

ORACLE



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The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1935

The Teapot Theft

By Isabel Cumming

ON A remote part of a lonely island stood a little grey cottage surrounded with giant spruce trees. The door of the little grey cottage opened; an old lady stepped out, closed the door, looked around anxiously to see if she was being watched, and hurried down a path which joined a road leading to the island post-office.

At eleven o'clock on the same day a group of men were sitting around the wooden steps of the post-office, smoking, talking, and waiting for the mail to be sorted. Suddenly one of the men rose, pointed to a figure hurrying down the path, and asked, "Who's comin'?"

A young boy looked up and cried, "It's Old May Tom, sure as the fish are biting poor!"

"You know," another said, "There's somethin' funny about that dame. She ain't boasting about her money the way she used to. Folks up at the harbor claim she has been pawning some of her jewels. Well, 't ain't none of my business. Seems sort of funny though."

The topic of their conversation drew near, and an embarrassed hush fell upon the group. Old May Tom stumbled up to the bottom step, gasped, "I've been robbed!" and sank down in a heap.

It was some time before she was revived enough to tell her story. "Yesterday night I fetched my milk from Pink's, and then went to bed, having nothing else to do. I slept sound all night. This morning after I'd cleaned up a little—things about the place were just as usual, I kind of thought I'd look in the old teapot to see if my money was all right. Well! it was gone."

Jim Spurling, a freckled-faced lad of fifteen years, had been listening with both ears. As soon as Old May Tom had finished, he offered to telephone to the police. "No, no, I don't want the police butting in, nor detectives either. No, my money's gone, and what's gone is gone—there's no help for it. I've got enough left to live on. No, don't call the police," cried Old May Tom in alarm.

Jim drew a long breath, eyed May Tom suspiciously as she was staring vacantly into space and asked, "Can't I investigate a little? I probably won't find anything, but I can try. I'd sort of like to help you get your money back."

"No, I don't want anybody investigating," Old May Tom replied.

"Why?" asked Jim.

"Because I don't," Old May Tom replied crossly.

One by one the people scattered, each to his different task, but all to discuss at great length the robbery. Old May Tom's strength had now come entirely back to her, and she refused all offers of assistance or company home. "I know it's a long tramp through the woods, but I'm used to it. When people got my money, they got the only thing about me that's worth anything." Saying this Old May Tom tottered off, leaving a group of bewildered natives.

They immediately started an investigation among themselves. As each one knew every one else's business better than he knew his own, the check up proved to be quite thorough. The shadow of suspicion fell on Andy Bunker, a fisherman, and Jim's special friend. Andy was the only person dwelling on the island whose actions were not accounted for on the night of the robbery. Andy realized that people were talking about him and set to clear himself before a group at the post-office. Andy dearly loved an audience, and, when he had obtained a sizable one, he began. "Realize that you folks are getting suspicious of me, seeing as you don't know where I was the night Old May Tom was robbed. Waal, here's the straight truth. I was trawling two days before 'round Bunker's Island, having no luck as usual. I decided to set my trawl around the Duck Islands t' see if the fish weren't biting better there. Waal, I baited them nice and careful, and the next day rather late, I set out for the Ducks. I got the trawls placed all right, and started home around seven that night. The fog come in, and I didn't have a compass, so I had quite a time getting home. It was around midnight when I reached the island, and the tide was full, so I left the boat in the crick and came right home. That's the damn truth."

"If you came home from the creek, you must have gone right by Old May Tom's," a woman observed.

"Naturally, but that don't mean nothing." Andy replied.

"I guess it's lucky for you that the police weren't called in or else you probably wouldn't be here now," a man said coldly.

Jim, who as usual was always in the thick of things,

asked in astonishment, "You don't think Andy stole May Tom's money do you?"

"Don't think, I know," replied a woman, and others voiced approval.

Andy, taken back by this sudden accusation cried, "You know me; you've known me since I was a kid, and you know I wouldn't do such a thing. You—"

"Of course he wouldn't," Jim broke in with spirit.

"Why should I take Old Tom's money?" Jim asked.

"Why you took it," the answer came, "is none of our business. We only care about the fact that you did take it."

The group again voiced approval. A cry, "The mail's sorted!" broke up the argument, and the people after getting their mail left.

Jim and Andy stood alone on the steps watching the retreating figures in the road. Jim was the first to break the silence. "My friends, my true friends," he muttered bitterly and strode off. A month passed, a month in which Jim searched vainly for clues with which to free Andy from suspicion. The natives had talked so long and so often about Andy, that rumor grew until some believed that Andy had actually tried to murder the old lady.

Finally the force of public opinion drove Andy from the island. "And that," said the natives with a satisfied nod, "proves it. Andy lived here happy and contented-like for almost forty years. The robbery is about the only reason why he should leave the island now. Ashamed of himself—that's what he is."

Yet for all their talk, each person from Old May Tom down to the youngest Bunker, at some time or other missed Andy. The island did not seem the same without his jokes and cheery smiles. Even Old May Tom seemed changed by the turn of affairs. She rarely came to the village but lived quietly in her cottage deep in the woods. As time went on, the natives began to wonder and to express their doubts concerning Old May Tom.

One evening while the topic of fishing and its disadvantages was being fully debated, in front of the post-office Old May Tom came slowly down the road.

She wore an old fashioned bonnet, tied under her chin with a shabby velvet ribbon, and her snow white hair, hanging to her shoulders swayed as she bobbed her head up and down. Her face was sharp, and shrewd, and she clutched a shawl over her shoulders. Murmuring "evenin'" to the natives, she swept past them into the building. A few moments later she emerged with two weeks' mail and provisions. She accepted the only rocking chair on the porch and stared vacantly into space. Finally she spoke: "Fifteen years ago—fifteen years ago tonight I came here. A lot can happen in fifteen years—and a lot has happened. My house is over a hundred years old—for over a century it has stood sturdy and independent, way off in the woods. It has only the trees and me for company. And when I'm gone, it will have only the trees and the ocean."

The natives looked at each other with puzzled glances while May Tom was speaking, and finally one spoke up, "You mustn't think of dying, May, you ain't very old."

"I don't feel old tonight, but I feel as if I was living in a dream. Anything can happen on a night like this. I've lived my life—not as well as I might have, but it's too late to change. I ain't never been religious—Live your own life the best you can—that's my creed. And I've tried to live up to it. I have except—Andy."

"What about Andy?" Jim broke in eagerly.

May Tom rousing herself out of her soliloquy, muttered, "Late—didn't know it was so late. Got to go." Saying this she rose and walked away. The natives looked after her in bewilderment. Finally one, the oldest man on the island, spoke. "Fifteen years she's been here, and she looked younger tonight than she did when she first came."

Late that evening, when the group on the post-office steps was breaking up, a figure dashed down the path. "Old May Tom—she's sick. Want's Jim. Hurry." Jim rose without a word followed by the other men, and seizing a lantern, ran down the path through the woods.

Old May Tom, tossing restlessly upon her bed, quieted a little and muttered. "You won't understand—"



Old May Tom gasped, "I've been robbed!"

you can't understand. It's family pride. My pa—was more proud of his family than you folks are of your boats."

A murmur rose, "Impossible."

"Yes, he was proud of us all. But he liked my older brother best. My brother went bad. Married a worthless girl. Died. Left a child, a boy. The boy was all right until a little while ago—then he went to the dogs. Got in an awful hole. I sent him all my money. Almost every cent. Nobody stole it—I just said that. I sent him all my money. Let you folks believe Andy stole it. Nobody stole it. I couldn't tell that he was in a jam. The money got him out all right. He's been scared enough now so that he'll—go straight. Tell this to Andy. He won't understand. But tell him just the same. Tell him—he can have my house—that's the best thing I've got. He can have it. Maybe—Maybe he'll call it square."

Finishing her story May Tom sank back in relief. Then she muttered confusedly "Pa! it will kill him—Andy—Pa! What will Andy—" But she never finished her sentence.

Later, the natives explaining everything to Andy said, "You mustn't blame her. Maybe she was wrong—but you wouldn't blame her if you heard her that night. She did what she thought best."

Far off in the woods stands a little grey cottage. Its walls ring all day with happy laughter of children. But sometimes at night the house has memories—memories of an old grey woman. And the surrounding trees sigh—She did the best that she could.

By His Own Order

By Donald Blake

PUT 'AT glim on de oder side o' de channel, Shatz. Y'e'n see it f'm I'land de way it is now. Don' wan' some skimmer ta pick it up." So saying, a rather burly individual passed through the door into the dark. After he reached the pier, it was easy work to start up the powerful boat, and take her out. He snapped on the compass light, and set her on the long course through the night.

In half an hour he sighted the load ship, and, making toward it, he cut the engine and glided up to her side. Immediately several men began passing boxes over the side to him. Then came some cans. Finally, when everything was all stowed safely, he again started the engine, and, ascertaining the direction, he set out to return.

The night was calm, a little darker than usual, and a slight roll did not perceptibly bother the sturdy craft. Everything seemed all right.

A searchlight cut the darkness. A boat was a mile astern! He heard the whistle of a small shell and then the report! He gave the boat all her great strength. She surged ahead, her bow pitched well above the waves.

He turned her, and finally escaped the light. But still the light moved shoreward at no slight speed. And finally came darkness.

Two hours later, the rum boat, its driver elated at having escaped the customs, neared the shore. Success in the first chase! The light on the shore flashed invitingly. Soon he would warm his hands over the fire. Now he would be abreast the reef. Suddenly a thought struck him—the light!

"Shatz changed the light! I told him to! Ye gods, I ain't got a prayer."

The crash of splintering wood mingled with an agonized shriek, broke the silence of the night as the powerful boat struck the barely submerged reef, running upon it.

The driver, who had lately evaded a Customs patrol boat, lay, his head broken wide, half covered by the water washing the sharp ledge.

Fifth Avenue Bus

By Jeanette St. Pierre

THE SEATS were the hardest in all New York, and my knees beat a tattoo on the seat in front, as I swayed wildly on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Whirling madly around a corner, I, by no means an experienced metropolitanite, made a wild snatch at my nearest neighbor. A few seats in front a young man, an exact counterpart of the passionate Clark Gable, was unconcernedly smoking a cigarette. Sherlock Holmes would have immediately pronounced it a Regis, but it more closely resembled a smoke stack to my unseaman-like stomach. My eyes, once glued upon it, could not be torn away. I might have stared at it for the rest of that night-mare of a ride had the great Gable's double not turned and caught my glassy gaze. My sad condition of mind and body, did not prevent me from being more than slightly abashed, and I glanced discreetly down from my perch only to see weird elfin lights flitting hither and yon in a sort of pinkish haze, a phenomenon which I had never known before to be characteristic of New York. Under the sheltering trees on the river's brink were strange apparitions with but a single body and two heads. I would have given almost anything for the peace and quiet in which those mysterious beings seemed to move.

But it was not to be, for just at that moment, I shot forward with a sickening lurch and struck the unsuspecting shoulder of the passenger ahead. Carefully feeling my face for any miscellaneous lacerations, I courageously withstood the cutting remarks of my victim, and to the best of my ability tried to soothe her ruffled calm. But the great blow to my pride came when that gorgeous specimen of manhood looked disgustedly at his seat-mate, saying very audibly [and for my especial benefit], "Some green youngster from the country." A green youngster indeed!

(Continued on page 36)

POETRY

Some Call it Longing

I'm wrung out with custom and virtue;
Moral's got me hung up and dried.
Society has ironed me flat,
And great—great is my pride.

So I slip shy into the depot
And pray no friends have me spied
For I should be home sipping my tea
Or out chasing a bride.

I love the pant of the engine,
The sparks upon the track,
The glow and flicker in her cab,
And the smoking of her stack.

I've wanted always to ride in the cab,
To be "the man at the wheel."
That is my God-given nature—
Wiped out forever by society's seal.

R. Thompson.

Dreams

Is there greater
On this steep mountain climb
Than the brief pauses
To rest and glide gently back on time?

Ah, indeed it is great!
The world behind is so full and wide;
Lovely jewels of the past
Radiate on every side.

If there is greater
It is pausing in our measured tread
To divine and dream
The golden, gleaming life ahead!

Winter Fog

Day withers
Into the dark of night
And smoky fog
Settles o'er the sooty snow.
Early streets are lit,
Slush settles down to freeze,
Cars splutter by,
And dreariness falls.

I love this weary night
With black branches silvery wet—
The fog thickest where there's light—
Gray shadows slanted on the white.

R. Thompson.

A Heaven Fantasy

By Ada Saltzman

ANGEL JOHN SMITH, former captain, explorer, and soldier of fortune, was uneasy in Heaven. Pocahontas was troubling him again. Gosh, just because she had saved him from death two hundred years ago on earth was no reason for her trying to flirt with him now. Why didn't she stay with her husband instead of hanging around him? If she didn't watch out, he'd brain her with his harp! Yes, John Smith was very uneasy.

What to do to escape Pocahontas was the question. He could, of course, report her to St. Peter—well—she *had* saved his life once. John pondered long—What to do—What to do—What to do?—Ah, at last he had it! He would leave her! Yes, he would go back to earth for a while until she forgot him. It would be rather fun to visit the good old earth again. It must have changed considerably. Two hundred years ago—a long, long, time.....And no Pocahontas to trouble him! Whoopee! He'd have a great spree!

Thus it happened that John Smith, in the disguise of a middle aged man, went down to earth in the year of nineteen hundred thirty-five.

He landed in a city called Jamestown, where he had formerly lived; and soon he was walking the streets of the city.

Strange black animals, making terrific noises were racing up and down the roads. Noise—noise—and still more noise pounded in his ears. Strange hard crust similar to the feeling of flat stone was everywhere, and the buildings—why they were stupendous!

John Smith was puzzled. He had expected a change, but not so great a change as this. His wonderment increased when a queer box in front of a store suddenly began talking.

"We are now taking you to the Bellaire Tavern where you will be entertained by Percival Crosby and his Hotcha Boys."

Strains of what evidently was intended to be music reached Smith's ears. He shook his head in wonder.

Smith's bewilderment grew. But anyway,—he heaved a deep sigh of relief—there wasn't any Pocahontas here.

As John walked around the city, he came upon the very fort which he, himself, had helped to build. It seemed, indeed, strange to him that it still was there. While he stood wondering what it was all about, his eyes fell on a figure. There stood Pocahontas!

John rubbed his eyes twice, for he could not believe them. Pocahontas here! Ah, it was only a statue! But—could he never escape her?

Everywhere he went Pocahontas had to haunt him. What on earth was she doing here? Aided by a hefty push from John Smith the statue of Pocahontas fell over.

(Continued on page 36)

The Green Witch from Greenwich

By Hope Betterley

THE stands were in an uproar. For the third successive year the Barry school had won the cup. Down on the field, the victorious home team was doing a wild snake dance to the tune of the band mingled with the cheers of the stands.

Jack and Suzanne Hamilton made their way through the crowd to the place where Jack's little car was parked to wait for Harry Colburn, one of the football players, and Suzanne's host for the day.

As they stood looking around, Jack pointed out some of the celebrities of the school. "There goes James Hall, the high jump star. See that blond over there? That's Jake Shale, the All Penn basketball forward last year, great kid, Jake. My roommate, my freshman year. Notice the chap in the glasses, Chancer Lewis, president of the debate club. That girl with him is Dot Harmon of Portland—probably you've met her. Ah! here comes Zeus himself. Great work, Harry. That was a pip of a pass you made in the third quarter.

"Say, we'd better be getting out of here. That cop's been whistling ten minutes for me to move."

After discussing the main points of the game pro and con, the three were strangely silent.

Suzanne was thinking about a certain black costume which she had unpacked a short three hours before. "What fun the party tonight is going to be! Oh! If I can only be picked as 'Miss Barry' I will desire nothing else. To stand in front of everybody and have the football captain pin the small Barry School pin on my costume would be heavenly!

"And then to lead the grand march!" This brought her thoughts back to her costume.

"Will it look as stunning here among all of the other costumes as it did at home? Horrors above horrors! Could there be any possibility of anyone having a costume like mine? What a terrible thing that would be!"

Without a doubt, Jack had been thinking about the same thing for he broke in with, "Say, sis, won't you tell me who you and Harry are going as?"

"Don't you do it, Sue. Keep the old whoozer in suspense. Did he tell you who he is going as?"

"No, he didn't tell me, but he gave so many broad hints that I guessed."

"What, are you going as Jack?"

"Oh, Ellen Clisham and I are going as a medieval couple. Her idea, not mine. Personally I think that we're going to look foolish."

"Never mind, old chap, we'll all be in the same boat."

By this time they had drawn up in front of the hotel where Suzanne was staying, as Harry was still in playing togs, not having been back to the gym, Jack took Suzanne in to the elevator.

"Be sure you're on time tonight, won't you, sis? You don't want to keep Harry waiting."

"I'll be ready. Save your worry for yourself, old dear."

As Suzanne shot up in the elevator, she thought, "Nothing could possibly be more perfect! The game won! A perfect party to come! And a gorgeous costume just waiting to be put on! Life sure is grand!"

Not having to meet the boys for dinner until seven o'clock, she found that she had plenty of time, so she settled down to read one of the magazines she had bought on the train, and to munch the chocolates which her father had given her that morning.

After a short rest, she thought that she had better start to get dressed for dinner. First, however, she must take one last look at the precious costume—her heart's darling.

The costume viewed on the hanger was merely a mass of black tulle over a silver background sprinkled with myriads of various sized stars. It hung lifeless, and would not inspire the most imaginative of poets to write a sonnet to it.

But as she slipped it on, the creation seemed to undergo a complete transformation. And, as the costume changed, so Suzanne seemed to change, as she put it on. She seemed to grow older; her eyes took on a new light; her skin seemed whiter. True, this was not the first time that she had tried the costume on, but here in the strange hotel room with only the reflection in the mirror for an audience she gasped as she caught sight of herself.

What if her nose did turn up a bit on the end? What if she did have numerous small freckles sprinkled over the bridge of her nose, like so many small grains of sand? For a few minutes she saw herself as a supremely beautiful woman.

As she stood in front of the glass, the telephone rang, shattering her illusion. Once more she became the



That vile poodle in the next suite

rather common-place Suzanne Hamilton, who tomorrow would return home to help her mother with the dinner dishes on the maid's day out, and to work as hard on her Latin as any other girl in the town.

The telephone call was from Jack, ringing from the lobby. "I say, sis, are you nearly ready? If you don't hurry, we'll never get to the party."

"Oh, I'm frightfully sorry, Jack. I'm nearly ready. I'll be down in about ten seconds."

With more haste than care, she peeled the costume off, leaving it draped across the bed, and thought that it would be perfectly safe there and ready for her to put on. After dressing with a haste that would have done credit to a fireman on duty, Suzanne descended to the lobby, where she met Ellen Clisham, Jack, and Harry Colburn.

"Thought you were never coming down, sis. We were getting real worried, weren't we, Harry? Say Sue, do you know Ellen Clisham, my sister, Suzanne Hamilton—as good a little sister as ever cracked a hockey stick!"

The waiter led them to a table set for four in a secluded corner.

After they had given their order, naturally, the talk centered on the gaiety to come. All but Suzanne had attended this annual affair before, and, therefore, being experienced, had much to tell her.

However, as the hour was fairly late, and they all had to get dressed, they did not linger long at the table.

They parted in front of the elevator with the general admonition of, "Whatever you do, don't be late."

Suzanne hurried across the hall, and flung the door open. Curiously enough it didn't seem to be latched. Oh, well, in her haste, she probably had neglected to shut it tight.

Sue stopped short. Oh! What terrible things one sometimes imagines that one sees. Why fancy, for a minute Suzanne thought that she saw her darling costume lying on the bed, torn to shreds! Why, for a minute she fancied that she even saw some of the stars torn off and scattered on the floor. What a weird thing the imagination is!

With a nervous laugh, Suzanne leaped across the room, and looked at the bed. Oh! then it hadn't been a trick of her imagination. It was the stark truth. There in this hotel room on the bed lay her costume. She picked up the torn garment, as if she might be determined to put it together. Slowly she picked up each of the stars from the floor. To her, each star became a mile-post, each one that she picked up seemed to put her just that much farther away from the coveted honor of "Miss Barry." For of course the party, to her, had now come under the heading of the great "Might-Have-Beens." It didn't even occur to her that there still might be some hope of her going to the party. She wandered into the sitting room, and sank into a huge rocker. For half an hour she gazed at a small picture of the Aurora which was hanging on the op-

posite wall. All of the glory and brightness of the football field seemed ages away. The trip that morning might have happened in the thirteenth century. Dimly, she heard the ring of the telephone, but it didn't seem to register on her mind. At its prolonged jangling, she got up and answered in a dispirited voice,

"Hello."

"Sue? Jack and Ellen aren't coming with us. I've got my own car. Are you ready to come down?"

"Am I ready? Oh, no, I'm not, Harry." A pause, then, "Harry, we can't—that is—I can't go tonight. I'm horribly sorry, but—"

"For the love Mike, Sue, what are you trying to say?"

"I—oh, wait a minute, I'll be right down."

Flushed with excitement, Sue met Harry downstairs with the remnants of her costume in her hands.

"What happened? Your costume? Is it ruined?" Underneath Harry's overcoat could be seen his own silver raiment.

"Ruined! Look!" Sue handed him what remained of her costume. "When Jack called me before dinner, I was just trying it on. It was so late, that when I took it off, I laid it on the bed. I guess that I must have left the door open a little. In the next suite they have a vile poodle, and I suppose—" With an expressive shrug Sue broke off.

"Well, I see where we don't crash this party as the "Moon" and "Night."

"Just a minute! I'm having an inspiration." Harry seized Sue by the arm and dragged her into a small ante-room, where he dropped into a chair, and stared into space.

Hope began to return to Suzanne. Surely the expression of Harry's face looked hopeful. Could it be possible that, in spite of the ruined costume, they could still go the dance?

With a sudden swift movement, Harry bounded from his chair, and disappeared.

In ten minutes, he was back with reams of green tissue paper which had been, obviously, taken from the hotel's barber shop, and a huge, enveloping green cape, which she could recognize as one of the capes which the cheer-leaders had worn that afternoon.

"Listen, Sue, if we hurry, we'll still be able to take in the party. See if you can find some tinfoil."

"Tinfoil? I think that there was some around the candy that I had on the train. Just a minute." Sue went upstairs, and came back with a large box. Sure enough, inside was a wrapping of tinfoil.

"Now sit down and cut some big buckles out of this cardboard. You know the kind—those like the Cavaliers used to wear," Harry dictated.

By the time that Suzanne had made the cardboard buckles [whose origin—a respectable suit-box—wouldn't have taken an Edgar Wallace detective long to discover] and had covered them with the tinfoil,

Harry had fashioned a tall hat out of the green tissue paper and the big blotter from the writing desk.

Handing the things to Sue, Harry dashed out on another errand.

While he was gone, Suzanne hurried upstairs and changed from her coral dinner dress to the green knit suit which she had worn that afternoon to the game. Then she flung the huge green cape over her shoulders, and clapped the tall green hat on her short brown curls at a rakish angle. She clipped the silver [?] buckles on her dancing pumps, and lo and behold! Sue had undergone another transformation, this time emerging as a green witch. Why, this wasn't going to be half bad!

Of course she realized that on the back of the cape was the large black B of the Barry school, and that everyone at the party would know where the cape came from, but what of that? Every moment the tinfoil on the buckles threatened to come off, but what did she care? She was thankful that the small black mask had been left out of reach of the terrible poodle, and was still whole.

She flung her long fur coat over her costume, and carrying her hat in her hand, descended to the first floor.

As she got out of the elevator, Sue met Harry. To the amusement of the people in the lobby of the hotel, Harry presented her with a large bouquet of burdock leaves. Where they had come from, Sue had no idea. For burdocks, being the official flower of the Barry School were scarce on the day of the great Barry-Yolard game as every rooter for Barry had desired a boutonniere. But Sue did know that they were the one thing needed to make her costume complete.

While Harry had been gone, he had changed from his silver "Moon" costume to a tuxedo, and except for a mask, would go to the party in ordinary evening dress.

Fortunately the Ambassador's Club, where the party was being held, was only a few blocks from the hotel. While they were adjusting each other's masks, Harry said, "Well, Sue, we're here anyway, and that's something. You won't be able to be "Miss Barry" now, but to me you look like "Miss Bonny" in all of your green trappings, and there's still next year."

As they slipped in among the Pierrots, the cowboys, the Dutch girls, and countless other characters represented on the floor, they did not seem to be recognized or noticed particularly among the motley group. Harry steered Sue around to the corner where their hosts—the faculty—were seated. By the time they had made their felicitations, the dance had stopped, and intermission was announced. Harry and Sue made their way to the broad stairway which was the favorite gathering place for Harry's crowd. Their appearance proved to be a minor triumph. With a grand flourish, Harry announced, "May I introduce The Green Witch from Greenwich, and they say that these green witches have twice as much power as the common black and white variety."

A place was made on the stairs for them. Soon a waiter appeared with drinks of punch, and, as they drank, the group watched the almost continual pageant which was going on below.

"I call this one neat party," remarked a tall cowboy, beating a tattoo on the outside of the glass.

"Gee, this dance is even better than last year's was! Say, look at the French doll going by. Huh, she's even got a price tag on."

"Wonder who'll be Miss Barry this year?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the French doll. She sure is original."

"Seems as if there must be something better than that here somewhere," said a small lady in the clothes of 1776.



The Green Witch from Greenwich

The music soon started, and the group broke up. Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, and each Barry student was especially filled with school spirit, for hadn't they won the Yolard game, and weren't they going to get the cup?

Sue was especially popular. Perhaps it was because of her costume in the school colors, and her corsage of burdock leaves, but more probably it was because of her ability in dancing and her lively spirits.

In some mysterious manner, the story of Sue's sportsmanship in being willing to come to the dance in a hastily improvised costume, after the destruction of hers—thus giving up all idea of winning the pin, made its way around the room. A few minutes before midnight, one could see the judges talking together, nodding their heads, first toward Sue, and then towards the French doll.

The green witch herself seemed oblivious of their glances.

As the music stopped, Harry and Sue found themselves in front of the orchestra. The football captain, Joe Schultz, after a brief interview with the judges, stepped forward.

"I have here," he announced, "the small silver pin of the Barry School. As you probably all know, this pin is annually awarded to one of our guests, whom the faculty—our hosts and judges—decide upon. This year, it gives me great pleasure to announce that it goes to 'The Green Witch from Greenwich'—Miss Suzanne Hamilton."

Sue staggered forward. It just couldn't be true. Why, her costume was back there in the hotel room, torn to shreds. It must be true, though. Joe was extending his hand to her in congratulation, and everyone else was applauding.

Thus, as the clock struck twelve, Joe Schultz, the captain of football, and Sue Hamilton, with the title of "Miss Barry", led the Grand March to the tune of "The Triumph."

However, Sue's real triumph came when, during the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," Harry said, "You're a great little sport, Sue Hamilton, and if you'd like to come, I'd love to have you up to our winter festival. And remember—the title 'Miss Barry' will still hold."

"Rats"

By Kathleen Littlefield

A GROUP of little boys was standing on a corner, each trying to prove that his home was superior to the others'. One small lad, clad in a sheepskin, which, to judge by the length and the turned-up sleeves, must have been his elder brother's, spoke, "Yeah, but we've got twenty-four rooms in our house."

"Aw, no one has that many 'cept kings," scoffed another.

But the first insisted, "We have, too! You can come up and count them right now," knowing full well that his challenge wouldn't be accepted.

"Well, I betcha we got bigger rats than you!" cried a skinny youngster, with a fiery thatch of red hair atop his head. This boast was greeted with a perfect bedlam of hoots and laughs.

"How big are yours?" screeched a large eared youth named "Donkey", as he tried to make himself heard above the noise.

"Well," the red head hesitated. "They're as big as a chimney, anyway. One of them licked our dog."

"Did you see it lick him?" he was asked.

"No, but I know it did 'cause I saw the footprints."

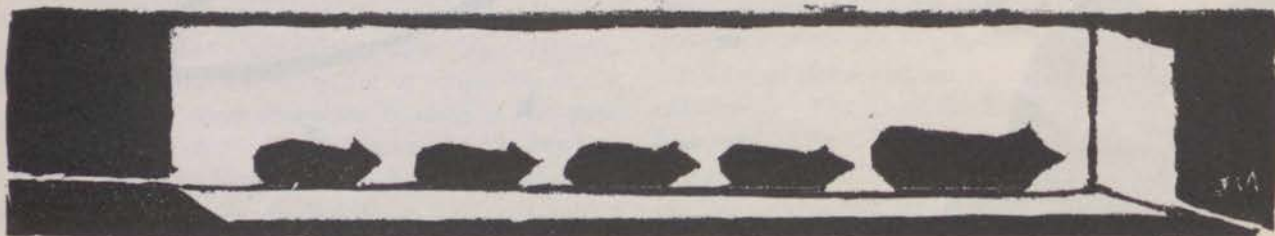
"Footprints!" cried Donkey. "Show 'em to us?"

"Oh, they're all gone now," said Red, "It happened a long time ago."

"It must have," giggled Buddy Dolan, who sold newspapers, and knew everything and everyone.

"Well," cried Red defensively, "The rats are still in the house because I saw the shadow of one on the cellar wall the other night. I tell You! Tomorrow night you all come over to my house, and we'll go down cellar and watch. If we keep awful, awful still, I know one'll come out. How about it?"

"We can come," declared Buddy speaking for everyone. "We'll meet at this corner at seven o'clock, huh?"



The form was followed by four tiny ones

"Okay, but don't forget." And Red started for home, hoping against hope that the rat would make its appearance at the right time.

The others dispersed in groups of twos and threes, everyone dubious of the truthfulness of Red's statements.

"He's crazy," declared Donkey to the little fellow with the large sheepskin. "There never was a rat as big as that. If there was, it'd be in a museum or some place."

"Sure, it would," asserted the other. "He musta seen his own shadow. Well, we'll find out tomorrow night anyways. I'll be seein' ya." He withdrew into his modest home, leaving Donkey to pursue his way alone.

The next evening the boys met Red promptly at seven and proceeded to his house.

"Sh-h-h, keep quiet," whispered Red as they crept down the cellar steps. "These stairs are kinda rickety, so you better take hold of the wall." After arriving safely at the bottom, he led them around boxes and barrels to a corner where he had placed boards to sit upon. When everyone was seated, he turned off the light, and settled himself among them.

"How are we going to see it?" whispered someone.

"By the street light shining through the window," answered Red. "Watch that spot on the wall over there. Now keep quiet."

Long moments passed, and the boys were about to give up when—"Sh-h-h, I hear sumpin'." The little bodies grew tense, and every eye was focused upon that square of light on the opposite wall. Another minute passed. Then a shadow was seen to be slowly growing larger upon the bright patch.

"It's the rat," breathed Donkey. It was indeed a huge rat, larger than any they had ever seen. The boys' eyes nearly popped from their heads. Then, to cap the climax, the form was followed by *four tiny ones*! Red gasped. No one dared move—except Buddy. He snapped on a flashlight which he had hidden beneath his sweater. There, blinking their eyes in the unexpected glare, stood an overgrown female cat and her kittens. Suddenly she gave a frightened yowl, and, with her babies, fled into the darkness.

The boys stared at one another. "A cat!" exclaimed Red.

"Licked your dog?" exclaimed he of the sheepskin.

"Rat's footprints!" hooted Buddy Dolan. The tension had been too great. As they realized what had happened, they burst into hilarious laughter, clutching each other and rolling upon the ground.

For a long time afterwards, Red was called "Rats" by his friends.

Grudge Fight

By Sidney M. Alpert

REMEMBER—break clean, no low punches, make a fight of it, and—and—shake hands when you come out.' The words were lost on the World's Champion, for he had listened to them many times—. But Jimmy Evans heard them for the first time. That is, he had heard them before as a reporter—but never as one of the three men in the ring. They turned, each without wishing the other the customary "Good luck", and strode silently to their corners—the champion, a marvel in bronze, an Atlas; the other, a white, slim sacrifice.

"Come on, 'Reporter', Kill the champ, Where's yer mother, sonny, at the morgue?" The crowd shouted and stamped. It had waited patiently through a long line of bloody "All Star" preliminaries, and now had to wait still longer before the main bout went on. Smoke eddied in slimy white wreaths, silently, slowly, around and over the ring.

The fighters sat down in their corners. The champion's face was minus the usual scowl that accompanied him in his battles. In its place was a queer smile—a smile that was grim. His battle-scarred face was one that usually went with a less beautiful body [he had a narrow, crooked chin, in contrast with his wide, muscular shoulders.] He had a round, bulbous nose, and a flat, hard stomach. He had the eye and reputation of a killer; light grey, cold eyes, they were.

In the opposite corner sat Jimmy Evans with not a mark on his body that would associate him with boxing—or even training. He was a sacrifice to the gods because he had said something he shouldn't have.

Several months before, Jimmy Evans started "columning" for a newspaper syndicate. About that time the "champ" had lost a fight to one of the lesser lights—and he had refused the winner a return fight. Jimmy Evans had branded the "champ" as "slightly yellow." The "champ" came to see Jimmy—and there was a fight in which the "champ" was knocked down. The country knew this—there were eighty-thousand people jammed around the ring to watch Jimmy Evans back up these words, "I can beat the champion myself."

The mob roared as the bell rang. Jimmy came out cautiously; the champion sneered. Neither made the slightest motion that might be interpreted as a movement for a handshake. The champion's face was set. This was the kind of job he liked—the job of cutting a man to ribbons—the job of carrying a luckless contender from round to round. . . . until his exhausted opponent was on the point of collapsing—then, and only then, would he deliver his knock out blow.

Jimmy Evans was serious. He knew that if he was knocked out, the country would laugh at him. He jabbed automatically, his muscles rippling smoothly, unseen, under his white skin. He reminded one of a

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Salute!

AND LET the cannon roar! Another really different musical has just gone by. But there's a method in my madness, for this picture certainly glorifies everything there is to glorify about the United States Military Academy. The surprising effect of the very excellent camera shots of marching cadets was to leave every person in the audience, regardless of sex, filled with the new-born desire to go to West Point—including yours truly! I've even given up my pet ambition of becoming the only living female street-car conductor for the futile yearning to be a husky ten-foot male, striding along majestically under a beplumed cap—or whatever they call 'em—of the same height.

"Flirtation Walk" is one of those rare musicals in which the music is decidedly subordinated to the plot, and the plot itself is fairly plausible—a fact that should leave all followers of this type of movie gasping in surprise.

As for the actors, a disguise of wise-cracks is far too ineffectual to cover Ruby Keeler's ever-lasting sweetness and light, but since so many of the adoring public seem to bear up under it, who am I to say "Nay, nay"? I must admit, though, that she has the nimblest feet of any star that has graced the silver screen. Why then, dear director, hide this one talent under a bushel? Dick Powell isn't bad at all; in fact, he rather swerves over to the *good* side of my fussy little merit balance. But for good all-round acting ability, Pat O'Brien deserves the greatest recognition from audience and critic alike.

Brighteyes

She isn't beautiful—she's not sophisticated—she's not temperamental [Ay tank ay go home now], but she's captured movie audiences all over the country. Miss Shirley Temple—seven years old, and a movie queen. Of course, she completely walks off with her new picture, "Brighteyes", an old story with delightful new twists. Shirley is an orphan girl whose aviator father "cracked" up. She is the idol of all the transport-pilots at the airport, and especially adored by her father's pal, James Dunn. Shirley finds a fairy godfather in the crotchety old uncle [Charles Sellon], and let me here and now send a whole bunch of bouquets to that very capable actor, a regular old Scrooge, but soft as "mush" underneath, in the words of his Irish cook.

Like all fairy stories, the movie ends in a manner satisfying to the sentimental public, with "Brighteyes," James Dunn, and the old uncle living happily ever after.

And now let's send the customary bunch of orchids to James Dunn, not only for his acting ability, but also for his unlimited good-humor in allowing the seven-year old star to steal his picture. And 'tis whispered that he has doubled his popularity thereby, and justly, for his acting with her is delightful.

Grand actors, a satisfying story, and convincing scenes spell "Brighteyes," a picture to see.

Broadway Bill

Here is one picture where the director's name should be in the brightest of lights and the biggest of letters, and wherever Frank Capra is concerned, that fact always holds true. But for that worthy gentleman, the picture notwithstanding its very capable stars, Myrna Loy, and Warner Baxter, would turn out to be just another hoss' story.

In such little ways does this man Capra show his genius! A scarcely discernable quirk, and a whole scene is brightened and enlivened. An aura of reality, so greatly desired, in every picture, but so rarely found, pervades every characterization.

For example, take the moment when, after watching his horse, Broadway Bill, run, Warner Baxter returns to the stables to find that he must attend a directors' meeting at the home of his father-in-law. To show the rebellion surging in him, Baxter strides back and forth across the yard, kicking petulantly at every rock and piece of turf in his way. A very simple thing, yes, but how well it accomplishes its end! Something any director might have thought of, perhaps, but the fact remains that only Capra actually does think of such things.

Babbitt

Come on, America, cover your blushes! All the little games of make-believe, the pet shams and bluffs which you have hugged to your hearts for all these many years have been ruthlessly dragged out and exposed in "Babbitt" by Sinclair Lewis, first in book-form and then on the screen.

There is irony of the strongest type in the fact that the American movie-goers fill the theatres to roar at Guy Kibbee's characterization of *Babbitt*—to laugh at the over-weight, pompous, would-be big business man, gaining his greatest pleasure out of his office as Grand Ring Master of the Zebras—to chuckle at his child-like simplicity and gullibility all unknowing that in so doing they are laughing at themselves.

The picture has naturally a thin sugar coating of comedy, love interest, etc., for even Americans will

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PARADE OF EVENTS

Debate Club

WITH its season in full swing, the Debate Club is living up to its reputation for doing things. The Bowdoin league debates found Corinne Adams and Ernest Andrews representing Bangor, with Myer Alpert as alternate. Miss Coffin and Mr. Prescott accompanied the debaters, who left for Brunswick the Friday afternoon before the forum, returning Saturday night after participating in the debates with Edward Little, Jordan, South Portland, Portland, Deering, Gardiner, Foxcroft Academy, and Oxford. Bangor placed third, being three points behind Deering on a basis of 600, Edward Little having won the tournament. Mr. Prescott expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with the work of Adams and Andrews, saying, "We have won in times past with cases not so good, and we have lost with better. It's all in the game. One judge gave us first place, but the other two didn't see it that way."

The Club was active in the athletic bazaar, running the popular baseball game, featuring Dudley Utterback, William Palmer, and others on the breakdown aerial bar. This concession turned over about \$20.00 to the association, and rated high in individual booth records.

On the first day of Christmas vacation, Artemus Weatherbee headed a committee with Edwin Young, Roberta Smith, Hope Betterley, and Betty Betterley, presenting an informal subscription dance in the Dorothy Memorial hall. This event was extremely successful, being one of the social high spots so far this season.

An exhibition debate on the Bowdoin question was held in Room 307 prior to the trip, with all those who had been in the previous try-outs, as well as the audience, active in the discussion. Among the audience were several teachers and parents, doubly welcome as no special publicity had been given the occasion other than the first issue of the DEBATE CLUB NEWS which goes to members only. This exhibition forum undoubtedly gave impetus to the Portland trip try-outs held a few weeks ago.

The Portland league is a new idea, sponsored this season by Portland High's active coach, J. Weston Walch. Its main purpose is to give practice for the Bates league debates to be held in March. Bangor entered three complete teams, twelve men in all, the following people having made the trip in competitive try-outs: Team B: Maydelle Fielding, Phyllis Smith, Spencer Winsor, and Blair Stevens; Team H: Ernest Andrews, Dorothy Epstein, Robert Morris, and Dudley Utterback; Team S: Artemus Weatherbee, Myer Alpert, Horace Stewart, and Dana Kennedy. Team

B was coached by Miss Lorimer, Team H by Mr. Prescott, and Team S by Miss Coffin. At the Portland session last week, all teams did excellently, and the announcement as to who will be retained for the Bates league debates has not as yet been made. Other teams will be made up from the remaining number to meet schools near Bangor which wish practice meetings.

At present the Club is putting the finishing touches on its super-production, POLLYANNA, to be given with an all-faculty cast this Friday evening in City Hall. Edwin Young is financial manager; William Palmer, publicity; Roberta Smith, ticket; and Dana Kennedy, stage. This play [See advertisement in this *Oracle*] is already practically a sell-out, and will add to the long line of outstanding entertainment sponsored by the Club, with both the athletic department and the Debate Club profiting.

Junior Exhibition

Another Junior Exhibition is on its way, and all things seem to point for an especially good one this year. All the Sarah Bernhardts and John Barrymores of our Junior Class are hard at work to prepare their speeches for the eliminations. Of course competition is very keen; consequently your guess is as good as ours—we will just have to wait and see.

The following is the list of those who made the semi-semi-finals, and from these ten boys and ten girls will be chosen to compete in the semi-finals. The five girls and five boys who survive this examination will recite their selections in the City Hall:

Betty Ayer	Eleanor Winchell**
Rose Bigelson**	Ernest Andrews*
Isabel Cumming*	Desmond Clark*
Annette Curan	James Clement*
Madeline Dennett**	Gordon Cook
Caroline Flagg	Peter Emery*
Winona Fraser	Frederick Johnston**
Miriam Golden*	Julian Leighton
Elizabeth Green	Frank Lobley**
Rachel Kent*	Leonard McDonough**
Beatrice McFadden	Richard McGowan
Ellen MacIntosh	Deane Nason
Carline Merrill	Thomas Nickerson
Marion Morton	Charles Pierce
Anne Perry*	Peter Skoufis
Betty Smart**	James Watson**
Sara Stinchfield*	Beryle Whidden**
Geraldine Watson	Spencer Winsor*
Barbara Welch**	

*The names of pupils who made the semi-finals are starred. The names of those who made the finals are indicated by an additional star.

Student Council

THE COUNCIL has been a hot pot since the first meeting. The boys wanted their sweat-ers, but the girls did not wish to spend, for that purpose, the money that they had raised. Finally a compromise was reached. It was decided that any money raised later would be used for the "B" sweat-ers. The first candy sale wasn't much of a success; so it was decided to combine the rest of the commit-tees and have one big candy sale the Tuesday before exams. Members of the committee were as follows:

Roberta Smith, chairman; Harold Moon, Betty Homans, Kathleen Whitney, Sally Woodcock, James Finnegan, Edwin Young, William West, Whitey Wal-lace.

A question of assemblies was brought up, and it was decided that every Wednesday, the student coun-cil would arrange a programme. Then, of course, there is always the question of people who take ad-vantage of free periods to roam around the corridors. Mr. Taylor doesn't want to be forced to check up on these people, and we feel that it won't be necessary. What to do about the size of the clubs, and do we de-rive any benefit from an activity period—were two of the many questions that came up for discussion.

One of the 'big' things of the year was the mid-winter hop run by the council. The committee in charge of the dance was as follows:

Harold Moon, Roberta Smith, and Whitey Wallace. And with the help of Artemus Weatherbee and Edwin Young, also members of the council, "A good time was had by all."

R. O. T. C. Battalion

Right face, left face, left face, right face, hand sal-ute!—No, it is not a jumble of words but an actual command, one of the many that may be heard on drill days down in the gym.

At present the boys are receiving instruction on the use and care of the rifle and the manual of arms. As usual, we notice it is the big fellow who complains about the weight he carries while the little fellow shoulders his rifle and gamely marches on. In the meantime the officers are practicing the manual of the sabre and will in a short time, probably, start drilling the bat-talion in earnest.

The entire battalion has two major events to look forward to: first, the annual inspection in which the cadets must show their best if they are to hold their present honor rating; second, the Military Ball and Competitive Drill. In the past, competition for the honor of being picked for the best squad has been keen and this year will be no exception. Each position on the picked squad seems to be highly coveted by the cadets.

Officer's Club

At the various meetings of the Officers' Club since the start of the year, there has been more or less con-fusion in trying to plan some sort of social affair. At first it was decided to run a dance February 21. Then there was talk of presenting a play, but it was decided that one might detract from the Faculty's presenta-tion, so this plan was dropped. The last idea discussed was that of having a card party. As nothing has come up as yet to prevent this, it will probably be staged.

The Officers' Club incurred a debt of some eighty dollars by the purchase of caps and other necessary supplies not furnished by the government, and hopes this event will be both a financial and social success.

Rifle Club

On a Wednesday morning a short time ago, in an assembly which will be remembered by at least three members of the student body, the eagerly sought hon-ors were announced for the Individual Matches in the Rifle Club. Ralph Decrow captured first place in the awards and was presented with a beautiful gold medal; Elmer Yates was honored by second rating and re-ceived a silver medal; a bronze medal went to Lloyd Cutter for attaining third score.

Science Club

Casually draped over the gas jets and lab shelves, some fifty odd members of the Senior Science Club listened to a well prepared and presented program, Thursday morning, January 17. Hope Betterley, sec-etary, read the answers to letters written by Lucille Epstein to science clubs in the following schools: West-field High, Westfield, N. J.—Lincoln High, Bronx, N. Y., Nasson Institute, Springvale, Maine, and Old Town High, Old Town, Maine.

In many cases the secretaries of these clubs sent pro-grams which had been presented during the past year. Always the subjects chosen were those which would create a greater interest among the club members. When outside speakers were brought in, or demonstrations were given, the subjects were of the type that would give genuinely useful knowledge to the science student. Some clubs made tours of local factories and hospitals. All of these programs, our Science Club may well ac-cept as suggestions for future use.

After Miss Betterley, Ruth Reaviel gave a short talk on salt, its preparation and commercial use. Guy Leon-ard discussed science's newest discovery, "heavy" water—a happy choice of subject, as every "up 'n comin'" young scientist has had a goodly amount of curiosity concerning its why's and wherefore's. This discussion concluded the program, and President James Finnegan turned the remainder of the meeting over to Mr. Thurs-ton, who passed on a gentle reminder of dues.

HOME ECONOMICS EXHIBITION

The members of the High School P. T. A. greatly enjoyed an exhibition presented at their meeting, Thursday evening, January 11, in the Assembly Hall. The Home Economics and Industrial Arts Departments were in charge of the program. Miss Ruth Crosby opened the affair with a talk on the purposes, ideals and subject matter of the Home Economics classes.

Talks written and illustrated by the girls were given as follows: Aphrodite Floros, nutrition; Norma Munster and Carolyn Hart, clothing design; Annie Phillips, color and its relation to clothing, illustrated by a poster by Harriet Fogg; Dorothy Lewis, hygiene; Mildred Burleigh, home problems, taken from a notebook prepared by Natalie Duty; Cleone Silsby, Home Club; Beatrice McFadden, papers on the girls' ideas about home economics.

Two little playlets were also presented. Miss Margaret Lutz prepared and directed the playlet on textile testing in which the following girls took part: Priscilla Thompson, Charlene Shorey, Cynthia Tripp and Frances Bragg. An instructive sketch on home nurs-

ing was given by Carlene Merrill, Elizabeth Green and Leoranca Oakes.

Before and after the program, the audience inspected the articles, notebooks, dresses, smocks, hand work, all made by the girls in class or as projects in the Home Club, displayed on several tables. A very tempting dinner prepared by the freshman group under the direction of Mrs. Theresa Allen was on display.

The second part of the program consisted of a talk by Clarence H. Drisko, head of the Industrial Arts Dept. Mr. Drisko explained the courses in this type of work and exhibited several articles made in his department. Among the pieces of work included in the exhibition were several lamps, a cedar chest, a large desk, a carpenter's work bench, a hat tree, and a number of tools. Dana Cummings, Everett Holyoke, Standish Riley and William Starkey complete the personnel of the department.

All those present at the meeting left with a clearer conception of the values and training home economics and industrial arts courses provide.

FRESHMAN SMOCKS AND SOPHOMORE DRESSES



From left to right:—Charlene Shorey, Cynthia Tripp, Carolyn Hart, Norma Munster, Frances Bragg, Priscilla Thompson

Assemblies

Of all the assemblies since the last issue of the *Oracle*, perhaps the most notable is that of December 11. Talking pictures in assembly are extremely few and far between; consequently, when the students are given a chance to enjoy one of these exhibitions, they enjoy it and then some. This spectacle of the cinema was of the educational variety which, of course, was most appropriate since it blended so well with the surroundings.

From this picture some students, at least, began to realize that they could save themselves irreparable damage if they went to a good optician and asked his advice. Evidence—there's quite a bit of it—Just look around, and take note of all the new glasses which divers people are wearing and which they didn't wear before this film was shown.

And those whose eyesight is quite all right learned some interesting facts.

Not many knew black absorbed light and could not be seen except when silhouetted against a lighter object, or that each of us sees things upside down and our brain stands the vision right side up when it receives it from the eyes.

Those with an artistic temperament must have derived a great deal of pleasure from the scenic beauty of the moonlight serenade and the rest of those wonderful views of nature in all her glory—the trees blossoming; the surf, flooded with moonlight, pounding on the beach; the moon shining behind jet-black trees.

Since everything has its touch of humor, so did this. It's rather incomprehensible why a little bell which dinged musically every time the operator was to change the scene seemed to pull a cord that released the mirth of everyone.

At another assembly, Jeanette Leavitt entreated the students to buy candy from the student candy counter for the worthy purpose of getting the boys some football sweaters. That recess the candy lasted about three minutes.

On January 16, Roberta Smith and Mr. Prescott spoke in the interests of the Student Council and the Faculty Play, "Pollyanna," respectively. Roberta told a little of the activities of the student council, and enlarged upon the Stag Dance, the mid-winter hop, which was given on Friday, Jan. 18. Mr. Prescott told about the play "Pollyanna" to be presented on Feb. 15 in the city hall. The play is to be under student management, the Debate Club taking over all responsibility.

Pollyanna

The Bangor High Debate Club, active as ever, is planning something simply super, extra, ultra colossal! Of course you've heard—a play! The name? *Pollyanna*. Yes, the book you read and loved. The cast? Members of Bangor High School's faculty, contributing their

time and talent primarily for the benefit of the athletic association. The date? Friday, February 15. The time? 8:15. The place? Bangor City Hall. There is the story in a nutshell, and it certainly seems grand to think that soon we'll be seeing the characters we've always loved played by people we know.

Of course, you remember, this play concerns the influence of a "missionary orphan" in a stern New England village. It is in the "Little Women", "Anne of Green Gables" genre. This play will be directed by Herbert L. Prescott. There, isn't that just grand? The cast, carefully chosen from members of the faculty, is as follows:

Pollyanna.....	Clarine Coffin
Aunt Polly.....	Bernice Dunning
Nancy.....	Hazel Mead
Mrs. Carmody "ladies' aider".....	Lenore Cumming
Miss Carroll "ladies' aider".....	Janice Moore
Mrs. Gregg.....	Pauline McLaughlin
John Pendleton, a bachelor called "The hermit".....	Walter Ulmer
Dr. Chilton.....	Robert Lane
Jimmy Bean.....	David Barker
Bleeker.....	Walter Edwards
Sodom and Gomorrah, by themselves.....	

Enough said!

Senior Boy's Glee Club

Now that they've been broken in, Miss Donovan claims that this year's Senior Boys' Glee Club is by far the best she has yet had the privilege of instructing. That's quite a compliment and a hard-earned one too. It's setting a record that will give future generations an "awful" lot of grey hairs if they try to break it. Good work! Perhaps Bangor High's Glee Club will bring home honors when it participates in the contest this spring.

The boys decided a few meetings ago it was time to elect officers, and elect them they did with right good judgment.

Paul McKenney, the fair-haired soprano, or shall we say tenor seeing he's a senior, was elected president.

Latin Club

Latin Club, having taken to its heart a large number of energetic sophomores, just ravin' to go places and do things, is experiencing a new lease of life. These same sophomores have some marvellous scheme which they are working out for the February meeting, but not a word will they give out. Assisted by some juniors they did a good job on the pageant at the Saturnalia and, we hear, are just waiting to be coaxed to put it on in Assembly. And if only the assembly hall could be darkened for silhouettes, the seniors would

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PASSING IN REVIEW

Her great grandfather on her mother's side was a genuine Spanish count. Like the super-special wedding cake that contains all the little silver horse shoes and so forth, June Pooler, a quiet dark-haired newcomer to the senior class, is full of big surprises. F'r instance, do you have any questions about West Point? Ask June—she knows all the answers and the cadets. She can do almost anything in the line of dramatics and dancing, and while at Newburgh, N. Y.—which is right under West Point's nose—she was billed on the same programs with Ethel Waters, Buddy Walker, and Rubinoff. Bangor High is the sixteenth school she's attended. Now you've heard everything—almost!!!!

Ray Lee is still trying to find his way around our big city. He hails from Houlton and has four brothers. Fond of fresh "Ayer" and all sports, he plays everything, football, baseball, basketball, and goes in for track and swimming. Kind of busy we'd say, but he still has time for sea scout work. He's assistant scout-master of troop seven, and wears that keen looking uniform of the sea scout branch.

There are Smiths and Smiths, but there's only one Belfast!

Janet Sherburne is not spectacular, not dynamic or overpowering. Maybe that's what constitutes her charm. Under mild dislikes [nothing superlative] are listed, Caroline spelled with a Y, Caroline anyway, kid sister's presence when she has company. Under bright spots in her existence, she counts Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, apple pie and ice-cream, Lanny Ross, Frank Black's orchestra and chorus [The gal shows sense].

Who is the famous violinist who plays over the radio, is in the Symphony Orchestra, and attends the Castine Music Camp in the summer? At once comes to your mind Judy Robinson of course. Although music is her favorite art, she is good at everything. She swims like a fish, is one of the best dancers, and in school work, well, during her freshman year she got nothing but A's. Bangor high is, and will be very proud of Judy in the future.



Young Danny West, not to be confused with his brother Bill, is going to be a lawyer. For the present, he collects stamps and reads Oppenheim, and in the interim thrills to a cowboy picture. Danny spends his leisure hours in Orrington till ice forms; then he returns to school where he is a familiar figure in the stag line. Although serious when the occasion warrants, he still likes sliding down bannisters. Just a boy who still enjoys childhood joys.

With an earful of music and an armful of books, she treks the corridors daily. With her car she is a well known figure on the highways of the city, and she does drive safely! Her mind is a curious mixture of popular songs, uplifting literature and witticisms.

Although frank and bluff in manner, she is essentially charming. Her list of clubs reads like a list in a directory. What does the E mean in E. Roberta Smith?

We present Public Favorite No. 1, Mamise Conners—the girl who puts the "s" in sports. She's had *Captain* precede her name for so many years on so many teams that she gets all bawled up. Her horsemanship is so good that she won a silver cup this year. They say she's even better than old Isaak Walton at fishing. Anything out in the wide open spaces is heaven to her, and she even shoots on the side lines [with the rifle she won at the Carnival.]

Two fair damsels were talking excitedly about Haddie Hamm—

"Gee! I think he's got the sweetest face, don't you?"

"To tell you the lowdown, I've been waiting six weeks for him to close his mouth so I could get a look at his face."

There now you know the boy! Five feet, nine inches tall—naturally straight hair and wears size eleven

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ALUMNI

By Elnora Savage

THELMA BICKFORD and Raymond Bennett were married at a charming wedding on January 1, 1935. [They started the New Year right, you see.] Thelma made a perfectly lovely bride; Miss Adra Jack was Maid of Honor, and Miss Ruth Thurston and Kathleen Fernald were bridesmaids.

Donald E. Tracy has been recently promoted to the position of Agency Field Supervisor in the New England territory of the Metropolitan Insurance Company. Mr. Tracy was graduated from Bangor High School in the class of 1925 and from the University of Maine in the class of 1929.

Another of our alumni has received an excellent position. Waldron Hastings, a graduate from B. H. S. in the class of 1930, and from U. of M. in the class of 1934, is now assistant chemist at the Tileston and Hollingsworth Paper Company at Mattapan, Mass.

At the University of Maine:

One of the ten speakers chosen for the Annual Peace Oratorical Contest at U. of M., is Elwood Bryant '32. He was well known at Bangor High for his speaking and dramatic ability. The preliminary speeches will take place February 21.

Honors for Thomas Reed, editor-in-chief of the Oracle, '32. Tom has been pledged to the Tau Beta Pi fraternity—National Honorary Engineering Society.

Frank Fellows, '32, is showing his athletic ability this year. He recently won the U. of M. fall tennis tournament—defeating the Freshman champion, 6-3, 6-2. Frank is also doing good work in track.

Morris Rubin has just been appointed reporter on the Sports Staff of the "Maine Campus." [He should be able to find plenty of material—remember the news he collected for "Hokum"?]

Annette Youngs is working on a U. of M. magazine. She is assistant business manager on the "Maine Review."

Geneva Epstein has a very interesting task assigned to her. She is to design the costumes for the Masque play "Joan of Arc" to be presented around the first of March.

Elliot Reed '30, who was graduated last year from the University of Maine is getting a Master's Degree at M. I. T.

When Joe Bertels returned from Hebron for Christmas, we stared in astonishment! We'd seen Joe's Harvard haircuts before, but never one like this! However, it was the same old Joe underneath.

Paul Winsor made the track team at Colby.

Frances Hayes is a senior at Wheaton this year. She is majoring in English, but one of her chief interests is music. She is a member of several choral groups and, as the Wheaton Centennial is this year, Frances is on

the music committee for this event. When she was in high school, "Fran" was a member of the Girls Athletic Honor Council.

Miss Helen Springer and Lawrence "Pete" Furrow were recently married. "Pete" is the popular athletic instructor at the Y. M. C. A., and is well known in Bangor athletic circles. Congratulations!

Three cheers for Bill Ballou for receiving his appointment to Annapolis! We know he's worked hard and deserves success. [He should make a good sailor—especially since he sails a catboat on Green Lake so well!]

William F. Atwood, Jr. '27, is employed by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, and is stationed in Aroostook County for the current months.

John R. Mason, '27, is living in Brookline, Mass., where he is connected with the Brown-Durall Co. of Boston, dry goods and clothing distributors.

Edgar Welch, '27, is on the editorial staff of the daily newspaper in Ossining, N. Y.

Milton Winsor, who until recently was a P. G. at Bangor High, didn't appear at school one day. The next thing we knew, we heard he was on his way to Hawaii. Why? He has gone to Honolulu where he will enter a training school for West Point.

Speaking of West Point, most everyone saw the West Pointer strutting around the streets at Christmas time! He was "Bob" Marr, a graduate of Bangor High School in the class of '32, who was home on his first leave for eighteen months. When in high school he had a high scholastic record and from rumors heard recently, he is doing well at West Point.

Jean and Jeanette Sanborn created quite a sensation by sporting orange earlappers when they returned home from Northfield for the Christmas vacation.

Virginia Oberton, home for the holidays from Bates wore green earlappers one day and black ones the next—just for contrast!

Frances M. Lee, a graduate of the class of 1933 entered the Bristol General Hospital training school for nurses in Conn. She is among the high ranking students of her class. Miss Lee is a member of the Nurses' Glee Club that sang at the graduation exercises in October.

Richard T. Munce has been accepted at the Peter Brent Brigham hospital in Boston for his internship after his graduation from the Harvard Medical School.

"I've just heard that one about Moses getting sick on a mountain."

"Sick? You're ridiculous."

"I am not. Doesn't the Bible say the Lord gave Moses two tablets?"

EDITORIALS

The Principal's Notes

Students Back in the Afternoon

NOW that the "Intra-mural Basketball" program is underway, many boys will be coming back to the gymnasium in the afternoon. We ask you to co-operate with the teachers by not coming earlier than the time set for your practice. Do not go up on the second and third floors, nor to your lockers. Looking through the glass in the doors attracts the attention of the afternoon pupils and takes away from the efficiency of the recitation. We ask you to give the afternoon pupils the same opportunity you, yourselves, have, that of not being bothered by other pupils during class work. We shall not want on our basketball teams any boys who do not cooperate with us in this matter.

Clean Floors:

Corridor floors littered with paper and apple cores present a bad appearance to anyone coming in. We have proper receptacles for paper and apple cores. You will enjoy working in a neat and clean building. Do your part to keep it clean. Some of this paper comes from your lockers. You may be judged from the appearance of the inside of your locker.

Candy Sale:

If candy sales are to be a success, the committees in charge must have some candy to sell. When approached by a member of the candy committee, let her know you can be depended on to bring a box of candy if you promise to do so.

Tardiness:

It is more difficult to get to school on time during these dark mornings of the winter months. During the fall term of fifteen weeks my report shows 697 cases of tardiness. This may seem to be a large number, but we have many folks coming in from long distances who have good excuse for being tardy. May everybody do his part to keep the tardiness number as low as possible. It is a good plan to set your alarm clocks fifteen minutes earlier than usual and place it on the other side of the room so that it will be necessary for you to get up in order to shut off the alarm.

A New Way Out

For some time, as you all know and have doubtless heard too much about, the condition of our athletics has been quite acute. Lately there have been carnivals, lectures, and numerous other entertainment features sponsored by or for the benefit of the Athletic Council. All of these have achieved varying degrees of success.

But now a "way out" seems to present itself. At the Brewer and Bapst games near capacity audiences have been in attendance. With proper management, which we are sure we have, there can be no doubt that Bangor High's baseball, football, and basketball teams will support themselves if there is an audience large enough at the games. Let's all get behind the new Athletics Prosperity Movement. Go to any entertainment given for the benefit of athletics—sure! But more than that, get behind that team! When all the students go to all the games, our teams will play that much better, and athletics will know what it is really to prosper again.

The Age of Chivalry has not Passed

By Roberta Smith

THE AGE of Chivalry is not dead. No? Oh, my dear, no, the male will still lean over and push the door open for you! Courtesy, graciousness, charm, they all fit together and make what used to be called chivalry. The average American is too blunt, too pressed for time, or too afraid of what some one is going to say, or think, to remember that he has his hat on, or that there are two girls behind him who are trying to make the car too. Not that the American doesn't try, he does, when he thinks of it. Did you ever happen to be present when a woman enters a room full of men? They vaguely recall that at some time they had heard that it was considered the right thing to get up and give a woman one's chair. It hits them all at once; like a charging army, they tear up to her, each with the "do or die" spirit in his eye, flushed and excited, and very ill at ease.

Dancing school manners are all right for a twelve year old, but for some unknown reason, when one attains the sophisticated title of a junior or senior it's considered kiddish and kind of silly to let a girl enter a class room first. It can be said though, that when boys are dressed for a party, they automatically slip on their "party manners," such as they are. But a girl is a girl wherever she is. She may be a pal, she may be able to change a tire, and she may insist on carrying her own books, but remember there still is an inside and an outside to every street.

Yet, strange as it may seem, girls have done more to cause this amazing lack of manners among our young men than any other one thing. During the last twenty years, in war time especially, women became independent; with short skirts, they developed an air of freedom and liberty. It became a natural thing for a woman to drive her own car, to hold down a man's job, and because of this, her own doing, she finds herself in a

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WHAT OTHERS ARE READING

Mary Peters

Mary Ellen Chase

MARY PETERS first saw the light of day in the cabin of the "Nautilus", anchored in the harbor of Singapore. The voyage was resumed when she was but three weeks old, and from that time until she was sixteen, her life was spent entirely at sea.

In order that Mary might attend the Academy and her brother John go to Bowdoin, her mother returned to Petersport, Maine, the home of her ancestors. After graduating from Castine Normal School, Mary taught in the district school. John, who had cordially disliked the sea, found college life still more distasteful and abandoned it for the farm which he loved. Unhappily married to the peevish Ellen Kimball, John met a tragic death in an attempt to save the life of an old friend.

After years of tending her invalid mother, and teaching in the district school, Mary married Jim Pendleton whom she had known since childhood—a strange, uncertain individual, whose father had been a native of Petersport. In spite of Jim's vagaries, Mary made a success of her marriage. On the eve of his departure to France, after his enlistment, Jim was killed in a strange automobile accident which left Ellen, his companion, crippled. Fate had done its worst for Mary Peters, yet she rounded out a life of contentment if not happiness, in looking after the invalid Ellen. The secret of her sweet and undisturbable serenity—which some critics regard as over-drawn and impossible—lies in the beautiful experiences of her early life; these she stored away in her memory and could live again at will. So the book has been termed a novel of memory.

In this story of lives spent on or beside the sea, with the Mount Desert hills as sentinels in the distance, there are touches of the quiet humor of the coast: the church sale every August when "by four o'clock the minister's salary for the coming year was assured", and the remarks of the summer visitor when she purchased the rug into which Mary had worked a picture of the town of Valparaiso as she remembered it—"Mary has been to sea! I didn't know there were actually people left nowadays even in Maine who had been to sea. Then that old town is an actual place. Just imagine that! Don't forget that, my dear, when we show our rug this winter."

From her mother, Mary inherited the broader outlook upon life which she never lost. Mary's vision during the first sixteen years of her life was bounded only by the boundless sea and sky. And when later she took up her life in the village, on the farm, or in the district school, she was one of those "who had been

farthest away and who saw most clearly what was happening near at hand."

Mary's outlook on life was well summed up in the words of her friend, Mr. Gardiner, as they stood on the deck of the "Magnolia", watching a ship miles away on the horizon. Her hull had already sunk below the curve of the sea, but her sails still caught the light and flamed there like some great distant beacon. "That's it Mary," said Mr. Gardiner. "That's what this life is that you and I know. It's hull down with everything that's tough and hard about it. It's only the sails and the glow on them that we'll remember."

—Isabel Cumming.

The Correct Thing

William O. Stevens

Until recently, I used to think the manners my mother and teachers and older sister were always trying to drill into me, were old-fashioned, and feminine, silly little rules that the sissy took great pride in learning and following, but which a real he-man couldn't be bothered with. Then I read William O. Stevens' book, *The Correct Thing*. Most books on etiquette that I had seen before had been written by women, and therefore spent too much time explaining what the perfect hostess should do. *The Correct Thing*, however, leaves out all the things that apply to women and girls and discusses manners for boys and men only. In a plain, simple, straight-forward way, Mr. Stevens shows me that all the things my mother and teachers tell me are not old-fashioned, but the ordinary characteristics of a gentleman.

After reading the book, I began to notice how the people around me acted. I heard lots of boys around school hollering to the girls, though the book says the girl should speak first. Many boys, when they meet their teachers, simply say, "Hello," when they should say "How do you do," and tip their hats. At the school dances, I remember seeing "stags" who hadn't paid the quarter to bring a girl, cut in too often on the boys who had. Wouldn't the teachers smile if they read what Mr. Stevens says about chewing gum, "Never be seen with your jaws champing a wad of gum." And wouldn't the athletic department like this one, "Don't be that vermin of society, the gate crasher. 'Crashing' is always noticed and resented. You can't get away with it."

Mr. Stevens tells the right thing for boys to do at the table, in the drawing room, in sports, and at the dance; in fact he covers every situation where a boy needs to know how to act.

—Hazen Coffin.



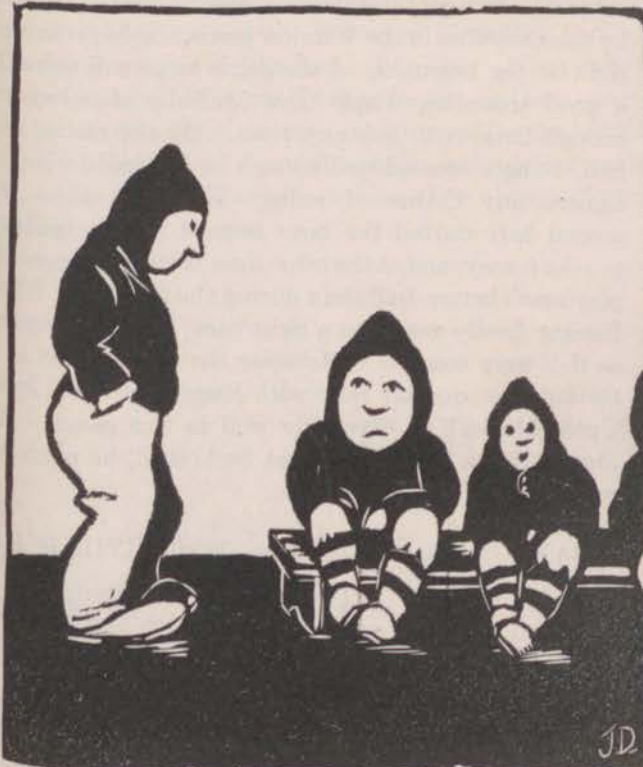
Algebra Teacher: Why did you sign Mae West to this test?

Eddie Ross: Well-I-I. I did 'em wrong.



Mr. Drisko: Your first time late this year?

Jimmie D.: Er-r-r-r, yes, sir.



Coach Ulmer: Been in yet, Moon?

Moon: No—lookin' for a seat?



Jimmie Finnegan: [hanging up his failure notices]
Wish I had them teachers here now.

THE SPORTS PARADE

BOYS' ATHLETICS

By "Jock" Adams

Bangor Drops a Close One

JIMMY MORRISON decided that he had taken a little too much from Winslow in football; so he set to work wrecking the Winslow basketball team. Apparently the rest of the members of the team thought the same as Jimmy. The result was that Winslow was in for a bad evening. The State Champions were favored to trim the Bangor Boys by rather a top heavy score, but at the quarter Bangor was leading by a good margin. However, Winslow finally realized the fact that they were playing basketball and that Bangor was not going to be beaten without putting up a battle royal. The half ended with Winslow one or two points in the lead. Coach Eddie Trowell must have put on an extra good pep talk during the halves, for the Crimson men kept up the good work during the third quarter—and during most of the fourth quarter. Seconds before the game ended the score was a tie. Just at that moment Chet Savasuk sank two impossible shots from the middle of the floor. These baskets were the concluding scores and gave the game to Winslow. In the final quarter Spencer Leek, and Gene McNally slapped one too many wrists, and got put out of the game; thus giving Winslow a tremendous advantage.

Intramurals

Last year the intramural system was tried out for the first time and met with such great success that it was renewed again this year. However, it has not met with quite the same response as yet this year. Several games have been forfeited due to the absence of certain players. But since these cases are few, Mr. Willis still plans to run the tournament. This year there are two new teams, the Post Graduate Team and the Faculty Team. The Post Graduate Team will probably be the best and the Faculty team the most spectacular. This faculty team is headed by Mr. Willis who is reported to be quite a "flash" on the basketball court.

Jerry Upton Elected Captain

At the second annual award banquet, Gerald Upton was unanimously elected the football captain by the sixteen lettermen. Jerry has been on the varsity for two years. During that time, he has held a post as end and tackle. His aggressive blocking and sure tackling have made him the outstanding man on the team.

His alertness won the Bapst game when he blocked a pass behind the goal line and scored a safety. Under Jerry's supervision, there is not going to be any loafing on the team.

Indoor Track

Clarence Hart, our new track coach, has just called out candidates for the track team. Any one who has followed up Maine Track teams knows that he can capably fulfill the requirements of track coach. Under his managership Bangor is planning to hold its first indoor track practice in the armory of the 152 Field Artillery. Coach Hart hopes that he will be able to field a team in the Bowdoin Interscholastic Meet and in several other meets. Just what events will be fielded is not certain, but it is certain that there will be the classes and the longer runs. The object of this type of work is to give the out door track team some winter training.

Bangor Clicks

With Jimmy Finnigan doing a marvelous job of ushering Bangor just had to win. Greatly cheered by their showing in the Winslow game, the boys started right at the beginning of the game to give Waterville a good trouncing. Eagle Eye McNally alone scored enough baskets to lick any team. By the end of the half, Bangor seemed well enough in the lead to insure against any chance of losing. However, when the second half started the boys seemed a little inclined to take it easy, and at the same time Waterville began to play much better ball than during the first half. When Bangor finally got off at a right pace, it at first seemed as if it were too late. However the game ended in a thrilling last quarter rally with Bangor on top. Jerry Upton showed up especially well in this game. Although this is his first year at basketball, he is an accurate passer and a good shot.

BANGOR [20]

Gene McNally, lf 1, [2]
Johnston
Upton, rf 1 [1]
Munce
Leek c 4 [1]
Clelland, lb 1
Morrison rb 1

WATERVILLE [18]

If Sterling 2 [4]
rf McCowren 2
Carter
c Beausoleile
Boujuer [1]
lb Baulus 1 [2]
Ferris
rb Fleur

Sterns Wins

On January 4, Bangor renewed its basketball rivalry with Sterns High of Millinocket. Sterns always can be counted upon to produce a strong team, and on this occasion Bangor left the fray second best.

The line-up:

BANGOR [20]
Gene McNally, rf
Flynn
Upton, rf
Leek, c
Geo. McNally
Morrison, lb
Brennan
Clelland, rb

STERNs [29]
rf Goodwin
lf Dumas
c Kenney
rb McNamee
Swan
lb Pound

The Winslow Trip

On January 12, all members of the varsity basketball team gathered in front of the high school to wait for the bus to take them to Winslow, the home of the famous Bill Mansfield's "Black Raiders."

Among the Crimson Basketeers gathered on the steps were "scalp-hunters" Captain McNally, Jerry Upton, Bob Clelland, Spencer Leek, and Jimmy Morrison. All these able men, smarting from the defeat which Winslow had previously bestowed upon them were ready and willing to have another chance to best the State Champions.

Arriving in Waterville about four-thirty, the boys ate an appetizing meal of steak, stringbeans, milkless tea, and oranges. Strengthened and determined to win, they crossed the shivering Kennebec and invaded the town of Winslow. But alas! What a fate awaited them. Desperately they fought for three quarters, but with their strength undermined by the terrific battle with Brewer the night before, only defeat could overtake them. But win or lose, they always played the game.

Brewer Trips Bangor

In the fastest game of the year Brewer upset the dope to beat Bangor. In the first quarter the Bangor players looked as though they were completely outclassed. The Brewer Captain, Miles Day, kept the Crimson Imps from scoring a single point. But soon after the first whistle of the second quarter, Bangor began coming, and the game was nip and tuck for the remaining time. First Bangor would be leading and then Brewer. The game was played at a fast pace with frequent tumbles on the floor. The half ended with Brewer one point in the lead, but Bangor was pushing them hard. In the second half the game took on an even more furious pace. Captain Gene McNally was the mainstay of the Crimson attack. In the last two minutes Milly Miles gave Brewer four points and put the game in the Bag.

Bangor Trims Bapst

Bangor beat Bapst in one of the most decisive games they have played. Perhaps it was that Bapst wasn't up to its usual standard, but Bangor ought to be given credit for playing its best game of the year so far. The Crimson team showed a marked improvement in shooting fouls, making 11 out of 16 shots.

Leek and Upton, aided by the fine work of their team-mates, were the high scorers. Bangor showed its superiority right from the start when Clelland and Upton combined forces to score 7 points to Bapst's 2 in the first period. As the game progressed, this gap was widened so that the half ended 8-17. The remainder of the game was marred by the frequent calling of fouls, but since these rules exist, it was only just that they were called. In the fourth period Coach Eddie Trowell sent in some of the younger talent. Two of these, Munce and Lynch showed up as likely prospects.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

By Lucille Fogg

The Hockey Party

THE DATE? None of us has forgotten it! It was one of those dates like February 21, that we all looked forward to and waited for impatiently, and never will forget. It was our annual hockey party held at the high school gym, Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 6:30 o'clock. Many of the girls brought eats—peanuts, cakes, sandwiches, candy—because you know success often depends on this important item.

Dressed in gym suits, we were ready for a rip-roaring good time. As much as fifteen minutes before six-thirty, the gym began to fill up, and it was soon ringing with shouts, screams, and laughter of the carefree children that we are. The Dean, who was our special guest, tried to knit, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if she dropped two or three stitches during that evening.

At six-thirty a silence spread over the whole gym—a council ceremony was to take place. Helen Bond,

our president, spoke on the purpose of our council, what it stands for, how a candidate becomes eligible for membership. Then the Junior Girls explained in detail each of the six requirements: Scholarship, Dependability, Athletics, Respect, Leadership, and Sportsmanship. At this meeting only two girls received membership. They are Mamese Conners, a junior, and Barbara Freese, a sophomore. The ceremony was very impressive.

Then the games began. Our own dear Kay Whitney was chairman of the entertainment committee, and what games that girl thought up! The first one was called Ham, Chicken, and Bacon. Did you ever hear of it? Well none of us had either, and by the time Kay got through explaining we knew still less about it. It was fun; however, I can't tell you anything more because it was just one mad scramble—girls running all over the gym trying not to be caught. We had a Spoke Relay, and a Circle Pass—games we were more familiar with. The last game we played was one we all knew and had played hundreds of times probably. Guess what it was? We went back to our childhood days, and played Farmer in the Dell. What fun.

Silence spread over the gym once more. Miss Connor was about to award the class numerals for Hockey. The following girls received their numerals. Sophomores: Capt. Virginia Moulton, Barbara Freese, Priscilla Smith, Doris Hamilton, Louise Giles, Evelyn Knowles, Ann Tyler, Ellen Hathorne, Mary Burke, Betty Mack, Louise Betterley, Ernestine Turner, Frances Eastman, Bernice Faulkingham, Geneva Brean, Edith Graves, Janice Merrill, Ruth MacIntosh, June Webster. Juniors: Capt. Margaret Tyler, Lois Smith, Doris Bullard, Audrey Everett, Rachel Kent, Betty Barker, Mary Conners, Hazel Thomas, Betty Wittee, Sara Whitney, Ellen MacIntosh, Betty Smart, Margaret Maxwell, Barbara Welch, Althea Cole, Dot Kamen, Annette Curran, Betty Ayer.

Seniors: Betty Betterley, Betty Homans, Wealthy Stackpole, Dot Strickland.

Then Miss Maguire presented Varsity Letters to an all Bangor Honorary Team composed of players selected by her from the Class teams. The players, Miss Maguire said, stood out in every game for unusually good playing.

They were:

Capt. Helen Bond, Eleanor Burrill, Barbara Jarvis, Frances Giles, Elnora Savage, Hope Betterley, Glenice Peavey, Alice MacLeod, Hazel Chalmers, and Lucille Fogg.

Three of these girls: Barbara Jarvis, Alice MacLeod, and Lucille Fogg received scarlet stars because it was their second successive year on the Varsity. Our manager, Betty Homans, received her B. M.

Now for the eats—they always wind up a good party. The Council girls made cocoa in the kitchen, cut cakes, and stacked paper dishes sky high with sandwiches, cookies, cakes, candy, and everything good in the edi-

ble line. And I'm telling you that we had enough food there that night to feed us for a week.

Thus another annual hockey party ended.

The hockey season over, Coach Maguire immediately turned her attention to basketball. How the candidates answered her call. They came—short ones—tall ones—thin ones—fat ones—and from these Miss Maguire's eagle eye spotted and picked out some very good varsity material. She immediately selected a B. B. Squad after separate practices of each of the classes.

These girls were: Mildred Striar, Ellen MacIntosh, Dot Kamen, Hazel Thomas, Isabel Cumming, Betty Ayer, Margaret Maxwell, Ethel Mooney, Mary Louise Conners, Rachel Kent, Jeanette Leavitt, Betty Smart, Peggy Tyler, Hazel Chalmers, Lois Smith, Barbara Welch, Gwendolyn Hersey, Annie Cooperstein, Lorraine Tribou, Betty Barker, Frances Giles, Dot Steeves, Eleanor Burrill, Kay Whitney, Gwendolyn Smith, Wealthy Stackpole, Anna Buck, Dot Strickland, Eva McKay, Geneva Brean, Velma Crosby, Barbara Freese, Ann Tyler, Ruth MacIntosh, Priscilla Smith, June Webster, Evelyn Knowles, Virginia Moulton, Emily Pond, and Lucille Fogg.

In this list are a few veterans from last year. Frances Giles, formerly a center, will probably see action as a forward. She is very fast and a player that our opponents will have to watch. Wealthy Stackpole and Lucille Fogg last year held positions as guards and both are working hard. Dot Steeves, a forward lass, certainly showed up well last year and will probably be an asset to her team. These four girls won their letters. However some others: Dot Kamen, Lois Smith, Helen Bond, Dot Strickland, Mildred Striar, all were on the squad, practiced with the Varsity and received excellent training and experience under our capable Coach Miss Maguire.

The schedule for our games is:

Jan. 18. Alumni at Bangor.

Jan. 25. Brewer at Brewer.

March 1. Brewer at Bangor.

There will be another game with the Alumni, but no date as yet has been decided on.

Come on now, you have read the schedule, let's see some of you at our games. Support us and make us feel that we are playing for the school and not for an empty room.

The Squad has been cut and these are the lucky girls still sticking:

Ellen MacIntosh, Dorothy Kamen, Hazel Thomas, Isabel Cumming, Betty Ayer, Margaret Maxwell, Mary Conners, Rachel Kent, Betty Smart, Peggy Tyler, Hazel Chalmers, Lois Smith, Barbara Welch, Frances Giles, Dot Steeves, Eleanor Burrill, Kay Whitney, Gwendolyn Smith, Wealthy Stackpole, Anna Buck, Dot Strickland, Eva McKay, Geneva Brean, Velma Crosby, Barbara Freese, Ann Tyler, June Webster, Virginia Moulton, and Lucille Fogg.

EPIGRAMMICAL EFFLUX

"Why, Dot! What are you doing with that poor little pussy cat?"

"I'se tryin' to find the money!"

"What money, dear?"

"Why, papa said that ev'rybody put money in the kitty last night 'cept Uncle Ned."

Feminine Motto: If the shoe fits, it's three sizes too large.

I'm a magician. I can take things out of hats.

Swell: Can you take the spot out of an old hat of mine?

"Has the principal of your school a large staff to help him with his work?"

"I'll say! It's about three feet long and does he use it."

Guy: Last night I was completely wrapped up in my thoughts.

Don Blake: Say, you must have been cold.

Whenever I'm embarrassed I powder my nose.

When do you get embarassed?

Whenever my nose gets shiny.

Au-d-y Ev-r-tt: How did you happen to break your leg?

H-r-ld M—n: I threw a cigarette down the hatch and then stepped on it.

"That candy in the window makes my mouth water."

"Say—here's a blotter."

MOVING STORIES

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the lady from the country to the bell boy."

"I am not going to pay my good money for such a small room just because I'm from a small town."

The boy interrupted: "Step in, madam. This is the elevator."

N-rm—E-mes: I certainly wish nature had blessed me with hair the color of yours.

Lota Gr-y: Well, I wish nature had blessed me with it, too, dearie.

"I always love to see Saturday nights roll around."

"Oh, are you a Saturday night Romeo?"

"No, I'm a soap manufacturer."

Son—Dad, I just seen. . . .

Dad—Son, where is your grammar?

Son—That's what I'm trying to tell ya. I just seen her at the barber's getting her hair bobbed.

Dear Heartthrob:

I am a little girl in High School and I would like to get acquainted with a handsome football hero. I have tried many ways. In fact I've bitten off two and three eights inches of finger-nail and torn out 439 hairs and given a girl a black eye but still he doesn't notice me. How about it?

Painfully yours, Mert.

Well, little Mert, there is not much we can say to you except that you know the old saying the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. . . . why don't you disguise yourself as a cream puff?

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S. S. Mercury

July 6

My dear Miss Rand,

The name is Jackson Brace. The condition is acute. In a few words, I am agitated extremely when you appear on the scene. Won't you allow me to see you? And your aunt? Over a dinner table tonight I shall be expecting an answer. Do not be too enthusiastic as such a state is apt to rouse me to a high pitch.

Hopefully,

Jackson Brace.

P. S. I am the one who accidentally [believe me, please] spilled the tomato juice on your lap, first day out.

J. B.

My dear Mr. Brace,

In fewer words, no.

Finally,

July 6.

R. Rand.

P. S. I am the one on whose dress you spilled the tomato juice, first day out.

July 7.

My dear Miss Rand,

This is the third day on board and the only circumstance under which we've met is tomato juice. What could be worse, I ask you. I am not at all objectionable when you know me, but you don't know me. Couldn't we remedy that? I am free for the costume party tonight. I will be dressed as a shiek.

Brightly,

Jackson B.

P. S. What's your first name? The passenger list only has your initial R.

J. B.

route you do. Couldn't I meet your aunt? What I said last night goes.

Heatedly,

Jack.

My dear Mr. Brace,

Costume parties have bored me ever since the time I went as Columbine and was besieged by a few hundred Harlequins. No.

Consequently,

R. Rand.

P. S. It's a family secret but I'm very fond of French History.

R. R.

P. S. The suspense is killing me so what do you think of me?

July 10.

Mr. Robert Noland

New York City

Thanks for the tip on R. R. Stop She's a peach. Stop Thought up swell way to meet her Stop We both like each other. Thanks.

Jack.

July 10.

Dearest R.—

As Marie Antoinette last night you were a knock-out, a honey and a beaut. Pardon my exuberance, but it's true. How about deck tennis this p. m.?

Longingly,

Jack.

Mr. Robert Noland

New York City

Met Jack on board delightful Stop Thanks for the tip. Stop Opposition breeds interest is right and odd situations prove nice introductions.

Pug.

July 10.

P. S. Why didn't you stay for the unmasking? I am 27, free and have a job.

J. B.

Dear Jack,

Auntie will be pleased to see you at dinner tonight. A friend of hers knows you quite well. Noland, I believe. She's very much impressed with your deeds, etc., so buck up.

Tenderly,

Pug.

Dear Jackson,

Auntie has headaches frequently, and I have to be around.

Demurely,

R.

P. S. I am 26 [aren't they usually one year younger] and am on a vacation.

July 9.

P. S. I love you.

Officer No. 1. "Say, I'm looking for a man with one eye."

Officer No. 2. "Shure, now wouldn't it be better to look with both of them."

Dearest R.—

I'm sending you a copy of one of my favorite books. Do read it.

Forcefully,

Jack.

P. S. I like the balcony scene don't you? What does R. mean?

July 10.

Boss—Sometimes I can't hear myself think in this office.

Stenog.—No silence, eh?

Boss—No, no thoughts.

Dear Jack,

It's very thoughtful of you, about the book I mean. It's charming, tho I've read it before several times. You see, I teach English in a high school.

Actually,

R.

P. S. Don't tell anyone, but Dad was a business man and he named me Remington. Mother died when I was five and everyone calls me "Pug."

R. R.

July 10.

R-b-rt Th-mps-n: Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in your magazine?

Editor: There may be. I'm not going to live forever.

Most any teacher: Come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth.

Most any sincere pupil: I wish I could—it's the toothache.

One day in the British Museum a guide was showing to a group of tourists a statue of the fabled centaur.

A Chicago salesman interrupted with: "Excuse me, sir, but what would they feed a gink like that one, ham and eggs or hay?"

Honey—

We land tomorrow and I expect to cover the same

HOKUM

By Roberta Smith

TAKE a number from 1 to 10, double it and add a billion, that's how much I know about you and you and you. "Mac" I'd never thought it of you, but it just goes to show that when the cat's away the other twin will play, or something like that. Tarzan has nothing on all those freshmen boys, even Larry Downes has gone cave man, completely Savage, so to speak! By special request we're laying off Hal Moon, but—listen to this, Edwin Young has gone for women in a big way and what we mean! Debate Club dance, with Eleanor Burrill one night, with Phyllis Smart at the Midnight Show New Year's eve, and the last time I saw him he had gone in for furniture moving—carried Hazel's 'cello all the way home for her. I see that Margaret Maxwell has put her car up and rides home in one of those "we dye for a living" things now.

Officers and gentlemen prefer blonds, 'tis a well known fact, and our flaxon haired Betty isn't at all abashed by either, in fact, we have reason to believe that she rather enjoyed socializing with a West Pointer. Will somebody pul-lease get a load of Elnora's slave bracelet? An orchid to Paul for restraining himself as long as he did, even to the point of driving his friends "nutz". "Don't never do that again, Elnora". And while I'm tossing flowers around, a big bunch of roses to Betty Betterley, in bed with a broken ear drum. How about it gang? Ain't love grrrand? And is Helen Bond thrilled! Up at Maine, the Freshmen beat the Sophomores at the annual track meet which automatically vetoes the Freshmen rules! We'll be see'n ya Helen! Bob Clelland is still the lone wolf of the gang. Bill West is thinking of graduation pictures already and plans to send his big one to Laconia, N. H. All Ernest Andrews needed was a little pushing, and now he appears everywhere and pays double for the good of the cause! Did I see Arlene McLaughlin robbing the cradle or was it just Sabin Sanger? As an after thought I see that Jellison and Weatherbee are strolling the rosy path again. Love is grand...so they tell me. And June is ever so satisfied with her Maine man! !

Oh, oh, did we see Julie Spangler up in her balcony all alone during the Brewer Game? Oh no, Jay took the quickest and cheapest way in, "be an usher." Listen to this one, I saw Whitey Wallace trying to get into the Sweater Dance for nothing! After some argument it was agreed, and Whitey turned and hollered "O. K. Lucy, I guess we go; it's free.

All may be fair in love and war, but I have my doubts...and my black eye! !

Flash!...flash! What the boys talk about on the basketball floor.

We're sitting in the balcony right over them and heard all and tell all...sh...come closer, and keep

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it under your hat....Gene McNally says to Spencer Leek: "Well, Spence, do you think you'll ever be recognized as a basketball player?" "Well," says Spencer, "if I don't—there'll be one consolation—I'll have plenty of company." and did he give McNally a thorough once over....so that's that, or is it.... exclamation.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 21)

position where she has to open her own doors and find her own seat. Men got their feelings hurt; poor dears, they do like to feel that they are needed, that women are helpless. Naturally, women know they're not, but, girls, for the sake of the new Age of Chivalry, the next time you come to a door, wait. You'll probably get pushed through, but never mind; the Age of Chivalry isn't dead—it's just unconscious.

PASSING IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 19)

shoes. He is the heart throb about town, but alas, all you brunettes and redheads; he only falls for blonds. Why? He's a gentleman.

He plays the sax in the band, and contributes in making the dance orchestra-good or bad.

As for his favorite movie star, he's nuts about Shirley Temple. His favorite radio star is not one so common place as Joe Penner, but did you ever hear of a man by the queer name of Ben Bernie-the genial maestro of the air, yowza. And what is Haddie's motto: Do and Dare but Darer goes first.

Barbara Libby's heart was broken when her Spider skeleton was blown away by the wind. She found it under the eaves of a camp at Phillips Lake where she burns up the water and the inhabitants with her racy speedboat. The "Maudie" stories in the Ladies' Home Journal and the American Girl interest her in leisure moments, if any.

Her accomplishments include: eating tomatoes, eating bread pudding, eating, dancing, swimming, skating, listening to the radio and being patient with interviewers.

LATIN CLUB

(Continued from page 18)

love to repeat "The immortal love-story of Aeneas and Dido."

At the last meeting, Miss Dunning gave a fine descriptive talk on various places in Italy, which are of peculiar interest to the student of Latin.

The March meeting will be efficiently handled by the juniors, and after their recent achievement in the line of Latin drama, they've got something to live up to, and we, to look forward to.

S. P. Q. R. respectfully solicits contributions, wise

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or otherwise, literary, not financial, said contributions preferably in Latin.

Mid-year elections returned or retained the following officers:

Consuls—Alice Floros, Miriam Golden.

Quaestor—Janice Merrill.

Praetor—Betty Ayer.

Tribunes—Pauline Jellison, Sally Woodcock.

Band and Orchestra

Although hampered at first by lack of material and experienced players, the band is being whipped into one of those well moulded musical machines of which B. H. S. has been more than proud for the past decade.

The band made its first appearance in assembly at the evening session of school in the early part of the year. The vast improvement in the band between this time and the second appearance on January 2, was evidently noticed, not only by the musicians in school but by the entire student body. At this performance the band played a march for the entrance and departure of the students—and a concert selection, "Two Guitars."

Before the Armistice Day parade several drills were held in the Gymnasium under the instruction of Sgt. Donchez. On Armistice Day the band, under the direction of Drum Major Winsor, led the entire parade and presented a good appearance.

Shortly after rehearsals started for the year, several new members were added to the personnel of the band. Most of these members have had more or less experience, and their help will be valuable.

These members are as follows:

Ames, B.	Goode, A.
Brown, B.	Graffam, D.
Butterfield, W.	Parker, D.
Downes, L.	Rosie, R.
Duty, W.	Southard, H.
Eaton, F.	Wood, R.

The orchestra made its debut on the night of the School Finance Report at the City Hall. The next time the orchestra played was at the night assembly for freshmen.

Library

"Could you tell me where I could find a book with the life of Aristides in it? I must have it right off, and I wondered if you knew."

"Why yes, right over on that shelf in *Plutarch's Lives*. Do you see where I mean?"

And the student hurriedly rushes off with no word of thanks, carelessly forgetting the help given to him.

Every day such scenes occur in our school library, for most pupils of this high school seem to take this help and the books for granted. The majority of students think nothing whatever of the value of our library. For an average there are one hundred to two hundred and fifty pupils every day who come to the library, and from

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forty to one hundred and twenty-five books circulated each day! When you stop to think of it, those are large numbers for a high school of this size.

Another thing that students should be more careful of is this: not to let their books get over-due. Many can't find their book on time, lend it to somebody else, or have some other foolish excuse. It would be a great help to those in charge if the students were more careful about these things.

So here's to our library, let's appreciate it more, for it's one of the best departments of the high school!

BABBITT

(Continued from page 14)

not swallow too bitter a pill. It's a very nice sugar coating, too. There's a negro maid that's practically perfection, and Aline MacMahon who's a grand person and a great actress no matter what picture or part she is given. As for Guy Kibbee, *Babbitt* must have been written for him; he fits it perfectly.

America, Where Art Thou?

Why hasn't America recently produced an outstanding actress? Sweden is represented by Garbo, Germany by Dietrich; is America to be absent from this league of nations, too? The one of the home-talent who, in the mind of some, nearest approaches the superstar standard is Katherine Hepburn, Katie to you. Her newest picture, "The Little Minister", was supposed to do one of two things—make her or break her. In this critic's opinion, it did neither. I would go even so far as to say that other members of the cast were equally as prominent as the gypsy—Gavin Dishart [John Beal] the "little minister" who always wore a huge black hat to make him seem taller—and especially Alan Hall, the ne'er-do-well whose drink-befuddled brain responded to the little minister's doctrine.

The movie leaves all the Hepburn fans cold, even a little disappointed. In accordance with her overnight rise to fame, she was expected to become a genius in her first starring picture, and a very good performance was not enough to impress critics and audiences. In her role of the gypsy, she was very convincing, but theater-goers who remember Maude Adams as "Babby" swear that she lacks the fairy-like quality of that great stage-queen.

What will become of Hepburn, heralded as the newest star? Will she bring America into the movie league of nations and enter the Hall of Fame, or will she sink into oblivion?

GRUDGE FIGHT

(Continued from page 13)

tiger stalking his prey with long, pliant, muscles moving under a sleek cover. Jimmy Evans kept thinking of people laughing at him, always laughing. He hated people who laughed at him.

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—5—6—7—8—9, and Jimmy Evans got up. The "champ" was laughing at him—laughing at Jimmy Evans—, who said he was yellow—laughing at Jimmy Evans—, who so hated to be laughed at. Jimmy retreated to a corner and thrust out his jaw. The champion jumped—and Jimmy Evans jumped. The huge crowd broke into a frenzy of mirth. They too laughed at Jimmy Evans—who hated to be laughed at. He leaped at the "champ" with both arms churning. There was a fierce mixup in the center of the ring—and the champion retreated. The crowd went wild. The champion was on the ropes as the bell rang. Jimmy Evans had taken the first round.

Brrr—the ten second whistle blew. Jimmy Evans looked at the "champ". The "champ" returned the look—and laughed disastrously, for Jimmy Evans—who hated to be laughed at—was no more; in his place there was a souless body—a body that could give and take. Jimmy Evans' dark blue eyes looked like ice—cold blue.

They came out for the second round—and the person who hated to be laughed at carried the "champ". Through the third—and fourth—and fifth he carried him—battering, cutting, bruising, but not administering the merciful knock-out blow. In the sixth the "champ" went down for a nine count—and Jimmy Evans returned. In the seventh the belated blow was given—but the "champ" rose. The referee [who had never before stopped one of the "champ's" battles] stopped the fight. Then the crowd arose and gave the new champion the greatest ovation ever given a fighter. Immediately afterward cigarettes, cigars, and pipes were relighted and a cloud of smoke rolled down on the ring and obscured from the sight of the gallery "gods" the strange sight of Jimmy Evans crying, and "Butch" Evans, ex-champion, laughing—at his son.

A HEAVEN FANTASY*(Continued from page 8)*

Spreading his wings, the angry John returned to heaven with the decision that nowhere in the Universe could one have peace.

The following day the inhabitants of Jamestown were greatly puzzled by the overturned statue of Pocahontas.

The solution, so the police claimed, was that some young rascals had knocked the statue down; but up in heaven there was a surly John Smith who had tried to escape a flirting Pocahontas.

FIFTH AVENUE BUS*(Continued from page 7)*

Just how welcome that call, "Fifth Avenue", was, I can not even attempt to explain, but so profound and powerful was my feeling of relief that it stiffened my trembling limbs enough to allow me to stagger to my destination, fervently swearing that henceforth, disregarding distance entirely, if I wanted to get anywhere in New York, I would walk.

