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for FEBRUARY, 1934

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THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by the Students of Bangor High
School, Bangor, Maine



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The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1934

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Activities of the Debate Club

BY SALLY WOODCOCK

THE BANGOR High School Debate Club has started another season off with a bang, with two of its star debaters, Andrew Cox and Bernice Braidy, winning the first and one of the most important debates of the season—the Bowdoin League. This is really a great honor for Bangor High, as they have beaten the champ debaters of the outstanding high-schools and academies of the state.

One might gather from this that the only thing that has been done is supporting our debaters, but oh no! With a social party, new pins, class debates, and a dance in prospect, our season sounds like the fifth installment of an Edgar Wallace mystery! Anyway, its all very thrilling to know that these things are all true and will become realities in the near future.

Number 1—A social party. I think everyone who was in room 307 Thursday evening, December 7, will agree that we had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Perhaps that isn't strong enough—but, to continue—

The first feature of the party was an open forum exhibition debate staged by our Bowdoin League team, Bernice Braidy and Andrew Cox. They both delivered their speeches, and members tried (for the most part unsuccessfully) to tear down their arguments. Then followed a five minute rebuttal. There was no decision because this was in preparation for the Bowdoin League debates. After the debates were over, Mrs. McGinley conducted two observation games.

When these were finished, there came the climax of the evening—refreshments of ice-cream and candy! And did they taste good!

This alone would be enough to start out a most successful season, but the Debate Club did not stop here, or has not ceased by any manner of means. For instance, I think all of you will agree that this, following, is the best news you've heard for a long time when I tell you—that the Debate Club is planning a dance! Of course you all remember the very successful autumn affairs which have been put on, but this is going to go one better, if possible. Sh—all the details are not out yet, but you had better save up your dimes and nickels, and plan to attend. The date is February 21.

Now for the actual business meeting. The Debate

Club members have decided to have a club pin, selected by a pin committee, consisting of Edith Floros, chairman, Betty Moore, and Rose Bigelson. Therefore, if you see one of the members sporting a new sterling silver pin, please compliment him on it, and he will be highly flattered.

A program committee has been selected by Mr. Prescott, as follows—Joseph Bertels, chairman, Rose Costrell, Edwin Young, Roberta Smith, Spencer Winsor, and Isabel Cumming, to provide some sort of program for every meeting. With such a committee as this, we ought to have some very interesting and entertaining meetings.

Another item of great importance is that of the Class Debates. With these ahead of us we certainly have something worth-while to look forward to.

The question, perhaps even better than last year's, is, Resolved: That the United States should adopt the essential features of the British system of radio control. This is the open forum type of debate, and try-outs were held the third week in January. This should, by rights, be a hotly contested conflict, and we hope for as large a crowd as we had last year. So seniors, juniors, sophs, and freshies, get to work on your debates!

Also on March 16, comes the Bates League Debate at Lewiston. That is another highlight of the debating season. Our teams won last year, and we wish them all the success possible again this year.

So with all these things underway, we are off to a bigger, better, and more prosperous season than ever, and the Debate Club is heading for new achievements and new heights.

Championship Debate and the Forum Style

BY CORINNE ADAMS

The Bowdoin League debates held Saturday, December 9, at Brunswick, went off very well, with Bernice Braidy representing the affirmative and Andrew Cox the negative. The question was, Resolved: That the municipalities of Maine should avail themselves fully

of the offer of the national government to assist in financing local improvements under the N. R. A. Cox spoke in the morning with Auburn, Fryeburg and South Portland against Deering, Lewiston and Portland. The debate was extremely interesting, with everyone doing an excellent piece of work. The afternoon debate proved to be even better. Here the affirmative was upheld by Auburn, Bangor, Fryeburg, and South Portland, and the negative by Deering, Lewiston, and Portland. Again everyone was excellent, but Braidy starred. The judges, Professor Ralph De Someri Childs, Professor Herbert Ross Brown, and Professor Orren Chalmer Hormell announced the decision in favor of Bangor, with Portland coming second and South Portland a close third.

The Bowdoin League system is the open forum debate. In it every man is for himself. Each school has but one representative, and, contrary to the old system of having only two schools debate at one time, seven or eight schools compete together, putting four on one side and four on the other. There is no set time for speaking. Everyone has fifteen minutes to divide in whatever way he pleases. He may have fourteen minutes of main speech and one of rebuttal, or no main speech and fifteen of rebuttal, or any other way he so desires. There is no particular order for speaking. Lots are drawn for the first speaker of the affirmative, and after that one may speak any time, upon recognition of the chairman. In the debates at Bowdoin the main speeches ranged from seven to eleven minutes. At the end of ten minutes, the chairman rapped on his desk to inform the speaker of the amount of time he had used. The rest of the time in most cases, was divided into several short rebuttal speeches. Both Bangor speakers, however, had one main speech and one rebuttal.

The advantages of the open forum system are marked. In the first place, the informality of the debate makes it more interesting both to the competitors and to the audience. There is a certain snap and suspense that is not present in the old system. In the second place, it sharpens the wits of the speakers. They must be able to speak and think almost simultaneously. When a debater is asked a question, he does not have the few minutes until his opponent is through, to think, that he would normally have in the old system, but he must answer immediately. Further, the speakers must be keenly alert every minute in order to know the exact moment to speak.

Latin Club

Due to a change in the arrangement of the activities periods, the Latin Club found itself with an extra meeting on its hands, the week before the Christmas vacation. Of course no program had been planned. However, the juniors cheerfully stepped into the breach and put on a snappy series of events.

William West sponsored a Latin version of "Grand-

fathers Trunk"; Lucille Epstein, of "Spin the Plate." Marjorie Taylor managed an athletic spelling match in which both the athletics and the spelling of the seniors proved a flop, while the sophomores stood their ground manfully.

The meeting ended with the singing of the fine old Latin hymn "Adeste Fideles."

At the January meeting new officers for the remainder of the year will be elected and installed. At this time the paper, of which Natalie Nason and Aphrodite Floros are the editors, will appear. This is an entirely new venture in the history of the club and is awaited with much interest.

Home Economics Exhibition

Seventy girls of the home economics department took an active part in the public demonstration presented in the department rooms on the afternoon of January 11. The demonstration was attended by an unusually large and appreciative audience.

At the lunch room every cookie, cake, brownie, pie, and piece of candy disappeared under the very efficient management of Annette Youngs and Dorothy Raymond. The sum of fifteen dollars, realized at this sale, is to be used to defray expenses of the exhibition. Three students, Pauline Stetson, with an entire kitchen plan drawn to scale, Ruth Price, with a fine demonstration of house architecture, and Lillie Johnston, with a display of domestic rugs added much to the attractiveness of the exhibition. The odor of ether and turpentine drew many to a stand where Jennie Soloby and Esther Ginsberg spent the afternoon removing stains for the edification of the public.

In room 008 a freshman cooking class attracted the attention of all and incidentally sold many of its products. Elizabeth Greene proved herself such an interesting lecturer on foot hygiene that there was always a group around her pictograph machine in the corridor. Of course the Colonial scene with six colonial dames all busy with their handiwork received much appreciation and made a very pretty picture. The miniature colonial house decorated for the third time in its history was enjoyed by everyone. Three promising young artists in green smocks and dark blue berets looked almost professional as they painted room color schemes at their easels. The girl's bedroom in maple, blue and rose with its decorative accessories made by the girls showed good taste and ability on the part of the group headed by Izetta Cookson, who planned and produced it. We are most grateful in this connection for the hard work which Mr. Holyoke and his boys did for us to make this room a possibility.

A large group gathered four times during the afternoon while Leoranca Oakes as interpreter showed four freshman girls in pajamas and eleven sophomore models as they appeared behind the life-sized frame in dresses of their own making here at school. But probably the most exciting event of the afternoon was the

SIX COLONIAL DAMES



Left to right: Ettie Bradeen, Louise Greene, Dorothy Barchard, Helen Jordan, Edna Salisbury, Alice Tinker.

IN DRESSES OF THEIR OWN MAKING



Left to right: Grace Wong, Arline Stevenson, Leorance Oakes, Edith Tenney, Elizabeth Green, Carlene Merrill.

appearance of the eleven month's niece of Ellen Fisher for a demonstration bath in the child's nursery arranged for the purpose by the child care group. A jollier baby could hardly have been found, and the event was a complete success. All of this exhibition, largely planned and prepared since the holidays, was under the student direction of a committee of seven. To Mary Cunningham, the chairman of this committee, a great amount of credit is due for her energy, organizing ability, and faithful work.

R. O. T. C.

Those sophomores have caught the knack of throwing a rifle at last. In fact, some of them do the manual of arms better than a lot of juniors. Now, juniors, it's time for you to snap out of it. You don't want to see these sophomores take all the medals for proficiency in drill. You fellows will be next year's officers, and of course you will want to be able to teach your subordinates a few things.

Physical drill has begun again, and Sergeant Donchez certainly does know his business in this line. Some of the fellows seem to dislike this part of the entertainment, but they forget that in order to be a good soldier one must have a strong and well-trained body. There is one compensation, however, and that is the time allowed for playing basketball on the days when physical drill is conducted. It is a queer thing, but those same fellows who object to a little healthy physical drill enjoy themselves a great deal in exerting themselves much more to play basketball. The reason must be that there is not so much discipline when they are thus engaged.

Officers' Club

Get an earful of this everybody! The Officers' Club is going to put on the swellest dance of the year sometime in February. We know that it's going to be something grand, for those high and mighty individuals, the officers, have been behind closed doors for some time now, and the only matter of business before the assemblage has been the dance. It would not be quite proper to tell you the whole business just now, but you can be sure that you will hear a plenty about it before the memorable occasion comes.

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club is doing big things this year, even bigger than last year. To begin with, we hear that the members of the team are to get sweaters. Some class to that! These sweaters will not be exactly like the athletic sweaters; they differ in the B part of the sweater. Instead of just the B, there will be a design of rifles crossed in the B. Just wait until you see them.

Any rifle team member will be able to purchase one of these sweaters, and will they be popular with the ladies? Well, let's wait and find out.

Our team won its first match with Louisville, Kentucky recently. The score was rather close, however. Bangor, with a score of 3175, won over Louisville by thirty-eight points. There will be several more matches in the near future. Let us hope that our team will be as successful this year as it was last. It certainly ought to, for it has Stanley Getchell, a crack shot, for its leader.

Orchestra

Our orchestra certainly is in the lime-light at the present time. A great deal was added to the enjoyment of the Dramatic Club plays by the orchestra. Several peppy marches and some classical numbers were skillfully executed. Then some of the orchestra members entertained the audience. Thelma Spearen and Richard Stevens played a xylophone duet accompanied by the orchestra. This part of the program was especially liked as the xylophone is not often heard around here. Gerald Hart then rendered some delightful selections on his cornet accompanied by Elmer Yates at the piano.

The orchestra also performed at the card party which was held for the benefit of athletics. Some new musical compositions were introduced to the public at this event. In addition to these special affairs this organization has been keeping up the spirits of the student body by playing in assembly every other week.

Well, we hear that Junior Exhibition will be coming along pretty soon, and this illustrious group of musicians will have to start practicing the music for it. The Junior Exhibition is the most important event of the school year with the exception of graduation, and it is always looked forward to with expectancy. But did you ever happen to wonder how much the orchestra or the band adds to such events as these? What a dry place B. H. S. would be if it were not for its music! Did you know that over a half of the student body is engaged in some form of the musical art? If you didn't, it's about time you found out some of these things which are going on in our fair school.

Assemblies

The assemblies have been especially interesting this year, and one of the best ones came on Wednesday morning before the Christmas holidays. The Dramatic club had charge of this particular assembly. Some brief scenes of the Dramatic club plays were rendered for the purpose of advertising them. The students had a chance to witness some of the excellent acting ability of which B. H. S. may well boast. The one-act plays from which the skits were shown were *Ile*, a tragedy aboard a whaling ship, *Rich Man Poor Man*, a delightful comedy, and *The Knave of Hearts*, a comical take-off on the child's poetry of that title.

Glee Clubs

Waiting lists are getting fashionable. Not only has each of the four glee clubs a larger attendance but also a waiting list. That makes glee clubs fashionable. The Senior Girls' Club has 70 members, Senior Boys' Club 40, Junior Girls 66, Junior Boys 28. Rumor hath it that something is brewing in the Senior Boys' Club. Watch them carefully, especially the president, Bill Ballou, the vice-president, Bill Stetson, the secretary-treasurer, Lawrence Gleason, and the pianist, Francis Rice. We suspect that they have hidden talents. The Junior Girls' Club is carrying on a program similar to that of the Senior Girls. Instead of simply practicing songs at each meeting, they devote about half the period discussing musical terms, like a capello chorus, the difference between a band and an orchestra, etc.

Each girl reports on one topic, and all the members take down copious notes—Ah! more notebooks! The officers of the younger club are Ann Tyler, Dorothy Mann, Ellen Hathorn, Phyllis Smith, and pianist, Margaret Cromwell. The younger boys' club has the following officers: president, Robert Sedgeley; vice-president, Richard McKeen; secretary-treasurer, Bernard Rice; librarian, Horace Colpitts. Most of the contestants in the musical contest for juniors and seniors come from the Glee Clubs. Professor Sprague has not yet set the date for this year's contest, but it is usually the night before the spring vacation. Groups are beginning to practice now, and the contest has the earmarks of an exceedingly good one.

Geometry

Not to be outdone by other clubs and organizations, Miss DuBourdieu has given her geometry a push into the limelight, and at the same time given us, her students(?), a push backwards into the profound and intellectual ages of immortal mathematicians—all of which means that as a result, we are now studying the history of geometry. The idea was first conceived of starting a Geometry Club, but because of the obvious conflicts with other organizations it was decided to have these meetings during our regular geometry classes.

Consequently, on November 17 from 8.15 to 9.00 a. m., we students (?) in room 305 were presented with two interesting and well prepared papers by Dorothy Nealey and Thelma Spearen.

Wishing Miss DuBourdieu lots of luck in her new undertaking, and hoping for a bigger and better Geometry Club, Pythagoras, Euclid, Archimedes, we'll be seein' ya.

Broadcasts

Each year, Bangor High, like Hollywood, produces a few outstanding artists. This year, the artists revealed their gifts in a series of broadcasts. On the first program, Thelma Spearen and Dick Stevens played

the xylophone, accompanied by Barbara Kingsbury. On Christmas night a group of girls from the Glee Club sang carols, which according to reports, made a big hit with the unseen audience, as did the other two broadcasts. The last program in the series consisted of violin solos by Herbert Brill, accompanied by Barbara Kingsbury (that name sounds familiar) and cornet solos by Gerald Hart, accompanied by Elmer Yates.

These broadcasts certainly were a credit to the school and we hope to hear more of them.

Semi-Semi Finals

Out of the 275 members of the junior class, the following twenty boys and twenty girls have been selected to represent their class in the semi-semi-finals of the Junior Exhibition. By a process of elimination, on January 18 and 19, this number will be reduced to ten girls and ten boys and finally to five girls and five boys.

Girls

*Adams, Corinne
Betterley, Betty
Collins, Fern
*Epstein, Lucille
*Floros, Alice
*Fogg, Lucille
Goodwin, Francis
*Hale, Jean
Hawkes, Lorna
Homans, Betty
*Hughes, Anna
*Hughes, Marie
McKusick, Thurstia
Rapaport, Sara
*Savage, Elnora
*Smart, Phyllis
Smith, Roberta
Spangler, Juliet
Steeves, Dorothy
Taylor, Marjorie
*Tsoulas, Helen

Boys

*Adams, Jonathan
Bridges, Donald
Doran, Joseph
*Finnegan, James
*Godfrey, Charles
Hewes, Leon
Jacquith, Philip
*Kennedy, Dana
*Knowles, Louis
*Leonard, Guy
Moore, Donald
McGowan, Richard
Moon, Harold
Ross, Edward
*Staples, Stanley
Smith, Sheldon
*Spiropilos, George
*Weatherbee, Artemus
*West, William
Witham, Robert

*Indicates students chosen for semi-finals.

Band

The basketball season has started at last. Our band, as usual, plays before the games and between halves. This musical organization proved itself to be a lifesaver in the very first game of the season. The supports of one of the baskets broke during this game, and there was a good deal of time wasted in repairing that important piece of equipment. Then the band performed, thus keeping the crowd in order.

The band is not in such great demand now as it will be later in the year, but new music is constantly being practiced in preparation for the concerts which will

(Continued on page 34)

FOREIGN COMMENT

Alumni

WITH the New Year well under way, our dear old Alumni, who recently passed through the stately doors of our alma mater, are still praying to be allowed to pass through those of their present institutions without being invited out by a "flunk" notice.

Paul Winsor, '33, who is now suffering the lowly life of a freshman at the University of Maine, is worrying more about his mid-years than he did about those geometry tests that he used to take in room 305. However, we have one bright student, namely Frank Fellows, '32, who is the only one who revealed that he holds no fear of his mid-years. Frank was an intelligent student in B. H. S., and apparently he is upholding his reputation at the U. of M.

Bangor High is well represented at Wellesley by the class of '31. Three prominent juniors there are Mary Gibbons, Catherine Epstein, and Frances Clough. Each of these girls received first honors at high school.

Jacqueline Johnston, '32, has the prospects of becoming a great musician. "Jackie" is taking an advanced course at the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y.

"Richie" Higgins, '32, the gentleman who is so big that he can almost hide behind a match, has actually attained the ranking of a sophomore at U. of M. College holds no worries for "Richie," for he still wears that broad smile that we used to know him by.

Eleanor Clough, the most studious girl of last year's class and medal winner for the girls' Essay, is now attending Mt. Holyoke College.

Paul Burke's feet are still growing. He will soon have the biggest feet at the U. of M. unless he is beaten out by big brother Frank, who also is a freshman up at Maine.

We wonder if Ruth Currie, '33, still has her lessons nearly as well as the professors do up at Maine?

Freddie Newman, '33, was a member of Fryeburg Academy's football team this past season. When we asked Freddie how he liked his new surroundings he answered in his off-hand manner, "Aw, great!" and, if Freddie thinks it's great, it must be so.

Harold Grodinsky, orator, musician, and athlete of the class of '33, is now attending City College in New York. Harold said they had a swell football team this year. They won one game. Harold is surely true to his alma mater. When we asked him what he thought of it, he answered briefly that he liked it very much.

Connie Hedin, '33, is furthering her education at Vassar College. We wonder which activity Connie is engaged in—the Debate Club or the Golf Team.

Gardiner Patterson, '33, is attending Higgins Clas-

sical Institute. He says that there are a lot of farmers there, but that they are not such bad folks after all.

Another alumnus that was interviewed was none other than Alvah "Duke" Ford. "Duke" goes to M. C. I., and he really likes everything there—even the food. "Duke" was a dashing fullback on the school football team and was one of the several letter men of this year's team.

Some of our former basketball stars came a long way just in order to squeeze out a win over this year's basketball team. Don McKinnon, '32, came all the way up to Maine from the sunny southland where he attends the University of Alabama and helped to cop a win over our team. Sid Epstein, '31, who used to be our star center was a big factor in winning the game for the Alumni. Sid now attends the University of Pennsylvania. Howard Kominsky, '31, is another of our former basketball heroes who made a "come back." Howard is now taking a pre-medical course at Bowdoin. Arthur Lieberman, '31, is another B. H. S. graduate who has ambitions of becoming an M. D. He is also attending Bowdoin.

There are still pupils graduating from B. H. S. who wish to become teachers. Just imagine what a hard, stern, tedious life they are in for. Those poor unfortunates of last year's class who are relearning their A B C's at Gorham Normal School are Alyce Tuck, Viola Simpson, Maxine Whitman, Margaret Cole, and Patricia Sullivan.

Here is an Alumni note that we all have been waiting for. Sam Fraser is actually working. It was secretly revealed to us that Sam is employed weighing sugar at the First National Store on Center Street.

Bob Kurson, ex-B. H. S. Demosthenes, is attempting to promote his oratorical powers, and also to improve his intellect at Andover Academy.

Another Andover student is Fulton Cahners, ex-'34. Fulton was one of the reasons why his school had such a successful football team last fall. He played at one of the ends.

Bangor High is represented this year by the class of '33 at Bates College. Graduates who are attending Bates are Harold McCann and Norman Taylor.

Bill Newman, one of the heavyweights of the class of '31, has transferred from Bowdoin to the University of Maine.

Here's a real flash. Eddie Redman, '33, chiefly essayist, is having a jolly good time at Maine. He informs us that he can not obtain a wee scholarship on an essay this year. He must be slipping, or else college life is too hard.

Exchanges

THE "Aegis" Beverly, Mass. We think your pictorial section is great, but the jokes are sadly in the minority. However your editorials make up somewhat for this deficiency, and we enjoyed your magazine tremendously.

The "Jabberwork" comes from the Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. and is certainly a great magazine. Your exchange column is very original, but where are your cartoons?

The "Item" Dorchester, Mass. This paper is small in size but has good material. Couldn't you spare a little more room for your book reviews?

The "Arsenal Cannon" Indianapolis, Ind. This magazine is great on the literary and pictorial sections. Another good section is the book reviews; however, the arrangement of the stories is confusing.

The "Old Hughes" Cincinnati, Ohio, shows much work and the beautiful illustrations are especially impressive.

The "Tattler" from Nashua, N. H. is certainly a fine paper. We can't find a word of criticism. Your jokes are especially good, and we like the arrangement of your magazine very much. Your covers leave nothing to be desired.

The "Tradesman" Boston, Mass. This is a magazine which we enjoyed reading. Plenty of jokes and literary, but where is your poetry section? Your class notes were very good.

The "Loudspeaker" San Francisco, Cal. This magazine shows remarkable literary talent. We also enjoyed your illustrations and headings which were fine; however, you could snap it up with a few jokes and cartoons which would be a great improvement.

The "Meteor" Berlin, New Hampshire, a small magazine, but with excellent material. It seems as if there was some space that could be used for more school news and humor. We enjoyed your magazine very much.

The "Red and White", Rochester, New Hampshire. Your poetry page is truly remarkable. We also enjoyed your fine editorials and neat arrangement. There are no departments missing and your headings are splendid.

The Palio Race

BY ISABEL CUMMING

On the second of July and the sixteenth of August, each year, is held in the great public square of Siena, Italy, the world-famous horse race, known as the Palio, or Race for the Banner. Thus it was that August sixteenth found us, fairly early in the morning, entering the quaint old city of Siena.

Siena is a tiny, crowded city of Tuscany which encloses its thirty-three thousand inhabitants in an area of two and one-half square miles. On either side of the narrow cobbled streets, with their many windings, and

steep ascents, rise ancient buildings, many of which date back to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The medieval walls and gates which enclose the city, its fine old paintings and treasures of architecture, all combine to make the traveller of today feel as if he had stepped back into the middle ages.

Alas! we had made no hotel reservations, and every hostelry which the little town afforded was full to overflowing with excited, gesticulating Italians, with a generous sprinkling of tourists. Regretful hotel-keepers recommended a couple of private dwellings. We surveyed a room offered in one of these, but sight, smell, and sound all urged that we sleep elsewhere. Giving up the idea of spending the night in the city, we parked our car just inside the city gate and had a decidedly Italian lunch, consisting of a rich soup, spaghetti covered with grated cheese, and fruit.

Three o'clock found us in the square, the Piazza of Victor Emmanuel. The races would not begin until sundown. The so-called square, really a circle, resembling an ancient theatre, was somewhat over an acre in extent. Around this circle extended the race course, on the other side of which rose some of the most imposing buildings, including the cathedral built of black and white marble. Raised seats along the fronts of these buildings gave a fine view of the race-course. But after finding that the price of these seats was five dollars and up, I followed the principles of my Scotch ancestors and sought free standing-room in the square. I joined a group of young people about my own age who were holding a position next to the fence. The spot, I later found out was a choice one, for it was directly opposite the starting point of the race. It seemed as if every one had decided upon the same spot that I had, for although other parts of the square were, at this time, but partially filled, we were jammed close to the fence by the surging crowds. And did we stand! For three hours I shifted from one foot to another, sighing frequently, but always holding my place.

(Continued on page 36)



LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE • DRAMA • POETRY

When Phillips Was a Gentleman

BY JONATHAN ADAMS

JOHN HENRY PHILLIPS, why can't you be like other men, like Mr. Smith for instance? I was never mortified in my life as when you passed through the room when I was giving tea and didn't even speak to anyone. I don't think you even try to be polite. Why just the other day I saw Miss Black fall, and you let Al Cooper help her up."

Phillips knew that this was the start of another quarrel. The other ones had always started that way. Although he knew that he might as well face the music, he mentioned something about a fur coat that he had seen in a store window, in order to change his wife's thoughts. But Mrs. Phillips was so intent on her subject that even this long-hoped-for gift could not sidetrack her. Phillips decided that he might as well take his medicine then as ever.

So he said, "Aw, gee, Marge. I can't be polite. It isn't in my nature, and besides why should I speak to those people? They didn't care whether I spoke to them or not."

"John, it is the proper thing to do. Oh! If you were only polite like Mr. Smith. I think he is just grand."

"Mr. Smith! Mr. August Smith. There you go again. I wouldn't be like that guy for a million bucks."

"John, everyone thinks he is so nice."

Phillips answered in a tone of disgust at this, "Who? Just a lot of women. We men can't stand anyone like that. And another thing, I bet that if I had helped Miss Black up, you would have jumped on me so quick I wouldn't know what had happened."

It didn't take much of this kind of discourse to make Phillips' face get red. It was red anyway, because he was a short, fat person.

When Marjorie Phillips, who was a very petite person, saw his ears getting red, she thought she had better cool him off. So she said, "John, dear, please sit down and read this book on etiquette that I bought for you. You can at least read it."

"I don't want to read it," he said, moodily.

All of a sudden Phillips leaped from his chair with more speed than one would expect from a two-hundred pound man, saying, "Say, Marge, I have an idea."

Marge, thinking that he was having one of the attacks that he had when he ate too much, said, "Where is it?"

With deep disgust, he answered, "I said idea, not pain. Listen. This is a bet. I will try being polite for one week. I bet that by the end of the week there will not be any proof that shows that politeness pays.

If I quit before the week is up, or you win your bet, I will buy you a fur coat. But, if I win, you will stop nagging me about being courteous. Do you accept?"

Marjory Phillips, never expecting to get another chance to prove that courtesy pays, accepted without another thought.

They then got out a piece of paper and drew up the bet with a great deal of formality.

Now, Phillips had no idea whatever of having to get his wife a fur coat. However, he intended to fulfill his part of the bet to the best of his ability. For once in his life he was actually trying to be polite. In fact, he was rather overdoing his politeness.

Marjory Phillips, though, wished that she had never made the bet, because she knew that she would never hear the end of it if she lost.

Her first great setback came on Monday, the first day of the bet. Phillips had gone to work in the office of a department store where he held a fairly good position.

On the way to the store he had met several people whom he knew. He spoke politely and tipped his hat to them. He had always tipped his hat, but he had done it more as a matter of form than from any sense of courtesy. This morning, because he was thinking about politeness, he did it conscientiously and rather awkwardly, making a big sweep with his hat. When the people, astonished at seeing him so gallant, stopped and looked at him when he went by, Phillips felt embarrassed, but he laid it to his imagination.

When Phillips went into the office, the employees were surprised because in all the fifteen years that Phillips had been there, he had never been known to say good morning to anyone.

"Fine morning, Mr. French," he said to a very small man, who was his boss.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "Would you please look over these papers?"

"Why certainly, I would be glad to," Phillips answered.

Mr. French gave Phillips a queer look, because Phillips was usually quite rude when anyone asked him to do some extra work. However, since he was a valuable man, Mr. French had never given him a calling down for his abruptness.

Mr. French did some quick thinking. "I have never seen Mr. Phillips as polite as this. I wonder what it is. Can it be that he is getting ready to ask for a raise? I can soon fix that," he thought.

Then he turned to Phillips and said, "Mr. Phillips, I am very sorry, but the company has decided that they will have to cut your pay five dollars a week from now on."

Phillips was about to make some curt reply when he remembered that that would be breaking his bet, and he would have to get Marge a new coat. He decided that the time to buy fur coats wasn't right after a cut in wages, so he answered a meek, "Thank you."

Mr. French was dumbfounded. He flopped down in his seat, watching Phillips go out of the room. His stenographer tittered.

That evening Phillips went home in a rage, but he vowed that he wouldn't have to buy the coat. However, he was in a more agreeable spirit the next morning.

The next day the telephone wires were busy too, for the neighbors were getting suspicious, as neighbors are likely to, and were comparing their theories on the case with someone else. By breaking into a friendly discourse between Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Riley, the two champion gossips of the town, one would find out very quickly the chief theories on the subject.

The way it started was this. Mrs. Riley called up to get a cup of sugar. After talking about an hour and a half Mrs. Henderson asked this question. "Have you seen Mr. Phillips lately?"

"No, but I heard about him from Mrs. Lee. Can you ever imagine that man being polite?" she replied.

"Well I think he has something up his sleeve, myself. You can't get a man to change his habits unless there is something up. I found that out from my own husband, and I guess all men are alike."

"Now Mrs. Lee told me that Mrs. Anderson told her that she thought Marjory was getting a divorce, and that was why he was so cheerful and polite when he met anybody on the street."

"I don't know whether she is the one that is getting the divorce, but she certainly ought to. I think that there is an affair between Mr. Phillips and Miss Black. I have just seen him help her around a mud puddle. If my husband did that, I would tell him a word or two," Mrs. Henderson replied in an indignant voice.

This conversation continued for about an hour longer. By that time the story was a great deal more exaggerated, and Phillips was a deep-dyed villain.

Phillips happened to hear about some of these rumors through several different ways. He lost his temper and almost had a fit. Luckily, however, he recovered himself just in time, for he valued the money that would go to pay for the fur coat far more highly than his reputation. But towards the end of the week, he was getting desperate and threatened to break his bet any time.

That Friday night, the next to the last night of the bet, Phillips went back to the store to make up work he had gotten behind on. He was in quite an angry

mood. As he entered the store, he saw a dim light under which two figures that he took to be fellow workers were visible. At this season of the year the office force was rushed with work, and he saw nothing suspicious in the backs turned toward him. On account of the dim light he did not know that they were two robbers who had come to blow the vault open; he mistook one of them for a man who had asked him to go to a poker game a night or two before. The robbers were terrified when he entered the store, and they stood there with their knees knocking.

"Fine evening we're having, gentlemen," Phillips said in a sarcastic manner. Then speaking to the one whom he thought had asked him to the poker game, he asked, "Did you make much of a haul the other night?"

On hearing Phillips say this, the robber thought he knew who Phillips was. There was a notorious robber about town called "Pete Polite". He was called this on account of the way he over emphasized politeness. For this very reason they had mistaken Phillips for him. They thought that he would be willing to help them open the vault and divide the loot between them, and they were inwardly congratulating themselves for having such an experienced robber with them.

When Phillips saw them gathered around the vault, he said, "Say, what takes you fellows so long opening that vault? Let me help you. I would be glad to."

But even then in the dim light he did not recognize that they were robbers. In about a minute he heard the last click of the combination. As the heavy doors of the vault swung slowly open, a light automatically went on inside the vault. The robbers hurried inside to grab the loot and get away with it. When Phillips with the aid of the light saw who they were, in a wild frenzy he closed the doors.



"Conscientiously and rather awkwardly"

A minute later the sound of police sirens was heard all over the city. The burglars were then taken to jail.

One week later Phillips was standing before the board of directors. Marjory was with him, attired in a new fur coat. Phillips was praised for his presence of mind and for his courage. Finally he was elected business - manager on account of his deeds.

But it was not until Marjory had given him a kick on the shins that Phillips remembered to thank them.

Preparations for Tests

BY BERNICE BRAIDY

PERHAPS the only definite result which stands out from the maze of aimless and bewildered efforts which I have the effrontery to call preparations for tests is the fact that after the "hurly-burly's done" I have not prepared myself for anything save perchance, the insane asylum. However poorly equipped I may be to advise any freshman as to the correct and formal procedure in getting ready for that bit of torture which has survived from the dark ages to the present day so-called by optimists, civilization, I maintain without any fear of contradiction that I am the world's best authority on what not to do when studying for exams.

This is my system. First of all I provide myself with eight textbooks, all I possess, and some sour pickles, fudge, or pistachio nuts, whichever delicacy seems best to fit in with my mood. I then have a heated discussion with myself as to the relative merits of the various chairs in the living room, but finally this weighty problem is settled, and I settle down to study. The refreshments with which I have provided myself are excellent save for one draw-back. They make me thirsty. But even that major misfortune can be remedied. I go into the kitchen for a pitcher of water and a glass. While in the kitchen I glance at the clock. My, how time flies! A half hour has gone by. But that's nothing I've got an hour and a half left. So I go merrily back into the living room with the pitcher, glass, and water.

With my thirst quenched I open my Virgil to review my translation. Can this be review? It looks like sight to me. Nevertheless the assignment book says that it is review, so review it must be. I feebly wade through five lines of the classic puzzle and, wonders upon wonders, come to a section which seems to bring back memories.

Unfortunately at this point I happen to think of a telephone call which must be made. Out of respect to the all important exams, it is a brief one—for me, twenty-five minutes.

Refreshed by the conversation I renew my labor and here credit must be given where credit is due, I study for all of fifteen minutes. Indeed, I am getting on beautifully when who should come in but my sister who wants a share in my refreshments. However, all

that is left from my little feast are a few drops of water in the bottom of the pitcher. Whereupon we have a little sisterly discussion as to why she was not left a share in my lunch, etc. At the point where it would be tactful, to say the least, to have a referee, Mother arrives upon the scene and calm, if not peace, is restored.

I am just about to devote myself again to Virgil when my sister pulls her trump card and announces that her music teacher is coming in five minutes and while, of course, she would like nothing better than to have me stay, perhaps the music would be a bit distracting, and, on my way out, would I please bring the pitcher and glass back into the kitchen as they cluttered up the room. Meekly following her instructions, I bring them back into the kitchen, and while so doing glance at the clock. My two hours are up!

Fishing for Wildcats

BY ROBERT THOMPSON

ABNER HASKELL SCHOFIELD, better known to us Hockomock Bay folks as "Codfish," abides in what used to be the village store—a dilapidated affair down by the old steamboat landing. Of course, everyone knows that Abner is the best fisherman on the whole forsaken coast, and that he can tell some mighty thrilling yarns. There is just one thing that Abner loves as much as his fishing, and that is his hens. These he keeps in a little shack adjoining the old store. One night a discriminating wild-cat paid a visit to the Codfish hen-roost. Well, that night broke his heart!

The next evening about bed-time, Abner went out to the hen-roost and tied one of his best codfish hooks to the end of an anchor rope. After baiting the hook with a choice morsel of hen, dear to the heart of any wild-cat, Abner retired to his room just over the hen-roost—with the end of the rope tied to his wrist.

Old Codfish was just about in the midst of a fish-heaven when he was suddenly awakened with a tremendous tug upon his wrist. Codfish sat up in his bed and slowly hauled in his catch. The rope loosened. He heard a ripping and rustling outside the window. Suddenly a sleek, shadowy form shot through the window and into the darkened room.

The Codfish hair stood on end. In the dark he could hear the beast, and see flashing red eyes. Suddenly, there was a fierce commotion. The room resounded with hair-raising growls and thumps as the wild-cat tumbled about. The Codfish recovered from his fright long enough to light a match. In the dim, flickering light shed from the tiny match, he beheld the wildcat squirming about rather uncomfortably inside of a fish-net that had once hung upon the wall. One shot from his rifle, and the story was finished, except for a fine wildcat skin belt that Codfish sports to this day.

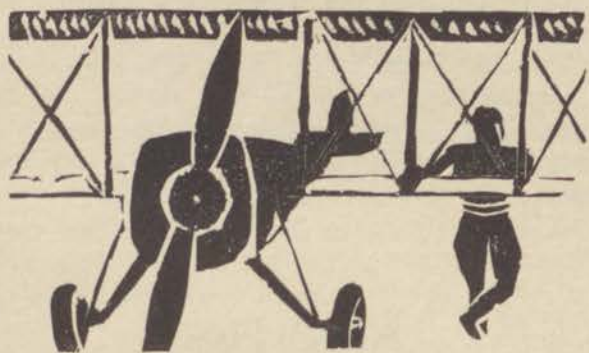
Buddies

By LEO LIEBERMAN

HOORAY!" shouted Bill Larrabee inwardly as he noted his name on the 34th Division bulletin board, giving him the right of a six day furlough to Paris.

Bill had surely earned this vacation, for his work in the air in the past three months had been, to say the least, creditable. He needed the rest, too, because he'd become thin, his pale face was even more drawn than usual. Yes, it surely was a break for Bill!

The young aviator looked down the list to see who else had been among the fortunates. His heart filled with a gladness when he noted that his pal, Sid Minton, was included. Sid Minton had been his friend since their boyhood days in Readville. Besides Sid had a sister Betty to whom Bill had paid some attentions—not wholly without success! Moreover, Betty was in Paris—a nurse in a famous French hospital. Yes, it was going to be a great time for all three of them.



"A cool and deadly fighter"

Besides, Bill reflected, Sid needed that vacation very badly, for he was in a nervous, irritable mood continually. His temper had sharpened considerably, and he'd begun to resent Bill's friendly ways towards him. Several times, he had flown off the handle, and afterwards apologized. He seemed to be nervous over something which Bill could not understand. Under a pretext of seeing his sister, he had several furloughs to Paris. These had been granted him because Sid was one of the most valued men in the division—a cool and deadly fighter. It was after his last trip to Paris that Sid had changed so considerably.

From the mess-room, Bill saw Sid slowly coming his way. He walked over to meet his friend—eager to find him in a friendly mood.

"Well, Sid," said Bill in his chummy way, "it looks like we're in luck."

"How?" asked Sid, looking up with a frown on his thin, pale face.

"Look," invited Bill, as he pointed to the bulletin board.

Sid glanced at the yellow sheet on the bulletin board, and slowly bit his lips as his eyes fell on his name. "What's the matter? Don't you feel glad about it?" queried Bill, disappointedly.

"What foolish questions you ask," snapped back Sid, as he turned about and walked stiffly away.

Bill watched him as he disappeared, and muttered to himself with clenched fists:

"I'd give a million to know what ails him!"

The next day, while riding to Paris, Sid maintained a moody silence that increased Bill's worries about his friend.

Upon arriving at the French Capitol, both hurried to the Montmaste Hospital, where Betty was on duty. Both waited in the lobby for her.

"Hello, Sis," exclaimed Sid, his eyes lighting up as Betty appeared before him.

"Sid, dear!" replied Betty warmly, as she gave him a sisterly kiss.

Then she turned and gave her hand to Bill, who caught it eagerly.

"Hello, Bill," she uttered slowly. Then turning to her brother, she scrutinized him closely.

"Sid, you're ill! You don't look well at all!" she exclaimed anxiously.

"Oh, I'm O. K., Sis. Just been a little busy, that's all. Haven't I, Bill?" asked Sid, waiting for support from his pal, whom he had treated so shabbily.

"Sure, Sid's oke. Just been worked a little too hard," supported Bill, trying to make it sound real. But Betty's eyes revealed that she was not convinced.

"Well, I'll be leaving you two alone," stammered Sid. "I've an important engagement!" He turned and walked swiftly to the revolving doors.

Betty turned to Bill.

"What's wrong with Sid, Bill? He's never been like this before.

"Why, nothing, Betty," muttered Bill weakly. "He's just tired, that's all."

"Bill, you know you're wrong. There's something worrying my brother, and if you care at all for me"—she stopped emotionally—"you'll find out what's the matter with him. Promise?"

"Of course," replied Bill soothingly, "I'll find out. Don't you worry a bit about Sid. Promise? I'm going to get Sid now, and see what's bothering him!"

He came out with the purpose of trailing Sid, and his usual luck did not fail him, for he saw Sid just entering a taxi. Bill got into a cab and picked up the trail, which led through many sidestreets and alleys. Finally, the pursued car came to a stop in front of a disreputable-looking tenement house. Bill saw Sid get

out briskly, look around a bit nervously, then with a shrug enter the building.

Bill slowly emerged from his cab, and after paying the driver, walked quickly up the dirty stairs. He walked up one flight, then two before his ears detected any sound—but what was that? He heard a sound of human voices conversing in low tones. Bill stepped softly to the door of the room from which the sounds were heard. He pressed gently to the door, and his heart jumped as he heard Sid utter these words: "The 34th Division will make an attack on the munitions at the German base—just as two weeks ago."

"Yes, another blow like that, and the Fatherland will soon be out of the war," was the bitter answer in low, guttural tones, plainly German.

"Tell me"—the same voice continued—"when is the big drive slated for?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me that," stammered Sid weakly. "After all, I'm in the American army, at least, supposed to be!"

"You're wrong! You're in the German army, working for the German government, for German ideals, for the German people! You're getting paid for telling me, are you not?" he snapped back.

Bill listened to this with mixed emotions. Sid, his buddy, in the employ of the Germans! Oh! What had made Sid do it? Then a fierce anger welled in Bill's heart, but the anger changed to pity in a second. After all, Sid was his pal, traitor or no traitor. Then there was Betty—he loved her. How the shock would hurt her if she ever found out! Before he could reflect any further a swift blow knocked him unconscious. Everything seemed starry and brilliant for a second—then blackness!

When Bill awoke, he found himself in the company of two officers.

"What—where am I?" he muttered thickly.

"Take a good look around, and you'll probably remember," retorted one of the officers.

"Why—what do you mean?"

"Just this: you were found in an unconscious state in the room of one of Germany's most notorious spies, whom we have suspected for a long time. Today, we learned his address, and made a raid. Unfortunately, the spy and another unknown person, dressed in the American uniform, escaped. However, we believe that you know who this other person is. If you are willing to testify to this mysterious person's identity, the court-martial that awaits you will surely be cancelled!"

Bill listened to this speech with mixed feelings. He could save himself, but at his best friend's expense. Bill did not need to debate with himself. He would never reveal his friend's identity to these officers, even if it cost his life!

"Well, what do you say? Are you willing to tell us who this person is?"

"I have nothing to say. You have your evidence.

Form your own opinions!" replied Bill calmly.

"But, of course, you know what this means?" cried the officer exasperatedly.

"I know," was Bill's simple but weighty response.

"Very well. Take him to the military prison," ordered the officer to the guards outside the door.

Three days later, while brooding in his cell, Bill was surprised to see three generals advance into his cell.

"My boy, you are free!" was the astounding statement of the general in command.

"Free? What do you mean?" asked Bill excitedly.

"Read this."

Bill took the sheet and read:

"When I leave this note on my desk and go up on my last ride, I wish to make it clear that my buddy, Bill Larrabee, is guiltless of the crime he is accused of. He has been shielding me by refusing to reveal my identity. I will not go into the painful details of how I became a spy, but as proof of my being the mysterious person I leave certain notes which will dismiss all doubt that I am the unknown person.

From my sister and my pal, Bill Larabee, I ask forgiveness for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

—SIDNEY MINTON."

Bill read the note through several times, then looked up sadly.

"Have they found his plane yet?" he asked.

"Yes. It crashed after being sent down by an enemy squadron!" was the reply.

The general eyed Bill closely for a moment, then said:

"We of the Secret Service Board have decided that as a special favor to you and Miss Minton, this note shall not be made public. Even Miss Minton shall not know the truth, and the rest of the world will go on thinking that Minton lived and died a hero!"

Bill could only express his gratitude in two words. "Thank you."

Annie's Hats

BY JEANNETTE SANBORN

EVERY small village or town has its eccentric people, and Sloansville was no exception. In a neat little white cottage lived an old lady whose special weakness was hats. In fact, so great was her liking that one hat at a time did not suit her; so when she went forth from her home, two hats clamored for supremacy on the top of her head. What an odd spectacle she made walking along the main street, her two hats perched one on top of the other with a few feathers nodding gaily on high! She never left the house but what a beautiful green parrot occupied head place on one hat. In freezing winter or in sweltering summer, this old lady (we shall call her Annie) never changed her custom. The milliners certainly had plenty of patronage, for at the beginning of each season Annie would bring three or more hats to be remod-

eled. Here and there glittering hat-pins protruded from different stations in the hats, a thing which goes to show that the hat-pin industry was not slighted. What a lucky thing for Annie that women aren't bothered by tipping their hats to men!



"Her weakness was hats"

In-doors Annie is equally peculiar concerning her hats. Never a day passes but what she wears one all around the house during her housework, entertaining, and even to bed. Now don't come to the conclusion that she wore a little stocking cap! On the contrary, Annie couldn't sleep without one of her regular everyday bonnets, even if she lived in the land of sombreros.

Annie was apparently normal in every other way except for the fact that she beat her husband because of his attempts to keep her in the house. Even that is considered normal these days. All in all she was the strangest person whom I have met, but she moved to another town, and Annie doesn't live in Sloansville any more.

Temptation

BY CHARLOTTE CULLEY

AW, GEE, it was a tough world when a feller was the oldest child in a desperately poor family of four children and a mother. Other boys had bicycles, and roller skates, and everything, but when you had no dad, and a sick mother to support, you couldn't have those things. But heck, he didn't mind that so much—if he could only take piano lessons! For the moment his fingers touched the keys, he lost himself in the music. He forgot his poverty, his hunger, he forgot the two cold rooms in which they lived. He forgot everything except that he was in another world—an enchanting world where misery, poverty, and cold did not enter—a world where dreams came true. To be a musician was the boy's one ambition—

the factor that kept his courage and lightened his burden.

But gee, he's better stop day dreaming. He must earn some money to feed his family. With a sigh, the small boy opened his bootblack box, and urged people to get a shine. After trying in vain for three hours, he packed his box and started walking. It was too cold on that corner, and business was poor—the bigger and nicer-dressed boys got all the customers. He continued on his way.

He passed a church. Because he was hungry and cold and felt very miserable, he retraced his steps and entered. Instantly a feeling of great awe and peace descended upon him. Here his soul was soothed and comforted. He took off his cheap knitted hat, and, bowing his head, he trod softly down the aisle. Suddenly he stopped. There at the end of a pew was a five dollar bill! Instantly he forgot the church; he forgot his ambition. He forgot everything except his hunger and the cold. Starving children at home were bravely trying to comfort their sick mother. For five dollars the doctor would come and make her well, and perhaps there would be enough left to buy a little food, and he could hunt for stray sticks to build a warm fire. For a day, at least, they could all forget their misery and be happy. Then, too, if Ma got better, she could take in washings and earn a little money.

He stooped and picked up the bill. As he straightened up, the soft peals of an organ were heard. Slowly and faintly at first, then louder, and, as the organist threw his whole being into the music, a beautiful story was unwoven. First it told of heart-rending sadness and hopeless poverty; but, bit by bit, the music became more lovely till at length, in a crashing crescendo of joy and triumph the music faded into silence.

As the organist descended from his seat, he was surprised to see a boy in the church. The lad's face was turned to a painted window of the Child Christ, and in the stream of light that poured from the window, the man saw a beautiful face—beautiful because his soul was still under the spell of the music. The face was so filled with rapture, hope, and complete happiness that it seemed holy and pure. Approaching the boy, the organist spoke softly, "Did you like the music, my lad?" Immediately the figure sprang into life. The bootblack breathed deeply. "O, so much!" he whispered "and here, I found this on the floor." The man watched the boy turn quickly and leave the church, and, then looking into his hand, he found the five dollar bill.

Caught in a Tunnel

BY RUTH THURSTON

NEAR my uncle's ranch in Montana is a railroad tunnel just wide enough for one train. It is about one thousand feet long and has a curve in the middle. My brother used to ride through

the tunnel to save climbing over a high mountain. The track leading to the tunnel ran along a narrow ledge in a gorge. On one side was a steep drop, on the other a cliff.

Bunny said that the thought had often run through his mind that some day he would get caught in that trap. But he believed that he had become expert in detecting the sound of a coming train, and so he gradually became a bit careless.

One day he rode into the tunnel, listened, and decided everything was clear. His horse was accustomed to the darkness and rails. He started through. Suddenly his heart stood still. He heard the roar of an approaching train and felt its vibrations along the walls of the tunnel. If he rode back, he might meet the train head-on and that would mean instant death. He thought of jumping off his horse and letting him shift for himself. Then he could press against the sides of the tunnel. No, he would not do that; he would ride ahead and take his chances. The sound of the train was actually becoming a roar. One thing was certain, he had to make a decision and make it quite fast. His horse decided to take things into his own control and started racing ahead down the pitch black tunnel. He let him go, for he had often found that horse-sense was better than man-instinct in times of emergency. Tearing along in the darkness, he heard the piercing scream of the whistle. They swung around the curve and saw the tunnel entrance clear. The train was behind them, but it was very near, for suddenly the walls of the tunnel were alive with light, and the roar was deafening. It was only a question whether they could beat it. The train rounded the curve, and the engineer, seeing them, slammed on the brakes. They cleared the tunnel mouth and raced up the side of the mountain. The train rushed out less than a second later. The engineer had seen them in the nick of time.

Viva America—Viva Italia

By ISABEL CUMMING

ONE day in the summer of 1932 an international ping-pong tournament took place in a grove in the Etruscan Apennines in Italy, the like of which had never happened before. Nor is the event likely to be repeated.

The crossing of the Apennines is not a difficult task. However, our antique Buick, thoroughly wearied from her strenuous efforts in the Alpine passes, became all hot and bothered on the gentle slopes as we crossed from Venice, headed toward Rome. The day itself was enough to raise a car or a human to the boiling point. In fact on that particular day 108° was considered cool. A quick survey showed that at least an hour must elapse before the car would have cooled down enough to start. Fortunately, at the spot where she had chosen to stop, a grove of trees extended down to the hot, dusty road-side, offering a retreat from the

glaring sun. I had often heard of "sunny Italy." In August, Italy, is more than sunny, for that sun burns like a blast of air from a fiery furnace.

Our halting place was on the outskirts of a village; hence the car was soon surrounded by a group of small Italians, eager to inspect it and us. The rest of our party sought the shade of the grove while I remained in the car and carried on a lively conversation with these boys and girls, hampered only slightly by my complete ignorance of Italian and theirs of English. Accompanied by many expressive gestures, our remarks were somewhat as follows:

"Inglese?"

"No."

"Americano?"

"Yes, oui."

The name America had several connections for these youthful Italians. One youngster tipped back his head and pretended to be drinking. He smacked his lips while the rest shouted with glee. Not to be outdone in his knowledge of American affairs another cried, "Lindburgh bambino," and, picking up a large stick, pretended to strike a tiny tot over the head. The meaning was obvious. So are we known in foreign parts.

It turned out that these little Italians belonged to a group of people of various ages, who were picnicking in the grove. The grown-ups of our party had joined the picnickers and were carrying on a friendly conversation by means of many gestures and a little French. The children beckoned me to join the party. Under the trees a ping-pong table had been set up, where two girls about my own age were having a lively game. One of them insisted upon handing me her bat, and I found myself facing a pretty little Italian girl, perhaps a little younger than I, and much quicker.

I sent over a weak serve which she promptly returned and the game was on. And what a game! She was



"I sent over a weak serve."

left-handed and I was out of practice. My balls usually struck the edge of the table which made them bounce peculiarly and caused them to be almost impossible to return. Hers frequently struck a worn place in the table or grazed the net, somewhat cramping my style. Every time I scored a point her friends politely shouted "Viva America." Every time she scored my friends shouted, "Viva Italia." We called the points together.

"Quindici—Fifteen."

"Trenta—thirty."

"Quaranta-cinque—forty-five."

Her word for deuce sounded a great deal like mine. The first game was hers and the set ended seven-five her favor. The next set ended six-four my favor. The third was going strong, eight all, when our elders, who decided to combine forces in a picnic, insisted that we go to lunch. From our car we produced cheese, fruit, and bread. We couldn't give a name to their foodstuff, save that we recognized cold veal and a poor imitation of ice cream. However the banquet was a great success, and reluctantly we parted with many a good bye, addio, and a few au revours thrown in for good measure.

Fools

The Judge, ARTEMUS WEATHERBEE.

Lawyer for the defendant, WILLIAM WEST.

Lawyer for prosecution, EDWIN YOUNG.

Defendant, WILLIAM HILTON.

Witnesses and the Jury, DIVISION 3-A.

Judge: Order in the courtroom! Don't think you can get away with that racket because the clerk is out. Proceed!

Young: Sir, the defendant, William Hilton, stands before your august seat of judgment accused of having said to me, "Don't you know that you are a fool?" For this I wish to prove that he is a fool for asking me if I knew that I was a fool because the man that expects a fool to know that he is a fool is a fool for thinking that a fool knows that he is a fool.

Judge: Stop fooling and proceed with the case!

West: Your Honor, I move that we have the word "fool" interpreted so that the Jury can understand the case.

Judge: Agreed! Miss Spangler, please give Webster's definition for "Fool."

Spangler: Webster's defines "fool" as a compound of crushed gooseberries with cream or a person devoid of reason. But, Your Honor, I think it must mean a person devoid of reason as this is not the season for gooseberries.

Young: Your Honor, and Knights of the jury, in proving the defendant guilty of being a fool, I shall first prove myself a fool, thereby, proving that he was a fool for thinking, I, a fool, would know that I was a fool. Now, I shall call a witness to show that I am a

(Continued on page 34)

CURRENT POETRY

Winter

BY NATALIE NASON

Old Winter roars with lusty shout
Down every way and street,
And beats the rushing passers-by
With icy thongs of sleet.

He leaves the houses gleaming white,
He paints the window-panes,
With trees and mountains, birds and stars,
And drifts the empty lanes.

Yet Winter is a rugged man,
Stout-hearted, strong and steady;
He fills the world with dashing pep
And with great vim is ready.

Winter's Reign

BY RUTH ELIZABETH GRAFFAM

The winds blow sharp and the winds blow cold.
The banks of snow drift still more deep.
The barren fields and the bubbling brooks
Are held in chains of silent sleep.

The skies are gray and the skies are dull.
The wooded hills are white and still.
As far and wide as the eye can see,
The winter reigns with cold and chill.

Examination

BY KAY WHITNEY

Examination.
No preparation.
Care and worry.
Desperate flurry.
Flunk.
Sunk!

The Artist

Jack Frost in place of a paint-brush
Takes a branch of a green fir tree.
He dips it in a moon-beam,
He dips it in the sea.
He creeps up to my dwelling,
With a stealthy, silent tread.
He does not work in the day-light,
But when I'm in my bed.
He perches on the window-sill
And with a master-hand
He paints such fairy pictures,
As ne'er on sea or land,

(Continued on page 34)

PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

THEY STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

HE READS Horatio Alger books to expand his moral standards, and employs a peculiar whistle, which has sort of a tremolo effect, to develop his diaphragm. Of course all of us have a hobby, and so has this fellow, but it is a very different one indeed. He collects guns and is in possession of a considerable number of them. This hobby developed from his love for the woods, as he is a great fisherman and hunter and a true sportsman. He is very fond of music although he plays no instrument himself and is especially interested in dramatics. He is an excellent snowshoer and chess player, and likes all sports although he participates in only a few such as football, tennis, skating, and swimming. His favorite dish is potatoes—raccoon—mince pie, and he points out emphatically that racoon is especially good.

He plans to go to Maine, and then to Yale School for Ministers. Recently he even went so far as to reveal that his opening theme will be "Down with False Modesty."

Yes! Our "Georgie" Bell is going to be a minister!

"Oh for the life of a camper—ho!" This little jingle is a favorite one of Lucille Fogg. Swimming, boating, hiking, and all sorts of out door sports lend a "certain something" to Lucille's spirit that makes her wish, sometimes, that school and studies just did not exist. In the "good old summer time," Lucille is always running "thither and yon," to this lake and to that, always in quest of new fun and excitement. But Lucille's spirit is not wholly jovial—ah, no! When she returns to school in the fall, she is all "vim and vigor," and ready to start the school year with a bang. Usually she succeeds scholastically, too.

She is a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council and was recently chosen for the varsity hockey team. (Haven't you seen that big red B?)

Unravel this one!

Popeye is his favorite comic strip, "hot stuff" movies with Mae West as star are his specialty, and his hobby is golf although he hasn't learned to hit the ball yet. He has traveled a great deal—in and about the home town—and plans to go to Maine next year. Last summer he ushered at the Bangor Opera House, and, during his spare time this year, he reads dime novels and hair-raising detective stories or murder mysteries. He was a flashy quarter-back on our recent football squad, and now is playing on the intramural basketball team of Room 210. He likes other

Lucille's ambition is to become a private detective and to "hand all them crooks what's comin' to 'em." Well, we are just waiting for the day when Lucille rids the country of its desperate characters. You'll be glad that you knew Lucille one of these days!

Gerry Reynolds likes Cocomalt, but she doesn't want it known. She listens to the H-Bar-O Rangers, but she detests oatmeal. When she was 7, she knocked a man unconscious while sliding on her first sled. She has a passion for toasted cheese sandwiches.* And here's a hint: she loves to finger wave people's hair. Gerry's never been to a dentist in her life and she doesn't believe in lucky charms. This brown-haired, brown-eyed damsel is really charming and a grand sport.

*She's secretary of the G. A. H. C. and excels in hockey, basketball and baseball.

Many feminine hearts flutter as a dark, stocky figure strides along the corridor. It is none other than Jock Adams (Capt.). In our opinion, Jock will make a name for himself before leaving Bangor High. He is only a junior. Jock is a quiet, unassuming youth even to the point of being bashful, although we all know that he was elected captain unanimously without one single dissenting vote! However, it may be said in his favor that he did modestly refuse a well-deserved place on the All-Opponent team. (See Sport Section).

Jock is a fine student attaining an average rank of B in conduct so far this year. When asked about his hobbies, Adams confessed that his pleasure is eating crackers in bed. Possibly he means while reclining in green pajamas, but that's another story; get Jock to tell you about that time in the Congress Square the night after the Portland game.

Questioned about his future, Adams says that when and if he ever graduates he will either return and take a P. G. or join the Foreign Legion.

sports too, swimming, baseball, hunting, and fishing. Recently, he confessed that he loves study periods, and at the present time he is extremely interested in the athletic situation at the old institution. He is a member of the Dramatic Club, president of the Student Council, and has been on the Executive Committee for three years. He was president of his class while a junior and now is president of the senior class; lastly, he is president of the Officer's Club. Some list, *n'est-ce pas?* Who is he? None other than Captain Bob Hussey.

She is our idea of an all-round girl. She's a whiz at latin, a wow at algebra, and her oral compositions fill us with wonder and amazement. Her first year ranks were absurdly high, and this year even Caesar does not embarrass her. With it all she's not the least puffed up, nor does she look down upon ordinary mortals. A member of the Athletic Honor Council, she is equally at home when clutching a basket-ball, swinging a hockey-stick, or riding a horse. She swims like a fish, and can she dance! Her hobby is reading in bed to an accompaniment of fudge and apples. She still believes in Santa and faithfully hangs up her stocking each Christmas. She's equally popular with boys and girls. She hates being called "Lobo", or "Smithy." You're right! Lois Smith!

Wham! Bang! Crash!

Action is James Gillen's middle name. At the age of six he came down State street on a sled and tied up traffic while an officer frantically tried to fix things up. At the age of seven he wanted to be a taxi driver, so he took his little car and parked it down at the depot where the other taxies were. Then he went over to the bridge which crosses Kenduskeag Stream, and, while gazing at the water, he fell over and had to be fished out by some workmen! After that he was brought home and tied up. This wasn't the only time he was tied though. Once he cut the rope, went over to the Pine street school where the flagpole was being fixed, and climbed to the top of the pole. Someone finally went up on a ladder and brought him down. Another time, when he wanted some tar to chew, he opened the spigot of a barrel which contained some and hot tar poured all over his hands burning them severely. No, this isn't all. On November 28, 1928, he was run over by a car and had his leg broken. It's the only date he can remember exactly because then he got the most presents! Outside of all this he's really mild and gentle, likes cranberry jelly sandwiches and airplane stories. When he grows up, he wants to be (no, not a taxi-driver) a civil engineer or a doctor. Wherever Jimmie Gillen is, though, you're sure to have that certain "something" for he's got it!

What's the Name Please?

Virginia Orbeton—merry senior member of Latin and Glee Club—had Scotch character sketch in recent Dramatic Club play—but she's really far from Scotch!

Joe Bertels—a humorist and a gentlemen and (we learn now) an actor—president of Debate Club and member of Latin Club—he's the lanky boy you see swaggering to classes.

Corinne Morrison—dark, tall athletic senior—member of G. A. H. C. and student in commercial course—plays in all sorts of games and is she a wow!

Bernice Braidy—blonde and blue-eyed debater—appeared as lead in recent Dramatic Club play—you can recognize her by that worried look—she's wondering when she can do her Latin.

Leo Lieberman—classical senior—debater and also interested in music—our prediction is that he'll be one of our future radio maestros.

Iris Warren—senior enrolled in commercial course—light-haired and blue-eyed and very obliging—helped type recent Latin Club newspaper.

Gerald Hart—dignified senior—plays cornet in orchestra or band—perhaps you heard his splendid solo and encore numbers at Dramatic Club production.

Emil Hawes—junior—plays flute in the orchestra and is drum major of band.

Guess Who?

"Come up and see me sometime."

"Lousy."

"My cousin Hugo."

"You nasty man!"

"Be definite." (By request).

"About what time does this period end?"

"I am for gold dollars as against baloney dollars."

"Was I mortified?"

"Now, George."

"So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

"The Besta of the Mosta—old Alma Malta."

"It's Roosevelt or ruin."

"Now, Bottle."

"All right, Guy."

"Am I—right?"

"Hi-ho, everybody."

"If anyone is arrested for this job, I'll pardon them all."

"So long until tomorrow."

Facts and Fancies

Supposing Feather Hurd were a Flock

George Economy were a spendthrift

Helen Bond were a fetter

Donald didn't want Moore

Harold Hamm were a steak

James Katz were a kitten

Owen Lynch were hanged

Harold Taylor were a seamstress

Bill West went South

Bill Wright were wrong

George Bell were a horn

The Toolies were weapons

The Stearns were fronts

William Saltzman were peppermint

Spike O'Hear were deaf

Pauline Oxley were a bull-ey

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Chemistry

BY NATALIE NASON

MANY things have contributed to the various enjoyments of modern life, but holding a prominent position in the story of our civilization is the knowledge of chemistry.

During the Middle Ages when one thought of science, the imagination immediately conjured up a bleary-eyed good-for-nothing who was forever puttering around a sort of laboratory, seeking to turn non-precious metals into gold and whose patient wife supported the large family by taking in washings.

Later the picture changed from the mis-directed alchemist to the strange wonder of chemistry. We can imagine wide-eyed kings surrounded by gaping courtiers watching with bated breath the "magic" man change a colorless fluid to a crimson shade by merely adding a few drops of another colorless liquid.

In Bangor high school chemistry is taught, and in my opinion it is one of the most interesting and most beneficial courses in the curriculum.

In chemistry class we are required to think for ourselves. It has often been said that the modern youth has no dependability—no self-reliance. In chemistry class we have, alternating every two weeks, recitation periods and laboratory work. In the laboratory work the experiments are somewhat described, but it is up to us personally to see that from the various rows of acids, jars of powders, and supplies of apparatus, we get the preparation suitable to our need. We have a certain number of experiments to do during the year—forty in all—but it is up to us to plan our work as we see fit.

From chemistry we learn practical, every day knowledge. What happens when a substance burns—why the drafts of a stove are arranged in a certain way—how a fire extinguisher works—what such a mixture as kerosene and water is called—how water is purified—what nitrogen is used for—all these things crop up as problems to the uninitiated, but the students of chemistry know all the "whys" and "wherefores."

Mr. Thurston painstakingly teaches us to be accurate and to say precisely what we mean. Up in 322, words must be chosen carefully, and we must be logical. Each experiment is done by two partners, and usually one administers the substances while the other takes notes on the experiment. The slightest haze must be recorded and any change in any shape whatsoever must be noted. After each experiment is completed, the next task is to write it up, and we must describe smells and tastes with great accuracy.

History deals more or less with one people, and Latin with one race. The lore of chemistry is bounded by

no color or no creed. Lavoisier of France, Nerzelius of Sweden, Morley of America, Priestley of England, Mendelejeff of Russia, Connizzaro of Italy are but a few who contributed a large share to the common good of mankind. We study the men who made the subject along with the subject, thus learning the stepping stones to the knowledge—how Lavoisier heard of Priestley's experiments and discoveries about burning and how he worked onward from that fact and proceeded step by step to answer the final question, "What really happens when a substance burns?" In studying the men along with their facts and theories and discoveries, we learn how science progressed through the centuries and what the reaction was years ago to chemists and their new discoveries.

Chemistry is full of simple abbreviations and formulas, carefully thought out by some great minds and handed on to this present generation as time-savers. Truly their value would be great if one ever could remember exactly what they stood for.

In view of all the lore past ages passed onward for our present convenience, we by no means sit buried in the dust of by-gone centuries in chemistry class. We sit by twos at little tables on recitation days and work in partnership on laboratory days. During laboratory work we are restrained by no hard and fast rules of order—the room is ours, and, as long as we use it as a laboratory should be used, we have the privilege to do as we please.

Chemistry is a fascinating subject, doubly so because it is an "open" subject. It has been worked on for centuries; yet, discoveries in that branch of science are still being made. It is a subject which invokes thought, increases self-reliance, explains practical problems, teaches accuracy, gives us interesting sketches of the lives of men prominent in scientific discoveries, and fascinates with its field of unexpected facts.

Sigma Omicron Sigma

Don't be alarmed—it's a science club. A committee met one day, and set the date for a meeting at which officers were elected: President, George Corey; Vice President, Ed Curran; Secretary, Virginia Larrabee. Every club has a purpose. There are two suggested for this one—to stir up interest in, and find out more about the importance of the sciences taught in Bangor High. To be a member, the seniors must have rank not below 70, and at present eight seniors have signed up for membership. Success to the Sigma Omicron Sigma!

EDITORIAL PAGE

First Families

One hundred years of vision, purpose, and untiring effort are being commemorated in the centennial which celebrates the organization of Bangor, as a city. The newly-formed city of Bangor, 1834, was a prosperous community of 8,000 people. There were many industries, but outstanding among these was lumbering, in which Bangor was soon to attain world-wide importance. The present city of Bangor, 1934, is greatly different from the old in many respects, but it is interesting to note that from those 8,000 citizens that made up Bangor, 1834, there are in Bangor High today about fifty who can trace their ancestry right back to those old-timers.

Of these fifty, Millard Coffin tells probably the most interesting story. Millard's great-great-grand-uncle, named Pushaw, was one of the early settlers. As the story goes, the Indians often came to the Pushaw home to ask for pork and beans. These had always been given them until one day when, for some reason, the Indians were refused both pork and beans. Evidently they resented having their rations curtailed, for, the next time the above-mentioned Pushaw was out hunting, the Indians scalped him and transixed him to a tree. The well-known Pushaw Lake was named for this unfortunate gentlemen.

A map of Bangor, 1834, shows that the part of Broadway from Somerset Street to York Street was known as Stetson's Square. From the Stetsons of that time, our own Bill and Fred Stetson are directly descended. George Stetson, great-grand-father of Bill and Fred, moved to Bangor from Hampden in 1834, and his father-in-law, Hastings Strickland, came from Livermore, Maine, in 1833. Mr. Strickland was a Major of Cavalry, a senator, and an executive counsellor.

James Crosby was Bangor's first city treasurer, and his great-great-grand-daughter is none other than Sally Woodcock. Mr. Crosby lived on High Street at a time when High Street was the northern terminal of Union Street. In fact at the time grave doubt was expressed as to whether the city fathers ever would be able to construct a road through the "Union Street Swamp," which extended from High Street to Hammond Street.

Bangor's first ship-builder, indeed the first man ever to build a ship bigger than a rowboat in Bangor, was Robert Treat, one of the earliest settlers and ancestor of George Treat. Mr. Treat, who came to Bangor in 1774, first settled near the foot of Newbury Street, but later moved to the Red Bridge, where he occupied the first frame house in the city.

Another one of Bangor's first settlers was Caleb Goodwin, who moved here in 1770, and settled on lower Newbury Street. Pauline Goodwin can trace her ancestry right back to Caleb.

Bangor's second mayor was Edward Kent, judge, diplomat, and statesman extraordinary. Mr. Kent, besides being Bangor's second mayor, was U. S. Consul to Rio de Janeiro, twice governor of Maine, and a justice of the Maine Supreme Court. Jean and Rachel Kent are his descendants.

Cecil and Mildred Burleigh are descended from Nathaniel Burleigh, yeoman, who received a grant of land on outer Broadway from the government in 1826. From this same family came Edwin C. Burleigh, who was governor of Maine in 1888 and who served as representatives to Congress from 1897-1916.

Although there are thirty-nine other students who trace their ancestors in Bangor back to 1834, we could not find much information about them. However, the list is interesting.

Descendants

Olive Allen Chase	Phyllis Smart
C. Gilman Chase, Jr.	Elaine Watson
Dorothea Powers	Arline McLawlin
Priscilla Alden Smith	Virginia Cluff
Charles Bartlett	Phyllis Graves
Annette Curran	Lucille Paulin
Gertrude York	Virginia Eddy
Dorrice Clark	Walter Blaisdell
Jean Hale	Clarece Herbert
Marguerite Welch	Hilda Rowe
Charles Pierce	Ralph Spinney
James Watson	George Wallace
Barbara Welch	Raymond Howard
Barbara DeBeek	Jean Pierce
Madeline Dennett	Betty Smart
William Ransom	Cynthia Adams
Ellen Hathorne	Jonathan Adams
Mildred Flanagan	Wilson Lufkin
Evelyn Knowles	Richard Hersey
Frances Banks	

Advisory Athletic Committee

BY ARTEMUS WEATHERBEE

THE newly appointed advisory athletic committee composed of John E. Adams, Joseph D. Garland, Phillip M. Coffin and E. Earle Brown, is an excellent one. Naturally the questions arise, "What does this board do and why?" These questions are very easily answered. In the first place, this committee has, as one of its major problems, finances, and evidently is succeeding excellently in an effort to lower our big athletic deficit. The card party held last January, was under the direct sponsorship of the advisory committee, working, however, in cooperation with the Bangor faculty group. John E. Adams and Phillip M. Coffin were in charge of the sale

(Continued on page 24)

PLAYING THE GAME

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Bangor Joins New Athletic Conference

PLANS for an athletic conference in this section of the state, first brought forward by Bangor High athletic authorities, were first discussed several weeks ago by official representatives of four schools: Bangor, Winslow, Cony, and Waterville. Walter Ulmer was elected president of the new conference which is to be called the Central Maine Athletic Conference. Bill Mansfield of Winslow is vice-president, and Mal Willis is secretary-treasurer.

At first competition in the conference will be limited to football, with J. V. teams playing on the same day as the varsity, in the morning. However, when conditions warrant, the four schools will also compete in basketball and baseball. This system will furnish a means of determining the real state champion in football, as the winner of the Central Maine Conference can play-off with the winner of the Southeastern Conference, and thus a real state champion will be crowned.

Adams Elected 1934 Football Captain

At a special meeting of the football lettermen Jock Adams, stellar Crimson guard, was unanimously elected leader of the 1934 Red Imp squad, which incidently is facing the toughest schedule ever attempted by a Bangor team.

At the same meeting Ed Curran, who played a bang-up game at end during the past season, was elected honorary captain for 1933. Curran had been acting-captain for several games last fall and always gave a good account of himself.

Basketball Underway

A herculean task faces Coach Eddie Trowell as basketball gets into full swing: that of moulding a team out of green, untried material. But Eddie, veteran of many a basketball campaign, is not batting an eye.

Things started off with the usual class games. After a lively series from which the sophomores emerged the winners, Coach Trowell cut the squad and went to work. Crimson hopes sank when Feather Hurd, only returning letter-man left school. Then the squad was dealt another stunning blow when it was learned that Gene Somers, a flashy floor worker and dead shot, had also been forced to quit school.

Although the team lost to a brilliant Alumni five, it was a close hard fought game all the way, and the team showed possibilities. Under the able coaching of Eddie Trowell and with the cooperation of the boys we look

for a fighting, hustling club that will win its share of ball games.

CRIMSON FIVE LOOK GOOD WHILE LOSING

Although the Alumni hoopmen managed to take a 32-28 decision from Eddie Trowell's Bangor High quintet, it was not without a great battle or before this year's Crimson basketekers had surprised everyone with brilliant flashes of form and a cleverly conceived attack featuring Wally Morse.

For three periods the Alumni held the edge only to see their lead nearly wiped out as the Crimson five came back with a fierce last period rally. Although playing in hard luck all evening, Wally Morse was easily the scoring star of the game. Time after time he broke away from the baffled Alumni defense to score, sometimes aided by clever passing and other times counting on flashy solo dashes. Staples, Rice, and Donovan also looked good particularly on defense with Rice and Donovan frequently taking the tap from their more experienced rivals.

In a preliminary game the Senior-Junior club took the Sophomores over by the tune of 13-10. Tsoulas looked good for the winners, while sinking three counters and playing a great floor game. Keep your eye on this boy and look for his name in the varsity lineup in the near future.

CRIMSON LOSES

In an exciting, hard fought game, played before the largest crowd ever to witness a Millinocket game, Stearns High turned back the invading Red Imps by a score of 42-21. Leaping to the fore at the outset the Stearns team, with the same club which represented Maine in the New England tournament last year, led at the half 26-7.

But Trowell's cohorts came back fighting and cut down the lead to 30-18 at the end of the third period. However the powerful Stearns machine went on another rampage, and the game ended with the count 42-21.

Leake, who replaced Tsoulas at right forward, was the outstanding Bangor man and played a whale of a game in defeat.

INJUN MASSACRE.

Hampered by the tiny court which absolutely nullified Trowell's intricate attack, the Crimson Imps dropped their third straight game to the flashy Old Town Indians. The Old Town team, naturally accustomed to their pint-sized hall, took full advantage of that fact and romped to a 26-9 win.

Old Town started off in high, scoring seven points

and nearly blanking the Crimson in the first quarter. Donovan counted a lone one-pointer. In the second period, led by Captain Staples and Wally Morse, Bangor scored five counters to bring the score up to 6-13 as the half ended. In the last half the Injuns again almost whitewashed the Imps. Staples scored with a long looping shot to save the cause in the third period, while Gene McNally tallied a free throw in the closing moments of the game.

BANGOR, 9

Morse, rf 1
McNally, (1)
Donovan, lf (1)
Tsoulas
Lynch
Bluestein
Rice, c
Curran
Leek, rf
Staples, lb 2 (1)

Referee—Lancaster.

OLD TOWN, 26

lb Perry
Bouchard
rb Hussey, 2
Leavitt
c Dionne, 3, (2)
King
lf Tourtillotte, 2
rf Brilliant, 4 (2)
Cormier

c Rice, 2, (2)
lf Lynch
McNally, (1)
rf, Morse, 3, (2)
Tsoulas
Donavan
Umpire: O'Laughlin.

Crabb
Clement
Julian, (2)

ALL OPPONENT TEAM FOR 1933

e, Allen	Portland
t, Cobb	Thornton
g, Casper	Bapst
c, Lovitt	Portland
g, Lawson	Portland
t, Smith	Bapst
e, Walker	Portland
qb, Mitchell	Thornton
hb, Skolfield	Portland
hb, Farwell	Bapst
fb, Gaskell	Portland

CRIMSON WAVE SWAMPS BAPST

Working on the idea that a team which won't be beaten can't be beaten, Eddie Trowell's aggressive, hard-fighting Crimson Imps kicked over the dope bucket and turned in a major upset when they trounced John Bapst 21-13.

Conceded but an outside chance of winning, Bangor completely out-played, out-fought, and out-smarted the bewildered Crusaders to dominate all four periods of play. Employing an effective set defense, Bangor completely smothered the Bapst sharpshooters. Captain Staples, Leek, and Rice looked great on the defense, while on the offense they were constantly piling in to take the ball off the backboard; time after time the aggressive Crimsons snatched the ball from Bapst hands. In the forward berths Lynch, Morse, and McNally, all had their turn to sparkle, but it was the great team play and fighting spirit displayed by the boys that told in the end, and finally the Bapst jinx was broken.

BANGOR, (21)
lb Staples, 1 (1)
Upton
rb Leek, 1, (1)
Bluestein

JOHN BAPST (13)
rf Rittal, (1)
lf Dinsmore, 2, (4)
c Collins
Crowly, 1

FOOTBALL SEASON 1934

Sept. 22—Old Town at Bangor.
Sept. 29—Open
Oct. 6—Bapst at Bangor.
Oct. 13—Portland at Bangor.
Oct. 20—Winslow at Winslow*
Oct. 27—Cony at Bangor
Nov. 3—Salem at Salem.
Nov. 12—Brewer at Bangor.
Nov. 17—Waterville at Bangor*
Nov. 24—Thornton at Saco.

JUNIOR VARSITY SCHEDULE

Oct. 20—Winslow J. V. at Winslow.
Oct. 27—Cony J. V. at Bangor.
Nov. 3—Bangor Freshmen at Bangor.
Nov. 10—Dexter H. S. at Bangor.
Nov. 17—Waterville J. V. at Bangor.

FRESHMAN SCHEDULE

Oct. 6—Old Town Freshmen at Bangor.
Oct. 20—Brewer Freshmen at Bangor.
Oct. 27—Webster Junior High School of Auburn at Auburn.
Nov. 3—Bangor J. V. at Bangor.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

SINCE the last publication of the *Oracle*, tryouts for varsity basketball have been held, during which many girls were eliminated. Since the elimination, the picked squad has been practicing almost daily, working out some speedy passes and trick plays.

The squad now consists of the following:

E. Toole	G. Peavey	A. Strickland
M. Toole	S. Rapaport	L. Fogg
I. Kelley	M. Striar	H. Bond
F. Steeves	C. Reid	C. Morrison
D. Steeves	M. Quigg	G. Reynolds

D. Kamen	W. Stackpole	F. Giles
L. Abbott	L. Smith	M. White

There are only four games on the schedule this year.

Bangor vs. Alumnæ	(Date uncertain)
Bangor vs. Alumnæ	(Date uncertain)
Brewer at Bangor	January 26
Brewer at Brewer	February 7.

The games have surely proved thrilling this year, but how could they help but be when the Toole twins are displaying their skill in every game along with Corinne Morrison and several others, who are not so bad when it comes to basketball.

Class basketball started after the Christmas vacation but when the *Oracle* went to press the teams had not been chosen. However the student coaches have been selected: Alicia Toole and Ruth Sanders will take the seniors, Gerry Reynolds and Corinne Morrison will work on the juniors, Elizabeth Toole, assisted the sophomores, and Jeannette Sanborn and Mary Wright will have the freshmen.

Much regret was felt among the student body, when it was learned recently that Mrs. Churchill, our coach and physical director had resigned from the faculty of Bangor High School. The girls greatly appreciated all that she has done for them and the good bit of advice that she has given them in the past. She has devoted her time unselfishly in an effort to put Girls' Athletics over in Bangor High. Good Luck to you in the future, Mrs. Churchill!

Honor Council

On November 29, 1933, the members of the Honor Council had charge of the morning assembly, during which four new members were received into the Council. Lois Smith, Betty Smart, Sarah Whitney, and Hazel Chalmers were the four sophomore girls so honored. The total number of girls in the Council now numbers up to twenty-one.

The piano in the gym has had hard usage in the last three years and was beyond any repair, so the Council members voted to buy another one. I believe that many students do not know that during the year 1932-33 several different games were bought by the Council for use in the gym: a target with two bows and two dozen arrows, a game of shuffle-board, ring tennis, and tenniquits. The last three games have furnished much amusement in the various gym classes, but as yet, archery has not been undertaken. It is hoped that this may be worked in between basketball and baseball.

At the card party on January 5, held for the benefit of the athletic department, nearly every Council member assisted in the serving of refreshments.

The following are brief explanations of the first two requirements of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council.

SCHOLARSHIP

There are many people who have the idea that an athlete is seldom a good student. This may be so in some cases, but we do not believe that it is so with the majority.

When a girl is taken into the Honor Council, she is received on her past scholastic record, which shows that she has received a passing grade in all of her classes. It is expected that her athletic duties will be much greater than before, but she is to keep up her same record in scholarship and never to let her instructor complain of a lack of effort on her part to do her best work. She is not to let her other duties suffer because of her interest in athletics.

Scholarship is considered one of the most important requirements of every member of this council.

ATHLETICS

The second requirement of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council is athletic ability.

The Honor Council aims not only to develop health and strength and skill, but also to develop better intellectual, moral, and social attitudes.

A good athlete is one who plays the game for the game. She forgets her own individual standing and thinks only of her team. She practices self-control and self-discipline, and above all, she is a good loser.

She considers the high standard of her school and does nothing to lower that standard.

This is the type of girl that the Girls' Athletic Honor Council is always striving to develop and its members are proud to think that many of the most worthwhile students of the school were formerly members of this organization.

ADVISORY ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

(Continued from page 21)

of tickets and did a job worthy of much commendation. Many more affairs will be planned in the future, all of which will be for the promotion of athletic activities, better school spirit, and especially for forming a closer contact between the school athletic department and the public.

The intramural athletic program which began last month is another successful undertaking of this group combined with the athletic board of Bangor High, as at least two hundred boys are being furnished an excellent opportunity for participating in basketball during the winter season.

Last month, in a joint meeting of the advisory athletic committee and the athletic board of Bangor High School, the motion was made to award sweaters and letters as usual, but to give these awards under the set of rules put down in the "new code of athletic awards," which was prepared by the Bangor High School department of athletics.

ABOUT BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

TOO BEAUTIFUL

By Sylvia Thalberg

Too Beautiful is the charming story of Pop Grant, a lazy, shiftless vagabond and his beautiful daughter. Together, they live a nomad life hitch-hiking south in winter and north in summer. This aimless sort of existence comes to an abrupt halt when they meet Tony Barreto, a rather charming crook who informs Pop that his beautiful daughter should become an actress.

From this point on Pop becomes the stage-father for Gerry who makes a success of her acting, and becomes another heroine pursued by countless men, but the heroine's father emerges as an authentic and not entirely unlikable scoundrel.

ROBIN HILL

By Lida Larrimore

Although this story is not the author's latest, it is of great interest and proves to be most entertaining.

It consists of the tale of a girl who sacrificed all,—career, money, and even endured poverty in order to win the love of a man, who really cared little or nothing about her.

Finally when he realizes how much she has sacrificed for him, he feels obliged to repay her and so pretends to be madly in love with her; in doing so he realizes her worth and truly loves her. However, she realizes that it is not love but only friendship which attaches her to this man; and so they separate. A year or two later she finds happiness in the love of a man who cared for her all his life.

LOOK BACK TO GLORY

By Herbert Ravenal Sass

The glory was that of the Carolina Low Country which Mr. Sass knows very well indeed. This novel is considered the best of this author's works, and the magic of the Low Country is caught both in its people and in its setting.

The period of this glory was in the years before the Civil War. Much romantic nonsense had been written of Southern life at that time; the truth itself is ample witness to the fact that the privileged class enjoyed a life filled with pleasure.

The story is the tale of Richard Acton who returns from diplomatic service abroad to a Carolina seething with secession talk. He falls in love at first sight; then a duel follows, and estrangement from the girl who has won his heart. He then enters the ranks of the army and final tragedy is Acton's lot. The folly of a civilization for the few, based on slavery, is brought to view with very definite ideas from the author. The South of 1850 in the Low Country has not been better done.

Outstanding Books

Every Woman.....	Gilbert Frankan
*Anthony Adverse.....	Hervey Allen
Bird of Dawning.....	John Masefield
*Vanessa.....	Hugh Walpol
We Are Spoiled.....	Phyllis Paul
Outlaws Three.....	Peter Field
The Hand of Bronze.....	Burris Jenkins
Wedding Song.....	David Burnham
*Mahatma Ghandi.....	biography by Jashivant R. Chitambar
Liverpool.....	Jorge Halliday Witherspoon
Not Guilty.....	Fred D. Pasley
More Dreams.....	Stella Beson
Play Parade.....	Noel Coward
The Three Mustangers.....	Will James
The Magic Island.....	W. B. Seabrook
Only Yesterday.....	Frederick Lewis Allen
House of Exile.....	Nora Waln
*Sleepy Black.....	Ross Santee
Bare Hands and Stone Walls.....	Charles Russell
The Lucky Lady.....	Margaret Montague
Peter Abelard.....	Helen Waddell
Within This Present.....	Margaret Ayer Barnes
Mr. M'Tavish.....	Marion Bullard
Too Beautiful.....	Sylvia Thalberg
The Soft Spot.....	A. S. M. Hutchinson
In One Ear.....	Frank Sullivan
*Crowded Hours.....	Alice Roosevelt Longworth
It Was the Nightingale.....	Ford Madoxford
Christmas Tree Lady.....	Eleanor Smith
Delicate Fire.....	Naomi Mitchison
*De Vriendt Goes Home.....	Arnold Yweig
The Farm.....	Louis Bromfield
*Fault of Angels.....	Paul Horgan
Flutter of an Eyelid.....	Paul Hogan
Gipsy Waggon.....	Sheila Kaye Smith
The Ladies.....	Stanley Hopkins
*Mrs. Barry.....	Frederick Niven
Tide.....	Vincent Sheean
Scarlet Flower.....	Thomas Rourke
Comrades of the Storm.....	Peter B. Kyne
Front Porch.....	Reginald Wright
*No Matter Where.....	Arthur Train
Smart Woman.....	Thelma Strabel
Second Best.....	Jeannette Nolan
Water on the Brain.....	Compton Mackenzie
Ah King.....	W. Somerset Maugham
Dumb Belles.....	Lettres Juliet Lowell
No Time Like the Present.....	Storm Jameson
Arches of the Years.....	Halliday Sutherland
No More Trumpets.....	George Milburn
*Flush.....	Virginia Woolf
Sand Dollars.....	Katherine Ball Ripley
*Indicates books especially recommended.	

ON THE SCREEN

SELECTED MOVIES

QUEEN CHRISTINA (AAAA)

GRETA GARBO, as Queen Christina of Sweden, meets Don Antonio (John Gilbert), the ambassador from Spain in an inn and gradually falls in love with him.

Her counselors look with much disfavor on the young ambassador, as they want their queen to marry one of her own nationality. They dismiss Don Antonio and

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (AAAA)

Counsellor-at-Law (AAAA) has lost little, if any, of its brilliance in its adaptation for the movies. Elmer Rice adapted his own play and did not murder it in the attempt as so many other well meaning people have done in the past. He has accomplished what he wanted to—the portrayal of a man's character with all the minor people as a screen. These details serve to

Current Film Ratings

AAAA

Maedchen in Uniform (German)
Eskimo
Alice in Wonderland
Flying Down to Rio
The Prizefighter and the Lady
Only Yesterday
The Way to Love
The Bowery
My Weakness
Little Women
Christopher Bean
Bombshell
Man's Castle
Dinner at Eight
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Beggar's Holiday
Night Flight
Christopher Strong
Queen Christina
Footlight Parade
The Private Life of Henry VIII
Berkeley Square
Counsellor at Law
Lady for a Day
Cradle Song
F. P. I.
Be Mine Tonight (English)
Penthouse

AAA

The Emperor Jones
College Coach
Female
The Woman Spy
Roman Scandals
Havana Widows
Hoopla
The Right to Romance
Blood Money
Should Ladies Behave
Stage Mother
Kennel Murder Case
Broadway Thru a Keyhole
Chance at Heaven
Ladies Must Love
Another Language
Too Much Harmony
Meet the Baron
Going Hollywood
The Invisible Man
Man of Two Worlds
Tillie and Gus
Design for Living
Dancing Lady
As Husbands Go
Carolina
Saturday's Millions
Catherine the Great

AAAA—Outstanding films

AAA—Recommended films

give him a passport. Queen Christina, wishing to live an independent life and to study in foreign lands, boards a ship to go to Southern lands.

On deck she sees the coffin of her sweetheart, Don Antonio, who has been killed in a duel. Elizabeth Young, as the Countess Ebba Sparre, does very well in a bit part. John Gilbert is rather a surprise as he was generally expected to be a failure.

make it different from the usual criminal lawyer-movie. The story itself deals with a lawyer (John Barrymore), his unfaithful wife, and the usual secretary. John Barrymore, with his little trick of raising one eyebrow while the other remains motionless, gets you. You can't deny it—the man is good. As for other members of the cast: Bebe Daniels, Isabel Jewell and Onslow Stevens are unusually natural.

JUST THE ECHOES

By "BOB" CANDERS

FIRST, thanks for the encouragement given either in the form of criticism or ideas. It all helps—It's never too late to say Happy New Year. So here's wishing everyone a Happy New Year—Local boy makes good. Never say die was his motto. Once he had journalistic ambitions (dictionaries will be passed out on the left). Right. He planned a newspaper. The Crimson Bugle. Alas! But was he discouraged? Emphatically no! He set right out on the trail of Rudy Vallee, Guy Lombardo, et cetera! You guessed it. He started an orchestra. Who is there that has not heard of the Royal Boilermakers? Even with such a fine collection of juvenile musicians as Rudy Powell and Morris Rubin (he's a regular Little Jack Little on the ivories) misfortune was still hovering over him. But still undaunted, he vowed to try again. He did try again! And at last—triumph—success—Billy Wright—the mad printer. Ben Franklin started as a printer. But don't try flying kites at midnight in a thunderstorm, Bill.—Joe Bertels still faithful to the N. R. A. He got in his two nights a week even though—But who's afraid of the big bad wolf?—Feet Kendricks going up. The shoes at the last assessing were size thirteen—Have you heard the C. T. C. marching song?—During the last cold spell something blew in from Hermon. Three guesses. He says it was so cold out there that the cat jumped in the oven and went to sleep. Page the Baron—Gen Smith buying clothes in only one color. *Green*. And she isn't Irish either—Many are disappointed that there will be no basketball trip to Auburn this year. It seems the boys had a good time in Auburn last year. Gay Carson and Feather Hurd especially.—La Gleason still would like to get friendly out in R. F. D.—*Flash*—Marion Small, the A. C.'s nomination for Miss 1934—Gin Larrabee is flying the pale blue of Maine this year. Will it be the black and white of Bowdoin next year? Time will tell—The only pair in captivity—Al Faulkingham's green pants. When brighter pants are made Al will wear them—Personal nomination as the best note writer—Arlene McLawlin. Don't go back on the C. T. C., Arlene.—He who laughs last usually just doesn't get the joke—Who stole the light bulb at Green Lake? And who broke the window? And what was Aunt Betty's opinion of youth in general? You answer them; I haven't got the courage—Lorna Hawks makes a business of sympathizing with chaperones. They pour out their troubles to her—Allah be praised—"Dwinamite" Fraser knows the city from top to bottom. One day the Count got lost and "Dwinamite" saved the day.—A free show—The battle of the glass in the University, New Years — Did anyone play a hunch and bet on Columbia? A good hunch.—Peg Gildart trying to keep it a secret—It can't be done, Peg—

An example of perseverance plus—And still they come.

Paul Giles tells about the time when George Bell was in the grain fields of Canada. All was quiet. The *wheat* was swaying in the breeze. It was spring. The farmers were busy peeling grapes. What a scene! But where's Elmer? A postage stamp with tongue proof skidless glue will be given for the ten best answers. In case of a tie, it's just too bad—Hello Countess—And have you heard of our friend working in Grant's that spent an hour hunting for the aisle-stretcher?—It was hard to recognize the members of the Dramatic Club beneath all the make-up that they absorbed for the plays. Bob Hussey took it all calmly until they insisted on plucking his eyebrows. That was the last straw. Bob balked. There was no eye-brow-plucking in the masculine dressing room that night.

Well—We predict that before thirty pages have been torn off the calendar pads and tossed into the wastebaskets, we will have a visitor from Hermon. We're batting a thousand in prediction so far. Don't spoil it all—Johnny Gildart and Eddie Ross are first class hunters, their favorite pastime is shooting echoes. Here's the story. Johnny hides behind a boulder with his trusty popgun in his hand, and Eddie starts shouting very loud. The shouts echo back to the vicinity where Mrs. Gildart's boy, John, is situated. Johnny waits, for an extra large and juicy echo comes by floating overhead. And then—Bang! The Prince of Wales falls off his horse—whether or not there is a connection—"Pookie" Stewart getting in supplies for that long planned trip to Moosehead Lake—Porkey Flynn, the forty dollar a minute man—Weston—Why girls stay home (and lock the doors)—Paul Wight still faithful to Bapst—When the cat's away the mice will play. Who covered Poplar Street while the boy friend was in Boston?—There is no rush in the preparation of this blot to the English language—There's plenty of time and plenty of company—If it was only known—*Flash!* The brain gem of the season. Ed Curran's idea of the perfect school—A radio in every room—refreshments—five minute periods—hours—nine to ten in the evening—Let's take a vote—Or did you have the same dream—Gay Carson has definitely hung up the gloves—Never again—And by the way—why did Gay take that P. G.? polka dot ties are coming back—Guess why?—These Christmas presents might just as well be used—*Flash!*—The C. T. C. is together again—Eddie Rice seems all set to depart down the long, long road—And they still pull the one about brotherly love—You know—"He's just a brother to me"—At last Cece Burleigh has closed the barn door—There's a story hidden between the lines—Now leave is taken with the thought that all good things must come to an end. And as Jack Riley used to say—"We hope you like it."

BUY ORACLE

VOLUME II

THE B. H. S.

S E C

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

MY IDEA OF A PERFECT SCHOOL

Our present school life is a hard life—in fact too hard a life to endure; consequently, some improvements which will better our school habits must be suggested. With this viewpoint, here are some of the things I would suggest to ease the burdens of Shakespeare and Virgil from our wearisome minds. In the first place the school hour would be from nine to ten o'clock at night. Why? Because in my school there is going to be a radio in every room, and the best programs and the most educational ones are on the air at that time. Educational? Certainly. The smoothness and floating power of Bing's voice is an education in itself—at least it is to the girls, and indeed it is to the boys. Why, we have crooners in our own high school now, who could oust Bing if given a chance. (That's what they think.) Just think what an increase of soft, plaintive, mellow tones, we will have moaning through the corridors of our dear old alma mater.

Secondly, only two phrases of Latin will be taught, Caesar's "Veni, vidi, vici" and someone else's "Mica, mica, parva stella, etc." This method will make it much easier for our Latin teachers. After every Latinist has learned his lesson, the remainder of the school year will be spent reading fairy tales in class for the benefit of those who never heard of Cinderella and all the rest of her cronies. Mathematics will be dropped entirely, for everyone has the common knowledge that two can live as cheap as one. I am afraid that our instructors in history shall also be eased from their tedious jobs, because it is said history repeats itself, and in that case there will be no need for such a subject, but I have provided for the teachers who will be affected by the loss of a job. They shall be allowed to play "ring-around-the-rosie" in the Assembly Hall until they become fatigued to an equal state of weariness with that which they endure when teaching as they do at present. For another thing English will be dropped from our list of subjects. Most people whom we meet now-a-days answer our greetings with "No speeka da Engleesh," or "Hey, Buddy, can ya spare a guy the price of a cup o'Java and some dunkers?" That is all the English people need to know at present to get them successfully through life. In our study rooms, easy chairs will take the place of the present desks, and we shall call them rest rooms where ice cream and cake shall be

CLASSIC SPELLING DUEL ENDS IN TIE AS BLONDIE AND SURLY BATTLE TO DRAW

STRANGE DREAM

Special to *Taller*

The dream he was able to remember perfectly and write down. It has little point until we realize that Albie had been reading a book about noted duels. It was a pretty gory book. Here is the dream as Albie tells it. "We met just outside the gates of Paris. I, being the challenger, had the choice of weapons; so I chose my trusty, rusty pistol. At the first exchange of shots, my opponent fell to the ground, dead. I stepped over his gory form and into a nearby cafe. I ordered a glass of milk. A man stepped up to me.

"What have you been doing?" he asked. "Ohhhhhhhhh, I have just killed a man."

"What! Killed a man? Who?"

"Ohhhhhhhhh, Villon."

"My nephew!"

"We met just outside the gates of Paris. I, being the challenger, had the choice of weapons; so I chose my rusty, trusty pistol. At the first exchange of shots, my opponent fell to the ground, dead. I stepped over his gory form, and on into a nearby speakeasy. I ordered a glass of milk. A man stepped up to me.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Ohhhhhhhhh? I have just killed a man."

"What! Killed a man? Who?"

"Ohhhhhhhhh, Moiphy."

"My brother!"

"We met just outside the gates of Paris"—and so on far into the night, until Albie fell out of bed and we woke him up.

served to any one who cares for ice cream and cake.

By the way, I must mention the periods are to be five minutes in length so that each pupil will have ample time to go to his seat, open his book, find the place, close the book again, and depart from the room. The time not used up in class work will be devoted to a rest period or, if you wish, recess.

There were great doings at B. H. S. yesterday. Three professors from University of Don't-You-Know were here to examine a couple of infant prodigies whose ability in spelling has been spread far and wide.

"Surly" Burleigh and "Blondie" Ruhlin are the two under discussion. Mr. Burleigh bases his claim to immortality, fame, and distinction on his spelling of drawing. His interpretation is "drawning" as in "drawing of a new day". Also his unique way of writing half-wit is attracting attention. It is halfuitt—quaint isn't it? Mr. Ruhlin, however, insisted that "Surly" had nothing on him. He pointed with pride to his "Penbscoot", "Suecy ice creemm", and various other creations of exquisite beauty, charming in their simplicity of treatment, yet showing a certain virile strength and vigor which couldn't be denied. The three learned gentlemen harangued all day in the office, had sandwiches sent in from the cafeteria. Votes were taken 324½ times as to who surpassed in originality and form. Many times Mr. Ruhlin and Mr. Burleigh had two votes each, but unfortunately three straight votes are required to get the coveted Shredded Wheat emblem—symbolic of great achievement in uncharted lands or seas (mostly seas). Finally at 2.00 o'clock this morning three haggard gentlemen emerged from the mimeograph room, tired from lack of sleep, and announced that they were ready to render their decision. Malheureusement or heureusement, no one was around except Mimi, the cat, so they chased her around the building and whispered their dire secret into her unwilling ears. When morning rolled around again the professors had left. You see it was 28 sub-zero, and even professors are human. Mimi revealed her secret this noon—it's a tie and both received the Shredded Wheat emblem. Hurrah!

TATLER

TION

FEBRUARY 6, 1934

SUPPORT
ATHLETICS

NUMBER 3

SEN. ENGLISH EXAM WORST YET MOST STUDENTS HARD HIT LIEBERMAN ALONE COMES THRU

Special to Tatler

Everything was quiet—we were all reading the examination paper first, as we had been told—when Ed Curran let out a long sigh right from the bottom of those big feet of his. Everybody turned around to look at him and had a good laugh. When they turned around, they noticed poor Bob Canders up in the back corner seat. He had positively wilted, and the pair of dice he had on his desk for good luck turned over by themselves from a seven to a double one. Andy Cox turned around in his seat, rested his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, and went into a trance. He is still there. You won't see him around for weeks to come. Cece Burleigh took it like a man. He just grinned, and waded right in. You should have seen Edith Floros. She would look at a person for a minute; then a light would dawn in her eyes, and she would pass on to the next person. She's not crazy—she was just checking up on what book reports the different members of the class gave. She was lucky to have been able to remember enough about them to check up on the nasty old things.

Suddenly the classroom was filled with the sound of a gust of wind rushing through the room. Curran had sighed again. The breeze freshened up Canders a bit; so he could at least write his name on the paper. Next Lieberman wandered down the aisle. He looked like the last rose of summer lost in a fog. We all looked at him in surprise, for he had covered two sheets of paper already. Before he was through, he had covered six. How that boy can sling it. I guess it's debating that does that.

The teacher was looking around the room trying hard to keep from laughing right out loud. She didn't succeed, though, and every once in a while she would break down and laugh. A school-teacher's revenge. It's mutiny. That's what it is. Mutiny.

EXCITING CAPTURE AS LOVE BETRAYS BANDIT

Horses' hoofs were heard on the cobble stones or perhaps it was an old Ford—anyway "Pretty Boy" West was going through the town, pursued by Donald "Two Gun" Moore, deputy sheriff of Wagash County. "Pretty Boy", a desperado of the desperados, had been pursued more or less (mostly Moore) for the last five months. Stopping only at Kozy Overnight Kamps or at a store for Beechnut gum, "Pretty Boy" longed for an ice cream soda and even a couple of hard Latin assignments. Those were swell days! However, this particular night, he thought he'd have a little more time (to work out a new checker problem) for "Two Gun" was going to the Policemen's Ball, and, after all, even "Two Gun" couldn't be on the dance floor and riding a horse at the same time without some little inconvenience; so "Pretty Boy" settled down to a check problem with his malted milk in front of him. But it seems that after the malted milk was gone, he lost interest in the problem and began to read a movie magazine. In the middle of an exciting chapter of Mae West's life, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Heavens! "Two Gun" must have quarreled with his girl and left the ball. Dear, dear, he must hurry. He hurriedly put on his belt and holster and sticking some salted peanuts into his pockets, he was off and away on his horse, the trusty "Sam Johnson." Was that a race between "Pretty Boy" and "Two Gun." The odds were 3 to 1 against "Two Gun" with rain and snow tomorrow and slightly colder. Everything was O. K. until they got to the town of Winperington-the-Hudson, for here "Pretty Boy" was captured. How did it happen? Well, we'll tell you. It seems "Pretty Boy" had stopped in W-O-T-H to make a date with "Smoke gets in your eyes" Smith to go to the Opera House!

HARRY HEMSTITCH SAVES LOTTIE LETUS' LIFE, ALSO SAVES MOVIE FROM RUIN

The editors of Tatler are pleased to announce that they have uncovered another of the daring adventures of the hero of heroes, Harry Hemstitch. In the wild and woolly wilderness of Veazie woods, Harry Hemstitch was directing one of those exciting Tarzan pictures—you know, lions, gorillas, and a snake or two, and a great big he-man.

Behind the scenes of the movie being filmed, there was going on a drama fully as intense and exciting as the moving picture itself. Jack Dalton, who hated Harry and wanted to get money out of the picture corporation, plotted to kidnap the leading lady, Lottie Letus. Since he was playing the part of the gorilla in the film, he merely continued carrying her off, and, after binding and gagging her, he left her in the old mill and went back to a place in the Veazie woods.

When the rest of the cast and our hero, Harry Hemstitch, noticed her absence, they of course hunted for the man who had last seen her. They found him in the woods. He told them he had been hit on the head while still in costume and that when he had come to, Lottie Letus was gone. Harry knew that the picture was ruined without her, and that it was up to him to save her. He thought Jack Dalton had kidnapped her for ransom, but could he be sure? Oh! Curse you, Jack Dalton!

Suddenly Harry turned and ran towards the good old Penobscot. Jack Dalton slunk away like the villain he is, but the others followed Harry who was running to the old mill. When they came in sight of the mill, they were just in time to see Harry Hemstitch save Lottie Letus from certain death at the hands of the merciless villain with the circular saw.

When asked how he knew that Jack Dalton had committed the dastardly deed, Harry Hemstitch answered, "Well, you know he said he had been knocked out by a blow on the head, and he showed us the bump." Here the assistant director and yes man interposed long enough to say yes. "Well," Harry continued, "I noticed that the bump showed only on the head of his costume and when we found him unconscious, he didn't have the costume on."

INVESTMENT AND FINANCE

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS FOOTBALL SEASON 1933 Profit and Loss Statement

WE have audited the accounts of Mr. Malcolm O. Willis, Faculty Manager of Athletics, for Bangor High School, Department of Athletics; and herewith present the operating results for the football season of 1933.

Income:

Student Tickets.....	\$406.45
Patrons Tickets.....	187.00
Net Profit from Games.....	68.51
Junior Varsity Guarantee.....	57.95
Net Profit from Schedules.....	22.00
Rent of Field.....	35.60
Misc. Receipts.....	12.75

Total Income..... \$790.26

Expenses:

Telephone and Telegraph.....	\$9.44
Postage.....	3.00
Printing.....	34.10
Care of Equipment.....	66.42
Medical Attendance and Supplies.....	61.28
Freshman Team.....	5.00
Equipment Purchased.....	380.90
Miscellaneous Expenses.....	85.55
Labor on Field and Bleachers.....	65.00
Interest.....	15.05
Loss on Portland Reception.....	8.90

Total Expenses..... \$734.64

NET PROFIT FOR SEASON..... \$55.62

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined the accounts of Bangor High School, Department of Athletics for the football season 1933; and have found all cash receipts as recorded properly deposited in the Merrill Trust Company of Bangor, Maine; and cancelled checks drawn on the same bank supporting all payments made by Malcolm O. Willis, Faculty Manager of Athletics. We have verified the cash balance as shown by the books with the balance as shown by the Merrill Trust Company of Bangor, Maine.

COOLEY & MARVIN,
Public Accountants.

The stocks of companies in Bangor, or at least holding companies in Bangor, are holding up in good shape. Good gains have been noted in many cases, while losses are few. Many new stocks on the curb are exceptionally good buys. Here is a list with my comment beside each:

Maxwell-Sanger—Good buy. In fact a very steady stock just now.

Hussey-Bissel—Somewhat unsteady, but shows good gains.

Calhoun-Reed—One of the steadiest and most dependable on the market.

Sanborn-Hurd—New, but going strong. A good buy.

Canders-Chaples—Another new one. Somewhat unsteady as yet.

Higgins-Bullard—Although attempts have been made to drag it down, it persists in rising.

Everett-Leake—A steady stock now.

Hughes-Lynch—An excellent buy; one of the most dependable.

Ballou-Libby—This stock blew up and sank awhile ago. No good.

Taylor-Williston—Very unsteady. Might blow up and sink any moment.

Carson-McLawlin—Going down. Don't take a chance on buying now.

Lieberman-Clukey—Very unsteady. Inclined to move by fits and starts.

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HELLO folks. Sure seemed funny to come back to school again after two weeks of luxurious ease, but, as all good things must come to an end, so did our Christmas vacation.

Say, listen, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Promise you won't tell? Well, while I was coasting around looking for something to write about, I happened to go up to Freese's and there was "Tout" Staples asking Santa for a new kiddy-car. Eureka! I found the reason. He claims that Peg told him, "Ride and I'll ride with you, walk and you walk alone." Tough job being in love, eh, "Tout"? But wait, there's more to come. Right after him was Isabel Cumming who wanted a "pony" for her Latin class. Remember now don't mention a word of this to anybody.

Mr. Willis claims that last Tuesday "Flash" Donovan and "Miss-em" Morse asked to be ushers for the basketball season. Well, Donovan, don't say I didn't warn you.

I think we've been pretty mean to "Feather" Hurd. Twice he's pulled the "Greta Garbo" and disappeared from school trying to create a sensation, but he just can't seem to get anybody excited about it at all.

For weeks and weeks I've been trying to figure out what it is that Albertina Bartlett sings during the study periods in 211, and finally I have it. The song is that famous lullaby, "Bal-lou Billy Bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting, etc.," Get it?

By the way, speaking of songs, it seems to me that Mr. Drisko (for the benefit of any unknowing freshmen, our submaster) has quite an active interest in music himself. What I mean is he's always asking about notes.

Well, well, well, they tell me that Wayne Garland and "Bud" Higgins are the two opposing centres in the play-off for the basketball championship of room 210. Well, such are the ups and downs of life.

Ah! And have you noticed that romance that is budding in our midst—You know Nita Follett and George Tsoulas. But it was nearly nipped in the bud when Georgie rode home over the icy roads in "Frit" Green's luxurious stream-lined Ford on Monday, January 1. Yowsah. Maybe you don't think that Ford is Headin' for the Last Roundup.

And speaking of January first what a mournful fate befell us on that grim tragic day. After slipping and sliding all the way to school, I found alas and alack that there was to be no school. Was I mortified!

We have clubs, and clubs, and clubs at our school but now that master mind of master minds H. "Tangle-foot" Kendricks has crashed through with a most original idea. Kendricks has organized a six year club and reports that he has quite a few prospects in our student body.

Ah and alas! What is this world coming to? I have received word from a reliable source that Irene Lorimer

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has become a social butterfly. Now in my day—Irene claims that from now on her motto is:

"Early to bed, and early to rise.

And you won't meet any of the regular guys."

Now that the government has placed such a high price on gold, Gwennie Bartley claims that she's going to be a '49er. She is going to do a little gold digging on her own hook. We wish you luck, Gwennie.

And now we have reached the parting of our ways. I have but one last thought. Let us all hope that the year 1934 will be as good as Eddie McLaughlin's opinion of himself, for then we can not help but to prosper.

Is everybody happy???????

CURRENT POETRY

(Continued from page 17)

Did dream of mortal fancy,

Or eye of mortal see.

But Ah! these fairy pictures

Last only through the night,

And with the morning's sunshine

They quickly fade from sight.

FOOLS

(Continued from page 17)

fool. Mr. Kennedy, would you please step forward and give your testimony?

Kennedy: Mr. Young was a fool when he thought that Mademoiselle would forget that new irregular verb, and then there was that time—

Judge: That will do! That proves conclusively that he is devoid of reason. Miss Epstein, as foreman of the Jury, I charge you to find the defendant guilty at once because I think I can get a ride home if I hurry.

West: I object, Your Honor, my client must have a chance.

Judge. Objection sustained providing you take me home.

West: As my opponent has already said a fool does not know that he is a fool, or know anything else—

Judge: Will you have an end of fools! Why should I care what a fool knows? By this time, the cream has begun to rise on my milk and crackers.

Members of the Jury, find 'em all guilty at once.

Epstein: Your Honor, we find both the defendant and the plaintiff guilty of being fools, but as such, they are not responsible for their actions. Also, Your Honor, by myself, in deep thought and mortal struggle, I have decided that they should have their voidnesses filled with French verbs.

Judge: Did you say your name was Einstein? Mr. West, is your car waiting?

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(Continued from page 7)

take place during the remainder of the school year. It is possible that the band will broadcast in some of

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the school programs which are heard over radio Monday evenings. Several of the assembly exercises have been made more interesting by having the band play at them. The orchestra and the band take turns playing in assembly. The orchestra plays at the Friday assembly of one week, and the band plays at the Wednesday assembly of the next week.

Card Party For Benefit of Athletics

Friday evening, January fifth, a most brilliant happening of interest to all of us took place in the assembly hall of Bangor High school in the form of a card party for the benefit of athletics. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all who attended this affair. Entertainment was furnished by the school orchestra. Refreshments were prepared and served by the Girls' Athletic Honor Council, and the B club procured and arranged the one hundred tables. The aim of this party, as has been stated, was to help obtain sweaters for the football boys. If there are any funds left after the sweaters have been paid for, they will be used for expenses in the athletic department. The ticket sellers worked hard, and a good return was realized on the event.

Student Council

We may have to work harder for extra credits in the future if Bill Ballou, Paul Higgins, Edith Floros, the committee which is probing said credits, decide that they (the credits) are too easily obtained at present.

The Athletic Association finds, to its sorrow, that lack of funds necessitates the much less frequent hiring of a professional orchestra. What, no more dances? *Sois tranquille*, we have an orchestra, composed of several generous, talented boys who are already practising for their maiden voyage—I mean first appearance. Morris Rubin, Gerald Hart, and Andrew Cox are the committee in charge.

Well, shades of weak sisters, here is the subject of cutting classes and forging notes. Once upon a time, this indoor sport was smart, now it is old-fashioned. Moral—Be your age.

The officers of the council are President, Robert Hussey; Vice President, Mary Wright; Secretary, Hope Betterly; Treasurer, Jonathan Adams.

THE PALIO RACE

(Continued from page 9)

An hour before sundown the whole square was filled with jostling, good-natured humanity, packed as closely as the assembly hall, the night of the Shakespeare Plays.

Suddenly a mighty cheer arose. Looking in the direction in which every eye was turned and toward which every hat and hand was raised, I spied far up in a balcony none other than the great imperator of Italy,

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the mighty Mussolini, who bowed graciously to his cheering subjects.

At last the gun roared forth the signal and from a gate close by the cathedral came the procession. For this was not a mere horse race; it was a medieval pageant, where horses and men had the most gorgeous trappings and where the aim was not only to come in first, but to unseat one's rival.

Each horse and rider represented one of the seventeen wards of the city, and each wore the distinctive colors of that ward.

First came the pages, garbed like those of the days of chivalry, with gay velvet breeches, silk coats, and tasseled hats. Then appeared the buglers, playing the stirring martial airs of Italy. Next came the horses and their riders, who were received with great bursts of applause. Each was preceded by two squires, carrying the gorgeous banner of his ward. They balanced their banners, juggled them, hurled them high into the air, and as they descended each caught the other's, never for an instant losing step in the procession. The knights of each group were the leading citizens of that particular ward, garbed in a splendor to outshine the Shriners. Bringing up the rear came a huge cart hauled by four gigantic, snow-white oxen. In the cart a band was playing, and two pretty girls were holding aloft a banner of dazzling white and gold, which would be given to the winner of the race.

It took the procession more than an hour to pass my point of vantage. Once around the huge circle, pages, squires, buglers, and knights, all save the riders, took their places on the seats at the side. A rope was stretched across the track directly in front of me. The horses were led up to this rope and an attempt was made to place them in a row. But, plunging and rearing wildly, they created a small panic. As soon as this was subdued, the cannon roared forth the signal, the rope was let down, and the race was on.

Three times they flashed around the circle, while rider after rider was thrown or unseated by the maneuvers of his rivals. Toward the end, one rider, on the outside of the course, seeing that his chance of winning was nil, deliberately slid off his horse and rolled to safety. In the twinkling of an eye the race was over. The winner received the banner which would be the prized possession of his ward until the next Palio.

As the great Mussolini left his balcony seat, darkness fell, and we joined the thronging multitude on its way to the city gates.

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Loafer: "What's that?"

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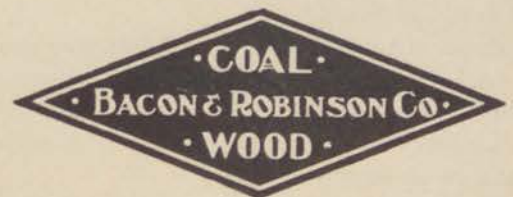


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— "Our Paper"

"I'm from a big family, you know."

"You are? How many are there?"

"There are 10 boys and each has a sister."

"What! Twenty of you?"

"Oh, no, only eleven."

"What is ignorance?" asked Johnny's teacher.

"It's when you don't know something, and somebody finds it out," came the immediate reply.

— Exchange.

Beginner (who had never fished before): "Oh, I've got a bite. Now what do I do?"

Fisherman: "Reel in your line."

Beginner: "I've done that, the fish is tight against the end of the pole. Now what do I do?"

Fisherman: (disgusted) "Climb up the rod."

— "Our Paper"

While an Irishman was gazing into the window of a bookstore, a sign caught his eye:

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"He would," exclaimed Pat, in disgust.

A professor, coming into one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest to him, he angrily inquired, "Do you know who is responsible for this atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

Some Good Old Saws:

Sleeping at the police station is all right in a pinch.

The barber may have excuses for scraping acquaintances but not for cutting them.

The hardest troubles we have to bear are those we can't put off on somebody else.

The things that come to those who wait are seldom the things they started waiting for.

Queen: "Charles, the baby has a tummy ache."

King: "Page the Secretary of the Interior."

A Wall Street man was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business.

At an examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but he was not to be floored. He wrote: "Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

He passed.

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— Exchange.

First Freshman: What! You mean to say you've never heard of Walter Winchell!

Second Nut: No. Who is he?

First Ditto: You know. Can't you read? Haven't you ever read that swell column? You know Winchell; he's a columnist.

Second Bright Young Thing: Oh! You're thinking of Bob Canders.

Patter

Most girls have a skin they love to retouch.

In "I'm No Angel" Mae West climbed the ladder wrong by wrong.

A lot of good buys in Wall Street turned out to be farewells.

A woman has two views of a secret. Either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to keep.

Three middle-aged couples from Kansas came to New York recently and put up at a hotel where they had reserved three adjoining rooms long in advance. They went up to bed early the first night, and were out to start sightseeing by 7:30 the next morning. The chambermaids bustled in, delighted with guests who got up so early. But there was very little for them to do. The nice, considerate Kansans had tidied all three of the rooms and neatly made all the beds.

Mae West says, "A curved line is the loveliest distance between two points."

The newest French fad is colored teeth (green, red, brown, flesh, or iridescent) to match finger nails, shoes, and dresses.

"Did the doctor treat you yesterday?"

"No, he charged me five dollars."

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