

ORACLE

A student publication of the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

Vol. XLV

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Published six times a year by the students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XLVI

NO. 3

The Oracle

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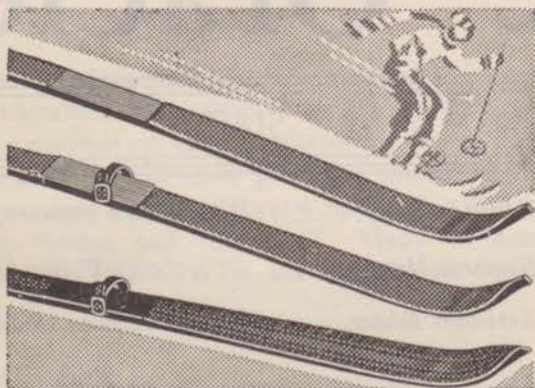
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Phantom Dock

It came back every night, driving me almost insane with fear.

KATHERINE FAULKINGHAM

SOPHOMORE

MR. JEFFORY BURKE, accused of intentionally drowning his business partner, Peter Thorne, at Phantom Dock on June 7, 1936. . .

Inspector O'Malley leaned far back in his enormous leather chair, crossed his ham-like hands over his fat stomach, and surveyed, through drooping eyelids, the "prisoner." The latter was an elfish individual, small head crowned by a crop of fiery red hair, and in all other appearances the typical business executive. His grey, deep-set eyes were darkly circled by sleepless nights, and the pasty whiteness of his face was drawn into deep furrows by the haunting, grim memories of the crime which his dulled senses could not fully understand. He sank wearily into the chair opposite the inspector and rasped out in a low voice that shook with emotion.

"Inspector," he pleaded, "you've got to listen to me. I swear I didn't murder that man. It was like a terrible, insane nightmare. In the name of God, sir, don't let me hang for killing a-a-phantom—" He was sobbing now, the horror in his soul shining in his pleading eyes.

"Come, come, young man," broke in the inspector, "I'll listen to your story. Tell me in your own words just what happened, from the very beginning."

Jeffory Burke fell back in his chair and, relieved at the chance to confide in this fat-faced officer of the law, began.

"It all started, Inspector, three weeks ago when my wife got the ridiculous notion of moving into an old empty farm-house, which was situated by itself on a so-called 'Phantom Dock.' Well, we moved in right away, but I must confess that I hated the place from the very beginning. It filled me with a horrid dread, an odd fear; it was so quiet, so concealed, and the ancient trees that surrounded it were so fantastically shaped. Maybe if I had been around more in the daytime, I could have grown to like it, but every night I went home with strange misgivings. My bedroom window was not two hundred yards from the old dock which was rotting with age, the boards falling loose, and the foundation covered with moss and slime. To anyone as nervous as I the place alone was enough to make one jumpy, touchy, and suspicious, and that's exactly what it did to me. However, I made no complaints to my wife but bore it in silence.

"One night Peter Thorne and I remained late at the office, and at about twelve o'clock a muffled, short rap on the door broke the silence. I jumped, my heart turning somersaults, and then, cursing, went to answer it. I was confronted by a horrible, stooped beggar, his mouth drawn up at the corners revealing black toothless gums. Where his eyes should have been were only deep, hollow cavities, sunken so far back that the depths were hardly visible. He tottered before me on an old wooden cane, his bony hands groping before his blind face. Something terribly menacing in his appearance struck me, and slamming the door shut I stood shaking against it, sick and frightened with that ghastly feeling that some people have when they see an open, bloody wound. Pinky saw it and did not mention the matter to me but regarded me with a strange expression for a few minutes.

"I swear that if it hadn't been for that blind beggar, I wouldn't be here now, I wouldn't have imag—

"To go on, that night, all the way home, that blind beggar haunted me. I could see his deep-set eyes far off in the darkness, and it seemed as if they looked through me, past me. That night as I lay listening to the lap of the waves on the dock, I was suddenly startled by a very odd, unfamiliar sound that drifted up from the direction of the dock. It was the hollow, unrelenting 'tap-tap' of something—a cane? A cane! A blind beggar's cane! I stumbled to the window, my body covering slowly with cold sweat, that terrible sound now drumming in my ears. Then I saw *it*, there on the edge of the dock. A black, stooped figure, misshapen, badly misshapen and leaning on a cane! It tottered slightly back and forth, and then, as the moon slid behind a cloud, it disappeared, and *still* that steady tapping went on, growing fainter.

"It came back every night in the same mysterious manner, driving me almost insane with fear, haunting me throughout the day and terrifying me at night.

"To top it all off, Pinky was acting strangely, staring at me oddly, although it was probably just my morbid imagination. In fact, it worked on me so thoroughly that the night came when I confess I was too utterly worn out and nervous to go home alone and begged Peter to accompany me and remain for the week-end. He was silently reluctant at first, but finally he ac—

cepted my invitation. I was so tired when we arrived at the house, that I retired at once, covering my head with the pillow and bedclothes in an effort to shut out that sound which I was certain would come. But humans are funny. In spite of how much I hated that noise, I tore the covering at last from my head and listened once more to the soft, steady tapping as it drifted upward to me. I groped my way to the window and looked out. The moon was so faint, so covered by clouds, that just a slight glow shone upon the dock. But there, moving slowly back and forth by the edge, the black figure leaning on a cane was revealed. Cold sweat broke out all over my body, and maddened with fear I rushed downstairs and out into the night, flinging myself upon that hated figure. Blind with terror and aided by the superhuman strength of a madman, I struggled with it for a moment and then felt it go crashing downward with a weak cry. I watched, fascinated, as it toppled, head first, into the black depths of the water, heard and saw vaguely the gurgle of the drowning thing, the white face as it sank and rose, the flinging arms, the stillness of the surface, and then I rememner of slinking upstairs to bed.

"The next morning I awoke, my mind in a panic, my head whirling, and hurried down to the dock, though I didn't know what I expected to see. But there, floating on the water, held fast by a board, I found a walking stick, a gold-tipped walking stick, the same one that Peter Thorne had carried on the subway the night before! And there in the sand by my feet was a crushed, half-smoked cigarette! I stooped to pick it up, and my heart turned over as a sound, a clear, steady, familiar sound, reached my ears, the 'tap-tap' of a cane! Unbelieving, I bent over the edge of the dock and there, beneath the rotting frame, a black, slimy piece of timber swayed steadily back and forth, beating clearly upon the foundation.

"Horrors!" I screamed, as the horrible, terrible

truth pierced through my stunned brain. I rushed like a madman into the house, calling in a strained, crazy voice, 'Pinky, Peter Thorne, Peter Thorne!'

"But Peter Thorne was gone, his bed unruffled.

"Yes, Inspector, I had killed my partner. On that first night, two weeks ago, a small board in the dock had been wrested loose by the wind, and I, the memory of the blind beggar fresh in my overtaxed mind, looked out upon the dock at midnight. For the first time, I saw the figure of a phantom, a man, in the moonlight, not my imagination alone, Inspector, but a figure cast by the shadow of one of the old, dead trees which I had always hated. A figure that was so real, so fantastic as it moved back and forth with the wind, accompanied by the 'tap-tap' of the loose board, that it is no wonder I went almost mad with terror. Then, that night when my fright was at its peak, I rushed down and killed Peter Thorne, who had strolled down on the dock for a smoke, and who had been leaning nonchalantly on his cane, looking out over the water. But I didn't *mean* to kill Peter Thorne, believe me! I didn't—it was that horrible phantom I rushed upon and hurled over into the river. Good God, *must* I die for—for—"

Here Jeffory Burke broke down, sobbing, crying, pleading.

"Hm'm—" murmured the inspector and turned to his secretary. "Jeffory Burke," he dictated, "has been pardoned from death and will be given life imprisonment. His plea: insanity at the moment of the crime."

Jeffory Burke rose and held out his hand, trembling with emotion.

"Thank you, Inspector," he choked in a quavering voice, "God only knows how thankful I am because," he smiled for the first time, "you know, while there's life, there's hope."



"I flung myself upon the hated figure."

Faith—When All Else Failed

By Ann Bigelson

ARDIS JEFFREY sank back on her pillow, gazing dreamily at the stretch of lake which gleamed like an iridescent gem. So inviting, this mystic spot—so peaceful and serene. The Guv'nor had stumbled over it while off on a hunting spree and had been lured further by its scenic beauty. Their typical Vermont woods cabin was surrounded by enchanting outing range. Then too, there were towering mountain peaks outlining the background on the opposite shore. What fun to scramble up one of its steep, rocky slopes and to camp overnight on a jagged cliff! To ride on horseback up one of the winding narrow trails would satisfy the equestrienne in her. "Can't possibly risk the jolts, and too, the slightest excitement must be avoided." She tried to mimic Dr. Lewis' most professional tone of voice. He had prescribed the rest and quiet that surely could be obtained in these invigorating pine-scented woods. Who wanted rest—certainly, not she! She was yearning for excitement—but that must be curbed, her paralyzed legs forming the chief obstacle.

Ardis let her book slip to the ground as she caught sight of the plump figure on the side porch encumbered with a tempting tray. It was surprising how keen her jaded appetite had grown. Gladys transferred the wheelchair to the shade, stooping to recover the forgotten book. An amused smile flickered across her lips as she read the title.

"Would you like me to go on where you left off, dear?" Gladys seated herself nearby in one of the striped lawn chairs.

"Yes, do," Ardis murmured, intent on the pats of butter slipping down the sides of her baked potato. She was only vaguely conscious of Gladys' reading. The heroine in the story had gotten well after suffering for eight long years—but that was in a book, she reflected bitterly. The new hope that had risen in her heart died as quickly as it had been born.

Two years back, on her fifteenth birthday, because of her expressed desire for something new and original, she had been given a skating party. Everybody had enjoyed himself tremendously with the exception of the pretty hostess, who had remained sullen and cross throughout the day. Had she but foreseen this unbearable tragedy how hard she might have strained to be gay. When Uncle Bill had asked her to take another spin along the edge of the lake, she never would have declined his heavenly invitation—not today! She longed to move her aching limbs just once, so she could thrill to the sadly neglected sensation. To glide on the smooth ice once more—to snatch just one precious hour from the following days of complete ennui—oh, dear God, answer this plea! That the wheels of time never

go backward, always forward, she well knew—but how might one roll them ahead when one was so handicapped in life? She winced as the realization fully dawned upon her. Swallowing the choked feeling which throbbed in her throat, she winked away the blinding tears with her pink wisp of handkerchief. Listlessly she passed her plate to Gladys.

"Dearest, is it the knee?" questioned the governess.

"N-no. I mean, yes," she said, confused at the interruption, "I'm not ver-ry hungry."

Gladys was instantly on her feet. She held the fragile girl in her arms until she could resume her former position. Then she straightened the pillow and carefully laid the light coverlet back across her knees.

"Better?" she asked anxiously.

"Much, thanks." Ardis closed her eyelids to hide the pain that shot through her misty eyes. Her long dark lashes fluttered against her flushed cheeks. Absorbed in her jumbled regrets, she was unaware of Gladys' silent departure.

* * * * *

Garbed in a cotton checked skirt that reached her brown ankles in graceful folds, the bewildered mountain girl stopped short at the sight of the cozy cottage. She stood awkwardly, completely dumbfounded at this unexpected view. On her last trip into town this hadn't been there—it must be newly built, of course. Yes, she mused, some rich "city critters" had got the notion to move up here into this everlasting tranquility. She resented this, thinking how unjust it seemed; their merest whimsy bloomed forthwith, while her simple wants went unheeded. Her eyes wandered from the "quare auto" on the grass to the lovely lady resting there. Ardis glanced up then. She, in turn, frankly stared at the child within ten yards of her. She took special notice of the red and blue blouse opened at the throat, revealing a thin brown neckline. She liked the long, thick braids knotted with pert, red bows. Her eye fell to the small bare feet, and a deep sigh emerged. She beckoned the girl forward, watching with obvious envy the easy, lithe stride as she slowly walked down the dusty path that led from the wilderness to the Jeffreys' lot.

"Oh, do you live near-by?" Ardis fairly glowed with her warm smile, the first in months. "How lovely! Of course, I can't romp about with you but you will come often—we'll be great chums. I do so want someone of my age to chat with. I miss Nanny and Joanne so much. They're my most intimate friends, you know," she added, searching for an answering twinkle in the enormous brown eyes. "What's your name? Mine's Ardis."

"I'm a-sellin' berries 'n twould do me a heap of good

e'fn yore a-calculatin' to buy some. They be ten cents a box, mum." The girl waited solemnly for a reply, pressing her lower lip slightly forward.

"Berries? H'mm, that will supply Gladys with something to do, and at the same time surprise the Guv'nor when he gets back from the city. We've rather run out of preserves, too. Uh-huh, well, we'll take the crate. You can get your price from Gladys at that side door, there."

The girl shuffled off toward the screened entrance. A two-minute interval lagged by, and she was back again, smiling shyly. After delivering her thanks she turned and started up the sandy walk. Ardis' sharp command checked her.

"Oh, no!" she objected. "You mustn't go—I want to talk. Besides, you haven't told me your name."

"Name's Elisbeth—I'm nigh on to fifteen." She supplied this information somewhat grudgingly. "They

way ain't a'helpin' any. Hain't anybody ever jacked ya up none? Ef'n that ain't the bangdest dad-burned way of looking at thin's I'll go a'drummin'. Hain't you got no back-bone?"

Ardis was immensely annoyed to find herself on the defensive. Never had she been so addressed. She waited with bated breath for the girl to go on.

"You-uns never'll be about to walkin' ef'n you sez you can't. How's a body expec'—." Ellie bit her lip at sight of the deep hurt on Ardis' face. "I 'magin' it does scare ya—truth always does." Ellie's next actions were abrupt. She eased over to the wheel-chair and without the slightest warning stripped off the blanket held limply under Ardis' arms. "Hmph," she sneered, "they look kinda healthy to me, all exceptin' they need a lil' sun brown paint a'coated on a bit."

"But Ellie, don't you realize there's no life to them—they'll never move from their present position? Look



The Vermont woods cabin.

call me Ellie," she hastened to say as Ardis' left eyebrow cocked inquiringly.

"That's a swell name, Ellie."

"Your'n is right purty, too."

Ardis indicated the chair recently vacated by Gladys. She watched with amusement the uneasy movements of Ellie as she cautiously seated herself. "Now, really—it won't bite."

"Beg pardon, mum?"

"I said—oh well, never mind. Isn't it beautiful here? But it's hard on one who can't enjoy it." Ardis found herself actually anxious to confide her situation. "No one knows how difficult it is to go through life compelled to give up interests you've built up so strongly—especially one so devoted to sport as I. I live them in my mind, of course. Ellie, I'm pretty certain you're so coolly detached from me because of my wealth. Darling, you are richer than I in this sense: you possess a pair of sturdy legs." Ardis met Ellie's eyes. She saw complete understanding but no sympathy.

"Purty words'n jes' as useless. You a'feelin' that

—I can't so much as twitch my little toe. Not all the doctors in the world can change that—understand, Ellie?"

A troubled expression played across Ellie's countenance. She spun on her heel and left without a why or wherefore. Ardis stared after the slim, boyish figure, speechless.

* * * * *

After that Ellie came often. Ardis looked forward to her brief visits. She had grown thoroughly accustomed to the crude manner and speech. She accepted the knowledge that Ellie simply idolized her—at first, indifferently—then, joyously. This afternoon Ellie looked like a new person. Her hair (expertly dressed by the able hand of Gladys) was brushed back from her forehead with a lustrous wave curling in tendrils about her neck. A green linen frock, one of Ardis', was snugly girded with a smart leather belt. Every now and then Ellie looked down unbelieving at the crinkly folds. She thrust her feet out in front of her and studied the green

(Please turn to page 38)

Winter

By Betty Jordan

AS THE little snowflakes hurried and scurried down with the wind in their airy flight, they cried out, "Let's wrap Mother Nature in a big white comforter."

Down from the gray skies they came on white wings, covering up the shivering grasses in the meadow and the shaking bushes by the wayside. Soft and warm were their little hands as they clasped the quivering twigs of the maples and clung fluttering to the branches of the poplar trees. Robin Redbreast, as he hopped about picking up what crumbs he could find, thought that the snowflakes looked like the white petals that blossomed in the spring.

Whiter and whiter grew the world, and a silent beauty lay everywhere.

Crocuses and hyacinths cuddled down under the white coverlet and nestled amid the soft pillows of snow.

Pussy-willow, by the crystal brook, stretched out her bare arms to the downy snowflakes and cried, "Come, warm me, please."

"We will," answered the snowflakes, and they gave her a fluffy coat with which to keep herself warm. They covered the alders and the catkins with snow until they looked like wooly lambs' tails.

Over the meadow lay a beautiful carpet of snow in undulating whiteness.

Out on the hill-sides the snowflakes were very busy. They covered up the bushes and thickets and the blackberry bushes along the roadside and danced along the fence-rail on velvet toes, playing hide-and-seek in and out among the knot holes.

"Come, follow us," cried the snowflakes to each other. "Let us skate over the frozen mill-pond."

Over the ice they slid until their comrades were piled up against the old mill in long white drifts. They hid in the water wheel which, no longer turning, stood silent in its icy framework. They clung to the drooping branches of the nearby willow trees till they looked like loosened skeins of white yarn.

Presently the snowflakes, after they had whirled over the bog-land and covered up the withered weeds and grasses, flew over the hills and perched themselves on the branches of the Christmas trees, bending them down with their fluffy weight.

The pear trees bent their branches, trimmed with snowy laces, and the peach trees leaned over the old fence, heavy with the burden of the snow.

Soon the North Wind came along, whirled the little snowflakes about, and went on his way.

The storm was over. A silence brooded over the white earth, save for the occasional rustle of the dry oak-leaves as they trembled in the winter wind. Overhead was the deep blue of the sky. As night came, Diana moved across the twinkling heavens in her cres-

cent boat, and a faint music thrilled the wind as vagrant snowflakes swept along the open spaces.

Under this coverlet of snow Mother Nature lay sleeping, dreaming of the time when her many children would again smile about her.

The Magnificent Bluff

By Danny Kelly

TWO MEN were trudging wearily through the raging blizzard. Both men were on the verge of exhaustion, but tired and worn, they trekked onward. Now and then the smaller man halted and tried to turn back, but the big man, with a lashing tongue, started him marching again.

Hours later they broke through the drifts into a clearing that was kept almost bare of snow by protecting trees. The small man stayed behind; his eyes gleamed vindictively. The trail was found; the finish of the journey to the settlement would be comparatively easy. He gripped his rifle menacingly.

The big man spoke confidently, "Well, I reckon we'll make it now."

"Yeah," the small man answered, "I'll make it, but you won't!"

The big man turned sharply at the bitter venom in the smaller man's words. He looked into the small man's eyes and then at the raised gun in the other's hand. Hate and revenge were manifest. He made a short movement as if to reach for his own rifle.

Sharp, jeering words cut him short. "Never mind your gun—it's loaded with blanks. Just one of my practical jokes." The small man laughed at his own grim humor, then added, "I've had enough of you—this is far as you go, big shot."

The big man was silent. Was that a twinkle in his eyes? He spoke scornfully. "I thought you'd try something like that. Well, your own gun is loaded with blanks, too. You see, I'm a practical joker also." The big man's jest turned to a command, "Put that gun down and start trekking before I break every bone in your body!"

Incredulously the small man stared at his gun. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow despite the bitter, cold wind. He dared not try it—the consequences would be too fatal. Swallowing convulsively he fell in behind the big man, who had contemptuously turned his back and continued hiking.

Eventually they reached the settlement. Then, and only then, did the big man turn and face the smaller man.

"Did it ever come to you that I might have been bluffing when I said that your rifle was loaded with blanks?" With that the big man turned and went his way.

Mingled expressions of hate and amazement crossed the small man's face as he broke his rifle and emptied into his hand six *real* bullets.

The Star

By Donald Beaton

SUMNER, Sumner, Rah! Rah!" Slowly the cheers died away. The large crowd in the city hall auditorium was settling back in its seats. The danger was over. Only two more minutes left to play, and Berkshire was four points in the lead. What a game! Just two minutes ago the score had been tied, but a sudden rally in which the star forward, Art Sumner, had scored two baskets, had put the team in the lead.

At last the gun sounded—the game was over. The crowd filed slowly out of the auditorium. Some were cheering, some were quiet, some were even a little angry about some petty bet. But, all in all, the good people of Berkshire were behind their team one hundred percent.

As the boys left the floor, they were all quiet. They walked slowly into the little shower room. The air was tense. Nobody had as yet said one word when suddenly Ken "Tubby" Sawyer, a guard, shouted in a stage whisper, "Here he comes!"

Now it was going to happen. In walked Coach Jones, the young man who had been chosen only this season to coach them; still silent. But at last somebody coughed; the tension was broken.

"Okay, you lunkheads, you looked swell out there. The old man's home could have beaten that fourth-rate team. Who ever heard of Clinton? It isn't even on the map. You guys had all you could do to take them. Oh, but you looked lousy. When I took this job, I was hired to coach a team. But what did I get? Just a bunch of punks and one guy who thinks he's a star. I mean you, Sumner, stand up!"

Art stood up, very angry and embarrassed. He was ready to make a hot answer, but all he could do was say in a small voice, "Yes."

"Who told you that you could play ball?" asked the coach.

Before Art could answer, he started again.

"You're nothing but a snobby kid. All the people around here have puffed you up and made you think you were good. Just because you can shoot a few baskets you think you are somebody. Well, young man, let me tell you something. If you think that you can get along on this team by star playing, you're mistaken. If you don't get down off your high horse and play along with the rest of the boys, I warn you that this team is going to have a new forward."

With this as a parting shot, the coach walked out of the room and slammed the door after him.

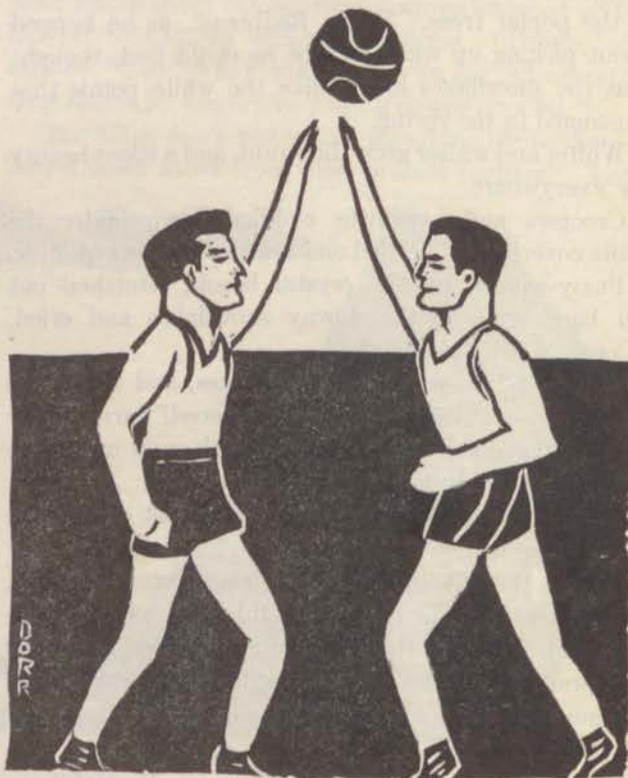
After he had gone, Art looked around. Nobody spoke to him or even as much as looked at him. What did he care?

It was in this frame of mind that he finished dressing. Then he looked for his friend, Don Blake, the other forward on the team.

"Where's Don?" he asked Sid Smith, the tall center. "He left about five minutes ago," answered the center without lifting his eyes from the important work of tying his shoe.

Never before had this happened. Every day they had walked together.

What did he care? He still had plenty of friends left. He wouldn't go and chase anybody. If Don



Bridgeport took the tap.

didn't want to be his friend, it was his own tough luck.

He walked slowly out the door and started for his home, a pretty building on a side street. It was quite dark, and he met no one. As he passed Don's house, he could see a light in his room. Many times before, after other games, had he been in that room with Don, playing checkers or talking about the game.

In spite of himself, as he hurried past the house so that Don wouldn't see him, a lump rose in his throat. He kept going, however, and as the light in the window faded in the distance, his mood changed. In place of a feeling of regret he had his old outlook on the matter back. What did he care? He still had plenty of friends.

The lights were getting fewer. Just one more street and then his house. As he drew near, he saw the light in the front room and knew that his mother was waiting up for him.

He entered the house in his usual noisy manner but soon climbed the stairs to his room.

Somehow it didn't seem right. Why should Don be sore at him? He had played a good game tonight. Could he help it if the rest of the team weren't any good? He had done his part.

It was in this frame of mind that he undressed and climbed into bed. As he lay there, he kept turning the situation over in his mind. He would show them. If they thought that he had scored a lot in this game, they wanted to wait until the next one.

* * * * *

When he reached school the next morning, he found that he was right. He still had plenty of friends who thought that he was a star. However, he saw nothing of Don all day.

This went on until the next week. He still had plenty of practice. He went every day, and although he and Don seldom spoke, he didn't care. The coach was cold, too. For a time he was afraid that he might not be allowed to play in the next game.

At last, however, the night of the game came. Art stood with the other players in the small locker room, waiting for the coach to read the lineup. After what seemed eternity to Art, the coach came in and read the list.

His name was on it!

There was no time to waste now, and Art rushed out onto the floor with the rest of the boys.

The first thing he did was get the ball on the tap and, dribbling all the way up the floor, shoot a basket. This kept up throughout the game. Needless to say, Berkshire won by a large score. Out of thirty points Art had scored sixteen.

After the game Art sat on the bench with the rest of the boys, waiting for the coach. He had shown them! Sixteen points out of thirty—what a night!

He didn't have long to wait. When the coach came in, he looked at Art disgustedly and said in a strangely quiet voice, "Let me tell you something, Star. you think you're pretty good. Well, I'm going to give you something to think about. Berkshire is going to have a new forward. King will take your place and will stay there until you think that you can co-operate a little with the rest of the team."

The days dragged slowly by for Art. He attended practice and played on the second team, but, somehow, it didn't seem the same. The coach surely had given him something to think about.

All these long days Don remained the same. Several times Art had made up his mind to approach him, but always his pride kept him from doing it. Although there were four games during the following month, Art played in none of them. Berkshire had won three of these games, losing only one to Bridgeport, the team that was going to be their rival for the cup.

As the time for the last game drew near, Art sank lower and lower into the depths of despair. He had found out that his so-called "friends," who had been so willing to praise him, were no longer interested. Oh,

if only he dared to tell the coach that he was willing to play ball now with the team. But he didn't dare to do it. It probably wouldn't do him any good anyway.



"The ball rolled around and around the hoop."

King, the boy who had taken his place, was playing a great game.

The evening of the big game, Art sat on the bench with the rest of the boys. The first team was on the floor warming up. This was going to be a great game!

The whistle blew. Art watched, hardly breathing. Bridgeport took the tap. Berkshire took it away from them. First a Bridgeport man and then a Berkshire man would shoot. Thus the game went on, and, as the first quarter ended, the score was four to six in Bridgeport's favor.

The next quarter was the same.

Art was almost wild with excitement. What if he weren't playing? Berkshire was playing a swell game. Every man on the team was doing his part. This thought saddened him. Why hadn't he done his part? It was too late now, however, to cry over it. He had had his chance. All he could do now was watch the team play and hope for the best.

There was only one basket made during this quarter. Don, after receiving the ball on a long pass from Sawyer, had scored a beautiful shot almost from the center of the floor.

What a game! The crowd was wild. Never before had they watched such playing. What would happen in the next half?

After the rest between halves, the teams were back on the floor again. The whistle blew. The boys got into their positions. The whistle blew again. There was the tap!

King took the tap and, seeing that he had an open floor ahead, started dribbling down. Then it happened. Somehow, either by stepping on his shoestring or by turning his ankle, he fell. The ball flew out of his hands. The crowd was silent. He lay still on the floor.

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Dad Goes to School

By Danny Kelly

BY A curious chain of events which Mr. Smith couldn't understand and which I won't attempt to explain, Johnny Smith's father found himself in Johnny's place one bright morning. He was sleeping, quite unaware of this, when suddenly a feminine voice let him in on the secret with, "Johnny—JOHNNY SMITH! Get up this instant, or you will be late for school!"

His mind was too sleep-befuddled to wonder why, after nearly twenty years of "John, dear," his wife should suddenly start to call him "Johnny." The threat of being late for school, however, was just enough to keep him busy until he was well on his way. By the time Mr. Smith reached the school building with Johnny's books under his arm, he was suffering from a bad case of "dual personality" or something like that. Before he entered the school, Mr. Smith tried to concentrate on why he was going to school instead of going to his office, but he couldn't seem to make head nor tale of the dilemma, so to school he went.

The minute he went through the door he had a strange feeling that he was going to learn something. It's the same feeling that you get on going to school the first day after the summer vacation is over. The corridor and rooms seemed strange to Mr. Smith, and yet he appeared to be familiar with all their details. Tucking his books more securely under his arm he waited for something to happen. It happened—it came with a terrific clanging of bells, but that was only half of it. Scarcely a split second elapsed between the ringing of the bells and the precise movement of the entire class. Bouncing from his chair like a paper-wad from an elastic, Mr. Smith whizzed to his first class and sat down comfortably all in a heap at Johnny's desk.

As luck would have it, there was an examination in the air, or rather, on the blackboard. It was an algebra exam. Now, Mr. Smith knew that algebra was Johnny's weak point, but he had never suspected it to be a weak point of his also. No, he never thought that it was a weak point of his when he reprimanded Johnny sharply for not getting a better mark in it. Mr. Smith felt as though he was in for a mental scolding from his conscience if he didn't pass this test, and the worst of it was that he knew he couldn't hope to pass it. He didn't.

The next two periods passed very slowly—in fact Mr. Smith had never known that time could go so slowly. In the fourth period time was passing so slowly that Mr. Smith had no doubts but that it would soon go into reverse.

Gazing with a studied look at absolutely nothing, he felt himself slipping into the arms of Morpheus, the God of Sleep, when out of the void the teacher's voice commanded, "Johnny! JOHN SMITH! This is a science class and not a sleeping parlor."

Various assortments of giggles and titters rose from the other students until Mr. Smith clambered to his feet and gave them a cold glance. He started to say something, but didn't. Something strange was happening—someone was yelling. It sounded like Johnny.

"Dad, hey Dad, wake up."

"Eh? What's that? Gosh, guess I must have fallen asleep while reading," exclaimed Mr. Smith in confusion. "Well, what do you want?" he queried, as an after-thought.

Johnny gulped violently and said, "Here's my report card. I—I didn't get the mark that you told me to get in algebra."

"What!" spluttered his father. "Young man, do you—" He stopped short; his conscience bothered him. He remembered that he had flunked an algebra examination. Of course it was only a dream, but it was mighty real. Perhaps he had been too harsh on his son.

He cleared his throat and spoke slowly. "You don't like algebra, do you, son?"

"Gosh, you know how I feel, Dad."

The father looked at his son and the son looked at his father, they grinned a grin of mutual understanding. A bond sprang up between them that had not existed before. The report card was tossed aside.

"We'll see what we can do," said the father.

"I'll try harder," said the son.

On Hanging Out a Washing

By Ruth Kendall

AWAKENING on a Monday morning in winter, I hear the monotonous drone of the washing machine. I know the verdict. Yes, later, true to my prophecy, I am told that it will be a great help if I will hang out the clothes. Dressing up in an ancient coat and grabbing from a hook a queer old-styled hat, I am helped out with an overloaded basket, and unceremoniously left out in the cold.

I pick my way through the snowdrifts to the line and pick up a sheet. I arrange it on the line, but to my utter amazement I find it frozen before hardly a minute. Then, as if in mere sympathy, my poor hands also began to freeze. I try to hurry. Down goes my foot in a huge drift. My overshoes are filled with snow. To warm my cold fingers makes a very good excuse to go into the house. In my next attempt I succeed in hanging out half of the washing. However, my ill luck is not over; as I start to hang up a third sheet, I spy the grocery boy coming up the walk! Well! All there is to it, he isn't going to see me with that funny, grotesque hat on! In hurriedly trying to obscure myself behind the sheet, I fall to my knees in an unnoticed snowdrift. From the corner of my eye I look to see if my fall was noticed, just in time to see him grin. The

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THE POETRY PAGE

Justification

By Margaret Maxfield

We, Youth, see but the glory of a war,
For we can't see the pain.
Our fathers fought, our mothers suffered—and
They give to us a stripe
Of blue—a medal on a colored string—
And tales of heroism.
What heritage is that? Can we forget
What we have never known?
We wish for peace, but in our hearts we think,
"Why is it we should miss
The thrill of war? We wish to dare!
Why must we have no chance
To serve our country—gain a shred of fame
To hand down to our sons?"
We must see for ourselves the sorrow, pain,
The anguish, heartbreak of it.
Then we would see how futile is it all.
A war to end all wars!
That we must search—discover for ourselves.
But then what will we find?

A Motto

By Danny Kelly

This is a house of happiness,
Where no unkindness dwells.
Filled full of the joy of living,
It quiet contentment spells.
Please leave all criticisms
Outside, when you come in,
And no malicious gossip
Of others' troubles spin.
For most of the human heart-aches
Are caused by a careless word;
We know not how soon our lives may change,
And our tale of woe be heard.
Let's be charitable to our neighbors,
Enjoy each day as we go,
Forget the story that has a sting,
Just live, let live, and grow.

My Dream

By Bernice Faulkingham

A wide expanse of ebon black
Stretched like a playboy's waistcoat back,
Studded by a million stars
That shot to earth on silver bars;
And, as I watched, a crimson glow
Against the sky began to grow
Into a blushing background for
The snow capped hills. I gazed in awe
As from those hills a blazing sun
Arose and lit them, one by one.
The black was blue, and silver fleece
Was wafted on the breath of peace.
My heart was glad, but, as I spoke,
I sharply from my dream awoke
To sigh and welcome with a yawn
A cold, gray, drizzling dawn.

We Want What We Haven't

By Danny Kelly

A country lad in a little town
Dreamed of the city far away—
He wished to see the wondrous sights
And so, his wish came true, one day.
He left the little country town,
And traveled on a train—
Impatiently he listened for
The city's throbbing strain.
And when at last he came to see
The gloomy, silent towers,
He dreamed of his little country town,
The fields, the brooks, and flowers.
He wished that he might be once more
Back with his folks and friends—
So back he went to his country town
And there his story ends.
But pause, my friend, and hark to me,
Be content with what you've got,
For man's not content with what he has
Until he has it not.

Chatting with Doctor Hauck

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE PRESIDENT

TWO flights of stairs, two long corridors, and a door marked President; a large office, another door, and then President Hauck ushering us into his private office; an immense polished table in the center of the room, straight backed chairs against the wall, and a large glass-topped desk at one end. Doctor Hauck welcomed us in the friendliest manner (could this be the stern, elderly gentleman we had expected?) and then we got down to business.

If you secretly yearn to be president of a college or university someday, be encouraged by what President Hauck told us. You will not have to have a special training. Interest and ability in the administrative side of college work rather than that of teaching is what is required; and then, if you are like Doctor Hauck, you "just happen" to become a president.

There are so many different colleges and universities in the country that it is often quite difficult to decide just which one you would rather attend. We wanted to know just how to go about it, so that was one of the first questions we asked him.

"Well," he replied, smiling at us across the desk, "there are a number of personal factors to be considered. One, of course, is the matter of finance, and whether you plan to go away from home for your higher education. Another is the matter of whether you feel you would enjoy a large college or a smaller institution. But the thing that is most important is to consider the vocation or profession you plan to enter when you have finished your course."

President Hauck explained that the U. of M. is mainly an agricultural college, with special courses in forestry, home economics, etc. If you plan to enter a profession such as law or medicine, then you have to decide on the liberal arts course that meets your personal requirements.

"I think," he continued, "that choosing a college is something that should be based on the study and thought of both parents and students. You wouldn't want to ignore your parents' experience, of course, but neither should parents ignore the boys' or girls' personal inclinations. The whole matter of choosing a college should be considered carefully. Parents should give it as much consideration as they would," he smiled broadly, "the purchase of a new automobile, for example."

We remembered that many people might not be interested in knowing how to choose a college because they will be unable to continue their education after high school. We wondered if they would be missing a great deal, something very necessary, so we asked Doctor Hauck if he thought everyone should go to college.

President Hauck pondered for a moment. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "if I were asked to answer for everybody, if all should go to college, I should say that for many the answer would be no, because there are so many worthwhile vocations that one can go into without college preparation, and certainly many people find success and happiness without a college education."

According to President Hauck, it all depends on whether you have the ability to do college work, and whether you are really interested in what the college has to offer. If you plan to enter certain fields, such as law, medicine, teaching, scientific work, or agriculture, you must go to a college or university to get the necessary preparation. Only the people who are really interested in going to college, who really *want* to go, should, he said. The boys and girls who go simply because they are sent gain nothing.

People have different ideas on the value of a college education. People go to college for various reasons. Some go because they really want a higher education; some go for the social activities; some merely because it seems to be the thing to do. We asked what he thought were the greatest advantages in having a college education.

"A college education should enlarge one's point of view," he replied, "make one more interested in the world in which he lives because of his understanding of man's place in the world. It gives a background of culture, and an appreciation of art, music, and literature."

In President Hauck's opinion, social activities should not play too great a part in high school or college life. They are worthwhile, though, unless they are overdone. The student who does not participate in extra activities at all loses something that is very much worth while, but the student who overdoes athletics or other activities misses too much of the real program of the school. "It is well," he said, "to have a 'balanced ration' where extra-curricula activities are concerned."

Asking direct questions we received direct answers. We found Doctor Hauck very much in favor of school publications.

"It is good training for those connected with the magazine," he said, "and enlivens school spirit through calling attention to the programs of the students. It is a source of information to parents and others interested in the school activities, and in this way the work of the school is extended."

Thus we left Doctor Hauck, feeling that if all college presidents were as affable, congenial, and approachable as he, we'd—well, we'd just interview them all.

Editorials

Washington and Lincoln Bangor High's First Publication

VOL. XLVI NO. 3

THE ORACLE

FEBRUARY 11, 1937

Washington and Lincoln

By Charles Redman

PROBABLY most of us remember Washington and Lincoln by the incidents and anecdotes which are told about them during their life, and not for what two of the most honest, patriotic lives stood for.

Washington and Lincoln were two great leaders at different periods during the childhood of the United States. Washington was successful in the Revolution which separated us from England.

The boyhood and education of Washington was little different from that of any other boy from a good family with limited means. The traits of leadership and steadfastness of character, which he displayed in school and among his friends, followed him through life.

Later in life, when his country needed leadership, as an able commander he wrested liberty from tyranny. A statesman, he helped evolve a stable government from political chaos. A patriot, he cheerfully laid down power when he might have won a crown. Wisdom, patience, tolerance, courage, consecration to the righteous cause animated his every act. Ingratitude, injustice and treachery never embittered him, but served to strengthen his character.

Lincoln's past was to guide the Ship of State through the troubled waters of Civil War. For two years Lincoln tried hard to preserve the Union and prevent the spread of slavery. On January 1, 1863, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation; and from that time on the prosecution of the war had the added purpose of freeing the slaves. Never has the world seen a greater example of wisdom, patience, patriotism, and moral courage.

In short, Washington and Lincoln were two men who were prepared to help their country when the oppor-

tunity presented itself, and they carried out their tasks to their very best ability.

Bangor High's First Publication

Did you know that in 1864 the members of Bangor High School published a paper?

This paper contained eight pages of very fine print and was issued daily during the Fair for ten cents the copy.

The Reveille, as it was called, was printed at the office of the *Bangor Daily Whig and Courier*. It was published for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission.

One of the most interesting articles was one that contained records of the Bangor Plantation. The earliest record to be quoted was "March 27, 1787, officers chosen for the town."

A few other interesting excerpts are (please notice the peculiar spelling of some of the words):

"Voted to build a meeting house 40 x 36 feet Large."

"Mr. Budge and Mr. Smart agree to give one acre of Land to the town to Set the meeting house on."

"Voted that the meeting house shall be Bult at Condeske."

"Voted that hogs is to run att Large Being well yoked."

Then, too, the ads in this paper are most interesting. A few examples are as follows:

There is an ad or announcement to the effect that C. P. Brown, General Claim Agent, procures pensions and pay for wives and mothers whose husbands or sons are prisoners of war (the Civil War).

Then, too, there was an ad setting forth the good points of a "Parlor Coal Burner" as the *Easiest Managed Stove in America*.

Regardless of some of the peculiarities (at least to us) our hats are off to the board of this paper.





Cover to Cover

Gone with the Wind

By Margaret Mitchell

This product of seven years of Miss Mitchell's time, originally called *Tomorrow is Another Day*, now *Gone With the Wind* by name, fills every requirement of that trite old recipe for the perfect book. It makes us laugh; it makes us cry; it makes us wait.

Historical? Definitely! but history woven through an infinitely intriguing plot. The story deals primarily with the Civil War and its reconstruction period from the Southern view point. Its chief interest is not the battle scenes or famous heroes, but the world of women "who heard the storm and waited."

When realization finally comes that the South has been defeated, these confident women set about rebuilding the skeletons of their shattered homes and lives.

Scarlett O'Hara, whose exciting life is traced throughout the story, is a strange combination of human emotions. Daughter of a Southern gentlewoman and a fiery Irishman, her inherent Irish temper often breaks through the thin veneer of gentility that her mother has been able to apply.

We get an idea of her nature from the fact that she has been married three times: once for spite, once for convenience, and once for amusement.

From the time of her return to Tara, the plantation where she was born, and the discovery that it is ruined, until she becomes the richest lady in Atlanta, is traced the story of her conquest for money caused by a solemn resolve to herself never to be hungry again. Self-confident to the point of egotism, she suffers all types of hardships, always striving toward her one objective—gold!

How she accomplishes her purpose is a fascinating section of this splendid novel.

There is a striking contrast between the Scarlett that we see first, radiant with happiness and youth and an unladylike determination to marry Ashley Wilkes regardless of everyone else, and Scarlett as we see her later, hardened by three marriages (none of them to Ashley) but still defiant and confident that soon she will "bend life to her will."

An unusual relationship exists between Scarlett O'Hara Hamilton Kennedy Butler and Melanie Wilkes.

It is characterized by hate on the side of Scarlett and deep love for her on the part of Melanie, "who never had to think about being a lady because she was one."

The ruthless Rhett Butler, the other nonconformist, exhibits a dual personality all the more interesting because of its contrast.

Portraits of all the characters are drawn so accurately and carefully that they are absolutely human. Even though this book is more than a thousand pages long, the action is so swift that, when we have finished, we wish there were still more.

The Flowering of New England

1815-1865

By Van Wyck Brooks

This book was one of the most outstanding of the past year, and should be read by every true New Englander. It is written in narrative form, but is really a series of biographical sketches with a background of historical events.

"The renaissance of New England," after the War of 1812, was a restless period with Boston the center of the unrest. Harsh Puritanism was giving way as were other things which stood in the way of American genius. It was the age of historians, philosophers, and critics. The ambition of the "blue-noses" of Boston, in fact of everyone, was to be a scholar at any cost. Harvard and Yale colleges were established, destined to be great rivals in learning.

New England furnished orators and statesmen such as Daniel Webster; Boston produced the greatest historians of the "golden age."

It was then time for such poets as Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and others who found beauty in their native New England and had the power to express it through poetry. Through their efforts and those of others, America ceased to be wholly under the influence of the Old World, and began to show American genius and originality.

We highly recommend this book for its fine character sketches of the men who have made New England famous.

(Please turn to page 34)

News of Interest



Debate Club

Since the last write-up things have been happening so thick and fast in the Debate Club, it will require quite some wordage to tell the story, even if we confine ourselves to bounding from high spot to high spot.

First, let us record that Bangor did a good job at the Bowdoin tournament in Brunswick. The varsity team of Horace Stewart, Shirley Drew, John Webster, and Molly Kagan, Stewart and Kagan doing the actual speaking, were topped by one school only—Deering—although Molly was debating her first interscholastic debate. Bangor in scoring second in the day's activities defeated Leavitt, South Portland, Stearns, Biddeford, and Lewiston. Both Miss Coffin and Mr. Prescott coached members of the team and accompanied them on the trip. For good measure, John Howard went along with the group to act as a gallery of one for the occasion. Ernest F. Andrews, Jr., one of last season's crack debaters for Bangor, took charge of the party during its stay at Bowdoin, where he is now a student.

At the present time, twelve—count them, TWELVE—debaters are working on the Bates' question (government ownership of electric utilities) and participating in tournament debates. Teams are being handled by Miss Lorimer, Miss Coffin, and Mr. Prescott. Forming one team are Jack Backman, Carlton Orr, John Howard, and Frederick Leonard. Molly Kagan, Paul Smith, Richard Coffin, and Venizelos Vafiades make up another. The third team finds grouped together John Webster, Lewis Vafiades, Shirley Drew, and Horace Stewart. From these twelve will be picked four to compete in the Bates' League.

Meetings have been characterized by good programs, one outside speaker having already been heard, and several student programs have been presented. Chief among these was an educational Christmas program which featured fifteen members—too many to list here—all doing a good piece of work.

Right now, even as we write these words, plans are bursting into full bloom (well, anyway, there's a metaphor for you) for the extra gigantic Community Sing, which as you read these words will probably have passed into happy history. It's a fair guess that the Community Sing will strike an enthusiastic chord

whether you've already attended or whether it's yet to come. For not since the Harmonica Band has the Debate Club engineered anything so ambitious and at the same time with such a universal appeal.

With the one and only Brim Jewett as master of ceremonies, with two bands—Bangor High and Brewer High—providing martial music, with an extra-special loud-speaker system, with an hour broadcast from the stage, with many feature vaudeville and novelty numbers, with Betty Vose and David Dodge as managers, with . . . Well, we ask you. . .

So the Debate Club carries on as always. Like the advertisements of one of the lesser theatres of New England's cultural center: "There's always SOMETHING doing!"

Parent-Teachers Association

Our parents are still conspicuous by their absence from P. T. A. meetings, which are held the second Thursday of every month.

On December tenth an especially interesting meeting was held. Mr. Herbert L. Prescott first outlined briefly some of the purposes and aims of the Debate Club. He then introduced Miss Molly Kagan, who delivered her speech as she had given it at the Bowdoin League debates. Miss Kagan was one of the outstanding speakers in that forensic contest.

Mrs. Meinecke spoke very interestingly on the duties of a school librarian, mentioning the reference work and the introduction of Freshmen to the library. She illustrated several books by attractive and artistic posters.

A very instructive talk on the general attributes of history in the High School was given by Miss Irene Cousins. She outlined the different history courses during the four years.

We had hoped that some of the parents would make a New Year's Resolution to attend the P. T. A. meetings, but the total attendance at the first meeting of this new year was nineteen.

At that meeting Miss Bernice B. Dunning traced the origin of the system of mathematics and its types in our school. She stressed accurate figuring and straight thinking, especially emphasizing the necessity of a respect for logical treatment.

Colonel Robert Snow spoke on the advantages of having the R. O. T. C. in our school and brought to light the unusual fact that only four high schools in New England have R. O. T. C. units. These are Gloucester, Mass., New Bedford, Mass., Newport, R. I., and Bangor, Maine.

At the February meeting, Mrs. Lenore Cumming spoke, not in defense of Latin, for it needs no defense, but upon the interesting courses that Latin offers. Exhibiting a copy of the *S. P. Q. R.*, published in December, she called attention to the varied activities of the Latin Club.

A program of Latin songs, sung by members of the Latin Club, was a very enjoyable part of the program.

The Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club has been having regular meetings every Thursday afternoon. The Club has been practicing *Sylvia* and *The Shadow March* lately, both of which are very fine pieces. Two dollars was received from a candy sale and will be used to help defray some of the immediate expenses of the *Belle of Bagdad*, an operetta which will be presented by the mixed Glee Clubs.

Commercial Club

Certainly no grass has had time to grow under the feet of the Commercial Club during the last two months.

The Club's first social event of the year, a Christmas party, was held on December fourteenth at the home of Miss Janice Moore, faculty advisor. There were games and stunts, a gaily decorated Christmas tree, the exchanging of gifts, and extra delicious refreshments. Horace Dinsmore played several selections on his trusty "getar" which added not a little to the entertainment, and Beryl Crosby and Marjorie Nelson were awarded appropriate prizes. Miss Moore and Miss Edith Knight of the faculty, and most of the members of the club were present at the party which was under the management of Beverly Darling. "A very pleasant time was had by all," indeed!

After a short business session at the next regular meeting of the Club, Shirley Drew spoke on "New Schools for Old," and a Major Bowes program was presented.

Mr. Robert Lane, member of the faculty, played Major Bowes to perfection. Rose Violet Poppy, (known to her friends as Evelyn Morrill), played a piano selection, and Olga Hedcormoff (otherwise known as Buelah Duty), a violin solo. Next we learned of the sad love affairs of Clerice Fielding, who had been so unsuccessful in her efforts to change her name. The Trio, made up of Ruth Webster, Vera Rosemier, and Agnes Ross, played several selections on Hawaiian guitars. Beryl Crosby sang a popular song, and Law-

rence Davies struggled with a violin (Gong! Gong!). To complete the program, Wyoming Jack (also known as Horace Dinsmore) played and sang our favorite cowboy songs.

The program was enjoyed so much that it was decided to give it in assembly. At that time Clarence Keyser was the Major, and the announcer (also super-salesman of McGillicuddy's Potato Chips) was Lewis Drolet.

The first field trip of the year was to Wrenn Brothers—stock exchange brokers. A group of eight or ten seniors, accompanied by Miss Moore, was initiated into the mysteries of the "ticker" and learned, among other things, what "G. M. 1000s 85½" means, and that it would take about six minutes, if you wanted to exchange your surplus money for any of the various kinds of stock. Several other trips are being planned for the year.

The last meeting of the Club was even more interesting than usual. The Forum was conducted by Clarence Keyser, who told of the various qualifications which a person entering business must possess. Open discussion on the subject followed. Several modern business machines, including a check writer, calculator, and an adding and subtracting machine, were demonstrated by Lawrence Davies, and to round out the program, Horace Dinsmore entertained with his guitar.

R. O. T. C.

After getting their rifles, the boys in the R. O. T. C. unit begun to work in earnest. Together with learning the manual of arms, it was necessary to learn to do their calisthenics with the rifles. Then, after many exercises in sighting, explanations on the use of the gunslings, and instruction in squeezing the trigger, the boys did some actual shooting in the different positions, some members running up quite a large score. Intermingling with these were days when Lieutenant-Colonel Snow talked on the care and use of rifles, the flag, personal health, and first aid.

Latin Club

In keeping with its famous reputation for providing good times, the Latin Club had a grand party in December.

Each class presented a stunt. The Sophomores' presentation caused a multitude of shouts and grins. It was particularly amusing to see our friends, very much alive, representing such inanimate objects as trees, rocks, and grass.

The juniors presented Barbara Savage in a Mexican dance that was straight from Mexico City, clothes and all.

The seniors gave a play written by Bernice Faulkingham; its setting was Dishpan Dump, a pent-house on

ON RADIO ROW

THE YEAR 1937 is off to a running start with the introduction of another of those silly little ditties, this time entitled *What's Your Business*. Vincent Lopez and his drummer, Johnny Morris, who were responsible for *Knock, Knock*, also get the laurels for this.

Radio Highlights of 1936:

Swing music . . . Benny Fields, whose success story reads like a thrilling novel . . . Martha Raye . . . Joe Penner's new program . . . Fred Astaire appeared on the ether waves for the first time . . . *Knock, Knock* . . . Rippling rhythm . . . Ex-King Edward's speech—while he was broadcasting not a phone rang in NBC's New York studios, a thing which had not happened for ten years . . . Community Sings . . . Bob Burns . . . The child stars, Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin . . . For the first time in the history of the radio CBS presented broadcasts from the war fields in Spain . . . and the music went 'round and 'round.

When Paul Whiteman ended his contract with Woodbury's, he was succeeded by "Shep" Fields, whose rippling rhythm has gained sensational success in the past few months. The new program, the *Rippling Rhythm Review*, has as its stars Frank Parker and the Canovas. Frank Parker's celebrated voice has already established him as one of the foremost tenors on the radio, and his rendition of popular ballads reach a new high in vocal interpretation. As for the Canovas—well, when bigger and better hill-billy programs are in demand, Judy, Annie, and Zeke will certainly fill the bill. First there is Zeke, whose contributions as a walking book of knowledge should make Daniel Webster hang his hallowed head in shame. The whole program, however, is built around Judy, who is the proud possessor of a yodeling voice, which, when in use, seems to know no limit in voice range, and her rambling tales of hill-billy life present a new slant on life in the land of feuds—a slant never even hinted at before Paul Whiteman presented her to the defenseless public. The *Rippling Rhythm Review* offers to its listening fans a sparkling musical cocktail—a pleasing combination of Shep Fields' unique arrangements, the ultra-fine vocal solos of Frank Parker, and the amusing antics of the Canovas. For those of you who enjoy a really fine variety program, I prescribe the *Rippling Rhythm Review*, on WJZ and the NBC network at 9:15 every Sunday evening.

Every Sunday evening at 7:00 Jell-o presents that triple threat man of the air, Jack Benny, along with Mary Livingston (Mrs. Benny in real life), Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, and Phil Harris and his orchestra, who act as glorified stooges for Jack's fun-making. For years, Benny has been known as the most able comedian

in the country, and this year is no exception. Jack, for the moment, has forsaken *Love in Bloom* to devote his talents to dramatizing the blood-stirring adventures of "Buck" Benny Rides Again*, a masterpiece of life in the wild and wooly west, relating the adventures of that rip-roarin', straight-shootin', hard-ridin' hombre, "Buck" Benny. The musical portion of this half hour entertainment is provided by Kenny Baker, who possesses a really fine tenor voice, and the scintillating rhythms of Phil Harris and his orchestra. One of the redeeming features of the Jell-o program is the novel manner in which Don Wilson handles the advertising end of the broadcast. This problem of advertising has long been a difficult one for the script-writers of the various programs, and Jell-o alone seems to have discovered the happy solution of a well-balanced comedy program. A four-star program, Jell-o presents Jack Benny every Sunday at 7:00 P. M. over WEAf and the NBC coast-to-coast network.

A very novel and entertaining feature is presented every Sunday evening over WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System. Entitled *Let's Visit*, the program offers an entirely new and different type of variety presentation. Two announcers visit the homes of various citizens, asking them questions concerning popular topics of the day. The tours are made in well-known districts around New York and the surrounding vicinity, and often very interesting features are disclosed. When, recently, the young men carried their portable microphones into homes in Greenwich Village, *Let's Visit* reached a new high in impromptu entertainment . . . Some of the people questioned were nationally known artists, and the program was really entertaining. For those who enjoy novel features and like to learn obscure but interesting facts about the people in America today, I heartily endorse *Let's Visit*, on MBS, which recently became a coast-to-coast network, every Sunday at 10:00 P. M.

Despite dire predictions by several orchestra leaders and composers who say they know, Swing has not yet died, and one of the first programs devoted solely to Swing is still going strong. This is the Saturday Night Swing Club, featuring Bunny Berrigan and his trumpet. Bunny, one of the most ardent exponents of swing music, is one of the best authorities on modern jazz. His arrangements of popular songs, old and new, rate four stars and are the features of the Swing session. The Club also presents guest stars, all well-known names on stage and radio. Recently a swing organization of five musicians created a fervor in the Columbia studios with their arrangement of a new swing number, composed by one of the group. This oddity bore the intriguing name *Twilight in Turkey*, and letters

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*Since going to press, "Buck" Benny has stopped riding.

Fifth Avenue. Uniqueness was the striking characteristic of this skit. Even the fireplace was different. The only reason we knew it was a fireplace was the fact that the sign said so. Oh well, it was fun anyway.

Gifts were given out, too. How does your soap bubble pipe work, Don? The party came to a grand climax with refreshments of sandwiches, cookies, and punch.

The *S. P. Q. R.* made its initial appearance for this year under the supervision of Ruth White and Barbara Farnham. A grand time was had by all.

At the January meeting of the Latin Club officers for the last half of the year were elected.

The sophomores were in charge of the program for that day. Its chief attractions were charades and stunts

The Girls' Glee Club

During the past few weeks, the Girls' Glee Club has been busily occupied with preparations and rehearsals for its forthcoming presentation of *The Belle of Bagdad*, a fascinating operetta laid in Bagdad. The cast has been carefully selected from the two Glee Clubs by our competent director, Mrs. Huey. The operetta has a delightful plot woven around the search of two cameramen for a new movie star. The musical members are very melodious, and the clubs are deriving a great deal of pleasure from them. The musical accompaniment will be provided by a specially selected group from the Senior Orchestra. The oriental background and colorful costumes make a pleasant impression; and the girls feel certain that, under Mrs. Huey's careful direction, the presentation will be a successful venture. The operetta will be presented March 5, in the Bangor City Hall.

Alumni

*"The old year now has run its race,
The new year comes to take its place."*

With this last report the Book of 1936 is closed to the Bangor Alumni, and we wait with eagerness to see what deeds and conquests will fill the pages of 1937.

Artemus Weatherbee, '35, has made his debut as an actor at Maine, and we know he'll go far. He portrayed the role of Gray Meredith in the play *A Bill of Divorcement* presented by the Maine Masque the first of December. Shortly after this Artemus participated in the John M. Oak prize speaking contest held at the University. He chose for his subject "Peace By Education." The judges awarded him first place, and he received a prize of twenty-five dollars.

Another person who is doing well at the University of Maine is Pauline Jellison. "Polly" is the assistant accompanist for the Maine Orchestra, and that's quite an honor for a freshman.

Ernest Andrews, Jr., '36, is another one of these people whom we believe we shall always hear about as "making good." In the annual freshman-sophomore debate at Bowdoin, Ernest was named best speaker. He and another freshman won the debate, which was on the public utilities question.

Ernest recently edited the article "Feature Your Radio, Movie Reviews" for the December edition of *The Scholastic Editor*, published monthly during the school year for the National Scholastic Press Association and the National Association of Journalistic Directors. The article was illustrated with cuts from *Radio Dialings* and *Movies*, pages from last year's *Oracle* prepared by Pauline Jellison and by Margaret Tyler and Isabel Cumming respectively.

Spencer Winsor, '36, has been taken into the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Colby.

Priscilla A. Smith, ex-'37, has received the award of Golden Eaglet in the Girl Scouts organization. This is the highest honor which can be conferred upon a Girl Scout. Only two other girls in this section have ever before received this honor, Annette Youngs, '34, and Edna Adams of South Brewer. Priscilla is attending the Emma Willard school at Troy, N. Y.

Haven Sawyer, Jr., '36, was awarded an intramural football insignia at the close of the football season at Manlius School. "Tommy" was also selected as a tackle on the school's all-intramural team.

Robert Wright, '34, was graduated from Fryeburg Academy last year, and is now studying Medical Biology at Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan.

Miss Dorothy French Clough, daughter of Dr. H. T. Clough and a graduate of Bangor High School in 1923, died last November in New York. She had held a position as librarian at the Eye Institute, Medical Center, in New York for several years.

Fred Deerfoot, '20, a noted Maine guide, and Frances J. Scott of Cumberland were recently married. Mr. Deerfoot has had many exciting and terrible experiences in the woods. In January 1933 he lay for three weeks alone in a camp in the Black Water region in Aroostook County with his feet badly frozen. During this time he lived on a pan of biscuit and snow that he managed to get by crawling to the door. He was unconscious when he was found by two men and taken to the Augusta General Hospital for medical treatment. (Reads like Peter Freuchen's *Arctic Adventure*!)

Ruby G. Bean, '33, was recently married to Frank D. Faulkner, '31. Mr. Faulkner is employed as an electric welder at the J. J. Boulter Radiator shop.

Maurice Alpert, '28, and Betty Soloman of Staten Island, N. Y. were married the first of December. Mr. Alpert was graduated from Massachusetts College of Pharmacy in 1932. He is now proprietor of Alpert's Drug Store in this city.

During the Christmas holidays there were several engagements and weddings announced.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Dudley Utterback:

"It's the gypsy in me"—says Dudley to his jacket, but then even Dudley confesses that donning flashy colors is one of his weaknesses, along with brunettes and jawbreakers, or am I thinking about his skating ability. Ever since fifth grade Dudley has been trying to devise a plan to stop cut-in dances (that's what I call a plan for the betterment of humanity.) As an actor this little boy has gone a long way in Bangor High School, being a winner in the Junior Exhibition, and super-super portrayer of Tom Sawyer, in the Dramatic Club play. Anytime you don't find Dudley making ship models, you'll find him blowing bubbles in ginger-ale through celophane straws.

Barbara Savage:

"Up and at 'em" is Barbara's motto, and just try to keep this gal down! Everywhere we look we see Barbara's smile. When she isn't burnin' up the basketball floor, she's swinging a hockey stick, and when she isn't whizzing (?) around in the horseless buggy, such as it is, she's hoofing it to swing music. Possessor of the grammar school French and American Legion medals, a finalist in the Junior Exhibition, ardent sports fan and chop suey eater de luxe, Barbara says she doesn't have any spare time for hobbies. In the summer it's Mt. Katahdin for Barbara and—well just rest your eyes on the senior who has gone just "Savage" on us.

David Bell:

It's the wide open spaces for David, that good-looking freshman whose sunny, little face, gives a festive appearance to all the basket-ball games. Football simply slays him, and as for hunting, trapping, and fishing, well, David goes for 'em like nobody's biz. His mother lets him stay up every Wednesday night to listen to "Gang-busters." (Just think, when you get to be a senior, you can stay up till ten-thirty every night!) When he isn't having tea-parties with his teddy-bear, he's carving. His star shines on the doctor's profession, and, in the meantime, woe to the person who refers to him as "George's kid brother Dave."

Pauly Campbell:

Pauly has high hopes of owning an "honest to goodness" Scotty farm when she grows up, so if your dogs ever get tired—well—there's an idea.

This petite sophomore spends her summers at Surry Beach and likes the water so well that she stays under long enough to give pickerel ten minute French lessons. She loves dolls, a characteristic that shows that her heart's in the right place, and collects matches as a hobby. Going to school is just a past-time, says Pauly, her real life consisting of playing nurse-maid to a kid brother, and making the ice-box look sick.

Frederick Leonard:

Whenever his mother tells him to do anything, "Freddy" Leonard closes his eyes and says in a monotone, "I'd rather lead a band!" Anyway, we keep him so busy down here that he complains about not getting enough "paper-doll-cutting-out" practice. (By the way, his present record is fifteen a minute with heads.) Besides being an officer of the Latin Club and a Debate Club ticket seller, "Freddy" goes for track in a big way, listens to the radio nine hours out of twelve, and turns pink every time he hears Paul Monaghan's Orchestra. (Why—"Freddy?"')

Margaret Romero:

Margaret says that she goes to school so she can shoot spit-balls at Ruthie White, but we know that she goes for the pure, untainted joy of studying. (Margaret, get off my neck!) This small, black-eyed senior confesses that one of her deadly sins is poring over a *Reader's Digest*, and as a hobby, well there's nothing like building air-castles out of sand, and seeing how long she can hold her breath. Although sports don't exactly get "Margie" all hot and bothered, skiing simply knocks her for a loop. (Get what I mean?) The big ambition in her life is to collect a sheepskin in June.

Charles Redman:

There's something about "Charlie" that—well, any one of the junior girls will write you a book on the subject. Horseback riding, hunting, skating and skiing all keep "Charlie" fit, while doing geometry problems gives him brain relaxation, and dancing to Benny Goodman gives him aches and pains. (Get this the right way.) As assistant editor of the *Oracle* and star listener No. 1 to *Major Bowes' Amateurs*, "Charlie" gets the medal, and speaking of medals how about collecting that cute little one they give to the Junior Exhibition Winner? No partiality, folks—just a challenge for the Redman!

Faith St. Germaine:

Faith hasn't yet figured out why a "jam session" has nothing to do with our daily bread, but, don't mistake me, she can swing it with the best of 'em. Although she *does* like classical music and Nelson Eddy, she goes for Lombardo's orchestra in a big way. The call of the wild draws Faith toward good 'ole Moosehead, and how this gal loves to swim!

Faith tries to tell us that she hasn't a real past-time, but, comparing notes, I'd say that she's busy making the ivories rattle most of the time. Every fall you can find Faith chasing a hockey ball up and down Linden field.

James Snow:

"Jim" says that he took his first peek at this world in Washington, D. C., then after "bodaciously parking for a spell" in Oklahoma and Panama, he finally ended up in Bangor. This courageous junior heroically tells the world that he *doesn't* like Clark Gable, dancing, or licorice lollipops. However, calm yourselves kids, 'cause Bing Crosby and Bob Burns are ice-cream and fudge sauce to him, while tennis is the big *it* in his young life. Summers find him down in Delaware where "Jim" informs us "it's deadlier than a door nail." As long as he can play baseball, "Jim" won't kick—if he can take a nap every other afternoon.

June Winchell:

One in a million—that's our June, one of the sweetest buds of the freshman class. Even though she *doesn't* wear pink ribbons and pig-tails, let even one of those little freshman boys give her curly head a tweak and she'll stare him down to the floor level, 'cause June is a woman's woman, and furthermore, she *doesn't* dance. (Hurray for our side!) As an aspiring first former should, June studies her lessons, and worries over her ranks every night. A grand little skater and tennis player, she loves to read and make dresses for her biggest baby-doll. Believe it or not, this little girl has her heart set on being a doctor, too! More power to you, June!



Patricia Sullivan's, '33, engagement to Robert McAvoy, '34, was made known.

Marguerite E. Smith's, '32, engagement to Paul D. Palmer of South Brewer was announced on Christmas Day.

Jean Calhoun's, '34, engagement to Elliot Reed was also announced.

Virginia E. Larrabee, '34, is engaged to Edward H. Silsby, '32.

Lt. Bernard S. Waterman, West Point, '36, and a graduate of Bangor High in '31, and Harriet Bluestein of Haverhill, Massachusetts, were recently married. Lt. Waterman is stationed in the Philippines.

Ida Amatruda, '34, was married to Joseph A. Sanborn on January sixth.

Elizabeth White was married to George H. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner is employed at Haynes and Chalmers.

Four of this year's P. G.'s, Doris Bullard, Alma Drinkwater, Elaine Leveille, and Sarah Stinchfield, left us the first of January to enter training in the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Band

Since the first order of sweaters arrived, the Band has become better recognized as one of the most important units of the student activities. The group has played in several assemblies lately, and Mr. Devoe plans to have it do so every time a new piece is well enough prepared. The Band has learned enough pieces now to be able to get up a good program with only one rehearsal. New members have joined nearly every week, and now the organization has about forty members.

Rifle Club

Although we don't hear much about it, the Rifle Club has been as active as most of the other clubs in the school. With a long schedule of matches ahead, the club has already made a good start, as the scores below show.

Team	B. H. S.	Opponent
Penobscot Valley Rifle and Pistol Club, Bangor.....	893	876
New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.....	487	485
Penobscot Valley Rifle and Pistol Club, Bangor.....	882	881

The week that school closed for the Christmas vacation the Rifle Club held a banquet at Hilfred Bailey's camp, located in Winterport near Bald Hill Cove. Hilfred Bailey, Allan Neal, and Walter Greene went to the camp in the afternoon and got the feed ready. They made excellent chefs, preparing the meat, onions, and side dishes like veterans. It was rumored that Greene had had a little practice last summer at Camp Devans

—at least in peeling potatoes. The nineteen members, with Lieutenant-Colonel Snow and Dr. Emerson as guests, filled four cars. After the banquet, which, of course, was highly enjoyed, Allan Neal and Hilfred Bailey played on their guitars and tried to get the members to sing.

Orchestra

During the winter months the Orchestra has settled down to a schedule of weekly rehearsals with few public performances. A good program was played at the performance of *Tom Sawyer*, and the group has appeared at several assemblies. The real busy season for the Orchestra, however, will begin with the Junior Exhibition.

Girls' Athletics

A thousand pardons, Evelynne Knowles, and I assure you it won't happen again! You see, it seems that in the All-Bangor Hockey Team list in the previous *Oracle*, Evelynne's name was left behind somewhere, but there's certainly nothing "behind" about her playing! In fact, without her brilliant maneuvering in her position as center, the ball would have been lost in many a play!

Congratulations, Nellie Drew, Gwendolyn Matchett, and Louise Newman, for having been selected as members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. We're glad that you made it! These three were taken in at the Hockey Banquet, which closed the hockey season of 1936—successful for the seniors. We hated to turn in our equipment for the last time, but even seniors can't turn back the clock.

The Hockey Party was a huge success for the simple reason that everyone who came wore a middie and skirt, and was feeling like a feather in the breeze—and, of course, Barbara Savage, who had charge of the program, couldn't think of anything more ridiculous than seeing the whole fifty of us playing every nonsensical game that entered her head—and were they silly, and did they go over! So much so, in fact, that everyone was so tired out, that we all sank to the floor in utter fatigue when the whistle blew to announce the awarding of the numerals! Because of illness, Dean Connor couldn't attend as usual to award the letters, but our own coach, Miss Maguire, took her place, and Louise Giles, captain of the senior team, accepted the cup of victory. Since the December (1936) *Oracle*, June Webster has been elected captain of the All-Bangor Hockey Team—and congratulations to you, too, June!

Then came the inevitable moment when more unsuspecting girls were tapped on the shoulder, led to the semi-circle of Council Girls, and admitted to that society with the usual explanations of the six requirements—Scholarship, Athletics, Dependability, Re-

spect, Leadership, and Sportsmanship and the president's speech, by Ann Tyler, which opened the ceremony. All this was very impressive.

After the awarding of the arm bands, the symbol of membership in the G. A. H. C., "eats" were announced. What with the ice cream, sandwiches, cake, and candy, there was more than we could ever eat. As the Council girls cleared the gym, another Hockey season was completed.

But with its finish came varsity basketball, and the following girls were chosen from the upper classwomen:

Forwards: M. Strickland, E. Knowles, E. Rand, A. Goodwin, D. Sawtelle, A. Sawyer, M. Carlisle, H. Mehan, M. Moulton, S. Striar.

Guards: N. Drew, J. Webster, B. Faulkingham, E. Birmingham, B. Blaisdell, A. Hanson, B. Holbrook, M. Hartford, V. Simpson, G. Scott, B. Savage, J. Chaison, K. Faulkingham, and J. Goessling.

Jump-centers: J. Bragg, B. Libbey, L. Donovan, F. Gonyar, B. Hill, B. Gleason, F. Korbut, M. O'Connell, E. Hathorne.

Side-centers: B. Crosby, A. Tyler, M. Tsoulas, B. Wise, J. Bullard.

Four varsity games will be played:

January 15—Alumnae at Bangor.

January 22—Brewer at Bangor.

February 5—Alumnae at Bangor.

February 12—Brewer at Brewer.

Mary Burke, Phyllis Smith, and Katherine Faulkingham of the Honor Council are to be scorers and timekeepers.

Assemblies

"Music in the air" seems to have been the theme for most of the recent assemblies. On December fourth the Commercial Club presented a *Major Bowes* program, complete with the Major himself, an announcer who begged us all to eat McGillicuddy's Potato Chips, and, of course, the amateurs. We're still wondering—was it stage-fright, or does Davies' violin always sound like that?

On December eighteenth, in keeping with the holiday spirit, the Glee Clubs entertained us with several Christmas Carols. It was the Club's first appearance in assembly—we'd like to see them more often.

On January thirteenth the band appeared for the first time in 1937, and on January fifteenth the orchestra made its 1937 debut.

Homec Club

The Home Economics Club began its third year with thirty-three members. Frances Haskell and Beverly Nason served as temporary president and secretary respectively at the first meeting and were installed by popular vote for the year. Lily Anderson was elected

treasurer, Cynthia Tripp, member at large of the executive board, and JoAnn Harback, recorder. Norma Munster and Louise Stewart make up the program committee. The following special interest groups were formed at the November meeting: community visiting, knitting, big event, and advanced dressmaking.

The purpose of the community visiting group is to give an opportunity to its members to get acquainted with the organized work of the community. Members of this group are:

Ethel Hamm	Virginia Scripture
Elsie Juutilaine	Lily Anderson
Edith Brountas	Anastasia Brountas
Dorothy Dauphinee	Eloise Higgins
Dorothy Cardin	Ethelle Lufkin
Marguerite Twitchell	

The knitting group is made up of:

Frances Bragg	Betty Plummer
Louise Betterley	Clara Plummer
Eleanor Winship	Charlene Shorey
Grace Glaster	Charlotte Rand
Martha Crowell	

Those who joined the "big events" group are:

Cynthia Tripp	Phyllis Clark
Christina Littlefield	Ethel Gilbert
Dorothy Lewis	Norma Munster
Frances Haskell	Louise Stewart

The fourth group is the advanced dressmaking group, and in it are:

Lola Dunivan	Elizabeth Simmons
Eva Crawford	Muriel Braley
Beverley Nason	JoAnn Harback
Ruth Curran	

Regular business meetings and the group meetings will be held on the third Tuesday of each month.

Turning the Pages

Good News!

Over a hundred new books will be here in a few weeks. Members of the Library Advisory Committee should bring their reading up to date easily and quickly with these fascinating new books: college and "prep" school stories, novels, biographies, travel, adventure—come in and see!

Seniors!—Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, too, but especially Seniors! What are you going to do after you graduate? Among the new books will be a hundred pamphlets on different vocations, giving the opportunities in various fields, necessary qualifications, salaries, chances for advancement, and pictures of a typical day's work. Jobs you know about; and jobs you never heard of; outside jobs and inside jobs; jobs for the hands and jobs for the head! Come in and look these over before you decide what you are going to do.

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The Crimson Rams

Basketball

With the very successful '36 football season fast fading into oblivion, we turn our thoughts to other forms of sport in keeping with the season. Basketball looms upon the horizon. Hard practice sessions are in order for those who would compete, for basketball, one of the most strenuous sports, requires top-notch physical condition.

The players must practice constantly, trying each play over and over again until it nears perfection, shooting with correct form until it becomes a habit, passing accurately, and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention. The coach on the other hand must find the best possible combination, drill them in the fundamentals of passing, dribbling, and shooting, correct the mistakes of each individual, and suffer in silence ("semi") during the games.

On December eighteenth, Coach "Eddie" Trowell sent a basketball quintet onto the floor of City Hall to play Winslow High School, with probably a great deal of "Gosh, I hope—! But I don't know!" running through his mind. Why should he entertain this skepticism? For these reasons:

In the first place, "Little" George Munce was the sole survivor of that sparkling array of last year, which bowed to the state champions only after two overtimes in a "wow" of a game, you will all remember, down at the auditorium. Four others yet untried were to play their first game as regular varsity members; namely, Roberts, Sedgeley, McDonald, and Elliott.

In the second place, Winslow is rated as one of the powers in High School basketball. Undefeated in two starts this season, they were rated to beat the untried Rams three to one. But with Munce and Roberts leading the way the crimson staged an upset and pinned a defeat on the Black Raiders 26-23 in a rough and tumble affair, and in places the game lacked the smoothness acquired by experience. For the most part, however, the boys presented a very formidable outfit and gave promise of developing into a flashy club.

The game was close all the way, both teams playing "heads up" ball. The score was knotted, with beautiful shots, for times, but in the fourth quarter with seconds to play Munce dropped in his twelfth point of the evening, giving the Rams a 25-23 margin. Elliott came through with a foul shot to cinch the cause just as the game ended.

The game with Winslow marked the beginning of Christmas vacation, but Coach Trowell kept the team in sneakers in preparation for the tour of Aroostook which began on Wednesday, December thirtieth. The squad left Bangor early Wednesday morning by train, so early in fact that Burke and Sedgeley arrived at the station just in time to wave the fellows good-by. Tsk, tsk! That wasn't the worst though. A cunning taxi-

cab driver deposited them on the station steps at North Bangor ten minutes later and then lightly demanded two dollars! !

A game was scheduled for each of the four nights, with Houlton, Presque Isle, Mars Hill, and Millinocket. In each town the boys were entertained at private homes of interested citizens. At Presque Isle two local men's clubs donated their clubroom and pastimes to the enjoyment of the visitors. In fact, at every stop the team was treated with genuine hospitality and "make-yourself-at-homeness."

The first game of the series was a "hummer." Both schools floored fine teams, but the Aroostook boys just weren't in there after the Crimson started clicking, which they did with the opening whistle. At the half time Bangor led 17-9. McDonald and Upton were the players during the contest for the Rams while Bossie led the Houltonite's attack. The game continued in the last two quarters much the same as in the first half, the crimson holding the opposition to nine points and scoring sixteen themselves. Final score, 33-18.

With high hopes the squad entrained again, at noon the next day for Presque Isle, where, upon arrival, the "first five" were taken to the Hotel to rest. The others were turned loose to window shop and stroll about until supper, after which everyone gathered at the school to dress.

Presque Isle is rated as one of the best teams in Aroostook, but the Rams felt equal to anything, and they showed it by taking this second tilt 33-19.

The playing was fast and furious most of the time. Neither team could seem to get a substantial margin. The first quarter saw the Rams with a one point lead 9-8. At the half they still topped the rangy Aroostook boys by a single point. However, in the third period, Upton and McDonald for the second night in a row started popping 'em in, due to fine passing by team-mates and their own ability.

The smoke cleared away, and there was the scoreboard reading Bangor 33; Presque Isle 19.

Smothered

The third game of the Aroostook trip was played with Aroostook Central Institute in the town theater.

The game got under way with a bang at 9:45. Munce popped in a two pointer on the first tip off, but A. C. I. immediately tied it up with a long one from the center of the floor. Again Bangor tallied, and again it was tied up. And so it went, first the Crimson would lead and then the Institute would step out in front. At the end of the quarter the Rams trailed one point, 9-8.

The effects of the trip began to show in spots, during the second period.

A desperate rally at the opening of the third quarter brought the Bangor boys within one basket of the tie-

(Please turn to page 31)

CINEMA ANALYSIS

The Plainsman

This epic of the '60s and '70s deserves a great big "A"! Gary Cooper as the long and lanky "Wild Bill Hickok" and Jean Arthur as the rough and tough "Calamity Jane" click with a loud clack. James Ellison as "Buffalo Bill Cody" is good but not as convincing as the hero and heroine. The plot deals with the pioneers' troubles in settling the wild and wooly West.

Charles Bickford deserves special notice as the dirty villain, but it is Gary and Jean who make this film the great success that it is.

Camille

Garbo! In her return to the screen after a long absence, Miss Garbo proves conclusively that she still has claims to the title of the greatest moving picture actress in the world.

Taylor! In a role that is too sensitive (for our liking, anyway—we know Bob didn't write it, gals) Mr. Taylor comes through with a performance that reveals a deep understanding of the character he portrays and a real talent for acting. Surprise! Surprise!

And as if that weren't enough, Lenore Ulric and Laura Hope Crewes, in supporting parts, give two of the grandest performances we've seen in many a day, not to mention the remainder of the cast, from Camille's personal maid to the detestable baron, who all give excellent performances.

Therefore it does seem too bad that the plot couldn't have been a little fresher, a little less hackneyed and time worn. We know that it presented many chances for dramatic situations, but if only it could have been a little more original. However, you can't have everything.

The photography is excellent and the dialogue is fine, also.

Every scene in which Garbo appears (and they are a legion) is fascinating to watch. She is indeed a great actress. Her death scene is superb. We will long remember "the lady of the Camellias."

Champagne Waltz

This is a light musical romance about Elsa Strauss of the Strauss family in Vienna and Buzzy Bellew, king of American jazz. The leading roles are taken by Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray, with Jack Oakie cutting caprices.

One of the best scenes is "Buzz" teaching Elsa how to chew gum (and we thought that everyone knew how to chew gum, besides making bubbles.)

Veloz and Yolanda, the continental favorite dance team, add to the great pleasure of the picture.

After the Thin Man

Hurray! and Hurrah! Nora and Nick (alias Myrna Loy and William Powell) are back again in a thrilling mystery, *After the Thin Man*, which, as you all probably know, is a sequel to the ever so popular *The Thin Man*. The sequel has even more than its predecessor—two popular songs and James Stewart.

Others featured in the cast are Elissa Landi, Jessie Ralph, Alan Marshall, Joseph Calleia, and Dorothy McNulty.

We won't try to tell you the complicated theme, but we will admit that our greatest disappointment was to find Jimmy Stewart the murderer! In spite of this the picture is super-colossal!

Dodsworth

Here is a picture that should rank high as one of the best of 1936. Why?

Because of its theme, that of a woman who tries to stay young? No, that is too common. We believe *Dodsworth* to be a truly great picture because of Ruth Chatterton's performance as Fran Dodsworth—the woman.

The theme she acts upon is common enough, yes, but for a woman to enact a member of that most tragic of clans, "The Youth Seekers," as humanly, as revealingly as Ruth Chatterton does it is so uncommon, so startlingly real, as to be a truly great performance.

Walter Huston is splendid as Samuel ("my wife tells me I talk too much") Dodsworth, and Mary Astor, as the other woman, is really fine, lending to her role a certain vividness that makes it a momentous human document.

There are excellent performances in all the minor roles, too, especially by whoever played the mother of Court, one of the men in Fran's life. The dialogue is exceptionally good, also.

In fact, this would still have been a very good picture if there had been a less competent actress as Mrs. Dodsworth, but with Miss Chatterton playing that part the picture emerges a superb portrait of the American family Dodsworth—accent on Fran.

Incidentally Miss Chatterton's portrayal seems not unlike these basic lines:

The Youth Seekers

They tried to hold back time.
Each tense pathetic murmur,
Clutching at spring with harassed care,
Slipped into autumn unaware,
And missed the summer.

—Dorothy Brown Thompson.

(over, please)

Born to Dance

Not even la Powell's sensational tap dancing can swing this gigantic musical which to our minds falls far short of M-G-M's previous effort to star the redoubtable Eleanor.

Nor can the important cast or the catchy Cole Porter tunes lift *Born to Dance* into the real hit class where it should have been. How could it be improved? Well, among other things, the story and dialogue are not all that they might be, and it is also obvious that someone has not learned how to photograph Frances Langford correctly, for Miss Langford's smooth singing is detracted from considerably by her poor screen appearance.

We must admit, however, that Miss Powell's tap dancing is beyond criticism. In her field, she is absolutely tops. We only wish her histrionic ability were half as wonderful. But at any rate, she brings a refreshing personality to the screen as well as her tap talent, and we suppose her acting may improve.

One thing we are sure of, Reginald Gardiner, appearing too briefly as the "cop" who exhibits a yen to direct a symphony orchestra, is really good. Mr. Gardiner, by the way, is the same gentleman who panicked Broadway last year with his imitations of trains and wallpaper (yes, wallpaper!) in the stage success *At Home Abroad*, which starred Miss Powell. We hope to see more of Reginald on the screen in the future.

Another thing that catches the eye is at the first of the battleship sequence before Eleanor goes into her dance. Two acrobats, appearing for a moment, perform an amazing stunt which reveals practice and precision plus.

Virginia Bruce and James Stewart are also worthy of commendation.

In fact, the whole cast contributes good enough performances, and the production as a whole is good, but the show just doesn't click.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Here is handsome Errol Flynn again as the dashing Major Geoffrey Vickers of the Twenty-Seventh Lancers! Opposite him is Olivia de Havilland as his fiancée, who is in love with his brother, Patric Knowles. This is distinctly one of the better pictures, but we don't think it is an equal successor to Flynn's first picture, *Captain Blood*. The story concerns the Twenty-Seventh Lancers and their revenge on Surat Kahn, who destroyed the defenseless families of the Lancers. The charge of the "brave six hundred" is one of the most spectacular and exciting scenes ever shown.

It is said that Patric Knowles has a very promising future as a matinee idol, but we still prefer Robert Taylor—and his acting.

White Hunter

A plot, however unusual, must be long enough to cover a full-length picture, or the picture falls short.

Such is the case in *White Hunter*, we regret to state. The picture has its moments, but the trouble is that they don't last long enough.

Hence a fine performance by tried and true Warner Baxter and also a fine performance by Gail (*My Man Godfrey*) Patrick are more or less wasted.

A lioness all but steals the picture with her apparently natural action that fits the story. It is uncanny to watch her do all the things required of her. We wonder how it was done.

June Lang, by the way, seemed rather childish to us. As far as we could see, her performance was only a series of poses.

At any rate, the jungle atmosphere seems real, and the picture is interesting. It's just too bad that it wasn't better.

Go West, Young Man

We did; we're back East—for good!

College Holiday

Leaving the theatre where this picture was being shown, someone observed, "Cute and clever, but—" and that about describes it.

Though all the stars of *College Holiday* labor mightily to put it across, the so-called plot and none-too-clever dialogue won't let them do their best.

Jack Benny (who was so good in the *Big Broadcast* of 1937) does what he can in his role with typical smoothness and suavity, while Burns and Allen—consistently good in every picture—practically steal the show with their goofy gags and crazy antics.

Martha (close your eyes!) Raye manages to swing a couple of songs in the well-known Raye manner, which are good while they last, but except when she sings she is hardly seen at all. We missed her. She may not be beautiful, but she's funny.

An unexpected bright spot in the picture is Marsha Hunt. Though her name isn't among the stars of this opus, it well might have been, for she is very appealing and turns in a fine performance.

Ben Blue, an old-timer, amuses in a small role; which, we regret to mention, is more than we can say for Mary Boland, in a larger role. Miss Boland must have had an off day when she did this one.

The world's fastest woman tap dancer, Eleanor Whitney, appearing shortly, is eye-catching. We have great hopes for the l'il Whitney gal.

One thing—Benny's "Love in Bloom" skit—really is funny. Better luck next time! ! !

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Wise and Otherwise

Hokum

Trail Dust

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

FEBRUARY 11, 1937

HOKUM

By Ellen Hathorn

HELLO, my little chickadees! Aren't you enjoying the snow? Flash! flash! England has nothing on Bangor! Mary Wallie Tremaine and Charlie, *Ex-King Edward VIII*, Dorr are among our ranks! Long live the both of them . . . It's usually hard for a working man to find time for fun—but leave it to some people—*How*, Freddie! What's in Old Town anyhoo? Lost! a class ring—or is it lost? Well, well, well, *and* well—what vacations don't do for everybody isn't worth mentioning . . . Tra la la! There is something about a soldier—how about it, Mary Ellen? What is this we hear about Betty Mack! Oh, well! it's just a rumor—By the by, have you heard her jingle the ivories?—that gal has talent! What does the ME stand for? We never see Marjorie without it these days . . . Psst, pals, *a mystery!* If you can find out whose picture is in one young lady's locket—a senior's to be exact—more power to you . . . A certain red-headed junior will root for the U of M freshmen anytime—am I right, “Bev”? You never see “Billy” Erb alone these days—something must have hit hard—Speaking of getting hit—what happened to Coffin's eye? Someone said he was dreaming—oh well, football gets 'em all . . . Mr. Carlisle thought the gals needed some *book larnin'*, so he got a few hundred books for 'em the other day . . . And we all thought Mooney was bashful—thanks for enlightening us, mon amie (feminine singular) . . . Seems funny “Bunny” is always a treasurer—oh! well! . . . We see by the looks that “Don” is still going for *White* in a big way—wonder if he knows there is a Bell once in a while—oh, the injustice of it all . . . Oh my goodness! This time it's Red thinks the going is all up *Hill* . . . Funny, Gifford, things spread like fire in this school . . . Bet you didn't know “Kay” could play bridge—these Faulkingham gals have plenty of talent . . . Dudley certainly brought the New Year in right—any resolutions this year? Been holding out on us, Ann? Well, my oh my, these Juniors are certainly stepping it high . . . Why, “Barb”, this is *so* sudden—but nice

. . . Austin, *p-l-ease* stop drawing hearts and initials on your French desk—it is so annoying . . . So “Bill” Fellows went hunting the other day—well-er-a . . . Powell, was that actually your ring again?—haven't seen you wear it for quite some time—I'm glad to see it back . . . Yep, there are some more complaints.

H. Baily—*Here Come the British, Bang, Bang!*

D. Hamilton—*I'll Be Faithful*

Evelyn Rice—*Good(e)y Good(e)y*

J. Brennan—*Bet Ya My Life I Do*

Where is Gillin? Poor Junior Sprague is lost without him . . . Happy Birthday, Ruth . . . Gee, Mildred—eaten all of those chocolates yet?—How long has this been going on? Jane Mulvaney, how *could* you!!! I guess Ruth McIntosh still thinks the Brewer talent is best . . . Cheer up, “Danny”—typing comes with practice . . . “Jayee,” kindly look where you're going hereafter—that ice was hard, wasn't it? And so, adieu.

Trail Dust

By Donald Stuart

Question: What are these things called senior essays?
Answer: Things we never knew till now.

“To Mary—With Love” from Bunny and people—Joke over . . . “Valiant” is the word for Charlie—speech, speech—one hundred and twenty-five, to be exact . . . The (too) Queen(ly) City Club, my deah, has to send either two representatives to the conference or an eight line verse—that makes each of the delegates worth four lines a piece—Them's hard lines, Nell. . . We wonder if they called it Community Swing, could we sell more tickets—Or haven't we got the same kind of rhythm? . . . Time marches on, and Judy still thinks Boston is la place—and not on account of the beans, either—Will we ever learn? . . . Why, Dudley, we didn't know you cared—But practically everybody has to take a cut nowadays . . . It's June in January and every other month for Spaulding—this younger generation! . . . Blanche (you may call it madness, but I call it hi-de-ho) Barker may not know her physiography, but—one never knows, does one? . . . Oh those basketball petitions—who said stand up and cheer? . . . That's life, I guess!

THE JOKE PARADE

Mr. Thurston: I forgot my umbrella this morning.

P. Goos: How did you remember you forgot it?

Mr. Thurston: Well, I missed it when I raised my hand to close it when it stopped raining.

D. Utterback: That, sir, is a cow grazing.

Editor: Where is the grass?

D. Utterback: The cow has eaten it.

Editor: But where is the cow?

D. Utterback: You don't suppose the cow would be fool enough to stay there after she had eaten up all the grass, do you?

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following: A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Hopeless, a guest at Madame X's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing.

Miss Crosby: Did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?

E. Dorr, '37: Certainly, I ran it through the meat chopper twice.

The weather man says it isn't going to be a cold winter, but then the weather man doesn't know our janitor.

Miss Mullen: "Butterfield, correct this sentence, 'I are very cold'."

Wilfred Butterfield (as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead): "It are very hot."

Miss Files: "If Caesar were alive today, would he be as famous as he was?"

Kenneth Morse: "Surely. He'd be famous for his old age."

Found on a Freshman's registration card:

Question: Give your parents' names.

Answer: Mama and Papa.

"Russ" Bradbury: "Do you know what a quartet is?"

Danny Kelley: "Sure. A quartet is where all four think the other three can't sing."

Mr. Taylor (to Robert Rosy playing 'I Can't Get 'Em Up'): "Is there another verse? If there is, let's not hear it."

Some day a popular song writer will give us "The Automobile Blues" in four flats.

I never saw a purple cow,

I never hope to see one;

But from the milk we're getting now,

I'm sure that there must be one.

Miss Lorimer: "Mr. Orr, you must not say, 'I ain't going'. You should say, 'I am not going, you are not going, he is not going, we are not going, they are not going'."

Danny Orr: "Gee. Ain't nobody going?"

Earle Herrick: "What is worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Byron Knowlton: "Hailing buses."

It has been said that a wagon maker who had been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke, that a blind carpenter reached for a plane and saw, a deaf sheep rancher went out with his dog and herd, and a noseless fisherman caught a netful of herring and smelt.

Found: Roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the left side of the office.

Donald Devoe: "Do you think there is any chance of my getting a joke into your magazine?"

Horace Stewart: "There might be. I won't be Editor forever."

Miss Cousins: "Who discovered America?"

Marjorie Ames: "Mr. Ohio."

Miss Cousins: "No. Columbus did it."

Marjorie Ames: "Yes. Columbus was his first name."

Herbert Porter: "Men get bald because of the great activity of their brains."

Nelson Mallett: "Is that the reason women don't have beards?"

Elizabeth Wise: "I've added these figures up ten times."

Miss Moore: "Very good."

Elizabeth Wise: "And here are the ten answers."

Mary had a little lamb,

But when she heard the price,

She sent the waiter back again,

And took a bowl of rice.

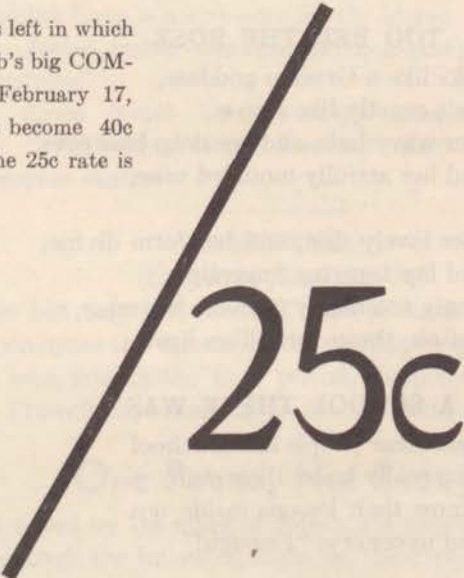
Miss Mullen: "What does 'chicanery' mean? Do you know, Mr. Roberts?"

Charles Roberts: "Isn't it a place where they can chickens?"

Two worms were digging in earnest. Poor Ernest

4 more school days.....

There are just four more school days left in which to get your tickets for the Debate Club's big COMMUNITY SING. On Wednesday, February 17, the advance sale stops. Then tickets become 40c each. Get your tickets now, while the 25c rate is still effective!



25c

Did you ever hear it said: that "Printing had to be done in New York?"

Bartlett & Stern's *Maine Digest of Facts and Law*, has just been completed right in Bangor in the plant of **Jordan-Frost Printing Co.** This valuable law book required over two years to compile and will be in every Law Office, Library, Law School, Corporation Office and large Business Office in New England. Approximately 1000 pages in each volume. Yale University was amongst the first to request a copy.

1,000,000 pages of printing—4 tons of paper required—accuracy essential

THIS VALUABLE VOLUME WAS EDITED, PRINTED, BOUND AND MARKETED
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182 Harlow Street

Jordan-Frost Printing Company
(opposite the High School)

Bangor, Maine

VIVACIOUS VERSE

By Donald Stuart

THE MODERN COCKNEY'S PLEA

"Swing hit!" everybody says,
 "And give hit all you've got!"
 It's a bit of all right,
 And I will if they'll tell me—
 Swing wot?

TOO RED THE ROSE

She looks like a Grecian goddess;
 She's exactly like a rose.
 With her wavy hair, and her deep blue eyes,
 And her artfully moulded nose,

 With her lovely skin, and her form divine,
 And her tapering fingertips,
 I'd be only too happy to make her mine,
 But oh, those vermillion lips!

A SCHOOL THERE WAS

There are some people in our school
 Who really know their stuff.
 They know their lessons inside out
 And never cry, "Enough!"

They do all kinds of extra work
 And never come in late;
 They're always ready to recite
 And never hesitate.

In fact, they're ideal pupils,
 With a million "très bon" features,
 But they're pupils you will never meet
 Because I speak of teachers!

Milton Weinstein: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."
 E. Legere: "I don't care what you are, get into your uniform."

"How did you get so round-shouldered?"
 "Winding up the phonograph for my daily dozen."

Harold Hamm: Looks like the cook has let the cheese spoil again.

Charles Dorr: Yeah, the same mold story.

Imports and Exports

Another month and in this time our exchange list has been doubled. We are always glad to become acquainted with new magazines in this way as far as our exchange budget will permit.

First to be mentioned is *The Nautilus*, from Waterville Senior High School, Waterville, Maine. Your idea of separating the material contributed by the

different classes under the headings: *Senior Shorts*, *Junior Jots*, and *Sophomore Sorts* is unique, and each column contains some excellent reading. You have some very good cuts throughout. The only suggestion I can offer is that your exchange editor comment on each magazine.

From Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine, we received a very interesting book, *W. S. N. S. Tip Top*. Your illustrations and cover were exceptionally well done.

The Screech Owl, Maynard High School, Maynard, Massachusetts. Your large and varied literary department contains some very good articles. How about some good cuts illustrating a few of the stories? Lino-leum is inexpensive.

The Rambler, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Maine. You have a good little magazine. Your artists show remarkable ability. Again we find no comments made in the exchange column. Why not list your editorial board?

The December issue of *The Radiator*, from Somerville, Massachusetts, is a magazine well above high school standing. The cover is most attractive. The poem, *A Snowstorm*, and the sermon taken from the text, *And So the Poor Dog Got None*, were amusing and well done.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. Your exchange editor never seems to run out of original ideas. What! no poetry? We suggest you give your poets a chance to show what they have to offer. Maybe you have, but it seems incredible with the ability shown in other departments that poets are among the missing.

The Stephens Broadcast, Stephens High School, Rumford, Maine. Why not give your Alumni a column? More stories and some good cuts would also improve your magazine. You have some very good poetry, and your sports are well written up.

The Moving Picture Number of *The Observer* from Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Connecticut, shows a lot of work on the part of the board—good work. Your interview with Durante must have been exciting. My one suggestion is that you introduce an exchange column into your magazine.

Margray, Woodrow Wilson High School, Middletown, Connecticut. Your poetry is very good, but, like your stories, we should like to see more of them. Some good editorials would also improve your magazine.

York High School Review, York, Maine. Your staff should be congratulated on the excellent job done on the October issue of your magazine. It is plain to see that York High School has its share of artists.

The Red and White, Rochester, New Hampshire. Your magazine is one to be proud of. Why not include your artists on the staff? They deserve it.

We were pleased to receive from Juneau, Alaska, a most interesting book, *The Totem*, published annually

by the students of Juneau High School. Your Senior Class cuts were especially clear and well arranged. Your calendar was an added feature of interest, giving write-ups and actual pictures of all the activities and class incidents of interest from September 'til graduation. No one could say your school was lethargic. Your binding and high grade paper certainly does justice to the excellent material within.

MOVIES

(Continued from page 26)

Seven Sinners

Talk about unheralded good movies! This Gaumont-British production, starring Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings, is fine entertainment from start to finish.

The dialogue is smoothly humorous, and the plot is interesting and clever all the way.

Mr. Lowe lends his distinctive style of acting to the role of an American playboy in Europe with very good effect, while Constance Cummings, too long absent from our native screen, enacts Lowe's sophisticated stooge to perfection.

The supporting cast is also more than competent with some fine characterizations.

And the excellent photography leaves nothing to be desired, especially some extremely fine shots of train wrecks.

Other good shots: Lowe, accidentally getting into the wrong hotel room, meets again a man whom he has met earlier in the evening, and tries to start a conversation with him. The man, wearing mardigras costume which includes a huge grinning mask over his head, says nothing. Lowe in devil costume continues to talk to the grinning mask, but the man, sitting close to a table with his head resting upon it, still does not answer. Then Edmund, a bit "under the weather," offers the man a stimulant and asks him to drink. Upon receiving no reply, "Eddie" pushes him gently on the shoulder—only to see him topple slowly from his chair and fall to the floor. His mask rolls off, and Lowe stares at him, horrified. The man is dead!

In a theatre, a news reel is being flashed on the screen, showing the aftermath of some horrible train wrecks that have been occurring recently. The voice that accompanies the news pictures is telling how some terrible unbalanced person—some killer—is the cause of it all. In the meantime the killer has come into this very theatre. After he is seated, he sees Lowe and some other men who are in the theatre to catch him. He rises suddenly and dashes down the aisle, but his escape is blocked everywhere. Knowing he is captured at last, he rushes upon the stage and shoots himself. In front of the screen he pitches forward onto the stage floor, dead; while on the screen the pictures of his horrible work are still being shown, as the voice goes on, asking, "When will the killer be caught?"

IN 1937

We see stormy weather for:

1. *Mae West*—because she's more to be pitied than censored!

2. *Marion Davies*—because them days are gone forever, and we don't mean 'Mabel'!

And smooth sailing for:

1. *Gail Patrick*—because she's nice-looking, intelligent, clever, and a darn good actress!

2. *Martha Raye*—because this particular ultra-violet, sunshine Raye is a sure cure for the blues!

3. *Isabel Jewell*—because she Is-a-(bel) Jewel(l) of an actress!

4. *Sonja Henie*—because every cloud doesn't contain "(P)Henie(s) from Heaven" like this world's champion skater!

BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 24)

stage but they just couldn't seem to click well enough to penetrate the defense of the rampaging potato growers, who, late in the final period, stepped out and left the Trowell boys hanging on the little end of the score.

One Pound, Not Enough

Aroused by the sting of defeat, the revengeful Rams came back the following night, at the expense of Millinocket High to beat that club 32-24.

Confused in the first period owing to the spaciousness of the playing surface, after having been entertained in halls hardly half as large on three previous nights, the Crimson chewed the bitter end to the tune of 8-2. A scoring spree in the second stanza, however, set the Rams right and they left for the intermission with a 3 point advantage, 13-10.

In the final minutes Stearns' grand performer, Pound did a fine piece of work, but his efforts were pointless against the surging attack of red and white. Bangor scored nineteen points in the last half and allowed the opposition fourteen. Bangor men came, they played, they conquered—32-24.

The squad, along with the JV's who licked the Millinocket JV's in a preliminary game, left the city for home directly after the game.

The weather was cold and a biting snow made the driving hard. Just inside of Old Town the bus decided it was tired (or something) and refused to percolate. An old store nearby provided shelter, refreshments, and lounging room for the weary boys.

A second bus arrived some two hours later and, believe it or not, it was a tired group of boys who staggered toward their respective homes a little after six o'clock Sunday morning.

Massacred

The Rams, still feeling the after-effects of the Aroostook trip, invaded Old Town on Tuesday evening,

January fifth, and were tripped up for the second time, in a slow game which provided the Bangor fans with few thrills.

The heart-throb of the Indians, of course, was that brilliant guard, Dionne, who gathered together, at the expense of "Little" George Munce, thirteen points for himself in the first twenty minutes of play. Munce came back in the second half, though, to cover this boy like a wet blanket. Dionne scored one foul and one basket during the remainder of the game.

Bangor trailed all the way, twice coming within tying score distance, but lacked the punch and tip necessary to win the tally.

Eventually the board said, 40-28.

Raider Revenge

The following Saturday coach "Eddie" and the boys took off for Winslow to try to pin a second defeat on the Black Raiders, otherwise unbeaten this season. But another sad tale must be brought to light.

In terms of the present day, the Rams took a shellacking.

The exact opposite of the team which set down Houlton, Presque Isle, and Stearns was the one that toddled through the forty minutes of play and dropped its third game of the season. Captain Munce and Roberts led the attack with 8 and 5 points respectively. Reynolds and Savasuk were the batteries for Winslow.

Roberts sunk a "two-er" to put the Crimson in the lead, but this Crimson lead soon went into the red before the guns of the lanky Reynolds and Savasuk.

At the first quarter "toot" the Raiders were at the head of the class 8-4. At the half things were a little worse for the Rams. The electric score board showed the score to be 17-9 in Winslow's favor.

The third period was a tie with five points for each team but from here on the Bangor defense went into a slump and the Winslowites shattered it for 12 points—Finale 33-16!

Crusaders Crucified

Bangor and Bapst, each boasting a sharpshooting forward in Munce and Crowley respectively, took the floor with the odds about even.

It was a fast game throughout. The Rams scored first and kept the lead despite the frantic attempts of Crowley, who was covered by McDonald in excellent style. Munce and Roberts played sparkling games, between them accounting for sixteen points.

Bangor showed marked supremacy in the first and third periods while Bapst had a slight edge in the second and fourth.

The margin which the Crimson piled up in the first few minutes more than stove off the wild attempts of the Purple in the waning moments.

McDonald tucked in a one-handed shot from the side of the court soon after the opening whistle. Munce

and Roberts were quick to follow his example. Elliott put one away, Munce came through, and Sedgeley dropped one in to bring the scoring to a close in the first quarter, for the Rams, who felt far from secure with even a five point lead. 12-7.

The Bapst Eaglets tightened up in the next attempt and kept the Crimson down to five baskets while working three themselves.

In the last half, although playing excellent ball in the third period, and putting up a stubborn fight all the way, the Crusaders were outplayed by a fast and shifty quintet of Harlow Streeters who played superior ball and took the bacon, 30-24.

TURNING THE PAGES

(Continued from page 23)

Everybody! Our magazines are fairly grieving with loneliness. Good stories, interesting articles, the most recent events of history, college papers—all these are to be found on the magazine table. Girls—we have a new magazine, *Forecast*, which should interest you. Members of Dramatic Club—*Theatre Arts Monthly* should appeal to you. English History students read the article *David Windsor* in the last *Current History*. Get the magazine habit and keep up to date.

Have you seen the new French shelf in the library? French magazines, books and coins, with crossed French and American flags at one side. Have you seen the model of the Elizabethan theatre lent us by the University of Maine? Have you seen the exhibits made by Miss Quinn's classes? Have you seen the figures of Priscilla, and George and Martha Washington, made by Miss Cousins' students?

Visit the library!

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 19)

poured in from all over the country, expressing widespread approval of this pleasing concoction of weird chords and swing melody. The Saturday Night Swing Club, an ideal program for all who enjoy swing music and like to know the latest news about swing, is heard every Saturday evening from 6:45 to 7:15 over the coast-to-coast CBS.

During his recent engagement at a New York theatre Maine's own Rudy Vallee netted over forty thousand dollars a week, breaking the attendance record previously held by Burns and Allen . . . Bob Burns recently signed a movie contract which in three years will make him a millionaire . . . A year and a half ago . . . Bob had just two things of any value—a second-hand car and his bazooka . . . The finest part of Bob's success story is the fact that he still wears a "7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " hat . . . The Jack Bennys out in Hollywood are renting a house recently vacated by Marlene Dietrich . . . Al Jolson is receiving four thousand dollars a week on his new program . . . Martha Raye is to marry Jerry Hopper, a nephew of Glenda Farrell,

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blonde movie star . . . The Dick Powells are the happiest couple in the movie colony . . . The popularity of previews over the air is causing a great deal of agitation in the moving picture capitol . . . Studio moguls insist that the broadcasted preview, during which the studio audience casts the leading stars, detracts from the box-office appeal of the stars and the movie . . . On the opening night of Jan Garber's engagement at Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove, Joan Crawford swept in with eight thousand dollars worth of silver fox and hubby, Franchot Tone . . . Jan immediately broke into the strains of *Melancholy Baby*, her favorite tune . . . Joan tripped up and sang a chorus . . . Bobby Breen's older sister has an unusually fine voice.

COVER TO COVER*(Continued from page 16)***The American Flaggs***By Kathleen Norris*

When Jeff Flagg falls in love with pretty Penelope Fritzpercy, his family is angry. A few weeks later Jeff is seriously injured in an accident. His continual demand is to marry Penelope before he dies, and his family consents. To everyone's astonishment he begins to get better, and later, he and Penelope start housekeeping. After Buff, their daughter, is born, Penelope and Jeff gradually drift apart, and Penelope seeks the company of her cousin-in-law, Tom Flagg. Later when she wishes to divorce Jeff and marry Tom, Mrs. Flagg, Jeff's grandmother, upholds her in her decision. Penelope is very surprised because she thought Mrs. Flagg didn't like her. Penelope and Jeff decide to try again, so they buy a farm and live on it. Penelope's sister's children and some of Jeff's nieces and nephews come to live with them. Penelope and Jeff get along together much better at the farm than they did in the city.

As to who gets Mrs. Flagg's emerald ring, the sign of the leadership of the clan, I'll leave it to the reader to find out.

I consider this the best book Mrs. Norris has ever written.

ON HANGING OUT A WASHING*(Continued from page 12)*

humiliation of my predicament brings tears. Pitying myself, I finish hanging out the clothes.

My, but it's cold! I visualize how good the heat will feel to my poor frozen fingers; then out comes the next-door neighbor! She tells all the news that has taken place for the last three days. I shake noticeably. Doesn't she know that my hands are frozen? Then, at last, just as my right ear sends out an unpleasant signal that it's on the verge of freezing, she goes in. With more haste than grace, I rush indoors to tell the family my woes.

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THE STAR

(Continued from page 11)

As soon as he had gathered his wits, the doctor, who had been hired by the school to be at hand for accidents during the games, ran out onto the floor. Art watched him. He saw him feel the injured boy's ankle and shake his head. He realized that the coach had rushed out on the floor, and, after helping the doctor carry King to his car, had come back.

As he surveyed the players, Art held his breath. Oh, if he would only pick him! This was his chance to redeem himself. His heart stood still. The coach walked along the bench. He stopped in front of Art and said the words that Art had awaited so long.

"Sumner, get in there!"

Art raced up and reported. Then he ran out on the floor and took his place. Gee, it seemed good to be back.

Art ran up close on the tap and took the ball. He passed it quickly to Sid Smith, the center. Sid dribbled down and passed to Sawyer. Sawyer passed quickly to Art. Art, dribbling and looking around, saw his chance. There was Don Blake right under the basket. He snapped it over to Don. In a beautiful one hand shot, Don scored. Now Berkshire was leading by two points, bringing the score eight to six.

But now something seemed to happen. Berkshire lost its sudden rally, and when the third quarter was up, Bridgeport was four points in the lead. The score was now twelve to eight.

During the rest period, as the boys lay on the floor, Art felt a hand touch his shoulder. It was his old friend, Don Blake, with outstretched hand. He took the extended hand gladly, but before either could speak, the whistle sounded once more.

As Art took his place, he had renewed strength. On the tap he got the ball and threw it way down the floor to Sid Smith. Sid had an open floor and made the basket easily, bringing the score twelve to ten. With only two minutes left to play, the fun began.

On the tap, Don got the ball and, faking a pass to Sid, passed to Art, who was running down the floor. Upon receiving the pass, Art stopped in his tracks and looked around for someone to pass to. No luck. There was only one thing to do. He knew that there was no time to waste and so, after taking careful aim, he shot. The ball rolled around and around the hoop, and finally, after what seemed hours to Art, it dropped in. The score was now a tie with only one minute to play.

The teams quickly took their places and awaited the tap. At last it came. Cooper, the lanky forward for Bridgeport, got the tap. He passed way down the floor to Brown, a guard, who was almost to the basket. When Art saw this, he left his man and, after running just as fast as he could down the floor, he spoiled his aim by jumping in front of him. Don took the ball off the backboard. He passed down the floor to Smith, seeing that only Pinkham, the poorest shot on the

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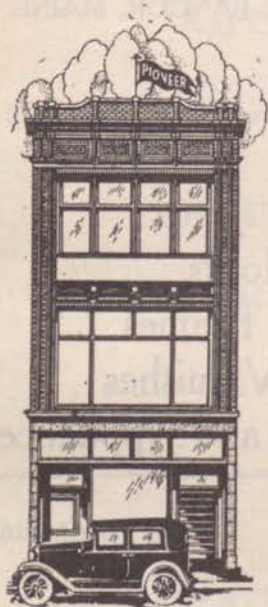
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team, was open, passed to him. Pinkham, taking careful aim, made the attempt. The crowd held its breath as the ball sailed through the air. It hit the backboard and then, after bouncing on the front of the basket, it dropped in. Just as it hit the floor, the gun sounded. The game was over. Berkshire had won the cup.

After the noise had died away, the boys went to the locker room to get into their clothes. Art walked arm in arm with Don.

As they passed the coach's usual seat, Coach Jones, feeling very happy over the success of the team, called Art to him.

Art walked slowly up to him. The coach surveyed him proudly, and then, putting his hand on his shoulder, he said these three words that meant so much to Art.

"Nice game, son."

FAITH—WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED

(Continued from page 8)

socks and the two-toned oxfords with a great deal of satisfaction and awe. She looked at Ardis contentedly dozing in the sun.

"Maw send me to the country school so's I could l'arn to read'n write and a mite of spellin' like cat—c-a-t, 'n dog, er-uh, d-o—."

"G, Ellie."

"D-o-g. Wal, Maw was kinda set on me a-gettin' an eddercashun so's I could be one of them school marms. But I had to stay home quite a spell so's I could be a-helplin' Maw."

Ardis squeezed the brown hand. "We'll make it up now," she assured. "Those books I sent for came this morning, Ellie, and we'll start right in. How does that suit you? You see," she went on, "the Guv'nor dug up all my nursery books. Go and ask Gladys for a few."

When Ellie came skipping back, Ardis opened one of the books illustrated in black and white and in bright hues. "Here—start reading," she directed, watching the puzzled frown forming on Ellie's brow. They set diligently to work with Ardis throwing in corrections here and there. An hour later, already on the road to becoming a "school marm," Ellie strode off with the book held tightly under her arm.

During her daily visits to the Jeffreys' cabin, Ellie massaged the supposedly helpless legs. Every day she went through the same routine, ignoring the startled patient's mild objections. Soon, however, Ardis readily admitted that it eased the pain—but the chances for restoring their locomotive power seemed quite hopeless.

The Guv'nor, having escaped from the intense heat of New York City for the weekend, came upon the girls while in the act of Ellie's "rubbin' cure." The tall, slightly stooped man halted in wonder at the earnest sincerity written on Ellie's face and the bright hope on

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his daughter's. He stood watching the deft movements of those tan fingers and the glint of trust in her eyes. He stepped forward. Ellie edged back to her chair and bent over her book, appearing very much engrossed in its contents.

"I hope I'm not intruding?"

"Hi, Guv'nor!" Ardis looked adoringly up at the speaker. "I've just finished giving Ellie a writing lesson. She's got the gist of it now, and her reading's splendid."

"Pleased to hear the glad tidings, my dear." He turned to Ellie. "But what sort of act were you demonstrating on Ardis?"

A faint blush suffused her dark complexion. "I didn't mean no harm, 'n it really warn't nothin'."

"Nothing! You alone, had the right spirit all along. Faith! By jove, that's what we lacked—faith! Dr. Lewis promised to be up in a few days—I want you, Ellie, to have a talk with him."

"But sir, I didn't know it'd be wrong. Maw always sez ef'n there's a will there's a way, 'n I kinda got to reckonin'—er, I began to think—" she looked up for Ardis' usual approving nod—"that mebbe them there limbs could get rubbed up with a mite of life. 'Cause Ma Wilkins' baby was born dead like, 'n we uns rubbed 'n rubbed 'n shook it up 'n down. And sho' nuff, sir, the baby be a'livin'." She paused, a sudden shyness creeping over her. "So's you see I kinda reckon mebbe some good'll come out of this!"

* * * * *

Dinner over, they withdrew to the drawing room. However, Mark Jeffrey did not stir. He sat idly fingering a tall crystal goblet, his steady gaze turned toward the expensively tapestried window that overlooked the whole length of Parkview Avenue. The snow fell endlessly. Ardis had gone on a skiing party with a number of house guests, he explained to his friends upon their query as to her whereabouts. He couldn't have said that a year ago—God was good. Why, a year ago, Ardis, instead of trudging up a steep hill that glistened in a blanket of white, laughing and shouting, had been trying to console herself from the annihilation of living in her paralyzed condition. And today, because of a mere child's unquenchable faith in the Almighty, the whole being of his daughter was centered upon enjoying the outdoor life that had been denied her. He arose reluctantly, fearing the tiring ordeal of facing the banal conversation of his business associates. He started as the door opened behind him. A group of girls entered, bubbling over with self-confident youth. He was aware of the becoming color on Ardis' curved cheek. She looked flushed, excited, and a little tired, but a joyous light shone on her face. Mark Jeffrey watched her arm in arm with Ellie ascending the marble staircase with that ever so slight limp. Ellie fell back a few paces, and looking over her shoulder met the Guv'nor's message of genuine devotion and gratitude.

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