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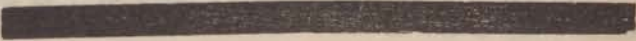
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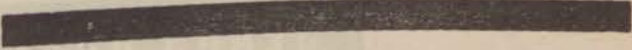
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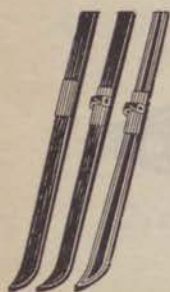
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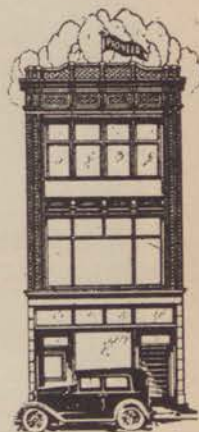
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Christmas Eve

By Margaret Maxfield

Exultantly the bells ring out
And break with shattered crystal notes
Upon the crisp, cold air.
The stars wink from a friendly sky,
As once they did so long ago
Upon a baby fair.

And all around is joy and cheer;
Tall, slender, glowing candles stand
On every window-sill.
Still snow drifts slowly down the sky
And blankets every street and roof,
And ice is on the hill.

A carol's glad, yet solemn strain
Floats through the dusk; the vibrant chimes
Their joyful pealing cease.
And all this came to pass because
A child, one night, was born to teach
The Gospel of Peace.



The Wager

PAUL SMITH

JUNIOR

CRASH! The sound of shattering glass was quickly followed by the noise of small feet beating a hurried retreat.

In the store, Mr. Brown put his large, chubby hand to his wet brow and let out a groan of despair.

"He's gone and done it again!" he wailed. "Mabel, come quick! That Dole brat has broken that window again."

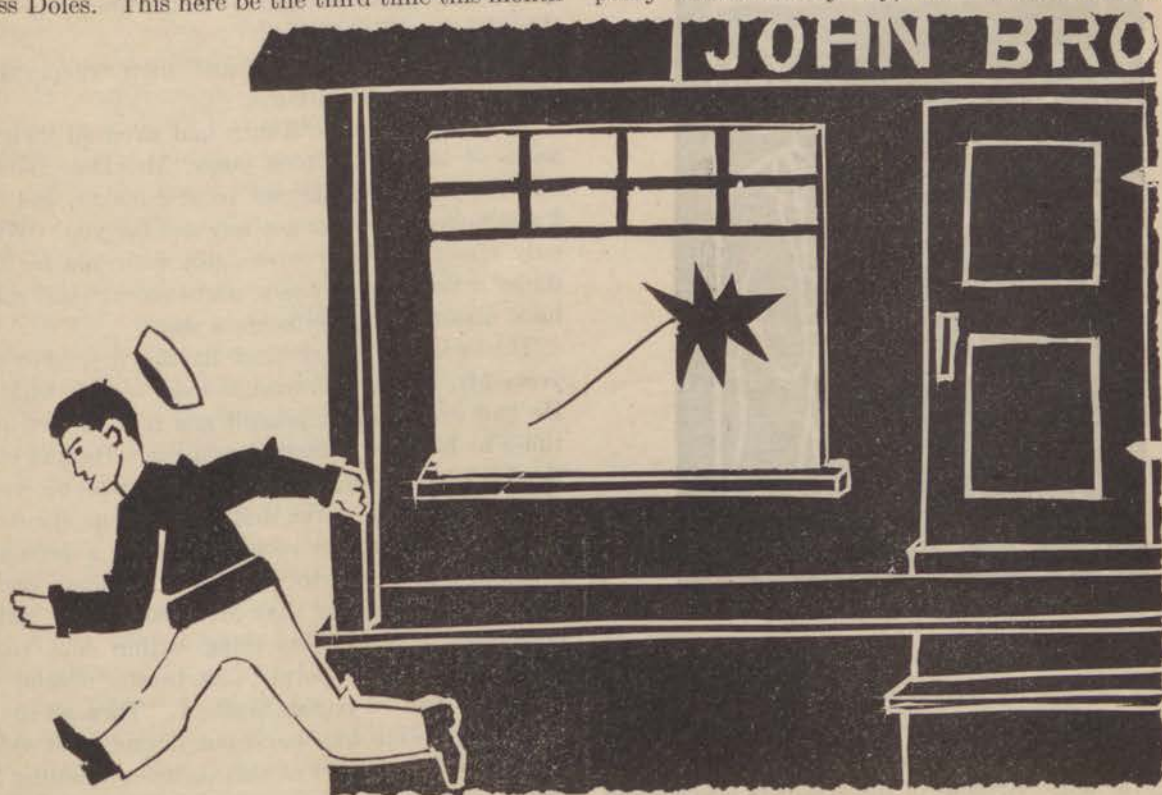
A fat middle-aged woman waddled into the store by the back door which connected the small shop with the house behind it.

"I say, Jeff," she cackled, "it's about time something was done about them meddling, good-for-nothing, shiftless Doles. This here be the third time this month

that pesky Dole kid has thrown stones at our windows."

It was an old story. For fifteen years the Browns and Doles had owned small general stores at opposite ends of the narrow village street. For fifteen years they had been deadly rivals in business, such as it was in this small town where three yards of cloth was considered an extravagant purchase. For twelve years their children had thrown stones at each other and at the store windows. Again and again the town had been aroused with the noise of quarreling between the two families; and it was more uncommon to see whole windows on the stores than broken ones.

"Them Doles are getting to be more and more of a pesky nuisance every day, and I think it's about time



Crash! The sound of shattering glass was followed by the noise of small feet.

you get off your lazy neck and did something about it, d'ya hear me, Jeff?"

"Yes, my love," answered Jeff Brown meekly. "I shall most certainly do something about it. I shall have our Johnny go right over and break Mr. Dole's window."

* * * * *

That evening Mr. Brown ambled slowly down the street and turned into the village tavern.

The village tavern was a large room, halfway up the street, that served as a place to eat a small lunch and get a glass of beer. As is the case with most places of this type, the "Buzzing Bee", as it was called, served as a meeting place for all the village loafers and hen-pecked husbands.

As Mr. Brown entered, his eye immediately fell on the fleshy form of Mr. Dole, standing at the bar, drinking a foaming glass of beer. At the same time, Mr. Dole caught sight of him. The two men stared coldly at each other for a moment, then each dropped his gaze.

The conversation had stopped abruptly when Mr. Brown entered, but now it picked up again at its former torrid gait.

Mr. Brown walked across the room, joined a group at one end of the bar, and fell into the conversation.



They bumped heavily.

At the other end of the bar he could see the corpulent Mr. Dole supping his second glass of beer.

About an hour passed, each rival engaging in unceasing chatter with his neighbors. At about nine o'clock, the more virtuous of the gossipers began to go home, and the crowd gradually thinned out. At about

nine-fifteen, Mr. Brown decided that it was time for him to be going home, too, so he started toward the door.

As fate would have it, Mr. Dole had decided to leave at precisely the same moment. Both men walked slowly toward the door, too absorbed in their own thoughts (and, possibly, in their glasses of beer) to notice each other.

So it happened that they both arrived at the door at exactly the same moment, and with a thud, they bumped heavily against each other.

"Why don't you look out where you're going?" shouted Mr. Brown angrily.

"Why don't *you* look out?" thundered back Mr. Dole, his fighting blood aroused.

"Why, you good-for-nothing stupid fool, I've a good notion to crack you one," cried Mr. Brown, now also fully aroused.

So, sputtering and stammering and hurling oaths at each other, the two men became more and more aroused. A crowd was quickly gathering and shouting encouragement.

"I've a good notion to wreck that stupid kid of yours for breaking my window this evening, too," shouted Mr. Dole.

"Why, you low good-for-nothing," stormed Mr. Brown, "how dare you call my Johnny stupid! And didn't that worthless brat o' yours break *my* window this afternoon?"

New peals of laughter and more encouragement greeted each new outburst.

At length, when both men had aired all their grievances of the past fifteen years, Mr. Dole burst out, "You're just a meddlesome trouble-maker, and neither I nor nobody else 'uz got any use for you. Why the only reason anybody even talks with you for is that dingy little store of yours, and even at that you only have about three customers a day."

This was the spark that lit the fire. For fifteen years Mr. Brown had worked hard in that little store. He had even built it himself and had painted it both times he had felt it needed painting. He had come to think of his store as a brother. It was his very life and his only joy in the dull existence he spent. And here, right before his very eyes, stood a person, nay, a beast, who dared to call his store dingy and even went as far as to say that Mr. Brown only had three customers a day! Something within him snapped. He turned a terrible purple, then became deathly white. For a moment he remained silent. Then all the pent-up feeling within him burst out in one great volley of abusive words, hurled at this monster standing before him.

(Please turn to page 32)

"Swing It"

By K. Faulkingham

AS THE shadows started to lengthen on the spacious lawns of Norwood Institute, Professor Riley, much-hated teacher of trigonometry and despiser of all modernisms, threw his bony little person into a chair and covered his face with his hands. A weird, hollow sigh wracked his body, as a deep feeling of self-pity overwhelmed him.

"Oh, poor, tormented fool," he wailed to himself, "to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous"—whelps, priggings and ridiculing and flunking, just to make life miserable for you, without a murmur."

Another sigh issued from his vocal apparatus and he sallied forth into the corridor. Why he had ever come to the institute, he couldn't figure out, but why he ever stayed was the greatest mystery of all. Because he did his best to uphold the rules of the school, they disliked him, and because he was as stingy with his A's as he was free with his examinations, that dislike tripled.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie by "Red" Harris, president of the Alpha Nu Fraternity, who rushed into the room with a copy of the *Daily Tattle*, a paper recently published by a group of students.

"Would ya listen to this!" he gasped. "One of the staff reporters announces that Professor Riley promises no 'trig' exams for remainder of semester if Mack is elected Mayor of Norwood! We want ya' to verify it, Mr. Riley, 'cause if it's just another scheme..."

Professor Riley forgot, for a moment, his pitiful plight, and as the small item in the "latest" column met his eye, a strong sense of fight came over him. It was utterly preposterous, and absolutely untrue.

There was, at that time, a wild campaign for "Mayor of the Campus" going on at Norwood. Each fraternity elected a boy to run, and speeches were made, promising everything from slot-machines which produced "course pills", to diving pools in the boiler room. "Red" Harris, representing the Alpha Nus, and "Tubby" Mack, the Sigma Chis, were in close competition for winning out. Almost everything, in fact, was forgotten except the election. Speeches were raging, insults were flying thick and fast, and every available trick and strategy for securing votes was on the market.

The Alpha Nus promised that "Swing Music" would be installed throughout the school, and a "rag-time" band placed in every study-hall. The Sigma Chis swore that there would be a "free-for-all" hot-dog stand at the door of each building on the campus. Thus it went—and now everything depended on the vote of the student body, and this was to be taken at a

formal dance that evening, sponsored by the Alphas, in the school gym.

Professor Riley returned to the item, read it again, and then turned back to "Red". "No!" he exclaimed, "I won't verify it, Mr. Harris, as the promise was never made. It's the most preposterous thing I've ever heard! Ah, but the cruel part is that it had to be *me* they picked on. The slings and arrows of—here he slumped back into his chair and remained still.

"Red" was boiling. Schemes had been tried, crafty and mean alike, by every one of the fraternities, but this was the limit. The worst part of it was that if



"Swing it!" cried Professor Riley.

the startling announcement wasn't denied, it would work, and the election would be a "cinch" for the Sig-mas.

The professor's mind was in a whirl. He was angry, humiliated, hurt, and puzzled. To save the situation for himself meant to save it for his torturers (the slingers of the arrows) and to break away from the strong relentlessness he had formerly shown. But he knew it was unfair and that he was the saviour, so, looking again at the angry face of "Red", he murmured, "Don't worry, 'Red,' I'll straighten things out tonight."

"Gee, thanks, professor. I'll be lookin' for ya',"

and "Red", stuffing the newspaper into his pocket, stalked awkwardly from the room.

"Huh, no 'trig' exams," muttered the professor. "They'll get 'trig' exams right where they don't want them." Then, stiffening quickly, he added, "And it had to be me, poor, tortured me."

The six o'clock curfew brought him to his feet, and hurrying to the closet he donned his heavy over-coat and seven-buckle galoshes, and wrapping a hand-knit scarf tightly about his neck, ambled out into the corridor.

Everywhere groups of students buzzed with the election and the dance. The school jazz band, namely the *Norwood Rhythm Boys*, was to make its debut, and one of the most popular students was to be crowned "King of Swing." [It was all for the Alpha Nu's campaign promises, but the Sigmas were still on a level with them.

In it all Professor Riley was lost completely for a moment, but soon he gained his composure, and sour-faced, strode into a restaurant for his evening tomato-juice.

By seven-thirty he was irresolute, the angry, worried face of "Red" Harris haunting him, and the mean, egotistic lust for revenge bearing down upon him. Finally he made his way to the gym, slipping through the crowds of buzzing students. A horseless carriage, decorated with gay streamers, rattled up the road, and trucks filled with voters stopped and unloaded at the door.

The professor, greeting all he met with a cold nod, entered the gym and took a seat in the far corner of the hall.

Students started to file in until the room was filled to capacity. The orchestra pit was gayly decorated in a blazing sign bearing the words *Norwood Rhythm Boys*. "Red" Harris, his eyes glowing, hurried towards the professor, dressed to his ears in a stiff tuxedo.

"It's-it's just got to go off without a hitch," he ejaculated, and, seeing the cold gaze of the older man, he added, "I'm glad you came, sir, and don't forget your promise." These last words were flung back over his shoulder as he rushed away into the throng to tell the orchestra to "step on it."

Five minutes later he was back, his face pale.

"The Rhythm Boys!" he gasped. "I can't find 'em anywhere. They put their instruments in the pit and left 'bout fifteen minutes ago, and nobody's seen 'em since." He clenched his fists as a new thought occurred to him. "If it's those Sigmas again I'll bet we've just got to find 'em, 'cause the dance'll be a flop and we'll lose the election! What'll I do?"

The gathering was beginning to get restless. Wild shouts for music filled the air, and criticisms started to fly thick and fast. Several Sigmas sat across from

the orchestra pit, nonchalantly twiddling their thumbs and looking innocently bored.

"I don't know what's behind this," "Red" muttered, "but if I find out—"

The professor was really excited. It was a good feeling, one that he hadn't had for a long time. Then he hit on a plan which was absurd but the only solution. It meant a complete "giving in" on his part, the sacrifice of his dignity, and it would make him either the laughing stock or the savior of the day. He jumped to his feet and turned to "Red."

"How many teachers are here?" he asked. "And who are they?"

"Why, there's Mrs. Carol, the freshman music teacher, Mr. Bushee, the basketball coach, Mr. Carter, and Professor Johnston, and Professor "Chemistry" Adams, and I guess that's all—say, they're all over in the chaperones' corner now, but what's up? You haven't—"

Professor Riley had disappeared into the crowd. "Red" scratched his head, surveyed the restless, angry gathering, and swore.

"Tubby" Mack, wearing a mysterious expression, sauntered over and clapped "Red" sharply on the back.

"What's the trouble, old man?" he murmured. "You look as though you'd either been bit by the 'love-bug' or taken with an attack of hay-fever. Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," "Red" smiled feebly back. "Nothing, Tubby dear, but there will be, and darn soon, if any of your double-crossin' Sigs start anything."

"Well, I'm sorry your dance had to be a flop, handsome," returned "Tubby," puffing up his lips, "but I suppose—"

He was interrupted by the blaring scream of "Boo-Hoo," issuing from the orchestra pit. Every head turned in that direction, to see three chairs and the piano bench occupied, and the flash of popular music on the stands. At the piano sat fat Mrs. Carol, drumming away, getting the runs in the wrong places but giving forth the loud strains of jazz music. Professor Carter and white-haired Professor Johnston, members for the last nine years of the second artillery band, were blaring the wild song on a saxophone and violin respectively; the little white-haired chemistry teacher was keeping broken time on the drums. But, most marvellous of all, in front of the amateur orchestra stood Professor Riley, the hard-ranking hater of modernisms, baton in hand, foot tapping, and doing a wonderful job at making Benny Goodman look slow. The music was flat and rather clamorous, but nevertheless it was "Boo-Hoo" breaking forth in glorious jazz.

The students, shouting hearty approval, started to
(Please turn to page 32)

Mr. Bungleton's Christmas Day

By Polly Campbell

IT WAS a cold, gusty day; snow-flakes were falling upon the already snow-laden land-scape; it was, in fact, an ideal Christmas day.

It was not so, however, to Mr. Santon Bungleton of *Acme and Bungleton Incorporated*.

"My word!" ventured Mr. Bungleton. By the time Mr. Bungleton reached his steps, he was not in excellent humor. He was fairly blown up the steps (a feat for the wind, for he was by no means slight) and he stumbled into the house.

"My word!" again exclaimed Mr. Bungleton as he slammed shut the door against the wind.

"Um-m-m, well now, hum, hum."

Mr. Bungleton had taken off his coat and was warming his hands by the fire.

Mr. Bungleton looked at a near-by card-table laden with gayly-wrapped Christmas packages, and yawned. It was so with Mr. Bungleton.

Mr. Bungleton was a short man, and was quite on the stout side, weighing around two hundred pounds. His blue eyes wandered off now and then when people spoke to him.

He was very meticulous; also, he was a man of few words. He had one remarkable attribute, black, coal black hair—quite unusual for a man nearing sixty.

Mr. Bungleton walked to the card-table.

"Um-m, probably another tie from Aunt Lottie. I do hope she didn't make it out of last year's petticoat again."

As he was thus musing, the door-bell gave a sharp ring.

Mr. Bungleton opened the door.

"Merry Christmas, old boy!"

"Yes, and many of them!"

"Hello, Uncle Santy!"

"Where's yer spats, Uncle Santy?"

"Er-umph. I left them off," said Mr. Bungleton, looking at his feet. "Won't you come in?"

"Hey, Windy, he doesn't look like Santy Claus," whispered a little one.

"He isn't, infant; we just call him that."

"Oh, just opening your presents?" asked Aunt Lottie.

"Oh, lovely. We can watch you!" chimed in Jocelyn.

"Er-uh, why, yes. Yes, yes, indeed. Of course." He sighed and picked up a package.

"Oh, Jocelyn," whispered Aunt Lottie. "He's opening mine. Won't he be surprised!"

Mr. Bungleton held up a silk tie, daintily spotted with yellow daisies.

"Aunt Lottie, I am deeply gratified."

"I thought you'd be pleased," she said placidly.

"Hey, Mom, I hope he don't—"

"Doesn't, dear."

"Doesn't have many ties!"

Mr. Bungleton held up another tie. This one had stripes.

"My dear Jocelyn, what a lovely gift!"

"Uncle Santy, open mine!" With this, Tom, the youngest, swept down upon the card table, knocking it over.

That was twelve o'clock. At one o'clock Mr. Bungleton surveyed the room. It was a mess. Ties of all colors and descriptions festooned the apartment. Overhead, rumblings were heard. They were preparing to stay for dinner.

That night, as Mr. Bungleton wearily made his way upstairs to his bed-room, he sighed. The house was silent. At the top he stopped.

A red and white stocking cap was perched jauntily upon the noble head of his prided bust, Julius Caesar.

Mr. Bungleton frowned. Then he smiled. It did look funny. He left it there, undressed, and crept into bed.

He wanted to think a while, but couldn't. Finally he fell asleep, not quite knowing whether he should be thankful for the peace of his bachelor ways, or whether it was fun to have a little excitement once in a while.



A red and white stocking cap was perched upon the noble head of his prided bust, Julius Caesar.

The Night After Christmas

By Curtis Jones

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all in the flat
Were in utmost confusion, from father to rat.
All the children were scattered in heaps on the floor
'Midst the boxes and wrappers obstructing the door.

Ev'ry table was draped with a hankie or tie,
A most worthy addition to last year's supply.
In a corner still leaned a decrepit old tree,
Though denuded of limb and of standard quite free.

'Neath the branches still lingered remains of its youth
In the form of dried spills, now quite brittle, in sooth.
What adornment there was, its destruction had met,
For the children had reached what the cat couldn't get.

Though the baby was cooing in manner serene,
Yet the end of a string in its mouth could be seen,
While the mother felt hopelessly lost in a mist,
As she tried to remember her "gifts received" list.

Little Willy was howling like someone possessed,
A commanding addition to all the unrest,
But to comfort his tears Pa did not even deign.
"Just how in the heck d'ya run this—train?"



HOBBIES

Skiing

SINCE December is a snowy month, it seems fitting to consider some winter sport for a hobby. It is a simple enough task for anyone to slide, toboggan, or snowshoe and so these are not generally considered as hobbies. Skiing, however, is not nearly so common-place. It presents much more difficulty and requires the spending of some time and thought, for practice and for learning the rudiments.

We have, among the Seniors, a boy who is very much interested in skiing and who spends most of his spare time (when there is snow) dashing down hills and up hills. The person in question is none other than "Bob" Blake, whom I have interviewed to find out about skiing as a hobby. "Bob" admits that there are many things which he doesn't know about the art of skiing, but after talking with him I began to doubt his words, because he knew so much more than I. However, that's beside the point.

Asked why he likes skiing, "Bob" replied that he gets a big thrill out of speeding over the snow, and that he gets much exercise even while enjoying himself. Of course one can get exercise with the aid of an axe and a wood-block—but that's work. But with skiing it's mixing *pleasure* with exercise—not *work*. It is also a fact that skiing is a great muscle builder—get busy, you boys, here's your chance to become another Atlas.

Soft snow is by far preferable for really good skiing. But, contrary to the opinion of those who don't know anyway, skiing on crusty snow or in wet snow is not bad, if one is equipped with the right kind of ski wax.

So many people think that skiing is just—well—putting the feet on a couple of slabs of polished wood and trying to stand up while they carry one down a hill. Actually, however, there are many things to consider in *real* skiing. Balance is a major factor of good skiing—in fact it is the predominating factor. A second important point is the need of proper equipment—harnesses, poles, straps, etc.—and the straps must be *tight* or else they are practically useless. Then, of course, there must be a certain amount of knowledge concerning the ways and means of manoeuvring the feet and ski-poles, otherwise a superlative mix-up is bound to result.

"Bob" tells me there are three main types of skiing, namely—down-hill, cross-country, and slalom. The explanation of the first two is very obvious, but the third is somewhat more difficult. Slalom skiing (the most thrilling type, according to "Bob") is an excellent test of foot and balance control. A slalom course

is down-hill, and at fairly close intervals along the course small flags are set up. The skier has to weave in and out among these flags. Although it is a difficult feat to perform, there is great satisfaction in the accomplishment. There are special skis for each type of skiing, and the proper ones are necessary for the best results.

Turns are another interesting and important subject. There is a jump-turn, in which one thrusts one pole way forward and jumps around it with the entire weight of the body resting on the pole. There is also another type of jump turn, used on crusty snow, in which the skier crouches, then jumps in the air, bringing the knees to the chest. The Telemark turn is more difficult. It is done by placing one ski in front



of the other while making a semi-circle—keeping the weight on the outside foot. Then there is the Christiania turn used chiefly when skiing on trails or courses. Good turns depend largely on the ability to shift one's weight to the best avail.

To manage skis when going up hill seems very hard to the inexperienced skier. But as in many other cases, it's all in knowing how. There are various methods of getting to the top—the kick-turn, the herring-bone, and the side-step are common ones.

In regard to the question of the size of skis, it is necessary to consider each skier individually. One's skis should be as long as the distance from the feet to the palm of the hand when the arm is raised slackly over the head.

At the end of my interview with "Bob," he told me that there was a possibility of the formation of a ski-club for student enthusiasts. Here's a chance for all you air-minded individuals to attain (at least to a certain degree) those flying heights you dream of.

Christmas

By Jane Bradshaw

Slim, tall tree,
Straight and free;
Limbs reaching skyward:
Symbol of strength.

Grand—humble gifts,
Each of them lifts
The soul higher:
Symbol of love.

Star at night,
Cold and bright,
Star, shining afar:
Symbol of purity.



Angel in white,
Crownéd with light,
Watching at night:
Symbol of peace.

Tree for strength,
Gifts for love,
Purity, peace,
The Lord above—

These make the Christ's day
Best in the year.
May it always be one
Of joyous good cheer.

R. B. Dunning Company

THE R. B. Dunning Company, a fine company of local standing, has served Eastern Maine for more than 100 years. It recently celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary in 1935.

It was founded in 1835 by James Dunning and his brother the co-founder, Alexander Dunning; the store itself has grown one-tenth of a foot annually.

A compass, placed with Bangor as a center and Fort Kent as a radius, would include the portion of Maine that this local establishment serves. It includes a portion of the state that, in days of old, would have been a grant of land for a prince.

The R. B. Dunning Co. began in 1834 from a simple beginning, when seeds and farm implements were the main articles of trade, and when much of the pay was



in produce, to the present size. Today, with more than sixty employees, and with eight representatives traveling the length and breadth of the state, the company offers the original seeds and agricultural implements, electrical supplies, a painting department, complete plumbing and heating department, and building supplies.

Clerks from the store and warehouses have shouldered rifles in time of war—with names on the honor roll for the wars with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Mexican border trouble, and in the Great War.

To-day the chief ownership of the corporation is vested in descendants of the original Dunning, the estate of James Dunning, president of the company until his death several years ago. The president of the company is Ernest H. Littlefield, and Joseph Garland is the general manager.

Listed among the many items noted in the catalogue are some which might appear to be unfamiliar to the lay reader, unfamiliar with farming activities. Into this list might fall "hog wringers," "mulching paper," "leg bands," "saw stretchers," "smoked salt," "post hole diggers," and expansion joints!

Can You Hear?

WHAT in the name of common-sense is that man saying?" asks the first student. "Don't ask me; I can't hear him," says the second student.

Conversation similar to this passes from the lips of students and teachers at each assembly. Due to stage curtains and the structure of the hall, the voices of assembly speakers are unheard by many people. This is probably the answer to the restlessness which sometimes arises during the addresses in chapel. The only way one can make himself heard is by talking in a very loud tone. This is a very tiresome procedure for both speaker and audience.

This inaudibility not only applies to speaking but also to dramatizations. In the case of dramatics the situation becomes much more difficult. Any speeches which must be given back-to the audience or at an angle away from the audience are swallowed up by the heavy brown draperies and unheard beyond the sixth row. You don't get much satisfaction after having spent a month or two in preparation for a peppy play only to realize that the curtains are the only object to hear your lines. If you have ever been a player yourself, you know how hard it is to have a line fall flat when it should have brought a laugh, simply because nobody could hear it. It is also just as hard on the audience to attend a play which cannot be understood. You strain your ears but all you get above the rustle of the crowd is enough to make you sit up, only to relax seconds later from your useless attempt.

Many of the best efforts of outside speakers, teachers, and students are futile because of this unsatisfactory condition which is arousing more and more discussion. *Is there an answer to this problem? We say "Yes," and a simple one too. We need an amplifying system!* With such an apparatus every person in the hall, no matter where he sat, could hear and enjoy all the speeches and entertainments presented at the school.

Let Us Start Anew!

Where has our Student Council gone?

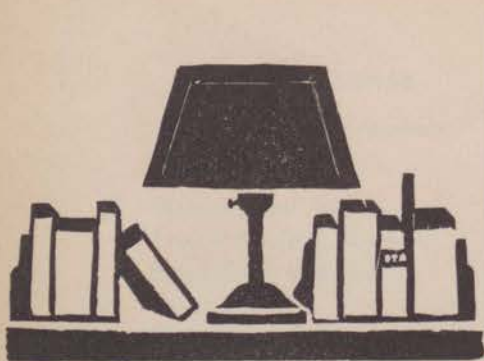
Have you heard anything about a group of students elected by the student body to cooperate with the principal and teachers in having a smooth and well-balanced school machine? Of course you haven't. There has been no such group as this for the past two years.

What is the significance of a Student Council? In the first place it gives the students a little feeling of independence and responsibility. It gives them an opportunity to present their views and ideas on different situations to the authorities. Secondly, they have an opportunity to partially govern themselves. The people who make up this governing group are generally influential and popular with the student body. These facts help to make the outlook on school brighter to the individuals.

After the organization is well underway, wrong-doers realize that they are in a minority party which has no connections with a smooth running school. When the principal and teachers realize that we as a whole are cooperating with them in every possible way, more privileges can be turned our way. *This cooperation is something we must have, because we get out of a thing only what we put into it!*

TO MR. HOLYOKE

Our most sincere thanks for your generous aid in helping us to publish our magazine—for gluing and cutting the linoleum blocks for those cuts which make the *Oracle* so much more interesting, and for coming to the rescue (or should we say "cutting" to the rescue) so often when we are trying to make a four-inch block fit into a three-inch space!



What Others Are Reading!

The Pretender

THIS is a story of political intrigue in the time of the Emperor Vespasian. It concerns the attempts of a deposed senator, Varro, who is in Syria, to regain his position through the efforts of another. Varro's tool is a potter, Terence, a son of a freedman. Terence bears a striking resemblance to Nero, whom he impersonated many times at Nero's request when emperor. In Syria Varro influences a native king and by marrying his daughter, Marcia, to Terence, persuades him that it is the real Nero, and then gains the king's aid. In Babylon Nero-Terence sets up a miniature court using a legion of Roman soldiers as his army. Here he makes all necessary preparations for claiming the rulership of the Roman Empire from Vespasian. Cejonius, newly-appointed governor and enemy of Varro, suspects that Varro is behind all this, but he is unable to act without proof. How the rule of Nero-Terence comes out and what happens makes a story that is very interesting and cleverly done.

Life with Mother

Those who enjoyed *Life With Father* will not be disappointed with this last book by Clarence Day. It is written with the same whimsical humor and gay twinkle. Mother is the central character, with plenty of Father too. Four little Day boys complete the family in this thoroughly delightful book.

It tells of many incidents and how Mother meets and overcomes each one. It starts off with Mother and Father meeting, and his methods of courtship. It took him three years to propose, because he needed time to be sure he was in love.

Mother had many trials to endure. A great one was the way the boys acted before company. And there was always Father. At one time when Mother was sick, she was invited to a tea, but she made Father go in her place with the promise to bring back some sandwiches. Father was a poor substitute because he couldn't remember who was there, what they wore,

or even to bring back sandwiches. The book takes you through Mother on horseback, getting an allowance, making a mustard plaster for Father, taking care of China pug dogs and rubber trees, the servant problem, until her death, in a series of short stories written in a unique, unforgettable manner.

The Town of Tombarch

In this book Monsieur Fontenay, an Englishman who was sent to Cannes in southern France for his health, gives us some reminiscences of his unusual and lasting friendship with Monsieur Alcide Tombarch, vine-grower and mayor of Creille.

Monsieur Fontenay gives excellent descriptions of Creille and the customs and manners of the people, and, especially, of the picturesque old Mayor Tombarch in his high Provencal hat, long flowing mane, and pointed beard.

It isn't all descriptive, however, for Monsieur Fontenay recounts many interesting tales of the people of Creille, which the Mayor related to him.

Heartwood

From the day that Ralph Judd, a forester, rescued a small bull-dog from the Potomac, things began to happen!

First the dog's mistress, Beatrice Orme, being very grateful to Judd, persuaded her brother to hire him to survey the boundaries of his Mahogany Company in the Tropics. Judd's young C. C. C. friend was to go along as companion.

Then, when they reached the Tropics where Judd met Nicholas Coleville, Beatrice's uncle, and owner of a good many thousand acres of mahogany land, Judd learned that Guy Draper, his employer, was trying to swindle Coleville out of his most valuable tract of timber. Owing to the great interest he took in Ann, Nicholas Coleville's daughter, and his dislike of crooks, he thwarted Draper's plans, and finally helped bring him to justice.

News of Interest



Assemblies

THE assemblies for the past month have been so good that it is difficult to say which ones were most important. However, we will try to sketch briefly the more important ones.

There was an important football rally before the Brewer game, at which time Coach Ulmer answered some of John Webster's questions about the preceding game with Portland. On that same day Robert Fortier, representing the Public Affairs Club, presented the United States views of the Sino-Japanese question.

A Horace Mann program was put on by members of the Senior Class, each representing statues of great men and women who had contributed to public schools.

A ventriloquist act was put on by Charles Redman and Danforth West in behalf of the *Oracle*. On that same day we had two other speakers: Clarice Fielding from the Commercial Club explained the club itself and urged more members to join, and Barbara Savage spoke about the dance for the purpose of getting money for the Fund for Injured Athletes.

We have been very fortunate in having the band play for us at many of our assemblies, and hope to have them often.

When there was no definite program for assembly, Mr. Chaplin spoke on different subjects which were of interest to the whole student body.

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club is making wonderful progress this year with the cooperation of a large number of Commercial students, under the leadership of the president, Elizabeth Dolan.

Mr. Bantam, a guest speaker who worked in China for five years, gave us a very interesting talk on "Business in China."

We had an entertaining program conducted by Mr. Willis as Prof. Quizz. Willard Savage won first prize for having answered the most number of questions correctly.

The two forums this year have been especially interesting and also helpful to Commercial students. Janet Bullard conducted the first forum and gave us an excellent speech on Accounting. The second forum was led by Elizabeth Wise, who told us more about Secretaryship—such as public, private, and social secretaries.

An amendment has been made to the Constitution in regard to the payment of dues.

Miss Moore and a group from the Club went on a field trip to the Wrenn Brothers Stock Exchange and found out how and when the quotations on stock come from New York. Mr. Leighton, an official, explained to us the manner in which people bought and sold stock.

Plans are being made for a Christmas Party under the direction of Frances Chaison and the Social Committee.

Debate Club

Times have been busy for the 120 members of the Debate Club since the last issue of the *Oracle*. And as this is being written, other activities stretch out before the group for late December and January, giving promise of the most active year the Club has ever seen.

On October 15, in City Hall, came the vaudeville presentation of MacDuff Copeland and Kenneth Duff before a good, and very enthusiastic house. Both of these versatile entertainers had appeared in the school assemblies that day. Their program was great fun, a decided novelty, and profitable to the Club, which made about \$50. Heading the committees were John Howard and Barbara Scribner, with some twenty other members co-operating.

On October 19, the Club voted to bring to Bangor audiences Mr. Richard Halliburton, the world famous writer and traveler. A committee of 15 members headed by John Webster was picked by Mr. Prescott to supervise the entire affair, those people being Ernest Monroe, Paul Kruse, John Howard, Ralph Gilkey, Barbara Scribner, Caletton Orr, Lewis Vafiades, Barbara Hill, Jere-Bill Goessling, Alicia Coffin, Gertrude

Allen, Mary Floros, David Dodge, Harlan Small, and Howard Crosby. The Halliburton appearance Thursday, December 2, will be reviewed in the next issue. As we now write, over 1,000 tickets for the event have been sold, making it very likely that a real sell-out will be obtained at the box-office.

Mr. Charles O'Connor, assistant debate coach, had charge of the entries, junior-varsity debaters, in the Bowdoin League held at Brunswick, Saturday, December 4, Dorothy Braidy and Curtis Jones speaking for Bangor, with Carleton Orr alternate. The question discussed at the two-session forum was "Resolved: That this House approves the completion of Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade agreements." The speakers were chosen at try-outs held November 12, an unusually good and high-calibre session at which others who showed up well were David Dodge, Edward Guptill, Albert Reynolds, Audrey Bell, Katherine Boone, Gloria Boone, Anne Bigelson, Harlan Small, Betty Shorey, John Howard, Brian Mooers, Kendall Cole, Pauly Campbell, Jack Backman, John Follett, Richard Jones, Howard Crosby, and David Rapaport.

Slated for the regular meeting on Thursday, December 16, is a debate on a question very important to the regular schedule of the school: "Resolved: That Bangor High School should have but one morning assembly a week, that assembly running for 30 to 40 minutes." This question is expected to draw some 40 members for try-outs, to be held sufficiently before the actual debate to give time for further preparation for the program.

Homec Club

At the first meeting of the Homec Club the following officers were elected; Beverly Nason, President; Doris MacLaughlin, Secretary; Rachelle Wessel, Treasurer; Lida Chenery, Recorder; and Dorothy Cardin, Member at Large.

An amendment was made to the Constitution in regard to membership, stating that certain ranks must be acquired by students in order to join the club.

The following were elected as the Program Committee: Helen Sedgely, Lola Dunnivan, and Cynthia Tripp.

At the second meeting the new president called the meeting to order and the new secretary read the report.

Another amendment was made to the Constitution in regard to the payment of dues. This stated that each member must pay twenty-five cents at the beginning of the season and ten cents at the January meeting. Dorothy Cardin and Beverly Nason were appointed to take charge of the basket to be contributed to a needy family on Thanksgiving.

Echoes from Everywhere

The friends we have in other places continue to make themselves and their doings known to us. The people we have heard from recently are the students of Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio; Cony High School, Augusta, Maine; Beverly Trade School, Beverly, Mass.; Central High School, Charlotte, No. Carolina; and Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.

Old Hughes, which falls on the desk from out in Ohio, always demands immediate attention with its brilliant cover. Since examining what lies behind the cover, we think that a bit of humor would liven up the magazine immensely. It would also be fine if the pictures and write-ups on the students' page might be better arranged.

In Augusta's *Cony Cue* we like the column headings, but we don't understand why illustrations such as they seem capable of should be limited to this phase of the magazine alone.

The stories of the *Aegis* from Beverly, Mass. would have been more effective if the difficult situations encountered by the characters had not been solved with such nearly automatic ease. The reader's interest would be better drawn to the literary department if some cuts similar to that on the cover were used.

It is a pleasure to encounter *Lace and Pig Iron* from Charlotte, N. C. Its cover and printing are remarkably fine. For you who have not seen it as yet, it is done by a creative writing group there, and is well above the average. We wish, however, that they would abandon their doleful outlook on life and put in a few cheerful stories and illustrations to balance the tragedies.

The Freshman number of the Maynard, Mass. *Screech Owl* is a well-balanced product, and its staff may well be proud of it. We would suggest that they might feature a story of "front-page" proportions, and set their editorials back a little.

These are all better than average student publications and are encouraging to see.

It is surprising to note that among our exchanges this season the number of newspapers is increasing. Since this is unmistakably the trend it would be proper for us to look them over.

The Piedmont Highlander first, a fine weekly, which seems chiefly interested in an exceptional football team from its home, Piedmont High School, Piedmont, Calif.

Next the Lasell Jr. College *News*, just a trifle out of the paper class, done in an interesting style by the students of that school in Auburndale, Mass.

Then the Milaca, Minnesota High School *Milachi* which seems to have on a corresponding scale all that most magazines have, from humor to editorials.

ON RADIO ROW

WELL, we made quite a slip-up in the last issue. Charlie Butterworth is a *gagster* not a *gangster*. We are constantly expecting to be sued for libel.

The March of Time is now on the N B C Blue Network, Thursday nights, at 8:30. When the last issue was written, it was still on Columbia.

At this writing Eugene Ormandy is conducting the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*.

Program of the Month

The *Chase and Sanborn Hour* is, in the opinion of the writer, without exception the most truly entertaining presentation on radio. It can not help being so with such a cast as it has. Leading the cast is Nelson Eddy, star of screen, radio, and the concert stage, the greatest singer of today. One might listen to his gloriously thrilling singing forever and yet not grow weary

without Charlie McCarthy?" Charlie has to stand a lot of insults and insinuations from the rest of the cast, as well as from Major Bowes, but he doesn't care. He's a first cousin to Old Ironsides and twice as redoubtable. The Stroud twins, Clarence and Claude, vie with Edgar and Charles for top-listing in comedy; Clarence, an enthusiastic inquisitor, is the exact opposite of Claude, a man of few words. Robert Ambruster directs the Chase and Sanborn Orchestra. If you listen to the *Chase and Sanborn Hour* on Sunday from 8:00 to 9:00 P. M. over the N B C Red network, you will be, as Claude Stroud says, "Happy about the whole thing."

Headliners

One of the most interesting programs on radio at the present time is *Hobby Lobby*. Presented by the Hudson Motor Car Company, *Hobby Lobby* is conducted by Dave Elman. The idea of the program is unique and original. Anyone who has an unusual hobby is invited by Hudson Motors to go onto the air and "Lobby for his Hobby." Some mightily interesting people are heard, and some very interesting as well as amazing hobbies are lobbied for each Wednesday night. Each week a guest of honor, someone of nation-wide recognition, is presented to talk on his hobby. Harry Salter's orchestra is also heard each week. The feature broadcast over C B S each Wednesday from 7:15 to 7:45 P. M. is one which will interest any listener.

Jean Hersholt, famous actor of the movies and star of *The Country Doctor*, and *Reunion* is now on the air. He plays the leading role in *Doctor Christian of River's End*, a dramatic serial presented by the Cheesbrough Company, makers of Vaseline. This story depicts the joys and sadnesses of a country doctor in his contact with the people he helps on his daily rounds. It is broadcast every Sunday afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 over C B S.

Where To Listen In

For the convenience of radio listeners, below are listed the names and dial readings of those stations on national hookups which are most easily heard in Bangor.

Station	Location	Dial Reading (Kilocycles)
	Columbia	
WABC	New York	860
WLBZ	Bangor	620
WCAU	Philadelphia	1170
	National Red Network	
WEAF	New York	660
WGY	Schenectady	790
WTIC	Hartford	1040
	National Blue Network	
WBZ	Boston	990
WJZ	New York	760



Charlie McCarthy

of it. Is there anyone who does not desire a voice like his? Don Ameche, of stage, screen, and radio fame, very capably acts as master of ceremonies. Dorothy Lamour, star of the forthcoming picture, *Hurricane*, has the leading feminine role of the great show. Heading the comic list are Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, comedians extraordinary. Charlie belittles the statement that he is dependent upon Edgar Bergen. For he says, "Where would Edgar Bergen be

We have also the *Boise High Lights* from Boise, Idaho. Although this is done with rather obvious economy it is a good paper, nevertheless.

Thus we find efficient groups all over the country producing school publications with quantity and quality on the increase. If they can't afford a magazine they print a paper—and, in that spirit, more power to them!

Dramatic Club

The second meeting of the Dramatic Club was held in the Assembly Hall. Miss Haney held election of officers after discussing briefly the duty of each officer. Charles Redman was elected president of the club, but because of the nine-point system Charlie had to forfeit it to Danforth West. Polly Goodwin was elected vice-president, Betty Barker, secretary, Winthrop "Bud" Duty, treasurer, and Mary Carlisle, program manager. The meeting was then given over to discussing the fundamental points that a character in a play should know.

November 4, 5, 8, and 9, tryouts for the Dramatic Club play "New Fires" were held. The following cast was selected: Lucinda Andrew, a widow, Miriam Fellows; Suzanne Toler, a spinster, Ida Rolnick; Sid Sperry, a farm hand, Dick Coffin; Jerry, his son, Danforth West; Stephen Santry, an author, Charles Redman; Billy, his son, Renfrew Yerxa; Phyllis, his daughter, "Gwen" Matchett; Anne, his wife, Mary Nelson; Olive, his daughter, "Barb" Savage; Eve, his daughter-in-law, Dick's wife, Bette Barker; Dick, his son, "Bud" Duty; Doctor Lynn Gray, a country physician, Donald Beaton; Mary Marshall, a neighbor, Mary Carlisle; Mrs. Marshall, "Barb" Libby; Angie Sperry, Sid's wife, Eudolia Tinker. This play is well under way in rehearsals and from all indications every member of the cast is working eagerly on his part to help bring the play to perfection. So we hope to see each and every one down in the high school, Friday evening, December 17 to see a play that has everything: "complication, dramatic climax, humor, pathos, and good, common sense."

Orchestra

Go up to room 307 or to the assembly hall any Wednesday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, and you will probably see the orchestra in full swing. It's this practice and the direction of Mr. Sprague and the whole hearted co-operation of the members that make the audiences wonder why they play so well.

Band

Hats off to the band! Without doubt everyone will agree that the band's playing at the football games and its support for assembly programs were exceedingly good.

While on the hat subject, have you seen the new ones that they bought with the result of their further good work in the candy sale? People will mistake them for officers if they don't carry their instruments with them.

Under the direction of Mr. Devoe, the faculty instructor, and Winthrop Duty, student leader, the Band is going places in a way of its own.

"Keep up the good work, boys. We hope to see you at the basketball games now that fall has gone."

Our band started this year off with a bang. After a few rehearsals the band appeared at the ball games with a remarkably well playing organization. The band was very fortunate this fall in being able to pick things up right where they dropped them last spring. This saves them the long preparation that they have been obliged to go through in past years. The band appeared at all of the ball games even journeying to Portland with the team. The spectators there were shown a finer band than Bangor High School has been able to present to the public in several years. The band went onto the field at the half and formed the letter P. Thus all fall the band has added much color to the week-end games. On Armistice Day the band appeared with new officer's caps as a part of their uniform. This smart-looking addition was made possible by the whole-hearted cooperation of the faculty and students of Bangor High School who participated in the candy sale in buying and selling, and also by many business-men of our city who donated freely to the fund.

The band will appear at all of the basket-ball games this season. In very recent years they have not played at the basket-ball games, and so this will be a much appreciated addition.

With the marching over, the boys are all anxious to get to work in preparation for the band contests in the spring, of which they hope to be a part. With a start like this we expect our band to go far this year.

Glee Clubs

With rehearsals well under-way both for boys and girls, Mrs. Huey feels she has an excellent group this year and some great musical talent. The combined boys' and girls' glee clubs are bringing to completion plans for a gala masquerade party to be held December 3.

PASSING IN REVIEW

George Beaton

From dear old Palm Street School to grace Bangor High's corridors with his beaming (or something) countenance comes Freshman George Beaton. He likes all his studies "bout the same." Although he doesn't dance yet, he has hopes. As for eats, he thinks ham is tops with chicken as a close second. Flash of flashes! He doesn't like pie! (so help me, it's the truth). As near as we can find out, Popeye is his favorite movie star, and does he give a mean imitation of Popeye and Olive Oyl!

Durward Brann

At last we've found one Junior who isn't bashful about being interviewed. Blond Durward Brann tells all! He likes Edw. G. Robinson, marshmallows (fluff or otherwise) and blondes, brunettes, red-heads, etc. He dislikes Shirley Temple and studying (I can't understand it). Although he does not dance very much, he is, from all reports an excellent roller-skater. In the summer you can find him at Cold Stream and in the winter on the snow trains, and his future ambition is to be a big sports writer.

Winthrop Duty

If any of you "keeds" ever feel the urge to tramp through the Maine woods safely, just call on "Bud" Duty. Yep, this husky (eating beans did it) Senior sure knows his woods and he boasts a Class A guide's license as proof of his ability. He informs us that he likes best to be alone in the woods and next best to lead a band. He's drum-major of our band, you know, topper, white putts, baton and everything. But best of all he confesses he can cook (what a wonderful husband he'll make for some working girl).

Philip Higgins

Maybe you thought he was a lost T. V. but no! Here's a soph who is on the Varsity Squad, and what a boy! Does he read? No! Has he hobbies? No! But how he loves the thrillers at the Park on Saturday nights, and sports, well—his first football togs were rompers, and his first basketball was a rattle, for short, he's a seasoned athlete, and keeps seasoned by mowing lawns every day in vacation. He's a mathematician, no less (and no more, he confesses in the line of studies 'n' stuff) and Algebra is as much fun as the chocolate sodas.

Langdon Freese

What a life the boy leads! With a schedule about as listless as an anthill! He's around toying with a pigskin at Mary Snow, or away "pinking" off a few partridges, then back putting a little "yumph" into the Latin Club, and off again helping himself to laurels in a tennis match. These and catching poses of you and you from odd angles to add to his candid snapshot collection keep him from studying too much, but being on the honor roll is another one of Lang's customs and, altogether, we might wonder when he finds time to eat.



Valerie Power

We hate to say it of her, but she's a little blond dynamite when it comes to pep and personality. "I won't dance" is Val's motto "but I'm crazy over horses, horses etc." And that is the story. Gym is her favorite study and raw potatoes her digestive agent. But there may be some sense in it, because after the Class of '40 has passed on to prosperity (and Valerie with it) she's going to teach gym and all the sports that seem to be "up her alley." And if I'm doubted tear yourself down to the basketball game between the Sophs and the Seniors this year, and the blond streak on the floor is Power in action.

Beatrice Gleason

Although at first she wasn't going to talk, "Bea" Gleason finally broke down and gave us the following facts. In summer she swims, and in winter she watches basketball games. She likes a "variety" of movie stars, but she "guesses" that Martha Raye is about the best one of all. Eating, studying, and dancing also take up much of her time. Her smile is well known around the corridors of this venerable institution. There's only one thing wrong with going to school, though, says Bea. It breaks up her day.

Polly Holden

If you haven't met the Freshmen in your P. M. trips to 114, here's an introduction to one of the nicest. She walks the dog to get out after the curfew (some night-life!) and adores spooky things like detective mystery stories and Charlie Chan in the movies. She spends her vacations "oooh!" just all through the Maine woods, and being a Senior Life-Saver and an aquatic performer of long standing she does do credit to the dive and to the Maine woods for that matter, because she's a Girl Scout camper and paddles a neat J stroke in a canoe.

Phyllis Morris

Introducing the pride of the Junior class, Phyllis Morris. This "gal" spends her summers at Natarswi relaxing for the school work which is to come and her winters at Bangor High relaxing for a strenuous summer at Natarswi. She dances — "definitely" (quote) — skates, and thrills to the music of Watie Aikens' world-renowned (?) orchestra. She doesn't like men movie stars, but she does enjoy a movie in which Alice Faye stars. Eating everything (except spinach, of course) also helps to keep Phyllis in shape and out of mischief.

Austin Keith

We stopped wondering what the something is about a soldier when Captain Keith started strutting his stuff. Keeping rhythm out of his military gait had the lad worried, but three years at C. M. T. C. Camp worked better wonders than marching in a straightjacket. Best of all we think he likes acting—(out—did we hear someone say?) and Huck Finn never came nearer stepping out of fiction than in last year's Senior Play. And swing?—praise all! He spins like a top on the dance floor.

Public Affairs Club

The Public Affairs Club is moving along smoothly under its new president, Earle Herrick.

At the second meeting of the club the question of Labor Conditions was discussed by Sylvia Sleeper, Robert Fortier, and Frederic Leonard.

Views of the Sino-Japanese question were discussed at the next meeting by Earle Herrick, Paul Kruse, and Louise Twist.

A group from this club visited the Bangor Daily Commercial Office and learned how the newspaper is made.

One of the aims of this club is to have several members speak in assembly. So far the speakers have been Robert Fortier, Paul Kruse, and Earle Herrick. Their topics were: The United States Views of the Sino-Japanese Question, and the pros and cons of the Cause of the War in China.

Science Club

The first meeting of the Science Club was held in room 307, with Winthrop "Bud to you" Duty acting as temporary chairman. Election was then held for officers with W. "Bud" Duty as president, Bette Barker, Vice-President, and Mary Nelson, Secretary. Mr. Downing then gave a brief but informative history of the club. It was agreed to have a meeting the first Tuesday of every month at three o'clock.

The club chose as its subject for future discussion Photography, and planned to try and inspect the Eastern Manufacturing Company and the water works.

Latin Club

As an opening ceremony for the October meeting the officers of the first half of the year for the Latin Club were sworn in. Each took his oath in a precise military fashion, and a quick response was received from the other members. Pauline Campbell read the quaestor's report, while Beverly Holbrook found a near capacity crowd when the roll call was read.

Donald Beaton, new consul, then gave a brief introduction to the program which was in charge of the seniors. The subjects for discussions were taken from around the life of Augustus Caesar who has just had his 2000th anniversary celebrated. The first speaker was Franklin Eaton who caused the audience to sit up and listen to his informative talk on "Rome from the Death of Caesar to the Ascension of Augustus." The next speaker, Betty Barker, then explained the complicated issue "The New Constitution under Augustus" with excellent simplicity. Lillian Kopelow's

selection of "Rome's Prosperity Under Augustus" was well received by the listeners.

Next, to help explain the unusual prosperity of those days, came Mary Nelson with "Augustus' Policy of Peace." Pinchhitting in the absence of Richard Coffin came Frederic A. Leonard who concisely compared the life of Augustus of 2000 years ago with that of the present day Mussolini. Margaret Maxfield, "poetess laureate" for the Latin Club, charmed the members with her original poem "Then too, Augustus."

The meeting then closed with all singing the Latin version of "America." The next meeting will be handled by the Juniors—most efficiently, we feel, if last years program by this same group can be remembered and counted as a sample of this group's acting ability.

Rifle Club

While electing officers for the coming year, the Rifle Club chose Arthur Gallupe as the president, Robert Dodge as captain, Eben Leavitt as manager, and William Erb as secretary and treasurer. All of these officers are crack-shot veterans.

Although no matches have been fired to date, a long schedule, containing teams from all over the country, has been made up and will be run off soon. At present the thirty-four members, sixteen of which are veterans, are brushing up on the fine points of the various positions.

"B" Club

The "B" Club, one of Bangor High's most outstanding clubs, has again been organized. Walter F. Ulmer, head coach of football, will direct the club as faculty manager. In a recent informal meeting, "Bob" MacDonald was elected to preside over the club. The other officers are William Bryce, Vice-President; Laurence Downes, Secretary; and Alton Morrill, Treasurer.

The object of the "B" Club is to organize the various sports into a solid, cooperative group, and any boy who has earned his letters in any varsity berth is eligible for membership.

Various committees are completing plans for a football supper, for initiation of new members, and the formation of a constitution.

Members of the Club will serve as ushers in all athletic events, and will act as officials in various grammar school athletic activities. Bangor High welcomes the return of the "B" Club, and expects much from it in the future.

(Please turn to page 26)

Artistic Photograph Contest

Winner—PRESTON RAND

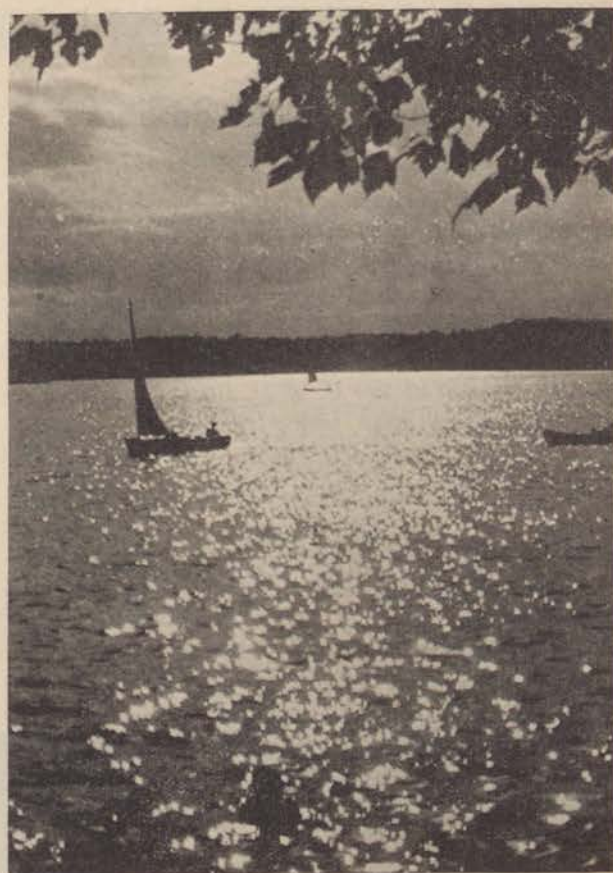
Class of 1939

“SUNSET”

Honorable Mention

JOHN WATSON

Class of 1938



Candid Camera Contest

Winner—ALBERT REYNOLDS

Class of 1939

“AUSTIN KEITH ALSO AIDED IN THE CHEERING”

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS

Mademoiselle Estelle Beaupré

Head of the French Department

Our French department is headed by Mademoiselle Beaupré, who has held this position for two years. Mademoiselle was graduated from Bangor High; she received her B.A. at the University of Maine, her M.A. at Columbia, and she has had two summers at the French School at Middlebury College in Vermont.

She first taught at the U. of M. for two years, then at Caribou High, after which she was successively head of the French department at Cony High in Augusta and at the High School in Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Members of the Queen City Club can tell you what a pleasant and popular advisor Mademoiselle has been.

Mademoiselle considers travel and books dealing with psychology the pleasantest forms of recreation.

Miss Irene Cousins

Head of the History Department

Miss Cousins, teacher of American History and Government, is a graduate of Thomaston High School, and attended Wheaton Seminary. She has done graduate work at the University of Maine and at Columbia.

Miss Cousins tells us that her greatest interest is in current affairs, and it is our own private opinion that she probably knows more about the Sino-Japanese conflict than either the Chinese or the Japanese do themselves. She loves to travel, and her vivid accounts of her trips help to make history come alive for her students.

The Public Affairs Club, organized last year by Miss Cousins, is a live organization and should produce some great diplomats!



FRONT ROW: Miss Beaupré, Miss Mullen, Miss DuBourdieu, Miss Crosby.

SECOND ROW: Miss Cousins, Mr. Drisko, Mrs. Cumming, Miss Connor.

BACK ROW: Mr. Varney, Miss Moore.

(Next page please)

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS—(Continued)

Miss M. Catherine Mullen*Head of the English Department*

Miss M. Catherine Mullen was graduated from Bangor High School, received her A. B. from Trinity College, Washington, D. C., and her Master's Degree in English at the University of Maine. She has also attended Columbia, the University of California, and the Bread-loaf School of English, to mention just a few.

Her favorite hobby is travel, which accounts for her casual comments on England, etc. A crusader for more and better English, Miss Mullen's modern methods make interesting classes and capable students. I wouldn't want to scare away you Juniors, but Miss Mullen certainly knows her Burke!

Mr. Clarence Drisko*Submaster. Head of the Mechanical Arts Department*

Mr. Drisko is an alumnus of the University of Maine, having graduated in the class of 1921. Later he went to Vanceboro, where he was principal of the high school, and then came to Bangor in September, 1922. Here Mr. Drisko is assistant to the principal, in charge of office work and books, besides being head of the Mechanical Arts Department. If you want to know *anything* about Bangor High School, just ask Mr. Drisko. He can tell you without even looking it up! In his spare time, of which he says he has very little, Mr. Drisko derives pleasure from gardening of all sorts, and from the study of genealogy.

Miss Janice Moore*Head of the Commercial Department*

Miss Moore is head of the Commercial Department and teacher of Bookkeeping.

She attended the Shaw Business School of Bangor, and also summer sessions at Boston University, Simmons College, and the University of Maine.

She has had a great deal of experience in office work as well as teaching experience at several High Schools.

Her hobbies are hiking, reading, and traveling, having traveled in twenty-eight of the states and visited all of the well-known National Parks.

She aims to put the Commercial Department on the map and to create real leaders among her students, and we'll say she's succeeding!

Mr. George Varney*Head of the Science Department*

Mr. George Varney, whose genial countenance is a third-floor landmark, has for years been a popular teacher at Bangor High. Born in Rochester, New Hampshire, he was educated at Rochester High School and the University of Maine. Upon leaving college in 1911 he became a draftsman, but later he left this work, and, after spending a year at Dartmouth in graduate study, became a teacher. He first taught at Wilton Academy and then came to Bangor as Manual Training instructor, although he soon switched to teaching physics. Mr. Varney is a lover of the out-of-doors, and, aside from teaching physics, he lists his three major hobbies as astronomy, gardening, and photography.

Miss Marion DuBourdieu*Acting Head of the Mathematics Department*

Miss Marion DuBourdieu, of whom the seniors learn (and we mean *learn*) their algebra, solid geometry and trigonometry, was a Maine girl herself, having been born, brought up and educated in Dexter. Still loyal to Maine, she went to Bates, doing her graduate work partly at Maine, the rest, however, at Columbia in New York. She returned to Maine to teach and spent some years in Gardiner before coming to Bangor. One of her hobbies is contract bridge, and her ambition is to own a camp by the sea. If one were asked to analyze her charm, one would say that it lay in her friendliness and her faultless good taste.

Miss Rachel Connor*Dean of Women*

Miss Connor, our dean, is a graduate of the University of Maine. After her graduation she took a course in school and social work at Smith College. She teaches three classes in English, assists at all school functions, presides over Freshman assemblies, finds jobs for students, and helps to keep the school running smoothly. Miss Connor is much interested in Girls' Athletics and helped coach basketball when she first taught in Bangor High School. Miss Connor is quite a sportswoman herself, and can she swing a golf club!

(Please turn to page 26)

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS (Con.)

Miss Ruth Crosby*Head of Home Economics Department*

A graduate of Wheaton Seminary (now Wheaton College), Miss Ruth Crosby is head of the Home Economics course in Bangor High School. She received her B. S. degree at the University of Maine and has done graduate study at Simmons and Columbia.

Through the Homec Club, now in its fourth year, Miss Crosby shows her girls the art of gracious living. Her summers are passed helping Miss Lutz with her summer camp for children on Cape Rosier. She is much interested in child psychology and confesses her weakness for picnics.

Mrs. Lenore Cumming*Head of the Department of Latin*

Mrs. Lenore Cumming, for the past eight years head of the Latin Department in Bangor High School, holds A. B. and A. M. degrees from Dalhousie University, Halifax. Her teaching experience includes several years of high school work under the Canadian system and three years under the Cambridge syndicate in the British West Indies, where students prepare for examinations sent by Cambridge University.

Latin is alive to Mrs. Cumming. She puts class into the classics—a punch into Vergil and a kick into Cicero!

Mrs. Cumming tells us her hobby is movie-going, while one of her biggest thrills was a day spent in the Roman Forum and a moonlit evening in the Coliseum.

NEWS OF INTEREST*(Continued from page 22)***Alumni**

A group of B. H. S. Alumnae of the class of '37 are editing the Beal Buzzer. They are; Nellie Drew, Ruth Kendall, Dorothy Bragg, Evelyn Morrill, Geraldine Drew and Leora Foote.

A number of the class of '36 who are attending U. of M. are as follows:

College of Arts and Sciences

Marjorie Goode	Pauline Jellison
Rose Bigelson	Frederick Johnston
Myer Alpert	Margaret Maxwell
Miriam Golden	Helma Ebbeson

Home Economics

Dorrice Dow	Rachel Kent
Lucile Paulin	Ada Saltzman

Forestry

Roger Trask

College of Agriculture

George Bell

Phyllis Smart, '35, former Literary Editor of the *Oracle*, has been elected President of the Students' Senate at the Eastern State Normal School.

Isabel Cummings, '36, is now a Sophomore at Wellesly—Bette Ayer and Charlotte Clement, class of '36, are attending Colby Jr. College—Betty Mack, '37 and Bettie Reid, '37, are Freshmen at U. of M.—Elizabeth Richardson '37, Shirley Drew '37, Gertrude Shapiro '37, and Beulah Duty '37, are all attending Maine School of Commerce.

Artemus Weatherbee '35 is an active member of the Maine Masque.

Pauline Jellison '36, is keeping right up with the best of musicians at "Maine."

Ernest Andrews Jr. '36—whose motto seems to be, "Make Good"—is certainly doing well for himself at Bowdoin.

Priscilla Smith, after spending a year at Emma Willard School in Troy, N. Y., is now attending Vassar.

Edward Redman and Annette Youngs, both Alumni of B. H. S., were married in August. Both Miss Youngs and Mr. Redman had attended U. of M.

Hazel Chalmers, '36, is a Sophomore at Simmons.

Donald Moore, '35, is a Junior at U. of M.

Audrey Everett, ex-'36, and graduate of Oak Grove Seminary, is attending Connecticut College.

Marguerite England, '32, is employed at the Hahne-mann Hospital.

Margaret Bragg, '36, is going to Dana Hall.

Anne Perry, '36, is at Smith.

Margaret Tyler, '36, and Ann Tyler, '37, are at the University of Rochester.

Jeannette Leavitt, '36, is going to Farmington Normal School.

Madeline Dennett is at Trinity College.

Annette Curran, '36, is at Maine School of Commerce.

PERSONALS

A Passive Verb is when the subject is the sufferer, e. g., I am loved.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

The heart is located on the west side of the body.

Wind is air in a hurry.

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum

Slips of the Pen

Cartoons

Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

DECEMBER 17, 1937

Hokum

By Jane Bradshaw

HI-DE-HI my frans (!), my frans (?). Lovely weather, don't-cha think (or can'tcha, frosh)? Zazzy for skiing, Mr. Blake, and happy landings! Say, don't look now but the cops are having a hard time with the traffic jams on Fourteenth St. What with Tillie (yep, she's still Chaison around) and that Barker gal, it's some riot.

Hear ye! Hear ye! We now present a little mystery drama:

1st stooge: "Well, what could have become of that cake?"

2nd stooge: "Maybe the dog ate it. I dunno."

1st stooge: "But he wouldn't have eaten the plate, too??"

(Hollow laughter from the wings.)

For solution: Ask Editor Redman. He might know why 'twas found in the closet. Hi-ya, Charlie! Aha! !

Oh tra-la-la! Chase me—I'm a butterfly. Why Mr. Prescott—this is so sudden. . . . Aw, now, Ruth, you should relent—for he's a jolly good Fellow(s) . . . They tell us Austin is going in for dogs—Ya just gotta B. a Barker . . . Laurie announces his favorite shade of nail-polish is Tulip. Oh my, Laurie, how you do run on! ! . . . We're out of the depression all right, all right. Just lamp the diamond (meow) Barb Libbey carts around. . . POPEYE! And skip the street cars, Ike, you wise guy, you. . . .

Oh, Shaw, Louis Nason, tain't nothin'. . . Where were you on the night of Nov. 12, Pat Marr? Or do mine eyes deceive me? . . . Ellery's been having quite a time at the hosspittle—I mean akehilly. . . . Ahem, Perry! If he comes from Missouri, that explains everything. . . . Orono seems to have somp'n you ain't got, boys—we refer you to Jere-Bill er the gal mit the cannibalistic tendencies (better known as the Savage) . . . Does anyone know on what lovely junior lass blue hats are oh so becoming? Quiet, Nelson, no

remarks. . . And Connie thinks Boston is quite the stuff—or is it M. I. T. . . . It's June in January—or it will be in a few days. Hello, Mr. Travers. . . So he's just one of the Smith boys, but he sho' steams up a wicked pen, huh, Valerie? . . . Eyes front, Mr. Jacobs! ! You were sorta behind the 8-ball on that one, pal. . . Dwinal, m' fran, don't lean on that horn so heavily—after all, a gal's gotta have some sleep. . . Guess Mr. Babcock has a rival for the title of Snappiest Susie-Q-er—Carl Sprague has been making time—Yea, indeedy. . .

Miss Moulton (Marnie to you) wires collect (the rat) that Dartmouth men are the smoothest of which there are none whicher—but for first hand info ask Polly Goodwin—and what's this about THE winter carnival?

Waaal, Christmas is coming, but in the meantime—"Watch the Fords (for Mary Ellen) go by!"

Slips of the Pen

THOSE "Merry-go-Round" girls! It's terrific! Wanted: Some sleep by them all in general, and by M. Nelson in particular the tune of one of the songs—we never *did* discover which it was. But now its all over, relax girls—relax, and the line forms at the right for Blue Jay corn and blister pads—5, 10, and 15 cents. Those poor Juniors are now in the throes of the Junior Exhibition tryouts. Well, all our sympathy to them, and orchids to the he's and she's who win. It's a great life—All this rain is perfectly heart-breaking for our Frosh. The little darlings just can't leave their bikes out in all the rain for five long hours, so what can they do? Suggestions welcome . . . Fanfare: A new club has been formed. Men only, name undecided, meeting places we-ell, and initiation! ! Speaking of the play, wait 'till you see "Jackie Coogan" Yerxa, "Herbert Marshall" Beaton, and "Simone S." Savage. Boy, oh boy, and Hot Socks! . . . Hsst! A certain teacher (guess who?) is of the opinion that



Jim Snow:—Can I get into my locker?

Mr. Varney:—Well-I-I, I doubt it!



Barney Morrill:—Have an accident?

"Red" Woods:—No, thanks, I just had one!

though she's had a good many half dead Senior classes, *this* one has one foot in the grave! Hah! I'll be haun-tin' ya! . . . Hurrah, whoopee, hotcha, huzza, and what have you! The IV A English class can now throw its cap in the air and Burke in the stream! It's the second quarter, "time marches on" and Edmund can rest in peace 'till September 1938 hoves in sight, and the jolly Juniors become serious Seniors. Candy sale candy! But it seems to have got the Band their caps—and very swell ones too. . . ALL fooling aside, this year's band is certainly the best we've heard for ages in BHS—*Did you hear* those Sophs encoring t'other day? Aren't they enthusiastic—the dears! It's probably the drums they like so much.

Eddy Babcock and his Oldsmobile—and don't many more kids have cars than when we were young? We hear the Insurance Companies are raising their rates. Self-defense, we guess . . . the Sophs, by the way, are still a little bewildered by it all. The Highland Avenue quintette (E. Rice, J. Crowell, B's Foley and Clement, M. Hilton) voice the general opinion that it's-all-a-big-joke-and where-are-we-goin'-anyway! . . . We agree with Mary N. that Pontiacs are swell cars, but the proof of the car is in the driver, n'est ce pas? And while you're about it, inquire of J. Bradshaw why she changes so often? It's most confusing for us colyumnists. . . . Why, Jere-Bill and Barbara, where is your sense of direction? The Bangor-Brewer game was out Broadway, *not* up-river? Where is your school spirit?

What's Mary Ellen worrying about? Even if Bill Stetson was away Thanksgiving—men are like street cars, sez we. . . . Well, "at long last" and finally we are ended. We really must be toddlin' along don't y' know, so toodle-oo, flub-dub and Merry Christmas!

Jokes

A certain pilot: Do ya wanna fly?

Sam Robinson: Oooh yeh!

Pilot: Wait, an' I'll catch one fer ya!

Caller: How old are you, Renfrew?

R. Yerxa (10 years ago): Well, when I'm home I'm five, when I'm in school I'm six, and when I'm on the street-cars I'm four!

"See how I can count, mama," said an ingenious Freshman. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one make three. Three feet make a yard, and I want to go out and play in it!"

Richard Morgrage: I'd like to donate my last picture to a charitable purpose.

Danny West: Why not give it to the Institute for the Blind?

M. Maxfield: Hurray! Five dollars for my latest story, "The Call of the Sure."

Polly Perry: From whom?

M. Maxfield: The express company—they lost it!

"It was very romantic," said Barbara H. "He proposed to me in the automobile."

"Yea?" said Jere-Bill encouragingly.

"And I accepted him in the hospital."

Little drops in water—little drops on land,
Make the aviator join the heavenly band!

Miss Mullen: Jenkins, do you know "How Doth the Busy Little Bee?"

Billy: No, I only know he doth it!

THE OPEN FORUM

Curtains

YES, curtains are what we need in this school. We need some new curtains for the assembly hall windows.

Three years ago, as a freshman, I saw my first assembly hall movie. Did I enjoy it? The variety was well received, but as far as the movie went, I could barely see it. The lights were turned out and still the hall was well illuminated. Nevertheless, the movies went on. A few flickering shadows appeared on the screen. We sat through a half-hour of pale movies.

The pictures shown were educational but very ineffective under those circumstances. The same thing happened last year when the coast guard service showed pictures of life in the coast guard.

About a month ago, Professor Larkin of the Mount Wilson observatory, California, came to our assembly that he might show us some slides. These slides were of the planets, etc. I saw a group of his slides last summer, and I know that they would have been very interesting. Unfortunately the old curtains could not be pulled up, nor could the bottom part be pulled down. Professor Larkin, you will remember, could not, and wisely enough, would not show those slides. Instead, he spoke to the assembly without his illustrations.

I suppose the next thing to do is suggest a series of rummage sales to raise the money for assembly hall curtains. No, I merely wrote this as a suggestion to the city fathers, hoping that they would be interested enough in the idea to buy some curtains which completely cover the assembly hall windows. We get new stage curtains and teachers. Why don't we get some new assembly hall curtains?

—John Webster, '39

Stop on Red!

Have you ever noticed those high powered lads who go racing around the corridors? Did you ever see the way they go around a corner? And lastly, do you ever stop to consider what happens when some meek little student is coming around the corner the other way? When I get real serious I think about such things and I've decided that we ought to have a system of traffic lights. Wouldn't we all look cute waitin' for the green light?—or would we? Then we could have a cop or two just for luck and beacons flashing a yellow light on the landings. Then too we could have signs and Neon lights pointing out the directions—and

we could name the corridors as streets are named: Maple lane, Broadway, Latin street—Wowie! We could turn our dear (?) old house of learning into Fifth Avenue. It would take a little time o'course, but this year we can get the traffic lights and then our Freshmen can go on with the project. We've gotta' have those traffic lights before we all get knocked out. . . .

Cr—ash— oh'— Where am I— My head!—Yes! We've gotta' have those traffic lights.

—Phyllis Morris, '39

They Shall Have Music

Sure! We're nutz about the "basketball dance" idea, and we've got a plan for the music (quite an economical one, at that). Bangor Hi has a swell school band this year. We know *that* from the response they've been getting in Assembly. Those boys have got talent, and, added to that, they've got "rhythm in their nursery rhymes," so why not ask them for a little help? Here's the recipe. A snappy drum-rapper, a hot piano-player, a couple of sax puffers, and a trumpet blower or so are the necessary ingredients. Mix these together with a stack of sheet music, and what have you? A couple hundred happy basketball fans, down at the City Hall, celebrating Bangor's victory (I hope) by swinging their shoes—I mean blues—away.

—Kay Faulkingham, '39

We Want Basketball Dances!

What is the most popular pastime of this generation? No, it isn't sports, movies or checkers. You can't guess? Well, I'll tell you. It's DANCING. Since the birth of trucking, Shagging, Suzy-Q-ing and Pecking, the craze for dancing has been bigger and widespread than was the Charleston, Shimmy, and Continental of a few years ago. No matter where you go, you'll find someone Shagging or Suzy-Q-ing, and everyone who can dance, trucks to some extent. But why should the students of Bangor High School go elsewhere to dance?

The Basketball season started long ago. This also started the demand for dancing after the games. Why can't we have these dances? This was a question that was left unanswered last year. I believe that it will be asked more forcibly this year. There were no dances last year; consequently the crowds were small and un-

enthusiastic. Two years ago there were dances after the three biggest games of that season. Most of us can remember that these games were well-attended and very exciting. In comparing the three games of 1935 when dances followed and the three games of 1936 when no dances followed, I believe that the gate receipts of 1935 were considerably more than the 1936 receipts.

As for the music for the dancing, it is not necessary to pay for a five- or six-piece orchestra. As long as the music can be heard and has plenty of swing, the students will find no fault and will attend them.

I am not speaking for myself alone, but I believe I am voicing the opinion of over one-half of Bangor High School.

—Mary Powell, '39

Contests

When a contest in photography is announced by the *Oracle* one requirement should be that the photo be developed by the person who enters the picture. I also think that trick photography should be allowed. It requires much skill in the taking.

I also believe that hobbies should be written by those who have them, rather than by some member of the *Oracle* Board, because it would be more interesting. Of course, some member of the *Oracle* Board could look them over to make sure that it is satisfactory.

—Kearney, '39

Flash! Flash!

Wanted! All available hoopsters, known to be located in or around Bangor High School! Their "gang pals," who have already been captured, answer to the names of "Dick" Morse, "Bob" MacDonald, "Chink" Weinstein, "Reggy" Clark, John Burke, and Milton Gross. Be careful! If you come in contact with any such persons, approach them carefully, for they are "dead shots." They never miss! Have them brought to "Eddie" Trowell, Chief of Bangor High's efficient basketball squad! He will sentence them to their respective positions, and confine them to a season which will perhaps equal the success of last year's squad, regardless of the Parole of George Munce, "Ken" Lynch, "Duke" Elliot, and "Bob" Sedgeley. That is all!

CINEMANALYSIS

Firefly

JEANETTE MacDonald, the silver-throated songstress of the screen, scores another sensational hit with Allan Jones as her leading man in the picture, *Firefly*.

War between France and Spain serves as a dramatic setting for this picture. Jeanette, as a Spanish spy singing and dancing in a cabaret, meets Allen who, unknown to her, is a French spy. Allen, as the ardent and persistent lover, plays a delightful role.

At last he wins an admission of love from the fair Jeanette. But "the course of true love never runs smooth," and theirs is no exception.

Exciting months ensue, but the pretty tale ends as all good fairy tales should—the lovers were reunited and lived happily ever after.

Stage Door

The sensational stage hit becomes the highlight of the screen!

Katharine Hepburn and dancing Ginger Rogers gather the laurels for this picture. With them is an able supporting cast, including Adolphe Menjou, Gail Patrick, Lucille Ball, and Ann Miller.

Terry Randall (Ginger Rogers) depends upon her wealth to bring her stardom, for which twenty girls are clamoring, while jobless song and dance girl, Jean Maitland (Katharine Hepburn) relies upon her talents to bring her fame.

A chance of fate makes them room-mates in a theatrical boarding house.

"Stage Door," a masterpiece of those two great writers, Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, directed by no less than Gregory La Cava, should be good!

100 Men and a Girl

A picture that is tops with fans everywhere is *100 Men and a Girl*.

Deanna Durbin, as Patricia Cardwell, forms a symphony orchestra from 100 unemployed men. No other than Leopold Stokowski is the orchestra's director.

With her in this outstanding musical are Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady and Eugene Pallette.

The child singer's clear sweet soprano voice truly merits high praise.

It is a picture young and old alike may enjoy.

Girls' Athletics

On the few days when rain didn't threaten to drown us, the hockey teams could be seen battling it out at Linden Street field. We slipped and slid around in the mud watching "Simple" make our goal so that Dean Connor will present the cup to Sylvia Striar, our senior captain, at the hockey party November 30th. All the games were thrilling to watch. In fact Rita Johnson got so excited she broke her nose, and Betty Vose collapsed out of Simpson's truck while watching a game.

The results of the games are as follows:

	Won	Tied	Lost
Seniors.....	3	1	0
Juniors.....	0	1	3
Sophomores.....	1	2	1

The following girls made their numerals by playing at least half of every game: Seniors: Beatrice Gleason, Sylvia Striar, Barbara Savage, Virginia Simpson, Gwendolyn Matchett, Phyllis Colpitts, Virginia Hastings, Anne Hansen, Marjorie Nelson, Helen Mehann, Zelpha Nealy, Marie Toulos, Lillian Kopelow, Louise Newman, Ruth Curran, Betty Wise, Janet Bullard, Mary Joy Flint, Eleanor Sweeney, Dorothy McClure, Betty Vose, and Jane Mulvany.

Juniors: Mary Rice, B. Taylor, J. St. Germain, R. Johnson, B. Hill, J. Higgins, M. Powell, A. Bigelson, K. Faulkingham, J. B. Goessling, F. Gangar, L. Faulkingham, F. Rolsky, D. Clisham, C. Pierce, P. Morris, E. Cohen, and V. Hansen.

Sophomores: V. Thorpe, P. Breen, B. Foley, B. Clement, E. Rice, S. Giddings, B. Day, L. Hardison, R. Carlisle, N. Costrell, A. Moran, R. Drew, V. Power, C. Reed, F. Roberts, L. Vincent, V. Paine, D. Braidy, M. Burrill, and G. Crowell.

Miss Maguire also announces the senior girls on the all-Bangor team. This is an honorary team usually made up of seniors. The following girls were chosen:

R. W.—Beatrice Gleason
 R. I.—Sylvia Striar
 C. F.—Barbara Savage—Virginia Simpson
 L. I.—Gwendolyn Matchett
 L. W.—Phyllis Colpitts
 R. H. B.—Virginia Hastings
 C. H. B.—Anne Hanson, Marjorie Nelson
 L. H. B.—Helen Mehann—Zilpha Nealey
 R. F. B.—Marie Tsoulas
 L. F. B.—Lillian Kopelow—Jane Mulvany
 Goolie—Louise Newman—Ruth Curran

Boys' Athletics

In the final game of the season, Bangor defeated Brewer by a score of 14-6, in an exciting, hard-fought game. In the first moments of the game Bangor scored a safety, due to a punt into a gale of wind, which brought the ball back of Brewer's goal. In the second quarter Brewer scored on a beautiful pass and lateral play as the quarter ended. In the third period, however, Bangor "opened up" and with startling suddenness scored twice. In the fourth quarter the Brewer Witches passed "high, wide and handsome," but the Bangor line was breaking through and spoiling all plays, and the exciting game ended in the final local clash of the season.

THE SEASON'S RECORDS

Bangor	Opponents
13	Brewer 0
0	Waterville 19
0	Rumford 19
12	Bapst 0
6	Winslow 0
12	Cony 12
0	Portland 30
14	Old Town 0
14	Brewer 6
—	—
71	86

(5 victories, 3 defeats, 1 tie).

Rams' Record

Occasionally, we, who are so closely connected with Bangor High School, hear indirectly that Bangor does not support a satisfactory football team. Upon looking at past records, however, we wonder what causes these rumors, and where their source is.

In the past two years Bangor has won *ten* games, lost *four*, and tied *two*, scoring 180 points against the 100 scored against us, for an average of .700 of victories which speak for themselves.

In the past two years Bangor has won from every team on its schedule at least once, except Portland. Bapst has not *won* in *five* years.

FOUR YEAR RECORD

	Bangor			Scores		Percent
	Won	Lost	Tied	For	Against	
Brewer	4	0	2	45	12	1.000
Bapst	4	0	0	73	0	1.000
Portland	1	3	0	25	52	.250
	17	3	2			

These statistics should, and do, speak for themselves

and need no further comment. Our school and our coaching staff, capably led by Walter F. Ulmer, deserve much praise for their fine records. Football in Bangor High is certainly progressing. We do need, however, a freshman squad in continual operation which leads to a much more successful squad.

Disregarding the matter of victories and losses, what untold value is represented by any football squad! The new friendships, the lessons and the morals introduced to school life are, in no small manner, all-important results of a football squad. Then, too, Maine's colleges are represented by Bangor in an outstanding degree. Ed Curran, Fred Newman, and Andy Cox are varsity men at Bowdoin. Winsor at Colby; Edminster at Bates; Jock Adams, a regular guard on West Point plebes' team; Leake at Maine; Elliot, Munce, and Powers at M. C. I.—all these men are typical examples of Bangor's contribution.

So we see how Bangor's football teams, and especially Head Coach Ulmer, are getting results. Our records will not tolerate any statements to the effect introduced in this statement of our progress. Who can say, in the face of all this, "Where's our team?" Many will say, however, "Whatta team!"

"SWING IT"

(Continued from page 10)

dance, and soon the floor was crowded.

Thus the first three rounds of dancing moved along. The strange orchestra was in the midst of the "Ghooona Goo," when Professor Riley felt an unpleasant sensation crawl up his spine and his arms stiffen. He glanced at the teachers before him. Mr. Carter was panting and gasping for breath, streams of perspiration dripping down his beet-red face. The others looked ready to give up the ship "aussi", and, with a sinking feeling, he realized that they couldn't last much longer. He ordered "Sweet Sue" as the next number, and, in an effort to keep the spirits up, he moved his body more frantically and cried to the tired musicians, "Swing it! We can't stop now—swing it, Pennsylvanians!"

As his eyes strayed across the room, the professor noticed a group of Sigmas whispering together in a far corner. Light dawned as he saw them leave the hall, one at a time, and, dropping his baton, he slipped through the crowd and followed them.

Their destination was Locker Room Number Sixteen, and as they unlocked the door, the familiar voice of "Bob" Cole, leader of the *Norwood Rhythm Boys*, reached his ears sputtering and "glugging" in muffled excitement and anger.

Professor Riley sprang forward with the alacrity of

a boy, and, pushing aside the small group of Sigmas, he peered into the room.

There, in a farther corner, tied and gagged, lay the *Rhythm Boys*, as angry as wet hens.

The surprised Sigmas stood back for a moment in amazement, and then, in recollection of the fact that they were actually in the professor's hands, they right about faced, and made tracks for the stairs.

In two minutes the *Norwood Rhythm Boys* were back in their chairs in the orchestra pit, and the poor teachers were tumbling into the Chaperones' corner to gasp for breath. The music continued, and, cheering, the students began to dance again. Then, after the eleventh dance, the big moment arrived, and the vote was ready to be taken. The air was still with excitement while the ballots were passed out, and then, after the votes were counted, one of the boys, acting as master of ceremonies, stalked onto the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, and paused until a hushed silence spread over the gathering. "I am most happy to announce that the Nineteen Thirty-seven Mayor of Norwood Institute is "Red" Harris, representative of the Alpha Nu Fraternity. Mr. Harris—take a bow!"

Amid the deafening roar, "Red," his face the color of his flaming mop of hair, ascended the stage, grinned, and took his bow.

"And now," the master of ceremonies continued, "the Norwood 'King of Swing' is unanimously none other than our Freddie Rich, Benny Goodman, Mark Warnow, Dick Stabele, Shep Fields, Wayne King and Guy Lombardo all rolled into one—teacher of our beloved "trig", Professor Riley!"

The professor felt a funny, warm feeling around the heart as the crown settled on his white head, and he smiled to himself as the deafening cheers rang hilarious ly through the hall.

"The slings and arrows," he murmured softly, "aren't so bad—"

THE WAGER

(Continued from page 8)

"Why, you miserable wretch," he panted, "how dare you say that my store is dingy! Why, for fifteen years the whole town has bought its goods from me. You saying that I only have three customers a day! You've never had more than that many in a week!"

"Well, see here," said Mr. Dole, "I'll jest lay ya a little bet that I can get more trade than you. As a matter of fact, I'll bet you two dollars that I can."

"Why, you piker, I'll bet you ten dollars that you can't!" retorted Mr. Brown, not really intending to bet but just to show Mr. Dole that he was the finer gentleman of the two.

The aroused men began to hurl challenges at each other, until, finally, when the bet had reached the sum of a million dollars, one of the onlookers, a Mr. Denning, known throughout the neighborhood as "Big-mouth," and regarded as the town's prize loafer and disgrace, stepped in with "Now, see here, gents, let's do this reg'lar. Now you boys just decide how much you're a'goin' ta bet, and put up the money with me. I'll be very glad to hold the bets for you gents."

By degrees Mr. Brown began to realize how the situation stood. It was too late to back out now. How foolish it would seem to say now that he wouldn't bet after all! He would be the laughing-stock of the town! Mr. Dole stood in a like predicament. Slightly less sober than Mr. Brown, he nevertheless began to realize also what he was saying. If either man backed out now, it would make him the town fool, because the rivalry had been so intense for so long. Yet, neither man wished to risk a bet, nor had either man any too much money.

After an awkward silence, however, Mr. Brown decided to make a proposal to Mr. Dole. Looking about to see if the crowd was listening, he cleared his throat, and said majestically, "All right, Mr. Dole, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you that I have greater sales than you. I'll jest lay ye a bet of fifty dollars that I can get more sales than you in—say a year?"

"Agreed," answered Mr. Dole, somewhat shakily. "Let's put up the money and appoint the judges right now."

So an agreement was made. Neither man had the staggering sum with him, but they decided to settle this matter at the end of the week. In the meantime, judges would be appointed, and a starting date announced. Referees would stay in each store to check up on the sales. Goods sold and money taken in would be checked each night. The bet money would be left with the town judge, Mr. Hatter, a man who had had the benefits of a college education but had come to this town to live alone when he had been disappointed in love some twenty years ago. A written agreement would be drawn up by this same Mr. Hatter, to be signed by both contestants. When all these things had been agreed upon, the rivals left the "Buzzing Bee", and set out for their respective homes, amid the cheers of the excited town-folk.

* * * * *

A few days later, the final preparations were made, and the money entrusted to the sorrowful Mr. Hatter.

The whole town, now fully convinced that the bet was real, rose up in intense excitement. An enemy of one contestant would plan to pay off some ancient grudge by patronizing the other storekeeper. Excitement mounted by the day. Bets were laid among the

town loafers as to which man would win. The families of the two rivals went around advertising among the townsfolk. Everything was in a hubbub. As far back as even the old people could remember, such a thing had never happened before. It was something new, strange, unheard-of. Some were greatly aroused and said it was "the finest thing this town ever had." Others who were slightly wiser hit more nearly on the real truth of the matter. The bet, as both rivals could now plainly see, was a very foolish thing. It had been made in a moment of anger, and, at the time, both men had been more or less stupified by sleepiness and beer, as well as by their ire. Neither of the two contestants had the money to spare, should he lose, and they hadn't meant to bet so much anyway. In order that the people might buy, it would be necessary to introduce a new low in prices, which, coupled with the expenses of advertising and making their stores attractive, would greatly minimize the profits even of the winner.

Day by day, therefore, the bet seemed more and more foolish, and, although neither contestant would have admitted it even to his closest friend, each rival grew to regret more and more that he had made the bet.

In the meantime, however, both men set to with a will in an effort to get an early lead in the contest. The little town received its first glance at a "ready-made advertisement sign" when Mr. Brown ordered such a sign from a city about four hundred miles away. For a time, Mr. Brown's business increased greatly due to the prestige which the sign, hanging majestically over the doorway of his store, gave to it, and Mr. Dole was forced to buy a sign also in order to be able to compete on equal terms with him.

Taught by this incident, the two rivals racked their brains for new ideas which would attract customers. They adopted slogans, invented horrible names to call each other, and advertised their wares by placing signs all over town.

One morning Mr. Brown went through the town and placed advertisements on all the neighborhood trees and fences, covering Mr. Dole's signs with his own. However, as he returned home, he nearly threw a fit as he caught sight of an advertisement which Mr. Dole had tacked to the back of his very house.

And so it went. Each rival was determined to win the wager by hook or by crook. Sales mounted day by day, neither rival gaining much ground, however. Both were making a fair profit, but, because neither could gain a large edge, their uneasiness steadily grew. At the end of six months, the halfway mark, Mr. Dole was leading by ten dollars.

* * * * *

"I won't stand for it, I tell you, Jeff," screamed Mrs.

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Tel. 2-2392

Bangor, Maine

Brown into her poor mate's ear. "For over six months, all you've done is loaf around that store. Every cent you get goes for that store! Everything you do is for that miserable store!"

Mr. Brown turned uneasily in his chair and rubbed his organ of hearing to ease the strain.

"You know, pet, I've gained three dollars on Dole this week. Yes sir, business is certainly booming."

"That ain't the only thing that's goin' ta boom around here," dinned Mrs. Brown meaningly.

Mr. Brown suddenly decided that it was time for his evening stroll, and hastily left what had once been his peaceful abode.

Down the street, in the Dole house, similar scenes were enacted. Mr. Dole, as well as Mr. Brown, was getting a double dose of henpecking. It had begun to wear on their wives' nerves to have the two storekeepers giving all their money and attention to their business.

At the end of eleven months both men were on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and both their wives were having almost constant hoarse throats.

On a Wednesday afternoon it suddenly began to pour. All the townsfolk ran to their homes, and the streets and the two stores became empty. Toward evening the rain let up, but most of the people were still at home, and business was very quiet.

As he sat by the kerosene lamp that evening tinkling, an idea suddenly struck Mr. Brown. That afternoon he had sold three umbrellas. Mr. Dole, he knew, had no umbrellas on hand. All umbrellas would have to be bought from him. Supposing it should continue to rain, could he not make a good profit on umbrellas? He would certainly have to start advertising those umbrellas.

But supposing the rain should stop? That would rob him of a golden opportunity. But the rain must not stop! Or, at least, the people must be convinced that it would continue.

Somehow, the idea of fooling the ignorant townsfolk into buying umbrellas by convincing them that it would continue to pour for the next week or so made Mr. Brown feel slightly uncomfortable. He did not wish to deceive his customers, and yet, it was too good an opportunity to waste. It might even turn out to really rain for a while. He would dismiss the matter for the present and give it further thought later, he decided.

But somehow it was rather hard to dismiss the idea like that. The more he thought of it, the more convinced Mr. Brown became that it was the best thing to do. By night he had determined to do it and hung out an advertisement.

Umbrella sales immediately increased greatly. Day

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District Agent

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by day, Mr. Brown encouraged the trusting customers to wait, for surely it would rain tomorrow or the next day, and then they could use the umbrellas they had bought.

By the end of the week, Mr. Brown had sold five umbrellas, but the people were getting rather impatient for their promised showers. It was becoming harder and harder to stall them off, and suspicion was beginning to mount. When, at the end of two weeks, it had not yet rained, the people began to rise in a storm of protest and to demand their money back. In vain, Mr. Brown tried to quiet them. What if it hadn't rained yet? It would rain sometime. And then they would have their umbrellas all ready. But the angry customers were not so easy to convince this time. With a sly sneer, Mr. Dole enticed first one, then another of Mr. Brown's customers to himself by making a big story of Mr. Brown's deceitfulness. Mr. Brown had made a total profit of ten dollars on the umbrellas, and he was now three dollars ahead of his rival, but the customers were one by one leaving him and beginning to patronize Mr. Dole. Poor Mr. Brown pleaded in vain. He advertised more than ever. He promised first one thing and then another, but nobody believed him. Going into the last week, he was a tired, disgusted, almost lifeless person.

And then it came! In an old magazine Mr. Brown discovered that in some places they sold things with prizes attached, and that it proved very popular with the customers. Mr. Brown was going to put in an order for some more confectionery that night. Somehow he must bring this prize plan into use. By some means, he must bring the idea into play with the candy which he was going to order. He had read that they gave away golf clubs with suits, but that wouldn't work out with lollipops. He thought and thought, but nothing presented itself.

By late afternoon he had worked himself into a frenzy trying to think of something. Then, suddenly, it came! Mr. Brown lifted his massive bulk into the air in one great leap of joy. Then, with surprising nimbleness, he bounded away to put in his order.

By the next morning, all his signs were out. All over town the people read the news about the big lollipop contest. Lollipops would be sold at a cent apiece. In each lollipop would be a puzzle, and the one to solve the most puzzles by the end of the week would win a giant lollipop. The whole town jumped for joy. Puzzles, lollipops, and a free giant lollipop for the winner! Oh, joyful day!

In his store, Mr. Brown waited impatiently for his lollipops to arrive. He had heard that Mr. Dole was one dollar and forty-five cents ahead of him, and in his great lollipop contest lay his last and greatest hope.

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Director

Pearl Building

Bangor, Maine

By Saturday noon, the train had not yet come through with his order. But perhaps it had been delayed and would be a little late. By three o'clock, however, the train, now four hours overdue, had not yet arrived. Mr. Brown was in a frenzy; so was his wife; so was his son, Johnny, who had been promised a lollipop; so, worst of all, were the already once deceived villagers, who remembered the umbrella circumstances.

By four o'clock Mr. Brown was pulling his hairs out one by one. Would that train never arrive? What could have happened to make it so late?

At five o'clock, the train suddenly came into view over the top of Hunter's Hill, and Mr. Brown nearly died of happiness.

But the villagers were not to be deceived again. In vain Mr. Brown rushed through the streets, shouting out the news of the arrival of the lollipops and the beginning of the contest. They all laughed at him, and went right on going about their business. Mr. Brown pleaded with them, but it was useless.

"See here, Brown," said one town loafer, "I been down to your store four times today, and each time you told me the lollipops hadn't come yet. Me an' the rest are about fed up with your tricks."

In vain did Mr. Brown continue to plead and to beg the people to come and see for themselves. They would not listen to him. Finally, in despair, he returned to his store. It was all over now, and he would lose the bet.

Suddenly, in toddled the six-year-old son of the next door neighbor.

"I got a penny," he confided to Mr. Brown exultantly, "and I wanna some candy."

Mr. Brown rushed to the box which contained the lollipops. Reaching in his hand, he pulled out five or six brightly colored lollipops, and pressed them into the hand of the astonished, and, needless to say, immensely pleased six-year-old.

"Ooh, thanks," said the child, and ran out into the street to show his playmates.

In ten minutes the store was crowded with customers. The news had quickly circulated that Mr. Brown actually had the lollipops, and the townspeople were flocking in to join the contest.

"Why didn't ya tell us that they had come?" inquired the same loafer who, only a half hour ago, had ridiculed Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown was trembling with happiness as more customers came in. Already he had sold three dollars' worth of lollipops, and the same people were beginning to come for the second time. The lollipop contest had taken the town!

* * * * *

That evening the final check-up was held. Excite-



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STEAKS - CHOPS - CHICKEN - LOBSTER

Home of Sizzling Platter Specialties

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202 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

"Where It's a Treat to Eat"

FREE PARKING

ment ran high. The edge would be so small that there was a great deal of doubt as to the winner, and nobody could be sure until the judges announced their official decision.

On the following Saturday, the townsfolk gathered in the tavern to hear the official result.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Judge Hatter, the judges who had been appointed for the contest, the referees, and the two contestants themselves, followed by their families, entered the tavern. Immediately the noisy crowd quieted down. All eyes were turned toward the group which had just entered. Eating and drinking stopped, and the crowd waited breathlessly for something to happen. The two contestants and their families then took their places at tables on opposite sides of the room.

Judge Hatter, looking more dignified and sadder than ever, slowly made his way to the bar at the front of the room. Although not a sound could be heard, he held up his hands for silence, and then, noisily clearing his throat, he began to read in a loud voice from a bit of paper.

"One year ago last Saturday, Mr. Brown and Mr. Dole, our two local merchants, made a wager of fifty dollars, each claiming that he would have more business during the year. The contest, as you all know, ended last Saturday. I have here the results. Now, if you'll all be quiet, I'll tell you the name of the winner."

The crowd waited breathlessly for Judge Hatter to continue.

"The judges and referees hereby find Mr. Brown the winner in this contest by a one cent edge. Mr. Brown, here is your fifty dollars. Allow me to congratulate you."

As one the whole crowd fell into an uproar. Mrs. Brown rushed to her husband's side, dragging Johnny along by the hand. All Mr. Brown's neighbors were climbing all over him, trying to pat him on the back or to shake his hand. The happily smiling winner himself merely stood there clutching the money, while his friends mauled him.

"Thank you, thank you," he sputtered breathlessly.

* * * * *

Six months later, Mr. Brown stood proudly gazing at the interior of his newly-painted store. There were new lamps, new furniture, new rugs. The shelves were filled with goods, and the register with money. Mr. Brown had taken advantage of the fifty dollars he had won and the added trade his new popularity had brought him. Fortune had smiled on him, and business was the best he had ever had. Mr. Brown was indeed happy.

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BERRY BROTHERS' PAINTS
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Glass—Tools

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Otto Nelson Company

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\$5,000 Maximum Insur-
ance for each Deposit.

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BANGOR - - MAINE

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