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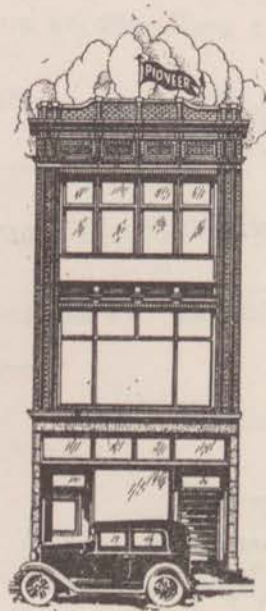


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VOL. XLVI

NO. 4

The Oracle

MARCH 25, 1937

Contributors

KATHERINE FAULKINGHAM '38

The winner again! It must be genius (or something). Anyway, it's a grand poem. Congratulations, "Kay"!

ELISABETH RICHARDSON '37

Another "Billie" story by our inimitable "Betty." If you liked the last one, you can't help liking this.

AUSTIN KEITH '37

Austin, like the soothsayers, seems to be able to see into the far-distant future (or maybe it's clear imagination). Anyway, it's an amazing story.

DONALD STUART '37

Don wouldn't tell us where he got the inspiration for this story, but we know, don't we, Don? (Don't tell anyone, but it was the result of a little love affair this summer at Northeast Harbor).

BERYL CROSBY '37 AND CHARLES REDMAN '38

No sooner had Mr. McPherson moved into his office, than the "Oracle" sent two of its ace reporters for an interview. Mr. McPherson gave our representatives many interesting viewpoints which are well worth reading.

MARGARET MAXFIELD '38

Sparkling waters, a shining moon, soft breezes blowing through the tree tops—who wouldn't be inspired on such a night! And that's what is responsible for this prize-winning poem, Margaret tells us.

ANN BIGELSON '39

Just as sure as Saturday rolls around, just as surely does Ann begin a new story on that day. She never has to think about what to write; ideas just "come to her." This one was the result of being annoyed by a four party line, she tells us.

PHILIP GOOS '37 AND HORACE STEWART '37

When questioned about their column, all that "Phil" and Horace had to say was, "we wish to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. Willis for letting us into the games for nothing."

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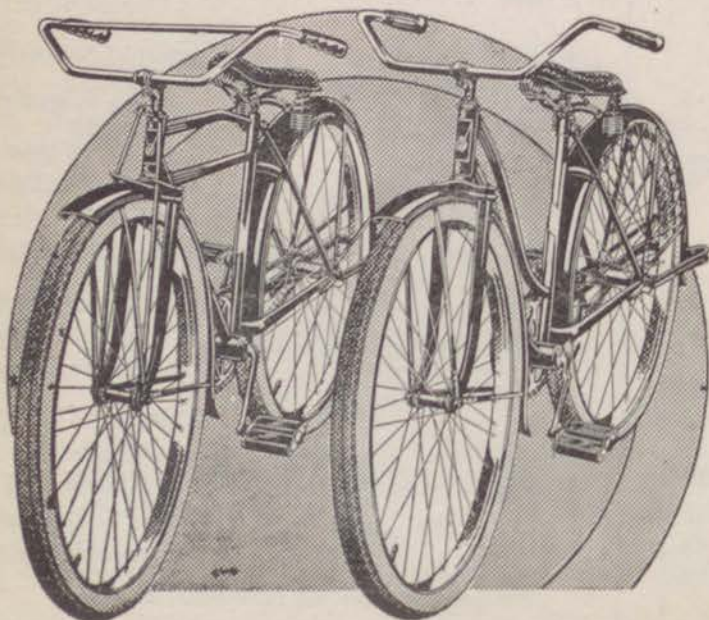
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The Oracle

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Literary Awards Issue



First Prize

KATHERINE FAULKINGHAM

Second Prize

MARGARET MAXFIELD

Third Prize

ANN BIGELSON



MR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR

*Now in his tenth year as the Principal
of our school.*

*His honesty, fairness and sincerity continue
to merit our innermost respect.*

Old Stand-by

ELISABETH RICHARDSON

HONORS

SENIOR

BILLIE Webster sauntered slowly through the immense high school corridor idly chatting with Sally Nelson.

"—and he smiled right at me this morning in French," Sally was saying with conscious pride in herself. "And, Billie . . . I declare, Billie Webster, I don't believe you've heard a word I've been saying. If you don't want to hear, I won't tell you." And Sally tossed her head offensively.

Billie's green-grey eyes were laughing, but she said soberly with compunction. "Why, but I am listening, Sally. Do tell me."

"Well," Sally continued in a confidential manner, "Mary King said that June Morely said that *he* asked her what our names were and said that we were pretty. Now what do you think of that?" she asked triumphantly.

"For goodness' sake, Sally Nelson, can't you think of anything else! Ever since Stephen C. Mitchell, *Junior*, entered Bostton High School, it's been nothing but Stephen C. Mitchell this, and Stephen C. Mitchell that. My word! Has the whole school gone nuts!"

"Well, I only told you because I thought you'd be interested. You needn't be so snooty about it." By this time they had neared their classroom. "Oh dear!" exclaimed Sally impatiently, "here we are already, and I've something *so* important to tell you."

"Write me a note," replied Billie. "You can pass one down easily; I'll answer it if I get a chance."

There had been a day at the first of the year when she and Sally had been seated side by side in the back of the room. But one day when they had laughed and exchanged notes once too often, Billie had received a very cordial invitation from the teacher to take a seat in the front of the room.

The period dragged, for it was the last one of the day, and both girls felt the pangs of hunger growing on them. Sally passed a note to Billie which Billie tried unsuccessfully to answer. The students were restless, yet they did their best to give respectful attention to the teacher. The warm spring sunshine and smell of freshness in the air were hard to resist, and the fly Tom Kelley had trapped was fascinating to Billie.

At length the period came to a close. With a mad

dash Billie was out the door and down the hall. Hurriedly grabbing two or three books, she and Sally went out to where "Rattles" was waiting at the curb. "Rattles" was Fred Caldwell's car—that is, if it might be called a car. At any rate, it had four wheels and managed, for the most part, to get them where they were going and back again. Fred never failed to wait for Billie unless they had quarreled. Not since the Connie Barclay episode had this happened. Jack Mason was sitting in the car with Fred. He and Fred were deep in discussion over something and merely nodded at the girls.

"Well, what do you think of my plan?" asked Sally of Billie as they got into the car.

"Well, of course, it's all right if you want to ask him," Billie said, slightly disdainful. "But after all, Sally, you hardly know him, and to ask him to a party at your house is kind of—well, forward, don't you think? Of course it's all right, I suppose, but . . ."

"Yes," Sally said thoughtfully "and of course I should ask Jack," and she nodded ever so slightly towards the blond, good-looking boy in the front seat. "He's taken me everywhere this year. But then again, Stephen Mitchell is Jean Grant's cousin. (You know Jean Grant. She lives in Mertonville. I met her there last summer, and Jean wrote me that he was her cousin.) Of course that doesn't make me know him, but we really should introduce him to some of the girls around school."

"When are you going to have the party?" asked Billie.

"Mother said I might have one around the first of April. An April Fool's party would be cute, don't you think?"

"Uh-huh."

"Who're you going to ask?"

"I don't know yet. I'll see you later. Call me up this afternoon."

"O. K. I'll do that. 'Bye." This, as "Rattles" banged her way up to the curbstone in front of Billie's house.

That afternoon five young girls met at Billie's house. June Moreley, one of the younger members of the crowd, was a slight girl measuring a mere five feet in

height. Her versatile ways had quickly won her a place in the high school crowd, and since she had been going with Dick Craig, she had generally been accepted in Billie's crowd. Jane Foster, a large stout girl whose face was always wreathed in smiles, was considered a "good kid" by all, but, though she went around with Billie and Sally, she never took part in the social affairs of the crowd, preferring to read or play some sport. The other girls were more or less "silent partners" of the crowd. Now all the girls were deep in discussion. Various opinions about Stephen Mitchell were expressed. At length Sally said decisively, "I'll just have to ask Jack Mason. It would be just too much of a snub not to ask him. He has been grand to me. Of course, I like him, too."

"Yes, there's no doubt about that," said June slyly. "None of the rest of us dare to so much as look at him."

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Sally, quickly reddening in spite of herself. "But now, since I can't ask Stephen, one of you girls has simply got to. I've quite set my heart on having him at my party. We ought to find out whether he'd fit with our crowd or not. How about you, Mary," and she turned to the shy young girl sitting beside her.

Mary's big blue eyes widened. "Oh-h-h, Sally, I'd never dare to. I'd be scared to death."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, little one. Why don't you?"

"No, absolutely no!" Mary shook her pretty blonde head decisively.

"Well, how about you, Billie? Would you? Fred wouldn't mind," she added persuasively.



"Well, Connie Barclay! Of all people!"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't got a crush on him. I must say I don't think he's anything so wonderful."

"But you will ask him?" insisted Sally.

"I'll see," responded Billie.

The week passed quickly. Stephen received a note of invitation from Mrs. Nelson with the request that

he escort Miss Billie Webster. The party was to be quite a grand affair, and the arrival of the night itself found Billie keyed to a high pitch of excitement. Not that she was a bit excited about going with Stephen Mitchell, she assured herself. It was just that she hadn't done anything for so long. No, not since a week ago tonight when she had attended a big formal dance in Melbourne. But this was different she argued with herself. Tonight, was to be just a nice, informal party. Billie had decided upon a silk dress, a beautiful shade of turquoise. Her curly, ruddy-brown hair had a beautiful gloss, and the blue-green of the dress brought out the green lights in her eyes. Tall and slim, looking attractive if not pretty, she presented herself to her mother for a last minute inspection and approval. This was enthusiastically given by both her father and mother. Thirteen-year-old Nancy Lee, the baby of the family, was open-mouthed with admiration for her big sister's appearance. Even Dave, her younger brother, admitted grudgingly that she looked "good enough" which was praise of the highest kind coming from him.

The sound of a car stopping in front of the house sent them all scurrying. Billie dashed up the stairs that she might come down them with dignity after Stephen arrived. Several minutes passed, and still the door-bell did not ring. Nancy Lee, with all the curiosity of her sex, peered out the front room window. "Billie," she called up the stairs, "that was only next door."

"Well it's awfully early yet," Billie said in as nonchalant a tone as possible. "It's only about twenty minutes to seven, isn't it?"

"It's exactly five minutes past seven," said Nancy Lee sternly accusing, "and you know it!"

"Oh well . . ." Billie dawdled about her bedroom. It was a good thing that wasn't Stephen, for she'd forgotten to put any perfume on. During the next few minutes (were they only minutes, wondered Billie), she seemed all absorbed in the enlightening story of *Matched Pearls*, by Lutz.

The front door bell rang. Billie started nervously. Then regaining her composure she started down the front stairway. Even as she started the door opened. "Hello, Billie." It was Fred.

"Oh!" That was all Billie said, but it was obvious that she was taken back. "What do you want?"

"My, my, isn't the little girl glad to see me!" exclaimed Fred to no one in particular, disregarding entirely Billie's question. "And she's all dressed up to go out, too. Now isn't that just ducky! And all the time I thought she had a date with me. Um . . ."

"Oh!" Billie flushed a little as she remembered that Fred had said something about the two of them going into Melbourne to a movie. "I—"

"What, another 'oh!'" interrupted Fred rudely with a derisive laugh. "Can't you say anything but 'oh!'"

"I for—" Billie started to protest.

"You forgot. That's what you started to say, isn't

it? Yeah, well, that's all right. I just came over to say that I couldn't take you tonight because "Rattles" broke down. Where do you think you're going anyway?"

By this time Billie's cheeks were scarlet with indignation. "Fred Caldwell!" she exclaimed furiously, "you've no right to talk to me like that. And I won't tell you where I'm going. It's none of your business. So there!" and Billie stamped her foot emphatically.

"Well, don't tear yourself apart about it," Fred said in an icy tone of voice with an attempt at a coolness he did not feel.

"Oh, who is! You're the one who's getting all hot-headed about it."

"Phooey," said Fred, slangily. "Well, have a good time, Miss Webster."

"Oh, I will. There's no doubt about that," Billie assured him in a voice as smooth as honey but which held a twang of vinegar behind it all. "You have a good time yourself."

Fred stalked out the front door, closing it gently, too gently, behind him. Billie stood still for a minute glaring at the closed door. Then turning quickly she rushed up the stairs to her bedroom. Her mother followed in a few minutes. "Who was that, dear?" she inquired mildly, looking into Billie's room.

"Oh, just Fred," replied Billie, loath to tell her mother that she and Fred had been quarreling. "I think I'll go get a drink of water," she interposed quickly before her mother could question her further.

Just as she reached the dining room the doorbell rang. With impish glee Nancy Lee danced past Billie to answer the ring. "Don't you dare answer that!" Billie shouted after her in a hoarse whisper. "Don't you dare! You let mother answer it!"

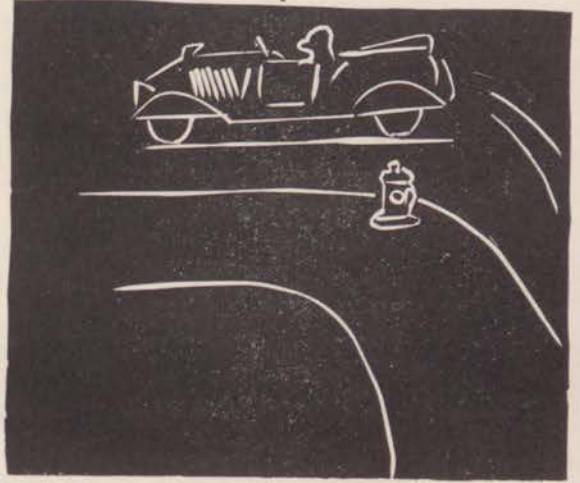
But Nancy Lee was already opening the door. "Come in. You're Stephen C. Mitchell, *Junior*, aren't you?" Her high, childish voice floated through the rooms with agonizing clearness to Billie. Billie writhed as she heard her pronounce the "Stephen C. Mitchell, *Junior*."

Billie reached the room just as Mrs. Webster, better known around the neighborhood as Mrs. Dick, entered as unperturbed as always. Stephen was not noticeably tall but made a good-looking chap, his blond hair, clear blue eyes, and fair complexion drawing immediate attention. If his features had a slight feminine round to them or his hair had just a suggestion of a wave carelessly set in the front, this might be all over-looked. Certainly the girls of Boxton High School over-looked it, though it might well be doubted if they even noticed it. He was immaculate almost to the point of being a dandy. Mrs. Dick gave him an appraising look. In spite of his grown-up air, it was plain to see that he was really very young. Billie spoke to him as she entered the room and then introduced him to her mother and Nancy Lee.

Presently they were on their way. Billie found his supercilious attitude trying, and wished Fred—com-

fortable, jolly Fred—were present. She wished Stephen wouldn't laugh so loudly and so often. It seemed as if he laughed after every other word when really there was nothing to laugh at.

The evening progressed. The party seemed to be going well. If little June Moreley were making a decided play for Stephen, Billie did not care. Stephen might be the better looking from a girl's viewpoint,



"Stephen's expensive car shot off into the distance."

but she preferred Fred with his round, boyish face and friendly smile. But, being Billie, she couldn't help enjoying herself. After all, it was a crowd of boys and girls that she had always chummed with, so she had a gay time, though occasionally her conscience gave her a twinge as she thought of the rather shabby way she had treated Fred. About nine-thirty the doorbell rang.

"More kids probably," said petite, dark-eyed Sally, laughing as she went to answer the door.

"Come—" she stopped short, a look of consternation on her face. Then gaily, with a forced note of hilarity in her voice, she said, "Well, Connie Barclay! Of all people! How did you and Fred ever happen to get together?"

Her words were clearly distinct to the young people assembled in the large living room. Billie caught her breath. Fred with Connie Barclay! And Fred had always seemed to dislike Connie so. What right had Connie to be in Boxton anyway? She'd moved to New York. Why didn't she stay there? Billie's thoughts were in a jumble.

"This way. The kids are all in the living room." That was Sally's voice.

"Now, Elizabeth Anne Webster, you chuck the best bluff you ever have yet. Don't you dare for one minute let any one of them see that you mind Fred's being here with another girl." Thus did Billie admonish herself severely. Then she spoke as the newcomers

(Please turn to page 38)

You Never Can Tell

By Donald Stuart

EVEN as he was reading it through the first time, he thought, "Boy, what a story this would make!" He paused in contemplation, then went on to the end. The moment he had finished he could visualize, in his mind's eye, the complete story.

In his hand he held a letter written to him by his dearest friend. Most of it told of an incident that had happened to her, and, in the telling, it was written exceedingly well, revealing her emotions in a mood that no one who had not experienced a like incident could ever hope to capture.

In fact, it was written so well, he knew (in his story about it) he would use much of the original letter . . .

All Eric Hughes could think of as he leaned back in his chair and let the letter drop to the floor was the furor a story expressing such genuine feeling as this girl had caught with her pen would create.

Eric was a writer, first, last and always, and everything he thought of or saw entered his mind as to whether or not it was suitable story material. It was in his blood; it was part of him.

So the little sentence at the bottom of the letter's last page did not receive much attention. It read, simply, "Eric, darling, you are the only one I could ever tell this to. . ."

* * * * *

As Long as There's Life—by Eric Hughes is definitely the novel of the month. It is almost inconceivable how any fiction writer could capture such genuine feeling and express it so truly . . .

* * * * *

"Eric: (the second letter read).

"How could anyone be so low as to take a letter,

written in confidence, and actually publish most of it?

"I wrote that letter to you because I thought you'd understand, and because I thought I loved you . . .

"Imagine my feelings when I found that in your latest novel you had flaunted that letter all through its pages . . .

"I never want to hear from you again—our engagement is off. Lois."

* * * * *

The letter fluttered to the floor as Eric leaned back in his chair. This was totally unexpected. How could she have misunderstood? He hadn't meant to do anything wrong. She had simply written a good story and it had instantly appealed to him. He hadn't meant to break any confidences . . .

As suddenly as that the idea came to him. The story of a man jilted by his sweetheart because he published a letter from her to him in a story! Say, that was a natural!

Everything else was forgotten as Eric turned the idea over in his mind. It would require a lot of work, he reflected, but it was going to be worth it. . .

* * * * *

Misunderstanding, by Eric Hughes, is a severe let down after his last brilliant novel.

It is almost as though *As Long As There's Life*—had been written by some other person . . .

With one good novel and one bad novel balancing his ledger, Hughes is now back where he started. Just another writer, with ink in his veins instead of blood . . ."

• • •

"Cat-astrophe"

By Dorothy Bragdon

The night was dark and cloudy;
The wind moaned through the trees,
As I, within my lonely room,
Crouched on my bended knees.

Again that sound pierced through the dark—
A long, thin, wailing cry;
It rose still higher, to a shriek,
Then died down to a sigh.

My heart almost stopped beating;
The sound seemed to be clearer!
I clasped my gun more tightly,
For that form was coming nearer!

I raised my gun. Should I fire?
Would I a murderer be,
If I should kill to gain my rights
And assure my own safety?

I told myself there was nothing to fear;
I had shot in self-defense.
The moon was obscured by a passing cloud;
The silence grew strained and tense!

Again that black form rose before me,
Drew nearer my broad window sill!
I raised my pistol and fired!
A sharp cry! And then all was still.

I fled from the scene in terror,
Not waiting to dilly or dally;
Imagine my shock when the sun rose next morn,
And a dead cat was found in the alley!

The Demon Fire

By Katherine Faulkingham

FIRST PRIZE

BENEATH a dirty debris heap that hugged a rotting wall,
A tiny lick of flame was born, that soon began to crawl

To bigger things, and then, into a red inferno turned,
It madly crept through city streets and tortured as it burned.

It cackled like a crazy thing, and chuckled when it spread;

It quivered at the fearful sight of dying, and of dead;
It slipped into the blind man's room and watched with fiendish glee

The helpless, withered fingers grope, the eyes that could not see;

It slunk up to the prison wall, and in each darkened cell,

The choking devils clutched the bars, till agonized, they fell;

It saw the miser hug his gold, the burning preacher pray;

It saw the sick strain from their beds, and gasping, pass away;

It licked the ashes, cried for more, but now a blackened mound

Was left, and gasping, dying there, it sank into the ground.

The city fell; charred ruins left lay smoking in its stead,
But from the ruins came the cry, "The demon fire is dead!"



Two-Party Line

By Ann Bigelson

THIRD PRIZE

MIRIAM PORTER lay fully stretched on the studio divan, hands cupping her obstinate chin, eyes gazing unseeingly at the book before her. Miriam was thinking.

She had served as an operating nurse at the Howard Hospital for three years. The years had been long and lagging, filled with inexplicable experiences. The whole staff, including the superintendent, had grown to rely upon her usual first hand knowledge of the patients, transferring their responsibility upon her strong, young, capable shoulders. In spite of these extra burdens, she had continued upward until now, occasionally, she was called in to work as an assistant to the Head. Many of the beginning nurses and the matrons sought her counsel, confident that she could straighten out their difficulties.

All during her stay at the hospital, her ultimate aim had been the Lloyd Award, given to the one who had shown the greatest advancement within two years—allowing one year in which one must get thoroughly adapted to the hurry-scurry life that is customarily led in a hospital. Her name had been listed among the numerous contestants. She wondered if she possessed half a chance, and voted against it. No, she hadn't advanced quite far enough. If she did win, though—but it was too much to hope for.

Dr. Herrick, who had been appointed head judge, had promised to phone her in the event of her winning since she was off duty

Saturday afternoons, and would not be present when the fortunate one was announced. Would that black instrument on the table never ring? She could not concentrate on the book she was trying to read. So much depended on that little message! "Would it never come?" she demanded irritably of no one in particular.

* * * * *

Linda Sabine moved a careless forefinger in and out of the previously ruffled rows of brown papered bonbons. She was critically surveying *Vogue's* spring ensembles for milady to the accompaniment of the steady chewing of listlessly selected sweets. A painful calculation of her weekly salary was slowly taking place in her mind. Ten dollars for mother; twelve on her fur coat payment; two for dry cleaning—this would leave her how much? Seven and a quarter—no, seven

seventy-five. That wouldn't do it, and she couldn't possibly let her coat payment slide for they had sent her a second and final notice. (The inconsiderate cranks with all their money). It wasn't fair—oh, well, her last year's suit was in perfect condition, and the style wasn't ancient, she mused. Really, with a few apt touches here and there, it would be made most attractive. Her noble endeavors snapped—and faded as her eye once more rested on the positively stunning suit, severe in its cut, and yet so feminine in its appeal. She must have it! Mother's ten dollars—why not? Why not indeed! Her pricking conscience pointed out only too clearly the cold logic against such a procedure. It was only yesterday that mother mentioned in a colorless tone the rising prices of food. The pricking went on relentlessly. Linda answered it with an

unusual amount of determination in accordance with her first plan, backed perhaps with the vow that she would give mother twenty-five dollars to make up for it. The buzzer brought her sharply to her feet, the feet that were being so smartly shod to complete the outfit that was etched so clearly before her.

Reaching for her notebook Linda put on her business-like, office expression. With an eyebrow quirking inquiringly, she clicked briskly into the doctor's private office.

Dr. Herrick, dressed in plus fours, eyed his wristwatch anxiously.

"Listen, Sabine," he snapped, "Call Miriam Porter and inform

her that she is the winner of the Lloyd Award and tell her to report here directly for an interview because the story's got to break in tonight's paper." (He might have added that the need for haste involved an all-important golf date.)

With one hand dialing, Linda reached with the other for a pink frosted bon-bon. The busy signal allowed her time to masticate it well and after a moment she tried again. Receiving the same signal repeatedly, she reported the situation to Dr. Herrick.

The victim of a savage bite, the severed tip of a ten-cent cigar rolled to an ignominious end in the curls of dust under the filing cabinet.

"Fool girl, probably talking to her boy friend," he muttered. "Well, don't stand there, Sabine. Do something. There are others, you know, who would

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The Future Lies Ahead

By Austin R. Keith

HONORS

THE powerful rockets that propelled the streamlined car in which John Gilmore was now riding hissed quietly as the chronometer in the dashboard registered seven hundred dynoes per hour. . . . "In grandpa's time," he thought to himself, "I'd be going about eight hundred miles an hour." When John was a boy, his grandfather had told him about the times when nothing traveled over three hundred miles an hour, and only racing drivers and airplanes went that fast. The average car back in those days didn't go much faster than one hundred miles an hour. Gosh, nowadays air-liners and air-devils went as fast as eighteen hundred dynoes, or about two thousand miles an hour.

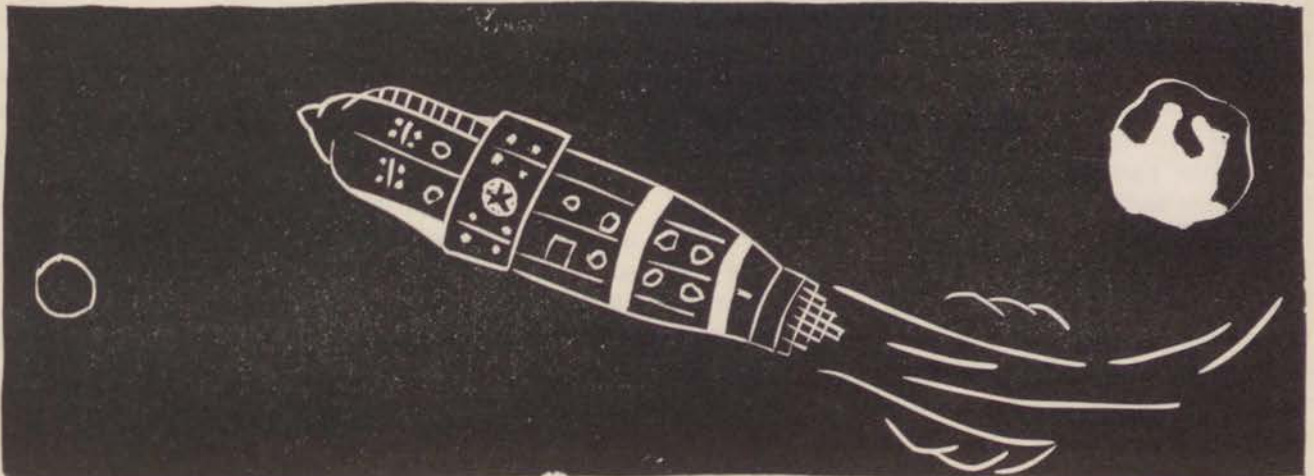
As a boy in school, John had learned in his history class about the first expedition to Mars in a crude rocket ship. Professor Hexogolet had made the expedition and had been greatly surprised to find the people there almost exactly like the people on Earth. The only difference was that no one on Mars grew over five feet, six inches tall. Transportation had developed since then until now there was a great airline of huge rocket ships called "hexogolets," named for the great scientist. These enormous air-liners brought Mars to within a few hours ride of the earth. John Gilmore was the chief pilot on one of these ships, the cruising speed of which was almost twenty-five hundred dynoes an hour; but, when John was behind time on his run, he would put it up to three thousand dynoes.

John was on his way to work now, and away to the east he could see the towering buildings of the city of Cleveland, still some fifty dynoes away. The buildings reached three hundred stories into the air and nearly twenty stories into the earth. They loomed so high that on a clear day one could see them from over a hundred dynoes away. Out in the open the roads were

all straight, having no turns or curves, and when two roads crossed, one either went under or over the other; thus cars could travel as fast as they wanted to without having to slow up for cross roads or curves. In the cities you weren't allowed to use the powerful rocket motors, but instead, a diesel engine which was installed in the front of the car. These practical diesel engines had been invented sometime back in the 1930's and had come down through generations to the present day.

In three minutes John had turned off his rockets and was in the center of traffic traveling on diesel power. He headed for the Gaston Airways Co., the line for which he worked. As he pulled through the gates into the great cement bowl, from which all ships of the Gaston Co. took off, he could see his hexogolet resting in front of the door of the waiting rooms from which people were pouring. They were filling the passenger's quarters of the great rocket ship. John drove his car into the near-by garage and hurried to the locker room. After slipping into his flying togs and smart visor cap, he was about to go out when the buzzer over the door sounded. Everyone in the room stopped what he was doing, and a deadly silence prevailed as each watched for a name to appear in the glass plate under the buzzer. John's name suddenly came to life in bold, red letters.

"Well? So I'm wanted at the office; what do you suppose I've done now?" John mused. The name disappeared, and the men in the locker room went back to what they had been doing. John walked through the open door and along a great corridor. He stepped into a waiting elevator and was shot up to the two hundred and twenty-first floor. Here he walked down another large hallway towards a great bronze door that opened automatically as he came within a few feet of it. "Electric eye," he thought to himself as he walked on



"We were slowly getting out of the magnetized area."

through into the office of the president of Gaston Airways Co. Mr. Hammond, the president, sat behind a huge metal desk and puffed on a rather smelly cigar that was sticking out of one corner of his mouth. John Gilmore stood before the desk and asked, "You called for me, sir?"

"Yes," said Hammond. "You are to stay on Mars tonight. I am having your ship overhauled there. I'd call off this trip entirely were it not for the great number of people planning to arrive on Mars today. You will stay there tonight and tomorrow morning. If they work all night on the ship, they should have it all done by noon tomorrow. You will leave there immediately after it is finished. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, you may go."

"Thank you, sir." John turned and walked out, and, as the great bronze door swung to behind him, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Was that all the old badger wanted?"

As he stepped out into the open air, John saw that his hexogolet was already resting in a cradle which was being raised on its swivel. There were three of these cradles in the bowl of the Gaston Co. All were made of a framework of chrome steel set into a round loose piece of concrete that was on a pivot so that it could be turned in any direction. The cradle itself was on a geared half rainbow swivel that might be raised to any angle up to ninety degrees. These cradles were used to aim the rocket ships into space. When the ship got into space, it could be steared from within. A hexogolet would be backed into a cradle on wheels, the wheels removed, and then the cradle was pointed in the general direction of the ship's destination. As John trotted across the stretch of concrete that separated the cradle from the building, the cradle holding his ship stopped moving. It was at the correct angle. John mounted the steps to the base of the cradle, climbed up the ladder to the cradle's top, and from there up the iron rungs that were set in the back of his hexogolet to the upper hatch that opened into the front part of the passengers' cabin. John swung his feet through the hatch and climbed down into the cabin. From there he turned and stepped up into the pilots' cabin. After sliding into his seat, he slipped on a pair of heavy leather gloves, and, grinning at the co-pilot who was making his first run, he leaned through the door of the passengers' quarters and shouted, "Close the hatches and air-locks." He checked over his controls, and finding them perfect, he looked towards the signal tower off to his left. Just then a bell rang over his head, assuring him that the air locks and hatches were all closed. He glanced at the co-pilot, who turned on the oxygen tanks. Then looking once more towards the signal tower, he waved to a man standing there in a window. The man disappeared, and directly afterwards a mourning-like howl filled the air as a number of great sirens all around the bowl began to wail. This

was a signal for all people in the bowl to get inside, and for all ships flying around overhead to stay away from that area. John's gaze wandered to the three visiplates over the windshield. The one at the left was blank; the one in the center showed a small but clear picture of all the buildings of Cleveland, and some of the surrounding country. The visiplate on the right showed a vivid picture of Mars. While the ship was within a dynoe of the earth, the one at the left would remain blank. But when it got out of that area, the shape of the earth would form there automatically. The one at the right was the same, only it was focused on Mars. Thus, when the ship got within a dynoe of Mars, the picture at the right would fade out. The visiplate in the center stayed on all the time and showed a picture of everything within a radius of fifty dynoes. John gazed at the form of Mars in the right-hand plate. "So far and yet so near," he muttered to himself.

A hand touched his arm. When John looked up, the co-pilot was pointing at the signal tower. A yellow light flared there in one of the windows. John's hand moved towards the rocket lever and his other remained firmly on the steering rod. The lever moved forward under the steady pressure of his hand, and the wailing siren and all other noises were drowned out by the tremendous roar of the large rocket's firing. The ship lurched and then shot gracefully out into space. John glanced at the spaceometer; fifty. . . one hundred. . . two hundred. . . five hundred dynoes they had traveled already. He shoved the lever up two more notches and let his eyes wander to the chronometer. It registered fifteen hundred dynoes per hour. Two more notches; twenty-two hundred dynoes now. John took his hand away from the lever. The big rocket that was used for taking off, had stopped firing now, and the others were firing smoothly and almost noiselessly. John slipped the ear phones on his head and tuned the radio in to some music. The music was interrupted by the announcement of an old-fashioned moving picture that was showing in the Empire theater in Mayan on Mars that day. That was the city for which they were now bound. John had forgotten all about that picture, and he had wanted to see it very much, too. This was the last time it would ever be shown, as it was to be added to the collection at the Natural Museum of History on Earth. Why he'd just about get in in time for the last show. It was going to be a wonderful picture; all about the middle part of the twentieth century. It would show old cars, houses, airplanes, and lots of other interesting things. John had seen some of these things in a museum once. There was a 1937 Cadillac, a Boeing pursuit plane and many other oddities. "Say, I wouldn't miss this picture if I had to," he smiled. The music had continued and John tuned in on some "hemispheric" weather reports. He glanced at the chronometer and decided that the lever needed another notch. The ship responded, and the

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POETRY

Song of the Wind

By Margaret Maxfield

SECOND PRIZE

I love the wind, when swift and fleet
It dances by on bright, gay feet.
I love the wind, when soft and gray
It creeps along the dusky way
And whistles in the willow trees;
Or skips, a frisky little breeze,
Along the shining froth-capped waves,
And weirdly whispers low in caves;
Then, like a chorus, sings along
And softly chants, at eve, its song.

I love the wind—across the lea
It sweeps and sighs in ecstasy,
Or flaunts its banners through the blue—
And—Oh! I love the wind, don't you?

A Wish

Margaret Maxfield

I will live with the wind again,
And bow to the wild storm's pow'r;
I will follow the swift bee's flight,
And pause at the sweetest flow'r;
I will dance in the cool moonlight
Where the curious cannot see;
I will sing with the carefree birds,
For that's in the heart o' me.

Seacoast

By Margaret Maxfield

Slim the birches on the hill
Silhouetted, bent at will
Stand dark against the sky.
There below them stretches sand,
Rocks; and out beyond the land
The sullen waves roll by.

Mistily the sun shines through
Dusky banks of clouds; and, too,
Its rays glint on the sea.
Gray and blue the breakers dash
Spray and foam and thundering crash
In echoing minor key.

Shrilly sea gulls cry and loop
O'er the ocean, e're they swoop
To snatch their wary prey.
Caught between its cavern-rock,
Lashing tongues of ocean mock
The hilltop's tranquil day.

Imports and Exports

Here's your chance, fellow exchangers, to take a look at yourselves through the looking-glass. We sincerely thank you for the glance you gave us of our *Oracle* in your recent publications, and can assure you that we have profited by it.

York High School Review, York, Maine. We noticed in the February issue of your publication a change in the arrangement of your pages, having two columns instead of one. This change improves the general appearance of your magazine remarkably.

For convenience, we suggest that you have an index to your book.

The Highlite, Rockland High School, Rockland, Maine. This newspaper could be improved if the pages were so spaced that the print would not overrun the lines dividing the columns.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. Your magazine contains a very good literary department with some of your stories and poems well illustrated by linoleum cuts.

The "W", Whitefield High School, Whitefield, Maine. This little school, consisting of but thirty pupils, none above sophomore grade, certainly shows a great deal of initiative to put out a paper of this kind. We particularly enjoyed *Personalities*. Keep up the good work.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass. We enjoyed reading your magazine, especially the story *The Wheels of Fate*. Your column under the heading, *Bric-A-Brac* was novel and instructive.

The Holten, Holten High School, Danvers, Mass. Your book shows talent in all departments. You have an exceptionally good joke department.

The Blue and White, Edward F. Searles High School, Methuen, Mass. We should like to see more stories. The sample was very good. Some linoleum cuts would also add favorably to your magazine.

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School, Braintree, Mass. We enjoyed *Snooper Says*. Your artists and poets were well represented.

The Meteor, Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire. The poem *The Summons*, taken from *The Raven*—Poe, was most amusing. The pictures, illustrating New Hampshire as a winter playground, were an added feature of interest. But where, oh where, were your exchanges, your humor section, and write-ups on school activities?

The Sagamore, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass. Yours is the best weekly paper we have yet seen. We particularly liked the arrangement of your paper, and your *Who's Who Column*.

Visiting Mr. McPherson

By Beryl Crosby and Charles Redman

TWO o'clock and a new experience was about to begin. We were ushered in to a small room and faced—could this young personality be Mr. McPherson, the new owner! It was Mr. McPherson, but not the new owner. If we would wait for a few minutes, we could see Mr. James E. McPherson, new owner of the *Bangor Daily Commercial*. As we entered, we were greeted with a very broad smile from a man of apparent intelligence and knowledge. He was pleasantness itself.

Mr. McPherson believes that it is fundamental that one faces life with the prospect of making some worthwhile contribution, of material success, and of capacity for enjoyment when best equipped mentally for it. He says, "It is obvious that college is very worthwhile for the right type—for one who will not regard it as a glorified country club but earnestly craves the opportunity to make the most of the advantages college offers."

He goes further, to say, "It is not necessarily indicated that the top ranking scholars in preparatory school will be the most finished products of the colleges. Personally I would be less attracted to the graduate with a high scholarship record attained at the expense of narrow devotion to marks to the exclusion of all else, than to one who has taken a broader interest in the general activities, has developed personality, and has learned the art of making and holding friends."

Mr. McPherson doesn't believe that if a person is denied a college education through force of circumstances, that he should fear to face life. It is true that there are many, many brilliant and powerful men and women who have not attained a college education. "You can't keep a good man down. There are even failures among graduates. It all depends on the individual."

"The ideal education," says your graduate from Dartmouth, "would be the liberal arts degree followed by a course to prepare one for his chosen field of endeavor. Where that is not possible, I would say, one's choice of college would be determined by his particular aim in life and that institution which would best serve it, in his opinion."

We asked his opinion of journalism as a career. "It points to an attractive field for young people to enter, a dignified vocation that offers an opportunity for community up-building, for moulding public opinion constructively, and begets relatively satisfactory remuneration."

Mr. McPherson is one with whom anyone should feel free to talk. That is just the way we felt, so we were inspired to ask this question, "What do you think of a school of journalism as against immediate employment by a paper upon leaving high school?" He ex-

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Bangor's All-Opponent Team

By Horace Stewart and Phillip Goos

Flash! Flash! Announcing Bangor's All-Opponent basketball team. This might sound a little complicated, so we will explain ("I hope, I hope, I hope") it for you. We attended every home game that Bangor had on its schedule this year, and at each home game we picked the player whom we thought did the best playing on the opposing team. The players we have picked may not have been the best players on their respective teams all the year, but are the players on the opposing teams who did the best work when Bangor played them in City Hall.

Our right forward for the all-opposing team was LaFleur of Waterville. Our reason for this selection was due to the fact that he had a "dead-eye" for baskets and a "neat" manner of handling the ball. For left forward "Jimmy" Crowley of Bapst was chosen! Chosen not only for his shooting ability, but for his quickness and for the way in which he "followed up" every shot. Our center comes from Winslow in the name of Gwazdowsky who seems to have the essentials of a good "tip-off" man. Another man from Waterville, Shiro, is right guard. He had a system of dribbling that was clever, and his defensive floor work was tops. After much debate, we finally thought it necessary to call a tie between Pound of Stearns and Dionne of Old Town for left guard. We feel that these two men speak for themselves.

A second team has been chosen, members of which are close runners-up in many cases for first team berths.

The two teams are:

First Team

LaFleur (Waterville).....	rf
Crowley (Bapst).....	lf
Gwazdowsky (Winslow).....	c
Shiro (Waterville).....	rg
Tie: Pound (Stearns) and Dionne (Old Town).....	lg

Second Team

Murray (Brewer).....	rf
Poirier (Winslow).....	lf
Benjamin (Stearns).....	c
Lank (Shead).....	rg
McCarthy (John Bapst).....	lg

We remind you, in closing, that these players may not have been the best players on their team for the season, but were outstanding when Bangor played their respective teams in City Hall. (The Tournament did not count). We would also like to say that we put these men in the positions which they occupied when playing Bangor; thus the tie: (Dionne and Pound were both left guards).

W. P. A. Arts

MANY times this year the *Oracle* has received information regarding the Four Arts Program of the Works Progress Administration. These bulletins contain information of the work which the WPA is doing in regard to theatre productions. While presenting their own plays and helping present others, the WPA is giving entertainment to many people and is also helping many would-be actors.

To give you some idea what WPA is doing and how much success it is having in regard to theater productions, we would like to quote from some of the latest bulletins:—

"In a south Jersey town that boasted a rated population of three hundred twenty-five persons, nine hundred attended an out-door show presented by a WPA Federal Theatre Project touring unit, according to Harry Horne, local project supervisor."

"In another town, where 'in the flesh' shows were an unknown quantity, we played to twenty-two hundred although its published population was eighteen hundred."

"We have traveled as much as one hundred thirty-five miles, each way, to give a performance. Our average mileage is fifty to sixty miles per performance. We are real troupers."

"Actors, scenic designers, stage hands and writers formerly with the WPA Federal Theatre Project are connected now with major Broadway productions including *King Richard II*, *The Ziegfeld Follies*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *White Horse Inn* and *The Eternal Road*."

"Two hundred and forty Federal Theatre workers, including actors, stagehands and writers, left the project for private industry during the past year, according to the latest official re-employment figure made public by the project. This figure does not include several hundred clerical and other employees who left during the same period."

"This announcement follows closely the Federal Theatre's production survey revealing that more than five million, five hundred thousand persons had at-

tended WPA production in New York City since the project opened its first play in Harlem in February, 1936."

Thus the WPA marches on!

Designers of Future Automobiles

"What do *you* think an automobile should look like?" This is a very interesting question presented by the Fisher Body Craftmen's Guild.

"Since 1930, the Guild has annually offered awards for the best Napoleonic coaches. Thousands of boys of high-school age have won cash awards and free trips to the Guild conventions. Forty-nine boys have won university scholarships worth \$176,000, and the four who have thus far completed their college courses have found jobs with General Motors upon graduation. Guild membership at present totals 1,250,000.

"The purpose behind the work of this educational foundation has been the revival of the ancient spirit of craftsmanship.

"Craftsmanship in this technical age is an important part of any man's background no matter what his business," states Mr. Fisher. "For the boy who goes into some form of engineering, however, craftsmanship is indispensable."

In broadening the work of the Guild to include creative design, Mr. Fisher says: "There are few schools in the country where it's possible for a boy to learn motor-car design. Through our new Guild program we hope to find boys gifted in that field, and to take a hand in their training. At the same time we hope to discover latent talent not only for motor car design, but for every branch of the growing field of industrial design."

The model-car competition closes at midnight July first, and the coach competition at midnight August second.

This is a splendid opportunity for you to present any talent you have in the line of designing. Interested students are advised to contact the assistant editor for more complete information on these contests.



Cover to Cover

The Fort in the Jungle

By Percival Christopher Wren

The scene of this story is laid in a French province near China. The hero is an Englishman, Sinbad Dy-sart, who is given the choice of joining the French Foreign Legion, or else! He joins. Later he is sent to the province where he meets Captain Deleuze, a member of the Intelligence. This man has him transferred and later sends him on a dangerous mission into the interior. Sinbad acts the part of a dumb native. He reaches the rebel headquarters, and comes to the notice of Colonel Collins, an Englishman, who is a thorough scoundrel. Sinbad falls in love with Mary, Collins' wife. General Luong Tam Ky suspects that Sinbad is a French spy, but he has no way of proving it, as Sinbad avoids all his traps. Collins' head servant turns out to be a major in the Chinese secret service. He captures Sinbad and threatens him with torture unless Sinbad joins his service. Both Luong Tam Ky and the major had told Mrs. Collins that her husband would not come back from a trip on which he had gone. Each one infers that he will take her into his house. She refuses both. Luong captures the major and kills him. He then tells Sinbad that he is willing to join the French. He says he will send Sinbad with a message to the French. Mary escapes with him, but they are captured. Luong drugs Sinbad and kidnaps Mary. Sinbad follows, only to find that Luong has killed Mary. General Ba Ky kills his partner Luong and then sends Sinbad to the French.

Such are the adventures of Sinbad, the soldier, in Tonkin.

Here Was a Man

By Norah Lofts

This book tells the story of the life of the man who laid down his cloak for a queen to walk upon—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh began his career in Holland at the age of twenty. A few years later he was sent to Ireland, where he captured a rebel lord and a town, with only fifty men at his command. As the governor was

not pleased by his exploits, he sent Raleigh to London where Raleigh soon attracted the attention of Queen Bess. His courtly action, which is always mentioned in history books, sealed her approval of him. For many years she kept him at court to prevent him from sailing to America to found a colony. While at court he met a young lady, Elizabeth Throckmorton, whom he later married. Neither dared to tell the queen that they were married, and it was not until Arthur Throckmorton went to the queen and told her that Raleigh had seduced his sister that they confessed they were married. Queen Bess imprisoned both of them, although not in the same place. Raleigh secured their freedom by giving the queen four times her share in some Spanish booty. A few years later, he was sent to Guiana to hunt for gold. Instead of yellow metal he brought back simple remedies by which he regained the favor of the queen. He cured her toothache! Essex, Raleigh's mortal enemy was beheaded, and Raleigh was forced to be present. Little did he know that he would suffer the same fate seventeen years later during the rule of James of Scotland. James was a coward and was easily influenced. Raleigh was arrested and sent to the tower where his wife and child came to be with him. In 1617, Raleigh was released on parole to find a gold mine for the king. He received news that his son was dead, and went back to London where he was beheaded in 1618.

In the words of the author, "Here, indeed, was a man."

Warwick Deeping

Different from anything else Mr. Deeping has ever written, this book is the journal of an English medical officer in the World War. In it he relates his daily experiences and his reactions to war. We, who have seen none of the horror and pathos of war, get a new slant on it. We realize how false are some of our impressions.

Stephen, the writer of this journal, unwillingly went to war. He went only because it was considered the proper thing for a young doctor to do. He saw war as it was—madness. He returned home after a year,

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Activities

NEWS

OF THE
MONTH

Commercial Club

Warnings to would-be workers!

Don't:

- Chew gum when you apply for the job.
- Wear your best evening gown.
- Be afraid to tell what you can do.

Do:

- Be clean and neatly dressed.
- Be well groomed.
- Have self-confidence.

After you get the job:

- Work for your money—don't loaf.
- Be cheerful and good natured.
- Be efficient and willing to learn.

This advice, in brief, was straight from Mr. Harold Sanborn, manager of the F. W. Woolworth Company. Mr. Sanborn stressed these points especially when he spoke to the Commercial Club at its regular meeting on February seventeenth. Mr. Sanborn's talk, aside from giving us a good picture of the ideal employee from the employer's viewpoint, was unusually interesting and entertaining. If only all employers were as genial and considerate as Mr. Sanborn!

"Method of Hunting a Job" was the subject of the Forum on this program conducted by Shirley Drew. Open discussion followed. Evelyn Morrill and Beulah Duty furnished the music and played several piano and violin selections.

The Commercial Club's own Major Bowes' Amateurs seem to be making a hit. A few days after their assembly program, they received an invitation from the Federation of Women's Clubs to present their program at its next regular meeting. The amateurs were only too glad to accept the invitation—realizing that practise makes perfect—and the program was given on February nineteenth, with such a promising beginning, we wouldn't be surprised if they soon hit the road, touring the country as "The Commercial Club Amateurs, Unit No. 1."

You pick up the telephone, dial a number, and presto! you're telling your best friend about what Mary told you last night. We just take this for granted—never give a thought to what happens between the time we

pick up the receiver and the time we hear the voice at the other end of the wire.

A group of seniors, accompanied by Miss Moore and Miss Thomas of the faculty, got some inside information when they took a field trip through the telephone building recently. They saw a room full of nothing but batteries—which guarantee service in case of storms or some other trouble; they saw switchboards criss-crossed by dozens of wires, and covered with bulbs, buttons, numbers, and indicators; they saw clickers click and indicators write and receive messages.

Any time you feel like delving deeply into the wonders of science, take a trip through the telephone building! It's guaranteed to make you think a bit.

Science Club

At its meeting of the fall term, the Science Club elected the following officers: Harold Hamm, president; Ellen Hathorn, vice-president; and Phyllis Smith, secretary. Mr. Thurston continues his office of faculty advisor.

In following meetings talks were given on gases, soap, and air conditioning, by Melvin Brown, Charles Dorr, and Joseph Diasmore. The Club made an inspection of the City Water Works, and is now making plans for a visit to the Eastern Manufacturing Company.

At the meeting of March eighth, Dr. W. L. Gilliland, professor of organic chemistry at the University of Maine, was the guest speaker. He gave a most interesting talk on the nature of gases.

Latin Club

The Latin Club celebrated February in grand style by having a valentine costume party. True to the spirit of Cupid, a large number of members went in costumes representing famous lovers of old. We expected to be carved up every time we met Ruth White because she was in the character of Medea. Donald Stuart arrived as Jason, taking the golden fleece right along with him. He received the prize for having the most original costume. Judith Robinson represented the shrewish Dido, resplendent in purple and gold,

(Please turn to page 22)

JUNIOR EX



BOY SPEAKERS

Medalist

CHARLES REDMAN

Honors

DAYSON DeCOURCY

RICHARD COFFIN

ELLERY TUCK

WINTHROP DUTY

XHIBITION



GIRL SPEAKERS

Medalist

BARBARA SAVAGE

Honors

GWENDOLYN MATCHETT

MARY NELSON

POLLY PERRY

BERNICE ELLIS

while Donald Devoe was Aeneas in true Trojan style. His head dress was really a work of art. Barbara Farnham brought to life the character of Helen of Troy, "the face that launched a thousand ships," and Horace Stewart was Paris, the kidnapper. Janet Winchell and Byron Knowlton were prominent as Cleopatra and Antony. Miriam Fellows was present in a very unusual costume. Decorated with numerous kinds of fruits and vegetables, she represented Ceres, the goddess of fruit and produce.

Margaret Maxfield read a very interesting paper concerning Roman festivals in February. Members of the junior class, assisted by some of the seniors, presented a mock wedding as the Romans did it. It was definitely unlike a marriage of today. Mary Nelson took the part of the timid bride and Donald Stuart was the blushing bridegroom.

Valentines were exchanged during the course of the evening, and a prize for the cleverest was awarded to Priscilla Ross. Refreshments were served, and everyone ate in true Roman Fashion.

Snapdragons

The "Snaps" have been busy settling the affairs of high schools in general during the last few weeks. They have been studying the art of debating, and have found it very entertaining as well as instructive. Recently a debate was conducted on the subject, "Resolved, That classes in automobile operation should be required in all high schools." Jane Crowell and Lois Hardison upheld the negative, and Marie Hilton and Dorothy Braidy carried the burden of proof. Vote was carried by the affirmative.

On February eighteenth a lively debate took place on the subject, "Resolved, that English should be the only language required in the high schools." Natalie Costrell and Lois Vincent made up the affirmative team which was pitted against the negative team of Mary Floros and Ruth Helen Powers. The Club voted the negative team the winner.

The question of high school girls' wearing uniforms was the subject of another forensic contest on March fourth. Elaine Hayes and Marguerite Coffin comprised the affirmative team while Frances Pressey and Alla Lee Jorgenson made up the negative side.

More power to the Snaps!

Alumni

All eyes have been turned towards Washington, D. C. these past few months, and we "Maineiacs" are as interested as anyone else. When the President takes office, one senior from West Point and one from Annapolis are selected to be his personal aides for the day. Harold E. Marr, '32, was the senior chosen from West Point, thus bringing a personal touch to Bangor High.

Cuthbert Sargent, graduated with the class of 1926, was also at the inauguration. He was the accompanist for Fedirich Jagel, the Metropolitan star, at the President's Ball. Mr. Sargent is a graduate of Eastman's School of Music. He tours the country with Metropolitan singers accompanying them at their concerts.

Madeleine Dennett, '36, who is attending Trinity College in Washington, is reported as having received the thrill of her life. It happened one day while she was shopping. She found herself standing beside Robert Taylor! Madeleine says he is far better looking off the screen than on.

Miss Clarine M. Coffin, an alumna of Bangor High School and a recent member of our English department, resigned the first of February to accept a Fellowship at Hartford Seminary foundation in Hartford, Connecticut. The Fellowship awarded Miss Coffin will give her a year and a half of graduate study. She will work toward her B. D. degree.

Miss Coffin was graduated from the University of Maine in 1932 and did work for her Master's degree at both Bates College and Maine. She previously studied for one year at Hartford, working for her B. D. degree, and has, also, been doing some work towards this degree at Bangor Theological Seminary. Upon completing her work, she hopes to teach a combination of Biblical and English literature.

James H. Morse Jr., who was a star on the football team, is now a Marine stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. He and nine other Marines were sent to the flood area during the crisis. James recently described, in a letter written home, the scenes of the flood and his experiences.

In the recent promotions made in the Navy, Lieutenant Carl F. Holden received the rank of commander. Commander Holden was graduated from Bangor High School in 1913.

Lillian F. Coffin, '31, has gone to the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital in Boston where she will take a three years' training course in nursing. She attended the University of Maine for two years after being graduated from Bangor High School.

Jessie M. Henderson, '33, was graduated with honors from the Maine General Hospital in Portland, February second. She was also the president of her class. Miss Henderson plans to do private duty nursing in Portland for about a year and then to do some graduate work.

Elmer P. Yates, '35, is one of eleven New England boys to take examinations March second for admission to West Point. He is now attending Stanton Preparatory Academy, Cornwall, New York.

E. Roberta Smith, '35, was a member of the committee arranging the program for the eighteenth annual carnival held at Bates the first of February.

Andrew H. Cox, '34, and Ernest F. Andrews, Jr., '36, were chosen as members of teams to compete in the

Bradbury Prize Debate at Bowdoin College. The finals took place February twenty-sixth.

Edward M. Short, '22, formerly a well known athlete in Bangor called "Touchy," has recently joined the sales staff of the Webber Motor Company of this city. He returned to Bangor from New York where he had been in the employ of a prominent importer.

The Maine School of Commerce Dramatic Club recently staged the play, *The Ninth Guest*. The cast included many well-known Bangor High School actors. Those in the play were: Eleanor Bissell, '34, Millard Coffin, '35, Alvah Ford, '34, Beryl Whidden, '36, and Guy Leonard, '36.

Arthur Brown, '30, is an assistant professor in Mathematics at Princeton University. He is also working for his Ph. D. degree. Arthur attended the University of Maine and was a Rhodes Scholar.

Miss Elizabeth Scribner has married Colonel J. E. Largay, '28. Colonel Largay has been associated with the Federal Housing Administration for the past two years. He is now manager of field operation for northern and eastern Maine.

Marion Wilson, '35, is employed by the American Optical Company in this city. She is doing office work.

Ethel Hathaway, '36, who was one of our P. G.'s until the first of February, is now studying at Gilman Commercial School.

Pauline Goodwin, ex-'37, we are glad to learn, has recovered from her illness and is attending the Maine School of Commerce.

On the Dean's List of the University of Maine that was recently published were found the names of many Bangor High School Alumni.

Sidney Alpert, '34	Helma K. Ebbeson, '36
Newell Avery, '33	Charles A. Pierce, Jr., '36
Paul Burke, '33	Elnora L. Savage, '35
Rose Costrell, '34	William F. West, Jr., '35
Ruth Currie, '33	Annette H. Young, '34
Lucille Epstein, '35	Roger B. Trask, '36
Leo Leiberman, '34	Woodford Brown, '33
Edward Redman, '33	William R. Hilton, '35
Catherine L. Rowe, '34	Frederick Stetson, '35
Morris Rubin, '34	Ralph E. Wentworth, '33
James H. Siegel, '34	Peter Zoidis, '34
George Tsoulas, '34	Myer Alpert, '36
	Artemus E. Weatherbee, '35

Orchestra

Although the attendance at orchestra rehearsals has been poor, it is now improving, and much is being accomplished. It is no little job to train an orchestra to accompany a chorus, for, after learning to play the music, the members must then practice playing softly enough to allow the chorus to predominate. However, with a few special rehearsals, the orchestra has overcome the difficulties in preparing for Junior Exhibition. The last few months of the school year prove to be busy

MOVIES

One in a Million

The Queen of the Silver Skates reigns supreme! To us this is *the* picture of the season. Sonja Henie is not only the world's best figure skater—but she has looks and personality. We adored the dancing on skates sequences, and we're hoping for more—*toute de suite*.

The Ritz Brothers had us in the aisles continually, and, personally speaking, Don Ameche looks better as an American reporter than an Indian, but our hats are off to Sonja! She's one in a million!

Women of Glamour

In this picture, Melynn Douglas and Virginia Bruce are the artist and model who continually are "scraping" and bickering. Leona Maricle is Douglas' understanding fiancée who finally gives him up to Virginia Bruce whom he really loves. Reginald Denny, as the "ever-inebriate" playboy who is always trying to persuade Miss Bruce to take a trip around the world, has a good opportunity to show his comic talents. Also fine (as usual) as a comedienne, is rough and tough Pert Kelton, who plays the role of a gold-digging night club dancer.

Although this picture isn't as glamorous as its title, we think it's good entertainment!

Black Legion

This film, based on the recent terror organization in Detroit, depicts the life of an ordinary working man drawn into the gang. Humphrey Bogart has the lead, and he is surprisingly good as the unfortunate member of the *Black Legion*. Also worthy of comment is Erin O'Brien-Moore, who plays Bogart's loving wife.

The courtroom scene is actually run on the order of a real court, when all the men involved in the *Black Legion* floggings and shootings receive their due punishments, again proving that crime doesn't pay!

Lloyds of London

This is one of the season's best pictures, based on the history of the famous Lloyds' banking house in England.

Tyrone Power, a new find, has a great opportunity to show his acting ability, and he makes the best of it. Madeleine Carroll, more lovely and glamorous than ever, displays her talents to the utmost degree. Also outstanding in their parts are Sir Guy Standing and Freddie Bartholomew.

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periods for the group, which is in demand at nearly everything, finishing the season only at graduation. However, the orchestra is ready for anything that may come. The group has appeared at several assemblies, and, we hope will continue to do so.

R. O. T. C.

Now that the members of the R. O. T. C. battalion have finished their shooting with the small calibre rifles, they have started training for the annual inspection next May. Although much time was spent last fall in individual and squad drill, there is still a lot of work to be done by the officers. Some of the gentlemen must be taught that it is not correct, at the command "right-face" to swing quickly to the left, at the same time catching the fellow on his right smartly on the shin with his rifle. Straightening out such misunderstandings will take time enough, but there is also the task of teaching extended-order drill. In this drill, the "extended" part is easily learned, but time is required to get the "order" part of it functioning smoothly. However, we are sure that next May we will see as smooth, orderly, and snappy drilling in Broadway Park as we have in former years.

Assemblies

The highlight of the year, as far as assemblies are concerned, is *sans doute* the French Play. All enjoyed themselves, from the senior actor who said *eh bien* every now and then, so that every one could recognize at least one word, to the students who recognized more phrases.

This year Mademoiselle Beaupre, our coach, chose *Bete Noir*, (*Bad Dream*) most appropriately, for most French Students are struggling through those little devils commonly known as irregular verbs.

Dudley Utterback conscientiously waded through his verbs until finally with a mighty sign which sounded much like, *je dors*—(I am sleeping) he did.

The second scene took us right into "French Verb Land," with Robert Sedgely reigning as King, aided and abetted by Barbara Farnham, as Queen. Ruth White and Hilda Rowe lent their voices and played the part of the Queen's attendants. Renfrew Yerxa was a perfect little black devil. Horace Stewart, Philip Goos, Donald Devoe, and Arnold Price, did their job as pirates (irregular verbs) at heckling Dudley's conscience. Sweet and helping were June Webster, Emily Rand, Ann Tyler, Mary Tremaine and "stick-tight" Haddie Hamm, as parts of the verb.

As the new curtains closed on the happy ending, in which Dudley learned his verbs, the cast was given enthusiastic applause.

The play was a real success from beginning to end. Late that same afternoon a little sophomore came up

to me with a proud, far-away look in her eyes, and said, "Gosh, I really know some French—I understood almost all of the first act."

It's too bad that we can't have a holiday any more on Lincoln's birthday, but since such is the case, Mr. Taylor did the best he could—gave us an extra long assembly on February twelfth.

A lengthy piece by the orchestra and a Community Sing Announcement, by Connie King, did wonders towards dragging the clock past eight-thirty. To cap the event, as a miracle, Ellen Hathorn presented a reading by Alexander Woolcott on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. This was done splendidly, and we only wish we could have a few more such selections from our talented scholars.

Band

During the winter months, the band hasn't been rushed in getting up programs on the spur of the moment; so, more time has been put on working out a few pieces well. Such things as control, intonation, and precision have been stressed. Now the band can play so softly that it can hardly be heard, and then swell up on a crescendo until the plaster starts falling from the ceiling. Although the band has been taking its time, it has a good number of pieces which have been presented at assemblies when ready. The group appeared in a quarter-hour concert at the Community Sing, where the boys, looking snappy in their uniforms, put over some marches with a bang.

Since the stage has been repaired, the band has been having its rehearsals on the floor, where Mr. Devoe says he is getting better results. With a good repertoire, with the boys all in uniform, and with its new equipment, new cymbals and a harness for carrying the bass drum, the band is all set for the busy season which is fast approaching with concerts, festivals, and the annual inspection of the R. O. T. C. battalion.

Glee Clubs

The Glee clubs have been especially active with the production of *The Belle of Bagdad*, a super-colossal operetta of an episode in the hectic life of a movie scout.

Arthur Curtis played the male lead in this musical play, and portrayed the busy young scout from the Super-Supreme Film Co. to perfection. His assistants, Danny Kelly and Franklin Keeler kept the audience in gales of laughter with their adventures, while disguised as Whirling Dervishes of Arabia. This little masterpiece had a title role. That role, which was Jewel, Belle of Bagdad, was taken by none other than Florence Hathaway, the songbird of Bangor High. Molly Braidy, much to our interest, portrayed the American ambassador to Bagdad. The grim, over-stuffed Calyph of Bagdad, was brought to life by Earl

PASSING IN REVIEW

Frederick Rice:

"Live and let live," was 'Freddies' motto before he went out for football, now it's "let live, and you'll wish you were dead." This galloping halfback also swings a mighty bat on the American Legion baseball team during summers. Roller skating with all its ups and downs, lugging all his school books around, and decorating the front seat of the Buick give him a good sense of humor, (at least he gets a big kick out of his own jokes). He's got his fairy stories already packed to take away to prep school next fall, but in the meantime he's having a swell time doing nothing.

Margaret O'Connell:

"One never knows—does one?" says Margaret to her sixth hamburger at "Wimpys." Basketball, tennis, and "hoofing it" keep this gal fit as a fiddle, and when she gets to be big, (there'll come a day), "Margie's" going to Jack Oakie's College, provided they train nurses there. Squeaky chalk and bloody murder stories give her the "prickles", and spending the good old summer time at Eddington, a good tan, freckles, and—well, just ask Margaret. On the side, when you're feeling blue and tired, take a look at Margie's smiling face, and say, "Thank you, Stucia!"

Donald Graffam:

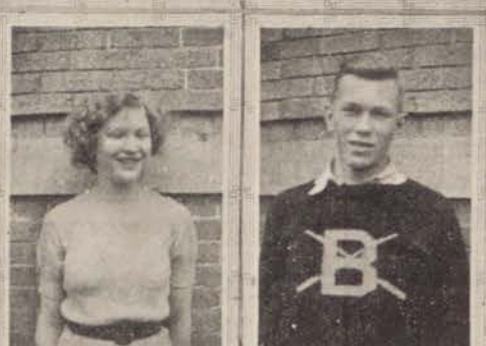
"Donnie" Graffam, that sophomore with the shining personality, would rather listen to a Saturday night "swing session" than bury a spoon in a yummy strawberry dingbat, and is that going some, for "Donnie"! "Out Our Way", that swell-elligant feature in the "News" fairly rolls him into the aisles, in fact, it's his daily laugh. (Get that play on Daily News, will 'ya). Nice long French assignments, radio static, and baseball leave him breathless, to say nothing of New Hampshire under an August sky, and penny prize packages. A professor of the keys, "Donnie" wants to swing the old baton in front of an orchestra someday, so keep an eye on this lad.

Polly Perry:

Someday, Polly says, she's going to be a naturalist, but just now, she thinks it would be heaven if she could only have all the graham cracker pies she wanted, and the opportunity to tear up Kate Smith's radio contract. D-don't tell "Margie" Moulton, but Robert Taylor only gives Polly a pain in the neck; however, this little blonde could listen to Nelson Eddy 'till dooms-day. She's "gone with the wind" down to Connecticut every summer, where swimming, sailing, and riding sea-horses keeps her hair curly. P. S.: If anyone's got a little yellow dog, just pack him up and send him to Polly.

Donald Mooers:

"I ain't talking," said Donald, but we gave him the third degree—and well—here's the build-up. Skating keeps him on ice, swimming keeps him in water, and his parents keep him in school. Sports of any kind hold a certain fascination for him, and the ice-box holds more, especially if there's lemon pie in it. He's been arguing ever since he was six months old and didn't like the way he was cutting his first tooth, so Donald's reached the conclusion that he ought to be a lawyer and make money doing it.



Shirley Drew:

One for all, and all for me—that's Shirley to her report card. Literary editor of the *Oracle*, varsity debater and member of the Commercial Club and the Glee Clubs, Shirley is kept so busy that she doesn't know whether it's spots before her eyes, or just "Don" Stuart talkin' again. Keeping a tennis ball going over the net, drawing beautiful girls on the backs of all her school papers, and paddling a canoe over the liquid blue, are Shirley's favorite sports; selling tickets her greatest dislike, and golf, her biggest "wish I could."

Kenneth Brown:

Rough and ready—that's "Kenny" Brown, football hero, radio tinkerer, and general handy man. His hobbies come so thick and fast that we got all tangled up in 'em, but finally emerged with the impression that camping is hobby A no. 1. In fact, he likes hiking so well that he can barely take his eyes off road maps (get this right) long enough to eat. And can this boy eat!!! By the by, isn't it "Kenny" who organized that courageous group of blizzard defying cake-eaters, the Chizzle-Wizzles?

Gwendolyn Matchett:

"You've Got to S-m-i-l-e," says "Gwen-nie" Matchett, basketball player, a grand little hockey star, and a member of the G. A. H. C. Al Pierce sends "Gwen-nie" into "hicksteries." Canada is her summer hideaway, and wandering around doing nothing, her favorite hobby. Her three ambitions are all high and lofty, going up in a church belfrey, ascending the stand-pipe, and going up in an airplane. She dislikes string beans (it must be the "strings"), thinks that being a hospital superintendent would be just "ducky," and likes to be in front of audiences if she can't get behind them.

Richard Coffin:

Wotta man Coffin, alias "the guy in the middle," alias, "the scenery on the right" is really "Dick" Coffin. He hasn't found out what the doodle-bug said yet, and it isn't any laughing matter, 'cause how can he keep his mind on stage electricity, debating, rifle shooting, and geometry problems when he's all upset inside? Just the same, try and find anyone better on stage lighting than "Dick." And is he in popular demand! When he can take his head out of forestry books, Dick thinks there's nothing like a good hard game of football, or a nice cool swim in Cold Stream Pond. (P. S.: Not in March.)

Dorothy Braddy:

"Who's afraid of—school?" swings Dorothy (off tune) with a courageous freshman smile. Oh well, weren't we all—. Playing basketball on the freshman squad, turning up for class debates, reading heavy literature, and getting enough vitamins to keep her growing, has her so busy that she hasn't had time to figure out her pet ambition yet. Anyway, Dorothy tells us that she takes to dancing like a fish to water, and relies on "Gang Busters" and "Benny Goodman" for inspiration. Owner of the grammar school French medal we expect this little girl to go places in good old B. H. S.

Herrick, while his trusty henchman, the blood-thirsty police chief of Bagdad, Ali Ben Mustapha was personified by Robert MacDonald.

The principal love interest was supplied by the search of Henrietta Spinster for the rash Englishman who had proposed to her while under the influence of a romantic moon. These parts were exceptionally well taken by Dorothy Lewis, aided and abetted by Charles Jones as Archie, right from dear old London.

The chorus of Arabian dancers and soldiers supplied appropriate (?) atmosphere throughout this impressive production.

The action of the operetta (of course there was action in it), all took place in the Arabian city of Bagdad. It seems that the officials of the Super-Supreme Film Co. had seen the face of the Belle of Bagdad in a news-reel and immediately decided to give her a long-term movie contract.

Then the fun began. They searched far and wide and finally found her.

Throughout the entire show, the musical numbers were especially well done. Moreover, the show was a success financially. Which all goes to show that an interest in such things can be revived, even after ten years.

Rifle Club

Sergeant Donchez has been drilling the Rifle Club members into shape for the main events of the year, The Corps Area and The Hearst Trophy matches. The Corps Area is a process of elimination for the Hearst Trophy. The high five will be on the first team; the next high five will be on the second team; while the third group, from the tenth to the fifteenth places, will be on the third team. Although there are only a few rifle teams in the Corps Area besides Bangor High School's team, among them the team that won the Hearst Trophy in 1936, the odds, so far, are with us. Our high man, Hilfred "Buckshot" Baily, has tied the highest score since 1926. In that year, F. Sullivan shot a score of 100 prone, 100 sitting, 97 kneeling, and 91 standing, with a total of 388 out of 400. To date, "Buckshot" has shot 100 prone, 100 sitting, and 97 kneeling. If he ties the 91, or makes a better score, standing, he will be the best shot that Bangor High has ever had.

Officers' Club

The members of the Officers' Club have been much too busy with technical drill work to bother with such mere things as holding meetings. However, several changes have been made in the Officers' Club roster. Raymond Hexter left school, and our old friend and stand-by Austin Keith was created captain. To take his place as first lieutenant, Carl Folloman was raised

to that rank. Hilfred Baily was then made second lieutenant.

Horace Colpitts, in having recently left school, causes the post of battalion adjutant to be opened for our young hopefuls.

The cadet officers have started work for the annual federal inspection and are trying their hardest to make their own platoon or company the best, with one eye on possible medals. This friendly competition is only natural and adds much to the success of the inspection.

Debate Club

The spring debating season started off with a trip to Deering on February twelfth and thirteenth. Four members of the club made the trip. They were: Shirley Drew, John Webster, Lewis Vafiades, and Horace Stewart, Jr., accompanied by Mr. Prescott. On the way down the team stopped off at Cony for a practice debate. After finishing this, we zoomed down to Bowdoin to spend the night. Before retiring, however, the team debated the Bowdoin Freshmen as a night-cap. Ernest Andrews, Jr. had arranged this beforehand.

Rising bright (?) and early the next morning, the group had breakfast at the Moulton Union and went to Chapel. Then bidding a fond farewell to our guide and host, Mr. Andrews, we sailed toward Deering. The debates started about half-past ten and lasted until about four o'clock, with time out for dinner. The decisions were reached a little later with Bangor, first and Coburn Classical Institute, of Waterville, second.

The next big event was a Community Sing with the congenial host, Brim Jewett, presiding. A contest between Brewer, Hampden and Bangor was held. The Bangor contestants, Horace Dinsmore, Betty Nichols and Donald Stuart, placed first, in the opinion of the audience. The crowd of eighteen hundred was also entertained by the Kilgore Sisters, Mrs. Evangeline Hart Huey, the Queen City Quartet, Norman Lambert and many others.

On the next day February twentieth, twelve debaters journeyed to Millinocket with Mr. Prescott and Ernest Andrews, as a chauffeur. Those making the trip were: Molly Kagan, Shirley Drew, John Webster, Frederick Leonard, Paul Smith, Carleton Orr, Lewis Vafiades, Richard Coffin, Jack Bachman, John Howard, Paul Kruse, and Horace Stewart.

The schools were divided into two groups according to school population with E. M. I. the winners of the small schools group and Bangor's team III, consisting of Shirley Drew, Lewis Vafiades, John Webster, and Horace Stewart, Jr., winners of the large schools group. Coburn Classical Institute was second, losing out by one point.

Soon after this trip, the Bates' League team was
(over, please)

ON RADIO ROW

IN a recent poll among radio stars, Sunday was chosen as the best day for broadcasts, the stars contending that, despite all our protests of modernism and practicality, America is still sentimental enough to regard Sunday as its national at-home day. According to them, Sunday audiences are greater than those of any other day and in an unusually benevolent mood. They declared that the stars of Sunday programs have the greatest chance of success, and that, if they had their choice of broadcast time, would choose Sunday evening. It's always interesting to learn what popular stars think about their own professions, and this theory is certainly quite reasonable.

Keep your eyes on Ray Scott, a rapidly rising star in the radio heavens. Ray first gained notice when he was presented on the *Saturday Night Swing Session*. *Swing, Swing, Dear Mother-In-Law*, *Twilight and Turkey*, *Powerhouse*, and *Minuet in Jazz* are a few of Scott's valuable contributions to swing music. Since his first radio appearance, he has steadily gained recognition and popularity, and all signs indicate that the name of Ray Scott will soon represent a great deal in the realm of Swing.

When radio beams meet human Rayes, there are bound to be big doings, and that's exactly what happens on the new Rinso-Lifebuoy program. D'lightful, d'licious, d'lerious Martha Raye, the hot-cha girl of the screen, sharing star-billing with Al Jolson and Sid Silvers, swings her way through this new, gay half-hour program, which presents all the spices of life. The girl with the Joe E. Brown oral cavity has been a smash hit in all her screen roles, and her hilarious, mad-cap renditions of popular songs, her boisterous laugh, and her now-famous "oh, boy" have firmly planted her in the hearts of her radio fans. Al Jolson, doing his usual fine job, and Sid Silvers, already famous as a stage and screen comedian, add their bit to the evening's fun, but the antics of Martha Raye are really the features of this four-star program, which may be heard every Tuesday evening at 8:30 over CBS.

Irvin S. Cobb, famous author who has made a name for himself on the screen, is now carving a career on the air lanes. Every Saturday night at 10:30 Oldsmobile presents Irvin S. Cobb *Paducah Plantation*, bringing with it a bit of the romantic, magnolia-scented atmosphere of old Dixie. Included on the program are Dorothy Page, beautiful blond torch-singer, Clarence Muse, celebrated baritone of stage, screen and radio, the Hall Johnson Choir, of *Green Pastures* fame, the Four Blackbirds, and Harry Jackson's orchestra. Mr. Cobb and his stars present a program which resembles a delightful, tunefully-refreshing mint julep, and those who are at home at this time will certainly

not want to miss the *Paducah Plantation*, NBC's four-star offering to Saturday evening entertainment.

Lovely Jessica Dragonette, long a favorite of young and old, graces the new Palmolive Beauty Box Theater in a novel entertainment feature, replacing the Community Sing. Jessica, who is as beautiful in looks as in voice, lends her charming personality to weekly presentations of the world's best-loved operettas. This charming singer has thrilled the nation with her wonderful voice, and her portrayals of the familiar heroines of popular operettas are exceptionally fine, revealing also her competent dramatic ability. Musical background is furnished by Al Goodman's orchestra, and for those who enjoy the finest gems of music, I would by all means suggest the Palmolive *Beauty Box Theater*, heard every Wednesday evening at 9:30 over CBS.

Jack Pearl, who gained fame as Baron Muenchausen, after a long absence has returned to re-establish his success as a radio comedian on the new Raleigh-Kool Show. Cliff "Sharlie" Hall still plays the role of stooge for the Baron, along with a trio of newcomers to the air: Suzy, Algy, and Boris. Morton Bowe, the handsome young tenor, whose voice is familiar to many afternoon listeners, is making his debut on a sponsored program and presents fine interpretations of popular ballads. Music, sweet and hot, is presented by Tom Dorsey's orchestra, his vocalist, blond and lovely Edythe Wright, and Jack Leonard and the Three Esquires. Listen to the new Raleigh-Kool Show, Monday evenings at 9:30, if you enjoy a really swell variety review.

Nelson Eddy, the handsome singer, after gaining success as a concert and screen star, is now gaining additional fame as the singing star of Vick's *Open House* program. Eddy's glorious baritone is already familiar to movie fans, who still remember with pleasure his work in *Naughty Marietta* and *Rose Marie*, and his work on his Sunday evening programs retains that same high degree of excellence. A nation-wide concert tour did not prevent the famous star from continuing his broadcasts, for his orchestra and his leading lady, Nadine Connor, a lovely young soprano and a native of California, accompanied him on his tour. This half-hour program, presenting two exceptionally fine voices and excellent arrangements of operatic and classical numbers, is heard every Sunday evening at 8:00 over a nation-wide, CBS hook-up.

LET'S CHAT

It was no ordinary pair of spurs which Paul Whiteman received from the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce during his appearance there. Fashioned of solid silver, inlaid with gold, with his monogram set in
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named. Those on this team were the four above named. A junior varsity team was also named, made up of Jack Bachman, Carleton Orr, John Howard, and Richard Coffin. So, with successes behind them, we wish these teams the best of luck in the future.

On April fifteenth, the following debaters will participate in the annual class debates:

Freshmen

Dorothy Braidy Donald Mooers

Sophomores

John Howard Carleton Orr

Juniors

Helen Hayes Richard Coffin

Seniors

Barbara Farnham Walter McMullin

The question for debate is; Resolved, that Bangor High School should adopt a system of supervised study. That's the line-up, and may the best team win!

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

With class basketball under way, we're all looking toward the annual Basketball Banquet, to be held some time in May. A few girls will be chosen to be taken into the G. A. H. C. at that time, and in March freshmen girls will be taken in during the afternoon assembly. As you know, they must possess the six required qualities: Scholarship, Athletics, Sportsmanship, Leadership, Dependability, Respect.

The following are brief explanations of the first two requirements.

Scholarship

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

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

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

Athletics

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

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

A good athlete is one who plays the game for the game. She forgets her own individual standing and thinks only of her team. She practices self-control

and self-discipline, and above all, she is a good loser.

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

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

The G. A. H. C. members who attained the highest class average in scholarship are:

First quarter — Seniors..... Elsie Juutilaine
Juniors..... Barbara Libbey
Sophomores..... Rita Johnston
Second quarter — Seniors..... Phyllis Smith
Juniors..... Margaret Moulton
Sophomores..... Rita Johnston

Bangor vs. Brewer

Once more Bangor was about to play its fastest rival in girls' basketball! The girls had practiced their utmost, to be able to come out on top at the end of the game. The game was one we shall never forget—both teams out to win, or else—. It was a fast one, and Brewer proved an equal match for Bangor—even playing on three courts. At one time, Bangor would be ahead, then Brewer would again overcome her handicap, and—all in all, it was practically anybody's game. With but sixty seconds to play, the score stood a tie, both teams desperately fighting to get the ball to their forwards. Then, in the last five seconds, the ball found its way to Brewer's forwards, and before the guards could get possession of it—zip! and Brewer had won: 28-26. Even the defeat wasn't too hard to take; the game was too fast and thrilling for that let-down feeling!

Referee—M. Whelpley.

The line-up:

Bangor

E. Knowles, rf
A. Sawyer, lf
B. Libbey, c
M. Tsoulas, se
E. Chaison, rg
E. Birmingham, lg

Substitutions:

Bangor: M. Strickland for E. Knowles
A. Tyler for M. Tsoulas.
B. Savage for F. Chaison.

Brewer: McKinna for Witham
Foss for Mayo.

Brewer

Winslow, rf
Witham, lf
Montgomery, c
Mayo, se
J. Field, rg
T. Chute, lg

Bangor vs. Alumnae

Another game packed with tense excitement! The alumnae were out to make up for their previous defeat.

(Please turn to page 31)

HOKUM

By Ellen Hathorn

HOWDY! Howdy! and *howdy* . . . And how are all of my little children faring these days? . . . Did you say *news*? Of course—news is news anywhere! *Meow! Meow!*

"Danny" West (the timid little Junior) is still peeking behind doors and under chairs to find the little darling who put gum in his curly locks. . . Three cheers—a rose and a kiss for Bud and Mr. Willis (better late than never)—it seemed nice to *sit* at a game—how 'bout it gang! . . . These new styles are certainly high minded! My! My! . . . These inseparables—tsk—tsk—Pam and Bud are as inseparable these days as pork and beans. . . My little cherubs, have you seen that *heap-big-man-Keith's* bow tie? It fairly knocks one over . . . A diary is a nice thing, Betty, we all agree, but *not* in a notebook. . . Did everyone see Janice's black and blue nose?—cute wasn't it! . . . We miss your pep rallies, Savage—*what knees*—where *is* your modesty! . . . We see Joe has a successor—Brother Paul is right on his heels! Bravo! . . . Hi Chizzle Wizzles! more power to you! . . . Just to tip you half-starved readers off—rumor has it that *free* lunches are served daily by Sophomore Polly Campbell. . . Well it must be a relief to have a license at last—risky business without one . . . So Donnie can croon—poor girls were fairly panting in the aisles when he finished. . . Would this column be complete if "Kelly" were not printed somewhere in it? A few more ticket-sellers and we will all go *daffy*! . . . We are hearing a lot of Johnnie Burke these days—*Howdy!* yep he's another Kenduskeag Avenue fan— . . . By the way who makes the candy for the candy sales? More *walnuts* and fewer *shells* would be *some* help! . . . Guess Wassokeag is pretty nice according to reports—more power to Cox and Tyler, Inc! . . .

We see by—shall we say—appearances? O. K. that's agreed upon!—that Winchell is (*By*) *run(ing)* around these days and *another* point—aren't your *children* going to be lucky? Janet is going to be an English teacher . . . It's only a short ride to Waterville, eh, Haddie? You must find it fascinating there! no

doubt. . . Is it just a *Maine custom* or is it McPheters, Leora?. . . They say spring is coming—be brave my lads and lassies—'cause so are exams. . . Guess what—Currier just *loves* being on night duty—better go easy—the boogy man will get you if you don't watch out. . . Listen, Dinsmore didn't you learn in history that cowboys died out, or off, long ago. . . Live and learn, beautiful freshmen *and* have patience—it takes time to become *sweet* like the *Sophomores*. . . What is *this* that we have been hearing about Freshman Hilton?. . . Speaking of limelights—bet you didn't know Mary Rice is starting an orchestra! *yep!* (more power *and* practice to their playing) they ought to wow. . . Now, pals, seriously—we are all proud of our ex-basketball team, it was swell. Congrats to each and every member of the squad. . . While we're tossing bouquets around—better toss one to the cast of the French play—you know fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong! . . .

Well it looks as if "Ken" Brown certainly gives his guests a *ripping* good time dragging them up hill and down dale! . . . Lewis Drolet's family is beginning to wonder if he is living at home or tenting on French Street—but we admit French Street has its points. . . Louise, we are *ashamed* of you—not visiting Independence Hall—what on earth *did* you go for? (Three guesses and the first two don't count). . . *Gu(e)s(s)* everything is fine, isn't it, Dottie? But I hear you are *Freezing* a bit, too! . . . Pool seems to be taking up a lot of your time doesn't it, Paul? But partners mean a lot, and *anyhoo* Evelyn is a cracker-jack at pool! . . . *For Heaven's Sake* West is another Waterville fan—but we don't blame *him* either—*there is talent in that there town!* . . . Well, Freddie, a working man's life is hard, isn't it? oh well! cheer up! big brother stood it. . . *My goodness*, Jere-Bill, so it's a womans *privilege* to change her mind. . . Margaret Cromwell is certainly stepping out these days. We see her flying thither and yon with a certain young man now and again.

And so, with a lump in my throat and tears in my eyes I am saying—au revoir—toodle doo—and so long 'till next time.

Everything comes to him who orders hash.



Barney Morrill: O Boy! Nothing can stop me!
 Andy Soloby: He doesn't know the half of it!



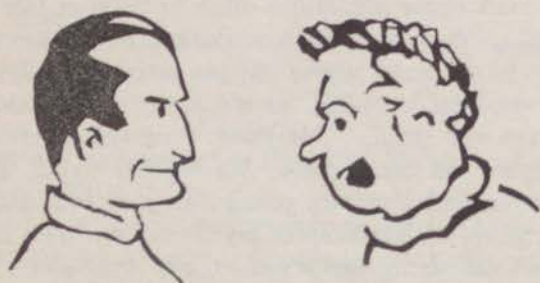
Hank Tremble is going to join a band one of these days—undoubtedly the "Heavenly Band."



Danny Kelly: I never took a lesson in my life.
 Russ Bradbury: Why don't you?



"This is the nuts!" said the illiterate squirrel as he dug up his winter's supply.



Charles Roberts: Could you call a basket caged in a basketball game after the final gun, a waste basket?



"Pretty rank!" remarked Major Snow as he reviewed the cadets.

(Continued from page 28)

and Bangor was equally determined to keep her lead. But Bangor proved too good for her alumnae, and, when the whistle blew, the score stood 31-22—Bangor. Referee—M. Whelpley.

Bangor vs. Brewer

Despite their extensive practice, and the fact that the girls had worked hard, Brewer dropped six too many balls into her basket, and Bangor was defeated on a strange court, playing two division instead of the customary three. The score stood 38-25—Brewer. But we're getting a rather marvelous and speedy team next year—so here's to Varsity Basketball for 1938!

The line-up:

Bangor	Brewer
M. Strickland, rf	Winslow, rf
B. Libby, lf	Witham, lf
A. Sawyer, cf	Montgomery, cf
E. Birmingham, cg	Chute, cg
F. Chaison, rg	J. Field, rg
B. Savage, lg	Mayo, lg

List of Basketball Girls who made letters:

Adelle Sawyer, (Capt.)	Barbara Savage
Mary Strickland	Frances Chaison
Evelynne Knowles	Barbara Libbey
Ellen Birmingham	Marie Tsoulas
Manager: Ann Tyler	

Girls who made their numerals:

Dorothy Sawtelle	Louise Faulkingham
Emily Rand	Jere-Bill Goessling
Mary Carlisle	Frances Bragg
Alice Goodwin	Lola Dunivan
Helen Mehann	Frances Gonyar
Margaret Moulton	Beatrice Gleason
Sylvia Striar	Frances Korbut
Nellie Drew	Margaret O'Connell
June Webster	Ellen Hathorne
Bernice Faulkingham	Beryl Crosby
Bettina Blaisdell	Ann Tyler
Anne Hanson	Betty Wise
Virginia Simpson	Janet Bullard

Class Basketball

Girls and girls and girls and girls poured out for class basketball! All of these can't possibly make the final squad, but it's going to be hard to cut some of these athletees! Speaking of girls pouring out for basketball practice—no less than one hundred sixty freshmen appeared in the gym Friday evening, February twenty-sixth! Some of them are rather green, but they won't be for long, and it's going to be doubly hard to cut these eager and willing freshmen.

The student coaches are:

Seniors.....	Emily Rand
Juniors.....	Ann Tyler
Sophomores.....	Nellie Drew
Commercial sophomores.....	Bernice Faulkingham
Blue freshmen....	June Webster and Elsie Juutilaine
Red freshmen.....	Mary Burke and Phyllis Smith

Bangor vs. Alumnae

What a game! With the alumnae at Bangor's heels throughout the four periods, Bangor was forced to keep on her toes—pardon the pun. But the best the Alumnae could ever do that night was a tie, Bangor keeping her lead, though a close one, with the Alumnae showing the true B. H. S. spirit all too well for the undergraduates' comfort. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 28-25—Bangor. The alumnae certainly had a fast team, considering the few practices, and the game was exciting and thrilling up 'till the last gun shot (or last whistle).

RADIO

(Continued from page 27)

diamonds, they are valued at fifteen hundred dollars . . . Tony Martin, the handsome singer of the Burns and Allen program, and Alice Faye, blond movie star, are having difficulty in completing their plans to become Mr. and Mrs. Alice is busy working on her next picture, and all of Tony's time is taken up with his broadcasts and picture work out at Fox studios . . . One of the writers on Joe Penner's program is a minister, the Reverend Henry Rubel, who writes songs and gags for Joe under the pen name, Hal Raynor . . . Colonel Roscoe Turner, famous racing aviator, is the star of NBC's aviation serial, *Flying Time*. . . Jack Benny, the player of *The Bee*, apparently started at the top and worked up. Jack's smallest salary for his radio broadcasts was fifteen hundred dollars per week. His present Jello series is paying him four thousand per broadcast. . . In a recent poll of radio editors, Helen Jepson, the beautiful, blond singer, was voted the most outstanding personality of the year. . . The United Hot Clubs of America, composed of twenty thousand swing addicts, have chosen Bunny Berrigan, trumpetist and star of the *Saturday Night Swing Session*, as their favorite instrumentalist and the most representative exponent of the essence of Swing, thereby knocking the props from under many famous musicians and orchestra leaders.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

not reluctantly; but later went to the battlefield again because of a sense of duty to himself.

It disgusted him to hear the people who were safe at home, talking about it. As if they knew! In their

minds they imagined that "khaki men" threw themselves in the way of shells that they might die for their country. Stephen, who had been associated with every type of soldier, knew it was rubbish. Beneath it all even those with authority were putting on a front to conceal their emotions. There was hatred and tension everywhere. It was all a part of that gruesome thing called war.

MOVIES

(Continued from page 23)

Come and Get It

Edna Ferber's great seller, *Come and Get It*, makes a great movie story for a great actor—namely Edward Arnold. He is superb as Barney Glasgow, the hurly-burly logger who rose to fame, wealth, and position by marrying his partner's daughter. High honors go to Frances Farmer for a difficult double role. She portrays a dance hall singer, with whom Arnold falls in love, and the singer's daughter. Arnold and his son (Joel McCrea) both fall in love with the singer's daughter. Finally young love wins out, and Arnold realizes that he is an old man.

LITTLE SHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD'S BIG SHOTS

Robert Donat (remember *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Count of Monte Cristo*), is making a picture with Marlene Dietrich. . . John Trent, star of *Doctor's Diary*, used to be an aviator. . . Movie scouts are searching schools and colleges for hidden talent. How's about it all youse Garbos and Taylors? . . . Myrna Loy took Joan Crawford's place in *Parnell*, and Joan took Myrna's place in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, and no hard feelings were brought about! . . . Anita Louise is an accomplished harpist and Robert Taylor, a cellist (wish we could hear them sometime! !). . . Olivia de Havilland's younger sister is making her screen debut under the name of Jean Fontaine in *Quality Street*. . . The Blondell-Powell marriage is said to be Hollywood's happiest, but if we know Hollywood—. . . Frances Farmer is an ex-college girl who won a trip abroad for an essay. A movie scout discovered her on a liner—lucky gal! . . . lucky movie goers! . . . 'nuff said!

VISITING MR. McPHERSON

(Continued from page 16)

plained that one cannot be over-equipped by schooling, but that those who have limited opportunity should have no fears, for many brilliant journalists have reached the heights despite all limitations.

Of course, we wanted to know how he liked Bangor. This was his answer:

"I like Bangor very much. It is a modern city. More importantly it has been my pleasant experience that its people are of real substance and possessed of a cordiality that is not artificial but has a true ring. I

am happy to be one of you. My greetings to all the boys and girls of Bangor High School with the hope that I can help to serve you."

We thank Mr. McPherson for his kind interest and, in turn, wish him every success.

THE FUTURE LIES AHEAD

(Continued from page 14)

meter registered twenty-five hundred dynoes per hour. His mind wandered back to the show that he would see. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a loud voice that came clearly through the ear phones "Slow down; we're bandits, and we're coming aboard." John's hand brought the lever back four notches, slowing the ship down to 1100 D. P. H. The voice came again. "We're over your upper hatch. Open it. Sending a man down. One suspicious move and we'll give you a shot from our sun ray ("Sun ray" was a powerful ray that would burn to a crisp anything it touched, within fifty dynoes). John shouted into the passengers cabin, "Aide! Open the upper hatch. Passengers keep calm." He pointed at the paralysis gun hanging on the wall. The co-pilot grabbed it and waited for orders.

As a pair of feet was seen coming down the ladder, John went into action. His hand shoved the rocket lever to full speed. He shouted for the co-pilot to get the intruder, and for the aide to close the hatch, before too much thin air got inside the ship. The co-pilot swung the paralysis gun around and let a bolt go at the man then half-way down the ladder. He stiffened and crumpled in a heap at the bottom of the ladder, paralyzed by the bolt from the powerful gun. He would remain in that condition for twenty-four hours. A brownish-yellow ray sliced through the air nearby, but in a few more seconds the ship was out of range of the deadly sun ray and traveling at three thousand dynoes. The pirate craft could never catch him now, so John cut the speed down to cruising. The co-pilot came back after removing the prisoner to a rear compartment. He slumped into his seat and began mopping his brow with a big cloth. He glanced toward John who just grinned, and settled back in his seat.

A few seconds later something bright caught his eye. He looked up quickly at the center visiplate. A giant, flaming comet was roaring toward them and wasn't so very far away. He slammed the rocket lever to full speed again. Then he discovered that the comet was bearing to the right. His left hand worked the steering rod feverishly, and the ship changed its course. Suddenly the comet was bearing to the left. The words formed on John's lips, "It's laying a zigzag course." The co-pilot's eyes were glued to the visiplate, and he was glued to his seat. John couldn't tell where the thing would go next, so he did the only thing he could do. He tried to out-run the comet. He sent the hexogolet into a dive. Slowly they pulled away from it; and as the distance increased, he noticed

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in the visiplat that a myriad of one, two, and three ton meteors were following the great comet. There were some really big ones, too, weighing perhaps from thirty to thirty-five tons. John shouted to the co-pilot, "Boy, if we get out of this, you'll have something to mop your brow about." He moved the steering rod a little, and the ship swerved out of the dive and turned once more in the direction of Mars. They had already lost a lot of time and distance, and they weren't out of danger yet. He'd have to go some to get outside this area before some of those meteors came pouring down upon them. A moment later he was quite sure they would make it, since they were almost outside the zone now. The great comet had gone roaring by far behind the ship, and the meteors were sizzling by rather closely now. Just as he was about to call out that they were all safe, a big meteor of about forty tons went sailing past the tail of the ship. Almost before they realized it, they were being carried backwards.

"It's magnetic," shouted John. He turned off the rockets, and the hexogolet was carried after the blazing star. John cursed under his breath and smashed his fist against the rocket lever. The lever jumped up half way, and the ship lurched forward and then settled back. A light of hope jumped into John's eyes. He turned off the rockets again. If he could do it fast enough, it might work. They had already been carried three thousand dynoes out of the way. John shoved the lever to full speed, and then off again, and then full speed again, back and forth; back and forth. The ship would leap ahead and then before it could settle back again, it would leap forth once more. In this way they were moving foot by foot out of the magnetized area of this huge meteor. The leaps and bounds seemed to be carrying them further now, so John shoved it once more to full speed and left it there. With a bound the hexogolet broke out of the meteor's electrified atmosphere.

John kept the speed at three thousand all the rest of the way. When he got near enough to Mars for the visiplat to turn off, he cut the speed to eight hundred. Almost at once he sighted Mayan, the city where they were to land. A large steel pole protruded from the concrete floor of the bowl. It was five feet in diameter at the base and two feet at the top where a huge ball of magnetic steel rested. When John's hexogolet was a few hundred feet from the pole, he turned off his rockets and snapped a button in the instrument panel. . . Two rockets fired out from the front of the ship, and slowed it down to almost a complete stop. If it hadn't been for the great speed at which the ship had been traveling, these two rockets would have thrown it into reverse, but in this case they only acted as a brake. So completely did the ship stop that it would have fallen to the paving below had it not been for the magnet on the top of the pole. It began to draw the ship's nose towards it. When the nose touched the steel there was an audible click and the hexogolet was stuck fast.

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Shortly afterwards the pole began to descend into the cement. When the bottom of the rocket ship finally rested on the concrete of the bowl, the pole stopped its descent. The electricity that magnetized the steel ball was turned off, the pole disappeared into the floor and a cement slab slid into place over the opening. The air locks and hatches were opened and the people poured out. John took off the earphones, and the copilot turned off the supply of oxygen. John looked at the time. He was only three minutes late on his run in spite of the time and distance lost. He stepped down into the vacated passengers' cabin and made his way down the aisle towards the open hatch near the end of the ship. When he stepped down from the hexagolet, he was greatly surprised at having a hundred or so of his passengers gather around him and heap praises and questions upon him. "Weren't you afraid when the bandits shot the ray at us?" "How did you dare to come through that shower of meteors, I would have turned back." "So would I. You sure had a lot of nerve." Etc.

"Wait. Wait," shouted John. His face broadened into a grin. "I can't answer all those things, so I'll just say this. The pirates had me worried for awhile, and I took a long chance of not being hit by that sun ray, and the meteors took a lot out of me—nearly broke my courage, but there's something worse than all that. I was very much afraid at one time, that I might miss that wonderful picture showing at the Empire." With that he walked across the bowl, and one hundred mouths stood agape as John Gilmore's broad back disappeared through the door to the locker rooms.

TWO-PARTY LINE

(Continued from page 12)

jump at a chance like this, and I haven't the time to wait for a flighty girl to decide where she wants to dance tonight. Call Florence Weyman—3C39. She's next in the list, and as I said before the story's got to break tonight. If she's not at home call—well, here's the list of the others in order of our selection. Get one of them and that one immediately."

* * * * *

Mim flung her book disgustedly to the other side of the room and started to pace the floor in short nervous steps. One staccato ring cut sharply through the air. The color rushed to her face in mottled spots as she pounced on the telephone and managed to whisper a hoarse "hello."

Good Lord, what was she thinking of? This affair had her so wrought up she was answering Mrs. Mulaney's grocery man. With a meek murmur of regret for having mistaken her party ring, she carefully replaced the receiver in its cradle. She mustn't go to pieces, like this! After all, did it mean so much? She had her youth and her health. And Nurse Burke said with another year's work at the hospital she could easily fill a permanent position as a member of the

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staff, with advancement, a nice juicy plum to be plucked by the worthy. Worthy—why anyone was worthy after plugging for three long years under Superintendent Linscott. She glanced uneasily at her wrist-watch, four-thirty and the doctor had promised to call at three. With the bubble of hope slowly deflating, she set the deadline for five o'clock and continued to pace the room like a hungry panther. The large hand was definitely resting on twelve, and there was no question but that the small one pointed deliberately at five. Well, it was ward duty for another year after all, and Mim picked up the receiver to tell Nurse Burke to expect her to report on duty early Monday morning.

"Y'know, Maizie—when he said that, I could a' slapped his face but I always said you gotta take those college guys just a——"

With a sick feeling of disgust slowly developing in the pit of her stomach, Mim halted Maizie's ready flow of timely tips on men with an exasperated slam of the receiver, causing her to remark to her four disinterested walls, "There's nothing as maddening as a two-party line."

OLD STAND-BY

(Continued from page 9)

entered the room. "Connie Barclay! Wherever did you come from! 'Lo Fred." Billie nodded to him briefly and turned her attention back to Connie.

"Easter vacation, darling," answered Connie in her most New-Yorkish manner. "I had some rather stiff Regents last week so I think I deserve a vacation. Honestly, since living in New York, I wonder how I ever stood living in a place like Bostoxn."

"I guess you know everyone here except Stephen Mitchell," interposed Sally quickly, as she saw an opening.

After the proper introductions, it was suggested that they go on a scavenger hunt. There were four available cars, but Stephen with his slightly superior air had not impressed the crowd of young people very favorably, and no one seemed anxious to go with him and Billie in his large, high-powered car. Neither were they anxious to go with Fred and Connie, knowing Connie as well as they did. It was presently decided that Fred and Connie go in his car. (His father had allowed him the family car for the rest of the evening.) Stephen and Billie were to go alone. There were to be two couples each in the other two cars.

As they started out Billie felt a sense of loneliness creeping over her. She began a conversation with Stephen, determined to carry on till the end of the evening. All went well. It was a beautiful, clear, spring evening. The night air was a trifle biting as it blew against Billie's face, but she revelled in it.

"Let's see," said Billie thoughtfully after they'd collected various things and put them in a small box on the car floor. "The last thing on the list is a fresh egg right from a farm. Now where on earth can we get

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one at this time of night!"

"I haven't the slightest idea," answered Stephen lazily. "Personally, I'd just as soon give up now as later."

"Oh, I know just the place!" exclaimed Billie. "About four miles from here. Black's farm. We go out there quite often. Turn off at your first right up here," and she indicated a dirt road which led off from the highway they were on.

They had gone perhaps two miles when Stephen suddenly drew up to the side of the road and stopped the car.

Meanwhile Fred and Connie had gotten the required articles—that is, all but the fresh egg right from a farm. Immediately Fred thought of Black's farm. He and Billie had gone out to Black's ever since their childhood, and it was like a second home to both of them. The thought of Billie with Stephen made Fred's blood boil. He knew that Billie, too, would head immediately for Black's farm to get her fresh egg, and Fred determined to keep as close as possible to Stephen's high-powered automobile. For the most part, he managed to keep just three or four minutes behind them.

Just as Connie was saying to Fred in a sweet voice—"I love going fast like this with you, Fred"—Stephen was saying to Billie, "Gee, but you're a cute little trick, Billie. I could go for you in a big way."

Billie eased carefully over into the corner of the seat. As casually as possible she suggested that perhaps they'd better go back without bothering to complete their list. Inwardly she prayed for Fred, for Sally, for Fred, for just anyone at all. "Oh, Fred, I'll never treat you so mean again," she promised fervently under her breath.

Meanwhile the Caldwell family car was making good time over the country road. Fred was certain that he was on the right track. There was no doubt in his mind. In another minute he was rewarded. He'd caught sight of the large car at the side of the road. Fred tooted the horn in a loud tattoo. Billie recognized the horn, and as the Caldwell car rounded the bend in the road, she touched the car's horn and beat an answering tattoo.

Fred drew up beside the car. "Aren't you cold, Billie?"

"Yes I am," she responded quickly (dear old Fred, to give her such a nice opening), "Do you mind if I ride back with you?"

"Not a bit. It might be better."

"Tell you what," called Connie. "I'll trade with you. That is if Stephen and Fred are willing. I'd love to ride in that beautiful, big car. I could ride back with Stephen, and you with Fred, if they don't mind."

Both Fred and Billie agreed quickly, almost too quickly. The exchange was made, and Stephen's expensive car shot off into the darkness towards Boxton. Slowly and quietly Fred and Billie rode back to town. They talked very little. At last Billie said, "I'm—I'm awfully sorry that I forgot about our date tonight, Fred."

"Aw, skip it," advised Fred. "I'm sorry I got mad, too. But gee, that lily-faced Stephen Mitchell—I hated to see you with him!"

"It surely was an April Fool on me," laughed Billie. "Honestly, Fred, he's not much fun."

"Better stick on safe ground next time," said Fred. Billie's happy glance at Fred was eloquent.

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