

ORACLE

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T. H. DORR '37

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1934-1935

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DON'T YOU LOVE A PARADE?

CARNIVALITES ON PARADE DEC. 7 & 8!!

TODAY and tomorrow, at four P. M. a big parade will march through town and announce that big attraction—the carnival, which will take place both before and after the play. The parade will be led by our six cheer leaders, Dot Kamen, Evelyn Nickerson, Barbara Freese, Eleanor Winchell, Marion Small, and Virginia Bemis. Dressed in their red sweaters and white skirts, they will add plenty of color and pep in the line. Directly following them, will be 'the old Ford' newly polished and dressed in festive colors for the occasion.

And whom do we find next, none other than all those big shots and star athletes sentenced to the rock pile! Can you picture Don Daley and Bill Ballou, those two gay lotharios sweating, and working their fingers to the bone to earn their pennies for the carnival? But they aren't the only ones who have had to go to work. 'Heap big Injun' Clelland will be there, feather and all, with his hero, Treworgy, tagging, or rather digging not far away; and so will Fluffy Perry, with his curls full of dust and sand, glancing around hopefully for his

woman of the hour [whoever she may be]. Eddie Ross, always willing to work, will be driving the truck! Freddy Merrill will be there looking his handsomest with a pick-axe over his shoulder, and a ball and chain on his foot, to keep him tied down to Ray Lee. There'll be banners, cheers, songs, [Features: I've been working on the Rail—rock pile], and bringing up the rear will be a loud speaker truck sending out snappy sentences, and clever anecdotes. So line the streets, and be right there to give your "chain gang" just what it needs, plenty of applause.

But just a little about the Carnival proper, besides all the booths of food, etc., they're featuring four special ones. Orono, Bapst, Brewer and Old Town, with native girls as saleswomen will each have a booth. [Don't crowd, boys]. Grand prizes, for the nickel you spend at Beano, will be yours for the choosing. You may get a watch, who knows?

So get going, and let's see everyone down at the school to-night.

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THE ORACLE

December, 1934

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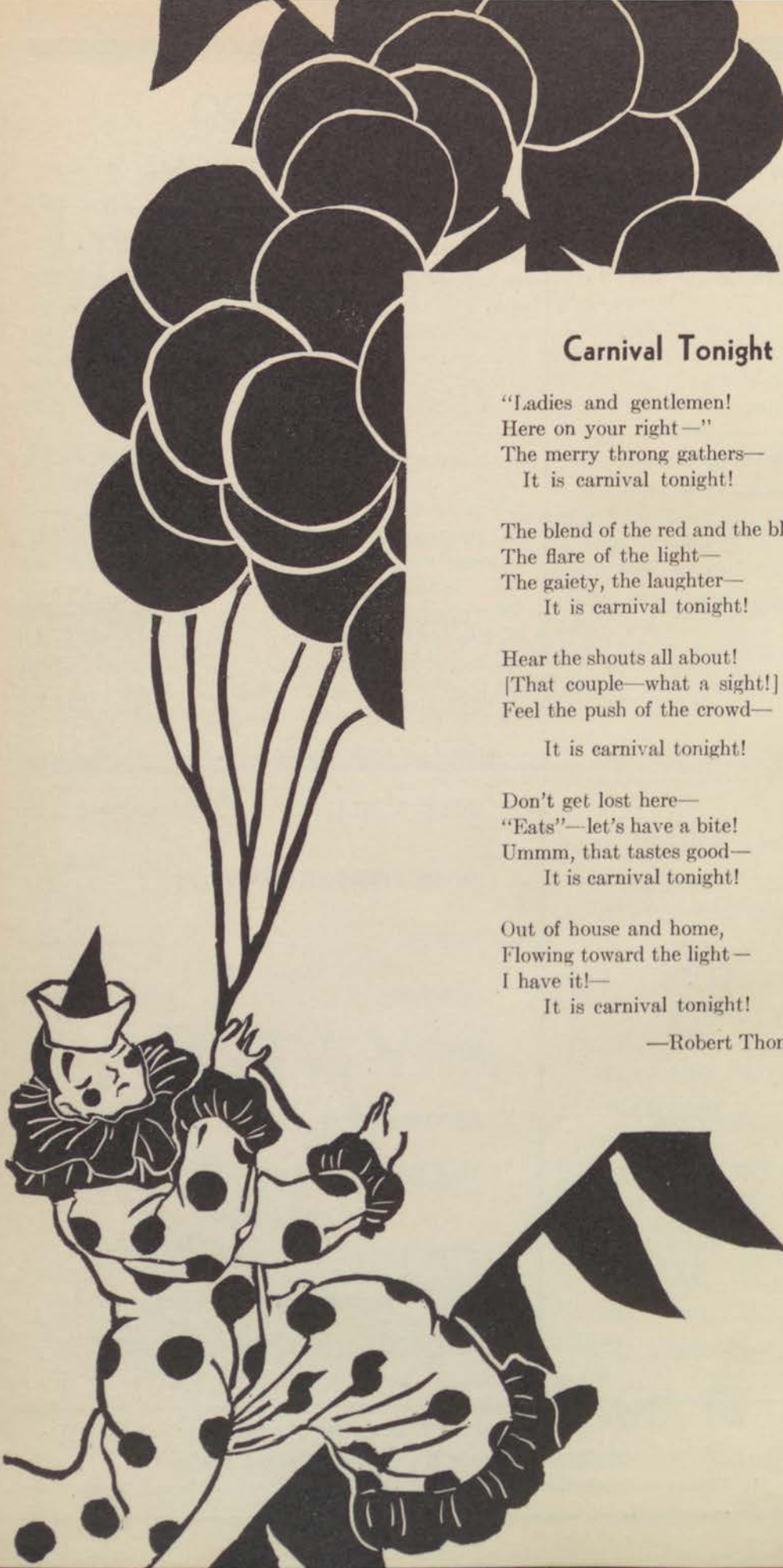
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Carnival Tonight

"Ladies and gentlemen!
Here on your right—"
The merry throng gathers—
It is carnival tonight!

The blend of the red and the blue—
The flare of the light—
The gaiety, the laughter—
It is carnival tonight!

Hear the shouts all about!
[That couple—what a sight!]
Feel the push of the crowd—

It is carnival tonight!

Don't get lost here—
"Eats"—let's have a bite!
Ummm, that tastes good—
It is carnival tonight!

Out of house and home,
Flowing toward the light—
I have it!—

It is carnival tonight!

—Robert Thompson.

The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1934

Sheerluck Holmes

By Corinne Adams

SUDDENLY J. B. Callenbourne sat straight up in bed. His mind was reeling, and there was a cold clutching feeling at his heart. He gazed panic-stricken around the room, but finding nothing that seemed to cause his fear, he lay down again to sleep. But there was no sleep for J. B. Callenbourne that night. He rolled and tossed in his bed, turning over and over in his mind that terrible nightmare. His bewildered brain could not grasp the absolute facts; only a hazy recollection of something terrifying stood out.

At last came the dawn with its faint streaks of light thrown across the room. It was a Sunday morning, and, his house being on a secluded street, all was quiet save for the chirping of a few birds. Since sleep was impossible, J. B. arose and went down to a hurried breakfast. Still in a daze, he started down the walk towards the Kent building in which his office was situated. Suddenly he stopped. What had made him start for his office on this morning—Sunday? But something told him to go on; so on he went.

He reached the building just as the clock of Times Square was chiming the hour of eight-thirty. The door-man gazed at J. B. in mild surprise, not because he had walked, for J. B. always walked to his office, but because it was an unusual thing for J. B. to come here on Sunday, especially, at such an early hour. They exchanged greetings, and J. B. entered the building. The elevator carried him up one floor—two floors—three floors—four—five—six—would it never stop? At last floor twenty-three was reached, and J. B. stepped out. He walked down the long, deserted corridors almost stealthily. He reached the door of 2313. He stopped. Slowly, he unlocked the door. Just as he was about to enter, his foot touched something hard. He stooped to pick it up and found that it was a small cigarette lighter of English make. Mechanically slipping it into his pocket, he entered the room. It was a fair sized room with large windows looking out onto the busy street below. Before the windows was a large flat-topped desk. On one side of the room, the wall was lined with book cases, filled with books of all types. On the other, large filing cases stood. A heavy safe was placed against the wall opposite the desk. Everything in the room was seemingly in order. J. B., as if

a magnet were drawing him, rushed over to the safe, twirled the combination, and the heavy door swung open. Hurriedly he unlocked the little drawer at the top. He reached in and drew out his hand—empty.

The effect on J. B. was surprising. His hand, which had been shaking violently, steadied itself. His white face regained some of its color, and his eyes lost their haunted look. Now that the actual thing had happened, now that the fifty thousand dollars was really gone, J. B. was all right. It was the uncertainty, the eternal suspense that bothered him. Ever since the money had been entrusted to his care, he had felt shaky and nervous. Now he had a feeling of surprising calmness.

He made a queer picture stooping there—that middle-aged, bald-headed man. He was in his late forties, heavy-set with an oval shaped head, on top of which was a fringe of thin red hair. His eyes had a sort of sleepy, obtuse look, which entirely misrepresented the man, for J. B. Callenbourne was not dull. Even when his face looked listless, almost stupid, his mind was exceedingly active.

To an outsider looking in, it might seem queer that J. B.'s first thought would not be to call the police, but, to one who knew him well, it would seem entirely natural, for J. B. had an inherent dislike and distrust for the officers of the law. Too many times had he seen them blunder, ruin what seemed to him a perfectly clear case by overlooking certain important clues. J. B. was a great crime enthusiast, so to speak. His den was cluttered with every available book on crime, and Sherlock Holmes was his constant companion. He had even gone so far as to equip himself with the apparatus of the finger-printing expert. His collection was indeed complete. So we see that it was not surprising, in fact quite natural, that J. B. decided to solve the mystery for himself.

He rose slowly, closed the safe, and started out the door. As he was locking it, he happened to glance down at the floor, and suddenly remembered that a few minutes before he had picked up a cigarette lighter lying there. He reached in his pocket and drew it out. Could this have anything to do with the robbery? If so, perhaps it might do some good to look for finger-

prints. He placed it back in his pocket, carefully, and started down the corridor.

All the way home, his mind was turning the mystery over and over. The only clue he had was the cigarette lighter. Of course, he had not examined the office very carefully, but intuition told him that he would find nothing, and J. B. was a man who relied very heavily upon intuition.

Upon reaching the house, J. B. went immediately to his den. One glance would tell an outsider the nature of the man. There was an immense fireplace at the right of the room in which a fire, evidently just laid by the butler, was crackling merrily. Two high-backed easy chairs, each equipped with foot stools, were placed nearby. In the center of the room was a long rectangular table, littered with some queer-looking apparatus. The remaining three walls of the room, except for two windows, were lined from floor to ceiling with bookshelves, filled with splendid books. Closer inspection revealed that at least eighty per cent of them dealt with crime.

J. B. tossed his hat on a nearby chair and hurried towards the table. Then, gingerly, he drew out the lighter with a clear white cloth. Next, he took some powder and sprinkled the lighter with it. After blowing this off, a conglomeration of finger-prints revealed itself. J. B. fairly held his breath as he examined them. His own stood out so plainly that he was afraid he had ruined the whole thing. But no, there in the lower corner was an unmistakable thumb-print which was thinner and a bit smaller than his own. Carefully he photographed the thumb-print and filed it away for future reference. Just as he was finishing up the work, he glanced at his watch. "Good grief!" he exclaimed. "Twelve-thirty so soon. I have a luncheon engagement at one."

He pressed a button on the under side of the table, and soon an elderly man, dressed in butler's livery, entered the room. "Get my things out will you, Wellington? And tell Thompson to drive the car around to the front of the house. Put my golf clubs in it. I'll drive myself."

Twenty-five minutes later J. B. was driving hard and fast up 42nd Street towards the Lincoln Hotel. He was dressed in a pair of checked knickers and a white shirt open at the collar. No tie was visible, for if there was one thing J. B. disliked, it was a tie. His grey cap was pushed back from his forehead, and his body was leaning forward in a tense attitude. But his calm impassive countenance never altered.

He came to a screeching stop in front of the hotel at exactly three and one half minutes past one. Before the doorman could come to his assistance, he had jumped out of the car, and was half way up the steps of the hotel. He gave directions to the doorman to drive the car away, and dashed into the building. He was met in the lobby by two men dressed in golf attire. The first man, his host, was in his early thirties,

tall, broad-shouldered, with clean cut features. The other man was a bit taller, of a wiry build. His age was uncertain, varying anywhere from thirty-five to fifty. Gold-rimmed glasses covered a pair of dark, magnetic eyes. Over his upper lip was a bushy moustache—the same color as his black, thick hair, giving him an almost forbidding appearance. The younger man spoke. "J. B.," he reproached jokingly, "you're four minutes late. And that for J. B. Callenbourne is as bad as four hours."

"I say, Lyme, I'm terribly sorry," J. B. apologized. "But really, I had very pressing business."

"As long as the action isn't repeated, I guess we'll excuse you. By the way, you haven't met my friend, have you? J. B., this is Lawrence Kirkland, the man I met in England when I was there two years ago, and Larry, this is J. B. Callenbourne, otherwise known as J. B."

J. B. extended his hand. "Glad to know you," he said, cordially.

The other's lips curved into a half-cynical smile. "The pleasure is all mine," he said stiffly.

"Let's adjourn to the place of eating," suggested the host. "I'm absolutely starved."

Lyme summoned a porter, who led them down one of the long carpeted corridors. When they had turned a half a dozen corners and had walked for an interminable length of time, they at last stopped before one of the doors. The porter unlocked it and led them into the room. The first thing that caught the eye was a pair of casement windows that looked out onto the court which was beautifully terraced. One of the windows was open, and the fragrance of the roses in the garden below drifted through on the light summer breeze. In the center of the room was a table set for three. Other articles of furniture were placed about the room. The men seated themselves at the table. During the meal the talk drifted to current matters, both business and otherwise.

"By the way, J. B." It was Lyme speaking. "I hear that they gave you the Stuart Jones fund. I'd never sleep a wink if I had all that money around."

"It isn't much fun," J. B. said smiling. "I went down to the office this morning to make sure that it was there."

"And was it?"

"What do you think?"

Lyme laughed and changed the subject. "How's the stock market treating you, J. B.?"

"I've survived pretty well. I hear that someone lost exactly \$50,000 last week."

Lyme raised his eyebrows. "That's too bad. If it had happened to me, I guess I'd have had to rob a bank."

They all laughed.

After they had finished eating, the men took out their cigarettes. Kirkland reached into his pocket

for his lighter and brought his hand out empty. "That's funny" he said. "I was sure I had it with me."

"What?" inquired Lyme.

"My lighter. The one I had last night. Remember, you remarked upon it?"

"Yes, I remember. Must have left it in your room."

"I guess so."

They sat and talked for a while about this and that. During the conversation, J. B. found that Kirkland also was a great crime enthusiast. "I say, that's a coincidence," he said brightening. "You and I ought to get together on this matter. How about tomorrow night? You and Lyme have dinner with me about eight, and then we'll discuss our hobby."

"That would be jolly," Kirkland said.

"Yes, that's a great idea. Not much of a criminologist myself, but I'd like to hear you two talk."

"Tomorrow night it is, then," J. B. said with finality.

"And now let's be on our way to the club," Lyme suggested.

"It's two-thirty now, and we meet Grey at three."

"Fine."

And the three rose.

That day and the next passed uneventfully. J. B. looked forward to the coming of his guests. Of course he was always glad to discuss crime with one who studied it, but there was a more pertinent reason for his eagerness for tonight's visit. All that day he had been studying the London papers of two years before, and he had found many interesting things.

About five minutes before eight that evening, the door-bell buzzed. Wellington answered, and ushered the guests into J. B.'s den. The table, which was adjustable, had been reduced to a small size. It was laid with beautiful silverware, and two tall candles decorated each end. They sat down to an excellent meal, served by Wellington.

After the meal was over, the three sat before a cheer-

ful fire. Conversation was carried on mainly between Kirkland and J. B., for they had many things to discuss. Disagreeing on this, agreeing on that, they were indeed spending a profitable evening. In the midst of it all, Lyme suddenly spoke.

"By the way, J. B., that book on crime you lent me the other evening is exceedingly good. Some of the things you've been talking about were in it. That's what made me think of it."

"Yes, I thought you'd like it. I—" Suddenly J. B., who had been smoking, stopped puffing at his pipe; his hand froze in mid air, and he gazed at Lyme with a look of surprise mingled with sudden understanding. He once more gained control of his features and continued. "I got a few ideas from it." Lyme had been gazing at J. B. in surprise; so, too, had Kirkland, but J. B. continued as if nothing had happened. "You ought to read more books like it, for, with an extraordinary mind like yours, you ought to be able to become a great criminologist." And then he added with a smile "or criminal!"

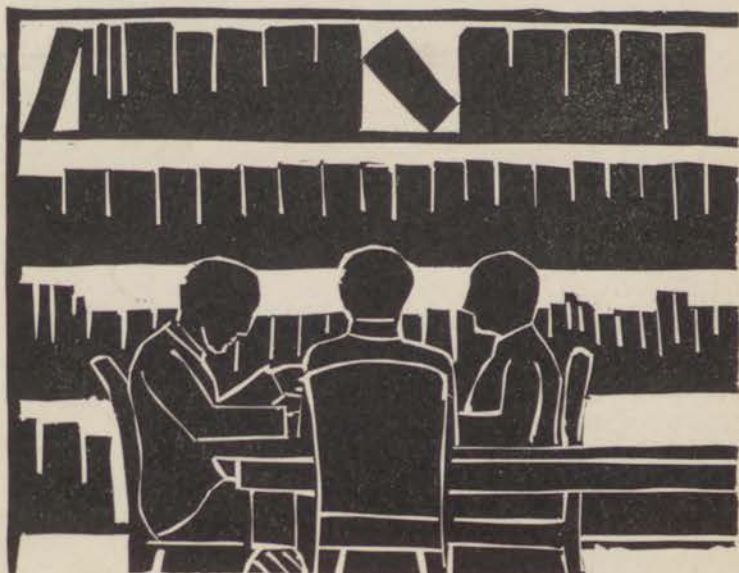
Lyme laughed. "You flatter me m'lord," he said with mock humbleness. "I shall really follow your advice."

"How about a cocktail," J. B. suggested. The others approved of this idea, and J. B. rang for Wellington. He gave the butler instructions, and resumed the conversation. They were just in the midst of a heated argument when Wellington arrived with the drinks.

"Here we are," said J. B. "Maybe this'll cool us off a bit. Let's try it, anyway."

They each took a glass.

"Let's drink a toast to crime," J. B. suggested. Their glasses touched, and they raised them to their lips. The last drops were disappearing just as the clock struck twelve. Reluctantly the little party broke up.



"DON'T TOUCH THOSE GLASSES!"

"I say," said J. B., "We must finish this discussion. How about tomorrow evening?"

"Fine," replied Kirkland, and Lyme nodded in assent.

"Until tomorrow night then, gentlemen," and the guests departed.

Almost before the door had closed behind them, J. B. dashed up the stairs to his den. Wellington was just about to take the glasses away.

"Don't touch those glasses!" Wellington turned and stared. J. B. rushed over to where the glasses stood. Taking a cloth, he carefully picked up one of them. "This is Lyme's. Mark it."

Wellington took a piece of paper, wrote the name Lyme on it, and put it in the glass. A similar thing was done to Kirkland's. When he was alone J. B. went through the process of photographing the fingerprints.

"Probably a waste of time to photograph Lyme's but I'll do it anyway."

He was right, for the next morning when the prints were dry, J. B. compared them with the one on the cigarette lighter. Kirkland's matched perfectly.

"So Kirkland's the fellow," J. B. exclaimed. "I'll manage this thing to-night my own way."

That day passed swiftly, and night crept upon J. B. without warning. When the guests arrived at eight, Wellington again ushered them into the den. The meal passed swiftly, and soon they were gathered around the fire continuing the discussion of the night before. J. B. was telling a story.

"A man once had a large sum of money," began J. B. slowly. "He kept it in a large safe in his office. The combination of the safe he kept on a small piece of paper. One day he happened to use the paper for a book-marker in one of his favorite books. He forgot that he had put in there, and the next evening he lent the book to one of his friends. The combination was still in it."

Before this time, J. B. had been staring at the fire. Now he looked straight at Lyme, who shifted uneasily in his chair. J. B. continued. "The next morning, on arriving at his office, he opened the safe. The money was gone." J. B. paused, still looking at Lyme. Lyme's face was ashen, and he tried to steady his hand by puffing hard at his pipe.

"Go on." Kirkland urged.

"Well, at first he didn't put two and two together, and therefore didn't make four. But suddenly it dawned on him just like that!" J. B. snapped his fingers dramatically. "He then began searching for a motive. Upon looking in a paper of the previous week, he found in one obscure corner that his friend, to whom he had lent the book, had lost in the stock market \$50,000—the amount stolen from the safe. Things began to shape themselves.

"Now, he had gone to dinner with his friend the day of the robbery, and had met an Englishman who

had travelled with his friend in England two years before. During the meal, the Englishman missed his cigarette lighter, and the funny thing was that a cigarette lighter had been found on the scene of the crime.

"The man invited the other two to dinner the next night. They came; they discussed crime, and during the evening, they had a cocktail. After his friend and the Englishman had gone, the man took the fingerprints on the cocktail glasses. When the prints had dried, he compared them with the ones of the cigarette lighter. The Englishman's matched perfectly. Then the man remembered that, in some London newspapers of two years ago, he had read that his friend had been cheated and humiliated in some way. The offender was this Englishman. Evidently his friend was trying to get even.

"With all these pieces put together, the puzzle was complete. He confronted his friend with the facts, and gave him the chance of returning the money safely, and letting the matter remain a secret, or—" J. B. smiled.

"Which did he choose?" Kirkland asked eagerly.

"That," said J. B. slowly, "is the question."

* * * * *

The next morning J. B. was sitting in his den reading when Wellington knocked on the door.

"Come in," J. B. called. Wellington entered carrying a small package. J. B. took it and quickly opened it. There lay the \$50,000 of bank-notes. There was a note accompanying it. It read:

"I take my hat off to a second Sherlock Holmes. Please accept my congratulations, also my apologies.

L."

As he placed the bank-notes in a wall safe, J. B. mused, "No, not Sherlock Holmes, just Sheerluck Holmes."

A Christmas Parade

By E. Richardson

THE snow fell softly upon the already white earth. Salvation Army Santa Clauses stood on every corner jingling their bells wearily. To them it was just another snow—cold and damp. They wanted only to be relieved, and to go home to fire and Christmas cheer. It was Christmas Eve, and the tree had not yet been decorated. It wouldn't do to disappoint Johnnie and Eddie and little Janie—not even if it meant a late bed-time for them.

The passers-by seemed to care little for the snow's beauty either. They jostled this way and that, so crowded were the streets.

A beautiful, expensively dressed lady paused on a corner and listened attentively to the carol singers. In all her beauty and wealth she had not experienced the joy and new-born feeling that these carols, sung by simple God-fearing people, had given her. In her

world she was "The Mrs. Anton Van Horn, my dear. The society leader, you know." Listening to the carols, she was nobody, a nonentity. Mrs. Anton Van Horn celebrated no Christmas. Her "set" scoffed at it. "Christmas!" they would exclaim, "Oh yes. Isn't there some mythical tale of a baby being born in a manger and ever afterwards his birthday was celebrated as Christmas?" Mrs. Anton Van Horn, wealthy society leader, wished wistfully that this wasn't so. She would like to have believed in Christmas. In fact, deep down inside of her, she did believe in it. A shy, unfelt warmth crept through her at hearing the carols. At home one never heard carols; instead, the piece of the hour was heard, and pronounced "nifty." To-night she must attend a dinner; it was always a boring affair, but one of Mrs. Anton Van Horn's duties was to attend these boring dinners and dances. She summoned her car and entered it wearily. With one last, longing look at the singers she settled herself and became the wealthy cultured society leader again.

A small, plain woman, a saleswoman, with tired eyes hurried by; she had been on her feet all day. Now she must hurry home and try to find something for crippled little Polly and her sturdy twelve-year-old son. She thought of the dismal little tenement house and the rooms on the third floor that she and her two children occupied. They'd been having a hard struggle, but now, please God, things would go better. Tomorrow they would celebrate her new job with a real dinner. It was to be a surprise to Polly—gallant little Polly who sat all day long in her chair by the window watching and waiting for her mother and brother, always greeting them with a smile. At the thought of Polly, the mother hurried on, and was soon lost to sight in the crowd.

Another shopper fell in the line, a young and rather pretty woman. She looked tired, but in her eyes was a twinkle of merriness. Happily married and the mother of three splendid young children, Eleanor Braston felt her joy complete. To be sure, it took careful managing to live on thirty-five dollars a week, but they *did* manage, and the little home in the suburbs was as neat and attractive a home as one could wish for. She smiled when she thought of nine-year-old Jack. How thrilled he would be with the electric train she and Bruce had bought him. In her arms were a few necessary trinkets with which to decorate the tree to-night. They would do it late after the children had gone to bed, and there was no danger of their waking. It was such fun. She glanced at her watch. It was late. She must hurry so as not to miss the five o'clock train. A sudden heave of the crowd, and the happy wearer of the shabby three-year old coat disappeared out of sight.

Quite a parade—here a sad-eyed woman; there a stern-faced man; now a few urchins "window shopping." On and on goes the line; sad faces—happy faces—grim faces—roguish faces—dirty faces—clean

faces—uplifted looks—downcast looks—it's all in the Christmas parade.

Whither Goest Thou, My Thought

By Corinne Adams

DID YOU ever sit down, by command of some superior authority, and try to write a theme when there was seemingly nothing to say? Every time this lamentable fate befalls me, I enforce a system all my own, a system of asking myself questions. For instance, did it ever occur to you why blackboards are black; or why doors open in or out instead of up, or why we sit on chairs [I've always preferred a table myself], or why the new fall hats are so hideous, or why houses are built up instead of down, or where, and here let us pause and ponder for a moment, goes each little thought?

Every day, millions upon millions of people [yes, don't be surprised] are thinking real honest to goodness thoughts. Where do these thoughts go? They are born in the brain of the composer, but after that—where? Some, especially good ones, which have been expressed in words, dwell on indefinitely in the minds of people. But what about the more insignificant ones, soon forgotten by both author and hearer? They must be present in some form. They can't have disappeared without leaving a trace. A pool of water, if left standing, eventually disappears, but it is still present in some form. It is turned into—well, ask Mr. Thurston. Thus it must be with a thought. The more flimsy ones, perhaps, evaporate into the air, and become small particles not visible to the human eye. But those of a more concrete nature must take some definite form. Perhaps they are little voices floating about, continually whispering their messages. Often we are told of people who "hear voices." Immediately we tag them as being insane. Who can tell but that they have a sixth sense which enables them to hear these whispering thoughts. Then again the thoughts may be blown about, some alighting on the ground to be mingled with the dark earth, some soaring up, up into the clouds to become rain-drops or sunbeams. The light summer breezes, that refresh us with their coolness, may be myriads of amusing thoughts, dancing over the countryside, relieving all with whom they come in contact from the burdensome cares of the day. What are stars—the glittering watchmen of the night? Each one is perhaps a thought, too ethereal to dwell in common minds, yet, too beautiful to take some common form. Dark, sinister shadows, lurking in the corners, stealing through the tree tops, may be but evil thoughts, thrust from some human mind. All of these, and more, our thoughts may be. Sunbeams, shadows, stars or breezes, which of these will be this child of my imagination, this infant of my brain? Whither goest thou, my thought?

BITS OF VERSE

Larry Goes Home

A red glow flickers full upon his face,
Forming blackened pits beneath his brow—
In that fleeting second
'Tween dark and light
Those pits spring alive and beckon,
Then pass away into the night.
The last cigarette from a silver case:
Larry had been rich—till now.

Weary legs lead Larry down the street—
Man-made towers all about,
Outstretched, as if the sky to meet,
Stars, heaven, and moon shut out.
The pavement is hard and cold;
The dust swoops and scutters by;
A rat stands silent, stares so bold;
A bat swerves low, then high.

And thus to a bridge he comes,
Arched across a thundering stream.
But he sees not the same—
He sees sunlit ripples all agleam;
Purple hill, a forest, field and farm;
It is home he thinks to see,
Safe from cities, gold, and harm—
Home, that for him had ceased to be.

He descends to the river brink,
Sudden happiness in his eye;
Throws a pebble—watches it sink,
Then stands full against the sky.
Dawn comes at last to stare
Upon the dying splash and spray and foam—
But Larry didn't care—
He'd gone home.

—R. Thompson.

Holidays

The calendar promises two days of the year
That will echo and ring with genuine cheer—
Two days of the year, above all the rest,
That will find each heart living and loving its best.

On a snow-pillowed background, dotted with trees,
Sing the song of the skates, the whisper of skis.
On the woods' trail snowy and sunny and bright
Eager snowshoes shuffle and scuffle the white.

What other two days of the three-sixty-five
Have the spirit and happiness that these keep alive?
None on the calendar bring joy so sheer—
As our glad Christmas day and our happy New Year!

—R. Thompson.

Aunt Sybil

By Juliet Spangler

OF ALL the people I loathe and abominate, I
abhor Mrs. [Auntie] Sybil Butterworth the
most. She positively eats away my "inner-
eds." This feeling of antagonism is due to the fact
that I know her so well. All the people who don't
know her say what a wonderful church worker she is,
and how much she knows about the homo-suicide situa-
tion in East Java. They don't come any crazier. *They*
means Auntie Sybil and the stuff she knows.

Well, anyway, she was at our house the other night
when Mother and Dad were out, and Jane had gone to
the movies. I was doing Latin lines when she walked
into the house—five done, and thirty-five to go.

"How'd do, sweet? Are you going to give Auntie
Butterworth a great big kiss?" Imagine her talking
that way to *me*, of all people. Oh, I did finally kiss her
just to give her that feeling of satisfaction. She sat
down. That meant at least two hours. She told me
about the latest news in East Java. It was that men
in Java have only hemp to wear, and that after seven
hundred ninety-three years the hemp supply would
diminish 99 44-100%, which would not leave enough
for the skirts of the East Javian people. Oh! how she
pitied the poor people of East Java, with such an end
in view. Oh! the irony of it all!

"Two poohs and a winnie," I felt like shouting. Aunt
Butterworth could stand it no longer, and drew out her
two-by-four handkerchief, and began to mop up the driz-
zles.

"Auntie, you must be tired. Hadn't you better go
home now," I said, using a little high pressure sales-
manship. I actually felt like a Fuller brush man, or,
if you prefer, a book agent.

"Now, I must wait for your dear parents to tell them
the sad news; your father is so interested in the homo-
suicide movement, you know."

"Oh! yes," I mumbled, hardly moving my lips,
"Miseri praeium in caelo recipient."

We're in the Army

By Dana Kennedy

MORNING, dank with night chills and the
mists of the valley, saturates the walls of the
tent, white with condensed fog, and within
are warm snugly clustered camp cots.

Occasional, unintelligible mutterings mingle with
crescendoing snores as thistle or extra sharp straw from
the ticks rakes across the back or prods the stomach
of some blissful music-maker.

Five-forty-five! The 'top-kick' scurries from tent to
tent awakening the corporals. The corporals in turn,
each rout out the seven privates under their wing.

Chinese-cracker fashion—groans, yawns, remonstra-

tions float merrily from the first tent in line. Immediately the next tent joins in; then the next—so on.

The woe-begone howls of some would-be late slumberer split the air as he lands *ker-plunk* on the cold, cold ground, deposited by the willing hands of the early risers. Only one such experience is necessary to convince any disciple of Morpheus that the order to 'get up' means, precisely, to get up.

The bath house suddenly becomes a Mecca. Everyone rushes to it, betowelled, soap in one hand, razor in the other—everyone trusting to Providence—or some rookie to furnish the mirror.

Soon a medley of blood-curdling sounds, catapulted from husky lungs, as icy water gets in its work, rent the air. Then *wosh, wosh, wosh* as tooth-brushes scrub away at overworked ivories. Soapy water runs riot. Disgustedly each newcomer tries the cold-and-hot-water faucets—the water is either hot enough to feel cold or cold enough to feel hot. Either way is torture.

Towels flash briskly as sturdy arms attempt to work up a little warmth. Slowly the bathers change as new ones take the places of the departed. Some heavy-eyed sleepwalker staggers back to reclaim his lost soap. Perhaps he finds it. More often he doesn't. Locating a bar gone A. W. O. L. is no less than a miracle!

Suddenly a bugle shrills "I can't get 'em up." The band marches by, playing "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous." It makes one straighten up and feel like a hero. The top-sarg's whistle calls the men in line. The "Star Spangled Banner" blares forth—slowly, then faster. The howitzer booms! Old Glory glides to the mast-head! Day is begun!

Introducing Peterkin

By Lois Smith

PETERKIN was his name! Personally he despised it. It was such a silly, babyish name for a handsome, black scotty with a pedigree much longer than his brief tail. And Peterkin was going to run away! He was tired of all this mollycoddling—bath every day, hair brushed daily, special diet and strict schedule, and above all, dog-shows, at which he had won many a blue ribbon. But what were all these honors compared to the popularity which Mickey, a large mongrel, enjoyed. Why every dog for streets around admired and envied Mickey! And how the lady dogs fell for him! He had the pick of any "fem" in the district. Even Peterkin's especial heart-throb, a beautiful, snowy-white spitz had joined the general rush! Peterkin decided that he could bear life no longer.

So one night, Peterkin sidled up to the door, and whined. He laughed a scornful little laugh deep down inside as he trotted languidly out.

That night Peterkin spent in a barrel in somebody's back yard, and the next morning he feasted on the

delicacies of a garbage can, and in fine spirits started down the street.

As he raced along, he observed the gorgeous Lassie tripping daintily along ahead of him, he dashed up beside her. One glance at him, and the lovely head turned, very distinctly, in the other direction. Peterkin's head dropped; he had been deliberately snubbed by his best beloved. Then, who should appear on the scene but that virile conqueror, Mickey. At once Lassie danced gaily up to Mickey and, wriggling joyfully, rubbed noses with him. This was too much for Peterkin!

Rushing upon the astounded Mickey, he attacked him vehemently. At first, the experienced Mickey carried everything before him, but presently the unequal fight evened; then, it swayed a little in Peterkin's favor. Following up his advantage, Peterkin finally managed to secure a death-hold on Mickey's throat. But, suddenly, an icy stream of water descended upon them from a hose seized by a bystander. Peterkin instantly relinquished his strangle-hold, and the whimpering Mickey, every vestige of fight beaten out of him, rose weakly to his feet, and, dazed and bleeding, limped slowly out of the story. Peterkin, the new champion, also dazed and bleeding, and very wet, padded up to Lassie, who, fickle as any woman, was delighted that he had won.

The Rush of Life

By Dorothea Powers

DAYS, hours, and even minutes are packed full of things to do. Especially during the school year, life rushes from one thing to another until one is mentally "out of breath." Morning finds most of us unwilling to get out of bed and go at it again.

The thought has often come to me that it would be a fine thing to have nothing to do except enjoy myself; but, recently, I have realized what a wonderful thing it is to be busy. For two months, I have had to watch someone, who used to fill his days with long hours of hard work, doing nothing because of ill health. After observing this case, I know that doing nothing is hard work.

Then, too, as we grow older, we realize that those who are idle and spend their lives with no particular ambition never get, or give, the really fine things of life. A certain man whose life is familiar to me was born with more than his share of brain power. He married and is the father of three children. When still young, he lost his position, through laziness, and did not try very hard to find another, claiming poor health as his excuse. His wife supported him for years, but finally gave it up, and she and their children left him to his only friend—his mother.

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O, Man, How Mighty

By Peter Skoufis

JIMMY DOLAN slowly hung up the receiver, and, with hands that trembled ever so slightly, resumed the buttoning of his coat. His wife was puttering about; her attention was apparently centered upon the serious business of making up his lunch.

"One of the boys," he explained, "wants me to pick him up on the way down to the station."

Marjorie Dolan had not lived with Jimmy for twelve years without learning how to draw her own conclusions, and those compressed lips and uncertain fingers told her the call had not come from another officer. Her husband was concealing something from her.

"That's grand," was all she said. "You'll be having company on the way down. Sort of start the night off right. Must be lonesome walking around, when other people are asleep."

Jimmy made no reply. This silence was unusual for him. He squared his brawny shoulders and strode heavily for the door; then he turned and kissed her good night.

Marjie was worried about Jimmy, because she knew that he was worried. The loss of his sergeant's stripes a few weeks before, and demotion to a beat where he might never have a chance to redeem himself had been a heavy blow to him.

"Don't you be worrying about me, Jimmy," she told him the day he brought home the bad news.

"Sure and haven't I been a patrolman's wife for nine years and a sergeant's for three? I can be a good patrolman's wife again."

Marjie was small, neat, and plain, but patience, courage, and good common sense shone from her twinkling Irish eyes. She had learned to take life as it came.

Marjie sighed and set to work to press the uniform he had worn not so long ago, the one with all the nice braid on it. "Someday," she decided, "he'll be needing it again."

When the uniform was neatly pressed and put away, Marjie sat down to think over the night's happenings. She had overheard one word that passed between her husband and the mysterious caller, but it explained a lot. That word was "Aaron."

"The blackguard," she murmured fervently, and let her condemnation go at that.

It was because of "Lefty" Aaron's escape from Jimmy's custody that he was demoted. He was wanted for murder, among other things, and her husband had risked his life to capture him. But Aaron tricked him and got away. Politics demanded that someone be thrown to the lions, so Sergt. Dolan was chosen.

"Oh, well," she said half-aloud, "all that's past and gone. Jimmy has good stuff in him. He'll show—"

The doorbell rang sharply, and she gasped involuntarily. Had something happened to Jimmy? When he was wounded three years ago in a gun battle, an officer came to the house about this time of night to break the news. It took all her self-control to appear unexcited as she opened the door.

The visitor was one of the neighbors, making a late call. They chattered gaily for a half hour; then the visitor arose to go.

"What I really came in for," she exclaimed, "was to tell you we got a call from the Kelloggs this evening. They're going to be away another two weeks, and they'd like to have Jimmy sort of keep an eye on the place a little longer."

"Indeed, and he'll be glad to do it," Marjie assured her.

Alone once more, Marjie went to her room and sat before the open window. It was her bedtime, but she couldn't sleep. Sitting in the darkness she could clearly see the street outside, and watch the lights that were going out one by one in up-stairs' windows.

Propping a hand under her chin, she began to review the thoughts that had been running through her mind for hours. That reference to Aaron was more awesome than it seemed.

When her husband was demoted, he was taken off the Aaron case. If he went after the murderer now, he might have to steal away from his beat for a short time. It would probably turn out all right for him if he succeeded, she reasoned. But if he failed, and was known to have left his beat, what would happen? Dismissal for breach of discipline was certain.

She stared out of the window again. Houses on the other side of the street were now completely dark. Her mind on other things, she watched them as the minutes dragged by.

Something that did not fit in with the blackness across the way brought her to attention. Craning her neck, she peered half way down the block. She was sure she had seen a light flickering in one window. Then it flashed again. Marjie felt momentarily cold.

Some one—a burglar, no doubt—was prowling about in the vacant Kellogg home.

A minute later she slipped out of the back door and disappeared around the house, carrying only the keys of the Kellogg home in her hand.

Merging with the shadows, Marjie crossed the street where it was darkest, and approached the Kellogg home through the alley in the rear. She had heard that burglars sometimes have lookouts, and she figured that if someone were on guard, he would be skulking near the front of the house.

As she entered the back yard, she could see a faint

glow of light where one of the dining room blinds was not drawn all the way. There was still time to do something.

Up to this time Marjie hadn't decided upon her plan of action. Woman-like, she had rushed into a situation without thinking about how she would meet it or about the risks she would be taking.

Still uncertain as to what she should do, she crossed to the dark driveway and walked softly toward the side of the house. Then she stopped and listened, but no sounds came to her ears. Above, she could make out the outline of one of the kitchen windows, and, as she peered more closely, she could see that it was partly open.

"He must have got in that way," she thought.

A plan took form in Marjie's mind. She was on familiar ground, and it suggested means of dealing with the situation. Quickly, she stooped, and for a moment was hidden in the darkness. Then she straightened and walked rapidly along the driveway to the front of the house.

"Who knows?" she asked herself. "It's just like what a man would do."

No one molested her, nor was any alarm given, as she walked up to the front steps. Her heart was beating fast as she found the bell button and pressed it twice.

There was no response. She did not expect any. Once more she pressed the button and heard the bell tinkling in the depths of the house.

"My, my!" Marjie exclaimed. "I do believe it worked."

There was a grim smile on her face as she inserted the key in the lock and pushed the door open. In the pitch blackness she felt her way into a living room, switched on a light, and raised one of the blinds. Then she scurried across the street to her home.

A few minutes later she was in bed, but day was breaking before she fell asleep.

Marjie was still asleep when Jimmy came home

around six o'clock, an hour later than usual, but, when she awoke at seven, she could hear him whistling in the kitchen, as he prepared his breakfast. It seemed a long time since he had whistled like that.

It took all her self-control to act calmly as she slipped into a dressing gown and walked softly down the stairs.

Jimmy was sitting before a stack of toast, and was pouring coffee.

"Big doin's last night, Marjie. Caught a burglar red-handed. Got him with the goods."

"Do tell?" commented his wife.

"Yep, I was coming up the street about quarter past two, when I seen a light in Kellogg's front window. First, I thought they might of come back, but, when I couldn't see their car around, I got suspicious and tried the door. Then I took my flashlight and was goin' round the house when I heard a groan."

"What do you suppose happened Marjie? A burglar climbed out of the kitchen window with a bag full of loot, and dropped right smack into that reservoir where Kellogg keeps oil for his furnace. It's over ten feet deep, and the hatch was open."

"Sure and wasn't that careless of him," commented Marjie. "Now I'm wondering who could have opened that hatch. I'm sure I shut it two days ago when the men took the tank out to fix it."

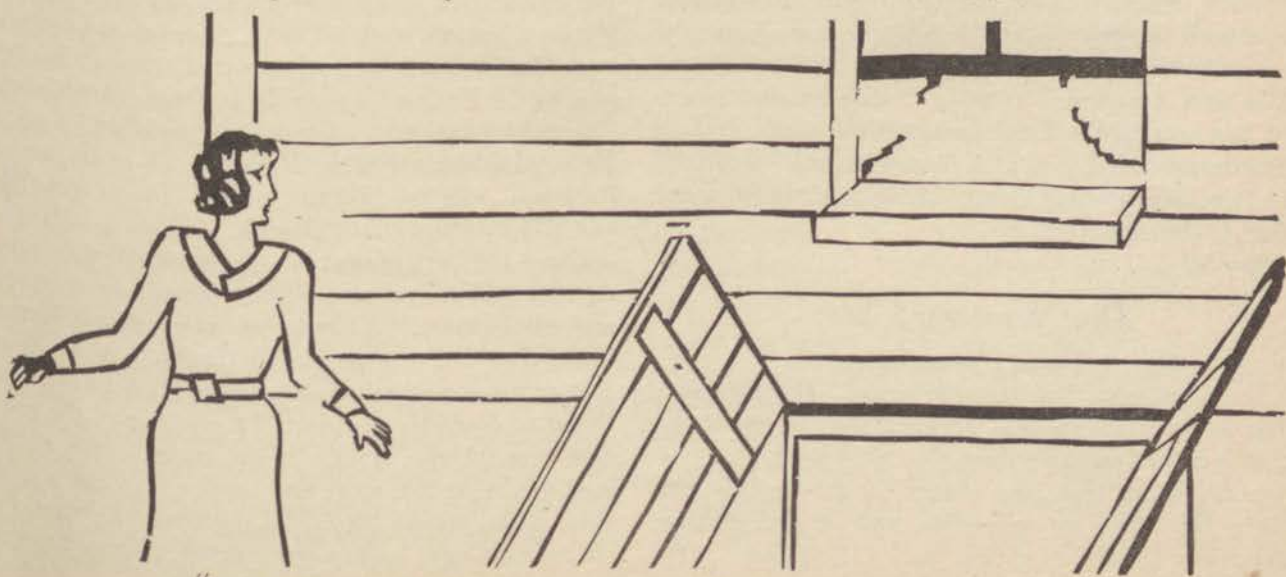
"Anyway," Jimmy continued, "when I fished him out I got the surprise of me life. Who do you s'pose it was? Lefty Aaron himself?"

"Aa—Aaron?" stammered Marjie.

"Yep, Aaron, He's just a cheap crook, but he's a killer when he's cornered. Well, he sprained his ankle in the fall, and in two shakes I had the bracelets on him. He was behind the bars inside of ten minutes."

"And to think I was sleepin' like a log while this was goin' on," marvelled Marjie.

"And I'll get my stripes back tomorrow, so get the suit with the braid on it ready," ordered Jimmy as he reached for another slice of toast.



"THEN SHE STRAIGHTENED AND WALKED RAPIDLY ALONG THE DRIVEWAY"

BOOK REVIEWS

Pilgrim Cottage

By Cecil Roberts

F'ATE was no longer a mysterious, erratic force. It had purpose, design." True it was. Fate brought Mrs. Cressington across the Atlantic, led her to a hidden English village, and placed Pilgrim Cottage in her hands. In a cheap Venice "pensione," Fate brought lovely Ann into the presence of youthful Philip, floated the two of them on a billowing cloud of romance, and, with a wink, tumbled them into Pilgrim Cottage. Then, with usual good sense and design, Fate spirited Ann away from Philip's hands and lips, precipitating her into a terrifying plunge through life—murderous, bloody, pitiful, starving life. And it was none other than Fate who brought Ann past the very brink of death. But Ann returned to Pilgrim Cottage: Philip and home and life, much dearer.

This is romance the way you like it!

No Matter Where

By Arthur Train

"No Matter Where" is truly a delightful novel. The scene is laid in a familiar setting: the salt and bayberry of our own Pine Tree state. Discouraged, financially broken, Donald Lee, once a millionaire, drops out of existence in gay New York—and lives once more in a seacoast town. What he finds there is almost too good to keep a secret. But let this be sufficient to arouse thy reading eye.

Heavy Weather

By P. G. Wodehouse

With his usual unusual sense of humor, Mr. Wodehouse has knocked off for us another of those snappy tales that makes the world hum along its merry way. Its title, *Heavy Weather*, strikes up a familiar acquaintance with the plot, leaving no doubt in our minds as to the outcome when Ronnie falls in love with Sue Brown. The Hon. Galahad Threepwood's decision not to publish his scandalous Reminiscences, the theft of Lord Emsworth's prize pig, and the appearance of Monty Bodkin, Sue's former fiance, create a situation much akin to dynamite and fire.

Try it!

The Westward Star

Frank Ernest Hill

Ever read a modern novel in verse? The *Westward Star* is the latest thing of its kind, done in fine rhyme that is carried on throughout the entire book.

Many claim that true poetry should be brief, concise. But when an epic poem such as this portrays so vividly before our eyes a tale of the pioneer West, we must not neglect it.

The story weaves around and about three central characters, Sarah, Emmet, and Celeste, each presenting individual personalities that at moments are in bitter conflict, and then again in blissful harmony. Three such striking characters together could not possibly cross the parched western plains, the treacherous Rockies,—ever Westward—without stirring consequences.

Big Flight

Francis and Katherine Drake

Airplanes... crack-ups... bail-outs... thunder of sleek speeding motors... records broken... speed...

Those are the ingredients of this tasty tale of the airways. The pages fairly vibrate when Dan Howard starts on his *Big Flight*. The last page—the end of the *Big Flight*—will leave you in a veritable tailspin of thrills. From the moment of the crash in the high mountains one winter eve until the wheels of the astounding Mercury bounced on Newark airport at the close of the *Big Flight*, Dan Howard reels off one thrill after another. He began as a part-time mechanic. He finished as the world's greatest hero of the skyways.

After Worlds Collide

Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie

What happens when worlds collide? Mr. Balmer and Mr. Wylie proceed to tell us in a most vivid manner. When it became known among the foremost scientists of the world that two stars, moving through space toward our solar system, would first pass close to our world, make a circuit of the sun, turn back, and then the largest of them would strike and annihilate the earth,—Cole Hendron, greatest engineer of the century, perceived a possibility of escape. A "jump" to the new arrival in the solar system might be effected. Hendron set to work at once. Atomic energy adequate to drive a large rocket was released in his laboratories. But no metal could be found to withstand the heat so produced. Hendron persisted in his plans. He established a city in Michigan where he took a thousand selected human beings. Days—months—and still no space ship was built.

Came the first passing of the foreign bodies: tremendous tides, cyclones, terrific volcanic disturbances, and earthquakes. All seacoast cities were deserted. More than half the people on the earth were killed. The moon was smashed to atoms. But in this very threat of doom the problem of propulsion of the space ship was solved. A new metal came to the earth's surface during the great eruptions. It withstood the heat of the atomic blast. In the days following, two space ships were hastily constructed. Then came the

(Continued on page 36)

PARADE OF EVENTS

Carnival

THREE cheers and a whoop—there's going to be a hot time the evenings of Dec. 7-8! Dazzling, gigantic, spectacular, and just plain swell are the adjectives which, when pieced together, describe the carnival being put on by the B. H. S. athletic association. The gym, touched by the magic wand of some festive fairy, has changed from a stern place, echoing with martial commands, to a joyous market place filled with the clamor of merchants advertising their wares in attractive booths.

At eight o'clock, the merrymakers will go upstairs to the assembly hall, where the Dramatic Club presents "The Man Without a Country." It's safe to bet your spare shoestrings that the performance won't be bad, nor even ordinary. It's not much use going into detail about the play for everybody has probably read the story. If you have, don't let that stop you from seeing the play. Actions speak louder than words, and are much more interesting.

In the play, a United States frigate has a fight with a pirate ship. Sailors and officers die right and left. Cannons boom offstage! Muskets crack! Bloodcurdling groans split the air! Rigging crashes downward, and cannon balls bounce about! It's all very thrilling, and what's more, that is only a part of it.

Twelve stalls and perhaps more will be erected about the gym at advantageous positions. Candy, punch, ice cream, and hot dogs will be on sale.

Astrologers—wield, fantastic creatures versed in the art of black magic, will, for paltry sums, foretell your future—lifting with uncanny exactness the veil covering the time to be. If you wish it, glorious careers are in store for you—or mayhap a tall, dark, handsome man with a Clark Gable moustache will come bounding into your life.

One of the supreme attractions is that enchanting, delightful game which is fast rising to nation-wide popularity—Beano. Now-a-days a carnival couldn't be a carnival without Beano. Some youth with leathery lungs and a voice like the bellow of a bull, will draw numbers and disclose the winners of very worth while prizes.

Think, everybody, of the giddy splendor, the excitement, the fun, the drama of the stage, which is yours, tonight, for the ridiculously low cost of two bits!

Evening Sessions

The evening sessions of afternoon and morning students were very successful in their way. Both meetings opened with an Assembly program in which the parents and friends who were present were welcomed and were invited to see their "Eloise" or "Will" perform.

It must be confessed that we were just a bit nervous and flustered during classes, and perhaps were not quite up to par. The atmosphere, therefore, was not the real school atmosphere for we were on our guard and not at all our real selves. The darkness seemed to contribute to the fun, too, and everybody wondered why the place looked so queer. It was dark out, and no one could gaze enjoyably at life below when recitations grew weary!

The visitors, however, seemed to enjoy the whole thing and gladly took the opportunity of seeing how classes are run.

Student Council

There has been a demand made by some students to be told more of the Student Council. This demand is very proper since no government of any sort can survive if the citizens of that government have little or no idea how the government is made up or run. It seems to be the custom of every nation or organization to rise to great prosperity, then to slip and fall to destruction just because of lack of patriotism or interest. We don't want that to happen to the Student Council.

The constitution of this body was drawn up January 18, 1932. It explains in detail the duties, the activities and the purpose of the council—in relation to social functions and extra curricular activities. Its purpose is to raise the standard of the school, scholastically and athletically, and to create in the students a sense of responsibility for the general appearance and order of the school.

Because of the large number of students in the council, it is necessary to have a small compact unit to take charge of matters which come up. This body is called the executive committee. The principal has the power of veto over any act passed by this committee.

Since the primary purpose of the council is to form a closer cooperation between the student body and the faculty, let us make it a success by obeying its laws and cooperating with the faculty to the utmost.

The officers of the council this year are: Jonathan Adams, president; Roberta Smith, vice president; Evelyn Nickerson, secretary; and George Bell, treasurer.

The executive committee is composed of the class officers and Hope Betterley, Helen Bond, Sheldon Smith, and Artemus Weatherbee, seniors; Jeannette Leavitt, Peter Emery, and Frederick Johnston, juniors; Virginia Moulton and James Gillen, sophomores.

Remember, the student council belongs to the pupils. Make it such and you will help yourselves, the teachers, and everyone concerned.

Dramatic Club

At the first meeting of the year, over 125 strong crowded into room 201. Out of these the following were elected as officers:

President.....	Edward Ross
Vice-President.....	Alice MacLeod
Secretary.....	Juliet Spangler
Manager.....	Edwin Young

Of course everybody is planning to attend the big production which the Dramatic Club is putting on December 7 and 8, "The Man Without a Country." All the members of the cast have been working hard for almost a month now, and because of their fine spirit and Miss Rideout's capable direction, this play should be a big success. In the cast, as you probably already know, is Artemus Weatherbee, who bids fair to give a wonderful performance as Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country." Also outstanding are Jay Finnigan, George Bell, Warren Wallace, and Lucille Fogg. The whole cast is too large to name, but they all certainly deserve a great amount of credit for their good work. The proceeds of this play will go to athletics. Roberta Smith and Edwin Young are co-managers, and they have worked very hard in order that this presentation may be a success. Incidentally, the last time this play was given, our own Mr. Ulmer and Miss Rideout were in the cast. Don't be too critical of our actors!

By the way, we have found out that the Dramatic Club is planning two one-act plays, which will be given in future assemblies. Just what they are, is not known, but, if the Dramatic Club gives them, they'll be good, that goes without saying! This is certainly something for the students to look forward to.

Broadcast

On Nov. 20, the Oracle Board and the Senior orchestra broadcasted over WLBZ under the auspices of the State department of education. The program opened with the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sprague, playing two numbers—A waltz from The Meeting at the Ball by Bendix and The Wedding March from the Bridal Suite.

Mr. Small was in charge of the program and announced the speakers, Artemus Weatherbee, Ernest Andrews and Roberta Smith. The subject was, "The School Magazine. What is its place in the school and the community?" In the course of the talk Weatherbee read Robert Thompson's gripping poem, "La Mort dans La Montagne". This selection proved that the Oracle inspires creative work. Each different department of the magazine was touched upon. Under the heading, editorials, Ernest Andrews read "Weak Sisters", written last year by Andrew Cox. But rarity is

the spice of life, and so it is in the Oracle. Under the Movie column we discovered that clever little criticism on "One Night of Love", written by Phyllis Smart and read by Artemus Weatherbee. A Passing in Review on Betty Barker was read by Ernest Andrews to illustrate one of the many ways in which the Oracle acquaints the school with its new members. Both Artemus and Ernest are splendid orators anyway, and they did a very creditable job under the direction of Miss Mullen. Roberta Smith handled the main speech introducing the 'cuts' and the speakers.

But this wasn't the only broadcast being given; the week previous, Mrs. Haven Sawyer spoke on the findings of the commission on school finance. Elmer Yates, clarinet soloist, played at this session. More broadcasts are to follow, so be listenin'!

Assemblies

On October 5, came the best assembly of the year. It lasted a whole period. But that's hardly the thing that made the assembly enjoyable; it was the football rally which furnished the fun.

There hasn't been as much enthusiasm and school spirit shown for ages as appeared at that assembly.

Unquestionably the best show seen in any of the assemblies was given by a selected group of the Orono Harmonica Band.

The assembly is a great publicity organ. All the clubs use it as such, and many sales talks have been given.

Lucille Epstein spoke on behalf of the Dramatic Club, soliciting new members—or rather informing them that the race to get a chance to join the Dramatic Club was on.

Before the Portland game, the school held a huge mass meeting. Twelve hundred and fifty students crowded into the assembly hall—you can imagine what it was like. If there had been a hundred more cheering, in all probability, the school would have collapsed.

Captain Jock Adams had his picture taken presenting Mr. Taylor with the football won at the Bapst game.

Other pupils who spoke in assembly were:

Roberta Smith, for the Debate Club; Spencer Winsor, for the Debate Club; and Virginia Moulton, in the interest of the Freshman Reception.

Officers' Club

The Military Office on Wednesday, October 31, 1934 was the meeting place of the Officer's Club. Cadet Major Harold Moon, being senior commanding officer, assumed the duties of president. At this meeting the officers discussed the idea of running a dance and a tentative date was placed as February 21, 1935. It was agreed that if there was any profit from this dance it would go towards reimbursing the officers for their caps.

Debate Club

With a very successful concert recently completed and some big debates scheduled, the Debate Club certainly will have a full season this year. For the Bowdoin League debates, Corinne Adams, Ernest Andrews, and Myer Alpert will represent Bangor, and with that team another cup should certainly be awarded to Bangor. Anyway, win or lose, we may be sure that they'll do their best for good old Bangor High.

Another project planned by the Debate Club is to give its entire support to athletics. The committee, after reporting to Mr. Heal, has been working hard to make their part of the Carnival a great success. They are: Jeanette Leavitt, Lucille Epstein, Patricia Bell, William Palmer, Elwood Perkins, Blair Stevens, and the officers of the club—Artemus Weatherbee, Edwin Young, Sally Woodcock, and Robert Morris.

At the last meeting a program committee was appointed by Mr. Prescott, the club's faculty manager, to arrange outside meetings with special programs. Rose Bigelson, Roberta Smith, and Spencer Winsor make up this committee.

Therefore, with so many things ahead, the Debate Club is ready for anything, and we certainly wish it all of its previous good-fortune and more, too!

Freshman Hop

The annual Freshman Reception, usually given by the B. H. S. Band, was, on the contrary, presented by the Sophomore Class, on Friday night, November 16. About 300 students and friends crowded into the assembly hall that evening, and everybody had a grand time. A new feature of this dance was a receiving line. This innovation proved popular, and many of the people presented themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Pauline McLaughlin, Joseph Brennan, Pauline Goodwin, Barbara Libby, and William Bryce, all of whom were in the receiving line.

A novelty attraction, "a spot dance", was offered as one of the dances, and the lucky winners were Frances Giles and her partner, Donald Adams. They won as a prize two tickets to the Bangor-Waterville football game.

Delicious refreshments of punch and ice-cream were provided, and altogether, it was a very successful and enjoyable Freshman Hop. Over fifty dollars was cleared and this sum will go to help athletics. Since this dance seemed to be so popular, we'd suggest having a few stag dances. Here's to more informal school dances!

Sigma Omicron Sigma

In the first A activity program of the year, the seats, the laboratory tables, and even some of the standing room was taken in 322 when Sigma Omicron Sigma held its first meeting. Everybody seemed to be interested in the romance of science.

Most of the period was used in voting. J. Finnigan was elected president, and Edwin Young, vice president and Hope Betterley, secretary.

Phyllis Smart started to read the constitution. The bell rang, however, before she finished.

Mr. Varney, the head of the department of science in B. H. S. has started a Junior Science club for his Junior physics class students. May their sailing be smooth.

Festival Chorus

The Eastern Maine Festival Chorus presented in its 38th season Dan Gridly, tenor—Muriel Kerr, pianist, extraordinary—and Dorothea Quincy, soprano. Dorothea Quincy is a Bangorian—and does credit to her native city.

Dan Gridly and his pianist—I can't very well leave her out, made a grand showing. Mr. Gridly sang one song for the especial benefit of the chorus, and the applause from that body spoke for itself.

For the most part it is safe to say that but few people in Bangor have seen and heard a pianist—superior or even equal to Miss Muriel Kerr. When she played, even those hard, paralyzing seats were forgotten.

Miss Quincy and Miss Kerr received some very wonderful bouquets of flowers—flowers so gorgeous that gasps of admiration could be heard.

It is impossible to record the pains-taking care which Mr. Sprague and the chorus expended in making the festival the work of art that it was.

R. O. T. C. Battalion

Soon after drill started, officers were chosen for the year, and they are as follows:

Major—Harold Moon

First Lieutenant [adjutant]—Leonard McPhetres.

Second Lieutenant [supply officer]—Garold Downes.

Sergeant Major—Raymond Smart.

Supply Sergeant—Merrill Bolton.

Color Sergeants—Reginald Bolton and Lloyd Cutter.

Company A

Captain—Emil Hawes.

First Lieutenant—Harry Libby.

Second Lieutenant—Guy Leonard.

First Sergeant—Fred Prescott.

Company B

Captain—Artemus Weatherbee.

First Lieutenant—Dana Walton.

Second Lieutenant—Donald Whitten.

First Sergeant—George Bell.

Company C

Captain—Linwood McPhetres.
 First Lieutenant—Ross Gilpatrick.
 Second Lieutenant—Donald Moore.
 First Sergeant—Arthur Taylor.

Company E

Captain—Reginald Dauphinee.
 First Lieutenant—Philip Jaquith.
 Second Lieutenant—Robert Witham.
 First Sergeant—Hartley Bell.

Latin Club

The Latin Club has decided this year to combine social events with programs of serious intent, and the members consider this a good idea, since both fun and education will be obtained from the meetings.

Of course everybody remembers the grand party at the home of Mrs. Cumming—the first meeting, which certainly started the year off with a bang! Lucille Epstein and Aphrodite Floros put on a play that literally was a howl! That onion fight they had was really ingenious and kept the whole club in stitches. On the dot of 8:30, all the females in the party rushed to the radio to listen to the ever-popular Lanny Ross; and, after delicious refreshments had been served, everybody went home with the traditional “good time had by all.”

Holidays are just around the corner. By the way did the Romans have holidays? What and when were the Roman holidays and how were they celebrated? Such questions will be answered by the Juniors at the December meeting. There will be a discussion of ancient satire and its influence on modern satirical writings, with a brief play to illustrate this influence.

Latin Club will celebrate the old Roman Saturnalia on the evening of December 13. A program is being arranged which promises some fun. We'll start with Latin conundrums, some of which are highly personal, so park your tender feelings at the door. We read that the Romans were apt to be a bit personal as they poked fun at each other in public, and in Rome—we mean in the Latin Club—we do as the Roman did.

This year's Sophomores take life rather seriously and believe in doing things with a finish. So we look forward to the pageant in costume which they will present, entitled “The Spirit of Rome.”

The Seniors, reacting from the heavy burdens they are bearing will offer a skit on the June-Aeolus story, and as a grand climax, will stage a novel attraction, the love-story of the Aeneid in silhouette, with the aid of lantern and sheet—in fact several sheets.

Charades and pantomime will give an opportunity for all to display their talents.

Times are hard, so the customary gifts will be omitted. However there will be good things to eat and

more important, there will be a feast for the intellect, for the first number of the S. P. Q. R. will make its appearance, edited this year by Aphrodite Floros and Miriam Golden. As so often happens in worth-while undertakings:

Dux femina facti.

Rifle Club

Perhaps Sgt. Donchez believes that nearly everyone will work harder if he believes there is to be a reward in the end. At least the announcement concerning the Individual Matches seems to point to this sort of reasoning. Last year these matches were all shot at one time and high scorer received first prize. This year, however, the scores of all the club members for every practice session will be kept and, at the Christmas vacation, averaged, then the man with the highest average will receive the reward. This method will give the men something more than just shooting on the team to look forward to, and, perhaps, make them work harder.

The boys that comprise the Rifle Club are in order of their score rating as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Yates, E. | 16. Johnson, P. |
| 2. Downes, G. | 17. Witham, R. |
| 3. Millett, C. | 18. Hayden, D. |
| 4. Decrow, R. | 19. Arbo, M. |
| 5. Ames, B. | 20. Bell, G. |
| 6. Cutter, L. | 21. Greene, W. |
| 7. Bolton, R. | 22. Havey, R. |
| 8. Winsor, M. | 23. Sedgeley, R. |
| 9. Moreneault, C. | 24. Foss, P. |
| 10. Bolton, M. | 25. Rogerson, L. |
| 11. Bailey, H. | 26. Clisham, W. |
| 12. Varney, C. | 27. Billings, P. |
| 13. Buck, R. | 28. Farrar, J. |
| 14. Neal, A. | 29. Currier, J. |
| 15. Averill, G. | 30. Trask, R. |

Freshmen

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Coffin, R. | 5. Dodge, D. |
| 2. Snow, W. | 6. Rand, M. |
| 3. Watson, J. | 7. Mansell, G. |
| 4. Snow, J. | |

Band

Second Lieutenant [Student Leader Band]—Elmer Yates.

Drum Major—Milton Winsor.

The first public appearance of the battalion was on Armistice Day, when, wholly under student command, the battalion, headed by the band, led the entire parade and presented a very good appearance.

At the first of the year all commissioned officers and first sergeants were allotted brand new serge uniforms with blue lapels while the rest of the unit received the

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Babies, Take A Bow

WHO says there's nothing in America's new youth movement? It even swept Hollywood, the city of stars, off its gay, impudent feet. First comes the great little girl, Shirley Temple, and then Paramount sends us "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in which the children do as good acting as the experienced adults whose names are blazoned high above theirs.

Pauline Lord was rather a disappointment to me. Of course, her acting was flawless, but the Mrs. Wiggs that I had known and loved for so many years was far different from the fluttery, rather tearful creature portrayed by Miss Lord. The most endearing characteristic of Mrs. Wiggs was her rough and ready, laughing courage which is unfortunately lacking in the screen interpretation.

The story itself is practically unchanged, and the directing is remarkably good. Little Jimmy's death scene shows this last fact most clearly, and it is in this scene also that Pauline Lord proves what she is actually capable of doing as an actress.

But it is inevitable that I come back again to Europe, Asia, and Australia. Personally, I think it's the pig-tails that make these budding actresses so winning. In my childhood, eons and eons ago, I always yearned for a pig-tail [well, braid, then, if you want to be snooty], just one—and here the lucky Wiggses blossom out with two apiece: I simply can't resist them.

Home Town Girls Make Good in Movies

Biggest Scoop of Year. Oracle Reporter Corners Famous Movie Stars at the Coronation of the "Harvest Queen"

For days B. H. S. had been fluttering with excitement. Within the portals of our noble school were six noted movie stars, but no one knew who, why or wherefore. Taking the advice of their close friend, Miss Garbo, the six farmerettes had hidden away from the public eye in rooms 211 and 111, and were maintaining a heavy and complete silence. But when a literary editor turns sleuth, nothing stands in her way. As a result, you are herewith presented with the inside story of the happenings on that memorable day, November 21, 1934 at the Auditorium.

"Cold—bitter, biting cold!" groaned Rebecca Dooey, "And mud, slathers and gobs of heavy, brown mud. No, I didn't see the cameras; I didn't see the harvest queen, I didn't see anything except my lovely white

sneakers, and those ducky overalls, hopelessly covered with two inches and a half of mud, mud, mud!"

"I think those camera men were nasty, horrid creatures," our second Jean Harlow, Betty Homans, snappishly exclaimed. "Three times they nailed me back in that stuffy old barrel. How was I to know that some sweet child was playing with a police whistle and that it wasn't my signal to appear at all."

Elnora Savage and Barbara Freese were unmoved either by the cameras or the weather, but they certainly went in a big way for the free chocolate eclairs that were given to them after the trying ordeal.

Julie Spangler was exultant.

"I felt a halo 'round my head," she solemnly affirmed, "and I realized that this was the greatest moment of my life. This—*this* was my chance for fame and fortune. Only, I wish they hadn't piled so many potatoes on me; I couldn't get out through the top of the barrel."

Meanwhile the other half of the Spangler-Woodcock team was watching proceedings with a broad smile on her face.

"What's funny about such a wonderful experience?" asked Julie in a deeply grieved tone.

"Not a thing," poor Sally moaned, "but I can't stop smiling. This silly grin has grown on my face, because I was forced to look merry for exactly two hours at that coronation. I'll never be the same again," and through her smiles, Sally melted away into tears.

What Every Woman Knows

Let the motion picture, *What Every Woman Knows*, be a warning to all males! When a woman is shy, and clinging, and meek, prenez garde! For she is doubtless designing your whole life for you, and moulding you, a mere ignorant man, to fit her own plans. Such a woman is Maggie Wylie, who had no "charm." Her big, bluff husband, John Shand—played by Brian Aherne—was noted in Parliament for his brilliant political speeches with their peculiarly individual touches of sparkling humour. Little did the staid members of the House of Commons guess that these so-called "Shandisms" were composed to the click of Maggie's knitting-needles. And when the "clever new member" of the House deserted his Maggie for a social butterfly, a strange thing happened. No longer were his speeches witty and virile—they became lifeless and dead. No more was he quoted on the question of the gold-standard—and John Shand was a bewildered man. But Maggie, with all her feminine wisdom, used wiles and smiles on the chief members of his political party, and re-instated him.

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PASSING IN REVIEW

HE'S TALL, he's dark, he's been talked about, sighed about, and cried about, but here's where he gets written about. He's seventeen, and they stopped the war for him, which all in all made a very good beginning for the famous boy he was to become—Bob Clelland! He came here from Concord, Mass., and doesn't quite know just what one does in one's spare moments in this here village! [Boy, he should be on the Oracle board!] At present, he spends all his spare time in assembling motorcycles and cars [?], the former he smashes up in his own front yard, and the latter he claims could have licked Perry and Treat's—if it hadn't collapsed!

He says the funniest sensation he ever had occurred when Mr. Willis, after seeing him playing football in a practice game, came up to him afterwards and said, "Hey, you, Clelland! Just how long do you think you can stay here? You know we have an age limit! And even if you are good, we can't keep a fellow who flunked out of Maine!" It's nice to look old and experienced anyway 'James.' He doesn't like to read, and yet, if you question him, you will discover that he has read anything you can mention. And is he different! Unlike most boys, his favorite radio star is Joe Penner!

[Isn't there anyone in this school who will agree with me that he's lousy? Penner, I mean!] His Mass. number plate has caused plenty of excitement on plenty of streets! He plans to go to M. I. T. when he graduates, and after that he intends to become an Engineer of Aeronautics.

Mention "Bing Crosby" and your name is mud; or if it isn't mud, she'll yell "Lanny Ross" so loud you'll wish it were. Yale men and deep sea fishing are her hobbies [when Harvardites aren't around]; and wise-cracking is her pet aversion. Nor is that all! She sings, dances, swims, eats, plays the piano, and talks over the telephone. She can easily be found in the corridors hiding behind that immense grin. To pass college boards and go to Mt. Holyoke are her chief ambitions; however, a job in Woolworth's would come in handy later on—that is, if she can remember the prices. Studies? Well, just take a look at the Honor Roll. And what an author! Even Sammie Johnson would blush with shame. She reads Movie Magazines and dreams of Robert Donat. And plays tennis with a certain English teacher! Yep, you guessed it—Isabel "Ignitz" Cumming—the only one in captivity.

Billy Jenkins is a freshman.

Almost any freshman needs to be introduced to the upper-classmen, Bill especially, since we will hear a lot about him in the future. His *forte* is football. He plays a bang-up game in the line and is heading for the

varsity as a sophomore. He is a Boy Scout and spends much of his time each summer at Camp Roosevelt.

If you ask for his hobby, he will grin sheepishly and say, "Dancing." In spite of his he-man appearance, he admits that he likes girls. Where girls are concerned, he's another Clark Gable or Billy Palmer. And he isn't a football hero yet. What a future! Just say, "Hi, Bill!" when you see him, and you will have this reserved good-looking man-of-the-future for your friend.

Remember that dark good-looking fellow, you know, maybe a little short? You've seen him in the corridors. Sometimes he dresses a little like the sportsman he is. If you don't remember him, you've never met him. His quiet personality makes many friends. Girls don't affect him much, that is, only one. But Sixth Street is a long way from the avenue. He blows a horn for the Band and Orchestra. He is a great hunter and fisherman. He spends each summer at Lucerne-in-Maine, where he spoils that school girl complexion for a good healthy tan. He is right at home with anything mechanical. He is the chief mechanic for the *The Ford*. Maybe Grape-nuts make this gent a young Tarzan. Why, don't be ca-ra-zy; of course it's Currier Treat.

Freddie Johnston, player of all sports, football, basketball, hockey, and baseball, is a dark bright-eyed chap slim of build, but, nevertheless, energetic, and may be found on the field, in the gym, or on the rink, according to the season, or if he isn't there, he is. . . . well, let us say home studying; for his ranks are pleasing to look at. He used to study Latin, but he dropped that this year: he said, he liked the 'dead' language, but it was too boresome to study much. As all successful men have foresight enough to figure out some life work, so has Freddie; he wants to go to Annapolis; we certainly hope that he makes a success of his ambition.

She's cute, chic, curious, coy and clever; moreover, she's lovable, looney and lighthearted most of the time. Impossible, you say, all in one person, but here she is handed right out to you on a silver platter—Louise McCarthy. She likes blood curdling murder mysteries and Norma Shearer, and on the side-line—dark-haired men and blue neckties. She listens to Fred Waring and the Philadelphia Symphony. She summers at a girls' camp with swimming, tennis, golf, and hiking taking up her time. She thinks that it's much more fun to live in a home, than at a hotel, but we say, "At least there aren't any dishes to do." She's rather hazy about her future except that she's going to Well-

esley after two more years here. And then, after college, perhaps she will take up some sort of theatrical work. For a hobby, she collects souvenirs, making a specialty of necktie pins! But no interview is complete without mention of that all important factor—food, and her favorites are chicken and sour pickles.

She has the oddest and most infectious giggle of anyone I know, and she displays it anytime, anywhere, much to her embarrassment sometimes. She's president of the G. A. H. C., president of the G. G. C., member of the student council and so on and so on. This is only a small part of her past, present and future. She likes to dance, read, skate, swim, in fact anything that looks like fun. Her one ambition is to go up in the standpipe! She spends her summers up in the wilderness, away from everyone. She's got a baby brother that represents just hard work to her now—but wait until he begins to talk! Likes to go to the movies, [Helen, I mean] and prefers something on the style of "The Merry Widow" or "One Night of Love," yet, she'll go into hysterics laughing at Popeye! If girls went to West Point, Helen Bond would be there, that's all she raves about, and dreams about—that, and the 152nd! In her spare minutes she plays the piano, and has been having one grand time going through a lot of old war songs—discovered in the attic. Her rendition of "Thippin' thider thru a thraw" is really a masterpiece. She's always in a hurry no matter if she starts half an hour early; you'll see her dashing frantically here and there, hunting for something to hurry for! Her favorite radio star is the whole Army band [didn't I tell you?] She loves to eat—anything, at anytime. Just ask her how she makes cocoa when all she has is cocoa, cream and water, but be well protected, and don't say I didn't warn you! Her motto is "Maine now, Maine forever!"

That tall, slim youth poured into a Captain's uniform who yells at a fellow one minute—is immediately sorry, and slaps him on the back the next, is none other than Emil Hawes. He has made up his mind definitely to graduate from good old B. H. S. after switching uncertainly from Dexter to Bangor and back. In case you may have happened to drop into the Opera House you probably have heard his "how far down, please?" He begs me to inform you that he isn't stuck up, but that his collars are half a size too small! He likes to read all kinds of books and has collected all the "Mickey Mouse" volumes and has started on "Tilly the Toiler." Plays ice-hockey all winter—when there's any ice, and swims all summer, when he isn't pushing a lawn mower! He drives like all creation. And when you drive a big Reo down Miller Hill 90 miles per hour, boy, that's travellin'—and what I mean! And he hasn't hit anything yet! He say's he's just lucky—here's hoping his luck doesn't change half way down sometime! He plays the flute, but astonished every-

one when he turned up in the parade whamming the bass drum! He loves to eat, especially Washington Pie with cream one inch thick! Well, boys will be boys.

His hobby is coming home 3:30 A. M.—practice always did make perfect. He hopes to make Annapolis, but at least plans to go to a service school of some sort. He played football and basketball at Dexter and made his "D" in both, but because of one thing or another wasn't able to come out down here. When questioned more in detail concerning the differences between Dexter High and Bangor, he said, "The only thing Dexter had that Bangor hasn't, was a Hawes to make it's fumbles!"

Freckles, blue eyes, brown hair, five feet-three inches of cuteness and smartness—add 'em together, and what do you get? Janice Merrill—no other. And believe me, she certainly should take the prize for B. H. S.'s healthiest pupil, for she likes any kind and every kind of food, with second helpings. The woman even declared she dotes on sauerkraut! Oh, well, figure it out for yourself.

Her greatest ambition is to learn the proper etiquette of tooth and claw at the famous Latin Club banquet. Have patience, Janice, it won't be long now.

The day of strong-minded women is past. This blithesome sophomore, too, has fallen for Wayne King and his syrupy waltzes. Clark Gable gives her heartburn, and Gene Raymond sends her into dithers. Tsk, ts! But aside from these current passions, she's a cool-headed young person. She likes sports of all kinds, and she swings a mean hockey stick for her class team. Yellow and brown are her favorite colors, and she swears some day that she's going to have a yellow roadster with blue trimmings.

Mild of manner, steady of step, calm in confusion, describes a bright, studious, good-looking lad by the name of James D. Clement, Jr. Some people think he's slow because he is not given to bursts of excitement—spasms of laughter or sorrow. His motto is "be calm and collected, after all, why get excited over the trivial things of life?"

Jim is a very studious fellow, always has his lessons, and always gathers much fruit, in form of ranks, for his labour at the end of each quarter. He is deeply interested in rifle shooting and singing and belongs to the clubs of these activities at the school. It was thought that he wasn't interested in the fairer sex; however, on Armistice eve, he was seen with a Flagg on his arm and the Scandal Columnists don't know what to think.

Mr. Clement is also interested in the R. O. T. C. in which he was a member last year of the "picked squad." He collects stamps, coins, Indian arrow heads and lots of other things, and well—we wish him the best of luck.

ALUMNI

By Elnora Savage

OUR Bangor High Alumni seem to be gaining honors in all fields in various colleges—and when we say “honors,” we mean “honors.”

Christine Curran '31, was elected president of the senior class at St. Regis college. Besides that, she is a member of the Dramatic Club, the College Sodality, treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society, lieutenant of the Fire Squad, member of the Glee Club, Reader's Club, and Athletic Association. How's that for a list! And she'll probably add to it before the year is over.

Andrew Cox and Edward Curran, at Bowdoin, have gone “Deke.” That is, they have both joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity over there. Also both of them made the Frosh football team.

Andrew is playing first trombone in the Bowdoin Band!

Ed and Andy will be home for Christmas, so be on the lookout for them.

Jean Calhoun, who is attending the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, passed her entrance exams with flying colors. Her rank was one of the highest. Jean is taking a course in piano solo, and is a credit both to herself and her former teacher, Wilbur Cochrane.

Talking of honors, Joe Bertels '34, has received two high ones at Hebron. First, he has been elected literary editor on the *Hebronian*, the school publication. Also, he is a member of the Hebron Dramatic Club and had a leading part in the one act play, “The Edge of the Law”, presented around Thanksgiving. Joe always was good in dramatics. [Remember “The Knave of Hearts,” and “The Nut Farm.”] By the way, Joe doesn't want to miss any fun, so believe you me, he's coming home for Christmas.

At the University of Maine:

Eddie Redman was appointed business manager on “The Maine Review,” a literary magazine at the U. of M. They say it takes a brilliant mind to carry the position but from Eddie's past record, we guess he can fill it.

Those from Bangor chosen for the band are: Harold Taylor, Gerald Hart, Stanley Getchel, and Merrill Eldridge.

Gerald has his reward for all the trials he went through with his solos last year at Bangor High. He's been chosen solo trumpeter for the band.

Jane Sullivan, Elwood Bryant and Norman Carlisle, all of whom excelled in dramatics when in high school took parts in the play “Candlelight” presented by the Maine Masque.

The football season is over, and, from the showing made by some of our graduates who were on the Frosh

teams this year, there seems to be a pretty fair chance for a place on the Varsity next year. At the U. of M. Bob Hussey and Morris Rubin have a fair outlook. Bob played in all the games, as did Morris, on one of the best freshman teams U. of M. has ever turned out.

Phil Jones who coached that Maine football team may be remembered as playing on a Bangor High team which beat Waltham, Mass. by a large score. That was a big feat back in those days!

Talking of football games, did you notice how faithful some of our old students were, in attending our games [home and away].

Mrs. Madeline Bacon [Madeline Silsby] '24 is one of our few alumni who never miss any school affair. She's the one in the big raccoon coat at all the games [football and basketball] who, when the spirit starts to lag, peps it up again. So, from now on, when you see a blond-haired young woman shouting herself hoarse and getting more excited than any school girl, you'll know who she is. And believe it or not, she helps along the spirit of the thing a lot, and deserves credit for it, too. Mrs. Bacon was very active in high school and was one of the charter members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. Her friends describe her as “a live wire, and into everything.”

Going to business college didn't dampen the old Bangor High spirit in Elizabeth and Alicia Toole. They turned out at every game and cheered as loudly as anyone else, [which only goes to show that while every one was preaching school spirit, there must have been some lurking around somewhere!] The twins graduated in last year's class. Both were active members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council.

When we played Winslow, at Winslow, Paul Windsor came over from Colby full of the old high school spirit to watch the game. And was he proud as a peacock to see his brother Spencer strutting in a uniform!

There are always some alumni you just can't keep away from the football field, especially if they played football themselves. Some of our former stars who belong to this number are: Guy Flagg, Don Stuart, Art Stuart and “Frit” Greene [when he's home], and wouldn't they just love to be out playing on that field—mud, grit, and all!

Oh, for the exciting life some of our old students are leading. Just listen to this about Donald Yates. After graduating from B. H. S. in 1927, he went to U. S. Military Academy from which he was graduated in 1931. Then, taking to the air, like so many of the younger generation, he transferred to the air corps and was assigned to Randolph field—way down in Texas. In 1932 he was graduated from both Randolph

(Continued on page 32)

EDITORIALS

Slaves

By Aphrodite Floros

NOW that we think of it, what is in a name? A lot of words strung together to identify something or somebody would be the natural, instinctive answer. But go in a little deeper than that. What are you doing when you sign your name to a piece of work? Avoiding pointed remarks on numerous papers from the teacher, with the added pleasure of seeing them thrown into the basket? Perhaps. But you are also making a pledge; that which you've written is yours, the result of your mentality, great or otherwise. *Your* name represents you. You are saying that *you* did that work.

There is prevalent at times, an epidemic-like practice of writing themes, by quickly dashing them off from an old Primer or reading book, which "the teacher'll never see, dearie." This charming custom persists even among the so-called honest pupils. In fact it's considered quite the thing to bet that the teacher won't find out before a certain time. What a splendid way to earn your living in these times! But, suppose you reached the point where there were no books, no masterpieces, no old reading? That's right. You'd have to write them yourself.

William Lyon Phelps writes: "Every person who has not character is a slave. He is the slave of others who have or may have him in their power; he is the slave of circumstances; he is a slave of his own greedy desires. And I suppose the greatest reward of character must be the feeling of freedom."

Are you a slave? Then take off the chains and be free.

They Think "Pul-enty"

By Gordon Cook

It seems to me that people should practice public speaking elsewhere than in the theatre. Since most people go to the theatre to see the show and enjoy themselves, why not let them? Some hard-working souls go to take a nap, or sometimes unintentionally fall asleep if the picture is dry and uninteresting. Why disturb them?

All this concerns the people who go to the theatre to have their little chat. It's not the pleasantest thing in the world, while enjoying a good picture, to hear someone jabbering either behind or in front of you about the weather, or a good time he had at Johnny so-and-so's party the other night.

A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, deeply engrossed in some hair-raising thriller, was rudely aroused from his enjoyment by a series of extensive

and uncomplimentary mutterings behind him about the theatre's lighting equipment. After much banging around in a vain attempt to discover if the seats were all right, the two gentlemen seated themselves. Not caring to settle down and watch the picture as yet, they began an earnest conversation concerning nothing in particular. Enough! The camel's back was broken, and the long-suffering individual in front remarked that if they'd please shut up, he'd appreciate it very much. This is merely one of many such incidents. Most theatre-goers say nothing, but take my word for it, they think "pul-enty!"

Dances

Next to the movies, the most popular form of entertainment is dancing. The majority of high school students, it is agreed, enjoy dancing. Why, then, aren't there more dances? The latest dance held in the Assembly Hall [Sophomore Reception] drew a near-capacity crowd, and the dance was a huge success. But will there be more school dances? Probably not for some time. We believe there should be some dances for the people who do enjoy dancing and who wouldn't ordinarily go unless they were under school auspices. We recall the success of the dances that the Athletic Department sponsored last year, and we feel sure that the students would support future dances of this sort. Such dances could be given by school organizations at very little expense and with large and enthusiastic crowds. On with the dance! !

Maine School Press Association

For the third consecutive year the *Oracle* won the magazine award at the Journalistic Conference held at the University of Maine, November 23 and 24.

This particular conference was of unusual interest because at it the Maine School Press Association was formed with the avowed purpose of keeping secondary school journalists informed about engraving, printing, art work, and news content. This newly formed club will act as a sort of clearing house for school journalistic problems.

Much valuable information is gained by the delegates at these conferences through an interchange of journalistic experience.

All this has been made possible through Kappa Gamma Phi, the honorary journalistic society at the U. of M. which has had charge of the past thirteen conferences, and under whose auspices this new association was formed.

SKIDS FROM THE SKIDDIES

By Hope Betterley and Francis Giles

GREEKINS and Sakulatings....Hello! and thanks for the congrats and criticisms.... Did you hear what happened in Assembly when the cheer leaders called for a cheer for "Capt. Adams"...voice from senior section, Room 211—How about it boys—make it good and loud—And now a free advertisement [yes, Edwin] LOST: one megaphone at a scavenger hunt....ho hum—just a dollar—Reggie....SCOOP—It was spring—there was romance in the air, and everything—Winona Fraser landed Tommy Fowler—razzle dazzle—Wise answer of the month: Home room teacher during home room period—"Now don't you think that we're all like one big family?"—Wise West [from rear]—No—we've all been pretty friendly so far—Three cheers—We knew you could—Dick McGowan was late again the other day and Mr. Drisko asked him how far away he lived, anyway—"Just a five minute walk" says Dick, "if you run—".....and then came report cards with Fred Merrill's history rank so low he had to stoop over to read it—so what—talking about history—the teacher asked Lorna Hox if she had finished making up her map—the Hox wizzard answered—"No, I can't find my compact."

Some personalities: Things you can't forget—The original "fall guy"—Guy Leonard—The grain of experience—Barbara Libbey—a freshman at that—the gloom dispellers—Utterback and Gillen—Grin, darn you, grin—Margaret Maxwell and E. Earle Brown—The loud ones—Johnnie Hessert and his wise wink—the helping hand of Sarah Stinchfield—and last but not least the austere look of Hazelle Gillen—the Quaker Maid—Ho Hum, what about intermission at the Freshman hop—Just a happy, hectic time,—eh, George—?

Thought for Today: Lois Smith thinks that she shows more character when she lets her eye-brows grow.

Fashion note: Hood jackets and knit ties, to say nothing of the ten cent ear lappers—Charlotte Elkin waiting for Hebron to come home for Christmas—Tommy Nickerson, Currier Treat and Young B! Perry—the best deer hunters of B. H. S.—Did you say—dear question mark—Tom Doughty nearly got drowned the day of the Brewer game—he opened his mouth while he was under the showers—Got a glimpse of Roland Lancaster and Leona Prouty occupying the Lucy-Sharkey rendez-vous at recess—the one recently vacated by Bennett and Bickford—or should we say Bennett and Bennett—so what—You called for more real dirt—the dirtiest we've found this month was our football squad after driving through Brewer's mud—it may be fall, but we're not leaving—have you tried the three season seats in the assembly hall—no spring—failed again—Freddie Johnson—the human dynamo—always

charging—you'd better watch out or back you'll go in the grapefruit—

The Big Event of the Year—the Freshman Hop—Receiving line and all and was the senior girl embarrassed when she got to the end of the line—looked around for her usher and found him way back—shaking hands with Joe Brennan—talking about receiving lines—have you noticed the reception Arlene holds every morning outside Room 207—if it isn't our Harold it's bound to be Paul Estabrook—the boy who is taking a slippery sleigh ride—Mary Ellen Armitage and Billy Jenkins—Doris Twitchell and Danny West—to say nothing of Dottie Bell, Harvard Hopping around with Maynard Phillips—Did they spot you too—question mark—Margaret Cromwell and Ruthie Sawyer sloshing the well-diluted punch—Bright young things from the Soph—Polly Goodwin rating a junior—Tommy Sawyer, Helen Hartford with ditto Rhulin—and is he ushering her—Dorothy Epstein tripping the light fantastic with Utterback—Clark Gable Jones slaying the Freshman ladies—From the Juniors—The Flagg twins plus Billy Reynolds and Tommy Rice—was that real boldness or were you really in earnest Anna—question mark—Pauline Jellison and Art-i-mouse—Bob [tough guy] Barker all by himself—And the Seniors—so blase that they all came stag—except of course El-nora, Lucy and Lucille—

Heard Lee MacLeod telling Jane Bradshaw about some mice he saw up in the woods that were a foot long—Rats, we'd say—

Around and About:—Audrey Everett plus sprained ankle and crutches cheering for Harvard—Audrey's our ardent football fan—eh, Fluffy—question mark—The "Airy" a frequent visitor at the Linden Street field—Hockey seemed to please the contents—or was that school spirit—and if this isn't news we'll swallow our hats—Don Moore—B. H. S.'s dashing Beau Brummell was actually turned down the other night—a previous engagement no doubt—try, try again—George Bell pushing the baby carriage—so, at last we've come to this—Three cheers for the Red and White—and Blue—Barbara Ewer fluttering thither and yon in the shining Pontiac with the Massachusetts license plate—Elmer Yates carrying Natalie's books home each day—it's only his Duty—Jackie singing, "When ma honey comes back to me"—cheer up—Maybe he'll bring a Christmas tree from the woods next time—Have you heard about the group of upper class girls who for something to do are opening a winter play ground for the youngsters at the Newberry Street play ground—all we need is a little cooperation—Pat Bell and her letters from Maine—Snubbed again—We asked for letters in

(Continued on page 34)

THE SPORTS PARADE

BOYS' ATHLETICS

By "Jock" Adams

Bangor Outclasses Cony

A POWERFUL Bangor team had Cony on the defensive all afternoon but were able to score only twice. Cony received the kick off on the 20 yard line and returned it two yards. After two futile attempts to crack the line, Cony kicked to J. Dauphinee, who returned it to the 24 yard line. But a raging Cony line held for downs, and it was not until the second quarter that Bangor was within the 20 yard line. Then, with Power and Dauphinee alternating, the ball was carried to the 12 yard marker where Leek caught a pass to get the first score of the game.

Cony's chance to score came when Bangor was forced to kick from the two yard line after several penalties had been enforced. Shaw broke through to block R. Dauphinee's kick for a safety. The next score of the game came late in the third quarter as Clelland bucked the line.

BANGOR 13

Morrison, Bass re
Upton, rt
Adams, rg
Merrill, c
Lee, lg
Doughty, Moon, lt
Furrow, Leek, le
Ross, qb
J. Dauphinee, lhb
Powers, Perry, rhb
Clelland, R. Dauphinee, fb

CONY 2

Curtis, Faulkner, le
N. Perkins, lt
Finley, lg
Shaw, c
Hunter, rg
McLaughlin, rt
Southard, McAllister, re
Paisson, qb
A. Perkins, lhb
Driscoll, Maguire, rhb
A. Dorey, fb

Officials: Referee, Watton; Umpire, Curtis; Head linesman, Kavanaugh.

Brewer

Brewer gained a moral victory over a confident Bangor team in a 6-6 tie.

Bangor's score came early in the first period when Jerry Upton fell on a Brewer fumble. From there "Peanut" Clelland plunged through for the touch-down. Dauphinee failed to make the extra point. With but 27 seconds left to play in the half, Miles knotted the score with a beautiful pass. Adams blocked the attempted place kick.

After that the teams fought an even battle, and, when the game ended, Bangor was on the Brewer 28 yard line.

Salem Swamps Crimson with Passes

Although Bangor lost by a large score, they have one thing with which they can console themselves, and that is they played one of the best teams in the country. Even then outweighing Bangor at least twenty pounds to the man, they had to take to the air before they could make any impression. Time after time Bangor's forward line would throw Salem backs for losses only to have Capt. Johnny Rubin fade fifteen yards and hurl a perfect 50 yard pass straight into the arms of one of the six-foot receivers. Spencer Leek was Bangor's outstanding star and saved the Crimson from an even worse defeat.

Surprise

Due to Bangor's poor showing at Brewer, they were supposed to take a terrible beating from a strong Waterville team. But the fighting Crimson eleven upset this dope by playing one of their best games of the year. Although they were beaten, the school should be proud to have them for a team.

The game was played at Bass Park, the historic scene of many a grid battle. Even though this was the last game of the season, it was a very warm day. For this and several other reasons it was the best game of the year to watch.

Bangor started their second team with the exception of three regulars and kicked to Waterville. The purple clad boys did not seem able to make any ground and were forced to punt. Bangor's first team came in after the first three minutes, and a terrific battle followed. First "Sissy" Gilbert, one of the toughest backs Bangor has seen this year, would break loose, and then Bob Clelland or Jimmy Dauphinee would multiply the yardage gained. The first half ended 0-0.

In the third quarter Bangor let loose. Showing the most varied offence of the year, they set Waterville back on its heels. Especially effective was a triple lateral which gained plenty of yardage. Late in the quarter Bob Clelland intercepted a pass and carried it to the thirteen yard line. Jimmie Dauphinee then smashed through a hole which Spencer Leek and Ray Lee made, to the eight yard line. But on the last play Bangor was penalized twice in succession, thus breaking the scoring punch. Not long afterwards "Sissy" Gilbert returned a punt 65 yards under perfect interference for the deciding score of the game. The game

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

By Lucille Fogg

Adventures of a Hockey Ball

WHAT an awful noise! It certainly took a start out of me. Why, it sounded like a police whistle! What had I done? Ouch! and a large stick wanged against me. My mind was in a whirl. What was happening and why should I, who had always tried to be good, deserve such a fate? Wang! I took a flying trip that time—the ground looked so far below—and I was scared to death. What on earth was this world coming to. Sticks were flying in all directions. I was knocked down the field and then up. I certainly wished those ferocious-looking girls who made such dreadful faces, and hollered so loudly, would make up their minds as to which way they wanted me to go. Ouch, how my back ached! Honestly I don't believe those girls have any feelings. They socked me so hard that they were making wrinkles in my cheeks, and anything I hate is that. Why, just a little while ago, I'd had a facial. A girl they call Hazel painted me up until I thought I looked pretty special. She had an awful job painting me though. She got nearly as much paint on her fingers as she did on me. Horrors! About five yards ahead of me two large posts loomed up. Everyone was shouting. I don't know why there was such a commotion, but I was scared. What if I bumped into those posts instead of going between them? Somebody had me in her possession. Nobody else seemed to be around, and she was giving me short little taps, and then with a final blow this girl, whom they call Giles, drove me through those posts. Then that horrid whistle blew again, and everybody ran to the middle of the field. I certainly couldn't see any sense to it; moreover, it was no fun for me. Could it be that I had to go through all this agony again? Ouch! and this time I was rushed down the field, and Fogg—I guess that's her name—gave me an awful sock, and once more I journeyed through those two posts, while the girl standing there tried frantically to keep me out. She even attempted to kick me. I call that pretty mean, don't you? As before, I started all over again. By this time I was getting used to the knocks, and getting into the spirit of the thing. I tried my best to get up to the other end of the field but those seniors, Bond and Stackpole, kept socking me back down the field. Suddenly I was directed swiftly down by a girl named Jarvis, who passed me quickly to Burrill. She drove me speedily through those posts. I was getting quite used to this treatment and was already to go back, and do it all over again, but a queer thing happened now. A whistle blew—girls gathered in two different groups. They were all breathless—tired out—faces flushed. They yelled, yea something. I couldn't quite make it out.

Then I was picked up and put into a box with a lot of my friends and carried into somebody's garage. I couldn't sleep that night—my bones ached so.

This is a description of our opening game of the season between the juniors and seniors. The score was 3—0 in favor of the seniors.

Our next game was played between the juniors and the sophomores. Louise Betterley, center half, showed well for the younger team, while Marguerite Olmstead, as junior right half, was outstanding for her team.

The second game between the juniors and seniors proved to be very exciting indeed. The field was wet, damp, and slippery, a condition which made play very difficult indeed. However, regardless of this, the girls fought it out in all the mud and slime, and showed of what every one of them were made. They fought hard, every minute—when they slipped in the mud—they got up and went at it again with a smile, determined to fight it out to the bitter end. The game ended 2—0 in favor of the seniors.

Our tournament consisted of six games, each class playing two. The worthy seniors captured the cup.

The teams representing the classes were: Seniors—Eleanor Burrill, Barbara Jarvis, Frances Giles, Betty Homans, Elnora Savage, Lucille Fogg, Hope Betterley, Wealthy Stackpole, Glenice Peavey, Alice McLeod, Helen Bond, Betty Betterley, Jackie Bullard.

Juniors—Peggy Tyler, Audrey Everett, Mary Conners, Hazel Chalmers, Sara Whitney, Ellen McIntosh, Margaret Maxwell, Marguerite Olmstead, Barbara Welch, Dorothy Kamen, Betty Smart, Althea Cole, Annette Curran, Lois Smith, Betty Barker, Hazel Thomas, Rachel Kent, Doris Bullard, Betty Ayer.

Sophomores—Priscilla Smith, June Webster, Louise Giles, Virginia Moulton, Mary Burke, Betty Mack, Louise Betterley, Ann Tyler, Frances Eastman, Genevra Brean, Janice Merrill, Ruth McIntosh, Barbara Freeze, Ellen Hawthorne, Bernice Faulkingham, Evelyn Knowles, Doris Hamilton.

From these girls an All Varsity Hockey Team will be chosen. This will consist of those girls who were outstanding in the games—and showed up faithfully at practices. This team will be picked by our coach, Miss Maguire, with the aid of our faithful manager, Betty Homans.

T-m R-ce: What has happened? Why have you that plaster over your eye?

One of the Flags: Plaster? That's my new hat.

Mrs. C-rr-l: "Give a sentence with politics, Mr. Windsor."

Sp-ne-r W-ns-r: "Our parrot swallowed a watch, and now Polly ticks."

EPIGRAMMICAL EFFLUX

[TRANSLATION LACKING]

Emil Hawes to Roberta Smith: You know you're not a bad looking sort of girl.

Roberta: Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so.

Emil: Well, we're square then. You'd think so, even if I didn't say so.

Miss Crosby—What kind of a tin do you bake your cake in?

Joan Harback—A well bottomed [buttered] tin.

Heard in Study Period [301] second period—a group of girls in the back of the room whispering—Mr. Lane: I wish you would all keep quiet so I can see who is making the most noise.

Hope Betterley—Why is a woman darning a stocking deformed?

Franny Giles—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

"Are you hungry?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, Siam," replied G—ge B—ll.

"Then I'll Russia to the table and Fiji Turkey."

"No," said G—ge, "Just Sweden my Java, Denmark my bill."

The following was found in a Freshman theme:

"My subjek is ants. Ants is of two kinds, insects and lady uncles.

"Sometimes they live in holes and sometimes they live with their married sisters.

"That is all I know about ants."

Neighbor to R-b-cc- D-y: Where is Elnora?

R-b-cc-: She's in the house playing a duet. I finished first.

Tommy had Caroline out buggy-riding one night, and while driving by a pop-corn stand Caroline said:

"Oh! Tommy. Doesn't that pop-corn smell good. I love the smell of it!"

Tommy: "Well then, I'll drive nearer so you can smell it better."

You've probably heard of the Scotchman, who, when he saw a clock outside his hotel window, stopped his watch to save time.

Teacher—Give me a sentence using the word "manager."

Jimmy—Peter had a wife, but couldn't manager.

L-i-l R-o-l-n-i-c-k—Look at that little green snake. Lee Adams—Be careful! It might be just as dangerous as a ripe one.

Teacher: Now, if there were five flies on a table, and I killed one, how many would be left?

Bill West: One dead one, sir.

Betty Welch was watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, and unable to retain her curiosity politely asked: Is it the needle that you're looking for?

Jul-i-tte Sp-ng-ler: Why is a game of ball like buck-wheat cakes?

S-lly W-de-ck: Because its success depends upon the batter.

Hotel proprietor: Do you want the porter to call you?

Guest: No, thanks, I always wake at seven.

Proprietor: Then would you mind calling the porter?

N-rm-n F-rr-w: How is a trombone like a ball game? B-bb-e B-ss: You have to slide to base.

Miss Cousin: What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?

D-n Bl-ke: The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement.

Freshman error, baby blunder, comma blunder.

Our "Moms" and "Pops" worry half the time how we're going to turn out, and the other half, they worry when we're going to turn in.

Two ladies were attending a concert at the Civic Auditorium. Seated in the parquet, they looked about them. "Nice building," said one lady. "What style of architecture is it?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the other lady, "but I think it's Reminiscence."

A bathing suit is a garment with no hooks, but plenty of eyes on it.

M-g-r—Tyl-r, translating in Latin: "What so late delay—delays you? There are too many 'delays', aren't there?"

J-m-s F-nn-g-n: "Why don't you speed it up a bit?"

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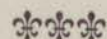
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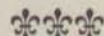
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HOKUM

By Roberta Smith

IN THE first place, the Hokum column apologizes to no one, neither does it explain anything; but do please forgive me for calling Bob Clelland a blond! He is quite the darkest of the tall, dark and handsome type. The boys attempt to keep their women out of his sight, but to no avail. The sophomore class is all in smiles again, since Horace Stewart Jr. has returned from Washington. He sure will have to use all the diplomacy he learned there in handling those ga-ga sophs. Tyler, Hathorne and Smith—orange blossoms in the fall! Preposterous, you say, but—All the tears Homans and Savage were shedding the other day weren't for the lost but never to be forgotten Andy, nor for that two-timer, Paul Monaghan, who, by the way, is back at the grind at the Opera House; but because, in a vain attempt to curl their eye lashes, they got the Vick's Vapor Rub instead of the Vaseline!! Speaking of ushers, that personal touch Don Whitten puts in his 'how far down please!' and just that right amount of 'you're the only one' in his smile are bringing the girls in crowds to the Opera House. Ray Goode does look so manly with her, so sweetly dependent! But, then, love is blind, so they tell me!! Is Hope Betterley up in the air, looking at the world through rose-tinted glasses, or what have you! It seems as though you have to be a Maine man to rate down at dear old Alma Mater. Who says never accept a blind date? Not Hope after what she drew for the Shrine Ball. Homans, Savage, and Jarvis haven't gotten over it yet—to think that they had to give him to Betterley. James Withy is his name, but Hope says hands off—my man! Giles is still holding on with both hands to Don Adams, not to be confused with Jock Adams, who, by the way, broke his record, and was seen with girls in his car, in broad daylight, too!! Well, Jock, the first five miles are the hardest on the Royal Road to Romance. Old Judge Andrews and red-headed Sherburne had a peach of a fight outside 205, but by the time yours truly got there, Janet was marching majestically down the corridor, red-head held high, and Ernest was cowering behind Charles Pierce, apparently none better for the two words he sandwiched in. Our gay Lothario, Guy Leonard, after much teasing and begging on his part, has convinced his mother that it is perfectly safe for him to be out after dark, so Lois reconsidered—but, then—it is a good-looking uniform! June Pooler and Hazel Gillen have knocked the few remaining unlabeled men dizzy.

Do you suppose it might be managed that some of you love birds could stick together just until the Oracle came [or comes] out! If you only could see us harassed columnists trying to figure out who is going with who, let alone why! You would have pity on us [I hope]. Why, by the time the magazine comes out—

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We take pleasure in printing the Oracle.



OPPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL

182 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.

H. M. whom we had going with A. E., is strutting out again with A. M. And old faithful Charles Jones has sworn off Polly Goodwin! Just imagine our embarrassment when we tell you that Freddy Merrill has eyes only for Hazel, and then, he and Bill Perry turn up at Betterley's house with the Flagg twins! But when Spencer Winsor takes Isabel Cumming to a church supper!—That's too much! ! And even I have to sign off! !

SNATCHES

By Rachel Kent, Helen Tsoulas, Millard Coffin

THAT rumble you hear every recess is Billy Stetson and Freddie Hanson brushing up a little on their French.... Now that football season is over we can expect to see Bill Perry, Bob Clelland, Jimmie Dauphinee, and Freddie Merrill taking up field hockey since they are getting so many pointers on it....

Is that Breezie West we see spending a lot of time up on Union Street? Dudley Utterback tells us that the three kinds of poetry are lyric, romantic, and epidemic! ! !

Maine Freshies are all right but not good enough—that's what Dot Steeves thinks, anyway.... she prefers Ken anytime.... Roberta Smith doesn't have to spend any money on shows—her 210 hero tells her all about 'em—that's one consolation—some "guys" don't even do that.... Flash! ! Esther Randall has reformed—she *only* uses three boxes of powder, two of rouge, and four of lipstick now! ! That bashful, most brilliant commercial senior—the boy who, although very shy, has always been the "acme of masculants"—has at last come out of his shell.... yes, indeed, he was actually observed escorting a young lady home on the eve. of Nov. 7 and—wonder of wonders—was holding her hand.... We always knew Dana would be a nice attentive boy, if given a chance.... Jackie Bullard let us in on a secret the other day.... she confessed that she keeps each and every letter that she receives from the land of fir, pine and hemlock at least three days before she reads it—hmmm—sounds like a case of "anticipation being greater than realization" to us.... Another thing we've observed is that Gilpatrick's "big moment" has been in the hospital for an appendicitis operation—our sympathies to Barbara and Ross [as well as the rest of us].... Now for the last and most important item—we've been asked to inform all handsome, aspiring young men that—what do you think?—Muriel Shea is looking for a boy friend!

M-d-me B—pre: "That translation is tremendous, Mr. Leonard. Who taught you French last year?"
Mr. L—n-rd: "You did."

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SURPRISE

(Continued from page 25)

ended with the ball in the middle of the field and the score 7—0.

BANGOR [0]

Morrison, Bass, re

Upton, rt

Hammond, Ray Dauphinee,

Adams, rg

Merrill, Brown, c

Lee, Spearen, lg

Doughty, lt

Leek, Furrow, le

Ross, Breman, qb

J. Dauphinee, Curran, lhb

R. Dauphinee, Powers, rhb

Clelland, fb

WATERVILLE [7]

Bourgoin, Lemieux, le

Fagan, lt

Judkins, Cyr, lg

Belanger, Edwards, c

Cote, rg

Rancourt, rt

Boulos, Farris, re

Libby, Fortin, qb

Trembley, Winslow, lhb

Gilbert, rhb

Prouix, fb

Touchdown, Gilbert. Point after, Prouix. Officials: Walton, referee; Cutts, umpire; Stonier, head linesman. Time—4 11's.

SKIDS FROM THE SKIDDIES

(Continued from page 24)

the last issue—the result—two—none suitable for publication—come on—you worried ones—bring us your troubles be they earaches or heartaches or just plain flunks—consider yourselves double dared—We heard Suspense Winsor—don't put a D in my name says he—I'm windy enough—Audrey Ayer being escorted by Raymond Lee, but rumor has it that her thoughts are for Cyki Kingsbury—and now a lesson on how to be popular—By a chocolate cake method—degree of popularity based on thickness of the frosting—there's nothing like having a food sale and an initiation on the same day—eh, B Club?

Yers turkey,

Us incooperated.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 22)

Field and Kelley Field. [All this was hard work and study, you understand!] Lt. Yates was then assigned to the 23rd Bombardment Squadron at Luke Field in the Hawaiian department, and since that, has served as squadron supply officer. Now he has been appointed to a higher position—that of assistant adjutant of Luke Field.

One very interesting incident in his career is the time when he was forced to bail out while in flight, and make a parachute jump from a high altitude. This happened when he was at Randolph Field in 1931. Because of this feat he is a member of the Caterpillar Club. [We wish we could print a certain one of his pictures showing him in all his braid!]

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Paul Higgins is on the up and up! In the last *Oracle* we had him down as a cookee in a Great Northern lumber camp, and even then we prophesied greater things to come. Now he has been promoted to Time Keeper and Assistant Clerk. He was home for a week-end in November, but, because of his new job, he may not be able to come down for Christmas. However, there are plenty of Christmas trees up in the woods.

On November 11, Irene Brown '29, and Louis Cooper '29, were united in marriage. Miss Brown was graduated from Dean Academy in 1930. Mr. Cooper attended Boston University and was graduated from there in 1933.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

(Continued from page 19)

Helen Hayes not only acts the part of Maggie Wylie, but is, by the sheer power of her dramatic ability, the drab, little home-body.

The Count of Monte Cristo

I went to this picture because I was told to. I came away from it because it was long past suppertime. For four hours I sat; until my limbs grew stiff, and faint rumblings of hunger disturbed me. I was transported back for an all too brief time to the fascinating era of Napoleon by the superb story, acting and direction of this film. When the Count of Monte Cristo, played by Robert Donat, was imprisoned in the gloomy chateau D'Ifes, and began to tunnel his way out through thick layers of mortar, I too was escaping. With him I broke and cracked my nails while tearing out solid rock with my bare hands. With him I struggled in the green depth of the ocean when at last his flight was accomplished. Like him, I treaded the narrow dark passageway which led to the cavern where lay uncounted treasures bequeathed to him by a fellow prisoner. With his eyes I saw chests of heavy gold pieces and manifold jewels, winking with diverse radiant colors; I too exulted that with the wealth at his finger-tips, he could at last take vengeance on his enemies who had sentenced him to many long years of imprisonment.

Some books have the power to take the reader to whatever land they may represent; very few movies ever accomplish this much sought-for achievement. When one does, it is something to talk about; something to call "colossal," "gigantic" and other names with which producers and press agents are wont to label second-rate pictures. The Count of Monte Cristo has this quality; perhaps, because the immortal story is not distorted from its original meaning to suit some scenario writer's whim. You see it—you forget that the seats are uncomfortable, that someone behind you is eating peanuts—you forget that this is "just another picture"—you are Robert Donat, that dashing Count of Monte Cristo.

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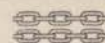
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(Continued from page 18)

old melton coats and trousers. Early in the spring, however, before the annual inspection, everybody from the private up will have the new uniform.

Rifles were issued shortly after the Armistice Day parade and since then the battalion has been learning the manual of arms and practicing the various movements while under arms.

We notice that the rifles have new gun slings this year. That means all the equipment of the battalion is brand new—B. H. S. should receive honor rating at inspection on good looks, alone!

AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE

(Continued from page 14)

"take off" for a new world. A strange day that, and a strange journey.

It was an even stranger world that welcomed them, the story of which this book is mainly concerned. There is not one of us who does not contemplate the future and perhaps many of us harbor a strange fear of destruction—Doomsday! Here is a lucid, telescopic glance into the unknown—fascinating, awing, amazing.

Note: To appreciate fully this story, one might first like to read "When Worlds Collide" to which this book is a sequence.

Crowded Hours

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

If you really would like to know what goes on sometimes behind the scenes in Washington, then *Crowded Hours* would suit you splendidly. It has in it all those interesting details that we common folks like to hear about, and, added to that, it is the author's life told in her own words. Read it, and smile at Alice Roosevelt's experiences both at home and abroad.

—Helen Bond

THE RUSH OF LIFE

(Continued from page 11)

The harder we work and the busier we keep, the happier and more useful will be the lives we lead.

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or drift!

We have hard work to do, and loads
to lift!

Shun not the struggle!

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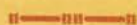
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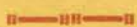
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