointment of Dance Committees. Plans for the Annual

Autumn Dance were discussed by Mr. Prescott, who stressed the importance of surpassing last year's Autumn Dance, which, as everyone that attended knows, was the most successful dance ever held in Bangor High School. Other business meetings were held October 17, and October 24.

DEBATE CLUB DANCE

This Annual Autumn Debate Club Dance, the clever posters of which may be seen in the home rooms, is to be wonderful in its presentations. Do you remember the handsome red and gold back-drop, which the Debate Club secured at very great expense from Broadway? Do you remember the colorful decorations, the good-looking booths, the favors, and the swell time you had at last year's dance? If you went you must remember the excellent acts of vaudeville between each dance, and the captivating music of Clyde Lougee's Dance Band. If by some great misfortune you missed last year's greatest event, in fact the greatest event in the history of the school, then rush to the telephone, call up your girl, invite her to the dance, and attend the greatest entertainment ever given in the school, for this year's dance is going to surpass that of last year. Don't think the Debate Club's vaudeville is going to be at all amateurish. It isn't. Last year it featured such popular entertainers as: Yours Truly, Jack Riley, Master of Ceremonies; Madeline Goff and Don Rice, Hawaiian duo; Abie Kern and Alfie Schriver, piano and violin; Abie Kern and Dick Palmer, piano duo; Natalie Anderson, toe dancer; Geraldine Cluckey, tap dancer; Vaughn Wickett, tenor soloist; Florence LaPlante, "blues" singer. You can see that these are all capable entertainers, so let's have everyone turn out.

FRENCH PLAY

Madame Beaupre's French pupils are certainly having their chance to shine.

Bangor High School was specially honored by being chosen to put on a short French play

in October at the Teachers' Convention.

"Les Facheux" is the title of the play and the characters are:

Jeanne, la victime collegienne.....	Jane Sullivan
Louise Letourdie, amie de Jeanne.....	Thelma Robbins
Angele Biensage, amie de Jeanne.....	Eleanor Clough
Alberta Sapientissima bas bleu.....	Marjorie Strout
Mme. VePhilotoquee, Journaliste.....	Louise Hastings
Anastasie Bonnefille, femme de chambre	Lucille Jenkins

The entire cast coached by Madame Beaupre has been working hard, and we wish them every success in the future.

LATIN CLUB

Latin Club got away to a good start on September 29 when the program for the year was mapped out. Several very interesting and well-thought-out suggestions were offered. One idea was that since for the past two years we have devoted ourselves largely to the study of Latin authors, we should, this year, study the life of the Roman people, their customs and practices. Of course we shall have to get much of this material from books.

Mrs. Cumming, the head of our Latin department spent last summer in Europe, giving a good deal of her time there to the study of remains of the old Latin civilization in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, and England. The club voted enthusiastically to ask her to give them a talk on Roman civilization as shown by these remains of early times. She has many snapshots taken during her travels, and will illustrate her talk. Mrs. Cumming wishes to reserve her program until after the bright Sophomores (eighty-five per cent in rank, please!) have been admitted to the Club.

Another suggestion was that we should give some attention to the Latin drama, with the possibility of acting a short play or two. There will also be the usual social events.

Therefore—Sophomores, it's up to you to get well acquainted with that illustrious and much talked of gentleman, Julius Caesar, for Caesar is the password to that most intellectual of all High School groups—The Latin Club.

STUDENT COUNCIL

On Tuesday, September 13, the first meeting of the Student Council—that venerable body—was held.

With Malcolm Flewelling—last year's Treasurer—acting as chairman, the meeting was called to order. Plans were discussed for a dance to be given on October 21. The profits of this dance were given to the fund being raised to build two tennis courts at Mary Snow School. These courts will be open to the school people and will doubtlessly afford much pleasure for those interested in that incomparable sport.

From last year's Student Council members, consisting of Ralph Wilson, Isadore Leavitt, Doris Chalmers, Thelma Sullivan, Arthur Stewart, Alyce Tuck, Norman Carlisle, Constance Hedin, Claire Libby, Robert Kurson, Elwood Bryant, Fred Merrill, Phyllis Bates, and Mack C. Flewelling, committees were chosen to plan for the dance.

Our artists, Alyce Tuck and Elwood Bryant, were asked to make posters. Our one and only Robert Kurson made a speech in Assembly—such a stirring speech that everyone was firmly convinced that there never had been or never would be such a dance as the Student Council dance.

The music was furnished by Lou Kyer and his well-known band, playing all the latest dance numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Ulmer did their very best as chaperons to make the occasion a success.

FRESHMAN BOYS' DEBATING

The Freshman Boys' Debating Society, under the direction of Miss Coffin, held their first meeting, Friday, October 14. The chief business was the organization of the club and the election of class officers.

The Snapdragons the Freshman Girls' Debating society, have not as yet been organized. However Mrs. McGinley, coach, expects the club to be well under way by the last of November.



"MACK" FLEWELLING
Winner in the Oracle Contest

SENIOR ENGLISH

Members of Miss Mullen's senior English classes were badly shocked, when she told them in the first week of school that in two weeks the class must be prepared to conduct a debate. The question for debate in the A division was; Resolved: that the class of 1933 should take a trip to Washington instead of holding graduation exercises. The affirmative team was made up of Paul Burke, Newell Avery, and Freddie Newman. The negative side was contended by Eleanor Clough, Helen Tebbetts, and Ruth Currie. After both teams had presented their cases, an eight minute open rebuttal was held, after which a prepared speaker from each team made a rebuttal speech for his respective team. The decision given, by Miss Connor as judge, was granted the negative team with Helen Tebbetts as best speaker. A rising vote of thanks was given the judge on a motion by Lucille Jenkins, and the meeting was adjourned.

MUSIC

The band under the efficient leadership of Mr. Alton Robinson, is hard at work striving



LOUISE HASTINGS
Winner in the Oracle Contest

to recover its prestige after last year's defeat. Although handicapped at present by the vacancies caused by the graduation of experienced members, Mr. Robinson expects to be able to replenish the weak sections by some excellent material in the Junior Band, also under his supervision.

The senior orchestra is working diligently under the capable supervision of Professor Adelbert Sprague. This year the orchestra has some excellent material with which to make a championship organization. Among the musicians in the orchestra who are past or present members of the All-State orchestra are Geraldine E. Watson, Alfred Schriver, Bennie Viner, Dick Stevens, and Norman Carlisle.

The Festival Chorus, this year, is to be held in the Auditorium October 29. As the Festival is to be held so soon, it was necessary to double up on rehearsals. Rehearsals, under the direction of Professor Adelbert Sprague were held Monday mornings and Monday evenings in the assembly hall. Roland Hayes, negro tenor, to be featured as soloist for the festival, is one of the most expensive artists

to be heard in Bangor; the city was indeed fortunate to be able to secure such a great singer.

All four Glee Clubs are well under way. Miss Donovan, director, has announced a concert to be given by the four Glee clubs, Senior Girl's, Senior Boy's, Freshman Girl's, and Freshmen Boy's. This concert will be held around Christmas time. Record attendance has been reported in all four clubs.

MILITARY

R. O. T. C. started with an explosion this year. It's small wonder, too, with those snappy new uniforms. It was too bad the government didn't send about a hundred extra uniforms, for the Military office was deluged with requests from seniors who wanted to take drill. Most of them had to be refused. The cadet battalion was well in shape by the time the new major, Major Snow arrived.

The whole battalion regrets losing Major Baldinger, for he worked hard to make a success of the cadet corps. He certainly succeeded in making a crack outfit as may be seen by the results of last year's military inspection at Broadway. In fact we shall all miss the major, for he was certain to give a man a square deal.

The Rifle Club has been organized with Ralph Thayer as Captain. Practice shooting has begun, and the boys take great pleasure in shooting at the new targets. The new targets consist of movable stands which may be taken away when not in use.

POST GRADUATES

Good old B. H. S. is growing! It has nearly thirty registered students, taking post graduate courses. This is the largest number of enrolled students for several years.

Madame Beaupre is certainly living up to her reputation of being the best French teacher for miles around when nearly all of the P. G.'s come back for just one more year of French.

(Continued on page 35)

Hokum

This is a new column; we hope you like it.

Well, by now, school-life has imbedded itself in every B. H. S. *student*—that's all right Jimmie M—, we didn't mean you. New students have come and old ones have graduated—sorry to hurt your feelings Ralphie W—but Franny J—understands anyway. Isn't it strange that almost every member of the *Oracle* Board had some votes for himself in the Popularity Contest—maybe there's a surplus of tickets! This depression certainly has affected B. H. S. students—did you notice the shortage of kiddy-cars among the Frosh? Speaking about depressions, Corey, a noted school psychologist, says that the depression is all over! "Yep," says Corey "it's turned into a riot!" The new football rule has it that crawling with the ball is to be penalized but what can one do when Johnny H—tries to crawl with it when the lights go out as they did in the Belfast game? Georgie P—11 certainly ought to get enough class-meeting—Georgie says the office informs him that they think he is a junior but he says he is taking three *sophomore* subjects while the teachers claim that he is of the same status as a *frosh*. Georgie himself claims that he is a *senior*. All the girls consider him a *post-graduate*! That reminds us of this notice: The *Wednesday Morning Club*, the meeting of which was postponed from last *Saturday* night to this *Tuesday* afternoon on account of rain on *Monday* will be held on *Thursday* instead of the usual meeting on *Sunday*! Billy W-st is credited with asking: "How high is a running high jump," while Art St-rt says he just flunked an exam because he didn't know when the war of 1812 was fought! Well, watch your step this month because ye Hokum editor is right on the job and he sees all, knows all and tells all, oh yeah!

CURRENT EVENTS

1. What is vice president Curtis' stand on prohibition?
2. What is the gist of the Ottawa Trade Pact?
3. Who is holder of the world's altitude record?
4. What was the purpose of this flight?
5. What Scotch flyer soloed across the Atlantic, August 18-19?
6. What was the significance of this flight?
7. What women's amateur record was broken during the last of August?
8. Who broke the record?
9. What prominent mayor recently resigned?
10. Will there be a special election or will the next in line hold the job until 1934?
11. Who is now mayor of New York?
12. What was the surprising result of the Calif. primaries?
13. What obsolete voting law was brought to life in Lewiston?
14. What is Coolidge's stand on Hoover?
15. What is Germany's latest demand in regard to armaments?
16. Who holds transcontinental speed record?
17. What solar event brought a flock of tourists to New England?
18. What strange fact is true regarding the membership of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Board?
19. What two South American countries have been at war?
20. Over what are they fighting?
21. Of what advantage is it to Bolivia?
22. What airship is being built for the U. S. N.?
23. Who invented the "Kangaroo Tank"?
24. Why is it so called?

ANSWERS TO CURRENT EVENTS

- 1.—"I am opposed to the return of the saloon and I am opposed to the repeal of the eighteenth amendment." (from Curtis' acceptance speech).
- 2.—Great Britain surrenders the right to impose duties on imports from other countries of the United Kingdom, except Ireland.
- 3.—Auguste Piccard.
- 4.—To study the cosmic rays.
- 5.—Capt. James A. Mollison.
- 6.—First solo hop westward across the Atlantic.
- 7.—Women's endurance record.
- 8.—Mrs. Francis Marsalis and Mrs. Louise Thader.
- 9.—Mayor James J. Walker.
- 10.—There will be a special election.
- 11.—Joseph V. McKee.
- 12.—William Gibbs McAdoo nominated as senator.
- 13.—Paupers are struck from voting lists.
- 14.—"He deserves re-election for what he has done, and for what he has prevented. We know he is safe and sound."
- 15.—That she be able to arm as a first-class power.
- 16.—Capt. James G. Haizlip.
- 17.—The Eclipse.
- 18.—The Democrats have the chairman and a majority in it.
- 19.—Bolivia and Paraguay.
- 20.—The Grand Chaco.
- 21.—It would give her an outlet to the sea.
- 22.—The "Macon."
- 23.—J. Walter Christie.
- 24.—Because it has jumped 35 feet through the air and can attain a speed of 112 miles per hour.

Ye Olde Oracle

FRENCH ENGLISH

Oracle of June, 1898

The following, written by a student in high school in 1898, tells of his impressions about a "Learn-English-in-five-easy-lessons" book.

The treatise is primarily a handbook of pronunciation. As would be expected, "th" comes in for a good share of attention. The author admits that he is not so sure of the "th" as of some other sounds. He tells his readers that this sound may be represented (*tant bien que mal*) by *z* or *s*; some of his examples are *north, norse*; *three, sree*; *thaw, sa*; *the, zi*; *father, faseur*; *than, zann*.

He asserts that he has, throughout the book, indicated phonetically the exact sounds of the English. It would be curious to know just what impression some of his attempts at indicating sounds would make upon a Frenchman. The impression they make on us is decidedly odd. *Wagon* is transformed into *ougeunne*; *king* is *king'gue*; *sugar, choug'eur*; *jump* is sounded *d'jeump*; *surgeon, seurdjeunne*; having *havingue*; *begin, beguine*; *been, bine*; *tub and tube* are to him the same word. It would be entertaining for the reader to guess which is meant by *biati, tchailde, sankes, fou'tchoiure*. Evidently the dictionary in use by the Professor was not exact in marking obsolete words so we have *rhetor-mixcion, draugh*, without a hint that they are not every day English.

Such trifles as spelling can, of course, be laid to the printer,—*whe, (we)*; *hamm, excellent*; *thantk, liddle, beging, carottes, bautifull*;—which last occurs too many times to be entirely the printer's fault.

It is however, at this point, when he begins to give sentences for practice that he is at his best. This is the beginning of a short story, evidently an original translation; "The family

consisted of an old man and his wife with six sons-in-law and a joyous genealogy out of them;" "My heart was set down the moment I entered the room." Further on, "His wife sang a little and then intermitted."

After the little story, we have a collection of short sentences. "Say your lesson, my child, chut up!" "Chut up," seems to strike the fancy of the Professor, as he gives it in his list of idioms, "which it will be well to learn by heart and employ as needed in conversation."

Other examples are, "Your exercise in badly made," "You are spending ink on the table," "The child jumps with string" (*jumps rope*), "Let us get a race to bicycle, I am clever on it," "I am sleepy, let us get up," the apparent contradiction from translating literally, "get up" instead of "go up," i. e., to bed. "After we shall ask to our parents, we go." "My watch is twenty minutes too late," is evidently a case of putting cause for effect. "A succulent rost" (*a juicy roast*). "Will sent," for *send* seems to be especially troublesome in these sentences as it occurs several times. "Sun is warmer; few more month an then is summers."

"Snow disappears, only remains snow drop which grow with violet." "It is agreeable to run over the country by so fresh a morn." What a stumble over a little preposition! "November month is very demp." "Chut the door and lit the stove." "Buy gloves, it is the season to use of it," a natural translation of *s'en servir*. "You will have a nice present at Christmas, if you are wise." This has a cold calculating sound; the trouble is that "wise" doesn't mean to the Yankee boy what *sage* does to the juvenile Frenchman.

These examples convey but an inadequate idea of this entertaining book which the author hopes will be found one of the most useful books of the times to all who wish a correct knowledge of English."

The Book Nook

AT GOOD OLE SIWASH

George Fitch

Without doubt, this is the funniest book ever written about college life. The book, which deals with the "good ole college days," is written in a very humorous style, and laughs are on every page. The plots, for the book has a number of stories, deal with the misfortunes of the famous fraternity, "Eta Beta Pie," the great deeds they did, and the wars they waged on the poor faculty. The reader meets many delightful characters and many humorous incidents of college life.

William Saltzman.

TENDER TALONS

Helen R. Martin

In a small Dutch town in Pennsylvania, we are introduced to Mat and Mamie Bausman, and their young son, Lute, whose rearing is nearly the cause of a family disruption. We trace Lute's development through his early years at home, and his rapid growth in college. Finally, he attains his success as a professor in a mid-western college.

Here we meet Dr. Hargate, a professor in the same college, and one of the strangest characters in fiction. Cultured, apparently deeply affectionate, Dr. Hargate dominates his household absolutely, destroying all their individuality, and smothering his children with a cruel love. Lute meets the doctor's daughter, and he determines to marry her, hoping, if possible, to rescue the whole family from the tender talons of this strange father.

Virginia Orbeton.

ROUND THE HORN IN A SQUARE RIGGER

Captain Johnson

This is the tale of a young American who heard the call of adventure, and found a way

to follow it. Shipping from Hamburg, Germany, on one of the mammoth four-masted square riggers, still in the trans-oceanic service, he sailed around Cape Horn to Chile, a ninety-day voyage, in the winter of 1929-1930.

High seas and raging storms provided a setting for harrowing experiences and courageous action, in which the young man played a true sailor's part, and proved his mettle to the admiration of the ship's captain and crew.

James Siegel.

HOT WATER

P. G. Wodehouse

The trouble begins when U. S. Senator Opal, a pronounced dry, writes a letter to his bootlegger. The letter is miscarried and is received by Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge, who is desirous of establishing her husband in the post of ambassador to France.

Lizard costumes, viscounts, crooks, and romance are delightfully juggled in this masterpiece of mirth.

Aphrodite Floros.

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST

Pearl Buck

"The Young Revolutionist" is a story of intense pathos. One has great compassion for Ko-sen and his merry little friend who are serving the gods in the temple,—a task which they abhor. These Chinese lads, one, the son of a dark-skinned sturdy farmer, the other, the son of a deceased magician, finally run away from their virtual prison. They join the revolutionary army as a means of eluding the priests. The older lad and his capricious friend march far to the north for the great battle. They find out, in the words of Longfellow, that "things are not what they seem."

Truly, this is a gripping tale from start to finish.

Margaret Williston.



BANGOR HIGH IS WINNER IN FIRST GAME

Although an all day rain had turned Mary Snow field into a quagmire, nearly two hundred loyal supporters shivered in the bleachers to see the Crimson score nine points to none for Crosby High of Belfast in a game that was stopped before the first half on account of the lighting system. Belfast, kicking into a strong wind had difficulty in getting the pigskin off the ground; and it took three attempts before the game was started.

The game was pretty much a walkaway for the Red Imps. After a nice punt by "Cupid" Brown and a fumble by Belfast, the local eleven found itself in possession of the ball on the ten yard line. From here the Crimson in a series of steady plunges carried the slippery oval over the enemy line with Don Stuart making the final dash. The try for point was successful. On the next kick-off, Bangor smeared Belfast deep in their own territory, and the latter, while trying to kick from behind the goal line, was nailed by the fast charging Crimson front wall. Ulmer's second team took the field at the start of the second period and was well on its way to score when the gale got to work and put the lights out of commission. When they had waited a few minutes and the field remained in darkness, the officials decided to give the game to Bangor.

BANGOR HIGH OVERWHELMS MACHIAS

The Score was 28—0

Under the glare of the flood lights, a big Crimson eleven annexed its second win in as many games, when it rolled over an outclassed grid team from Machias High School by scoring four touchdowns and a safety, while keeping their goal line safe from the weak attacks of Machias.

Presenting a light and inexperienced lineup, the visitors were no match for the smart Bangorians, who, using only a straight running attack with but a single pass, scored almost at will.

Not once during the course of the game were the visitors able to threaten the Bangor goal line, although just before the close of the first half, Machias, flashing its only sustained drive of the evening, moved the ball past midfield into Bangor territory. But this was the nearest the visitors came to the Crimson goal line, as the big Bangor front wall messed up the Machias attack before it got started.

Bangor won the toss and elected to receive. Hussey ran the kickoff back ten yards before being stopped. Running from kick formation, Bangor made a first down on plunges by Brown and Stuart. At this point the Crimson attack stalled and Gene Brown punted to the three yard line from midfield. Machias made a yard on the first play. After that, Bangor messed

up two plays; and Lyons, Machias's full back, standing behind bounced back over the goal line for a safety.

Machias chose to kick again, and Bob Hussey made a brilliant run of thirty yards back to the Machias forty yard line, only to have the run absorbed by a twenty five yard penalty for clipping. The ball was put in play on Bangor's thirty-five yard line. After the first scrimmage had been stopped by a fighting Machias line, Hussey made six yards. Brown punted to the Machias thirty yard line, and the ball was grounded without any run-back. The period ended before Machias could put the ball in play.

At the beginning of the second quarter, Walter Ulmer sent his reserve team into action, and it began the first sustained drive of the evening. The Bangor march began on its own forty-two yard line, and with Leavitt and Nelson doing the carrying, the Crimson reeled off three first downs, to place the pigskin on the eleven yard line. Leavitt crashed over in two tries for the score. "Inkspot" Grodinsky slipped through the line for the extra point, making the score nine. After the kickoff Machias made its only first down of the game, and the period ended with the ball about midfield.

Play in the third period was all Crimson. With the regulars back in the game, the play was all in Machias territory. Bangor added thirteen more points to its total in this period.

The first score of the third period came as the result of a blocked kick. The ball was scarcely over the line of scrimmage and high. With both sides waiting for the ball to stop rolling, Flash Wilson scooped up the bounding sphere and raced unmolested across the goal line for a score. The kick for extra point failed.

The second score of the period came as the result of a drive from the Machias thirty-eight yard line. Art Stewart did most of the ball carrying in this march, and he scored the touchdown.

The final score of the game came in the final period as the result of a twenty-two yard pass, which placed the ball in position to be taken

over by Gene Brown. The try for extra point was fumbled. From this point, the third team finished the game and the new team was making a bid for a score when the whistle ended the game.

BANGOR JAYVEES WIN OPENER, 6-0

Bangor junior varsity opened its season with a 6-0 victory over Dover-Foxcroft at the latter's grounds. The game was close and hard fought with both teams showing plenty of ability. The outcome was decided only when Walter Morse, sophomore flash, dashed 80 yards for a touchdown on the final play of the game.

Two full teams saw action and showed surprising strength. On one occasion, Bangor held the academy for four downs on their one yard line.

Several times the Jayvees were in position to score, as the result of drives which carried them within the enemy's twenty yard line, but they lacked the final punch.

As the game passed into its final stages, it looked as if it would end in a scoreless tie, but then Morse stepped up to do his Merriwell act. The ball was on Bangor's twenty yard line and, with only seconds left to play, Morse swept around right end behind beautiful interference.

After he crashed through the Academy's secondary defense, only the safety man remained between him and the goal. Bob Flynn dumped him up and allowed Morse to run the remaining distance for a touchdown. The try for extra point failed, and the game was over.

BANGOR BEATS BREWER

CRIMSON AVENGE LAST YEAR'S DEFEAT

Bangor High's football aspirants pinned a 14-6 defeat on the Orange and Black of Brewer in the 30th meeting between these arch enemies. The game was noticeably slow on account of the new rules.

(Continued on page 33)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Well, here we are again, or that is, those of us who survived the rank cards. After a short summer vacation, the freshmen, sophomores and juniors returned to good old B. H. S. to find themselves one step higher in life, so to speak. We expect to show that we are one step higher in athletics. No doubt the freshmen this year will give a good account of themselves.

The girls are again fortunate in having for their coach, Miss Oltar, who, after a victorious season last year—the girls won all the games they played both in hockey and basketball—expects and hopes to develop winning teams this year.

Coach Oltar gave her first call for hockey on Sept. 8, the first Thursday of school. About 50 girls, some experienced and others untrained, were at Broadway Park ready for action. Among the candidates were six veterans: Elizabeth Hardison, Mary Shapleigh, Thelma Sullivan, Mary Wright, Frances Jones, and Betty Maxwell.

Besides those letter girls, there were a good many who had very good experience playing on the second team and practicing with the school team last year.

Those who are out for hockey this year are: Fern Lewis, Gerry Reynolds, Ruth Sanders, Madaline Anderson, C. Morrison, E. Hardison, Mary Shapleigh, Thelma Sullivan, Evelyn Byer, Catherine Piper, Barbara Jarvis, Norma Eames, Miriam Landon, Frances Giles, Helen Bond, Isabelle Kelly, Doris Chalmers, Mary Wright, Mary Jenkins, Thelma Lovejoy, Betty Homans, Audrey Sullivan, Elnora Savage, Katherine Whitney, Thelma Bickford, Lucille Fogg, Peggy Thayer, Louise Hastings, Frances Jones, Ruth Thurston, A. McLeod, V. Howland, Betty Maxwell, Betty Moore, Eleanor Walmsly, C. Raymond, I. Jordon, R. Rayson, P. Getchell, V. Hartt, Betty Small, L. Michaud, Eleanor Burrill, Elizabeth Pinkham, Augusta Tuckos, Jeanette Sanborn, Corinne Adams.

This year the Girls' Athletic Honor Council thought it would be a better idea to have

all the class teams first, each class competing with the other, and then at the end of this tournament, to choose from these games the best players for the Varsity games, which will begin some time in Nov. The class tournaments will be scheduled to come off the last of October.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

Few students or teachers seem to realize just how hard the girls in the Council work.

The Honor Council promotes all girl's athletics. The girls have only a very little backing from the city, so the Council takes care of all financial problems. The girls in the Council coach all freshmen gym classes. This not only gives responsibility but excellent experience. For the past four years the girls in the Council have rented a booth at the Mary Snow School athletic field, for the purpose of selling hot dogs, candy, ice-cream, cold soft drinks and gum. The profits earned in this way are put in the treasury for the sole purpose of buying hockey and basketball equipment and many other necessary things.

This year, as in the past, the Council plans to have the lunch room in the basement of the high school building during the State Teacher's Convention. The girls spend considerable time decorating the lunch room and preparing hot lunches for the hungry teachers, who, because of the state wide fame of the Bangor High School girls' excellent cooking, eagerly come to eat our appetizing food.

Many of the students, especially the Freshmen, do not know what the Girls' Athletic Honor Council means.

The purpose of the Council is to develop a better type of athletics in the Bangor High School, and also to develop a better type of girl to represent Bangor in athletics. From the beginning, the very best girls have been chosen for the Council. There are six qualifications which every girl must possess in order to become a member. These are scholarship, athletic ability, respect, leadership, dependability and sportsmanship.

(Continued on page 33)



The number of B. H. S. Alumni at the University of Maine this year is unusually large. There are 30 members of the class of '32 and previous classes. They are as follows:

College of Technology

John Bartlett	Thomas Reed
Ira F. Dole	Arthur Thayer
Frank Morse, '30	

College of Agriculture Home Economics

Anora Peavy	Evelyn Tracy
Rena Allen	

College of Arts and Sciences

Marcia Allen	Dorothy Jones
Bettina Brown	Gorham Levenseller '31
Pearl Buck	Arlene Merrill
Mae Cohen	William Mongovan
Albert Crowder	Joseph Mullen
Alice Crowell	Donald Rollins
Carolyn Currier	Bernard Saunders
Geneva Epstein	Nathalie Saunders, '30
Guy Flagg, '31	Mildred Sawyer
Leonard Ford, '31	Donald Scanlin
Edward Gibbons, '31	Bettina Sullivan
Roland Glezer	Leo Viner
Richard Higgins	Leona West

Five members of the class of '32, passed the placement tests at U. of M. with such high marks that they are to take sophomore instead of freshman English. These students are

Thomas Reed, Bettina Brown, Betty Sullivan, Faith Holden, and Marcia Allen. Thomas Reed, editor-in-chief of the 1932 *Oracle*, also received college credit in trigonometry.

WEDDINGS

Roger L. Averill, '31, and Lilith Sprowl, '32. Walter D. Fearn of Boston and Helene H. Moser, '26, the well-known singer.

Richard D. Baldwin, '25, and Dorothy Girvan, '27.

John Farnam and Luella Hartt '29.

Linwood Bowen '29, and Ruth Young of Camden. Mr. Bowen was graduated from the University of Maine in 1932. He is a member of the Lambda Chi fraternity, the Alpha Zeta, an honorary agricultural fraternity, and several others. He is also active in musical circles. A position of instructor was waiting for him when he returned from his wedding trip.

All teachers who received new appointments in the Bangor schools this year were graduates of B. H. S. They were: Clarine Coffin, '27; Clara Mason, '22; Hilda Powers, Dorothy Burke, and Estelle Burfitt.

Robert Cummings, ex-'33, has gone to Palestine with his father, Dr. Charles G. Cumming to study history and language in the American School of Oriental Research after a summer of traveling through Europe.

Raymond Prince, '30, has entered the Junior class at the University of Maine.



In view of the fact that popular contests are in vogue at the present time, the editors of this department have in a way known only by themselves, been conducting a series of interviews with various members known favorably or unfavorably to all of the student body.

After making charts and diagrams and losing considerable sleep thereby, we find ourselves capable of publishing the following vital facts about the student body.

I. The most popular period according to 99% of the students is the study period for,

A. It is the only time that mental activity is not required.

B. It is the only period in which a refreshing sleep may be enjoyed without interruption.

C. It was voted so by 99% of the students because we didn't get around to asking the opinion of the other 1%.

II. The most popular outside diversion by classes is as follows:

A. To the seniors dancing is the best that they can think of.

B. The best thing that the juniors know how and like to do is to imitate the seniors, only owing to their extreme youth they need considerable practice. We except, of course, those who liked the junior year so much that they to do it over. They have so much practice that they are rather good at their imitations.

C. The sophomores just coming out of a year's daze are doing their best to behave like

high school students and human beings.

D. The favorite occupation of those sweet, young things called freshmen is to run home as fast as possible so as not to lose a precious second for doing homework.

III. The favourite sports of various individuals.

Paul Fairley confesses that the very sight of a ping pong set makes his hands twitch and when he does get his hands on the one of those rackets he has to play furiously two or three games until he is so exhausted that he must quit or drop by the wayside.

Bernice Braidy spends all her time just before exams in searching the town over for black cats that she can get to cross her path, and in looking for ladders to walk under. What a brave girl our little Bernice is; but that is not all for she tells us that even under those trying circumstances she manages to pass three out of four exams. There is no way of our knowing what she might do under more favourable conditions, but we can well imagine.

Next we dared to approach that strong, silent, young man, Earl Craig.

"Mr. Craig?"

"Yeah."

"What is your favourite sport?"

"Who wants to know?"

"The ORACLE is asking all the more popular students." (Please note the bit of baloney about the "popular" gag. Even the greatest fell for it.)

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE BASKETBALL SEASON
ENDING APRIL 22nd 1932

	INCOME	EXPENSE
Balance at end of Football Season		\$570.45
Cost of Bleachers		\$566.91
INCOME:		
Patron tickets	\$142.00	
EXPENSE:		
Basketball equipment		\$239.54
Miscellaneous		301.64
SCHEDULE:		
Bangor vs. Belfast at Bangor	\$97.62	
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor	43.80	
Bangor vs. Portland at Bangor	161.09	
Bangor vs. Old Town at Old Town		3.00
Bangor vs. M. C. I. at Bangor	11.45	
Bangor vs. Augusta at Bangor	13.25	
Bangor vs. Portland at Portland		4.83
Bangor vs. Auburn at Auburn		4.82
Bangor vs. So. Portland at Bangor	4.15	
Bangor vs. Augusta at Augusta		5.25
Bangor vs. So. Portland at So. Portland		5.25
Bangor vs. Auburn at Bangor		78.12
Bangor vs. Old Town at Bangor	42.00	
Bangor vs. John Bapst at Bangor	187.45	
Tournament games at U. of M.		15.70
	\$702.81	\$1,225.06
		702.81
Loss for Season		\$522.25 \$522.25
Balance at end of Season		\$48.20
Represented by:		
Checking Account		\$47.20
Savings Account		1.00 \$48.20

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

Bangor, Maine, April 26, 1932.
L. L. COOK,
Auditor.

"Ahem, I see. Yes, of course, you'd be interested in my favourite sport. I love to study."

"Whaat?"

"I love to study. All that I ask out of life are longer and harder assignments."

"We pride ourselves on printing the truth and nothing but, you know."

"Say that's my story and I'll stick to it just as long as one of my teachers reads the ORACLE."

With that and a gesture we were dismissed, bringing to a dramatic close our sensational interviews.

HOW TO STUDY

By One Who Never Does

One of the most fatal things that this generation is apt to do is to allot too much time for their studies. This seems so absurd to me that I do not see how anyone could be so idiotic.

Would big concerns clutter up advertising pages that cost them 48,000 a throw with "15 minutes a day and you will be educated" signs if they were not gospel? They would not. Who ever heard of an advertisement that exaggerated? See, I know all the answers; no one ever did. Another thing that we should all know is that a depression is going on outside this ancient institution. Therefore we should be particularly careful not to study too much, an hour at the most. Why? Because if we study too much, more than an hour a day, we will have our lessons perfectly done. If we learn everything we are told, the teachers will not have anything to hammer in, classes will be combined and out will go half the teachers. Take this hour set aside for studying as a recreation hour also. Turn on the radio full blast, get a pound of your favorite candy, and then concentrate on your studies. One of the greatest faults that I have observed is the tendency in some to do their studying early in the evening in order to get it done with. Oh, unspeakable folly. Never, never do such a rash thing. Does it not stand to reason that less time between the studying and the reciting,

the less chance there is for error. Thus I should suggest 11 to 12 at night as the ideal studying time. I am giving this advice early in the season so in a reasonable amount of time a great change for the better should be in evidence in most of the class-rooms.

Unlike bookish high school intellectuals

He never entered debateals;

There was he'd say with a smirkoint,

A single side to any point.

(Thus early, Fate it can be seen,

Had marked him for a high school dean.)

With apologies to Ogden Nash.

The following are a few definitions which we print for the benefit of the freshmen--

Senior—a person to be revered and obeyed but *not* to be imitated.

Junior—a person to be obeyed, imitate at your own risk.

Sophomore—a person to be tolerated, should not be imitated.

Freshman—an animal a thousand degrees lower than the lowest worm. With careful handling it may someday become a Sophomore.

Exams—a method of slow torture overlooked by the Spanish Inquisition.

Crib—a means for relieving the torture of translating Latin or other languages.

Pony—see Crib.

Trot—see Pony.

Study Room—a place of rest, synonymous with sleep.

Come-Back—a printed notice from the teacher, who, because she so appreciates your work, desires your presence at the other session of school, and takes this means to notify you.

Library—see Study Room—only more so.

Library Permit—a pass to go to the Library for a few moments, now noted for its rarity.

Oracle—an organ used to exhibit the weaknesses of the various members of the student body.

Report Card—a method of showing parents the folly of trying to get an education in High School.

B. H. S. TRAFFIC REPORT

There has been a pressing need in the school, for the past five hundred or more years, for a means of preventing collisions between students bound in different directions with armfuls of books. These collisions result from several causes. The N. C. P. C. B. H. S. S¹ has determined these in the order of their importance as follows:—

1. Collisions with traffic officers in middle of corridor. 99.9%
2. Collisions with students on wrong side of corridor. 51.8%
3. Collisions with students cutting corners. 43.89%
4. Collisions with students studying while walking. 37.68%
5. Collisions from all other causes. 25.01%

In conjunction with this committee we have investigated this matter and formulated the following plans for the improvement of the collisions—

1. Traffic officers will be suspended eight feet above the floor.
2. Cyclone fences will be erected in the middle of the corridors, and one way traffic signs will be posted.
3. Corners will be made of cut-proof material.
4. Traffic cops will be equipped with Notta Noyz Whistles² to wake the unconscious ones up.
5. The enforcing of this is left to the discretion of the cops.

Sixth period teacher—Why are you late to class?

Rice and Small—The freshmen assembly had a football rally.

Teacher—What are you—cheerleaders or something?

R. and S.—No, we play football.

¹National Committee for the Prevention of Collisions Between High School Students. An organization founded by the ex-president of Antarctica.

²These whistles have a valve which may be adjusted so that they will be heard by everyone but the one for whom they are intended.

EXCITEMENT RAGES IN BANGOR HIGH

The first two days of school this fall contained nothing worthy of mention. We had just become reconciled to the thought that nothing exciting would ever happen when a bit of color interjected itself into our lives. The excitement was caused by a harmless and quiet dog making his appearance on the second floor of the building. Just what breed this dog was has not as yet been decided upon, for a committee composed of Izzy Leavitt, Mimi Merrill and Betty Homans is deadlocked, one maintaining it is a bloodhound, one a pekingese, and the third has not as yet decided. The animal when told to leave indicated that he would stay. One of the teachers thought that the dog should be driven down stairs, and the canine was gently lifted by means of shoe leather (Bill Ballou's) down the inclined steps. One young lady, Alice Homar, who could not see the dog abused because she is a member of a recently organized society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, took a hand in the affairs and by so doing, a long controversy was held after school. Our Alice came through with flying colors. The next afternoon, in one of the freshman English classes each frosh was told to write a sentence with a verb in the past tense. Each of the original little dears wrote, "The dog was kicked down the stairs."

Lessons in Deductive Logic

by

Prof. Smell M. Hout

Lesson I—Sharpening pencils is a waste of time for,

1. A pencil is only so long, therefore it can be sharpened only a limited number of times.
2. After it is sharpened, it usually breaks and has to be sharpened again.
3. The pencil is soon gone, and you have to begin all over again, therefore sharpening pencils is a waste of time.

Mr. Th.—on—"What is a vacuum?"

Woody Br.—n—"I have it in my head, but I can't think of it."

In behalf of the 1932-33 Oracle Board we wish to thank Miss Robinson for the gift of three dozen roses which she sent to the senior banquet last June.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 27)

It has always been a rather common impression that good athletes are seldom good students. The Council proves that this is not so, for all Council girls must be good students, some ranking as A pupils and at the same time considered as first class athletes. The Council girls hold the respect not only of the teachers but also of their classmates; they are leaders in everything that is right, and stand against everything that is unfair.

The officers of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council are: President, Doris Chalmers; Vice President, Miriam Landon; Secretary, Louise Hastings; Treasurer, Gladys Smith.

The following girls are members of the Council:

Doris Chalmers	Ruth Sanders
Gladys Smith	Fern Lewis
Louise Hastings	Elisa Toole
Miriam Landon	Marie Toole
Helen Hawes	Thelma Bickford
Mary Wright	Helen Bond
Geraldine Reynolds	Ruth Thurston
Thelma Lovejoy	Betty Homans

The manager of the Hockey and Basketball teams are chosen from these members. This year the manager of the hockey team will be Thelma Sullivan, a former Council girl, with Mary Wright, assistant manager, and Louise Hastings will be manager of Basketball. The assistant manager has not been chosen yet.

English teacher, discussing abbreviations—
What does A. D. stand for?

Nelson—After dark.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 26)

All the scoring came in the second half as the result of two vicious drives by Bangor with Izzy Leavitt crossing the final barrier for both scores. The educated toe of Gene Brown converted both extra points into gains. The Orange and Black tally came in the final session after a passing attack carried the pigskin to the shadow of the crimson goal. McLaughlin, right halfback for the visitors crashed over for the score.

The Crimson threatened shortly after the opening kickoff when a 20 yard clipping penalty sent the visitors back uncomfortably close to their goal line. On the third play Jimmy Morse recovered a Brewer fumble on the five yard line. After two plays failed to move the Brewer forwards, Stuart sliced through the enemy line across the goal line but a penalty nullified the score and put Bangor back 10 yards. Although both teams threatened, neither was able to score in the first half.

Bangor took the opening kickoff and using a spinner play very effectively with Art Stewart totting the ball marched down the field to the 17 yard line. At this point, Winchell was disqualified and the ball was placed on the two yard line by a penalty. Leavitt scored the first touchdown of the afternoon on the next play.

After taking the next kickoff, Brewer was forced to punt. John Hartt partially blocked this punt, and Leavitt ran the short kick back to the enemy 27 yard line. Leavitt and Brown produced a first down on the 13-yard line. Leavitt broke loose on the next play and twisted 12 yards before he was brought down. The center of the Brewer line held for two plays but Leavitt slipped over for the touchdown.

Miles ran the next kickoff back 30 yards. The Crimson took the ball on downs. Brewer got possession of the ball on an exchange of kicks and a Bangor fumble on the Crimson 37 yard line. Only making four yards on two plays, Miles shifted to aeriels and his first heave to McLaughlin was good for 13 yards.

**Brockway's
Flower Shoppe**

15 CENTRAL ST. BANGOR, ME.



COMPLIMENTS OF
CENTRAL CAFE
American Restaurant

30-32 CENTRAL ST. BANGOR

CHALMERS STUDIO
PORTRAITS BY
PHOTOGRAPHY

23 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR

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Ye Olde Oracle

Contrast with Our Times
We're not so bad off after all.

Oracle of December 1892

Why do we go to school on Saturday when nearly every other high school in the State has no school on that day?

They didn't trust them in those days did they?

February 1893

If the business manager is not in the library, take an Oracle and drop your nickle in the contribution box.

This and library clubs were all they could think of.

December 1894

Some of the senior girls are getting up a whist club. This means many pleasant evenings during the winter.

And when they got the Saturday holiday.

January 1894

Some of the B. H. S. girls do not favor the plan of having Saturday a holiday. They say they prefer coming to school and written work and examinations to staying at home and washing breakfast dishes. What strange creatures girls are!

This reminds us of the days when we were in the grades.

May 1895

A large part of B. H. S. pupils participated in a hay-rack ride, Fast Day. They went out several miles from the city and spent the time most enjoyably in gathering May flowers.

Be glad that you didn't live in those days.

June 1895

The Juniors have finished the Anabasis and Aeneid.

Another toss to Daley netted six more and a penalty placed the ball on the nine yard line. Two stabs at the line gained six yards and McLaughlin on two successive tries pushed it over. The try for point failed. Shortly after this the game ended.

After seeing the way the Crimson took their first major game, we are looking forward to a decisive win from Portland this year.

LOCALS

(Continued from page 21)

Chemistry also seems to have some pleasing attraction—especially for the boys—but Paul Sawyer in Chemistry class reminds one of that little poem.

"You can always tell a Freshman
He is so green and brassy.
You can always tell a Sophomore
He is so wise and classy.
You can always distinguish a Junior
He's so full of joy and punch.
You can always tell a Senior.
But, you cannot tell him much!"

For Mr. Thurston can't tell Paul anything, and Paul can't tell Mr. Thurston anything in class.

JUNIOR ENGLISH

The committees appointed in the oral English clubs of classes IIIA and IIIB met with Mrs. Barker in the Library Thursday, September 22, for the purpose of selecting books to be purchased from their fund. A tentative list of books was chosen and the final decision will be announced later.

CLASS ELECTIONS

The Assembly hall, several weeks ago, was a very popular place for a few days, September 26 and 27 to be exact, when the class elections took place.

In the Senior class the one and only Arthur Stewart was elected President. If he is as successful in the presidential chair as he is on the football field, it will be something to remember for a long time. Louise Hastings was

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elected Vice President while our own incomparable Peggy Thayer holds the secretarial chair and Russell Hawkes is the new guardian of our bank book.

In the Junior class, Bob Hussey pooled the most votes for President and Claire Libby (don't forget the giggle) is the new Vice President. Petite Betty Maxwell is the secretary and Waldo Weston guards the money box.

The Sophs are headed this year by Walter Morse, president; Lorna Hawkes, vice-president; Betty Welch, treasurer; Sheldon Smith, secretary.

The Frosh, not to be headed by anyone, held elections themselves and elected George Bell, president; Betsy Connors, vice-president; Carolyn Reed, secretary; and Raymond Flynn, treasurer.

DRAMATIC CLUB

All the new members of the Dramatic Club who joined it with quaking hearts, fearing that they might have to recite something, were agreeably surprised when at the first meeting, Miss Rideout simply gave them a short talk on the requirements one must meet and the rules one must observe in order to obtain his credit for belonging to the Club. She also explained part of the program for the coming year and about the club meetings which are held every other week.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRY-OUTS

The poor Juniors, hunting for selections for the first tryouts with anxious hearts, have been swarming the once calm and quiet library.

Miss Rideout is capably coaching each student and there seems to be plenty of good material to work with. Keep it up, Juniors!

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT

(Continued from page 17)

they go, they do not cheer for their team. If the teams wins, it just wins, and the whole affair is forgotten before the next day.

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Here is an example. Brewer beat Bangor, 18-0, the first game last year. They cheered their team all the way home, and for a week later. You hardly ever know when Bangor wins a game. Why couldn't our students cheer their team home? Why couldn't they have school spirit like any other school? Other schools stick behind their teams, win or lose.

When the students here have a rally in the assembly hall, what do they do? Nothing but shout, whistle, disregard cheer leaders, and make the teachers and the principal think that those students don't want any more rallies in Bangor High School, because they have no school spirit.

What we want and need is school spirit, and we hope that some day the students will wake up to the fact that when they have more school spirit, they will see how much fight the teams will put into every game for their school!

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL TRIUMPHS

(Continued from page 15)

Blindly, amid roof-raising cheers and hand clapping, Stella made her way to the stage. Flushed with excitement, the silver cup clasped in her arms, she made a delightful picture.

"Speech, speech!" cried hundreds of voices.

As the noise died down, Stella said very prettily, "All I can say is that I am the happiest girl in the world."

Nobody noticed Betty slip quietly out of the room.

"Old fashioned, huh?" said Joe later to the boys. "Well, if you ask me, that's the way they like 'em."

THE VIOLET-MAN

(Continued from page 10)

looking for white violets, perhaps you will find two kinds. Some very delicate looking scented ones and others unscented, but much more beautiful. If you should peek inside of one of the latter, you would see the head and

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shoulders of a very little man wearing a yellow jacket. He will be sitting up very straight, with something in his manner very suggestive of mischief.

As you stand there looking at the little man in the heart of the violet, you will hear a groan from somewhere above you, and looking up, you will see nothing but an evergreen tree. That tree will be Sylvester, and the little man in the heart of the violet, Tumultus. They have never been freed, for long ago the other fairies left the earth and dared not come up again.

THE TALE OF JACK ROLLISTON

(Continued from page 9)

keep low, ordered us to fire again. He took the post of the most danger, standing, and firing through the splintered door. The only effects from our return volley were one or two flesh wounds among the sailors. Again they fired, grazing one of the other harpooners. Although we returned this volley, we were greatly taken aback, when we found that our ammunition was nearly gone. We figured closely, and found that with the remaining two rounds of ammunition, we could account for at least two thirds of the crew, if we took careful aim. We waited until they charged.

"Soon they rushed; Captain Winslow gave the command to fire, but our hits numbered only ten. The mutineers continued to advance; they drew those wicked knives, and smashed in what remained of the door. In the attack which followed I saw Captain Winslow fighting gallantly against three of his crew. I was trying to ward off one persistent sailor, and I believe Mr. Kiwah, Christobal, and the two other harpooners were doing their best, in spite of major or minor wounds; however that blackguard second-mate, who seemed to run true to type, was as cowardly in hand to hand combat as he was brutal in command, for when the door was smashed in, Mr. Jackson took his stand in the far corner of the room. Thus we fought for several minutes, when suddenly a belaying pin crashed on my head; then came darkness.

To be concluded in the next issue

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