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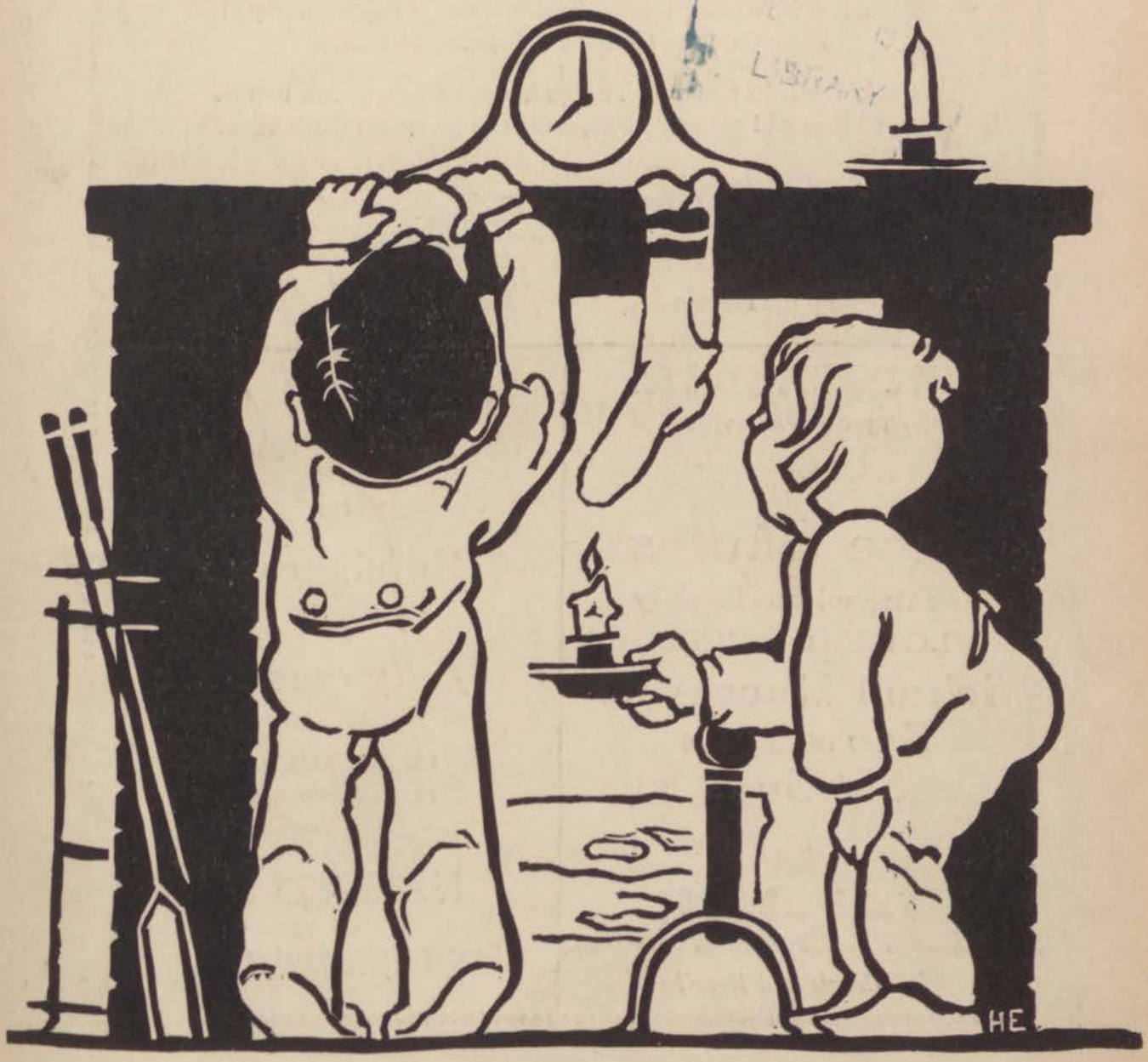

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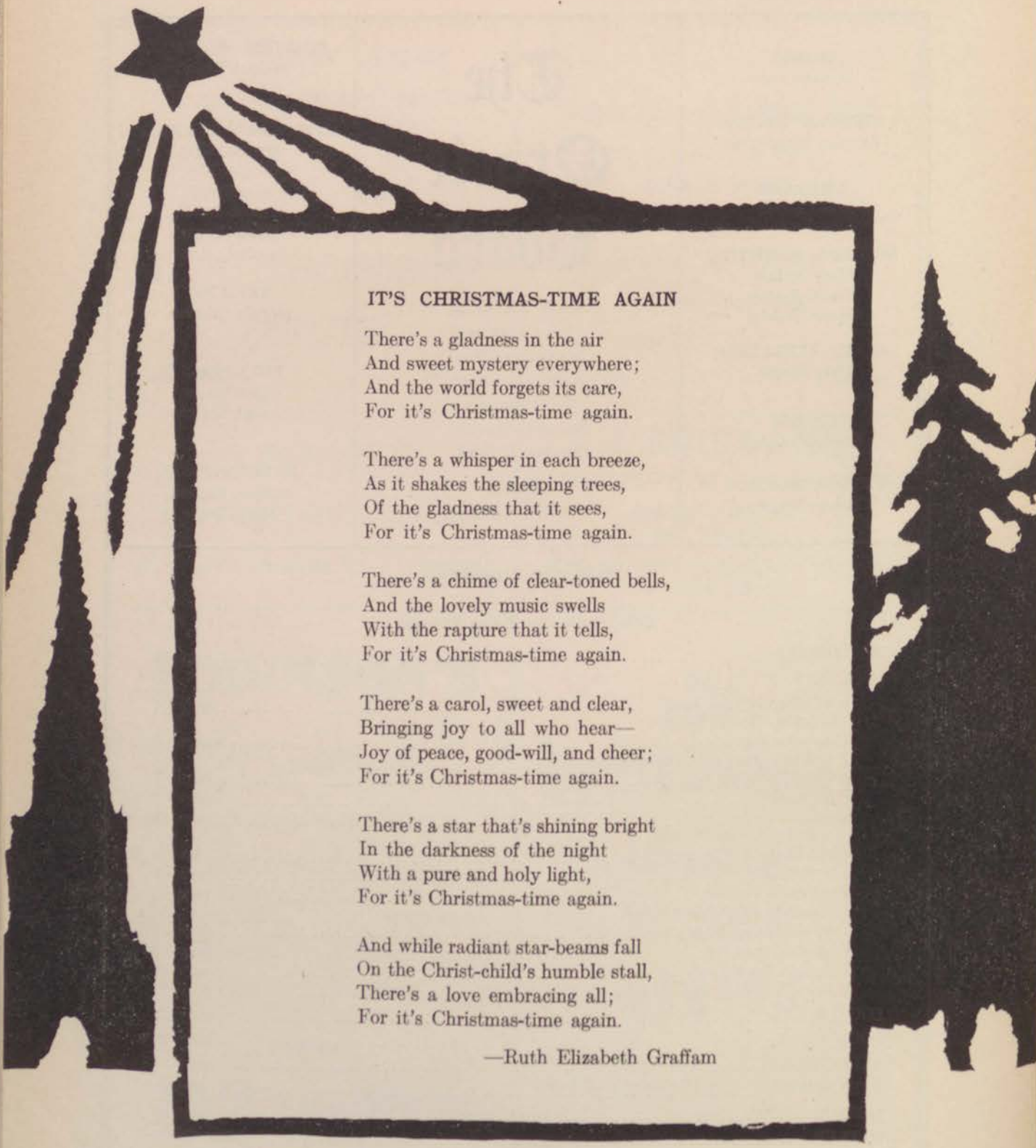

IT'S CHRISTMAS-TIME AGAIN

There's a gladness in the air
And sweet mystery everywhere;
And the world forgets its care,
For it's Christmas-time again.

There's a whisper in each breeze,
As it shakes the sleeping trees,
Of the gladness that it sees,
For it's Christmas-time again.

There's a chime of clear-toned bells,
And the lovely music swells
With the rapture that it tells,
For it's Christmas-time again.

There's a carol, sweet and clear,
Bringing joy to all who hear—
Joy of peace, good-will, and cheer;
For it's Christmas-time again.

There's a star that's shining bright
In the darkness of the night
With a pure and holy light,
For it's Christmas-time again.

And while radiant star-beams fall
On the Christ-child's humble stall,
There's a love embracing all;
For it's Christmas-time again.

—Ruth Elizabeth Graffam

THE BETTER PART

By Donald Blake

A man walked rather hurriedly from the door of a jewelry shop and disappeared in the Christmas crowd, without attracting attention. Ten seconds later, however, all stopped, when the jeweler, a middle-aged man, shouted:

"Thief! Thief! He sent me into the back room for some rings! He took a diamond from my counter while I was gone! Officer!"

An officer came up, and at the direction and description of the little man, he started through the crowd.

The thief ran around the nearest corner, and, mixing with the bystanders, soon stood before a tiny tobacco shop, where to seem inconspicuous, he joined a line of loafers. A policeman edged along the sidewalk and looked suspiciously at the line of loafers.

"I didn't do nothin', boss," piped up one, while the others cowered close to the wall.

"Did any of you see a man come up this way?"

"I seen lots of 'em."

"No cracks! I'm lookin' for a guy who just robbed a jewelry shop down the street."

"I just came up that way," spoke up the thief. "I see a guy go down Lonnard's alley. He wuz in a hurry, too."

"You oughter take a walk with me. You don't look so clean yerself."

"You ain't got nothin' on me. I never done nothin'."

"Maybe you didn't this time, but you have more than once."

"Take me down if yer wanta. I'm hungry."

"You'd be hungrier if I did. Now you guys scram. Old man Lutze don't want yer hangin' 'round."

They slowly edged away, while the officer went back down the street. The thief again mixed in the crowd, and, with his hand on his handkerchief, which contained a small diamond ring, he walked slowly around the block. When he stopped before an ill-lighted pawnshop, he had placed the small diamond ring on his smallest finger, dulled it up a little on his shabby coat, and prayed for the best luck.

The pawnbroker was not the kind of man who would ask many questions when he had a chance to make some money, so he pretended to believe that the ring had really been given the thief by his mother, and now he was forced to pawn it.

"Vere you get dees ring?"

"My mother gave it to me when I was young. I need a square meal."

"I geef you fife dollar loan on heem. Ten dollar cash."

"I guess I'll hafta sell it," resignedly. With ten dollars in his pockets, the thief ambled anticipatingly toward a medium-class restaurant.

After seating himself at an inconspicuous corner table, he gave his order to a wondering waiter. Soon he was in the depths of a meal which he had long looked for. Suddenly, he was aroused from his abstraction by the sound of two voices nearby in the nearly empty restaurant.

Two women were seated at a table close to his. He did not have to strain his ears to hear the conversation carried on as they sipped tea: "She'll be glad to help. So many of her friends have. All of those pledged have to sign. We should realize somewhat over a thousand on this drive."

"Did you name Anita Smith on that list?"

"Yes. Anita Smith. 379 West 61st Street. One hundred dollars."

"I had that right. When must this be collected, Mrs. McKee?"

"Sometime this week. You had better go over Thursday."

"I must go down to Flynn's. Is there anything else?"

"No. I'll take the check, dear."

"Goodbye. I'll report Wednesday."

"At the office."

The thief had continued eating, but still had heard all that was necessary.

A short time later, he left the restaurant and went onto the street, whence he went to a second hand clothing shop. When he left there, he had a package under his arm which he carried to the shabby boarding house where he stayed when he had the money.

The next morning, he got up at nine o'clock, shaved, bathed, and dressed, as a real man should, and at two in the afternoon, started for West 61st Street.

As he stood before the magnificent oak door, the whole thing loomed up as the easiest hundred dollars he had ever earned. Or was he really earning it? It came so easily. His confidence was strengthened by the appearance of the butler, who looked rather dumb, as a good butler should. He was bald headed and had bleary eyes.

"Mrs. Smith wishes to see me. I'm sorry, but my cards are not back from the printer's yet."

"Are you sure she wishes to see you?", asked the butler dubiously.

"Certainly. I was sent here to collect some money."

"You may come in."

He was shown through a gorgeous hallway into a waiting room. After he had waited several minutes, the lady entered.

"Good day. Mrs. McKee sent me over to collect the hundred dollars you pledged to the charity drive."

"That is all right. I promised one hundred dollars. If you will pardon me for a moment, I'll get it."

The lady went into the next room and presently emerged with some crisp bills in her hand. upon handing these to the thief, she said, "And now the receipt. You sign here."

The thief carefully took the pen from her hand, then read.—This certifies that Mrs. William Whitney Smith has donated to the worthy poor of the South Side, one hundred dollars. Signed——.

For a moment, the thief hesitated. The pen was nearly upon the paper. Then, setting down the pen, he said, rather hurriedly,

"I can't sign this. I'm goin'."

"But—."

"I made a mistake."

Then before the lady could do anything, he hastened into the hall and through the door.

The stores shone brightly behind the brilliant Christmas lights. It was so late that most of the shoppers had left the street, but a

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A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

By Natalie Nason

OF all my many childhood memories one of the most graphic is that of bringing in the nightly wood. Every winter evening when supper had been eaten and cleared away, my father would don his thick macintosh jacket and depart to the woodshed to prepare the wood for the next day. Soon after, my sister and I, bundled to the utmost capacity, would plow through the deep snow from the house to the little old tumbling-down shed to lug in the wood. We two girls, delighted to get out in the dark night, would clamber breathlessly into the humble shed, where our father, with his eyes fixed unseeingly on the wood and his mind sailing through rose-tinted clouds, was dragging the saw in rhythmic measure through a green poplar stick, or chopping the slender alders in stove-wood lengths. The pale, mellow light of an old broken lantern, quivering with every blast of wintry wind, illumined the spooky shack, casting a dim though golden light a few feet from the old hacked beam on which it hung. As far as the lantern beamed on every side, great logs, heaps of trash, and chaos, in general, formed what my mother called "a chaos of misery."

So that our daily task might be quickly completed, we would speedily fill our arms brimful of the green sticks and hasten into the warm kitchen where the little ones were toasting their tiny toes in the warm oven, and where an old kerosene lamp with sparkling chimney cast a ruddy glow round about.

Sometimes we would fill an old leaky wash-boiler with the small sticks and lug them in thus. Even now, in "my mind's ear," I can hear the harsh rasp of an alder branch as it struck the side of that ancient tub, setting my teeth on edge like water after vinegar.

Lugging in wood is scarcely beautiful or romantic; yet performed in the hushed mellow glow of a dilapidated lantern, to the song of the saw or the chop of the ax, especially when accompanied by myriads of sparkling day-dreams, somehow it has a strange charm.

WHAT A DAY

By Helen Bond

I could see a dull (?) afternoon stretching ahead of me—nothing to do except read with one eye, and watch three small boys with the other. The sofa looked so cozy and comfortable that I was about to sit down, when a piercing shriek came from somewhere in the lower regions of the house. I hurried down cellar to find the second oldest boy engaged in dragging the youngest in circles around the furnace by his hair. The oldest jumped up and down in the coal bin, and shouted with all his might. It took all my persuasive powers and efforts to pilot them up the cellar stairs again.

They finally decided, after much squabbling, to gather chestnuts across the street. I returned to the sofa, but not for long. Back came the boys with pockets and caps full of shiny brown nuts. They dumped them noisily on the kitchen floor, and each one scrambled for his own. Such yelling I had never heard before! One made the mistake of stepping on his brother's hand instead of on a nut, and then the fight began in earnest. In the end, George, a three-year-old, nursed a skinned finger, while the others escaped out the back door knowing full well what would happen if I caught them.

I took George into the kitchen to wash his

(*Continued on page 38*)

By Edwin Young

JAMES CONDON, at fifty, prided himself on his cosmopolitan airs, his language, his money, his house and his servants. In fact, he was perfectly satisfied with James Condon and not without reason.

It was the seventeenth of December, and the Spirit of Christmas was in the air, even in the air of Condon Manor. That is, it was in the air of the kitchen, but it went no farther. Christmas, to James Condon was something for sentimental old women to get excited over.

With his cold toast and tea, a breakfast custom he had picked up in England, came a request from the neighboring orphan asylum for a Christmas donation. Now charity was something that James Condon had no use for, because James Condon had never needed charity—a very good reason perhaps. Therefore, he had the matron shown in, that she might see a man who had never needed charity. He told her in his most condescending manner that it would be far more suitable for the orphans to seek aid from a man who had fought his own way in the world than to beg for charity from a man, who began his career at fifteen, without charity, was successful at thirty, rich at forty and retired at forty-five.

Even with such an example as James Condon to engage their minds, the orphans needed something in the material line, and the only way to get anything seemed to be by their own effort.

That same afternoon, several boys from the orphanage went to a nearby swamp to gather cedar boughs with which to make wreaths to sell.

Among other accomplishments that James Condon had picked up abroad was fancy skating which he had learned in Switzerland. On the edge of the swamp mentioned before, there was a small pond, one side of which touched the Condon estate. There James Condon went to skate the same day the boys from the orphanage went to gather cedar boughs. With a flourish for the benefit of the boys who were watching from the bank, he started across the pond, but unfortunately or fortunately, judged from different viewpoints, the ice broke and Mr. James Condon found himself with twenty feet of icy water between him and the bottom of the pond. By the way, James Condon had not picked up the art of swimming at Nice. After going under once, he came up and began to shout for help, but he was cut short by a mouthful of icy water as he began his second descent.

It would have taken a great deal of courage to go out on that ice to rescue a friend; it was the height of heroism to try to rescue an enemy, as the boys considered Condon. Nevertheless, one of the boys crawled out over the treacherous ice and grabbed Condon's collar as he was going down the third time. While the boy on the ice held his collar, the other

(*Continued on page 38*)

JUST A RACKET

By Rose Costrell

HEY, Smudge, how much money have ya made?" "Oh, I only got thirty-six cents.—Gee look at this ritzy guy comin'. I oughta chisel at least a dime off'n him."

Whereupon he set himself to the work at hand with a practiced air.

"Say, Mister," he piped brightly, "buy a paper? Tells all about the Richton Murder."

"Richton! Richton, did you say, boy?"

"Uh—sure. You know P. J. Richton, don'tcha? Wanta paper?" he continued eagerly. "Only two cents."

"Aw, gee, Mister, you're swell!" as fifteen cents were hastily dropped into his outstretched hand.

Smudge darted back to his brother, Bud, the coins jingling in the pocket of his trousers, evidently a family heirloom.

"It worked, that Richton gag. An' look how much he gimme, fifteen cents."

"Gee, Smudge, you always get the breaks," pouted Bud. "I've only gota quarter."

"Well, here comes a skirt. You go after her."

"O. K." and the kid brother excitedly scrambled forward.

"Paper, lady?"

"No, too busy," she flashed back.

"Don'tcha wanta read about the De Ponte murder, lady?" he persisted.

"The De Ponte murder! Here, wait a minute. I'll take one.—No, no, keep the change," as she snatched the paper from him.

"Gee, a quarter! Hey, Smudge, she gimme a quarter. That dame gimme a quarter."

"Say! That gag's a wow, ain't it? Now let's scram before they wise up to us."

THE STRATEGIST

By Edward Curran

THE grandstands were filled to overflowing. Unfortunately for me, from amongst that vast throng I chose a seat in front of one of those master minds called "barber shop coaches." This particular fellow was one of those who say it all and know nothing.

We shall call the star of the State team Roughshod. It seems that the strategist behind me was not at all satisfied because Roughshod was not in the starting line-up—at least the Doctor of the Grand-stand Football knew he wasn't, and I took his word for it. You may be sure he immediately voiced his feelings that the coach was making a great mistake. When he had blown off the steam from his highly irritated spirits, I thought I might settle down and enjoy the thrills and spills of this "pick-'em-up-an'-knock-'em-down" game. But it was not to be. When the game was hardly under progress, the home team fumbled and then the fireworks came.

"Why don't they send in Roughshod? He's the only hope we've got. He can sure tote that ball.—I wish I was coach of that outfit. That dumb guy don't know nuthin'. I'd show 'em a winnin' club."

So he jabbered on and on through the whole of the first half. I started to change my seat, but the innocuous gentleman was beginning to amuse me. I seemed to enjoy his prattle more than the game.

The second half started, and still no Roughshod appeared. You can imagine what offensive threats then took place in my vicinity. Soon afterwards, that which amused me most occurred. It was the visitors' ball on their

(*Continued on page 36*)

THE PEANUT VENDOR

By Leo Lieberman

"FRESH fish! get your vegetables here," came the homely yells of the push-cart vendors as they jostled one another in their eagerness to show their humble wares in the over-crowded, almost tumultous alley-street, so typical of East-side New York. Endeavoring to stave off the raw November wind, a character of the street to whom was paid little or no attention, beyond a mere glance or nod, carefully guided his push cart of fragrant peanuts through the tangled traffic of moving vehicles and romping children.

The "Peanut Vendor" is the romantic or un-romantic title, as you prefer it, belonging to the individual under discussion. His attire consisted of a blue-grayish head-covering, resembling the modern tam, a blue, thin coat, a large, orange bow, which one might expect a Greenwich village artist to flaunt, a pair of tight-fitting trousers, and large, protruding shoes. His hair was jet-black, his eyes revealed untiring energy, good-humor, and a susceptability to quick emotion. All in all, he was a dead ringer for the third Marx brother.

As he gently shoved the pushcart, a feeble affair, whose days were numbered, his unheeded cries, "Buya da peanuts here!" and then a long, drawn-out "Peanuts!" with the heavy accent on the "nuts" rose plaintively in the chill air.

Suddenly a quick look of fear appeared in his sensitive eyes! A cop had just turned the corner! No licence! A heavy fine! Perhaps a jail sentence! No doubt these calamitous thoughts whirled through his brain!

The Vendor, trying in vain to be casual by whistling a cheery tune, plodded on slowly, casting, now and then, a quick, anxious glance at the oncoming menace. Finally, the cop reached the Vendor, scrutinized both him and his cart closely, and shoved a huge paw into the midst of the peanuts. Drawing forth a great handful, he slowly sauntered off.

The anxiety in the Vendor's eyes changed quickly to huge relief, and a broad smile spread over his features. Then followed these few unmistakable mumblings:

"Oh! Dees a Cop! She's a one fine fella!"

" PEANUTS !"

THEY ALL WANTED MONEY

By Betty Betterley

WHAT I could do with a thousand dollars!" sighed Pat Murphy disconsolately to his friend Jimmy O'Harrigan.

"Fer Pete's sake, why don't yer wish fer the moon? How could you ever git a thousand dollars in a whole lifetime delivering your mother's washings. Huh, you make ten cents a washing while I make twenty-five cents fer every load of coal I help Mr. Finley deliver, and my wishes are ten thousand times more modest 'en yours."

"Z'at so, you ole phil—ph—of—phil-ofisir. Huh, well, what would you like t'have?"

"Pat, if I could jist git a dollar, I'd be the happiest boy alive. I've jist got t'get a dollar so's I cin take Daisy Casey t'that play to the Hall next Saturday night."

"M'gosh that's easy enough. Why don'tcha git some money offen Mr. Finley? He owes yer a dollar an a half now, but what yer wanta spend a dollar on any dame fer, I can't see, and that Daisy Casey of all girls, with them cowey eyes, an that orange hair an——"

"Ah shut up! Daisy's the prettiest girl in this section, and is she ritzy! Why her mar runs a boarding house—an her ma's gut a deevorce offen her par—an she gits three dollars a week alimony offen her par. Boy, jist imagine that."

"Say," yelled Pat, as if he had just had a wonderful inspiration, "I got it. I got it! Your uncle Jake, he's a rich ole codger. He'll give yar a dollar, he'll——"

"Oh! bolony," broke in Jimmy. "He's so tight he squeaks worsen pa's new yellar shoes. He's 'shamed of us, Ma says, cause we're so poor. Wouldn'tcha think he'd leave us somphin when he dies though? We are his only liven 'lations. Boy, wouldn't it be swell if he'd die before Saturday?"

"Oh, dear," groaned Pat as he heard his mother calling for him, "wouldn'tcha jist know Mar'd yell fer me when I'm consentertating? Yah, Mar, I'm a commin'. Well, by, I'll be seein yah!"

And Pat ran off, leaving Jimmy sitting on the curb wondering where he could get that money. He decided to ask Mr. Finley for some money. The next morning as Jimmy started out to help his employer, he was very hopeful. Surely a big business man like Mr. Finley could give a feller one little skimpy dollar.

"So you want a dollar do yah! Well it looks like my kids would starve the way business is, and you askin fer a dollar. Well you get on with that work. I ain't got no dollar fer you, and don't ask me fer any agin," yelled Mr. Finley, bullyingly.

"Yes sir," squeaked our hero as he wiped some dust off his cheek. "I only thought—"

"You work, don't think," bellowed Mr. Finley.

"Yes, sir," meekly.

As Mr. Jake Collins started down stairs, to see why his servant hadn't brought up his breakfast, he slipped and fell, striking his head against the railing. Ten minutes later, New York's leading physician shook his head and said that there was no hope, and in five more minutes, Jimmy O'Harrigan's rich uncle had entered into a sleep which was lasting and sound.

In Jimmy's home, there was a great commotion. Jimmy's mother and father were sure that they would be rich now; in fact, they had even begun to snub their neighbors. "When will the will be read?" questioned Mrs. O'Harrigan eagerly.

"Thursday, the lawyer said," answered James O'Harrigan, Sr. Mr. and Mrs. James O'Harrigan, Sr., and James O'Harrigan, Jr. betook themselves to the lawyer's beautiful office, where the will was to be read. Jimmy thought that they would never get to the interesting part.

"All my estate," read the lawyer—and

Jimmy sat up quickly—"goes to my faithful and beloved man, Byron Peabody, who has been in my service for more than thirty years. To my only nephew, James O'Harrigan, I leave my best wishes. To his wife, Maggie O'Harrigan, I leave all the encouragement in the world. To their son, James O'Harrigan, Jr., I bequeath one dollar and fifty cents.

Mrs. O'Harrigan collapsed, Mr. O'Harrigan swore, loudly and long, for some two minutes not repeating the same word twice, while Jimmy just beamed with pleasure. Hadn't he the dollar he wanted to take Daisy to the play? Hadn't he fifty cents with which to buy her a "Cupid's Delight" when his rival, Tommy Dolan, had never been able to buy her anything but a measly banana split, after a ten cent show!

That afternoon as he delivered wood with Mr. Finley, he was unusually quiet. After a while, Mr. Finley said to him, "What keeps you so quiet today?"

"Well Mr. Finley," answered Jimmy happily, "I'm going t'take Daisy to the play Saturday night. That'll be one dollar, an' then I'm a goin t'git her a "Cupid's Delight", that'll be thirty cents. You know Mr. Finley, you've always been a good guy t'me, an I'm happy, an' I want you t'be happy, so I'm a goin t'give yer twenty cents, so'en your kids won't starve."

And Jimmy leaned back, happily and comfortably, against the back of the truck.

FOOTBALL HEROES FLY

By Isabel Cumming

Once upon a time there was an Irishman who fell out of a top-story window. When asked, later, in the hospital, what it felt like to fall such a distance, he replied that the falling was all right, it was the *landing* he didn't like. Sharkey Staples and Fritter Greene tell quite a different story of their recent air-plane flight. The going up and the coming down they reported to be highly enjoyable, the speeding through the air, quite as distasteful as a period of mathematics upon which one had put no preparation.

But, like a true epic, we have begun in the midst of things. So, to go back to the beginning. Sharkey and Fritter were first choice of their fellow students, both boys and *girls*, to go on a flight to Boston. Said flight was sponsored by the Bangor Daily News. Leaving Bangor at 2:15 P. M. on Saturday, November 18, the plane made the following time: thirty minutes to Waterville, forty-five from Waterville to Portland, and one hour from Portland to Boston, making a total of slightly more than two hours.

The weather for the Bangor-Boston trip was clear, giving a fine view of the countryside. The return trip was somewhat cloudy.

At the airport in Boston, a representative of the airway company was scheduled to meet them and to direct them to their hotel, but, in spite of much telephoning, not a glimpse did they have of the gentleman till Monday morning. So to which hotel were they supposed to go? Again much telephoning and finally the designated hotel was located.

Thither our heroes betook themselves.

While strolling about the great metropolis Sharkey ran into Carroll Page. A show, a session in the hotel lobby, loafing, and letter writing completed Saturday's program.

Sunday, the sights of the great metropolis unfolded before their admiring eyes in a long stroll from the North Station to the South Station. Again Sharkey reports a period of reading, but he fails to mention just what he read. We surmise that it was either a vest-pocket copy of Cicero's First Oration Against Catiline, or Burke's Speech on Conciliation.

Sunday evening found the boys in the Metropolitan Theatre, in whose vast interior our heroes report that all the Bangor theatres

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The Oracle

FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI

Magazine Member — National Scholastic Press Association

Published by the Students of Bangor High School

The "Oracle" is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium. Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879.

Subscription $1.00 Yearly
Single Copies 25 Cents

Vol. XLIII

Number II

December, 1933

WEAK SISTERS

SURE, I'm a weak sister; some of you call me a wise guy. You know me. I'm always the last one to stop clapping in assembly. Some record, I say. I'm the feller that made up that catchy little verse, 'Norby's on the field again.' Everybody seemed to like that. I'm the guy that always leads the booing at the ball games. That's great stuff too.

"If you've ever gone to any plays down to school, you've heard me. They all turn around when I give 'em that whistle of mine, or hit 'em in the neck with a program-plane. Boy, do I have fun, or do I have fun!

"I belong to some of the clubs over to school, because you get a great chance for some fun. And do I like to sit in the back of the room at Dramatic Club meeting, and make cracks, and laugh the whole period. Of course the others don't like it, but I don't care.

"Naturally I'm not sucker enough to do anything in the club. Leave that to those poor simps who don't know how to have a good time, but would rather do something. They must be simple, doing something they don't have to do."

So thinks a weak sister. If some doctor of mental hygiene were consulted in this case, he would reveal many interesting things indeed. First of all he would point out that the weak sister's defect lies in misplaced energy. But let us ask the doctor to explain it for us. What does it all mean, Doc?

"To tell the truth, my friends, the weak sisters' condition is lamentable. These unfortunate persons have a lot of pep, it is true, but they don't use it in the right way. They prefer to fool all the time rather than to accomplish something. It is so much easier to attract attention and admiring glances by acting the clown than by acting the gentleman."

BACK STAGE

"Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine:
Delayed. Will Reach Auditorium
About Four Forty-five.
—James Hendrickson."

So read the telegram, meaning that we had a long two-hour wait ahead before we could proceed to set the stage. Delayed by an accident in which one of the trucks had entirely turned over, Mr. Hendrickson and his company finally arrived at the school very dusty and very tired. Therefore, much to our dismay, we were informed that the stage could not be set until the scenery, broken in the accident, could be repaired, but, since it was Columbus Day, no stores were open. Con-

sequently, Mr. Hendrickson decided that he would have the repairs made early the next morning, and then we could set the stage. He arranged the time for ten o'clock, so of course we were all well satisfied since school would be in session at that time, and we would be excused from at least two periods.

However, everything wasn't going to be quite as we thought it might be. When the stage was nearly set, there was a big football rally, so we had to cease operations until that was over. At half past twelve the assembly was over, and before long we finished setting the scenery for the play, "The Merchant of Venice," which was to begin about 3 o'clock.

Then came the matter of seats. Every seat in the assembly hall had to be moved around in order to make room for over 200 extra chairs, and this job kept nine or ten boys busy until half past one. As Friday is a drill day, and we all still had on our R. O. T. C. uniforms, we were given half an hour in which to change our clothes and grab a lunch. At two o'clock we were back again, some performing duties behind the stage, others ushering, and two selling tickets at the door. The afternoon performance went off very well, except for the heat—in which one girl fainted.

Immediately after "The Merchant of Venice" was finished, we went at it again tearing down the old scenery, putting up the new for the evening show, "Macbeth," picking up paper, cleaning the hall, and arranging the seats all over again. At 8 o'clock all was in readiness for the second show. Due to the fact that a certain few in the audience just couldn't keep still, "Macbeth" did not turn out to be such a successful entertainment as "The Merchant of Venice." Finally, about 11 o'clock, the crowd dispersed, and then came the job of tearing down the scenery again, packing it, and carrying around some heavy trunks, and I doubt if any one of the stage committee, managers, or ushers, reached home before half past one or two o'clock Saturday morning.

Financially, the plays were a tremendous success, netting a total profit of over $250.

The stage committee was as follows: George Tsoulas, Wilson Lufkin, Charles Pierce, Dana Kennedy.

Publicity Committee: Lucile Epstein, Phyllis Smart, Juliet Spangler, Edith Floros.

The ushers were Andrew Cox, Billy West, Paul McKenney, Morris Rubin, Donald Bridges, Edgar Enman, Charles Gruber, Spencer Winsor, Kenneth Estabrook, Stanley Staples.

The General Managers: Joseph Bertels, Artemus Weatherbee; Faculty manager, Herbert L. Prescott.

PASSING IN REVIEW

He runs a lobster pound in the summer with his father and his favorite movie actress is Claudette Colbert! That's how contradictory Merrill Eldridge is. He seems very quiet but he's quite jolly when you know him. He weighs according to his pal (?) 165 pounds and is 5 ft. 11 inches.

He belongs to the Band, to the Dramatic Club, and to the Orchestra. His specialty is hot dogs and ice cream. And oh yes, his hobby is stamp collecting and has he a marvelous collection? Altogether Merrill is a good natured fellow and is popular with his classmates.

Usually athletic and scholastic ability do not mix well in one person, but Joseph Brennan, popular freshman, seems to possess both of these assets. Joe starred in all sports at Hannibal Hamlin last year and has never received below a C grade in his studies.

After football, basketball, baseball, and track, Joe likes swimming best, taking part in all the local aquatic meets during the summer, when he is not visiting in Canada.

Joe is taking an industrial course and is a popular as well as active student, having been elected president of his class at the recent elections.

Kathleen Whitney came to us this year direct from the sunny state of California. My, how that climate seemed to agree with her. When she left us as a freshman, she was quiet and sedate but now she has become quite versatile. I have proof of this from her scrap book.

Kathleen is a member of the Girl's Athletic Honor Council and takes part in all forms of sports. She certainly plays a mean game of hockey as her opponent's shins will testify.

Kay is really one grand girl, a good sport and well-liked by everyone.

Carolyn Reed—what sophomore does not know the hazel-eyed, laughing "Carolyn," full of fun, ever ready with a funny story or a quick retort. "Carn" may be serious at times, but we have never met her at such a time.

School work she wisely takes not too seriously, but see her on horseback and she's a whiz! A member of the Honor Council, she knows what to do with a hockey-stick and was chosen from a hundred odd of last year's freshmen lassies to play on the basketball team. All honor to Carolyn! In days to come she'll bring glory to the name of B. H. S. by her prowess in the realm of sports.

He likes to see people's ears chewed off. He can play tennis with the best of them, and he hasn't missed a Charlie Chan movie for three years. His name is James Finnegan.

His hobby is tennis. He boasts that blindfolded, he can beat any number of people and with one hand behind his back at that—what a man! With the idea in view of becoming a champ, he thinks it would be a great idea for the school to form a number of tennis teams as well as to build half a dozen courts for the students to play on.

Don't think by all this that he is interested in tennis alone, oh, no! He participates in such sports as basketball, football, bowling, baseball, and he is also, as you may have guessed by the opening statement, an ardent wrestling fan.

Peanut butter and dates between whole wheat bread is Barbara Cox's idea of heaven. She first tried it at Camp Carter in New Hamshire last summer where, incidentally, she excelled in swimming. Barbara is really a marvelous swimmer—got her junior life saving emblem at Camp Jordan three years ago. She likes tennis, and hiking too, and reads the sport page regularly. She loves to attend football games and saw the recent Bowdoin-Maine game which she thought was marvelous except for the fact that Bowdoin lost. She hates to write, prefers eggs fried on both sides—not too hard. American Girl is her favorite magazine, and she swears by it. And as for comics, Barbara dotes on Blondie. Last year she used to get the newspaper early in the morning, but this year brother Andy snatches it first. She hates politics and anything connected with it. She likes the *Oracle* especially well and loves "Little Women" and all Alcott books. That's Barbara!

KICKERO AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS

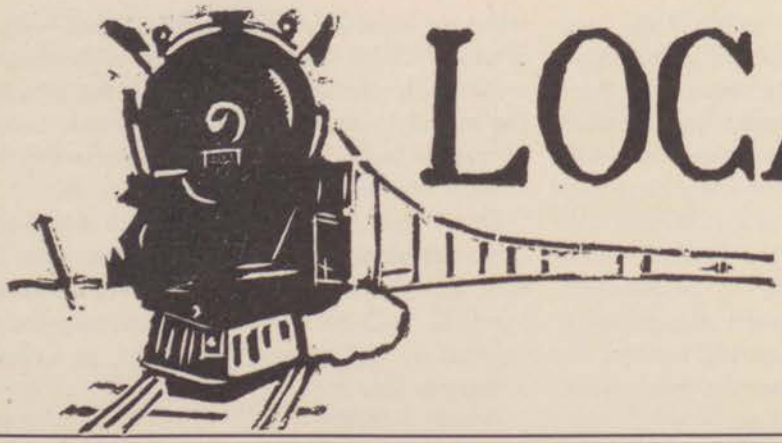
By Irene Lorimer

BEING decidedly disagreeable anyway, hope that I shall never meet anyone having as many human characteristics as my alarm clock—Kickero.

Up to the present time, I have been undecided as to whether I shall call Kickero of masculine or feminine gender. But now, since I have learned more about the world and all its faults, I have decided that Kickero represents the more undesirable sex, and, henceforth, will be a surly member of that quantity of surly males.

For stubborness he "can't be beat." Con-

(*Continued on page 34*)



LOCALS

PARADES

October 18 marked the debut of the R. O. T. C.'s public appearance and it was for a worthy cause indeed—Bangor's official N. R. A. Day. Taking into consideration the comparatively short time in which this organization had had to become well organized and well versed—especially the sophomores—in the soldier's manual, Bangor High may be well proud of the impressive showing made by Uncle Sam's "Reserve Officers."

The R. O. T. C. was conceded the distinction of "leading the parade"—and it surely was some parade: up Columbia street, down Main, across the new bridge, down Exchange, Harlow and Central, and thence again up Main street.

Student Major Clarence C. Fields—any boy's idol—led Uncle Sam's yearlings, and by the time Major Snow gave the command to disband on upper Columbia street, it was a dog-tired bunch, or should I say bunch with tired dogs?—of sophomores who gladly responded (poor fellows couldn't take it!)

THE FESTIVAL

Bangor has a right to pride itself on being musical. Each year, any social activities connected with music have a larger attendance.

The Festival was a whole-hearted success this year. The artists were the world-famous Don Cossacks and two dancers, Edwin Strawbridge and Pauline Kogner. The program was begun by the Symphony Orchestra. Then the audience sat waiting breathlessly for the entrance of the Don Cossacks. In they strode —huge, simple Russians, garbed in black, followed by their jaunty little leader, Jaroff Sterge, who inclined his head arrogantly at the thunderous applause, whirled about, and at a movement of his little finger, the Chorus burst into a mighty roar which brought the surprised comments to an abrupt stop; then it was necessary to hold the breath to hear the soft, sweet tone of the high tenors.

The success of these Cossacks depended in a large measure on their startling contrasts of tone.

The two dancers interpreted three dances of as many different types. The first pictured the rise of a skeleton from the grave trying to capture Life, and failing. The second was an interpretation of the song of the Festival Chorus Polevitzian Dance and Chorus, from the Opera "Prince Igor." The whole program was extremely stimulating.

R. O. T. C.

Column of Squads, Leading Platoon, Squads Right!.....March! ! The preceding words (or words of similar nature) may frequently be heard floating up from the gymnasium on any drill day. This is evidently the result of some ambitious officer's attempt to be heard by his company or platoon. Speaking of officers, we have a fine, energetic set of them this year and here they are.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS, R. O. T. C., 1933-1934

HEADQUARTERS and STAFF:

Major	Clarence Field	(Sr.)
1st Lt. (Adjutant) (S-1)	Raymond Bennett	(Sr.)
2nd Lt. (Supply Officer) S-4)	George Corey	(Sr.)

* * * * * * * * *

Sergeant Major (Staff Sgt.)	Gilbert Bradbury	(Sr.)
Supply Sergeant (Staff Sgt.)	Laurence Fernald	(Sr.)
Color Sergeants (Staff Sgt.)	Leonard McPheters	(Jr.)
	Linwood McPheters	(Jr.)

R. O. T. C. BAND:

2nd Lt. (Assistant Leader)	Richard Stevens	(Sr.)
Drum Major (Staff Sgt.)	Emil Hawes	(Jr.)
Sergeants	George Powell	(Sr.)
	Gerald Hart	(Sr.)
	Eugene Betterly	(Jr.)
Corporals	Carlton Baker	(Sr.)
	Jonathan Adams	(Jr.)
	Elmer Yates	(Jr.)
	Hugh O'Hear	(Sr.)
	William Saltsman	(Sr.)

	COMPANY "A"	COMPANY "B"	COMPANY "C"	COMPANY "E"
Capt.	Milton Winsor	Harold Taylor	Waldo Weston	Robert Hussey
1st Lt.	William Ballou, Jr.	Maurice Small	Andrew Peters	Roland Lancaster
2nd Lt.	Stanley Getchell	Oscar Trask	Donald Daley	Reginald Dauphinee
1st Sgt.	Milton Jellison	Warren Stapies	Dwinal Fraser	Francis Martin
Sgts.	Willard Hillier	Harold Moon	Harry Bridges	George Tsoulas
	Charles Godfrey	Robert Rowe	Grandon Gray	Morris Rubin
	Noah Edminster	John Gildart	Fred Merrill	Ormond Hibbard
	Harry Libby	Artemus Weatherbee	Robert Thompson	Winston Hurd
	James Finnigan	Willard Buck	Robert Witham	Glenn MacDonald
	Harold Cooperstein		Ross Gilpatrick	Raymond Smart
Cpls.	Donald Moore	Walter Morse	Charles Gruber	Lloyd Cutter
	John Trundy	Merner Scott	Harold Smith	Roland Luce
	E. Earle Brown	Percy Billings	Donald Bridges	Merrill Bolton
	Paul Estabrook	Arnold Blaisdell	Virgil Barrows	Garold Downes
	Guy Leonard	Sheldon Smith	Philip Jaquith	
		Geo. Spiropulos	Hartley Bell	

Probably the chief reason why the commissioned officers are looking so glum is that their nice new hats did not arrive in time to be exhibited (on the heads of the owners) in the Armistice Day parade. The cadet batallion, with a much better attendance than usual marched in this parade.

The sophomores are becoming accustomed to drill now, but we find that some of them have not yet discovered the difference between left and right. Major Snow has been giving practical instruction in map reading and map making. He is also going to lecture on some of the world's decisive campaigns.

Officers' Club has started well with Robert Hussey as its president. This organization discusses and decides some of the problems of military training in our school. The Officers' Club may put on some dances this winter. Last year's dance was not very successful financially, although everyone who attended enjoyed a very pleasant time. Let us hope that the officers will try it again this year.

ORCHESTRA

"Please stay with my beat" is often heard at rehearsal as some orchestra member decides to take his own idea of what the tempo ought to be. Nevertheless, the orchestra is doing a fine job. There is not quite as good instrumentation as there was last year; the trombonist and the famous artist of the basoon ("Mousey" Emple) have graduated, and one French Horn is left to struggle alone. To help matters out, however, there are some additions in the cornet section.

Herbert Brill has been elected to the position of representative of the orchestra to the Student Council.

BAND

That musical organization of B. H. S. which is known as the band is certainly showing great improvement. Mr. Robinson, the band's ever-faithful conductor, thinks that with a little more practice our band will be able to compete with Sousa's. Some recent additions have helped the band a great deal. Although "Andy" Cox has been doing a fine job on the trombone, he can't be a whole trombone section, and he has been aided somewhat by the entrance of three more trombones. The band also has some new cornets, clarinets, saxaphones, and another snare drum.

As usual, the band has been cheering the team on all football games. Before the Portland team visited Bangor, Sergeant Donchecz instructed the band in the formation of the letters B and P. This stunt was put on with success at the Portland game. The white web waist belts which have been purchased surely do add to the band's appearance.

While the Freshman Hop was not a great financial success, it certainly was a good dance. There was not enough money raised at the dance to send the boys to Portland, but, showing a fine spirit, there was an attendance of nearly a hundred percent at the Portland game. The band participated in the N. R. A. parade and the Armistice Day parade. The city of Bangor likes to have the B. H. S. band in these parades, for our musicians are always requested to march on such occasions.

Several musical compositions are now being practiced, some very modern. These compositions are rather difficult, but it is expected that with the elapse of a little more time these difficulties will be easily overcome. Hardly a rehearsal passes without a good laugh at the expense of some band member. Occasionally "Jimmy" Regis plays his euphonium so energetically that he blows the bell right off. A good deal of merriment is also caused by the sound of the deflation of "Cupid" Staples' air cushion, on which he comfortably reposes during band rehearsal.

ARMISTICE PARADE

On November 11, 8:15 a. m., the Bangor R. O. T. C. unit assembled for its second annual appearance. Through the courtesy of the athletic department, the khaki-boys were allowed to witness the Bangor-Brewer intercity football clash—and they made a swell cheering section. (Major Fields acted the role of cheer leader.)

Hastily reassembled before the football game was over, they marched to their waiting-point where the Bangor unit solemnly and silently paid tribute to the dead heroes as taps were sounded.

Ably led by the band in their new white belts—credit to Sergeant Donchecz—the R. O. T. C. unit practically dominated the day's exhibition as they marched up Main street to May street where they disbanded.

SCRAP-BOOKS

Miss Clarine Coffin has introduced a modern method of teaching English to her classes—that of using a huge scrap-book containing articles from the New York Times, instead of using an English text book. When studying parts of speech, or subjects and predicates, the pupils underline these parts with red and blue ink and discuss them in full on the opposite page. As commercial students do not take Latin, Miss Coffin selects Latin words from which many English words are derived. The English derivatives are compared with the Latin root, suffix, and prefix. The study of English in this way is not only instructive but is interesting, as well. A lesson is worked out in this manner. The head line reads "A Century of Progress." In Century, the Latin root "cent" is found, meaning one hundred and we get many English words from that, such as percent, centennial, centipede. From progress come proceed, progress, prolong. In this way, the commercial students get the right shade of meaning of the word from the study of its root, suffix and prefix.

DEBATE CLUB

The Debate Club, some 90 strong, at its first business meeting chose the following group of officers to guide its destinies for the coming season: President, Joseph Bertels, '34; Manager, Andrew Cox, '34; Secretary; Sally Woodcock, '35; Corresponding Secretary, William West, '35. Interest is evident from the record enrollment. A busy and profitable season is scheduled, both in actual debating and in social activities.

The Bowdoin League debates, held December 9, found two veterans representing the School—Andrew Cox, and Bernice Braidy, with Corinne Adams as understudy. The question: "Resolved: That the municipalities of Maine should fully avail themselves of the offer of the National Government to assist in financing local improvements under the N. R. A", offered a timely and challenging topic. This question was presented to the combined debate clubs Thursday evening, December 7, in a brilliant academic and social evening, held in Room 307. Here the members of the club, and the audience as well, were given the opportunity of debating against the varsity team, incidentally giving that team the chance to meet many of the arguments which were hurled at them two days later at Brunswick.

Under a system established last year, novice teams are again being used for interscholastic debates. The first is scheduled with Foxcroft Academy, for the second week in January. More than twenty new debaters are trying out for the contest. Bangor will be represented by two teams of three students each. The question chosen by the Academy will be "Resolved: That science has done more harm than good for mankind." Orono High has indicated its intention of holding a similar debate in the near future, on a question to be selected later. This plan of debate gives Bangor a chance to train debaters to fit into the shoes of its varsity members when they are graduated.

In Club meetings this year a committee consisting of Joseph Bertels, Rose Costrell, Edwin Young, Roberta Smith, Spencer Winsor, and Isabel Cumming will see to it that things go well, and that occasional novelty and variety are introduced. Among the contemplated projects are the use of the forum style of discussion, the presenting of a special speaker on a local question, and several social activities. Pins or insignia are being planned, so that every member may show his affiliation with the organization. Enthusiasm was never higher in the Club.

LATIN CLUB GOES FRIVOLOUS

The first meeting of the Latin Club was directed to making plans for the year. Mrs. Cummings and Miss Estes, the censors, traced the history of the club from its beginning down to the present time. The purpose of these talks was, we doubt not, to prevent us from departing too far from the beaten path in the matter of programs. However, the general sentiment seemed to be that Latin Club programs had become too academic, too difficult, almost too much like class periods. So the club with one voice decided to be less serious, possibly less instructive, but, at any rate, to deal with things Roman in a lighter vein.

The second meeting was presided over by Consul Floros after the new officers had been installed *more Romano*. Latin charades were the order of the day. Star performers in these were Spangler and Woodcock, Cox and Curran, Orbeton and the Sanborn twins, while Tsoulas and Siegal, although no longer students of the immortal language, directed proceedings from the side. The meeting was voted a grand success, several Latin words, unknown to Caesar or Cicero, being discovered.

Consul Curran presided with fitting dignity over the meeting of November 28. The following new members were received with an enthusiastic welcome: Pauline Jellison, Helma Ebbeson, Lois Smith, Isabel Cumming, Sarah Stinchfield, Reginald Fourier, Ann Perry, Peggy Tyler, Betty Ayer, Charles Pierce, Richard Stevens, Virginia Good, Eleanor Glazier, Anna Flagg. This snappy group, mostly sophomores, will bring new life and energy to the club, and will doubtless make a name for themselves in its future activities.

A bright little Latin play, coached by Bernice Braidy was the feature of the meeting. The players were Lucille Epstein, Alice Simpson, Dorothy Mosher, Sally Woodcock, Juliet Spangler, and Edwin Young. For the first time in the history of the club the sophomores knew what it was all about—the play we mean—and they even ventured a couple of charades. Charades, cider and doughnuts (it was an afternoon meeting) concluded the festivities.

A Saturnalia bigger and better than ever is being planned for the week of January 1st.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Senior Girls' Glee Club has at present eighty-three members and a very interesting program ahead of them for this year. They all have notebooks, which, at the end of the year, will be full of instructions, scales, tones, volume, expression, etc. They have also elected officers, who are: President, Jean Sanborn; Vice President, Jean Hale; Secretary, Jean Kent; Librarian, Mary Jenkins. The accompanists are Gwendolyn Scott and Barbara Kingsbury. Each year, more girls ask admittance to the club, and of course, there is a long waiting list. Miss Donovan has promised a free emblem to all the girls who have perfect attendance, and incidentally any girls who do not behave are replaced by someone more interested in the Club.

RICH MAN POOR MAN

The cast of Rich Man, Poor Man, a one act farce, consists of Eleanor Bissell, Bob Canders, Gay Carson, Ruth Palmer, Albetrina Bartlett, Albert Friedman, Virginia Orberton, Margaret Williston, Viola Hart, Carolyne Long and Mary Jenkins.

This rollicking play shows very clearly that the course of true love never runs smoothly, the ardent lovers being Peter (Bob Canders) and Emma (Eleanor Bissell).

Just imagine our staid Bob Canders dashing behind screens and climbing into barrels, attired in a quilt and little else.

Or still better imagine Margaret Williston as the fluent Miss Bonelli spouting Italian a mile a minute.

ILE

Can you picture Ed Curran as a long, gawky youth with a pinched face? That's the part he has in the new Dramatic Club play, *Ile*,

(*Continued on page 32*)

ALUMNI

WHO WAS WHO

In order that Mother and Dad may find some interest in reading the *Oracle*, we have written a column that will catch their eye and set them to dreaming about their high school days.

Several of the former editors of the *Oracle*, namely, Joseph Curtis White, '07, Everett Glass, '09, and Fred W. Benner, '10, now hold prominent positions. Mr. White is a well-known attorney in New York City; Mr. Glass is a professor at Leland-Stanford University, and Mr. Benner is employed in a bank in Los Angeles.

Some of the other *Oracle* Board members of twenty-five years ago have also progressed along the business front since their high school days. Clifford Patch, the personals editor of the 1908 *Oracle*, has a position at the Eastern Manufacturing Company. Edward H. Rice, Business Manager for 1909, is one of the directors of C. H. Rice Company. Drummond Freese, another personals editor, is connected with Freese's department store. Wendall C. Piper, now a member of firm of W. S. Emerson Company, was a live-wire athletic reporter for the 1910 *Oracle*. Another prominent Bangor citizen, Otto Nelson, was Assistant Business Manager of the *Oracle* in 1902.

Bangor High School also graduated at that time a few students who are now outstanding professional men. Among these are Doctor Harrison L. Robinson, '07, Dr. Forrest B. Ames, '09, Dr. Merritt Emerson, '09, Dr. Harold McGinn, '09, and Dr. Charles King, '09. Doctor Ames was a Business Manager of the *Oracle* and a captain of the R. O. T. C. while attending B. H. S. He is now a member of our school board. Doctor McGinn was president of his class for four years.

The football heroes that predominated in the 1907–08–09 battles were George Gutherie, Johnny Ford, "Thug" Sheehan, "Pete" Rattrey, "Eddie" Trowell, Harry Toole, Joe Gallagher, "Tommy" Bragg, Haywood Jones, Ellery Tuck, "Mose" Williams, Ed Barry, and Harold Colby.

Mr. Gutherie now sells caskets for the National Casket Co. in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Ford works at a branch of the Great Northern at Brownville. Mr. Sheehan is a practising attorney in New York. Mr. Rattery is in the furniture business in Chicago. We all know where Eddie Trowell is employed. Mr. Toole resides in Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Gallagher is a doctor in the U. S. Army and is stationed at Panama. Mr. Bragg is a prominent broker in New York. Mr. Leadbetter is another M. D. Mr. Belgea travels for a concern at Boston. Mr. Jones is a well-known local citizen. Mr. Tuck is now a musician in New York. Mr. Barry is established in the laundry business in Worcester. Mr. Colby now works in the Merrill Trust Company.

There were also a *few* high school students deserving of French medals in those days, just as there are a *few* now. The two best known to us were Stacia Scribner, who is now Mrs. Fred Woodman, and Alton G. Robinson—none other than that Mr. Robinson who now instructs our bandsters when to and when not to toot their horns.

One of Bangor High's great orators of that period was George F. Eaton. Mr. Eaton is now one of Bangor's attorneys.

You are perhaps wondering if any women went to school then because they have not been mentioned above, but we assure you that they did.

Those best known to us are Estelle Beaupre, Prudence Robinson, May Fleming, Margaret Moran, Marian Sprague, Marion White, Elizabeth Bright, Ethel Harrigan and Helen Christian.

THE BOOK NOOK

BOOKS

The Bowling Green — Christopher Morley
A Gay Family — Ethel Boileau
Poor Splendid Wings — Frances Winwar
*No Second Spring — Janet Bieth
Return — Michael Home
England's Elizabeth — Milton Waldman
Dark Hazards — W. R. Burnett
*The Gold Falcon — Anonymous
*Enchanted Ground — Temple Bailey
Gallant Adventures — Theresa Benson
Flood Tide — Olive Wadsley
Murder at Scandal House — Peter Hunt
*Better Angel — Richard Meeker
Slander — Arthur Somers Roche
Just Jane — Kay Mann
Under the Goal Post — Eddie Dooley
After Such Pleasures — Dorothy Parker
*Bonfire — Dorothy Canfield
Spider — Marguerite Steen
Glory — Frances Stuart
*The Way Beyond — Jeffrey Farnol
Red Rhapsody — C. Fitzsimmons
Great Fortune — Gilbert Gabriel
*Bare Living — Elmer Davis and Guy Holt
Deep Country — Amory Hare
*The Flying Carpet — Richard Halliburton
Murder Day by Day — Irvin S. Cobb
*The Girl Through the Ages — Dorothy Stuart
Conqueror — Arthur Howden Smith
The Shape of Things to Come — H. G. Wells
*Testament of Youth — Vera Buttam
The Shakespeare Murders — Neil Gordon
Peter Abelard — Helen Waddell
The Woods Colt — Thames Williamson
Blossoming Antlers — Winifred Willes
Life Begins at Forty — Walter B. Pitkin
*Rough Hewn — Anonymous
The Soft Spot — A. S. M. Hutchinson
*Invincible Louisa — Meigs
Mesa Land — Anna W. Ickes
To Live Alone — D. Michael Kaye
Raggle Toggle — Walter Starkie
*Winner Take Nothing — Ernest Hemingway
I, the Tiger — Manuel Komroff
Winners — Ray Bullard Chamberlain
Pleasures and Palaces — Frances and Gertrude Warner
Journey of the Flame — Antonio Blanco
Stay Out of My Life — Sophie Kerr
*Innocent Bystander — Faith Baldwin
The Perfect Pair — Lois Montross
It's Up to the Women — Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

MAGAZINE ARTICLES AND STORIES

Heroes (story) .....Ben Norris
Nov. Harper's
Sackcloth in the Morning (story)
.....Margarete Banning
Nov. Harper's
*Deflating the Schools (article).Avis Carlson
Nov. Harper's
Roads Around the Constitution
.....Herbert Corey
Nov. Outlook
*To See or Not to See.....Caldwell
Nov. Outlook
Solution (story).....Theodore Dreiser
Nov. Women's Home Companion
*Two Women (story).....Pearl Buck
Women's Home Companion
*Simple Enough (story).....Kathleen Norris
Nov. Women's Home Companion
Diamond Among Friends (story)
.....Alice Duer Miller
Nov. Women's Home Companion
When Youth is Beautiful (story)
.....Booth Tarkington
Nov. Women's Home Companion

BOYS' ATHLETICS

BANGOR-BREWER PLAY 0-0 DEADLOCK

Three thousand cheering fans saw Bangor's Crimson Wave and Brewer High's Witches battle out a sizzling scoreless tie featured by a great last period drive by Bangor. Taking the ball on their own thirty-one yard line in the waning moments of the fray, the Crimson marched up the field in successive first downs to the Brewer nine yard stripe where the final gun halted their inspired drive. It was a typical Bangor-Brewer game, close and hard fought, but with a decided Crimson tinge throughout.

Ulmer started his shock troops for Bangor and they promptly reeled off two first-downs before bogging down. The regulars were sent in immediately and the game tightened up into a see-saw battle. Due to Crimson fumbles, Brewer twice had the ball deep in Bangor territory, but were twice turned back by Curran, Summers, Adams and Green who were all playing great defensive games. Bangor did not threaten seriously until that great comeback in the closing minutes when it looked as if a touchdown was inevitable only to be prevented by the final gun. The ball carrying honors were divided between the four backs, while in the line Curran, G. Merrill, Upton and Adams stood out.

BANGOR (0)	BREWER (0)
lt Small, G. Merrill	rt Day
le Cox, Curran	re Hodgins
qb J. Dauphinee, Hussey (c)	qb Miles
lhb Fraser, Stuart (c)	lhb Dwyer
rhb R. Dauphinee, Green	rhb Kiah (c)
fb Elliot, Staples	fb Lyford, Kenny
re Flynn, Upton	le Pooler (c)
rt Donavan, M. Staples	lt Wyman
rg Ballou, Adams	lg Sargent, Hillier
c Rice, F. Merrill	c Franks, Robertson
lg McGowan, Summers	rg Gass

CRIMSON WALLOPS MOUNTAINEERS

Shaking off a jinx that has hovered close by since last year, Bangor's Crimson Wave broke into the win column with a vengeance when they ran rough-shod through a game but outclassed Berlin, N. H. team to the tune of 33—0. Coach Ulmer used his entire squad in gaining the season's first victory, but it made little difference who was out there in the mire, for it was Bangor's day from start to finish. Honors for the day were widely distributed, but special mention ought to be given to Sharkey Staples, fleet fullback, who gave the cash customers the biggest thrill of the game when he streaked seventy yards through the entire Berlin team for a touchdown. Adams, Rubin, and Green also turned in great performances.

Berlin won the toss and chose to kick off. Green ran back the kick to the thirty-two yard line and the Crimson started a drive which ended in a touchdown. Berlin then chose to receive. They failed to gain, and Lavernovitch kicked to the Bangor thirty yard stripe. Bangor turned on the heat and another march was in order ending in another touchdown. The first period ended without further scoring. An entire new team took the field for Bangor and proceeded to push over two more touchdowns with Nelson featuring. Score at the half 27—0. Berlin put on their best stand in the third period when aided by a strong wind and smart kicking they held Bangor scoreless, in fact deep in their own territory. In the final period the ball see-sawed back and forth and it looked as if the scoring was over for the day, but then Lavernovitch dropped a short punt into Staples' hands, and the speedy fullback was away for his seventy yard touchdown gallop. The only man to touch him was Beaulac, and he received only a heel in the face for his trouble. Berlin then opened up with a desperate passing attack, but an alert secondary and a fast

charging line smothered all the Mountaineers' passes, and the game ended with a great 33—0 victory for the Crimson.

BANGOR (33)	BERLIN (0)
re Upton, Flynn, Martin	le Walker, Costello
rt G. Merrill, Moon	lt King, Lamontogue
rg Rubin (c) Ballou, Daly	lg Thibault, LaPlante
c F. Merrill, Rice	c Fortier, Heroux
lg Adams, Somers	rg Halvorson, Spears
lt M. Staples, Small	rt Savchic, Fortier
le Curran, Cox, R. Dauphinee	re Goyette, Ruel
qb Hussey, Ross, Higgins	qb Beaulac, Fournier
lh Stuart, J. Dauphinee, Nelson	lg Lavernovitch, Bouchard
rh Green, R. Dauphinee	rh Richards (c), Dale
fb W. Staples, Elliott	fb Therrien, Shevlin

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4	Total
Bangor.....	13	14	0	6	33
Berlin.....	0	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns: Green, Stuart, W. Staples, J. Dauphinee, Nelson. Point after touchdowns: Green, J. Dauphinee, R. Dauphinee (rush)

PORTLAND WINS 19—12 IN SPECTACULAR GAME

In a blazing battle that has not been equalled on Mary Snow Field for many years Portland's Bulldog once again topped a fighting Crimson team 19—12. In the first half the powerful visitors completely dominated the play—piling up a 19—0 score. The second half saw the Red Imps come back with a bang and score twice, nearly to turn the tables.

Portland winning the toss chose to receive. Murphy carried the kickoff back to the Portland 41. Murphy and Skolfield took turns banging away at the Crimson line and aided by several penalties carried to the Bangor 15 yard marker where Allen made the initial score of the afternoon on a neat triple pass. The second period saw Portland score again with Skolfield doing the honors. Once again the Big Blue tallied; this time Murphy was the fair-haired boy. Bangor opened up with passes and connected twice with aerials as the half ended.

In the second half taking advantage of a penalty which gave them the pigskin on the Portland 30 yard line, the Crimson scored. Successive smashes by Dauphinee and Green put the ball on the Portland 15 yard marker from which Green raced over for a touchdown. Portland received, but after an exchange of kicks Bangor got the ball at midfield and flashing a pretty air attack, led by Jimmy Dauphinee, scored again on a pass from Dauphinee to Martin. This touchdown ended the scoring for the afternoon, but Jimmy Dauphinee continued to hurl passes while the alert Portland team smothered them all until the final gun barked an end to hostilities, thus closing one of the most spectacular games seen on a local field for many a moon. For Bangor, Green, Curran, and Jim Dauphinee starred, while Allen, Murphy, Skolfield, and Loveitt stood out for Portland.

PORTLAND (19)	BANGOR (12)
re Allen	le R. Dauphinee, Curran, Cox
rt Mulkern	lt G. Merrill, Small
rg Lomac	lg Rubin, Somers
c Loveitt	c F. Merrill
lg Lawson	rg Adams, Ballou
rt Romano	rt M. Staples
le Walker Jendrasko	re Upton, Martin
qb Skolfield	qb Hussey, Ross
lh Mitchell, Lano	lh Stuart, (c), J. Dauphinee
rh Murphy (c), Ladd	rh Green, Nelson
fb Gaskitt	fb Staples (c)

CRIMSON WAVE SWAMPS BAR HARBOR

Smashing the Islanders' forward wall from tackle to tackle with an assortment of bucks, spinners, and reverses, the Ulmer-coached club had little difficulty in trouncing an undefeated Bar Harbor team 39—0, after a troublesome first period. Bangor's revamped line worked to perfection, as time after time the

hard-charging Crimson forwards nipped Bar Harbor plays in the bud.

Held scoreless in the opening period the Crimson found its stride in the second and after a series of gains to the Orange and Black two yard stripe, Jim Dauphinee scored the initial six points. Green converted.

Staples carried from the ten yard stripe on a reverse for the second tally. Hussey converted. In the closing moments of the first half a blocked Bar Harbor kick offered another scoring opportunity which the Crimson quickly cashed in on. Hussey scored the touchdown with Green again adding the extra point.

The last half was but a repetition of the first with Bangor again scoring three touchdowns. As the game wore on, the vaunted Islander passing attack was awaited expectantly, but what few aerials were attempted were knocked winging by an alert Bangor secondary.

BANGOR (39)	BAR HARBOR (0)
re Martin, G. Merrill	le S. Smith, Lurvey
rt Upton, Staples	lt Gray (c)
rg Adams, Ballou	lg Guptill, Gillfillaw
c F. Merrill, Leighton	c Jones
lg Rubin (c),McGowan	rg Raymond
lt Somers, Moon	rt Preble, Young
le Curran (c) Cox	re H. Smith, Webber
qb Hussey, Lee	qb F. Emery
lh J. Dauphinee, Hussey	lh Hodgkins
	rh Poquet, J. Emery
rh Green, Nelson	fb Mitchell
fb Staples, R. Dauphinee	

Touchdowns: J. Dauphinee 2, Staples 2, Hussey, Green. Points after touchdowns: Green 2, Hussey.

RED IMPS TAKE OVER BREWER

Out of the depths of a luckless season, an aroused and aggressive Crimson team rose in all its might and squelched Brewer 13—0 to close the season in a blaze of glory. Holding the edge throughout, Bangor counted two touchdowns in the first half, threatened continually in the second and kept the Orange running attack bottled up all the way.

Scrapers failed to make much impression on the field and when the game started the gridiron was entirely white except for the coal dust which was used to line it. Brewer kicked off. Staples, receiving on his own ten, immediately kicked right back. The teams seesawed back and forth until a short kick by Miles gave the Crimson the ball on the Brewer 30 yard marker, where the Red Imps turned on the power and scored, Frit Green doing the honors. A few moments later Slabfoot Upton broke up a Brewer lateral which "Gooney" Adams recovered for Bangor. Once again the Crimson Wave rolled goalward. Staples banged over the center for the touchdown and Green added the extra point.

During the remainder of the game, Bangor clearly demonstrated its superiority, and, when the final gun boomed, it sounded the finish of the high school grid careers of sixteen of this year's Red Imp squad; Martin, Curran, Cox, Merrill, M. Staples, Wright, Daly, Rubin, Ballou, Rice, Higgins, Green, Dauphinee, Staples, Nelson. and Hussey.

BANGOR (13)	BREWER (0)
re Martin, G. Merrill	le Adams, Pooler
rt Upton, M. Staples	lt Wyman
rg Adams, Daly	lg Sargent
c F. Merrill, Rice, Leighton	rg Gass
	rt Day
lg Rubin (c), Ballou	c. Robertson
lt Somers, Wright	re Hodgins
le Curran (c), Cox	qb Miles, Kenny
qb J. Dauphinee, Lee	lh Pooler (c), Lyford
lh R. Dauphinee, Hussey	rh Kiah (c)
	fb Dwyer
rh Green, Nelson	
fb Staples, Higgins	

Touchdowns: Green, Staples; Point after touchdown: Green.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

On sides! Seniors? Juniors? Then the shrill blast of the referee's whistle is heard and the hockey game is on! It looks as if it would be a fast one with Betty Maxwell playing right wing for the seniors and Elnora Savage for the juniors. Ah, it's the seniors' ball! They're taking it down the field! It looks like a goal! No, not yet, the juniors stopped them that time! But Alicia Toole has the ball now; she's dribbling fast and she's almost down to the goal posts! She shoots! The ball goes through! A goal for the seniors! The ball goes back to the fifty yard line for another bully. Isabell Kelley gets the ball, rushes it hard down the field and scores another point for the seniors. Then our hard-fighting Betty Maxwell gets another point shortly afterwards. The half is ended! The junior team looks rather downhearted, but better luck in the next half!

Referee's whistle again! Come on girls, let's go! They're fighting back and forth for the ball and at last Gerry Reynolds gets it, dribbles, and passes to Kelley who scores her second point for the seniors. The score is now 4—0. The juniors seem to be getting warmed up finally! They are not letting the seniors get any more goals. Neither team can seem to go through for a goal now. Time is almost up, ~~too—and~~ there goes the whistle! What a game that was, though it was rather one-sided!

That is a brief summary of the opening game of the hockey tournament, which is finished now unless old man Mr. Snow will kindly consent to go away for a while, and let us play that last game between the juniors and sophomores.

However it proved to be an exciting tournament, with the senior class winning the cup. Juniors came second and sophomores last. Results of the games were these:

Seniors 4—Juniors 0.
Juniors 3—Sophomores 0.
Seniors 4—Sophomores 0.
Seniors 3—Juniors 0.
Seniors 5—Sophomores 0.

The teams representing the classes were, Seniors: Elizabeth Toole, captain, Isabell Kelley, Geraldine Reynolds, Betty Maxwell, Alicia Toole, Louise Michaud, Ruth Price, Dorothy Mooney, Mary Wright, Elizabeth Hardison, Corinne Morrison, Ruth Palmer, Ruby Turner and Jeanette Sanborn. Juniors: Barbara Jarvis, captain, Alice MacLeod, Frances Giles, Betty Homans, Elnora Savage, Elenor Burrill, Sarah Rapaport, Lucille Fogg, Hope Betterley, Dorothy Strickland, Barbara Greene, Kathleen Whitney, Glenice Peavey, Ruth Thurston. Sophomores: Mary Lou Connors, captain, Sarah Whitney, Hazel Chalmers, Mildred Striar, Carolyn Reed, Audrey Everett, Margaret Tyler, Ellen McIntosh, Betty Smart, Betty Ayer, Barbara Welch, Margaret Maxwell, Dorothy Kamen, and Annette Curran.

An all B team chosen from these girls consists of Alicia Toole, Elizabeth Toole, Betty Maxwell, Dorothy Mooney, Isabell Kelley, Geraldine Reynolds, Elizabeth Hardison, Mary Wright, Barbara Jarvis, Lucille Fogg, and Alice MacLeod.

Thus ends the hockey season. Mrs. Churchill will give her call for basketball candidates on November 20. Nearly a hundred girls turned out for hockey and it is hoped that a good majority will show up for basketball.

A man entered a country postoffice and asked, "Have you a parcel for Mr. Jones?"

"I have," replied the postmaster, "but how do I know you're the man?"

The man produced a photograph of himself. "Have a look at that," he said. "That looks like me, doesn't it?"

"So it does," exclaimed the postmaster, and handed over the parcel without another word.

JUST THE ECHOES

By Bob Canders

The old saying is there's a first time to everything and so with an attempt at being a columnist. Anyway here goes.

Many things have happened since the old institution opened its doors last September. Some things are funny, some important, some unimportant, and some even sad (exams, for instance). This column is an attempt at a little of everything. The good old "B" sweaters are very popular this year with the feminine sex. If the boy friend has a "B" sweater, he's all set, and so's the girl. "Feather" Hurd lost his, so did "Sharkey" Staples. I guess you gotta be a football hero—what happened to Franny Gile's frosh at Maine? What girls thought they could crash the boys' meeting a short time ago? And were they successful? Answer: No. You just haven't been around if you haven't heard "Whitey" Wallace's imitation of Norman Brokenshire, the radio announcer. Take it from me, it's good. And of course if you want all of that program that used to be so popular—come up and see us sometime—and here's a plan that never leaked out. Gay Carson and Bill Weston were planning to start a dance marathon. The result—it was called off for three good reasons: 1. They couldn't get a hall; 2. They couldn't get any partners; 3. They'd rather sleep nights anyway.

There's nothing like being loyal to the alma mater. If you don't like anyone in the student body, there's always the alumni. Right, Gwenie? Betty Maxwell's favorite college is Brown—Gin Larrabee and Claire Libbey go big for Maine. It's a little nearer home, anyway.

You can have your Browns and your Maines, Peg Gildart and Polly Oxley still like Veazie Tech.—Bob Hussey and I are going away and be just a couple of hermits. No intestinal fortitude. The mad chemist, Chris Gallagher still trying to sub-divide the atom. Good luck, Chris—Is Arline McLaughlin getting "gay"? Audrey Everett looking toward Higgins—I'll bet Lorna Hawkes doesn't go around calling people conceited anymore. There's a reason—Jeannette Sanborn doing good for herself. Don't forget who introduced you, Jeannette.

HOKUM

Well, here we are together again and what a stormy session we've been through. What with exams and report cards we've all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Says who?

It sure is too bad that we can't all be 4-A students like Robert Morris but then——

They tell me that Jeannette Sanborn is wearing "Feather" Hurd's sweater. Just another good girl gone wrong. I've heard it said that the fact that Cox won the popularity contest is a rather extraordinary coincidence. Oh! Oh! After that one I see where I am removed from the Oracle Board.

They tell me that the latest addition to the Zoidis family has been named Sears Roebuck Zoidis. The reason for this was, so Pete claims, that he is of the male order. Is that a fast one! um.....um.....

What's this I saw in the News? My eyes must have deceived me, but I think it was Sharkey Staples holding Ruth Van Buren's hand with Frit Greene trying to "horn in" as usual. Good chance for L. N. to sue for heart balm, I'd say.

Well now that the football season is over, what will Betty M. do without her "Bobbie" to cheer for. But don't give up the ship, Betty, maybe Bob has the makings of a basketball star—maybe.

Well, well, what's this high school coming to? On Saturday, November 18, that illustrious "he" man of the junior class, H. Moon, was seen at Freeses' store taking lessons on the application of Max Factor's makeup. What lengths people go to now for that "Schoolgirl Complexion." Any day now you may see Harold blossom forth in all his glory.

Well, everybody watch out because the Hokum editor is right on the job. Another Walt. Winchell—Oh! Yeah!

—Morris Rubin.

BUY
ORACLE

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME II BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

MONSTER CELEBRATION IN B.H.S. PLANNED FOR FEBRUARY THIRD

GAY CARSON WILL GIVE BIGGEST PARTY OF YEAR

Gay Carson invites you, one and all, to his big New Year's party on Febuary third.

Stanley "Gay" Carson is going to have a party! This is news that would make anyone shout for joy. The party will be held on February third in Room 307 at two o'clock. I know that's a long time to wait, but just be patient, because you will never have a chance to witness such a spectacle as this will be. Even the freshmen are invited, although not as cordially as the rest.

Mr. Carson plans to start off the games with Duck on a Rock, with Stanley Staples taking the part of the rock, and Buster Young as the duck. A freshman will be chosen from the crowd for the part of the thing you throw. (You do throw something in this game, don't you? Gay wasn't quite clear on that point). But let him tell it to you in his own words: "Of course, you know that no girls are invited to my party. This is because of a peculiar incident that happened to me once. It seems that there were three bears—but let's not go into that. It's too long anyway. The result of it was that I am off girls for life. I still sing, though. But I must go on with the party. Where was I? Oh, yes—playing duck on a rock. Well, since the water was so warm that day, we took another swim before starting the game. We all dove down as far as we could, and Harold Moon came up with the Russian Crown Jewels. Have you seen his new car? Neither have I, It's in cold storage, or something. Or isn't that a place where they keep hams and what not? I'll bet you could find a lot of your neighbors there. Was I ever there? Well, my child, that's too long a story to tell now. I was in Alaska, once. That was the time I saved the six men from certain death in a snowslide, and—Where are you going my child? Well, of all the nerve. Walking away right in the middle of my best story."

How Gay will get the Russian Crown Jewels, a snowslide in Alaska, a place to go swimming, and Harold Moon's new car into room 307 remains to be seen. Anyway, be there on the third of February at two o'clock to find out. Gay is a resourceful lad. However, I feel it my duty to warn you, one and all, that there may be a trick to this. I, for one, can't tell; it's not clear to me; so it may be tricky.

TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A SENIOR

That piece of poetry below (if you could call it that) is my first attempt in years. I remember the last poem I wrote. Oh, how long ago it seems! I was a freshman then. (Please pardon this, because it is necessary for every senior to write down some experience as a freshman, and call it literature.) Anyway, I wrote a poem, and was it a swell poem? We were studying some sort of poetry then, and meter, rhyme, and all that junk, and each of us had to write a poem. Well, you know how freshmen are. I was that way then; so I passed in a nice long poem the very next day. The poem must have been good, because the teacher got all enthused over it, and told me it was wonderful and all that, and it was good enough to put in the Oracle, although they did not usually put freshmen's efforts in the magazine. Was I elated? Or maybe then I was just happy—not elated.

But the poor little poem never got to the Oracle. It was lost. Poor, little, disillusioned me! I had had grand dreams about seeing a poem of mine printed in the Oracle. A Big Shot. But it was gone forever, and I had no copy. Well, I vowed never to write poetry again, but the urge has overcome me; so here it is.

P. S. The're just putting it in because they lost the other article.

ED. NOTE: SORRY, BUT WE LOST THE POEM.

JOSEPH BERTELS: CURTAIN-PULLER

The hall was full of Dramatic Club members. Everything simply hummed with activity. People—papers were flying about. The gigantic hall with its blue gold and white stood like a majestic sentinel. The brown velvet (1.25 yd.) curtains were pulled apart showing the gorgeous, classic drapes in the back. Minerva and the other guy held aloft their torches of good will. The busts of Apollo and what's his name gleamed on the stage—being recently scrubbed with Bon Ami. In this beautiful setting, tryouts were being held. First one then the other until finally all had tried out.

"Joe, pull the curtains together," said Miss Rideout just like that, unaware of what was to come.

Joe Bertels jumped up the steps and began operations. Miss Rideout gasped. Some wept in their handkerchiefs; others fainted from the shock, while others looked rather dazed—notably J. Smith and Peter Zoidis. What had happened? The curtain had come together without a hitch! !** ! !—? ? !

ANNOUNCING:

GRUDGE BATTLE,
SHAPING UP ON
PAPER AS GREAT
FISTIC OFFERING,

BRINGING TOGETHER

Whitie "Brokenshire" Wallace

VS.

Bob "Swisher" Canders

Room 211 Refreshments

TATLER

TION

SUPPORT ATHLETICS

DECEMBER 13, 1933 NUMBER 2

CLASSICAL DANCING LATEST B. H. S. FAD

Floating thru the air with aesthetic grace in one of the most beautiful natural settings ever imagined, six B. H. S. boys were exhibiting their talent in the art of classical dancing. William Hilton, for once not reading "College Humor," was perched on his little toesies. Johnnie Hessert with arms outstretched looked like Apollo, while Guy Leonard trying to look nonchallant in flimsy white drapes stood uncertainly first on one foot and then on the other like a lost hen. George "The Masher" Tsoulas went on for heavy dancing, leaving big boroughs where his feet had sunk in. Joe Brennan evidently new to this sort of thing just jumped around and around with elephantine grace. The dark foliage behind the High School, where this exhibition was held, stood out against the leafy vegetation while the beautiful ferns and flowers made a gorgeous sight as usual. With a final burst of energy, all lifted themselves in a graceful ascension like white birds flying south and lightly touching the turf with their toes landed on the grass. Applause rang through the air and the performers gracefully took a little bow. It is rumored the boys nearly froze in the interest of art.

It is rumored that the next exhibition will be in the Auditorium where there's some heat. Remember, it's the next full moon; so keep watching the moon.

Lost: Two Latin Lessons

FINDER PLEASE RETURN TO LEO LIEBERMAN

URGENT: I MAY BE CALLED ON TOMORROW

SENIOR MISS BREAKS OLD LAW; NO SIMILAR INCIDENT RECALLED; PROMINENT STUDENTS AMAZED

FIRST SENIOR INTERVIEW

Spccial Correspondent in Room 211

Leo Lieberman revealed today that his favorite word is lousy.

"Of course," he said, "there are words and words, but I like lousy. You can always use it even in the best of company."

"Well, Mr. Lieberman, what do you think of this year's senior class?"

"Oh," he replied offhand, "it's lousy."

"Have you any remarks to make about the school in general?"

"Oh, it's lousy. Everything's lousy."

"What do you think of yourself?"

"Me? I'm lou—No, no, I can't answer that question."

A maniacal light came into his eyes as he realized the errors of his ways. He murmured brokenly as he wept into his 29— handkerchief, "Lousy, oh my goodness, lousy. I'll never use it again. Oh! Oh!"

Owing to the wet condition of the room, we were obliged to leave.

"Lovey" Gleason who was sunning himself on the roof hollered down that his favorite word was "slam."

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Gleason?"

"Oh, you know, a slam in bridge, slam the door, or slam people and things in general. My hobby, you know."

"Oh."

"Yes, I like to knock things like the high school and different clubs and stuff like that. No other fun in high school. Just a minute and I'll knock down a brick."

The last seen of him was on the high school roof knocking down bricks with a playful push.

CULPRIT BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES

There was wailing and gnashing of teeth that day. The sky was slightly overcast, and it was feared a thunderstorm was approaching. In B. H. S. consternation reigned. Classes were almost suspended. Teachers met each other in the corridors and task-ed—tsk-ed at each other while slowly shaking their heads.

Mr. Prescott and Mrs. Cumming seemed actually peaceful while Mr. P. planned a debate on the question (with refreshments).

Pupils talked long and loudly in classes while even the brightest of them seemed to have lost that "golden-glow." Alice Simpson was seen to shriek gaily to Mary Jenkins, "My dear, have you heard."

We even perceived little Frances Kelleher discussing the subject fervently with Annette Youngs, who was munching an apple. Likewise Ford and Gallagher gave up their eternal studying for a while and actually seemed interested. Those boys really did overdo this studying business! 'Way up in 322 everyone seemed to be dazed as if by carbon disulphide. And in 208 Bob Canders actually knew the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and the teacher revealed the astounding fact that there were only seven F's—truly a remarkable coincidence. What was happening? What caused the populace to be so disturbed? Why such editorial comment? Why an insurgent uprising? Who or what is the matter? And if so, why not? So to speak—paradoxically of course—a catastrophe had changed the course of many lives or some such thing. An upheaval was due on the earth's crust (silicon, oxygen, and aluminum and stuff like that). For, strange as it seems, incredible as is the fact, unbelievable as it may be, shocking as the revelation is—it must be acknowledged—Dot Nealey forgot her compact ! ! ! ! !

FUNNY BONERS

GUESS WHO?

"Now this brings me to my next point."
"Stuff and Rubbish."
"Obviously."
"Now, this word has taken on an unpleasant connotation."
"The middle will remain seated until the sides have passed out."
"Now children."
"Show me at the board."
"I feel like five cents."
"Don't look at the keys."
"So much for that."
"More volume."
"Sit right down in your seat."
"Are you with us or against us?"
"Is it not?"
"My girls never do that."
"Girls! Girls!"
"Let's have the old ginegar, gang."
"And what not!"
"Disgusting!"
"A little sunlight won't hurt anybody."
"Have you any excuse?"

B for Bertels the school's bright wise-crack.
A for Adams for debate she has a knack
N for Nickerson at dancing she's fine.
G for Gildart he has a good line.
O for Oxley a young Junior maid
R for Rubin good football he played.

H for Hussey a star athlete.
I at which I admit my defeat.
G for Greene called Fritter by some
H for Hurd who makes things hum.

S for the Sanborns, a marvelous pair
C for Canders, the girls think him fair.
H for Higgins a senior petite.
O for O'Brien light on his feet.
O for Orbeton O. K. at debate.
L for Lorrimer at writing she's great.

"THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF YOU IN EVERY SONG"

I'm headin' for the last round up
.....Virginia Wentworth
You've got to be a football hero..Fritter Green
Down a long, long road.....Arline McLawlin
Singin' in the bathtub.....Bob Canders
Minnie the Moocher.....Audrey Everett
I want to ring bells.....Virginia Larrabee
Rollin' on our roller skates
.....Spangler, Woodcock
Fresh as a daisy.....Jay Smith
Did my heart beat?.....Fannie Giles
Ain't ya glad?.....NO
I got ya where I want ya.....Tout Staples
Happy as the day is long.....Blondie Ruhlin
Great big man from the south..Walter Morse
I'm no angel....."Mae West" Clukey
Shanghai Lil.....Mimi Merrill
Now that summer has gone....Betty Maxwell
You've got everything.....??
Shine on harvest moon.....Feet Curran
Snowball.....Albie Friedman
It's winter agin.....Any Thermometer
Swingy little thingy.....Bernice Braidy
Tomorrow.....Raymond Flynn
It was a night in June.....George Powell
The Queen's in her parlour.Gwennie Bartley
There'll be a hot time in the Old Town
tonight.....Cece Burleigh
You'll never get up to heaven that way
.....Jimmy Nason
Stringin' along on a shoestring
.....Chris Gallagher
Charlie's home.....Bill Weston
Give me liberty or give me love
.....Paul Higgins
On the air.....Boots Lieberman
Once there were three pigs
.....Savage, Homans, Fogg
Sunflowers from B. H. S.
.....Don Moore, Charley Rice and Blair Stevens

Margaret Maxwell shows real promise as a journalist. Recently she wrote the following terse narrative about Elisha:

"There was a man called Elisha. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said, "If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn loose the bears and they'll eat you." And they did and he did, and the bears did.

Teacher: What animal hunts in packs?
Harold Moon: The customs inspector.

Collector: I've been here a dozen times, and I positively won't call again.

Poorpay: Oh, come now, old chap, don't be superstitious about coming the thirteenth time; nothing will happen, I assure you.

Mr. Thurston: The gas in this test tube is a deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?

Claire Libby: Long ones.

She (in the picture gallery): This is the famous Angelus by Millet, Aunt Phyllis.

Aunt Phyllis: Well, I never! That man has actually copied the picture on the calendar that's hung on our kitchen wall for years.

Teacher: What is the difference between valor and discretion?

Kenneth Lynch: Well, to travel on an ocean-liner without tipping would be valor.

Teacher: I see.

Ken: And to come back on a different boat would be discretion.

Teacher: Now, if I subtract 25 from 37 what's the difference?

Shelly Smith: Yeah, that's what I say. What's the difference?

"It's surprising," said the professor to his wife at breakfast, "to think how ignorant we all are. Nearly every man is a specialist in his own line, and in consequence, we are all as narrow minded as it is possible to be."

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"Yes, dear," said his wife.

"I, for instance," he continued, "am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light for example, I haven't the least idea how it works."

His wife gave him a patronizing look, and smiled.

"Why, Herbert, I'm ashamed of you. It's too simple. You just press the button; that's all."

LOCALS

(*Continued from page 20*)

by Eugene O'Neill. Andy Cox as a decrepit old steward, Bob Hussey as the second mate Slocum, George Tsoulas as Harpooner Joe, "Willie" Ballou as Captain Keeney, and Bernice Braidy as Mrs. Annie Keeney complete the cast. The action takes place on a whaling ship in the Arctic Sea. Be on hand December 15 for the scene in which Cap'n Keeney lands a sizzling right to Joe's jaw.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS

The second of the Dramatic Club plays to be presented December 15 is the *Knave of Hearts.* It is a one act play based on the nursery rhyme of the same name. Don Daley makes a wonderful Pompdelile the eighth, King of Hearts, and Betty Maxwell takes the part of Lady Violetta who cooks the tarts to become King Pompdelile's wife. Joseph Bertels is the Knave. The cast is as follows:

Knave of Hearts.....Joseph Bertels
Lady Violetta.....Betty Maxwell
Pompdelile the Eighth, King of Hearts
.....Donald Daley
Blue Hose.....Paul Higgins
Yellow Hose .....Edward Rice
The Chancellor.....Lawrence Gleason
Ursula. .....Geraldine Reynolds
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GOOD NEWS!

The special N. R. A. edition of the Oracle, published expressly to aid the Athletic Department, was a grand success, and a net profit of $50.00 was realized for the Athletic Department. Bill Ballou, business manager, is all primed to hand over the $50.00 in today's assembly, and they tell me he has a long and flowery speech prepared.

KICKERO AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS

(*Continued from page 15*)

trary as the most mulish mule, he is an exaggeration of an undesirable human being. When I forget to wind him, naturally he stops. But no matter how much I wind him up again, he will refuse to start.

I wind the time screw—no luck; I wind the alarm screw—no luck; I wind every screw—no luck; I shake him up, then down; over, then across—still no luck. Then I shake him in a special way. Ah! He starts; he moves his hands; I felt a stir of life along his frame. My dream, though incredible, has come true. Kickero is going.

With sighs of relief I slide between the sheets, listening to that monotonous tone with unlimited content.

Suddenly I am roused from light slumber by a small voice inside me which seems to say, "Awake, awake! Some terrible thing has come to pass." With shudders of dismay and misgiving, I leap numbly from my bed, turn on my light with fingers which tremble with rage, for, just as I had suspected—Kickero has stopped.

This time with fury I snatch him up. Push him northeast, pull him southeast; push him northwest, pull him southwest. But alas, it is in vain. Finally, overcome with rage, I grasp him in my right hand and hurl him against the wall with one mighty sweep. Amid a resounding crash of metal and glass, I hear with greatest amazement the contented declamation of my darling enemy, old Kickero himself.

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And was ever a creature more boring! His chatter is more monotonous than the gossip, at the Ladies' Club (be thankful that I didn't say Ladies' Aid), where the conversations are long-winded organ recitals about the heart and liver. At least the members of the Ladies' Club stop for breath, but Kickero does not do even that. He talks in such a manner that it does not require breath nor energy to follow his example—only patience to listen to one's self.

His alarm is the most alarming alarm an alarm clock ever had. It is a combination of a cat's hollow "meow" and a frieghtened heroine's scream. If he would give one short yell and then forever hold his peace, I wouldn't mind. But he feels it's his duty to scream a steady screech until I am forced to jump from a warm cozy bed into a depth of "wholesome fresh air" to turn a little button on Kickero's back before he will be able to tick without guilty conscience.

Always have I hated alarm clocks—always will I hate alarm clocks. But what can I do about it?

Kickero is a nuisance, but he is also a necessity. He is good for lots, but a good-for-nothing.

So I have thrown back my shoulders and gritted my teeth with firm decision.

Kickero is my clock—I wouldn't "do him wrong."

THE STRATEGIST

(*Continued from page 9*)

forty-eight yard line, and from here they worked a play that resulted in a touchdown.

"What a trick play that was! It sure fooled our boys! Too bad that dumb coach didn't have Roughshod in there. He'd've stopped 'er," came that insolent jabbering from behind.

What struck me as being funny was that the "trick play" was only a common spinner, but the runner had eluded a few would-be tacklers, and thus the arbitrator had imagined it to be a trick play."

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Soon after, State had a chance to score, but a fumble ruined it. Then the bombastic gentleman blew up. What he said would probably burn up this paper if it were written here, but he spoke mainly of the faulty coach and of the scrappy hero, Roughshod.

When the game ended, State had lost, and immediately the alibi came from "Mister Blowoff" that the game was lost because Roughshod had not played.

I should like to have seen his expression when he read the next day's headlines, "State Loses Because of Roughshod's Misplays."

FOOTBALL HEROES FLY

(*Continued from page 12*)

could be placed, and then some! The orchestra was peachy, the play not so hot.

Leaving Boston at ten-thirty, the globe-trotters arrived in Bangor at twelve-forty-five. Fritter reports that he was making up for lost time with a nap in history class the next morning, when he was rudely summoned back by a heartless teacher. And already—so fast does time aviate—the whole experience sounds like a dream.

CHARITY

(*Continued from page 8*)

boys brought logs and brush to make a platform from which they could drag Condon ashore without breaking the ice. By the time he was on dry ground, his servants had arrived to carry him home. The boys went back to their work of collecting cedar boughs.

It was Christmas night; James Condon was thinking not of his cosmopolitan airs, his language, his money, his house and his servants, but he thought of the party and the substantial sum he had given the orphans, and he wondered if his charity had been bountiful enough.

WHAT A DAY

(*Continued from page 7*)

face, and "kiss the sore finger." When he was fixed up and sent out doors, I returned again to my magazine. As I entered the par-

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lor, I stopped astonished. While I was busy in the kitchen, the other two boys had gone down cellar, and dragged up a huge box half full of ashes. Evidently they had hauled it all over the room from the looks of the floor, and then dumped the whole thing in the center of a brand new rug. By that time I was ready to give up and was certainly glad when their mother came home. When I tried to apologize for the accident in the parlor, she dismissed it with a careless nod, and said that "the boys often did mischievous things."

THE BETTER PART

(*Continued from page 6*)

few remained. On one corner stood a Salvation Army girl, swinging her bell wearily, waiting for the last small contribution. A man, set off from the few remaining shoppers by the fact that he carried no packages, walked slowly down the street. He was not poorly dressed, but something about him seemed wrong. Maybe it was that he walked as in deep reflection. In one hand was a piece of much handled paper.

As he walked toward the Salvation Army kettle, he seemed to be giving up the last hope. He placed the piece of paper in the kettle, then walked on. The girl looked carefully into the kettle, and saw—a five dollar bill. The biggest contribution of the day.

The thief walked around the corner and into a small shoe store. One might have noticed that he walked with a slightly faster step than before, as he entered.

Give me a pair of size twelve, triple E shoes."

"Rather odd size, sir. I'm afraid I'll have to get them in the basement. Will you wait or come around tomorrow?"

"I'll wait."

As the clerk passed through a back door, the thief, after glancing cautiously into the nearly empty street, slipped behind the counter, and dropped a shoe box on the floor rather noisily; at the same moment he pushed in on the "No Sale" lever on the cash register.

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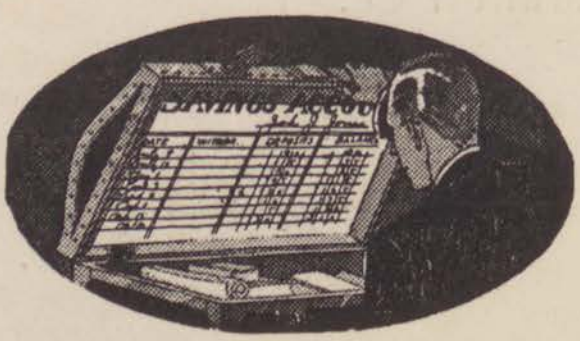

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