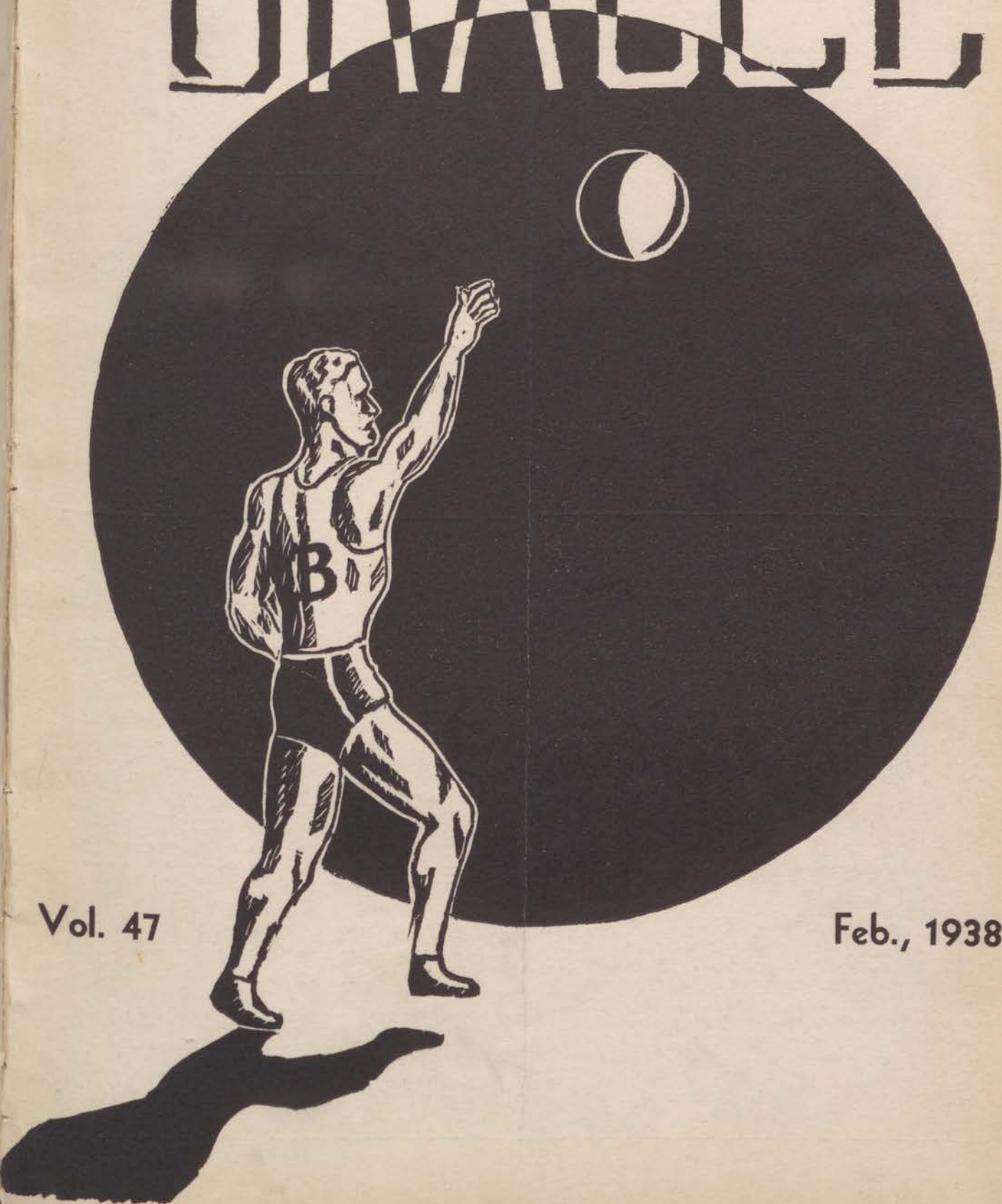


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Vol. 47

Feb., 1938

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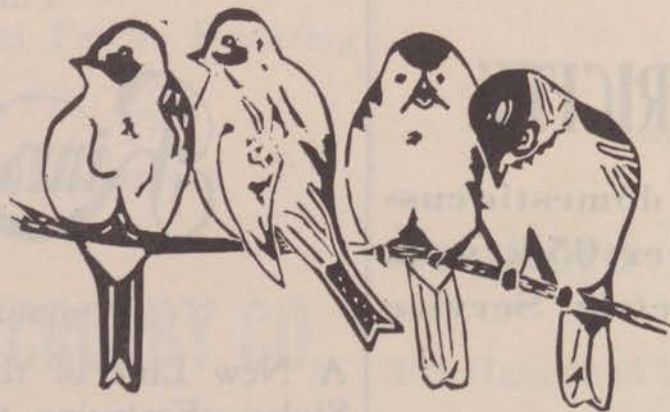
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My Teachers

By Hope Chandler

My feathered friends who call on me each day
 To chat, and preen, to eat their sated fill
 Of rare treats displayed on my window sill,
 Are friends so cheerful, pleasant and so gay.
 I joy in their presence. I like their way
 Of being merry. I admire their will,
 Whatever wind that blows, bitter or chill,
 To not complain. Each day is a good day
 In their life's plan. I hope that I may be
 As cheerful as they ever seem to be.
 The feathered friends who call on me each day
 Are teachers from whom I shall learn to be
 As *pleasant* and as cheerful—learn to see
 That cares are brief, and soon do fly away.



Though You May Live

DONALD STUART

SOMETHING he never stopped to analyze at the time and could never afterwards remember clotted Pete's brain as he saw Lois in the arms of another man.

Just what it was, he never knew, but he carried the consequences to his grave. For when Beach left Lois' apartment, passing through the open doorway from which Pete, unnoticed, had seen the whole thing, Pete stepped aside and then followed him with but one thought in mind—murder. It was a matter of but a few minutes for Pete to get into the self-service elevator alone with Lloyd—they were on the tenth floor—and stab him in the back, using his jack-knife; to halt the elevator at the fourth floor, get out, carry the inert body half-way down the deserted corridor, and leave it there; to get back into the elevator, and, upon reaching the ground floor, to go whistling softly through the noisy lobby out to the sidewalk.



Pete stabbed him, and carried the body down the corridor.

But in his sensitive soul, he had lived an eternity. And, as he started to walk aimlessly down the street, he was faced with the prospect of living the rest of his natural span of years as well, in reality, with what he had done weighing on his mind. A thought which, as suddenly as five minutes ago had prompted him to kill, now caused him to turn his feet towards the police headquarters.

Swiftly, now, he walked along, thinking of how surprised they would be at the station when he told them he had just murdered a man. But, as he walked, his mind was slowly becoming that of a murderer's and dimly he realized he was wondering if he could get away with it.

Pausing as he crossed over a bridge, he walked to the rail, glanced furtively around, then took the knife from his pocket and dropped it into the murky water below. Irresistibly, he was drawn to watch the shiny black ripples glide uniformly away from the spot where the knife had hit, a sinister suggestion of how the world shuns a known murderer.

Turning and walking on with hesitating footsteps Pete could see police headquarters just ahead. Hurriedly, he tried to search his mind for one good reason why he should not go in and confess, for his had been a sensitive soul. Ah, he had it! His steps quickened, his head went back, as he said to himself, "Why, that guy was a rat, anyhow! He deserved to die! The things I've seen him do and heard about—the world is a lot better off with him gone!"

Now Pete, jostled by the after-theater crowd, walked unhurriedly by the police station. Maybe he had done no wrong after all! Maybe—maybe God would forgive him—Lloyd had been no good on earth—probably God had forgiven others—. A sudden thought flashed through his mind. Was it possible that there were others like himself? Was he rubbing shoulders with other killers, murderers, who had convinced themselves that—but maybe his case was different from the rest. The best he could do was to wait and see if any-

thing happened to him; if the police caught him—if nothing happened to him it would be a sign that he had done right—that all was as before—.

The next day, late in the afternoon, he went again to see Lois. As she opened the door in answer to his ring, he could tell she had been crying but she seemed glad to see him.

"Oh, Pete," she cried, as soon as she had closed the door behind him, "the most awful thing has happened! They found Lloyd Beach last night lying in a corridor on the fourth floor—dead!"

"I know," Pete said quietly. "I read it in this morning's papers."

"Oh, yes, of course," Lois replied. "But—oh, I might as well tell you, Pete—Lloyd was here last night—" she hesitated.

Pete said nothing.

"I know I shouldn't have done it, Pete, but I've been seeing him while you've been away,"—she was talking rapidly now,—“you're away so much, you know—.”

"It's my job that takes me away," Pete interrupted, "you know that! But, of course, if that's the way you feel about it—"

"Oh, it isn't, Pete, it isn't, believe me!" begged Lois. "It was only last night that I finally told him I never wanted to see him again, and I sent him away—then a while after he left here they found him down there—dead—oh, if I'd just been loyal to you in the first place—"

Pete was stunned. She had sent Lloyd away, had told him she was through. If only he could have known!

But the reason he had thought of the night before came back to him. The world was better off by his killing Lloyd.

"Honey, don't cry!" said Pete. "It can't be helped now."

"No, I suppose not," she answered, "but if only I hadn't been mixed up in it at all—if I'd only been true to you—"

This was good. Pete was enjoying himself. Here she was, trying to get back into his good graces and he—

But he had a good reason! He—oh, why didn't she stop her sniffing and be sensible? It was all over now. Anyway, she had nothing to be afraid of—

"Pete, oh, Pete!" Lois sobbed, breaking into tears.

Abruptly Pete turned away from her and left the apartment. He could bear it no longer.

Walking without thinking, he suddenly found himself on the same bridge where he had been the preceding evening.

Looking about him, he came to a sudden halt.

Exactly on the spot where he had been standing the night before when he had dropped the knife was the

pitiful figure of an old man with both legs gone, propped up against the bridge rail, trying to sell pencils. For no apparent reason, Pete stood watching him fascinated.

His concentration was broken, however, by a "paper boy" calling, "Extra! All about the Beach Murder Case! Extra!"

"Here, boy!" Pete beckoned to him. He shoved a bill into the boy's hands as the lad gave him a paper. "Keep the change!"

"Gee, thanks, Mister! You're O. K.!" the boy exclaimed. "Extra!"

The headlines stared Pete in the face. "Police completely baffled by Beach Murder Case." Further down the page, Pete read of how the seemingly "routine slaying" had left no trace, no clue. And, toward the end of the story, it was hinted that, owing to the character of the deceased, the police would probably drop the case.

Meaning, thought Pete, slowly raising his eyes from the paper, that without a thought he had committed the perfect crime.

His eyes came to rest on the old man, who appeared to be having a hard time selling his wares. Pete walked over to him and spoke.

"You don't seem to be having much luck, do you?" he asked.

"No, sir, that I don't," the man answered. "But I'm not complaining!" he assured Pete, hastily.

"No, I see you're not," said Pete. "But don't you ever feel like it? I mean, when you see all these hale and hearty people who pass you by, not giving you even a glance, how can you help being bitter? Or do you think you've done something so that you deserve to be punished like this?"

"Lord, son," smiled the old man, "I don't ever think of it that way. It's just my luck, that's all. Lost 'em overseas. I wasn't the only one—"

"Say—here!" Pete choked. He thrust a bill into the old man's hand and started off.

"Will you please take these pencils or must I give this back?" queried the old man bravely.

Pete turned without a word, grabbed the pencils, put them into his pocket, and was gone.

"God!" he thought, as he walked blindly along. "That man has done no wrong, yet look at him! Now, whether I've done right or wrong, what may happen to me? Is that the way to do? What kind of God is it who lets people as brave as that man suffer and who lets people that are bad—"

Oh, what was he thinking about? He should be glad; he should consider this a sign that God wasn't going to punish him—he must have done right—or why didn't God punish him? Was he going to let him

(Please turn to page 34)

Be Still, My Heart

By Kay Faulkingham

MARGIE JONES dangled her fountain pen thoughtfully from her fingers and gazed at the back of a dark, curly, masculine head bowed over the desk in front of her. Under her crimson knit sweater a feminine heart was beating an angry tattoo upon her ribs, for that bowed head belonged to Rip Morgan, and Rip Morgan was the new sensation in Hartland High. He hailed from New Orleans, talked with a delicious southern accent, danced divinely, played football like a demon, and was too busy admiring himself aloud to notice anyone. He had driven four-hundred Hartland girls "ga-ga" in two short weeks, by installing in their youthful hearts a deep adoration, awe, and love for his most distinguished person.

Margie Jones, cute, popular, and athletic, was, perhaps, the one Hartland girl who disliked profoundly Rip Morgan.

"Conceited!" she muttered to herself, still glaring angrily at the action back of the smart plaid coat before her. "He's a darn prig, that's what! Huh! If he'd only come down to earth—do something wrong or something—that might bring him around. Gosh, and I, of all people, have to ask him if he'd honor the 'Hartland Outing Club' by going on the skiing party this afternoon, just because Jan gets faint every time she hears him talk. Holy cow! Of all the luck!"

She was interrupted by the soft buzz of the dismissal bell, and, grabbing her books, she hurried after Rip.

"Hey, Rip! Wait up!" She reluctantly thought for a moment how good-looking he really was as he stopped and gazed nonchalantly down at her, and drawled, "What can ah do fo you?"

"Well, Rip, we're going on a skiing party this afternoon out at 'Shultz's Park.' We're starting at two-thirty, and the girls are bringing the cats. There'll be twenty-four in all, mixed even, you know. You're coming along as an honorary guest. You can ski of course, can't you? Seein' as you've got everything. Now who told me that?"

Rip broke in, "Gawsh, thanks a lot, but ah don't think—ah mean ah'm all—"

"Oh! You just can't refuse," Margie cut in, puckering up into crying position. "Why, you'll break twelve throbbing feminine hearts if you don't show up. Well, we'll pick you up at two-thirty. G'bye."

At two-thirty, twenty-four gayly clad figures trekked slowly up the white hills of "Schultz's Park," leaving behind a clear trail of wide-spread ski tracks. Rip Morgan, in a gorgeously colored striped parka, was, as

usual, the center of attraction, the girls babbling increasingly in his direction and for his special benefit. Margie Jones, far ahead, glanced sidewise at Greg Smith.



"Margie Jones"

"Good gosh, I wish they'd shut up! Personally, Rip Morgan gives me a pain in the neck. He'll show us all up today, just like he always does. Phooey!"

They had reached the top and were waiting for the others. Finally every one was up, and they gathered breathlessly, looking up at the steep jump which loomed ahead of them. Jan Hall, close by Rip's side, broke out excitedly with an idea.

"Say! Let's make Rip go down first and show us some real skiing, huh, kids? I'll bet he's swell!"

A general shout of approval followed and drowned out Rip's hearty refusals. Margie, unnoticed, started for the jump and turned around to see Rip close behind her. He caught her arm and whispered in a voice that shook with emotion,

"Holy smokes, what'll ah do, Marg? Ah cain't ski!"

"Huh?" Margie stopped, mouth open, and gazed up into Rip's face. His eyes reminded her of those of her dog, frightened, pleading, desperate. Her first impulse was to shout to the crowd what he had told her, but her heart turned over when she saw that helplessness in his face.

"Why didn't you say so?" she muttered. "What're you going to do now? Make a fool of yourself?"

"Gawsh, ah don't know. What'll ah do?"

(Please turn to page 34)

The Wrong Dame

By Ann Bigelson

THE GIRL crouched with 'bated breath behind the overturned barrel lying in the dirty, drab alley of one of New York's east-side neighborhoods. A soft stealthy tread from behind caused her to draw her breath in sharply; her eyes fell on a heavy black object. A small beam of light suddenly blinded her vision.

"Don't move, Corliss, my pet. You're covered!"

She felt a hard grip on her shoulders. She winced as she looked up into the cold expressionless eyes of Hank Grant, of the New York police force.



"Don't move, Corliss, you're covered!"

"C'mon, sister. The car's out front. And kindly lay off the sob act—just this once. Being a murderess, you wouldn't know what emotions are." He relaxed his hold on her as she slowly straightened up. "There was once a time—remember the Whalen mess—when you could spread it on quite effectively. You're slipping, it seems."

He had called her a murderess, but certainly she did not look as though she could fit in such a role. She was well-dressed, conservatively so. Hank summed her up once more: soft, appealing lines about her face; penitent, pleading gray eyes—a picture of courageous youth. Probably just a school kid—rotten shame.

* * * * *

The black coupe rolled smoothly onto the highway. Hank glanced down at the girl beside him and mut-

tered something under his breath as he paused to light a cigarette. The girl turned.

An hour elapsed in silence. Not the little wild-cat he had expected to be up against, Hank reflected. Not in the least talkative. He told her as much—she said nothing. It started to rain. The silver needles danced merrily on the windshield. She made a move to open the window, but the deep pain of her handcuffs as the metal cut cruelly into her flesh checked the procedure. She bit her lip—shut her eyelids to hide the pain that shot through her eyes.

"Gettin' restless, sister? We've got a long trail to blaze 'fore our destination's reached. Allow me."

He reached across and lowered the window two inches. She tucked her soft-furred collar under her chin as a cool taunting breeze played through her hair. She caught glimpses of thousands of blinking lights gleaming iridescently on the river as they sped through the city—the red and green lights, paving a zig-zag line across their path—she stared after the retreating backs of people hurrying in different directions, rain splashing at their heels—the wet blackness despairing. The air was warm. There was a swish under the wheels as they tore through puddles of water. She liked riding in this dark misty atmosphere of night. There was something so invigorating about summer rains. The inky darkness seemed to blot out her gloom. The screeching of brakes startled her back to reality as the car drew up to the curb in front of an all-night restaurant.

"What'll you have, Miss?"

"Nothing, thanks."

Hank hailed a fellow officer and went in to order coffee and apple pie. He came back with coffee steaming, temptingly dilating her nostrils. She watched him devour it with ill-concealed relish.

"I—er—I." She swallowed, "I'm hungry. I'll have a tuna-fish sandwich and a glass of milk, please." Her voice was low and cultured.

* * * * *

A sea of faces studied the girl as she resignedly sank into the only vacant chair. Her face bore a harassed dragged expression. Her dark, neat frock hung limply to her frail body. For the past week she had worn the same dress, the once white collar and cuffs were frayed. She had sat in a straight backed chair before a malicious-eyed jury, realizing the decision they had already made. Murderess! That was the message she read in their wizened, cunning faces. The session had dragged on endlessly. Would they never reach a verdict—some verdict?—any verdict?

Her hair was drawn straight back, with all the natural wave lost. A few persistent locks curled in wispy

(Please turn to page 34)

Panama

By Ernest Munroe

MANY a weary sea-going traveler knows what the prospect of setting foot once more on *terra firma* means, especially after a long, tedious voyage, without the consolation of seeing a bit of land here or there.

It is this sensation that I experienced upon waking one bright, warm morning. Looking through the narrow expanse of a porthole, I saw a dense, strange jungle, bordered by great trees thrusting their bushy tips far into the azure heavens with strings of vines hanging from their ponderous limbs. This land was strange, yet it was *land*.

During our breakfast it was announced that the boat would dock in a few hours. This bit of news was received with great enthusiasm among the passengers, and for once I had the pleasure of knowing that I could partake of my food without having the feeling that I would lose it again shortly.



I had two pairs of highly colored silk pajamas

Soon after the boat came to rest, several of my friends and I went ashore to see what Panama had in store for us.

Immediately after we left the ship, a group of dark skinned Panamanians picked up their wares and began to follow us.

Curiosity overcame us, and we turned back to see what they had to offer. Exactly twenty minutes later

I had two pairs of highly colored silk pajamas, one kimona—wrong size, and pair of Japanese slippers, and was still wondering how I paid for them.

Since it was about two miles into the center of Panama City, we decided to hire a *carameta*. A *carameta* is a distinct type of horse and buggy and practically the only mode of transportation the natives know of. It resembles greatly an old English coach. After conversing with several owners for a goodly length of time, we finally agreed on one price.

Once seated in the vehicle, I noticed that the driver was on the wrong side of the avenue. In answer to my questioning, the driver slowly turned his head, and with a quizzical smile, said in broken English, "You are a tourist?" Puzzled, I answered, "Yes." Breaking into laughter he exclaimed, "Then that accounts for your question. In Panama everyone motors or drives his *carameta* on the left side of the road. It has been the law for many years."

Everywhere throughout Panama, flowers of various colors bloom. The city seems old-fashioned with its dusky people scurrying to and fro wearing apparel that was in style ten years ago, and its carriages, drawn by sleepy-eyed horses, clattering down the cobblestone streets. Here and there you see automobiles of ancient design, which in all probability could not be driven over twenty-five miles an hour.

The open-air fish and meat markets that dot the streets cast out an odor that would almost make one seasick, although I suppose I should call it fish-sick. The Panamanians seem impervious to this smell, however, and walk about the markets as if they were flower shops.

Panama boasts of several beautiful parks where aged Hindus doze and dream of their younger days.

Many of the back streets through which our driver took us were overcrowded with dirty-faced little urchins, who, by the appearance of their clothes, had waited for a shower and then wallowed in the mud that it created.

One thing in particular that I noticed was the frequent but brief showers that fell. A friend of mine once called to my attention the fact that it was raining on the opposite side of the street. Then, to my surprise, I noticed that it was not raining on the side of the street we were on. For fully five minutes we drove beside this shower with not a drop falling on our side. To make this fact stranger yet, the street was not more than fifteen feet wide.

Before returning to our temporary home, we decided to advance our driver a few dollars and have him take us to the golf course. The course was situated beside the first set of canal locks. The government paid for

(Please turn to page 34)

THE PAST IN POETRY

The Spanish Shawl

By Greta Jones

She found the Spanish shawl one lonely day
 When she was seventeen and rain came down
 Upon the attic roof. Long stored away
 With an old fragrant fan, and matching gown
 Deep in the trunk that smelled of lavender,
 She touched its silken folds with trembling hand;
 She seemed to know it waited there for her
 To be the second girl to understand.
 Perhaps one hundred years! What shoulders gleamed
 Through that unfaded beauty she but guessed;
 Some great, great aunt, the one who always seemed
 Too lovely and aloof for all the rest!
 The shawl clung to her and she heard not rain
 But music in a castle built in Spain.



Sir Philip Sidney

By Margaret Curtis

How sad to hear that he has had his call
 To go, while he had yet not two score years
 Attained! His death brings bitter grief and tears
 To court and country, to the great and small;
 And those who see him shrouded in his pall
 Must weep o'er his as not o'er other biers.
 His glorious soul has fled, as one who hears
 That he is needed in his Master's hall
 And goes. For God hath need of such a one
 To angels lead. So should we mourn his fate
 And think of him as missing this world's joy
 When heavenly life for him has now begun?
 He's left his place in Britain's fair estate
 But to take one in his dear Lord's employ.

HOBBIES

LET'S take a stroll through the well-known corridors of our dear old Alma Mater to see what we can find in the line of a "something to fill your spare moments" (if you have them)—otherwise known as a hobby.

There's a likely looking individual over there. Perhaps she has one of these "critters" we're looking for; let's ask her.

"Oh, I say there, young lady! Have you a hobby? Why, the young lady is Jane Robinson!"

"'Tis I, and I certainly have a hobby. Would you care to hear about it? My hobby is collecting foreign dolls. They fascinate me greatly with their gay colored costumes and their strange faces. I have representations from many different countries. Sweden, Holland, France, Italy, China—it isn't that I like to play with them, you understand; it's that I like to look at them and think of the far places they have come from and the many miles they have traveled before reaching me. To me it is an interesting pastime and I enjoy it immensely. Well, I must be on my way. Good-bye."

"Good-bye Jane, and thanks loads."

Look! There's Dottie McClure over there. It seems to me she has a hobby, but I can't seem to recall what it is.

"Oh, Dottie, wait a minute. Would you enlighten us as to whether you have a hobby or not?"

"Sure thing. Yes, I have one. It is collecting rings. I have been doing this since about 1934, and I have, to date, 23 specimens in my collection. Whenever I see an especially odd ring I do everything in my power to get it. Every ring that I have is different from every other ring. I have several Indian rings which come from various reservations, also I have one with a stone which is petrified wood and which came from the Petrified Forest; I have a coral ring from Florida and a most interesting one made from a part of the skeleton of an animal. It's a lot of fun collecting these, and they are something that I can wear instead of placing them on a shelf or table just to look at."

"Thank you for telling us all this, Dottie. We appreciate it very much."

Say, there's Polly Perry over by 211. It seems as though she should have a hobby.

"Hey there, Polly, we'd like to ask you a question. Do you happen to have what is commonly known as a hobby?"

"Yes, I do. My hobby is not so much the collecting of material things, however, as it is with most people. You see, every spare moment I can find I go into the

fields or woods and study nature. With my binoculars I see many interesting sights which I store away in my memory. So my hobby is not one that can be displayed, but, rather one that is for myself alone. You really should try getting up at 5:00 o'clock some morning to go out to catch the birds just as they are waking up. It's the thrill of a lifetime."

"Thank you, Polly, thank you. I think I will try that sometime (if I can get to bed early enough the preceding night)."

As we were standing there, I heard someone mention Sam Robinson's stamp collection. I reckon he's "got something there," at least that's what the conversation seemed to point out. Stamp collecting is one grand hobby if you like stamps. I guess a great many people do like stamps, because a great many people have collections of this sort. Wouldn't you think this hobby would be rather hard on the tongue though? After all, stamps have to be licked in order to make them stick. But then, there are such articles of convenience as patent stamp-lickers, aren't there?

In reminiscence, I once knew a girl, who had a rather interesting hobby, and it's a first cousin to stamp collecting. May I present this relative—post-mark collecting? This girl (who is, by the way, Anne Hanson) used to find the waste-basket beside her father's desk a most interesting place to dig through. Why, you ask? Three guesses (first two don't count), because there were envelopes there with post-marks from all over everywhere. If you're looking for a more or less (take your pick) simplified hobby, try this one. And remember the wastebasket! (Better find out what time the wastebaskets are emptied. Right?)

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I wasn't aware that I was headed for a collision. Why, hello, Anne Hanson! I was just thinking about you and the hobby you used to have post-mark collecting. Is this still your hobby or have you changed?"

"My post-mark collection is out of existence now. Art is my most interesting pastime. I love to be doing things with my hands. Painting is great fun for me. I like to dabble, whether it be with water colors or oils. Charcoal drawings are interesting to do, too. But I think the thing I like best to do is to make wood-cuts. I have plenty of these to make, thanks to the Oracle. It's really very fascinating to do these cuts, and you feel as though you had accomplished something when you finish one."

"Much obliged, Anne, for the 'Info.' So long."

I reckon it's about time for us to stop this wandering
(Please turn to page 30)

On Buying Myself Shoes

By Mae Coulson

WHenever I go to a shoe store, it is a major event, both for me and the clerks. It really is hilarious, this business of buying shoes.

I decide beforehand what I want. Very determinedly, I march into the shoe store, as determinedly sit down and explain what I want. The clerk is usually as puzzled as I, as to what I want, when I am through talking. However, he makes a superhuman effort, smiles intelligently, measures my foot, and disappears.

When he returns, I gape in astonishment. This isn't what I wanted but I'll try it. It doesn't feel comfortable, and I tell him so.

Again the very patient clerk (have you ever noticed how patient shoe store clerks are with fussy females?) disappears, and I sit gazing at nothing in particular. Ah! There he comes again. What has he this time? Brown? No, I never wear brown shoes. I prefer black. Well, I'll try it, but I'm afraid—that is extremely tight. I can't possibly wear that. Have you something in black suede?

By this time I am getting very tired. (Are you?) I really don't care whether or not I wear shoes or go barefoot. Next time I'll get moccasins. I've heard they don't wear out for quite a while.

Black suede. Hmmm. I don't like suede, but—. It fits! I wonder if I'm dreaming. It really can't be that I have to wear black suede. Oh well! Such is the life of women. She knows what she wants and goes after it. Does she get it? No! She gets something just as good.

Shall we try something else? The left shoe doesn't feel quite as good as it might. What did you say, sir? I can't expect to have new shoes comfortable the minute I put them on? That is what you think. I have bought shoes from time immemorial and I always buy what's comfortable from the beginning.

No, I don't want Cuban heels. I'm getting these for school, and I'd rather not break my neck by losing a heel and falling downstairs. I still want oxfords. Have you ever seen any? Oh, you have? I wondered, you look so puzzled.

Really, I don't need arch supports. My arches behave themselves very properly.

That is a nice looking pair of shoes. They fit both feet. Do you have some like them in black? Oh, dear me, life is hard. Guess I'll try some other day. Thank you, sir, for your trouble. Good-day.

Caldwell Sweet Drug Co.

MANY people pass the Caldwell Sweet Drug Company many times a day, and more people trade there. Yet I wonder how many people realize that it is the oldest store on Main Street? Probably very few people know this fact. The Caldwell Sweet Company was established in 1875 by Caldwell Sweet, Sr. His son Caldwell, Jr. is now President of the corporation.

Caldwell Sweet, Jr. is an alumnus of Bangor High School of the class of 1915. He was the Business Manager on the *Oracle* Board Staff while in school. He then attended Columbia University and studied Pharmacy. During the World War he answered the call of his country and enlisted as an aviator. But when the war had ended, he was in the Infantry, after serving in the Artillery a while. Mr. Sweet's hobby is flying. He has a private plane and does quite a bit of flying for his own personal enjoyment.

The Pharmacy, on the corner of Main and Broad Streets, is only part of the corporation. There is a large wholesale store on Broad Street, which employs about twenty men.

It is a very forward and up-to-date concern. All of Science's new discoveries may be found at their Pharmacy.



Editorials

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THE ORACLE

FEBRUARY 22, 1938

You Can Get It—If You Try

PROBABLY the hardest thing for us to realize is the fact that we must soon become men and women and bear the burdens of a large and growing nation.

However, with mid-years rolling around, we are forced to stop and think what we want to do after we graduate from high school. Are we going to attend some higher institution for education, or are we going to commence to make our living?

The boy or girl who steps into a job after high school has the biggest task. During his school days he has had to get just as much as he could. By that I mean he realizes that a place is waiting for him in the universe and he must make the most of his education in order that he may fulfill that place to the satisfaction of the world. He knows that if he isn't good enough material for his position, there are 142,000,000 others who are only too anxious for an opportunity for a tryout. Nevertheless, if he is the right kind he will come out all right.

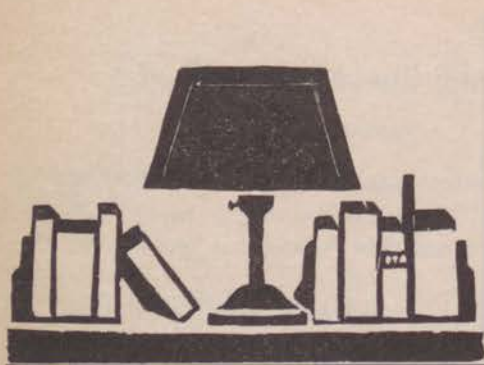
Then let us consider the girl or boy who plans to enter some college, university or other institution of higher education. During his elementary school days he has not been burdened by the fact that he must jump into the harness after he received his high school diploma. He is, however, confronted with the "what will I do" problem. He has been thinking for a long time about what college he would like to attend and what course he would take. *Believe me this is a problem.* After much deliberation he enters his choice of schools and begins working toward his chosen profession.

But we should not wait until after our graduation from high school to start to think about a job, to form our ideals, and to make ourselves worthy citizens. Each day of our life we must fit ourselves for society. No one can convert himself from childhood to a grown-up in one day. Whether you are the working man or a

college student you must do your share. Why? Because the generation before us would die and our generation, made up of a group of illiterate and lazy people, would hold the reins which drive the nation. How long could such a country in this day and age stand up? Not long, for we would be overrun with foreigners seeking our land and wealth. Our civilization would be taken back four or five thousand years.

In short, youth must prepare itself for the future in the best possible way and realize that it is to be the citizens of tomorrow.





What Others Are Reading!

The Antigua Stamp

By Robert Graves

THIS book may sound like a dull treatise on stamp collecting for collectors only. It is about stamps, but it isn't dull. It is a lively story of a feud between a brother and sister over a stamp. The brother and sister are Oliver and Jane Price, and the stamp is Antigua, one penny, purple-brown, issue of 1866. The story starts with Oliver and Jane as children and tells how they came to have a joint collection. Then it skips a number of years and tells of how Jane starts the feud in order to study her brother's physical movements so as to pass them on to an actor in the stock company she acts in and directs. Jane is a ruthless person in her ways of making life miserable for Oliver. One very funny episode tells how she spoils Oliver's wedding. She finds where they are going to be secretly married, and with the help of her company and of her cousin, Marquess of Barbraham, called the Emee because he lived in Australia, she had Oliver and his bride followed, bothered with a confetti called Coney Island bun confetti, and annoyed at the wedding feast by all the guests, members of the company, falling ill. This story is a lively one. It is very enjoyable, especially for anyone who has a brother or sister to fight with.

Lost Horizon

By James Hilton

Lost Horizon is the rather fantastic story of Hugh Conway, a man in the British Consular Service who disappeared with three other people in an airplane headed for Peshawar. It was believed that they were all killed on the frontier where one might crash and not be heard of afterwards. They were mistaken, however, for Conway returned to civilization a good many years afterward.

The story of his life while he was supposed to be dead seems almost like a fairy tale, it is so unreal.

The book is well worth reading.

Railroad West

By Cornelia Meigs

Railroad West is the story of the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad from Mississippi to the valley of the Yellowstone. There was always fear during that time of grafters and speculators who tried to seize the lands and sell them to the railroad company at an exorbitant price. They didn't succeed, however, because Jay Cook, the man who started the project, went bankrupt before it was finished and work had to be shut down for a while.

Philip Fox, a young construction engineer, helped build that railroad. He saw the disasters and hardships, and watched them overcome as the railroad went slowly forward, until finally, thirteen years after it had been started, he heard the whistle of the locomotive as it rounded the last bend of the completed steel high-road. The romance of Philip Fox and Anne Hale added greatly to the interest of the story.

Roads to Knowledge

By William Allan Neilson

William Allan Neilson is the president of Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. In his introduction, President Neilson says the book was written to give a description of about a dozen of the main fields of knowledge and to give directions helpful in launching students on their way.

Each chapter is a different subject by a well-known authority or a professor at a college. Each subject is divided into different topics. They are written in an interesting manner. Some of the subjects are "The Fine Arts" by E. Baldwin Smith, Professor of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University, "Economics" by Rexford G. Tugwell, professor of Economics, Columbia University, "History" by Sidney B. Fay, professor of history, Harvard University.

The book is the kind that doesn't have to be read all at once or in sequence. You can pick it up and read the chapter that interests you most at the time.

News of Interest



Debate Club

UNDER the auspices of the Debate Club, Mr. Richard Halliburton came to Bangor City Hall on Thursday evening, December 2, saw, was seen, and conquered completely the 1,200 people who jammed the city's second largest auditorium.

Two days later, the J-V team, coached by Mr. O'Connor, traveled to Brunswick to engage in the annual interscholastic forum, this year debating the question, Resolved: That this House approves the completion of Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade agreements. Speaking were newmen Curtis Jones and Dorothy Braidy, with Carleton Orr making the trip as alternate. Although in competition mostly with varsity teams, Bangor placed in fourth position, with Dorothy Braidy tying for second place in the whole tournament.

Thursday, December 16, at the Club's regular meeting was debated a subject of particular student interest, Resolved: That Bangor High School should have but one morning assembly a week, that assembly running from thirty to forty minutes. The affirmative, coached by Mr. O'Connor, featured Frederic Leonard, Phyllis Morris, and John Webster; the negative, coached by Mr. Prescott, was composed of Paul Kruse, Molly Kagan, and Lewis Vafiades. The debate was non-decision, and attracted several teachers as well as most of the Club's enrollment. Among the students trying out on the question were, in addition to those named, Helen Skoufis, Shirlee Bowden, Margaret Burrill, Donald Mooers, Ruth Powers, George McLean, Irving Broder, Daniel Orr, Kathryn Mills, Stanley Rudman, Elaine Russell, Ernest Monroe, Charlotte Gifford, Ruth Stetson, Thomas Gleason, Sumner Chalmers, Robert Welch, Virginia Thorpe, Mary Floros, Eben Leavitt, and Venizelos Vafiades.

At the final try-outs for the season, held Monday and Tuesday, January 17 and 18, were picked all teams for the remainder of the season. The subject, a bit deep in comparison with the just-reviewed proposition, scared out several who were expected to participate, but twenty-three brave souls dared, and found it really interesting once they got into the reading. The propo-

sition reads, Resolved: That the several states should adopt a unicameral system of legislation. Kendall Cole, Molly Kagan, Barbara Clement, Paul Kruse, Pauly Campbell, Curtis Jones, Albert Reynolds, Dorothy Braidy, Robert Dodge, Ann Bigelson, Gloria Boone, Jack Bachman, David Dodge, John Webster, Daniel Orr, Lewis Vafiades, Richard Jones, Carleton Orr, Harlan Small, Phyllis Morris, Sumner Chalmers, Kay Faulkingham, and Betty Shorey were the tryer-outers.

Picked from these were the following teams:

Varsity—Dorothy Braidy, Lewis Vafiades, Molly Kagan, John Webster.

J-V—Ann Bigelson, Curtis Jones; Phyllis Morris, Carleton Orr.

Third—Kendall Cole, Paul Kruse, Robert Dodge, Jack Bachman.

Senior—Robert Dodge, David Dodge.

Junior—Ann Bigelson, Curtis Jones.

Sophomore—Kendall Cole, Harlan Small.

Freshman—To be chosen, one each from TNT and Snapdragons.

The varsity team will be coached by Mr. Prescott, who except for the assembly debate has previously this year been directing the money-raising activities of the Club (including the candy sale, Copeland vaudeville, and Halliburton). The varsity will be entered in the Bates League and will make an out-of-state trip during the spring vacation. Mr. O'Connor will handle the J-V outfit, entered at the Edward Little practice tournament February 5, and in the Eastern tournament at Brewer, February 19. The third team, which will debate at Brewer, will be coached by varsity debater and Club president, Lewis Vafiades.

Dramatic Club

A short business meeting of the Dramatic Club was held December 13 in the Assembly Hall. Louise Newman, business manager of the new play "New Fires," reported that tickets were going fast. It was decided to sell candy at the play.

The big presentation "New Fires" took place in the

assembly hall on December 17—that long awaited day. "Charles Redman, as Stephen Santry, the author and prime mover in the complications, had an unconscionable number of lines, yet they came easily and at all times was his portrayal natural and smooth. Mary Nelson, as Mrs. Stephen Santry, brought real ability to her role and played it to the hilt. Barbara Savage, as the daughter Olive, interpreted a role which called for no little acting ability. Bette Barker brought sweetness as well as a Southern drawl to matters in general. Miriam Fellows as Lucinda Andrews and Richard Coffin as Sid Sperry aided in the comedy touch. Gwendolyn Matchett and Renfrew Yerxa as the youthful children of the Santrys, livened up affairs considerably. Mary Carlisle, as Mary Marshall, in her few moments on the stage showed herself to be possessed of straight-forwardness and ease of interpretation. Winthrop Duty, as Dick, established his change of character and certainly did a first class job of it too. Farmboy Jerry was given successful portrayal by Danforth West. Donald Beaton as the doctor played with reserve and dignity. Ida Rolnick was competent as the helper of the indomitable Mrs. Andrews, and Barbara Libbey and Eudolia Tinker handled bit parts entirely adequately." Bouquets must go to those who had charge of the stage—William Jenkins, Dayson DeCourey, Stanley Fletcher, Richard Coffin, Edward Kent, Helen Sedgely, and Cynthia Tripp for their fine work.

On December 12, the Dramatic Club held a business meeting in the assembly hall, presided over by Danny West, President. A report of "New Fares" was given and the one-act play contest was then discussed. President West then introduced Mrs. Marion Bradshaw who gave a most delightful talk on "Things I Like to Say about the Stage," in a charming manner.

Commercial Club

The events of the Commercial Club show that it is progressing steadily toward a bigger and better club.

Evelyn Walls was in charge of the forum at the last meeting. Her topic was "Merchandising as a Career." It showed the inside story of small and large business enterprises. Agnes Ross and Elaine Estabrook furnished music and songs for entertainment. At the close of the meeting, office machines were demonstrated by the President, Elizabeth Dolan, and other members of the Club.

Christmas Party was held at the school auditorium with Francis Chaison and the Social Committee in charge.

Plans are being made to have Miss Connor speak to us at our next meeting.

Band

After a strenuous season of drilling and marching, the band is busy with the preparing of selections and other concert music and hopes to give a series of enjoyable numbers during the winter and spring. New marches are being added to the repertoire and these will soon be heard at the basketball games.

With less than two hours rehearsing each week this organization has appeared frequently at assemblies, and always with something new. The sections which needed building up are rapidly developing and the band is fast acquiring a desirable balance, a feature rather difficult to attain in a school of our size. The band assisted at the school play and has appeared at the basketball games.

With a personnel of forty players, a nearly perfect attendance at rehearsals and a willingness to work hard during the entire period, the band is in much better playing condition than it has been at the close of the past two seasons and should put on an inspection show next May that the school will view with pride. The boys are very grateful for the support given them by the school candy sales and feel that they owe a good part of their success to the enthusiastic reception given the selections played at assemblies.

The Lunch Room

DO YOU know your own lunch room? We invite you to get acquainted. Every school-day its doors stand open to you during the recess period. Inside, the counter is supplied with a variety of wholesome, inviting food. The freshly made sandwiches in their wax-paper envelopes are arrayed in orderly fashion in marked wooden trays. Fifteen different kinds of fillings are used, six each day. Other foods such as apples, oranges, orange juice, tomato juice, several kinds of crackers, bottled milk and chocolate milk, chocolate covered cracker sandwiches and in warm weather ice-cream bars all appear upon the counter.

You will find the girls who serve, chosen from the home economics classes, always courteous and efficient with clean smocks, clean hands, and pleasant manners. At either end near the entrance doors stand the girls from the commercial department to sell you lunch tickets. They have to work rapidly and they do, too.

If you glance still further back against the wall you will see two new pieces of equipment of which we are very proud. One is a modern kitchen cabinet, the other a gas refrigerator. At this center the lunch is prepared and kept cold and sanitary.—These pieces

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CINEMANALYSIS

Rosalie

CAN YOU imagine going four thousand miles to keep a date? That's right—Dick Thorpe (Nelson Eddy) flies four thousand miles to keep his date with the Princess Rosalie of Romanza (Eleanor Powell to you.)

Nelson as a West Point cadet and Eleanor as a Vassar co-ed provide the heart-throbs.

Though Nelson's singing is undoubtedly good, and who else can tap quite as well as Eleanor?—still it is our opinion that top honors go to that grand old veteran of stage and screen—Frank Morgan. He, as a very foolish king who is obsessed by the trick of ventriloquism together with his dummy "Nappy" provides many, many laughs. They're good!

The plot is silly and impossible, but the music and dancing are good. You can't go wrong if you see "Rosalie."

Love and Hisses

Put Simone Simon, Walter Winchell, and that good old maestro, Ben Bernie together and what do you get? "Love and Hisses," of course.

Mlle. Simon sings for the first time in movies in this picture. But don't let that keep you away. Winchell and Bernie keep the picture moving and make it good entertainment.

Wells Fargo

The picture of the season! And when we say the picture, that's what we mean—"Wells Fargo." History in a digestible form! Grand is what we'd call it. And to make this history of the Overland Express and the California gold rush not only digestible but extremely enjoyable, we find the cast headed by Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, and Bob Burns. Could you ask for anything more? See it by all means.

Danny: "Aw, pop I don't want to study arithmetic."

Mr. West: "What! a son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting averages? Never!"

Willie: "All the stores closed on the day my uncle died."

Tommy: That's nothing. All the banks closed for three weeks after my pa left town."

ON RADIO ROW

JANUARY is a month which sees many changes in Radio Row. Schedules are altered, casts changed, hosts of new programs ushered in.

Changes

Nelson Eddy has taken leave of the *Chase and Sanborn Hour* for five months during which he will make his annual concert tour. John Carter is scheduled to succeed him.

Walter O'Keefe has returned from his trip to Europe and has joined the cast of the *Hollywood Mardi Gras*.

Fritz Reiner is now conducting *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour*.

Philip H. Lord has left the air. Phil said that he left in order to have more time for research work on cases to be presented on *Gang Busters*. Colonel H. Norman Schwartzkoff, founder and longtime head of the New Jersey State Police, takes Phil's place on the program.

W A B I

WABI is making steady progress in its program of expansion. Recently it inaugurated a schedule of re-broadcasts from W L W of Cincinnati. To receive these programs W A B I employs a powerful receiver, aided by an antenna a mile in length. This is a directional antenna facing Cincinnati. At the present time programs from W L W are re-broadcast about five hours a day. This is still in experimental stages and W A B I is the only station in New England, at least, rebroadcasting from W L W. Among the programs re-broadcast is *The Nation's School of the Air*, which is heard each Wednesday at 3:00 P. M. Another interesting feature, presented primarily for grade schools, is a series of sketches dramatizing periods of American history. These sketches are written by Mr. Maurice Dolbier of W A B I's staff, with the cooperation of Mr. F. H. Morse, Superintendent of Corinna schools. Various grade schools in surrounding counties listen to these presentations as a part of their regular school work.

New Programs

Ben Bernie and all the lads have returned to the air after an absence of three months, during which "The Old Maestro" was making a picture for Hollywood and taking a vacation for himself. He broadcasts his witticisms Wednesdays from 9:30 to 10:00 P. M. over Columbia. Jane Pickens and Buddy Clark are the vocal artists presented on the program. Dippy Dialectician Lew Lehr performs his usual daffy duties of

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occupy the space of the old copper tanks, which have long since outgrown their usefulness to us. They provide more convenient and sanitary storage space than the counter cupboards formerly used for this purpose.

The lunch-room is under the management of the home economics department. The bookkeeping and payment of bills is handled in the office. It is our purpose to serve you nourishing food at the lowest cost. Wherever money is concerned those who help to furnish it always want to know and have a right to know how it is used. The lunchroom is entirely self-supporting except for the maintenance of the room. The overhead expenses include a weekly wage for preparation of the lunch, ten cents daily to each ticket seller, ten cents worth of food daily to the girls who sell it, equipment for preparation and serving, fees on checking account, and the lunch tickets. Nothing is paid for the service of management. The profit varies from year to year. During the depression years there was a loss. Since that time the maximum annual profit was approximately one hundred dollars. The lunch room department has twice made large loans to another department in distress. The only large expenditures made in recent years have been for the new equipment already mentioned.

We would welcome any suggestions that would improve our service or make the lunch room more beneficial to you. In turn, we invite your courteous patronage.

Latin Club

The biggest and best Saturnalia thus far found seventy-seven members of the Latin Club in the Assembly Hall Friday evening, December 10. Consul Donald Beaton was master of ceremonies and presided in a dignified yet witty manner. Consul Frederic Leonard in an impressive manner told of the old Roman Saturnalia, its origin and meaning.

A group of Sophomore boys then staged the old Latin play, "Saturnalia." They would have led you to believe Latin was their native tongue. Never shall we forget the power with which Harlan Small wielded at the same time the meat cleaver and the language of the Caesars. The Sophomore girls presented a series of most effective tableaux and pantomimes.

Then came the highlight of the evening—the tragedy of Aeneas and Dido in silhouette presented by the Seniors. This went off smoothly except for the loss of Dido's long golden locks (???) at a critical moment when they were needed most. Donald Beaton portrayed the tearful Aeneas while Miriam Fellows made an excellent Dido. Franklin Eaton simply starred as Neptune.

The Juniors then offered several games under the capable supervision of that born manager John Webster (how lucky the Latin Club is to have such a member!) Excitement ran high—and so did the noise.

The two consuls distributed the gifts with remarks pertinent and impertinent.

Refreshments were ably handled—in every sense of the word—by Jane Bradshaw and her committee.

Thus the "best yet" Saturnalia broke up, and again we say "Forsitans haec olim meminisse iuvabit." ("Perhaps it will please us to remember these happenings at some future time"—to you poor non-Latin students).

Early in the New Year the S. P. Q. R. made its appearance, an Augustus number, as the club recently celebrated the bi-millennium of the birth of that Roman statesman.

Two interesting meetings are being planned. In January Dr. Calvin Clark, ex-chairman of the School Board, who has spent several years in Italy, will speak on "How I Climbed Mount Vesuvius." In February the Sophomores (that group which so ably combines brain with action—witness the pantomimes at the Saturnalia) will stage a real play.

Alumni

Ernest Andrews, '36, former editor-in-chief of the *Oracle* and outstanding speaker during his four years here, won first place in the Aeron Debates for the second consecutive year. More news! He won first place in the Alexander Prize Speaking Contest! How's he doin'?

Wedding Bells!! Alice England and Paul Stinchfield middle ailed it last June.

Haddie Hamm, '37, and Dud Utterback, '37, are pledged to the Phi Gamma Delta at U. of M. I bet they miss their lil' green ties.

Charlie Rice, '35, after a year's sojourn at Hebron, is now burning the mid-night oil at Penn.

Tommy Nickerson, '36, is a sophomore at Maine. He's one of the Beta Boys.

After two years at Stoneleigh 'Genia Savage is employed at the State House in Augusta.

Kennie Lynch, '36, one of the quintet who boasted Bangor's Basketball Team in '36—is now at Nichols College of Business Administration in Boston. Incidentally he was a Hebronite last year.

We hear Bob Sedgeley is thinning out his blood in Arizona, where he's attending the University of Arizona.

Three cheers for Jimmy Gillen for his appointment to Annapolis!

Margie Moulton, ex-'38 is at Colby Junior College in N. Hampshire.

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PASSING IN REVIEW

Jean Devoe

Short, dark, sweet, and not too terrific—musical—all the feminine assets (cooking excluded)—happy with high school, but casting a longing eye back to the carefree days of last year, hot summers and snowy, snowy winters and a try at all the sports a la mode—ice-creaming it at the corner drug store—plotting escapades to Quebec and solutions to Mysteries stories—for a nickel (always mercenary) we'd tell you the solution to *this* mystery—she's Jean Devoe, freshman.

Milton Weinstein

Introducing the tall, dark, silent (don't ask me when) hero of the Seniors, Milton Weinstein. "Chink," as he is called by all of his friends, likes to play tennis—next to adding two's to Bangor's score in basketball. Summers he "Lakesides" it, swimming, loafing, and fighting with Maxie. Solid Geom. and Latin are his favorite studies, and in the former he is good (I'd say the same for the latter if he took it). Placing all puns aside, though, Chink is really a great guy and a truly Frank Merriwellie basket-ball player.

Lois Hardison

Lois Hardison—that Sophomore of all Sophomores—is a whirlwind on the basketball court—a lover of the great outdoors—and truly a different sort of a girl. Neither dancing nor movieing hold any attraction for her. She spends her summers on the shores of Frenchman's Bay, enjoying every bit of her time there. However, in winter, she's right on the job at Bangor High. French and Algebra delight her, and any terrifying mystery stories, read till the wee hours of the morn, usually top off her day.

Paul Hamm

Tall, athletic, and frank, with a definite color complex—blue and gold—someday he hopes (and likewise we) he'll be a Naval officer—with Annapolis as a stepping stone—tying bowlines and reading western stories are his best time-gliders—football spring, summers and fall being the occupation for the rugged high school boy of today, here's the P. S. (Perfect Specimen) and if there's any haying to be done, how about a few pointers, Paul—oh, we've spilt it—he's Paul Hamm, junior.

Raymond Jones

"Oh yeah," it's none other than that most illustrious member of the famous Jones Family, Freshman Raymond D. Jones. "Ray" informs us that he is interested in most sports and that his favorite literature is sport stories. Ancient History is his preferred study, but dear old Algebra tags right along as a very close second. But now comes the master scoop. Mr. Jones makes a habit of eating a nice round, heaping dish full of CABBAGE before retiring. (Gosh! What a man!)



Brian Mooers

Introducing for the first time in anybody's column, that brute of the Sophomore class, Brian Mooers. Brian informs us that he is a true son of Swing and Veni Veni kills him. Eddie Cantor and Phil Baker are his favorites among the funny (?) men of the air. Algebra and French are his favorite studies, but he is famed among his fellow Sophs for his rapid-fire translation of the exploits of Mr. C. J. Caesar. Brian divides leftover time equally between those venerable institutions, the Latin and Debate Clubs.

Natalie Stevens

A "mity" bit of personality—kind of smallish, but with ambitions of the utmost degree—physics and chemistry certainly spell science to us—consuming this Bangor ozone atop a pair of old hickories (skis to us novices)—keep the sparkle in her eyes—blending her warbles to those of the Glee Club—a "terrible" appetite, with thumbs down on only whipped cream—reading and movieing frequently—sparing time for Fate's smiled-upon males—there's only one answer, she's Natalie Stevens!

Andrew Soloby

A rather easy going, friendly sort of a person—with the kind of a smile that is responsible for toothpaste ads—air-minded, too, with such thoughts as West Point of the Air after school—he is man of the hour at drill—Student Major and head of all student officers—and his army tastes never stop—there's the *Shag Militaire*, he cultivated listening to the U. S. Marine Band—and there's C. M. T. C. camp—his summer hideaway—well, we've told all—except he's Andrew Soloby, senior.

Helen Sedgeley

Long, dark, and slender—and practical in her thoughts for the future—thinks beautician work would be profitable (take a gander around us)—and thoughtful talkative gentleman preferable—credits surplus energy to milk and yeast cake—and school spirit!—say, the school from cheerleaders to teachers (this is not a plug) are supersuds—and the best things for melancholy are rides in the rain—this year's your last chance to know her, cause she's Helen Sedgeley, senior.

Carl Smith

Carl Smith, that brilliant (?) member of the Juniors, is soooo modest. When asked as to the quality of his dancing, quoth he in no uncertain terms, "Next to Billy Jenkins, I'm best." He likes Tyrone Power and Betty Boop. Baseball and swimming are his favorite sports, and Carl says he might like the last one even better if he could just learn to swim. Eating Vienna sausage also makes life more bearable for this big husky, towering, puny man among men.

Betty Woody—'36, graduation essayist—is attending Simmons.

She used to be called Marion Morton but she's been called Mrs. Donald Clark, Jr., since Nov. 13.

Betsy Conners, '35,—outstanding during High School here—is now hitting the high spots at Wells College in N. Y.

Lewis Drolet, '37, is employed at the Bangor House.

Public Affairs Club

The Public Affairs Club has had some very interesting talks given by members of the Club and also guest speakers from outside of the school.

Eben Leavitt talked about "The Boycotting of Japanese Goods," and Polly Goodwin spoke on "Can This Be Neutrality?"

At the next meeting Mr. C. Winfield Richmond gave us a most delightful talk on his trips to Europe and how we should prepare ourselves for a trip abroad. The members of the Commercial Club were guests at this meeting.

Barbara Savage and Barbara Libbey were the student speakers at the last meeting. Miss Savage talked on the "Ludlow Amendment" and Miss Libbey talked on the "Farm Bill." The guest speaker at that meeting was Miss Mary Jones of Colorado, who told of her experiences in a mining town.

This Club intends to have more speakers in Assembly.

Cheer Leaders—Rah!!

Wow! But we're proud of our cheer leaders, no foolin'! They've got something there, and we don't mean maybe. There are plenty of people who've seen Bangor High School basketball for a long time, and from what I've heard, *they've* never known anything like it. Remember the Brewer-Bangor game this year, or should I say Bangor-Brewer game? Gee, you could hardly hear Mr. ———'s shot-gun at the quarter, and did you notice how squelched the Brewer cheer leaders looked when they toddled over into the corner? Those new cheers of ours (especially Mr. Legere's growl cheer) left 'em gasping. Bangor High has a lot of school spirit under that outer coating of sophistication, and it took "Ozzy" Keith and his dauntless five—DeCourcy, Jenkins, Grant, West & Redman Inc. to unearth it. But they did, and we couldn't ask for a peppier bunch of kids. Why, they got us so "het up," we caught little Renfrew Yerxa hanging by his toes off the balcony! Anyway, we'll never forget this year, as far as basketball is concerned, and let's give three cheers for the cheer-leaders!

—Kay Faulkingham, Junior.

Assemblies

Louise Twist, a representative from the Public Affairs Club, gave us an interesting talk on the "Problems of Congress."

Skits of the Dramatic Club Play "New Fires" were given by members of the cast.

The Band and Orchestra have given us Assembly periods of entertainment. We hope to have more of them.

Some of our Assemblies have been given over to Austin Keith and those boys who are doing so well leading the cheers at the Basketball games.

Bartlett Johnson, representing the Glee Club, told us about the Glee Club dance. Members who took part in the floor show gave us a sample of the music and songs.

Louis Vafiades told the students that dances could be held after basketball, games, but they would be held in the High School building. This was good news to many of the basketball fans.

Miss Elizabeth Dolan, Commercial Senior, Honored as Representative of D. A. R.

Miss Elizabeth Dolan, a Commercial student, has been chosen from the Senior Class as the representative from Bangor High School of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are sponsoring a five-day pilgrimage to Washington.

Representatives from other Maine high schools will also be chosen, and the one picked from the group of representatives will go on this pilgrimage to historic and patriotic shrines in Washington.

Miss Dolan has been chosen for her dependability, service, leadership, and patriotism. She has taken part in many of the school activities, such as Glee Club, Public Affairs Club, Dramatic Club, and this year she is president of the Commercial Club.

Glee Clubs

On Friday evening, January 14, in the Bangor High School Auditorium, the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs sponsored one of the biggest dances of the year. It took the form of a masquerade which added more fun to the evening for all. At nine-thirty an excellent floor show was given with the witty yet capable William Jenkins as master of ceremonies. Costumes were then judged, and first prize for the girls went to Violet Jordan while Donald Barker captured the boys' prize. Dancing then continued until eleven-thirty.

(Please turn to page 24)

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum

Calling for a Girl

Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

FEBRUARY 22, 1938

HOKUM

By Jane Bradshaw

TIME marches on. Last year it was Walter Gay, now it's Mr. Lawrence J. O'Connell—You may have noticed the sudden interest in geometry—perhaps it's his high pressure salesmanship.

Wahoo! Wahoo! Mary Nelson is on the warpath. She's out for the scalp of D. West on account a becuz she doesn't approve of her nick name—"Legs." In the event that Danny Boy is someday discovered six feet under, this info may prove of some use to the police.

Hear ye! We give the last stock quotations—hot off the press:

Bill Jenkins and Dot Gordon . . . *Good buy, steady rise.*
Johnny Burke and Joyce Higgins . . . *They're going in high.*
Ike Downes and Adele Sawyer

We predict stock will take a sudden rise during Easter vacation.

Barney Morrill and Dot McKechnie . . . *Fair and warmer!*
Bob Blake and Elene Gleason . . . *Well, you know Brewer!*
Harris Southard and Edith Barker . . . *Red, hot, and blue.*
George McLean and Barb Foley

Romance of long standing. Place your bets now.
Bruzzy West and Barb Hill

It's your money (He says he WALKED way over to her house recently. Not Bruzzy!)

John Hunt and Polly Holden *Ups and downs.*
Jere-Bill Goessling and Phil Baker . . . *Great future. Buy!*
Stuart Smythe and Naomi Pomroy . . . *Unsteady. Better sell.*

By popular demand (in no uncertain terms) we insert this request. "Break that neck next time, will you, Curtis?" So long kid—nice to have known you . . . Fern Merrill doesn't want anything about her to get into Hokum. We wonder what she is so anxious to cover up? . . . What's so uproariously (25 cents, please) funny in English class, Savage and Barker? Control yourselves, my deahs . . . Evelyn Rice is going from Frank to Frank. The foreign exchange quotes the frank at twenty to a dollar . . . The smoothest

(sarcasm) mode of travel nowadays is by Supersuds—but just ask Barb Libbey . . . One of the Orbeton boys and Fred Leonard have forsaken dear ol' B. H. S. for John Bapst. Why, boys! Where's your school spirit? And incidentally, Freddy, why don't you return the key to her house? . . . What 4A sophomore (nuthin' to it) thinks Bill Hawkes is Bob Taylor the second? . . . Dayson's middle name is now Norma, and the telephone number is Brewer 21008. Ask for Norma Dow. . . We hope the mail men don't burn their hands on any of M. Rice's mail from Ye Bentley School, Boston. Whew! Hi-ya, Austin! And if you'd feed those fans root beer, they might cheer louder. Or maybe they need spinach . . . Daisy Murdock seems to have the airport road on the brain. Or is it water (on the brain, stupid). And have you been the victim of any of his practical jokes? There'll come a day. . .

Rita has just published a new book entitled *The Life of Johnson*, or *From Redhead to Redhead*. . . Have you noticed Janet Reid flitting merrily about among the freshmen? If you haven't you will. She's in! . . . Hi-de-hi. Oh, "When it's Raspberry Time" etc. etc. Hi, Marion! Hi, Dwinal! Nice weather. Ahemmmmm. Whoops! These skating rink boys! And does Phyllis Morris pick 'em up! . . . Hold everything—here comes *Diamond Lil Twitchell*. Nice cut ice, that ring! . . . Monsieur Richard Jones is quite the fast worker. He has already asked Mademoiselle Pauly Campbell (e) to the Easter Dance (if any).

Surprise for you, folks. A new department. 'Tis called Identification Togs.

Fred Giddings—The fourth man.

Bud Perry—Mazda (bright and shining light) of the frosh, and the sour note in the band.

Clerice Herbert—A big accordion, a big smile, AND a big crowd of admirers.

Scoop Leavitt—"Statement for the press?"

Valerie Power—Perpetual motion.

Laurie Parkin (or the Galloping Ghost of West Broadway)—the screech of brakes and a fast grab for the emergency. Some Pontiac!

Mary Ellen Armitage—Lilac perfume (from Bill,

natcherly). Sounds suspiciously like lavender and old lace. Incredible!

Scoop McMullin—"Statement for the press?" Bye the bye, t'other day Walt was ankling around on the top of some lockers. Teacher said, "Mr. McMullin! What are you doing up there?" Says he, he says, "Lookin' for a book." Funny man.

Junior Exhibition will be all over by the time the next *Oracle* comes out, so good luck, youse guys and gals, and do your darndest!

Calling for a Girl

TESTED, tried and disapproved???

Juliet is deep in the intriguing volumes of education on a certain Thursday night when suddenly the stillness is shattered by the blast of a horn. Finis to studying! Romeo, in a good-looking car, drives around and around the block "honking" each time. Finally he screeches on the brakes in front of Juliet's house and utterly exhausted takes a cat-nap (—on the horn). He then calls several times in a loud voice—"Ju—li—ettt"—no response—and what do the neighbors think??! Now he uses his final means of approach. He gets out of the car, *slams* the door and *falls up* the front steps—(it really can be done folks). From the inside of the house MATER ET PATER are wondering if the porch will hold him. He doesn't find the bell immediately so he merely—(I should say *definitely*!) kicks the door. The mater greets him in a "huff"—But he is welcome *not*—Hard words are spoken. Among them we hear—"Juliet is not available—I didn't know that grown-up boys could act so bad!!!" Romeo is coolly turned away—Oh! Well! Better luck next door!!! . . . Heh! Heh! What's this world coming to???

Marian Tracy: "Are you sure, Mary, that you can keep a secret?"

Mary Nelson: "Of course I can, but the girls I tell it to can't."

"I thought your father looked very handsome with his gray hairs."

Any Senior girl: "Yes, dear old chap. I gave him those."

Discouraged Mother: "Are you first in anything at school, Bruz?"

Bruz: "First out of the building when the bell rings."

NEWS OF INTEREST

(Continued from page 22)

T. N. T.

The T. N. T.'s are functioning under the able tutorship of Mr. O'Connor, with their usual activities. So far three meetings have been held, the schedule calling for one every Wednesday. At the first gathering Nicholas Vafiades was chosen president, Raymond Jones vice-president, and Jack Campbell, secretary. While this meeting was devoted to organization in the two subsequent weeks, the principles of debating were discussed and one practice debate was held, the question being: Resolved: That the students of Bangor High school should be required to purchase all paper used in school work. With this, their first debate, under their belts, the T. N. T.'s are now looking forward to preparation for the inter-class debates.

Rifle Club

Although the Rifle Club lost many crack shots in graduation, the teams seem confident that they will make even a better showing than in previous years.

The Bangor and Tampa School Boards have consented to pay jointly for a cup not to exceed the price of thirty dollars. This cup, which will stand about seventeen inches high will be exchanged from Bangor to Tampa, depending upon the scores of the two teams. It will be a sort of "North-South" affair, for Bangor is the northernmost and Tampa is the southernmost of the R. O. T. C. units. Each season competitions for the cup will be waged, and the winning team will walk off with the cup and have "Bangor" (we hope) or "Tampa" engraved upon it. The victorious team will then have the privilege of displaying the much-coveted cup for a year, after which hostilities will be renewed.

The William Randolph Hearst Trophy match is one which is attracting the most attention from the boys. Four teams in this Corps Area will strive for the possession of the beautiful silver plaque of first honors.

On December 22nd the Bangor boys defeated the Hiram Dale Gun Club by a wide margin. The Bangor Team will go to Belfast on January 28th to compete again.

In a correspondence match a ten-man team from Bangor overpowered the well-known New Bedford, Mass., team. This in itself is highly deserving of praise.

If in passing the military room one of these days you see a large cup, or two or three plaques, give credit to the Rifle Club for its work in the past which may be exceeded this year.

Girls' Athletics

In answer to the notices on the bulletin board announcing the commencement of girl's basketball, about two hundred and fifty signed up. There are eighteen teams this year. The seniors have two teams, juniors four, sophomores four, commercial sophomores two, and the freshmen are being well represented with six teams. Our basketball schedule this year will be a little different. There is no varsity squad this season as in previous years, but the winners of the inter-class tournament will get their varsity letters, and will have their numerals engraved on the silver cup. This makes competition between the classes even stronger than usual.

However, the class teams have not yet been picked. Before this is done the girls must run off their inter-mural tournament, and all teams but one will be eliminated from each class. Then the winner of the inter-mural will have a chance to represent its class in the inter-class. This new method gives an equal chance to all to win, even a Freshman could get his varsity letter. This opportunity has never been presented before.

As in previous seasons, the senior council girls will help with the coaching. This year they are:

Seniors: Barbara Savage.

Juniors: Jane Mulvany.

Sophomores: Barbara Libbey.

Commercial Sophomores: Gwendolyn Matchett.

Red Frosh: Louise Newman and Zilpha Neally.

Blue Frosh: Virginia Simpson and Sylvia Striar.

G. A. H. C.

The Honor Council had its annual hockey party in the gym. At this affair girls were taken into the council. They were: Zilpha Neally, a senior, Barbara Hill, junior, Ruth Carlisle and Lois Vincent, both sophomores. To become a member of the Honor Council a girl must have six desirable qualities: scholarship, athletics, respect, leadership, dependability, and sportsmanship. Several council members spoke about these attributes; then the president, Barbara Savage, presented them with their arm-bands.

The council has been quite active lately between teaching freshman gym and selling ice-cream and candy at the basket-ball games, but it plans to do more now that the basketball season has started. Incidentally, if you see any of the girls with (very) grey hair, you'll know that they are coaching the large Frosh teams.

Jere-Bill: "I consider, Phil, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

Phil (absent-mindedly): "Yes, my lamb."

Boys' Athletics

Schedule to Date

	Bangor	Opponents
Winslow.....	18	30
Presque Isle.....	38	18
Stearns.....	18	24
Old Town.....	22	26
John Bapst.....	26	21
Brewer.....	32	22

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Bangor, beginning its schedule with the state champions of last year, lost its first game to the towering Raiders. After defeating Presque Isle, the Rams bowed to Stearns and Old Town in close, scrappy struggles. The inexperienced squad, however, molded around the smooth-playing "Bob" MacDonald, improves with each game. The starting line-up has consistently been composed of Sawyer, Burke, and Weinstein, forwards; Downes, center; and MacDonald, and Clark, guards. Watch this squad go to town! We know they will.

John Bapst

In a thrilling, fast game, Bangor Rams, led by the accurate-shooting Burke, defeated John Bapst by a score of 26-21 thus declaring their supremacy in the city. The Ram squad, freshened continually by reserves, soon tired the men in the purple togs. A great amount of interest is being shown concerning the second game of this series. We know you will take them again, boys.

Witches Routed

Showing an amazing improvement in their passing and shooting, Bangor easily defeated Brewer High in a sparkling game. The first quarter showed Brewer at its best, when both teams shone defensively. Forging ahead in the second period, Bangor was not threatened until the last quarter, when Brewer fought courageously in a fine brand of ball. Again Bangor pulled through to show that they can still "tuck away" the local rivals.

Honorable Mention

To "Bob" MacDonald, always our leader—to "Chink" Weinstein, old faithful, who is always right in there—to John Burke, who never misses—to "Reg" Clark, the smiling unconquerable mainstay of the Rams' defense—to "Wally" Sawyer, for his fast play-

ing—to "Ike" Downes and lanky Langdon Freese—to the lusty-voiced cheer-leaders, who do their "darndest"—to the "B" Club ushers—to the band, of course, for their valiant showing—and last, but not least, to Coach "Eddie" Trowell, who *is* a coach.

"B" Club

The "B" Club carries on! Those boys in the red jackets are certainly busy. Ushering at basketball games, planning after-game dances, and initiating new members all aid in keeping those bronzed, rugged, (?) athletes out of mischief.

At a recent meeting, "Stan" Fletcher, Lewis Vafiades, and Paul Hamm were duly introduced into the club. President "Bob" MacDonald acted as "Master of ceremonies," and Walter Ulmer, Faculty manager, was very considerate in being present to stop any roughness or unnecessary harm which might befall the applicants. Carry on, "B" Club!

Echoes from Everywhere

FIRST place in our choice for best cover designs among our magazines from other schools goes this time to *The Scribe* from Whitinsville High School, Mass.

By far the best piece of typography—that's set-up and printing to you—is done in the *Lynn Classical Gazette* from Lynn, Mass. This magazine also has on its staff an able cartoonist, and whoever writes up their games evidently knows more about them than the average school writer.

The number one job of illustration mostly by linoleum cuts was carried out by *The Oracle* from Abington, Penn. H. S. They also did the best job of unity, for they devoted all space not obviously taken care of, to trees. It is almost a mystery how they do this without becoming either monotonous or boring, but they do.

Our other namesake, the *Oracle* from Rensselaer (N. Y.) H. S., has done the fanciest piece of linoleum cutting for a cover that has been our pleasure to find in some time. We aren't quite sure whether we like the idea of green ink for the printing of such a magazine, but at least it has novelty.

The Whitefield H. S. W. from Whitefield, Me. is an excellent piece of work for the size of the school. The simplicity of this magazine is one of its greatest assets. The staff know their limitations and stay within them. However, a few cuts, even line drawings would help. We also appreciate very much their criticism of the *Oracle*.

As a matter of interest to all, we find that the editorial staff of Whitinsville's *Scribe* like some of our ideas very much. In one of their editorials we find a high recommendation of our system for helping injured athletes and advocating it for their own school.

There are a couple of small bits of humor in *Old Hughes* from Hughes H. S., Cincinnati, O., that stick out like light-houses in a sea of gloom. What we mean is a great lack of it in other publications. *Old Hughes* is always a high-grade magazine, so we will give you with their kind permission: Someone wonders if the coaches slogan for football could be Every Man a Captain. One doesn't fully realize the punch of this till a few pages on are the pictures of the *four* co-captains of the team. And;

She frowned and called him Mr.,
Because in sport he kr.
And so in spite
That very night
This Mr. kr. sr.

So with this happy thought we leave you for further explorations—of which more anon.

Officers' Club

At the first Officers' Club meeting of the year Andrew "Major Error" Soloby was elected to the presidency, and Lewis Vafiades was chosen secretary-treasurer. Plans for the year were considered during this meeting. The annual Officers' Ball will be continued as in years past, but the biggest undertaking is to be kept in secret and to be sprung as a surprise.

The meeting was under the capable faculty management of Lieutenant-Colonel Snow.

Orchestra

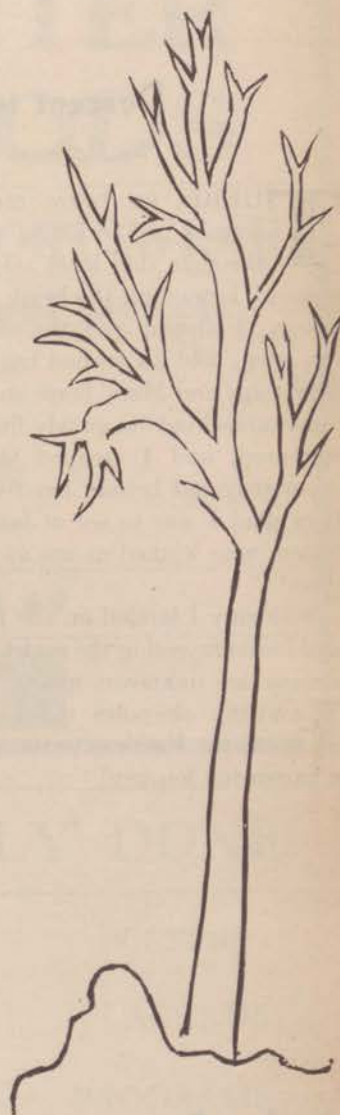
The Orchestra will play an important part in the proposed program for longer assemblies. In a recent assembly, "Picadore" by Sousa and "The Crusader," an overture by Rollinson, were enjoyed by the student body.

The orchestra is now practicing for the Junior Exhibition, in which they will accompany the chorus besides rendering several difficult pieces.

A servant of an English nobleman died and her relatives telegraphed him: "Jane died last night and wished to know if your lordship will pay her funeral expenses?"

Sonnet to the Snow

How brilliant are the flakes of falling snow,
As softly they envelop nature's hosts.
The crusty flakes will soon begin to blow
And fashion weird designs on trees and posts.
The children pour from school with merry shouts,
And mufflers, hats, and mittens they produce.
The laughing boys engage in lusty bouts,
'Till finally they join in welcome truce.
At last when shadows dark begin to fall,
The drift of snow has ceased; the youths depart.
The evening echoes neither laugh nor call,
And none is left to view kind nature's art;
But I alone remain from all the flock,
Because, gol darn, I gotta clean the walk.



FRAGMENTS

Descent to Earth

By Margaret Maxfield

THERE, far below me, lay fathoms of what seemed to be white, glittering clouds. It was through this thick mist that I must go. For a moment I stood on the brink of nothingness, then cautiously, I slipped over the edge. Down I flew, while the crisp, cold air rushed by. I whirled past Saturn's fiery rings and Mars' fierce shield. For an instant, the Sun reached out its greedy fingers of fire but my speed increased, and I escaped the menace. Venus very decorously hid behind her frosty veil as I rushed by. How glad I was to see at last the familiar face of the Moon, who winked at me as I hurtled by at a terrific speed.

Suddenly I landed on the Earth with a great bump, and found myself in the midst of a snow-drift, my skis—always an unknown quantity!—looking like a large X, and my ski-poles tangled in a near-by bush. I must say the Earth gave me a nice reception after such a harrowing journey!



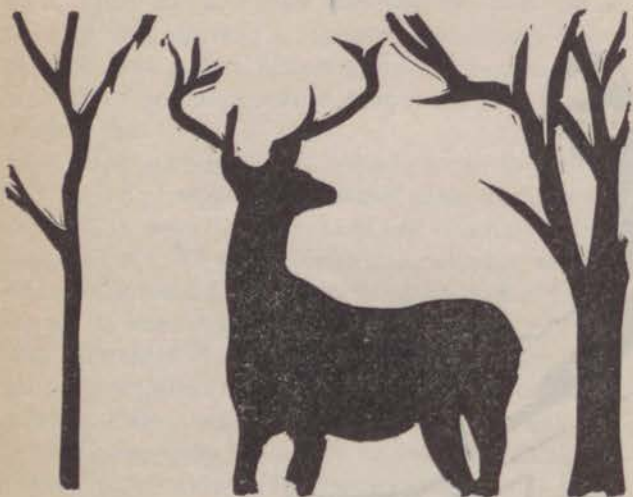
The Irony of Fate

By Eben Leavitt

THE cold wind of the last night has died down after it has brought its burden of heavy crystal flakes. The sun glances off the icicles that hang from our cabin deep in the wilderness. The noise of the street is left far behind, and the occasional fall of snow from a tree is the only sound.

We walk a little way from camp to get the morning air circulating in our lungs. When only a few steps from camp there is a crash! A snort! And then the huge buck that we have been pursuing all season appears at this illegal shooting time. A few steps more brings in view a half a dozen fat partridges that we have been breaking our necks to get a good shot at during open season.

Oh, t'was ever thus!



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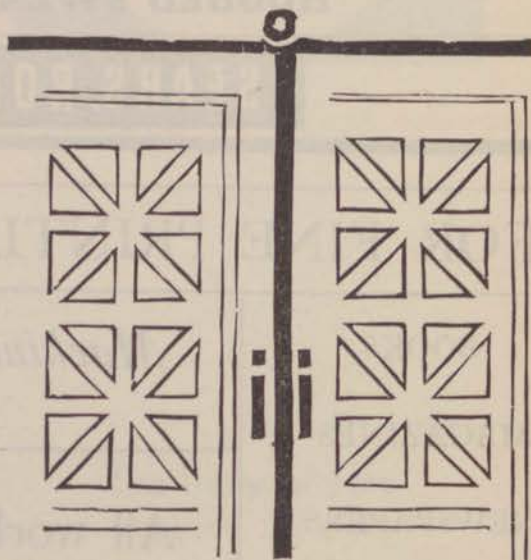
Doorways

By Jacquelyn Wills

If the doors of Bangor High could speak
I wonder what they'd say,
Would they tell of some little secrets
Of those who've passed their way?

Would they tell of the hopes and ambitions
Of the girls and boys who've passed,
Or would they mention some disappointments
Of each other lad or lass?

No, the doors are always silent—
They'll tell no tales I'm sure;
And your secrets are locked in their bosoms
Where they're kept forever more.



HOBBIES

(Continued from page 13)

before we wear these corridors out (as if they'd ever wear out).

P. S. In case any of you, who are interested in hobbies, study very diligently on Wednesday nights at 7:15 (and study without the tuneful accompaniment of the radio), I suggest that you break your firm resolution (concerning the radio) and listen to *Hobby Lobby*. It's a most interesting program and reveals many hobbies which are in existence that you or I would never dream of (and you know how far-fetched dreams sometimes are).

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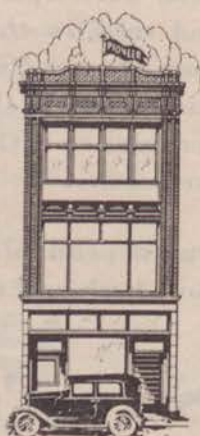




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BANGOR -- WATERVILLE -- PORTLAND

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 19)

bruising and breaking English grammar for the benefit of the unsuspecting public. The show, sponsored by the manufacturers of U. S. Tires, got off on a good start and gives promise of becoming one of radio's most entertaining.

Not a new program, but worthy of mention for having added a distinguished singer to it's cast, is *Chesterfield Time*, broadcast Wednesdays at 9:00 P. M. over Columbia's nation-wide hook-up. The singer is Lawrence Tibbett. Mr. Tibbett begins this new series after having completed a concert tour in Europe. Andre Kostelanetz's Chesterfield orchestra is also on the program. Deems Taylor, noted composer and critic, is the program's commentator. The program puts stress on American music and each week Mr. Kostelanetz conducts a simple piece of popular music in truly operatic style.

PANAMA

(Continued from page 11)

the course the huge sum of one million dollars. It had quite a picturesque background—the canal with its cumbersome locks, the antlike hills of Panama, and the emerald trees forming a blanket around the canal. It was truly beautiful.

All in all, Panama's exotic strangeness caught at my imagination and held me with its wonder and beauty.

THE WRONG DAME

(Continued from page 10)

tendrils about her neck. She looked forlorn, forsaken—as though she had lost all hope. How true! Oh, an encouraging smile from her lawyer! She dared not return it, sitting there the cynosure of all eyes. They all believed her guilty. Her feet were cramped into four-A's, aching till it seemed unjust to have them hurt more. Perhaps slipping them off would alleviate the pain—the court room was attentively listening to the main witness' story—but as if they read the trail of thoughts going on behind her serene eyes, they shifted their eyes to gaze back to her.

She looked up and met Hank Grant's eyes squarely, as they rested on her pale, set face. Hank was wondering how it felt to be facing a certain death sentence. What a lengthy ordeal all this must be to her. Plucky little trouser! A thick solemn voice interrupted his contemplation.

"—and it is with our humblest apologies that we beg Miss Hartwell's forgiveness."

A burst of mingled dismay and genuine joy followed. Hank leaned forward to the official in front of him.

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"Why, you big chump! You caught the wrong dame! ! ! !"

BE STILL, MY HEART

(Continued from page 9)

Margie winked. "I'll go down first, Rip, and you be ready for anything. Don't worry. Here goes."

Poised on the top, Margie started off, a crimson flash making a beautiful jump, but, when she struck the ground, she toppled over and lay still. In a twinkling Rip was rushing down the steep incline toward the red figure on the snow. He lifted her away from the ground, and she opened her eyes to see his face pale and frightened above her.

"I'm O. K., you dumb-bunny," she muttered. The gang was tearing up by this time, and she groaned, her face twisted with pain, and murmured aloud.

"Holy cow! I think I've sprained my ankle. Lug me down to one of the cars will you, Rip?"

"Ah'll take her home," he told the excited skiers, and see that she gets a doctah. You kids have a good time. Ah may not be back."

Ten minutes later he set Margie down on the running board of his 1938 Buick and stood awkwardly looking down at her. Margie scowled.

"Alright, Apollo," she ejaculated.

"What do you say?"

"Gawsh, Margie, yo are wonderful. Ah nevah knew anybody so wonderful." Rip's famed grin covered his face as he helped her into the car. "Cain't ah see yo more often? Maybe the dance Friday night? It would be wonderful; cain't ah?"

"Why, yo sho cahn," Margie grinned back. "Ya' know, Rip, you're not such a bad egg after all."

THOUGH YOU MAY LIVE

(Continued from page 8)

go free, after all—and let men like that suffer?

Suddenly, Pete began to laugh. Here he was practically praying for punishment, and only last night he had been praying to get away with it—it didn't make sense! He ought to forget it and go back to Lois and apologize—

Glancing up, he was surprised to find that he had subconsciously walked back to the apartment house where Lois was. He went up to her apartment and rang the bell.

"Pete!" she exclaimed joyously, as she came to the door. "Forgive me—all of it. I was a fool. Let's go someplace and forget it, shall we?"

"That's just what I was going to suggest, honey," he



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answered. "And I'm sorry I walked out on you. I was just unstrung, I guess—"

Together they walked out of the house and down the street. Lois was chattering happily, as they started to cross at a crosswalk. It was then that a reckless driver swung his car out from behind a waiting vehicle and stepped on the accelerator, to be ready to go when the people had crossed.

Pete, leading Lois's way, was directly in front of the oncoming car. Too frightened to move of his own accord, he felt himself catapulted out of danger by two small hands at his back. He regained his balance only in time to see Lois lying on the pavement where the car had thrown her. She had sacrificed her life to save his—.

"Lois—Lois!" Pete cried, cradling her in his arms. "Why did you do it? Why didn't you let me—."

"Oh, Pete," she breathed jerkily, "I feel better now— And it's only right that it should have been me—Now I feel that I've atoned for all I did—You've no reason to want to die—" Her voiced trailed away into nothingness. She was dead.

Looking up through the crowd that had gathered, Pete saw that he was kneeling on the bridge exactly in front of the place where the old man from whom he had bought the pencils leaned against the rail.

Pete took one long last look at Lois and laid her gently into the arms of a waiting policeman, gave him his name and address, and fought back the tears as he pushed his way through the throng of horrified on-lookers.

At last he reached his apartment and wearily let himself in, closing the door behind him. Hopelessly he leaned against it.

"In spite of everything I'm free," he murmured, "free—"

* * * * *

New York, October 10 (AP)—An old man with both legs gone who had been propped against the bridge rail that evening trying to sell pencils, stated that he had seen the young man slip over the edge of the bridge into the water, but was, of course, powerless to stop him.

Police, when they investigated the young man's apartment, found a note, obviously written with a pencil taken from a bunch of unused ones that were lying on a dresser. The note read:

"I killed Lloyd Beach. You will never know why—nor will I. But I must pay the price, regardless—"

Strange to say, when the police recovered the body, the old man identified the boy as a former patron of his, who earlier in the evening, had purchased his entire cup of pencils.

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