

RECEIVED JAN 26 1937

ORACLE

Vol. XLV

No. 2

A Student publication of the
BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL, BANGOR, MAINE

DECEMBER «» 1936



The Mayor's Doorway

(See page sixteen)

Lady Billie . . .

By Elisabeth Richardson

1000 1897

12/15/10

A
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
to All

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

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

	PHONE NO.		PHONE NO.
Bakers		Grocers	
JOHN J. NISSEN.....	5151	SPANGLER'S Q not Q FOOD SHOP.....	8268
45 Columbia St.		8 Broad St.	
Banks		Insurance	
MERRILL TRUST CO.....	5651	BLAKE, BARROWS & BROWN.....	8296
2 Hammond St.		51 Hammond St.	
Batteries		Musical Merchandise	
ARVID L. EBBESON.....	3870	ANDREW'S MUSIC STORE.....	4023
May St.		48 Columbia St.	
Beauty Salons		Oil Burners	
MARY A. LEADBETTER.....	3383	MERLE L. COFFIN.....	8878
61 Main St.		725 Broadway	
Class Rings		Painters	
BOUTILIER'S.....		R. H. KAVANAUGH.....	9892
37 Park St.—268 Hammond St.		39 Park St.	
Clothing—Men's		Photographic Supplies	
CURRAN & GRIFFIN.....		FOWLER DRUG CO.....	2-1269
38 Main St.		104 Main St.	
LARGAY'S MEN'S SHOPS		Printers	
18 Broad St.....	8198	CONNORS PRINTING CO.....	3319
Coal—Fuel Oil		179 Exchange St.	
J. F. WOODMAN & CO.....	2-0043	H. P. SNOWMAN.....	3841
9 Hammond St.		40 Central St.	
STICKNEY & BABCOCK.....	2-2004	JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.....	4343
5 Hammond St.		182 Harlow St.	
BACON & ROBINSON.....	4576	Produce	
19 State St.		C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661
Druggists		62 Pickering Sq.	
ALLEN DRUG CO.....	5571	Radios—Pianos	
32 State St.		RICE & TYLER.....	3351
CALDWELL-SWEET CO.....	4596	98 Central St.	
110 Broad St.		Restaurants	
BROWN DRUG CO.....	9272	JONASON'S.....	2-0254
198 Hammond St.		11 Main St.	
Engraving		Shoe Repairing	
PIONEER ENGRAVING CO.....	2-1538	PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	5479
Exchange St.		35 Central St.	
Funeral Directors		Sporting Goods	
WHITE & HAYES.....	2-0294	DAKIN'S.....	6411
46 Center St.		25 Central St.	
Garages		SEARS & ROEBUCK.....	8271
MURRAY MOTOR MART.....	4571	Harlow St.	
Franklin St.		Timberlands and Surveying	
		PRENTISS & CARLISLE, INC.....	4993
		Merrill Trust Building	
		Welding	
		J. J. BOULTER & SON.....	7019
		293 Harlow St.	

THE ORACLE'S AD WRITING CONTEST



PRIZES

First Prize	Two Dollars
Second Prize	One Dollar
Third Prize	Two Theatre Tickets



RULES

- I. The contest is open to any *Oracle* subscriber.
- II. "Ads" must be 5" x 6" on plain white paper.
- III. Write your name and home room number on the back of your paper.
- IV. Each contestant may submit any number of "ads."
- V. "Ads" must be in the *Oracle* mail box in the principal's office on or before Jan. 9, 1937, 3:30 P. M.
- VI. *Oracle* Board members are not eligible.



DIRECTIONS

- I. Pick your favorite concern from the advertisers in this issue and write down your idea of a good ad for that concern.
- II. Prizes will be awarded for your ideas—drawings do not count.
- III. Only those entrants who follow the rules above will be eligible, neatness will help.



JUDGES

I	II	III
W. H. BAKER	D. E. BARKER	The Manager of the
Mgr. Jordan-Frost Printing Co.	Faculty Adviser—The <i>Oracle</i>	concern you write about

SPECIAL RATES ON 1937

CLASS PICTURES**THE PERRY STUDIO**

193 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

Exceptionally Large and Beautiful
assortment of

**Flannel Bath Robes
and Hostess Gowns**
\$3.95 and up

**98 MAIN STREET**

\$1.00 PERSONAL \$1.00
Stationery

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

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

Phone—6353

BANGOR BOX COMPANY

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

Quick Service—All Makes of Cars

Authorized

Cadillac—Lasalle—Studebaker
Service

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

50 YORK STREET—120 FRENCH STREET

Compliments of

R. B. DUNNING & CO.

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

54 to 68 Broad St.

Bangor

Residence Dial 3658

Store Dial 9125

EARL A. (SKIP) GORDON

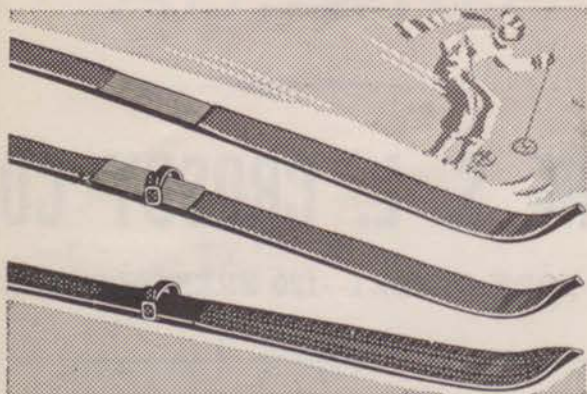
U. S. CERTIFIED WATCHMAKER

*Watch and Jewelry Repairing***I Can Save You MONEY On Your Repairs****BE CONVINCED**

78 Harlow Street

Bangor

Sears



Strong and Speedy!

YELLOW PINE SKIIS

Selected, quarter-sawed southern yellow pine with two coats of high-lustre varnish. Dark walnut finish. Grooved stripes. Rubber foot pads. Toe strap mortise. Complete with foot strap and buckle.

4-FT. SIZE

98^C
pr.

5 ft. Skiis.....	\$1.49	7 ft. Skiis.....	\$2.89
Selected, 6½ ft. Ash Skiis.....	\$4.65		
Best grade Hickory Skiis. 7 ft.....	\$5.25		



CLAMP SKATES

\$1.19

Boys' and Girls'. Quality polished steel. Adjustable clamp toe and ankle strap.



SHOE SKATES

\$3.98

Boys' and Girls' High quality shoes and best-grade steel blades. All sizes.

Boys' Fast Racing Skates.....	\$3.98
Boys' Fine Hockey Skates.....	\$5.25

**SEARS, ROEBUCK
AND CO.**

40 HARLOW ST. — BANGOR — DIAL 8271

"The printed word
is mightier than
the sword."

Of course it must
be properly printed and care-
fully arranged by a "mighty"
printer.

Books • Magazines • Posters

Programs and Job Printing

Speed • Accuracy

Up-to-date Methods

Jordan-Frost Printing Co.

opposite High School

182 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

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

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NO. 2

The Oracle

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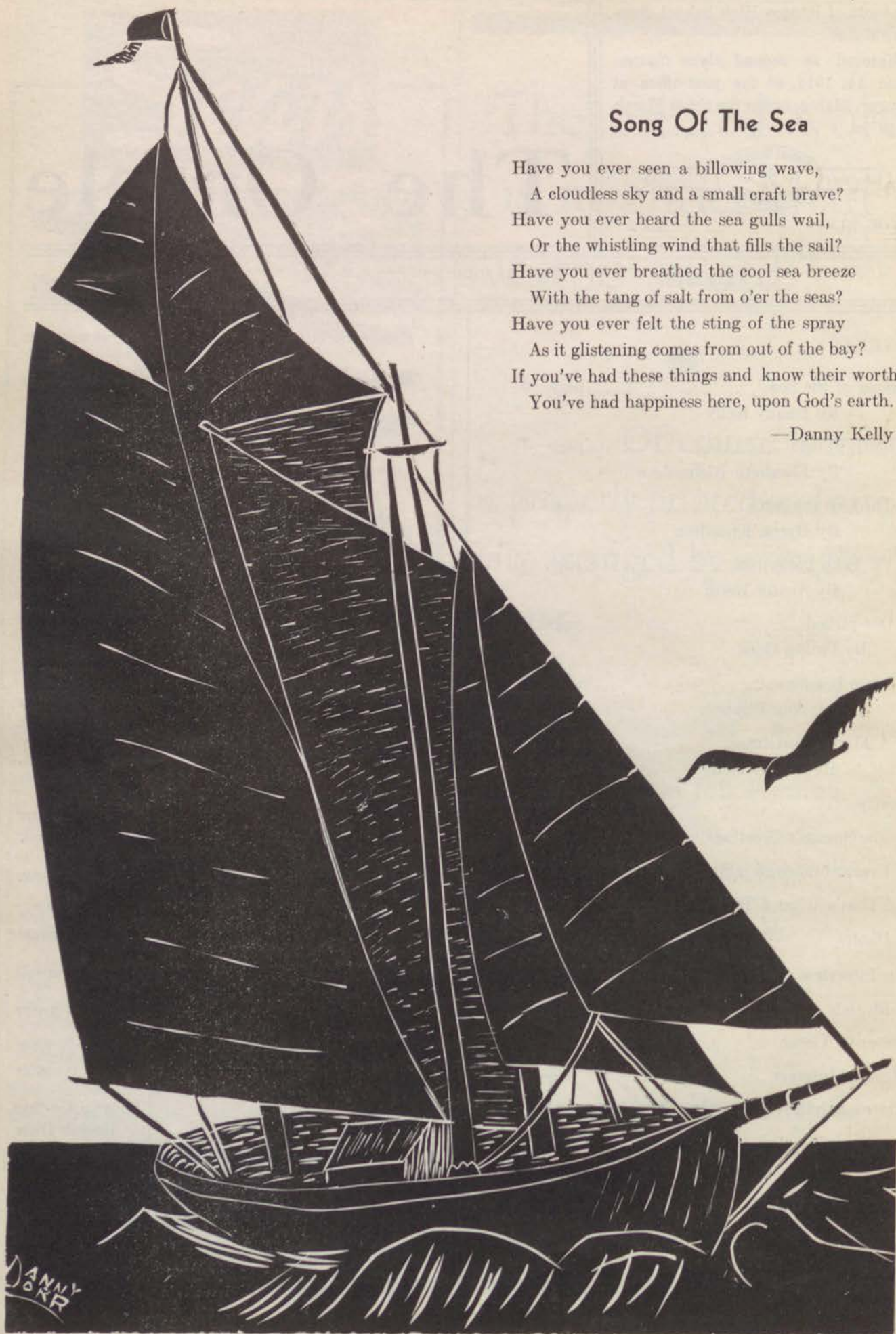
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Song Of The Sea

Have you ever seen a billowing wave,
A cloudless sky and a small craft brave?
Have you ever heard the sea gulls wail,
Or the whistling wind that fills the sail?
Have you ever breathed the cool sea breeze
With the tang of salt from o'er the seas?
Have you ever felt the sting of the spray
As it glistening comes from out of the bay?
If you've had these things and know their worth,
You've had happiness here, upon God's earth.

—Danny Kelly



Lady Billie

Never before had Fred failed to save her the seat beside him.

ELISABETH RICHARDSON

SENIOR

Elisabeth (Betty to you) has done it again! In case you don't know, Betty is that busy senior who still finds time to write those superb, super-colossal stories for the Oracle.

MRS. DICK WEBSTER sat on her back piazza knitting placidly as she rocked, a quiet look of contentment on her face. Soon her young seventeen-year old daughter, Billie, would come bounding in the house with a shrill "Hi, Mom!" and a slam of the door. Mrs. Dick, as she was called by nearly everyone, thought how many times she had spoken to Billie about entering the house in a more lady-like manner and of what little effect her talking had had.

Billie was a tall, slim girl with a thick, curly mop of ruddy-brown hair, and eyes that, in her more serious moods, were a clear grey, but in a mischievous, teasing mood were unmistakably green. She had always been quite a tom-boy, and even being a "serious senior" hadn't changed her. There was always a crowd of young people around the house. Should the crowd be composed of boys or girls, Billie showed no partiality.

Her children were all good children and well-liked, Mrs. Dick reflected. Billie, whose full name, Elizabeth Anne, had seemed too ridiculously long for such a wee midget, would be graduated from high school in just a very few weeks now. Young fifteen-year old Dave was a sophomore and just beginning to be girl-conscious; Nancy Lee, the baby of the family, would be entering high school the following fall. Mrs. Dick sighed. How swiftly the years had flown!

The sound of a slow, even step and a carefully shut door interrupted Mrs. Dick's musings. A puzzled expression passed over her face followed immediately by a worried look. Who could it be? It was time for Billie, but surely... something must be wrong. She started up.

"Hello, Mother." Billie spoke from the doorway. Mrs. Dick sat down abruptly and scanned her elder daughter's face anxiously. Apparently nothing was wrong. Perhaps the child was over-tired, or maybe it was something she had eaten.

Billie walked sedately over to a chair and sat down carefully. This was very unusual; generally she threw herself into a chair and started to tell her mother about

the events of the day with a "Gee, Mom... Miss Brastow said..." etc. Today this was not so. Instead she asked quietly, "Did anything special happen this morning, Mother?" in place of the customary, "What'd ja do this mornin', Mom?"

"Nothing special. Mrs. Martin brought me a lovely sponge cake, though," replied Mrs. Dick.

"Gee, c'n I have a hunk?" mumbled Billie half-starting up. Then remembering her pose (for indeed it was a pose), she said precisely, "Please may I have a piece, Mother?"

"Yes, but not too large a piece," cautioned Mrs. Dick wondering at Billie's sudden politeness.

Billie left the porch quietly with an unhurried step. Mrs. Dick smiled wisely to herself; she was quite sure she knew the reason for Billie's sudden lady-like manners. As a test, she called after Billie's retreating figure, "I want you to take a dress pattern over to Mrs. Nelson for me, dear; you can go on your bicycle, and it'll take only a few minutes."

"It'll take me half an hour anyway, Mother. I'm too old to ride a bicycle now," Billie protested. "Connie Barclay says it's most undignified to be seen riding a bicycle."

"But it would be all right to ride one if you weren't seen, is that it?" inquired her mother mildly, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, Mother!" Billie's tone implied all that she didn't say.

"But, Billie," Mrs. Dick went on more seriously, "I don't care to have you copying after Connie Barclay. Her life in New York and her wealth have tended to make her too old for her age and far too superior acting. It's really a shame for such a beautiful girl to be so affected and snobbish."

"Her manners are perfectly lovely!"

"Nevertheless, it would do her good to get out and romp now and then," replied Mrs. Dick wisely. "Now take this pattern over to Mrs. Nelson. You needn't take the bicycle if you don't want to, but don't you

think that's just a notion you've got about not riding it?"

"Well, after all, Mother, I'm seventeen and almost graduated from high school. It's high time I began acting my age. Dave and Nan ought to act a little less like young Indians, too. *Hadn't they?*"

"Let them play while they will. They'll reach the stage you have soon enough." As she spoke, Mrs. Dick handed Billie the pattern.

Soon running footsteps announced the arrival of Nan. "Hello, dear." Mrs. Dick greeted the child with a smile. "Have you seen Dave? He hasn't been home from school yet. I forgot to ask Billie where he was."

"Yeah. I saw him with Jack Mason a few minutes ago. He said to tell you he'd be home in time for supper. They had baseball practice or something this afternoon. I forget what he said."

"What a boy he is! Be sure to change your dress before you go out to play," Mrs. Dick called, as Nancy ran from the porch.

Supper time came and with it the whole family, hungry for good, wholesome food. Supper consisted of cold meat and salads on warm nights, and tonight was no exception. Mr. Dick served cold lamb and vegetable salad in generous portions to his family. The healthy children had good, hearty appetites, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick, too, did their share in making the food disappear.

Billie's new pose was very much in evidence. Tonight her hair was waved severely from her face and rolled in precise curls at the nape of her neck, in contrast to her usual disheveled mop. Her fingernails were conspicuously clean and shiny with new, dark fingernail polish. With a languid motion she took her place at the table. Dave was the first to speak. "Well fer—where're you goin'—to a masquerade?"

"I just got cleaned up for supper. If you knew anything, you'd wear a tie and wash your hands before sitting down to eat," Billie answered scornfully with a withering glance directed towards her brother. And so it went for the duration of the meal. "Mother,

make Dave break his bread . . . Mother, can't Nancy ask for the butter instead of reaching for it . . . Nancy, don't be so childish."

All were glad when the meal was over, and Dave made good his escape while his mother and Billie were arguing about Nancy.

Just as Emma, the maid of all work, was clearing the table, a shrill whistle sounded: "Billie! Hey, Billie!" Billie recognized it as the unmistakable yell of Fred Caldwell.

She went to the open window and called, "Yes? What do you want?"

"Hey, listen! We're goin' up to the park for a game of ball, and we need a short-stop. Wanna come?" Fred spoke nonchalantly, but inwardly he felt that he was conferring a great favor upon Billie. She'd often played ball with them, but never had she been allowed in a real game, though she had teased long and hard for that privilege. "C'mon, step on it. Half the fellers are there now."

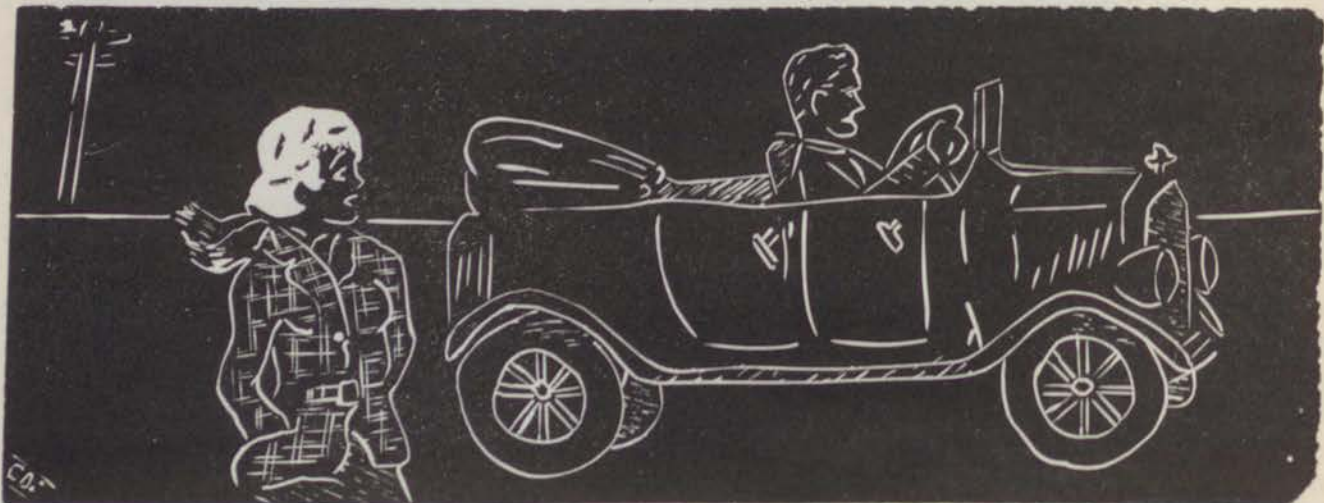
"You'll have to get someone else, Fred. Connie Barclay and I are going to the movies." Billie spoke with a coolness she didn't feel. Here was her longed for chance to play short-stop in a real game. Oh, why had she decided to act like a lady—a sissy!

Fred broke in with a startled exclamation, one not exactly soothing to Billie. "What? Are you *car-ra-zy?*" The astonished look on his boyish, freckled face annoyed Billie.

"You heard what I said," she snapped impatiently. "I'm not going to play ball tonight, or tomorrow, or ever. I'm a lady." Then as he still stood there stunned, she added, "Scram, will'ya—and take that dirty-looking dog of yours with you."

This from Billie! And against Mike, too! Fred blew up. "Say, who'd ya think you are—the—the Queen of Sheba?" he asked derisively. "C'mere, Mike!" he roared, as the beast, wagging his tail invitingly, shambled up to the window where Billie stood. Then looking straight at Billie he said, "Billie Webster, I'll *never* ask you to play ball again!"

"Goodbye, Fred," Billie called sweetly after him.



"'Rattles' was slowly moving away from the curb."

"Come again—when you can't stay so long!"

With this parting remark ringing in his ears, Fred walked slowly towards the park, Mike frolicking at his heels. Suddenly he knew what he would do. He and the fellows would fix Billie! They'd teach her to go snooty on them. He broke into a run. "C'mon, Mike. I'll race you to the park," he called to the dog, and, nothing loath, Mike dashed past his master to win the gay race. Fred's grin broadened and his blue eyes twinkled merrily as he assembled a group of the older school boys.

The next day at two-fifteen Billie grabbed up a couple of books and dashed out from school. Fred took her home every afternoon in his rattle-trap of a car. She felt especially glad for a ride today. Today was Friday, and it was so hot. Maybe they'd go swimming. Connie had said that she might be able to have her mother's car and that they'd take a dip in the new pool in Melbourne. Fred expected to have to work, and, if he did, none of his crowd would be going. Billie glanced over at "Rattles" accustomed place. There she was and—well, what in the world! Billie stopped short. "Rattles" was slowly moving away from the curb and there in her—Billie's—place was June Morley, one of the younger members of the crowd. There wasn't even extra standing space on "Rattles." It seemed over-flowing with boys and girls. Billie wondered at this. Never before had Fred failed to save her the seat beside him. It must be because of what she had said yesterday. Fred had a quick temper, but for him to remain angry even for an hour was unheard of. Billie tossed her head and walked along hurriedly in order to catch up with Connie. "Rattles" went by, and with a silent wave of hands the crowd passed Billie and rattled gaily homeward. No "Hi, Billie," or "Hello," not even a familiar toot-toot of "Rattles'" horn. That hurt, Billie reflected bitterly. Well, let them! She'd get along!

She caught up with Connie. Languidly Connie glanced around at Billie's greeting. "Hello, Anne. Isn't it just too beastly hot!" Connie always insisted that "Billie" was much too tom-boyish a name and that "Anne" was more suitable for a young lady. "It's so hot, I believe I'll just get into slacks and a halter and lie around and read this afternoon. If we went swimming, we'd only get our hair messed."

Inwardly Billie didn't agree with Connie. It was a perfectly grand afternoon to go swimming, and who cared if one's hair did get mussed up? This being seventeen and having to act grown-up was terrible. As far as Billie could see, it wasn't any fun. It was all right to go to the movies if there were nothing else to do, and all right to lie around in cool clothes if you couldn't go swimming, but to do it in preference...

Hot and tired, about fifteen or twenty minutes later than usual, Billie arrived home. "Hello, Mother."

"Hello, dear. Aren't you late today?"

"Had to walk." Billie answered briefly.

"Where was 'Rattles'?" asked Mrs. Dick, mildly curious.

"I don't know. Guess he forgot to wait for me," Billie replied. "What can I have to eat, Mother?" she interposed quickly, as she saw her mother ready with another question.

"Have a glass of milk and some cookies," said Mrs. Dick. "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going over to Connie's. We're just going to lie around and read."

"I thought you two were going swimming this afternoon. It's so hot."

"Oh, we changed our minds," replied Billie carelessly. "No sense in wrecking our hair."

"Well—," started Mrs. Dick ending up with a mild, "Oh!"

A short time later while Billie was up-stairs changing



"Mike."

into slacks and a halter, she heard the familiar tattoo of "Rattles" horn, then the running footsteps of Fred, and her mother talking, though she could not hear what was said. Hurrying a little with her dressing, she went down the stairs.

"Lo, Billie," said Fred. "How 'ya been?"

"Hello, Fred," Billie said, "What are you doing, going to do, et cetera?"

"I just dropped in as I was passing. The crowd's going out to Lakehurst swimmin' and stay for a picnic supper. We've got to go in 'Rattles' and Tom Merrick's 'Clarabelle.' There're just kids goin'." Fred accented the word meaningly. "Guess only kids would ride in crates like those; certainly no ladies would. Well, we gotta be goin'. 'Bye, Billie. 'Bye, Mrs. Dick."

Stunned, Billie stood in the doorway and watched "Rattles" jog away from the curb followed by "Clarabelle." The crowd hadn't even asked her to go. Not that she'd have gone, anyway, she hastily assured herself, but they might have asked her. Deeply hurt but trying bravely to conceal it, she said goodbye to her mother and went down the street to Connie's.

(Please turn to page 38)

Through the Ages

By Byron Knowlton

Discovered—a senior with an imagination! And what an imagination! We'd like to believe your tale, Byron, but—!!

AS WE were walking through a thickly wooded path in the legendary forest of Avalon, we came upon a squat graystone tower, darkened by age and covered by a thick network of vines. To all appearances there was no entrance to it. Amazed, we searched high and low, but to no avail. The third time we circled the massive structure, I stumbled over something hidden beneath the matted grass. By pulling away the grass, a rusty iron hatch was brought to view. It was stuck solidly, but finally, after much work, we raised it. Exposed was a dusky hole which appeared to lead inside the tower. We could see no sign of light, and the place was musty and close from long disuse.

We climbed down into the hole and found ourselves in a small square room, the four walls of which seemed to close in forbodingly. By a streak of luck, one of my friends found a well-hidden door in one side of the room. We tried to open it in the usual manner, but found that this could not be done. After we had pushed and prodded, we found that it was pivoted in the middle and swung vertically. Opening it, we perceived a dark, musty corridor with slime-covered walls dripping oozy mud. A horrible odor of something long since dead was wafted to our nostrils. A bit slowed by these prospects, we walked haltingly down the echoing passageway. We saw that the walls were inset with deep recesses in which reposed something best unrevealed. This must have been, at some remote time, a tomb of a lordly family, for the carvings on the walls portrayed great halls filled with multitudes of people. One of the other men, who had keener hearing than the rest of us, told us to listen. Suddenly we heard a faint sound of singing, apparently coming from nowhere, and we set out to look for the source of this beautiful music.

At the end of the corridor we found a spiral ramp, leading upward. At the top of this we could see a light shining dimly through an aperture in a door to one side, and the voice was on the other side of the door! Someone was singing the accursed *Black Mass*—the chant of dead centuries. Thoroughly cowed by this, we stopped and listened. The music was beautiful and, at the same time, horrible. It sent creeping chills of fear up and down our spines.

We stood on tiptoe and glanced through the opening. There, in the center of the room, was an altar of jade, topped by topaz, bloodstained by centuries of sacrifices. The voice was coming from a dark-haired woman, standing with hands outspread, using all her energy on her Satanic ritual.

Then one of my companions slipped and uttered a cry. The girl stopped and looked straight ahead as if

she were under some sort of spell. Thinking all was lost anyway, we opened the door and entered. The woman raised her head and surveyed us with an undefinable stare. Then, with perceptible effort, she spoke. An ancient Saxon dialect poured from her lips with a queer-sounding tone. One of my companions started to speak, but he could not, dazed as he was by the fascinating beauty of this mysterious person before us.

Finally, after hours of conversation, with intervals caused by the difficulty of understanding, we drew her strange tale from her.

She was the daughter of an ancient leige lord, who, having been deprived of his land and wealth, retreated to a life of solitude in the woods. They erected this tower over a spring, but, after it was finished, they found that the spring had a peculiar taste, so they carried their water from a distant water-hole.

When this girl was born, her mother died, and shortly afterward, her father followed. The woman before us had been raised by a faithful servant 'til she was a young lady, then the servant had left for a distant country. After the servant was gone, the woman was much afraid of the wild country. Thinking to drown herself, she had gone to the spring beneath the tower.

It was then that she discovered that the spring seemed to have remarkable properties of cure and would dispel tiredness to any extent. Finally she came to the conclusion that it was the fountain of perpetual youth.

She had lived through the centuries, solitary in the tower, knowing nothing of the outside world.

When we had heard her story, she said slowly, "Now that you have come I may release myself from this tired life." Lifting her hand, she pronounced some unrepeatable words. The tower shook and rocked. Doubtless through the age she had discovered many secrets unknown to common man. Then to us oblivion came,

(Please turn to page 38)



"Exposed was a dusky hole."

"I'll Take Basketball"

By Austin Keith

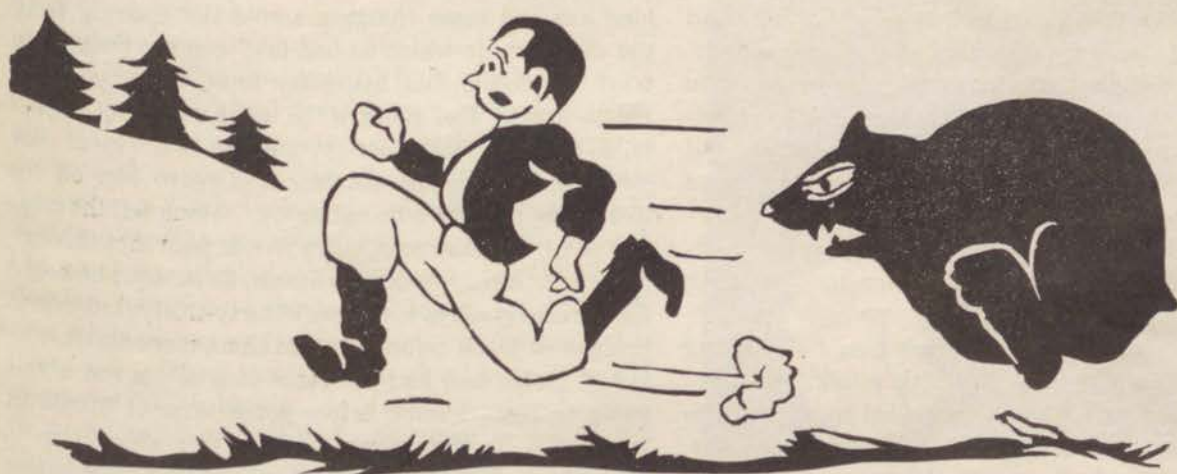
Between the acts, Austin writes short stories or novels. Just get in your order for a story soon enough, and he in turn will produce for you an excellent composition. Here's a "grizzling" sample.

MONK DOLAN was one of those characters you read and dream about. He was a letterman in Football, Basketball, Baseball and Track. His name had reached the top in football columns of leading newspapers all over the country. His clever handling of a basketball had put his name at the head of the list for ALL NEW ENGLAND Center last year. His smart fielding and heavy hitting had pulled the baseball team through the last baseball season with only one defeat. There was probably not a big coach in the country who did not secretly hope that when Monk Dolan was graduated from Bradley Academy, he would choose his particular college as his haven for the next four years.

"Ugh!" He was sick of seeing his funny pan spread all over the sports page, and of hearing how good he was from great sports-writers all over the country, most of whom had never seen him in or out of action. His disgust was only temporary, however, for his father had just said something that made his scalp tingle. It sort of rang in his ears.

"Well, son, now that the football season is over and before the basketball season starts, maybe you and I could get in a little hunting."

Boy, what a break it would be to get away from all of this publicity stuff and get off in the woods where everything would be peaceful and quiet! He would have to be back in four days, though, to start basket-



"An enormous black bear came charging across the clearing."

He had just come through a football season as Captain of an undefeated eleven at Bradley, which had played the best teams in New England and had come out on top by a 13-6 victory over a supposedly superior team from New Jersey. In the last game of the season Monk Dolan had been a living cyclone, crossing Brookfield Academy's goal line seven times and converting two of the three extra points which were made by his team to pile up a score of 45-6. The Brookfield touchdown had come early in the third quarter when Bradley's second team was on the field.

The next morning the newspapers carried the story of how Monk Dolan had trounced Brookfield Academy single-handed by a score of 45-6, and how in the last three years this great athlete had put Bradley Academy on the map in the world of sports.

Monk slammed the paper down with a disgusted,

ball practice with his team. He wished he didn't have to go out for basketball! But if he didn't, the gang would all coax him, and it would be worse than ever. He took another disgusted glance at the sports page on the floor, grinned, and started for the stairs.

In spite of his hard-boiled appearance on the basketball floor and his merciless smashing of a line on the gridiron or a string of withering hits on the diamond, he had a soft spot in his heart for all of those unfortunates whom he had put out of the different games from an extra hard tackle or rolling block. In the first game of basketball last year he had accidentally run into a player and knocked him against a post. On examination he was found to have a fractured arm and was kept out of play that whole season. This incident had left a deep scar on Monk's mind. He hated to hurt anyone like that, especially to a point where the poor fellow

couldn't play any more. Monk thought that all these sports were just a little too rough at times. How he would like to live in the woods the rest of his life and keep out of all these bruising battles of human power! How nice and calm it would seem in the woods with no headlines staring him in the face all the time! Oh, well, he would have a couple of days of it, anyway.

Monk Dolan and his dad left their home at about four o'clock the next morning, so they could get to their camp in the woods by noon. They had about three days' provisions stored in the rumble seat and intended to make a real trip of it. Reaching camp at about one o'clock, they spent the remainder of the afternoon getting the camp in shape to be used. After an early supper of warmed-over beans, the old stand-by on a hunting trip, they "hit the hay," so they could be "up and at 'em" at dawn. It seemed to Monk that he awoke after he had slept only five minutes or so, but he found his father already making flapjacks on the spider. He stretched mightily and hit the floor with a bound.

Dawn was already breaking when they finished the last morsel of food on the table, and, slipping into their heavy mackinaws, they were off. The air was cold and crisp that morning, and it bit sharply at their noses and ears as they plodded towards an old burnt land where the deer were always found at this time of year. Monk kept thinking that he wished he were going to stay here and didn't have to go back and play basketball. Heck, basketball had nothing on hunting, and Monk Dolan was sick of fighting to excel in some game for the honor of Bradley Academy.

They tramped along silently, climbing over and under old windfalls and keeping always on the alert for a sign of deer.

"You know, it's funny we haven't seen a single deer track, Dad!" remarked Monk, a little puzzled.

Monk's father nodded and continued to watch carefully on both sides of the trail. A hundred yards farther on they turned off onto an old surveyor's cut that led along the western border of the burnt land.

"Dad, I've been thinking that I'd like to stay here forever and never play basketball again," Monk said suddenly. His dad looked at him quickly, then smiled and said, "You're kidding, Son."

Monk quickly told him that he meant it, and how he felt about it. "Well, maybe there is something in what you say," said his dad thoughtfully. "At any rate I won't change your views; you can do as you think best as long as it's reasonable."

Then Mr. Dolan held up his hand quickly. He had heard something in the woods to the east. "Well, one of us is supposed to go in here anyway, Monk."

Monk jumped quickly toward the bushes, saying, "I'll go Dad!"

His father nodded. "We'll meet here at sundown, Son. Be careful now, and you'll get a deer."

The boy disappeared into the brush with a cheery "Okay, Dad, good luck!"

His father smiled and continued on up the trail a half-mile or so before cutting into the woods.

Monk imagined it must have been about four o'clock when he started back. He hadn't seen a thing all day long, but there were plenty of fresh tracks, and once he had heard a deer go away, up ahead of him. He decided, however, that he would visit an old clearing right in the middle of the burnt land, before going back to meet his dad. He was taking a chance that his father had not been there that day and there might be something around. Then he realized he must be almost there and began to walk more quietly.

As he stepped into the clearing, a big buck raised his head and scrambled to his feet. Monk, though a bit surprised, swung his gun to his shoulder, and as the sights came in line with the brownish hide, the rifle voiced its challenge into the fast fading daylight, four shots in quick succession whose echoes merged into one long, drawn-out roar. Monk knew his fourth shot had gone wild, but he saw the great buck stumble a few feet and fall, so he knew that one of his shots had taken effect. Then suddenly there was another roar, more terrifying than that of his rifle, and he turned just in time to see an enormous black bear rear up on his hind legs and come charging across the clearing from the direction in which he had first seen the buck. He tried to sidestep, but his shifty hips, which so many sports-writers had referred to as his "swivel hips," failed to carry him to safety, and the bear's great paw struck him across the shoulder and swept him off his feet. The bear went bounding by. Monk felt the muscles in his shoulder tear, and a terrific pain shot through his arm. As he lost consciousness, he thought he heard the familiar crack of his father's thirty-thirty, but everything went black before he could think more about it.

Mr. Dolan had had the same idea as his son about going to that clearing before going to meet Monk on the trail. He had been a little farther away from it than Monk, though, and it had taken him a little longer to reach it. He was within twenty yards of it when his son fired at the buck, and, when the bear charged, he was just in time to put a stop to any idea it might have had of finishing his son. He was an "eagle eye" with a rifle, and when he put the butt of the gun against his shoulder, he had no fear or doubt of missing the huge monster which was wheeling to come back. His rifle cracked once—twice, than all was still except for the wind rising in the tops of the trees as night fell over the scene.

The first thing Monk knew when he awoke was that he was in his own comfortable bed at home. He tried to sit up, but his shoulder burned like a hot flame. Little by little, everything came back to him, and he was just beginning to wonder how it was that the bear hadn't finished him when his dad came into the room. The man explained the whole thing to him, and advanced his theory of how one of Monk's shots must have gone

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Out-picked

By Phillip Goos

The business manager of the Oracle is also an author, it seems. This story, "Phil" tells us, is the result of an urgent request for more "printable matter."

A RATHER fine-looking man stood at the desk of the Chicago Travel Bureau. He might have been a bank-president, the head of a stock-and-bond house, or a capitalist of major proportions. For all his grand manner and poise, he was neither banker, broker, nor capitalist. He was a pickpocket—not just an ordinary one, but one of the cleverest in the world and known to the police in every state of the union.

Let me explain Sam Falon's (alias Al the Dupe) presence in a travel bureau. He was definitely tired of his profession, and he wanted a vacation.

With a quick stride he crossed the room and stood beside a rack filled with folders. He selected one and opened it; staring him in the face in bold type was written: **Visit the World's Fair at New York. Educational as well as enjoyable.**

"Just the place for me," said Sam to himself. "I guess a little education wouldn't hurt me."

Sam Falon obtained accommodations in New York at a modest hotel. He sang in his bath, and sang as he got into clean clothing, but what clothes! Being in a profession in which a man does not call too much attention to himself, he usually wore inconspicuous apparel, but on this particular day Sam blossomed out in distinctive garb: loud checks in his suit, a light-brown hat, white shoes, and a yellow-spotted tie against a blue shirt. Going down in the elevator he was still singing under his breath. In the hotel lobby he went to an information desk and asked how to get to the Fair, and what to do when he got there. Receiving the information, he turned away—to bump into a huge man with glinting eyes.

"You're 'Al the Dupe' from Chicago," the man declared showing his badge.

"Maybe so."

"Since you're not a crook of record, we won't run you out of the city, but we're interested in your welfare—so much that we'll keep an eye on you."

"Why, how dare you insinuate that—"

"Oh, Chicago wired us you were coming! Have a good time, but at your own expense!"

The huge man deliberately turned his back and strode out of the lobby. Sam knew a moment of rage. Then, with a set face, he went out on the street.

It should be recorded here, in justice to Sam Falon, that he had intended taking a vacation and seeing the Fair, and not "working" while he did it.

Sam located a bus which went to the fair and got into it. For the greater part, the passengers seemed to

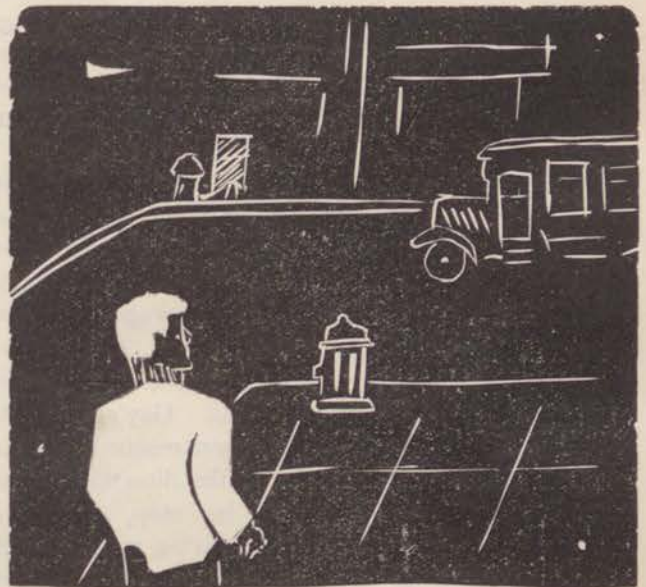
be from small towns and rural districts, to judge from their appearance. "Fat and prosperous," Sam Falon said to himself.

Beside Sam sat a middle-aged man, who struck up a conversation immediately. He was a sheep rancher from Colorado, wealthy, too.

"You probably know your way around," said the man beside him. "Glad to meet you! I'm Oscar Marden."

"Mine's John Green," said Sam, using the first name that popped into his head.

"The clerk at the hotel told me to watch out for



"Sam located a bus which went to the fair."

pickpockets," said Mr. Marden. "I suppose you always find them in great crowds like this. I'd hate to have one tap me. I'm carrying quite a roll and intend to have a gay time while I'm here. I'd hate to have my pocket picked and have to send home for more money. The folks back home would make fun of me—call me a rube."

"Maybe there isn't anything to worry about," Sam said.

"I've got a system. I carry a few bills folded together in my vest pocket, and the majority of my money in a wallet. I carry the wallet in my hip pocket."

Now, to a man like Sam Falon, this was a challenge not to be resisted, so he decided to get rid of Mr. Marden and then trail him to wait for a proper opportunity to "lift" his wallet.

He easily got rid of Marden, but he did not lose sight

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Mere Illusions

By Ann Bigelson

Ann is that snappy sophomore, who, believe it or not, would rather write stories any day than eat. No cudgeling of the brain for subjects needed by Ann! This story is the result of the first few weeks in the Commercial classes.

GAY WILLIAMS walked briskly down Ocean Avenue. The crisp, morning air aroused a deep, red glow in her cheeks. With a shiver she pulled the collar of her coat about her neck, burying her face deep into the fur. She could have taken the journey blindfolded. Without looking she could have gone to the bookstand for her morning paper, held out her ticket at the gate, and hurried across the stretch of platform to the lift. She had grown so accustomed to the appearance of half the occupants in the car that without as much as raising her eyes, she could describe each face almost to perfection. She knew the tired, worried expressions of the girls, and the harrassed, dragged lines of the men. From the moment she left her home at five minutes to nine, to the time she left the office at five thirty; for eight hours and thirty-five minutes, she was part of a great machine!

Gay worked in a minor secretarial capacity in a firm of motor agents. At first it had been one great adventure—the satisfying feeling of being independent and entirely unsupervised, to receive every Saturday night a small envelope containing her weekly wages of twelve green slips of paper. As soon, however, as the novelty of a new situation wore off, she found the routine of the day incredibly monotonous. Gay's thoughts dispersed when the end of the line was reached, and she stepped lithely to the ground in the direction of the office building. She quickened her step, suspecting herself of being a trifle tardy. Arriving at the locker room she caught a glimpse of Faith Claudel, one of the girls who worked with her, powdering her pert, upturned nose. Gay greeted her absently, taking little notice of the warm, eager smile on the other's lips.

"Better snap into it," she warned. "Here, I'll put your coat away."

Gay thanked her and commenced to don her make-up carefully. They were good friends. In a few minutes they were seated at the desks before their typewriters, and the steady pound of the machines with the regularly spaced ringing of the bells began.

For the most part, Gay's work consisted of the copying of invoices and agreements, though occasionally a junior partner would come in to dictate a letter. It was mechanical, completely so, and Gay had long since learned to detach nine-tenths of her mind from it. While one-tenth concentrated on her work, the rest wandered in a day-dream, story-world where life could be as desired. She was totally unaware of the narrow room in which she worked, of the tapping typewriters, and of the papers propped on a stand in front of her.

She banished the clear vision of herself as the child of a struggling family, working eight hours a day in congenial surroundings. In its place was a debutante in her coming-out year. Gay Williams! Could that ever be, she wondered wistfully? Then she hastened on with her imaginings. It was ten o'clock, and in a large, warm, softly-lighted bedroom she was awakening to a new day. A maid moved silently in and out smiling graciously at "Mademoiselle Gayee." Through drowsy eyes, Gay watched her, straightening back the covers, turning the switch of the electric toaster, drawing the curtains, letting the faint autumn sunlight slip in on the low, walnut dresser, over a thick braided rug, and thence to a large roomy wardrobe. A nourishing breakfast tray was set before her: grapefruit, cereal, crisp brown toast, coffee. A pile of various colored envelopes stood aside on her tray. She would open them listlessly. There would be Connie Carlisle's invitation to the Country Club dance. There would be a small card for a cocktail party at the Lombard's and a bill or two. But bills never bothered her—her parents took charge of her numerous bills. With part of her mind she typed the sheets set in front of her, joined in the girls' conversation, filed carbon copies. But only a tenth part was doing that; nine tenths was picturing that other self. Minute by minute of the day while the constant tapping of the typewriters went on as she took dictation in an efficient, businesslike manner, Gay lived the part of new, yet familiar life; lived it till the clock on the sideboard struck five-thirty and the others leaped to their feet and hurried down to the locker room for coats, umbrellas, hats. Then the dream with a sudden snap of finality would end, leaving Gay staring moodily at the typewriter.

And so . . . another day at the office came to an abrupt close.



"As she typed, Gay lived the part of a new life."

A PAGE OF POETRY

The Season's Greetings

By Danny Kelly

There's nothing like a "Merry Christmas"
To make a feller smile—
It cheers and perks him up a bit,
And puts him back in style.

It spreads a friendly warmth around,
And warms the chilly air—
It lifts and sends the gloom away,
And makes the skies turn fair.

So, I'm a-wishin' "Merry Christmas!"
Just from me to you,
And then to add a bit, I wish
A "Happy New Year", too.

"That's What I Thought"

By Donald Stuart

Christmas vacation's about to start,
And I can stop my working.
No more studying for a while,
I'll do some fancy shirking.

So home I go with happy heart,
And nothing on my mind.
Just peace on earth, good will to men—
But is that what I find?

It's go to the store for mother,
And run upstairs for sis,
And go get some gas for father—
For gosh sakes, what is this?

You see me sadly on my way
For Dad, to get his tank full—
Ah, Christmas comes but once a year,
For which I'm duly thankful!

Remembrance of a Summer Sunset

By Marguerite Coffin

The dusk crept softly, irresistably.
The waters softened, levelled by the calm
Benediction that is silence, falling soft,
Soothing all things before its silken touch.
As twilight came, possessive, grasping all,
The sun sank slowly, yes, reluctantly,
Persistent Twilight yet would have her way,
And shoved old Sol down 'mid a golden splash.

* * * * *

"It isn't fair," a little earth-child cried,
"I don't like night; I like the sparkling day!"
"Come," breathed the wind, "just hop upon my wings.
You'll see the dawn of never-ending light."
A small cool bounce, and then a whirring song!
Her eager eyes gazed down to see all this:
Bright roosters welcoming the break of day,
Arms far upflung, and joyous voices raised.

* * * * *

At breaking dawn, all welcomed day with joy.
No child but revelled in the cheery light.
Yet no man grumbled at its passing on—
All loved its glow, and used it while they might.
"They all love day," murmured the little lass,
"And still, the sun was made to serve us all,
It was not made for one to profit by."
Its bright reflection filled her rosy heart.

Chairs

By Margaret Romero

Some chairs are stiff and straight and tall,
And some are big and some are small,
But the chairs I like of all the rest,
Are those in which I sink the best.

A horse-hair chair that makes one squirm,
To me is worse than some bad germ,
Or wooden chairs with upright backs
Are good for naught but "Johnson's Wax".

Of all the kinds of chairs there are,
The over-stuffed are best by far,
Because when I sit down to read,
The chair that's soft is the one I need.

A Merry Christmas

By Danny Kelly

We know Danny as an artist, a poet, a singer, and what have you, but now we find that he's also a novelist. Is there anything that lad can't do? The story below is certainly in keeping with the times.

A SMALL candle glimmers feebly in the tiny room, its faint light causing the shadows to flicker weirdly on the walls. Aside from being poorly lighted the room is also poorly furnished. A chair, a couch, and a table make up the furnishings. On the table lie a few small articles. Through a broken pane of glass there comes a chilling wind. Outside a snow storm is whirling through the city. From the distance comes the strains of a carol—a Christmas carol.

In the room, the figure of a small boy stirs on the couch. He yawns sleepily and rises. A pathetic, yearning smile touches his lips as he listens to the carol. It is Christmas eve, but he will get no toys—indeed, he will be lucky if he gets something to eat. Sadly he crosses over to the table and sits down beside it. Picking up the stub of a pencil he commences to chew on it while he searches for a sheet of paper. After finding it, he laboriously scrawls in childish writing—

"Dear Santa—

Please when you come tonight leave a real train for me and leave something nice for my mummy, too.

Thank you,

Jimmy"

Laying aside the pencil, the boy carefully places the letter for Santa in a conspicuous spot and then goes back to the couch to dream of toyland. Slowly, the candle tapers down—

Time passes—the door opens, and a woman enters. Her face is worn and haggard, but despite her weariness her eyes brighten as they glimpse the sleeping child. Quietly she goes over to the child and covers him with her shawl. She turns and tiptoes to the table. The letter attracts her attention—she reads it. Mist forms in her eyes as she reads the closing line "and leave something nice for mummy, too." Her lips quiver; her fingers tremble. From her purse she takes a crumpled bill, her day's earning, a pitifully small amount. She gazes from the bill to the boy and then leaves the room. The candle burns steadily lower.

Time passes—it is Christmas morning. The boy on the couch awakens and sleepily regards his mother through half-closed eyes. The next moment sleep vanishes like magic as he gazes in mingled amazement and joy at a small toy train on the floor. The mother smiles happily—the light in the boy's eyes more than repays her for what she must go without. "Merry Christmas, mummy!" cries the boy. And the walls echo, "Merry Christmas!"

An Interview with Mr. A. L. Blanchard

By Ann Tyler and Ellen Hathorn

"Come in," was the cheery reply from Mr. Blanchard as we rang the doorbell. He led us into a homey living-room where we sank into a soft, comfortable couch, while he sat with his legs crossed in a nearby wing chair. Mr. Blanchard was clad in a dark suit with a light shirt and harmonizing necktie. His jolly personality immediately made us feel at home, and we showered him pell-mell with questions.

Mr. Blanchard is an ex-Bangor High School student of the class of 1921; however, he left Bangor High for Philips Academy in Andover for his senior year. After being graduated from this academy, he entered Yale and was graduated from there in 1927. He then went to Yale Law School for three years. Perhaps you wonder why he happened to choose the law profession. When Mr. Blanchard was a child, he spent a lot of time hanging around his father's law office; furthermore, he was interested in law. So, when he grew older, it seemed only natural for him to become a lawyer. Unless you are thinking seriously of studying law and willing to work hard, Mr. Blanchard advises you to turn your ambition elsewhere, for at least seven years of hard studying are required for this vocation; besides, this field of business is now overcrowded.

Law is generally equitable, but in a few cases this is not always true.

Mr. Blanchard is president of the Bangor Lion's Club, and he explained to us that the club of sixty-five members works, of course, to raise the standard of the professions represented, and also does a great deal for the blind and the crippled.

Now, what does Mr. Blanchard think of our much talked of school spirit? He thinks that during the last few years the spirit hasn't been what it should be, but that this year it has perked up a great deal. As for our football team, he said, "It's fine! I've been to many of the football games this year, and I think Bangor has a fine team!"

You see he's a genuine Bangor High booster!

Now for a final thought, Mr. Blanchard advises: "A college education isn't necessary, but it is a grand thing to have, if possible. The main thing is to know what you would like and what you are best suited to do. Don't drift around, but decide on some worthwhile vocation and study and work at it with the best of your ability."

The doorway pictured on the cover is the work of Dudley Utterback. Dudley's task was to draw an enlargement of this doorway, which was found on a Christmas card. This enlargement was then reduced to the desired size at the engraver's. This doorway and house was constructed in 1800. The house is the residence of the mayor of Portsmouth, N. H., and the doorway is referred to as "The Mayor's Doorway."

Editorials

Ice Cream versus Education Stop, Look and Live

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THE ORACLE

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Ice Cream versus Education

By Norma Munster

ICE CREAM! Come And Get All You Want! Absolutely Free!! So Long as You Eat It All!" Should you happen to see such an incredulous sign as this hanging outside an ice-cream parlor, would you ignore it entirely for fear there might be rat poison in it, or would you trust to human nature, gorge yourself with this delicacy until ice-cream cones played tag in your dreams?

Suppose some morning as you gained sight of Bangor High School, you were suddenly confronted by a glaring notice in hugh red letters: "Education—Absolutely Free—All You Want For Just a Few Hours of Studying." What would you do in this case—rush in eagerly and take your share, or would you be very generous and give the other fellow a chance first?

Going to school isn't really so bad after all. School students are only required to work on their jobs a little over half a day, while a business man must slave all day long, and six days a week at that, to our five. If we're late several times, we don't get fired, either, nor do they very politely inform us when we return from a sickness that they have put somebody in our place. Furthermore, look at all the vacations we get when our fathers consider a two weeks' vacation quite satisfactory.

Oh yes, of course they get paid for their labors. If you fill out an application blank in applying for a position so you can get a real job with a pay envelope, how soon do you expect to get the position if you must write down—no high school education—? Isn't it pay enough in aiding you to obtain that coveted pay envelope and two weeks vacation at the end of a hard year's work? Also your diploma costs you nothing, but you can use it profitably.

Now, which will you take—ice cream or education?

Stop, Look and Live

By Pauline Jordan

I wonder how many students in this school have cars of their own, or drive the family car. Does a minute or two mean more to you than the use of your arms or legs? Are you careful on side streets where children might be playing? One can never tell what a child may do. He may, and often does, run before the car. Are you prepared to stop if he should do this?

Do you always keep your brakes adjusted? Do not wait for the never coming tomorrows. You might save your own life as well as others. Have you ever been in an accident? This summer while driving through New York state, on the way to New York City, I was driving along a seemingly deserted road at about sixty miles per hour and was suddenly surprised to see a small child rush out into the street after a lost ball. Knowing that I would be unable to stop the car, I headed it for the woods. When I thought of that child being mangled by my own carelessness a terrible sickness came over me and perspiration stood out on my brow. I felt cold all over; I did not strike him however. The front of my car was all bent, and I received many bruises from striking a tree. Was this a lesson to me? I should say it was! I came near accidentally killing some one else, as well as risking the possibility of totally or fatally injuring myself. My car was damaged, I will not forget that.

Do you need to have the actual experience as I did, before you will heed the warning to be careful? Do you stop at the "Stop" signs when entering the highway? Do you heed the speed-limit signs? Remember that these signs are put here with a purpose in mind; they are not ornaments. There is also a purpose for putting those red lights and bells on railroad-crossings. Heed these signs! I am trying to make the highway a safer place on which to ride and I hope others will try with me.



Cover to Cover

Fires In May

Written by Ruth Feiner, this book promises to be one of the best sellers of the year. This same author wrote *Cat Across the Path* which was one of the best sellers both in England and America last year.

Fire In May is the story of Vera Hansen, a talented German girl and a political refugee from Germany. Her brother Hans had accidentally shot a Nazi, and Vera was advised to leave the country immediately for England, which seems to attract many political exiles. It would be hard to imagine the feelings and confused impressions of a person arriving in a strange country and knowing how to speak only the language of his own country. Such was the case of Vera Hansen, and she was to learn that England differed as much from the rest of Europe as East from West. Everything in England, especially the way of living, was contrary to that of her native country. People were allowed to say what they pleased and do as they pleased. At first she was terribly home-sick, but in time this feeling wore off, and she began to feel that England was the place where she belonged.

The plot of the story gets tangled at times; nevertheless it has a great deal of originality. Thousands of books have been written about England, but this is the first to paint a picture as seen through the eye of a political refugee.

The Featherlys

Virginia Watson

This delightful book is the chronicle of the Featherly family from 1618-1928. Ralph Featherly was among the first settlers who came from England to settle Jamestown in 1618. The hardships which he endured were enough to discourage him. And they called it the *fair land of Virginia*! Hating to admit defeat, he remained, and, at his death, years later, he left to his children one of the most flourishing plantations and largest estates in the state of Virginia. *Plumthurst* tobacco became known as the best that could be found anywhere.

Loyalty was always the motto of the Featherly family. At first it was loyalty to his *Majesty*. Then came the Revolution, and it was loyalty to America. When the

Civil War broke out, the Featherlys remained loyal to Virginia.

This book affords good background material for both the Revolutionary War and the Civil War.

River House

Barrett Willoughby

The *Stiknine Maid* was ready to sail up the river to *River House*, now owned by Denise Keith, whose father had been drowned six weeks before. He had left her all his property with the stipulation that she should not sell it without spending one season at the hunting lodge. Denise's mother had taught her to hate the wild. Denise was engaged to Murray Hart, a 'Frisco society man, and she was in British Columbia to fulfill the requirements of the will, so that she could sell the property and have a church wedding.

When Denise read in a paper that Hart had eloped with a writer, she proposed to Revel Bourne, the captain of the *Striknine Maid*. He accepted and they were immediately married. Denise had decided to sell him the *River House* at the end of the season and to go back to the States. She ran away with a trapper, but Bourne followed, caught her, and took her back to the House.

Page and Bourne were rivals, and they agreed to race at the first breakup of the ice with the winner taking everything. Page tried to beat Bourne by disabling his motor, but in spite of this Bourne won. Whether Denise goes back to the States or not, you'll have to read the book *River House* to find out.

You Wouldn't Believe It

Arthur Goodrich

No—you wouldn't believe it, in fact, Pike could hardly believe it himself—only he was with Dan on the trip; so you'll have to take his word for it. Old Pike was Dan Bates' right-hand man. Who was Dan? Well, in the beginning, Dan was just another small-town editor, but it wasn't long before his weekly *Gazette* got him quite a reputation. It wasn't the newspaper itself that attracted so much attention. It was

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News of Interest



Dramatic Club

All play-loving seniors had been waiting eagerly for the organization of the Dramatic Club. Early in the month of October, the first meeting was held, and the officers were elected. Donald Stuart, who distinguished himself as "Check'em" in *Crime in the Script*, was elected president. Ruth White, famous for her portrayal of the "Wild Girl," is the new vice-president. Ann Tyler, who cried so copiously in the *Oracle* mystery play, was made secretary, and Harold Hamm is now the guardian of the exchequer. The club discussed plans for the play given December 11, and a play-reading committee was appointed.

November ninth and tenth the tryouts were held to select the cast for *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, which was produced last Friday evening. As a new version of Mark Twain's novel, it was dramatized by Charles George. Eager to take advantage of a new play just off the press, the Dramatic Club heartily approved when Mrs. Hanscom suggested it.

We always knew that "Connie" Banks was a good actress, but when we saw and heard her reading the riot act to Dudley Utterback, we forgot she was acting and rather pitied young Tom. However, Tom wasn't disturbed one bit. Aided and abetted by his two pals in crime, Huck Finn and Joe Harper, played by Austin Keith and Donald Stuart, Tom went merrily on his mischievous way from one prank to another.

Joe's mother, Mrs. Sereny Harper, played by Barbara Farnham, straightened Joe out every so often, but he soon played another joke on some one.

Mary, who, Tom decided, wasn't so bad after all, was played by Beryl Crosby. The part of Sidney, Aunt Polly's goody-goody, was well-done by Renfrew Yerxa. Claire Keith portrayed the winsome Becky Thatcher.

To hear Harold Hamm drawl the words of Jim, one would say that he had come straight from good old Georgia.

Ann Tyler played the part of the gossipy Widow Douglas so well that we ought to look after our private lives when she's around in character. Susy, Mrs. Harper's perfect daughter, was played convincingly by Dorothy Lewis.

The play was presented to a very appreciative audience which enjoyed the rollicking humor of Mark Twain

increased by dramatization. A grand success in everybody's opinion. We say, "Let's have more of them!"

Orchestra

The Orchestra's first performance this year was at the County Teacher's Convention, where a successful program was played. The next appearance, at a morning assembly, was rather unfortunate as Mr. Sprague was unable to be present, and the Orchestra just sat on the stage without playing. This may have made a bad impression, but the Orchestra has worked out such a good program at its weekly rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons that the incident was forgotten after the next appearance. In fact, the group played a fine program for the evening assembly of the Freshmen on November thirteenth, during National Education Week. The Orchestra is now "all set" for a year as successful as any of the past have been.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

To be chosen a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council and have the privilege of wearing an arm-band is something much coveted by every girl athlete. But all play and no work—well, it just doesn't seem to be done, and with the honor, comes many heavy responsibilities for every member, such as teaching Frosh gym, coaching hockey, and coaching and refereeing inter-class basketball. This council is an organization that promotes all girls' athletics. Its purpose is to develop a higher type of athletics at Bangor High School. Every member is charged to make it, not a snobbish, select group, but a club that will work faithfully for the school alone, and not for herself personally.

Each year the Council girls run a booth during the football season, at Mary Snow Athletic Field, selling gum, candy, and hot dogs. This year Bernice Faulkingham, treasurer, was chairman of the booth, with Charlotte Roberts and Emily Rand as her assistants. This committee was varied during the season, and the profits were turned over to purchase basketball, hockey, and gym equipment.

Managers and assistant managers are taken from among the members. Mary Burke and Adelle Sawyer, her assistant, were chosen for hockey this year.

As was customary, girls were taken into the Council three times last year. Those taken and the parties at which they were taken are:

Hockey Party—Bernice Faulkingham, Emily Rand, June Webster, Phyllis Smith, and Adelle Sawyer.

Basketball Banquet—Bette Ayer, Hazel Thomas, Elsie Jutilaine, and Mary Burke.

Freshman Assembly—Rita Johnston, Charlotte Roberts, and Katherine Faulkingham.

In order to get into the Council, a girl must first win a numeral in some school athletic team. Then, if her name is brought up for the Council, the six qualifications which every girl who is a member must possess, are carefully considered. These qualifications are: Scholarship, Athletic Ability, Respect, Leadership, Dependability, and Sportsmanship. The girl must not only be approved by council members, but also by the faculty. It is only then that she receives this honor.

Officers of the G. A. H. C. for the year 1936-37 are:

President.....	Ann Tyler
Vice-President.....	Mary Burke
Secretary.....	Phyllis Smith
Treasurer.....	Bernice Faulkingham

Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club has held meetings regularly every Thursday since October first. Several of the members of last year's Glee Club have returned, but with them came many new voices. At the first meeting the club elected for its officers: Paul Lake, president; Robert McDonald, vice-president; and Joseph Dinsmore, secretary and treasurer. The director, Mrs. Homer Huey, said that there was a lot of talent in the club this year, and she expected to have great things done by them.

Parent-Teacher's Association

Since it would be hardly proper for a student to attend a meeting the purpose of which was to give teachers and parents an opportunity to discuss the fact that Mary's marks were bad because she wouldn't eat her spinach, this particular reporter went on bended knees to a member of the P. T. A. so that she might know all that went on at the first meeting. This is the report—

Where Were the Parents?

Where was everybody the night of the first High School P. T. A. Meeting? A diligent committee sent out fourteen hundred invitations; less than fourteen parents appeared at the meeting!

It couldn't have been the fault of the teachers—they managed to come back in goodly numbers after a strenuous day's work. It couldn't have been the fault of the Program Committee with Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke as its chairman. That efficient group had not only a well

thought-out program for the first meeting but an outline of the year's work, and it sounded worth any parent's time once a month.

It certainly wasn't the fault of the speaker, Professor Jackman from the University of Maine School of Education. And if Vocational Guidance isn't a subject of interest to every parent, we can't imagine a more vital problem.

We might relate Dr. Jackman's advice to parents who have children who want to be alone. Should they worry because their children are not "good mixers"? We might also tell the parents whose children have strong social tendencies and love a crowd what to expect. But we aren't going to. The year's program is devoted to this problem, and perhaps there will be more than fourteen parents at the next meeting.

Professor Jackman developed his theme with a picture of a perfect school where, through brief records in his room, each teacher would be in touch with each student's home life, his health record, vocational experience, personality estimate, and aptitude records. This would be followed by a reorganization of curriculum so each teacher would have a check on the pupil's work in other subjects. Subject matter would be unified. A guidance library would be maintained with good material along the lines of a student's dreaming. Social opportunity would be studied, and a list of possible openings kept. Business men would have an opportunity to tell what they expected of a young employee.

Even then the task would not be finished. Follow-up records would be kept after High School, so that whether a student entered college or got a job, his career would still be followed. The school of tomorrow should not aim to discipline, but to develop. For, after all, "the proper study of man is mankind."

Alumni

Our Alumni are really going places and doing things, and this isn't meant in a slangy way.

Donald Bridges, '35 and Noah Edminster, '36, have been making names for themselves in athletics at Bates. "Don" distinguished himself at track, and Noah kept up with his football. He played a regular right half-back position on the freshman team.

Hazel Chalmers, '36, was elected president of the class of 1940 at Simmons. Hazel seems to have been cut out for presidencies. If you remember, she was president of the Girls Athletic Honor Council and vice-president of her class last year.

Our congratulations go to Edward Redman, '33. He is one of the three boys named for the Rhodes Scholarship at the U. of M.

Donald Moore, '35, played the part of Collins in the *Bishop Misbehaves*, a play presented by the Maine Masque recently.

Harold Taylor, '34, has received a commission as

CINEMANALYSIS

Anthony Adverse

Truly, this is a great picture from the great novel by Hervey Allen and filmed with a stupendous cast!

Fredric Marsh, in the title role, lives up to highest expectations and turns out a splendid performance. Olivia de Havilland as "Angela" shows what a truly great actress she is, in this her third film. Anita Louise, as Anthony's sweet, young mother, has her first great dramatic role, and she enacts it with great skill. Some of the greatest applause, I must admit, goes to Claude Rains for his superb portrayal of Don Luis, the hateful Marquis. For the rest of the supporting cast, orchids go to Gale Sondergard, Edmund Gwenn, and Louis Hayward.

I'd Give My Life

This one has considerable emotional appeal.

Tom Brown as the storm center does well, and Sir Guy Standing is capable, as usual. But Frances Drake and Janet Beecher turn in two very superior performances.

Though we think we have seen Miss Drake better, still she brings a haunting something to the screen.

Janet Beecher is also excellent.

Libeled Lady

With four big stars heading the cast, how can this picture be anything but good? The stars? Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy. The plot? Spencer Tracy is the managing editor of a New York paper who is always too busy to marry Jean Harlow, his loved one. After Spencer prints a false story about Myrna Loy, she sues the paper for five million dollars—hence, the *Libeled Lady*. Then "Bill" Powell steps in to try to make Myrna drop the suit, and to add to the trouble, he falls in love with her.

Top honors for acting go to Myrna Loy, and the lowest to Jean Harlow; for, though she is a good clothes horse, her acting ability isn't so good. Walter Connolly is excellent as Myrna's father.

There are many side-splitting laughs, especially the scene where "Bill" goes fishing for the first time.

All in all, this picture, ably directed by Jack Conway, is witty, clever, and well-worth seeing.

Some Day We'll Meet Again

The song that Frances Drake sings (or there is clever "dubbing") sounds like a hit.

Several scenes in this rather different offering stand out as being poignant and realistic.

Good photography!

The Man Who Lived Twice

The unusual theme of this picture would make it above the average, and when every member of a well-chosen cast does very well in his part, the result is good entertainment.

Ralph Bellamy, as "the man who lived twice," has that spark of sincerity which means that he gives, as always, an appealing performance.

Marian Marsh, in the feminine lead, is improving slowly.

Isabel Jewel is excellent as a blackmailer who gets her just deserts, and Ward Bond is not far behind Miss Jewel, giving a fine performance as the man who helps Isabel to her just deserts.

The others of the cast are more than competent also.

The lie-detector machine used in this picture has its equal in many up-to-date detective agencies all over the country.

East Meets West

This is another typical George Arliss picture made in England by Gaumont-British. George Arliss plays an evil rajah in the Orient. The other characters, Lucie Mannheim, Godfrey Tearle, and Romney Brent are products of England. I still prefer Hollywood's actors and actresses because their acting is more polished and finished; but for you Arliss fans, here he is again as fine as ever.

Ladies in Love

Here is a picture full of stars and yet somehow not A-1 entertainment.

The reason? Our guess is wrong treatment of the story. At any rate, only two performances emerge as star calibre, those of Paul Lukas and Loretta Young.

Though Mr. Lukas' role is small, he fills it competently. We don't suppose he could help the fact that he looks rather mature to fall in love with Simone Simon.

But it is Loretta Young who turns in the skillful, appealing performance as the girl who wanted to be independent of men.

This picture could have been so much better.

My Man Godfrey

What an amusing, witty, and clever farce! It's even silly, but not too much so. All the different kinds of humor are rolled up in *My Man Godfrey*! The title role is played by suave William Powell. He is the forgotten man picked up from the city dump by Carole Lombard,

(Please turn to page 34)

second lieutenant in the University of Maine unit of the R. O. T. C.

Eleanor Bissell, '34, is keeping up with dramatics. She was elected president of the Dramatic Club of the Maine School of Commerce.

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

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

Edwin Young, '35, the former business manager of our *Oracle*, was honored this fall by being elected one of the three freshman representatives in the Student Senate at the Eastern State Normal School.

Ernest Davis, '34, is now employed by the Burrough's Adding Machine branch office in Portland, Maine.

Paul Burke, '33, has been named for the Phi Kappa Phi scholastic honorary society at the University of Maine where he is a senior.

Carolyn McIntosh, '28, and Maine '32, was awarded a graduate trustee scholarship for the fall semester at the U. of M. to complete her work for a master of arts degree in education. She began this work at the summer session.

Ernest F. Andrews, Jr., '36, participated in the Alexander Prize Speaking Contest held at Bowdoin. Ernest competed with eight other undergraduates for prizes of forty-five and thirty dollars.

Harold E. Marr, Jr., '32, a senior at West Point, has been made captain of Company M. There were only eighteen in the corps, so it was quite an honor. "Bob" seems to be progressing quite rapidly, for it was only last summer he was made a lieutenant.

Keith Goldsmith, '25, is to represent the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Company in the Orient. The trip will require years and involves stops at intervals of months in various remote communities.

Donald E. Tracy, '25, and a graduate of the University of Maine in 1929, was recently promoted from agency field supervisor of the New England territory of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to manager of the Calais district of the company.

Roberta Edgar, '32, and a graduate of Wheaton College, is now working in the Bangor Public Library.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Morse have gone to Portsmouth, N. H., where Darrell has been appointed typist clerk in the supply department of the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

William R. Eldridge, '26, held an art exhibition at the Bangor Public Library during the first part of October. Mr. Eldridge studied art for five years in Boston.

Marian A. Carter, '29, and Maine, '33, has gone to Farmington High School where she will teach mathematics and commercial subjects.

Dan Cupid seems to have been exceedingly busy among our Alumni.

Muriel Soper, '27, was married to Edwin A. Cronin, '24, this last October. Mr. Cronin is proprietor of a Super Service Station.

Viola C. Hunnewell, '28, was married to Earl L. Heal.

Norma Eames, '25, was married to Lawrence C. Lynch on October eleventh.

Alema Wright, '30, was married to Frederick Sprague recently.

Doris T. Getchell, '31, has been married to Robert L. Soucy of Bangor.

Prudence M. Robertson, '32, was married October nineteenth to Bernard Kellom of Washington, D. C.

Elizabeth Young, '29, was married to Robert Leadbetter.

Miss Emily Lyon was married to Prescott Ward of South Portland in King's Chapel, Boston.

The Class of 1911 held its twenty-fifth anniversary at the Bangor House on November eighteenth. During a fitting program, greetings from members unable to attend were read, and as a special feature *The Class Album* was displayed. This class has been called the "Orphan Class" of Bangor High, for the school was destroyed in the great fire of 1911, and its last school days were spent in scattered buildings over the city.

E. Marguerite England, '32, has returned to Philadelphia after spending her vacation at home. She was graduated from the Hahnemann School of Nursing last June and is now employed at the Hahnemann hospital.

Commercial Club

The last meeting of the Commercial Club was unusually interesting. We were fortunate in having as guest speaker Mr. Norman Davis, a representative of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Mr. Davis discussed the different varieties of life insurance and told us of the importance of them. He gave us a good idea of the work required of a person working in an office of his company, and of the qualities necessary to get the job.

To complete the program, Evelyn Morrill played a piano solo, and Buelah Duty, several violin selections.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors it was decided that all juniors taking Commercial subjects should be full-fledged members of the Club instead of honorary members, as has been the rule.

Band

Have you seen those new sweaters? If you haven't, you will soon. For the first time in several years the Band has had a series of business meetings in which that organization has come to life. Although it was hard to find any of the rules of parliamentary procedure in use (boys will be boys), a great deal was accomplished at each meeting. Of course the chief question was about the sweaters. It was voted that any member of the band who had served two years in that organization, or one year in the Senior Orchestra and one year in the Band, with an attendance at eighty-five per-

PASSING IN REVIEW

Donald Devoe:

Who's the main spring of the senior class, the steering wheel of the Latin club, and the best trombone tooter in the B. H. S. band? In fact Who's Who and What's What? Of course, none other than the Donald Devoe. Donald says that having survived three years of high school he's now become hardened to life, and the only thing that disturbs him is "hill-billy moosic" on the radio. He thinks there's nothing like good long hikes in the woods for recreation, goes into ecstasies over mathematics, gets all his lessons browned nicely in fifteen minutes, and can turn ten cart-wheels without stopping.

Jane Mulvaney:

You have to look behind the grin before you can find Jane. She's been laughing ever since she was a freshman and found out that her father was Santa Claus. Her hobby is collecting records of Benny Goodman's orchestra and taking snapshots of microbes. Basketball is Jane's first name, hockey her second, and dancing her third, but just call her "Orono" for short. A word to the wise—ask Jane what kind of time she had at Ferry Beach last summer, then listen to the hundred and one reasons why she doesn't like celery.

Danny Kelly

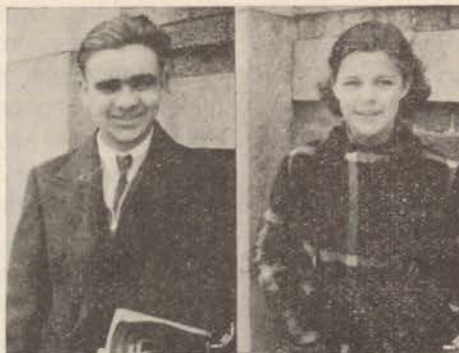
You ought to be in pictures—but here's the surprise, Danny has been in pictures! When four years old he lived in Hollywood and acted in Hal Roach's *Our Gang* comedies, under Fox films. Imagine that! He picks Lionel Barrymore as his favorite actor, with Mickey Mouse and Betty Boop close seconds. As a singer—well, he had a radio program of his own in Augusta. He spends his spare time listening to Major Bowes, reading, hating cheese, pasting pictures in his scrap book, and wondering why night doesn't break when it falls. Journalism is Danny's future. Watch for his "COLYUM."

Jere-Bill Goessling:

Pep, vim and vigor—that's our Jere-Bill. Captain of the sophomore hockey team and with a Grade-A basketball record, she takes athletics three times daily, right through the seasons, with Cocomalt and Keith to give it flavor. Born in Panama, she reached Bangor just in time to do cross word puzzles with the other little freshmen. "Jerry" spends her spare time learning the alphabet backwards, dancing to Fred Waring's orchestra, reading latin, and eating bananas with skins on. The consuming desire of her young life is to travel.

Waldron Sawyer:

Well hush my mouth, if it isn't "Wally" Sawyer! It's "personality plus" personified in this sophomore, and I don't mean maybe. Moosehead Lake is where "Wally" fishes, swims, and does lots of general loafing during summers, and, although he doesn't play the "sax," he can play *I Love Coffee*, *I Love Tea* with one finger on the piano. He thinks that green neckties set off his blond looks to perfection, reads anything that looks like a book, considers "Pat" O'Brien the only good actor on the screen, likes ice cream first, after hunting, and has his heart set on being a sports coach when he gets big.



Mary Tremaine:

This blue-eyed senior from Augusta is a newcomer to B. H. S. An ex-member of the Girls' Physical Education Club of Cony High, she likes hockey so well that she dreams she's knocking goals through the bedposts at night. Mary writes an average of ten letters a week and wonders why Burke wasn't killed before he became dangerous and wrote his conciliation speech. When she isn't raiding the pantry, she's eating, and when she isn't eating, she's raiding the pantry. Mary also confesses that she was doing the Harvard hop at the age of two months.

Robert Blake:

One of the sunniest little sun-beams of the junior class, "Bobby" spends his spare time reading fairy stories and playing cowboy on a saw-horse. He studies when he can work himself up into a dangerous mood, Harvard Hops to nursery rhymes, and goes in for any and all sports in a big way, (providing he can use his own rules). We hear that he goes to bed at nine every night to keep that school-boy complexion, then stays awake till dawn making shadow-pictures on the hall ceiling. Hunting gets him all hot and bothered, and if he doesn't shoot himself this winter, he promises to spend another year with us at Bangor High.

Constance Banks:

A scientific senior, "Connie" goes at things in a scientific way, and do things get done! She's so busy going around in circles that she thinks she's on a ferris wheel. Between rehearsing for dramatic club plays, taking care of the debate club, getting the "Chevie" started mornings (Nell the Bell to you), and listening to Eddie Cantor, "Connie" manages to read oodles of good, creepy mystery books, make yummy butter-scotch candy, and do a coupla lessons. Bar Harbor is where she parks every summer, and her career includes interior decorating.

William Fellows:

"To be or not to be" is the question that's been troubling "Billy" ever since he became a freshman. It's the late hours that're gettin' him down, he argues. If they don't let you out of school till five o'clock, it's impossible to be in bed before six. Some night owl! There's nothing like a good game of football for close communion with mother nature, says "Billy," and as for trapping and hunting—well, need more be said? When he isn't riding his scooter bike and reading *Mickey Mouse*, he spends his spare time putting jig-saw puzzles together.

Evelyn Rice:

Between you and me and the lamp post, I've unearthed one of the diamonds of B. H. S.'s freshman class! She can dance to a band, plays basketball with her hands tied, and gets a kick out of horse back riding (don't take this the wrong way). Right from the shoulder, Evelyn doesn't even set her little alarm clock to get an early start at her lessons. What are our freshmen classes coming to? Crooners move her not; she lives on popcorn, attributes her brother's football ability to the lessons she gave him when he was a mere lad, and spends her summers at Beach-Hill. Wellesley is her goal, and with the "Goode" start she's getting, there's no doubt about Evelyn's success.

cent of the rehearsals and other activities during the year was entitled to a "B" sweater of some kind. In the next few meetings it was decided that the sweater should be like those that are given for athletics, except that there would be a small eighth-note inside the "B." We hope that several of these sweaters will appear before the Christmas vacation.

These business meetings, however, did not take up all the time, and the Band made a number of appearances during the first term. At the Portland game the Band was very much in evidence, parading on the field at the half, and it attended all the other games from then on. On Armistice Day there was an exceptionally good turnout for the parade and the game in Brewer. The Band has appeared at a number of assemblies, and, during the winter term, Mr. Devoe plans to have it play as often as possible; so you can plan to see a lot more of the Band this year than you have in many of the former years.

Girls' Athletics

The Winnahs!!! Step right up, Louise Giles, with that senior team of yours and take a bow! Congratulations! Thank you, thank you, *and* thank you. The following girls have seized the hockey interclass championship.

Louise Giles (captain), Ann Tyler, Ellen Hathorn, Doris Hamilton, June Webster, Emily Rand, Edith Graves, Nellie Drew, Jean Pierce, Beryl Crosby, Ruth McIntosh, Bernice Faulkingham, Mary Burke, Evelyn Knowles, Faith St. Germaine, Ernestine Turner, Louise Betterly, Mary Tremaine and Phyllis Smith.

The first game of the tournament was between the Seniors and Juniors—made up of the following:

Louise Newman (captain), Marie Tsoulas, Beatrice Gleason, Ruth Curran, Sylvia Striar, Barbara Savage, Barbara Libbey, Adelle Sawyer, Mary Carlisle, Margaret Moulton, Dorothy McClure, Virginia Hastings, Anne Hanson, Zilpha Nealey, Helen Mehan, Lillian Kopelow, Eleanor Sweeney, Phyllis Colpitts, Dorothy Cardin, Beverly Nason, Barbara Nelson, June Mulvaney and Gwendolyn Matchett.

The seniors, anticipating, *and getting* a stiff game, finally brought the score to 1—0 in their favor. Mary Tremaine, that snappy "gal" who hails from Cony's hockey varsity, making the only goal of the afternoon.

The second game, between the juniors and sophomores, ended in a victory for the juniors with a 3—0 score. The three goals being made by Barbara Libbey and Adelle Sawyer. Those sophomores felt pretty discouraged until their next, and more agreeable defeat, from the seniors in a 1—0 score, (our own Ann Tyler making that goal)—and were those poor, grown-up seniors grieved!! The next game between the juniors and seniors ended in a 2-1 score in favor of the latter—Ann Tyler and June Webster making the goals for the seniors; Barbara Savage, for the Juniors. But in the

next game, with the juniors, the sophomores certainly proved their class when they were warmed up and rarin' t'go—and beat the juniors with the score 1-0, Katherine Faulkingham making the goal.

The final game of the tournament was played by the seniors and sophomores on the Monday afternoon of exams with the score in the favor of the Seniors. The score was another 1-0, June Webster making the goal.

Following are the results of the games:

Seniors vs. Juniors	1-0
Juniors vs. Sophomores	3-0
Seniors vs. Sophomores	1-0
Seniors vs. Juniors	2-1
Juniors vs. Sophomores	0-1
Seniors vs. Sophomores	1-0

The girls who gave the juniors and seniors many an anxious and bitter time, in other words, the sophomores, are the following:

Louise Faulkingham, Jere-Bill Goessling (captain), Rita Johnston, Barbara Hill, Doris Littlefield, Mary Powell, Katherine Faulkingham, Charlotte Roberts, Mary Rice, Betty Taylor, Frances Bullard, Doris Clisham, Frances Gonyer and Charlotte Pierce.

And now for the All-Bangor Hockey team! These girls are chosen each year from the three teams on their ability to play, all their years "at it" being considered. They must show interest in the games, and faithfulness in both practices and games.

The following is the All-Bangor Team:

R. W.	Mary Burke
R. I.	Ann Tyler
C.	Louise Giles
L. I.	June Webster
L. W.	Emily Rand & Phyllis Smith
R. H. B.	Ernestine Turner
C. H. B.	Louise Betterly & Bernice Faulkingham
L. H. B.	Nellie Drew
R. F. B.	Beryl Crosby
L. F. B.	Edith Graves
Goalie:	Ruth MacIntosh

And now that the hockey season is over, we're all looking forward to varsity basketball. So, come on, Bangor, let's pile up some more victories for dear ol' B. H. S.!

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club, under the management of Sergeant Donchecz, is already giving a good account of itself. There are about thirty members with several newcomers who give promise of becoming good marksmen. Several matches are planned, some of them with teams against which the club has not competed before. At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President	Hilfred Bailey
Captain	Ralph Decrow
Secretary-Treasurer	Robert Dodge
Manager	John Watson

Turning the Pages

Do you have a hard time thinking up subjects for oral themes? Would you like to talk on something unusual and interesting? On the library bulletin board is a list of subjects for oral themes. Use it! There will be a new list each week.

Do you want to read something really amusing? Try *Life with Father* by Clarence Day. Are you keen on skiing? Read *60 Centuries of Skiing* by Dudley, or *Learn to Ski* by Bautwann. Do you know what you want to do when you leave school? Glance through the chapters on different occupations; look at the illustrations in *Careers Ahead* by Cottler and Brecht. Do you need any personality hints? Read *What is She Like?* or *Manners in Business*.

Have you read:

The Explosive Tricycle? November *Harpers*.

The Outsider? November *Atlantic*.

More Pay for College Football Stars? November *Mercury*.

Ladies in Politics? November *Forum*.

How "Good" is Any Lie? November *Readers' Digest*.

And here is a student's opinion on one of the newest novels:

LET THE KING BEWARE

By Honore Morrow

Let the King Beware is a benefit in disguise to the seniors who are studying Burke. The story is that of the controversy between England and the colonies in 1775. A generous coating of sugar is added by means of the romance between Tristram Armory, the Tory hero, and Margot Stuart, who is in the queen's service. Because of his Tory sentiments, Armory has been tarred and feathered and driven away from his home in Massachusetts. An exile, he goes to England. Since he is remotely related to the "noble lord of the blue ribbon" (Lord North), he gains immediate access to the king's presence. The king likes him upon sight, and Armory becomes a diplomat to serve George III.

In order to see Margot, who is really the queen's prisoner, Armory has to gain the favor of Mrs. Schwellenberg, a cantankerous German lady. To accomplish this task he chooses the unique method of applying a poultice of Indian herbs to her aching tooth. At any rate, it was successful.

Benjamin Franklin also comes into the story as intercessor for the colonies. Mrs. Morrow adds a rather melodramatic touch at the end, but, nevertheless, the whole is decidedly worth your time. Excellent as a source of that "background," it is enjoyable as well. We say, read it!

—Barbara Farnham.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has started with a bang once more, under the leadership of Mrs. Huey. As in former years, meetings are held every Monday afternoon at

3:15 in the Assembly Hall. Club officers for this year are the following—

President.....Beverly Darling
Vice-President.....Betty Mack
Secretary-treasurer.....Florence Hathaway

On October 20, the Glee Club had a Hallowe'en party in the vestry of Pine St. Methodist Church. Since it was such a huge success, the girls are eagerly hoping for a Christmas party. Mrs. Huey has announced that she plans to form an acappella chorus, and the members will be elected from the two Glee Clubs. This is an experiment which we feel sure will be successful under the able guidance of Mrs. Huey.

Latin Club

And the boom, boom of the—no, not "tom-toms," but lusty male voices! The occasion for the choraling was the November Latin Club meeting. Then, in order to show that their talents were not limited, our mighty males eloquized on the origin of Jesse Owens' fame. For the benefit of those who missed this unique entertainment, it was Donald Stuart who told us about the *Age, Origin, and Purpose of the Olympics*. Following was Walter McMullen, brief but sure, on *The Olympics Now and Then*, and to give an excuse for singing—*Music and the Olympics* was discussed by Horace Stewart, Jr.

A member of the Latin Club of yester year (or sum-pin'), unable to stay away any longer, gave a talk on *Beekeeping Then and Now* as an excuse for being there. To you, Mr. Mann—"Come any time!"

Much scribbling on scraps of paper, shirt cuffs and even fingernails followed the announcement of the date of the Saturnalia, for everyone wanted to be sure to keep December sixteenth free of all other things. To add to the festivities Barbara Farnham and Ruth White had the S. P. Q. R. ready.

Some people say that Latin ought to be abolished in High Schools—not here at least while the Latin Club retains the present record.

Assemblies

We were treated to Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh prevues. Three of the Faculty Players, namely, Miss Coffin, Mrs. Meinecke, and Mr. Prescott presented scenes from the play.

The High School Band has entertained us several times, and very well, too.

And lastly, Danny Kelly and Russell Bradbury, representing their home room, took over a morning assembly and brought down the house. Danny (where did you get that voice?) accompanied by "Russ" playing his guitar, and Doris Littlefield the piano, sang several songs that were so good Mr. Taylor issued a challenge to anyone to get up on the stage and do better. The challenge still stands.

Also, the boys drew pictures for us on a huge easel they brought from off-stage. With just a small line to start from, the boys took turns developing each line into some caricature. The speed with which the sketches were done and their completeness were remarkable. We want more assemblies like these!

R. O. T. C.

With all the boys equipped with blue-lapel coats and new hats trimmed with a red stripe, the R. O. T. C. made a colorful showing on Armistice Day. Although there was a small number present, the unit is really larger than usual this year. During the first term the boys have been learning facings and squad drill under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Snow and Sergeant Doncheez, with the help of the student officers. After the Christmas vacation they expect to get their rifles and to go to work learning the manual of arms. Because of their large number and new equipment, they should make an excellent showing at the annual inspection next May.

Debate Club

Its exchequer comfortably filled with the one hundred dollars profit from the production of *Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh* and with forty-five dollars gained from the candy sale, the Debate Club has now turned its attention to the other part of its active life, that of actual debating.

November sixth the tryouts were held to select the team for the Bowdoin League debates. The varsity team consisted of Shirley Drew and Horace Stewart, Jr. who are both seniors. This was the first time that Shirley Drew had been appointed to the varsity team although she had been prominent in class debates for three years. Horace Stewart, Jr. was a member of the varsity last year and also a member of the state championship team two years ago.

An alternate team was selected also because of the excellent content and delivery of the tryout speeches. That team was made up of two sophomores. They were—Molly Kagan and John Webster. It is quite an honor for these two sophomores because never before has an alternate team been named for the Bowdoin League.

These four, along with their coaches, Miss Clarine M. Coffin and Mr. Herbert L. Prescott, made the trip to Bowdoin a week ago Saturday. Debate sessions were held in both the morning and afternoon, the forum system being used throughout. Bangor met about twelve teams, the most prominent of which were Edward Little, Fryeburg, Lewiston, South Portland, Cony, and Deering. All these demanded the utmost in skill and rapid thinking. All debates were characterized by that sense of fair play that means so much to a debater. Bangor has every right to be proud of its debating team.

THE CRIMSON RAMS

Bapst-Rammed 51-0

Spirit ran high among the rooters of both Bangor and Bapst as the teams of both schools prepared for their annual tilt.

The betting was about even with some giving the Rams a one point margin.

Saturday dawned with the skies overcast and rain still pounding the mired surface of Mary Snow field. A three-day rain had turned the gridiron into a virtual swamp. The mud was ankle deep, and puddles of dirty water were everywhere.

Nevertheless at 2:30 both teams were ready to go, and with a fairly large crowd of excited on-lookers present, the highly out-classed Crusaders proceeded to take a wallop that will go down in history.

For forty-four minutes the "Little Purple Eaglets" were pushed all over that slimy field. The Crimson from the first whistle was clicking on all eleven and gaining momentum with every minute. The Rams crossed the Purple goal line eight times and converted three extra points.

Bapst tried to gain via the air, but the passer, being rushed and smeared at every attempt, could not place his tosses, and four of the Bangor touchdowns were made from interceptions.

Winslow—Bangor

The smothering defeat of John Bapst at the hands of a hard hitting, hard running aggregation representing Bangor High, gave promise that the contest between the Black Raiders and the Rams would be an interesting affair.

For the third week in succession Old Man Weather decided to frown on game-day, adding, at Winslow, a strong, biting wind almost reaching the intensity of a gale. A cold drizzle added to the discomfort of the team as well as to the few spectators present.

Most of the game was played at mid-field, neither team being able to sustain a drive for any distance. The weather conditions confined the game solely to running attacks. Had it been a dry day, both sides would have scored several times without doubt.

In the first half Winslow had a slight edge but could not reach pay dirt.

With the third quarter the Rams turned on the pressure and, starting at midfield, pounded their way to the Raiders' ten-yard stripe where they missed a first down by two inches. Winslow hastily kicked to midfield stopping the threat.

The exceptionally fine kicking of "Freddy" Rice saved the day on two occasions, and throughout the game served as a real offense in itself.

(Please turn to page 28)

ON RADIO ROW

NOW THAT the election is over, and campaign speeches are but pleasant, or not so pleasant, memories, America can once more settle down to hear her favorite programs. Speaking of campaign speeches, we can at last understand why *Knock, Knock* is the politician's favorite song.

This fall saw the return to the air of one of America's favorite comedians, none other than Joe Penner, minus the duck this time, however. Joe, in the course of his stay in Hollywood, unearthed a family, a very interesting family, the Park Avenue Penners whose principal aim in life is to bring up son Joseph. Fortunately for us, Joseph refuses to go high hat beyond acquiring a valet whom he fondly addresses as "Godfrey, my man."

Just imagine our amused amazement, or amazed amusement, when Joe suddenly blossomed forth as a violinist. Will wonders never cease? Joe's first solo, *The Organ Grinder's Swing*, far surpassed (?) Jack Benny's *Love In Bloom*, but we can't help wondering if Joe and Jack have ever heard that fatal command, "Give 'em the gong!" Oh, well, we seem to have heard somewhere about "poets' license," so if this privilege is accorded to poets, why not to comedians who foster unnatural impulses to be violinists? Nevertheless, Grade A comedy by Penner and syncopated swing music by Jimmy Greer's orchestra, a group of fine musicians, combine to make a program which would be top on the list of any radio fan. This program, sponsored by Cocomalt, is heard every Sunday evening from six to six-thirty over CBS.

Every Tuesday evening Rupert Hughes, a genial, lovable master of ceremonies, guides his treasure-laden Caravan through the air lanes into the homes of Mr. and Mrs. America. An hour is packed full with excellent entertainment by the cream of entertainers. There are two musical aggregations, Georgie Stohl's orchestra and Benny Goodman's world-famous swing band, a dramatization by foremost stars of stage and screen, a sports commentator, and guest stars. Heard at nine-thirty P. M. over CBS, the *Camel Caravan* easily rates four stars, and should be on the list of programs which you cannot afford to miss.

Crooners may come, and crooners may go, but Bing goes on forever, I'm happy to say. Every Thursday evening at ten o'clock over NBC Harry Lillis Crosby ("Bing" to you and me) is our singing host at Kraft's Music Hall, presenting a group of stars who establish a new high in radio entertainment.

First of all "Bing," king of crooners, sings several solos. Need I say more, girls? Then there is "Bob" Burns, whose rambling tales establish him as the "Baron Munchausen" of Van Buren, Arkansas. Burns, a discovery of Paul Whiteman, has recently appeared, with

great success, in two screen hits, *Rhythm on the Range*, and *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. One of the high spots in the program's entertainment is Bob's solo on the bazooka, his brainchild. The bazooka is an instrument which is rumored to be made of an iron pipe, a funnel, and a piece of wire. Musical background is furnished by "Jimmy" Dorsey's Orchestra, one of the finest musical units on the west coast.

Besides "Bob" and "Jimmy," who are regular stars at the Music Hall, "Bing" presents a choice group of guest stars—stars of the screen, opera and concert stage, and radio.

For a varsity program Kraft's Music Hall offers the best that there is, and the Music Hall at ten o'clock should be as constant a habit with you as dinner at eight.

LET'S CHAT

Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South, will again try her hand at movies, under Twentieth Century Fox... Francis Langford, singing star of Hollywood Hotel, is now earning nine thousand dollars per week... Igor Gorin, of the same program, whose fine baritone voice never fails to thrill, recently signed a motion picture contract, and studio officials stipulated that he should change the Igor to Charles... Janet Cantor, eight-year old daughter of Eddie and Ida Cantor, has become a stage-door Johnnie, making no secret of the fact that Bobby Breen, young star on Eddie's program, turns her red, hot, and blue!... Fred Astaire and Don Ameche contribute this: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Ameche." "Ameche who?" Ameche on the second flight Astaires."... Bing Crosby always wears a hat during rehearsals... Carmela Ponselle, star of Broadway Varieties, calls a rustic lodge in the woods of our own Maine her true home... Smith Ballew, who measures an even six feet-four, had to send to his native Texas to get a horse with nice, long, long legs... Fred Astaire may desert radio for thirteen weeks to work on his next movie.

SUCCESS STORIES

If any of you are entertaining secret hopes of becoming future Crosbys or Langfords, don't lose hope. Remember that:

Rudy Vallee clerked in Daddy Vallee's drugstore in Westport, Maine.

Phil Duey was night clerk in a New York Hotel.

Loretta Clems was a hosiery model.

Igor Gorin originally planned to be a surgeon.

Stella Friend, of Fred Waring's team of "Stella and the Boys," designed dresses.

Ross Grahame, star of *Show Boat*, sat in a bank teller's cage in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Midway in the last period "Duke" Elliott received a leg injury and had to be carried from the field. It was first believed that the leg was broken, and spirits among the squad ran low. However, an ex-ray revealed no fracture, and this gave everyone new hope that the "Duke" might be ready to go against Portland only two weeks away.

Munce played a smashing game, and the two guards, Dauphinee and McDonald, proved that they were a pair of blockers to be ranked with the best in the state!

Bulldogged !!!

With the first ideal playing conditions of the season and the stands groaning with a capacity crowd of nearly two thousand rooters, Bangor slipped from her place in the ranks of the undefeated by a score of 16-6. A powerful Portland eleven was responsible. They succeeded in pushing over two touchdowns and also accounted for a safety, while the Crimson clicked for a lone six points.

Fumbles, without doubt, cost the Rams this game and shattered all hopes for an undefeated season.

In the initial period Portland kicked off to Elliott, who ran back twenty yards before being tackled on his own thirty yard line. After three tries at the blue line, failing to gain, Rice's kick was blocked. Portland recovered and in two plays had the ball on the Bangor three yard stripe, raring for a score. On the next try, a bit over-anxious, they fumbled and lost the ball. Rice this time made good.

The Blue, unable to puncture the Crimson line, kicked to Munce, who was downed in his tracks at the fifteen yard line. Brown's first pass from center sailed over Smith's head, and after a wild scramble he succeeded in covering the ball in the end zone, which constituted a safety and two points for the Portland cause.

The rest of the half was scoreless with the Rams playing an iron-clad defensive game.

In the third, Portland scored on a ten yard pass from Carson to Richio. The score followed a Bangor fumble which was instantly covered with Blue jerseys deep in Crimson territory. Darcangelo place-kicked the point.

We firmly believe that the team tried with every ounce of its power to beat those blue suited rivals, but its offense just would not click!

The Bulldog's last tally came in the fourth quarter when, after recovering still another Ram's fumble, they succeeded in breaking through a stubborn defense to score. Again the point was added by the same unerring toe.

With seconds left to play, Bangor took the ball at midfield and desperately cut loose with a dazzling pass attack. A heave from Munce to Sedgely was good for fifteen yards, and the ball was resting on the Portland thirty-six yard line. On the next play Captain Upton

changed places with the left end, Morrill. Munce once more faded back and completed a 30 yard pass to "Uppie," who had cleverly slipped behind the last defensive player. The try for point failed.

This offensive gesture brought the Bangor rooters to their feet for the first time during the afternoon.

Elliott's leg, which sustained a bad bruise in the Winslow game, did not seem to bother the "Duke" in the least, for he played an excellent brand of ball.

The tackling of the team in the first few games, everyone will remember, was very ragged. So, to remedy this, Coach Ulmer had old cobwebby "Clarence" dug out and dusted off. From that time the boys had had a little session with him at the beginning and end of each practice. The result was easy to see against the Blue. The Ram's tackling was terrific and possessed powerful accuracy.

The week following the Portland game the squad was divided into two teams called the Reds (comprised of seniors) and the Blues (those juniors who will be back next year). These two teams played two full-length games on Wednesday and Thursday before the Old Town encounter. The team scoring the most points in both games, Mr. Ulmer promised, should start against the Canoe City boys. The Blues won the right to start by defeating the Reds 12-0 in the second game, the first having gone as a tie.

Blues vs. Old Town

The Blues, as had been promised, started against the Old Town lads and played practically the whole time, defeating them 39-0.

The Rams received, and on the third play Smith slanted off right tackle and jaunted sixty yards for the first touchdown. In the second quarter F. Rice and Munce both had a turn at scoring, so at the half the board read 20-0, only two of the extra points having been good.

With the beginning of the third period Old Town came back and held the Crimson at bay, but in the fourth chapter Bangor scored three times. A twelve yard end sweep by Stewart, an intercepted pass by Munce, and a pass from Munce to Upton in the end zone completed the 39-0 victory.

(Please turn to page 32)

Basketball

Coach "Eddie" Trowell issued his first call for basketball candidates, Tuesday November tenth. A light workout was held at the High School gym.

The season gets under way December eighteenth when Winslow visits the Rams on the courts at City Hall.

The Black Raiders are seeking revenge from a setback handed them by the Crimson in the tournament last year. SPARKS ARE BOUND TO FLY!!!

HOKUM

By Ellen Hathorn and Donald Stuart

STARTING on the hill-billy note this time, Li'l Abner—I beg your pardon—Allen Neal told Miss Mullen that the “feud-al” system is still going strong in them thar Kentucky hills—Oh, the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys, etc. . . . Next note, sophistication—Why mama, how you’ve changed!—Take a look at Molly Braidy sometime. It’s a la Vinee or something—Heigh-ho, it’s an ill wind that blows nobody good, if you see what I mean. . . . All right, Clarice and Winona, make a note of it—or don’t you want to make history? . . . They tell me that Tyler says what she thinks—Boy, she certainly can think fast—Ann so to bed . . . Over here, we have Philip Goos, the man with the perfect typing paper—That’s all right, Lake, you’re just not the type. . . . John Tapley says he’s going to be an embalmer when he grows up—Isn’t that rather a big undertaking, little man? . . . If you didn’t hear Bradshaw the first time, just listen for the echo—Do I make myself clear?—Hyah, Jane! . . . Has anybody here seen Kelly?—If you haven’t you will—The boy has talent. . . . Phyllis Smith should get a job at a bureau of missing persons—She recognizes descriptions so easily—Is your face red, “Phil”? . . . “Dave” rings the Bell every time—but he’s a woman hater, girls. . . . However, here’s compensation—“Go West, young (wo-)man”—or have you?—Why, Danny boy! . . . Leon White says the going is all up Hill for him—And so it goes. . . . Gotta dance! Guess what! well, one of our football heroes just can’t resist tripping the light fantastic now—the music just sweeps him away—the first time, when he realized what he was doing, he plowed through the line to his seat—but now he’s quite a stepper. Nice work, Duke. *The Competent Hostess*, a new book just published by Brown Eyes (better known as Armitage), is quite the rage—for good reading on the rules of etiquette. It is highly recommended. . . . The girls are just beginning to regain that lost weight—reducing was quite the fad until the *Merry-go-Round* stopped turning—well the costumes just had to be worn and

so . . . Is it true that the Richardsons have their stockings hung already? Wonder if Santa will leave ashes!—Ethel Hathaway is making good use of her P. G. year, it is plain to see. What is all the news that is going around about Ed Brown? . . . Well, well, I hear Danny is going to be a lawyer—wouldn’t kid us would you, Danny? Don’t tell me that you’ve missed “Vin” Blake and his new (?) car—quite a buggy! No wonder there are complaints from the faculty on the noisy corridors—if everyone has a theme song it just can’t be helped. The chief complaints are:

St. Germain—*T(r)ucking*
Sedgely—*Gotta Be a Football Hero*
P. Perry—*Smile, Darn Ya, Smile*
Coffin—*Tea for Two*
Herbert—*Sing, Baby, Sing*
Powell—*There’s Love in Your Eyes*

Looks as if Dick McKeen will be washing dishes after this. . . . Quite a dramatic group in B. H. S., don’t you think? Those love scenes certainly throw one off balance. The freshmen are still tripping over each other at recess—it takes time to eat the picnic mother packs every day. Gee! were we that bad? . . . Brother Mincher, can you spare an “A”? . . . Congrats, Red, you’ll make the “Rams” a swell captain! . . . Frankie is going in for the R. F. D. district these days—but he can’t be blamed. Treworgy took Kay Faulkingham to the movies the other night—and was he mortified! Kay mistook a swordfish for Jimmie Durante . . . Want a laugh? Then take a peek at the sixth period typing class.

I guess it’s a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and a toodle-doo for now, my little chickadees—and p-l-ease be bad for my sake! !

Ann Tyler: “Yes, my family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror.”

Ellen Hathorn: “I suppose you’ll be telling us next that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah.”

Ann: “Certainly not, my people had a boat of their own.”

THE JOKE PARADE

We editors may dig and toil,
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say—
"I've heard that joke before."

—*McGill Daily*

What would happen if some of the most common
advertising slogans became mixed:

Onyx Hosiery—"Best in the long run."

Otis Elevators—"Good to the last drop."

Klaxon—"His master's voice."

Ford—"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

Listerine—"What a whale of a difference just a few
cents make."

Cunard—"It floats."

Voice on phone: Jim Snow is sick and can't attend
classes today. He asked me to notify you.

Mr. Taylor: All right. Who is this speaking?

Voice: This is my brother.

When Jimmy Gillin was stopped for zigzagging
through traffic in his speeding automobile, he explained
to the judge, "My girl got the hiccoughs, and I was
trying to scare them out of her."

An Englishman's definition of a gentleman: Some-
one who can change gears with three in the front seat
and not hurt anyone.

Miss Mullen: What is the most common imped-
iment in the speech of American people?

Walter McMullin: Chewing-gum.

Guide (at an ancient castle): This is the moat. Are
there any questions you would like to ask?

Bartlett Johnson: Yes. How would a fellow ever
get one of those in his eye?

"Don't you agree that my girl is an angel?"

"Yes, but I notice that she paints."

"Well, did you ever see an angel that wasn't
painted?"

According to some automobile manufacturers, the
shortest distance between two points is a straight eight.

The aviator's wife is strange

In one way, beyond doubt;

Her heart rejoices when she sees

Her husband down and out.

Paul Pomroy: Did you take a bath this morning?

Dean Herbert: Why, is one missing?

So This Is Love

By Katherine Faulkingham

Fanny sat on the hammock,
Her heart was all a-flutter,
For she was dressed,
In her Sunday best,
A'chawing bread and butter.

Then Harry came a-wooing,
His face ashine with scrubbing,
And in flew love,
Just like a dove,
Till noses they were rubbing.

"So, how's my 'itty dumplin'?"
Now what could be more "blisser"?
She wagged her head,
No more was said,
And then he tried to kiss her.

Now papa came a-hunting
To nip him in the beazle,
"Get off my stoop,
You nincompoop!"
And "pop!" went the weasle.

A Scotchman had to send an urgent telegram, and
not wishing to spend more money than necessary wrote
like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too
infectious dead." (Ten words).

The Scotchman who received it immediately decided
it was:

"Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and
Alice is hurt, too. In fact she's dead." (Nineteen
words).

Dr. (attending a patient who had swallowed a half
dollar):

"How is the boy today?"

Anxious Mother: "No change yet."

The dachshund's eyes are dim

With love for you, and tender;

The dachshund's form is slim,

And silvery, and slender.

And if you pat his head on Sunday,

He'll wag his little tail on Monday!

It seems one of the big periodical problems in Holly-
wood is having to decide which of the immortal figures
of history is going to be George Arliss next.

An original composition written by a foreign boy about his pet frog.

"What a queer bird the frog are.
When he sit, he stand, almost.
When he hop, he fly, almost.
He ain't got no sense, hardly.
He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got, almost."

VIVACIOUS VERSE

By Donald Stuart

And Sudden Life

My heart is heavy and my soul is still.
I have no power to arise; no will.

I feel as though I am about to die,
I am so *very* tired as I lie.

Then all at once a thought runs through my mind,
And vital strength flows through my veins, I find.

I yawn, I stretch, I shout for joy, and say,
"Oh, boy, there *ain't* no school—it's Saturday! "

Austin Keith: Where's your car?

Charles Dorr: I turned it in on our Thanksgiving turkey as a first payment.

"This dining room set goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

"That's nothing. My whole living room set goes back to Sears, Roebuck the fifteenth."

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
He would not move to save his neck,
"For I'm insured," he said.

Senior Algebra Teacher: Explain negative exponents.

Guess Who: I don't know how.

Teacher: What! gum again?

Guess Who: No, dumb again.

"Oh, no, dear. I'm sure he's a kind man. I just heard him say that he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched."

When William Gifford learned that he breathed in oxygen and breathed out carbon, he asked Mr. Thurston which gas cost the more, so he could tell whether he was making or losing money.

There was a young theologian named Fiddle
Who refused to accept a degree.
He didn't mind being called Fiddle,
But he didn't like Fiddle D. D.

Mr. Varney: Mr. Carlisle, what is work?
Sleepy Arthur (stretching and opening one eye):
Everything's work.

Mr. Varney (not angry): Do you mean to tell me this table is work?

Arthur (closing eye and resuming former attitude):
Sure, woodwork.

"I think I should have named my boy 'Flannel'," said Mrs. Hamm.

"Why," asked her neighbor.

"Because he shrinks from washing."

We could tell you some more jokes, but what's the use? You would only laugh at them.

Rebuttal

You tell me that you're sorry,
But we're through,
You hope that I'll get over
Feeling blue.

You wish you didn't have
To break my heart
But now you gotta go,
So we must part.

You say our love is done:
It's quits—fini.
Well, darling, it can't be
Too soon for me!

To a Lady with Illegibility

Of course I like to get your letters,
I really think they're fine.
Your clever, witty manner
Is hidden in each line.

You always send the latest news
In style that's effervescent,
It seems as though you're really talking,
Just as if you're present.

You give me gentle sympathy.
I love it and I need it,
Cause, darling, never have you written,
So that I can read it!

Charles Redman, who has been chosen the assistant editor of the *Oracle*, will be in charge of the March issue.

Imports and Exports

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

—Robert Burns

AND that is exactly what the exchange column is for, to see ourselves as others see us. It can be used to advantage if taken in the right spirit.

The Howler, Howland High School, Howland, Maine. A howling good magazine with no end of good poetry. Evidently Howland High School's senior English class has the same difficulty that Miss Mullen's seniors have. The following cleverly written parody by Elaine Lancaster, '36, was published in the last issue of *The Howler*. "The Twenty-third Psalm of Senior English Class."

"Miss Bartkus is my teacher; I shall not pass. She maketh me to study Burke's Conciliation; she exposeth my ignorance before the whole class. She restoreth my sorrows; she scoldeth me before the class because I know not the answers. Yea, though I study till midnight, it shall do me no good, for she will not be satisfied; her rod and her staff are over me. She prepareth a test for me in the presence of the class, she gives me a low mark; my sorrow runneth over. Surely I can never pass and I shall be in the English class forever."

The editorial, *School Spirit*, "hit the nail on the head," one might say, by getting away from the old idea that school spirit is shown by the one who can cheer the loudest at a football or basketball game. It set forth the idea that school spirit is the "co-operative attitude toward the school."

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. Your literary section is very good, but we should like to see more stories. The exchange editor should be complimented on her clever write-up. She had each magazine represent a different position on the "All-star Exchangeland Football Team," at the same time working in a lot of helpful criticism.

We like to keep in touch with our Alumni through our school magazine, and suggest that you do the same. Some write-ups on the school activities would also improve your paper.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

Your artists should be complimented on the neat cover and artistic department headings.

We think a puzzle page is very nice, but why put it under the heading, *Exchanges*?

The Meteor, Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire.

The latest issue of this magazine that we have received is the Motion Picture Edition, December, 1935. This issue is devoted entirely to motion pictures. Even the write-ups of the football games are cleverly written as a scenario. We suggest more cuts, as this adds to the general appearance of your magazine.

The Live Wire, Newport High School, Newport, Me.

The *Live Wire* board should be congratulated on an excellent job. Your French column containing poetry and stories chalks up another point for your side.

The Red and White, Rochester, New Hampshire.

The department headings show much talent on the part of your artists. We suggest that besides listing their activities, you make some fitting remark about each senior.

We are interested to notice that Joan and Dana Sweet, formerly of Bangor, are editors of *The Red and White*. If we know them, as we feel we do, the success of your paper this year is guaranteed.

(Continued from page 28)

"They Shall Not Pass"

Although pushing a scrappy Brewer High eleven all over the field for four quarters, the Rams were forced to share a tie with their rivals across the river.

Three times inside the Witches' twenty yard marker, the Crimson was unable to score. The Crimson at mid-field would plough through the Orange and Black for substantial gains, but once inside the Brewer thirty, they were presented with a defense which they could not crack.

Harding, the Brewer tackle, kicked to Munce who brought the oval to his forty. After making a first down, an exchange of punts was in order with the Crimson making twenty yards on the exchange. Two plays later, Morrill took a double pass in the backfield and skirted right end for twenty-eight more. Again the same play had the Brewer defense buffaloeed and the ball was brought to the Witches' twelve, only to be fumbled when Morrill was tackled hard.

Brewer recovered and lost no time in punting.

This was the closest to the Witches' goal that Bangor was able to get during the remainder of the game. Twice again in the last period they reached the nineteen, but were stopped each time and lost both opportunities.

The Witches only threat came when Morrison nabbed a Crimson pass on his own thirty, then twisted and squirmed his way forty yards.

The Rams held and took the ball on downs.

In the final period Rice, standing on his thirty yard line, lifted a beautiful spiral which Morrison caught on his five. Attempting to cut back, he slipped to his knees. This put Brewer in the hole, but McDonald succeeded in kicking the ball out of immediate danger.

Elliott was turned loose in the middle of the first quarter and gave the rooters thrill after thrill with his spectacular running.

McDonald in the line played a vicious game, breaking through the Brewer offense and messing up plays before they had time to develop.

Reed, Dalton, and Morrison were outstanding for Brewer.

Munce reeled off several long runs during the game but was handicapped by the condition of the field, slip-

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ping to the ground several times while trying to elude would-be tacklers.

Rice turned in his usual fine kicking, averaging better than forty yards in six "boots."

A capacity crowd of over two thousand fans was on hand to witness the holiday classic and the renewal of the rivalry between the two schools.

The Brewer game officially closed the scheduled season with five victories, two ties, and one defeat.

September 19 at Bangor 6

Brewer 0

September 26 at Bangor 7

Waterville 6

October 3 at Rumford 6

Bangor 7

October 10 at Bangor 51

Bapst 0

October 17 at Winslow 0

Bangor 0

October 24

Postponed with Cony

October 31 at Bangor 6

Portland 16

November 7 at Bangor 39

Old Town 0

November 11 at Brewer 0

Bangor 0

(All boys who have played their last game for Bangor High School are starred in the line-up below.)

Bangor

Morrill, White	LE
*Upton	LT
*Dauphinee	LG
*Brown, Bryce	C
*McDonald	RG
R. Coffin	RT
White, *Sedgely	RE
*F. Rice	Q
*Munce	RH
Smith	LH
*Elliott	F

Brewer

Dalton
Reed
Quinn
Eldridge
Titus
Snowman, Harding
Mullins
Holyoke
Morrison
Blanchard
McDonald

MOVIES

(Continued from page 21)

out on a scavenger hunt, and eventually becomes the butler for Carole's nutty family. Alice Brady and Eugene Pallette are fine as Carole's mater and pater. Gail Patrick, in her first worthwhile role, is very convincing as Carole's bratty sister, and the protégé is the ape himself when he does his imitation.

This film is a guaranteed "roller in the aisler" and is genuinely worth one quarter (or more)—An A-1 comedy.

Cain And Mabel

This yarn is all about a waitress who becomes a dancer and is supposed to have a love affair with a fighter for a publicity stunt. The fighter is big, cave man, Clark Gable, while the waitress is Marion Davies, who overacts (as usual). Why, oh why, do they cast the horrible Marion Davies with the grand Clark Gable? Marion's hey-days are over, so why try to make her look young (it's really impossible!) by blond hair and by giving her roles which are ten or twenty years younger than she? For me, she spoiled the picture, and not even Allen Jenkins, Roscoe Karns, and Ruth Donnelly with their crazy antics could lift my spirits.

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BANGOR, MAINE

The Girl on the Front Page

Edmund Lowe, now under a new contract with MGM, makes his last appearance for Universal by far the best of his recent efforts. Poor roles may or may not have handicapped him before, but any way, he is very good in this one.

Gloria Stuart also seems to top previous performances. In fact, there is good acting all around.

This comedy-drama also has good photography and good dialogue.

BOOKS

(Continued from page 18)

Dan's editorials. They had something that other editorials lacked. Of course there was a dame involved—to use Pike's expression—but Pike had to admit that everything "Connie" did sure turned out lucky for Dan. It was because of her that Dan went on the trip. What trip? Why, the trip to Europe, of course! Nobody ever suspected that when Dan returned he would be President of the United States—least of all Dan himself.

It all started when Dan saved the life of the King of England. No—Dan didn't do it on purpose. The King was in disguise. The hero blushed painfully when the crowds of royalty assailed him. Then, to top this, Dan stopped a war! He was then even a greater hero.

How did Dan do these brave deeds? Well, read this book and discover an entirely new and original way to become president.

OUT-PICKED

(Continued from page 13)

of him. Finally he followed the Coloradian into a crowd. He made sure the wallet was in Marden's hip pocket. Just as he was reaching for it, Marden's hand went to his pocket to see if his wallet were still there. Before Sam knew what was happening, his wrist was caught in Marden's hand, and he found himself face to face with the gentleman.

What Oscar Marden first said is unprintable, but, when he got through with his tirade, he added, "I won't turn you over to the police, but I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget. On your guard!"

Sam put up his hands to defend himself, because Marden started raining blows on him. Soon there was a great crowd gathering around to watch the fight. Since Sam wasn't much of a fighter, he was definitely getting the worst of it. Somebody yelled, "Here come the cops!" Marden instantly disappeared into the crowd, and before Sam could run away, he was caught in the net of the law.

"Disturbing the peace," explained the officer, "We'll see what the judge has to say about that."

* * * * *

"Thirty days in jail, or two hundred dollars fine," pronounced the judge from the lofty pedestal. "If

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you have the fine, please pay the clerk and you'll be free."

Sam reached into his inside-coat pocket for his wallet. He suddenly felt a cold, clammy sensation running through him. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He felt a dizzy sensation inside. His knees began to wobble. **HIS WALLET WAS GONE!** He uttered one word, "Marden!" and then sank hopelessly into a chair.

"I'LL TAKE BASKETBALL"

(Continued from page 12)

wild and hit the bear, maddening him. He hesitated when he came to the part where he had to tell how the bear had smashed the boy's favorite rifle when he had knocked it from Monk's grasp, but he finally got it out. He told his son that his shoulder had only been sprained by the bear's attack and that he would be as good as new in a few weeks. As his dad left the room, Monk spoke up quickly.

"Dad, don't worry about that rifle, and don't go getting me a new one or anything like that. Hunting may be all right, but as for me, I'LL TAKE BASKETBALL!"

THROUGH THE AGES

(Continued from page 10)

and what seemed eons later, we found ourselves on the ground a short distance from our car, and the woman had disappeared!

Then and there we men made an agreement never to even whisper this tale, for fear someone would think us mad. That agreement has never been broken, until now. I do so at this time because all my companions are dead and I am not afraid of the consequences.

Perhaps when I go, I shall find the unforgettable woman of the tower.

LADY BILLIE

(Continued from page 9)

Somehow the afternoon lagged. She and Connie lay in beach chairs on the screened veranda of the Barclay home. There was cool lemonade, and there were luscious chocolates, but it was all lost on Billie. She looked at movie romance books until she felt she would scream if she saw another picture of Greta Garbo. There was a picture of Janet Gaynor riding the surf on an aquaplane. Billie sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked Connie.

"Oh, nothing," Billie assured her hastily. It would never do for Connie to know how bored she was. The crowd would be swimming now. There would be petite, vivacious Sally Nelson, her vivid, dark beauty enhanced by a slip of a scarlet bathing suit, and good-looking, blond Jack Mason, and all the other familiar faces. They would be laughing, swimming, romping, undignified acting, to be sure, but such fun. The afternoon lagged on. The sun beat down with suffocating heat. Finally Billie rose and said that she had to go.

"We'll go to the movies again tomorrow," said Connie.

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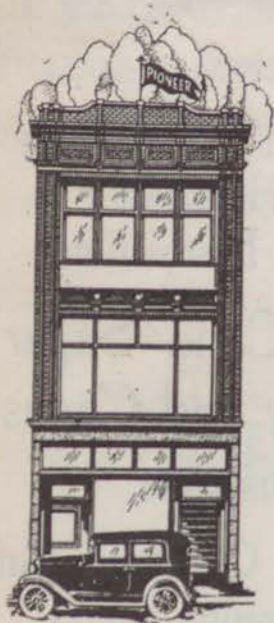
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Billie wasn't so sure. She didn't think she wanted to go to a movie. She *wanted* to go swimming.

And so the next week passed, the crowd going swimming, having picnics, having *fun*, and Billie lying around all dressed up afternoons, after Connie's fashion, or going to a movie.

The following Friday morning a thunder shower cleared the atmosphere which had been heavy with heat all the week. Billie, getting home from school, rushed up the steps and slammed the screen door behind her. "Hi, Mom!" she called. "It's clearing up—huh?"

"Yes, I think so, Billie," said her mother. "What are you feeling so exuberant about?"

"Oh, I dunno. Just do. Connie Barelay's moving," she added carelessly.

"She is? Where?"

"Back to New York, I guess. She's gone on ahead of her folks. Goin' to stay with her uncle, I guess. Gee, I'm starved!"

"That sounds familiar," said Mrs. Dick laughing. "Take a few cookies."

"I'm goin' down towards Sally's," announced Billie a few minutes later coming in from the kitchen, her hands, pockets, and mouth stuffed with cookies.

"All right," Mrs. Dick said, "but be home in time for supper."

"Yeah. 'Bye."

As the door slammed behind Billie, Mrs. Dick chuckled wisely to herself. Two weeks was the time she and Fred had allotted Billie to drop her pose, and it had taken just a week. Fred had been pretty wise.

Billie sauntered down the street trying to assume a careless attitude as she neared Fred's house. She didn't care if she never saw Fred Caldwell again, she told herself angrily. Her step quickened a little.

"'Lo, Billie." It was Fred, just backing "Rattles" out of the yard.

"Hi, Fred. Where'ya goin'?"

"Oh, just up to play ball," he answered carelessly. "The shower cleared the air, so I thought we'd better have a ball game before it got hot again."

Billie went to the side of the car. "C'n I play, too?" she asked meekly.

As his eyebrows went up in astonishment, she went on quickly, "I'm sorry for what I said the last time you asked me to play, and I don't think Mike's a horrid dog at all; I think he's swell," and she reached over and patted the dog who was squirming with joy at the sight of her. "Can I play?"

Fred's face broke into a broad grin. "Can you play? Well, you sure can! 'Rattles' is an awful thing to ride in, but—"

"I'd rather ride in 'Rattles' than anything," Billie said hotly. "She's just right," and Billie scrambled into the car. "Gee, I'm glad I'm still a kid," she said to herself as "Rattles" rattled her way out of the yard.

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