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Circumstantial
Evidence

By PHYLLIS SMITH

DECEMBER

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2. Place the correctly spelled name of the advertiser in the blank provided at the right together with the number of the page upon which the ad. appears.
3. Each misspelled name contains all the letters necessary to spell it correctly.
4. The number of letters in each word is correct as written.
5. The first upper classman to bring the entire list corrected with page numbers to the office will receive the prize of one reserved seat at the Dramatic Club Plays.
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*Or its Equivalent in coin!

Circumstantial Evidence

PHYLLIS SMITH

JUNIOR

When Mr. Prescott requested his customary short-story from the "silly sophomores," Phyllis betook herself to a small secluded spot and set diligently to work on her masterpiece, "Circumstantial Evidence." The complete episode may be read in this issue.

EXTRA! EXTRA! All about Peter Malbrough's trial! Extra! Extra! Just three cents lady, here's your change. Extra! Extra! Here you are, sir. Extra!" This was what prompted Jerry Sandforth and his friend Pete Malbrough, Jr. to go to Paris in July.

On the twenty-fifth of May, a robbery had been committed in the Kansas National Bank, and as Peter Malbrough Sr. had deposited almost the same sum in his own bank, and had witnesses to swear that they had seen him in that city, the twenty-fifth, it was logical that he be accused.

But the fact was that Peter Malbrough had not been within two thousand miles of Kansas all that week, and one must admit that it would take a man of very great genius at that sort of thing, to do the trick, even though he were, like Malbrough, highly intelligent, keen-eyed, quick to analyze his employees, all this was precisely the reason that Malbrough was so successful in his business. But Peter Malbrough had one weakness—his son.

Pete had been brought up in surroundings where everything possible was done for him from the time that he was a toddler, learning to walk, to the place where this story begins—at twenty-five years of age. So it is a thing to be wondered at that he and Jerry Sandforth had become such great friends.

Jerry's bringing-up had been exactly the opposite. An orphan, he had worked his way through college, attaining a high-paying job on a newspaper. His features were as unlike Pete's as his surroundings. He had dark eyes that could be so serious, and was a full two inches taller than his friend.

But to come back to Pete's father's affairs, it's one thing to know, yourself, that you're innocent, and another thing to prove it. He was on a fishing trip, all alone, just outside of San Francisco. His only evidence that he was telling the truth, was a letter that he had written to his friend, Jim Tracy, from Califor-

nia, the date of the robbery. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been a simple matter to let Tracy know, and to get the letter back, but Jim Tracy had been sent to Paris, on secret service for the government, and was going under an assumed name. All Malbrough's friends had done their utmost to locate the man, but had finally admitted defeat.

But Jerry refused to be discouraged even after Pete had given up hope, and the former had persuaded his boss that he should be sent to Paris to get the "dope" on the story for their newspaper. Mr. Smythe, now growing bald, valued this six feet of energy, broad shoulders, and straight-forward eyes, and, perhaps too, he saw the possibility of a big write-up, and agreed to send Jerry.

"All right, all right, here's a check for your tickets, but", raising his voice, "don't come back until you *do* get a good story, understand?"

Not waiting to reply, Jerry dashed out and beat all records getting to his apartment, packing his toothbrush, meeting Pete, and making the boat just two minutes before the gang-plank was pulled up.

The trip over was uneventful except for Pete getting sea-sick, and the two set their feet on French soil without a single definite plan.

They had pooled their money, and Pete was carrying it in his pocket.

"Step on it, son," Jerry advised. "We want to get to a hotel before night."

"Say, Jerry, I wish you'd keep this money, I don't feel comfortable with all these bills around me," said Pete, feeling for the pocket-book.

"OK, infant, but will you loosen your muscles, I'm in a hurry!" replied Jerry, impatiently. "Hey, what's the matter, can't you find it?"

Pete was frantically searching through his pockets, and then said, desperately, "Jerry! I can't find it!"

"Oh, my gosh! Two hundred bucks!" groaned

Pete was frantically searching through his pockets, and then said, desperately, "Jerry, I can't find it!"

Jerry, "Here, let me look—either this is a night-mare, or else its the bummiest luck I've ever had!"

But the money had been "picked" out of Pete's pocket, and they couldn't very well wire for more, with Pete's father already as worried as he was.

"Oh! Gosh! Now what?" asked Pete, sinking to the grass. "Darn it, I feel like the dickens, Jerry, if I'd been more careful, that wouldn't have happened!"

"Forget it, Pete," consoled Jerry, "Did you have any money outside of that wallet?"

"Oh!" Pete brightened. "I didn't put my money in! That is," searching through once more, "I didn't think so."

"Well, make up your mind," said Jerry, the situation making him more impatient than usual.

"Nope!" sighed Pete, "I just remembered that I decided to put it in for safe-keeping."

"Well," said Jerry, with sudden resolve, "I've got exactly seventeen cents, and we've got to eat while we're here, and we've got to sleep, so up and to work, sonny. Here's where you're going to exert yourself, whether you want to or not!"

"Oh, yeah?" replied Pete scathingly, "with half the people in Paris unemployed already?"

"Uh-huh, you would think of something like that," returned Jerry wearily, "when it was our last hope."

"Jerry," said Pete suddenly, "Have you ever stolen anything?"

"Say, listen, we were talking about—oh, I get you. No, and I won't begin now," he said, but not entirely as resolutely as he might have.

"Oh yeah? Well, by tomorrow morning, after a sleep on the park bench, you'll feel less like St. Peter, and more like your fellow men," returned Pete with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"That's enough out of you, infant, but that idea about the park bench wasn't so bad, it's nine o'clock, and I'm turning in." And with that, Jerry calmly stretched out on a bench, and closed his eyes on Pete's startled face.

"Aw, now, Jerry, have a heart, I've never done this before."

"Yeah, I know it, but there's always a first time to anything," said Jerry, heartlessly, without opening his eyes.

So the two of them, for the first times in their lives, slept in the park with the city lights twinkling near by, and dreamed about Peter Malbrough, Sr.

The next day, they fasted on a ten-cent bag of peanuts, which left precisely seven cents in their treasury. They decided to mingle with the crowd, but the morning passed without anything of importance happening.

That evening, when the stores were closed, and all seemed deserted, the two friends were walking desolately along past a grocery store.

"Jerry, are you *very* hungry?" asked Pete, looking at him hopefully.

Jerry swallowed uncomfortably, as he looked at the

tempting apples, hot dogs, and so forth, but said nothing.

"Remember, Jerry," queried Pete, casually, "The time that you relieved the policeman of his badge at college? And the time when you got past the night watchman, and took that poster out of the hardware store?" continued Pete, watching Jerry closely.

"Oh, all right," returned the other savagely, at last, "but I'm only doing this because we can't find Jim Tracy on empty stomachs!"

"Oh yeah?" replied Pete, but to himself.

"Listen, you stand under this side window," Jerry instructed, looking up at the desired object about ten feet from the ground, at the side of the building, "and I'll try to make it from your shoulders."

"O. K., but I sure hope you haven't forgotten your technique for this sort of thing," replied Pete, uneasily, now that Jerry was really going to do it.

"Pipe down, infant, and if you hear anything coming, pinch my leg, and let me down, don't just drop me the way you did the last time," whispered Jerry.

Uttering a prayer, Jerry climbed to Pete's shoulders, and grasped for the sill. After what seemed like ages to the two, he found it, and prepared to haul himself up, by placing one foot on Pete's head.

"Hey!" stage-whispered Pete.

"A cop?" gasped Jerry, preparing to jump.

"No, but you're pulling my hair!"

Too disgusted to answer, Jerry finally heaved himself through the none too large cobweb-filled window. Holding his breath, he let himself down into the inside of the building, hoping against hope that he wouldn't land on some scales or soft tomatoes, thus it was with thankfulness that he felt the floor beneath his feet. Groping around, he hoped to find something edible.

Not feeling very particular, he grasped at anything near at hand. Not knowing what he had, he came to the window and prepared to drop them down to Pete.

"O. K., Pete, catch these," but first he decided to glance them over. "Boy," he said to himself, "are these going to taste good." He had in his hand two cabbages, a raw turnip, and four cucumbers.

Looking down to drop them, he gazed into the face of a very disagreeable-looking gendarme. After the first startled moment had passed, he noticed that Pete wasn't anywhere around.

"Good evening. It is, don't you think? A good evening, I mean. What the dickens would Miss Post say in a situation like this?" the last to himself.

Here the Frenchman let out a volley of French, after which, Jerry replied, "Mercie, monsieur, mercie. Comment trouvez-vous?" Which in turn, called forth a second volley of double-quick French. "Well," said Jerry in English, "I'm sorry to do this, but—regardez, monsieur, vite!" he shouted suddenly, pointing over the cop's head.

Startled, the man looked around, and Jerry dropped his big turnip. It landed on his head and the gendarme

sank blissfully into unconsciousness. As quickly as a cat, Jerry leaped from the window, and whispered frantically for Pete.

"Here!" came a muffled answer from the barrel at his side. Jerry found his chum in it with the cover clamped on. Working rapidly, Jerry succeeded in freeing him, and then not waiting to ask questions, he just indicated the turnip on the ground. Pete grasped it and the two ran like lightning out of the neighborhood. It was only when they reached their park, a mile from the scene of the theft, that they stopped.

By now, Pete had gotten over any fussiness that he might have had about his food, and they relished the cucumbers, which seemed a delicacy after ten cents worth of peanuts.

"Jerry, do you suppose that we'll ever find Tracy?" queried Pete, a trifle discouraged.

"You know, Pete, I seem to have a hunch that we'll find him tomorrow. Let's hope so, anyway," and with that remark, Jerry stretched out, and again slept under a wide tree.

The next noon, we find our friends in a Parisian restaurant, waiting for the dinner that they had earned by doing dishes all morning.

"You know, Jerry, if we hadn't been in such a hurry to make that boat, we'd have had at least a suit apiece to pawn off for some money," said Pete with a sigh.

"Yeah," replied Jerry, "and if we hadn't been on that boat, we'd not have encountered that pickpocket. Oh, well," hanging his hat on the hook over the back of his booth, "that isn't going to do us any good now, so let's eat, and then look up the police commissioner, if there is such a thing here."

"Uh-huh," returned his companion, "but I sure hope he speaks better English than that head cook out there. Oh, boy, here comes the grub!" and without more ado, the two dug in.

They were hurrying in an attempt to find the commissioner, or anyone who would enable them to find

Jim Tracy, so it wasn't until they were out of the crowded part of the city, that Jerry realized he didn't have his own hat.

"What the dickens!" he said aloud.

"Now what?" asked Pete anxiously, then "Oh, never mind your hat now."

"But, Pete, this isn't my hat. Now where do you suppose I got it mixed with this?"

"Probably when you hung yours up over that booth. I remember now, that there was another hat hanging there."

"Yes, it must have been, but I must say, I certainly got the best of the bargain. H'm, there's a paper stuck inside to make the band smaller," He idly unfolded the paper which proved to be a letter.

"Pete!" yelled Jerry suddenly, "do you see what I see?"

Startled, Pete peered at the letter which had his own address at the upper right-hand corner, under which was the date May 25. The letter began by "Jim, old timer," and ended by "See you soon, Peter."

"Then—" began Pete.

"That man, who was sitting almost back-to-back with me, was Jim Tracy," finished Jerry. "Of all the ironical tricks that fate ever played on me, this is the worst. To think that if we had only talked more about your father, he probably would have heard, and our troubles would be over."

"Jerry, the twenty-fifth of May! Why, that's the very letter we're looking for!"

"That's right!" cried Jerry excitedly, and then a frown appeared on his forehead. "But, Pete, this can't be used as evidence. We'd have to have the envelope with the date and place stamped on to prove anything in court!"

"This is not any good?" said Pete. "But, Jerry, nobody saves their envelopes, and besides, we've already let Tracy slip through our fingers."

"Yeah," returned Jerry, "but we're going back to



"But, Pete, this isn't my hat. Now where do you suppose I got it mixed with this?"

that restaurant right now!" And on the last word, Jerry turned and ran as he had never run before, back the way they had come, with Pete in his wake, hoping against hope that Tracy might still be there.

But fate held the aces, and they arrived just in time to see Tracy step into a cab and start off.

Leaping into another one and dragging Pete after him, Jerry shouted, "If you catch that cab, there's fifteen dollars in it." And for once fate played with them, for the driver understood English and speeded after Tracy's car.

There began a race that would determine a father's reputation, and his son's future, and Jerry and Pete knew it. Around corners, honking the horn continuously to get Tracy's attention, while he sat there tantalizingly calm, held up by a red light; separated by cars dodging in from side streets, and the driver, frantic by the agonizing slips that the other cab unconsciously gave them. And so it went until they were out of the city.

Here, surely, they would be able to overtake the other. Ah, there it was, just three cars ahead. The driver swung out of line, passed two cars, and ran alongside of the next one.

"Jerry, that isn't the right one!" cried Pete. But the driver, suddenly seeing the original down a side street, didn't have to wait for orders, but swung at the wheel. They were going at top speed, when the other cab, apparently realizing that something was wrong, pulled to the side of the road, and Tracy got out.

He was a tall man, a little over six feet, his hair, so unusual for a man of his age, was just grey around the temple and above the ears. He dressed well, and his eyes never stayed still, always darting here and there, so characteristic of a man of nervous temperament. Now, he was too astonished to speak, seeing the son of his dearest friend springing toward him, apparently out of nowhere, and shouting without any explanations.

"Uncle Jim, have you got the envelope that—?"

But here Tracy came out of his trance and cried out: "Whoa, boy, catch your breath, and do tell me where you two came from, and why."

Stepping forth, Jerry said gravely, "Suppose we get into this cab, and start back to your apartment."

Startled by the serious countenances of the two, Tracy immediately paid off his cab, and Jerry told him their story, or rather Pete's father's story, which Tracy heard with amazement, and deeply concerned feelings. As it happened, Tracy had never noticed the change in hats, and smiled wryly as they swapped back.

"What about the envelope, Uncle Jim, do you think you still have it?" persisted Pete anxiously.

"I was just trying to remember what I did with it, when I put the letter in my hat. I don't ordinarily throw them away, though."

For the first time, Jerry really dared to hope, and then the cab stopped at an imposing-looking apartment

(Continued on page 36)

The Spirit of Christmas

By Isabel Cumming

After paying the third repair bill for boats damaged by Isabel and her sailboat, her dad decided it was cheaper and safer to employ a captain to help manage the boat. While drifting in a calm he told this story.

SAM BUNKER, after seeing his five thousandth sheep jump a fence, pushed his covers back impatiently and crept toward the window.

The night was cold and crisp. The stars shone clear cut in the sky. Only two nights 'til Christmas!

Thirty years ago that very night, Sam had been in the same situation that he was now in. Christmas was only two days away and he had no money. But thirty years ago, when Sam was a golden haired lad of six, his mother had taken him on her knee, and comforted him, telling him of all the things they had which others had not. His father worked from sunrise to sunset providing for his small family. Their clothes were patched, but they always had enough to eat. They owned their home, and they had each other. What more could any one want? Of course at Christmas they could not have the gifts, the luxuries that some people did, but they did not mind. A few days before Christmas, dad had told Sam and Mary that if there were to be presents for Christmas, he would have to borrow money. Instantly the children had agreed to do without, and when other children of the island village talked of the gifts they were going to get, they explained in a very grown up manner that as the fishing was so poor, they were giving up the gifts and were going to celebrate Christmas without them. When that day came and they found two pairs of hand-knitted mittens and two apples under their small tree, their happiness was almost as complete as if they had received numerous elaborate toys.

But today, Sam was a father. Like his father, he worked from morn 'til night earning scarcely enough to feed and clothe his family. They were happy, just as happy as he had been when he was a boy, except at Christmas. As his mother had done thirty years ago, Sam explained to his small Arthur and Betty about borrowing money. They agreed, as he and his sister had thirty years ago, that independence was more to be desired than gifts. And then all was well. But two days before Christmas, the mission boat stopped at the island bringing baskets of toys for all the poor children. When Sam had come home, tired from a hard and discouraging day of trawling, the children had run to meet him, all excited over the basket which they were saving until Christmas. They could not understand why accepting such a basket was like borrowing money. They had cried bitterly, and his wife had called him proud and selfish. Nevertheless, the basket had been returned. The thought that it would bring happiness to children worse off than themselves

did not ease the disappointment of his children. They were sullen all evening and went to bed still cross. Sam had been unable to sleep for fear that his family might be in the right. Was it selfish not to accept charity? Was family independence less desirable than gifts? All night long Sam debated the question, but morning came and he had arrived at no conclusion. Somehow his scant earnings this winter weren't making ends meet. He now owed a considerable coal bill, which he felt it his duty to pay at the earliest opportunity. His father had never gone into debt, and—well he certainly tried not to. The amount he usually received from fishing paid for his gas and a little over, about a dollar and a quarter was their sole income. But they had found that money didn't bring happiness, and had lived on love and a dollar and a quarter a day.

Sam had resolved not to go fishing but to spend Christmas, the day before, and the day after, with his family. But the day before, things weren't as he had planned. The children were tearful and sullen. His wife, taking the side of the children, avoided him. Still debating the question, he left the house and unconsciously took the road to the shore. The sight of his boat tossing at her mooring aroused an entirely new desire in him—a wish for money. As there was only one way to make money—fish—he *would* fish—on Christmas and on every other day. His determination grew as the boat chugged steadily on. Towards the middle of the afternoon, he pulled up his last trawl, and with a scant load of fish started toward the mainland. Discouraged and ready to admit defeat, he plugged home—his head bowed in despair. Suddenly he heard a faint whistle in the distance. The whistle of a boat in distress. Veering around in the direction of the sound, he soon saw a fairly large boat tossing at anchor close to a small and deserted island. A man in it was excitedly waving to him. He waved back. The man pointed down into the water. There was nothing strange about it so far as Sam could see. Not a little perplexed, he drew closer to the other boat. The water suddenly became black with fish—small fish—herring. The man's dilemma became obvious. Herring, even in the depression were valuable, and scarce. Coming alongside of the boat he saw that the man was equipped with nets, ropes, everything necessary except the extremely important assistance of another man. Sam leaped into the boat, and without a word, the men set to work. When the first boat was filled to its utmost capacity, Sam's boat was loaded. When both boats were filled, they were carried to a sardine factory, emptied, and returned for another load.

The sun had set when the two boats finally turned toward the mainland for the last time. The factory was reached in blissful silence, and the boats unloaded. As he watched the men weigh his fish, Sam was suddenly struck with the new idea that here was money. Here was his coal bill paid and toys for his children.

He had saved his family pride and had not deprived his children of a "Merry Christmas."

Quickly, the things his family sorely needed raced through his mind. There was still time to get them. No sooner had the last barrellful of fish been weighed and paid for, than Sam started up the road. Forgetful of the fact that he had toiled all day without ceasing, that he had had neither dinner nor supper, that he was desperately tired, he raced up the road to the town.

The children had gone to bed when he finally arrived at the island. His wife, frightened at his long absence, was waiting at the dock. Together, they carried the bulging parcels up the road to their home, both rejoicing that, although they had not sacrificed their independence, theirs would be indeed a merry Christmas.

The Cap'n

ANYONE who is at all acquainted with a certain little village near the seacoast certainly is acquainted with Captain Billy. As long as I can remember "The Cap'n", so called by those familiar to him, has sat in the same chair, propped against the same building, at the same time every day. As he sits there, puffing on the old black, briar pipe, he opens his knife, and then the chips begin to fly. We, the children of the village, know that this is the time to beg for one of his "yarns" which are told as only the Cap'n can tell them. He just makes his listener live those tales.

The Cap'n is a jovial, old fellow with white hair, twinkling blue eyes with myriads of tiny lines cascading from the corners of his eyes to his ruddy cheeks and to his temples. He is a lover of peace, and hates a hypocrite or liar. He knows everybody's business and gives them free advice concerning it, but his own he leaves for his wife to manage. He could sit all day and bask in the sunshine, relating tales of the far off seas and lands. He is absolutely proud of his little group of listeners and puts everything he has into his songs and stories for them. It makes no difference if he has told the same story many times before, you still listen enrapt, because the Cap'n's stories are never told alike. Either he adds something to them or takes something away. He is a friend to all, and all are friends to him.

One amusing thing about the Cap'n is his age. He is extremely sensitive about it, and it is the only thing that he gets (mildly) peeved about. He feels young and wants people to think of him as being as "chipper" as a young "whippersnapper." Anyone makes a mistake in calling the Cap'n an old man (at least within his hearing). He is extremely proud of his record on the seas, and, most of all, his record in attending every town meeting for over sixty years. But strange as it may be, no one knows how old he is, not even his wife. It is his secret that he'll never tell.

I think a kinder hearted person has never walked the face of this earth than the Cap'n. Everyone from the lowest to the highest, from the youngest to the oldest is welcome to his advice, philosophy, and fortune. He would give away his last penny to someone whom he thought needed it more than he. Yet the Cap'n was never destitute. He is sympathetic with the sorrowful. He comforts the tearful and gives them a word of kindness. He is, above all, loyal, faithful, trustworthy to God, his country, and fellowmen.

There are very, very few men such as the Cap'n is, but would to God there were more! It is such men that make life worth while living!

The Lucky Goose

By George Bell

Inspired by the picture of a goose from a Latin Book, and a sweet glance from a blond, George combined the two in this story. He dedicates this "opus" to the freshmen with the hope they'll understand it.

AN OLD man lived with his only son in a small house at the edge of an English town. They were very poor, and all they had in the world was a huge goose.

"My son," said the old man one day, "we have fallen in debt so much that, today, the landlord is coming to take away our home, and put us in jail. You must run away and take the goose with you."

"I can not leave you, father," cried the boy.

"You must," replied the father, "now heed what I have to say." And he told the boy many words of wisdom.

Fritz, the boy, took the goose under his arm and set out to seek his fortune. He climbed up the steep mountain road and just as he reached the top, much to his astonishment, he spied a fat bull-frog in the hot, dusty road.

Now Fritz had a kind heart and felt sorry for the poor thing. He was wondering how the frog came to be there, when he remembered he had seen a man carrying a basketful of frogs to market, and as likely as not, he had dropped this one. Fritz picked up the frog and carried it to the nearest brook. The frog swam away and Fritz went on, little knowing the frog was an enchanted fairy.

That night he stopped beside a spring, hitched his goose to a tree, drew his belt about his empty stomach, and, after drinking from the spring, fell asleep.

When Fritz awoke it was morning. He was very hungry, but as he had no food he set out with the goose, breakfastless. Fritz had not gone far when he saw an old woman milking a cow. She called out to him, "Boy! boy! hold my cow's tail so she won't swish it in my face when she drives away the flies, and I will make it worth your while."

So Fritz held the cow's tail while the good dame milked. When she had finished he went into her cottage. Fritz was given bread, milk, and cheese for helping with the milking. As he was about to leave the good dame gave him a lunch and bade him God speed.

The clouds floated about like dumplings in a blue soup, as Fritz thought, and the very warmth of the sun made the earth seem alive with laughter and happiness; so Fritz whistled a gay tune as he walked along.

A tall man carrying a violin overtook him about noon. He was a kindly looking man and smiled as he said, "Well, my young blade, how goes the battle?"

"Well enough sir, many thanks."

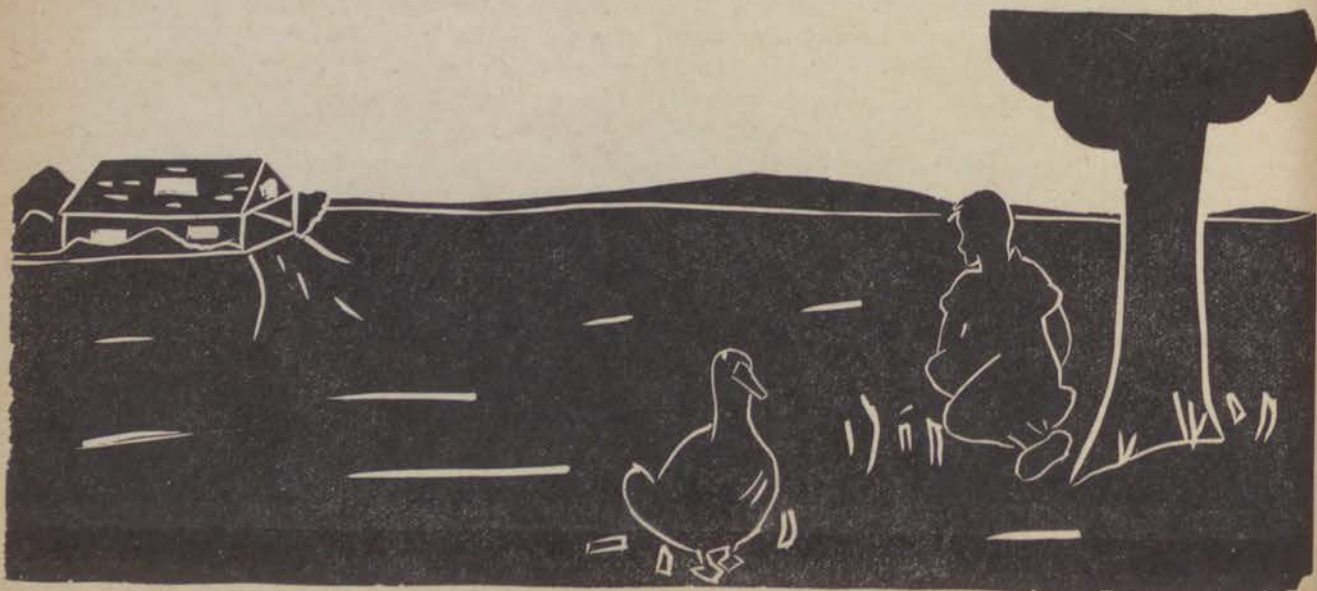
"Where are you going?"

"To the nearest brook and eat my dinner."

"You are lucky to have something to eat."

Just then they reached a brook and Fritz said, "Eat part of my lunch, I have enough for both of us."

So they ate bread and cheese while the goose swam



"The clouds floated about like dumplings in a blue soup."

about getting his dinner from the brook.

"A fine goose you have there," observed the fiddler.

"Yes, he is. He is all I have in the world."

"Why don't you take your goose to the fair and maybe he will win a prize?"

"That is a good idea; I guess I will."

That night they stopped at an inn and the fiddler played for his supper and bed, and asked Fritz to share it with him, which he did.

The next morning Fritz went to the fair and showed his goose at the poultry show where he was much pleased to win the first prize—a small bag of silver.

Fritz left his goose in the care of the poultry keeper and went about the fair looking at the sights. When noontime came, he began to get hungry, so he went to a large tent where they sold food, ordered his dinner and a glass of beer, and then started to look at the pretty pictures painted on the walls of the tent. Fritz was standing back to the counter and was rather startled when the food-seller called out, "Here, boy, pay before you eat!" The food-seller was paid and just as Fritz sat down to eat he had a new idea.

On the following day Fritz had a tent of his own—and a sign in front which read:—

COME AND SEE "THE STARVING GOOSE"

WHOSE

TAIL IS WHERE HIS HEAD OUGHT TO BE

COST IS ONE PENNY

The first one that came was the fiddler, who remarked, "I don't see anything wrong with your goose!"

"Well, sir, you notice he is tied so he can not turn around, and under his tail is a pan of corn. Should not his tail be around the other way so he could eat his corn?"

"Oh! I see!" laughed the fiddler.

That day many people came to see the goose. Some were angry at first when they saw they had been tricked, but when Fritz explained, they laughed and said it was well worth the penny.

All the next month he went from place to place, with the fair, making much money. Fritz was planning to return home when ill fortune fell upon him.

Bobo, a wicked gypsy, was at the fair, and when he saw the fine goose he made up his mind to steal it. One night while Fritz was asleep, Bobo stole into the tent and seized the goose. The goose made so much noise that he woke Fritz up, and just as the gypsy started to run away, Fritz hit him on the head with a tent pin. Bobo fell to the ground bleeding profusely, and, when the police came, he told them Fritz had killed his brother the same way, and was now after his life.

The police took Fritz to the Lord Mayor's house where he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the morrow. They asked Fritz if there were anything he wanted. Fritz told them he wanted his goose (he really was very fond of it). The goose was brought to him and the jailor went away and left them. Fritz was thinking of what had passed in his

life, when some person in another part of the cell drew his attention.

He called out. A soft voice answered.

"Who are you?" asked Fritz, walking towards the voice.

"I am Gretchen," replied a girl about Fritz's age.

"What are you doing here?"

"My father owed a man some money when he died and I was put in prison to appease the anger of the rich man!"

"That is too bad!" cried the goose.

Gretchen screamed and Fritz was very much afraid.

"Did you speak?" he finally managed to ask the goose.

"Yes," said the goose, "but listen to what I have to say. You are both in great danger. I am not really a goose, but an enchanted fairy prince. Little did you know, Fritz, that day you picked me up, thinking that I was a frog, that you saved your own life as well as mine; for I knew what was going to happen to you and changed my spirit into that of a goose and here I am."

"But how shall we escape?" asked Gretchen.

Stand on the edge of the window and eat this little pill. When we all have swallowed one we can make our ways between the bars.

They did this, and a few moments later they were outside the bars. They found themselves reduced in size to the height of one inch. The goose, however, ate another pill and became his own size again.

"Climb on my back and we will fly away," said the goose, and they did.

Just at the break of day they came to the edge of the village where Fritz used to live. Here he and Gretchen ate another pill and they too became their normal size.

"Now", said the goose, "I must be on my way. I am going to leave you a goose' skin full of feathers. As soon as I am gone, wet the skin in a brook and shake it." With a flash of lightning, and a puff of smoke he was gone. Fritz and Gretchen did as the goose had told them and the feathers changed into a bag of gold.

Fritz went home, paid off the debt, eventually married Gretchen, and settled down as a gentleman farmer. His father, his wife, his children, and he himself lived happily for the rest of their natural lives.

Christmas Gift

By James Watson

"Jimmy" Watson, an actor and business manager, proves he is also a writer. How he manages to squeeze all his studying, acting, ad-gathering, and ukelele playing, into a mere twenty-four hours a day is a mystery as yet unsolved.

IT WAS Christmas Eve. The lightly falling snow, the happy hum of the throng of late Christmas shoppers, the tireless ringing of the Salvation Army bells, the brightly lighted shop windows gayly decorated with wreaths and holly, glistening cellophane-wrapped packages, and intriguingly displayed

Christmas gifts—all of these helped to make Tom Nielson at peace with the world.

Tom walked briskly down the street, sidestepping here and there to let people by, and looking in all directions at the jolly, holiday sights. Gradually he became aware that a man was keeping pace with him.

He was a shabbily dressed man with his pulled-out-of-shape felt hat slouched well down over his eyes and huddling within his overcoat as a turtle withdraws into his shell.

Then, "Brother, could you spare me a dime?"

Tom turned. Then the man, as if to impress further his need for the money, went on, "There are three kiddies beside my wife and—"

"Well, hello Smithers."

"You?"

"Yes, James, me. Three years can be a long time, but you don't seem to have changed too much. I see you've lost *my* job. Do you still think I stole the money?"

"Don't be gloating, for the Lord's sake! I admit it was rather a raw deal."

"Yes, James, rather." Tom was ironic.

"Well, I guess I've got to be going," said Smithers hurriedly. He was plainly flustered.

"Don't hurry James. Didn't you mention a wife and kiddies?"

"Yes, but forget it for my sake!"

Tom, yanking the man's arm toward him, vehemently planted a bill in the man's palm. "You always were a rather selfish man weren't you, Smithers?" said Tom and strode off.

* * * * *

Tom shuffled up to a door leading to a dimly lighted office. This was home ground. He slouched up to the man behind the desk and asked, "Can you trust me for a night's lodging?"

"Nielson? Why I just found you a job not five hours ago! Didn't it pan out?"

"Yes, I got five dollars."

"Five dollars! Well, what did you do with five dollars in a few hours?"

"I gave it to a poor man."

"What? You gave your money to a poor man? That's absurd. Why, I'd be a sucker to believe that, —but—somehow I do."

Fishing for Wildcats

STANHOPE O'LEARY, called Cap'n Stan, lived on a small island off the coast of Maine with his two fishing boats and a few hens. The shack he occupied as a home was a three room affair. One bedroom up stairs; one room directly beneath that which served as kitchen, dining room and parlor. The third room was a small workshop and hence attached to the rear of the building. The front of the house was, as it seemed, over burdened with woodbine. The north side was completely covered with green

moss. The Captain himself was in the same dilapidated condition as the house. He was a short, chubby, bow-legged man with short arms and knotted fingers. He wore a white sea-man's cap which looked as if it had been worn for two generations before him, a blue work shirt, and a pair of black pants with a patched patch on one knee and a blue patch on the other made from his shirt.

The Captain was surprisingly clever at whittling despite the fact that his hands were deformed. He could whittle anything from a horse to a whistle, one of which he kept with him to call his trained hens. The evening preceding the present day the Captain's island was visited by an unwelcome wild-cat which entered and stole Lucy, one of the Captain's pet hens. Cap'n Stanhope postponed his morning fishing trip to scheme a device to catch the intruder. Mr. O'Leary sat on his front door step whittling a frame to stretch a white paper over. This frame was in the form of a hen. On its inside he put a large hook. A rope was tied to the man-made hen, and it ran through the door of the henhouse to the upper front window of the house and tied to the wrist of Cap'n Stanhope as he slept at night.

Silently the bob-cat crawled through the small window of the hen house. The white hen, made by the Cap'n, was such a contrast to the black hens the wild-cat sprang for it, his strong jaws smashed the frame work and sent the big hook through his jaw. The snarl of pain from the animal awoke the Captain and he began pulling in his prey. The animal feeling the pull of the rope ran to the front of the house and climbed the woodbine to the Captain's bed room.

The old Captain had him out smarted. He pulled his little whistle from beneath his pillow and blew one blast which was the one his hens had been trained to answer. When the hens saw the wild-cat they became animated and flew out the side window. During the time the cat's attention was on the fowl, Stanhope had tied the rope to his bed post. As the hens flew through the window the wild-cat took one dive for them and was held fast by the rope. He could neither crawl down nor crawl up the side of the house because, as luck would have it, it was the side with all the moss on it.

Even to this day if you look close enough you can see the buck shot which came from both barrels of the Captain's shot gun.

The Shadow on the Window

By Donald Stuart

After a perfect week of playing tennis, swimming, admiring Ginger Rogers, and eating hot dogs and ice cream sodas, "Don" Stuart felt just in the mood for story writing. Some mood, and some story!

HERBERT King had occupied the same pew directly beside the only stained glass window in the town church, for fifty years. Why, then, should he suddenly want to change it?

Christmas Poem

By Gerald Merrill

From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood,
The merle and the mavis are peeping,
Alike secure from the wind and the flood,
Yet a silent Christmas keeping.
Still happy are they,
And their looks are gay,
And they frisk it from bough to bough;
Since berries bright red
Hang over their head,
A right goodly feast, I trow.

There, under the boughs, in their wintry dress,
Haps many a tender greeting;
Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress
Hath told the delight of meeting.
Though winter hath come
To his woodland home,
There is mirth with old Christmas cheer,
For 'neath the light snow
Is the fruit-fraught bough,
And each to his love is near.

By The Fireside

By Ann Tyler

I gaze at the dying fire
With all its embers aglow,
While its beauties of color inspire
Deep thoughts which seem to grow.

The firelight begins to grow pale,
As small flames of blue and gold
Are weaving a fantastic tale,
That never before has been told.

These flames cast shadows around,
Which glimmer and dance on the ceiling,
And many weird notions are bound
To send all my thoughts areeling.

I now see a dull, red glow
Which the ashes are trying to hide,
But my thoughts still seem to flow,
As I dream by the fireside.

So Starts The Thunder

By Jane Bradshaw

Black clouds rush angrily over the sky
Under the awful pressure of the wind.
The whole atmosphere is incensed,
Suddenly all grows silent.

Then a red sheet of flame flashes across the heaven!
Mighty thunder! and now the echoes like the
Titanic

Wrath of a great man spread from hill to hill and
mountain to mountain.

So starts the thunder!

That was the problem that faced old sexton Perkins. He thought it strange that Bert had wanted to procure another pew only since Richard Marshall, so generally beloved, newly-appointed Deacon of the church, had disappeared. And Charles Perkins, staid old bachelor that he was, wanted to know why. Only *he* would dare question the reason of a man so pompous and respected a citizen as King, for wanting to change his pew; only *he* had been noticing King's shifty glances at the stained window, with the figure of Jesus on it, and wondering if these shifty glances could have any significance. Why did Bert keep glancing out the window when it had always been his religious habit to listen, almost painfully attentive, to every sermon? Was he afraid of something? Old Charles couldn't figure it out. Bert's family before him had been in that same pew.

So when King came to Charles the second time to request a removal from his pew, Charles, with the familiarity of small town breeds, asked Bert outright, "why?"

"As far as I can see, it's none of your business," said King, "But if you really want to know I don't like the shadow of that tree outside on the window! Now will you see to it that I get moved?" And with that he stalked away, in somewhat of a huff.

Old Charles was almost too much surprised to speak. Bert had been sincere when he spoke of the shadow—Charles was sure of that—but, why?

"Well," thought Charles, "I know what I'll do. I'll have the tree cut down. It's an old thing, anyway. Been there for nigh onto a hundred years, I reckon. I wonder if Bert'll want to move then?"

The Tuesday after Bert had spoken to Charles, some young men were cutting down the yet sturdy old oak. The tree was on part of the church property, and Sexton Charles was supervising the job.

When the helpers were done and preparing to go, Charles said, "You fellers had better pull the trunk out too. We don't want anything to mar the scenery around here."

"O. K., Charlie," replied one of the younger men. He took a rope from the dilapidated truck they had arrived in, and tied it around the tree trunk, knotting the other end to the rear of the vehicle. He got in and drove ahead a little way. Out came the trunk, with much flying of dirt and sod.

Charlie stood by watching. Then he stepped forward to peer into the jagged hole, and, as he did so, a horrible sight met his eyes. There, in the hole where the stump had been, lay the half decayed body of Deacon Richard Marshall. Charles's cry of surprise and horror brought the recent excavators running. Too horrified to speak they stared at the pitiful remains. Who? Why?

Only Charles had an inkling of the answer. "Listen, Boys, we all want to get the person who did this, don't

we? Well, if we go to Herbert King's, he may be able to help us!"

Of one accord they got into the truck and drove to Herbert's old colonial house. They marched up to the door and Charles lifted the tarnished brass knocker.

"We'd like to see Mr. King," Charles said, his voice trembling (for he had loved Richard Marshall, as everyone had).

"Yes, suh. Won't you come in, suh?"

"No, thanks."

"Yas, suh. Just a minute, suh."

Half a minute brought King to the doorway. "Well?"

"Well," said Charles, "We cut down the old oak tree today, Herbert, and—"

He got no further.

The crumpled body of King lay before him. He had fainted.

"Grab him, boys! He's the man we want!"

"He? Why, he can't be! He's going to be the new Deacon of the church. Everyone knows him."

"He—"

"Nevertheless, he did it," said Charles. "Wait 'till he comes to."

They took him to the village store, and, twenty minutes later, a group of country men heard the oddest confession in many a day.

"Yes, I killed him," King said. "He took the Deaconship my family has always had. I asked him to give it up, but he refused. That may seem like a trivial thing to you, but to me it was deadly serious. Members of my family had been Deacons of the church for centuries. So I killed him, and hid his body under the oak tree in the church yard. I thought no one would ever look for him there."

Each Sunday after that when I went to church the shadow of that tree fell on the window, and bothered me. It covered the face on the figure of Jesus, and I started thinking *He* was angry with me, and that His face was clouding. It kept praying on my mind constantly. Every Sunday it seemed more obvious, and harder to sit there. Yet I couldn't seem to keep my eyes from wandering to it. It nearly drove me mad. I didn't dare stay away, for people would talk. Lately I could hardly sit there. I kept seeing Jesus' dark and shadowed face—I never thought Charlie would have that tree cut down—."

Only old Charles remembered that the tree, with its shadow, had been there for nearly a hundred years, but it took a troubled conscience to discover that it shadowed the face of Christ.

Waves—Wind

By Ernest F. Andrews, Jr.

As far as we know, this is the first time an article of the editor of the Oracle has ever appeared in print. Probably Ernest got the inspiration sitting on the beach at rrento, while gazing at the sea.

AS THE knockabout cast off from the slip, the buoy in the bay was tapping—ding, and, after a pause, dong. Lazily the waves slapped the boat's bow and swirled along its smooth sides to recede in eddies out astern. The wind filled the sail in a billowing fashion, hardly strong enough to make the boom creak against the mast.

At the first gust the trim, white sloop keeled over so that the salt waves washed a rope from the deck. Soon white-caps filled the bay. Soon jostling billows rolled and shook the Mud Puppy with their short, quick jolts. Seagulls, like the clouds, hurried before the wind. The bell sent out sounds like mighty hammer blows on an anvil. The water turned from blue to green; the sky became clouded; and rain slashed down at the sea from the angry heavens above.

As suddenly, and much more peaceably, the sea changed color once more: it completed its cycle of blue to green and back to blue. The breeze still bowed the sail and hissed through the rigging with a quieting sort of whistle. Rays of the sun, reflecting from the sides of the bouncing waves, were dazzling. Flying along, sending jets of spray to each side of her bow, the "Mud Puppy" sailed into the sunlight. She was beautiful then with sunbeams glancing off her shining paint and her clean, white sail. She was herself dancing like a wave. As she drew up to the pier the waves were swishing gaily against the pilings and far, far, off was heard the gentle tapping of the tongue of a bell.

Grandma

By Mamise Conners

At the surprise attack of Miss Mullen to write a theme, Mary's mind simply wouldn't function. Perceiving the word grammar on the blackboard, the sudden thought captured her to write on Grandma. Here is the result.

IT WAS a clear, cold winter morning with the ground covered with snow from a recent snow-storm. In a poverty stricken section of the city, a door of an antiquated brick house opened, and a little old lady emerged holding in her tightly clenched hand a small black purse. She was clad in a ragged coat with a faded red shawl tied around her head.

She was a spry old lady and set out for the business district at a brisk pace. Ten minutes later she disappeared through the door of a department store. She headed for the tobacco counter—asked for a 5c cigar.

"Sorry, madame, but I didn't understand you," said the clerk.

"I wish ta buy a good 5c ceegar," replied Grandma in a louder tone.

"Any paticular brand?" questioned the clerk.

"I want ta buy a good 5c ceegar," shouted Grandma bringing her fist down on the counter. "Gimme a 5c ceegar, any 5c ceegar, and gimme it dern quick."

The man meekly handed Grandma a cigar which she took, stuffed it in her pocket, and left.

Editorials

Ambition

Our Understudies

VOL. XLV NO. 2

THE ORACLE

DECEMBER 13, 1935

Ambition

By Sumner Bickford

AMBITION, according to Donohue's Standard Dictionary, is "the desire of preferment of power." Slowly, with determination and confidence, youth climbs up the ladder of education. This long ladder with mental development as its up-rights, has, for its rungs, the regular curricular subjects plus music, athletics, sociability, and other things which are essential in building a firm and admirable character. This is the ambition of Youth to climb the ladder of education, thus smoothing out the path for the years to come.

The beginning of the ascent is very easy. It is intensely interesting, for there is always something new coming before the minds; questions for which solutions are sought. All these attract and interest the climber, Youth. As he looks up at the leaders of his country, one can see an expression of awe on his face.

Higher and higher, Youth journeys, carrying with him knowledge, which he gains on the way. While on this upward climb, some manage to step over a rung; others continue with the same pace. There are others in this great crowd, who stumble on a rung and have to pause to obtain a firmer foot-hold.

As he gains altitude, Youth glances below him. Why? Because he wishes to see the improvement on himself. The elevation attained combined with thought of "great knowledge", causes many to become dizzy. They waver and fall off into space, landing in a working world. Few of these ever again attempt to complete their climb.

As the top is neared, the eagerness for learning begins to lag, the ambition lessens. The knots of athletics, of music, and sociability protrude from the ladder, and the hands of Youth clutch for these to obtain balance. Some of those outstretched hands fail to use these knots for balance—to them they are menaces. "Mental Development" ceases to be their chief ambition, it is cast aside for another time.

Lower and lower go the marks on the cards, where the course of progress is shown. Are not these climb-

ers "eleventh hour men"? Letting their work slide for less important matters, and being content with the thought that there will be time next week or even next month to look after those "makeups"? But sad to relate, "Father Time" waits for no one; his pace is swift. Rapidly, weeks rush by; only two remain. The "Eleventh hour men" try in vain, using the greatest amount of effort possible to do those last nine or twelve weeks of work in one.

When the climbers take their next step, they go as a unit. So, if one fails to take that step, he must spend another year in preparation, in order that the final rung may be a secure one on which to base his further activity.

Strive, Students, until every effort is used. Keep the goal clearly before you; discouragement is apt to throw one off the ladder. Look up then, and grasp that final rung; the rung which leads Youth, clad in knowledge and character, to the world where his ambition can be changed from dreams to reality.

Our Understudies

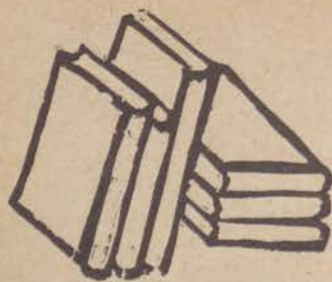
The Oracle wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate the faculties and students of the Mary Snow and Abraham Lincoln Schools for their effort and interest in the publishing of a school newspaper. The three editions of the "Palm Breeze" edited by the pupils of Abraham Lincoln School, last year, met with such enthusiastic approval that the maintenance of the publication for this year was assured. The spirit in which these endeavours are being carried on is illustrated in a statement from Mr. C. E. Page, Jr., Principal of the Abraham Lincoln School.

"The interest shown and the literary value received by the students who compose the newspaper, and the students who read it, proves that it is well worth the undertaking."

The Mary Snow School prints "Snow Flurries" under a similar plan.

Publishing newspapers in elementary schools displays decidedly that journalistic ambition is fast be-

(Continued on page 36)



What Others are Reading

Time Out Of Mind

A Summary

A STORY of the Maine coast and Maine people. A story of the decline of the old time schooners, and the rise of the steam freighter, causing the ruin of the Fortune family in Little Prospect.

It all came about by the accident at the launching of the schooner, "Rainbow." An accident at a launching always brings bad luck, and the "Rainbow" certainly had her share. The story hinges about a son's desire for a musical education, and his father's determination that he should follow the sea.

Major Fortune, the owner of the "Rainbow," had two children, Risa whom he adored, and Nat who was a constant source of disappointment to him. Instead of following the footsteps of his ancestors and sailing his ship from pole to pole, Nat preferred music and spent long hours playing the piano and dreaming of the days when he would conduct his own orchestra. Kate Fernald, the housekeeper's daughter, is the third member of the trio, and on equal footing with the other two, shares their triumphs and trials. Nat's dreams of a musical career are rudely shattered when his father sends him on the maiden voyage of the "Rainbow."

From then on, it is a continual struggle for Nat to continue his music. Finally, when Risa becomes of age, she sells a valuable tract of timberland, a birthday gift from her father. With the proceeds she and Nat live in Paris where he revels in his music.

Although she loves Nat, Kate realizes the difference in their status, and becomes engaged to a native boy. Nat returns to New York, where he writes a Ship Symphony—the story of the "Rainbow." Kate had previously promised to attend his first concert. She keeps this promise, even though it meant the breaking of her engagement. The concert is a great success; Nat's future is assured; but Kate realizes more and more the social chasm between her and the Fortunes.

Nat becomes engaged to Dora Drake, a wealthy heiress. They are married and become summer honeymooners abroad, but somehow Nat seems to lose all his music. The next summer they return to Little Prospect, where Nat, in the old homestead, regains some of his talent. But trying to combine long hours at the piano with Dora's succession of social engage-

ments wears him down. He accomplishes nothing that summer. The winter in New York is even worse. Nat's talent slips steadily from him.

The next summer Nat comes back to Little Prospect, tired and sick. He lives alone with Kate and grows to love her. Still, his music doesn't come back. Risa returns and tries to help him, but to no avail. Then comes the storm, and in the midst of the thunder and lightning something moves Nat strangely. He leaves the house and nature performed what the love of both Kate and Risa could not do. It gave him back his music. Under a tree in the midst of the storm, the old power returned. But the lightning struck too near. A tree fell. Nat's newly-recovered talent, would never have a chance to express itself.

Giants in the Earth

"Giants In the Earth" is written by O. C. Rolvaag, a Norwegian, who has risen from comparative poverty, on his arrival in America, to the position of Professor of Norwegian literature at St. Olaf College, Minnesota. His view point is strictly American since he has lived here practically all his life. Yet, he writes in Norwegian. His book has been translated by the author, with the help of Lincoln Colcord, a quite well known Maine writer.

It is a story of the settling of the west by the Norwegians. Per Hansa is a typical Norwegian who cannot speak a word of English, but who is eager to earn money and build a good home for his large family. His life is centered on his land, his home, and his wife who is terrified by the "wild and wooly west."

Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams

By Dorothea Bobbe

In my mind, there are biographies and *biographies*. Some are as dull as a rainy afternoon, but others are far more interesting than the most exciting mystery story that you have ever read. "Mr and Mrs. John Quincy Adams is one of the latter. We all learned in school that John Quincy Adams was an old man, a good man, a mighty man, and a man who could not smile. We grant that he was all these, but, when he was young, he was gallant, a lover of plays and operas,

(Continued on page 32)

NEWS

OF THE MONTH

A Review of Activities

Debate Club

A SUCCESSFUL candy sale which broke all previous records of the Club and school; a smash-hit dance, bridge, and vaudeville which netted \$110, and gave everybody a good time; a two day, four-show presentation of the James Hendrickson—Claire Bruce Shakespeare players—these are the Debate Club feature activities since last the *Oracle* went to press.

Right now, debating itself is assuming seriousness, with Andrews and Alpert, Stewart as alternate, turning in their usual good record at the Bowdoin League debates last week-end, and a big practice tournament scheduled for shortly after the Christmas recess.

Names make the news, so let credit be given here-with to those leaders of the aforementioned events. At the candy sale, during Teachers' Convention (October 24 and 25), Sarah Stinchfield was at the helm, with more than thirty debate club girls responsible for the complete success of the affair. \$79.50 is no mean profit to make from selling candy, and the Club in offering congratulations to the chairman of the committee and the Club manager, Carlene Merrill, also has clearly in mind the very real support given by all the friends of the organization. Without their help it would have been impossible to gather the candy required for so large an undertaking.

For the dance November 1 in City hall, eight committees of importance were named, all members doing their part for the ultimate success of the affair. Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke, assistant coach, handled the "Bring the Family" end of the new idea, heading the bridge department with Betty Betterly, originator of the idea, as chairman of the bridge-ticket committee itself. Betty Mack directed the dance-ticket girls, with other committee chairmen as follows: Box-office, Myer Alpert; Ushers, Phillip Goos; Vaudeville, Helma Ebbeson; Refreshments, Jeanette Leavitt; Ada Alpert, Favors and Prizes; Decorations, Horace Stewart. It was a too-noisey, but all-the-same happy, crowd. Next time, the debaters will try to give the parents a little less disturbance with an even better time, in an event planned exclusively for them.

The Shakespearean Players will be reviewed at more length in the next issue. Suffice to say that the four

plays were well attended, and that Carlene Merrill as manager, with Barbara Farnham and Robert Morris as assistants, arranged things so well that the plays were a real pleasure and benefit both to the students who are studying them and those of the general public who attended largely from an entertainment point of view.

The tournament debate topic will concern socialized medicine. Some ten or twelve schools outside of Bangor are expected to participate, with the local Club sending in four complete teams.

PHYLLIS SMITH, Sec.

Band

The Band is showing up more and more as a well organized unit.

They have played for the Teacher's Convention at the City Hall, a few assemblies, and at some of the football games.

The Band deserves a great deal of praise for the fine showing they made marching Armistice Day and the day of the Salem game.

Assemblies

Instead of the same old story in the same old way, the slogan for pep meetings this year has been: "Let's be different." Room 211 set the pace on the Friday before the Bapst Game.

Polly Jellison, the Rachmaninoff of 211 played two stirring marches, and so greatly were we stirred that we found it difficult to keep our seats. Charles Pierce briefly characterized the various members of the team. In conclusion Peggy Tyler and Isabel Cumming led the cheers with more enthusiasm than grace. It was a pep meeting that pepped!

Frank Loble, George Bell, Hazel Chalmers, and Marjorie Goode carried on, on Friday October 11, representing room 210. The climax of this occasion was George Bell's original whispering cheer. The pep generated in this meeting carried the team clear to Portland.

Bangor High School spirit soared to a new height before the Salem game. Judge Murray, the guest speaker, contrasted the present-day indifference on

the part of many, to the enthusiasm of the good old days, when students and teachers turned out in full force. Isabel Cumming spoke briefly, emphasizing the unusual importance of supporting this particular game.

Room 309 staged the next assembly events. Cheerleaders were Rita Van Dyke, Gwendolyn Hersey and Helen Christakos, with Jeanette Leavitt in charge. Coach Ulmer had the team go thru some of their plays in slow motion. Ernest Andrews advertised "Family Night" for the Debate Club.

Home Room 207, headed by Betty Smart led off before the Brewer game. The guest-speaker, Mr. Holden, president of the Kiwanis club, suggested that we were not so bad after all, but that we must all be there with the goods when we met our old foes from across the river. Mr. Prescott stated that the achievements of our High School course which we remember in after years are only those into which we have put our whole selves. "Dot" Kamen was the cheer leader.

The Friday before the Waterville game saw fifteen cheerleaders in costume, on the platform leading a series of cheers that shook the building. Mr. Haven Sawyer gave a humorous slant to the age-old topic of school spirit.

Thus have we been pepped! Result—larger attendance at the games and more audible enthusiasm.

Parent-Teacher Association

The Parent-Teacher Association of B. H. S. has held two meetings this fall of a somewhat unusual nature. The October meeting, held in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Allan Woodcock took the form of a get-together, whose only object was the promotion of good-fellowship. The president, Mrs. George Munce, led a discussion of the plans for the year.

The November meeting coming most fittingly in National Education week was in the nature of an open forum. A lively discussion of various knotty problems of youth of High School age were frankly and freely discussed. We could wish that we had been listening in!

Snapdragons

The Snapdragons are more than progressing under their new head, Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke. Actual debating did not begin until the second quarter, but there were three preliminary meetings during the first quarter. At the first meeting, the following officers were selected: President, Katherine Faulkingham; Vice President, Joyce Higgins; Secretary, Constance King.

The second meeting was a business meeting at which the money for the tickets of the Debate Club Dance was collected, and a telephone committee appointed. Joyce Higgins was selected chairman of the committee. The aim of Snapdragons for the year was also discussed during this meeting.

Cooperation with the Senior Debate Club in regard to the Shakespearean Festival was the topic of the third meeting.

The second quarter began with a definite schedule. They meet every other week, and the theory and technique of debating are being discussed along with actual debates between the members of the club.

Over fifty intelligent and enthusiastic girls have enrolled in this club, and no doubt they will be valuable additions to the Senior Debate Club next year. So here's luck to the Snapdragons and their new coach, Mrs. Meinecke, and may their successes be many.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

The main purpose of the council is to help girl's athletics. This fall it has been necessary to raise money. The girls ran booths at the football games, and served lunches for the teachers at the convention. This entailed a lot of work, but it was willingly carried out, and both ventures proved successful.

The hockey party was held November 27th in the gym. Members of the various hockey teams, and of the Honor Council attended. New members were taken in at this time.

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club this year shows promise of becoming bigger and better than ever. At the first meeting there was an election of officers, and the following came out victorious.

President.....	Peter Emery
Vice-President.....	Virginia Bemis
Secretary.....	Hazel Thomas
Treasurer.....	Frederick Johnston
Manager.....	Jeannette Leavitt

Miss Rideout discussed the three one-act plays to be given on December 14: The Teeth of the Gift Horse, a comedy; The Courtship of Miles Standish; and In the Light of the Star, a religious play.

The cast of these three plays, chosen at a later date, include: Frank Loble, Hazel Chalmers, Betty Betterley, Frederick Johnston, Annette Curran, Eleanor Winchell, Spensor Winsor, George Bell, Barbara Welch, James Watson, Earl Ruhlin, Renfew Yerxa, Julian Leighton, Beryl Whidden, Madeline Dennett, Charles Peirce, Ernest F. Andrews, Phillip Gardner, Peter Emery, Anne Perry.

With such a cast how can these plays be anything but sure fire hits?

Latin Club

Because of the new arrangement concerning the activities periods the Latin Club has met only once since early in the fall. It was recently announced, however, that the Latin Club would meet regularly on

the fourth Monday of each month. The last meeting was held Monday, November 25, in Room 307 and at this time those brilliant (?) sophomores who earned a "B" in Latin for the first quarter were officially taken into the club. These are the new members:

Beverly Holbrook
Milton Weinstein
Betty Barker
Frances Edwards
Frank Clelland
George Limberis
Laurence Downes
Florence Perry
Carleton Orr
Florence Hathaway

Mary Nelson
Louise Newman
Jane Bradshaw
Miriam Fellows
June Robinson
Herbert Heughan
Beatrice Norwood
Helen Mehann
Barbara Savage

The Latin Club does not undertake any money-making projects but its chief aims are to acquaint the Latin student with the old Roman culture in order that he may better understand and enjoy his class work.

So, as friend Caesar used to say, "Valete!"

T. N. T.'s

The T. N. T.'s are strongly pushing forward under their new and very capable coach, Mr. Arlin Cook.

During their first meeting the officers were elected as follows: Langdon Freese, President; Vincent Elliot, Vice-President; John Webster, Secretary.

The definite schedule of this club began in the second quarter. The meetings, at which actual debates are conducted, are held every other week.

Many cheers to the T. N. T.'s and may they bring me to B. H. S. in years to come.

Radio

"Bob" Ripley and Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra! What a combination! Every Sunday night at 7:30 over WEAf, we have a chance to hear Ripley's "Believe It or Not," the melodious strains of "Ozzie's" orchestra, and of course, the beautiful voice of Harriet Hilliard. Who could wish for more? Mr. Ripley not only tells us of happenings stranger than fiction, but, he also brings to the studio some of the queer people that he meets in his travels. For instance, on Sunday he presented a talented pianist who had one hand, and a tap-dancer with only one leg. There is also a short play each week illustrating one of Mr. Ripley's topics. The Sunday before Armistice Day, he presented a very interesting sketch about an American soldier in the World War. Besides all this enjoyment, Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra plays several current song hits of the week.

When some of you hear the word "amateurs", you shiver and think of a shrill soprano voice singing *Good-night Sweetheart* or something equally as terrible. If you are one of those poor unfortunates who have never heard a good (and not just good, but "swell") amateur hour lend an ear some Sunday night to Major Bowes'

amateurs over station WEAf at 8:00. There is everything from girls who play the harp to dogs that sing. Most of the people who take part in this program are really talented. Of course there are a few of the whispering tenor or grating soprano type even here, but we can forgive them. We mustn't forget the Major himself, and who could? His "a'right, a'right," warms the cockles of our hearts. For a good varied entertainment listen to Major Bowes!

Now we have a chance to hear a movie without paying a cent, and we can sit right at home by our own hearth. You're right! Its "Hollywood Hotel" every Friday night at 9:00 over WABC. Now you girls have a chance to hear Dick Powell sing every week accompanied by Paige's orchestra, and he not only sings but he also acts as master of ceremonies for the program. Each week there is also presented a preview of a new movie and the very stars who play the leads in these movies are present in the studio to bring us the previews. It's a grand program. Why not make it a point to listen to it next Friday?

Flash...flash! No, that's not a streak of lightning, it's the one and only Walter Winchell bringing us the latest news from California to Maine. Every Sunday night at 9:30 over WJZ, Walter Winchell tells us everything that is happening in every city in every state in the union. And, it is not a secret that twice dear, old Bangor has had some news on Winchell's program.

If you like plays, "Grand Hotel" is just the program for you. This program is broadcasted Sunday nights at 6:30 over WJZ. Each week the scene is laid in a different city, sometimes in "Grand Hotel," New York, and sometimes in "Grand Hotel," Chicago. To find out the wierd, sad, or humorous situations that can befall one in a large hotel, listen to "Grand Hotel," and I'm sure you won't regret it.

One of the oldest and most popular programs on the air is the Sinclair minstrels. You all have been to minstrel shows and probably have paid good money for them too, but this is better than any minstrel show that you have ever heard. There is the middle man, Jean Arnold, and all the others, cracking jokes, singing songs, and even tap dancing. The program comes to us every Monday night at 9:00 over WJZ, and it's what I'd call a "pip."

Jack Benny and Mary Livingston that joke-cracking pair from radioland. When I say joke-cracking, I mean just that. If you like to laugh, or giggle, or roar, listen to Jack Benny over WJZ at 7:00 every Sunday night. Jack and Mary would make any radio program perfect, but this program is more than perfect, for it brings us Johnny Green and his orchestra and also that tenor, Michael Bartlett. If you don't think that this program is swell, just listen to this! For the last two years, Jack Benny's program has won the award for being the best on the air!

From WJZ at 9:00 Tuesday night, comes one of the

best programs on the air—true stories from Sing Sing Prison. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing tells us some of the stories from the lives of some of the criminals. The Warden is a very human, kind man, and instead of treating the criminals brutally, he encourages them to tell him their stories, and, in this way, there is brought to light many pitiful and sad tales of men who, perhaps from the wrong kind of atmosphere in the home or for other reasons, have turned to criminal existences.

In our radio programs, we mustn't forget those happy-go-lucky negroes, Amos 'n Andy. These lovable characters are brought to us by WEAf every night at 7:00. The hopeless incidents in their lives bring us many a laugh. Although they are just lazy, harmless fellows, they seem to get into more trouble in one day than anybody else would in two or three weeks. This program, by the way, has had the longest commercial run in the history of radio.

Girls' Athletics

In the first game of the season, the hockey clash between the Juniors and Seniors ended in a scoreless tie at Little City Park. It was a close game, each team fighting hard to get a goal and at the same time to keep the opposing team from getting one.

The lineups were:

Seniors		Juniors	
P. Tyler, B. Barker	lw	P. Smith, E. Rand	
		F. St. Germain	
R. Kent	li	D. Hamilton	
		M. Flannagan	
		J. Webster (Capt.)	
M. Connors, M. Striar	cf	B. Freese, L. Giles	
		E. Knowles	
H. Chalmers, B. Witte	ri	V. Moulton, A. Tyler	
		A. Alpert, V. Small	
K. Rideout, D. Bullard	rw	E. Hathorne, M. Burke	
		J. Pierce, F. Eastman	
B. Smart	lhb	P. Jordan, B. Reid	
H. Thomas (Capt.)		N. Drew	
		B. Mack	
E. McIntosh	chb	L. Betterly, B. Mack	
B. Ayer	rhb	E. Turner, F. Korbut	
D. Kamen, W. Fraser	lfb	J. Merrill	
		B. Faulkingham	
B. Welch	rfb	E. Graves, B. Grosby	
A. Curran	g	R. McIntosh	

On October 29, the Seniors and Sophomores battled it out to a 1-0 score. Incidentally the seniors were on the wrong end of the score. It was a hard fast game, both teams quite evenly matched. At the end of the first half, the score was tied 0-0, but the second half had just begun when Adelle Sawyer made the goal to win the game for the sophomores. Those playing for the sophs: B. Savage, S. Striar, lw. M. Moulton, (Capt.), F. Zoidis, li.; B. Gleason, B. Libby, A. Sawyer, cf.; G. Matchett, Z. Nealey ri.; A. Sawyer

r. w.; W. Cole, lhb.; M. Rogers, chb.; V. Hastings, rhb.; M. Tsoulas, D. McClure, lfb.; M. Carlisle, L. Kopelow, rfb.; Newman, R. Curran, g. The senior lineup was the same as in the other game.

The Juniors and Sophomores played their game on Oct. 31. This time the Juniors came out on top with the score of 1-0. The goal was made by the Junior captain, June Webster.

In the second game between the juniors and seniors, the seniors won by a score of 2-1. This was a very close game all the way through. Rachel Kent made the first senior score in the first half. Early in the second half Hazel Chalmers brought the score up to 2-0 in favor of the seniors. It looked as if the seniors were going to win the game easily, but the juniors thought otherwise, and in the last few minutes of the game, Emily Rand scored for the juniors; however the game ended in a win for the seniors.

November fifth the seniors and sophomores again played, and this time the seniors made up for their defeat in the first game with the sophomores. Neither team scored in the first half, but the whistle had hardly blown when the seniors were ahead with a score of 1-0. Rachel Kent made the goal. The seniors then decided to show the sophs something, and immediately got another goal, Mamise Connors making it. Again the seniors took the ball down the field, and this time Doris Bullard knocked it through. The game ended with another win for the seniors 3-0.

In the final game of the season, the juniors triumphed over the sophomores with a score of 1-0. The score was made in the first half by Doris Hamilton. By winning this game; the juniors tied the seniors for the championship.

Those making the All Bangor Hockey team are:

l.w.	Peggy Tyler.	c.hb.	Ellen MacIntosh.
l.i.	Betty Witte.	r.hb.	Betty Ayer
r.i.	Rachel Kent, Hazel Chalmers.	lfb.	Dot Kamen
r.w.	Betty Barker.	r.fb.	Barbara Welch, (Capt.)
lhb.	Hazel Thomas, Betty Smart.	g.	Annette Curran

A CHART OF THE GAMES

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

R. O. T. C.

Once more the R. O. T. C. held position number one in the Armistice Day Parade. They made a fine showing led by Cadet Major George Bell. The band took its step and time from Drum Major Justin Ryder.

According to the custom established last year, the battalion had written examinations over the first quarter's work. Cheer up, boys, even if your rank wasn't so very high you can always remember that your hardest test will be along next June on the greensward at Broadway Park.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Reading is too tiring for this lad, although he aspires to be a football hero. He says he doesn't like any particular radio star, but, when cornered, admits he prefers Lanny Ross to Bing Crosby. His studies—ahem! Well, he isn't "so hot" on any of them. He won't have any favorite movie star, but we think he admires Carole Lombard—or is it Mae West? Fred Giddings is an ardent hunter, but he has never caught anything but a cold. He spends his spare time polishing his R. O. T. C. buttons.

Linwood Elliott or "Duke" as he is known by his friends, is a Junior, and, as he is so industrious, he is taking the Industrial course. Duke is really a shy boy at heart, and he likes to make noise only when on the football field.

Duke is a sound-proof "Woman-hater." (Disappointing, girls!)

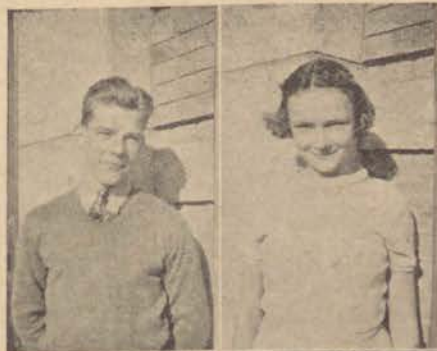
However, there are many things Duke likes. Hunting, fishing, basketball, baseball, and football are his favorite sports. He is also an admirer of Bing Crosby, and when he isn't studying, he is usually listening to the radio.

Here is one of Bangor High School's most promising athletes. This good-looking fellow from the sophomore ranks is all for sports. In the fall, football, in the spring, baseball, and his summers are spent swimming. Believe it or not—he does not like dancing! Public speaking and Gracie Allen are also among his dislikes. He is another admirer of that crooner, Bing Crosby. His favorite pastime is eating ice-cream and candy. Yes, you guessed it. He's Alton "Barney" Morrill.

If you should by chance feel the gentle touch of a football upon your head, rest assured. It's only Allan Woodcock, engaged in that manly sort of football in his back yard. This lad with his flashing red hair hopes to enter the good old Black and White (Bowdoin).

His pet recreation is listening to the baseball games. He holds Ginger Rogers and Gary Cooper in high esteem. Also Ray Nobles' Orchestra of the air waves is lofty in his opinion.

Here's a lad from the Sophomore Class who likes to study. Honest! A popular chap who numbers among his favorite pastimes, football, swimming, fishing, hunting, and eating. Strange to say, he has a keen dislike for the radio. Dayson Decourcy, loves the movies but prefers those which have a little meaning to them, such as *MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY*. He spends his spare time modeling airplanes and playing on his harmonica. When he is graduated from Bangor High, he wants to go to the University of Maine, and then become a chemist.



Pep, vim, and vigor, otherwise known as Ann Tyler, was the only member of the sophomore class to receive a Varsity "B" in basketball. Beside burning up the basketball floor; she can be found every Wednesday at 2 PM hiding behind a huge cello. Fred Astaire, and Robert Montgomery double the tempo of her pulse, and Eddie Cantor and Joe Penner give her convulsions.

We present Katherine Faulkingham, a Freshman, but entirely lacking in those proverbial qualities. This lover of the outdoors is cute, clever and a corker, besides being Secretary of her Class. She thinks Phil Baker, Guy Lombardo, swimming, and tennis are the "nuts." Kay's idea of heaven is a good murder story and all the graham cracker pies she could possibly eat. Her "future ambition" changes so often that she gave us them all. They include buying a car, being a teacher, and writing up murder cases for a newspaper. Some collection, aye?

Smiling, ever smiling, she rides the waves of life. "Gerry" Watson loves to roll along on horseback, waves, skates on automobiles. And as for dancing—well Gerry's right there! This pretty lass has little time for school sports. She's busy studying her cello and piano lessons. She's a member of the Symphony Orchestra and plays in a popular trio. When she has no checks coming in, Norma Shearer, Glen Gray, Ray Noble, Guy Lombardo keep her mind from the Bills. A cheerleader, a senior, a personality girl—that's "Gerry."

Barbara Farnham, is that quiet, tall, light-headed girl you see passing thru the corridors. She's so frank she even admits that next to hotdogs, Phil Baker and swimming there's nothing she delights in more than bossing people. Movies that end with the heroines dying is her idea of a good picture; however if someone pays her way, she doesn't mind seeing the more happier types of endings. Between knits, she studies and is a constant honor student. Her chief ambition? You'd never guess! She wants to be a politician.

If there's ever anything to be done, ask Jeanette Leavitt, and if she's not rushing around for the Debate Club, working for the Dramatic Club, or typing for the Oracle, she'd love to do it for you. And she's a born cheer leader! Though formerly an ardent man hater she now has different views on the subject. An athlete, a leader, and a swell kid—we're expecting big things from you later on, Jeanette.

Alumni

Our alumni are continuing their brilliant careers and gaining honors for themselves and their school in all fields of work.

"Bob" Clelland '35, is keeping up to his former standards of scholarship. For the first ranking term "Bob" is first in his class and third in the school. He is attending Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass.

Clarine Coffin who taught last year at her alma mater, has begun advance study in philosophy and psychology at the Hartford Seminary foundation, Hartford, Conn.

Andrew Cox '34, is still winning honors at Bowdoin as he did at High School. He is one of four sophomores who have qualified for the finals in the annual Alexander prize declamation contest to be held at Bowdoin college in December.

Thomas Reed, '32, former editor-in-chief of the "Oracle," has been selected to take the exams for the Rhodes Scholarship. This scholarship entitles the winners to advance study at Oxford, England. "Tommy" is now a senior at the University of Maine. He has just finished a very brilliant record for the football season.

Arthur Brown '29, a winner of the Rhodes Scholarship, is attending Brasenose College, Oxford, England for the third year.

Another Bangor student who has won honors is Abraham Stern '30. He is a law student at Harvard. Abraham won a scholarship which covers his tuition. He attended the University of Maine where he was both Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi.

Betty Maxwell '34, is still showing her dramatic ability at Erskin School, Boston where she is a member of the dramatic club.

Hazel Gillen ex-'35, is attending Duke University in North Carolina. Hazel was elected Vice-president of her class.

Marjorie Epstein '34, has entered the Freshman Class of Beaver College in Jenkintown, Penn. Marjorie is taking the home economics course.

Betty Homans '35, Helen Bond '35, and Lucille Fogg '35, former members of the Varsity Hockey Squad at Bangor High are playing on the Freshman squad at the Univ. of Maine. They are helping Freshmen a great deal win all the games that they have.

There were many alumni home for Armistice Day.

Doris Chalmers has returned to Simmons after the vacation.

Nancy Conners has resumed her studies at Wheaton College.

Charlotte Faulkner has returned to Nasson.

"Frannie" Giles and Hope Betterly were home from Farmington. They are in the Dramatic Club, Debate Club, and dashing around to everything.

Blenden Burton, '35, a member of the National Honor Society, is doing very well and attaining high grades

at the Coyne Electrical School in Chicago. He is studying radio, refrigeration and air conditioning.

June Pooler '35, one of the big sensations of last years class is in Florida.

Doris "Richie" Richardson '26, is teaching the seventh grade at Hannibal Hamlin School.

Madeline Gillen '22, has resigned her teaching position at Woonsocket, R. I. and is teaching history at Hannibal Hamlin.

Some of our alumni have their eyes on Hollywood, only they have decided to commence at the bottom and work up. Bob Whitman '35, Paul Monaghan ex-'36, Fred Merrill, '35, "Jay" Finnegan '35, and Emil Hawes '35, are ushering at the Bangor Publix Theaters.

Eugenia Savage '33, has gone to Stonleigh College at Rye, New Hampshire.

Eleanor Clough, '33, was one of the authors of a musical show production at Mount Holyoke College by members of the Junior Class. The show "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustbeke", was set to Gilbert and Sullivan tunes and staged, written, and acted by members of the Junior class.

"Izzy" Leavitt '32, an outstanding athlete of Bangor High is working for the Arctic Spring Company.

"Gommie" Levenseller '31, is working at W. H. Gorham Co.

Paul Goode '31, who was graduated from the Univ. of Maine in '35, is working for the Hartford Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

At an attractive double wedding Caroline Collins '25, became the bride of Alton Lowell and Eulalie Collins '29 became the wife of Warren Kane. Eulalie was president of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council.

Carolyn Currier '32, spent the summer abroad traveling with her mother.

George Powell has been pledged to Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, where he is a freshman in the course in business administration. Harold Moon has been pledged to Theta Chi fraternity. Mr. Moon is a freshman at the Institute in the course in chemical engineering.

MOVIES

The Crusades

EACH time Cecil B. De Mille turns out a spectacle—and each spectacle is greater than the last—the world gasps and wonders how he did it.

The filming of the siege of Arras, with the hurling balls of fire, fighting, flaming buildings, indescribable confusion, Knights, Saracens, Kings in bloody combat, seem a superhuman task. Yet De Mille does it perfectly. Two years of hard labor, and indisputable genius, combine in the Crusades. One can not help wonder at the satisfaction De Mille and the great cast must have felt when they first saw the result of their

labors, and the thrill which comes of a hard task well done.

Cecil De Mille is there, down to the minutest detail. Even the pigeons nesting on the slabs in the castle walls, are not left out.

Henry Wilcoxon, as Richard, gives a magnificent performance. The impetuous, daring, humorous Richard is played without a flaw. Loretta Young proves that a girl can be both beautiful and bright by her brilliant performance.

Ian Keith as Philip of France, Katherine De Mille as Alice and Alan Hale as the minstrel all do a great piece of work. The rest of the cast deserves a great deal of credit.

Hats off to "The Crusades," one of the greatest pictures of all times.

I Live My Life

Here's another for those la Crawford fans. This time Joan plays the role of a wealthy young socialite who falls in love with an archeologist, Brian Aherne, who spends his life digging up something or other over there in Greece, (I believe it was some famous statue). Anyway, there are complications as usual. Joan is engaged to another young fellow whom she detests. However, she escapes from this calamity, and, at the finish, everybody is happy. Perhaps the best characterization of the whole movie is that of her father, a fluttery gentleman with nothing to think of but money, portrayed by Frank Morgan. All in all, this is a light and snappy comedy with frolicking fun gliding through the entire reels. Don't miss this! ! ! !

Shipmates Forever

Dick Powell flits gaily from West Point, to Shakespeare, to Annapolis, and collects cheers from each. He's in the navy now with Ross Alexander and Johnny Arledge to make it more interesting. They succeed. Ruby Keeler plays the "drag," in the typical Keeler manner. Like it or lump it. Dick Powell likes it.

Unlike most Powell vehicles the story contains a plot—and a good one. There is just enough humor, and just enough pathos, combined with just enough tragedy to make it a "well worth seeing" picture.

Broadway Melody

All the "raves" in this issue go wrapped up and tied with a blue ribbon to Eleanor Powell, who, in our opinion, walked away with "Broadway Melody", Robert Taylor and all.

Eleanor Powell proves that Fred Astaire isn't the only one who can dance. Now if Ginger Rogers wants to wax dramatic, and leave Fred without a partner, who cares? Eleanor can dance over tables too.

Bob Taylor possesses good looks with talent—a combination foreign to Hollywood's leading men. To top it all he can sing. Why Metro didn't let him sing more in this picture is a problem as yet unsolved.

Jack Benny is as good on the screen as he is on the air. Enough said. Una Merkel is there with the goods as usual. June Knight looks attractive, Francis Langford sings (?) and Buddy and Velma Ebson dance. The combination of all these stars, plus tricky songs, plus snappy dialogue, plus cute dances, equals superb entertainment. The Brothers Warner had better come to—they aren't the only ones who can turn out good musicals.

The Three Musketeers

The province of Gascon, France, was always noted for its courageous, swashbuckling, young adventurers, just as R. K. O. is noted for its excellent filming. So, when the two get together, D'Artagnan from Gascon, and from R. K. O. with Alexandre Dumas thrown in it too, make it more exciting—they go to town. Walter Abel, a special "import" for the picture, turns out a splendid performance. Margot Grahame, as Milady de Winter, reaps most of the honors, with Heather Angel, Rosamond Pinchot, Paul Lukas, Morone Olsen, and Onslow Stevens, all coming in for their share. Dumas is there intact, with plenty of sword play, chasing back and forth, and thrills.

Great entertainment!

Hands Across the Table

When two poor people vow they will marry for money, and then fall in love, there's bound to be fun. And Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray have plenty of it before they solve their little problem. And, in solving it, they give you tip-top entertainment. Both click in their performances. That little Lombard girl is forging right ahead. MacMurray isn't exactly standing still, either. At this rate, maybe they'll both learn to act.

Ralph Bellamy gives his usual splendid performance, and Ruth Donnelly hands out a few laughs. Astrid Allwyn is a welcome addition—Good fun.

The Last Days of Pompeii

Is the picture of the month! We saw the first reel of this in a disgruntled state of mind; first because we had been kept waiting half an hour in the cold; and second because the quaint Hollywood custom of improving on the Classics had been in force on Sir Buliver Lytton, a fact which slightly annoyed us. We saw the last reel, strangely moved with the magnet Roman luxury and Hollywood photography.

Preston Foster, the man who loses his life to save it, does his best work to date. However David Holt effectively steals every scene he is in. The Greek tutor (whose name, like Cicero's date, we have long since forgotten), and John Wood turn in great performances. The eruption of Vesuvius, the earthquake, the falling temples, and the general confusion, all combine to make a spectacular finish which leaves you sitting on the edge of your seat looking for your rubbers.

She Married Her Boss

This flicker was intended to equal "It Happened One Night," however it fell short of this standard. Claudette Colbert was excellent in her portrayal of the boss' wife. Ditto may be said for Melvyn Douglas, the boss himself. However, Mr. Michael Bartlett was only fair. Edith Fellows, probably the meanest, nastiest little brat that ever faced the camera ran off with the movie. After those goody-goody children we are accustomed to see, it is an enjoyment to watch someone call her father a dumbell, or go about chasing the family dog. With the exception of Mr. Bartlett, the cast was fine in a bright and intelligent picture. Special credit should go to Gregory La Cava for the fine direction.

Way Down East

When Henry Fonda ran into Janet Gaynor with such force that she spent the rest of the month nourishing a concussion in the hospital, Rochelle Hudson emerged from a sweet ingenue to a leading star. Even though slightly tired of Gaynor's perpetual sweetness we applauded. After seeing "Way Down East" her first starring picture, we doubled our applause. Hudson, Fonda, and good photography make a success out of a very hackneyed plot. The insinuating references made about, "Bangor" struck home.

GO REGARDLESS

MOVIE

FOR

A Midsummer Nights Dream.....Extra Credit
Rose Marie.....Nelson Eddy
Rose of the Rancho.....Good Opera
SnowWhite & Rose Red-A Silly Symphony for the Frosh
Sylvia Scarlett.....Hepburn

GO, IF YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ELSE TO DO

Magnificent Obsession.....Obvious
Tale of Two Cities... Dickens in the raw is seldom mild

STAY HOME AND STUDY

Love Song.....More Opera
Bing (Hiccough) Crosby's next....Red Flannel Hash
Metropolitain.....Just another movie
Riff Raff.....Jean Harlow

Rifle Club

The club membership has been narrowed down to twenty-five picked men, and from these, Sergeant Donchecz expects big things.

Claude Morneault has been elected captain of the team with Baily as manager.

Five interscholastic matches are scheduled as follows:

LaSalle Military Academy
Oakdale, Long Island, N. Y.
January 18, 1936

Natrona County High School
Casper, Wyoming
February 1, 1936

Technological High School
Atlanta, Georgia
March 13, 1936

Waukegan Township High School
New Bedford, Massachusetts
February 8, 1936

Cony High School
Augusta, Maine
February 8, 1936

Student Council

At the first meeting of the Student Council on Nov. 18, in room 307, officers were elected. The officers are: Peter Emery, president; Margaret Tyler, vice president; Virginia Moulton, secretary; and Horace Stewart, treasurer.

Members of the executive committee from the various classes were also chosen. They are Beryle Whidden, James Watson, Hazel Chalmers, Barbara Welch, Allan Neal, George Munce, Shirley Drew, Alton Morrill, and Adelle Sawyer.

It was announced that this year, as in former years, the members should strive to make the Council a representative body of all the students and not for particular organizations. Also, it was announced that Home Rooms would be informed by their representatives as to the actions of the Student Council.

Principal Charles E. Taylor conducted the meeting.

Glee Club

The first meeting of the Girl's Glee Club was held on November 25th under the direction of its capable director, Evangeline Hart. The following girls were selected to become members: Here's wishing them good luck.

Adams, Elizabeth
Alpert, Ada
Ayer, Audrey
Breidy, Molly
Bragg, Margaret
Bradley, Eleanor
Brown, Katherine
Clement, Charlotte
Connors, Mary
Cromwell, Margaret
Dennett, Madeline
Donn, Estelle
Doughty, Thelma
Drinkwater, Alma
Drew, Shirley
Duke, Mary

Hughes, Alice
Jellison, Dorothy
Jellison, Pauline
Jendall, Ruth
Libby, Rebecca
Lewis, Dorothy
Mann, Dorothy
McFadden, Beatrice
Mack, Betty
Moulton, Virginia
McIntosh, Ellen
McIntosh, Ruth
McCarthy, Louise
Morgan, Elizabeth
Merrill, Janice
McNeal, Doris

Eastman, Frances
Elkin, Charlotte
Ewer, Barbara
Faulkingham, Bernice
Golden, Miriam
Goode, Marjorie
Haley, Alice
Hardison, Ruth
Harbach, Joan
Hart, Carolyn
Herbert, Clarice
Hathaway, Ethel

Nickerson, Evelyn
Perry, Anne
Powers, Dorothea
Price, Glenda
Stern, Edith
Scott, Margaret
Sherburne, Janet
Smith, Phyllis
Vincent, Margaret
Winchell, Eleanor
Winchell, Janet
Wong, Grace

GRIDIRON "RAM"BLINGS

Rams Beat Bapst

A high spirited team of Crimson Rams out-scored and out-played a light but scrappy team of Purple Crusaders from John Bapst High. It was decidedly Bangor's day and, although they scored only one touchdown, the Rams picked up eight first downs to the visitors' four.

Bapst received the kick-off and reeled off a couple of first downs before the Rams dug in and took the ball on downs. The play for the rest of the quarter was about even with neither team being able to gain much. After a Bapst drive in the second period which ended on the Crimson fifteen yard stripe, the Crimson Tide began to move. Duke Elliott, on a spinner, advanced the ball to Bangor's forty-three yard line and Munce picked up two more. Then Munce ran 21 yards through tackle to the Purple's 33 yard line. A penalty and a two yard thrust placed the ball on the 25 yard bar. Again Munce went off tackle for six yards. On the next play Powers, after he had run ten yards around end, tossed a beautiful lateral to Munce who scored. Elliott hit the line for the extra point. Several plays later, the half ended.

In the third period, the Rams outrushed the Purple but lacked the punch to score. Bradbury, Bapst tackle, blocked a Crimson punt and ran forty yards for a touchdown, but the play was called back because of an offside penalty. Midway in the final quarter, the Crimson started a mighty attack which seemed to spell another touchdown. However, set back from the two yard line, a penalty and fumbles, the threat was thwarted by a stiff, unrelenting Purple line. Bangor got possession of the ball again but lost it on a fumble. Crowley ran seventy yards on an intercepted lateral pass, but the play was called illegal, because the ball had touched the ground.

This game was one of the most thrilling of the year. It was a Bangor team that couldn't be beaten on that day, for every player starred.

Bangor 0, Portland 6

Fighting a strong Portland team on even terms and threatening once in each period, the tired Bangor Rams were forced to give way in the final minutes of the game and yield to Portland a 6-0 victory.

The score of this game doesn't mean as much as it might, for the Bulldogs got their touchdown on a break, yet we are not making excuses, for the Crimson Rams put up a splendid battle in forcing Portland to the end. During the first three periods, the play was about even. Several times, Curran brought the Bangor rooters, (there were about 300 of them,) to their feet by his runs off tackle. Munce and Smith threw some beautiful passes good for long gains. Yet Portland struck right back with as much strength. Quinn, the Blue half-back, thrilled the crowds with his long, sweeping end runs. It was this same player who ran 31 yards in the fourth quarter to place the ball on the Crimson seven yard stripe. The Rams didn't yield an inch for three plays but on the fourth, Richio went off tackle for the only score. Bangor blocked the kick for extra point. The Crimson received the next kick-off and had started a march down the field when the whistle ended the game. In losing to Portland the Rams, although tired by the long trip, played a fine game and gave their all right up to the last whistle.

Winslow vs. Bangor

A deceptive and powerful team of Black Raiders got the jump on Bangor High's Rams and snatched out of the crisp autumn air a 13-0 victory. Yes, they actually did "snatch" it, for the first touchdown came as the result of a forward pass and the other as the climax of a long run back of a punt.

Bangor received the kick-off and punted on second down. Winslow in a series of rushes penetrated to the Crimson ten yard line where they were held for downs. Flynn punted out of danger and for the rest of the period the play see-sawed back and forth between the forty yard markers. Early in the second quarter Winslow's Black Raiders caught the Rams flat-footed by completing a pass to Gwazdasky, who hiked over the goal line unmolested. The attempt for conversion was muffed. After taking possession of the ball on Winslow's 45 yard line, the Rams cut loose with everything they had. Munce heaved a flat pass over the center to Flynn, who then tossed a lateral to Elliott. "Duke" was finally stopped on Winslow's 19 yard line. On the next play Munce again threw a pass to Curran which was good for 16 yards. Then the fates took a hand in the game and the Crimson's threat was halted by a fumble recovered by Winslow. The half ended as Siviski kicked out of danger.

In the third period the play was about even. Both teams' play was marred by fumbles and the ball changed hands constantly.

The play in the fourth quarter was not quite so er-

ratic. Siviski hoisted a long punt which was downed on the Crimson's ten yard line. Munce carried it back to the 19 yard line and Flynn punted to Savasuk who displayed a splendid exhibition of broken field running by carrying the pigskin sixty yards for another touchdown. Poulin kicked the extra point. Then the Rams desperately opened up in an attempt to score. The same forward-lateral combination, Munce, Flynn and Elliott, clicked again and reeled off substantial gains before being halted. The game ended however with the ball in mid-field.

It is generally believed that the best team won, yet the Crimson Rams put up a stiff fight and Winslow had not won till the last whistle. Hammond, Winsor, Dauphinee, and Flynn played an outstanding game in the line while Powers, Curran, Munce, and Elliott all played well in the backfield.

Mostly Salem

At the most colorful game of the season, despite the steady drizzle of rain, the Witches from Salem High battered the Crimson Rams all over Bass Park gridiron to a 32-0 victory. There was no question but what the Crimson was out-classed by the heavier and more experienced Salem team. Although the final score was 32-0, 25 of those points were scored in the first half. The Rams came onto the field in the second half and played an excellent brand of defensive football by holding the visitors to one touchdown.

To open the game Flynn kicked off to Eusko who ran the ball up to the Salem 45 yard line. Immediately the Witches opened up with all they had, and, with excellent running and blocking resulting in long runs, carried the ball over the Crimson goal line. The attempt for point failed. After kicking off to Bangor Salem took possession of the ball after the Rams had failed to gain, and started another touchdown march. The quarter ended with the ball resting on Bangor's ten yard line. On the first play of the next period Juralewicz plowed the Crimson line for Salems second touchdown. The same player also made the extra point. Gaining momentum all the time, Salem again took the ball away from the Rams by intercepting a pass and Eusko ran it back to the Crimson 35 yard line. Salem's backs, alternating in carrying the ball, raced through and around the weaker Bangor line and in four plays scored their third touchdown. After missing the extra point the Witches were relieved by the second stringers who, entering the fray, carried the ball over in short jabs for six more points. The half ended a few seconds later.

During the half the Salem band and cheerleaders put on a colorful exhibition.

The Crimson Rams took the field the third period somewhat pepped up and, although they failed to gain much, played a brilliant game of defensive football. In the fourth period Salem opened its aerial attack. A pass, Litka to Eusko, was completed and the Salem

half-back ran 43 yards for the only touchdown in the second half. Litka kicked the extra point. Then the Rams brought the Crimson rooters to their feet by completing a barrage of forward and lateral passes which carried the ball to Salem's two yard line. Here the Witches held for downs. The game ended after Salem had brought the ball out to mid-field.

Although the Rams were completely out-classed they fought to the last gun, and deserve praise for the fine game they played.

Beat Brewer

Taking the field with the theory that a team that won't be beaten can't be, the Crimson Rams outplayed Brewer High to win 6-0.

The Bangor seconds started the game, but the Witches opened up a drive which carried the ball to the Crimson twenty yard line. At this point the first team went in and stopped the Brewer threat. A fumble again gave the ball to the Witches and they proceeded as far as the nine yard line before the Rams dug in and held them. Bangor took no chances and punted out of danger.

The second period was marred with penalties against both teams. Yet the Crimson seemed to get the best of it and later in the period the whole Crimson line broke thru to recover Kenny's fumble of a punt on the Brewer twenty yard line. After a series of penalties "Red" Smith dropped back and hurled a perfect pass to Sedgley who scored the Rams' six points. The try for point failed and the half ended two plays later.

The second team started the third period for Bangor and showed up the first stringers by completely outplaying the Witches. In the middle of the period Smith hoisted a long punt which was downed on Brewer's four yard line. Again the first team was sent into the fray in hopes of blocking Brewer's punt. Nevertheless Kenny got off a short kick to the Orange and Black thirty yard line. The Rams were penalized after two plays and Brewer took possession of the ball. The period ended after a return of punts.

Again the second team took the field and the Witches with several substitutions, opened up in a desperate attempt to score. Via penalties, two line plunges, and a lateral pass, Brewer marched to the Crimson ten yard line where they were halted after the first team had gone in again for Bangor. Flynn lifted a long punt and ended Brewer's threat. The rest of the game was played around the 35 yard line with the Rams having a slight edge.

Although the final score was 6-0 the first team did not play more than half of the game. Coach Ulmer looking ahead to next season, gave the subs a chance to get some valuable experience.

Brewer fielded a typical Orange and Black team with that "never say die" spirit, but the Rams were a little too strong for them.

(Continued on page 30)

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

DECEMBER 13, 1935

HOKUM

By Miriam Golden

IF IT were one of the Taylor brothers who said, "Smile when you're in trouble, And it will vanish like a bubble." then I beg to differ. Here I've been smiling all night and this column still remains to be done. Anyway high kids! We're not as safe as we were last time, but never fear, as soon as that old kill joy, "ranks" wears off, our allowances will start to roll in again. . . . Wonder why Freddie Johnston is on the go all the time—Maybe he wants to catch up with his studies. . . . Have you noticed how Isabel has Ben getting ready for the Yale-Harvard Game. Gosh are we burning up! Anyway there's one consolation. By the time she's through talking about it we'll be able to recite the whole trip backwards. That's probably what makes her so gay. Who knows. . . . Now that Duke Elliot has become a football star it is only a matter of time before he will be a Goode dancer. It's o. k. Barbara, "Success comes to him who waits". . . . Ruth Dauphinee's favorite dish, "Rice". . . . Betty Ayer getting a yellow chrysanthemum to wear at the Bowdoin-Maine Game. All we got was the score (further details in your local newspaper). . . . Barbara Welch was among those present too. Her theme song after the game was, "Hi've got a Right to Sing the Blues." Something she ate, no doubt. . . . God's Gift to Humanity: Christmas, Easter, Armistice Day, Birthdays, blizzards, and the summer months. . . . Heard in English Class—Three kinds of composition are: narrative, descriptive, and explosive. Ya don't say! . . . Judith Robinson says if you want a strong radio reception to run onion on your tubes. . . . Peggy and Ann Tyler on Thursday Nites, "Life is just a bowl of dishes". . . . Our nomination for the most important being at Bangor High School! The Ram. . . . Why Gerry Watson, we Saw-Yer! Tsk, tsk, what would Billy say?

Joke for the month: They say that Noah Edminster is so lazy that he puts popcorn in his pancake batter to save himself the trouble of flapping them. . . .

Oh, we've heard better! . . . What strange fascination has the University of Maine for Charlotte Clement every Thursday at 3. . . . A 211 Senior realizing at 11 o'clock Wednesday night that she had ten chapters to study for her Chemistry Exam, decided that the exams must be postponed. . . . Maybe you just didn't have enough influence, Annette. . . . Brother Andrews, Can Ya spare an "A"? . . . Have you begun to notice what a lover of fruit Hazel Chalmers has become. . . . Anne Perry with that vacant look. We wonder who the young man is who's occupying her mind. . . . Ross Gilpatrick "watching the Fords go by". . . . A fair young freshman with journalistic dreams asking the literary editors if they didn't think her story left something to the imagination. Why, of course, after reading a page of it, one could imagine what the rest was like. . . . Never fear my sweetie pie, They'll get better by and by. . . .

Puzzle for the month: Last year I proposed to Mary, and she turned me down cold, so to spite her I married her mother. That made Mary my daughter. But my father married Mary, and that made my daughter my mother, my father my son-in-law, and my wife my grandmother. I guess that I'm now my own grandfather. Oh Fudge, we've heard that before. . . . Speaking of home-lessons (or weren't we) Why couldn't Mr. Virgil have written his Aeneid in English? . . . When Mamise sat down to play the piano every body laughed. And they're still laughing. There wasn't any piano stool.

Jokes

Son: "How old would a person be now who was born in 1889?"

Father: "Are you talking of a man or a woman?"

Teacher: "Your translation is as good as dirt."

Pupil: "Well, that covers the ground doesn't it?"

"Obliging"

He: "If I stay single my great uncle has promised to leave me his entire fortune."

She: "Well dear, I'll do all I can to help you out."

Chef: "I thought I told you to watch the consommé and see when it boiled over?"

2nd Cook: "I did sir; it was exactly 9:56."

You will remember that the night we went to school, back in education week, it rained for quite some time prior to the session. Naturally it was dark before it was time for school. Many Sophomores, we are told, hearing the patter of the rain on the window pane, and seeing the street lights on thought there was no school.

He took Latin

Teacher: "What is the meaning of pandemonium?"

He: "A pan of money."

Ingredients for Cannibal Soup

In senior algebra class "Tom" Sawyer was coming out of one of his dreams: "Well! I'll be cubed!"

Vincent Elliott: "What do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people?"

Edward Hurd: "The 'Gillette', I think."

As one room mate to another at 7 A. M.

1st: "Y' up?"

2nd: (Yawning) "Yup!"

Teacher: "Define trickle."

Boy: "To run slowly."

Teacher: "Define anecdote."

Boy: "A short funny tale."

Teacher: "Use both words in a sentence."

Boy: "The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

She: "Why do they call the football field the gridiron?"

He: "Because you come off the field looking like a pancake."

"Why Jane Bradshaw, that cake is as black as a cinder; did you cook it the way I told you?"

Jane: "Well not exactly it's one of my own cremation."

A man is that large, irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around the house.

Proud Mama: "My daughter can do anything with the piano."

Patient Listener: "Could she lock it up and drop the key in the river?"

When eating sandwiches on a picnic, remember, since the seeds in raspberry jam never wiggle, it must be the ants.

A mother listening to the evening prayer of her

sleepy little son was amused to hear the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
When he hollars let him go
Eenie, meenie, miny mo."

History Teacher (to class): "What were they going to put on the rivers during the early American days?"

Frank Lobley (with enthusiasm.) "Steamboats! !"

Imports and Exports

By Peter Skoufis

(Ed. Note: *The Oracle*, in the belief that thereby our magazine can be improved, has re-established its exchange column, under the direction of Peter Skoufis.)

IN REVIEWING the various publications exchanged in the past few months, the "Old Hughes" published by the students of Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, receives first honors. The literary section is well above the high school standard. The various columns display abundant talent. A sport section and humor column would be very beneficial. The staff of this publication should be congratulated for its good work.

Second honors are awarded to "The Advance", edited by the State Home for Boys, Jamesburg, New Jersey, for its exceptional, novel cover. It is artistically designed with red and green flowers on a white background. The literary section is interesting and complete. But here also, a humor column is lacking. Incidentally, this magazine is composed and printed by the class in printing.

Honorable mention awards:

The "Purple Quill," Ball High School, Galveston, Tex. The mechanical get-up is well handled. The linoleum cuts by Fernandez exhibit unusual talent. The short stories are original and well written. The accounts of student and social activities would improve this publication. Keep up the good work!

"The Nautilus" of Waterville Senior High School of Waterville, Maine, contains numerous excellent short stories. The poems are very cleverly composed. The Exchange Editor is to be complimented for the novel style of her column. Here again, write-ups of student activities are lacking.

The "Aegis" of Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts. The mechanical get up is faulty. The Art and Science section is interesting and very beneficial to the readers. How about some good editorials?

The "Index" of South High School, Worcester, Massachusetts, has done something of a different nature by listing the names and addresses of all the pupils that they may be able to better acquaint themselves with one another. The Social Sidelights relates where the various pupils spent the summer. The accounts of

student activities are well written, but what about editorials.

We wish to express our sincerest thanks for the following, interesting year books.

"Winthrop Winner," Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Maine.

"The Jewel," Woodland High School, Woodland, Maine.

"The Quill," Gardiner High School, Gardiner, Maine.

We gratefully acknowledge the following newspapers:

"Brocktonia," Brockton High School, Brockton, Massachusetts.

"The Milachi," Milaca High School, Milaca, Minnesota.

"The Comet," Limestone High School, Limestone, Maine.

"Boise High Lights," Boise High School, Boise, Idaho.

"The Commercial News," Commercial High School, New Haven, Connecticut.

"The Hebronian," Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

"Colby Echo," Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

"The Bowdoin Orient," Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

"Boston University News," Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts.

Compliments
of the

Rhyme
Studio

RIDDLES

1. It divides by uniting, and unites by dividing. What is it?
2. He who makes it does not use it; he who buys it has no need for it; and he who uses it does not know it. What is it?
3. Nobody wants it, yet nobody wants to lose it.
4. What letters frighten a burglar?
5. What kind of lights did Noah use?
6. What is the word of three syllables, with twenty-six different letters in it?
7. What is a useful article, but one which is good to part with?
8. What makes everyone sick but those who swallow it?
9. What can you put in a barrel to make it weigh less?
10. What is lower with a head on it than with it off?

(Answers will be found on page 30)

As listed on page three, Horace Stewart, Jr. has been chosen as the Oracle's assistant editor. The March issue will be under his direction.



**BANGOR'S OWN
SOLID FUEL
FROM BANGOR LABOR**

Bangor Gas Light Co.
27 Central St. Phone 6481

Flowers = = =

"'Tis better to give a flower than a jewel."

*Thou can'st not help but weigh the price of the jewel
to value the gift; but a flower brings true sentiment,
shorn of all but love.*

Brockway's Flower Shoppe

15 Central Street Bonded Member
T. D. S. Bangor, Me.

Palace of Sweets

HOME MADE

CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

We Serve Lunches to Please Everybody

The Most Up-to-Date Store

56 Main Street

Bangor, Me.

Compliments of

W. C. Bryant & Son

Incorporated

Diamond Merchants and Jewelers

46 Main Street

Bangor

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. Pair of shears.
2. A coffin.
3. A lawsuit.
4. O, I, C, U.
5. Arc lights.
6. Alphabet.
7. A comb.
8. Flattery.
9. A Hole.
10. Pillow.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 26)

By A Whisker

Cony High School of Augusta outplayed Bangor High for three periods and won the game 13-12. The Rams' second team started the game and did a fine job in holding a much heavier Augusta eleven. The Conyites started off at a fast clip and reeled off six points in the first period. Grimshaw scored on a line plunge. In the second quarter the Crimson Rams capitalized on a fumbled punt.

In three rushes Munce carried the ball over for a touchdown and Elliott cracked the line for the extra point. Then Cony came back in the third to score seven more points. The touchdown came as the climax of a long drive, constantly halted by fumbles, and Perkins crashed the line for the score. He also converted the extra point. The Rams' running attack was stopped by the strong Cony line. In the last three minutes of play "Red" Smith completed six out of seven passes to Sedgley, Flynn and Brannen which resulted in a touchdown. The Rams lacked the punch to share the pigskin over a tie game.

Although the best team won, the Bangor boys played a whale of a game against the heavier Cony eleven.

Waterville Wins

In the final stanza of the game the Crimson Rams' defence weakened and Waterville pushed across two touchdowns. Although the Rams were wholly outplayed, they put up a courageous fight in holding the Panthers to four touchdowns.

The second team started the game and Waterville after recovering a fumble, took the ball to the Bangor five yard line before the Ram's first team went in and stopped the Purple onslaught. Three times in the first period the Panthers were within the Crimson ten yard line and just as many times the Rams held. In the second period Waterville intercepted a Bangor pass and Rancourt tossed a pass to Lemieux for the first score. After thwarting two Purple threats in the third, the Rams yielded the second touchdown. Rancourt plunged over from the 2 yard line for this score. In the fourth period a shovel pass, Fortin to Legendre

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caught Bangor off guard and Legendre made the third tally. Rancourt scored a few minutes later on the receiving end of a forward-lateral pass.

This ended the scoring, but, that is not half of the game. The Rams exhibited a splendid brand of defensive foot-ball in making Waterville earn every touch-down. Flynn, Winsor, and Elliott were outstanding on the defensive for Bangor, while Mathews, Legendre and Rancourt looked good to the Waterville fans.

Basketball Practice Under Way

With the practice season well under way, Coach Trowell is building a basket-ball team for which he has great expectations. On the basketball squad there are several veterans and some who saw a little service last year. With the exception of Clelland, the tournament team is intact.

The Crimson hoopsters are up against some stiff opposition this year, but when the time comes it is believed that they will equal, or even better the occasion.

The veterans who turned out for the team are, Lynch, Flynn, Morrison, Munce, Powers, Upton, and Johnston. There is a group of boys pushing these hard and maybe some of them will have a first string berth when the time for the first game rolls around. The team this year is very promising. So, with capable players, Coach Trowell, (one of the best in the game), let's all get behind the team and cheer it on to the State Series and title. What do you say?

BOOKS

(Continued from page 16)

a man who could play the flute and who could dance very well. It is this earlier part of his life which is the most interesting. Perhaps you wonder what could happen to a little American boy in Paris at the time of the Revolutionary War, or what an older boy could find pleasant in Amsterdam later, and London, later than that. Perhaps a poor boy's life in Harvard would interest you more, or the struggle that a young lawyer has to make up a practice. All these phases of his life are told very interestingly, and surely you want to know about the only President of the United States who became a Congressman after his Presidency was over.

National Velvet

By Enid Bagnold

Attention! Horse fans, family-story lovers, and otherwise, here's your catch of a lifetime. A superb horse story combined with a delightful, side-splitting family life, makes *National Velvet* a grand novel. Velvet Brown, a great lover of horses, had a secret passion to ride in a horse race. So, when she won a high-spirited horse named Piebald at a village fair, her hopes turned towards that great goal, the "Grand National," the greatest horse race in the world. Hi Taylor, the hired

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boy, who knew all the ropes of horse racing, aided Velvet to disguise as a boy in the race. The simple, sincere, and merry personalities of the Browns make a family what it should be. The horse was so uncontrollable under his former master that he had to sell him in self-protection. Being a sociable fellow, Piebald learned to jump the neighbors' high fences; thus, already he was well trained for his victory in the 'Grand National.' Just over the goal line, Velvet was thrown from Piebald, and sent to the hospital. When the public learned that the winner was a girl, they went wild with excitement. Reporters crowding around her bedside, and lawyers, pounding on her door for entrance, cried out that she would be put in jail for such fraud. Finally, however, the fame of Velvet Brown died down, and she took up again her simple home life, unmolested by reporters and the public's curious eye.

Come and Get It

By Edna Ferber

Many people know and love the Pierce Memorial, near the Library, on Harlow Street. It is to these that I am speaking especially, because Edna Ferber's latest book, "Come and Get It," symbolizes the same things for which that memorial stands. It is so well written, in my opinion, that I must quote a couple of sentences from it, by way of illustration: "But then, you had only to glance at Barney Glasgow's eyes, long-lashed for a man's, and a trifle protuberant, or at his mouth, full-lipped and a shade too red beneath the fine wings of his black mustache, to know that he would always be thus responsive to material delights." And again: "After more than a quarter of a century of marriage with a romantic, after having borne three children and buried one, Emma Louise Glasgow emerged triumphant in the character for which thwarted fate had intended her, that of a congenital old maid." It tells of a boy from Bangor, who became a lumber king in Wisconsin, of his family, and his business. Miss Ferber relates vividly how his son, and afterwards his grandson, took up the business, built it up, and handled it, each in his own way. It has the background of the logging camps in the great North woods which gives an impression of power and reality to the story. The painting of the characters is excellent, each distinctive, entirely different from the others. Also there's a very special message conveyed to the young people of today—a challenge—in this book. Here is an illustration: "Democracy! We know that the world can't be made safe for Democracy. It can't be made safe for anything. There's nothing less safe than the world. You take a chance the minute you come into it. . . . The only lasting thing in life is the spirit you bring to it." And this is only a sample. If you like it, you'll find the rest in this really excellent book yourself. No mere review could do it justice.



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EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 15)

coming popular with the students. Once the seed of journalism is planted in the elementary schools, it may be cultivated in the high schools and colleges. Later in the profession of journalism it may blossom into a flower excelled by none.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

(Continued from page 8)

building. It was only a matter of minutes to reach the fifth floor, where Tracy immediately fell to work going through the great drawer which held his letters, divided according to personal and business correspondence. The personal letters were separated into three parts, which they searched thoroughly.

They worked for a dreary fifteen minutes, when Jerry, finishing his, asked wearily, "Any luck, Pete?"

"Not yet," and then, going through the last of them, "No, it's not here. How about you, Uncle Jim?"

"No," he returned, discouraged.

"Well, I guess that that's that!" said Pete, feeling so sick that his knees buckled under him, and he had to sit down. "And now what?"

"Maybe we missed some," said Jerry, going over to the drawer.

"No," replied Tracy, "I cleaned it out."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," said Jerry, dismally. "But," he said suddenly, "there's something wedged in back of the drawer." And he pulled out a very dilapidated and wrinkled envelope, but with the date, "May 25" stamped along with "San Francisco" still plain on it.

"Jerry," said Pete, weakly, "Is it really true?"

"You tell me, pal, but now, don't you think we'd better cable home about it, Mr. Tracy?"

"Certainly, and then I'm going to hurry matters up over here, and follow you home in a few days. I'll lend you enough money to get home, and tell Peter that I'll never forgive myself for being away at this time."

Here is where all good little stories should end, but just one more incident should be brought to light.

Just as the three stepped from the elevator, a messenger boy approached Tracy and said:

"Monsieur Cabot?"

"Oui," and Jim Tracy paid the boy for a cablegram.

"What th'—oh yes, the assumed name," recalled Jerry.

"Say, what? Listen here, you two!"

And, struck silent by the instinctive thought that it must be bad news, they hung onto Tracy's words.

"It's from your father's old secretary, and reads: 'Have at last located you. You probably know of Malbrough's misfortune. Peter, Jr. has gone to Paris for you. Find him, and send him home. A foreigner has confessed to the robbery.' Signed, 'R. T. Stevens'."

Spell bound for fully two minutes, Jerry at last said, weakly, "Well, Mr. Smythe will at least get his story."

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