

# ORACLE

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**FIRE**

BY JAMES WATSON





# The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

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# The Oracle

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## The Night Watchman

First Prize

*By Katherine Faulkingham*

What does he think—the night watchman,  
When along the city streets  
He totters, lantern in wrinkled hand,  
And wearily repeats,  
“Eight o’clock and all’s well,”  
And nods to all he meets?

“And all is well,” he laughs in scorn,  
“What cruel untruth I speak,  
Today I lost my wife—oh God,  
Where dwells the joy I seek?”  
He calls again and stumbles on  
To the river, cold and bleak.

“Eight o’clock and all’s well,”  
His voice grows strained and small,  
He hears the chimes of a distant bell,  
As the waters rise and fall,  
Then smiling, grim, he slides beneath,  
And the waves close over all.

From the surface of the river,  
As the waters rose and fell,  
Came a cry that will live forever,  
“Eight o’clock and all’s well!”





# Fire

Fire was his god, and he served.

JAMES WATSON

SENIOR

*"Jimmy," misinformed on the rules of the contest, submitted this composition. It was judged first prize, but, as Oracle Board members are not allowed to compete, he was ineligible for the prize. So the glory of first place, but not the prize, goes to "Jimmy" Watson.*

THERE were other sounds than the low throbbing of the native drums and the nocturnal jungle noises on the island that night. Sounds as of the crackling of burning wood, and now and then, heavy thuds as of falling timbers.

From the old tramp steamer, there could be seen against the clear, moonlit, tropical sky, a reddish glow which reflected weirdly on the lightly lapping waves of the still, southern sea.

The god, Fire, was abroad on the island that night.

"Prob'ly some black devil's been burnt out," boomed Captain Eli from the bridge to his first mate. His voice reverberated across the waters to the island and back.

"Yep," answered the mate whose voice was soaked up by the vast curtain of silence.

It was strange, some poor islander had been burnt out of house and home, but as the sounds of the fire died out, the steady, vibrating throbbing of the drums never lessened in rhythm and everything remained peaceful and tranquil as if nothing had happened.

Presently the sound of someone swimming was heard off the starboard beam, and as the path of the swimmer crossed the swath of moonlight cut on the dark waters, the head and shoulders of a man could be made out. Later, as he climbed aboard over the railing, the First Mate, who was on deck, saw a tall, thin, white man in white shirt and ducks, which clung to him, revealing the frailty of his frame.

"Where's the captain?" he croaked in the voice of a sick man.

"You'll find him in his cabin aft."

The white round-shouldered figure staggered down the deck into the lighted doorway of the master's cabin and flung itself into a chair.

"Wha' d'ya mean, bargain' in on me like this? Who are ya?" bellowed the captain.

In the pale light from the single kerosene lamp the features of the man could be made out. He looked half-starved, and he had the red, flush face of a man

down with dysentery, which is not an uncommon disease among white men in the tropics.

"For the love o' heaven, don't be hard, I'm in an awful mess," snivelled the man.

"I ain't one ta be soft-hearted, and I ain't got time ta waste. What's yer monicker, and who'd ya kill?" Captain Eli was not new to the tropics.

"Then you'll listen? My name's David—David Marsters. I haven't killed anybody. That fire you prob'ly just saw was my storehouse and it isn't any accident that it caught afire, neither. But I can't prove that. I'm in the copra trade. All the money I had was tied up in copra in that storehouse." (Here the man nearly broke.) "There was over a hundred dollar's worth of copra there, and I was goin' to sell it to you, and pay "Greek," the guy who runs the tradin' post, back the thirty dollars I owed him and start out on a new trip with the rest. But "Greek" and a couple Spaniards run a copra trade themselves, so they burnt me out."

It was evident by the look on the captain's face that he was little impressed by the sordid details of the story.

"That don't make sense, ya fool! You owe, "Greek" thirty dollars, so he burns up your storehouse which you coulda paid with."

"Th—there's more to it," blubbered the man. "I own a little island about thirteen miles from here, my grandfather left it to me, and that's why I came here." (The man sobbed again as if at the thought of his coming.) "This island isn't very big, but it's got a lot of cocoa palms on it. That's why "Greek" had his men burn me out so's I'd have to sign over my island to him, or else he'd let me die of dysentery, and that's just what'll happen if you don't help me, because the next ship doesn't come for three months."

"Whadda ya want me ta do about it?" roared the captain.

"If you'll pay "Greek" the money I owe him, I'll work it out in the black gang."



At this last, the captain guffawed loudly.

"It only takes six men to fire the tub, and we've got all six. What's more, ya couldn't lift a piece o' coal, ya blasted weakling!"

The man was on the verge of collapse. He said nothing, but looked at the captain with the pleading eyes of a dog.

Probably more from the realization of an opportunity for monetary gain than from any humane passion which he might possess, the captain said, "You go see Charley, the cook, he'll getcha some slop and putcha up. Then see me in the mawnin'."

The man, David, would have fallen all over the captain in gratitude, but he was booted out the door.

The rest of that night, David slept a sleep of exhaustion. He did not get up the next morning until the tropical sun blazing down upon the deck made it impossible to breathe in the foe's'le where he was sleeping. When he did get up, he went to the captain's cabin.

The captain, who had left the ship earlier in the morning, told David in a more civil voice than the night before that he had "Been ashore and paid off 'Greek'." He also told David that he was to handle the wheelbarrow in bringing coal into the fireroom from the coal locker which was not, as is usual, one and the same. David learned that they were weighing anchor that morning as the freighter had taken on all the copra she could hold beside the five hundred gallons of unsold kerosene.

After putting away a vast amount of food, David

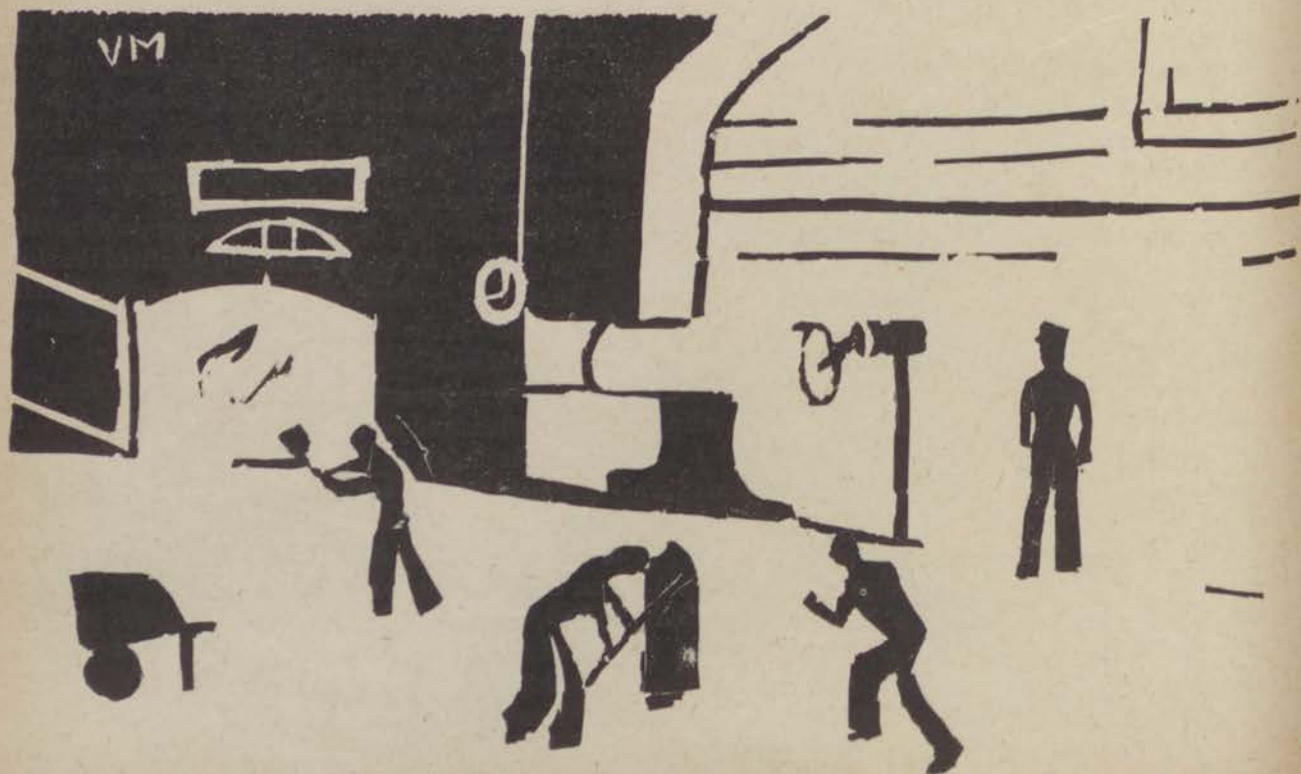
was set to work wheeling coal to get up steam in preparation for getting under way. Already David felt and looked better. He had a square meal behind his belt and a good night's sleep behind him. He went at his work with viciousness and a will. He had a hard time though, because he found it nearly impossible to keep the hungry shovels of the black gang fed. The feel of the hard boot was not unknown to him.

There was one firer, however, who did not kick David when he failed to keep enough coal in the fireroom. This man's name was Blackie, and his name fitted him perfectly. He was of massive stature with shining black hair and black overhanging eyebrows. However, David was taller and might have been broader but for his life of starvation. Needless to say, Blackie was master of the black gang. At a word from him, the men would leap into action or drop their shovels as the case might be.

Once, when David was kicked so hard that he was thrown to the floor, Blackie was enraged beyond endurance, and he promised to bash in the head of the next one to try it.

From this time on, Blackie and David were fast friends. Blackie handled his shovel as if it were a broom in weight, and he never seemed to get tired. He always had a word of encouragement for David when the latter seemed weary or disheartened. Once or twice he stoked his firebox ahead so that he could relieve David from a load or two of coal.

Up to this point, everything in the stoke hole went as well as could be expected of a bunch of brutes, but one day when the grub was worse than usual, there



*David was set to work wheeling coal to get up steam*



were grumblings heard from the gang. One man remarked that he didn't mind "a worm or two" in his meat, but didn't like to be fed "just worms."

Now an ocean-going steamer is small enough, and everything heard, said, or done gets around quicker than in a country town with a single telephone line. Hence, the grumblings soon reached the ears of the captain. However, nothing was done about it, and everything was not well in the stoke hole. The vessel lost two knots speed, and the pressure dropped over a hundred pounds. This went on for several days before David took it upon himself to speak to the captain.

The captain and the first mate were both on the bridge when David started up the ladder.

"Whadda ya think this is," bawled the captain, "your own private yacht? Get offa here!"

"I only came to tell you about the food we've been getting, and I was goin' to ask you, couldn't you do something about it?"

"Well, Mr. Ambassador, you can tell that bunch o' white-livered swine that if we don't put on a hundred pound o' steam more right away, they wun't get any food."

After David had left, the first mate asked the captain a question which had been in the back of his mind for some time.

"Why'd ya take on that half-starved skunk for anyway? He couldn't lift his own weight in coal!"

"You dumb jackass, you don't look farther than the bow o' your own ship. Do ya think I paid off that guy, 'Greek?' Well, I did,—in lead!"

"You mean—"

"Catch on quick, don't cha?"

"But why?"

"Say, you are dumb. So's it'd look as if that David guy killed 'im. More'n that, I kin threaten ta turn 'im over to the frogs when we gets to Papeete if he don't sign that island o' his over ta me. Then I'll turn 'im over anyway."

"Gee, you are smart. But what if someone should squeal? They'd getcha for blackmail at least."

"Someone won't squeal," said the captain meaningly.

When David went back to the stoke hole, he found the men all sitting around cooling themselves while the boilers did likewise. David's story told, the gang set up the cry, "No grub, no steam."

The fires had all but gone out when the chief engineer appeared in the doorway to the stoke hole followed by the captain.

"Mutinous scum," roared the captain, "I'll show ya."

He drew a gun from his coat pocket and fired aimlessly. The bullet splashed on a water pipe just over their heads.

"I'm givin' the chief engineer here a gun with seven bullets—one for each of ya—and he knows how to use it. I'm keepin' one gun meself. Now we'll have steam."

Needless to say, there was steam. It reminded one of the episode in which someone said, "Let there be light," and there was light; it was so different.

But the black gang remained sullen and the food remained rotten.

The men became weak on the food they were getting, gradually at first, but steadily. Strangely enough, Blackie, the strongest of them all, physically, showed it the most. As someone later put it, "His back was stronger than his belly."

One day when Blackie looked worse than usual, and when the gang was being driven harder than usual, Blackie had his mishap. He was shovelling as fast as he could, and for the first time since David had known him, he looked as if he were straining to lift his shovel. The sweat stood out all over him, and gave his now sickly greenish-white face a queer look in the glow from his furnace. David had just dumped a load of coal and was about to go for another when he saw it all. Blackie had thrown a shovelful of coal into his furnace, but, instead of stepping away from the hot glare to get another, he lurched face forward into the open door. A scream. David leaped and tore him from the hot metal.

It was too late, Blackie's form was seared from his knees to his forehead, and great pieces of skin had stuck to the furnace when he had been pulled from it. His whole head had been singed and all that remained of his hair, his eyebrows and eyelashes was a crisp dust, the smell of which was nauseating. His charred lips never spoke again.

The god, Fire, had taken his toll.

The captain had sense enough to know that after this event, he would be faced with a mutiny if nothing were done about the food. So he ordered the cook to do his best until they got to Nouka Hiva. This measure permitted the incident to become removed from the minds of all except David, who, being adjudged strong enough, had taken Blackie's furnace.

David had no one to side in with him now, but, as the work of the gang did not depend on him any more, he managed to keep out of trouble. He was stronger now, and began to look like the man he had once been. His eyes were clear, and he cringed from no one. His shoulders had broadened out somewhat and his biceps and forearm were larger and harder. He found no trouble in handling his shovel for his hands had become hard and calloused from the handles of the wheelbarrow.

They reached Nouka Hiva the next day, and traded half their cargo of kerosene for supplies. The captain was anxious to get underway because he didn't want any desertions. However, he waited until the last minute before weighing anchor, before he called David to his cabin.

"Do you want me to turn you over to the authorities for the murder of 'Greek' Zanhane?"

(Continued on page 32)



## Gork's Sky Ride

### Second Prize Story

By George Bell

*It has lately been a question of dispute whether George Bell can make up more stories per minute, than Franklin Roosevelt can make up plans. So far George is slightly in the lead. This story, however, went over slightly better than the A.A.A.*

ONCE upon a time, a young nobleman fell in love with the King's daughter. It was no wonder that he did, for her beauty was so celebrated that men came from all over the country to woo her. The princess, however, forsook all others and returned his love.

When the King heard about the affair he was exceedingly angry. The King had hoped that she would choose someone of more greatness. But at last he agreed that if the youth could kill an eagle that was stealing the lambs thereabout, the princess should be his.

The eagle was huge and very clever. The best archers of the King had tried in vain to kill this wicked bird, but they could not. The King, therefore, felt fairly safe when he made his promise.

Gork, for that was the young nobleman's name, had, for almost two weeks, tried to kill the eagle. Then one day about noon, while out hunting, he took off his heavy leather jacket and tied the sleeves about his waist, for it was very hot. Just as he was tying the sleeves the knife dropped out of his pocket. As he stooped to pick it up there was a dark shadow, accompanied by a rush of wings, and sick'ning sting in the small of his back. Gork was not unconscious more than a minute. His dazed eyes saw the ground many feet below him, growing more distant. Then he realized! The eagle for which he was hunting had seized him! He knew that eagles took their prey to great cliffs and killed it by dropping it. With the calm coolness that comes to those in great danger he set to work. The eagle's talons had been averted somewhat by the heavy leather jacket, and only one claw had broken through, which was not set very deep into his back. Gork shut his eyes and wrenched himself free. There he dangled high in the air. The eagle held the jacket fast while the knot in the sleeves held Gork. By wiggling and turning, Gork finally was sitting on the jacket which was held between the eagle's talons. With his head between the legs of the huge bird he hung on for dear life. Then he tied each sleeve of the jacket to the bird's scaly legs. Now that he was more secure he looked around.

The bird was flying towards Bogenheit mountain with the speed of the wind. Gork lost his fright for a minute as he watched the mighty wings throb in perfect time. He could see the head of the bird with difficulty for the bird was flying straight into the sun. Far below he could see the city in which he lived. The

palace of the King looked like a toadstool in the midst of a mushroom patch, painted fancy colors by the elves. The river, running through the fields and woodlots, gave the appearance of an irregular checkerboard, mended by a strip of blue tape, flung into the midst of a pile of sofa cushions, which were the mountains. To Gork the spectral scenery, viewed from such an unnatural position, made him feel like a magic King. It was as wonderful as it was terrible.

Suddenly the eagle banked to the left. The change was so sudden Gork nearly fell out of his seat. He grabbed with both hands the left leg of the sky bird. The eagle lost his timing, folded up his wings, and dropped two hundred feet, over and over. Just about a hundred feet from the ground he recovered and snapped back into position, zooming for altitude. Gork was so scared he could not do a thing. Then the eagle struck at him with his beak. But in doing so he lost "time" again, and again they both fell. They were now right over the King's palace. When the bird had once more gained altitude; Gork began to pull the feathers out of the bird's breast. The eagle screamed with pain. No bird can fly without feathers and soon the giant of the air began to tire. Then as a last dash Gork reached behind and cut off the eagle's tail, by which he steered himself. The tired bird fluttered toward the earth and landed in the river. Quick as a flash Gork grabbed his head and drowned the wicked creature.

Men and women had crowded around, for they had seen the fight. They put Gork on their shoulders and took him to the King.

"My King," cried Gork, "I have done what you commanded."

"Yes," said the King, "and well, too! Bring my daughter to her future husband."

Gork was never so happy before. A weeping lady-in-waiting entered and bowed low.

"My Lord," cried she, "the Princess saw the death of the eagle, and, thinking her lover killed she took poison."

Gork and the King rushed to the room of the princess and found her dead.

Gork took one look and dragged his weary, bruised body out of the palace. His body was sore but it was a trifle compared to the soreness of his heart. Up the mountain road he went and was never seen again.

## A Slight Mistake

By Austin Keith

*For the first ten days of vacation Austin had a great time reading, skating, and just enjoying himself. But just before we had to come back to school he worked until the wee hours of the morn to create this thrilling masterpiece.*

WITH BROWS lowered sullenly, Milt Blake sat by the window and looked out across the street. Blake's eyes flashed hate to-



ward a light burning in one window of the frame building which housed the *Lakeville Weekly Clarion*. His uncle, Lem Carson, would be there setting type for the ancient hand press.

"Curse him!" Blake gritted, his fingers curling. "The old buzzard could have let me have the money. Threw me out. Said I'd never get another cent from him. Huh! He'd let me go to jail." The man's mouth was set in a grim line. "And I'll go there if I don't get that five hundred back to the bank by tomorrow night."

If young Milt Blake's miserable soul had contained one ounce of righteousness, he would have admitted to himself that his uncle's tolerance could not be expected to last forever. Getting the salary of a small town bank teller, Milt Blake had set a furious pace amid the night life of the nearby city. Three times now, Lem Carson had lifted his nephew out of serious trouble, even going so far as to clamp a mortgage on his small house so that his deceased sister's son might escape disgrace.

Milt rose from his chair and paced nervously back and forth. Five hundred dollars! The bookie over at Evanstown had threatened to have him thrown out of the bank. Blake had taken the money from the bank's vault and had paid off his gambling debt. But, in a day or two, the shortage would certainly be discovered.

He turned and walked slowly to the washstand. He peered into the mirror and passed a hand over his unshaven face. He reached for a razor and inserted the blade. A newspaper had fallen onto the floor. He bent to pick it up. Suddenly, he leaned close to the sheet and squinted at the column of print. The paper was a four-page affair printed by his uncle Lem.

An amused smirk twisting one side of his mouth, Milt took the paper and walked across the room to his bed. He sat down and feasted his eyes on the black type. One corner of the paper had been torn away, thus removing part of the item which had interested him. But enough was there to form a wicked plan in Blake's mind.

"The police of Oakville upstate," he read, "believe that Handsome Haney, convicted bank robber, who escaped from Charlestown prison a month ago, is headed south toward Evanstown. A farmer near Mead claims to have recognized the criminal when he stopped for a drink of water at his place. Officers are asked to keep a sharp lookout for — ney. He is five feet seven, has brown curly hair, fair complexion, — lks with slight lisp!!

The newspaper dropped from Milt Blake's fingers. In his crafty eyes burned a calculating light. He knew every nook and cranny of the Lakeville bank. There was but one man who stood in his way. Old Bart Guppy, the watchman. "Handsome" Haney was on the loose. Many bank robberies had been credited to Haney.

"And my pious old uncle showed me the way to get that five hundred," gloated Blake. "Printed it right in his newspaper."

\* \* \* \* \*

Just as Lakeville's town clock struck the hour after midnight, Milt Blake slunk around the corner of the bank, and crouched in the long eerie shadows cast from a great elm tree. Soon he heard footsteps. That would be old Bart Guppy. The old man patrolled the small business district from dusk until dawn. Blake knew that Bart would stop when he got to the opposite corner from where he was hiding. The old man would peer into the windows of the hardware store, and then walk across the street to try the door of the bank.

Humming a tune, Guppy did just that. Blake slipped out of the foreboding shadows and leaped to the old man's back. He got one arm hooked around Guppy's throat to choke off an outcry.

"G-Gimme them keyth or I'll choke ya, ya ol' roothter!"

The watchman struggled furiously. Milt Blake, having spoken his prearranged words, reached into his pocket and pulled out a revolver. He brought the butt down hard on the watchman's head. Then he dragged the old man to a little yard in the rear of the bank. He took Guppy's keys, looked about cautiously and went around to the front.

Blake was soon inside the Lakeville bank. He knew the combination of the safe. Softly he walked across the floor and in back of the cages. He chuckled as he felt the safe door with his gloved hands and began to twirl the dial. A moment later he was through the rear door of the bank and flitting towards the outskirts of Lakeville with almost ten thousand dollars in currency. He put his haul under the cushions of the rumble seat in his yellow roadster, then started the engine and drove to Evanstown.

\* \* \* \* \*

A milkman found Guppy about five o'clock the next morning. He sounded the alarm. One of the first townspeople to reach the spot was Lem Carson.

"Can't make out anything he's saying now," the milkman said to Lem Carson. "Been hit pretty hard. He tried to talk when I picked him up, but—"

The owner of the *Lakeville Clarion* suddenly knelt down beside Guppy. The old man's eyes seemed to have cleared. One hand was making feeble gestures. "H-He was a f-feller th-that l-lisped, Lem," Guppy forced out. "H-He—" The injured man collapsed. A moment later he died.

"Haney!" cracked the milkman. "He robbed the bank—look, Lem. The keys are still in the door."

"Lisped?" Lem Carson repeated, a look of wonder shadowing his face. "Guppy said he lisped—say!" Milt Blake's uncle got to his feet slowly, trying to recall something from the back of his mind. His eyes narrowed. "I think I've got to look into something. When the sheriff comes, you send him over to Mrs. Abbott's house."

(Continued on page 32)



## Christmas Day

By Shirley Drew

*Christmas vacation was almost at an end! After working in Bangor's most expensive store (the Five and Ten), Shirley Drew was in a terrible mood. However, she settled herself comfortably in bed and wrote this delightful character study.*

I WAS awakened while it was still dark by shrieks of delight coming from down stairs. When I reached the living room, I found the children gathered around the Christmas tree, busily engaged unwrapping their gifts and shouting with joy as each longed-for treasure was uncovered. My own presents were just what I had wanted most, but, though it was still early, I was impatient to start for Aunt Judith's. Aunt Judith, and Uncle, had invited the family to have dinner and spend the day with them at their home in the country. At last, after all the gifts had been opened and exclaimed over, and breakfast, consisting mostly of oranges, nuts, and candy, had been eaten, we left.

When we reached Aunt Judith's, we were greeted by a host of relatives, many of whom we children hardly knew. At first we were rather bashful, especially during the hugging and kissing procedure. At last we were free to go to the parlor and view the cousins' tree and gifts.

Uncle Don did not believe in decorating a tree with a few glass balls and a little tinsel; he trimmed it as his grandfather had done before him. The tree was decorated with strings of pop corn, strung by the children. Gilded walnuts and painted pine cones hung from the branches, along with tiny glass angels. Little pointed containers and small, red, cheesecloth stockings held candy and nuts. A large glass angel, holding a star in her hand, was placed on the top-most peak, as if guarding the tree. Instead of electric lights, the tree was illuminated by tiny candles placed on every available limb. I thought they were lovely and wondered why people had changed to electric lights.

We amused ourselves until dinner by relating to each other all our adventures since we had last met, and by discussing the various relatives.

When dinner was served, we entered the huge dining room; what a sight met our eyes! The long table fairly groaned under its load of good things. Two huge turkeys, one at either end of the table, seemed to "lord it" over the roasts of veal and beef. There were vegetables of all kinds and descriptions, gravy, dressing, sauces, relishes, not to mention apple pies, pumpkin pies, and mince pies: likewise tea, coffee, and cider (sweet). It seemed to me that the men's faces showed a little disappointment when they first tasted it. Around the table were gathered a large company of Maynards, Drews, Townsends, and Traverses, all jolly and good-natured, and seeming to have the time of their lives.

Instead of taking a part in the conversation, I

amused myself by inspecting my relatives. Down near the head of the table was my Aunt Agatha, quite the most imposing of the company. She was tall and very thin, with a square chin, long nose, and large, black eyes that gleamed from beneath heavy, arched eyebrows. Her hair, which was snowy white and curled naturally, was really beautiful. You would have thought her the type of woman who would be interested in the political welfare of the nation and the moral welfare of her neighbors, and you would probably have been right; but Aunt Agatha had one weakness—she loved dogs. It wasn't that she loved strong, manly dogs that can be tolerated, but poodles; and one particularly detestable poodle was the passion of her life. For some reason the dog seemed to take an interest in me, and whenever I glanced at him and caught him peering at me from the tangle of straggly locks that almost screened his face entirely from view, it was only by a strong effort of self-control that I refrained from picking him up and throwing him through the window. I doubt, however, if Aunt Agatha could have lived without him. She held the dog in her lap during dinner, continually interrupting her own meal to give "Fifi" the juiciest morsels of chicken, or to ask, in a honeyed tone, "Whose 'ittle doggy-woggy is 'oo?" or to tie the huge blue satin ribbon that adorned Fifi's neck, or rather, body, for the bow was fully as large as she. I drew my eyes from this spectacle, and looked at Uncle George.

He was exactly opposite Aunt Agatha, short, round, with several chins, complexion of a rubicund hue, twinkling eyes, and a head from which every particle of hair had departed. Cousin Jimmy, aged eight, seemed fascinated by Uncle George's appearance, and would have been unable to tear his eyes from Uncle George's bald pate had not his dinner compelled his undivided attention.

My eyes shifted to the end of the table, where I beheld, what, to me, was a revolting spectacle. There sat my cousin Bertha, with her newly acquired husband, Fred. They were completely oblivious to their surroundings, and had eyes for no one but each other. Bertha had a wistful, adoring look in her eyes and a silly smile on her face. One could hardly believe that this young woman was the same girl with whom I had often played dolls.

After dinner the children amused themselves by playing old-fashioned games, like trying to get a bite from an apple bobbing in a tub of water, or seeing who could get the largest bite from an apple hanging in the doorway. We older children went to the kitchen to make fudge and popcorn. A little later in the afternoon, Cousin Davey, aged four, tired of playing with his toys, brought his paper dolls and scissors to the kitchen to see what all the noise and laughter was about. A few minutes later the sound of tiny footsteps was heard, and Fifi stood in the doorway. In some mirac-

(Continued on page 30)



## Fate Deals the Cards

By Ada Saltzman

*Writing stories with a generous taste of humor is as easy as ABC for Ada Saltzman. We are told that she gets all of the plots for her very interesting stories merely by observing and studying human nature.*

**F**ATE PLAYS many strange tricks. So strange, sometimes, that it is difficult to understand them.

I squirmed uneasily in my seat. Not that the chair was uncomfortable, for the Elite Theatre had the softest seats in the city, but the amateur show being presented was disgusting. A large crowd had filled the amusement building; a mob of morons it was, laughing, heckling the performers who were of so poor quality that it was almost pitiful. Right now, a young girl stood before the microphone which served as an amplifier.

"And now we have Miss Annabelle Lee," said the master of ceremonies, a short, stout man, always quoting trite jokes, "Miss Lee will sing 'Moonglow'."

The "would-be star" proved to be an extremely poor singer. Her voice was coarse and cracking. She received a few rounds of applause. I looked over at my companion. He grinned. I scowled. He was taking advantage of my discomfiture. You see, I am the manager of K A X. It's not a large radio station as metropolitan stations go, but for a small city, it is ideal. We belong to a national network, and we have a few good local programs. I was duty bound to attend these amateur shows. Occasionally, even in this cali-

bre of entertainment, a star is picked up. I had been attending these shows for about ten weeks; yet not a prospect had been uncovered.

I waited for the next performer with a feeling of discouragement. A disreputable man walked across the stage. He was a tramp of the first degree. His pants, once grey, resembled burlap bags; his coat was tattered and torn. A two weeks old beard adorned his face.

A loud roar greeted him. "Throw him out!" "Kill the tramp!"

The crowd, low as it was, could not even stand for this.

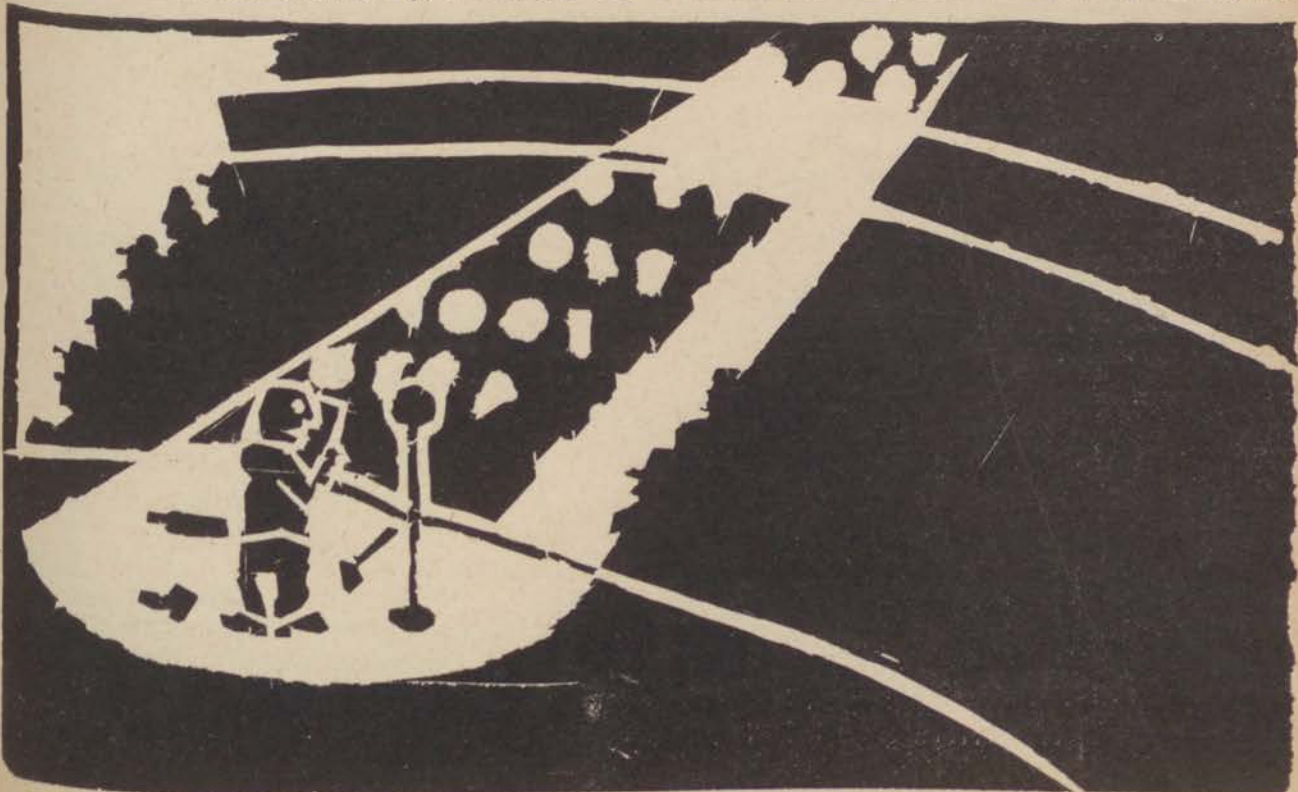
The announcer, an artificial smile pasted on his face, raised his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I ask for your attention. Please give this man just three minutes. Give him a chance."

The crowd quieted down. It had become curious. I, too, was interested.

"Hobo Bill," the announcer continued, "singing 'Mother Machree'."

The piano player banged down a few chords. The tramp began singing. The crowd sat amazed. I couldn't believe it. The hobo had a wonderful voice; a voice that would do justice to an opera singer. It had power, tone, expression. The song rang out through the hall. It was wonderful. No other word can express it so appropriately. The audience sat as if hypnotized; and hypnotized it was. He put anguish and joy in his song. He seemed to be singing to a god. One could almost picture an old, weary mother, wait-



Hobo Bill, singing "Mother Machree."



ing for her sons who would never return. The final words died out. A silence prevailed in the theatre. A few sobs broke out. Then came applause—applause such as never was heard before in the Elite Theatre. The audience shouted, cheered. It was magnificent.

I grasped my companion by the arm. "Come on, that's my man. Let's find him back stage."

We found the tramp in a dressing room. I introduced myself. He smiled wistfully.

"If it's radio you're concerned about," he said, "I'm sorry but I will not accept any proposition." His voice was cultured; his enunciation, that of an English professor. I gazed at him with surprise. Beneath the beard, I could discern an intelligent face. I protested.

"No," he stated emphatically, "I'm very sorry. I can't go on the radio. Salary no matter how large, has no enticement. Come, sit down. I will tell you of my misfortune."

And then came a strange, fantastic story—a tale of woe, of misfortune—an unbelievable tale.

"I've always had a remarkable voice. When I was ten years old, I was considered a prodigy. I took vocal lessons from the best teachers. At twenty-one, I toured on the concert stage. I had a brilliant future. Critics raved about me. The Metropolitan wanted to sign me up. Everything looked rosy.

"My best friend was Jim. His last name doesn't matter. He was a fiery, little chap. We would give our lives for each other. That's how close we were. He was a newspaper man, writing feature for a syndicate.

"Then came the war. I went across to sing for the doughboys—to entertain them. Jim went over as a soldier. He had the rank of a lieutenant. We lost sight of each other. Then Armistice came, and with it came peace. Jim had written to me weekly. I knew him to be all right.

"But then came the shock. Jim had been killed—killed the day before the eleventh. And it so happened that his death was my fault. Yes, I know that they say I'm not to blame, but I am.

"On the tenth, Jim learned from his captain that there was suspicion of a spy staying in a certain house of the city in which Jim and the captain were quartered. Jim volunteered to lead a group to the house. It was dangerous work, for, if the suspect were truly a spy, he would shoot it out to death.

"As they neared the house, (I learned this from a member of the squad), Jim suddenly stopped. He heard my singing voice, emerging from the house. He gave a cry of joy. "That's not a spy, that's Bill!" Before the other men could stop him, the excited Jim rushed into the house and into the pistol of the frightened spy. The others captured the spy before he could do further damage.

"But Jim—he lay dead. My voice had been only a phonograph record that the spy had been playing.

"When the news reached me, I vowed never to sing

professionally. Now and then, the old urge comes back to me. I long for a crowd to thrill to my singing. So I enter these amateur shows. I do not accept money. No one recognizes, or remembers me. I go in this disguise. My father left me a little money so that I have no want. I'm sorry if I have bored you, but, gentlemen, that is my story."

I bowed my head in silence, and shook hands with him. My companion followed. We left.

My friend was strangely quiet. He cleared his throat nervously.

"I've got to make a confession and I want you to keep it a secret. As you know, I came here from Austria as a small child before the war. But I left a brother in Austria, and that brother was—was—the spy who shot Jim."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, Fate does many strange things.

## Various Methods of Falling

By Miriam Fellows

*When Miriam Fellows graduates she plans not only to follow in her father's footsteps and be a doctor, but also to write—prescriptions. Her pet hobbies are movie-going and reading murder mysteries. The story which follows, she says, was "awfully simple" to write.*

### Tripping Over a Shoestring

Regard this as bad luck. Pick yourself up with dignity, set your hat and hair in order nonchalantly, stoop gracefully and tie up the shoestring.

N. B.: This is the only thing to do under the circumstances. If you have broken or sprained a bone, rib, muscle, ligament, or blood vessel in any part of the body, it is indeed unfortunate, but you must, nevertheless, pick yourself up in a dignified manner and go on your way.

### The Cellar Stairs

This is a very inconsiderate method of falling. When you reach the bottom of the stairs, you are generally too shaken up to do anything but call for help, and you have to be carried up two flights of stairs to your bed. The most considerate way of falling is to fall down—

### The Attic Stairs

—because then you are right on the second floor. (on is right.)

### The Outside Stairs of a House or Public Building

In this fall try to be nonchalant as there are likely to be onlookers.

### Falling Off a Curb

When falling off a curb, keep yourself and your anger down. Lie as you fall until a handsome policeman picks you up.

### Falling Against a Curb

When falling against a curb, fall flat if possible, as this makes less obstruction on the sidewalk and enables pedestrians to continue walking by stepping over you.



# POETRY

## The Old Gray Rat

Third Prize

By Gerald Merrill

With a cheep and a chank, and a chaw and a chew,  
The old gray rat gnawed, as rats will do;  
For the cold had come, it was late in fall,  
So he worked with a will at the corn-house wall.

For the gray rat knew, as all rats know,  
That a snug corn-crib is the place to go;  
When food is scarce and the snow piles high,  
A rat needs a home that is warm and dry.

The floor of the crib was rotten and thin,  
The walls of the crib were tumbling in,  
But the crib was filled with grain,  
Where the old gray rat would remain.

The old gray rat looked 'round about,  
As he combed his long gray whiskers out.  
"There is food and more than enough for me,  
So I'm off to get me a wife," said he.

And so he wed, the old gray rat,  
And he and his wife waxed rich and fat.  
The family thrived on the corn in store,  
And children were born, some ten or more.

When winter's cold froze all the ground,  
The fat little rats would gather 'round  
The old gray rat, who would smirk and say,  
"Eat hearty, my children, the farmer will pay."

Now the moral of this tale is true,  
For this is the way that rats will do.  
For a rat is a rat and will eat his fill,  
If some shiftless farmer will pay the bill.

## Thoughts

By Dorothy Cardin

My thoughts are the waves on a stormy sea,  
Where a silver ship does float.  
It tosses with my waves of thought  
This tiny ship, my wondrous, silver boat.

And so I calm my sea of thoughts  
To save my ship of silver hue,  
So that it keeps a straight true course  
And sails, forever, waters blue.

N. B.: If any woman has wondered how a football player tackles a man this is a good time to find out. As you fall, grab a passer-by by the ankles. The sensation you get will satisfy your curiosity for a long time.

## The Banana Peel

This method of falling is typical of "funny papers," but happens in real life, too. It is very embarrassing, and often results in bad bruises.

## The Slipping Rug

This method of falling is very like the Banana Peel method, but it is more dangerous, as you are likely to have something quite breakable in your hands at the time.

## Ice

When slipping on the ice, be graceful. If, however, you forget to be graceful, grab the arm of someone near, so that your gracelessness may be covered by the double fall.

## Falling Out of Windows

Remember: It is said that falling down two steps is more dangerous than falling down a whole flight. The same thing, therefore, would hold true with falling out of windows. Therefore, select the highest window in the house to fall out of and you will arrive at the ground unharmed.

## Falling Off a Roof

When falling off a roof, try to land on your head. It will probably not hurt it.

Waiter: Tea or coffee?

Student: Don't tell me, let me guess.—*Siren*.

Worker: Gimme a ginger ale.

Jerker: Pale?

Worker: No, no! Just a glass.—*Frivol*.

The Messenger had just caught sight of Burnam Wood marching upon Dunsinane. He turned to Macbeth and shouted: Your Majesty, cheese it! The corpse! —*Sundial*.

Wife: This is lovely soup.

Hubby: Ah, you should have heard the kind that mother used to make.—*Owl*.

"Set the alarm for two, please."

"You and who else?"—*Jester*.

"If you don't marry me, I'll jump off a three hundred foot cliff."

"Sounds like a lot of bluff to me."—*Owl*.

"What kind of a guy is your roommate?"

"Well, last night he hit his shin on a chair and said, 'Oh, the percursivity of inanimate objects!'"—*Kitty Kat*.



# RADIO DIALINGS

By Pauline Jellison



At the right:  
Fred Waring

At the left:  
His orchestra



"That I do, Midder Waring, that I do." Why of course it can be no one else but Snoony and her dog Snoony!

Probably all of you have heard her on Fred Waring's program Tuesday evening from 9:30 to 10:00. The only fault we can find with this program is that Snoony should present herself more than for a period of five little minutes. She should appear at least twice on the program. Besides this attraction, we have Fred and his band. Personally, I consider his the best orchestra on the air, and I know of countless other people who have the same opinion. You should hear the band play that number *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round*. No one but Fred can do justice to that piece. So, if you're in for a good hour's entertainment, before retiring, listen to Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians and, of course Snoony! Hats off also to Henry Ford for the clever and unobtrusive ways he presents his advertising on this program.

Fifty thousand popular pieces—that sounds like enough to keep Fred Waring, Wayne King and Guy Lombardo busy for many a month, and it will, too,—not busy playing them, but busy keeping them off their programs. It all began when Warner Brothers withdrew from the association of authors and composers because they thought that they weren't receiving their share of the profits. Warner Brothers controls five important publishing houses and have the copyrights of forty per cent of the popular pieces which are published. Since Warner Brothers have withdrawn from the Association, it will be necessary for radio to pay two companies instead of one if they wish to play all the popular pieces. Radio, however, rather than pay such a price, has refused to patronize Warner Brothers even though it means losing fifty thousand of

the best pieces on the air. We suppose that eventually they will have to come to terms. Only time will tell.

Of course you've all heard the new programs over W A B I, and probably have wondered where they come from—Boston or New York. They come from the shelves of Thesaurus, or treasure house. These programs are electrically transcribed, and fifty-four come from the N B C network to W A B I every week. Here's luck to Thesaurus and its fifty-four treasures.

It's 8.30 Wednesday night and the dial is turned to W L B Z. Hold your hat! It's George Burns and Gracie Allen. If Gracie gets much dumber she'll have to be put on a new program. She has already driven George, Ted Husing, the announcer, Milton Watson, the singer, and Jacques Renard, the orchestra leader, practically crazy. Her "Mother Juice Rhymes" are works of art, and her great love for the cruel "Milty Wilty" is pathetic. Except for the few intervals when Jack's orchestra plays, and when Ted advertises, the program is entirely Burns & Allen. And what a program!

A very interesting program is presented at five, Sunday, over W J Z—*Roses and Drums*. Every week a different story of the Civil War is presented. Most of these scenes are laid in the South and show the true spirit and gentleness of the Southern people. Such suffering as we can never picture is brought to light, not only during the war, but after the war, when the proud Southern people were forced to see their beautiful homes fall to ruin, and their families drop from the aristocracy to the common level. For stories of real pathos, hear *Roses and Drums*.

All of you who have hopes of becoming great detectives some day, should listen to Spencer Dean's program every Tuesday at 8.00 over W J Z. Spencer Dean

(Continued on page 25)



## A Balanced School Life

**D**O WE, as a group, receive benefits in proportion to our labors? Or, and, perhaps, what is more important, do we expend efforts that make us worthy of receiving any reward?

Some of us, in less than four short months, will start counting up the profits of our four years at Bangor High School. What will the totals tell? A's, B's, and C's don't count as much as that feeling which tells us we have done our best, indeed, our utmost, to attain respectable rank and to really learn what we set out to learn. Some of us will continue our education further. To us there is real need of having done our level best because we can use and will need every bit of knowledge we may have obtained. Some of us will seek business positions. Those of us will need brains and ingenuity to beat out the next fellow in line. Any way you put it, this year's graduating class will find use for every bit of theoretical and practical learning that it could possibly receive at Bangor High, and don't forget, this school is as fine as there is. If you have missed your mark at Bangor High School, it's your own fault. Only two quarters of your high school training remain—let's push the old rank average up a notch!

A word to the under classmen: We hope you have read carefully the first part of this article—it attempts to show why it is *worth while* to work hard in high school. Never again will there be opportunity to make up what is lost here—your chance is now; you must take it and you can make just what you will of it.

Final ranks and college entrance credits are governed by one thing only. That one governing factor is actual work accomplished, actual marks received in Latin, Chemistry, History, French, or whatever your subjects may be. If you are financially able (as stated on your report card) to undertake additional and supplementary duties, along with your necessary work, all well and good. Certainly anyone can make good use of the practical experience to be acquired in the various clubs and organizations of the school.

Do your honest best. When, at the end of your fourth year, the final judgment comes, be able to be

satisfied with your score as a true indication of your ability.

## Money in the Pocket

When June arrives, many seniors wonder if they can go to college—solely from the financial standpoint. They ponder with regret on the idea that they could have applied for a scholarship, which would have furnished the necessary money, if they had thought of it earlier. Of course, scholarships furnish only part of one's college expenses; some personal capital is absolutely necessary. Now, in mid-winter, is the time to consider the application for a scholarship, provided you need one, and have excellent ability to warrant its award.

Most colleges, nowadays, have scholarships open to the superior student, but that student must be truly superior in order to have one awarded to him or her.

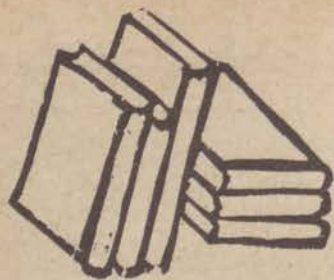
What does one do if one wants a scholarship? First, decide on the college course you want in preparation for your life work. Second, go through the catalogues of several colleges to see if a scholarship suited to your needs would be available. Our high school library has the latest catalogues of all institutions of higher learning. Third, apply to the college for the scholarship, requesting particulars of the award. Some require, in June, College Entrance Board Examinations which cost \$10.00, and mean months of study. As all seniors realize, classes for the College Entrance Board Examinations are held each week in the afternoon by the heads of departments in the required subjects.

Notices of scholarships are often posted on the bulletin board and are well worth attention.

What scholarships are available here at high school, to be awarded yearly? All are familiar with them. There is the Kirstein Scholarship, amounting to the income from five thousand dollars. The choice of the recipient rests finally with the School Board, the selection being made from a list submitted by Mr. Taylor and the senior teachers.

The Mary L. Webster Scholarship is available to a  
(Continued on page 30)





## What Others are Reading

### Black Tents of Arabia

Carl Raswan

**T**HIS book is the story of the author's life among the Bedouins, and it covers a period of twenty-two years among them.

Part one tells of his experiences while living with the tribe of Ruala Bedouins and particularly of his friendship with Amir Nuri Sha'lan and his grandson, Amir Fuaz. On Raswan's return to Arabia after the World War, he is guided from Damascus, where eighty year old Amir Nuri Sha'lan is living, by a young Shammar Bedouin, Faris 'Ibn Haif es-Sa'bi, to the old chief's great tribe, which is now under the leadership of Amir Fuaz. The adventures of this tribe are given and also the love story of Faris, and Tuema, a shepherdess.

The second part covers Raswan's travels in the southern part of Arabia among the tribes of Shammar Bedouins and the Tai' Bedouins. It also tells wonder stories of the famous Arabian horses.

### A Few Foolish Ones

Gladys Hasty Carroll

Maine has produced strong men for the sea, but she has also produced as fine men for the land. If you have read *As the Earth Turns*, you have some idea of what kind of women the earth has produced by the very fine picture of Jen Shaw. You must not imagine for a moment that Maine produces only fine women; she has produced very fine men. This is shown through the life of Gus Bragdon.

The story deals with the life of Gus Bragdon from the time of his marriage in 1870 to his death in 1930. Through him the activity of a small rural community is shown. In the community, lived the Bragdons, short-armed and shrewd, the devil-may-care Blaines who were gentlemen-adventurers and friends of the king, the ne'er-do-well Linscotts, and the Grays who could sing and pray. In the course of the story, these four chief families inter-marry, and, as a result, there is a small boy with a wonderful voice which comes from the Grays, with a love for the country which comes from the Bragdons, with the manner of a born gentleman which comes from the Blaines, and with an easy outlook on life which comes from the Linscotts.

In the winter, old Gus Bragdon, whenever he saw small birds in the woods, always called them "foolish ones" to remain in Maine during the winter when the picking was hard. Mrs. Carroll calls a few characters of her story "foolish ones" to remain in the barren country to earn their living when the rest of the villagers moved to the larger towns where, although they had many luxuries, they never seemed to be very happy. She has so painted the picture that it seems a great pity that the country people move away from the homes which their parents have built, and from the land which was made to produce their food by great work. It made me feel that the recompense of such a life is greater than anyone who has lived in a city all his life can possibly comprehend.

### Silas Crockett

Mary Ellen Chase has given us another book which will please all those who have read and enjoyed *Mary Peters*.

*Silas Crockett* is a story of the maritime life of Maine, and it is told by the story of the lives of four men—Silas, Nicholas, Reuben, and another Silas. The story opens in 1830 with Silas Crockett a sea-captain at twenty-three. The company with which he is working has honored him, and he is on his way to Saturday Cove and Solace Winship. He worries a bit as he reaches Frenchman's Bay because he plans to take Solace with him on his next trip, and he does not know how her parents will like it, and he does not know how his mother and Solace will like his new side whiskers. The story moves on the life of Silas and Solace in parts of the world far from Maine, but they always return after their adventures. In twenty years it becomes the story of their son Nicholas, who sailed with his father as a boy, and who later lost his life in a winter night as a fisherman off the Banks. His son Reuben also took to the sea, but, as times were changing, he was only running a ferry boat at fifty-five. The story now becomes that of a second Silas who leaves college in 1931, not to go to sea, but to take a job in a dingy herring factory.

All through the book we have that sturdy and unbroken spirit of Maine men—men whom nothing can destroy, and who will never degenerate.



## A Review of Activities

### Commercial Club

THE Commercial Club has certainly been doing things on a big scale thus far this year. On Wednesday afternoons, every three weeks, 307 is the meeting place of this club.

As the students of this club intend to enter into the business world after being graduated, an endeavor to secure prominent business men and women of Bangor as guest speakers has been an important part of the year's program.

At one of the early meetings, Miss Elizabeth I. Firth, president of the Bangor Business and Professional Womans' Club, gave an interesting lecture on "The Progress of Business."

The next meeting was in the form of a conducted field trip through the Telephone Building. Here many interesting facts were brought to light. It seems that when we dial a number, hundreds of different operations take place.

On the night of December 16, although one of the worst storms of the year was going on, most of the members turned out to be entertained by a delightful Christmas party at the home of Miss Janice Moore, head of the Commercial department, who is the faculty adviser of the club. Gifts were exchanged, games played, and a beautifully lighted Christmas tree completed the real Christmas atmosphere. Of course there were refreshments. All in all, a great time was had by all.

At the January eighth meeting, the club was very fortunate in being able to have Mr. Horace Stewart, president of the Merchants' National Bank, as guest speaker. Mr. Stewart gave a very interesting talk about what takes place inside the bank, and also pointed out very clearly the requirements that a person who intends to enter into the business world should have.

The Commercial Club is very proud of its activities so far this year and intends to accomplish much more before the warm days of June arrive.

### Latin Club

The outstanding event of the November meeting of the Latin Club was the reception of twenty-seven new members, largely from the ranks of the Sophomores.

Shades of Caesar and his legions! When we were Sophomores, our teachers did not hand out twenty-seven B's all at once! But we forget—they don't come upon Caesar and his *res gestae* until the second quarter, now-a-days.

An eloquent and flowery address of welcome was delivered by George Bell, one of the aediles. As it was so near our Thanksgiving Day, Alma Drinkwater gave an interesting paper on the subject: "Thanksgiving in the Roman Religion". Donald Devoe and Robert Morris staged a clever skit in the form of questions and answers, concerning the doings of famous Romans, and what answers! The new Sophomores overcame their natural shyness to the extent of putting on several charades.

A brief musical period concluded the program.

In the face of the worst storm of the season, Monday evening, December 16, found almost every member of the club gathered in the Assembly Hall to celebrate the old Roman festival of the Saturnalia. Consul Phyllis Smith presided. The first number of the modest little publication, the *S. P. Q. R.* made its appearance at this time. It offers an interesting mixture of sense and nonsense, serious and ridiculous. This year's editorial staff is made up of Miriam Golden, Isabel Cumming, Alice Floros, and Barbara Farnham.

The altogether gloomy, not to say impossible, prospect of a day in the life of an American boy who is in rebellion against the study of Latin, during which he makes no use of anything whose name is in any way connected with the language he claims to despise, was set forth in a short play entitled, "A Day Without Latin." The players were: Charles Pierce, Isabel Cumming, Judith Robinson and Robert Morris. Robert finally gave in—fairly gracefully—when he found that much of his food, to say nothing of his car and his bicycle, were taboo.

A minstrel show, as the Romans might have given it, but, we are assured, never did, was offered by the Sophomores, ably directed by Robert Morris, George Bell and Donald Devoe.

In a short play of a more serious nature, entitled "Caesar's Ghost," George Bell, the typical school boy, was taught a few very wholesome lessons by the *image* of the great Julius,—none other than Horace Stewart, Jr., realistically garbed in a sheet.

Evidently prosperity has come round the corner for



the Latin Club, for this was the first occasion, for some years, at which gifts have been exchanged. The gift committee composed of Betty Witte, Pauline Jellison, Kathleen Rideout, Jane Robinson, Betty Webster, Margaret Lewis, and Barbara Farnham chose the gifts with care and distributed them with due thought. The tooters received instruments to toot, the military gentlemen implements of carnage, and those who like to blow were given balloons.

Refreshments, and Latin music completed a gala evening.

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## Officers' Club

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The 1935-1936 Officers' Club began with the election of club officers. George Bell, under the present nine point system, was ineligible to the office of president. In his place the cadet officers elected Beryle Whidden as president. They elected Peter Emery as vice-president and Peter Garber as treasurer and secretary. The next thing on the list was the election of the entertainment committee. From the whole staff, three were elected. They are: Charles Peirce, George Bell and Peter Emery.

At the second meeting the discussion of a dance to be given in January or February took place. It was postponed until the next meeting, because agreements could not be reached. Harry Vardamus volunteered to write a play to be given in the assembly, probably before the midwinter dance. This play was read before the Officers' club for criticism when they met again. At this meeting Peter Emery was elected publicity manager for the dance and the club. The skit was produced in the assembly of January 17 and showed the reason for the dance's being held. The dance was held January 24. The music was furnished by Paul Monaghan and his orchestra.

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## Glee Clubs

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The glee clubs are still progressing under their capable leader, Miss Hart. They are practicing for the spring concert, and for the first time the boys' and girls' are to be united in a selection which is to be presented at this time.

Girls' Glee Club meets every Monday afternoon at 3.15.

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## Science Club

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Because of a change in the schedule of the activities period, the Science Club held its first meeting December 9, in room 307. Under the new arrangement the club will meet the second Monday of the month with both Juniors and Seniors taking part in the activities.

Much of the time was spent in the election of officers. John Hessert was elected president, "Tommy" Nickerson, vice-president, and Rachel Kent, secretary.

Elizabeth Morgan read the Constitution of the club.

The club plans various field trips during the year, visiting the plants of scientific interest to the students. Already two divisions have visited the Bangor Water Works where Mr. Powell, the resident chemist, met the students and explained the different methods used in the purification of our city water supply.

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## Girls' Athletics

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The hockey season is over, and the hockey-party closed it with a bang. The party was held in the gym on Tuesday, December 10th at 6.30 o'clock. All who won their numerals were invited, and the gym was crowded with girls dressed in their white middies and blue gym-suits. They started off with games. After the games, everybody sat on the floor, and Miss Maguire, the physical instructor, presented the numerals to the girls. Girls receiving their numerals were: Seniors, Mildred Striar, Kathleen Rideout, Winona Fraser and Doris Bullard; Juniors, Evelyn Knowles, Virginia Moulton, Barbara Freese, Beryl Crosby, Ada Alpert, Phyllis Smith, Ann Tyler, June Webster (Capt.), Doris Hamilton, Louise Giles, Ellen Hathorne, Mary Burke, Betty Mack, Louise Betterly, Ernestine Turner, Bernice Faulkingham, Edith Graves, Janice Merrill, Ruth MacIntosh, Emily Rand, Frances Korbut, Nellie Drew, Betty Reid, Faith St. Germain, Jean Pierce, Mildred Flanagan, and Pauline Jordan; Sophomores, Adella Sawyer, Barbara Libbey, Sylvia Striar, Barbara Savage, Marie Tsoulas, Lillian Kopelow, Margaret Moulton (Capt.), Beatrice Gleason, Jane Mulvaney, Virginia Meader, Winona Cole, Doris Zoidis, Ruth Curran, Gwendolyn Matchett, Zilpha Nealey, Margaret Rogers, Eleanor Sweeney, Virginia Hastings, Mary Carlisle, Louise Newman and Dorothy McClure.

Dean Connor, guest of honor, then presented the Varsity "B's" to the following girls: Hazel Chalmers, Peggy Tyler, Rachel Kent, Betty Smart, Betty Ayer, Barbara Welch (Capt.), Mamie Conners, Annette Curran, Hazel Thomas, Dorothy Kamen, Betty Barker, Ellen McIntosh, and Betty Witte. Hazel Chalmers, as manager, was also awarded her manager's "B. M."

Immediately after the awarding of the numerals Hazel Chalmers, president of the Council, and the council members gathered in a semi-circle. Six council girls explained each of the six requirements: Scholarship, Dependability, Athletics, Respect, Leadership, and Sportsmanship. On this evening five girls were taken into the council. They were Adelle Sawyer, Bernice Faulkingham, Emily Rand, June Webster, and Phyllis Smith. The ceremony was very impressive.

To wind up a good party, there must be eats, and



eats there were. Cocoa was made in the kitchen by Council girls, and cake, cookies, and sandwiches were served.

The captains were: Varsity, Barbara Welch; Seniors, Hazel Thomas; Juniors, June Webster; Sophomores, Margaret Moulton. The Seniors and Juniors tied for first place, so both teams received the cup.

At the close of the hockey season, Miss Maguire turned her attention to basketball. One hundred thirty-five girls signed up for the varsity teams. Each class held separate practices, and then Miss Maguire cut the squad. After this first cut all classes practiced together as one squad. The squad was cut again and these are the girls who make up the all-Bangor squad: Seniors, g Dorothy Kamen, f Hazel Thomas, f Mildred Striar, g Barbara Welch, sc Betty Ayer, g Betty Smart, sc Annette Curran, g Betty Barker, f Peggy Tyler, jc Isabel Cumming, f Jeanette Leavitt, f Lora Abbott.

Juniors, jc Ellen Hathorne, sc Ann Tyler, f Barbara Freese, jc Frances Korbut, f Evelyn Knowles, sc Janice Merrill, sc Doris Hamilton, g June Webster, f Emily Rand, f Mary Strickland, g Mary Burke, g Nellie Drew, sc Beryl Crosby.

Sophomores, g Barbara Braley, g Barbara Savage, g Nancy Ballou, g Marguerite Rogers, g Marigold Schreiber, f Sylvia Striar, jc Virginia Meader, f Adelle Sawyer, f Beatrice Gleason, f Mary Carlisle, sc Virginia Simpson, jc Barbara Libbey.

The following schedule of the Varsity team is subject to change: January 17, Alumni; January 31, Brewer at Bangor; February 14, Alumni; February 21, Bangor at Brewer.

## Orchestra

After the orchestra's first appearance in assembly, it played at the City Hall for the State Y. M. C. A. Convention.

At the Dramatic Club plays, the Orchestra proved to the students, as well as to the outsiders, that it really is an orchestra.

Practices are held every Wednesday at 3.30 in the Assembly Hall.

## Girls' Athletic Honor Council

The hockey party, held November 27 in the gym, proved very successful. It started off with a grand march and ended up with games and, of course, the eats. Dean Connor and Miss McGuire gave out the awards. Five new members were accepted into the Council. They were Bernice Faulkingham, Emily Rand, June Webster, Adelle Sawyer and Phyllis Smith. Congratulations!

With the Basketball Season beginning, it won't be long before the banquet will be here. Anyway, it's something to look forward to.

## Debate Club

With Ernest Andrews scoring as high-point man in the tournament against thirteen other speakers representing crack debate schools throughout the state, Bangor showed well in the Bowdoin League tournament at Brunswick, Saturday, December 7. Topped by Leavitt and Lewiston, Bangor placed third for the day, turning in a perhaps more creditable showing than their place might indicate. All speakers were unusually good this season, and coaches themselves were not in agreement, trying to figure the winner before the judges' decision. Bangor won over South Portland, Portland, Edward Little of Auburn, and Fryeburg Academy, thus starting the season with four wins and two losses on the slate.

Making the trip were Ernest Andrews and Myer Alpert, both seniors, Horace Stewart, junior, all varsity debaters and state champions of last year, and Mr. Prescott. Stewart did not speak during the sessions, making the trip as an alternate. Alpert entered the morning meeting as affirmative, the question under discussion being, Resolved: That the State of Maine should adopt a general retail sales tax.

The Bangor group made the trip by car, leaving Friday afternoon, and staying in Brunswick that evening. Time was spent visiting several Bangor men now at the College, including Andrew Cox, former Bangor debate star who is now successfully playing football and debating for Bowdoin, and Joe Bertels, former debate club manager.

Mentioned in the last issue of the *Oracle* were the Shakespeare plays—*Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*—presented under the auspices of the club in City Hall. All performances were excellent, students and parents alike joining in congratulating the club managers for the very splendid arrangements made to insure ideal conditions for the productions. Dr. Ellis, head of the English department at the University of Maine, wrote a letter to Mrs. Meinecke, who had charge of the presentation, expressing his very warm appreciation for the opportunity afforded by the club to the students of both institutions by the productions.

Try-outs for the interscholastic practice tournament on state-medicine to take place here in Bangor on Saturday, February 15, were held January 16. Sixteen students, fifteen new debaters, will go to make up the four complete teams to be entered by Bangor high. Horace Stewart, the sixteenth man, will be the only varsity member debating at this time. Ernest Andrews and Myer Alpert, together with Mrs. Meinecke and Mr. Cook, will coach the four teams, while Mr. Prescott, aided by Carlene Merrill, club manager, will attend to the complicated and important details of the tournament itself. Several of the schools are sending two or three teams to the meeting, making it look now



as though most of the rooms of the school, and a large percentage of the club members, will be busy the day of the affair. Among those already entered are Portland, Brewer, Stearns (Millinocket), Freedom, Bridgewater, and Farmington, with more entry-blanks arriving daily. In the try-outs at the school were Fred Hanson, Helma Ebbeson, Jeanette Leavitt, Gwendolyn Hersey, Rita van Dyk, Ada Alpert, Horace Stewart, Dorothy Dauphinee, Robert Morris, Spencer Winsor, David Dodge, Helen Hayes, Leo McLeod, Margaret O'Connell, Albert Rubin, James Hathorne, Charles Redman, Richard Coffin, Rose Bigelson, Owen Nelson, Shirley Drew, Walter McMullin, Carleton Orr, George Smith, Patricia Moore, Dayson Decourcy, Arthur Curtis, Lewis Vafiades, Richard Morgage, and several others who submitted their names later. All in all, it looks like a great group, and, whoever the final winners are who enter the practice tournament, they are sure to reflect credit upon the school.

While the school tournament, then, holds the fore in debate activities for the present, the social side of the club is not being neglected. On Friday, March 13, the club is sponsoring a bridge-party in the assembly hall, to which all earnest-minded bridge players (those who take the game seriously) are invited—at a small fee, of course! Committees will be appointed soon by Mrs. Meinecke to handle tickets, hall arrangements, refreshments, and the other matters of importance in running a big party of this nature.

An item which deserves more prominence than it is being given in this article, coming here near the end as it does, is the CLASS DEBATE question, announced but recently. The topic promises to be the best yet used in the school: Resolved: That the use of fireworks should be prohibited by law in the towns, cities, and villages of Maine. That should make the fireworks fly! (Or are puns allowed only in columns?) The freshmen, seeking to steal a march on upperclassmen, are already at work on the question. The date of the forum itself is tentatively set as March 26, one week after the preliminaries for the Bates league.

All in all, it's a pretty busy season for the Debate Club, as the length of this article would indicate. However, we like doing things, so until the next issue—back to work!

—Phyllis Smith,  
Secretary

## Assemblies

With the football season over, it doesn't seem as if there could be much to do in assembly, does it? But there has been.

Dr. Gumprecht spoke on T. B. and the skin test, an act which he advocated as being very worthwhile.

In the last assembly before vacation, Principal Taylor wished us all a Merry Christmas. Perceptible smiles indicated that we were able to wish him the same.

Friday, Jan. 3, Jeanette Leavitt was in charge of Assembly for the boys' basketball team. Coach Trowell spoke of the team members and about the coming game with Waterville.

Basketball rallies are something new, but with a great team like ours, it's what we need.

Another basketball rally was held January 8 in preparation for the Winslow Game. Dorothy Kamen spoke and Jeanette Leavitt introduced members of the team and the managers. Rita van Dyk and Dorothy Bell helped with the cheers.

## Student Council

Our newly elected President, Peter Emery, summoned all the representatives to room 307 before the Christmas vacation. Among the many things discussed were those ever mentionable topics—getting "A" in conduct, and keeping the lockers neat and clean. It does seem that it wouldn't take much effort for us to get the "A" in conduct.

## THE CRIMSON RAMS

### Football Banquet

On December 14, at the Paramount Restaurant, one of the best of Bangor High's long line of football teams held its last formal meeting as a team. The occasion was the annual football banquet.

Those present, aside from the freshman and varsity teams, were: Coach Walter Ulmer, Assistant Coach Walter Gay, "Phil" Jones of the University of Maine, Charles Welch, freshman coach, and Faculty Manager Malcom Willis. Bill Geaghan, *News* sports writer, was also present scribbling notes between mouthfuls of potato and sips of coffee.

At 6.30 the rush for seats started, and everyone was seated in record time. Song sheets were passed out and for about ten minutes the boys sang *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*, *The Stein Song*, and *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*.

The soup wasn't allowed to get cold, and next came veal cutlets, mashed potatoes and peas. The serving of rolls and hot coffee finished this course during which jokes were told, and laughter, conversation, and arguments ran riot.

While waiting for the last course, the best of all, ice cream and cake, maestro "Mac" McDonald proved that besides being a great center he also could blow a mean harmonica.

After quieting the boys, Mr. Ulmer introduced the first speaker, Walter Gay, his worthy and able assistant. Mr. Welch, the next speaker, expressed, as had Mr. Gay, his appreciation of the co-operation the boys had shown during the season. Mr. Welch also presented the freshman numerals. Mr. Willis, called on



# PASSING IN REVIEW

Who is that dignified senior parading around the corridors with a "B" sweater? He's always ready on the field when football calls and on the floor for basketball. In the spring, we are bound to see him in a baseball uniform. "Jim" Powers is a regular sport fan. Besides entering into them all, he spends his spare time reading sport stories. But if Ginger Rogers is appearing on the screen, you are sure to see him at your neighborhood theater.

This "up and coming" senior has "President" preceding his name so often that we all expect him to be a U. S. President soon. Peter Emery heads the Student Council, the Dramatic Club, and he is Vice-President of the Officer's Club. (Quite a list) Peter's many hobbies consist of ice-fishing, horse-back riding, stamp-collecting, and last but not least, he enjoys reading such books as *Mutiny on the Bounty* and Zane Grey thrillers. Keep up the good work, Peter.

Who is that junior who writes such interesting top-notch mystery thrillers for the *Oracle* (Of course he's Donald Stuart.) Besides being an already famous writer, "Don" is an expert swimmer and swings a mean racket in tennis. He thinks Ginger Rogers is "just tops" and he seldom misses one of her movies. He also enjoys speaking and has been in several church plays. Well "Don", you're a writer, speaker, and a good sport, so we'll be watching you.

Presenting one hundred thirty pounds of pep, vim, and vigor, and five feet two of one of Bangor High School's athletic stars! "Billy" Bryce is a favorite of his classmates and a worry to his teachers (sometimes). Guess where Billy spends most of his spare time,—at the movies! Although he is a grown-up sophomore, "Billy" still enjoys those cave-man stunts by George O'Brien in "Westerns". This isn't Billy's only pastime—oh, no—he loves to read *Wu-Fang Murder Stories*!

Edward Hurd not only heads his class as president, but he also represents the freshman class as guard on their basketball team. "Ed" likes to skate, play baseball, and read sports stories, but his favorite hobby is drawing. He plans to travel a great deal, taking in Europe. When he does settle down, it will be to become a great architect and build buildings like the "Empire State." The only dislike this ambitious lad seems to have is brunettes.



Call 7158 and if she isn't out at her various social clubs, reading the minutes at the Science Club, or attending the Dramatic Club, not to mention the Honor Council, she may be at home if she isn't eating hot-dogs and pop while riding in Josephine (fallen arch to you) with the pride of the English Department. She falls asleep when Bing Crosby croons, and doesn't exactly kick her heels in rare delight when Lanny Ross earns his income. She prefers the name Currier to George, although neither one exactly annoys her. Now you've guessed it—Rachel Kent.

Going along her merry way, laughing, and making friends, this pretty senior is enjoying life. Rita "Dutchie" van Dyk, is just brimming over with personality, and, as a cheer-leader, she's the berries. "Dutchie" loves to dance, and eat hot dogs. Robert Montgomery and Fred MacMurray cause the tempo of her heartbeats to become quicker. Besides being an ardent moviegoer, she is a genuine outdoor girl. In fact the only thing that ever worries "Dutchie" is keeping her telephone numbers straight.

She's tall, she's dark, and she's "awfully nice." She just returned from a trip to New York and her chief occupation now is to make-up work. However, we can bet that, being of a long line of brothers, she knows how to "take it." All sports are an open book to her with special emphasis on swimming, boating, and hiking. She thinks school days ought to be one hour in length. (A most noble thought, Edith). A sure success Edith Stern will be later in life.

Perhaps Margaret Moulton has different ideas on college from anyone else we've encountered. She has hopes of attending Colby Junior College for two years, and then of entering Columbia University taking the Secretary-Medical Course. It sounds swell! Of all her dislikes, Bing Crosby seems to stand out above all the rest. I agree with you, Margaret. This "gal" waits impatiently for Fred Waring and "Snoony" each Tuesday evening. Who doesn't? And there's no one like Robert Taylor, says she.

Who is that talented little musician of the freshman class? None other than Edith Barker! She plays the piano in the Junior Orchestra and Freshman assemblies. Edith has also accomplished the difficult art of knitting and she is now quite an expert. She loves to dance, skate, and eat, (that is, everything but tapioca pudding). Edith also lists among her likes a certain male member of the Freshman class, of which, by the way, Edith is the Vice-President.



next, praised the players for their work and wished them success in their football, and life careers. Guest speaker, "Phil" Jones, in a free, informal manner, gave an interesting talk on football, for which he received a great ovation.

The varsity letters were awarded by Mr. Ulmer who gave a short talk on his football plans for the coming year.

The banquet closed with the school song, the usual rush for coats, the usual harried shouts over crumpled hats, and the usual searching for mis-mated rubbers.

## Raiders Defeat Rams in Last Period

After nearly a month's practice, a team of Crimson hoopsters journeyed down to Winslow and gave the Black Raiders a good run for their money. It was not till the final period that the more experienced Winslow team was able to build up a safe margin. The Rams were forced to yield a 29-19 decision after playing on even terms with Winslow for three periods.

Both teams started out at a slow pace and at the end of the first period the score stood Winslow 5, Bangor 4. At the end of the half, the contest was still undecided, the score being 10 all. In the latter part of the third stanza, Winslow surged ahead and at the beginning of the fourth quarter, Winslow led 19-13. The Raiders were good enough to hold their lead the rest of the game. The final score was Raiders 29, Rams 19. "Jim" Powers played a great defensive game by holding Winslow's star forward, Muslawski, to one basket. Acting captain Flynn was high scorer for the Rams with eight points.

## Revenge is Sweet

The Crimson Rams avenged their 20-19 defeat in the tournament last year at the hands of Presque Isle by coming from behind in the third period to take the lead from the Northerners and keep it.

Playing their first game on the home court, the Rams got off to a slow start and had trouble in checking Presque Isle's attack. It looked rather bad at the end of the first quarter when the score stood: Presque Isle 7, Bangor 0. Yet we felt a little better at the half, after the Rams held Presque Isle to one basket and scored four themselves.

It was Ray Flynn who started the Rams on to "Victory Road" in the third quarter. And it was Johnston and Munce who enabled the Crimson to hold their lead in the fourth. The last half was real basketball and plenty of thrills with it. The Rams had a 21-17 lead at the end of the third period but had plenty of difficulty in keeping it as the final score, 26-24, shows.

There were no individual honors for it was real team-work that won this game.

## Bangor vs. Millinocket

The Crimson Rams made it two in a row by defeating the highly rated Stearns High quintet by the score of 17 to 14. As the score shows, the game was rather slow, with both teams playing cautiously. Bangor took the lead from the very beginning and managed to hold it throughout the rest of the game. Ken Lynch sank two free throws and Johnston followed them up with a basket. Stearns scored one point to end the first period. In the second quarter, the Rams scored four points and Stearns three. The Crimson opened up in the third stanza and scored nine points to Stearns's six. The Rams were held scoreless the final quarter, while the losers scored twice. Bangor High proved that it has a real team in togs this year by merit of its win from Stearns.

## Third Straight

The Crimson Rams of B. H. S. made it three in a row by pinning an impressive 27-23 defeat on the Waterville Panthers. Bangor scored twelve baskets to their opponents seven. The Rams' weakness seemed to be their failure to capitalize on their free throws while, as the summary would show, Waterville accounted for a large part of their score in this way.

Led by Ken Lynch, the Crimson took an early lead in the first period and held it until the middle of the second, when Waterville tied the score at 12 all. Bangor led at the half 13-12.

The play in the third period was about even, with neither team being able to attain a decisive margin. Yet the Rams had a 20-17 edge at the gun. At the beginning of the fourth quarter, Bangor cut loose and rolled up seven points which were enough to stop the Waterville Panthers. The game ended with the score Bangor 27, Waterville 23.

The team as a whole played a bang-up game. Honors go to Powers and Johnston for their brilliant defensive playing, while Lynch, Flynn and Munce all played a superb offensive game.

A large turn-out of students who displayed plenty of school spirit attended the game and supported it admirably.

## Beat Winslow

In one of the most exciting games every played on the local court the Crimson Rams defeated the Black Raiders from Winslow by a score of 23-17. Bangor scored eight baskets to their opponents seven. They also showed marked improvement in shooting fouls by making good seven out of ten free throws.

Both teams started out at a fast clip giving everything they had. Winslow took a 5 to 1 lead in the first quarter, but, before the gun went off, the Crimson had knotted the score at seven all. During the second period, the Rams took the lead, and held it,



chiefly because of their stalwart defense. At the half-way mark, Bangor was ahead 14-11.

The third period was a hectic affair with both teams shooting constantly but failing to score much. The Rams had an upper-hand in this period and led at the beginning of the fourth period 19-15. It was Bangor's brilliant defense in this period that won the game. The Raiders were held to one basket while the Crimson made two. The game was not won, needless to say, until the last gun, for Winslow constantly threatened and gave everything it had to overcome the Ram's lead. Yet, the Crimson showed that it really was the better team and left the floor quite satisfied in having avenged its only defeat of the season to date. The final score was Rams 23, Raiders 17.

Although the game was played on a school night, a capacity crowd of students and local citizens attended. Anybody who saw this game cannot truthfully say that there is a lack of school spirit in B. H. S.!

## Win-Streak Broken

A powerful Old Town High School team kicked over the traces and the "dope bucket" by defeating the Rams of B. H. S. by a score of 35-21. Oldtown's effective zone defence on its own small court was too much for Bangor's offensive plays. The Rams accounted for most of their baskets on long shots.

The Old Town Indians took an 8-1 lead during the first quarter and rolled the score up to 21-6 at half time. Bangor came out strong in the second half and, after penetrating the Indians' defense, scored 15 points to their opponents' 14. The final period made up for the slow playing in the other three. The Crimson gave everything it possessed to overcome Old Town's 27-11 lead, but it was more than the boys could accomplish. In concentrating on its own offense, Bangor neglected its defense so its opponents scored constantly.

Johnston and Lynch played a bang-up game for Bangor, and Applebee and Dionne starred for Old Town.

## The Dramatic Club

Defying the curse which is usually placed on Friday the 13th, the Dramatic Club successfully put across three plays on that day of evil repute, last December.

Because of the unusual settings, lighting effects, music, (thanks to Miss Hart), and the acting of Renfrew Yerxa in *The Light of the Star*, this play topped the list. Honorable mention goes to "Jimmy" Watson for his portrayal of the stern father.

George Bell, as John Alden, and Spensor Winsor, as Miles Standish, found parts for which they were well fitted in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Eleanor Winchell played Priscilla sincerely, and Barbara Welch clicked as Dame Hadley.

Annette Curran as the Irish maid, Betty Betterly

as the old maid aunt, Hazel Chalmers as the young wife, and "Gerry" Watson as the solver of the problem, head the competent cast of *The Teeth of the Gift Horse*.

We award the credit in all the plays to Miss Rideout for her excellent directing.

## Alumni

Many of our alumni who are now attending school elsewhere, or who are in business, spent the holiday in Bangor. Some of them were:

Bill Ballou '34, U. S. Naval Academy.

Roberta Edgar '31, Rebecca Dooley '35, Juliette Spangler '35, and Nancy Conners '33, Wheaton.

Eugenia Savage '33, Stonleigh College, Rye, N. H.

George Powell '34, Harold Moon '35, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York.

Elliot Reed '29 employed by Bethlehem Steel Co., at Bethlehem, Penna.

Bob Clelland '35, Groton Academy.

Virginia Oberton '34, Norman Taylor '33, Roberta Smith '35, and Donald Bridges, '35, Bates College.

Sally Woodcock '35, Manhattanville College, New York City.

Doris Chalmers '33, Simmons College.

Betty Maxwell '34, Erskine School, Boston.

Hazelle Gillen ex-'35, Duke University.

Marjorie Epstein '34, Beaver College, Jenkingstown, Penna.

Charlotte Faulkner '35, Nassau.

Eleanor Clough '33, Mt. Holyoke College.

Paul Winsor '33, Colby.

Constance Hedin '33, Vassar.

Fulton Cahners ex-'34, Norman Cahners, Bob Cumming, '33, Harvard.

Edgar Enman '35, Spencer Leake '35, and Eddie Ross '35, Higgins Classical Institute.

Frances Giles '35, Hope Betterly '35, and Glenice Peavey '35, Farmington Normal School.

Ed Curran '34, Joe Bertels '34, Andrew Cox '34, and Fred Newman '33, Bowdoin.

Dorothy Epstein ex-'37, Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

Jean Calhoun '34, Boston Conservatory of Music.

Lois Smith ex-'36, Scarsdale School, Scarsdale, New York.

Robert Kurson '33, Yale.

Dickie Ordway ex-'35, Dartmouth.

Bud Higgins '34, employed by Travelers Insurance Company at Hartford, Conn.

Alice Grant '33, MacDowell School of Costume Designing, New York City.

Barbara Alton '34, Westbrook Jr. College.

Alfred Schriver '34, University of Maryland Dental School, Baltimore, Maryland.

Priscilla Smith ex-'37, Emma Willard School, Troy, New York.



Betsy Conners ex-'36, Norton-on-the-Sound Convent of Sacred Heart, Norton, Conn.

Audrey Everett ex-'36, Oak Grove Seminary.

Clarine Coffin, who is on a year's leave of absence from teaching at her Alma Mater, has been winning honors in the field of poetry. A poem on Easter won third place in a contest for the Hartford Poetry Club.

Alma Jean Utterback '31, is working in Springfield, Mass. She is employed by the National Park Service.

Ralph Leonard '27 has returned home from three years' tour of duty with the U. S. Army to spend three months leave with his parents. He served a year and a half in the Canal Zone, nine months in Washington, D. C., and nine months in Portland.

Donald Scanlin '33, is a minister in West Sullivan. He is attending the Bangor Seminary.

Evelyn Welch '30, is coaching girls' basketball at Brewer High. She attended Bowvie School and Simmons College.

Sharkey Staples is employed by Getchell Brothers Ice Company.

Margaret Williston '34, Mildred Sawyer '32, and Harold Taylor '34, now students at the University of Maine, were included in a group of students who attended the 19th quadrennial Student Volunteer Movement convention at Indianapolis.

Katherine Mead is a member of the faculty at Wilton Academy, Wilton, Maine.

Charlotte Smith ex-'34, is studying piano at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, New York. Herbert Brill is studying violin at the same school.

The engagement of Pauline Tate '34, to Carl Gustafson of New York has been announced. Pauline is now employed in the Princess Pat Beauty Shop.

Wayne St. Germain, who, for the past five years has been connected with the *Bangor Commercial*, is now with the *Bangor Daily News*.

Rudolph Ringwall '09 is one of the real geniuses graduated by Bangor High. Mr. Ringwall is associate conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. During one week of January he took the place of the conductor and was highly praised for his work.

Sylvia Alpert '31, who was graduated from the University of Maine last June, is doing graduate work in chemistry and nutrition at the University of Maine.

The Bangor boys who were pledged by fraternities at the University of Maine this year were:

Artemus Weatherbee '35	Beta Theta Pi
Owen Lynch '34	Kappa Sigma
Albert Friedman '34	Tau Epsilon Phi
Jonathan Adams '35	Phi Gamma Delta
Blair Stevens '35	Theta Chi
William Hilton '35	Phi Kappa Sigma

Some Bangor graduates are now gaining honors at the University of Maine. *The Campus*, the college newspaper, has some of these people on its staff: The circulation manager is Merrill Eldridge '34. Some of the reporters are: Mildred Dauphinee '33, Margaret

Williston '34, Rose Costrell '34, and Jean Kent '34.

Charlotte Thompson '27, is director of athletics in the Birmingham School for Girls, Birmingham, Penna.

## Rifle Club

B. H. S. Rifle Club fired a match in the high school gymnasium Wednesday evening with the Penobscot Rifle and Pistol Club of Bangor. The scores were as follows:

### Bangor High School Team

	Prone	Off-hand	Totals
Deerow	98	74	172
Varney	95	75	170
Neal	97	70	167
Watson	100	59	159
Bailey	94	70	164
	484	348	832

### Penobscot Rifle and Pistol Team

Haskell	94	85	179
D. Ebbeson	98	77	175
Martin	91	75	166
Franklin	93	72	165
A. Ebbeson	84	80	164
	480	389	849

## MOVIES

### Whipsaw

We had long since given up wondering where Myrna Loy was, what she was doing, and when she was coming back. Of course we missed her, but with Shirley Temple growing up, and Hepburn cutting her hair we felt, perhaps, Myrna was, well, out of sight, out of mind. Suddenly without a word of warning, *Whipsaw* arrives, and Myrna "goes to town" in the typical Loy manner. Of course *Whipsaw* doesn't equal *The Thin Man* (what could?), but it's darned good entertainment. Stick around, Myrna!

### I Dream Too Much

We had always carried a grudge against Lily Pons, because her "almost five feet", made our five feet eight seem—well—colossal. And one of our most unpleasant sensations is to feel colossal. Therefore, when her picture came to town, and our friends began to rave, we sniffed and resolved to save our quarter for Shirley Temple. But we changed our mind at the last moment, as usual, and decided to go, for fear that we might have to work if we stayed home, and, anyway, Henry Fonda has a nice smile. We left the house at one-thirty and returned home at six-thirty spellbound by Miss Pons's voice and Mr. Fonda's smile. With seemingly little



## RADIO DIALINGS

(Continued from page 14)

and Dan Cassidy have some very mysterious and thrilling adventures in that half hour program. The best part of it is, there is a short pause after all the clues are brought to light in order that you may solve the crime. Then the murderer, or thief, is made known to you. Come on, you detectives, here's your chance!

"Hello, everybody!" Who doesn't recognize the soft voice of Kate Smith, the songbird of the South! She has the sort of voice that truly rests one. The kind way in which she sends out words of cheer to the sick who write to her, shows that she is a great person! Kate Smith is radio's own. If you don't believe it, listen in every Tuesday at 7.30 over W L B Z.



Here is the mayor  
of Town Hall  
(WEAF — NBC  
Wednesday 9-10)



FRED ALLEN

Left — Captain Henry and Lanny Ross

"Here comes the Showboat, here comes the Showboat." Six "puffs" and one "puffing along," every Thursday night at 9:00 over N. B. C. Lanny Ross, Ginger Lea, and Conrad Thibau exercise their vocal cords to the approval of millions and of Maxwell House Coffee. Louise Macy and the Westerners render their selections in a distinctly unusual style. Molasses 'n January provide the comedy, and Captain Henry, Maria and little Eddie, help on the plot. Shrimp Ruffiner announces.

effort Petite Pons sails away ahead of her would-be rivals—Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Gladys Swarthout, and the others. Her size, her smile, her accent, her voice, everything about her, makes us include her in our own special, private, first-class, which now contains Katherine Hepburn, Lanny Ross, Fred Astaire and Lily Pons. Henry Fonda replaces Bob Taylor in our affections, because we prefer our heroes to be able to act as well as decorate the screen. And so, to Miss Pons, Mr. Fonda, Jerome Kern, and R-K-O we say, "More, please."

## Show Them No Mercy

The same old theme of gangsters. The wire haired terrier, however, brightens the dull moments. Incidentally, he practically steals the picture from the competent cast. This is a story of a man and his wife,

their child, and dog caught in a kidnapper's lair. Of course, justice wins out in the end, with the dog receiving the medal. Bruce Cabot, is excellent as the most desperate of the criminals, and shows remarkable talent which has never before been recognized. Cesar Romero is fine as the "brains" of the gang while Ed Brophy, a third member provides the humor. Edward Norris, a newcomer, and Rochelle Hudson play the roles of the young man and his wife. If you haven't much of anything to do, you might as well spend your quarter as stay home and study.

## The Bride Comes Home

What a movie!! What a cast!! Who could be better than Claudette Colbert as the blushing bride and Fred MacMurray as the hard boiled magazine editor. No one! And, to complete the triangle, Bob Young is



thrown in. This is a rip-roaring comedy with not a dull moment in it.

Claudette and Fred are forever squabbling. They even stage a fight at the wedding. However, this is a sign of true love itself. But—poor Bob is left out in the cold, with no one to love. If we had written the tale, we would have had some female waiting for Bob to run to. But, we're not authors; therefore it shall have to stand as it is. In spite of that, this is perhaps the best comedy-drama of the year.

### GO REGARDLESS

Movie	For
<i>Silvia Scarlett</i>	Hepburn
<i>Rose of the Rancho</i>	Opera
<i>Magnificent Obsession</i>	Good plot
<i>Rose Marie</i>	Eddy MacDonald
<i>Captain Blood</i>	Pirates! !
<i>The Petrified Forest</i>	Seven million New Yorkers can't be wrong

### GO, IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO

<i>Trail of Lonesome Pine</i>	Better go anyway
<i>Desire</i>	Marlene
<i>Dangerous</i>	Title

### STAY HOME AND STUDY

<i>Anything Goes</i>	Ruination of good songs
----------------------	-------------------------

## Mutiny on the Bounty

When Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, five thousand natives are placed in the same picture; when two ships the *Bounty* and the *Pandora* are reproduced from plans loaned by the British Admiralty; when two books—*Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Pitcairn's Island*, are skillfully combined into one picture; when a production unit travels over fourteen thousand miles to film scenes in the actual locale; when six villages are erected; and, when two years have been devoted to do all this, the result makes the picture worth the "two million" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put into it. What more could you want for a quarter?

### In Person

To us Ginger Rogers is worth a quarter any time, but we felt somewhat gypped with *In Person*. In the first place we like Rogers' dancing best, and there was very little of that. Next best we like Rogers' singing (if you call it that), but there was still less of that. Last we like Rogers looking beautiful, but, for some of this picture, her glamor was hidden under a disguise. Then too, Fred Astaire keeps us awake longer than George Brent. All in all *In Person* was not enough Rogers to make it very good or too little Rogers to make it very bad.

This being the year of nominations and elections we keep in with the times and hold a little election ourselves.

### WE NOMINATE FOR HIGH DISTINCTION

**Katherine Hepburn**, because we sincerely consider her the best actress in Hollywood, and because she attains her laurels on merit—not from cheap publicity.

**Charles Laughton**, because some critics argue that his role of Javert was his best portrayal of the year. Others are in favor of Captain Bligh, while others vote for Ruggles. We don't know; therefore, we nominate him for all three.

**Greta Garbo**, because the New York Times did.

### WE NOMINATE FOR DISTINCTION

**Lily Pons**, because of her performance in *I Dream Too Much*.

**Eleanor Powell**, because she tapped, tapped, tapped her way into our hearts.

**Astaire-Rogers**, because they continue to turn out sensational dances in sensational pictures.

**Fredric March**, because he never gives a mediocre performance.

### WE NOMINATE FOR OBLIVION

**Bing Crosby**, because he gets worse in every picture, and he wasn't good in the first place.

**Mae West**, because she isn't even funny any more.

**Janet Gaynor**, because we like more than sugar in our tea.

### WE CONSIDER THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF THE YEAR TO BE

*Mutiny on the Bounty*  
*David Copperfield*  
*The Crusades*  
*Alice Adams*  
*Naughty Marietta*  
*I Dream Too Much*  
*Les Miserables*  
*The Life of a Bengal Lancer*  
*Roberta*  
*Broadway Melody of 1936*

*The Informer*, which was nationally accepted as the best picture of the year, was not included in our list for the simple reason that we did not see it.

## Imports and Exports

*Red and White*, Rochester High School, Rochester, New Hampshire.

The editorials and literary sections make this magazine outstanding. May we quote from Maurice Meader's "Desire for Knowledge"? "Why should people like young Abraham Lincoln walk many miles just to go to school? Why should pioneer immigrants have worked so hard to send their children to school?"

The answer to these questions is the basis of all modern civilization. Surely if thoughts like these are

(Continued on page 29)



# Wise and Otherwise

## Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

FEBRUARY 13, 1936

## HOKUM

By Miriam Golden

IT SEEMED just like Old Revival Week this Christmas vacation. We saw Sally, Julie, Roberta Smith, Phyllis Smart, and Harold Moon, all on the same street on the same day. They all seem to be fine, only we think Harold's got a slight touch of "heart trouble" . . . Well, New York's a big place, eh, Edith Stern? Isabel Cumming is quite the rage this season having no less than two escorts at a certain party. . . . Advice to the less-fortunate: Read Marjory Wilson's Book on "Charm." If that doesn't turn the trick give up all hope. . . . Poor Julian Leighton! He still hasn't got over his role of Pruffles in the Dramatic Club Play. Every time it thunders he runs to the window and bows. . . . What a curse is fame! . . . If, by chance, you should hear Charles Sweeney gurgling it's just because he's trying to swallow the line that Dot Bullard's throwing. . . . We hear that John Hunt, a Frosh, stayed up all night trying to see the point of a teacher's joke—and then it dawned on him. . . . Browning's Philosophy of Life: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Becky Libbey's Philosophy of Life: "A woman's reach should succeed her grasp." When finger bowls were being served at a recent party, Ann Tyler asked for soap. . . . We call her "sap" for short. . . . By the bye, have you played the new game of "Monopoly"? More darn fun! . . . There are just 30 more days, 720 hours, and 432,000 minutes until our February vacation (from the time this was figured) . . . Peggy Tyler's dentist doesn't dare to give her gas when he extracts her teeth. . . . Poor soul could never tell when she was unconscious! Jane Bradshaw's favorite color: "Red." . . . *Happy Days are Here Again* was the song of the Freshmen on December 30, the opening day of school after the recess. . . . Poor things, they'll learn! . . . George Bell has turned palmist on us and now tells the things you like to hear. He pays 25c to read your palm. . . . Barbara Cox wishes she had taken *Horace* instead of *Cicero* this year. . . . Who doesn't? Ellen Hathorne

thinks P. G.'s are simply swell. . . . Polly Jellison is still a great patroness of "Art" . . . He who laughs last just hasn't a sense of humor. . . . Spring must be in the air! Mary Ellen Armitage is just "Bubbling" over. . . . Jimmy Watson's wish for graduation—ten gallons of gas! . . . Oh, yep, inside a brand new roadster. . . . EXCLUSIVE TIP ON HOW TO GET IN THE THEATRES FREE: Walk in backwards and they'll think you're coming out. . . . Mamise might not be able to tell the story of the Aeneid, but she says she can whistle the theme song. . . . Pardon us, but could it be *On Treasure Island*—or don't I know the story either? . . . They say that a high school diploma plus ten cents will buy a cup of coffee. Well, anyway, we'll never starve. . . . The person who said "Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as being awake in the daytime," must have been a bit sleepy himself.

Well, I've got loads of work to do so I guess I'll study. . . . Oh, for the brains of Einstein! . . .

Gent: Is there any soup on this menu?

Waiter: There was but I wiped it off.—*Jester*.

Alva Welch, H. Hosmer and J. McPherson went ice fishing. Alva chopped holes in the ice while H. Hosmer and J. McPherson watched the process from a distance.

J. McPherson: He's chopped two holes, shall we help him?

H. Hosmer: No, let him chop the holes in himself, he'll do most of the fishing.

Col. Snow (conducting health talk): What does a nurse know if she finds that your pulse is very rapid?

Pvt. Nix, Co. C.: She knows you're fond of her.

Tom Sawyer (to Miss Dunning): I don't see the difference between a negative number and a positive number.

Miss Dunning: Which would you rather have: a five dollar bill or a bill for five dollars?

Tom: Oh! I see now.



# BLOW-OFFS

In a freshman classroom this bright little episode took place.

Teacher: What did America send to France during the World War?

Thelma Merrill: Well, for amunition they sent cannon, guns and food.

Thomas Hardy (popping up): Food is not amunition. Do you think they're going to shoot peas?

Editor Andrews: This isn't poetry, it's merely an escape of gas.

Ann Tyler: Ah, I see! Something wrong with the metre.

Teacher: Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?

William Jenkins: 'Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.

They arrived at the fifth inning of a baseball game. What's the score, Jim?" he asked a fan.

Nothing to nothing," was the reply.

Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. We haven't missed a thing!"

Ellen Hathorne: What is purgatory?

Rachel Kent, (as Sunday School teacher): Purgatory? Why purgatory is a sort of suburb of heaven.

He: I am a poor man you know.

She: When we are married I can learn to cook.

He: Hadn't you better practice while your father is supplying the raw materials.

M. D.: Would you have the price if I said you needed an operation?

John Ryan: Would you say I needed an operation if you thought I didn't have the price?

Dean Nason (doing his homework): What is the distance to the nearest star, auntie?

I'm sure I don't know, Dean.

Well, I hope, then, you'll feel sorry tomorrow when I'm getting punished for your ignorance.

Barber: Was your tie red when you came in here?

Sucker: No, it wasn't!

Barber: Gosh, I must have cut your throat.—*Red Cat.*

Ralph Libbey: I understand Jones has been given a medal by the society for Pharmaceutical Research.

Bud McDonough: Yes, he has invented three new types of sandwiches.

A quartette is where all four think the other three can't sing.

New Curate: What did you think of the Sermon on Sunday, Mrs. Jones?

Parishioner: Very good indeed, sir. So instructional. We really didn't know what sin was 'til you came here.

Greta Garbo is planning to go into the banking business. She has definitely decided that she wants to be "a loan."—*Owl.*

Tom Nickerson: Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded.

Alvah Welch: Can't help that, the bird won't wait.

Motor Cop: Hey, you! didn't you hear me say pull over there?

Driver: Why, I thought you said, Good afternoon, Senator!

Motor Cop, smiling: Isn't it a warm day, today, Senator!

"We were woe-be-gonely watching Walter's wife who was washing with Walter's white washwoman. Walter was wearily walking westward with Wanda, while Walter's wife wearily watched. We waited: Why, we wondered was Walter with Wanda? Walter's wife would wince whenever Walter would weakly wave. We wagered Walter's wealth was what Wanda wanted. Wanda, we warranted, was one—oh, shucks, we spoiled it!"—*Punch Bowl.*

She: I wonder why men lie so?

He: Because their wives are so inquisitive.

New Maid: In my last place, I always took things fairly easy.

Cook: Well, it's different here. They keep every-thing locked up.

## Mixed Schedule

Teacher: How can you tell the approach of winter?

Pupil: It begins to get late earlier.

"Telephones are great time savers, aren't they?"

"Well, not always. It all depends on who calls you."

Julian Leighton: Ma, can I go out in the street? Pa says there's going to be an eclipse of the sun.

Ma: Yes, but don't get too close.

She: Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful? Such harmony! So inspiring!

He: You'll have to speak louder. Those confounded bells are making such a racket I can't hear a word you say.



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### IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

(Continued from page 26)

prevalent among the students, one can readily understand why so fine a magazine is published. We commend your new and novel section, "Drops of Ink To Make You Think", containing puns, quotations, and advice. More art throughout this magazine would make it more attractive.

*The Oracle*, published by the seniors of Gloversville High School, Gloversville, New York.

*The Oracle* dedicates the large Christmas edition to Mothers. Some excellent poems on Christmas appear in this issue. A poem, "A Tribute to Will Rogers"—cleverly written—is dedicated to the late humorist. We suggest more care in your proof reading.

*The Oracle* of Abington High School, Abington, Pennsylvania:

*The Oracle* has a modernistic cover with this convincing quotation, "We can do without our friends, but not without our neighbors." The linoleum cuts are the envy of every artist. The difficult landscape scenes are exceedingly well done, and the poetry is unusually good. The splendid stories with photographic illustrations are also an outstanding feature. The only criticism is that a humor section is lacking.

*The Aegis* of Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts:

This magazine contains an intelligent editorial about war, with emphasis to the following quotation, "... truly there is glory in war, but the great toll of life and suffering greatly overshadows it. . . . It is the duty of every citizen to do his best to prevent war." The Science section explains the method of manufacturing cellophane. We would suggest poetry and activities sections.

*The Advance*, Salem High School, Salem, Massachusetts:

As Salem High is well known for its football accomplishments, one may guess the type of cover the Fall issue of *The Advance* has. Although the editorials are not strong; the literary section makes up for it with its many interesting stories. The Class Notes combine humor and school incidents very cleverly.

*The Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Massachusetts:

The Fall issue is an enjoyable and interesting magazine. Here again, the editorials seem slighted for literary material. Humor is excellently covered, as are the student activities.

*The Screech Owl*, Maynard High School, Maynard, Massachusetts:

The Fall number has a very attractive black and orange cover. The cartoons are original and clever. The Keyhole Column exposes all the scandal about the school. Book reviews and more poetry would be a good suggestion.



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*The Index of South High School, Worcester, Massachusetts:*

This particular issue of the *Index* is dedicated to sports. It contains resumes of both girls' and boys' sporting activities for the past years.

## MONEY IN THE POCKET

(Continued from page 15)

girl who will use it at college, not at normal school or any other institution. It amounts to fifty dollars, and the recipient is chosen for her qualities of scholarship, leadership, dependability, and the ability to help herself. A committee of the Bangor Branch of The American Association of University Women, donors of the scholarship, decide upon the winner.

Do graduates of Bangor High School ever win scholarships at outstanding colleges? Yes, indeed. Do you want a scholarship? If you are a superior student and are willing to do serious, hard, work to earn one, apply for one, and win it. Trying never was beaten.

—The Dean.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

(Continued from page 10)

ulous manner, the dog had at last escaped from Aunt Agatha's arms and found its way to the kitchen. Davey, playing near the door, spied Fifi and grasped her in his arms.

"Ho, ho!" he shouted gleefully, "Fifi needs a haircut, and I've gonna give him one."

The kitchen was huge. Davey was at one end, and we were at the other. Before we could reach him, he had seized the scissors, and snip! Fifi was minus half his bangs! At that moment Aunt Agatha rushed into the room and gasped when she beheld Fifi. Davey, the little imp, held up the dog for her inspection.

"See, wasn't I a nice boy? Have you got any candy for me now?" he shouted. Without a word, Aunt Agatha gathered the love of her life into her arms, and hid herself to the chamber, presumably to weep over the fate of her dog. Poor Davey was left staring, and we older children were laughing wickedly at the ludicrous picture Fifi had made.

Later, Uncle George suggested that the city folks, meaning us, might like a sleigh ride before we left. He lamented the fact that there wasn't enough snow for a really good ride, but there might be enough on some of the back roads. We agreed, and had just settled ourselves comfortably in the sleigh, when Aunt Agatha appeared, with Fifi in her arms! The dog was dressed in a pink knitted sweater, and a pink silk bow had replaced the blue satin one. I thought my ride would be ruined, but I soon forgot. There really wasn't enough snow, and we were compelled to go back soon.

When we left for home late that night, we all promised to meet there again next year. I promised myself silently that if we did, and if Aunt Agatha were to be there, I should bring our cat as part of the company.



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The Oracle

## The People's King

An order was submitted to George V, Monday noon, January 19th, establishing a Council of State to serve for him during his illness. His tones were clear, as he uttered the traditional phrase concerning the order, "Approved." But he didn't have the strength to sign, and all he achieved was an indcipherable mark. Twelve hours later the news was flashed throughout the great British Empire "—the King is dead!"

Grief at his passing was felt throughout the civilized world. Even in Italy, where lately there has been keen hatred of England, because of the League Sanctions, the newspapers spoke of the departed sovereign in words of deepest respect.

The outstanding achievement during the twenty-five years of his reign was the bringing to perfection "the union of monarchy and democracy which is the English system of government." Hence his title the Peoples' King. It is not a small achievement in this age when kings are largely in the discard, for a sovereign to retain the affection of his people as did George V. "The whole nation," says John Buchan, "is royalist today, not only in constitutional doctrine, but in personal affection." To his people he was both royal and homely.

No twenty-five years in the history of Britain has seen more striking events resulting in more startling changes. The old fabric of Europe crumbling during the four dreary years of the World War; the establishment of the Irish free state; the victory of a labor government; the signing of the treaty of Locarno; the Kellogg-Briand pact; the world disarmament conference in Geneva; continued trouble in India resulting in the Government of India act establishing a federation of British India and native states; all these events made of the reign of George V an epic quarter of a century.

Says Buchan, the historian: "George V has added to the duties of the Crown a graciousness which springs from his own character. He has given to ceremonial the bloom of friendliness. He has always possessed a high seriousness, and the note of faith and piety which he has often struck has not been the mere convention of his office. He has walked securely in more difficult constitutional paths than any of his immediate predecessors. He has faced courageously crises which imperilled both his people and his Throne. In addition to all this, he has diffused a spirit of simplicity and charity which has profoundly affected the national temper. His quick sympathy and kindness have warmed the country, and done something to warn a chilly world. When nerve was breaking, his steadfastness has restored it, and when strife was fermenting, he has spoken the healing word. The power of the Throne lies in what it is: but the authority of the King lies both in what he is and what he has done. The King has led his people, for he has evoked what is best in them."



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**A SLIGHT MISTAKE**

(Continued from page 9)

"It's Haney sure," a man said, and others nodded assent. "The paper said—"

"That's what I'm thinking," said Lem Carson. "What the paper said. My paper—" He turned and walked down the street at a brisk pace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Milt Blake grunted, sat upright in bed. He pawed at his eyes and cursed. Somebody was hammering on his door. He got up and shuffled across the floor. When he opened the door the sleepiness was jolted out of his system. A towering figure stood on the doorstep. Two accusing eyes bored into his.

"Y-you Uncle Lem?" Blake forced out. He pulled himself together with effort. Had he slipped?

"I just came in to ask you a question," Lem Carson said bitterly. "Milt, you were out last night?"

"I always go out," his nephew answered, his eyes wary. "This hick town's dead. Why?"

"Oh nothing!" replied Lem Carson. His eyes took the room in at a glance. A newspaper lay on the chair by the window. He crossed the room in three strides and grabbed up the paper.

"Didn't know you read my sheet," he said to his nephew. "Maybe Mrs. Abbott put it there." As he spoke, Lem Carson examined the front page, and Milt Blake's throat tightened as his uncle suddenly whirled and pointed a finger at him.

"Milt Blake, you rat, where's the money? You killed Bart Guppy and—"

Taken by surprise Blake took a backward step. "It's a lie! I didn't—"

Heavy boots pounded up the stairway. A big man entered. His shirt was still unbuttoned, and his hat was askew on sleep-rumpled hair.

"Hello, sheriff," said Lem Carson. "This nephew of mine did it. He needed the money and took it. You'll find it somewhere around. He hasn't the brains of a flea. See that item in the *Clarion*. It was printed two weeks ago. I picked out a wrong letter when I set that type up. Instead of 'lisp' it should have been 'limp'. Part of this paper is torn off, but, if it were all here, the sentence would read like this: '—walks with a slight limp'. Haney, you see, had a limp."

**FIRE**

(Continued from page 7)

"I didn't murder anybody," said David coldly. "How do you know he's dead?"

"Because," said the captain without passion, "I killed 'im. It would look bad for you."

Slowly the captain's meaning reached David's gasping brain, the dirty, stinking framer! David was no weakling, he'd get his revenge. He leaped like a cat for the captain's throat, and began to strangle the life out of him.



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"You fool," the captain hissed from his contracted windpipe, do you want two murders on your hands?"

David saw the futility of his act, and released his grip.

"Whadda ya want me to do?" he barked.

The captain straightened himself out and swallowed.

"You can sign this if ya want to," he said with sarcasm, indicating the paper which, if signed by David, would give the captain David's island.

"This is robbery."

"Shall I turn the ship around?"

"Madre mia!" David signed. "You haven't heard the last of this," he stated.

"Well," said the captain, "I can still tell."

David could see this angle too.

When David went back to the stoke hole, it seemed to him that the men were laughing behind his back. Did they know too? If so, how did they find it out? Blackie hadn't known. If he had, he would have told David, and David could have jumped ship. Was the crew in league with the captain? Was that why Blackie had gotten sick? Had he been poisoned because they did not think he would go against David?

David dropped his shovel and sprang up the ladder. The men looked after him. He reached the door. It was locked. It had never been locked before. He thought he heard someone laugh. He turned around, but they all seemed to be busy. Oh, well, probably it was just his imagination. He would wait anyway and see.

They steamed on. David worked and sweated with the rest. He was now the strongest firer in the black gang, even stronger than Blackie had been. He tossed his shovel as if it were a stick instead of a heavy iron shovel, and the coal as if it were one lump instead of a shovelful.

It was strange, though, the men seemed to resent his presence. Whenever he spoke, a sullen silence would follow. He always thought he heard them talking when his back was turned, though he knew not why; he could only hazzard a guess. Due to these facts, he learned to keep his thoughts to himself. It seemed as if the whole ship were hostile to him but dared not say it to his face.

Several days later David was told that the firer next to him had "become sick" and David had been ordered to take his furnace.

Firing two furnaces at once! So that was their game! Try to work him to death. Well, he'd see!

David worked like a demon. He rushed from one furnace to the other. His great muscles knotted and untied as he fired. He was stripped to the waist, as usual, and he sweated so much that what clothing he had on clung to him like a second skin, revealing the flexing cords in his thighs and huge bulging calves. Fire was his god and he had to serve, serve, serve. Scrape and heave. Scrape and heave. Scrape and heave. His shovel seemed to sing this song. He was rhythm in motion. The cords in his great neck stood out like



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ropes against the leeward side of a taut sail, and all the time these words of the captain ran through his head, "I can still tell." What had he? Nothing save to serve his god, Fire, to serve the god, Fire—. Work him to death would they? His eyes narrowed to cruel, wicked slits. A sudden thought struck him with the violence of a typhoon, and he, as violently, struck down the firer next to him. The shovels of the other three were but as toothpicks in the hands of children against the flailing blows of his own, and they were stilled in rapid succession. Yes, ye remembered, had he not smelled it once when he was wheeling coal, the hold was next to the coal breaker.

He charged madly up the ladder, poker in hand. He sprang out on to the open deck and rushed to the first lifeboat. With his heavy iron poker he quickly stove several large holes in the boat, holes that would take a long time to repair. He demolished the second fire-room door, but by this time almost every deck hand aboard, having heard the noise, was rushing to the scene. The First Mate, however, was the only one near enough to block his retreat to the fire-room. David landed his huge, knotty fist right on the point of the mate's jaw with all of his two hundred pounds of weight behind the blow. The big, burly fellow went down with a thud onto the hard, iron deck plates. He lay still, probably dead. Lucky, he was, though he knew it not. David, without waiting to make this observation, reached the fire-room door without further delay, and threw the heavy bolt into place. It would take quite a while to smash the door down, and that would be too late—for them.

He fought his way through the prostrate bodies on the floor to the coal locker, and, with several Herculean blows, tore his way through the quarter inch iron plating into the hold. He crawled through the opening and pounded holes into a great number of kerosene drums. He ran back to the boiler room and snatched a shovelful of red coals from a furnace.—They were pounding on the door now—let them pound—the fools. He crawled back through the hole he had made and threw the coals onto the rapidly gushing kerosene. Instantly the whole place was ablaze. The heat from the burning kerosene burst the untouched drums and the whole place became a roaring, seething furnace. There was no doubt that the whole ship would go. This David knew, and he also knew that the rest of the crew and the captain, yes, the captain, would never make the shore, some hundred miles away, through the shark-infested waters, for the lifeboats were useless. Yes, they would die like the rats that infested their own ship.

Hearing a shriek of terror, he knew that the god, Fire, was taking his toll, and not noticing his own pain, he laughed a wild laugh through the flames that leaped, and the black smoke that billowed about him.

Fire was his god and he served.



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