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Published six times a year by the students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine.

VOL. XLIV

NO. 4

The Oracle

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Two Lobster Dinners

ROBERT THOMPSON

SENIOR

THE office was way off behind that deep bank of windows, desks, blotters, ink-bottles, adding-machines, typewriters, and trim 'good-day, sir' clerks. You wouldn't suspect it was there. You came off the elevator at the fourteenth, turned right, and followed a worn, dimpled linoleum carpet straight to the door at the end of the corridor. You read on the rippling white window: Clayton B. Dahl, Real Estate—Exclusive North Shore Developments. You knew then what to expect on the further side. You opened the door and smiled slyly—you were right!

But, I say, you never expected to discover such an office. If perchance you entered it, you would find yourself violently up against Montgomery Ward and the Far East, a fact which was not at all reassuring. But, of course, you wouldn't enter, for Miss Keith would prevent the act.

"Mr. Dahl's office is *strictly* private," she would ice you over a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. And as you turned doubtfully. "All appointments made at the next desk. Good-morning." Or "Good-afternoon," whichever the case might be.

It was right after lunch hour when a buzzer began to purr on Miss Babcock's tidy desk. With an accomplished little flourish she dished up a pad and pencil, vanished like a little soldier through Mr. Dahl's door. Inside she halted, coughed unconvincingly, and stood at attention. On the Mandalay end of the room, somewhere midst the sea of blue leather, chromium, and mahogany desk, was Mr. Clayton B. Dahl. You wouldn't see him at first. After your eyes took a lesson in modern art and your nostrils cruised to the Far East, you gradually began to sort out the ornaments, eliminating right and left until only a camel's-hair brush was left. The latter invariably proved to be Mr. Dahl's head.

"Miss Babcock?"

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

"Miss Babcock, did McTigue & McTigue get in the noonday mail?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Dahl."

"Very well, Miss Babcock. But I told you distinctly to hold it over until the three p. m."

It was the romance in him, showing up at last, thought Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe. But the two lobster dinners were charged up to business by the stern Mr. Dahl.

"Oh, why—er—"

"Miss Babcock?"

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

"What if Wiggs & Harper had phoned after the noon mail? What could we have done about McTigue & McTigue?"

"Nothing—"

"Precisely. Miss Babcock, on the little pink blotters I have distributed among the employees, you have perhaps noticed this: 'Business hours—9 to 12; 1 to 6.' That means Miss Babcock, that everyone in Dahl's Real Estate is tending strictly to business during those hours."

"But—"

"Now, Miss Babcock, there is a time for—er—romantic affairs and a time for business. I wish you to understand perfectly that these little personal things *must* stay out of the office. Therefore, Miss Babcock, I hope that hereafter your—er—admirers will refrain from calling. Is that clear?"

"Yes—Mr. Dahl," with enough color to light a Times Square billboard.

"Oh—er—Miss Babcock, please send Miss Keith in. Thank-you."

The door closed. The door opened.

"Yes, Mr. Dahl?"

"Ah, Miss Keith, is that report for Marlboro Shore Sites ready?"

"Right here, Mr. Dahl."

Crackling of paper. Silence. A bell. Far-off automobile horn.

"Miss Keith, please advise Mr. Brackett about making dollar signs. They are practically illegible. That will be all."

Retreating footsteps; pause.

"Er—Mr. Dahl, Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe has not yet made a purchase..."

"Oh yes, Miss Keith. Thank you for reminding me. It has been three weeks, has it not?"

"Three weeks exactly, Mr. Dahl."

"Then I must do something. Er—Miss Keith, make a dinner appointment with Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe."

"The McAlpin?"

"Always."

"Seven-thirty?"

"Eight."

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

* * * * *

Woggins is as honest and discreet a butler as any under the Social Register. I say that to remove any suspicion of snooping from the head of that worthy butler, for it was not Woggins' fault that he overheard the conversation. Anyone within earshot of the Shadd-Forsythe blue room would have heard it. Football games are football games—and so are Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe's social huddles. As I say, Woggins, situated in the hall, overheard the conversation...

"...And Ella wore that awful yellow gown."

"Why, my dear, it was simply nauseating!"

"Speaking of nauseating, I must tell you girls about Webber—"

"Is he the butler that eloped last week? Scandalous, wasn't it?"

"Oh mercy no, Webber is one of my husband's pet kittens. Well, as I was saying, it was simply nauseating: Celia sent me a whole basketfull of daisies and buttercups last Monday. You know, she has this simply amazing farm up in Connecticut.... Well, of course, the flowers were *gorgeous* and I had Marie put them on the cocktail sideboard. They *did* so improve the atmosphere.... Tuesday morning when I came down to breakfast: why, just imagine my surprise, girls! There was Webber sitting right in the middle of the basket *chewing* those beautiful flowers and making eyes at me! It was horrible!"

"Ghastly!"

"Shocking!"

"Oh girls, that reminds me. Talking about kittens, well, yesterday afternoon Mr. Dahl made a dinner engagement with me. Called me up. It was just too thrilling: dinner with Mr. Dahl! Well, girls, I *can't* tell you how magnificent he is. Oh, he's simply *darling*. So thoughtful; ah—chivalry has not yet vanished!"

"Amazing."

"Mr. Dahl is extremely the gentleman, Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe."

"You know him, Mary?"

"Oh, only *slightly*, of course."

"What is he like?"

"Oh, just like a kitten, Elizabeth. He purrs over you, flusters about doing such thoughtful little things—"

"He *talks* so sweetly—"

"Sentimental, I think, my dear."

"Ah yes, sentimental—"

"He kissed my hand when he left me at the door last night—"

"Sounds like one of those profuse foreigners—"

"But he isn't, Elizabeth; mercy no! He's just the very dearest little man in New York. And so profoundly the romantic American...."

Woggins, at this point, was most welcomingly called to the door. When he returned, the conversation had somewhat abated, due to the sipping of tea and an exhaustion of palatable social material. Therefore, we hastily make our departure and, after a trying ride, eaves-drop on Mr. Dahl himself.

"Miss Keith, arrange to have three of our men go immediately to Swaggerhorn Manor at Felton Beach and open up the house, make any necessary repairs, and return here with a full report of present conditions on aforesaid estate. Swaggerhorn Manor *is sold*!"

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

"Oh—er—just one moment. Miss Keith, this service is for Mrs. Shadd-Forsythe, of course."

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

"That will be all."

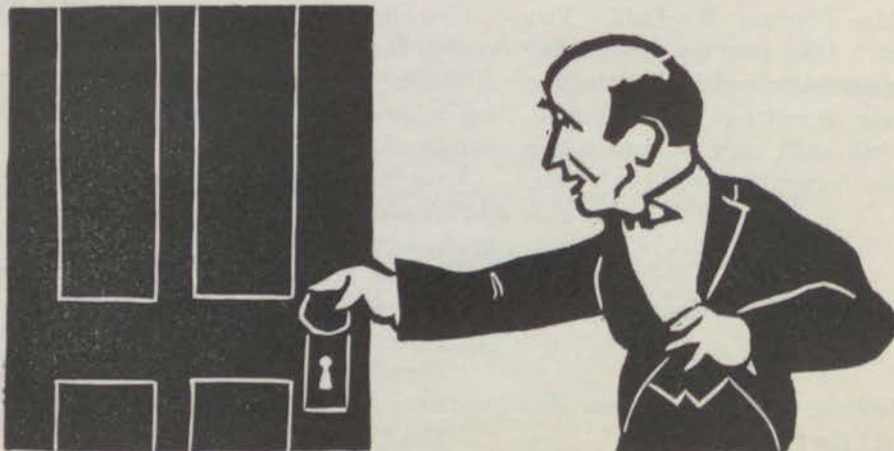
Miss Keith vanishes. Distant purr. Miss Babcock appears.

"Miss Babcock?"

"Yes, Mr. Dahl?"

"It seems necessary that I reprove you once more, although I regret the necessity for having to do so. This morning, when West & Styles tried to reach us, the line was busy. Upon overhearing a chance remark by Mr. Brackett I inferred that at that moment you were unfortunately engaged in a more or less public

Illustrated
by
Helma
Ebbeson



"Woggins is as honest and discreet a butler as any under the Social Register. It was not Woggins' fault that he overheard the conversation."

tete-a-tete with some personal friend. Miss Babcock, this practice not only interrupts important business but tends to weaken the morale of the staff. All sentimentality and unnecessary tid-bits of personal affairs must await beyond the bounds of business and industry. I hope, Miss Babcock, there shall be no need for my taking any drastic measures in this affair. That—will be all."

"Yes-s-s, Mr. Dahl," as the Amazon threatened to overflow it's banks.

Buzzer. Door. Rustle.

"Mr. Brackett, fetch Ledger 35-B."

"Yes, Mr. Dahl."

Door. Bustle from outer office. Voices. Slam. Bell. Footsteps.

"Here is the ledger, Mr. Dahl."

"Ah, let's see—'Promotion of Business.... Promotion of Business'.... Mr. Brackett, it will be necessary for you to take a course in penmanship at night school if your figures do not show an immediate improvement. Accuracy and neatness are imperative in business, Mr. Brackett. We have no place for carelessness or slackness.... As I was just telling Miss Babcock, personal affairs and habits dwell not within the borders of industry. Ah, here—'Promotion of Business.' Hmmm, well, that will be all. I just wanted to check up. And—er—Mr. Brackett, make an entry under aforesaid account: two lobster dinners and nec. minor exp.—twelve dollars."

"Yes—Mr. Dahl."

The Pest

By Phyllis McDonough

IN THE back of a perambulator, a little flock of muddy curls bobbed up and down. It was one of those days that any kid would swap his father's war-hat for a chance to play baseball, but little Bruzzy Larmsworth was, as he put it, "ankling around with the pest." He would have to stay on one side of the street, and that was just the side where the gang would be playing. "Aw Gee," thought Bruz, "if I couldn't give this sister of mine a poke in the snuzzle, nobody could. She would have to take the air just the afternoon that we were playing the Broadway high hatters."

With these malevolent thoughts, Bruzzy was unconscious as to where his "anklings" had taken him. Before he knew it, he was within the sight of the gang. Each of their countenances was stretched in a toothful grin. They were bellowing at the very top pitch, "East side roughs, East side toughs, ten cents to look us over." With this, Bruzzy's grip on the carriage slackened, and the pest went sprawling head first onto the pavement. From then on nothing could be heard. Picking her up by the left leg only, he forced her back into the carriage, and then ran as fast as he could before the gang noticed him. But no use, his foes were upon him.

The would-be captain and the toughest one of the gang piped up, "S'matter Bruz, can't cha take it?"

Another voice and head loomed from nowhere, a head that wasn't any larger than that belonging to the occupant of the carriage, "How's muvver's little bitzy helper?"

From then on the pest had a front seat with her "peepers", as Bruz expressed it, clamped on the East side roughs watching them do their stuff.

Foiled

By Ada Saltzman

MAY I have the next dance, please?" Ella Greene looked up. A good-looking young man with laughing blue eyes and blond curly hair was standing near her. She had never seen him before at a basketball game, but he was "awfully" handsome. Just as she was about to say "yes," her glance fell on Peter Bartlette who was walking in her direction. Her heart gave a little thump. Was Peter—Peter Bartlette—the best dancer and the best looking boy in town—going to ask her to dance? Why, this was her great opportunity! But—oh, there was this blond boy. How could she refuse him? But, probably, he was a bad dancer. Maybe he was not socially important. Maybe he was no good.... and here was Peter Bartlette—the girl's dream—walking toward her. "No, I'm sorry."

The blond grinned. "O. K.," he said and walked away.

Ella leaned back in her seat to wait the arrival of Peter. But, wait—what was this—Peter had walked right by her! And he had asked another girl! Oh, what a fool she had been!

She glanced out on the floor. There the blond boy was dancing—and what a dancer he was! All the girls were "making eyes" at him. Ella regarded her neighbors. All, with dreamy eyes, were watching the blond. She nudged one of the girls, "Who's that fellow?"

The girl turned around. "Isn't he wonderful? How did you ever refuse him? That's Bill Van Preble—you know, millionaire Van Preble is his father. He's from Harvard and is spending his vacation here."

Ella's face grew pale! How in the world had she ever refused him—the most popular boy in the state—and she had not accepted his dance. Imagine, refused Bill Van Preble—she gave a hollow laugh—what a fool she had been. Well, she had learned her lesson. She would never refuse anyone.

The music stopped, and the dancers returned to their seats. A tall, young man approached Ella. He was very dark, with a swarthy complexion.

"May I have the next dance?"

Ella remembering her vow, nodded. Maybe he wasn't so good looking, but you never could tell who

he might turn out to be. She glided onto the floor with him as the orchestra started playing a waltz. Her partner was only a fair dancer. He seemed to have trouble moving his feet.

"Awful sorry," he said as he stepped on her toe, "but I've been away for two years, and didn't dance once."

Ella became dreamy. Perhaps he was a big explorer—perhaps he was a—the music stopped. The tall man led her to her seat, and with the customary thanks he left her.

The girl next Ella nudged her. "What on earth is the matter with you? Refuse Bill Van Preble and take him on!"

"Why—why," stammered Ella, "what's the matter with him?"

"Why, that's Tony Morretti. He's been in jail for the last two years for stealing. He's one of the toughest boys in the town."

A Family Affair

By Aphrodite Floros

MRS. GEORGE DURHAM was on the committee for the advancement of culture, the preservation of wild geese, the club picnic and every other committee ever devised by man or woman. Emily Durham, aged fourteen, following in the rather large footsteps of her famous mother, was on the committee for the war against flat feet. George Durham, Jr., fifteen, was on the committee for research work on noted explorers. Mr. Durham, a meek man, weighing about 178 pounds, went about his work and suffered—suffered keenly, not only from mental ills but also from more tangible things, such as those produced by eating cold dinners (composed almost always of canned beans and its concomitants). And finally there came a time when even the mild, gentle George Durham hated, loathed and despised canned beans. His loathing assumed vast proportions—large, broad proportions. Mr. Durham decided something should be done about it—something drastic; and done quickly—very quickly.

Mrs. Durham hastily set the table followed by the critical eyes of Elvina who was remaining for dinner to continue the housecleaning. This was one of the rare occasions when Mrs. Durham was at home; the other was at bedtime, for it seemed that at all other times she was in the act of either coming from a committee meeting, going to one, or being actually at one.

Emily came in, humming, and stopped suddenly. "Gosh, Mom, I thought you were at a meeting."

"It had to be postponed. Nell Engle has to motor out from camp," replied her mother preparing the salad in a large green bowl.

"Meeting at twelve over at school. Have to hurry

at dinner," mumbled Emily slipping her apron on over her head.

"Call up your father then and tell him to come home early."

"O. K.," said Emily disappearing into the front hall.

"Say, Mother, I didn't know Dad was on any committee."

"Why, he isn't. He hates anything of that sort," replied Mrs. Durham quickly.

"Well he said on the phone he couldn't come home—committee meeting."

"That's strange. He—never—seemed—to—care—for—committees. Well, fill the water pitcher, Emily. We'll have dinner in a few minutes. George is lunching downtown,—committee meeting, I guess."

* * * * *

Mr. Durham put down his paper and gazed questioningly at his wife.

"George, don't you think you'd better give up a few of your committees. You weren't home today. This isn't the first time either."

"Were you—er home, Grace?" he asked mildly.

"Well, not exactly. The committee on flower arrangements had to be at the hall early. But, of course, that's different."

Mrs. Durham did not refer to the matter again. It wouldn't do to anger George especially at a time so near the summer holidays. She wanted to lease that cottage at the lake, but George held out for the mountain camp. Besides there was that adorable linen suit at The Shoppe. George might—he might if she was very tactful with him, give her the money for it—

* * * * *

The preparations for going to their cottage at the lake were feverish. Mrs. Durham felt rather proud of herself. George actually had yielded easily, and she had managed even the linen suit! Elvina was vigorously shaking rugs while Emily, with a new sense of importance, was packing. Mrs. Durham supervised everything, and George Jr. was cleaning out the garage. Mr. Durham was at his office. Finally everything was ready.

"Emily, call up your father and tell him to come home," ordered her mother in a tired voice, sitting down dejectedly on a trunk.

"Mom, Dad's at a committee meeting. Mrs. Fenley at the office told me. It's out of town," said Emily rushing into the room.

"At a—at a—committee meeting," spluttered the thoroughly incensed Mrs. Durham. "Here we work all morning getting ready—and—and your father dares—dares to go out of town."

It finally developed that the arrangements for the trip to camp were cancelled. Mrs. Durham retired to her room, nearly in tears, for she'd told practically everyone they were going. Emily and George had

(Continued on page 36)

Pebbles on the Beach

By Isabel Cumming

SPEAK of Maine to the average American, and the picture which flashes before his mind is not that of our cities and towns, not that of the broad potato fields of Aroostook, but rather that of the rocky, picturesque coast, with its jutting headlands, its lighthouses and its tiny fishing villages. So it is that the Maine people who are most familiar to the Washington school-boy, or the man from the Middle West, are not our talented Pollyannas, not our learned college professors, but the coast folk. These simple, sincere people who earn a scant livelihood by fishing, or, if they're lucky, by sailing the wealthy summer visitors, are truly the salt of Maine. And in the weather-beaten inhabitants of our coast towns there is, as everywhere else, a wide variety of characters, ranging from the simple souls to men whose philosophy of life would make the most learned professor sit up and take notice. Such a coast and such folks are the dwellers in the village which we may call Southport. And as strollers on the beach notice and pick up only the odd and unusual pebbles, so I would tell of some of the celebrities of this little fishing hamlet.

Perhaps the most beloved of all the villagers is the postman, who also occupies the position of ferryman, oil and gas man, telephone messenger boy, and chief story teller. For lack of an inspiration we shall call him Socrates or Soc, because his wife could put Zantippe to shame with her eloquent utterances. Soc is a small man with piercing blue eyes, wherein dwells a perpetual twinkle, steel gray hair and ruddy cheeks, burned by the summer sun, tanned by the fog and salt water, and nipped by the biting winter gales. Yet Soc gets a great deal of pleasure out of life. Afternoons, when the ferry business is slack, leaving his wife with all her complaints, he strolls down to the shore, and, perched on an old bait-barrel, comments on the lack of business and the scarcity of fish, for both of which the Democratic party is directly responsible. Evenings the summer people leave the bridge tables and high-class radio music, and steal over to Soc's, where, if the mood seizes him, he can spin a yarn which would make Washington Irving's hair curl with envy.

Next to Soc, Bart ranks highest in the hearts of his country-men. Bart and his mother lived for many years the sole inhabitants of a miniature island. Up at two o'clock in the morning, his lobster-traps pulled, and his day's work finished by nine, dinner over at ten, he retired regularly at three in the afternoon. On one occasion a party of summer folk, in need of a man's assistance to push their heavy boat off the beach where the ebbing tide had left it, called at Bart's island-home at five o'clock of a summer afternoon. (Bart at the time was a mere youth of about fifty-five). After some delay, his mother came to the door, garbed in

voluminous flannel nightgown, curl-papers and night-cap. No, she was sorry, her "boy" was in bed for the night and could not possibly be disturbed!

Bart at Southport did as the Southporters did, and his routine became more normal. He was a man of few words, but, on one occasion, waxed eloquent as he told of his heroic rescue of three men whose boat had capsized on a ledge off the island. According to Bart's story, he had acted with indomitable courage and played a most heroic part in the rescue. The lady of the summer colony to whom Bart had told this story was considerably impressed and later repeated it to another Southporter. Her hearer dismissed the anecdote by quoting Bart's answer to the question once put to him—"What would you do if you saw a drowned man on the beach? 'Run like h——'."

One youthful giant of the village ranks high with the natives because his actions always afford them a laugh. Dobi is the only boy of a very fine family. His chief trouble is that anything in the line of work seriously upsets him. In despair his family sent him away to school. Because he hated the rising hour, Dobi set the gage so the bell would ring one hour later. Unfortunately he was discovered. Because the fish served at school wasn't quite so fresh as that which had appeared on his table in Southport, Dobi hurled his plate and all, across the room at the head waiter. Unfortunately he was observed. Because he could not believe he weighed as much as the public scales indicated, Dobi kicked them over into a store window. Unfortunately a police-man saw him. Because the face of a man whom he met in the corridors of the school annoyed him greatly, Dobi locked the man in a closet. Unfortunately he proved to be the dean. A few weeks later his mother could not possibly puzzle out why Dobi strolled in one morning, declaring he was fed up on school. Unfortunately for Dobi, the school sent his parents full particulars. So Dobi returned to the freedom of his fishing-smack and his put-put engine.



"Bart was a mere youth of fifty-five."

Who Jerry Beal's people were, whence he came, or anything of his past history none of the villagers knew. But he had a command of English which was the envy of the village school-master, and his tales of the stirring days of the clipper-ships had a great fascination for the children. Jerry loved not work, and had neither fished nor farmed for two years, hinting darkly at some mysterious bodily ailment. Responsibility for Jerry and his destitute family was felt by native and summer visitor. So it happened, that when a well-known musician came to the village, a benefit recital was planned and enthusiastically carried through, realizing some sixty dollars. The village parson, delegated to present the money to Jerry, found the invalid seated on a bench outside the door of his wretched home, whistling and whistling. His speech of acceptance was fervent and flowery, and ended with: "Guess a bit of a trip would do me a lot of good. I've been wanting for a long time to go to New York. Tell the folks I'm more than grateful."

However, the queerest character in the village was Josiah, Josh for short. The meanest sort of miser, he hoarded his earnings no one knew where. Even as a boy he was an ardent beach-comber, spending his time walking around the shore, collecting driftwood and rubbish brought in by the tide. Tin cans, rags, pieces of wood, anything he could lay his hands on, Josh lugged home. Because he was afraid his wife would waste her time looking at the passers-by, (an average of three a day) he boarded up the front windows. Before he left the house each morning, he placed on the table, one sieve of flour, and other supplies in similar proportions, for his wife to cook the meals for a family of seven. The rest of the provisions he locked up and took the keys with him. Finally when he began roaming around the woods with a gun, and threatening people, it was decided that Josh's feeble reason had fled, and he was taken to the state hospital. Josh, rather enjoyed the long automobile trip to Bangor, but at the entrance to that stately establishment up the river, he balked and refused to go in. What was the trouble? Only that he wished to be ushered in by the superintendent, with fitting ceremony. One of the attendants vanished for a moment into the building, and speedily returned garbed in a coat with brass buttons and an official-looking cap. Josh entered contentedly, and there he has lived happily ever since.

All their lives his family had lived in dire poverty. After Josh's departure, a much-needed clearing up of the house and yard was begun, and lo! in old tin cans, which had been hammered flat in the yard, were found the hoardings of a life time, thousands of dollars in gold, silver and green backs.

Last but not least is Quimby, the village moron, who may be seen and heard at almost any hour of the day or night, pushing his battered green wheelbarrow up and down the road, talking to it, whistling like a



"Doggone it! Now I'll have to walk home!"

bird, singing—and how Quimby can sing! The reason for his comings and goings no one ever questions. Once a day he rolls his wheelbarrow, which he calls Mary, down onto the dock, and, holding it over the edge of the float with one hand, he gently washes it with the other. Once he chanced to let go. As he watched his treasure sink slowly out of sight, he was heard to exclaim. "Dog-gone it! Now I'll have to walk home!"

On another occasion, as he was hurrying along with Mary, Dobi called out to him, "Hey, Quim, your spokes are moving." Quim stopped, let go of the handles and moved slowly around, examined the front wheel.

"You're a liar," he said emphatically, as he resumed his journey.

Have I described only the oddities? Let me say this in conclusion. The truest friends on the face of the earth, the warmest-hearted people, the kindest neighbors, the finest folk ever known, are to be found on the coast of Maine.

Heaven's Like This

By. E. Richardson

JACQUELYN LEE stood before her dressing table studying intently her reflection in the mirror and talking out-loud to it vehemently.

"You're just as good-looking as Lola Henderson, and yet you've never had a boy-friend in your life and kept him. Your blonde hair isn't bad at all—everybody is always telling you so. And even if your blue eyes are nothing to rave about, they're much prettier than Audrey Coulson's. And you're a good height, too." She turned away from her mirrored reflection.

"Gosh, I wish I had a boy-friend! Perhaps I'll meet somebody tonight at June Murdson's party. Now

there's a girl who isn't very pretty, and yet she's got all the boy-friends she could possibly want and then some. She's 'bout the most popular girl in school. I c'n usually talk enough with girls, but, when I get with boys, I just lose my tongue." Jackie shook her head resignedly. Then picking up her book, "ALPHONSO'S LOVE", she settled herself comfortably on the couch and began to read. Just as Alphonso was about to tell Rowena of his passion, Mrs. Lee called that supper was ready.

With a sigh Jackie laid down the book; she dreaded the ordeal of supper. Mother, kindly inquiring, would ask whom she was going with. When she told her she was going alone, Mother would say, "Oh, are all the girls going stag?" and Jackie would have to say, "Yes," in self-defense.

And then little sister Marie, who was a freshman in high school and who had just as many boy-friends as Jackie hadn't, would say with a superior smile.

"Guess I'll have to get Jackie a boy-friend," and they'd all laugh, and Jackie would have to hide her hurt under a grin. At last supper was over, and she could begin to dress for the evening.

She put on her new blue informal gown which brought out the blue in her eyes. Its simple lines, snug to the knees and then spreading out into fullness, were perfect. Sheerest of stockings under the new dress, daintiest of little silver sandals completed the outfit. A touch of perfume, dab of lipstick, and she was ready. She surveyed herself in the mirror. Never had her hair looked better. Now why wouldn't any boy want her for a girl-friend? It must be her horrible tongue-tiedness.

"Jackie!" It was her mother's voice. "Jackie, are you almost ready? It's nearly quarter to eight. Hurry or you won't catch the car. Here's my street car pass. My, you look lovely! All the boys will want to dance with you."

"Oh yes." Jackie tried to laugh light-heartedly. "Of course they will, Mother. Don't worry about me. I'll have a grand time. Why, this new dress is just perfect. They'll fall for the dress if they don't for me." As she talked, she went down the stairs, her mother following. "Probably June's father will bring me home if it's too late for the last car."

"There's the car. Goodbye, Mother. 'Bye, Dad."

Once outside Jackie drew a big sigh of relief. She couldn't tell Mother and Dad that she really didn't want to go—not after they had gone to all the trouble and expense of buying her new shoes and stockings and a new dress. Well, she'd manage to get through the evening somehow.

At last she reached Lakeview Avenue, and slowly went up the steps leading to June's home.

At a touch of the bell, the door flew open, and there stood June—a pretty girl with brown hair curled high on her head and merry blue eyes. She was small—several inches shorter than Jackie. Standing beside

Illustrated
by
Helma Ebbeson



"She put on her new blue informal gown which brought out the blue in her eyes. Its simple lines, snug to the knees and then spreading out into fullness, were perfect."

her Jackie suddenly felt over-grown and terribly out of place. She wanted to turn around and go home, but instead she said stiffly in response to the other's friendly greeting, "Hello."

"You can put your things in this room," said June leading the way up the long stair-case. "The boys' room is on the opposite side of the hall. We're going to start dancing about nine. Then there'll be an intermission, and we'll serve eats and then dance some more. It's so nice tonight that we're going to open the French doors, and anyone that wants to can dance out on the veranda. What a darling dress!" This as Jackie took off her coat. "It's the sweetest thing I've seen! Is it new?"

"Yes. Do you like it?" Jackie began to lose her stiffness. After all, this was June Murdson whom she saw at school every day of her life. June did look rather different with her hair arranged the way it was and her long dress and earrings. But underneath she was the same friendly school-mate.

"Are you ready?" asked June.

"Yes."

"Well, then let's go down stairs. You're the first one to come. Audrey Coulson is here, though. She is spending the week-end with me. You know Audrey, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Jackie, "a little. She and I are in the same French Class."

"Well, that's nice. Let's go down now."

As they descended the stairs, the bell rang again. This time it was Don Wiley, one of June's best boy friends. With him—were his usual companions—Chubby, who was just what his name implied, Bulldog Bob, a tall fellow with a thin sensitive face and long slender fingers, and "Baby." "Baby" who was tall and thickset with an open bluff countenance looked much more like a bulldog than his friend Bob. Dave Bronson completed Don Wiley's "gang." He was a tall fellow, generally popular, and well known for his famous smile. Jackie knew all of them and she was sure they knew her, but always before her tongue-tiedness had kept her from speaking to them.

Rapidly now the guests arrived. Just as the dancing was about to begin Tom Nealson entered. With him was a stranger—tall, dark, and handsome. The girls sighed simultaneously at sight of him, and each fluffed her hair. Twenty-five or thirty compacts came into view immediately.

"Howdy, ladies and gents," began Tom. "Step right up n'meet 'Handsome Joe'. Watch your girls, fellows. He's hot stuff."

Generally speaking, Tom Nealson was not very popular. He had been invited for politeness' sake and, being Tom, had brought along an unexpected and uninvited guest.

"Knew you wouldn't mind an extra, June," he rattled on breezily. "Quite an addition to the party—

huh? Well let's begin—I'll dance the first with you, June."

"Thank you, Tom, I've already promised it to Don," replied June with a little dignity.

"You have? Well, okie-dokie. Save me the next. Make ya self to home, Joe," he called to the tall, stranger. "Lulu, the next with you?"

Jackie was sitting on the lounge alone. Little by little all the girls were being chosen. Her horrible foreboding would be realized. Once again she would be a wall flower. Oh, why had she ever come? The stranger, 'Handsome Joe', was coming across the floor. Probably he was going to ask Lola Henderson who was sitting quite near her.

"May I have this dance?" Jackie blushed furiously at this unexpected request. 'Handsome Joe' asking her—Jackie Lee—if he might dance with her. Silently she rose to her feet, and they began to dance. "Heaven's like this," she thought. Once she stumbled, and his arm tightened around her. She looked up to him smilingly, and he smiled in return.

When the dance ended, he made no move to leave her. Enviously the others looked at her. He did most of the talking while Jackie listened earnestly. Here was her ideal! When at intermission he suggested that they go out on the veranda and sit, she consented immediately. Apparently she was oblivious of the glances and whisperings of the others of the party.

"Wait till I run up-stairs and powder my nose, Joe," she said.

"All right, Beautiful, but don't be long."

Jackie walked towards the stairs with elation in her heart. At last she had a boy-friend of her own. And what a boy-friend! She went into the girls' dressing room. She looked at herself in the mirror critically. The excitement was agreeing with her. Turning she ran down the stairs where she found Joe waiting for her impatiently. Arm in arm they started towards the French doors which opened onto the veranda. As they neared the door, Dave Bronson stepped up.

"Jackie," he said, "may I see you now a moment? It's important," he put in hurriedly, catching a sign of refusal on her face.

"All right," she replied, "just for a minute. What do you want, Dave?" she asked when they had drawn off into a little room.

"Just this, Jackie," he said seriously. "You'd better stay away from that 'Handsome Joe!' He's no good. Listen," as she started to protest. They talked for several minutes. Then Dave left.

"Jackie won't be coming out here with you," he told Joe. "She's changed her mind. It might be well for you to leave." Steely eyes met the other's furious look.

After a few more words 'Handsome Joe' called to Tom and told him that he must leave. Bowing graciously to his hostess he left. Those who had seen Dave

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POETRY

By Robert Thompson

Massa Washin'ton

Massa! Massa!
Massa Washin'ton!
Kin yo all hear me tonight?
It's mighty dark—
Cemetery all misty-like here in the moonlight.
Willow-tree, he lookin' pretty sorry;
Yonder lilac bush lookin' pow'ful sad.
Stones and crosses might be ghosts—
But Massa—I ain't scared!

Massa! Massa!
Massa Washin'ton!
Kin yo all hear dat playin'?
It's comin' 'cross de riber:
Dey's got a great president people sayin'.
Dey's goin' to have prosperity,
Dey's goin' to have a war.
Pickin' bones with England
So dey kin have a war!

Massa! Massa!
Massa Washin'ton!
Kin't you all come back again?
Dey's trouble eberywhere, sah
Dey's trouble eberywhere on land and main.
Yo' country need you mighty bad, sah.
Guv'ment need you bad today.
Kin't God spare you a little—
So you fix things right away?

Massa! Massa!
Massa Washin'ton!
Kin you see dis black nigger here?
Remember since you weddin'
I serve you ebery year?
Remember sunny afternoons
Ridin', ploughin', and den to tea?
Den sometimes 'twas just mistress, you—
and me.

Massa, now dey has forgotten;
Ain't no one comes to call no more.
Ah's lonesome here alone—
You ain't—you ain't forgotten?
I wish to see you mighty bad;
I wish you'd come right away.
Massa, kin't God spare you a little,
Even—even just a day?

Bit of Life

Friend, are you one who has never seen
the sunrise—
Seen the false dawn, the brightening day?
'Tis said he who has not, has not lived.
Friend, be not unborn: Find life, today.

A Year is a Year

A year is a year to us
But only a second to Time.
'Thirty-seven, 'thirty-eight, 'thirty-nine
Are but seconds ticked on the dial.
A life-time is a life-time to us
But only a minute to God.
Great men who have led the world
Were but fractions of an hour.

We must not sleep upon the hand—
The hand that ticks the seconds,
For time is short and the world is great
And history is but an hour!

As Water in the Sea

Fascinating thing,
Water in pans,
Shimmering, gently quaking,
As water in the sea.
Vulcan's blazing angles
Skip and vanish
On the rolling ripples
Of water in pans.

Dabbling fingers
Send cool pulsations
Through the fairy liquid
Ship-bubbles ride
On miniature crests—
Their crystal water-shells
Under Neptune's blow crack
And pop mutely in the air.

Full Moon

A big red moon stepped
Out of the sea tonight,
And I knelt by my window
To watch it.

As it slipped cautiously
Out of the folds of the sea,
A sail of a fisher
Scooted black in its wake.

I watched breathlessly,
As the blood turned to silver.
Then I climbed into bed
For the night.

PASSING IN REVIEW



Edwin Young, business manager of the *Oracle*, of the Debate Club, and of the Dramatic Club, contract-bridge player, and chauffeur, popped into existence just last year and has been popping ever since. He is readily recognized as a hard worker, and is acknowledged around school as a walking encyclopedia of school happenings. Though as busy as a parched pea on a hot skillet, he is always ready to lend a helping hand.



The activity to which **Phyllis Smith** is most addicted is licking mixing bowls and egg-beaters. When but a child she used to think that the reflecting danger signs by the roadside were lollipop ads, but after she corrected that basic fault, Phyllis won a French Medal in grammar school. She lists Francis Lederer and Hepburn as her favorite flicker actors, thinks a great deal of Chicago's World's Fair, and dislikes to be known as Roberta's sister, Phyllis.



Adelle Sawyer, the only girl in a family of boys,—is it any wonder she wins broad jumps and fifty-yard dashes! Her brothers wouldn't let her play with dolls, contending it would make her sissyfied. She is official bugler for the Girl Scout Camp, plays basketball, baseball, and is a track fiend, and loves ice-cream and sweets. Her future is planned along the line of athletic instructing.



Who is the great freshman stayer-at-home (self-styled)? He is a member of the T N T Debate Club and the Glee Club. For sports he likes and goes out for football. In summer he goes camping and tenting, on which trips he is a cook of excellence, believe it or not! Since he frequents the Palace of Sweets (Tuesday evenings) we conclude that *Hazen Coffin* is a man of the wilds and wiles.



Jimmy Watson—amateur radio operator, a future nautical designer, and a true Tango follower, regards girls, especially blondes, as mere necessary evils, and plans to pep up his own humdrum life by chasing ads, acting, speaking publicly, and handling business affairs. He is especially interested in radio, sports, sea scouts, and in the idea of becoming at sometime or other a daring member of the Navy air corps.



Pauline Jellison, well-known student-musician, delightful dancer and entertainer, cribbage and sports fan, and reading enthusiast loves dill pickles, ice cream, and, in fact, food in any size or shape. Answering the telephone consumes plenty of her time, and going places with a certain senior is certainly habitual. They say (?) that the phrase "*All Ends Well*" is peculiarly adapted to her present situation.



Five feet, and don't forget the one inch, of hey-nonny-nonny. Of course! That minute bit of femininity with the very important croon could be none other than *Helen Tsoulas*. She dotes on Loretta Lee, Clark Gable, orange and brown clothes, and her main ambition is to see how quickly she can wreck a Rolls-Royce. The greatest anxiety in her life is keeping down her weight to one hundred pounds.



Horace L. Stewart, Jr. is one of Bangor's distinguished, if not sophisticated, sophomores. We know him as an excellent trombone tooter and a go-getter for laurels in the grand old game of debate. A sixty degree piece of layer cake or lots of spinach is an ideal dish, but he can and does eat anything. Baseball and swimming top his list of favorite sports.



Personality, ability both scholastic and athletic, a quick-thinking mind, frankness, and sportsmanship form an unusual list of attributes. Whoever knows *Dick McKeen*, their possessor, will claim each to his credit. He served as J-V basketball captain this winter, his sophomore year. He needs a secretary to handle his phone calls. He always has a wisecrack on his tongue. His hobbies are athletics and, I believe, studying.



And his teacher stood him up in the corner with his face to the wall. Why? Because he was writing notes to a girl. And now it's done through the medium of the phone. Of course it's *Billy West*. Cagney gets all his votes along with Wayne King and Eddie Duchin. He's normal—he eats, swims, walks and talks and he's going to be a doctor, providing he doesn't crack up in his Ford before he has time to go to Bowdoin and McGill.

Scholarship

By Isabel Cumming

PROFESSOR BROWN'S purpose in coming to Bangor was to present the high school with a cup won by Andrew Cox, Edward Curran, and Frederick Newman, for scholarship at Bowdoin college. But the cup was not engraved, and Professor Brown was forced to carry on without it. After a glowing tribute to the winning three, of whom Bangor High is justly proud, Professor Brown announced his topic—scholarship.

In contradiction to what one of his pupils had said, that "the subject, scholarship, is about as interesting to the average student as a flower-show to a full-back," Professor Brown made the subject as interesting as the Harvard-Yale Football clash to that same full-back.

Scholarship is not separate from life. Cicero, Burke, geometry, and French do not belong on one side, and Lanny Ross, athletics, stag dances, in a word what we usually term a good time, on the other. They are different phases of one and the same. The student who crams his studying into the half-hour between an all day skiing expedition on Sunday, and Eddie Cantor's Pebecco program, does not realize that the honest preparation of a single lesson, however boring and seemingly unimportant, means the training of character for the facing of life with its enjoyments and knocks, honestly and courageously. Every lesson is a challenge, a challenge to put forth an honest effort to do the task. It isn't the mere facts (Cicero 108—43 B. C.) stored away in one's mind that will count ten years from now, but the character formed by the work in learning the facts. Education is to fit one to meet life honestly and courageously, and the facing of every day tasks in the same manner does just this.

Then, said Professor Brown, there are too many extra-curricular interests. Many pupils are like the young man in the play, who was supposed to rush off the stage, jump on the backs of four white horses and ride away in all directions. There have been excellent schools without athletics, without clubs, without councils, but not without scholarship. It is the scholar-

ship not the basketball team that truly represents the school.

Professor Brown pointed out that there is too much interest in marks as marks. Scholarship may mean the reading of more books, the following up of various intellectual interests on the side, which cut down the possibility of extremely high ranks. The person who reads five books on a subject and receives a lower rank on the examination of a single one, is vastly better off than the person who concentrated on the one. It is not the ranks that count but the knowledge acquired with the ranks.

Professor Brown's speech contained many sparkling bits of humor, which brought instant roars of laughter from all sides. Interesting and commanding in itself, and clearly and emphatically presented, the speech and the speaker both made a great hit.

The Jug

By Warren Bates

ONLY too well is every tardy boy and girl acquainted with the jug, and many are those who do not have their lessons that are familiar with the scenery of this room. As I sit racking my brains for words, I see a dozen glum or studious faces about me. Every four or five minutes the deadly silence is broken by a ps-s-s-t, and shortly after the teacher's voice says in an ominous tone, "Maybe Mr. So and So would rather sit a few more seats down towards the front of the room." Then the boy rises with a speed that makes the onlookers feel that every movement will be his last. Suddenly the door opens and a boy enters. This boy is an old offender as one can tell by the familiar way in which he walks to the desk and scribbles busily for two or three minutes. As the teacher glances around with her eagle eyes, magazines disappear with quickness one would think impossible, and every head is bent in an attitude of study. Many are the excuses the teacher hears for being late or for not having the come-back signed, and some of the boys, one would think, were practicing to be forgery artists

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What Others are Reading

Stevedore

By Paul Peters and George Sklar

PROBABLY none of us have attended this rich propagandist drama that has been on the New York stage since last spring—and it is entirely our loss. But it can be remedied to a great extent by reading the play in its book form.

"The lowest animal in the field will fight fo' its home. And all you can think of doing is running away. Supposin' you do run away? What you gwine to do? Whah you gwine to? Baton Rouge? Mississippi? Is it gwine to be any different dar? Dey gwine to treat you better dar? You gwine find jobs? You gwine get yo'self a home? Nassub! You got black skin. You can't run away from dat. Make no difference whar you are, dey hound you just de same...."

So speaks the leading character in one of the most arousing bits of speech in the play as he harangues the cowering Negroes into rebellion against the whites.

"Stevedore" created great excitement in dramatic circles. And why not? It deals with a real problem in American life. It shows simply and convincingly the unjust treatment of the Negro. It presents straightforwardly, unblushingly, the vulgarity of the New Orleans dock laborer. It hurls a challenge to all thinking American citizens.

It does all this with rich drama, woven in an exciting plot in which only one white woman has a part. If you have not seen this play, if you have not read it, then it is your duty to do so now—duty to your entertainment, duty to your country.

The Mighty Barnum

By Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth

"You know, you never can tell—people are liable to be talkin' about us one hundred years from now—Barnum and Bailey! The Greatest Show On Earth!" Thus P. T. Barnum (Wallace Beery) closes this great moving picture with a prophecy that came true.

Those of you who did not see the motion picture "The Mighty Barnum" now have the opportunity to read the story *just exactly as it appeared on the screen*. For the first time in history an actual "shooting script"

has been published in book form. In the words of the author, "it violates most of the canons of literature and kicks history squarely in the groin."

"The Mighty Barnum" in its book form presents to you a scene by scene description, with dialogue, of a powerful story of a mighty showman. Supplementing all this are actual photographs from the moving picture with Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Rochelle Hudson, Virginia Bruce, and others starring.

P. T. Barnum in real life was a colorful character. In the picture and book his humor, wit, and folly are carefully preserved. The story was constructed to bring out the highlights of a truly remarkable career—and in this it has succeeded.

Brinkley Manor

By P. G. Wodehouse

Look for the name *P. G. Wodehouse*. It is the guarantee trade-mark for a certain unimitable brand of humor of which there can be no substitutes. Englishmen are invariably funny. Being a son of John Bull himself, Wodehouse knows how to retain this native comedy and succeeds in throwing in the proper amount of flavoring to satiate one's literary juices. If humor is golden, Wodehouse is a veritable mine. And forthcoming from all mines: rich ore. "Brinkley Manor" is synonymous with the latter.

This is an exhilarating story revolving upon one Bertram Wooster who seems to have a certain passion for ironing out other people's romantic and financial difficulties. Such a plot is already suggestive of interesting and comical situations. With Mr. Wodehouse's guiding pen, Bertie succeeds in muddling affairs at Brinkley Manor to a frightful degree. Then his butler, Jeeves, tries an idea.....

Well, you read it!

Good-bye, Mr. Chips

By James Hilton

"A tiny, catch-in-the-throat story...in its way perfectly done"—so *The New Yorker* describes it. Indeed, it is a strange person who doesn't feel a perfect sad ecstasy in this miracle of a novelette.

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News of the Month



The Debate Club

By Sally Woodcock

The Portland tournament. Off again! On Friday, February 8, about one-thirty, two cars full of debaters rolled along on another trip to bring more glory to the good old Alma Mater. Twelve debaters, many of them sophomores and all but two debating their first interscholastic debate, made the journey. Accompanying them were the three faculty coaches, Miss Lorimer, Miss Coffin, Mr. Prescott, and also Corinne Adams, a veteran debater. The first car reached Portland, the destination, about supper time; the second, on account of motor trouble, did not arrive until ten o'clock. The night was spent at the Falmouth Hotel, where the debaters worked until 1 A. M. and got up at eight o'clock sharp! At Portland High School, the teams assembled—eighteen of them, with four on each team, two on each side. Other schools represented, besides Bangor, were Dover-Foxcroft, Leavitt, Lewiston, Lincoln Academy, Oxford, Portland, York, and Gardiner. Each team, affirmative and negative, debated twice, with these results:

Team 3. Aff. Artemus Weatherbee and Myer Alpert won both 3—0.

Neg. Horace Stewart and Dana Kennedy won one 3—0; lost the other 2—1.

Team 2. Aff. Dorothy Epstein and Ernest Andrews, won the first one 2½—1½.

In the second one, Artemus Weatherbee substituted for Dorothy Epstein, who had a bad cold. The result was 2—1, but not in our favor.

Neg. Robert Morris and Dudley Utterback split even with their opponents, losing one 3—0 and winning the other by the same count.

Team 1. Aff. Madelle Fielding and Phyllis Smith both novice debaters, won their first debate 3—0, but lost the second 3—0.

Neg. Blair Stevens and Spencer Winsor had a "tough break" or what you will, and lost their two debates 3—0.

Our team No. 3 placed third in the tournament, with a score of ten points out of twelve. The two Portland teams, one and two, placed first and second, No. 2 with a score of eleven points, and No. 1 with ten points. Second was granted to them because they had won one more debate than had our team, although the total score was the same.

The debates were over about 5:30, and the whole party next proceeded to the Strand theater to see a movie; then eats; and then home!

Pollyanna. After the trip, the next project in line was the famous "Pollyanna" play given by our teachers. Too much credit cannot be given to the members of the cast and to Mr. Prescott for the wonderful performance. Miss Coffin, as everyone said, was literally perfect in the title role. You can have your Katherine Cornells and Greta Garbos, all of them, but we'll want Miss Coffin anytime! This play has certainly made history; all we wish for now is that history would repeat itself and that our faculty players would again appear.

Millinocket tournament. Yet another trip was in store for four debaters—Ernest Andrews and Horace Stewart, negative, Myer Alpert and Artemus Weatherbee, affirmative, with Manager Young going along for good measure. Saturday, March 2, at 6:30 they were off; this time for Millinocket, Stearns High. It was hard work, for the debaters had the difficult job of entering four rounds, one after another in the morning and afternoon. Our debaters won twenty-one out of a possible twenty-four points to place first in the meet, with A. C. I. second; they (Bangor) won seven out of eight debates. Congratulations certainly should be showered upon them for making such a splendid showing. Ernest Andrews did a wonderful piece of work, in changing from the affirmative to the negative, but two days previous to the debates. Corinne Adams was unable to participate; consequently, he took her place, and Myer Alpert, the alternate, shifted to work with Artemus Weatherbee. Both Ernest Andrews and Artemus Weatherbee won the title of best speaker in all debates they entered.

So, we say congratulations to all who contributed to such brilliant successes, and here's to the future! We hope we'll come through all debates in the same manner!

The Latin Club

Sophomore Program. Latin Club goes on, saying little but accomplishing much. At the February meeting, the Sophomores gave an excellent program, frivolous enough, here and there, to satisfy the Seniors and serious enough for the rest of the club. Donald Devoe gave a well-thought-out comparison of the Roman army with a modern army, in personnel, equipment, and methods of fighting, showing that in many respects the two armies were strikingly similar and that the great differences have resulted from the discoveries of modern science. Phillip Goos, in his best oratorical style, reproduced a fiery oration of Caesar's—somewhat modernized in the matter of wording—following a panic in the Roman army. Ruth White read a fanciful and entirely original story she had written, supposed to be the diary of a Helvetian girl, written on papyrus and discovered in an old iron vessel, brought to light during the World War.

Grand Climax. The grand climax of the program was the portrayal of a series of scenes from the life of Caesar, of which George Bell was the originator, director and chief performer. Later this sketch was repeated in assembly—by request, in fact by several requests—along with a pageant entitled "The Spirit of Ancient Rome."

The Master Speech and Speaker. Said the one and only Dana in that one and only manner of his, in introducing the sketches in Assembly:

"There is a subject taught in Bangor High School called Latin. Nay, more, there is a club in this High School which, although it does not advertise itself extensively and which does not, like *Fama* of the Aeneid, shout from the house-tops, nevertheless does things and goes places. I refer to the Latin Club. Now when I mention Latin, some of you fellows in Mr. Ulmer's home room sigh and look at the clock and begin to wish for the first period. (We'll tell you same fellows a dead secret. Mr. Ulmer's college diploma is written in Latin, and *he can translate it, every word*. If you don't believe it, just ask him to). You call it a dead language and you ask yourselves: 'What did we come here for anyway?'

"Friends, Romans and countrymen, (as yet the Romans are all out of sight behind the scenes) it will be the aim of this same Latin Club, or rather of a few members of the sixty odd which make up the club to show you in two brief sketches that Latin is *not* dead, furthermore that it will *never* die. We shall proceed to demonstrate to you that you are talking Latin every day of your life, even if you don't know it. At the conclusion of our humble offering you will even hear the school song sung in *Latin*! Listen for Robert Morris' warble when we get around to the song. You can't miss it? (We didn't!)

"Even you foot-ball players who hate to be found dead with a Latin book in your hand have heard of the great Julius Caesar. Well, he accomplished several things besides getting himself assassinated. He was one of the world's greatest fighters, the equal of Jock Adams any day. Moreover he was a greater orator and could use more big words to a single breath than Roberta Smith. On one occasion, however, he met his match, when he tried some of his big talk on the independent chief of the Helvetians, Divico by name. This masterpiece was written, staged and acted by George Bell, ably assisted by Robert Morris, Horace Stewart and two fair stenographers (Lucille Epstein and Alice Floros). Only the setting and the wording and a few other things have been modernized. The spirit, we assure you, is in keeping with the great Julius."

Well, Caesar went over big. Words fail us to describe it.

The pageant "The Spirit of Ancient Rome," in more serious vein, was effective, although on one or two occasions the "effect" wasn't just what had been anticipated. We all feel quite "set up" to realize that, quite unintentionally, we have been talking Latin all our lives.

Among the other "doings" of the club in the not-too-remote future will be a Latin play, staged by the Juniors, a program by the Seniors, which they are unwillingly promising to make serious, and the one and only spring banquet. The "goings" will include a grand party at the attractive home of Lucille Epstein.

Vivat Societas Latina!

College Club Collegians

By G. Dinsmore Powell

Orchestra Members. Eight men in Crimson Jackets and spotless white flannels raise their instruments; the baton drops in its first arc of the evening, and once again you are greeted by the introductory strains of Blue Moon, theme song of Maine's youngest dance band, the College Club Collegians. As the introduction fades into the melody, we see two men rise from behind the saxophones; they are Bill Stetson and Tom Sawyer, first and second trumpeters respectively. Every band has its outstanding members. The Collegians are blessed with two such men; one of these is Stetson. Bill is the kind of lad who shows up at every rehearsal and always turns in a good evening's work—in a few words, he is the answer to a band leader's prayer. Sawyer, although new to dance work, is adapting himself to the new scheme of things remarkably fast, and he and Stetson comprise an extremely able trumpet team. The trumpeters sit down as their phrase terminates, and three saxophone players rise to take their places. Reading from left to right they are: Jimmy Currier,

the tenor man, Paul Monaghan, first sax who shares honors with Stetson as the other outstanding member of the band, and Charlie Rice, the third sax. Monaghan naturally leads this section, and I honestly think he could play Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite on a hot water tank, and make it sound like the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Paul is a natural musician, and, when I say that, I cover a lot of ground. Currier and Rice working with Monaghan are developing into an exceptionally capable reed section, and their improvement over the past two months is sufficient evidence of what they can do as time goes on. To Guy Leonard, the maestro of the ivories, and Bert Ames, the drummer, go the remaining orchids. On the shoulders of these last two lads rests the responsibility of keeping the rhythm steady and danceable.

Although the band has been organized for little more than two months, I think, that at the present time, it is a better outfit musically than was last year's band at the close of its season.

Appearances. The Collegians have made appearances this year at Bangor and Brewer High Schools and at the Dorothy Memorial for several private parties. The boys have gone on the air on two occasions, and they find broadcasting much to their liking.

The present repertoire of the band consists of fifty arrangements, comprising all types of dance numbers, fast and slow fox-trots, waltzes, tangoes, and rumbas.

A leader can control the feelings of his dancing audience much the same as he can control his band. If the party seems to be lagging, a number like "White Heat" or "Black Jazz" inserted in a dance set will usually pep things up surprisingly. This also works in the reverse order: when the party is getting too boisterous, a set of slow dreamy numbers, preferably waltzes, will relax and calm the dancers almost to the point where "White Heat" is needed to revive them again.

Assemblies

By Dana Kennedy

Washington's Birthday Program. The Wednesday before February 22, Washington's Birthday, was marked by the beginning of a series of programs on historical events. Miss Cousins of our history department thought up the plan, and, as the first program showed, it was a splendid idea. History according to an ancient adage repeats itself; thus, if we know our history, we are better fitted to fill our positions as good citizens and to avoid mistakes which have been made in the past. Moreover, history gives us a wonderful feeling of pride in the rise of our country from a land of savages and wilderness to a wonderful country of independence and freedom.

Through a knowledge of history, we are able to understand more fully the privileges that we, the people of the United States of America, enjoy, a heritage for

which our ancestors have been slowly striving for centuries. First it was "I, the King"; then came "We, the Barons"; with the fall of the feudal system came "We, the People"; and our fathers here in this new land were among the first to fight for the rights of "We, the People."

There were many to whom we are indebted for the prodding which woke our country to action against a tyrant country. However, there was one who was intelligent beyond his time and brave with the best of them. He suffered at Valley Forge, yet he led his scantily clad army to victory over Cornwallis.

After the victory of Yorktown, the battle for forming a United States of America had just begun. The Union idea was new and as yet untried in any way. Each state had its own ideas as to how the government should be run, and to these ideas they stuck stubbornly. Washington, the statesman, then stepped forth, and through many trials accomplished the establishment of the Union. In short he shaped a nation in its infancy and established a precedent for future leaders of our country to follow. Eight years later he died. His people immortalized him—George Washington—as the Father of our Country.

Speaker—Frederick Stetson described Washington as the great man he was, and pointed out the overpowering tasks which confronted him and which he faced so bravely and overcame so successfully.

Double Mixed Quartet. "A most charming mixed quartet," so Miss Cousins called them, did an extremely good piece of work in providing a convincingly patriotic atmosphere by singing *America, The Beautiful*.

Massa Washington. Among other things with which Bangor high school is gifted is a real poet. Robert Thompson's little gem was entitled *Massa Washington*. Lucille Epstein brought the poem to life, and so realistic was her interpretation that in her stead, we could see a negro standing on the bank of some bayou, perhaps with arms outstretched to heaven, in the darkness, lit by the cold whiteness of the moon, praying to the good Lord to let Massa Washington come back to earth and put things right. Surely we, the people, need him in our hour of stress.

The Minuet. The Nickerson sisters are quite renowned for their ability to dance, and they certainly did themselves justice in the minuet. It is doubtful that ever before so charming and stately a dance had been performed in the assembly hall. Even the gentlemen in the audience sat up and took notice, and wondered just a bit at the grace and the etiquette of the dance. So closed the first assembly devoted to history.

ED. NOTE

The May number of the Oracle is under full direction of the Assistant Editor.

Boys' Athletics

By "Jock" Adams

Bangor vs. Bapst. For the second time this year Bangor proved its superiority over Bapst in basketball. The first team did an excellent job throughout the first half, but after that they began to lose their punch. Eddie Trowell then rushed in the subs who stemmed the tide. During the game Upton gained recognition as a foul shooter by winning 5 out of 6 tries. Bango led the whole game, but twice Bapst managed to tie. The work of Munce, Lynch, Flynn, and Morrison in the final period clinched the game.

BANGOR (25)

BAPST (21)

Bangor vs. Old Town. For the first time this season Bangor struck their full stride. Without apparent effort they seemed to run the game just as they wanted it. Morrison was the key man in the attack, and his three long tosses from the middle of the floor gave Bangor the winning drive. The local team had 10 points before Old Town had started to score. Bangor seemed to be sure to win by a good margin when the half ended 15-7.

Old Town, however, got the range and in the fourth period were only one point behind. The play began getting faster, and Leek received a foul which gave Bangor the point that won the game, for soon after Dionne also scored one point.

BANGOR (18)

OLD TOWN (17)

Bangor vs. Cony. Bangor staged a brilliant battle in coming from behind and overcoming a fast and tricky Cony five. The first three quarters were uneventful with each team playing a rather cautious game. Campbell, Augusta's right forward thrilled the crowd with his amazing baskets—four or five times he put them through the hoop from center floor without touching the rim. However, neither neighbor Campbell nor the rest of the team were able to stave off the Bangor rally, and with Spencer Leek as the scoring ace for the home team, Cony was subdued to the tune of 33-25.

BANGOR (33)

CONY (25)

Bangor vs. Stearns. Stearns had a hard time nosing out Bangor 24-23. Right from the beginning there was never more than five points separating the two teams. In the final canto it was just a question of where the whistle would blow as to who would win the game. Upton and Leek set a fast pace that was hard to follow, and it looked as though the famed Millinocket team was to take a beating. At the last of the fourth quarter Bangor was leading 23-22. Almost when the gun was going off in the air, Dumas of Stearns sank the winning basket.

BANGOR (23)

STEARNS (24)

Bangor vs. Brewer. Having lost the services of all except Clelland, of the first string men for the tournament, Eddie Trowell decided to make the best of it. The second team consisting of Powers, Flynn, Munce, and Lynch with the aid of Bob Clelland took the burden on their shoulders and very cleverly upset the dope bucket by beating Brewer 24-14. The first team had lost earlier in the season to this same Brewer team. Bangor's play was characterized by a slow waiting game. While they did not seem so polished in their plays as the first team, they took advantage of every break. Time after time Clelland would pivot in the middle of the floor, and then he would suddenly start a play in motion. The local team asserted their rights dynamically and were leading at the half. Clelland, Flynn, and Munce were Bangor's aces for the night. Powers did a nice job in keeping Miles down to two baskets. When Coach Trowell saw that Brewer was overcome sufficiently, he sent in the third team which kept up the nice work until the game ended.

BANGOR (24)

BREWER (14)

lg Powers
Brennan
rg Clelland, 3
Johnston
c Flynn, 3 (2)
lf Munce, 3 (1)
Zoidis
rf Lynch, 1 (1)
Kingsbury

rf Miles, 2 (4)
lf Day 2
Kenney, 2
c Danforth
rg Littlefield
lg McKenney
Sargent

Bangor vs. Old Town. After making two upsets in the tournament, it was too much to expect that Bangor with its green team, could keep up the pace. They fought the same dogged careful game that they had before. At first Old Town seemed doomed just as Brewer and Gilman had by Bangor's change of pace. But soon the passes to Munce and Lynch began to come bad and a 6-3 lead was changed to 11-7 in favor of Old Town at the half. Bangor wilted from there on while Old Town seemed to grow stronger. In the last period Bangor failed to score a single point. The game ended with Old Town hopelessly in the lead 20-11.

BANGOR (11)

OLD TOWN (20)

lg Powers, 2 (1)
rg Clelland, 1
c Flynn, 2
lf Munce
rf Lynch, 2

rf Thornton, 1 (1)
lf Tourtillotte, 2 (2)
c Applebee 2, (1)
rg Dionne, 1
lg Perry, 2

Bangor vs. Presque Isle. Bangor's loss to Old Town entitled them to a consolation game with Presque Isle, the loser to Winslow. Bangor played the same careful and methodical game that has characterized all the other games of the tournament they have played in. The score was a tie the first period and 8-6 in favor of

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

JUNIOR EXHIBITION PROGRAM

- Processional, "Our Favorite Regiment" March.....*Ertl*
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
- "The Bargain".....*Shirley*
JAMES WATSON
- "Nocturne".....*Black*
MADELINE DENNETT
- "The Paradox of Peace".....*Wixtz*
BERYLE WHIDDEN
- "The Robbers".....Words by Joanna Baille
Music by Horatio Parker
JUNIOR CHORUS
- Cutting "The Courtship of Miles Standish".....*Presby*
ELEANOR WINCHELL
- "I Believe in The Constitution".....*Reed*
FREDERICK JOHNSTON
- Sarabande.....*Bohm*
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
- "A Stitch in Time".....*Leota Black*
BETTY SMART
- "American Su".....*Andrews*
LEONARD McDONOUGH
- Cutting "Jean-Marie".....*Theuriel*
BARBARA WELCH
- "Stanzas from the Nativity".....Words by John Milton
Music by David Stanley
Music by David Stanley Smith
JUNIOR CHORUS
- "The Delusion of Equality".....*Gorton*
FRANK LOBLEY
- "The Incurrigible".....*Black*
ROSE BIGELSON
- (a) Gavotte from "Helen and Paris".....*Gluck*
(b) Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens".....*Beethoven*
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



BOY SPEAKERS

James Watson

Beryle Whidden

Leonard McDonough

Frederick Johnston

Frank Lobley



GIRL SPEAKERS

Eleanor Winchell

Barbara Welch

Madeline Dennett

Betty Smart

Rose Bigelson



Bangor the second. About the most exciting moment came when a gigantic snowslide fell from the roof, on a number of cars parked close to the auditorium. Both teams stopped dead in their tracks not knowing what was taking place. Late in the third period Presque Isle took the lead which they never gave up. According to their build the rangy Presque Islanders should have run over Bangor but what the Crimson boys lacked in size they made up for in fight. Nevertheless even with the scoring of Flynn, Munce, and Lynch, Presque Isle managed to come out on top 21-20.

BANGOR (20)

PRESQUE ISLE (21)

lg Powers
rg Clelland
c Flynn, 4, (1)
rf McNally
lf Munce, 2 (1)
rf Lynch, 3

rf Parsons, 1
lf B. Weaver, 3 (1)
c Clark, 2 (1)
rg Brewer, 2 (1)
lg C. Weaver, 1

Alumni

By Elnora Savage

Girls' Alumni Basketball. It isn't very well known, but the Alumnae (girl grads) have a basketball team composed of all the Varsity members of former years. This year they played the game with our Girls' Varsity team, and, believe it or not, with very little practice they were able to beat our Varsity. They lost the second game but not until our regular team had put up a good stiff fight. Helen Tremble has an eye for the basket which can't be beaten! Those on the Alumnae team were: Helen Tremble, Gerry Reynolds, Corrine Morrison, Isabel Kelly, Mary Carson and Elizabeth and Alicia Toole.

The Abraxas Cup. We gave them three cheers in assembly, and we've all congratulated them at some time or other, and we hope we've made them feel that we appreciate the cup they worked so hard to get for us. I speak of Andrew Cox, Edward Curran, and Frederick Newman who won the Abraxas Cup for us, at Bowdoin. We know it took a lot of study as well as ability—but what more could we expect after their records in high school!

More Honors. And now we hear that Andrew has won another prize. This time for debating—which is not such great news! He won second place in the annual debate at Bowdoin.

Speaking of honors, Kenneth Kurson '31, a senior at Dartmouth, has been accorded membership in Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic society, because of his outstanding work in his courses. He has been among the first five in rank in his class for the last three years, and this year, he leads his class scholastically. He is another of those who won many honors in high school.

More Scholarships! Bertha Landon '29, has been awarded a scholarship to the Pennsylvania School of

Social Work in Philadelphia for a course of six months duration. Miss Landon received her diploma from the University of Maine in 1933 and since then has taken a one year training course at the Boston State Hospital in Mattapan, Mass.

Arthur Lieberman has just received the G. W. Field scholarship at Bowdoin.

All of which adds more to Bangor High's list of accomplishments!

At the U. of M. The rushing season is over at U. of M. and here is the list of Bangor High Alumni pledged to the different fraternities and sororities.

Fraternities:

Phi Gamma Delta	Robert Hussey, '34
Beta Theta Pi	Merrill Eldridge, '34
Phi Eta Kappa	Edmund Laing, '32
	Richard Stevens, '33
Delta Chi Alpha	Stanley Getchell, '34
	Harold Taylor, '34
Alpha Tau Omega	Gordon Smith, '33
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	Gerald Hart, '34
Phi Kappa	James McNulty, '33
Tau Epsilon Phi	Morris Rubin, '34

Sororities:

Alpha Omicron Pi	Katherine Rowe, '34
Delta Delta Delta	Annette Youngs, '34
	Jean Kent, '34
Pi Beta Phi	Mildred Dauphinee, '34

During the snow carnival at U. of M. there was a contest held for the best snow monument built by the boys of the fraternities. Beta Theta Pi won the contest with a large dragon mounted on the fraternity seal. Much of the praise for this monument goes to Gridley Tarbell who did most of the work on it. Gridley was a Bangor High student.

Other Alumni News. Goldie Breidy, who was graduated from Bangor High in 1933, has left for New York City where she will enter the Mt. Sina Hospital School of Nursing.

The marriage of Donald Finnegan to Miss Dorothy Healy of Washington, D. C. has recently been announced. Mr. Finnegan was graduated from Bangor High in the class of 1926, and from Georgetown University in 1930. In 1934 he was graduated from Georgetown College of Law, and passed the Maine Bar examinations the same year.

From time to time, Bangor High has turned out some real geniuses. This time we speak of Rudolph Ringwall, class of 1909, who has recently been acclaimed by music critics for his work with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. During a tour through Massachusetts, Mr. Ringwall, as associate conductor, took the place of the conductor, Arthur Rodzinski. He was highly praised for his ability.

The announcement has been made of the engagement of Emily Thompson to Richard Elliott of Mon-

trear West, Canada. Miss Thompson is a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1929, and was graduated in 1933 from the University of Maine. Since then she has obtained the degree of Master of Science in Zoology at Mount Holyoke.

"Micky" Finnegan, former star athlete of Bangor High has been appointed secretary to U. S. Senator David J. Doyle of Buffalo, New York. For a number of years Mr. Finnegan has been connected with the water department at Buffalo.

Everett S. Murdock, '22, has resigned his position as teller in the Merrill Trust Company, and has accepted the post of Eastern and Northern Maine representative for the Burgess-Fobes Company of Portland.

Girls' Athletics

By Lucille Fogg

Bangor vs. Alumnae. Basketball! This rings in our ears! This is the prominent sport and right now a very much discussed topic among the interested students at Bangor High School. Our varsity season is over, but directly following it are the class teams giving every girl with any ability at all and any interest her chance and an opportunity to make a team and win her numerals. Speaking of Varsity Games our attendance was very low, and we want to thank those few students who showed the right kind of school spirit and loyalty by attending the games we played. We only wish there were more like you.

Our first game was played with the alumnae. We had a practically green squad with not much experience behind us. Our only letter men (or girls, I should say) were Wealthy Stackpole, Dot Steeves, Frances Giles, and Lucille Fogg.

The Alumnae had a strong fast team composed of only former Varsity Stars. Neither team had had much practice. It was rather a slow game. Helen Tremble's eagle eye found the basket several times. And thus in the first half the Alumnae gained a lead and kept it throughout the game. We were outplayed; but this game was good experience and showed us where we fell down. We crept up a bit in the last quarter—a final spout, but it did no good. The whistle blew—the game ended—the score was 21—17 Alumnae.

The line-up:

ALUMNAE

H. Tremble, rf
E. Toole, (M)
C. Morrison, c
I. Kelley, sc
M. Carson, rg
A. Toole, lg

ALL BANGOR

rf D. Steeves
lf F. Giles
c K. Whitney
sc L. Smith
rg W. Stackpole
lg (c) L. Fogg

Substitutions: All Bangor:

D. Kamen for L. Fogg; I. Cumming for K. Whit-

ney; A. Tyler for L. Smith; E. McKay for F. Giles; P. Tyler for D. Steeves.

Alumnae: F. Steeves for E. Toole; G. Reynolds for Kelley.

Bangor vs. Brewer. Extensive practice was put in for the next few weeks. The girls worked hard; because our game was with Brewer, a confident hard-fighting team—and one which had the experience of many outside teams. We played over there on a strange floor—we played two division instead of the customary three. Everything was against us that night. We played our hardest, but were sadly defeated by a much more experienced team.

Bangor vs. Alumnae. Something had to be done! There were only two more games on our schedule, and we were determined to win these if it were at all possible. We practiced and practiced and worked out passes afternoons in the gym. Every member of our squad was faithful and tried her best all during the season. We were all confident that victory would be ours in the approaching game with the Alumnae. The next question was a crowd. We needed one—to give our girls more confidence and make them feel there was someone backing them and supporting them. There was more reason to win than merely personal desire. Capt. Fogg was elected to speak in Assembly—to try to stimulate an interest in the coming game. In the gym Wednesday eve., Jan. 20, B. H. S. lassies looked confident and warmed up with pep and speed which warned everyone that a good game was in store for them. We went in there and moved like lightning—captured the ball three-fourths of the time and swept the thunderstruck Alumnae off their feet. It was our game from beginning to end. Peggy Tyler and Dot Steeves popped one basket in after another. When the whistle blew victory was ours.

The line-up:

BANGOR

P. Tyler, rf
D. Steeves, lf
I. Cumming, c
L. Smith, ac
W. Stackpole
L. Fogg, rg

ALUMNAE

H. Tremble
E. Toole
G. Reynolds
I. Kelley
M. Carson
A. Toole

Bangor vs. Brewer. Another game was coming—the very next night in fact. We weren't confident of victory, but we knew that this time we were better prepared to meet Brewer, and we would put up a fight that they wouldn't forget in a hurry. And we did! They realized in the first period that they were up against a real team—one that was fighting every minute. At the end of the first period Brewer led 7—5 but our girls had them plenty worried. As the half ended, the score was 9—5. We crept up in the third quarter until we

were only one basket behind. Due to three personal fouls Capt. Fogg had to leave the floor a few minutes before the final quarter ended. Brewer forward found her eye and in the last quarter made three baskets.

The game ended—the score was 22—15. This is a game I shall never forget—I will always remember the hard fight of our girls—every player gave all she had and tried her very hardest to win that game.

BANGOR (15)

P. Tyler, 3, (2), rf
D. Steeves, (3), 1 ef
K. Whitney, jc
I. Cumming
L. Smith, sc
A. Tyler
F. Giles
W. Stackpole, lb
L. Fogg, rb
R. Kent

BREWER (22)

lb N. Burrett
rb L. Chute
jc M. Lunt
sc Igoe
m Witham
lf E. Sparks, (6)
M. Winslow
rf K. Piper, (5)

Highlights of the Season. Thus our season ended and next year we are hoping and expecting a greater turn out for the Girls' Games. We hope that more school spirit and interest will be shown and that our gym will be fairly jammed with yelling boys and girls cheering with all their hearts (or probably lungs would be more effective) for Bangor. We need support and it's up to the Student Body alone.

Those girls who won their letter are:

Kay Whitney	Anne Tyler
Peggy Tyler	Frances Giles*
Dot Steeves*	Wealthy Stackpole
Isabel Cumming	Lucille Fogg*
Lois Smith	Dorothy Kamen

Those girls indicated by a star have played on the Varsity two successive years; therefore they receive scarlet stars to wear with their B.

More power to next year's team and may they win all their games.

The captain this year was Lucille Fogg and the manager was Helen Bond, with Peggy Tyler as assistant.

Class Basketball. Girls! Class squads for the basketball tournament to be held at Bangor High School starting March 13, ending April 2, are being cut now. Great interest is being shown as evidenced in the huge numbers which have turned out. Members of the G. A. H. C. will coach the classes. Student coaches are Barbara Jarvis, Helen Bond, Ruth Thurston, Betty Homans, Kay Whitney, Elnora Savage, and Lucille Fogg.

Come on down to the gym, students, and cheer for your classes. It won't cost you a cent.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council. A very impressive ceremony took place in the gym office Thursday at 2:30. The G. A. H. C. increased their number with

one new member, Annette Curran, a junior of B. H. S. This as you know is one of the very highest honors a girl can receive at B. H. S., and is only given to those girls who possess every one of the following qualifications:

Sportsmanship.
Scholarship.
Dependability.
Respect
Athletics.
Leadership.

Movies

By Literary Editors

David Copperfield

They die and die and die—and yet you laugh in the breathing spaces between deaths. That in a nut-shell is Dickens and that is *David Copperfield*. Seven deaths certainly would seem a very able guarantee of a heavy, morbid picture, and although Dickens has, notwithstanding such a condition, woven an immortal and charming story, it has been thought impossible by many as a suitable subject for a motion picture. But lo, and behold! It can be and has been done, and, what is more, beautifully done.

Our beloved Shirley Temple must now look to her laurels, for little Freddie Bartholomew comes straight from dear old England to seize the hearts of the slang-sliding Americans with his very proper and precise British accent. But Freddie by no means steals the picture from the large number of excellent actors and actresses who play with him. Edna May Oliver is her usual hilarious self—a comedian who every now and then shows great dramatic ability—and as the fluffy, pathetic little Dora, Maureen O'Sullivan is appealing. Perhaps longest remembered, however, will be Basil Rathbone and Roland Young for the fiendish perfection with which they interpret the characters of those two famous villains, Edward Murdstone, the cruel step-father, and Uriah Heep.

Romance of Manhattan

Ladies, I herewith present you, all nicely tied up in pink ribbon, Francis Lederer. And will you take him? I'll say you will! He's just every woman's great big Valentine. When he turns on his white toothed smile in "Romance of Manhattan," will the ushers please stand by to catch the fair ones as they swoon in delighted ecstasy? Ginger Rogers is very nice indeed, and furnishes plenty of cuteness to be looked at by any male who is fortunate enough to squeeze his way into the theatres. She, thank heaven, still remains peppy enough to save the story from turning into the cream puff it was originally slated to be.

(Continued on page 32)

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum
Stocks and Bonds
Music Makes One
Blow Me Down
Riddles
Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

MARCH 29, 1935

Hokum

By E. Roberta Smith

THE time has come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things, of caps and gowns, of B Club Sweaters, of cabbages and kings — but would even a cap and gown impress on Jay the proper amount of dignity—I doubt it—and speaking of Jay, just ask me how Marjorie Canders is. (ans.) She's fine, misses all of you like the deuce, and would like the next three Oracles. Paul and Kay are that way about each other, but it's the wrong way, and now Paul is seeing Ruth Thurston home. Julie is still jay-walking, and Beryle Whidden, his love just around the Connors—Helen and Lucille had one grand time at Maine, Lucille on a barge ride, and Helen at the Phi Eta Kappa house. She says that she's all the keener to get to Maine now—she likes the atmosphere,—can you beat it?—Clelland has once more come into his own,—he's fallen under June's battery of eyes, hair, or what have you.—But what's this we hear about a go between?—B sweaters to the right of me—B sweaters to the left of me—but where's Jock's? He says Sally has it, and she says that—skip it. How long will Harold keep his, we wonder—Shelly Smith still has his, despite the fact that we've seen him up on Maple St. a lot—Want a chocolate Bob?—The MacPhetres twins have gone for Dot Mann in a big way. While Linwood was home, Leonard had the whole show, now she going in circles, one, one time, the other, the other time, with Don Whitten trying to horn in on the side—haven't you enough trouble keeping your fresh. and soph. straight? (dirty crack no. one) But enough of the twins, they've been kind of taking it on the chin lately anyway—S O S S O S—send Hazel and Audrey back for the love of humanity—Powell and Perry are dying a sure, but slow death, and the rest of us are gradually going insane—In one of my madder moments, I dashed this off—It's heart throbbing title is—Was it all a dream?—He'd heard that you had to be a football hero to get along with a beautiful girl so he became one, but he couldn't stand the wear and tear on his pants,—and he

decided to be an usher, but even then the strain was too much for him, so he finally decided to go to work and do something easy—I'm all broken up, I can't go on—It's too silly—but anyway, here's the last line,—He woke up too soon —Would you call it genius, or what? (ans.) Or what—Despite all rumors, Bill West, Jr., is still sitting on the curb with Anna Flagg.—Seen at the dances, Julie and Jay of course, Sally and Gleason, no of course about it. Janet and Ernest—Elnora and Paul—Hope Betterley and Phillip Goose—Ruth Thurston and Paul Kelleher and will wonders never cease,—Bob Thompson and a blonde—Sarah and Frankie were supposed to have been all off but the other day when I was doing my habitual floor to floor in 5 secs. flat I saw them talking together by the bulletin board.—And now to the Juniors who are to speak tonight—

Beryle, be sure your tie is straight, and don't walk off the edge of the platform—Jimmy, head up, chin in—and don't forget to bow—Freddy, take it easy, and don't trip over your shoe lacing—McDonough, big things come in little packages, remember, Napoleon was only 5'5"—Frankie, the faces will swim, the floor will tip, but take a big breath and go ahead—Rose, wait until the applause has stopped, and take it easy, those chairs wobble—Madeline, your hair will look all right, and it'll be over in nine minutes—Betty, Phyllis did it and so can you—but be sure that your dress doesn't get caught in those armchairs—Barbara, the floor is dirty, so don't let your dress hang, and remember to smile—Eleanor, think of how swell you'll feel when it's all over, and thank your lucky stars that your classmates are behind you, not in front—I didn't intend to make a speech, but for any kind of sympathy, I can be found cruising up and down Main St. waiting for—a street car—cheeze Hawes?—

Flash—Flash—news gathered at the tournament—Helen Bond and half of Presque Isle including the tall good looking center that I had my eyes on—West at Flagg's house all week—with Telpher at Phi Lambda, and so it goes—

Ray Lee at Higgins Drug Store—She comes from Eastport—he goes in for village belles.

Music Makes One

If I had a million dollars.....Earl Roolen
 Happiness ahead.....Yulie and Yay Finne'non
 Why Am I Blue.....Pill and Jorge Pow'l
 Too Beautiful for Words.....Gem Bartley
 Pardon My Southern Accent.....Some of us
 Learning.....May Ell'n Amtige
 Freckle Face, Your Beautiful.....Karlott Elkin
 The Last Round Up.....Graduation
 I Never Had a Chance.....Exams
 Irresistable.....June Pooler
 Fair and Warmer.....Here's Hoping
 Rock and Roll.The Freshmen on the Harvard Hop
 Here Come the British.....'Berta Shmit
 Somebody Looks Good.....Rob DeLaite
 The Girl at the Ironing Board.....Lorna Hox

Blow Me Down

Active *Audrey Ayer* achieves an absolute accurate accent.

Babbling *Betty Barker* boosts bicycling.

Bashful *Bobby Blake* blissfully bounces balls.

Benevolent *Blendon Burton* blindly believes bibliomania beneficial.

Batty *Betty Betterley* bisects buzzing bugs.

Brave *Bobby Barker* battles big bad bozos blindly.

Carefree *Charlotte Culley* craves Canadian cranberries.

Egregious *Eggie Enman* eludes electric elements.

Graduate *George Gray* grimly grows grayer.

Handy *Harold Hosmer* holds hands handsomely.

Happy *Helen Hartford* hastens hurriedly homeward.

Hazy *Haddie Hamm* hates hamburgers.

Mild *Marion Morton* mournfully manipulates many matters.

Merry *Margaret Moulton* masterfully mixes mush.

Sedate *Stanley Staples* stolidly supports statistics.

Sporty *Shelly Smith* spends summers swimming.

Winsome *Whitey Wallace* whimsically wrecks wondrous waffles.

Riddles

1. What three letters make a man of a boy?
2. Why is a young lady like a hinge?
3. Why is a young lady like an arrow?
4. What is the cheapest feature of the face?
5. How can you beat the taximeter register?
6. When is tennis first mentioned in the Bible?
7. If you see a duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks and a duck between two ducks, how many ducks do you see in all?
8. Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it; and five in the middle is seen.

The first of all letters, the first of all figures,

Take up their stations between.

My whole was a king of very great fame

Have you the intelligence to guess my name?

9. If you had to carry water in a sieve how would you set about it?
10. What famous names come to your mind as you read this list of articles?
 A White plume
 A hatchet
 A big stick
 A tub
 A glass slipper
 Hemlock
 A thousand ships

11. Rearrange the letters in "idolatry" to make two other familiar English words, using all the letters each time.
12. Behind each boy is a girl; and behind each girl is a boy. What is the smallest number of children that will fulfill these specifications?
13. Can you punctuate the following sentences to make them more comprehensible?
 1. I think there should be more space between cat and and and and and fiddle.
 2. Mary Queen of Scots wept bitterly an hour after she was beheaded.
 3. Time flies you cannot see they pass at irregular intervals.
 14. When the day after tomorrow is yesterday, today will be as far from Tuesday as today was from Tuesday when the day before yesterday was tomorrow. What day of the week is it?

(Answers on page 30)

Stocks and Bonds

SPANGLER-FINNIGAN — Good buy — steadyest on the market — Good for a long time.

KENT-TREAT — A very dependable leader in the Love Market — no question about this one being a good buy.

THURSTON-SMALL — This stock appears to be slightly mixed — might develop a fractional improvement but not a good buy — Too many Streets and Kellers.

SAVAGE-MONAGHAN — Unchanged — moderate rise — fair buy.

BULLARD-P. HIGGINS — This stock sells at practically the top figure—especially with spring right around the corner.

MERRILL-DALEY — This seems to be at the best level for a long time — our advice: buy a lot.

KELLIHER - WHITNEY — All stock should be sold — Very unsteady with much opposition.

WOODCOCK-GLEASON — Future very irregular — after recovering from early small declines still seems to be on the rocks—not a good buy.

HAWES-SMITH — Strong and steady — No change —Ought to be a money maker.

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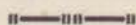
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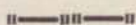
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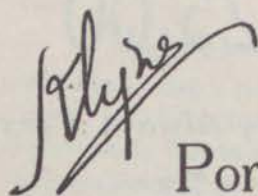
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WEATHERBEE-JELLISON — Couldn't be better.
Greater heights reached daily. Undoubtedly the stead-
iest high level on the market.

ANDREWS-SHERBURNE — Frequent spats —
but stock is and will be high. And another editor bit
the dust!

HUSSEY-FOGG — Even years make little differ-
ence. Always a good, dependable buy.

MOON-MCLAUGHLIN — Must be going on thin
air by now but all signs show differently. Judge for
yourselves.

WINSOR-SMITH — A new one — Buy now and
encourage it. Looks like a good money-maker.

LOBLY-WHITNEY — Nearly broke. Think twice
before you buy.

WALLACE-NICKERSON — Nothing need be said.
Buy anytime with comparative safety.

DOWNES-SAWYER — Young but anxious. It all
depends upon you. Better buy now — encourage-
ment helps.

STEVENS-BOND — Another steady buy — but
don't rush it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. A-G-E.
2. Because she is something to a door. (adore).
3. Because she can't go off without a bow, (beau).
and is in a quiver 'till she gets one.
4. Nostrils, two for a cent. (scent).
5. Walk the first quarter mile and ride the rest.
6. When Joseph served in Pharaoh's court.
7. Three ducks.
8. David.
9. Wait until it freezes.
10. Henry of Navarre
George Washington
Theodore Roosevelt
Diogenes
Cinderella
Socrates
Helen of Troy
11. Dilatory; adroitly.
12. One boy and one girl, back to back.
13. I think there should be more space between cat
and and, and and and fiddle. i. e.—A sign was
being painted.
Mary Queen of Scots wept bitterly; an hour
after, she was beheaded.
Time flies, you cannot; see, they pass at irregular
intervals.
14. It was Tuesday, for, when the day after tomor-
row—Thursday—is "yesterday", "to-day" will
be Friday; and, when the day before yesterday—
Sunday—was "tomorrow," "today" was Satur-

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day. There are two days between Saturday and Tuesday, and between Tuesday and Friday.

Math Prof.: Now, if I subtract 25 from 37 what's the difference?

Bl—r St-v-ns: Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?

"I got skin trouble."

"What are you taking for it."

"Well, how much will you give me."

MOVIES

(Continued from page 26)

Socrates in the Modern Mode

When I say "Will Rogers," you know what to expect, and in *County Chairman* you have it again for the billionth time. And now you're on tenter-hooks waiting for his next film. Is it the man's drawl, or his just too home-spun philosophy that makes you and you and you yell for more. Sheepishly I admit I'm just as bad as the rest. I must be when I can stand seeing those two charming young lovers, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor, in the same charming young romance also for the billionth time.

Pictures concerned with the gay nineties or still earlier seem to be sticking, and for Mr. Rogers, that is too nice for words since he seems to be at his philosophizing best in them. "County Chairman" has even a Gibson girl or two, added to a story that is very Rogerified indeed.

Lost: A Heroine

Wham! and another rebel tribesman bites the dust! Whoosh! and a dagger pierces the heart of the dastardly chieftan Mustasha Kahn. Right here, ladies and gentlemen, is the quick color and breath-taking climax of every adventure picture all rolled into one movie. While "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is running at the theatres, I sadly fear that Ken Maynard and Buck Jones will lose their best customers. By such a statement I do not mean that this film is just another of the blood-and-thunder type. It contains far too many subtly sophisticated scenes for that. The very excellent performance of Franchot Tone who plays the cool cynical young Englishman is one of the reasons why it does not fall into such a class, and the very obvious lack of a sweet simpering heroine who must be rescued from several horrible fates is another.

I grieve for Katherine Burke who plays the lone and very subordinated woman's part in the picture, but I congratulate the director whose foresight in omitting the usual and expected coating of goo saved a vital and exciting story for a thoroughly appreciative audience.

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GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

(Continued from page 16)

Mr. Hilton seems to have struck closer to the human heart—both in observing, and in writing what he observed—than most authors even dare aim.

Mr. Chips is presented in such a delightfully old-fashioned manner that he is an old friend after the first paragraph. There is a certain charm in this beloved English schoolmaster that will "get you" no matter who you are. Meet him once and he will be a friend you never forget.

All the King's Horses

"What could be better than Carl Brisson in a movie?" asks one feminine fan of another.

"Two of him," comes the quick reply.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is what we see in "All the King's Horses," Carl Brisson playing a dual role.

In a small European country there is a king who wants to leave his official duties and have a good time, but contents himself with the plebian pleasure of reading detective stories, until his queen (Mary Ellis) walks out on him. Meanwhile Carl Brisson, playing a famous movie star, is touring his old fatherland, meets the king, discovers their striking resemblance; and from their escapades a great idea is born. The king goes to Vienna to play, and Carl remains at the palace, and no one is the wiser; but, when the queen returns, the complications begin.

Imagine Eugene Pallette as the official "budget rejuvenator," Edward Everett Horton as a playboy companion for the adventure-seeking king, and you will understand what makes this picture outstanding for its gay comedy. Imagine Carl Brisson of the twinkly eyes as the singing and dancing movie star, and you will understand why all the feminine audience decides to take the next train to Hollywood. And the glorious queen, Mary Ellis—a great singer in a great picture, which decidedly should be seen.

THE JUG

(Continued from page 15)

the way they laboriously copy their parents' signature.

As four o'clock draws near, the seats begin to creak and the inmates anxiously waiting to get out of the "jug" fidget. At last the prisoners are free, and in less than two minutes the room is silent and empty until the next day's batch comes slowly in for a solitary hour.

Faculty Players

THREE cheers and a couple of hurrahs for the faculty players. With the odds somewhat against them from the start, they proved in *Pollyanna* that they can and, on occasion, will act. It must be said many were the students who came to

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jeer and—stayed to cheer, and perhaps to weep at some touching scenes.

If the faculty only knew what went on after the play the next morning. Telephones were ringing all over the city, and invariably the talk ran "Wasn't it marvelous!"

"Loads better than I expected."

"Weren't they grand?"

For days afterward the principal topic was the play and the splendid performances of the entire cast. In fact one person when asked, "How are you?" answered, "I am glad."

The play was directed by Mr. Herbert L. Prescott. The success of the performance, financially and otherwise, was in a large measure, due to his supervision.

The only thing we are rather curious about is, "Will we get more faculty plays?" We certainly want them.

HEAVEN'S LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 12)

talking with him immediately began to ask questions, but soon the gossip died down.

The rest of the evening went on as happily as it had begun for Jackie. Dave stayed with her and saw that she had plenty of dances. And what was joy of joys, he asked if he might take her home. All too soon the party was at an end.

Jackie found Dave waiting for her on the steps. "Well did you like the party?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed. And—thanks an awful lot, Dave, for the tip."

"Aw heck. I just thought you ought to know. Well, here's 'Galloping Goat.' Not such a hot looking car, but she goes. Hop in."

Soon the rickety old car drove up in front of Jackie's house.

Silently they both got out. As they went up the walk leading to the house, Dave's voice broke the silence. "Er—ah, Jackie. Are you—ah, going to be busy tomorrow night? There's a good show on at the STRAND and ah—."

Jackie's lighted face was answer enough.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

(Continued from page 8)

sandwiches and milk for dinner and subsided. Elvina remained poker-faced publicly, but, in the privateness of the kitchen, she chuckled long and loud.

Mr. Durham returned the next day to an aroused household. His wife was precisely polite, pointing out the inadvisability of wrecking their plans. Mr. Durham gently referred to an incident two years previous on a similar occasion when Mrs. Durham went to a committee meeting 180 miles away and stayed two days.

The next day the paper carried the following item: "Mr. and Mrs. Durham and family leave today for an extended vacation at their mountain camp."

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