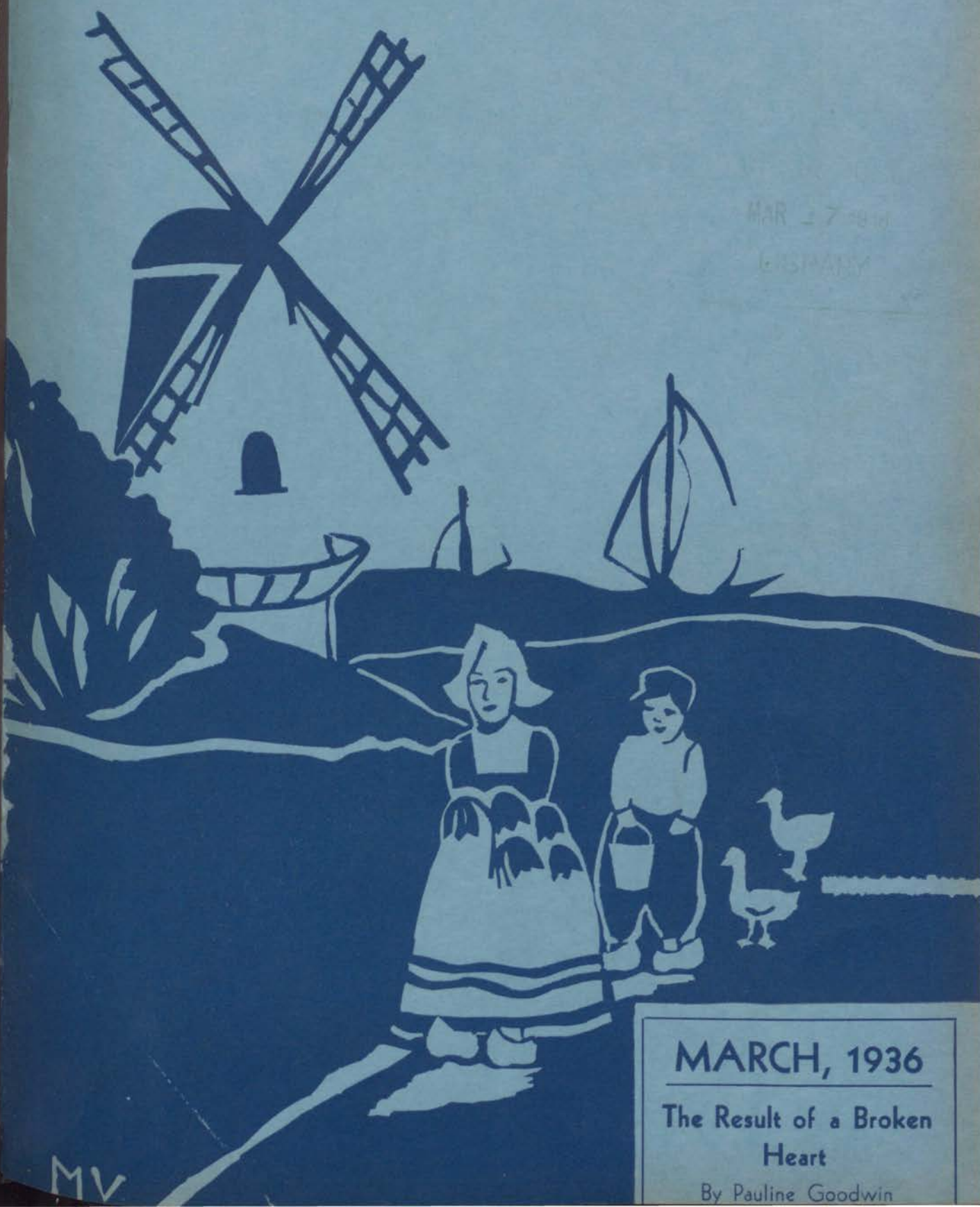


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The Result of a Broken  
Heart

By Pauline Goodwin

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# The Result of a Broken Heart

PAULINE GOODWIN

JUNIOR

Raymond's music to his mother's spirit entered the souls of a thousand people.

**M**ONSIEUR, monsieur, I do not understand you! You read well, you read anything I put before you. You know music. You have it in you, but where is your feeling? You play like a machine—no expression, no phrasing. Do not you like the sonata?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Duval, I think it is very beautiful."

"Then why, monsieur, do you not play it beautifully? The sad strains do not seem to move you. You play this most serious composition as you would ramble off a simple ditty. I believe you have no heart, monsieur. Well, enough for today. Come to me again Thursday."

"Very well, Monsieur Duval. Good-day!"

"Bonjour!"

Young and happy-go-lucky Raymond Barry again walked away from the quaint, old house of his French music master. He could not understand what Monsieur Duval meant when he said that he played like a machine. Raymond certainly thought he used expression. Well, anyway, he was going to keep on trying, for he wished above all things in the world to be a famous pianist. It was his loving mother's greatest hope for her son, and he was determined to please her. She had sold their home in America in order that her son might study under one of the finest music teachers of the world.

However, Raymond Barry was not going to worry over what Monsieur Duval had told him. It was not his nature to do that. He had great confidence in himself and was quite convinced that he would succeed in his work. So, quickening his pace, he went happily whistling on his way. As he approached his small but luxurious home, he saw his sweet mother wave to him from the sun porch. She was always home waiting for him when he returned from his lesson, for her son and his music meant more to her than anything else in the world.

"You jolly boy," said his mother. "You are always whistling. Don't you ever feel blue?"

"I guess not, mother," replied Raymond. "I can't see anything to be blue about. I have everything I

want, a fine home, a car, money to spend whenever I feel like it, music, and the most wonderful mother in all the world."

"What you said last, dear, makes me very happy. But tell me, what did Monsieur Duval say to you today?"

"Oh the same old thing, that I have no expression in my playing. I don't see what he means."

"I do, Raymond," responded his mother. "Your playing is very fine, but somehow, when I listen to you practice, I feel that there is something lacking. You must *live* in the piece you are playing, Raymond."

"I understand what you mean, mother, and I'll try hard, but right now I'd like to play a little tennis, then have a good swim in the blue Mediterranean, and come home at last to a hearty dinner. After that I'll feel like practicing for a couple more hours."

Off Raymond went to spend the remainder of the afternoon in complete play, and thus did he spend the greater part of his time. How could he concentrate on his music with good times running through his head? His mother, who for years had been in a rather weak physical condition, would not force him to practice. She tried in her soft, sweet way to make him spend more time at the piano, but Raymond, with his care-free way, always won out.

As for the music master, his only criticism was the boy's lack of feeling in his music, as was that of his mother. Reading the notes just came easy to Raymond and he didn't have to practice long to learn a composition, that is, learn it well enough to play before his friends and receive showers of praise, but they, you see, were not musicians.

Three years passed and again Raymond was at Monsieur Duval's piano.

"Raymond," said the old man, "would you like to be a concert pianist?"

"Very much, monsieur, that is what my mother wishes me to be," said Raymond.

"You know that I think you have great talent, but I tell you this. You could never move your audience any more than by the fact that your fingers glide gracefully over the keys and you play difficult music. Those



who heard you play the sonata would not have tears in their eyes as they should when such a divinely beautiful and sorrowful composition is played. However, I think you capable enough to try. In one month, you shall play at La Place d' Opera in Marseilles as an amateur. If you are successful there, I have further plans for you. Au revoir until Thursday."

The joy of Raymond and his mother was beyond expressing. Raymond was so eager to succeed that he doubled his daily practicing. Much diligent study was spent upon the numbers he was to play at Marseilles. His mother became very much excited, a state which wasn't the best thing for a woman in her weak condition.

At last the time of Raymond's appearance on the stage at Marseilles had arrived. His eager mother and music master sat together in the balcony and heard Raymond play his first number. He played well and the crowd applauded, but as his teacher had said, his heart was cold and he played without a true understanding of the meaning of his composition. His mother sat silent with tears in her eyes. Suddenly she fell into Monsieur Duval's lap. He carried her quickly from the scene and called a doctor. Raymond came to his mother, but he was too late to hear her voice or see the smile he loved so dearly. His mother had died from a sudden heart attack. The boy's heart was sore, and the first marks of sorrow since his father's death, when he was but a child came over his face.

"I can not play the sonata, Monsieur," he said.

"Try, my son," said the old music master. "Your mother will hear you. Play it to her."

Again the curtains were drawn, and Raymond, with a bowed head, began the strains of the sonata. He played with such sincerity and love that tears did come into the eyes of those who listened. Even the old music master's heart was moved and he wept bitterly.

When the last heart-breaking notes of Raymond's playing had died away, there was no sound from the audience. A heavy, sorrowful silence reigned throughout the great theatre. Raymond's music to his mother's spirit entered the souls of a thousand people.

## Sea Rover vs. Neptune

**C**APT. CARY STEVENS lay still in the sudden darkness that swooped down over the cabin. Though his heart was beating normally, his head was struggling to escape the reality of the storm. A light from a passing ship fell on his hand. The ship made a faint swishing of water as it slid silently and smoothly by, leaving him with silence and darkness, once more. His ears itched for some sound from the adjoining room where lay Brian Kurt, his first mate. Kurt was a likeable lad, only nineteen, but with a will-power and love of the sea that equaled that of any man

his senior, on board the *Sea-Rover*. The fog horn, loudly deafening, transformed Cary's thoughts back to the unexpected storm. It was all coming to haunt him as he lay staring into space. It seemed highly improbable that just two hours before, they had received the wired report of the storm. But no one could say that his crew had not done its best. Cary sighed deeply. He was living through it once again! The air on the deck had been cloud choked and filled with the heavy spume of the storm. He saw Kurt shouting orders. . . . . Myron running about on all decks. . . . . the crew hauling in rope and getting out the pumps. Then Williams entered, crying "The hold, aft, sir, is smashed. Little hope is left." He waited for his command. "Put the crew to work on Deck No. 2. And, Williams, try to cheer them up a little—tell 'em the *Travis* is on its way. But in the meantime pump, pump, and pump with all you've got." He could still see Williams' brief look of understanding—then he had gone. Cary Stevens stood swaying alone, clinging to the handrail of the wheelhouse. Water gushed through the roof and portholes, venturing in little streams down the outer deck. The cabin was still dark but not silent. Capt. Stevens was hearing the familiar cries of his men braving their way to safety. He was seeing the *Travis* as it bounded over the huge waves toward the *Sea Rover*. Already they had lowered three boats. Cary had ordered Kurt to assemble all passengers and crew on the lower deck while he called and checked the list. Again a mountain of water rushed aboard drenching all those in its path. Cary scanned his loyal men and mechanically ordered six of them below. His men composed a splendid crew and he felt indebted to them. Cary looked down at his clenched fists and his colorless knuckles incredibly white against his navy blue sleeve. At last, *Travis*' signal! Six men were helped into a small crudely-built boat. Thirty-four more to go! He looked beyond the rail at the lifeboat that was moving in close over foam-splattered waves. Then the *Travis* lurched a few yards ahead making a slight lee. Kurt was at his side touching his arm, "Your boat is ready, sir." But Cary waved him away.

"The captain leaves last—always," he said, laughing mirthlessly. "Tradition of the sea. All hands off before me, Kurt, go down for the men below. . . . . tell 'em the ship is here." Cary listened to his dispassionate voice. A few minutes and the remaining men had scrambled into the rowboat leaving Kurt and Stevens. He heard Kurt protesting, "But your life, sir. You can't risk it. Duplicates, you know, can't be made. It will mean everything to Mrs. Stevens and to the crew. Cary's sharp answer came. His feet somehow brought him to his own cabin dangerously near the wreckage. Hastily he stuffed the ship's papers, stained yellow with age, into a water-proof pouch. He turned for a last look. Lord, how he hated to leave her alone to her fate. He had dreamed in his youth to own and

(Continued on page 36)



## "And the Night Shall be Filled with Music"

Donald Stuart

**N**IGHT came at last! Gayety! Laughter! People! Dancing to Ralph Wyman's Orchestra, the "Thrill Supreme" on this, the opening night of *The Black Elephant*.

And Ralph Wyman was more thrilled than the crowd. For was not this his first engagement in a big night club? This was what he had worked, slaved, rehearsed, fought for; to stand, slim baton in hand, directing his own orchestra, with his own arrangements.

It was one of his own arrangements that had won him a job in the new club, and it was this he was playing now. It was one of the day's favorites, and the orchestra was doing it full justice. Faster and faster went the rhythm—people swept around and around the floor, swaying to this grand music, 'till suddenly a deafening crash of cymbals ended it. A wild roar of applause followed. This orchestra was good!

Suddenly, a shrill scream shattered the festive sounds. A waiter rushed to the table where a woman was standing, chattering incoherently and gesturing under the table. The waiter bent down and lifted the white table cloth. There, crumpled in a gruesomely, grotesque position, was what the waiter instantly recognized as Indian Morgan, gangster de luxe. Blood covered his face, and the quick glance of the waiter discerned a bullet hole in his forehead. The waiter straightened up and replaced the table cloth—guided the woman toward the lounge—and signalled to Ralph to play something. Quickly, Ralph swung into a popular number, and the dancers glided back onto the floor, unaware

that under one of the white-covered tables, lay one of New York's biggest "big shots."

But the band couldn't seem to play the piece right. "What can the matter be now?" thought Ralph, panic-stricken. "They ought to be able to play this piece blindfolded. Surely they had practiced it enough." In a minute Ralph's sensitive ears told him that the saxophone player in the back row was off key. His lips formed the word 'stop' to the player, and Sixfoot Jameson, ex-henchman of Indian Morgan, shakily removed the mouthpiece from his lips. The orchestra got through the number and Ralph ran up the stage stops to where Sixfoot sat.

"What's the trouble with you?" he hissed.

"I don't feel so good. Couldn't you get along without me just for tonight?"

"Tonight—you're fired!"

"O. K." replied Jameson, "O. K. But you'll wish you hadn't done this!" And with that, he ran down the steps, across the floor, and out through the front entrance.

"Well," thought Ralph, "it doesn't make much difference, anyhow. I shouldn't have let him play, but I needed someone to take Jake's place for tonight. I'll get along all right 'till I can get somebody else though. It ought to be easy. Plenty of people applied when I advertised for a "sax" player. Funny, Sixfoot seemed good when I gave him a try. I wonder why he went to pieces?"

Just as Ralph was about to start again, the club's manager stepped into the middle of the floor.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "don't be alarmed, but we must ask you not to dance for a few moments, while we have the coroner come in to remove the body!"



"This orchestra was good!"



Someone giggled half-hysterically. What was this—a gag?

"We are terribly sorry this had to happen, but Indian Morgan has been shot—murdered—here!"

Deathly silence, and then an excited murmur that threatened pandemonium. The manager pointed to Ralph, who dazedly started a novelty number to quiet the crowd. Across the floor, seemingly absurdly out of place, came a short, seedy-looking man, the coroner, and two uniformed assistants. They made their way to the table from which the woman had risen a short time before. They lifted the table-cloth and formed a protective semi-circle around the body. The seated onlookers stared in amazement. After a brief examination by the coroner, the two helpers placed the body on a stretcher, put a sheet over it, and solemnly crossed the floor.

The tension immediately seemed relieved, and, indeed, in a few moments the dancers were covering the floor again, seeming not to care that a life—however low—had just been taken. They took it all in the night's play.

But Ralph Wyman—his was a different sensation. Murder on the opening night! What a name that would give the place! Who did it? Why? And no one had heard the shot! Strange—surely it would carry above the orchestra! If only the murderer could be found, the affair would clear up and blow over—people would be glad to be rid of Indian Morgan—once the killer was caught. But in these gangland murders, the police hardly ever caught those who were really responsible. And he had seen no one he could connect in any way with Indian, all night. No one he could possibly think of who would have killed him. No one—except Sixfoot. He had plenty of motive all right. He had sworn publicly to 'get' Morgan after Indian had put him out of the gang. But he had been in the orchestra all the time until he had left by the front entrance. Ralph had watched him go. No—Sixfoot was 'out' in more ways than one.

The police didn't even bother to investigate the crime, and the next morning the headlines carried the news—"Gangland Killer Scores Again." And in smaller type! "Indian Morgan Shot Down in Night Club—Only Unusual Feature of Case is Coroner's Statement That Bullet Entered Victim's Head at Forty-five Degree Angle. Police Expect Arrest Within Twenty-four Hours."

In his lonely apartment, the next morning, Ralph Wyman, ex-orchestra leader, pondered over the last statement of the press. At a forty-five degree angle—odd! Acting on a hunch, he called up the coroner, and, after running about all morning, managed to get photographs of the bullet hole.

Late in the afternoon, Ralph dejectedly left his apartment. "I guess I'll call at the manager's office," he thought. "He said that he wouldn't reopen after last night."

In the elevator (the club was part of a large hotel) he met Carter, the hotel detective.

"Say," said Carter, "You don't happen to know who pulled that job last night, do you? If I could get the guy who did that, it would be a big feather in my hat!"

"I certainly wish I did know," returned Ralph vehemently. "But your guess is as good as mine!"

Carter and he got out of the elevator at the same floor, and walked down the corridor together.

Ralph started to enter the manager's office when he heard voices from within. He paused. One of the voices he recognized as the manager's and the other, Sixfoot's!

Acting on an impulse, he turned to Carter and said, "Jameson did it, and I've got proof! Go in and get him! Remember, it'll be a feather in your hat!"

With a bound, Carter was in the office and had Sixfoot's arms pinioned securely behind his back. The two struggled fiercely, but Carter had the advantage and soon Sixfoot stopped his physical defense, but, "What's the big idea? Lay off me! You——"

"Just a minute!" Ralph, who had been standing in the doorway, walked straight up to Sixfoot. He shook his finger in Jameson's face and calmly explained, "You killed Indian Morgan!"

And suddenly—and unexpectedly—showing the peculiar cowardice and mental calibre of his type, Sixfoot said, "O. K.! So what?"

Later Sixfoot made a complete confession. In it he confessed how he was the only one whom Morgan had told he owned more than half interest in *The Black Elephant*. When he tried to make Morgan give him half of that, he was put out of the gang. Sixfoot, knowing as he did that Morgan had—naturally, in his own interests—reserved a table for the opening night, recognized his big chance to escape the clutches of the gang when he saw Ralph's advertisement for a saxophonist.

He knew how to play and he got the job. Where was there a safer place to be (since Morgan was 'gunning' for him) than in a night club which Morgan half-owned? They wouldn't want to 'get' him there. And, when Sixfoot learned of the crash of cymbals at the end of Ralph's first arrangement, he saw an ideal time to fire a shot, unheard. So he sat in the back row of the orchestra, (then there was no one behind him to see) and he killed Morgan with a single shot, simultaneously with the crash of cymbals. Then he contrived to have himself fired.

By many people, Ralph Wyman will always be accredited with great brains. Was it not he who, alone, gathered the evidence and broke down the killer's resistance with three words?

But what really happened was this: Sixfoot's was a reasonably clever scheme, and possibly he would have gotten away with it—but for the mistake he made when he went into the manager's office to try to get Morgan's half-interest, and consequently was in the office when Ralph happened to go there.

(Continued on page 36)



## Es Guerrilla Fiel

James Watson

A HUGE moving cloud of dust arose over a small desert, just outside the town of Parral or, as it is sometimes called, Hidalgo, in southern Chihuahua. That cloud was caused by the army of none other than el General Pablo Lopez. The day was one of the hottest and the late, afternoon sun shone mercilessly on the backs of the sweat-covered horses. The dust was literally caked upon the poor beasts, as well as upon their riders, who enjoyed little more comfort. Both man and beast were blinded by the dust, the canteens were empty, and the fine, dry alkali irritated their parched throats. Indeed, the spirits of el General Lopez's men were as low as the dry sage brush which grows on the desert. There had been no fighting for weeks, no water since the day before yesterday, and had not the town of Parral been so near, el General would probably have faced a mutiny.

Night was fast coming on, and, as is typical of most desert regions, the air was rapidly becoming cooler.

General Lopez, riding out in front on a magnificent coal-black, though now dusty Mexican horse, with high Mexican saddle, and brass studded trappings, raised his arm as a gesture to halt.

"Deja," he said.

El Generalissimo was a handsome, Mexican man of about fifty years, tall and straight, with jet-black, though now graying hair, a moustache to match, flashing black eyes, and a decided military air. Although Pablo Lopez was somewhat of a disciplinarian, his men loved him as much as could be expected of the typical, excitement-loving, Mexican guerrilla.

That night as the men were gathered around the crackling fires of desert sage, several wine vendors from the town of Parral entered the encampment. Now these vendors know all the news, and tell a great deal that is not exactly news. After selling all the wines they had, they started talking about the bandit-rebel leader Carlos del Elro, and of the rumor that he had several thousand replacements due to his recent campaign in northern Chihuahua. These rumors found their way to the ears of every man in camp among whom were two young lieutenants of Lopez, Santiago and Juan. The latter, knowing well what these rumors would do to the morale of the men, did his best to discourage any belief in them, but the former, Santiago, who always thought of himself first, sat alone thinking.

The next day, however, all thoughts of the night before had apparently vanished, and the army pushed eagerly on, knowing that they would make Parral within several hours. Of the whole army two more happy men than Juan and Santiago could not be found, for they both knew a girl in Parral, Celeste, who was famed far and wide for her beauty. Indeed there was keen competition between them concerning Celeste.

Celeste was not at all what you had expected when you first heard about her. To be sure, she did live at a dance-hall, but she was as far above the general run of dance-hall girls as were the mountains of el Cuacho above Parral. She did not lower herself to drinking and carousing with the vacqueros and peons who frequented such places. She was somewhat of a mystery and nobody knew her last name.

When they arrived at the city about noon, despite the efforts of el Lopez and his officers, the army literally took possession of the city. The ditches and gutters were filled to overflowing with overdosed guerrillas, and the shouts of merriment and laughter rang far into the night. Every bar in town did a rushing business.

In the meantime, Celeste, who was with Juan and Santiago, saw to it that Santiago, who was a born drinker, used a little temperance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early the next morning, before the slumbering army had awakened, the men of Carlos del Ebro were upon them. In almost no time the drowsy guerrillas, suffering from the ill effects of the night before, were herded into a sort of corral. Everybody except el Pablo Lopez, no longer el General, and Juan had surrendered without a fight.

Of these two, Juan had gotten away, wounding several, and killing one; el Lopez, grand old man, had been captured after nearly killing Carlos himself. Carlos was so enraged at this that he ordered former General Pablo Lopez to be shot immediately although he granted the old man permission to give the command.

"Attente, solados," then, "you have need of good men senior, adios!"

As the reports died away in the mountains, tears ran down the cheeks of pretty Celeste, one of the spectators.

"Es bueno, padre," said Santiago del Ebro to his father.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the weeks that followed Carlos took possession of the town and his son Santiago came and went as he wished. All was well for him; Celeste seemed to have forgotten Juan, as well she might, for had he not run away in the face of danger? Everything reflected peace and quietude in the neighborhood of Parral, for although the peons resented Carlos, they kept their tongues in their cheeks. . . . the rebel army was disbanded. . . .

Then, one clear moonlight night, Santiago, who was with Celeste in her room, heard the far-off strains of music,—men singing,—*La Cucuracha*, and looking through the open casement beheld in the moonlight many armed men riding down out of the steep slopes of el Cuacho.

"I must spread the news."

"No, you will not do that," said Celeste.

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## Awaiting the Verdict

Emily Rand

**W**HEN the court opened, the jurors filed in. As they took their places, the prisoners turned as one, and looked at them. At the sight of their solemn faces, an unspeakable gloom settled over the twenty hearts of the unlucky. The jury might well feel solemn for the case was a serious one. Out of the twenty prisoners some of them must be guilty.

Nancy, sitting with the rest of the "unfortunates," felt the gloom more clearly than the others. She began to shake with apprehension and did not turn to look at them again.

Little by little the cases of the prisoners were taken up. Each was asked in his turn to take the stand. As Nancy, in her turn, walked to the platform, her knees knocked together and, if it were possible, her face grew whiter. Afterward she could not remember whether she had said what they had trained her to say or not.

At last it was over, and the jury had left to decide whether they were guilty or not. The tension in the room seemed to grow as the time went on. Still, the jury did not return.

The prisoners talked together in high strained voices. Nancy alone sat still, not speaking, just waiting. Oh, why didn't the jury return?

Hark! What was that? It was the jurymen returning to their places. The names were read and Nancy heard her name among nine others pronounced "guilty." Guilty and doomed to speak in the Finals of the Junior Exhibition. Nancy groaned to think that she had to go through with it all over again.

## The Wrong Impression

Anonymous

**T**HE following is a reply to the question, "What is a baseball game?" Of course, I have just listened to games over the radio, and this is my opinion:

Baseball is a very rough game. The players all use the wrong tenses of verbs, are thieves, and are very cruel to nature. For instance, they play with bats, flies, and fowl.

A player takes a bat and goes up to the plate, and the announcer says, 'Ball one' (I think that that means he bawls or cries once), and then he says, 'Strike one,' etc., and if he strikes three times, he is out. (Probably that means knocked out.)

Sometimes they hit fowls (fouls) (the poor things) and if someone happens to catch the fowl (foul), he is out.

And, will you believe this? I have heard the announcer say, "He flied out to the second baseman, shortstop, or someone! As if a man could fly, and, if he did fly, the announcer should say 'flew out.'"

I think that baseball is a terrible influence upon children, because they are always talking about 'stealing a base.' Now that is going too far, altogether.

Sometimes the announcer says, "He's out; so and so caught a fly." I can understand now why they play ball in summer, because that is the season for flies, but I don't know how they can get flies at the right time, do you?

I have heard them say, "The first baseman put him out!" (Such cruelty!)

That is all that I can tell you about the game, but it certainly is rough!

## A Melancholy Lady

Barbara Cox

**S**HE turned her face to the sun and laughed. It was a hollow laugh, yet it was a laugh and she wondered at herself. Then she turned and gazed around. It was a lovely day with a clear blue sky in which rode downy soft clouds. She was all alone in a garden. It was a beautiful garden. She felt sure that every flower that existed was around her. Each one was quite different from the next—a profusion of color. She decided one minute she liked the blue best, the next she wasn't quite sure. There was a hedge around the garden, and though she couldn't see through it or over it, she knew what was happening on every side.

To the east—as befits the rising generation—was a school where little children, with scrubbed faces, were running madly after each other, falling down, laughing, and enjoying each moment to the full. Such a racket they made with their noisy shouts and laughter. Presently the bell rang. The children marched into school and all was quiet.

To the west—her present depressed mood seeming to typify the other extreme of a dying generation—was a hospital. She knew nurses were tip-toeing down the corridors in their white starched uniforms, foolish caps, and prim faces. Doctors were there quietly conferring with the nurses and being jovial with patients. She thought she hated doctors and nurses too. Then she decided she didn't.

To the south—where all peaceful things seem to be—was a quiet street where nice neighborly people lived. The kind of people that borrow butter and go to "the show" together.

To the north—the stormy north—was her home. It was a beautiful house, and had once been her pride, but now it no longer mattered. She wished she lived on that nice neighborly street instead of the avenue of the town. She tried to make her thoughts go on—drifting like that, but they always stopped, as they inevitably would, and came back to the only thing of real importance. She got up from the bench and walked around uneasily. She stooped to smell the flowers and seemed to kiss each and every one good-bye. Hers was

(Continued on page 36)



# A PAGE OF POETRY

## The Martyr

*Betty Mack*

In a cold and lonely garrett,  
 Away from the great world's din,  
 Sat, in a corner writing,  
 A poet, worn and thin.  
 He was lost in dreams of fancy,  
 Building castles in the air,  
 And he smiled as he wrote of the southland,  
 And the flowers blooming there.

He did not hear the scurry  
 Of the rats upon the floor;  
 He did not feel the heated draft,  
 That crept beneath the door.  
 He did not see the wisp of smoke  
 That curled around his chair;  
 He could not see the hungry flames,  
 Creeping slowly up the stair.

'Midst the silence of his musing,  
 Came the loud clang of a bell;  
 An excited mob assembled,  
 The house was soon but a shell!  
 Among the charred remains of the garret  
 Was found the pen of a man  
 Who did not know that his works would live,  
 To be read in every land.

His name is still a mystery,  
 But how he died, is known;  
 Between the bricks of the chimney  
 Was found his inspiring poem.

## The Hunting Call

*Eleanor Paine*

A pale cold moon rode in the sky;  
 The frosty stars gleamed white;  
 A lone and hungry wolf below,  
 Sniffed the air of the Arctic night.

A scent both strong and strangely sweet  
 To his nostrils came on the wind;  
 The vision of reindeer swift and fleet  
 Brought savage joy to his heart and mind.

He sent his call to the distant pack  
 Scattered and shrieking like phantoms gray,  
 And in a wild mad rush they came  
 To help him trail and kill their prey.

## The Shipwreck

*Katherine Faulkingham*

A black ghost of a thing as it lays there,  
 Alone in its river bed,  
 Looming up through the crystal water,  
 As the sun sets, full and red.  
 The sea, victor again, is triumphant,  
 The glow, the crimson glare  
 Of that wonderful monarch of Heaven  
 Lights the wreckage sleeping there.

The black bulwarks, floating, are silent.  
 The forecastle dips with the waves,  
 Its water-soaked cabin embedded  
 In sands marked by watery graves.  
 And it tinges with scarlet, the bulkhead  
 Of a vessel, olive once, and gay,  
 A captain who cursed it and praised it,  
 'Til the angry sea stole it away.

Now the drowned corpses of the sailors  
 Float and sink with the tide,  
 And the black, loose pieces of wreckage  
 Beat on the mouldy ship's side.  
 The waves shout aloud, so triumphant,  
 As they roar in the rocky hole,  
 The moon looks on and is silent,  
 The sea has taken its toll.  
 So—the shipwreck!

## Common Sense

*Ann Tyler*

What makes us feel so stupid,  
 And why do we seem dense,  
 When our minds would not be blank;  
 If we used just common sense?

Why make mountains out of mole-hills,  
 And why not jump the fence  
 Instead of lagging backwards  
 Not using common sense.

So why not cease hard thinking  
 When you can't do that sum; hence  
 Things will turn out nicely  
 If you'll use some common sense.



# RADIO DIALINGS

By Pauline Jellison

If you like opera, listen to the program, *The Beauty Box Theater*, station WLBZ at 8.00 on Saturdays. Al Goodman's orchestra plays and some very fine operas are presented. One week the *Vagabond King*, former movie hit, was broadcast very successfully.

No, that banging you hear isn't the invasion of the knights of the days of old; it is the strains of the unique Tin Pan Band of the *National Barn Dance*, presented every Saturday night at 9:30 over WJZ. For an atmosphere of real rural rhythm and hill billy singing, this is just the program that is needed. Joe Kelly, the master of ceremonies, introduces our hill-billy friends, Lulu Belle, Uncle Ezra, and many others.

You loved Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody*, so why not listen to her over WLBZ Saturday night at 8:00 on the program, *Flying Red Horse Tavern*. Miss Powell's dancing and singing, Osgood Perkin's jokes, and the orchestra all combine to make the program outstanding. A fifteen minute comedy is presented each week with Eleanor and Perkins as the hero and heroine, and is that a riotous combination!

You marveled at the beautiful voice of Lily Pons in *I Dream Too Much*, and you now have the chance to hear her songs every Wednesday night at 9:00 over WLBZ. Although Pons is the outstanding star on the program, Nino Martini receives our honest applause. Pons and Martini are accompanied by Andre Kostel-

Conrad Thibault



anetz and his orchestra and a very worthwhile chorus.

There are so many popular songs, and we all have so many favorites that it is hard to keep track of them all, but you can remedy that by listening to *Your Hit Parade* every Saturday night at 8:00 over WEA. Carl Hoff's orchestra plays the fifteen most popular songs of the week in the order of their popularity. Oh what rhythm! Why can't we have more programs like that on the air?

For a touch of the serious, with your jazz and comedy programs, tune in on the *March of Time* 10:15 P. M. over WABC every Monday. What easier way is there to touch up on your current events than to listen to the short plays dramatized about the outstanding events in the world today?

Of course, you all remember the Fire Chief, Ed Wynn. We have missed him, but now we learn with pleasure that he has returned to the air as Gulliver over the CBS network, Thursdays at 9:30 P. M. If you were one of Ed Wynn's fans, don't miss him in his new role, for he promises to be more riotous than ever.

In our excitement over Major Bowes, Jack Benny, and all the other Sunday night programs, we have almost (but never wholly) forgotten our dear old Eddie Cantor. Eddie still furnishes us with many a laugh every Sunday night at 7:00 over the CBS network. Of course, we all admit that Eddie is a natural comedian, but at times we are forced to admit a deep affection for lovable, laughable, Parkyakarkas, and we can't even imagine the program without "Jimmy" Wallington.

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"Clara," "Lou"  
and "Em"



## Editorials

## Attitude Toward School

### Can We Help?

VOL. XLV NO. 4

THE ORACLE

MARCH 26, 1936

### Attitude Toward School

Today's attitude toward school has changed, for the most part, considerably from that of years gone past. If, by chance, it has not, then it should change as soon as possible.

In our grandparents' time and even as late as the time when our parents went to school, this institution of learning was much different. They were taught under many disadvantages. The school house in itself was a great hindrance to the teacher and pupil. Also books and facilities inside the school building were not too great a help to the pupil. Thus, with the improvement of school buildings and books, the attitude of a pupil should change to a great extent. These were not the only drawbacks, however. A student of grandpa's time was not made to feel that the school was his, and not being made to feel this, it was necessary for the teacher to watch the pupil every minute. The students were not given any responsibility and therefore could not show their worth. Pupils, however, should be and are, to some extent, given a chance to be responsible for the function of school life. This can be done through cooperation of both the teacher and the pupil. Seniors should set the example. One of the places where the students of the present day is allowed this is in the student council—here one may bring affairs to the attention of students that he thinks should be discussed.

Besides assuming this responsibility, the pupil should take advantage of the opportunities which are offered to him at the present in Bangor High School. This school, *our* school, which is one of the best in New England, offers much practical training through its various courses and clubs. The opportunities are here; it is up to us to take advantage of them. It is a difficult task to tell boys and girls, and young men and women that they are having the best time of their life right now. Some, I believe appreciate this fact, while others are quite doubtful as to the truth in the assertion. However, many men and women, that have gone through school, heartily agree that their school days were the happiest and best, and these men and women didn't

have the advantages that we have now.

So let's change our attitude toward school if we have not already. Let's feel that the school is ours and take advantage of its opportunities.

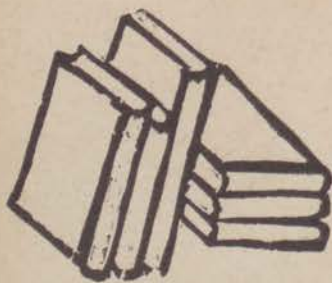
### Can We Help?

"Oh, he's another one of those smart-aleck drivers!" How many times have we heard that, or something like it, said about automobile drivers of high school age, both boys and girls? Many of you will say that there is no justification for it, but nation-wide statistics show that drivers under twenty years of age are responsible for more accidents, major and minor, than any other age group. Statistics for Bangor only we have not been able to find. But every one of us knows that there is room for improvement. Please—just for a minute—stop to *think*. Think how you would feel, aside from dollars and cents, to injure even slightly, let alone killing, a human being. Here in high school we are taught to think. Also remember that this education is but a basis for our own thoughts. Educators will agree that school, to be successful, must teach one to think beyond what equals or what is the subject of the next sentence. Then, I repeat, stop to think, both here and the next time you drive an automobile. Keep your eyes on the road, your hands on the wheel, and your mind on what you are doing.

There are some things that can't be thought out to any kind of a correct answer. These things and their remedies are, and must largely remain, the result of *good guesses*. No one can tell, for instance, in just how many feet his car will stop, which way the car ahead might turn, or whether the fellow entering the road will stop at the sign. Good guesses, yes, but, more than that, make them safe guesses. It is nothing but a fallacy to guess that you can stop in 614 feet because the chart says that perfect brakes on a perfect road will do it, or that that car ahead will turn right because the driver has not signalled for a left-hand turn. "Don't depend too much on things you yourself can't control," is here a good rule.

(Continued on page 34)





## What Others are Reading

### North to the Orient

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

MRS. LINDBERGH'S new book, *North to the Orient*, tells about the Lindberghs' flight to China by way of the North-West Passage. In this most fascinating book, she shows the reader how friendly people can be all over the world, if approached with friendliness. Also, there was a quality of magic in their trip, caused, as she herself expresses it, "by the collision of modern methods and old ones; modern history and ancient; accessibility and isolation." She relates in a very interesting manner, the things that happened at many of their stopping places: Point Barrow, where the people were waiting for their yearly supply ship, which was ice-bound quite a distance down the coast, and which the Lindberghs passed over after they left Barrow; Burston Bay, where they ran into a very heavy fog, and, in trying to make a forced landing in the bay, almost bumped into the mountain; Osaka, where they discovered a stowaway in the plane; and, at last, China, where they tried to take serum to doctors, and food to the sick and starving people in their boats on the flood. In the back of the book, is a list of all things you should take with you next time you make a round-the-world tour by airplane. But I am telling too much. This has been for months and still is a best seller, although it is non-fiction. As a *New York Times* critic said, in reviewing a recent novel: "The best review of this book can be included in two words, read it!"

### Sea Level

By Anne Parrish

Did you ever go on a cruise around the world? I went around the world on the *S. S. Aurora* when I read *Sea Level* by Anne Parrish. The passengers included representatives of almost every class of people that exist. There was the husband who was taking his wife on the cruise in order that she might forget a novelist who had fascinated her. There was a thirteen year old girl who was the guest of a famous artist. The poor child was very bashful and homesick. There was Alec who didn't expect to live long, and who was rather timid. He was snubbed by most of the people because

they thought that he snubbed them. There was Alec's room-mate who was an habitual drunkard, and, although Alec neither drank nor smoked, because of doctor's orders, the other passengers thought that Alec was a drunkard, for "birds of a feather flock together." Then there was the Robinson family which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, two sons, and two daughters. They were noted for their teeth which they always showed politely. There was also Mrs. Beverly Dale with her newly acquired husband, who was half her age, and two sons by as many former marriages. There was Miss Olive Murdock who was keeping her elderly aunt company, and who, at the same time, was trying to find a young man who would pay her a suitable amount of attention. Of course, this is just a partial list of the characters. Some are more amusing than others, but they are all very natural.

This book is full of more word pictures than any other book which I have ever read, barring none. Miss Parrish has a wonderful knowledge of human nature, and she also has the ability to get her ideas across to her reader. Her descriptions are very amusing, and this book will give you many hours of pleasure, not only the hours which are actually spent reading it, but also those hours when parts of it will return to your memory. Everything is so vividly expressed that I feel that I know each of the characters personally, and that I had been on a cruise with them. I only wish that you would read this and get as much pleasure from it as I have.

### No Lovlier Spring

By Lida Larrimore

I shouldn't be surprised if Miss Mullen would consider *No Lovlier Spring* a "sugar-coated pill," but I don't really class it as such. It is very well written, very light, and amusing. The whole book takes place in two weeks which constituted Sally Kent's spring vacation. Sally's mother was an actress, and she had spent very little of her time with Sally because she did not think that a "back-stage" life was very fitting for a child. Sally adored her mother more than words could possibly express.

When the book opens, Sally is almost eighteen. All her life she has been treated as a child, but, during the

(Continued on page 34)



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ANNOUNCING

THE

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

FRIDAY EVENING

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

EIGHT O'CLOCK

BANGOR CITY HALL

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## BOY SPEAKERS

Arthur Jones

Dudley Utterback

Joseph Brannen

Robert Sedgeley

Horace Stewart, Jr.





## GIRL SPEAKERS

Molly Brady

Ellen Hathorn

Janet Winchell

Judith Robinson

Ruth White





# JUNIOR EXHIBITION

## PROGRAM

- March, "Solid Men to the Front" ..... *Sousa*  
ORCHESTRA
- The Jungle Law ..... *Scantlebury*  
HORACE S. STEWART, JR.
- The Other Wise Man ..... *Van Dyke*  
JUDITH H. ROBINSON
- Robert Emmet's Last Defense ..... *Anonymous*  
JOSEPH J. BRANNEN
- "Recessional" ..... *Words by Kipling*  
..... *Music by De Koven*  
CHORUS
- Honey ..... *Black*  
JANET E. WINCHELL
- Uriah Heep, The Humble Hypocrite ..... *Dickens*  
JOHN D. UTTERBACK
- The Finger of God ..... *Wilde*  
MOLLY J. BRADY
- "Cavatina" ..... *Bohm*  
ORCHESTRA
- We Must Fight ..... *Maxwell*  
ROBERT F. SEDGELEY
- The Call of the Sea ..... *Anonymous*  
ELLEN A. HATHORN
- Carnival Chorus from "La Tarentella" ..... *Jakobowski*  
CHORUS
- The Failure of Success ..... *Finch*  
ARTHUR E. JONES
- Bread Upon the Waters ..... *Black*  
RUTH E. WHITE
- Overture to "Mireille" ..... *Gounod*  
ORCHESTRA



## A Review of Activities

### THE CRIMSON RAMS

#### A Fine Showing

THE students of Bangor High School may well be proud of the 1936 edition of the basketball team—the most successful team wearing the Crimson and White that we have seen for many a moon. The Rams won ten out of fourteen games and amassed 406 points to their opponents 342.

Winslow won the first game 28-19, but the Rams came back in the second and walloped the state champs to the tune of 23-17. Then Bangor beat Presque Isle 27-24; beat Stearns 17-14, beat Waterville 25-21; Bapst, 32-23 and 44-33; Brewer, 45-18 and 37-26; Cony, 32-23 and 42-21; lost to Oldtown 21-35 and 19-25; lost to Stearns 36-35. If our figures are correct, this is a .714 percentage.

To us, the students of Bangor High School, comes the thought that we have to give roses (or is it orchids?) to George Munce and "Ken" Lynch, the best forwards in the state; to "Ray" Flynn, the highest scorer and best center in the state; and to "Fred" Johnston and "Jim" Powers, the outstanding backs in Maine. To coach Trowell, the very best coach in the state, we owe a huge bouquet.

We are more than satisfied with the Rams' excellent showing this season.

Since the above was written, we have seen that the Rams are the second best basketball team in the state. They lost only to Portland, which was runner-up for the New England championship.

#### Beat Bapst Twice

Bangor High's Crimson Rams found the inexperienced team from John Bapst to be easy prey. The Crimson took two games with little difficulty. The first game ended with the scoreboard reading Bangor 32, John Bapst 23. Bapst put up a hard fight to win this game and the Rams had to be on their toes all the time to keep ahead of the "Fighting Irish."

The second game, as the 44-33 score shows, was less hotly contested. Bapst was tired after losing a 33-32 decision to Stearns the previous evening. Bangor was

not up to its usual standard and the players, despite a week's rest seemed stale. The Rams got off to an early lead in the first quarter but were leading at the half by only two baskets, 16-12. In the third period, however, they cut loose and rolled up the score to a 38-18 margin. In the fourth quarter the Crimson seconds went in and finished the game. The final score was Bangor 44, Bapst 33.

Little "Jimmy" Crowley and "Bud" McCarthy were the spark plugs in the Purple's offence, while "Ray" Flynn and George Munce led the Rams.

#### Easy Meat

Bangor High's Crimson Rams had little difficulty in collecting two wins over Brewer High's inexperienced quintet. The score of the first game was Rams 45, Witches 18, and of the second, Bangor 37, Brewer 26.

The first game was played when the Rams were right in the pink of condition. They did not exert themselves any in running up a 45-18 count. The game started off slowly with Bangor taking a 6-2 lead in the first quarter and rolling it up to 21-4 at half-time. In the third period the Rams opened up and scored twenty points bringing the count to 41-11. Then, with the game "in the bag," the second team went in and held the lead to the end of the game.

The second encounter between these two bitter foes proved to be less exciting as both teams were somewhat weary after playing several stiff games. Yet, the Rams were strong enough to walk away with a 37-26 win. Bangor had a 12-4 lead at the end of the first period and, still taking it easy, increased their tally to 22-13. In the third period, the Crimson scored eleven more points to Brewer's four.

The second team played the fourth period and showed much improvement over past games. The game ended with the score board reading Bangor 37, Brewer 26.

In the first game, Munce was high scorer with seven baskets, and in the second Flynn and Munce scored four baskets apiece. Murray starred for the Witches and accounted for the greater part of Brewer's score in both games.

#### Cony Bows Twice

Cony High School of Augusta fell twice before the onslaught of the Crimson. In the first game Bangor



had an easy time in walking away with a 32-23 win. The Rams jumped into an early lead in the first half and, by virtue of their stalwart defense in the second half, were able to come out on top.

The second game was more of a walk-away for the Rams. Although they started out slowly they gained momentum as the game went on and amassed 42 points to their opponents 21. "Ray" Flynn and "Jim" Powers played a bang-up game for Bangor. It was in this last game, that "Joe" Brannen made his famous shot from the middle of the court with his eyes closed!

## Scalped Again

Old Town High made it two in a row over the Crimson forces of B. H. S. Playing an almost perfect zone defense, the Indians held the Rams to 19 points while they scored 25 for themselves. Yet, this was not the same Bangor team that defeated Winslow, Stearns, and Presque Isle.

Both teams set out at a fast pace, and kept it up throughout the whole game. Munce broke the ice by looping in a beauty from the side of the court. But Old Town opened immediately and squeezed out a 6-4 lead at the end of the quarter, and then went on a rampage in the second to bring the score 15-8. The Crimson rams were decidedly off color.

In the third period, however, Bangor got "hot" and scored seven points to the Indians' five, and in the fourth period, Old Town scored 5 points to their opponents four. Both teams were decidedly weakened by the loss of their regulars via the foul route.

Johnston and Munce went well for Bangor while Applebee and Thornton were the spark plugs in the visiting team.

A crowd of over 1200 fans attended this game.

## Rams Lose to Stearns

Showing the affects of a bruising schedule, the Crimson Rams were not up to par when they played the powerful Stearns quintet from Millinocket. The "Minutemen," however, had a great deal of difficulty in squeezing out a 36-35 win. This was the most intensely fought contest we have ever seen played on the local court.

Stearns took an early lead in the first stanza but Bangor got "hot" in the second and tied it up at "12" all. In the third period the "Minutemen" came back and rolled up a 25-15 lead. The Rams seemed powerless after the first half. Yet, they rallied surprisingly in the fourth period and played real basketball in outscoring their opponents 18-8.

Captain Swan and Pound starred for Stearns while Johnston and Lynch played an outstanding game for the Crimson.

In their first encounter with Stearns, the Rams were on the right side of a 17-14 count.

## A Good Beginning

Slipping into high gear at the very beginning, Bangor High's tournament representatives got off to a fast start and walloped Calais 50-19. The Bangor boys played a great game and were in excellent condition.

The Rams took a 16-3 lead during the first quarter and increased it to 25-12 at half time. The Crimson seconds played most of the last half and had little difficulty in doubling the score. At the beginning of the fourth period, the Rams were on the long end of a 43-14 count, and at the last gun, the score stood Bangor, 50-Calais, 19.

Munce and Flynn were high scorers with ten and sixteen points respectively.

## Too Close

By virtue of their win over Ellsworth, Shead Memorial of Eastport was paired off against the Rams in the second round of the regional tournament. To Ken Lynch goes a great deal of the credit for Bangor's win over Shead, for the Crimson forward was right in there fighting every second of the game. The "Down-Easters" started off at a whirlwind pace and grabbed a 12-3 lead over the Crimson during the first quarter. The Rams were decidedly off color. Their offense failed to click and their defense wasn't much better. However, in the second period they improved a little and scored seven points to Shead's three. The Crimson got "hot" in the third and showed some of their former skill by scoring seven points to Shead's five. The fourth quarter was a bang-up affair with both teams giving their utmost to build up a substantial margin. The Rams seemed to have an edge, however, and emerged from the fray with a 26-21 win.

Both teams were weakened by the loss of their players via the foul route.

Lynch led the scoring for Bangor with four baskets chalked up to his credit.

## Track

Coach Hart has been working tirelessly since the middle of January with his track squad. They are training for the Indoor Meet at Bowdoin, March 21, and for several big track meets in the spring. Coach Hart says the prospects are quite good since he has several veterans from last year and a few new-comers who look promising.

Although track is not recognized as a major sport at Bangor High, let's get behind the teams and give them our support as we have in football and basketball this past year. Are you game?

## Science Club

Two interesting Science Club meetings have been held these past two months. These meetings were held



in room 307 on January 13 and February 11. The January meeting was conducted by the pupils. Peter Skoufis gave an interesting talk on the history of du-prene or synthetic rubber. William Barchard spoke on "Seeing the Invisible" and Philip Gardner read a selected article on cellulose. After these interesting talks a brief discussion was held concerning the possibility of having experiments and picture slides during meetings.

The February meeting was arranged by Margaret Bragg, Eleanor Winchell, and Phyllis Infiorati. Mr. C. Milton Cooper of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spoke on the chemistry of paper making. The speaker outlined the development of paper manufacture from "Benjamin Franklin times" to the present. Mr. Cooper gave a demonstration of modern work for the interest of his listeners. A brief business meeting was held prior to this interesting talk.

### Latin Club

The business portion of this meeting, other than routine reports, consisted of the semi-annual election of officers. Because of the restrictions of the nine point system, the corrected nominating list contained names of girls only. But, when some enterprising gentleman noticed this, the names of Donald Devoe and Joseph Dinsmore were added to the list. Here is the list of the officers elected:

Consuls	Donald Devoe
	Betty Barker
Quaestor	Mary Nelson
Praetor	Ruth White
Tribunes	Barbara Farnham
	Janet Sherburne
Aediles	Florence Hathaway
	Margaret Cromwell
Curator	Joseph Dinsmore

At this time, Consul Phyllis Smith, who had conducted the business meeting, turned the program over to Mary Nelson and the sophomores. The general theme of the meeting was "Hobbies of the Romans." In most cases the authors (and orators) drew interesting parallels between the time of mighty Rome and that of mighty Washington. Louise Newman dealt with letter-writing as a Roman hobby. (We always suspected that there was something balmy about those old Romans. Imagine *letter-writing as a hobby*! Wait a moment. Don't we recall that it was a hobby of the great C. J. C. to write his *Comentarii* with one hand, while he inscribed a letter with the other, and dictated three more, to three separate stenographers, at one and the same time?)

Betty Barker, in a delightfully modern and racy style, dealt with games as played by the Romans. Miriam Fellows told of the famous races, while the gory, gladiatorial exhibitions lived again before our very eyes in the graphic recital of George Limberis. Jane Robin-

son dealt soulfully with that most alluring of all hobbies—loafing. The old Romans surely made an art of it.

Thus did the class of 1938 make its bow before that ancient and august body, the Latin Club.

The February meeting was held outside of school on the Friday evening before vacation. Barbara Cox was the hostess and entertained forty-four members. The meeting was in the form of a valentine party. The sophomores and juniors gave an amateur (strictly) program with Robert Morris as Colonel Joles. On the program were these amateurs: Judith Robinson who played *Indian Love Song* as a violin solo; George Bell who coerced Horace Stewart and Jane Bradshaw to help in a tumbling act; Madeleine Dennett who sang a vocal solo; Spencer Winsor who did likewise; Ernest Andrews who pulled a "guest artist" and thanked the Colonel from the bottoms of his own, and the American public's hearts; Louise Newman who gave a recitation; and Beverly Holbrook who played a piano solo. Jane Bradshaw as Cassius, Florence Perry as Caesar, Miriam Fellows as Brutus, and Jane Robinson as a slave, presented a comical scene from the life of Caesar. First prize for the amateur hour went to Judith Robinson, and Madeleine Dennett took second place.

The seniors' portion of the program consisted of a genuinely touching reproduction of the Dido-Aeneas scenes from Book IV of the *Aeneid*, done most effectively by Pauline Jellison as the haughty queen Dido and Spencer Winsor as the pious Aeneas.

The officers elected at the last meeting (see article above) took their oath of office at this meeting.

At the close of this program, Valentines were handed out and everyone present wrote a verse of his own design and sentiment on it. Varied indeed were the verses and sentiments. The prize, however, went to Reginald Fournier with Horace Stewart and Barbara Farnham not far behind.

In attendance for the faculty were Mrs. Cumming and Miss Mary Quinn, the latter, a new-comer to the faculty, a teacher of Freshman Latin, who was a charter member of the Latin Club. To Miss Quinn the Club extended a hearty welcome.

Who says the Latin Club doesn't have varied programs—with an Amateur Hour, a Prize Latin Composition Contest, and a skillful and effective dramatization of Virgil's immortal *Aeneid*, all in one evening's program? Don't forget the refreshments—ice cream and cookies—served by the hostess, aided by Annette Curran, Mary Nelson, and Ruth White.

### Nous Verrons

The fourth period senior French class, under the apt direction of Mademoiselle Beaupre, presented the French play, *Nous Verrons*, in assembly on February fourteenth. The play was very well executed and unfolded into a very clever farce. A little French maid



Yvonne, wished to go to America despite the fact that Jacques, the cook, tried his best to persuade her not to do so. Finally Jacques resorted to treachery and stole the dog, property of her mistress, which Yvonne was exercising in the park. Many complications arose and a bewildered English lady became involved. At last, however, everything turned out happily when Jacques returned the dog to Madame Dupont through her niece and nephew. Then, to cap the climax, Yvonne promised to remain French (and Jacques') forever.

The cast: Yvonne, Madeline Dennett; Jacques, Reginald Fournier; the English lady, Isabel Cumming; Madame Dupont, Annette Curran; Louise, niece of Madame Dupont, Anne Perry; Paul, nephew of the same lady, Ernest Andrews; police officer, Charles Peirce; milliners, Betty Ayer and Betty Betterley; and Ton-Ton, the dog, was a real, live Scottie pup. George Spiropoulos gave a synopsis, and a trio composed of Margaret Tyler, violin; Geraldine Watson, 'cello; and Pauline Jellison, piano: played a French composition between the acts. Miss Jellison also played two piano solos. The property managers for the production were Pauline Jellison, Janet Sherburne, and Mary Conners. Julian Leighton and Elmer Yates were the stage managers.

## Alumni

The engagement of Corinne Morrison, '34, to Thomas Burns was announced by the mother of the bride-to-be. Corinne was very active in athletics during her high school career and was a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. Corinne has also played jump center on the girls' Alumnae basketball team since she was graduated.

The engagement of Alyce Munce, '30, and Hugh Conner '28, was announced recently. Hugh attended Holy Cross College and he is now employed in the Conner Coal and Wood Company. Alyce is working at present in the Bangor Public Library. After high school, Alyce took a librarian course at Columbia University.

"Eddie" Redman '33, received, recently, a scholarship at the University of Maine. "Eddie" is majoring in philosophy at the University.

Eleanor Clough, '33, will take the part of Jed Peasley in the play *Black* to be given in the little theater of Mt. Holyoke College. Eleanor is a junior.

Elmer Yates, '35, is getting ready for West Point. Elmer received his appointment from Congressman Brewster, although he had previously qualified in this district by the competitive examinations. Best of luck! Elmer's brother Donald Yates, '27, was graduated from West Point in 1931. He is now serving in the U. S. Aviation Corps at Brooks Field, Texas.

Robert Kurson, '33, spoke recently in the annual Buck Prize contest at Yale University. Bob's subject was "Echoes of Gttsburg."

Phyllis Smart, '35, was chosen by the faculty of

Eastern State Normal School at Castine as one of the two delegates to represent that school at the Eastern State Conference of Teachers' Colleges to be held in New York City in April. Phyllis is a member of the student council, orchestra, and dramatic club. She has kept up the same excellent scholastic standing at Castine that she had during high school. At the last quarterly ranking period Phyllis got the highest rank at the school.

Richard Munce, who was graduated from the Harvard Medical School, has finished his eight months as assistant to Dr. Truesdale at the Dr. Philimon Truesdale Hospital in Fall River, Massachusetts. Richard has now entered the Peter Bent Brigham hospital for a sixteen months internship in surgery.

Barbara Jarvis, '35, has entered training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

The following Bangor girls have been pledged by sororities at the U. of M.

Barbara Whittredge, ex-'35, Delta Delta Delta.

Marjorie Taylor, '35, Pi Beta Phi.

Jeanette St. Pierre, '35, Pi Beta Phi.

Lucille Fogg, '35, Alpha Omicron Pi.

Joanne Cox, '33, Alpha Omicron Pi.

Fred Newman, '33, has recently been elected president of the sophomore class at Bowdoin College. Fred is a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. He was prominent on the gridiron last fall and received his letter in that sport.

Abraham Kern, '32, now a senior at Bowdoin College, was on the Dean's List for the second semester.

Beryl Bryant, who was graduated from the University of Maine in 1931, has entered Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. She is planning to take specialization work with children on pediatrics. Beryl has been with the *Bangor Daily News* for the past four years.

## Debate Club

Now in the full swing of actual debating activities, the Debate Club has, since the last edition of the *Oracle*, been extremely busy. A tournament of its own, participation in the Bates League, class debate try-out preparations, a big bridge party—these are some of the high lights of the last few weeks.

On Saturday, February 15, Bangor High School played host at a practice tournament in which were sixty-two teams, representing seventeen schools from all over the state. Old Town, Orono, Brewer, Foxcroft Academy, Stephens, of Rumford, Mexico, Freedom Academy, Ellsworth, Stearns of Millinocket, E. M. I. of Springfield, Washington Academy, Newport, Machias, Coburn Classical Institute of Waterville, Hartland, and Rockland each sent at least two teams. Bangor's team "2" won the tournament with a score of 141, while Team "2," of Rumford, by rolling up 138, won the cup as highpoint scorer of the small-schools!



# PASSING IN REVIEW

If there is "something about a soldier", there is also something about a basketball player in the opinion of **Joyce Higgins**. She is one of the best dancers in Bangor High, and she also plays a fast game of basketball on the Freshman Squad. Joyce is a dandy little swimmer and an all around winter sports fan. She likes to take long walks with the family's two hunting dogs.

The clubs that **Arthur Jones** belongs to read like a time table, and speaking of time tables reminds us that Arthur is very fond of trains. He'd like to be an engineer sometime. Basketball is his favorite sport and in his spare time, which is very spare indeed, he spends his time reading up on pointers of the game. "One can never know too much about a sport," he says, which of course is right, Arthur. He has neither favorite movie stars nor studies but says his favorite pastimes are playing tennis, eating (you got us there, pal) and the Debate Club.

Never serious, always smiling is this small miss of five feet two inches. This mischievous, vivacious senior is a regular sports fan. She plays hockey and basketball and is certainly lively on her feet. In summer one can find her at her camp on Pushaw Lake where she swims, fishes and tramps. Her attempt to get a tan always results in a fresh supply of freckles. If you see a small blond lass with an infectious smile around the corridors it's bound to be **Doris Bullard**.

You will always find this tall, quiet, good looking boy following the teams to the football and basketball games. He has plenty of school spirit and certainly is a true sport enthusiast. His favorite radio star is the comedian, Jack Benny. You will find **Kenneth Bemis** giving commands in the R. O. T. C. because he is a sergeant-major.

May we present **Margaret Maxwell**, the only girl we have ever interviewed who detests eating! (Poor gal, she doesn't know what she's missing). Since she's been taking up golf, Margaret has the trophy winners shaking in their shoes. She spends her summers at Boothbay Harbor and adores horseback riding, sailboats, swimming, dancing, Fred Astaire, Casa Loma, and all sports. Again she becomes an exception, for she confesses that she dislikes the movies.



They call him **Robert "Fred Astaire" Sedgeley** and he really dances so swell that, as any acquainted girl will testify, every dance floor becomes proud of him. He's probably B. H. S.'s busiest pupil for he tells us that he hasn't even time to eat. His hobbies number going to the movies, looking at pictures of Myrna Loy, and eating bacon and eggs. *Captain Blood* is Bob's idea of the world's best fiction. If he had his way he'd ski, skate, and play football every day in the week. More power to you, Robert.

**Mary Burke**, besides being a good athlete, is a swell dancer. She unselfishly attributes her success to her daily walks to B. H. S. and back, from the water works (where she lives). She lists Jack Benny and club sandwiches as her objects for living. Mary is some fisherwoman too! There's many a salmon that's gone to heaven on account of her. At present she is trying to win an unofficial marathon on sweater making, Mary being in her third year on the same sweater.

She is small, dark, and lovely and the pride and joy of the sophomore class. A nice little smile and a quiet easy manner make her a great friend. She loves to read on rainy days. Her pet movie and radio stars are Carol Lombard and Dick Powell. **Mary Carlisle** tells us she definitely, and decidedly does not like to attempt the ski jump in back of her house.

**Rita Johnston** is keeping up her good record in Bangor High after winning both the French and American Legion medals at the Hannibal Hamlin school graduation last June. She has a grand smile, and if there is a basketball tournament on, we can always find Rita in the front row cheering for the Rams. She plays the position of side center in basketball herself. Besides having a grand personality and an excellent scholastic record, she is a good dancer and plays the piano in the Junior Orchestra.

**John Burke** is one of the best liked lads in the sophomore class. Ask any of the 1939 girls and they'll prove it. Johnnie's idea of a perfect afternoon well spent is one of football playing in his back yard (which is plenty large—including, as it does, the entire water works). His favorite study is algebra and his literary tastes run to mystery and comedy stories.



group. Debating for Bangor were four teams, with eleven of the sixteen speakers entering their first inter-scholastic competition. No Bangor team placed lower than a tie for fifth and sixth positions on the basis of thirty-one. Of its sixteen debates, Bangor lost but one debate, that by a novice team which succumbed 2-1 to Stephens' best team. Bangor debaters were: Team "1": Rose Bigelson, Shirley Drew, Betty Betterley, and Helma Ebbeson; Team "2": Earnest Andrews, Myer Alpert, Richard Coffin, and Lewis Vafiades; Team "3": James Hathorne, Helen Hayes, Clifford West, and Walter McMullin; Team "4": Spencer Winsor, George Smith, Robert Morris, and Horace Stewart.

Debate Club manager Carlene Merrill, with Barbara Farnham assisting, was in charge of the tournament. Mr. Prescott, in charge for the faculty, expressed himself as well pleased with both the conduct and results of this affair—the largest event of its kind ever to be held in Maine.

Immediately following this activity, teams were picked. For varsity, Mr. Prescott named Myer Alpert, and Spencer Winsor, affirmative, with Ernest Andrews and Horace Stewart as negative. Winsor is the new man, the other three, together with alumnus Artemus Weatherbee, having copped the state crown last season.

In order not to be caught unprepared upon the graduation of three men from the varsity in June, Mr. Prescott also named a junior varsity, picked from those who were outstanding in the February 15 debates. Betty Betterley, Shirley Drew, Lewis Vafiades, and Robert Morris, with Helma Ebbeson as alternate, comprise this unit, and are engaging in debates with nearby schools throughout the season. It is a well known fact that Mr. Prescott is seeking at least one feminine member for future teams, probably with memories of Bernice Braidy, Constance Hedin and Corinne Adams in mind. In Shirley Drew it may be that this quest will be temporarily ended. Sophomore Vafiades, named alternate on the varsity, gives considerable promise of developing through conscientious work to a stellar position in later seasons.

The week-end following the tournament, two special teams—Andrews and Alpert, Betterley and Stewart—met teams in a no-decision debate with University of Maine speakers.

March 20, the Bangor teams met Foxcroft Academy at home and M. C. I. of Pittsfield there, debating the first round of the Bates League, the state medicine question being under discussion.

Class debate try-outs are now out of the way, with able representatives for each class having been chosen. The forum will debate the fireworks question often tabled by the local City Council. Members of that body are invited to attend the session here. As in former years, admission will be by ticket only, a charge being made for these passes. This forum is always one

of the high-lights of the season, and this year seems sure to find all seats sold well before the night of April 3, the question of whether or not fireworks should be sold in Bangor furnishing much informal give-and-take among the general student body as well as the debaters themselves.

March 13; who said 13 is unlucky? On that evening one of the most successful affairs of the current season was held in the assembly hall, Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke in general charge, with Carlene Merrill, Barbara Farnham, Jeanette Leavitt and Betty Betterley, students, in important positions. Bridge, Monopoly, and various card games furnished the *raison d'être* of the evening, with prizes for each table. No music or entertainment was provided, the entire evening being devoted to the pursuit of high scores at the various tables, each table having an individual prize.

All of which goes to show that we're still active. We'll see you at the class debates—if you get your tickets early!

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## Student Council

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The Student Council decided at its last meeting that those boys who had earned their sweaters should have them. A Ways and Means Committee was appointed by President Peter Emery consisting of a chairman, Fred Hanson, and two members, Ralph Libby and Hazel Chalmers.

A dance was held Friday night, February 14. Paul Monaghan and his Paramount Orchestra, in their smart uniforms supplied the music. Everyone there had a good time. If they didn't, it was their own fault.

Candy sales will probably be next in order. So, students, get behind *your* organization and help it buy those sweaters!

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## Imports and Exports

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Well, here we are ready to give you some more exchanges, hoping that you enjoy them as much as we do.

*Old Hughes*, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. Let us congratulate the staff of the *Old Hughes*, and the students who partake in the composing of this magazine for their outstanding achievements during the past year. The honors received by this publication for the year of 1935 are:

Medalist—Columbia Scholastic Press Association.  
All American—National Scholastic Press Association.

State's Best—Journalism Association of Ohio. Certainly they have a right to be proud of these honors. Keep up the good work.

*The Aegis*, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. The cover is an excellent cartoon of a hockey player. The poem *A New Leaf*, by Jeanne Pope is cleverly written. It concerns the adventures of a fugitive caught in



the merry whirl of New Year's Eve. Among the interesting sections, we find this unusual article:

### 'Twas Ever Thus

Getting out the paper is no picnic.  
 If we print jokes, people say we are silly.  
 If we don't, they say we are too serious.  
 If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.  
 If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.  
 If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be hunting news.  
 If we get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in classes.  
 If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.  
 If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.  
 If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are asleep and don't get his point.  
 Now, likely as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine. Well we did! from the *Green and White*.

The *Red and White*, Rochester, New Hampshire. The mechanical make-up is good, and the literary section is very interesting. Prominent in this magazine are its intelligent editorials. We would suggest a few book reviews and more illustrations to accompany the stories.

The *Advance*, Salem High School, Salem, Mass. The cover cut by Priscilla Guenette is very good. It is an illustration of the well known composer Handel and a manuscript of his *Messiah*.

There is an abundance of short Christmas stories. The Exchange Column is exceedingly well written. More editorials would be a good suggestion.

We were pleased to receive the mimeographed publication of the *Jester Junior* of Ellsworth High School. There seems to be no end to the good jokes and interesting school news in this paper. The cartoon cuts that accompany the ads are very clever.

### Assemblies

On Wednesday January 23, Harry Vardarmis spoke reminding us of the fact that we should dance at the Officers' Club Dance, while we were still young.

Again on Friday, January 25, Harry Vardarmis starred, but this time, it was in his own play. All the members of the Officers' Club took part and were graciously helped by Annette Curran as the French maid.

In the several following assemblies we heard such speakers as Isabel Cumming for the *Oracle* Board, and George Bell for the Student Council.

Then on February 12, Miss Cousins had her historical assembly about Abraham Lincoln. James Watson was in charge of the program with Barbara Welch, "Bob" Sedgeley, and a double quartet doing their

bit. At this assembly the *Oracle* Contest winners were announced. Congratulations go to Katherine Faulkingham, first prize; George Bell, second prize; and Gerald Merrill, third prize.

February 14, marked the date of the French play, *Nous Verrons*, under the leadership of Mlle. Estelle Beaupre. Beside an amusing play with a well-fitted cast, a musical trio consisting of "Peggy" Tyler, Geraldine Watson, and Pauline Jellison, was enjoyed.

Barbara Welch and Fred Hanson were speakers in this assembly. Barbara spoke for Girls' Basketball Games and Fred for the Student Council Dance.

### Girls' Athletics

Bangor vs. Alumnae: The Bangor High Varsity basketball team opened their season January 17 in the gymnasium with a hard fought game. The girls have been practicing hard for this game, and they certainly showed lots of fight and spirit. The game was played with the Alumnae, and the final score was 42-42. At the end of the first period, the Varsity was trailing by a score of 9-6. In the second quarter, it added 8 points to its score, and the half ended with the score 14-13 still in favor of the Alumnae. During the third quarter, both teams dropped the ball through the basket frequently, bringing the score at the end of the quarter to 24-37 in favor of the Alumnae. The fourth quarter opened with a bang. The Varsity came back to add 18 points to its score with renewed energy and a determination to win. "Peggy" Tyler and Adelle Sawyer popped one basket in after another. When the final whistle blew, the score was tied at "42" all.

The line-up:

#### VARSITY

#### ALUMNAE

Striar, 3, rf.	lg. Strickland
P. Tyler, 5.	r.g. A. Towle
Sawyer 2.	c. Kelley
Strickland, 2.	s.c. Morrison
Leavitt, 3, lf.	lf. Tremble, 10
Sawyer, 8.	rf. E. Toole, 11
Cumming, 1, jc.	
A. Tyler, sc.	
Meador.	
Savage.	
Welch, rg.	
Braley.	
Kamen, lg.	

The second game of the season was with the Brewer girls in the over-river gym. The game was played January 24. This was another hard fought game, and it was climaxed by a sparkling fourth period rally by the Bangor girls. They lost the game by a score of 32-35, but in the fourth period they scored 14 points to tie the score 30-30. Brewer had the lead and held it throughout most of the game. The first quarter



ended with the score 8-15 in Brewer's favor. At the end of the half, the score was 12-23—Brewer. In the third period, neither team did much scoring, and it ended 28-18. Trailing by a score of 28-18, the Bangor girls entered the final quarter with a fine scoring drive. They tied the score at "30" all, but were unable to equal the finishing drive of the Brewer girls. Montgomery of Brewer scored the most points for both teams with thirty points. For Bangor, Sawyer tallied twenty.

The line-up-

#### BREWER (35)

Montgomery, rf, 14 (2)  
Winslow, lf, 1 (1)  
Ivers, 1  
Witham, c  
Mayo, sc.  
Maddocks, rg.  
Lunt  
Chute, lg.  
Avery

#### BANGOR (32)

lg. Kamen  
rg. Welch  
c. Cumming, Meader  
sc. A. Tyler  
lf. P. Tyler, 6  
rf. Sawyer, 10  
M. Striar

### R. O. T. C.

The boys in the battalion enjoyed the last week in January and the first two weeks in February because they were all given a chance to show their skill as marksmen with the 22 calibre rifle.

Starting the third week in Feb., Lt. Colonel Snow gave lectures on map reading, the general history of the Army, paying particular attention to the Gettysburg Campaign, and scouting and patrolling. Along with these talks by Colonel Snow, will come also the study of hygiene, sanitation, and first aid.

### Rifle Club

The Bangor High School Rifle Club is shooting a series of matches with various schools in all sections of the country and the results to date are such as to make the school proud of its Rifle Club. They have won six out of eight matches.

The scores are as follows:

	BHS.	OPP.
Louisville Male High School.....	3317	3465
Louisville, Kentucky		
Goose River Gun Club.....	855	841
Belfast, Maine		
LaSalle Military Academy.....	892	875
Oakdale, Long Island		
Carson Long Institute.....	1762	1700
Bloomfield, Penn.		
Natrona County High School.....	3450	3559
Caspar, Wyoming		
Waukigan Township High School.....	3430	3268
Waukigan, Illinois.....	3506	3446
Fishburne Military School.....	3506	3285
Waynsboro, Va.		

## MOVIES

### So Red The Rose

This tender and heartbreaking drama from Stark Young's novel of the South in the Civil-War time will be remembered a long time by every movie-goer. Margaret Sullavan's magnificent speaking voice will thrill you it is so soft and sweet. There are no battle scenes in the motion picture; however, it gives an excellent preaching for peace. Besides being lovely to look at and having a lovely voice, Miss Sullavan is a very fine actress. I consider this her greatest performance. Randolph Scott, who portrays Maggie's second cousin, presents himself in his finest role. Director King Vidor should be given a great deal of honor for his excellent old Southern scenes. In truth, *So Red the Rose* is a personal success for Margaret. Give us some more performances as fine as Miss Sullavan's, and we won't complain!

### Rose Marie

Decidedly not a second *Naughty Marietta*. When, oh when, will Hollywood learn that smash hits can't be duplicated by using the same cast, same direction, and somewhat the same plot? Nelson Eddy makes up in his singing what he lacks in his acting which is quite a bit. Jeanette MacDonald has a goodly share of both talents. The two of them make *Rose Marie* a picture well worth seeing, and the photography, filmed in Canada, makes it a "must see." Perhaps it was the threat of imperiling doom in the shape of a chemistry test; or perhaps it was a guilty conscience; anyway, at times I was a wee bit bored. (It might have been something I ate).

### Crime and Punishment

This picture while being made, was often called Von Sternberg's crime and Columbia's punishment. However, it proves to be a dramatic triumph. Peter Lorre who portrays the murderer whose conscience compels him to give himself up, gives an impressive performance. So impressive in fact that I did not sleep for a week, and I still look under my bed and behind the door. Edward Arnold turns in his best performance as the police inspector. Fine photography, handsome background, careful characterization, help compose a great picture, but I prefer something slightly milder—say *Les Miserables*.

### The Petrified Forest

The indefinable quality that Leslie Howard possesses, makes Gable, Taylor, and Cooper, and the rest, resemble lumberjacks. Bette Davis, whom we still

(Continued on page 32)



## HOKUM

*By Miriam Golden*

**J**ELLO again (it's got me too, pal)!! If you've got any dirt, dust, news or otherwise will you kindly spill it? It looks like we'll have to be reading the "want ads" column, if ya don't..... A certain gentleman of leisure (called James Finnegan by intimate friends) is going to have his telephone bill looking like a phone number if he doesn't stop calling a certain Ellen Hathorne so much..... We can see where George Bell certainly believes in free speech—as long as he's bigger than the other fellar.... Oh, base tongue, what do you not compel mortal hearts to do! (courtesy Mr. Vergil's Aeneid, Book 4)..... Maybe the reason Currier Treat has been buying pants of such rough material is because it comes in handy when he has to scratch a match in chemistry..... Who knows?... Adelle Sawyer and her eternal triangle—Go West, my fran..... Sarah Stinchfield wants a certain young telegraph operator fired for flirting. After receiving her message he wanted to know her name and address.... The nerve of it all!..... Ernest Andrews had such a bad cold a few weeks ago that he wasn't able to speak for three days. How he must have suffered!!!..... By the bye have you noticed how many times poor, unsuspecting Bing Crosby has been *discussed* (to put it politely) by the literary board of your mag. A star who makes the print five times in three consecutive *Oracles* certainly must be popular. (Said board will probably treat us with complete coldness after this remark—but it was worth it).....

Our Senior Friends just starting English, who thought that Burke would be as easy as pie, seem to have learned their pastries since..... Polly Jellison's definition of an island: "a piece of land that's gone for a swim"..... We've had so much rain lately that it makes us wonder whether there are any plumbers in heaven or not..... For the benefit solely of a certain blond friend of ours who is in the habit of using some one else's car ticket. "Not Transferable" means that no one is admitted unless she comes herself..... Maybe we're crazy!!..... Jeanette Leavitt, will you please tell us

who on earth this "Albert" is that is causing such a strange sensation.... Be he man, dog, or beast, pray tell?..... Charlotte Clement still thinks that two and two equal five..... Not in the case of dollars anyway, Charlotte..... Some one told us a cute poem. If you've heard it, well just laff anyway.

"I saw a man upon the stair,  
And when I looked he was not there,  
He was not there again today,  
My goodness, I wish he'd go away."

*By its author.*

Flash! Flashety! Flash!!

Every month we will present a different star of Bangor High in an original invention, tried, tested, and true, by each inventor. All you scientifically minded, and otherwise, kindly send in yours. For each one published, fame and a check for one cent (1c) will be given to its donor.... Today Geraldine ("Rubber Boots") Watson speaks. (Unquote) I have a new way of sliding. I call it Depression Sliding for one needs neither sled, toboggan nor skis—just a large portable neck. Adjust this gently to the top of the hill and place the feet opposite (unless already placed) and watch the—action!!!! Chemistry students are invited to stand by and watch the general decomposition..... Horace Stewart expresses his ideas so beautifully in English we think he should be a freight agent (a pun may be the lowest form of wit but in a time of scarce news it's a blessing).... Bernice Braidy '34 was telling us that some of the men at Harvard are so highbrow that they're bald-headed..... What's your opinion on the situation Izzie-Wizzie?..... Millie Striar is quite a wonder. The very first day she learned to drive she did 60. Hm. Not bad for a beginner..... Anne Perry is quite the barge rider they say..... Winton Garland is our personal nomination for the fanciest, furriest and funniest gum "chawer" in Bangor High. We suggest he open a school on the "Art of Chewing"..... Mamise is quite indignant these days. The traffic cop told her she couldn't turn her car around on State Street. "I don't see why not," she said, "There's plenty of room"..... Well, a bientot.



## Senior Orchestra

For the two weeks before the second quarter exams, the orchestra was not well attended, but as soon as exams were laid aside, members flocked to the rehearsals like flies to a Sunday-school picnic. Up to the date this *Oracle* went to press, Professor Sprague, conductor, had called two special rehearsals besides the regular 3:30 Wednesday afternoon meetings.

Besides practicing the numbers to accompany the Junior Chorus, the orchestra is rehearsing the Overture, "*Mireille* by Gounod, *Cavatina* by Bohm, Ballet-Music from *Rosamunde* by Franz Schubert, Priests' March from *Othello* by Mendelssohn and Gavotte from *Mignon* by Thomas. The orchestra is practicing diligently as a body and the above numbers should add greatly to the Junior Exhibition program.

The string section by itself is rehearsing a realistic number entitled *In the Mill*, by Gillet. I say the number is realistic because one can, by the music, very easily follow the water from the stream, through the mill and out once again into the mill stream.

## Girls' Athletic Honor Council

The list of the Honor Council girls who are to coach the class teams is as follows:

Freshmen—Hazel Chalmers, Rachel Kent, Mamise Conners, and Annette Curran.

Com. Sophomores—"Betty" Smart.

Sophomores—Isabel Cumming.

Juniors—Barbara Welch.

Seniors—"Peggy" Tyler.

These girls also act as referees at the class games. The timers and scorers are: Ann Tyler, June Webster, Bernice Faulkingham, Emily Rand, Phyllis Smith, Barbara Freese, and Virginia Moulton.

All the Council girls teach Freshmen gym classes on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, also the sixth periods on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

## Commercial Club

On February 18 the Commercial Club edited its first "Commercial Club Bulletin." This bulletin was received with great enthusiasm by the commercial students and shows promise of being a great success. The aim of the bulletin is to contain facts relating to the Commercial Department and the commercial students.

Donald Parker is the editor-in-chief of the bulletin. He is ably assisted by Lawrence Davies, assistant editor, and Raymond Northey, business manager. Zella Murphy is the typist.

At the regular February meeting with Miss Janice Moore, faculty adviser, in charge, Lorraine Tribou and Lena Adams gave very interesting talks on busi-

ness. At this meeting the members decided to have pins and a committee was appointed to secure samples.

Following the meeting a social hour was enjoyed which was in the charge of Helen Christakos and Rita van Dyk. Eleanor Bradley entertained the club with several vocal selections and Beverly Darling received a prize for her skill in a difficult advertising game.

For the remainder of the year several field trips will be taken and the club will also have the pleasure of hearing from more business men and women in Bangor.

## JOKES

Where Myer works they sell "Viva."

Mr. Thurston wanted the formula for Dextrose and he said to Myer Alpert:

"Mr. Alpert, what do you find under the word 'Dextrose' on the can label?"

Myer: (With brilliant satisfaction) "Alive with Energy."

"Jim" Watson and "Tom" Sawyer were putting all sorts of chemicals together to see what would happen.

Tom: "Try some concentrated sulphuric acid on it."

Jim: "We shall try."

Phillip Gardner: (looking on). "You mean we shall fly."

### Revenge

The principal had reprimanded the English teacher for some of her actions on the previous day. She returned to her class still nursing the "wound" in her heart. She spoke to a pupil, "John, go to the blackboard and write this sentence, 'The principal said the teacher is a fool.'" The pupil finished his assignment. "Now," said the teacher, "place a comma after principal and after teacher."

The counsel was speaking to his client, "Be very careful in your answers and don't say anything that isn't exactly true. Now, you drive an ice wagon don't you?"

Client: "No!"

Counsel (surprised) "You don't; why I thought you did. What is your work, then?"

Client: "I drive the horse that pulls the ice wagon."

Caller: "Your daughter is making real progress on the violin. She plays quite nicely now."

Mrs. Tyler: "Do you really think so? We were afraid that we'd merely gotten used to her playing."

Freddie (Baseslider) Johnston was having measurements taken for his first tailor-made suit;

Tailor: Do you want your shoulders padded?

Fred: Never mind the shoulders, pad the pants.



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*Always*—Polly Jellison—Artemus Weatherbee.

*The Broken Record*—Janet Sherburne.

*You've Got to be a Football Hero*—Joyce Higgins.

*That's How Rhythm was Born*—You Guess.

*Ah, But is it Love*—Paul Kelleher—Rita van Dyk.

*It's the Talk of the Town*—Junior Exhibition.

*I'll Be Faithful*—Louise McCarthy.

*I've Got to Take My Hat Off to you*—Miss Rideout.

*I've Got Plenty of Nothing*—Any of Us.

*Rose Marie*—Nelson Eddy.

—SAYINGS—

1. Speak well of your enemies, remember you made them.

2. If poverty is the mother of crime, want of sense is the father.

Possible Employer: "H'm! so you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"

Applicant: "No sir, but I can learn."

Tilda: "Pass the 'lasses."

Lizzie: "Don't say 'lasses, say molasses."

Tilda: "How come I say mo'lasses when I ain't had none yet."

Louis Vafiades: "An editor's a man who puts things in the paper, isn't he?"

Stranger: "Oh no, my son, an editor keeps things out of the paper."

Doctor: "Did that cure for deafness really help your father?"

Pat: "Sure enough; he hadn't heard for years, and, the day after he took that medicine, he heard from a friend in America."

Kind Stranger: "How old is your baby brother little girl?"

Little Girl: "He's a this year's model."

He: There's nothing like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work."

She: "How you must love a mosquito!"

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness—" "Exactly! and some just grate upon you."

Collector. "Did you look at that bill, I left yesterday, sir?"

House Member: "Yes, it has passed the first reading."



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## MOVIES

(Continued from page 26)

maintain should have received the Academy Award for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*, is one of the screen's greatest actresses. The two of them turn out a magnificent picture. The plot, of a somewhat weird type, deals with the psychological reactions of a group of people, who are forced to spend the evening with a killer and his gang. We hear that Howard is planning to break his contract with Warner Brothers and make his pictures in England.

Maybe if he gets the applause from *The Petrified Forest* that he deserves, he'll change his mind. Here's hoping!

## Tale of Two Cities

Rarely is a picture so flawlessly cast, so painstakingly directed, and so superbly acted, as *The Tale of Two Cities*. The picture could not have been more skillfully managed even if Charles Dickens himself were at the helm. Ronald Colman is as suave a Sidney Carton, as he was a keen Bulldog Drummond. Elizabeth Allan makes a lovely Lucie Manette, and Henry Walthall, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Blanche Yurka, and Isabel Jewel all are excellent. The blood-thirsty chapter of history known as the French Revolution is filled with terrific power. The picture of the month—and of all time.

## Ah, Wilderness

You couldn't help but love this tale of simple American life in the early hundreds. Truly, the roles of father and son, (Lionel Barrymore and Eric Linden respectively) were portrayed with such charms and realism, that you couldn't help but fall in love with both of them. The same may be said for Aline MacMahon, Mickey Rooney, and Cecelia Parker. The graduation exercises alone are sufficient enough reason for seeing the movie. It is so typical of those days. The young boy whose voice was changing reciting Edgar Allan Poe's *The Bells*, and many other humorous speakers, make up the exercises. The only real disappointment is "Wally" Beery. I consider his part a great deal over done. If you have to miss Shirley Temple or Garbo to get this show in, do that by all means. *Ah, Wilderness* is worth two of Garbo's pictures any day.

A Bouquet of Snow Flowers for the Bangor Publix Theaters for the keen run of pictures we've been having. Also a few cheers for the speedy way in which most of the pictures have reached us.

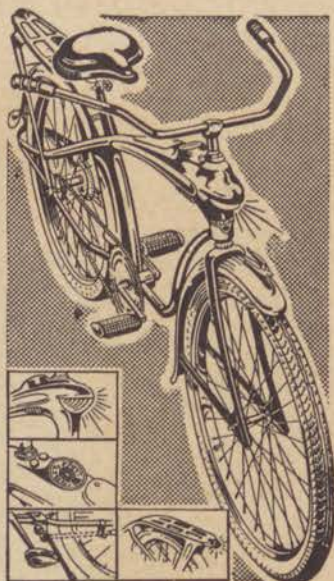
## Dangerous

This is Bette Davis' best movie since *Of Human Bondage*. When there's real acting to be done, Bette



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is the "gal" who can do it. To me, she is one of the very best dramatic actresses in Hollywood, perhaps anywhere. Miss Davis plays the role of a fallen star who has put a sort of curse on each young man who has loved her. Franchot Tone, a young architect falls under her spell in the same manner as many other young men. Because this story does not end happily for both, don't think it is an unsuccessful movie. It's anything but! One of the best of the season, I'd call it. Margaret Lindsay is fine as the society girl, whom Franchot finally marries. For excellent dramatic moments, light comedy, and romance, put *Dangerous* on your movie list.

### BOOKS

(Continued from page 14)

last half year at school, her friend, Maida, had helped her to dress like a young lady; so, when she went to New York to see her mother, she had her fears that her mother wouldn't like it. She was met at the station by Martin Fales, and she immediately fell in love with this older man. Her mother, who was in bed with a sprained ankle, told Sally to show Mr. Fales the sights of New York. Sally lived a week of intense delight, and, during this week, she met a boy, a Yale sophomore, who liked Sally very much. Sally's mother was very pleased with the way that Sally took to Martin because they intended to be married in a few weeks. She did not know how to break the news to Sally, because for some reason or other, young people think that no one over thirty should fall in love and be married. In a round about way, Sally discovered that her mother and Martin were to be married. She was so stunned by the news that she ran to Atlantic City to see her friend, Maida. After a while, things straightened out a bit. At the end of her vacation, Sally went back to school with an invitation to attend the spring dance at Yale, and her mother and Martin were getting ready to go abroad.

### CAN WE HELP?

(Continued from page 13)

Those are but a few of the trouble-making mistakes of automobile drivers. We all know these faults, so it's up to us to do our part to outlaw them. Let's erase the name of "reckless driver" from the high school youth of Bangor.

### RADIO DIALINGS

(Continued from page 12)

What do we listen to after Major Bowes' program? Why, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* of course. This program combines music and plays. Each week famous acts of the American Theater are featured, and Ernest Charles, tenor, sings. This would be perfection in itself, but added to that are the Men About Town trio; Rachel Carlay, blues singer, and Andy Sannella's orchestra.



Do you listen to serials? If you do, there are plenty of them to suit you all. For those of you who are rather young, (in spirit at least) there is always Buck Rogers, Tom Mix, and of course "Bobby" Benson. Then there is the type of serial everybody enjoys. Under these, we would class the Goldbergs, Easy Aces, "Myrt" and "Marge" and many others too numerous to mention. Oh, and we mustn't forget those who aspire to romance. They would probably prefer "Betty" and "Bob," Irene Rich, and Helen Hayes. In every group, of course, there are those who dote on the blood-curdling stories and *Crime Clues of Omar the Mystic* should satisfy them.

Robert Morris (in stirring rebuttal): Why our worthy opponents of the affirmative have not even explained the terms of the question!

Worthy opponent: We're sorry that the negative speaker is so ignorant. If he is debating on the subject, he should know what it means.

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

Freddy: "Oh, Major, my nice old collie is dead."

Billy: "Shucks! my grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying."

Freddy: "Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

*That the Oracle always  
keeps up its standard  
of excellence,  
is the wish  
of  
A Friend*

## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

in the March issue of *Helps*, published annually by the National Scholastic Press Association

SAID:

## THE ORACLE

of the Bangor, Maine, High School was the only magazine submitted in our annual contest\* which contained a "NOVEL IDEA TO ENCOURAGE ITS READERS TO READ ITS ADS."

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## A MELANCHOLY LADY

*(Continued from page 10)*

a lovely, lithe figure and one could scarcely believe that the seeds of death were fast coming to a flower within it. All the doctors—she had gone everywhere, though she might as well have stayed home—told her she would die in a month, a week, perhaps to-morrow. Turning her head she looked at the scene again and laughed. Becoming hysterical, she stumbled and fell on the soft moist grass. Nurses came running from the house and picked up her lifeless form.

## ES GUERRILLA FIEL

*(Continued from page 9)*

Santiago wheeled to face Celeste—and a heavy six-shooter. He started for the door, and one shot rang out just a few moments before the fusillade from the mounted men, seizing the town.

"Your death-shot was the signal."

Santiago winced in pain, and asked from his resting place on the floor, "who are you?"

Footsteps and then the figure of Juan appeared in the doorway, "She was" said Juan, "Senorita Celeste Lopez."

## "AND THE NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC"

*(Continued from page 8)*

Anyone knows that the only obvious evidence (oh, stupid police) that Ralph had was that sitting at the table where Morgan had been, (Ralph had experimented) the bullet hole would have been directly in line with the last row of the orchestra—where Sixfoot had sat! It was a chance, but it worked. Ralph got his job back, and now—every night except Sunday—"The Night Shall be Filled with Music" is played for you by Ralph Wyman and his orchestra. The only difference in his arrangements is that there is never a loud crash of cymbals.

## SEA ROVER vs. NEPTUNE

*(Continued from page 6)*

master a large schooner.....he had owned this one for six, joyous years. But, through all, Nellie's clear voice seemed to call him away. He smiled then. It's funny the way sentiment gets into a man, twisting his thinking. He stood, water dripping down his face, his body tense. He felt his whole being give away as he sank to the wet cold floor.

Somehow Kurt had sensed what had happened and brought his strong assistance immediately. What a boy—stead-fast and true! And now both were safe aboard the high-prowed *Travis*. The end of another day on the deep!



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