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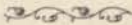


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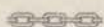
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The Oracle

FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC
CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI



Published by the
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Bangor High School

Vol. XLII

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December, 1932

THE JOURNALISTIC CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI

ELEVEN years ago, there was founded at the University of Maine, an honorary journalistic fraternity—Kappa Gamma Phi. One of its purposes is to help journalists of secondary publications with their problems.

Since the beginning of the fraternity, it has been customary for a yearly journalistic conference to meet in the spring. This year, however, it was thought that the conference would carry more benefit to the participants, if it were held in the fall, since the delegates would then have the rest of the year to apply their ideas. Therefore, the eleventh annual conference of Kappa Gamma Phi met November eighteenth and nineteenth.

In Kappa Gamma Phi are included those who are foremost in journalistic circles at the University of Maine. The president of the organization was the editor of last year's *Prism*—the yearbook of the college. The editor of the weekly newspaper, the *Campus*, is the vice-president.

The conference lasts two days. In the afternoon of the first day, discussion groups meet, one for newspapers, another for maga-

zines and a third for yearbooks. The meetings are informal and many editing problems are solved with the help of men experienced in each field of publishing. In the evening at the banquet, a speaker, usually a well-known newspaperman, gives his views on some phase of editing.

The next morning, after a short talk on journalism, the prizes are awarded. For the best publication in the newspaper class, a cup donated by an engraving company is given, to be kept for a year. If that same newspaper wins the cup three times in succession, it remains in the permanent possession of the winner. The *Purple Line* of Deering won the cup this year. In the yearbook class, another cup is given to the best yearbook, which for this year was the *Totem* of Portland High School. In the magazine division, Bangor High School's *Oracle* won first place, and a silver cup to be kept permanently. Not since 1929, has the *Oracle* won first place.

In future years, may the knowledge gained from the journalistic conference of Kappa Gamma Phi aid the *Oracle* to climb to great heights and worthier accomplishments in the field of secondary school publishing.

As Junior Lads Would Have Their Dads

Extracts From Themes



WOULD like to have a father that I could talk to about the different problems that come up in life. Every boy needs someone to confide in, and I would like a sociable father who would tell jokes and stories, instead of one that takes a newspaper and reads the whole evening through, without saying a word and snapping at you if you speak to him.

* * * *

My ideal father would be a sport. He would go hunting and camping in the fall, and fishing in the spring. Some Friday morning, he would get me dismissed from school and suggest we go to Portland to see the football game.

* * * *

I would want my father to be cheerful and agreeable; honest, so that he could be trusted; and dependable, so that anything he said could be relied upon. I don't believe I would like him as much if he let me have the car all the time and all the money I wanted.

* * * *

The kind of a father I would prefer is one who is not always finding fault. With never-ending fault-finding, you soon lose your courage and give up trying to improve, because you believe you are going farther behind instead of ahead. My father is known as a "slave-driver" and he carries his reputation into the home. No member of the family has a mind of his own when he is around, for father is the one who decides everything, if not mentally, then physically. My ideal father would try to understand my opinions and not ridicule them. He would be a man to whom things could be proved. My father is always right and I am always wrong, although I may be able to prove my point by one who is an authority on this subject.

I would like a father who was interested in all the meetings for parents, which are given at school. This would give him a better understanding of all school activities and many other things he should know. I would like to have him attend all the games our school played with other schools.

* * * *

I would like to have a father who would be a pal. When my father gets home from work, he is so tired he doesn't feel like doing anything. If he would help me build racers, instead of scolding because I clutter up the yard, and help me plan them, instead of making fun, it would help my feelings out a lot. It seems to me that most fathers are against anything their sons want to do. If we are to be successful when we grow up, we must start now.

* * * *

My father died when I was six years old, but I have worked ever since I was old enough to know, to save my money and health and be honest as my father would want me to be. I think that a father should teach his son to be courageous, upright, and helpful. The father can almost always do more with boys than the mother can. If you have a father who is fairly strict, I think you should be proud of him. If he keeps you in one or two nights a week and makes you study, you will be thankful someday. The father can almost always shape the future of his son.

* * * *

My father never says, "You cannot go." He says, instead, "I think you better not go." This makes you change your mind more easily and quickly. My father has given me lessons in music for four years. This is only a little thing, but if you have a father who is willing to do for you, you will also be willing to do for him.

NOTHING TO SAY

Jean Calhoun



IT was August 2, 1914. The newspapers screamed with the headlines of war, and the crowds in the streets of London became mad with the obsession of the fact that a great war had been proclaimed against Germany. Telephones rang continually, telegraph instruments clicked incessantly, and amid all this, the great powers of the world came together.

Yet, remote from this, and far above the general clamor of the streets, two young men sat in a small room in a building of Oxford University, reading the London "Times" which so glaringly and boldly revealed the hideous news of war.

Their faces were white and drawn in the lamplight, but the eyes of Robert Manning were full of pity, while those of Eric Von Sternberg were filled with misery beyond consolation.

Slowly the eyes of the light-haired German student turned toward a letter propped up against the light, and his lips straightened in a thin line, while his eyes filled with hate. For the letter bore a German post-mark, and the heading was that of the German Military Headquarters. It was a summons to return to his country and join forces with his brothers. But to the boy, it was mockery, mockery to all the things which he had come to love.

Finally, he raised his eyes to those of his chum, and spoke in a voice husky with emotion.

"I can't go. It's impossible. Do you realize what it means?"

Yet Robert Manning could find no words with which to answer Eric. Instead, Eric answered himself with words barely audible to the listener.

"It means that I must leave the country I love, the friends whom I find closer than my kinsmen, to fight for a country whose fiendish desires have over-ruled all. Still I have no choice; I'll have to go."

"It can't last any length of time, and then you can return." But Robert's words sounded uncertain to both boys, for they knew it might last six months or perhaps six years.

Eric's only answer was a short bitter laugh, and then he rose to his feet, grabbed his hat, and with the words, "Going for a walk. Be back soon," ran down the stairs and out into the night.

The next day broke fair and warm, as days after a catastrophe often do, and the London Headquarters of Military Affairs bustled with activity, for, now that the first shock was over, the country had settled down to practical living.

General Holbrook, a tall, stern-faced man, looked up from his desk with a worried frown as his aide entered the office.

He spoke in slow easy tones, "Well, Roger, we're surely busy today."

"Yes sir," answered the short, stout secretary, "and it certainly seems a shame to have to work on such a fine day."

"That's right," was the slow reply, "but to get to the matter on hand. That young German boy has me worried."

"I looked up his record, sir, and found that he's a fine boy, bright student, and courageous,—all the qualities which are needed. There's no doubt, sir, that he loves England, and is willing to risk anything."

"That's the type of man we want, and since he's 'on the level,' it would be very wise to put him on the list of the secret service division. What do you think?"

"You are right, sir," answered the aide.

"Then let him know immediately, and afterwards he may go at once to Berlin to take the German uniform."

"Yes, sir, I shall call him."

* * * *

A month later, Eric left for Germany, and on his arrival, he was greeted by his father and mother whose hearts were bursting with pride at the sight of their son, wearing the uniform of their country. It hurt Eric deeply to think that he was a traitor to his country, and besides, there was no turning back now, even if he wished to do so. His only desire was to serve his adopted country, and he was doing it in the only way possible.

Luck immediately took him by the hand, for he was assigned as special aide to General Von Eltz.

General Von Eltz was a sly, foxy man, whose determined will and brisk orders kept the military affairs of Germany working with mechanical precision. Once he had tried to pry some information concerning England from his young aide, but he gave it up after a brief attempt.

"Stubborn young fellow," were his comments, "or perhaps he isn't observing, but he comes from one of the best families of Berlin, and makes me a good secretary, so I should ask little more."

It may seem odd that this situation did not make the general suspicious, but in his position he had no reason to suspect young Von Sternberg. Soon he forgot the matter.

However, although the affair rested lightly on the general's shoulders, Eric was disturbed deeply by it. Yet there was nothing for him to do about it, but remain a little more cautious. So he put on a "dumb" front, and went on with his work.

Back in the war office of England, General Holbrook was delighted with results obtained by the youthful spy. Yet there was great speculation in the office on how long the boy could keep up his position. They realized, perhaps more than Eric did, the dangerous situations he was working under.

For two years Eric worked in the German office without a single slip, when on October 20, 1916, a well planned attack, one of the largest of that year, fell through. The facts concerning the drive had been guarded carefully; nights of secrecy had been spent over the plans, and now the enemy had upset their whole attack.

Then the news spread that someone in the war office had revealed the plans, someone who had close connections with the general and his force. The ugly face of rumor now became a fact. Someone in the office was a traitor to his country.

Immediately the war office was hurled into confusion. Still, for three days, the finger of suspicion was placed on no one man, but during those three days, Eric, under a great mental strain, wrote three letters, one to his mother, one to General Holbrook, and one to Robert Manning, to be delivered if anything happened.

Four days after the first hint of suspicion, Eric was called into General Von Eltz's office. Five prominent military men regarded him as he entered the room.

When Eric saw the serious expressions on their faces, somehow, it struck him extremely funny and with a little smile on his lips, he advanced towards the desk. This episode seemed unimportant to him now, even though it meant the turning point of his life. His eyes lingered on the men an instant, then wandered to the table where his English passports, the reports which he had intended to send to London, the three letters written four days before, were assembled.

Slowly, with the same odd smile on his face, he spoke, "Your men certainly must have wrecked my room in getting these articles."

"It is not humorous, young man." The sharp reply was that of Von Eltz. "On the contrary, it's very serious. I warn you that you are in too deep now to save yourself, but we're willing to give you a chance. Have you anything to say?"

(Continued on page 40)

THE TALE OF THE JACK ROLLISTON

Edward H. Redman

SYNOPSIS

As the storm continued to lash the little cabin in which we three were sitting, the old sea-dog kept weaving his colorful tale of the days when he-men went down to the sea in Gloucester whaling ships. This yarn was spun from the shoddy of experience—the experience of a mutiny on a three year cruise aboard the whaler Jack Rolliston.

The second mate, by his persistent nagging and manhandling of the crew, had brought feeling to such a head, that when one member of the fo'e'sle died from such treatment, his mates began a mutiny. The crew were raiding the cabin, the other ship's-officers were struggling against odds, and then—a crack on the head from a heavy belaying pin brought darkness to the old sailorman.

(Here the story continues)

PART II

WHEN the dawn of sensibility again smiled upon us, there were a deposed but not dejected captain, a first, and third mate, and three harpooners adrift in a whaleboat with a few pounds of hardtack for food and no water for drink. Christobal's wound was bleeding profusely, and the other harpooners were weak from loss of blood. The Jack Rolliston was beyond the horizon.

"Mr. Jackson, however, was not among us; we knew not what had happened to him and cared little, for he had earned the dislike not only of the crew but of cabin as well. In fact we did not learn just what his fate was until, some time after, when we captured the shipwrecked mutineers, and heard from them, the fate which they had meted out to him.

"As he had been during the fight, so was Captain Winslow now. By his bravery and timely commands in the fray, we had lessened the numbers of the mutineers, and prolonged the final issue of that fight; but by his foresightedness and calmness in that drifting boat, did he slacken the attack of that dread disease, which comes from a lack of fresh water, and a restricted diet, and which shows

itself by bloody patches that climb daily, and mean death, when they reach the heart. It is one of the diseases where the blood turns to water in its attempt to get water.

"Because of his unattended wounds, Christobal fell into a fever, the day after we were set adrift. His condition changed to a coma from which he succumbed on the third day of our drifting. Then on the sixth day Mr. Kiwah discovered those dreaded patches on his legs, and his lips began to bleed. We immediately began to search on our own persons for symptoms of that terrible disease—scurvy. The captain alone was unalarmed by these discoveries; he still remained a brave gallant man.

"At night by careful observations, Captain Winslow was able to renew our hopes, when he announced that according to the stars, we were drifting southward in general, and that we were nearing, no doubt, the regular path of the ships rounding the Cape. It was well he gave us that encouragement, for with our terrible thirst, our gnawing hunger, and our fear of the scurvy, which had begun to display itself upon both Cinco and Dominic, the two remaining harpooners, we were ready to become demented.

"Then as I awoke from a fitful slumber on the morning of the tenth day, I almost leaped in my joy, for there, not two miles away was a sail! 'A Sail! A Sail!', I shouted, 'Come, and look!' Think of what that meant to us dying men. Immediately we four who were still able, jumped up in the boat, and began to wave our arms frantically, that the men on the ship might see us. If that ship had passed on, we would all have surely died of disappointment right then.



The Captain

"However, half an hour later, after a tantalizing period of waiting we found ourselves safe on board the Meguncook, a full-rigged brig of the merchant marine. On the deck we met Captain Obed Briggs, captain and owner of the craft, who immediately ordered food and above all, water to be brought to us. Did we drink that stagnate discoloured water? That sluggish stuff which had been in the ship's tanks a year or more was the most welcome beverage I had ever drunk.

"After we had refreshed ourselves, Captain Winslow and I entered the luxurious cabin of Captain Briggs, that we might tell our story away from the excitement aroused among the crew by our rescue. Captain Briggs was an expert seaman, a man of perhaps fifty-five or sixty, who had worked upward from ship's boy to captain and owner, of the Meguncook, one of the finest of the merchant brigs. He listened while we told our story without betraying emotion, but after we had finished, he suggested that we give chase to our stolen ship, and attempt to recover it.

"Those two captains made a striking pic-

ture, as they sat in the well-appointed cabin; the one, a tall young man, broad of beam, erect, and clean shaven; the other, an equally tall man, yet white haired, and a little more portly, with a clean white goatee. One could easily see in spite of his bedraggled appearance, that our captain was a truly handsome man, for his eyes were of a clear blue, his hair, a light brown, and his physique was perfect.

"After we had finished our story, and had sought for a place to rest our bones after the rigor of our experience, the captain's daughter, Louise, entered the cabin in answer to her father's call, that she might show us our bunks. She was a pretty girl; in fact she looked much like her majestic father, except that instead of having pure white hair, her tresses were of a soft curly blond color, and her eyes were a dashing blue. Although she was very polite, she paid little attention either to Captain Winslow or to me, but her very dashing beauty in itself was refreshing.

"On the day of our rescue, Captain Briggs had decided to help us recover our ship; therefore the next morning we began to cruise in an ever-widening circle, that we might perchance see some sign of the renegades. However, it was not until the morning of the eighth day of searching that we finally caught sight of the elusive mutineers. From his observations Captain Briggs told us that we were about a hundred and fifty miles off Cape Horn.

"Giving chase we slowly crept up on the other ship, which by her very actions betrayed herself as the Jack Rolliston, for no ship would, for any good purpose, load on full sail, so near the treacherous cape. For three days and nights we pursued her, and by the morning of the fourth day we were within a mile of the mutineers. Soon the Jack Rolliston began to swing around, that she might get a start on us by sailing off on a new tangent—a move which proved very unlucky for them, for no sooner had they sailed ten miles, than with a suddenness

peculiar to hurricanes of that region, a tempest of such violence burst upon the sea that with her lack of hands and officers, and her excess of canvas the Jack Rolliston began to wallow. Then a dense fog blanketed her from our view.

"Blindly we sped on, driven by the fury of the most violent gale I had ever been in—and I had been through quite a few storms too. Then, after twelve hectic hours spent before that raging storm, the sea calmed, and the heavens cleared as quickly as the tempest had come, but not a second too soon, for, not a mile away, we saw the breakers of a rocky island, with the Jack Rolliston speeding towards them. Then came a crash, for too late the fog had lifted; too late they had sensed their danger, and without a guiding hand to command them in such an emergency, they had been inevitably wrecked—wrecked on the rocks of New Year's Island, a tid-bit of rocky barren land in the Antarctic Ocean.

"Immediately Captain Briggs ordered the long boats to be lowered, that we might rescue what remained of the crew of the ill-fated whaler. If it had not been for the extraordinary calm, after the storm, it would have been suicide for the men to go to the rescue of those shipwrecked rascals, yet even though many of the rescued were to hang for their crime, neither Captain Winslow nor Captain Briggs could stand by, and see them drowned like rats, or dashed against those wicked rocks without offering some help.

"Louise was on deck watching the rescue proceedings, as were the remaining crew, the two captains, myself, and the two former harpooners of the Jack Rolliston. Poor Mr. Kiwah, however, was not among us, for during the storm he succumbed from the effects of the scurvy. A quiet but kindly officer, he had been a man both on the quarterdeck, and in the forecabin. The rest of us officers greatly missed the little Fijean.

"Two hours after the storm had lifted and we had seen our erstwhile ship dashed against the rocks of New Year's Island, the long boats



Miss Louise

began to return. They had picked up all the swimmers soon after they arrived at the wreck.

"When the boats finally came alongside, eighteen wet and shivering rascals stood upon the deck. All the living mutineers were present, except Big John. He, it seems, had jumped overboard when the crash came, but he had been caught up by a wave and dashed against the rocks.

"As for Mr. Jackson, we found upon persistent questioning that after he had been wounded by an accidentally thrown knife, during the fight, while he was cringing in a far corner of the cabin, he had fallen unconscious. The mutineers merely kicked him around, while they were setting us adrift, but they thought him dead. Later, when he regained consciousness, he foolishly ventured on deck, only to be attacked by the deck watch. Weakened by his wound, he was unable to hold his own against such a great number, and as a consequence, the hated second mate was beaten to death.

"After we had heard the tale of the villainous antagonized crew, and their story had been corroborated by a rigid cross ex-

(Continued on page 35)

The King's Sceptre

Betty Betterley

LAST summer I had the pleasure of visiting a great aunt who summers on a small island in the Atlantic Ocean, just below Prince Edward's Island.

For generations people had hunted for a sceptre which was supposed to be hidden somewhere along the banks of the river Winton.

About a mile north from Wilford (the town where I was staying) the river forms a gorge, and on one side the steep cliff is topped by a rock about the size of a house. It had been there so long that vegetation had sprung up, and on each edge of the rock was a sapling. If the wind blew through one tree especially hard it would cause the whole rock to quiver.

In days gone by, the primitive Indians thought that when the rock shook, but did not fall over the side of the cliff, it was the "Great Spirit" showing them how powerful he was, and how easily he could remove them from this earth.

Just before I had arrived, the rock had toppled over in a great windstorm and had dropped into the river. This was a great hindrance to the people since it stopped all navigation. Therefore a group of men sought to get rid of this eminence. By the use of hydraulic jacks and other means, they were able to push this one hundred tons of solid rock into a place where the river was almost bottomless.

I, of course, had to go sceptre hunting, and I thought that perhaps if I went over near the place where the land-slide had been, perhaps I

could find the sceptre. I went, in my canoe, to the scene of all the excitement, and, to my amazement, the place had not changed much except for the removal of the rock and the great amount of soil it had taken with it. I beached my canoe, took out my pick and shovel, and began to explore. I dug around for about five minutes. Happening to look wearily around, I saw a small object. Was it possible that this was the sceptre? It was! I took my prize home, and, dashing in, put it behind me to surprise my aunt and uncle.

My aunt, noticing my excitement, and, seeing that I held something behind me inquired about this. I positively yelled in my excitement. "Sceptre, dear old aunt! Search—dogged determination—Original sceptre of Good King What's-his-name—One of the most fearfully important relics in the world"—I spoke with such great earnestness and excitement that I found myself nervously tapping my prize on the table.

Uncle Joe stared in amazement. "Betty," he exclaimed, "bring that thing here." Puzzled, I walked to his side, and relinquished my relic. To my surprise, Uncle Joe immediately walked from the room, and, as I stood watching him from the window, I saw my beloved treasure sink into the Atlantic Ocean.

Frantic with indignation, I ran to the edge of the beach where my uncle was standing, and demanded an explanation. His one word told the story, "Dynamite!"

Nora May

Aphrodite Floros

NORA MAY felt proud of herself, and justly so. She had eluded the vigilant eyes of three brothers, an uncle, aunt, and two worried parents. Nora May, only eleven, hated, loathed, and despised her

name. She thought of hundreds of combinations her parents could have picked for her. Rosalie Anne, or Gwendolyn Marie, or Charlotte Antoinette. But, no, she had to be named after two of her worst aunts.

Such thoughts occupied her mind but a moment. After plowing safely through the heavy traffic, Nora May arrived at the courthouse, a large imposing building. Ordinarily Nora May would have been awed by the massiveness of the structure. But today she told herself sternly she was eleven years old. This was merely routine work for one old in the experience of eleven years.

She mounted the steps two at a time and entered the building. She knew exactly where she wanted to go. It was on the second floor, the third door from the elevator. Nora May's courage had dwindled to a mere ten percent of what it formerly was, but the determination to carry through her plan was indomitable. She approached the door and knocked timidly. A gruff voice shouted, "Come in," but there was no one to address it to, for Nora May had gone!

Out of the courthouse she ran and kept on running until finally she was home. She rushed up to her bedroom and flung herself on the bed crying as if her heart would break.

"Nora May, where are you?" called a voice from down-stairs.

She quickly dried her tears and answered in a small, tired voice, "Right here, Mother."

"Wash your hands and come down to supper. We're having ice cream and apple pie for desert."

Instantly her face brightened, and a solemn look lighted her eyes as she faithfully resolved never again to try to have her name changed at the courthouse. Besides, she consoled herself, "no other girl has a name like mine, and Mamma said it's distinctive to have a name no one else has ever had." So, she passed down-stairs to ice cream and apple pie.



Business Girl

B. E. Cameron

MARCIA sighed as she sauntered up the dusty stairs that led to the Hardwick Business college. No matter how much she tried, she would never like it. She knew she should be grateful for the money that was sending her, grateful, volubly grateful to a stout and wheezing uncle who was doing "his bit" for Brother Bob's motherless daughter.

She sighed again as she pulled the cover off her typewriter. Her slender fingers flew over the keys. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." Suddenly Marcia grinned. For tonight she was giving a party for all the old crowd, home for Thanksgiving.

Bruce Denning was really the one for whom she was giving the party, but no one guessed. Why, she hadn't seen Bruce for three years! It was the first time she had been home since the year her mother had died, the year

she had to give up her plans to go to the State University and go to help Aunt Sue and Uncle Charlie. Bruce who had gone to one of the larger colleges was a senior now. But tonight would clear up all the little difficulties. Tonight! Marcia's fingers flew again. "Now is the time for all good men—"

It was next to the last dance. Bruce and Marcia had slipped out into the roomy kitchen of the old house.

"So you've almost finished college, Marce?" Bruce, smiling, self-assured, leaned over her, "My, my, what a big girl you are getting to be. Where did you say you went?"

Marcia laughed up at him, happily. "Hardwick Business. I'll be somebody's stenog this time next year."

All the laughter went out of Bruce's face. "Hardwick Business, that dump over the lunch room? Why Marce, I thought you went to college!"

Bruce "forgot" he had the last dance with Marcia. He slid off with Polly Saunders, pretty co-ed at the State U.

"I said I got a raise today, Marce." Tall, good-natured Phil Dane, former graduate of Hardwick Business, repeated impatiently.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Marcia. "I didn't hear you."

Phil really was a dear! He had helped her through the horrors of double-entry ledgers, until she was letter perfect.

Bruce, going home with his arm linked through Polly's grinned at Marcia. "So long, Marce. Swell party. I'll give you a ring, sometime."

Marcia, smiling at the other guests, kept her head high. Just a "stenog" to Bruce, from the "dump" over the lunch room. She smiled unseeingly at her last guest. "Good night. So glad you could come. I beg your pardon. Oh, Phil, that's nice of you, but I don't think—" She stopped, seeing the eagerness fade from his face, the tired lines settle around his mouth. After all, why take it out on Phil?

"I don't think I can go Thursday, but I'd love to Friday," she finished.

During the Christmas holidays, Marcia didn't once see Bruce. But it didn't matter. Nothing did, except seeing Phil's eyes lighten. hearing him drawl, "The boss told Dad I was in line for that February vacancy in Greenville. Gee, Marce, if I could get that!"

During the spring holidays Bruce, yawning his way through a week's vacation, bumped into Marcia. A gay new Marcia, smartly dressed, casual. Gosh, he'd never realized Marce was such a wow. Brunettes, after an over-dose of blondes, were a relief. He spoke.

"Hi, Baby. Wait 'till I get to a phone, and I'll give you that ring I promised you."

Marcia smiled quietly. "Sorry, Bruce, but I'm leaving town today. I just landed a job, not as somebody's stenog, but as secretary to Phil Dane, head of the Greenville branch of Emerson and Paine. And Bruce"—she held out her hand cheerfully in farewell—"Never mind that ring. I have one—and in just one month, I'll have two."

LIVING SHADOWS

Natalie Nason



LLAINE laid down her book. She could endure reading no longer for the house seemed full of strange occupants. Everywhere, strange, invisible people and things were tiptoeing about, now laughing—now giggling—now sighing—now whispering—now breathing audibly—now coughing—now talking—now groaning, until it seemed she must scream from awful nervousness. The slightest sound was accentuated on her overwrought nerves a hundred times beyond its usual volume, and strange, weird, fantastic shapes were dancing and hopping around the large living room in every

conceivable place. And the clocks! The living room clock ticked loudly away sounding as loud as a church bell; the sound of the kitchen clock from the distance sounded strange and unreal; the eternal tick-tick-tick-tick of both joined together seemed to burst into such voluminous sound that it must have been heard across the street. At the least move the couch on which she was lying screamed with a thousand tongues, and at the slightest breath, winds bellowed through the rooms.

Edgar Allan Poe's mystery stories and a lonely deserted house were the cause for this

action of the imagination on this particular evening. Little had Elaine thought when she had consented to come from her own home three blocks away to her aunt's to keep the fire, that Poe's tales were not the thing to read. She had been in the house all the afternoon and rather enjoyed the solitude but then she had read the "Love Story Magazine." Now it was night; she had been reading Poe's gruesome tales, and it was time to fix the fire.

She desperately cast one long look around the awful room, and rose to her feet. The couch screamed, the floor groaned, the cur-

tains wavered, the shadows shook, the elements bellowed, shadows and noises became madly audible, the clocks mocked her, the intricate pattern of the carpet became a thousand little imps, the ceiling looked down from their height with an evil smile, the walls became four horrible spirits. Everything was crowding in on her when frantically she mustered up all her courage, and took one step toward the kitchen. Then she turned in the opposite direction and ran through the living room, through the hall, through the front door, through the night, and into her own home, occupied by living human people.



WAGGLING



Charles Limberis

ONE of my friends said, "Don't you like to have people make a pleasant, gentle hullabalooing over you, sometimes?" I know what she meant, and I do like it. But in my own vocabulary it is not hullabalooing, but waggling.

A hullabaloo, even a pleasant gentle one, implies boisterous things. But you waggle without saying a word or lifting a finger. You can waggle all your soul in a perfectly respectable and secret way, when nobody suspects you of anything but a little extra shine to your eyes or a twist to your lips. You can waggle your way visibly but quietly through a raining, dirty, dumpish day, so that people will almost signal back, with a kind of borrowed love of joy.

Of course a puppy is the perfect waggler. Our Airedale, with the sad brown eyes and rough coat and comically pivoted tail, can hardly stir himself without wagging.

He loves us vastly, and he loves to be full of bones and fresh air. Life is one glorious, simple-minded, adventurous holiday for him.

He is downcast only when all his arts fail to persuade us that he should accompany us to church or to a dinner party. Then he cries and grieves and quivers; but even his grief has an honesty that is gain to his joy. We know that when we come home and fumble at the latchkey, a happy urgent moaning and grunting will be heard behind the door, and Pal will leap out at us, pawing the air, tossing his ears, skidding along the rug on the side of his funny face, in brief, waggling over us in an abandon of love and delight.

Many clergymen, many poets, many social investigators seem to have lost this simple power.

But I didn't mean to write about the morals of waggling. I meant to tell about its simple causes. There are so many things that make one waggle.

I should be sorry enough, if ever a shining morning in green April, a red October wood, a full moon over frozen silvery lakes, a field of daisies, and a thousand simpler, smaller things, did not make me paw the air and wag

my secret tail. For it really seems to me that human beings need self-expressive tails just as much as dogs do.

Now our newspaper boy waggles over a

prize bicycle. There must be those who waggle over other joys.

We waggle because the world seems so lively and amazing to us.



A Medal Awarded For Heroism on Duty

WOULD you have presence of mind enough to know what to do in an emergency? Suppose you had less than a minute in which to save a little girl's life. Could you do it? The number capable of such action is probably very small. When that emergency is danger of drowning, the number grows still smaller, for in such a crisis a great amount of previous training is necessary to prevent loss of life. How many students here in school could deal with such a situation at a split-second's notice? Probably very few. However we know one on whom we could depend. Her name is Carolyn M. Long.

About a year ago Carolyn was in Roxbury, Massachusetts, spending the summer with a friend. One day they noticed in the paper an advertisement for two sturdy, reliable girls, qualified as Junior Life Savers, to act for two weeks as swimming instructors at the Y. W. C. A. pool. Because it was an interesting job, and paid very well, the two girls decided to answer the advertisement.

When they presented themselves at the Y. W. C. A., they were given a thorough mental and physical examination. This they passed with flying colors, and shortly after they were hired. Their duties, which were to begin at once, consisted of teaching swimming from ten to twelve in the morning and from one to six in the afternoon.

The first few days were very lively, but otherwise they were uneventful. Late in the first week the exciting day came. Two small girls entered the ten o'clock class and begged to be taught to swim. They seemed very small to Carolyn; so after she had given

them personal instruction, she warned them, when she left, not to venture out very far. As it was then her turn to go to the guard tower, Carolyn turned her charges over to the other girl, and ascended the tower.

Meanwhile the two small girls were paddling about, proud of their new-found ability. All was well until one of them, Margaret, disregarded Carolyn's warning, and floated out, beyond her depth. When she attempted to turn around and head back, she got a mouthful of water, and immediately became panicky. Struggling and screaming, she went under. Instantly Carolyn dived from the guard tower, and soon reached the terrified girl.

The girl, however, was becoming hysterical, and paid no attention to Carolyn's directions. Instead she grabbed hold of her rescuer, and they both sank. Now it was Carolyn's turn to act. Margaret had her in a front strangle hold, but she broke that under water, brought her to the surface, levelled her off, took her by the cross-chest carry, and brought her in!

As soon as they reached the shore, Carolyn started artificial respiration, for the girl was not breathing. In a short time Margaret opened her eyes, fully conscious. A doctor was summoned, but he said that Carolyn had undoubtedly saved Margaret's life, for her heart action was very poor. He added that she would have died had Carolyn been a little slower.

Well, that's the story. Today Carolyn has a medal, awarded her by the Roxbury Life-Saving Society for heroism on duty.

A. C.

Topics Talked About

WHY NOT A GIRLS' ARCHERY CLUB?

Many girls are wondering why Bangor High can't have something new in the line of girls' athletics. It is true that we have hockey, basketball, and a few other sports, but it seems to me that a girls' archery club would be much more interesting than anything we have tried thus far. Perhaps you will say the cost is prohibitive; however other schools manage. For instance M. C. I. at Pittsfield is considering one and without doubt will have one in the near future. Think of the fun that we would have! Think of the benefit that we would gain from it!

Ruth Thurston.

BRING ON YOUR HOCKEY

I think, as do many others, that B. H. S. ought to have a hockey team. Some people may think hockey a little rough and maybe it is; on the other hand it builds up strong bodies and good wind. We have in Bangor High many good skaters and hockey players. I think that hockey would do much to improve the school spirit as many of the boys and girls are interested in this game. If Bangor High had a hockey team, John Bapst and Brewer would get up teams. As the coach of the Boston Bruins said, "There's nothing like a good game of hockey to pep one up!"

Paul McKenney.

JOY TO THE WORLD, EXAMS ARE O'ER

Some of us cried, "I'm so glad that Roosevelt was elected. Now the depression will soon be over, and I can buy a new winter dress. How thrilling!"

Others of us cried, "Alas, now the country will go to rack and ruin!" But whether the country goes to rack and ruin or whether it throws off the depression seems minor to us now.

We have just received our rank cards. It certainly is rather too bad to see so many students tearing their hair and grinding their teeth. It is true too that some who, perhaps, were lucky enough to get four A's are prancing about with chests like pouter pigeons. Those who just missed the honor roll by a point or two amble along the corridors looking with pity on those downcast spirits, and with admiration for those brilliant students.

On Thursday, November 17, all were trembling with fear. We handed our cards to the teacher, and, when they were returned, we scarcely looked at them, so afraid were we that our brains had failed us.

Prior to this, examinations struck the key notes. We surely thought that we had flunked at least one exam, if not two or three. And so it is that we are now on the way to the second quarter exams which, we hope, will be more successful than these.

Juliet Spangler.

REALLY GOOD SPORTS?

Just what is good sportsmanship? I can almost hear you saying, "Oh, why bring that up again? Isn't the season over. Haven't we had it drilled into us ever since football started? We ought to know what it is."

That's just it, you ought to, but do you?

The football season is over, and I know we lost forty-five percent of our games, but last year we either lost or had to forfeit one hundred percent.

Why are you kicking?

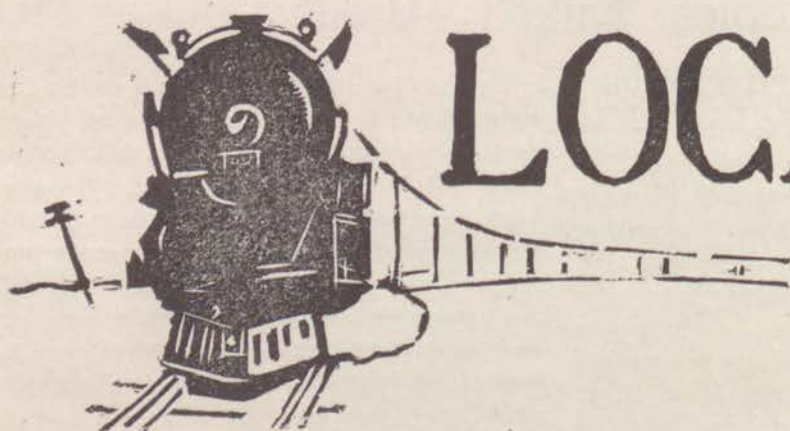
Could you play any better?

If you can, come on out next season.

I know the football team wouldn't talk to you like this; they're too good sports and a good sport doesn't criticize.

Debating is coming; basketball and many

(Continued on page 35)



LOCALS

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Malcolm Flewelling—*President.*
 Thelma Sullivan—*Vice-President.*
 Florence Mitchell—*Secretary.*
 Eugene Brown—*Treasurer.*

We suspect there will be bigger and better things going on now that the Student Council is finally started with its full number again this year. From each home room one representative was chosen.

A committee has been busy trying to pick out the best school song among those submitted by the students. They seem to be having some difficulty because of the number of good ones. They are also working on some events and changes to take place very soon.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS OF DRAMATIC CLUB

President—Norman Carlisle.
Vice-President—Louise Hastings.
Secretary—Margaret Thayer.
Treasurer—William Fraser.

For the last few weeks there have been deep and exciting "doings" in the Dramatic Club. All this began at the second meeting

and was climaxed by the giving of three plays on the evening of December 9.

The new people in the club *seemed* so ambitious that something had to be done about it. It was decided to give two plays, a comedy, "A Quiet Evening at Home," and a drama, "Galapagos." Then to make things still more cheerful and more exciting it was decided to have two members of the club put on a play all by themselves. They were to direct it, choose the characters, be stage managers, artists, and in general be any and everything.

The casts were chosen and then the excitement started. The cast of "A Quiet Evening at Home" was:

Clare Pierson.....	Jane Sullivan
George Pierson.....	Alvah Ford
Mildred Crawford.....	Geneva Hibbard
Tom Crawford.....	Elvin Urquhart
Mary, the maid.....	Margaret Sperry
Dr. Granger.....	Ralph Wilson
Dr. Fillebrown.....	Kent Hassen

This play was a comedy filled with humor and fun. The audience roared at the sight of Alvah Ford as the stubborn husband. Can't you just picture him sitting with his feet in a mustard bath? Jane Sullivan as the winsome and charming wife was very clever, and all the other players certainly gave good performances.

The other play was "Galapagos," and the cast was:

Shorty Blaine.....Gardner Patterson
 Pete.....Don Parker
 Ed Marsden.....Elwood Bryant
 Betty Gould.....Ruth Hughes
 Dr. Dunn.....Norman Carlisle

This play was very unusual and very interesting. Ruth Hughes as Betsy Gould, a charming but selfish young lady, secretary to Dr. Dunn, who was going to the Galapagos Islands was certainly excellent. Elwood Bryant portrayed the character, Ed Marsden, to perfection and Gardner Patterson as the shipyard character, Shorty Blaine, left nothing to be desired.

Our own Nancy Lee Connors and Miriam Landon were chosen as the directors of the play "Lonely Hearth," a sentimental comedy particularly appropriate for the Christmas season. The cast was composed of:

Miss Withington.....Frances Jones
 Mary Smith.....Margaret Thayer
 Miss Summers.....Alyce Tuck

The scene was laid at a private academy for girls. All the actresses were very clever and their coaches are to be complimented on their wonderful success.

Old man Depression seemed to be completely routed on that eventful night of December 9. The students as well as the fond parents turned out in large numbers although some with trepidation armed themselves with a bag of peanuts to crack and a box of candy if the plays became too boring. But everybody was pleased and certainly had his money's worth of entertainment. And we wish the actors and actresses a very successful run on Broadway.

DEBATE CLUB

OFFICERS OF THE DEBATE CLUB

Andrew Cox.....President
 Robert Kurson.....Manager
 Joseph Bertels.....Secretary
 Hope Betterly.....Corresponding Secretary

Three times has the Debate Club made its Annual Vaudeville and Dance a success in spite of its enormous overhead. The General Manager of the dance this year, Joe

Bertels, and his various committees worked hard to put this greatest school event of the year over to the students, who were inwardly fighting between the desire to have their half-dollars in their pockets and the desire to go and have a swell time. Anyway, the Debate Club has again shown that old saw, "that there's nothing worth the doing that is very easy done," to be true. The Club feels that the hard work put into the dance brought ample returns, and that it still has the honor of presenting the most dazzling entertainment of the year. Perley Reynold's Royal Studebaker Commanders, one of the most popular dance bands in this part of the state, furnished the rhythm for those who danced; and four big acts of vaudeville, performed by such professionals as The Hawaiian trio; Ernest Raines, the magician; Norman Lambert, Master of the Ivories; and last, Jack Dillon, as Master of Ceremonies, and his troupe from the Hollywood School of Dance, amused those who didn't dance.

With the dance over, the Debate Club now turns to its debates. On January 5, the Club is scheduled to hold a debate with Dover-Foxcroft on a resolution concerning Moving Picture Censorship. It should be noted that an entirely new varsity is to be picked for this debate. Only members of the Club who have never before debated on a varsity team are eligible for tryouts.

The official Bowdoin League Question is Resolved: That the adoption of the Ontario plan of liquor control would best solve the problem of liquor control in the United States at the present time. The members of the squad who are trying out for this question are as follows:

Berenice Braidy, Andrew Cox, Woodford Brown, Morris Rubin, Mary Jenkins, Hope Betterly, Virginia Oberton, Esther Fenlason, Robert Kurson.

The debate with Foxcroft will be on the question Resolved: That Maine should adopt official censorship of moving pictures shown within its boundaries. The following students are trying-out for debate.

Marie Hughes, Edwin Young, George Tsoulas, Donald Moore, Robert Canders, James Katz, Eleanor Walmsley, Lillian Rolnick, Harry Braidy, Ida Nissenbaum, Donald Bridges, Alice Floros, William West, Lucille Epstein, Phyllis Webb, Marjorie Taylor, Phyllis Smart, Sally Woodcock, Betty Moore, Roberta Smith, Lucille Fogg, Juliet Spangler, Eleanor Burrill, Joseph Bertels, Edward Redman, Betty Betterly, Peter Zoidis, Aphrodite Floros.

Mrs. McGinley will start the Snapdragons soon, with a new plan made necessary by the overwhelming enrollment of last season, which totalled over 125 students. This year no one will be eligible whose rank for the first quarter does not indicate ability to handle extra work. This may tend towards an even better club for the Freshmen girls.

The Afternoon Boys' Debate Club (soon to blossom out with a keen, new name), now under the direction of Miss Coffin, has the highest enrollment in the history of the school. Sophomore Commercials have been added, and a recent visit to the new club shows definitely that much excellent material is being trained to join the varsity club next year. Approximately 40 boys are working to become debaters of which the school will be proud.

R. O. T. C.

OFFICERS OF OFFICERS' CLUB

Lieutenant Arthur Stewart—*President*.

Lieutenant Richard E. Cochran—*Vice-President*.

Captain Charles W. Thompson—*Secretary-Treasurer*.

On Armistice Day the members of the Cadet Battalion were invited by the American Legion to participate in the Armistice Day parade. Some of us remember the time when we marched on Armistice Day because we had to, not because we were invited. It might be well to add that in those days we carried our Springfield 1903, 30-30's—and oh! those hot, cramping puttees.

With the opening of the school Activities Program the monthly meetings of the Officers' Club began. The first of the three meetings that have been held resulted in the election of club officers for the school year.

After the installation of officers, the meetings were used for the discussion and arrangement of the coming military events of the year. A program of three Saturday matinee dances was decided upon, which are to be held in the Assembly Hall, at dates to be set after the Christmas recess. As an added interest and attraction, a girl sponsor, with the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, will be chosen and given active part in the programs.

The Officers' Club, while not being as much in the lime-light as some other organizations, is wide awake, and has promoted some very worthy activities. The club intends to present an Assembly Speaker soon, to promote interest in this series of dances, and to acquaint the student body with the purpose and scope of this group.

Charles W. Thompson, Sec'y.

RIFLE CLUB

Under the supervision of Staff Sgt. O. G. Beekert, the Rifle Club is certainly hitting the bull's-eyes. A challenge for a postal match with Louisville, Kentucky Male High School has been received by Captain Ralph Thayer. This match will probably be shot off in the latter part of January. The Rifle Club has some very good men this year. Hit the bull's-eyes, gang.

MUSIC

OFFICERS OF THE BAND

Norman Carlisle.....	Leader
Bennie Viner.....	President
Norman Carlisle.....	Vice-president
Albert Friedman.....	Librarian

The Junior Band and Junior Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Alton Robinson, are working hard at their rehearsals. The Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Adel-

bert W. Sprague, and the Band are following their regular schedule of alternate playing in Assembly.

After the confusion and discord of organization, the four Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Donovan and Miss Bowen, faculty accompanist, are working in fine harmony. Barbara Kingsbury and Gwendolyn Scott have been selected as student accompanists for the Girls' Glee Clubs, and Edward Redman for the Boys' Glee Club.

This year a Glee Club treasury has been started from the proceeds of an Indian lecture-recital held December 2 in the Assembly Hall. The Indian lecturers were Princess Watawaso of the Penobscot tribe and Young Chief Poolaw, full blooded chieftain of the Kiowas, whose reservation is in Oklahoma. Another program to help fill the Glee Club's coffers will be a concert to be held in the middle of January.

The B. H. S. Festival Chorus has been temporarily disbanded, since the concert held October 29 in the Auditorium. The selection given by the combined choruses was S. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast* with Roland Hayes, famous negro artist, as tenor soloist. Mr. Hayes gave an additional program of three groups of selections, four selections from Italian operas, four from American operas, and four negro spirituals, with encores.

THE FRENCH PLAY

The French play which was presented on October 28 before the Modern Languages Group of the Teachers' Convention drew a record crowd. The well-known Harvard professor, Dr. Moritz, at the conclusion of the play, told Madame Beaupre that it had been wonderfully acted. Afterwards he personally congratulated each of the players, and they also received compliments from many of the teachers present. The school is very proud of both the instructor and the pupils partaking in this affair, and we certainly have the right to be proud, for a compliment from Dr. Moritz is something to be proud of.

LATIN CLUB

OFFICERS OF THE LATIN CLUB

Consuls. Thelma Spearen, Frederic Newman
Tribunes—Andrew Cox, Joseph Bertels, Woodford Brown

Praetor.....Leo Lieberman
Quaestor.....Constance Hedin

The first of the Latin Club meetings on the general topic of Roman Life produced much interesting material. Woodford Brown spoke entertainingly of the Roman law courts. Andrew Cox described a typical day in the life of a *civis Romanus*. Aphrodite Floros told of the Roman baths, their magnificence, and their influence in the weakening of character, which was such a powerful factor in the fall of the mighty empire. Dorothy Nealey treated of the ever-thrilling topic of dress.

Ralph Wentworth was the "generalissimo" of the Latin Club meeting for November 14, and proved himself a second Caesar in his choice of lieutenants and his careful planning of affairs.

The papers showed thoughtful preparation. Constance Hedin was heard to remark after the meeting that she had risen at dawn to prepare hers, and assuredly it had in it the sparkle of the river, the freshness of the morning breeze and the glow of the sunrise, although her topic was a somewhat sombre-sounding one, "The Common Man of Rome." Helen Tebbets dealt with "The Roman Farmer," showing his importance in the life of the nation. Thelma Robbins told of the Roman doctor, the general practitioner and the specialist. Surely there is nothing new under the sun, for we were told that our surgical instruments have been inherited from the Romans, and we even heard some of the old jokes about doctors and undertakers which have come down from Roman times.

Ruth Currie dealt with Roman men of business, the borrowing and lending of money, banks and the stock-exchange, graft and gambling.

(Continued on page 33)

BOOK NOOK

GOOD LOOKS FOR GIRLS

Hazel Rawson Cades

The most entrancing book imaginable has just been added to our High School Library, expressly for you, girls. To mention any of the chapter headings would take away from your anticipation of enlightenment and enjoyment, which I know you'll love as you all hasten to read this book. It's a pity that general parts of it aren't collected in a similar text for the boys. They'd profit by it and enjoy it as much as the girls are going to!

The Dean.

THE SILVER PERIL

Maryse Rutledge

The Silver Peril is a glistening gray helicopter—the product of a mad scientist. It rises and descends vertically, darts here and there, like a humming bird. It showers destruction on the streets of Bucharest, killing and maiming hundreds. It is a story of mystery and intrigue; of love and adventure; of the activities of Scotland Yard, and of Torad, the wizard of science, who takes life without compunction; of Jane Gray, beautiful American, wealthy, reckless, spoiled, but who is utterly adorable—a story that carries you through the capitals of Europe.

Philip Jarvis.

BARTON'S MILLS

A. H. Verrill

Barton's Mills is a thrilling tale of the conquering of the Maine wilderness. The characters in the story are largely the ancestors of the author. Daniel and Melviny Barton, with their small son, Bud, trekked from Mas-

sachusetts into the heart of Maine, and were the first settlers at the spot now known as Minot. The story vividly reveals the life of this pioneer man and woman, who, with climate, forests, stone-riddled soil, Indians, and every imaginable obstacle in their way, cleared the land, built their home, tilled the soil, reared their children, and conquered everything. Truly, "Barton's Mill" is a saga of the pioneers.

Ruth Currie.

THE GAP IN THE CURTAIN

John Buchan

A Whitsuntide house party turns up, among its members, five men of unusual ability and sensibility. It turns up, also, a mathematician of international fame, who has a theory about the realm beyond the curtain which he wishes to test out in this extraordinarily favorable medium—a theory that a special cell controlling the sense of time can function so as to give certain prepared subjects a brief, blinding flash of the future at a fixed date. A financier, a politician, a barrister, a soldier, and a charming young man submit to the experiment. They read the London "Times" eagerly, concentrating on the sections which concern them most vitally. They diet properly, and take some harmless drug. At the end of their "psychic novitiate" they open the "Times" as of June 10, a year later, and read what will happen to them. Forewarned, they go about their forearming, each in his own way.

A gigantic financial enterprise, an ironic love story, and an absorbing study of mortal fear are three of the five distinct stories involved in this fantastic tale.

Ruth Currie.

FUNNY-BONERS

We print with great pleasure the first theme of one of our intelligent(?) freshmen on the subject—

MY FIRST FOOTBALL GAME

In spite of the rain, being pepped up by the big rally held in the assembly room that noon, I attended my first football game which Bangor was being played versus Belfast. I went to the game wearing three sweaters, a raincoat, rain hat, rubberboots, and umbrella. When I arrived at the place behind the Mary Snow School where they were holding the game I gave the man at the gate my ticket and walked into the field. My umbrella was almost blown from my hands by the wind which was blowing too hard. When I looked around for the covered seats, and not finding any, I asked a person standing near by where they were. He looked at me a moment in surprise, then he turned to his companion which was standing near by and laughed and said something about these green frosh. Not knowing what he meant and not seeing any covered seats, I sat myself in one of the long benches one above the other like we had at graduation when I graduated from grammar school. When I sat down my umbrella bumped some persons in the head near me. They looked at me kind of funny and asked me if I wouldn't please get that umbrella out of their way so they could see. I said I would but I would get wet. Then they asked me what did I have a raincoat for. In front of me was a big field with white stripes running crossways on it and groups of people in white running around. On the edge of the field was five persons with cardboard tubes in their hands which were bigger at one end. They were hollering at us through them and then they began to wave their hands funnily. Suddenly somebody blew a whistle and some of the people went to one end of the field and

lined up in a line across it, the others went all over the other end of the field. Somebody blew a whistle again and the side with the line kicked a ball, a person on the other side grabbed the ball and started to run when they all jumped on him.

A whistle was blown and they lined up in too lines with some outside, then they all piled up again. They kept doing this for quite a while but I couldn't see very well as someone was always pushing my umbrella in my eyes. Sudden the lights went out a few minutes after they came back on and went out again. We waited awhile until somebody said the game was over and I went home very satisfied with my first game.

Note—When this pupil was asked to rank his own paper, he gave himself a mark of "A."

"Lo, Herman."

"Lo, Julius."

"This is sure a rotten school, ain't it?"

"Yeah, no spirit."

"Nope, no spirit."

"None of the guys here know anything about school spirit."

"Nope, The poor boobs."

"D'juh hear the rotten cheerin' at the game?"

"Nope, I didn't go."

"Neither did I."

"What's the use, there ain't no spirit."

"No spirit."

"S'long, Herman."

"S'long, Julius."

Cornell Widow.

Found in a freshman's registration card:

Question: "Give your parents' names?"

Answer: "Mamma and Papa."—*Exchange.*

ALUMNI

Newell Kurson achieved a scholastic average of 3.5—(One A and 4 B's) during second semester last year at Dartmouth. He was named among "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment" recently announced by Dean Craven Laycock of Dartmouth College.

Carlyle R. Johnson was graduated from Northeastern University last June with the degree Bachelor of Electrical Engineering.

Vivian Farnham, Thelma Silke, Helen Tremble, and Thelma Butterfield are attending Beal Business College.

Marjorie Nickerson is at Gilman's Business College.

Wilda Searway is working in Lawyer Foster's office.

Eleanor Conners, Edward Silsby, and Kenneth Moore, ex-'33, are at Higgins Classical Institute.

Helen Parsons is studying at Farmington Normal School.

Christine Reynolds is at Nasson Institute.

Barbara Bertels, ex-'33, was having much success at Westbrook up to the time when she was injured by a fall from her horse. She was the chairman of the Program Committee of the Press Club, a member of the Toy Theater Club, and president of the senior class.

Eleanor Hatten, ex-'31, who was studying at Rochester University, was killed in an automobile accident on November 10 at Penfield, New York.

Leo White, '25, was recently ordained to the priesthood at Rome. He received a scholarship in French at Holy Cross and was sent to Rome, where he has been studying for the last few years.

M. Chandler Redman, '30, a former editor of the *Oracle*, is the Business Manager of the *Growler*, a magazine, published quarterly by the students of Bowdoin College.

Edmund Laing is attending Phillips-Exeter.

Marjorie Craig, '29, was one of 10 students selected to enter Columbia University for a course in Physical Therapy.

Gertrude Kerney, '21, was recently married in New York to James M. Lynch. Mrs. Lynch is a dramatic actress.

Harold Marr, '32, is preparing for the competitive examinations for Presidential appointment to West Point at the Willard School, Washington, D. C.

Abraham Kern seems to have the distinction of being the only member of the class of '32 at Bowdoin.

Frank Fellows, '32, has entered Hebron academy.

Alma Jean Utterback, '31, is taking a secretarial course at Nasson Institute.

Frank Burke, '32, is at Kent's Hill.

Evelyn Golden, '32, has entered Vassar.

Constance Chalmers, '27, has secured a position in Wilton Academy.

Sarah Blaisdell, '25, has taken a position as head of the home economics department of Sanford High School. She received a B. L. degree at Farmington Normal School.

Donnis Scott, '26, has been appointed to the position of assistant educational research worker at the University of Iowa. After he was graduated from the Eastern State Normal School, he was the principal of the grammar school at Patten for a time. He then completed his course at the University of Maine in two years.



CRIMSON WIN FOURTH STRAIGHT VICTORY

Red Imps Smack Granite Staters
Down 7-0

The big Bangor High eleven kept its slate clean with a win over the highly rated Berlin, New Hampshire team in the initial encounter of the two teams. Little of the visitors' famed aerial attack was shown, and the game had a decided Crimson tinge. During the first half Bangor carried the ball continually to the Granite Staters' twenty yard line, but lacked the punch to advance it any farther. At the beginning of the third quarter Bangor opened up with its heavy artillery and, with "Bullet" Leavitt doing most of the carrying, shoved the pigskin down to the two yard line. Don Stuart lugged the oval for the remaining distance and a touchdown. "Cupid" Brown, as per usual, converted the extra point. Berlin had the ball deep in Crimson territory twice in the final quarter, but lost it both times on bad passes from center. Much of the power of Bangor's running attack was lost through the absence of Art Stewart, who played only a few minutes because of a shoulder injury received in the Brewer game.

Individual stars were hard to choose, each player playing stellar ball, but the work of Leavitt and Stuart deserves special mention.

BLUE FALLS BEFORE THE POWERFUL CRIMSON

Bangor High Fights Old Rivals to a Standstill
and Collects Great 13-6 Victory

Playing by far their most brilliant and inspired game this season, Coach Walter Ulmer's Red Raiders crushed the Blue of Portland in the Blue's backyard. This is the first time since 1924 that Bangor beat the Blue on their native soil. The game was decidedly Crimson almost all the afternoon with Portland threatening the Bangor goal but once, with the exception of the scoring run.

The first Crimson score came in the second period after it looked as if the fates had deserted the Red Imps. After a twenty-five yard penalty had seemingly destroyed Bangor's chance to score, Art Stewart brought the Crimson supporters to their feet with a beautiful 40 yard dash for a touchdown. Gene Brown converted the point with a place kick. Later in the same period a Portland man intercepted a Bangor lateral and raced for a touchdown, but the try for point failed, and the Imps were leading by one point. Just before the half ended, Warren Staples hoisted a long punt that set Portland back on its goal line. At the beginning of the third period Bangor unleashed a ferocious attack that ended in a touchdown, and for the first

time this year Gene Brown missed the kick for extra point. Late in the final period Portland threatened Bangor's goal, but the threat was stopped a short distance from the final marker by a stubborn Crimson front wall. Along with Stewart's exceptional play, the entire machine clicked beautifully; Russ Hawkes had a regular field day.

BANGOR DROPS FIRST GAME OF SEASON

Purple Outfights Crimson to Win 19-0

An alert and aggressive John Bapst football team, pre-game underdogs, got the jump on Bangor High at Mary Snow field and kept the Crimson back on its heels all afternoon as the purple team sprang the most startling upset in recent years in completely outclassing the Ulmermen 19-0.

So complete was the rout that during the four periods of play the Crimson team, which had victories over Portland, Brewer and Berlin, threatened the Bapst goal line but once. In the second period after Bapst was twelve points ahead, a short pass from Brown to Leavitt started the march and mixed with a running attack enabled the Crimson to move deep into Bapst territory. But the Purple frontiersmen broke through and tossed the Crimson backs for losses.

Bapst scored all their points on breaks. The first one came early in the game when Manning's punt showed reluctance in rolling over the goal line. Izzy Leavitt, waiting as long as he dared, snatched the pigskin on the one yard line, only to be smeared before he could take two steps. Brown was forced to kick from behind his own goal line. The Purple wave swarmed upon him almost before he had the ball, and the oval bounced off Clukey's arms and behind the goal where he fell on it. The try for extra point failed.

The second break came in the second period. Manning recovered a Bangor fumble on the Crimson fifteen yard line. When the fighting Crimson smeared the Purple running

attack, Geaghan tossed a perfect pass to Manning, and the big Purple end crossed the goal line unmolested.

The final score came in the third period, after Bangor had been penalized 30 precious yards from mid-field to the 20 yard line. On the third down Harold Rittal took a short pass from his brother, "Shimmy," and raced the remaining distance for the score. The extra point was good via another pass. It was a well-deserved win for Bapst. They hit an aggressive pace at the opening whistle, and took the fight right away from Bangor.

It was a sad defeat for the fighting Crimson forces of Bangor High School. It ruined their hopes of an undefeated season, but the best teams have their off days. Notre Dame had their hopes blasted by Pitt on the same day.

CRIMSON BOWS TO PORTLAND

Figures Show Bangor Widely Outplayed Blue Rivals, But Lost by 18-4 Score

The *Commercial* called this game a weird tilt, and it was weird in the deepest sense of the word. Though displaying a favorable balance of strength over the Portland High team, Coach Walter Ulmer's Red Imp machine went down in defeat to the tune of 18-4, and it wasn't a very pleasant tune to the Crimson or its host of followers. Bangor's fourteen first downs to two for Portland speak for themselves. Disheartened by their inability to penetrate the Blue's goal line, although it appeared as if the Crimson must surely score, until a fumble on the two yard line spoiled their chance, the Crimson shifted to the air. Encouraged by their success at completing passes in the early part of the game, the Red Imps filled the air with poorly directed heaves. Three of these tosses were intercepted by Portland men in the clear and were converted into touchdowns. Bangor's four points came as the result of bad passes from center which soared over the visiting backs' heads into the end zone for safeties.

It was a heartbreaker for Bangor to lose, and the Imps gave their all, but were unable to combat the fates successfully.

WATERVILLE WALLOPS CRIMSON 19-6 IN ONE-SIDED CONTEST

Waterville High's hard-hitting football team recovered from the slump of the previous week, and slammed Bangor High to a 19-6 defeat for the Crimson's third straight reverse.

Waterville booted to Bangor early in the first quarter. The receiver fumbled the ball and Waterville's left end recovered on the Crimson's 18 yard line. Roy ducked around right end to make the remaining 20 yards for a touchdown. Huard place kicked the extra point.

Four minutes later Bangor was driven deep into its own territory. An attempted kick from the 9 yard line was blocked and recovered by Waterville. On the next play the diminutive Roy crashed over for the second score. The kick was missed. Late in the last period Waterville rolled to another score, Roy skipping 25 yards for their final tally.

Two 15 yard penalties and two 5 yard fouls by Waterville placed the ball on their own 16 yard line. Staples, on a series of plunges, scored the only Bangor points.

BREWER HIGH DEFEATS BANGOR IN ARMISTICE GAME, 12-0

Crimson Outplayed

It was a hard-hitting and hard-charging Brewer team that literally played the Crimson off its feet. The Red Imps were never given a chance during the entire game. Brewer domineered the play all afternoon. Once in the early minutes of the game Bangor recovered a Brewer fumble on the Orange and Black 30 yard line, but was unable to do a thing about it. In the third period the Crimson reached their own 30 yard line with their first down of the game, but this proved to be only a flurry. Again in the final session the Ulmermen churned out three successive first

downs to reach their own 36 yard line, but again the attack bogged. For the remainder of the time the Crimson attack was carried on mostly in Bangor territory and rarely over the mid-field stripe.

Much of the credit of Brewer's win must go to their dashing quarter-back, Pat Miles. It was his 35 yard jaunt which led to Brewer's first score. Shortly after this the Crimson wingmen allowed the brilliant Miles to get outside of them, and he proceeded to dash 90 yards for the final score of the game. Both extra points were missed.

This game closed the season for the fighting Crimson. It was a season full of thrills and disappointments, for the Crimson eleven can point to its 13-6 victory over Portland when they are despairing over their recent defeat and, if the members of the team get high-hat over that victory, we can just remind them of the second game with the Blue. The Crimson surely missed "Bullet" (My Isadore) Leavitt in the final games of the season. Izzy pushed over two touchdowns against Brewer in the first clash. Maybe he would have duplicated in the final game, had it not been for that ankle. Take it easy, Izzy.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

October 13, the Hockey teams started with a fine group of enthusiastic players. Before the tournament started there was much discussion on just who would win. But—none but those serene, swift, and singular-looking seniors won out, despite the fact that they were handicapped by the mud and rain! Rain always seemed to favor us when we had a game to play. Our own little Betty Maxwell decided to take a plunge in Mother Nature's muddy water. But when she came out—well, sisters, you wouldn't believe it, but she says it took her two days to bleach out! Peggy Thayer and "Fran" Jones will vouch for that!

The first two teams to start this thrilling tournament were the Juniors and Sophomores. The Sophomore team consisted of

Giles	Walmsley
Homans	Hawland

Jarvis	Thurston
Burrill	Peavey
Piper	McLeod

Eames

Bond substituted for Thurston, Fogg for Walmsley, and Savage for Burrill.

The Juniors playing were

Kelley	Lovejoy
Sanborn	Michaud
Reynolds	Bickford
Sanders	Wright
Maxwell	Payson

Deane

Raymond substituted for Bickford.

The Sophomores made a gallant fight but the jumping Juniors defeated them by a 4 to 0 score, Sanders, Maxwell, Kelley and Raymond making the points.

The next two teams to play were the Seniors and Juniors.

The players on the Senior team were

Hastings	Burrill	Chalmers
Savage	Thayer	Smith
Jarvis	Jones	Shapleigh
Hass	Landon	Dill

Savage, Jarvis, and Burrill (Sophomores) were chosen to play on the Senior team as there were not enough Senior members to make a team.

Raymond substituted for Lewis, Anderson for Getchell, Lovejoy for Michaud and Payson for Bickford.

The result of this game was in favor of the Seniors, Hastings and Jarvis making the points. The score was 2—0.

Again the Juniors and Seniors played. What a game! The Juniors were not going to let the Seniors get ahead of them this time! Landon, that hard-fighting center half-back on the Senior team, and Kelley that fast Junior center forward, each secured a point for their side. And when the final whistle blew, the score stood 1—1! Walmsley, Jenkins and Piper, all sophomores except Jenkins, filled in for the absent Senior players.

As the score then stood it seemed as if the Juniors would argue the Senior victories

and perhaps win first place in the tournament. However, the following games were to decide the title.

The Seniors played the Sophomores, and in this game the Seniors won, but the score was only 1—0, Gerry Reynolds making the lone point for the Seniors. Nevertheless the Sophomores, gaining courage after this last game, played the Seniors again, and this time the Sophomores defeated their opponents 2—0.

The final game between the Juniors and Seniors resulted in a victory for the Seniors. The score was 2 to 1, Landon and Burrill making the points on the Senior team, and Sanders on the Junior team.

The last game in the tournament was played between the Sophomores and Juniors. This time the Sophomores turned the tables by beating their opponents 2 to 1. Thus ended the tournament, and the Seniors were the champions.

The result of the tournament was the following:

Seniors played five games; won 2, tied 1, and lost 1.

The Juniors played five games, won 1, tied 1, lost 3.

The Sophomores played four games, won 2 and lost 2.

Thereby one can foresee that the Sophomores will be a worthy rival of the Juniors next year.

But girls, don't wait till next year to test your ability! Come out for basketball and help make your team win! We are going to have tournaments in basketball too, just as we had in hockey, and the ones who stand foremost in these games will be chosen for the varsity squad! All upperclassmen are eligible to try out for varsity squad.

The hockey season has ended now, and the last time for the seniors while in high school. Basketball season has now started, yet every player will look back to our hockey games and decide that class tournaments are "just the thing."

HOKUM
BY
BOB KURSON

Well, well, . . . exams have come and gone. . . . and can you beat it—L-nd-rs is still hanging on. . . . get the rhyme? He must be taking the "study-period course."

. . . you know the one: 4 study periods with the other period reserved for music drill! There have been hints made about the *Oracle* writers copying (this column not included, oh yeah) but all writers have flatly denied it. When told that his sport-columns looked suspiciously like the News columns, P-l B-u-ke stated succinctly, "I do *not* copy from the News—not a word"—continuing he says: "Why should I, when the Commercial gives me a typewritten report of every game?"

A-dr-w C-x got into the Brewer game free by posing as Band Leader. . . . not such a bad idea—eh, what? The newest gag is the cheer-leader one. . . . you put on white pants and pose as a cheer-leader. . . . over 10 people had worked this gag over at Brewer by the time the real cheer-leaders arrived and therefore all cheering was delayed for half an hour, while the real cheer-leaders tried to get in free (you know Se-tchy L-s-y). R-ss H-wk-s is an ardent Socialist because that's what he thinks this country needs; more *socials* and *dances*. Speaking about politics, Fr-ddy N-wm-n wants to know how the electoral college votes decides who is to be president, when college students aren't even allowed to vote! Al T-ll-y, in an English exam, when asked what plays (Macbeth, etc.) he had studied that year, wrote: "Play numbers 160 and 161; the criss-cross and the double-wing back." Ranks certainly took their toll—did you notice how many walked to and from the dance—you know how it goes:

C or no car! Of course in E-y M-l-ghl-n's case it goes:

(Continued on page 33)

Topics Squawked About

Dear Sir:

As a whole, I thought your last month's *Oracle* was very good, but why didn't you have more stories? "Old Fashioned Girl Triumphs" was swell; so was the "Tale of the Jack Rolliston, but these are only two.

I want more stories.

Confidentially, do you suppose Albie Friedman ever saw the Fox Film Studio?

Respectfully yours,

Juliet Spangler, '35.

Dear Sir:

This isn't meant as a slam, at least not a grand slam. Anyway, I didn't like the headings that were drawn for "Alumni" and "Jokes." Please correct this before next issue, or I'll take up the matter with my geometry teacher.

Yours truly,

Blair Stevens, '34.

Dear Sir:

Can anybody tell me who made out the "Current Events" questions? I could answer them all.

Why don't you run reviews of movies? I think that would be great.

Very truly yours,

George Powell, '34.

Dear Sir:

Have you a copy of last month's *Oracle* handy? Please turn to page 25. What sort of thing has that guy got on his head? It looks to me like a cross between a bathing cap and a winter cap. Personally, I've never seen a football helmet that looks like that. The one I wear sits way up on my head; it doesn't fit snug like that thing does. I wish you would be more careful of details.

Severely yours,

"Feet" Curran, '34.

Wishing You
A Merry Christmas

THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

BIG POKER MARATHON TO BE PLAYED SOON

Harold Moon, Waldo Weston, Joe Bertels, and Gerald Corey will play a poker marathon in room 320, two years ago next February thirtieth.

The following hands were dealt—Mr. Moon, four aces and a deuce—Mr. Weston, five kings—Mr. Bertels, an ace and four deuces—Mr. Corey, in two hands which he claimed were both dealt him, king, queen, jack, and ten of spades, and five aces—Mr. Lynch, five deuces. The apparent discrepancy to an ordinary pack of cards is due to the fact that these players, being experts, each thoughtfully provided a supply of aces, kings, deuces, etc. for personal use. Mr. Bertels bid four clubs; Mr. Lynch named five hearts; Mr. Moon favored eight no-trump; while Mr. Weston passed, and Mr. Corey took the cake with fourteen diamonds.

Waldo, who was mentally exhausted from a fierce game of tiddley-winks played three weeks ago, discarded three of his kings, and drew the three, nine, and jack of spades. Joe Bertels, equally tired from a vigorous game of tic-tac-toe of the previous evening, discarded his deuces and drew four worthless cards. Owen, practically asleep on his feet from fifteen minutes of hard study which he had managed to squeeze in, earlier in the evening, threw away three of his deuces, and drew a king, queen, and seven. Harold Moon, playing in his usual expert fashion, dropped two of his aces, and the deuce in favor of a queen, jack, nine combination. As Mr. Corey had dealt, he was unanimously requested to put his hands in the discard pile, and sit out the rest of that hand.

At this point Owen fell asleep on the table, momentarily disturbing the game. When he was awakened, he accused the other players of looking at his cards. The game then broke up into a fight which has been postponed until the next home-room program morning, when it will be staged in room 204.

Norman Carlisle will referee, while our siamese triplets, Alvah Ford, and Alfred Schriver will act as judges for this battle of the century.

JAYVEE STAR INTERVIEWED ON HOW TO SKATE

Red Wallace, noted football totter on the Jayvees, on account of his wide experience in slipping (in mud, we mean) was interviewed lately by Yours Truly, F. Twiddlebottom.

We began by asking him the following question.

"Mr. Wallace, will you tell us what you consider the best way to learn to skate?"



"Sure. But first you gotta listen to this swell joke Eddie Rice told me last week. I guess you know that javelin-tosser, 'Al' Tilley? Well, he almost drowned this spring. Yeah, he slipped while he was skating last winter! Haw, Haw! Pretty good, eh?"

"H'm. Why, yes. Very good. But about this skating—"

"Oh, that. Say. I've discovered something entirely new that'll make it easy for anybody to learn to skate in only two weeks! No longer need anybody be a wallflower merely because he can't skate. What a boon to humanity, what a boon! All you hafta do is to buy one bottle of this secret stuff I invented, use it a lot, and in a week you'll be able to skate just as good as me or Donnie Leake. Whatcha grinnin' at? So you don't believe me, huh? Well, looky here. Read some of these letters from guys what have used my special compound. Here are some from Bill Ballou, Sally Woodcock, Herbie Brill, Betty Maxwell, Bob Cinders, James Finnigan, and dozens of others. Look at this one from John Kendricks."

Dear Sir:

The reason I couldn't learn to skate was I couldn't get enough practice. Every time I went up to the rink, I got all black

and blue, and couldn't go again for two weeks. However, after using two bottles of your wonderful preparation, I go every day and am the talk of the town.

My mother says I've gained eight pounds and four ounces, and that I'm no longer a little weakling. She says she owes it all to you, you wonderful man, you,

Gratefully yours,

John Kendricks.

P. S. Thanks to you, I no longer need hot water bottles at night.

"Mr. Wallace, what's the name of this magic medicine that's made a skater out of 'Dizzy' Kendricks?"

"Oh, yes, the Name. Let's see, it's called 'Wallace's Rubbing Liniment One Quart.'"

TOILING TILLIE TELLS TANTALIZING TID-BITS

Our star reporter, Tillie Tinkham, taking terrible chances, decided to find the opinion of various and sundry (very sundry) individuals on their own intelligence. Talk about your unsung heroes of the nation!

The great chance in doing so was assuming that the students had some intelligence, that is, the amount required to think about themselves.

BARBARA KINGSBURY says that her intelligence is truly wonderful. The "wonderful" part about it is hidden to all beholders. However Barbara assures us that it is great fun to have a secret without a single soul knowing it.

ROBERT KURSON tells us that he is a remarkable speaker. He says that the reason we do not appreciate him more is that he seldom gives anyone else a chance so we do not get an opportunity to compare.

THE FRESHMAN have not as yet any to discuss unless the Flagg twins' hobby of catching angleworms and bugs to put in strange places for unsuspecting people to stumble over could be considered as such.

VIRGINIA GRINDLE says that her memory is what makes her what she is today (what a memory). She can tell you the name of the Garbo-Gilbert thriller from wayback in '29, or what happened between Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery in the second flicker of the fifth reel of their next to last picture. The only minor fault that she finds with her memory is that it can not absorb the unimportant things like History, English, Math, or French.

DECEMBER 14, 1932

NUMBER 1

NEW USES FOUND FOR THOSE EUGENIE HATS

"Alas and alack," sighed Helen Bond as she carefully took out of the attic one of its more recent additions, her old Empress Eugenie.

What to do with it? But let us leave our fair Helen in her misery and think of the millions upon millions of fair (and some not so fair) maidens presented with the same problem. The Oracle offers these helpful suggestions from the student body to them in their hour of need.

Helen Tebbets tells us that she has put hers to various uses. The hat part which with the feathers off strangely resembled a derby, was punched with holes and made into a muzzle for the neighbor's dog. The snooty label from the Parisien shop was torn out and inserted in Helen's newest dress. No one would ever suspect that Helen was putting something over on us. The feathers with those that the neighbors are donating from their Eugenie hats are the foundation for a feather bed. At the rate it is now progressing this bed will be ready at the turn of the century. Helen at the ripe old age of eighty-five will be very glad indeed.

Bob Hussey although admitting he does not know much about such things suggests that anyone in his old clothes, dark glasses, and a Eugenie hat for the collection, might earn his spending money by having a stand for a couple of hours each day. Of course we all are not so clever or bright as these people but nevertheless there is sure to be some purpose for which it was really meant. Our own suggestion is that if properly used it might keep the fire burning a minute and a half longer.

ALUMNI NOTES (1942)

Bangor Boy Guarantees New
Invention

PAUL FAIRLEY PUTS
CONTRIVANCE ON MARKET

"In case of fire, Madam, all you have to do is unscrew the cap, give a one-fifth turn to the nozzle, swing the apparatus slowly back and forth, turn it over quickly, being careful not to disturb the control nut. Reverse the process, and the Little Extinguisher does the rest."

DUTCH DATES LOOKED UPON FAVORABLY BY DEPRESSION ROMEOs

RUBIN INELIGIBLE FOR DOG CATCHER OFFICE

During one of Mac Flewelling's several thousand speeches in assembly this fall, a dog walked serenely about the hall. Mac rose to the occasion and suggested that a dog catcher be appointed. Now there is an idea. But who is worthy of the position? This is a job not to be



taken lightly. In the first place the one appointed should be able to see as well in back of him as in front; that lets Eddie Curran out. He should be slithe, slim, and slender in order to dash about desks and rows of chairs; that lets Morris Rubin out. He should be not only ready but willing to leave classes at any and all times whenever a dog should choose to enter school; that lets no one in captivity out. Besides these qualifications he should be reasonably bright and above all, popular with dogs. Any one that wishes to apply can do so anywhere it seems like a good idea to do it.

"Dutch" dates, (in which she foots half the bill) are said to be very popular this year due, probably, to its being leap-year, to the depression, etc.

We can easily imagine some of B. H. S.'s amateur Romeos, such as Sam Frazier, George Powell, Henry Cranston, or Elwood Bryant, keeping their respective lady friends cooling their heels or twiddling their thumbs for an hour while they try to decide whether to wear the green necktie with the pink dots or the one with the yellow stripes. We can see Nancy Conners begging her father for the use of the family gas burner so that she may take Ralph Wilson to the movies.

Soon this good old custom of dutch dates will extend into all walks of life. Soon we shall see girls carrying their boy friends' books to school, women offering their seats to men on trolley cars. Perhaps, we hardly dare breathe it now, someday we shall see every man in the country home getting the meals, washing the dishes, and doing the rest of the housework, while the woman of the family is out earning the bread and butter.

Imagine Gene Brown taking orders in a big hotel restaurant, or John Hartt at the ticket window of a movie palace. Think of women running everything in the country from the government down. Picture a woman as president of the United States. Picture a woman as principal of B. H. S. Imagine women officers directing traffic in the cities and towns.

Think of the ignominy of the men, lords since the world began and now become slaves because of a custom of letting your girl pay for an evening of entertainment.

"RUSS" HAWKES WINS CONTEST

In a literary contest, held exclusively for football players, "Russ" Hawkes, hero of many a gridiron mauling, won handily, pushing over all opposition. He chose for his topic, "A Trip to Dover-Foxcroft With the Team."

The judges in this contest were the editor of the Tatler and P. Burke. Their decision was unanimous. On being interviewed by a gentleman (?) of the press, they admitted that nothing like that theme had ever before been seen.

FROSH!

Kiddy-Kars For Sale

See BOB KURSON

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE BASEBALL AND TRACK SEASON
ENDING JUNE 21, 1932

	INCOME	EXPENSE
Balance at end of Basketball Season	\$	\$48.20
INCOME:		
Student Tickets	\$72.50	
Patron Tickets	121 00	
Rent for Athletic Field	41.50	
Loan—from School funds	200 00	
EXPENSES:		
Equipment		\$102.84
Miscellaneous		211.59
Doctor's bills		44.00
Athletic Dance		11.00
SPRING FOOTBALL:		
Bangor vs. Auburn		\$53.35
SCHEDULE:		
Bangor vs. John Bapst		
Bangor vs. Orono	2.85	
Bangor vs. Belfast		16.00
Bangor vs. Belfast		3.40
Bangor vs. Orono		10.00
Bangor vs. John Bapst	3.60	
Bangor vs. Brewer	8.05	
Bangor vs. Brewer		1.40
Penobscot County Track Meet		12.00
Maine Interscholastic Meet		11.00
	\$449.50	\$476.58
		449.50
Loss for Season		27.08
Balance at end of Season		\$21.12
Represented by:		
Checking Account		20.12
Savings Account		1.00
		\$21.12

At the close of the Baseball Season the following items remain unpaid:

Doctor's bills	\$ 37.00
Equipment bills	182.56
Loan	200.00
	\$419.56

Bangor, Maine, June 21, 1932.

I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct, and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

L. L. COOK,
Auditor.

HOKUM

(Continued from page 29)

D or no car (no more rides in his car for me, I guess!)

The outlook of B. H. S. on life is getting higher and higher—how high is it now, W-yn-Ga-l-nd? While on the subject of height read this one—at last Band rehearsal the Band was practicing a piece—(not really?) and there was a place that was to be played softly. The Band finally succeeded in playing it softly—al except 'Shorty' A-p-rt—then came the break from Mr. R-b-ns-n: "Even though your section is *small*, play it softly, will you?"

We'll, be with you next month. Maybe you won't be laughing at somebody else then—maybe you will be the 'goat'.

LOCALS

(Continued from page 21)

Alas! *tempus fugiebat*, and the bell rang before we could hear Eleanor Clough in her dissertation on "The Roman Teacher." So we await the next meeting with more than usual eagerness, hoping for some new jokes on an old subject—teachers.

Wuxtry!

Don't forget the disarranged letters in the advertising section. Find the letters, rearrange them and the word will spell the prize. The first one to bring them to Albert Gass wins the award. This contest is not open to members of the Oracle board.

ATHLETIC BANQUET

On Monday evening, November 21, the Athletic Department held its first annual Athletic Award Banquet. There were about eighty feasters present. The committees, which worked hard for the success of this banquet were as follows: John Hartt, program; Malcolm Flewellyn and Maitland Baker, tickets; Art Stewart, speaker; Alfred Tilley, music; Freddy Newman, menu; and Russ Hawkes, decorations. A swell orchestra made up of Elwood Bryant, saxophone; Norman Carlisle, trumpet; Morris Rubin, piano; Ralph Wilson, trombone; and Bennie Viner, percussion produced the rhythm for the athletes. The menu, prepared by Spruce, caterer, consisted of:

Fruit Cocktail

Roast Pork Mashed Potatoes, and Gravy
Squash

Hot Rolls and Butter

Coffee, Doughnuts, and Cream Pie

The speakers were Miss Cousins, beloved history teacher at B. H. S.; Chester Jenkins, Coach at U. of M.; Capt. Art Stewart, B. H. S. football star; and Principal C. E. Taylor, who presented the awards. "B's" were given about twenty members of the squad. "J-V's" were given to twenty members of the Junior Varsity, and twenty-two Frosh awards were made. Afterwards motion pictures of the Maine-Bates game were projected on a screen in the gymnasium, where the banquet was held.

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ACTIVITIES PROGRAM

Student Activities are now divided into two groups, A and B. Group A consists of Girls' Honor Council, Officers' Club, Student Council, and Latin Club, all of which meet regularly on the second Monday of each month. Group B consists of the Debate Club, Dramatic Club, Girls' Glee Club, and Honor Council, all of which meet regularly on the fourth Monday of each month. Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs meet, as before, on Tuesday and Monday afternoons respectively. The Rifle Club shoots Wednesday evenings and Saturday forenoons, as usual. The Debate Club still attracts its team members back to the Alma Mater every afternoon except Friday, and the Dramatic Club invites its stars back to the Assembly Hall every afternoon, evening and holiday in the week. A noticeable feature of this new program is the fact that a student can belong to only one activity in Group A and one in Group B; this arrangement helps to prevent a few students from taking part in all activities.

ASSEMBLIES

During National Fire Prevention Week, Deputy Chief Morrill of the Bangor Fire Department gave a valuable lecture in Assembly on Fire Prevention. He urged the students to police carefully their homes, in conjunction with their parents, to remove all active causes of fire.

In our Assembly-Rallies, the Athletic Department started a novel plan of having members of the faculty and others give talks to stimulate school spirit, to make the student body team-conscious, and to teach the pupils true sportsmanship. Dean Connor at one rally told the team and the student body how she was supporting the team and the school, and how she wanted the school to support the team. Miss Cousins told of her remembrance of the time when Coach Ulmer was one of her students, of the team upon which our coach then played. Mr. Prescott's speech covered school spirit well. He asked for spirit not only in athletics, but

in every activity, except debating—Mr. Ulmer covered that in his supplementary talk. Mr. Prescott went on to tell of how his little Alma Mater chartered a special train to attend a basketball game, so that every student might attend. His school had spirit. Mr. Small, superintendent of schools, produced a list, containing over 1,000 names of B. H. S. supporters from the local service clubs. Mr. Taylor said that our school had a fine team this year, that we had a fine spirit, that we could win victories modestly, and take defeat like sportsmen. And last but not least, Mr. Newman, father of one of the players, said that, since we had so many capable men able to play on each position, every man should give his best to win.

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT

(Continued from page 17)

other winter sports are about to begin. Why let down on the school-spirit now? The basketball team wants the crowd as much as the football team did. And what about debating? I'm willing to bet that sixty-five percent of you never heard a debate and wouldn't go if you had the chance. I'll bet you don't know that Bangor has one of the best debating teams in the state.

A good sport supports his team in everything, whether it be football, basketball, or debating.

So, with apologies to 'Gene' Brown, I challenge you to be better sports.

Roberta Smith.

THE TALE OF THE JACK ROLLISTON

(Continued from page 11)

amination, the two captains were at a loss as to what they should do with the shipwrecked mutineers. By marine law, theirs was the right to suspend the whole lot from the yardarms, but it was difficult to tell who was to blame, and who was not to blame for the mutiny.

"Although Mr. Jackson was within his right to work that poor sailor to death, it was

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nevertheless a brutal act. Moreover many of the crew were probably forced to enter into the crime of piracy and mutiny. At any rate we clapped them all into irons pending a future trial.

"The Meguncook sailed beautifully, headed for Boston after an around-the-world voyage. The two harpooners and I had little to do on shipboard, but they could mix with the crew. I spent some little time in chatting with her first mate, but most of the time I was idle. However, our young captain spent most of the time at first chumming with the elder captain, who it seems was a friend of the Winslow family. In the evening, he sat with Captain Briggs in the great cabin poring over treatises on seamanship or chatting with Louise, the skipper's comely daughter.

"I fully believe Captain Winslow was enjoying himself on the Meguncook. His ship was lost, but he had obtained all the papers of importance, he had captured his double-crossing crew, he was free from cares, and above all he was growing daily in the good graces of a beautiful young lady. Gradually as we neared the tropics, the unemployed captain began to walk the aft-deck daily accompanied by Miss Louise. They would stand and chat for hours, apparently unaware of time as they leaned over the rail watching a porpoise school or looking for signs of a whale.

"What a fine young couple they made, as they stood side by side, gazing at the mysterious blue sea. The one was a tall handsome young man, attired in a once finely cut uniform, now grown shabby from the stress of the last few weeks; the other, a girl of twenty-two, nearly as tall as the Captain, and attired in an expensive but practical dress for a long sea voyage. One day, as we were sailing with full canvas, but a few miles from the equator, and as Captain Winslow was chatting on the starboard side of the afterdeck with his friend, the other captain, Miss Louise emerged on deck, and took her usual philosophical stand, leaning over the port rail. All at once, the spanker boom, or

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the lowest boom on the mizzen-mast, used in the fore and aft type rigging of the mizzen-mast on a brig, swung around, and tapped Miss Briggs just hard enough to hurl her into the shark infested sea.

"Fortunately, I, who was standing in the rigging, saw the accident and made a loud outcry. Captain Winslow, who was nearest the scene of the accident, immediately ran to the opposite rail, dodged that death-dealing spanker boom, and thrusting off his garments, dived into the sea. Those were anxious moments for us shipmates, while the gallant captain was searching for his drowning friend. But after ten seconds of breathless waiting, we saw two heads bob up, the one leaning forward, inert; the other, resting naturally, while its owner struggled to drag his burden and himself to the side of the ship.

"After five minutes of artificial respiration, Miss Louise finally came to life. Of course, when she found out who it was that had rescued her from those shark infested seas she was very grateful. If Captain Winslow was aiming to win Miss Briggs, he certainly scored some points when he saved her.

"When Miss Briggs had fully recovered from her experience, those daily strolls along the aft-deck were resumed. It began to be quite plain to the brig's crew, that Cupid was at work between Captain Briggs's Venus, and her newly acquired friend, Apollo.

"We were sailing fast, twice as speedily as our whaleship ever sailed; the equator was but a day ahead, and, if there is any clime which will promote love affairs, it is that district, where human beings become idle and romantic from the intense heat and mugginess of the tropics. Since we had captured the mutineers, I had continued to note our progress, and other matters of interest in the Jack Polliston's log book daily. Incidentally, on the day of our equatorial crossing I made note of the fact in that manuscript that Captain Winslow and Miss Briggs had discontinued the use of Christian appellations, but had adopted those from Cupid's dictionary, namely, 'dearest,' etc.

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"While the crew of the ship was busy unloading, Captain Briggs, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Louise, and Captain Winslow, left the ship quietly. All three looked happy, and I expect that was the most memorable day in Captain Winslow's life."

As the Captain finished the yarn, he rose, replenished the fire, and said it was about time to turn in, while the storm outside continued to rage in all its violence.

THE END

NOTHING TO SAY

(Continued from page 8)

"Of course not. I've nothing to say," was Eric's brief answer.

"Nothing to say?" asked a tall, thin man on the general's right. "Nothing to say when all this means that you are a traitor and that the penalty is death to those who betray their country?"

"My country!" Eric snorted. "My country is England, and the penalty of death does not go to a traitor, but to a soldier who fought for his country."

The final chapter of Eric's life ended abruptly, three years before the close of the war, but he had done his duty to his country.

If you have the chance to visit the chapel of Oxford University, you will undoubtedly see a prominent inscription in honor of a distinguished student who died for his country.

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