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## Code of Honor



We, the students of Bangor High School, believe in showing our loyalty to our school by living up to the characteristics of a successful student.

### 1. SCHOOL SPIRIT

We will support to the best of our ability all activities of Bangor High School: scholastic, literary, athletic, social.

We will cooperate with the faculty and with each other.

We will do our part in taking the proper care of school property.

We will keep our lockers tidy and refrain from throwing waste paper and apple cores anywhere but into the waste basket.

We will not do anything which will injure the good name of our school.

### 2. COURTESY

We will show proper respect for our teachers.

We will regard the feelings as well as the rights of our fellow students.

### 3. HONESTY

We will not stand for cheating in class or in any activity.

We will not stand for stealing from lockers, the classroom, or the athletic or military departments.

We will cooperate to check stealing by reporting names of students who we know are guilty.

### 4. COURAGE

We admire the student who dares to do what he knows to be right.

### 5. SPORTSMANSHIP

We admire fair play and earnest endeavor; we admire one who keeps his pride under in victory and a stout heart in defeat.

# The Oracle

FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC  
CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI



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Published by the  
Students of  
Bangor High School

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Vol. XLII

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## RHODES SCHOLARS FROM B. H. S.

**C**ECIL RHODES, an Englishman who amassed a large fortune in the Kimberley diamond mines of South Africa, established in his will several scholarships to maintain a number of British, American, and German students at Oxford, for the purpose of creating "a good understanding between England, Germany, and the United States."

Three Bangor High School graduates have won Rhodes Scholarships since the inception of the award. Two of these graduates are successful in the business world. The third is a senior at the University of Maine.

David Porter, first graduate of Bangor High School to get a Rhodes Scholarship, has the added distinction of being a member of the first group to study at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. He was an all-round athlete, a great athlete, besides being a scholar of unusual ability, both in high school and college. At high school, he was known as a prince among fellows—everybody liked him. He was editor of the *Oracle* during his senior year, and played basketball, among other activities. He was also very prominent in the Y. M. C. A. He was graduated from Bangor High School in 1902 and went to Bowdoin the next year.

At Bowdoin, he became noted for both his scholastic and athletic ability, getting a Rhodes Scholarship in his junior year and becoming

one of Bowdoin's greatest athletes. In one game played in the Harvard stadium, he made a touchdown almost singlehanded, running the whole length of the field.

He sailed for Oxford in the fall of 1904. On his return he took up duties in the national Y. M. C. A. Now, he is the national Y. M. C. A. secretary for college students with duties which take him throughout the world.

The second Bangor High man to win the Rhodes scholarship was Lawrence Crosby, '09, son of the late James Crosby. While in high school Mr. Crosby was prominent in all student activities, and graduated with the highest honors.

In fall of 1909, he entered Bowdoin College, where he was very active in all the major activities. He belonged to the debating club, French club, glee club and many others, was editor of the Bugle and in his senior year was the regular quarterback on the football team. He was graduated from Bowdoin summa cum laude.

While in Oxford Mr. Crosby studied law, and is now a prominent attorney in New York City.

Arthur Brown, '29, is Bangor High's most recent addition to the ranks of Rhodes scholars. Just last November he won the scholarship and became one of the few who are considered worthy of this honor. During his high



school career Mr. Brown was very active in the activities of the school, and took second honors at graduation.

While in the University of Maine, he was literary editor of various publications, was a member of the basketball, track, and wrestling squads besides holding memberships in various clubs. In college Mr. Brown is majoring in mathematics, and intends to make this his chief study at Oxford.

## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS BEFORE 1892

SO far as it can be discovered, there were about five different papers published by Bangor High School before 1892, the year in which the *Oracle* first appeared. These publications, all put out by the students of the school, were newspapers with the exception of a few, of which one was the *Mustard Seed*. The *Mustard Seed* and its contemporaries were in manuscript form and were published sometime before the Civil War; the *Mustard Seed* came out in 1858.

The first real school publication known to us is the *Reveille*, which was printed daily for three days beginning December 21, 1864. Although the boys' high school had just been joined with the girls' high school, the paper was edited by the girls, and, although it was published by the student body, the *Reveille* was put out for the United States Sanitary Commission, a branch of which was sponsoring a benefit fair held at the City Hall (not the present building) for the three days the *Reveille* was in existence.

The paper consisted of one sheet folded so that it presented eight faces, and was printed at the office of the Daily Whig and Courier (now the Bangor Daily News) on Kenduskeag Bridge (The Daily Whig and Courier had its offices on the site of the present offices of the Eastern Trust Company. To get to the offices one crossed the stream from the present Mall by a bridge—the Courier's offices had no entrance on State street.)

A literary section, poetry, feature articles and, of course, advertising constituted the make-up of the paper. The method of advertising was somewhat different from the present-day manner. At that time, an advertiser wishing to emphasize his product, merely placed an exclamation point after the important word in the advertisement. Also, titles, and headlines ended with periods.

From one of the articles titled "The Earliest Records of Bangor Plantation," we quote and abridge this passage from the earliest record the editors of the *Reveille* could find:

"March 27th, 1787, Officers chosen for the town.

"Voted that a meatning house, 40 x 36 feet large, shall be Built at Condeskge.

"Mr. Budge and Mr. Smart agree to gave one acor of Land to the town to Set the meatning house on."

"Sunbury, March the 3, 1788.

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

"May 21, 1788. Capt. Abraham tourbellot and Siles harthorn Passonly appeared Before me and Gave solemn oath as fish Committee and Church Warden."

The *Reveille* was sold at the fair and at the bookstores. The "Sanitary Fair," as they called it, was a great success, since they, on the first day, in spite of a snowstorm, received two thousand dollars.

The next paper to come out was in 1875. It was an eight-page newspaper called the *Pyramid*, "the work of many hands," and was published by the second class, which, supposedly, was the sophomore class. Hugh Chaplin was editor and May Morrow, "editress." The terms were "good attention, to be paid regularly on the day of publication."

From the Locals column, we find that "a proposal has been made that, in addition to the water works now in progress, an aqueduct be dug, one mile long, for the purpose of proving to the second class that the earth is round." Now it is a sure fact that the "second class"

(Continued on page 33)



# DAD'S DECEPTION



Virgil decided that football and school plays  
do not mix

By Aphrodite Floros

**V**IRGIL stood there resplendent in a black velvet suit. His expression, usually so angelic, showed deep contempt and acute suffering. He squirmed and wiggled while his mother put on the finishing touches. This painful process, including the attaching of a large bow tie to his suit, increased Virgil's apparent misery.

"Just a minute, Virgil, don't squirm so. It isn't every little boy who can be in a play," pleaded Mrs. Barrett.

"Yeah. Who wants to be in a play? No regular guy ever was in a play. Didya ever hear of a football player bein' in a play?"

"Mm," replied his mother, handicapped by a mouthful of pins.

A moment of silence followed until Mrs. Barrett rose and viewed the result of her work.

"There. You look wonderful, Virgil. No other little boy will look like this."

"You betcha they won't," muttered Virgil under his breath.

"Now, go downstairs and read. I'll tidy up the room and 'phone Daddy. Don't get your suit wrinkled," she admonished.

"Gee," thought Virgil, walking downstairs, "Dad wouldn't want me to wear this old thing," glancing at his gorgeous costume. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett disagreed very strongly on the subject of Virgil. It must be confessed that Virgil, at times, considered his father a much better judge of clothes for boys than his mother.

Downstairs the boy sat gingerly on the edge of a chair and gazed uncomfortably at a magazine. A few minutes later he went into the parlor, and from the upholstery of a chair produced a cheap, paper-covered book, relating

the adventures of "Buffalo Bill." The boy curled himself up on the davenport and buried himself in the perusal of "Buffalo Bill's" life. Hearing the telephone ring, he placed the book back and went to answer it.

"What is it?" asked his mother from upstairs.

"Daddy can't come 'til three o'clock. Something's wrong with the car."

"Oh dear! I guess you'll have to go alone. Daddy and I will be there in time for the play. And Virgil, tell the teacher to fluff up your bow. It looks better. Don't forget to comb your hair."

Virgil disconsolately put on his coat and hat and started down the street. Taking a short cut, he was soon lost from the sight of his house.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But, Miss Tapley, I'm sure I saw Virgil leave. He even took the short cut so that he could get here sooner—the dear boy."

"The fact remains, Mrs. Barrett, he isn't here. If he isn't here by half-past three, someone will have to take his place. I put the play on last. Half-past three is the limit."

Virgil did not come at half-past three, or half-past four, or half-past five. At twenty-five minutes past six, he presented himself at the door, ragged but happy.

His mother, who had opened the door, gave one startled glance at his clothes and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh Virgil, where have you been? Daddy and I were so worried! And your clothes, your beautiful clothes!"

"Aw, I was playing football," replied the unabashed Virgil.

(Continued on page 40)



# FIFTH AVENUE MURDERS!



LONG sleek car driven by a splendidly dressed chauffeur nosed its way out of the stream of traffic on Fifth Avenue to the curb in front of one of the famous old mansions, which are fast disappearing from that street. It was just after theatre-time, and the lovely lady and her escort had evidently been at one of Broadway's famous shows. The woman, who was as well dressed as the latest fashions could make her, got out and addressed her companion.

"Good night, John; I had a lovely time," she said. "Do bring your things over from the hotel tomorrow, the first thing. I probably shan't be up, but Harkins, will know you."

"All right," he answered, with a laugh, "I suppose I must give in to your will now; I always did."

The car moved off slowly, and the lady—Mrs. Sheldon Appleby—waved before turning and starting up the walk toward the house. Part way up the walk she paused, evidently startled by a light on the top floor of the house. Then she ran up to the door, which was immediately opened for her by the butler.

"Harkins," she cried, "there are burglars up in Sheldon's Laboratory!"

"Shall I investigate, Madame," he asked, "or call the police?"

"Go up there at once, and take the gun in the hall closet," she answered; then, "Wait, I'll go with you."

Harkins was surprised, but like all good butlers he did not show his emotions. He knew that no one could possibly find anything of value in the chemistry laboratory of Mr. Appleby, where that eminent student of chemistry had worked during most of several years prior to his death in an explosion there. He had been what is known as an eccentric student, but being immensely rich, he had been allowed to lead his own life. Harkins thought that the charwoman had left the light on, or that something equally trivial had happened.

Coming up the last flight of stairs the two people saw before them, in one corner of the large room which had been Mr. Appleby's laboratory, a small, dark-complexioned boy, nine or ten years old, seated among some books and papers near the solitary bookshelf. He seemed deeply interested in some sort of manuscript. When the boy noticed them, he cringed with fear, and after a moment of suspense, during which both sides were as still and quiet as statues, he began to pile the books and papers back into the case where they belonged.

This was Sheldon Appleby, Jr., who already showed signs of having inherited some of his father's intense love of books and solitude in that he was alone whenever possible, and did many strange things. He liked to read his father's chemistry books, which he understood not at all.



The first installment of a sparkling new  
serial by three juniors. A succession of  
deaths on Fifth Avenue  
Who caused them?

Part I. Joseph Bertels

Part II. Andrew Cox

Part III. Leo Lieberman

Mrs. Appleby laughed nervously as she said to the butler, "You may go and lock up, Harkins; I will take care of Sheldon."

"Yes, Madame," he answered. "At what time do you wish to be called in the morning?"

"Oh, send Nannette to my room at eleven."

When the butler had gone, Jane Appleby marched into the room, where by this time her son had completed the work of putting away the books. Without saying a word, she took him by the arm and led him to his nursery. There the nurse was asleep, but she woke when they entered the room. She looked startled; however, she managed to say feebly, "I'm sorry, Madame; I will not let it happen again." She had evidently been lax before.

"So you have told me several times," Mrs. Appleby returned savagely, "but this is the fifth time I have found him wandering around the house in his pajamas late at night. Why do you think I consider it necessary for you to sleep near him every night?"

"I'm sorry, Madame," repeated the nurse stolidly.

"Well, if it happens again you will be sorer still, and without a position." With these few words she turned and left the room.

When she had gone, Greta turned toward the bed into which Shelly—as she called Sheldon—had climbed while the two women were talking. He was already asleep. The nurse, mumbling to herself in Swedish, put out the light and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

While the nursery was resolving itself into sleep, Mrs. Appleby was preparing for bed in her own room with the help of her personal maid, Nannette. She was thirsty; so the maid got her a glass of water from the carafe on the night-table. She drank half the glassful at one gulp, and then handed the glass back to the maid, saying, "It's stale. Get me some fresh at once."

Nannette poured the water remaining in the carafe into the drain in the bathroom, and then disappeared in search of more. Jane was thinking, while she finished her toilet, of how much she liked John Manning—her escort for the evening.

"He is really very nice," she thought, "and clever and interesting. Even if he is poor, he comes from one of the best families. I really think I should—"

Nannette returned, interrupting her reveries. She drank a glass of water.

"Good night, Madame," said the maid, turning to leave.

"Wait, Nannette," Jane called. "Call me when Mr. Manning comes in the morning, not as I told Harkins. That is all, you may go."

Nannette left, and in a very few minutes the whole house was quiet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harkins got up Friday morning, feeling a bit under the weather, but he began attending to his duties just the same. He was proud of the fact that he had never missed a day during his twenty-five years of service with the Appleby family. Nevertheless he wished it would be a quiet day with no guests. There would be enough of them tomorrow for the week-end. It was a complete surprise to him when he found out from Nannette that Mr. John Manning was coming that very morning.

He was still wondering about Mr. Manning when that lawyer arrived, and was shown up to the room directly under Mr. Appleby's laboratory. It had been his master's room, so Harkins always referred to it as such. He went to inform Nannette of the arrival, and then went down to his pantry to read the morning newspaper.

It was here that he heard the scream. "That devilish child again," he thought, as he left his



sanctuary for the regions above. He had seen the boy around the house most of the morning. Half-way up the stairs he saw Nannette, looking as white as a sheet, and as frightened as if she had seen a ghost, rushing down the hall toward him.

"Mrs. Appleby—she's dead," she cried.

## Chapter Two

When the police are notified of the death of a member of one of Fifth Avenue's famous old families, it is an important affair; and it was still more important to the police when the medical examiner announced, "Death by poison."

The detective in charge of this case, Mr. Anthony Baldwin, ordered Sergeant Humphrey of the police force to have the body taken to the morgue for further examination. Then he and the sergeant assembled the members of the household in the library for questioning. He began at one end of the line with a corpulent person who was obviously the cook.

"What is your position here?" he asked.

"I am the cook," came the answer.

"Where were you last night between ten o'clock and two?"

"I had the night off, because the Madame went out to dinner; so I went home."

"Where do you live?"

He named a street in Yorktown, which is the German section of New York.

"Where were you this morning?"

"I arrived here at seven, and I have been in the kitchen ever since."

"Thank you; that is all for the present."

Mr. Baldwin then questioned the remaining servants, who merely corroborated the cook's statement and furnished seemingly-sufficient alibis for themselves.

The next person to be questioned was Miss Hattie Langstrom, Mrs. Jane Appleby's sister. Miss Langstrom was six years older than her sister Jane, and much plainer in appearance. She had never married, and had lived quietly with her sister ever since the death of their brother a few years before. It was a common belief among the servants of the household

that she was jealous of her sister's position, of her looks, and everything about her.

Such was the woman to whom Tony Baldwin addressed his next questions. He opened with: "You are the deceased one's sister, are you not?"

"Yes, sir." She had always held a great respect for the law.

"How long have you lived with her here?"

"Since my brother died four years ago."

"You expect to inherit her fortune?"

"Not all of it."

"But at least some of it?"

"I believe I will be taken care of with enough money to live on."

She was a bit antagonistic now because she saw no reason why those policemen should want to know about the will. Tony sensed the bit of an edge which had come into her tone; so he said, "That is all for the present."

Then he turned to the lawyer, John Manning. He astounded the sergeant, who was the only other person in the room now, by asking, "Are you engaged to Mrs. Appleby?"

"I can't see what bearing that can possibly have on the case."

"You refuse to answer?"

"I do."

"Say, listen here," interrupted the burly sergeant, "you can't get away with this."





But Tony waved his hand to silence him. "It's all right, George," he said. "He doesn't have to answer now." Then he turned back to the lawyer and asked, "Are you Mrs. Appleby's lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Were you Mr. Appleby's lawyer?"

"Yes, for four years before his death."

"Wasn't there something strange connected with his death?"

"Why, yes. His body was burned beyond recognition when they found it in the wreck of the laboratory."

"Do you think he committed suicide?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason, practically the only thing in the room that was burned was his body; and another is that he had been talking about going into a life beyond this one, and then coming back. He was crazy, you know."

"Wasn't there trouble with the insurance companies?"

"His life wasn't insured. They wouldn't insure it."

"Did Mrs. Appleby have a will?"

"Yes, I have it at my office."

"Can you tell me the chief beneficiaries?"

"Why, yes, the bulk of her estate is divided between her son and her sister, with small

amounts going to friends and servants, and twenty thousand to me."

"Were you in love with Jane Appleby?"

"I still cannot see how that has any bearing on the case."

"It may give you an alibi, Mr. Manning."

"What! Do you suspect me?"

"We suspect every one, until the right one is found," he growled.

"Well, I'll tell you then. I was in love with her, and we did intend to marry, although we had made no definite plans as yet."

"Is that why you received such a large amount in her will?"

"That isn't a large amount compared to the bequests to her son and her sister."

"The butler, Harkins, got fifty thousand by the terms of her husband's will, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he had a hard time keeping it; she tried to get it away from him on the grounds that Mr. Appleby was insane. But it finally developed that Mr. Appleby's father had made the bequest to come into effect at his son's death, if the butler was still in his employ."

"Well, wasn't old Appleby insane too?"

"No it was his wife who was afflicted."

"I see. Well, I guess that's about all for now, Mr. Manning. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to stay here tonight, at least in New York."

"All right, goodbye." And after shaking hands with the detective, he hurried from the room.

Tony strolled about the room, finally pausing by a window which looked out on Fifth Avenue. He tapped his chin thoughtfully with his forefinger, while watching a man walk up the street. The man had a peculiar gait that seemed to interest the detective. When he had disappeared around the corner, Tony turned to the sergeant who had been talking into the telephone.


"That was the medical examiner," he said, turning to Tony. "He said the poison was cyanide of mercury."

"Cyanide of mercury, eh? Let's take a look around her room."

*(Continued on page 36)*







# OLD VENICE

Screeching horns, quaint shops, great St.  
Mark's Cathedral, quiet moonlit evenings  
on the Canal—Venice

Isabel Cumming

**W**E of the Ancient History class have been hearing much of "A Day in Old Athens," and "A Day in Old Rome." Without trying to compete with Professor Davis, I would tell of a day in old Venice, a summer day of 1932. Yet it is in truth *old* Venice for the Venice of today is practically the same as it was in the tenth century.

Since the streets of Venice are canals, one would expect the city to be quiet and peaceful, with only the gentle swish of passing boats and the lapping of the water against the buildings. Yet, along Grand Canal in Venice the noise is so strident that it is difficult to know just when night ends and day begins, for the screech of the horns with which the crowded canal boats announce their coming, the shrill shouting of the gondoliers, and the blare of the radios and gramophones from the side-walk cafes never cease.

My guide-book stated that the best way to see Venice is to go for a walk alone, and get lost. Deciding to give this method a try, I set out, after telling my parents to expect me when they saw me. The quaintness of the tiny shops on the bridges and side-streets, and the grandeur of those along the Plaza of St. Marks suggested that the morning be given up to shopping even though the liras were few. After crossing several bridges and following numerous alleys I found myself close by the Rialto bridge, famed by Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice. On either side of the bridge were tiny shops. Before reaching the bridge I had made up my mind not to buy a thing! Very bravely I passed by the shops, scarcely glancing at their tempting wares. At the very end of the bridge

I came to a shop whose windows were full of brightly colored hand-tooled leather purses, and quaintly carved beads. Before I knew it, I had purchased five purses and three strings of beads, and had only eight lira left. (A lira equals about five cents).

A shade hat was a necessity. The price attached to an article in Italy is merely a starting-point for bargaining. Says the guide book: "Bargaining is meat and drink to the Italians. No shop-keeper expects to receive



St. Mark's Cathedral

more than two-thirds of his price." In the window of a tiny shop I saw just the hat I had been wishing for. Alas! it was marked fifteen lira, I had but eight, I knew no Italian, and had no idea how to bargain. Clutching

(Continued on page 34)





J. Terrance O'Connell was not a coward, but  
he loved life

By Robert Canders

**C**COURT dismissed." These words rang in the ears of J. Terrance O'Connell, world famous criminal lawyer, as he wearily rose from his seat and made for the exit among a throng of excited men and women. He didn't bother to look around, as he knew very well he was being followed by two desperate men, who had orders to keep him in sight always.

The third day of the trial was over, and J. Terrance O'Connell at his very best had held the jury at a standstill even though the District Attorney had a much better case with which to work.

As he walked along toward his home, he thought of that night less than a month ago when he had been awakened from sleep in the early hours of the morning to answer a telephone call. To his sleepy "Hello" he had heard a jumble of words proclaiming that Varconi, king of the underworld, had been arrested and taken to jail on almost certain evidence that he had figured prominently in a wholesale gang slaughter. It had been reported that Varconi had killed three men himself. He had rushed down to the police station and found that it was impossible to have Varconi released on bail. He also remembered the threat that he would be killed if he should be unable to free Varconi. So far he had been

successful, but as yet the District Attorney had not summoned the eye-witness of the shooting from the place where he was hiding, closely guarded by the police from all gangsters wishing to put him out of the way and thus clearing the path for Varconi's acquittal.

Reaching the door, O'Connell found his little daughter waiting for him, and at her warm greeting his heart sank and his conscience began to trouble him again. He was unworthy of her. He knew that it was up to him whether Varconi got the electric chair, or was freed to continue to be a menace to public welfare. But with shrinking heart he recalled the time that he had been "taken for a ride" by Big Tom, Varconi's rival, only to be saved in the nick of time by representatives of the same police whom he was constantly fighting. At the time he had made a silent oath to himself to evade widely such rides in the future, but the threat of death hung over him like a sword of Damocles. What would his daughter think if she knew that her beloved father was nearly as bad as the horrible Varconi about whom she had heard so much?

So J. Terrance O'Connell went about his work of preparing arguments to shatter the testimony of the eye-witness who would make his appearance on the morrow. As he worked, he knew for almost certain that the case was



as good as won for Varconi. Just another victory for J. Terrance O'Connell, attorney-at-law, and Varconi, the king of the underworld. Just another forty or fifty thousand would fall into the hands of the lawyer. Just another chance for the gangs to kill and kill under the capable leadership of Varconi. Three times in the past Varconi had been before the court, but each time the wily O'Connell had freed him from almost certain imprisonment with his trained tongue and the many alibis that he had manufactured; but this time the offense was greater and everyone had thought that Varconi would be put away for good. Yes—"had thought"—until J. Terrance O'Connell appeared on the scene, thus making things look quite doubtful for the district attorney. But the district attorney was confident that the eye-witness would turn the tide in his favor. He hoped so, too, for of course there was the coming election, and wise people vote for the one who does the best by them.

While deep in the study of the case, O'Connell heard the ring of the telephone. With a sigh he arose and answered.

"Tomorrow's the day, O'Connell." He recognized the voice of Mitchell, Varconi's right hand man. "I'll have the boys at the court, and if Varconi is convicted, you're goin' on a one way trip."

Timidly J. Terrance O'Connell replaced the receiver and to nobody in particular whispered, "Oh Lord." Then he went to bed. If his wife had not been a sound sleeper, she would have heard the famous lawyer mumbling, "Don't kill me. I don't want to die. Please." But J. Terrance O'Connell was not a coward. Oh no! He was just another lover of life who dreaded death with all his heart.

The fourth day of the trial dawned brightly to everybody but J. Terrance O'Connell, attorney-at-law. Arriving at the court-room, he turned slowly around facing the gallery and with extreme fear he noticed that, true to the information he had received, Mitchell and five tough-looking characters were seated in the third row. Hurriedly he turned around.

Varconi was quite sure that he would be

acquitted. He knew that to keep his life O'Connell would win any case. He was in the best of spirits, nodding to everyone.

After the preliminaries, the eye-witness was called. To the District Attorney's questions, he told his story. He told how—while he was taking his nightly stroll—he had heard shots, and investigating, had seen Varconi and seven other men engaged in a battle royal with a policeman, who was assisted by about ten civilians. He had seen Varconi with a machine-gun mow down the policeman and two of the others. Asked if he was positively sure that it was Varconi, he replied that he had seen Varconi and recognized him from his pictures and from the last words of the policeman.

J. Terrance O'Connell trembled from head to foot as he heard the District Attorney declare triumphantly that the defense could question the witness. O'Connell knew that in ten minutes or in possibly less he could break the smile on the District Attorney's face by well-directed statements and alibis that would free Varconi. He had secured an air-tight alibi for his client. Not even the testimony of the eye-witness could break that. Legs trembling, J. Terrance O'Connell rose from his seat. He glanced at the six gangsters. He shuddered as he recalled the last time he had been so near to death. Then he drew himself up to full height. "Your honor, the defense has nothing to say."

Three days later the following statement appeared in headlines in a daily paper in a large city: "The police are still baffled in regard to the mysterious disappearance of J. Terrance O'Connell, world famous criminal lawyer. Mrs. O'Connell stated that the last time she saw her husband was when he left for the trial of Varconi, three days ago."

In a lower corner, in small print, on the fifth page, of the same paper, appeared the following notice: "The mutilated body of a man was found late today by fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland. It is believed that the body, marred beyond recognition, was that of one of the crew of the 'Nellie' which was wrecked near here last week."



# Bangor High Student in World War

Albert Gass of B. H. S. was in midst of fighting  
for some time

**A**LBERT GASS enjoys a distinction that belongs to no one else in Bangor High: he was actually in the World War. Of course we don't mean that he was a soldier, but, nevertheless, he was in the thick of the fighting for several weeks.

Al was born in a little town near the border of Russia and Poland when conditions were very precarious in those countries. In this particular town the insurgents, who were opposed to the regular government, were very powerful, and this fact set the stage for some exciting events. The crisis came when Albert's uncle, an official of a neighboring town suddenly decided to stop for the night at Albert's home on his way through to another city. However he changed his mind and did not pass through the town after all.

The insurgents had learned of the coming of Al's uncle, but not of his change of plans; therefore they "hatched up" a scheme to attack the house and take the uncle prisoner or kill him. During the evening they charged the house, thinking the prefect was there. How-

ever they were fooled for, as we know, he had not come at all, perhaps knowing full well how dangerous it was. Disappointed and probably chagrined at losing their man, the insurgents drove Albert and his family from their home, and forced them to take refuge in the woods. There they stayed for two weeks, living on what they could find.

Finally the family was captured by some German troops who were extremely kind to them. In fact the one thing that stands out in Al's mind about the Germans is the remarkable kindness the family received. In every possible way these "inhuman monsters" did all they could for the luckless family who had lost their home. It was under their direction that the family saw for the first time electric lights.

Before long Albert's father decided to leave that war-ridden area and emigrate to America. They embarked at Hamburg, and after an uneventful trip over, landed at New York. From there they traveled to Philadelphia and thence to Bangor.

# LAMP POST

It seems that people have always had a leaning  
toward lamp-posts

**A**S I sit on my balcony and view the benevolent lamp-posts that shine in the darkness, my heart goes out to those silent denizens of the night." So does a well-known writer express his feeling for lamp-posts. The name is withheld upon request but it may be secured from your local dog-catcher.

I confess that it is with a deep sense of nobleness that I begin this treatise. First, let us discuss the origin of lamp-posts. They were invented in England about 1879 for this honorable purpose: to provide a leaning post for the people after they had concluded a typical English dinner. At that time they were placed only in the streets of the wealthy, for the poorer



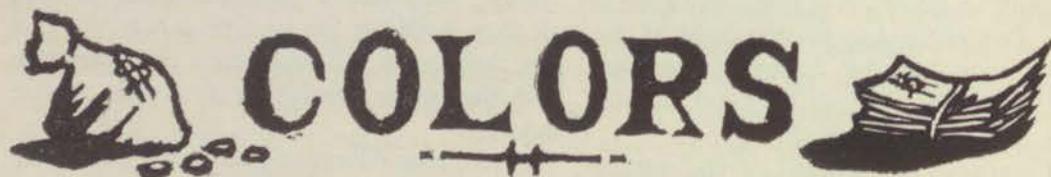
classes could not afford a heavy dinner. Then, as the ages rolled on, they were added to every corner. Now, in this enlightened age, what would this world be without a few million lamp-posts scattered whither and where? (Notice especially that I did not use that much worn phrase hither and yon.) The world would feel lost, virtually stumbling in the darkness.

After being used for centuries merely to light up streets, the lamp-post has yet another splendid function. It is only of late that harassed and worried students have found the lamp-post a life saver. It is one subject on which they can speak and write fluently. In times of need it is to them a beacon, an inspiration. And it is with a feeling of regret that students think of the time when lamp-

posts must be left alone as subjects of themes or essays, for too many are writing on them. At this rate it will have to be discarded by next January.

There is another noble duty that lamp-posts perform. They are sometimes used as battering rams. For instance, it is the favorite pastime of police officials to tear up a small lamp-post and raid some innocent home. These amusements have become so frequent that a law has been passed, prohibiting the use of lamp-posts as battering rams. At one time, streets and streets were in utter darkness and at regular intervals there could be seen a large hole. With this eloquent reminder I close this earnest appeal to the lamp-post lovers.

A. F.



Ice cream and orange; typewriters and blue;  
a writer's dilemma

By Ralph Wentworth

**R**ED, the first color in the rainbow, is certainly an attractive color. In fact, when I see it on a traffic signal, it is so attractive that it makes me stop in my tracks. But, with all its attractiveness, the longer I look at it the more impatient I get.

Ice cream manufacturers are responsible for my strong dislike for orange—a perfectly good color in itself. Once upon a time we used to get real orange ice cream, which was the delight of my heart, but, ever since pine-apple—my most detested fruit—mingled itself with the orange in this frozen dessert, orange has lost its appeal for me. I never see the color without tasting pineapples for a week.

I know of no color which brings me more pleasure to see than yellow—especially when it comes in round pieces bearing the Great Seal of the United States of America. When I see yellow at the corner of State and Ex-

change streets, it brings the light of hope into my heart—hope that it doesn't decide to stay on all night.

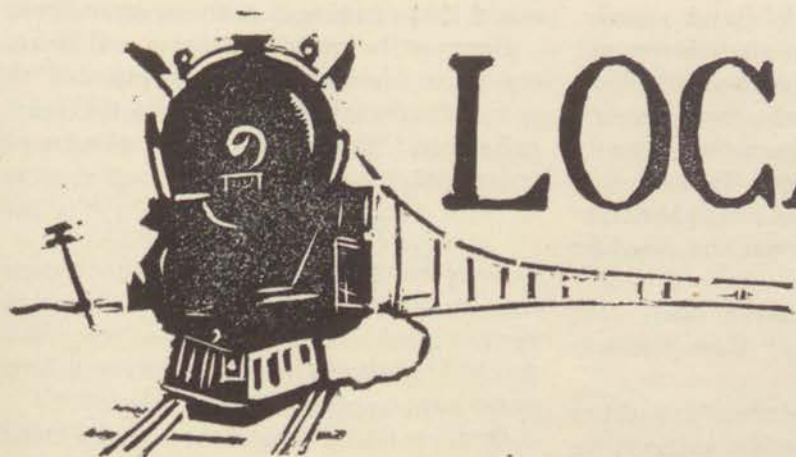
I suppose that I inherit my love for green, for I am told that more than one of my ancestors roamed around in the forests of Hibernia. As a rule I don't like black decoration, but the Bureau of Printing and Engraving makes such beautiful likenesses of the Treasury on the backs of those green slips of paper that I would be perfectly willing to have the rooms of an eight room house papered with them, if it were not so expensive.

Blue is my favorite color. It is as soothing as gentle music. Nearly everything that I have is blue. For example, I am even writing on a blue typewriter. Am I blue?

If you want to throw a shadow over me, show me purple. For some years an old lady

(Continued on page 34)





# LOCALS

## LATIN CLUB

Mrs. Cumming of the Latin department gave an interesting forty-five minute stereopticon lecture Monday morning, December 12, on Rome and Roman remains found in Europe today, to the members of the Latin club. The material for her talk was gathered from a three month's vacation, which she took this summer through Europe where she made a special study of Roman relics in Europe today. There were slides showing the Roman Forum and its surroundings as they stand today; the Appian way; Roman villas; Italian scenery; and various architectural projects which, because of their characteristic workmanship, were attributed to the Romans. Particularly interesting were the scenes of Roman civilization throughout Europe; the extension of Roman religion in every part of the then known world; and the Romans' worship of the great god, Mythras. Mrs. Cumming pointed out, especially, the great contrast which exists between the old Roman architecture and the modern Italian, picturing with slides excellent examples of each. The simplicity of the former surpassed, in Mrs. Cumming's estimation, the grandeur of the modern Florentine structures.

One of the most unique points brought up was that the best road over which the lecturer travelled was one built by the Romans in the early part of the first century B. C. She informed the students that traces of Roman

baths, temples, and fortifications were very common in southern France around the city of Nimes.

This entire talk was most beneficial and instructive as it was told from Mrs. Cumming's own experiences, and thus a note of personal contact was introduced by her, a note which added color to the whole.

The next happening of interest to Latin Club members was the Saturnalia.

Some fifty members of the Latin Club gathered in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, January 6, to celebrate the Roman festival of the Saturnalia. As an introduction to the evening's events, the new members of the club were initiated, with due pomp and ceremony. Thelma Spearen as consul presided over the festivities with grace and dignity. The seniors, ably directed by Thelma Robbins and Jane Sullivan acted a revised revision of the Aeneid, in silhouette—very much revised, for although at the outset they begged us to weep, the whole affair brought forth a gale of laughter, particularly when the wooden horse refused to be drawn across the stage. Fred Newman, even with one arm in a sling, made a most convincing Aeneas, except at the moment when he attempted to embrace Creusa's ghost. Herein, friend Frederic left much to be desired. Helen Tebbetts was Dido to the life—and to the death. Ruth Currie played Creusa and



several other parts in a delightful manner. Ralph Wentworth managed the lantern and played a couple of parts at the same time.

The Juniors put on a scene from Caesar's Gallic war, which would have been greatly improved if Caesar (George Tsoulas) had known his lines. Aphrodite Floros and Bernice Braidy starred, as the son and daughter of Orgetorix.

The Sophomores presented a brief scene from the life of two naughty Roman school-children.

Gifts and the usual refreshments brought to a close a most successful evening, although Joe Bertels lost the cookies on the way. He hopes to find them before the next Latin Club festivity.

### WINNER IN OUR FIRST ORACLE CONTEST

It seems that there never have been nor ever will be so many clever people with sharp eyes as there are this year in school.

The first *Oracle* contest this year, which was thought up by that very necessary organization, the *Oracle* board, was at first considered rather difficult.

The idea was to read all the advertisements in the magazine and find any misspelled words there, then to take out the letter which was wrong in each word. All these letters, when put together rightly, formed a word. The student forming the right word was to receive a prize. This seemed all very nice until the *Oracles* were given out; then it seemed as if the *Oracle* would go bankrupt giving out prizes. For all the clever little Sophs and Juniors (not to mention the dignified Seniors) put their heads together and found the word. But finally it was decided (in order to give the darling Freshmen a chance to *try* to find the word) that the first student to pass in his *correct* solution on the following morning would receive the prize.

We imagine all the dear little contestants dug out their trusty alarm clocks and set them for the small wee hours of the morning, for we have heard there were one or two of them at

school that morning as early as seven-fifteen.

However the result was that a well deserving junior, Lawrence Fernald, captured the prize, which was a season ticket to the basketball games. Now wasn't *that* something worth trying for?

### JUNIOR TRYOUTS

Everyone has been waiting with great eagerness for the Junior Exhibition. There has been so much competition and so many good speakers to choose from, it surely will be an event long remembered by everybody.

On those fateful days of the fall term trembling Juniors went to either their doom or their making. Of that number the following twenty survived:

Isobel Kelly, Jean Calhoun, Virginia Dean, Joyce Cohen, Virginia Larabee, Beatrice Cameron, Eleanor Bissell, Albertina Bartlette, Barbara Alton, Mary Wright, Viola Hart, Annie Webber, Lucy Nickerson, Iris Warren, Bernice Braidy, Claire Libbey, Pauline Tate, Mary Jenkins, Barbara McAvey, Ruth Saunders, Robert Canders, Joe Bertels, William Ballou, Lawrence Gleason, George Tsoulas, William Saltzman, James Regis, Robert Hussey, James Siegal, Harold Taylor, Merlin Seanlin, Andrew Cox, George Corey, Morris Rubin, John Dunning, Leo Lieberman, Edward Curran, Albert Friedman, Herbert Brill, James Sullivan.

### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has decided to start the new year right, and for the last few meetings have been planning big doings for 1933.

The first new event on the program is the Boys' "B" Club. Any boy who has obtained his letter is eligible to become a member. A committee has been selected to draw up a constitution, Alfred Tilly representing track, "Art" Stewart representing football, Ralph Wilson, baseball, Gene Brown, basketball.

The committee is working on this now and more details will be announced later.

The Code of Honor which was drawn up by the committee composed of Robert Hussy,



Nancy Connors, and Edward Ross is another good New Year's Resolution. The "Code" is published in this issue of the *Oracle*, and is to be framed and hung over the bulletin board as a standard for this school; so put it down as one of your most important New Year's Resolutions.

### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club certainly has a good hold on old man depression, and certainly has been planning to start the new year right.

The benefits obtained on that eventful night, December 9, from the three plays, "A Quiet Evening at Home," "Galapagos," and "A Lonely Hearth," which were so ably produced by our talented actresses and actors from the student body were beyond all expectations. Nearly one hundred dollars was the gross sum received after all expenses were paid. Hoorah! Someone said, "Let's do something big with our money—show off a bit!" But, no, their instructor says, "Nay," and they obey.

Well, everyone is entitled to his own opinion and—shhh—we suspect there is something in the wind. Perhaps we can tell you more about that next time.

### SINGING CONTEST

Among the students interested in music there has been a lot of excitement. The annual singing contest is to be held in the Assembly Hall January 20th.

There have been many entries among the students, and there has been much more interest among them this year than last year. There will doubtlessly be an excellent program, for the Rotary Club and Mrs. Henry Drummond have offered prizes for the best mixed quartet and the best soloist.

From the number of entries it will certainly be a real contest and everyone is cordially invited to attend.

### OFFICERS' CLUB

The Bangor High R. O. T. C. Officers' Club held the first of its series of three matinee

dances Saturday afternoon, January 7. The aim of these dances is mainly to supply a good time at low cost, not to fill the Club's coffers. The admission is only twenty-five cents apiece, a sum low enough for even the most depressed pocket book. The dances last from two o'clock to five-thirty, an afternoon of fun for all. As an added interest to these affairs, the cadet officers are required to come in uniform. And here is something new. We have a Miss Lieutenant-colonel to tell Cadet-Major Fairley how to run his Battallion. I'll bet the boys wish she were in command all the time. Would we have the best drilled outfit in New England, or would we?

The Officers' Club has a new president. That dashing football man, Cadet-Lieutenant "Art" Stewart, having resigned his commission, Cadet-Captain "Sam" Fraser has been elected to take his place.

### ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra is meeting steadily every Wednesday afternoon rehearsing its music for the regular assembly program. The orchestra will soon be working on the Junior Exhibition music. The Orchestra always accompanies the Junior Chorus and plays several selections at the Junior Exhibition.

### BAND

Major Snow is going to have a Military Band. It will be a crack outfit, and well drilled. The boys are going to have those khaki uniforms and white belts, in which they have won three New England Championships. It is good that the Military Department has taken the Band back into the fold, because now the band can have uniforms. After all it is unnecessary that a school with such a fine band as we have should have to drill at the annual military inspection without music except for a drum corps.

The band with Paul Sawyer directing has played at the basketball games so far in return for free admission. It must be great to own a clarinet or a flute, because we have noticed several of the alumni getting free admission



by means of a clarinet. This doesn't help the Athletic department, by a couple of dollars at each game.

### MILITARY

The Cadet Battalion is becoming a fine looking unit. Those sloppy-looking cartridge belts are being cleaned by the cadets, and filled out by small blocks of wood to give the appearance of being filled with cartridge clips. The long pants are easily kept in fine press, and the ragged looking khaki puttees, which the sophomores could never keep rolled neatly, are gone for good. If the outfit was good last year, it should be at the top this year.

Several cadet officers, namely Capt. Burleigh, Lieuts. Brown, McNulty, Thayer, and Fowler, spent their Christmas vacation mornings working in the armory. All the rifles were put in order, the gun-slugs were washed, and saddle-soaped, the backs were painted, and all other odd jobs done. This work all helps to make the unit more military, and these officers' cooperation in carrying it out is appreciated.

### RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club is going strong. The beautiful medals for the three best shots amongst the upperclassmen, and the medal for the best Frosh target hitter, were coveted greatly. The first, second, and third place upperclass medals are gold, silver, and bronze respectively. The Freshman medal is of different design and made of silver. This match was shot out the first part of January.

Two five-man teams have been picked to shoot out the matches for the Randolph-Hearst trophy. Cadet Lieut. Ralph Thayer, Treasurer, received challenges from New Bedford, Mass. High School, New York Military Academy, and Netrona County High School, Caspar, Wyoming, to be shot January 21. Another match with Louisville, Kentucky High School will be shot February 11.

The teams were picked from the following members of the Rifle Club:

Ames, Bertram	Bolton, Reginald
Bennett, Raymond	Stevens, Blair
Brown, Woodford	Mack, Emmett
Brown, Edwin	Barker, Robert
Button, Blending	Jaquith, Phil
Cutter, Lloyd	Jellison, Milton
Downes, Carol	Johnson, Lloyd
Ellis, Leroy	Johnson, Philip
Enman, Edgar	McNulty, James
Fernald, Laurence	Morneault, Claude
Getchell, Stanley	Nickerson, Thomas
Hammond, Robert	Prescott, Fred
Haney, Roland	Russell, James
Hessert, John	Scott, Verner
Barrett, Charles	Staples, Stanley
Bradbury, Gilbert	Thayer, Ralph
Hanson, Fred	Treat, George
Ruhlin, Earl	Yates, Elmer
Bolton, Merrill	Winsor, Milton

### DEBATE CLUB

With the new year, the debate season swings into full tilt. From the tryouts held the first of December, the following teams were picked: Bowdoin League coached by Mr. Herbert L. Prescott: Robert Kurson, Negative, and Bernice Braidy, Affirmative; the Foxcroft Practice Debate, coached by Miss Clarine Coffin: Affirmative, Corinne Adams, George Tsoulas, and Lucille Epstein substituting as alternate for William West; Negative team, Edward Redman, Betty Moore, and Lucille Fogg, alternate. The tryouts for the Bates league and inter-class debates will be held soon. A debate with Rockland is also to be held soon.

The Bowdoin teams, which debated at Bowdoin College January 7th, had been getting into trim, meeting daily with Mr. Prescott, and considering the debating experience of the two members, Bangor High was a formidable opponent. The Bowdoin question this year was, Resolved: That the Ontario system of liquor control be adopted in the United States. It is to be noted that the Bowdoin teams consist of one Affirmative and one Negative speaker from each school. Each speaker has a ten minute main speech and ten minute rebuttal.

The Foxcroft Academy-Bangor High debate was held January 13th, the negative

(Continued on page 32)



## WHAT IS - - -

## Student Council Officers

Malcolm Flewelling	President
Thelma Sullivan	Vice-president
Florence Mitchell	Secretary
Eugene Brown	Treasurer

## Dramatic Club Officers

Norman Carlisle	President
Louise Hastings	Vice-president
Margaret Thayer	Secretary
William Fraser	Treasurer

## Debate Club Officers

Andrew Cox	President
Robert Kurson	Manager
Joseph Bertels	Secretary
Hope Betterly	Corresponding Secretary

## Seniors

Arthur Stewart	President
Louise Hastings	Vice-president
Margaret Thayer	Secretary
Russell Hawkes	Treasurer

## Juniors

Robert Hussey	President
Claire Libbey	Vice-president
Elizabeth Maxwell	Secretary
Waldo Weston	Treasurer

## Sophomores

Walter Morse	President
Lorna Hawkes	Vice-president
Elizabeth Welch	Treasurer
Sheldon Smith	Secretary

## Freshmen

George Bell	President
Betsy Connors	Vice-president
Carolyn Reed	Secretary
Raymond Flynn	Treasurer

## Band Officers

Norman Carlisle	Leader
Bennie Viner	President
Norman Carlisle	Vice-president
Albert Friedman	Librarian

## Latin Club Officers

Thelma Spearen	} Consuls
Frederic Newman	
Andrew Cox	
Joseph Bertels	} Tribunes
Woodford Brown	
Leo Lieberman	
Constance Hedin	Praetor
	Quaestor

## Officers' Club Officers

William Fraser	President
Richard Cochran	Vice-president
Charles Thompson	Secretary
Charles Thompson	Treasurer

## Officers of the Girls' Honor Council

Doris Chalmers	President
Miriam Landon	Vice-president
Louise Hastings	Secretary
Gladys Smith	Treasurer

## Officers of the Freshman Boys' Debating Club

Gruber	President
Hennessey	Vice-president
Hessert	Secretary
Hessert	Treasurer

## Snapdragon Club Officers

Jeanette Leavitt	President
Hazel Chalmers	Vice-president
Louise Clifford	Secretary
Louise Clifford	Treasurer



## AND WHAT'S TO BE

## Rifle Club

Match with Louisville, Kentucky, high school. Feb. 11

## Boys' Basketball

Bangor at South Portland	Jan. 27
Bangor at Augusta	Jan. 28
Augusta at Bangor	Feb. 4
South Portland at Bangor	Feb. 11
Auburn at Bangor	Feb. 18
Old Town at Bangor	Feb. 25
Bapst at Bangor	Mar. 3

## Debate Club

Inter-class Debates, Feb. 1, 2, 3

## Girls' Basketball

Brewer at Bangor	Jan. 27
Bucksport at Bangor	Feb. 3
Brewer at Brewer	Feb. 8
H. C. I. at Charleston	Feb. 18
Bucksport at Bucksport	Mar. 10

# TOPICS TALKED ABOUT

## THE GIFTIE GIVES THE GIFT

Being suitable New Year resolutions for all  
school-teachers, as their students see it.

What they said:

Mary Ellen:

1. I shall wear a little makeup to add to my attractions—just enough to do away with the shine and put a little color in my cheeks and lips.
2. I shall give medium-length assignments, and never again say this: "Take the next 50 pages for tomorrow."
3. I shall leave the room oftener and stay away longer.
4. I shall joke a little in class.
5. I shall never ridicule a student.

John Henry:

1. I shall not leave the boys surrounded by girls, but shall have a separate corner 'way up back for them.
2. Be forever kind and patient.
3. I shall wear funny clothes to amuse the pupils.
4. I shall never give catchy exams.
5. I shall make my students study every day except Friday and play some sort of game that day.

Helen Anne:

1. Not to have questions in exams that might have a double meaning.
2. To dispense with foolish sayings and so-called "wise-cracks" which annoy the students and waste their precious time.
3. To help the student who is not so brilliant as some.
4. To dress common as the students, not to outshow them because they cannot afford better clothes.
5. To try to see the students' point of view.

George Edward:

1. Always try to encourage students to go out for athletics.

2. Not to flunk anyone who tries hard. (Like me.)
3. Control my temper.
4. Have each student choose and develop a hobby.

Doris May:

1. I shall come to school with a cheery smile, although conditions at home may not be cheery.
2. I shall feel that my teaching is a privilege rather than a position.
3. I shall wear clothes that are attractive and show good taste, rather than drab clothes that do not hold the pupil's eye and attention.
4. I shall give no oral themes and only one book report a quarter.
5. I shall not scold more than once a day.

Thomas Albert:

1. I shall give no homework over the holidays.
2. I shall talk but very little in class, except to explain the hard parts.
3. I shall not ignore a pupil if his hand is raised.
4. I shall once in awhile do something outside of regular assignments.
5. I shall speak clearly and not too fast when dictating.

Barbara Jean:

1. I shall not get angry when my pupils ask silly questions.
2. I shall always try to be happy, too.
3. I shall let the students know that I teach not from duty but from pleasure.
4. I shall spend most of the time telling the class about the lesson.

(Continued on page 32)



# FITS OF FUN

## Latin for Beginners

Before him lay his open book—  
T'was Ceasar's Gallic War—  
And with perplexed and baffled look,  
He viewed the contents o'er.

T'was chapter one and book the first  
Which he had started now  
"Of all my lessons 'tis the worst,"  
He cried with clouded brow.

"I know that Gallia means Gaul,  
Nor can it doubted be,  
The omnis is translated 'all'  
So far I clearly see."

"Divisu means 'divided,' and  
It may too, 'quartered' be;  
And parte, on the other hand  
Is 'halves,' while tres is 'three.'"

"Ah, now I see it," glad he laughs  
And says with joyful shout,  
"All Gaul is quartered in three halves,  
I thought I'd work it out!"

We've had our troubles in this line too.

"Non paratus," dixit Junior,  
Cum a sad and doleful look,  
"Omne rectum," Prof. respondit  
Et "nihil" scripsit in his book.

Teacher: What is a synonym?  
Student: That's the stuff they put in  
buns at the bakery.—*Exchange.*

Instructor: You missed my class this  
morning didn't you?

Student: No, not all.—*Exchange.*

Teacher: Use "fascinate" in a sentence.

Student: Fred has nine buttons on his  
coat, but he can only fasten eight.—*Exchange.*

Mother: "You flunked in English, my  
dear. I can't understand it."

Son: "Same here, that's why I flunked."  
—*Exchange.*

Found in an English exam:

Emerson's essay *Self-Reliance* appeals to  
the thickening part of the mind.

## FAMOUS MOVIE ACTORS AROUND

### B. H. S.

"Schnozzle" Durante.....	Izzy Leavitt
Tim McCoy .....	Cecil Burleigh
Norma Shearer .....	Geneva Hibbard
Stuart Erwin .....	Alvah Ford
Joan Blondell.....	Mary Jenkins
Janet Gaynor.....	Nancy Connors
Greta "Garbage" .....	Connie Hedin
Clark Gable.....	Bill Ballou
Anita Louise.....	Peggy Thayer
Richard Arlen.....	Don Stuart
Edmund Lowe.....	Eddie MacLaughlin
Jeanette MacDonald.....	Fran Jones

R. Canders—I heard you bought Central  
Park when you were in New York?

Joe Bertels—Yeah, and I only had to pay  
five dollars extra for the birds.

G. Powell—Why are a bum charade guesser,  
a trapped crook, and a seasick man like each  
other?

A. Cox—I give up.

George—They all do, too.

# ALUMNI

## University of Maine

Arthur A. Brown, a senior at the University of Maine, was a successful candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi honorary fraternities. During his college career he received two other scholarships, one given by the class of 1905 and the other the junior scholarship-at-large. He was also the president of the Contributor's Club and the literary editor of the Prism.

William Pond has accepted a bid for the Tau Beta Pi honorary technical fraternity.

George Carlisle was recently initiated into the Kappa Gamma Phi honorary journalistic fraternity.

The mid-semester Freshman AB and ABC lists came out recently. Those on the very select AB list were Faith Holden, Arlene Merrill, Thomas Reed, and Mildred Sawyer.

On the less exclusive ABC list were found Marcia Allen, Rena Allen, John Bartlett, Bettina Brown, Pearl Buck, Mae Cohen, Roland Glezer, Dorothy Jones, Anora Peavy, Natalie Sanders, Bettina Sullivan and Evelyn Tracy.

## Harvard

Richard T. Munce, '26, recently won a scholarship at the Harvard Medical School. This scholarship of \$11,700 is to be divided among forty-three students of the school. Last June Mr. Munce won the Edward M. Barringer Scholarship.

## West Point

Harold Marr, '32, received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

## Wedding

Phyllis Dunning was recently married to Byron D. Wilkerson.

## Notes

Evelyn Golden, '32, spent her vacation with her aunt in Washington, D. C.

Donald Robinson of Bangor is one of those who is making a success of basketball at Bridgton Academy.

Among those who were home from school for the Christmas holidays were:

Lydia Jones, Vesper George School of Art.  
Jacqueline Johnston, Eastman School of Music.

Mary Carson, Farmington Normal School.  
Edna Doane, Boston University.

Christine Curran, Regis College.

Mary Louise Jones, student nurse at the Mass. General Hospital.

Harold Marr, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

Mary Gibbons, Wellesley College.

Una Peavy, Smith College.

Bernard Waterman, West Point.

Eaton Tarbell, Deerfield Academy.

Norman Cahners, Harvard.

Frances Reynolds, Leland Powers School.

James Mullen, Brown University.

Betty Spangler, Wheaton College.

Margaret Lynch, Perry Kindergarten School.

Edythe Rice, St. Elizabeth College.

Rosalie Fellows, Farmington Normal School.

Mary Morgrage, Eastern State Normal School.

Kenneth Kurson, Dartmouth.

Fulton Cahners, ex-'34, Phillips Andover Academy.





## BOYS' ATHLETICS

### BANGOR OPENS BASKETBALL SEASON WITH VICTORY

Dover Quintet Stopped 22—10

The Bangor high basketball team opened the local hoop season with a win when they obtained a running start on a clever Dover-Foxcroft Academy team and held it all the way to cop a 22—10 decision.

Coach Eddie Trowell, starting without a veteran gave twelve men, his entire A squad, a chance. There were no outstanding stars in the Crimson ranks and the different teams made several mistakes but performed well enough for a season's debut.

The visitors were fast and clever and handled themselves with plenty of ability. The big City Hall floor bothered them to no small extent. Collette featured for the visitors while Gene Brown went well for the locals.

### BANGOR WINS CLOSE BATTLE FROM BREWER 19—17

Game was Slow, But Exciting

Gene Brown was the hero of the game, and it was his three booming shots in the final quarter that enabled the Crimson to defeat its ancient rival by the narrowest margin of two

points. Although rather slow for three periods, the game had the fans in an uproar throughout as neither team was ahead by over three points at any time during the game. Entering the game decided underdogs on account of their inexperience, the Red Imps put up a determined fight and came off the floor with their second win of the season. The Crimson team seems to lack the scoring punch of former years but, if the Imps make up for this by their defensive work, Bangor will give its opponents plenty of opposition. The main thing the team needs this year is experience. John Hartt, the big Crimson center, bids to develop into a first rate man. He is a good backboard man and is fast cultivating an eye for the basket. As a whole both teams were off in their shooting. Each team missed chance after chance to score, by poor shots.

### COACH ULMER REVIEWS THE FOOTBALL SEASON

Bangor High school football squads enjoyed a season of interesting, friendly and successful competition in some twenty-one contests. Early practice was called August 30, with some 100 candidates including 5 lettermen reporting. This number held out very well



during the season with 10 losses from injuries, 4 from transferring to another high school, and several from economic reasons.

### AIMS

The following objectives were set up as goals to be approached during the season: (1) To foster and promote in-so-far as possible a real team spirit which would make itself felt for the good of the school. (2) To bring about a friendly cooperation of students, parents and faculty. (3) To give healthful exercise and values of competitive athletics to as many boys as possible, and to school them in fundamentals, team play, and sportsmanship.

### ORGANIZATION

With the large number of candidates it was necessary, if we were to keep all the boys interested and properly trained, to have a more complete organization of athletics by additional personnel and specifically enumerated duties. This was accomplished. With such an organization our squad was not cut. Mr. Willis and Mr. Cummings of the faculty worked in the department very creditably with the Junior Varsity squads. Mr. Willis deserves particular thanks of the department, for his fine spirit and help during the season.

The candidates were divided into "A," "B" and "C" squads of two teams each, A being the varsity team and the B and C squads the Junior Varsity Squads. The B and C squads proved a fine training school for the varsity, furnished fine opposition for practice and at the same time played their own schedule which this year included six games with smaller high schools.

The great value of these teams for the future of athletics at Bangor cannot be overestimated. The members of these Junior Varsity squads have a major share in producing the success of the varsity teams and at the same time develop a fine "esprit de corps" within their own organization. They also afford an opportunity for a large number of boys who lack the inherent natural ability to win a place on the varsity to receive athletic training.

### TEAM SPIRIT

The spirit of the team was excellent, and a high state of morale existed during the season. Several "get-to-gethers," two Father's Night Gatherings, weekly meetings of the squad, pep meetings, a weekly "Athletic News Bulletin," special athletic prizes, and the Annual Award Banquet as a climax, all tended to bring the squad into closer relationship with each other, with parents, faculty and friends.

### SCHOLASTIC ABILITY

We are especially fortunate in the matter of the scholastic standing of the squad. Not a single case of ineligibility resulted on the varsity squad, and but three cases on the junior varsity squad. The average rank of all members who were candidates for the year previous to this season was 76.5.

There were exceptionally few failures for the first quarter of this year, and several of the squad were on the honor roll; also a fine attitude toward scholastic work seems somewhat evident.

### STATISTICS

#### Candidates

Number reporting varsity	96
Number of seniors	15
Number of remaining Nov.	55
Number of underclassmen	81
Number of freshman	50
Number of transfers	4
Number of injuries (aprox.)	10

#### RECORD FOR ALL TEAMS IN 1932

	Games Won			Points	
	Lost	Tied	For	Ag'nst	
Varsity	9	5	4	0	89 72
Varsity B	5	1	2	2	26 47
Varsity C	3	3	0	0	35 6
Freshmen	4	1	3	0	.. ..
Totals	21	10	9	2	150 125

#### Teams Played

Varsity	Belfast, Machias, Brewer, Berlin, N. H., Waterville, Bapst, Portland.
Varsity B	Foxcroft Academy, Milo, Greenville, Castine Normal, Dexter.
Varsity C	Foxcroft Academy 2nd, Freshmen (2).
Freshmen	Brewer Freshmen, Winslow Jr. High, Varsity C (2).



Comparison Of Varsity Record With That Of Past Years

Year	Won	Lost	Tied	Points	
				For	Against
1925.....	2	2	4	42	58 .250
1926.....	3	3	2	41	57 .375
1927.....	4	4	1	51	71 .444
1928.....	3	5	1	38	58 .333
1929.....	3	3	3	52	44 .333
1930.....	4	4	1	59	24 .444
1931.....	0	9	No figures as some games forfeited		
1932.....	5	4	0	89	72 .555

Varsity letters.....	20
Junior varsity letters.....	19
Freshman numerals.....	22

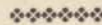
Special prizes.....	61
	5

Total awards.....	66
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The fine group of material developed in the new system for next fall, looks as if 1933 would be a banner year in football. After the completion of the winter season athletics, we plan to have several weeks of organized spring football practice.

AWARDS

Awards were made at the Annual Award Banquet as follows:



# GIRLS' ATHLETICS

## Twice Last Year's Number Has Reported for Basketball

Basketball is now under way, but since the last *Oracle* was published there has been little doing except the try-outs of class teams. You know that we are going to have class tournaments in basketball, as we had in hockey. Here are the lists of girls chosen to play on their class teams.

For the Seniors:

Chaison, s. c.	T. Sullivan, g.	Landon, f.
Chalmers, c.	G. Smith, g.	Martin, f.
Russell, c.	Hastings, f.	

Whittredge	R. Smith	Jarvis
Steeves	Byer	Fogg
Clukey	Bond	

The Freshmen team had not been chosen yet, when the *Oracle* went to press. The most outstanding of these girls will be chosen to play on the varsity squad. We will have a hard schedule to play this year, and of course we will want to keep up the record made last year—an undefeated team. The schedule for this year's varsity team is:

Brewer at Bangor.....	Jan. 27
Bucksport at Bangor.....	Feb. 3
Brewer at Brewer.....	Feb. 8
Higgins Classical Institute at Charleston.....	Feb. 18
Bucksport at Bucksport.....	March 10

The following girls will play on the Junior team:

L. Michaud	E. Kennedy	R. Payson
F. Steeves	T. Lovejoy	C. Morrison
E. Toole	F. Lewis	T. Bickford
B. Maxwell	L. Toole	B. McAvey
B. Brannen	R. Sanders	I. Kelley
L. Nickerson	M. Wright	G. Reynolds
R. Jones	M. Anderson	J. Sanborn

We have had a large number of girls out for practice this year. In the freshman class alone, 72 girls came out, and you can imagine that coach Oltar and coach Chalmers had their hands full. In all, counting the upper-classmen, there were 167 basketball enthusiasts who came out. That's just about double last year's number.

The Sophomore team consists of the following:

Giles	Homans	Thurston
Piper	Rapaport	Peavey
Burrill	Bartley	Beane
Shea	Bullard	G. Smith

# BOOK NOOK

## SATAN AS LIGHTNING

Basil King

This is a heart-rending story of a young man, John Hesketh, son of a precentor in the Episcopal Church. John and a rich man's son hire a garage with money loaned by their fathers,—money which they promise to pay back within a year. When the year is up, the boys are deeply in debt; being desperate, they commit a crime to raise money. Although the rich boy is more in the wrong, John is the one who goes to prison. On the day he obtains his freedom, he vows he will "get back at" the other, and he carries out his threat.

Stanley Staples.

## THE DUSTY HIGHWAY

Christine Whiting Parmentor

The Dusty Highway is the gallant story of a young couple, who, after an impulsive marriage, set forth upon the quest of happiness along the road that leads away from a quiet country town. After many happy days they return, content to cease wandering and to establish a home. They begin to learn that life itself is just a "long, long highway that we must travel whether we will or no."

We follow their lives eagerly through threatening tragedy, until, at the last page, we are sure that the two lovers have successfully rounded the perilous turn.

Georgia Burrill.

## KOW-TOW

Princess Der Ling

"Kow-Tow" is a charming tale of non-fiction telling about affairs and life in China before and after the Boxer Uprising, as seen and experienced by the daughter of a high Chinese official. Princess Der Ling also tells about conditions at home, travel in China, private life, customs, and public affairs which were brought to her attention through her father's position. The life of a Chinese official in two

unfriendly and hostile countries, Japan and France, also comes into the book, and we close it at the end with the feeling that we would like to know more about China and Chinese life.

Natalie Nason.

## HOME IS THE SAILOR

Ruth Blodgett

Into the background of a well-known and well-loved portion of the Maine coast,—Matamiskeag, situated on the river of the same name,—Ruth Blodgett has woven the thread of this novel. Those who love the sea and ships will find much of interest; those who enjoy characters will "get a big kick" out of Quintus and Imogene Lavendar and Madame Grey; and those who love pussy-cats will feel a sneaking sympathy for Elaine. In short, the background is real and full of color; but the plot is a slender thread with the young lovers most unconvincing, and with Martha, who dies, the one character whom we want most to live.

Ruth Currie.

## A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE

Count Jean Louis D'Esque

There must be some basis in fact for the Count's questionable tales about the sea, for the unaided imagination could hardly conceive such an astounding narrative. But granting the bare facts, these are so adorned that the author takes rank with Trader Horn. He tells of mighty men and fighters, villainous captains and masters, and what with murder, mutiny, disease, and shipwreck, there is hardly time for the author to heave the dead overboard. The highest point of incredibility is reached when the small Count falls among nine cannibal virgins weighing about two hundred pounds apiece. This book is a good example of imagination running wild.

Ruth Currie.



## HOKUM

By Bob Kurson

Just think—half of the school year has gone by and school has not been called off on account of storms, etc. for one single day. Of course this isn't counting the misty mornings that kept D-on St-wrt home. Did you see Fr-ddy N-wm-n's Christmas present? Too bad—no more good times for him! Freddy J-hns-n is all excited—R-lph W-ls-n called him "sophomore" and Fr-ddy's only a freshman—and more than that: A-dr-y Ev-r-tt heard him! A-dy C-x thinks it's swell that his English teacher reads all themes aloud—he learns how all the big words he uses are pronounced. "Scotchy" M-rse was very busy this year doing his Christmas shopping—yep, he was Woolworth's best customer. And then there's the Lithuanian (guess the Scotch have had it in the neck long enough) who was visiting in a cold climate and wired home for his long underwear as follows: S. O. S.—B. V. D.—P. D. Q. R-ss H-wk-s has at last come to the conclusion that when money talks, it usually says goodbye! Have you heard the one: even his best friends wouldn't tell him—so he flunked the exam? "It is better," says B-rb-ra McC-v-y "to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt." Today's simile—as utterly unimportant as the reverse side of a Hit-of-the Week. Our idea of the meanest guy in the world is the guy who was deaf and never told his barber. Speaking about barbers, Elw-d Bry-nt went to one once—"Want your hair cut?" asked the ever-talkative one—"Naw," says Bry-nt, "jest lower the ears!" M-c Fl-w-ll-ng is all broken up—he read a chapter of a book last week that was not assigned. I wonder what the girls will keep in those 'natty' new lockers now that nobody but themselves can see inside them? Miles of Brewer certainly covered plenty of ground (miles) in that basketball game, while

(Continued on page 32)

## JOKES

By U. Tellwun

R. W-l-n—And that's how I won the Portland game.

F. Jones—But what did they have the rest of the team for?

Lawyer—How far were you from the man when the truck hit him?

A. Ford—Thirteen feet, nine and a half inches.

Lawyer—How do you know it so exactly?

Alvah—I measured it because I thought some fool might ask me the distance.

Bob Kurson—Give me a penny for my thoughts?

Fred Newman—Do I look like a junk man?

Elwood Bryant—Found your nickle yet, Normy?

Normy Carlisle—No, but my brother found it.

Bryant—What are you looking for, then?

Carlisle—My brother.

Visitor—How many students are there at your school?

Senior—About one in twenty.

## RICE &amp; TYLER

Pianos  
Radios  
Victrolas

CENTRAL STREET



Norman Carlisle (giving report on "Merchant of Venice")  
—And the one that selects Portia's picture becomes her wife.

# THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## HUGE PARTY ENJOYED IN ASSEMBLY HALL

At ten minutes past eight on Tuesday, February 14, which, if you remember, is Saint Valentine's Day, three bells were sounded inviting the student body to gather in the assembly hall. In each and every home-room there arose murmurs of discontent. Bob Hussey groaned as he realized that the five minutes remaining before classes would have enabled



him to finish his homework while Gene Brown uttered a long sigh as he replaced a bundle of much worn newspaper clippings in his pocket.

When the exercises were over, it was announced that the morning was to be given over to a Valentine party instead of the usual classes. At once everyone began to clear away the seats, and then the party began. Suddenly it was noticed that a portion of the student body was busily studying (a check-up later revealed that they were practically all Sophomores). They were gently separated from their books and ordered to join the party. In one corner a fast game of "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" had just been finished with P. Burke declared the winner by a quarter of an inch. Norman Carlisle, the runner-up, declared that he would have won, only his pin bent.

In the various other contests Paul Fairley made a new all-time record for blowing a feather the width of the assembly hall, while Harold Grodinsky gave a remarkable exhibition of spit-ball throwing.

A light refreshment of crackers and cold water was served, and all went home well pleased with B. H. S.'s first Valentine party.

## YE GOSSIE COLUMNNE

BY

### MACK "WINCHELL" FLEWELLING

I hear that.....the Sanborn twins are trying to secure a divorce.....Russ Hawkes is planning to enter the Harvard Stadium next fall to major in "Why have Athlete's Foot".....Elwood Bryant draws \$1500 in insurance in 1998.....Bill Fraser wants to borrow Harriet Woodsum's car to take on a fishing trip.....Cecil Burleigh tried to sell a cow to the Agriculture Department up at Maine.....Freddy Wise to donate his 44" shoes to the Bangor B Club to remember him by.....Gwen Bartley interested in John Bapst affairs.....Maurice Emple a specialist on Christmas carols.....Don Gibbons an imitator of baby talk.....Don Stuart hates to borrow money in the lunch room.....Santa Claus presented Louise Hastings with a sled for Christmas.....Lil Chaison thinks that there are some fine looking students at Maine.....Gene Brown trying to secure a job at the Fairmount Market this summer.....Marion Paul prefers red heads.....Pat Patterson had his fake nose removed.....Marie Hughes is chauffeured to school each morn (Owen).....Ed Ross owns a cattle ranch in one of Zane Grey's westerns.....Jimmy Lousey and Art Stewart planning a European tour in a friend's cruiser this summer.....Dot Higgins came in from the farm on snowshoes to give her boy friend his Christmas present.....Jack Mack still grieving over the county track meet last spring.....Mimi Merrill visits Freese's too often.....Al Tilley is looking for a steady so he can give her his graduation picture.....Morris Rubin going ivory hunting in Africa to make some piano keys and his fortune.....Thelma Sullivan is very quiet in class rooms.....Rip Murphy likes the old institution better than H. C. I.....Norm Getchell keeps close tabs on his weight chart.....Alvah Ford worked at Freese's during Christmas—see his new shirt and tie.....Well so-long until I hear something about you.

## TAX ON MARKS PROPOSED; STUDES AGAINST, HOWEVER

There are many rumors being circulated about school concerning a reported tax on marks. And as Gene Brown was heard to say the other day, "Why not? They tax all amusements, don't they? I know my marks amuse everyone, so why not tax marks?" That's O. K. but the catch is that it is authentically reported that the rate of taxation goes up as the ranks go down. Sad but true. What to do about it? Cut out the night life and study as you never studied before.

The tax proposed is as follows: no tax on A's. (When this was announced, Louise Rice fainted and all attempts at revival have thus been in vain). Half a bit for every B and so on up the scale making flunks an impossibility. Did someone hear Bob Hussey say, "Oh yeah?" We have all heard that the government needs money, and this seems to be the perfect way to get it besides being an excellent reason for girls to stay home at least one evening a week. Are you listening, Nancy Conners? Of course everyone has heard of the girl who stayed out until twelve o'clock every night in the week, but she got up at six o'clock every morning and did her lessons (ho hum). The only thing that we have found against it is that no one wants or would tolerate it. Isn't that too bad? Jane Sullivan says she would have to cut out sodas, and how can a poor girl get along with out her daily soda? Sam Fraser might not have money enough to buy his specialty and he would have to stay home and study, and think, all you supporters of this tax bill, of the hospital bills of our teachers as they would undoubtedly suffer from nervous prostration after serving out row after row of A's. Yes, we can readily see the idea isn't practical. We're so sorry; aren't you?

**Return Bout**  
**P. "KNOCK-EM-DOWN" BURKE**  
VS.  
**CECE "Drag-em-Out" BURLEIGH**  
A real grudge battle Room 201  
Recess



# TATLER

TION

JANUARY 26, 1933

NUMBER 2

## COURSES IN ENGLISH TO BE DISCONTINUED?

What is the least valuable required course in the school? The vital answer is greatly simplified by the fact that there is but one required course. . . . But even if there were ten required courses we would still consider English the most valuable.

Ask anyone around school what he thinks of the English courses, and you always get the same answer. As Barbara Cameron said, "What could there possibly be about English that I do not know? I've studied it for years and years. Why not substitute the language of the Arabs, something we do not all know everything about." Jean Calhoun cannot see any point in writing themes, because she does not expect to do any writing once outside the portals of our honorable institution, and if she should, it would be letters (ahem) which would not have been taught in school. Elizabeth Wittee says that she considers the long years of toil spent on English and those coming as utterly wasted. Freddy Newman fails to see any point in reading old stuff when he can not keep up with all the serials he has been reading in Short Stories and similar publications. This seems to be the sad state of affairs in school at present. Any who have other suggestions on the subject will please burn them.



Turn the magazine upside down and see what a whale of a difference just a few lines make.

## BLONDES PREFERRED

### C. BURLEIGH, XYZ, COD INTERVIEWED

"Mr. Burleigh, what, in your opinion, is the prime requisite for being a good soldier?"

"A man, to be a good soldier, must first of all be a good farmer; for example, look at some of the great military figures in American history. Washington was a farmer; Grant was a farmer; so was Lee, and the same with many others."

"How about Napoleon?"

"Oh, as a soldier, he wasn't so much."

"To get back to the subject, what must a boy do to be a success in R. O. T. C. here at the High School?"

"He should never obey his officers. If he does, nobody pays any attention to him; whereas, if he disobeys, he creates a row, and by doing so attracts attention to himself. This is all to his advantage, for no one succeeds without advertising himself. For instance, when I was a Sophomore and taking drill for the first time, I came down to drill one day with my puttees rolled from the bottom to the top. When another fellow came up and told me that he was an officer, and that I was dressed incorrectly, I assured him that he was entirely wrong. He became peeved and commenced to shout at me, but I out-shouted him and thus made my start in military life. With my genius the rest of the way has been easy. I would become a general only there is no promotion,—nothing to look forward to."

## LOST!

One English Lesson  
Finder please return to  
208

Reward: F

Mrs. C-mm—g Mr. Newman,  
translate this sentence. Vivit,  
non mortuus est.  
Freddie—Er-r he lives, er-r  
no, he's dead.

### "DIZZY" BLONDES SCORE TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT

There is an age-old question which should be settled once for all time. We have taken it upon ourselves to do just that. The question is, are blondes or brunettes preferable? You see if we can successfully end this question it will be a great, good deed for all future generations because it will save much valuable time for them. We decided the best way to find out which were the most popular was to ask those male members of the student body whose great experience would make them the best judges. Don Stuart says that he prefers blondes. As he did not want to embarrass any local sirens, he confined his examples to movie stars. In his own words, "Where oh where can a brunette be found who can compare to Greta Garbo, even if she has got the reputation of saying, 'Ay tank I go home' at about eight-thirty, for in my own case one hour with Greta would be equal to an evening with the best looking brunette in the country."

As yet our efforts to get in touch with Garbo to arrange a date for Don, have been in vain. Keep up your hopes Don, old boy, old boy. Blair Stevens on the contrary likes brunettes. Following the example of Donald Stuart, Esq., he refused to mention any local reasons, but when pressed for further information said something about Spaniards in general and Lupe Velez in particular.

To break the draw between blondes and brunettes one more was consulted, Arthur Stewart. Funny how bashful these big shots suddenly become, but anyhow Art absolutely refused to mention any names. However he did say that old song, "Just a Blue Eyed Blonde," expressed his sentiments exactly. So chalk up a victory for the dizzy blondes, and all you brunettes hide your heads in shame.



## TOPICS TALKED ABOUT

(Continued from page 22)

John Richard:

1. Not to leave one student to do more reciting than another.
2. To be pleasant around school all the time, and not grouchy.
3. To speak to my students when I meet them on the street.
4. To give short reviews in test form every two weeks.
5. To make the scholars mind without being too strict.

## WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

I, a full-fledged upper classman, am wondering and shall continue to do so until someone enlightens my mind on the subject, why, out of the whole four classes, the freshman class should get those lockers. It seems a pity to think that they are soon to be filled with those children's everlasting wads of gum and all-day suckers. As a mighty junior, with almost three years' experience with lockers, I am told to be satisfied with my old one or I'll lose even that. I make this appeal to my classmates. Can't we do something about this unjust discrimination? Never before, in the history of Bangor High, have the upper classmen been so insulted!

Lillian Coslow.

## HERE'S TO SUCCESS

Let's try to lift the mystic veil of Madam Future. Will she bring success to our basketball? Will she smile, and favor us with fortune? Will our ship of basketball sail bravely out to sea, and return laden with a cargo of triumphs, or will it strike upon a shoal and suffer a setback? Twice already has the team won, and that should be a good omen for the rest of the season, and with Lady Luck supporting us, what heights are there that we cannot attain? Bring on the most formidable opponents; we are ready for them!

Rebecca Doocy.

## HOKUM

(Continued from page 29)

*Brown* of Bangor helped add to the *Red* and *Orange* color display—and *Hawkes* was just a *hawk* at keeping his eye on the ball—and *Hartt* didn't have any *heart* at all the way he got those jumps from his opponent.

## LOCALS

(Continued from page 20)

teams of each school traveling. The Bangor teams have worked hard, meeting practically everyday of the vacation in the library. The question for debate was, Resolved: That the State of Maine should adopt official censorship of all the motion pictures to be shown within its boundaries. This is a very interesting question, because it deals with an institution, which in its thirty years of existence has risen from the basest entertainment to the most popular. It is without doubt a very debatable proposition.

Those members of the Debate Club who failed to make the Bowdoin and Foxcroft teams will have plenty of chance to make the Bates league and inter-class teams. It is certainly worth working for; therefore, read up on your material, take advantage of your own and other people's past mistakes, and we wish you better luck next time.

## DEBATE CLUB NEWS—EXTRA

The Bangor High Debate Club is very proud of its Bowdoin Interscholastic League Debate Team, Bob Kurson, and Bernice Braidy. On January 7th, Robert Kurson, speaking in the forenoon and Bernice Braidy, speaking in the afternoon, rolled up a total score of 94.5, 12 points ahead of their nearest competitors, the Camden Debate team. The beautiful cup awarded to the winning team was presented to the school in an Assembly program.

## ASSEMBLIES

There was given in Assembly the last day of school before Christmas vacation a short play from an episode of the life of Dr. Johnson.



The play was written last year by Woodford Brown, Phil Jarvis, and Ralph Wentworth, for extra credit in Mrs. Carroll's English class last year. The cast of the play was as follows:

Dr. Samuel Johnson.....	Woody Brown
David Garrick.....	Harold McCann
Edmund Burke.....	Ralph Wentworth
Samuel Goldsmith.....	Freddie Newman
Sir James Boswell.....	Stanley Carson
Richard Sheridan.....	Phil Jarvis
Head waiter.....	Eddie Redman

This play is the first of its type to be given in Assembly, and since it was such a success, others may follow. The play depicted the habits and customs of old England very well indeed, and was considered a success by all the student body.

### LIBRARY NEWS

There will probably be a grand rush for the school library when it is announced that a new novel "A Goodly Heritage" by Mary Ellen Chase has been purchased.

The oral English clubs of classes 3A and 3B have finally decided on the books to be purchased from their fund. They have shown excellent taste in their choice of "Readings in English Literature" by Heath and "A Goodly Heritage" by Mary Ellen Chase. The remaining money will be used to buy some of Edwin Arlington Robinson's poems, which will go into the "Maine Collection of Poetry," of which the library is so proud.

Miss Amanda Wilson who graduated from Bangor High School in 1862 when it was only a girl's school, recently celebrated her 90th birthday. She also was a teacher in B. H. S. at the time of the Civil War.

### BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS BEFORE 1892

(Continued from page 6)

was the equivalent of our sophomore class.

This advertisement (and one doubts that it was genuine) was found on the back page of the first issue:

"The large and well-managed Steamer

(Never Get Along) 200.000 tons, will run between Bangor and Brewer on and after May 1st. Fares \$.02. Little ones for a cent. No half tickets. Persons over 500 pounds, double fare. For information enquire at No. 18 State street."

In 1876, a centennial year, the *Centennial Bell* was published by the high school. Nothing further is known about this paper. None of the papers edited before 1892 lasted more than one school year, and most of them lasted for no longer than three issues.

The final newspaper the *High School Times*, published by the high school came out in 1891-1892. It, also, had eight pages, and was published once every month. In the December issue, we find that "although the skating has not been quite to its usual standard, we may have a month of good skating yet," and "now, that winter has at last put in an appearance, coasting will commence in good earnest.... Bangor has a goodly number of hills on which to coast. Foremost among them is State street hill which can be used for this sport after ten o'clock in the evening. 'Hitchborn Hill'.... 'Veazie Hill' and Cedar street are used a great deal."

The boys got up a football team that year and played the juniors of the Maine State College (now the University of Maine).

Part of the report of this game follows:

"The college team played a good game but needed more practice, as was shown by the fact that we won by the score of 14-0. There was not much 'slugging,' although at the beginning of the last half the M. S. C. boys tried 'to kill' Fairbanks, our best man, but did not succeed.

"Our manager arranged a game with the Cony, (Augusta High School) team, but, as their captain broke his rib, we were unable to play them."

From another issue of the *Times*, it is noticed that "it might be well for a 'gum manufactory' to be started in connection with our school. There is no doubt but that it would be well patronized."

So, although the record is incomplete, the progress of the forerunners of the *Oracle*, has been traced up to 1892.



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## COLORS

*Continued from page 16)*

lived with us in the winter and the combination of purple, snow, and cold was a bit too much for me. Although she said that she did not like purple, she never dressed without putting something purple on, even if it were only a pin or a string of beads. Since this time, purple has been by no means my most loved color.

Since brown, black, and white are not colors, fortunately; and since I know nothing about shades, this must be an "adequate treatment of the subject" and, therefore, the end of my theme.

## A DAY IN VENICE

*(Continued from page 12)*

my eight lira in my hand, I entered the shop, pointed to the hat, and exhibited my resources. The shop keeper placed the hat on my head—it was a perfect fit—took the money and after shaking hands, as is the custom, we parted well contented.

The plaza of St. Marks at first gave me the impression of pigeons, nothing but pigeons. Like every much-frequented spot in Europe, there are peddlers here, selling various wares, but the grain sellers get the most trade. Every visitor to St. Marks wants to have his picture taken, feeding the pigeons. Consequently, everything is provided for such a picture. One needs only to buy some corn, offer it to the pigeons, and presto, there are some four or five camera men pressing forward. It is a question only of choosing your photographer. My picture was exceedingly good—of the pigeons.

Hardly had I finished posing, when a cannon was fired near by. Instantly the sun was darkened by thousands of flying, fluttering birds, for, although the cannon is heard every day at noon, the pigeons never become accustomed to it, but flutter about in terror.

After a half hour in the ancient cathedral I made my way to the Doge's palace, near by, which dates back to 814, and is a relic of the



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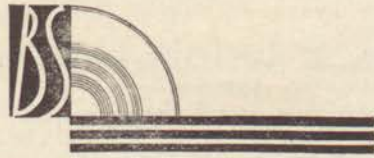
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
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days when Venice was an independent republic. The grandeur of the spacious halls with their wonderful old paintings, and their maps of a world in which there was no America, made the old prisons with which the palace is connected by the Bridge of Sighs, all the more gloomy and terrible.

The climax of our stay in Venice came that evening when 'neath the southern moon we drifted about in a gondola. We glided along through tiny canals and under old bridges which looked as if they had been built many centuries ago. The silence was broken only by the gentle lapping of the water against the gondola, and the humming of the boatman, as we paddled along with dark stone houses on either hand and a full moon reflected in the water of the canal.

We narrowly escaped a collision with another gondola whose gondolier evidently was not on good terms with ours for they called each other names in fluent Italian and splashed each other.

The end of the gondola ride was the end of a perfect day in old Venice.

## THE FIFTH AVENUE MURDERS

(Continued from page 11)

"O. K. Who do you think did the murder?"

"Oh, I don't know. Who do you think is the guilty person?"

"That lawyer did it. He's hard up for money, and he knew he was going to get some money from her will."

"But he said he was in love with her."

"Didn't you tell him that would be an alibi for him? Say, we ought to get him down to headquarters to question him, and scare him a little."

"No, not yet. Here we are. Now I wonder what that poison was in. Take this carafe and glass on the night-table here and have them examined; and get that maid, Nannette up here, too."

"O. K. Tony," said the sergeant, taking the carafe and glass as he left the room. Tony looked out of a window and tapped his chin



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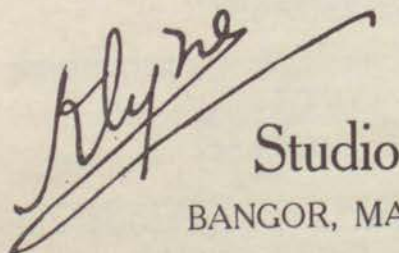
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until the maid came.

"Did you want me, sir?" she asked a little timidly.

"Yes. Did Mrs. Appleby seem strange at all last night when she came in?"

"Well, she was a little angry because Master Sheldon was up in the laboratory, but other than that there was nothing strange."

The sergeant returned at this point and sat down in a chair to listen to the questioning, which was continued after a pause.

"Did she drink any water?"

"Oh, yes, she drank a glassful just before she dismissed me."

"Did she notice anything wrong with it?"

"Yes, she said it was stale, and sent me to get some fresh water."

"I see. All right, thank you. That will do for now."

A few minutes later Tony and the sergeant left the house for lunch, for it was already half past two. Then the household had luncheon, and Miss Langstrom tried to preserve an outward calm and to take on the responsibilities of the family in the hour of such a tragic upheaval.

The afternoon was spent by Miss Langstrom and Harkins in arranging for the funeral, by Mr. Manning in doing some business at his law office, and by the detectives in working on the case down-town. They found no traces of poison in the carafe, but of course the maid had washed it out.

The afternoon papers were full of the murder. They said that the police expected to make an arrest soon. Miss Langstrom blanched when she read this, but of course she was exceedingly timid by nature.

Little Sheldon spent part of the afternoon in his father's laboratory, and part in running around the second floor where most of the sleeping rooms were. He seemed not at all like a child who was alone in the world, without a father and mother.

The whole household retired to its respective rooms early that night.

The next morning at about eight o'clock the detective and Sergeant Humphrey arrived



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at the Fifth Avenue mansion. The sergeant was convinced that either Mrs. Appleby's sister or the maid, Nannette, had committed the crime. Tony wanted to know if either Mr. Manning or Miss Langstrom were up yet. He seemed agitated.

Harkins told him that they were not, and that only Master Sheldon was up besides the servants. At that moment Sheldon appeared down the hall. He looked at the policemen wonderingly and then passed on into the library. Tony asked Harkins to waken both Mr. Manning and Miss Langstrom. The two men waited in the hall until the butler appeared at the head of the stairs. His face was ashen and made him look years older. He seemed about ready to fall, and could hardly manage to gasp, "I can't get them up. I think they're both dead, sir!"

*(To be continued)*

## DAD'S DECEPTION

*(Continued from page 7)*

His father entered from the other room and eyed him sternly. Then, rolling up his sleeves, he proceeded to the task before him. Virgil followed him downstairs. After Mr. Barrett had shut the door carefully, he smiled and turned to his son.

"Have a good time, Boy?"

"Swell. And you know Ted Carley? Well, he taught me how to drop-kick."

"Is it the new method?" asked his father.

"Yeah. He learned it at Harvard. It's new. He told me he'd show me how to pass when he came up again. Gee, I hope I'm on the Harvard team."

"Just a minute, just a minute. I'm supposed to be whipping you. Now, suppose you scream in your best style and I'll whack this punching bag with a stick."

After this had been done to everybody's satisfaction, Virgil and his father went upstairs to a supper of apple pie and ice cream in honor of his safe return.





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