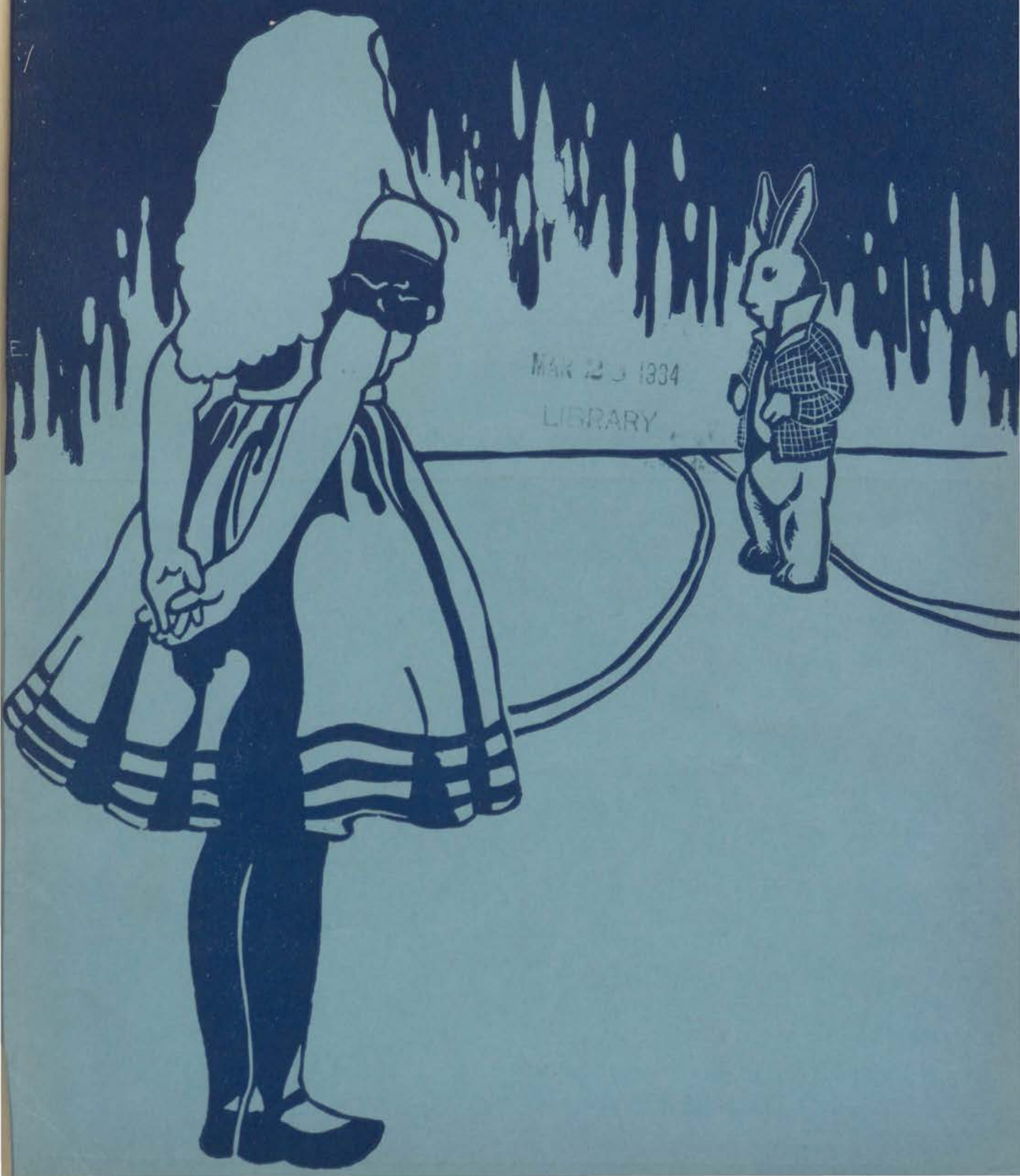


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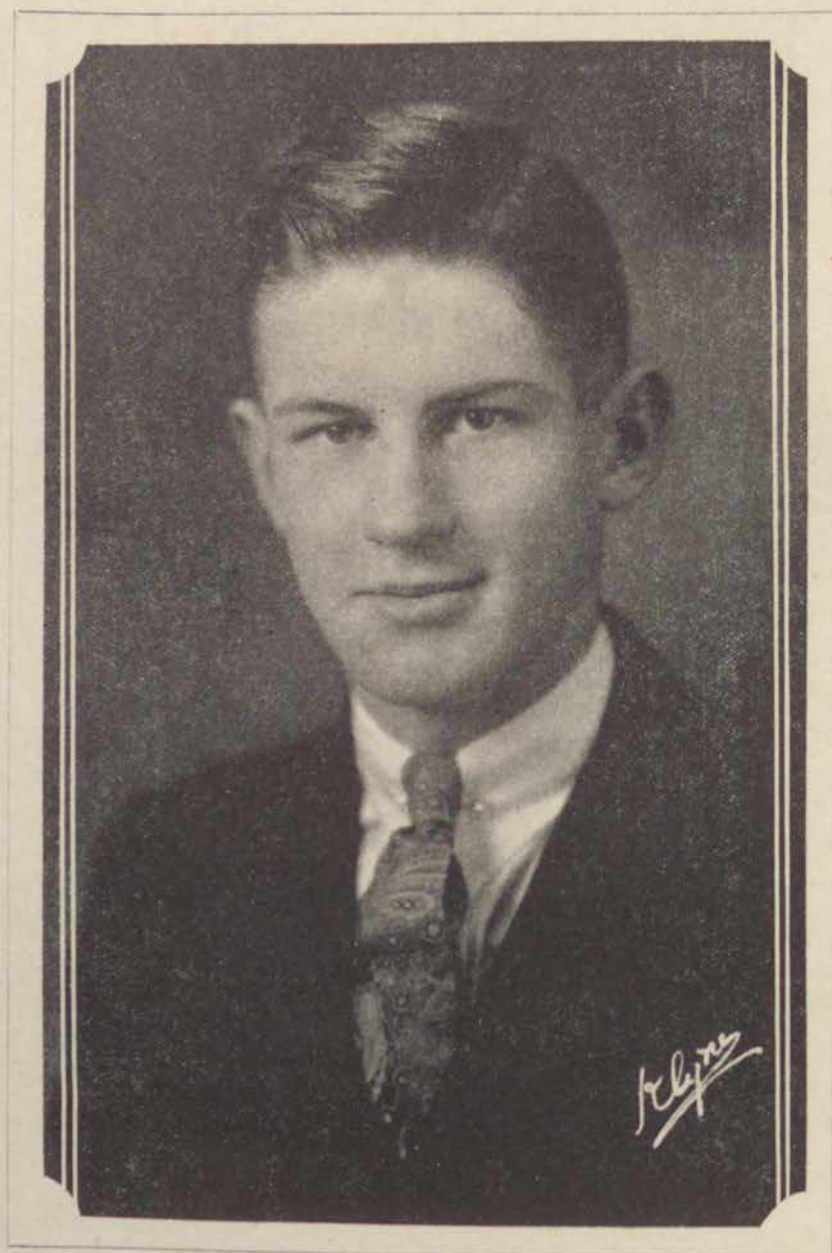
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THE ORACLE

March, 1934

Vol. XLV, No. IV

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The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, MARCH, 1934

LITERARY

Madness for Two

By Dana Kennedy

VLAN threw himself on to the beach in the scant shade of a clump of palmettos, beside Kent. Queer fellow—Kent. When their lifeboat had foundered on the coral reef during the hurricane, three days ago, Kent had battered his own strength to drag him, an apparent stranger, ashore to the small island. They had barely made it. For some reason, Vlan had thought of Kent as foolish since then.

Shortly, however, Vlan's thoughts reverted again to the agony of his throat. He wondered if he could possibly live through another day without water. He grew bitter—Kent seemed not to suffer from the burning heat at all. He just lay there in the sand occasionally hitching his hard, lean body together in every bit of the grudging shade, staring out at the sparkling sea beyond the white line of foam which marked the coral reefs.

"Darn you," Vlan almost shouted. "Why don't you say something? You are responsible for this fix I'm in. If you hadn't rescued me, I'd be out there now—cool and wet."

Kent shifted his weight from one shoulder to the other and looked dispassionately into Vlan's feverish, hollow eyes. His lips seemed scarcely to move under his beard. "What would you have me say?"

Vlan didn't hear. He was again searching that boundless horizon of sea, mouthing verses at the phantom ships merging and fading there. "Ships! They come and go, but none dare come near enough!" he croaked.

"May as well take it easy, Vlan," Kent warned through tense lips.

Vlan sat bolt upright, incredulous reason staring from his eyes. "You—you called me by a name, then. It isn't mine, not mine!" he panted.

"Then there is nothing to get worked up over," Kent drawled. "I was thinking about a man I once knew—a man who stole from his friends all they had—and framed a poor devil of an under secretary, so he had to take the rap—ten years in prison."

Vlan licked parched lips. "You're taking this—this torture very easy—you can think of some one else."

A ghost of a smile flitted around Kent's scrubby lips and was gone, leaving them grimmer than ever. "Sometimes it's easier thinking of some one else; ever try it, Vlan? It's easier in the end."

Vlan struggled to his feet, glaring savagely through haunted eyes. "You called me that again!" he raved. "I won't have it! Do you hear? I won't listen."

"Sit down," Kent ordered calmly. "No one's going to know whether you're Vlan or not. Another day of this, and you won't know yourself. There, that's better."

The afternoon wore away, and night brought relief from the heat, but the heat within Vlan's body was a licking flame. Several times he awakened Kent with his babbling. Once Kent moved off to the farther end of the strip of beach and returned after a few minutes with a firm step, his beard moist and glistening.

Next morning was the same as the others had been, except that Vlan's lips were swollen more, his tongue thicker and more rubbery, his eyes more hopeless. Vaguely he realized that he had but a few hours more of reason left if a ship didn't come.

His eyes sought Kent who was still asleep. Suddenly he bent to peer closely at his face. There was something odd about that black beard—it was matted at the point. Water had dried there recently.

A frenzy of rage shook Vlan, and his fingers hovered over Kent's throat, twitching with the urge to strangle, but reason made him crazy. He must wait and watch if he could hold on to his mind. Kent stirred, and Vlan quickly dropped to his stomach, an arm under his head. He saw Kent look at him then stride off up the beach. Near a fringe of vegetation he stopped, flattened himself, and Vlan almost went insane. He knew he was at Kent's mercy whatever fiendish plan he had designed. He was weak, and water every day had preserved Kent's strength. He was apparently asleep when Kent leisurely returned.

For a time Kent watched him as he lay there, eyes closed, muscles twitching with the effort it cost him. Suddenly Kent slipped his necktie off, and before Vlan sensed what had happened the noose was over his wrist, Kent's eyes glaring into his. With one supreme effort

Vlan's knee thudded home, and Kent rolled over, his eyes bulging with agony.

At noon a tramp steamer stood in toward the reef after Vlan had exhausted himself by waving his shirt at the first smudge of smoke. Kent was trussed hand and foot with strips torn from Vlan's clothing. When the tramp stood by to lower a boat, Vlan staggered up the beach toward the palmettos.

Kent smiled at him maddeningly. "Well, Vlan, what are you going to do with me?" he asked coolly, nodding from shackled wrists and ankles toward the incoming ship's boat.

Vlan's eyes were curiously uncertain. He was finally forcing himself to speak. "That depends on what you know about the case you spoke of yesterday about a secretary being framed—sent to prison."

Kent grinned. "Hits home does it, Vlan? Well. I know too much. I know that the under secretary broke prison and that he's wanted badly, to finish his term. I've dogged him all over the tropics and finally found him aboard a foundering lifeboat. I kept him without water I found when he was asleep so that he would forget his vengeance in his gratitude when I offered it to him; so he would forgive the wretch who wronged him and then saved his life."

The boat's keel was scraping the beach, and men were staring up at them anxiously. Vlan licked his lips that had suddenly become parched again, the dawn of sudden, shattering understanding in his eyes.

"Yes," Kent nodded grimly, holding out his bound hands, "I'm the man who framed you."



Lady for an Hour

By A. Floros

THE crowd surged closer to the glittering figure in the center, but Elin's large car suddenly loomed up, and she had to go. She flashed a smile at the mob, then languidly stepped into the well lit interior of the car. With a sigh she leaned back into the soft upholstery.

"Hand me my book, Kate," she murmured from the depths of the car.

The sensible looking young woman in a blue and white uniform passed her a lurid looking volume with the startling title "The Clutch of the Red Hand."

"What's on tonight, Kate?"

"At eight—dinner at Tony's. During dinner an interview with Joe Brooks. At nine—home to dress for Norma's costume party. Twelve—bed and that's final. You're on location at nine tomorrow to shoot the cooking sequence."

"Damn, damn. What'll I say to that nosey Joe Brooks when he interviews me? I can't use that 'loving to cook' gag."

"Now don't worry," said Kate soothingly. "You're going to go intellectual this time. Remember—the deep, reticent Elin Stanley etc. I've got a list of ques-

tions he'll probably ask you and all the answers on this card. When he begins, you have a sudden desire to see the mirror in your handbag and presto!"

"Slick, Kate," was the admiring though sleepy response.

"And don't forget how to pronounce Schopenhauer and Shakespeare. You haven't broken the old habit of saying Shakespeareie. Oh well! Here we are."

* * * * *

The discreet waiter led the Elin (pronounced Eleen) Stanley to her table—apart from the rest to afford privacy but near enough to allow all the paying customers to get their money's worth of "La Stanley."

"Tomato juice—well chilled, a chop, creamed peas, and half a glass of milk. You see, Mr. Brooks, even when I'm not making a picture, I'm chained to my work. My diet always has to be regulated," she murmured in a low "vitally thrilling" tone with just the right lowering of the eyelids over those smoldering eyes.

"Aw, call me Joe," returned Mr. Brooks—a bit of a cynic since his early newspaper days. To him Stan-

(Continued on page 40)

POETRY

"Would You---?"

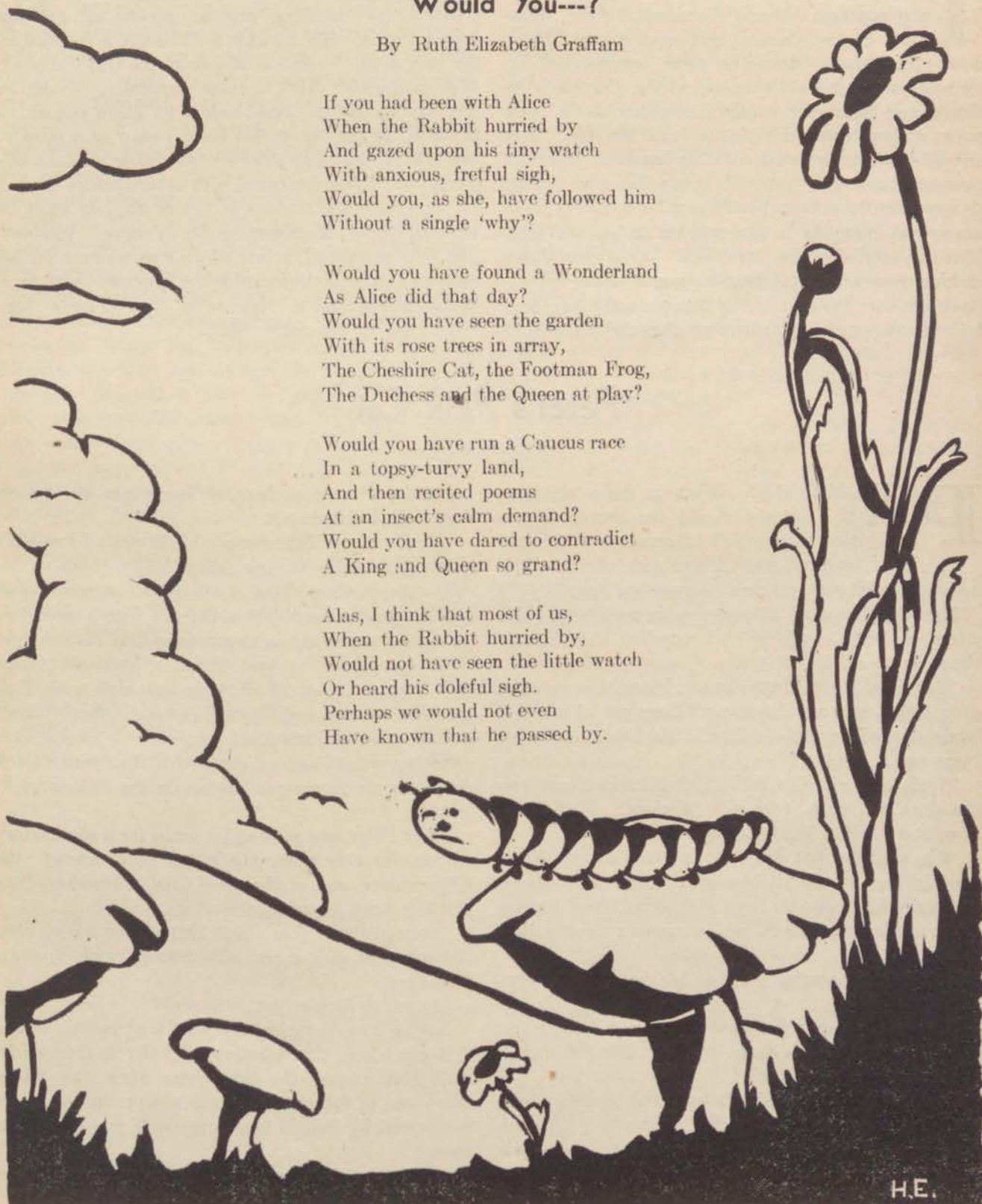
By Ruth Elizabeth Graffam

If you had been with Alice
When the Rabbit hurried by
And gazed upon his tiny watch
With anxious, fretful sigh,
Would you, as she, have followed him
Without a single 'why'?

Would you have found a Wonderland
As Alice did that day?
Would you have seen the garden
With its rose trees in array,
The Cheshire Cat, the Footman Frog,
The Duchess and the Queen at play?

Would you have run a Caucus race
In a topsy-turvy land,
And then recited poems
At an insect's calm demand?
Would you have dared to contradict
A King and Queen so grand?

Alas, I think that most of us,
When the Rabbit hurried by,
Would not have seen the little watch
Or heard his doleful sigh.
Perhaps we would not even
Have known that he passed by.



An Odd Looking Specimen

By Edward Curran

THE world holds its renowned characters under the spotlight—Garbo, Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Cantor, and—and so on. However, there is a character more commented on by both young and old than any of the aforesaid gentlemen and lady. We hardly ever glance at the daily paper without seeing his picture—and his pipe. He's an odd-looking specimen with his hambone fists, flat nose, and protruding jaw. He never allows his picture to appear without his squinted eye, his toothless grimace spread from ear to ear, and his tattoo and pipe. You can smell his pipe for miles. When you glance at him, you can almost hear his bones rattle, but his "muskles" are like steel wires. Many a swab has been taken to the mortuary apartment after the SMACK of

his hambone fists. He eats his "spinach." He says it toughens his "muskles," and he advises all growing boys to eat it. His doctrine is "The tree is inclined as the twig is bent"—and he advocates the truthful bend. His occupation? He's a sailor rightfully, though he has been an editor. Just think of it! There you sit at home in the old overstuffed chair, happy as a clam at low tide (or is it high tide?)—and follow his daily adventures. When compared with other huskies in size, he represents the chicken in the broth, but what he lacks in brawn, he makes up for in nerve. Incidentally he is a redhead, a fact which may account for his bravery. Just as the sword is the symbol of war, he is the symbol of humor. Who is he? You all know him. He's Popeye, The Sailor Man.

Peter's Pink Cat

By Phyllis Smart

PETER MARTIN! What in the world have you got? Throw that old fur away! Heavens! It's probably full of germs and things." "T'aint either fur," small Peter said sulkily. "It's a kitten, and it ain't got no ole germs, jus' fleas."

Mrs. Martin went into action immediately. She seized her son's shoulders and propelled him through the door.

"Get rid of the creature at once, Peter, then go wash your hands, and see if you can't keep out of mischief while the bridge club is here. It's almost time for them now. Hurry!"

"Well, kin I give it a bath, Ma? I'll take it out into the shed, and wash it up nice 'n' clean. 'S'all dirty, now, and it'll feel lots better if I do."

"Oh, all right, but don't get in Mary's way. She's terribly busy in the kitchen now. Dear me, I forgot to borrow those spoons from Mrs. Gray!" and leaving Peter to his own devices, the distracted mother rushed away.

Peter looked speculatively at his dusty and drooping new friend.

"Guess I'll need lots of water to get you clean, kitty. Here, you stay on this chair, 'n' I'll go into the kitchen and get some soap 'n' stuff."

Peter peered cautiously through the kitchen door, and, hearing an egg beater whirring busily in the pantry, decided that the coast was clear. He took some soap that screamed to heaven of geraniums that never grew on any continent (Mary's favorite brand), and, seizing a large pan of water which seemed to be waiting on the back of the stove expressly for him, scamp-ered back into the shed.

He thrust an experimental finger into the water; then looked closer at it.

"That's funny! The water's kinda red. I guess it's all right though. C'mere, kitty."

The disconsolate kitten, a willing victim, was doused into the pan by the heartless Peter. With a screech of terror, the unfortunate animal awoke from his lethargy.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" yelped Peter. "You got claws, cat! Leggo! Ow-w! Wait, kitty, you ain't a bit clean yet. Ow! Gee! Aw right, you just beat it then! I don't care if—gee whiz, he's pink!"

"Peter, what have ye done with that pan o' pink dye, your ma was a-goin' to use on the bedroom curtains?"

While Peter was racking his brain for a satisfactory answer, the now unearthly kitten shot through the kitchen door, and at the same time, a blood-curdling yell rose from Mary's throat.

"Holy Mither! 'Tis a pink cat!" Peter leaped after the animated night-mare, calling down curses upon its pink head.

"Hey, yuh darn critter, stop, stop!"

But on and on rushed the kitten, careening around first one room, then another. Finally it directed its mad flight toward the living room where the bridge game was in full sway. It entered precipitously, accompanied by Peter's loud commands and encouragements.

"Ma, catch him, will ya? I can't stop him, Ma! C'mere, kitty, nice kitty! Grab him somebody."

The bridge club shrieked with one accord, and pandemonium reigned. Then, as suddenly as the excite-

(Continued on page 40)

Hired and Fired

By Helen Bond

A WHOLE vocabulary of French sent Jeannette and me out of a small shop in Fort Kent. The clerk certainly voiced his opinion of American girls who didn't know what they wanted. Where should we go next? Dad had said we needn't be back until the latter part of the afternoon, so we finally decided to take a stroll to Canada, providing the customs officials would let us by. It sounds strange, but Canada was just across the bridge. A red-nosed official gave us a careless nod, and we hurried up the hill.

Well! So this was Canada! No different from the other side of the river,—not a bit! As neither of us knew our way about, we hit upon the plan of taking the first left turn, then alternating, left and right. After we had walked some distance, the scenery began to change. Shops and tenement houses looked more dilapidated. Ah! Just around the corner we heard shouting. Something must be going on. A large park came into view where about fifty little French boys were wrangling over a game of baseball. Now, Jeannette fairly gloried in that popular sport, but, since I couldn't hit the ball past the pitcher, I was less keen on it. In a minute she was walking up to the leaders of the two "gangs", and telling them what to do. They couldn't understand her English nor she their French. The boys probably thought she knew very little about the game, for one of them, with a laugh of derision, handed her a bat, apparently telling her to hit the ball if she could. Jeannette hit it sky high (for a girl), and we were hired.

If there had been many people around, we probably wouldn't have "indulged," but it must have looked strange to see two grown up (?) girls in white dresses (our hats and gloves had been discarded long ago) run-

ning and shouting with fifty or more ragamuffins.

The other team was two points ahead; it was my turn at bat, and our last chance to make a score. I had only been up once before in the game, and then I had made an "out," so the captain fairly threw the bat at me, muttering a jargon of French. He didn't need to tell me what was going on in his mind.

I strode very confidently up to the base only to receive a roar of laughter and ridicule. I made a try for the first ball that came sailing toward me. Glory be, I had hit it! The boys yelled gleefully, and I had almost reached first base when we heard a terrific crash. My wonderful ball had scored a bull's eye square on the face of a huge electric sign! Two Frenchmen rushed out of a house yelling broken English and some very complimentary (?) French at us; Jeannette gathered up our hats, and we tore through side streets after the fleet footed band of boys.

Never was I more ashamed of myself nor of my appearance in all my life. And suppose the authorities should suddenly happen along? Jeannette muttered something about Canadian authorities being noted for that, and without another word we started walking very fast for the bridge. In my imagination we were being pursued by "all the King's horses and all the King's men" which pursuit didn't vanish until the United States customs officer gave us a last puzzled look.

For a week or more, I was uneasy about that broken sign and wondered if I should have stayed and faced the music. Anybody will shake his head and say I did the wrong thing, but somehow the wrong thing is what I always do. Jeannette loves mystery and mischief, so she jokingly calls us "Ladies (?) with a Past."



'Tempus adest' Valrus dixit,
'Ad multas res agendas;
De calceis—et navibus—et cera
De oleribus—et regibus
Et cur mare sit dervidum—
Et utrum porci alas habeant.'

'Le temps arrive,' le Cheval Marvin dit,
'Pour parler de beaucoup de choses;
Des souliers—et des vaisseaux—et de la
cire a cacheter
Des choux—et des rois—
Et pourquoi la mer est toute bouillante—
Et si les porceaux ont des ailes.'

The Last Gain

By Madeleine Stairs

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe at that vast arch of unhewn rock which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is replete with stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where the boys stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them almost the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes into their young lives, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do again," is their watchword while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just beyond his reach—a name which will be forever green in the memory of the world. It is the name of Washington, who, before he marched with Braddock to that fatal battle field, had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It is a glorious thought to write one's name side by side with that great father of his country.

The lad grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, cuts again into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous venture, but, as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and drags himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his head. Again he cuts another niche, and again he cuts his name in large capitals. This is not sufficient; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker till their words are finally lost on his ear.

Now for the first time, he realizes how far up he is;

he casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to the little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niches with his feet and retain his slender hold for a moment.

His companions instantly perceived this new and fearful dilemma and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood."

The boy does not look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places



in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below!

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging arch.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope, held by his comrades upon the bridge above can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again in the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels, his eyes are starting from their sockets. Hope is dying from his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash

he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his nerveless hand.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as a grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the boy closes his eyes and commends his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! But—a shout falls on his ears from above! His comrade who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders.

Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss, but, when his sturdy comrades reached down and drew up the lad—such shouting and such leaping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity!

Puppy Love

By Glenice Peavey

WAS I excited or was I excited! I surely was! My brother, who was attending Princeton, had just sent a telegram which read as follows: "Arrive on 7:45 Thurs. Bringing new friend. Dick."

I flew excitedly from one room to another hardly knowing what I was doing. One thought after another kept running through my head. Mother told me I was acting like a clown and had better go up to my bedroom and rest. But there was no rest for me up there either. I kept saying to myself, "I wonder what he'll be like—Can he be that blonde-haired giant Dick had talked so much about and had promised to bring home—No, somehow it didn't seem as if he were the one because Dick had said 'new.' Ah! I had it! I bet it was that new rich guy that had just come the second semester. Dick had described him as being a fellow with most unusual good looks, tall with an athletic build, dark curly hair, big brown eyes, and the most marvelous features. And, gee, he said the girls had simply gone 'nuts' about him. If only I could 'make a hit' with him!

I sat down before my dressing table and began to analyze my features one by one. My eyes were pretty good; I knew that because many others had told me so; my nose wasn't so 'hot,' but then, maybe he wouldn't notice that; my chin was o. k.; my hair, that was simply out of the question; I'd just have to have that fixed.

I ran down stairs, and, after having a heated confer-

ence with Mother, began my telephoning. Dick had said Thursday, and here it was Tuesday. First an appointment for a shampoo and wave; then an other for a manicure, another for a facial and so on until I had several busy days ahead. I decided I would have my hair done in the most alluring way, and I would certainly buy some new perfume with an exquisite odor.

All day Wednesday I spent trying to find a becoming dress. I was going to be sure to look beautiful if that was possible. At last the much awaited evening arrived. It was now twenty minutes of eight, so I sat down in the corner in a nice overstuffed chair where it was sort of shadowy and, oh, so romantic. I was getting a bit nervous now. Mother—was she sure my hair was all right—did she think I was sitting just right—was my dress just—so—stunning.

Just then I was interrupted by the long peal of the doorbell, and soon I heard the murmur of my brother's voice. How I longed to jump up and run out and throw my arms around his neck! But I didn't dare to move as I was afraid I would disarrange even one strand of hair. So I sat very still and waited.

All of a sudden the door opened, and in burst Dick all smiles.

"Hello, sweetness," he cried and started to hug me, but I stopped him and murmured something about my hair and his friend.

"Oh yes," he said, "may I introduce you to one of my best college pals, Beppo—"Bep" for short."

When I looked up and saw walking into the room a small cocker-spaniel—do you wonder that I fainted?

Mad as a March Hare

By Isabel Cumming

WHEN Alice graduated from high school, her parents, teachers, and Alice herself heaved a sigh of relief. That was over! She had been told that French could be mastered easily, if one studied; that Caesar, Cicero and Virgil were not hard if one worked; that English and Math were really very simple if one tried. But Alice neither studied, worked, nor tried—hence difficulties. College for Alice was out of the question. Finishing school proved to be finishing school in truth, for, in the course of a few weeks, Alice had quite effectively finished the various teachers in whose care she had been placed. A few months at home and Alice's father was at his wit's end to know what to do with her. As a last resort he suggested a trip to England where Alice could pay her grandmother a much over-due visit. For once in her life Alice agreed with her father, and England it was.

Three weeks later a Canadian Pacific steamer entered the harbor of Liverpool carrying an eighteen year old girl. Her grandmother had telegraphed that Ketchup, her chauffeur whom she had brought back from one of her trips to the Holy Land, would meet her at the dock. As the crowds surged about her, Alice realized that it was useless to try to find Ketchup in such a mob; so, after collecting her baggage, she stood beside it waiting. "At the rate things are moving now," said Alice half aloud and to no one in particular, "it will be over an hour before Ketchup can find me."

The prophesied hour was shortened into about five minutes when a dark, rather short man, with an excuse for a mustache, said to Alice, "Pardon me, ma'am, but aren't you Miss Alice Hare from America who has come to visit her grandmother in Near Sawry?"

"I am, and I did, and I have," said Alice answering all his questions at once, "and where do we go from here?"

"If we hurry, we can make Near Sawry just in time for tea," Ketchup replied.

Very respectfully he opened the rear door of the car, but Alice, somehow overlooking that courtesy, found herself at the wheel and inquiring of the astounded Ketchup whether he would be quite comfortable in the rear seat. Driving through the English Lake country, Alice, after a great deal of questioning, gathered that Ketchup had travelled all over the world, had studied and tried for almost every profession, but had become a chauffeur because it didn't require much work. "Lazy," thought Alice, but colored remembering her excuse for dropping school. Her grandmother's household, she learned, was composed of Hedstrong, a gardener who knew his cabbages and carrots but little else; Merrill, the butler, whose only ambition lay in Shoppee, the maid; Ketchup, her grand-

mother; and last but not least Samuel, a rabbit, the great-great-great-grandson of the original Peter Rabbit. Samuel had several red hairs on his tail, which helped to make him Hedstrong's pet aversion. Samuel had dug a hole in one corner of the garden so he wouldn't have to travel far for his meals. "They're all lazy," thought Alice, and colored again. Somehow shirking work didn't seem to be so clever now.

It's ordinarily a good six hour's drive from Liverpool to Sawry, but Alice desired afternoon tea at her grandmother's, and it was spring time, so scarce three sixty minute periods had been ticked off before Alice was slowing up the car to roll gently through Near Sawry's winding road to her hostess's door.

After the usual greetings were exchanged, Alice was led to a table set out under the trees a short distance from the house. Her grandmother was seated at the head, Alice at her right, and across the table sat an incredibly good looking English lad of nineteen years. It was, Alice thought, all in all a pretty satisfactory tea. The English lad, Arthur Fairwether, Alice learned, was an honor student at Cambridge, working his way through college with dogged determination, aided only by scholarships which he had won each year.

Her cup of joy was full to overflowing when Arthur offered to show her the town after tea. The chief spot of interest was the home and grounds of Beatrice Potter, the author of Peter Rabbit. Thither they made their way. Beatrice Potter was feeding her turkeys when they arrived. The lady, rising from her task, greeted them with the dignity of a queen. A voluminous skirt, fold upon fold of brown woolen material, would have swept the ground if it had not been carefully raised in one hand, giving a glimpse of a knitted petticoat just as voluminous. A tight fitting grey bodice, buttoned snug, from chin to waist, was fastened at the neck with a huge brooch of priceless Chinese jade.

Alice had spent the better part of an hour listening to Mrs. Potter in her kitchen, when Fairwether reminded her that it was getting late, and he had yet to show her some of the town. Together they followed a narrow winding lane, up a small hill. "Rabbits to left of us, rabbits to right of us, rabbits all around us, about two hundred," said Alice as they strolled along. And indeed she was not exaggerating for there were it seemed to be at least two rabbits for every square foot of ground. To Alice who had never seen a rabbit except those at the "Auto Rest" and an occasional one at her grandfather's farm, they seemed numberless, but Fairwether did not seem to notice them.

The four weeks that Alice had to spend with her

grandmother, four weeks that spelled Fairwether, sped by as if on wings. On the eve of her departure, Alice climbed the small hill for the last time. The multitude of rabbits had never ceased to impress her, so Alice chose a place, at the foot of an old oak, where she might sit and watch them.

Did she dream or did she see but dimly through half-closed eyes? Assuredly the rabbits of Sawry were having their own tea party that afternoon. All the old patrons of Mr. MacGregor's garden were there. Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail, their children, and their children, and their children,—rabbits of four generations were all hopping around. They all looked very trappy with their glistening brown waistcoats and white fluffy tails as they passed dainty acorn tea-cups and pressed the demure Flopsy to have another carrot from the cabbage leaf plates. The most impressive figure, by far, was that of Sammy the Hare. Alice was lost in admiration of his courtly bows and his graceful conduct among his friends.

Suddenly confusion burst upon the party, and Alice shrieked with horror as a large gray fox leaped into the gathering. Sammy, the hare, with desperate gallantry sprang under the nose of the fox, and then headed straight down the hill towards the lake, leading the fox away from the guests who scurried up the hill to the shelter of the trees.

Terrified at the almost certain doom of the gallant Sammy, Alice raced down the hill after the two animals. The hare reached the bank of the pond and made a magnificent leap into the chilly waters. The fox applied his brakes and hesitated for an instant on the margin, and then trotted off around the shore to intercept the hare on the other side. But Alice did not intend that the fox should have a rabbit supper, nor that Sammy should drown in the middle of the lake. Delaying only to kick off her shoes, she plunged into the water and with swift powerful strokes, she rapidly overtook the hare. Then fate played its hand. Terrified, Alice felt cramps seizing upon her legs. It was swiftly rendering her helpless. She sent just one despairing cry for help, before the water closed over her and she sank into darkness.

When she next opened her eyes, she was lying on the bank, with Fairwether bending over her. As she smiled up at him, he murmured, "My mad little March Hare, Alice of my Wonderland."

"But where is the fox and the hare?" she asked. "The fox?—this wolfhound got one good bite out of his tail. The rest of him is over the hills and far away. And as for Sammy, the last I saw of him, he was heading straight for Hedstrong's prize bed of carrots in your grandmother's garden."

Jingles

By Miriam Golden

NOBODY knew where he had come from; in fact, nobody knew anything about him, except that he had been found five years ago on the doorsteps of the Memorial Hospital suffering from paralysis. Ever since then Jingles, called thus by the doctors on account of his gay deep blue eyes and jingly spirit, had found in the Memorial Hospital, with its big wards and its gray walls, the only home he had ever known.

A Dr. Lowe, the only person who seemed to matter in Jingles' life, had tried vainly to save him from crippling; however, as a result, Jingles was left with a small, yet very decided limp. One morning, a few days after he had taken his first steps, Jingles was carried into Dr. Lowe's private office and placed on a chair. It was going to be hard, but Dr. Lowe had been used to hard things. He cleared his throat, for he knew of Jingles' great devotion and love for him. "I have a little bad news for you, Jingles, but I want you to take it like a man—promise?" And Jingles with all his nine years of energy answered, "I promise."

"You are practically cured, except for a little limp, so of course you see that there isn't any reason for your staying at the hospital. Now, you are going to leave it, forever, I hope. Think of it, Jingles! You

are going to a very nice place where you will meet and play with all kinds of boys of your own age." At least Dr. Lowe might make it appear as cheerful as possible, he thought.

"Oh-h-h—Doctor!" A quiver and then two thin little arms stretched out and grasped the doctor's neck.

"I don't want to leave you, I never want to leave you, Doctor."

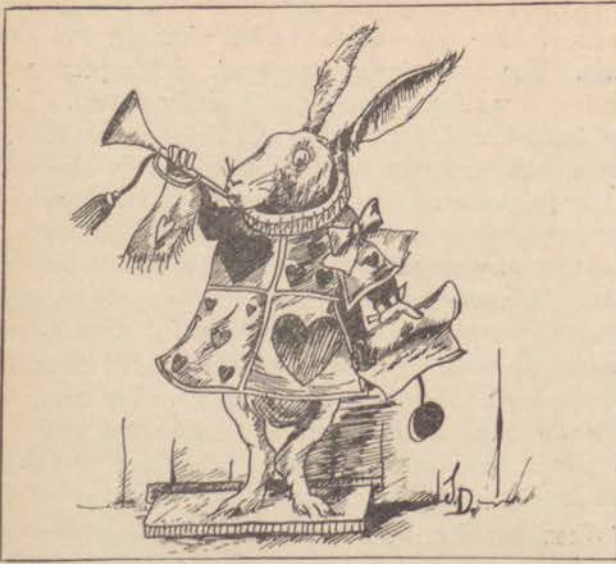
Now Dr. Lowe was anything but softhearted, but the sight of this little child unnerved him. He winked, coughed, choked, swallowed, then cleared his throat.

"Jingles, stop it," but the sobbing only increased. Whereupon, yanking the arms from his neck, he called for his assistant who carried out a little heartbroken boy.

* * * * *

"My dear, is this the child?" Mrs. Mulhern of the Home for Orphaned Boys adjusted her glasses, and glanced at the tearful little boy. "Miss Mead, take the child away," and Miss Mead, having obeyed the same orders for over twenty-five years brought Jingles up stairs to the wards, where fifty boys were reluctantly making their beds. When he entered, a deathly silence ensued until, having settled Jingles on a bed,

(Continued on page 38)



ANNOUNCING-- THE PARADE OF EVENTS



The Night of February 21

DOWN in the records of the B. H. S. Debate Club goes credit for another gigantic social success—that event held in the B. H. S. assembly hall on the above mentioned night.

Amid tasteful decorations of patriotic colors in keeping with the eve of Washington's Birthday, a large throng of young people—mostly B. H. S. students—spent a very delightful evening dancing to the melodious music of Perley Reynold's Orchestra. The features of the evening were a prize costume review and a lunch-box auction under the capable and humorous supervision of "Brim" Jewett as master of ceremonies. George Bell showed great promise as a side-show specialist in his promotion of a penny arcade.

Those not particularly gifted with the fine art of dancing were most certainly well taken care of by the mystery-puzzle hostess, Roberta Smith.

The climax of the evening was reached with the announcement of the winners of the Debate Club's school-wide popularity contest, which had been conducted with increasing suspense for several weeks. Miss Mary-Jenkins proved to be the final winner among the girls of the school, having come out ahead of the eight competitors in the voting on Monday. Of the dozen competitors among the boys, Andrew Cox was announced to have come out in the lead. The Debate Club showed its generosity in awarding each of the popularity contest winners a fine loving-cup as a memento of their schoolmates' esteem.

Among the winners of other features on Wednesday eve were the following: Miss Carlene Merrill, most attractive lunch-box; Miss Elenora Savage, best dress-costume; Miss Charlotte Culley, most comical costume; mystery-puzzle prize winners, the Misses Helma Ebbeson and Madelyn Stairs, John Hessert, Artemus

E. Weatherbee, Frederick Rice, Richard McKeen, and Morris Rubin.

The complete list of entries in the costume parade was as follows: the Misses Elnora Savage, Margaret Maxwell, Eleanor Winchell, Marion Small, Elizabeth Moore, Miriam Golden, Audrey Everett, Marjorie Canders, Molly Braidy, Charlotte Culley, Rose Bigelson, Ann Perry, Mary Jenkins, Lucy Nickerson, Marie Telfer, Phyllis Infiorati, Rachel Reed, Ada Salzman, Marjorie Goode and Marian Quinn.

Student Activities

Class spirit is more evident in assemblies than in any other place. When we seniors were juniors, we used to look with so much respect in that direction where the "grand old seniors" sat and think how exalted a place they held. Now, when we, as seniors, file into assembly, we feel our responsibility more vividly than at any other time. This common meeting every Wednesday and Friday is a ceremony that we will always remember in connection with our happy school days. They are happy if we make them so. Lately we have had especially good assemblies. We all like the new custom of saluting the flag: it makes us realize that we are the future citizens of this great country to which we pledge our allegiance. I hope we realize how sacred that pledge is.

We have had speakers in the interest of the Honorary Dance, the Debate Club Dance, the B Club vaudeville show, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, senior pictures, and prizes for sharp-shooting and debating have been presented. The assemblies have also been graced by the frequent appearance of our band and orchestra. The more music, the better we like it. Speaking of music—the whole school is just

(Continued on page 19)

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Junior Exhibition Program

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

"International Understanding" *Horton*

DANA KENNEDY

"Crimson Rambler" *Kimball*

HELEN TSOULAS

"Depose King Selfishness" *Moore*

GEORGE SPIROPOULOS

CHORUS

Cutting from "The Twelve Pound Look" *Barrie*

LUCILLE EPSTEIN

"The War Prayer" *Finch*

ARTEMUS WEATHERBEE

ORCHESTRA

"The Knight In The Silver Armor" *Anon*

CORINNE ADAMS

"Fools or Wise Men" *Brameld*

JONATHAN ADAMS

"Let Brotherly Love Continue" *Black*

PHYLLIS SMART

CHORUS

"Ropes" *Clinton*

STANLEY STAPLES

"White Lilacs" *Black*

ANNA HUGHES



BOY SPEAKERS

Artemus Weatherbee

Jonathan Adams

George Spiropoulos

Dana Kennedy

Stanley Staples



GIRL SPEAKERS

Phyllis Smart

Helen Tsoulas

Lucille Epstein

Corinne Adams

Anna Hughes





MISS DARTHEA RIDEOUT

Since the year 1928, Miss Darthea Rideout has been coaching Junior Exhibition Speakers at Bangor High School, producing successful plays, and acting as adviser of that prosperous organization—The Dramatic Club.

In 1922, Miss Rideout was graduated from Bangor High, and, because it was then that she showed remarkable talent in the field of elocution, she entered Leland Powers School of Expression in the following year. Miss Rideout spent the first year in teaching at the Hampden Academy, and thence, after a period of two years in Caribou High School, she took up her work at Bangor High.

Needless to say, there is not one student in our school who is not aware of the grand success of Dramatic Club presentations, such as *The High Heart*, *Elmer*, *Cappy Rieks*, *Galapagos*, *Tons of Money*, and last but by no means least, *Ile*. It is interesting to note in passing that those students who were featured in these plays have gone further in this line of study.

It was just last year that Bernice Braidy, Andrew Cox, and Mary Jenkins made such a brilliant showing at the University of Maine Speaking Contest.

In view of the fact that Miss Rideout has done so much for our school in furthering its success in the field of public speaking, we, in appreciation of her untiring efforts, dedicate this Junior Edition of the *Oracle* to her.

(Continued from page 14)

buzzing with it. At the Parent-Teacher meeting Thursday, March 8—the Senior Girls' Glee Club sang two selections, the beautiful "Night Song," by the modern composer, Joseph Clokey, and "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" from Bach's Cantata. The Junior Chorus, under the direction of Prof. Sprague and the orchestra have prepared for the Junior Exhibition.

There are some strange rumors going around which have to do with disturbing noises heard every night at the homes of Barbara Kingsbury, Bill Ballou, Barbara Alton and lots of other students. Here's the dope on the Q. T. you understand. On the night of April 13 (pardon quote) the annual Music Contest for juniors and seniors is being held under the direction of Miss Donovan and Prof. Sprague. Said disturbances are the soloists and quartettes which are tuning up. The prizes for the best girl soloist, best boy soloist, and best mixed quartette, are given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drummond, Mrs. Anne Stoddard, and the Schumann Club.

Latin Club

At the February meeting of the Latin Club, copies of the S. P. Q. R. were distributed. This, the first literary effort on the part of the club, met with the hearty approval of the club members, and ever elicited favorable comment elsewhere. Several other Latin Clubs throughout the state wrote, requesting copies. Much credit is due to Natalie Nason and Aphrodite Floros, co-editors of the paper, who hope to bring out a second number at the time of the May banquet. All contributions will be gratefully received.

The cover of the S. P. Q. R. pictured in outline an Equus Romanus in battle array. Irene Lorrimer put the most artistic finishing touches to this gentlemen, and will therefore be presented with a ticket to the banquet.

The following officers were elected for the last half year.

Consuls: Rose Costrell.
William West.
Praetor Isabel Cumming.
Quaestor: Lucille Epstein.
Aediles: Hazel Chalmers.
Charles Pierce.
Richard Stevens.
Tribunes: Marjory Taylor.
Margaret Tyler.

The March meeting is in the hands of the sophomores. Charles Pierce is sponsoring Latin games and cross-word puzzles. Pauline Jellison is responsible for the music, and poems (?) of a rare combination of English and Latin will be presented. The new officers will be duly sworn in and several new members welcomed by the club.

One of the high lights of the year will be the party at Virginia Oberton's on March 24. We are not yet free to divulge the whole program, but two of the events of interest will be a Roman wedding, in which the contracting parties are none other than Thelma Spearen and Richard Stevens, and a snappy talk on Roman remains in Italy, Greece and the Near East, illustrated by colored lantern slides.



Band

It hardly seems possible, but another school year is more than half gone. This fact was forcibly brought to the band members when they received the 1934 New England Contest music. This particular composition is entitled "Barber of Seville," and it was written by the famous composer, Rossini. When the boys got a glimpse of this piece, gasps of horror could be heard all over the assembly hall. The notes are so thickly clustered together on some of the parts that it would seem as if a hen had walked across the page. It may be music, but it will require many hours of hard practice to make the barber sound like himself.

The contest will be held at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, on May 19. The best school bands of New England will congregate at this well known resort on that date. In spite of last year's bad luck, our band is keeping up hope. By the way, some of the fellows had rather interesting experiences at Newport, Rhode Island last year. You may have heard about some of them. If you don't believe it, ask Jimmy Regis or Frank Leighton. They are capable of keeping you entertained for several hours with the account of their escapades. You may communicate with them through the *Oracle*, or, better still, we may arrange to have them speak in assembly. Why just think of it! These events will go down in history. Frankie and Jimmy will be famous sometime because of their exploits abroad.

Dramatic Club

One of the most interesting clubs in B. H. S. is the Dramatic Club which includes seniors only. At the first meeting 115 members were present and so great are the advantages of this club that the number instead of diminishing has increased. Our first attempts at acting were very successful. These plays were *Ile*, *Knave of Hearts*, and *Rich Man—Poor Man*, and they were given more for the enjoyment of the audience than for a money-making proposition.

Many members of the club are interested in the art of make-up, and several members are now busy doing research work in grease paint for reports at some future meeting. For those who desire further knowledge concerning make-up, Max Factor's pamphlet may be readily obtained.

Two new plays are now in the making and will be performed before the club. If these are successful, they may later be put on in assembly. The committees and players are now hard at work on these plays which are "Joint Owners in Spain" and "Aunt Mehitabel's Experiment" and two fine productions are predicted as a result.

Assemblies

At the assembly of February 23, the students of Bangor High School had the privilege of listening to a very interesting and pleasing speaker, Prof. Herbert R. Brown of Bowdoin. His well chosen remarks were chiefly directed to that large group of students who are quite satisfied in completing the minimum requirements in a course of study. Before the assembly was over, however, more than one student, who had maintained a certain degree of placid indifference towards his "gentleman's mark," began to wonder whether his lack of initiative and his somewhat bored attitude toward intellectual problems was after all an indication of extreme cleverness on his part.

The Friday assemblies have been greatly improved by having the student body give the pledge of allegiance to Old Glory. This is an impressive ceremony if done properly. When the color guards bring in the colors, every person should rise and stand at attention. That means that all should stand erect with heels together and the hands at the sides. This position of attention is the proper manner of showing the respect due the Flag and what it represents. Girls as well as boys should observe these rules.

Sigma Omicron Sigma

The newly formed Sigma Omicron Sigma has started off in high style. One bright activities period, this chemistry club assembled in room 321. The president opened the first meeting in a very dignified manner. The purpose of this club is to arouse interest in the subjects taught in the science department of Bangor High School. One of the many good features of this particular organization is that its purpose is carried out definitely at each meeting. Several of the members discussed topics having to do with science, and it was discovered with some amazement that such subjects are not always dry. No doubt the snow-shoeing party on which Mr. Thurston took some of his pupils is famous by now. From the reports of it, everybody who went on it had a swell, old-fashioned time. Old Man Weather certainly did us all a favor when he sent us so

much snow for our vacation. In previous years, this week of vacation was usually just half-way between winter and spring as far as the weather was concerned, but this time it was all winter, and winter sports reigned.

Debate Club Doings

The Debate Club sho' has been doin' things lately. We always connect the Debate Club with successive success (repeat ten times rapidly)—especially since 'tis none other than Mr. Prescott who is at the head (or is it the helm). Y'know, the thing about our coach is that he makes his victims work hard and like it, and they always come out on top. Our varsity debaters, Bernice Braidy (beauty and brains) and Andrew Cox have just put Bangor High first in the Bowdoin League. It seems that when Bernice was told that she was to receive publicly the cup for said Bowdoin League Debate, she was positively bored—it's just a habit.

Since the last *Oracle*, a novice team, chosen by Miss Coffin, debated Foxcroft Academy successfully. Our affirmative team, which remained here to debate the negative of our rival school, consisted of Isabel Cumming, Miriam Golden, and Dana Kennedy. Our negative journeying to Foxcroft was represented by Hope Betterly, Betty Witte, and Spencer Windsor. They all did exceptionally good work, and much is expected of them in the future. More power to them!

Another event of much interest was the Class Debates. Every seat in Room 307 was taken that night, with many supporters of each class to back up their respective teams. Everyone in the debate proved to be very good, and the judges must have found it difficult to reach a decision. Bernice Braidy presided as chairman in a charming manner, and everything went off with a bang. After the actual debating was over, there was a short interlude of anxious waiting—then—the judges' ballots were collected—flash, flash—the sophomores had won! Congratulations poured in upon them and their coach from all sides. Those who debated were—seniors—Blair Stevens and Wilson Lufkin; juniors—Artemus Weatherbee and Betty Moore; sophomores—Myer Alpert and Ernest Andrews; freshmen—Dorothy Epstein and Robert Morris. Blair Stevens was judged best debater.

With the Bates League Debates in full swing, our debaters are working hard to make their team as good as, if not better, than last year's. The affirmative team is composed of Leo Lieberman and Andrew Cox, while Corinne Adams and Artemus Weatherbee make up the negative side.

March 16, they met M. C. I., and Foxcroft Academy. On April 2, the negative entertains the Mission School of Boston, a championship team. Next vacation both teams start a week's debate trip through Massachusetts. They are doing their best to bring more glory to the Debate Club and Bangor High School.

Do You Want More Social Affairs?

The parents and teachers looked with no small degree of pride and pleasure upon the performance of the Band and the Girls' Glee Club which prefaced the meeting of the high school P. T. A. on Thursday evening, March eighth.

These performances should be sufficient persuasion to spur on some interested parents to begin preparations for the preliminaries of the musical organizations which are scheduled to be held in Bangor for the eastern part of the state, in preparation for the New England contest. This year the contest is to be held at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, June 2. Portland, which holds preliminaries for the western part of the state, has her plans well shaped while Bangor has as yet done nothing. Get to work, music-lovers!

One question of especial interest to pupils, that was brought up at this meeting, was the social life afforded a high school pupil. One mother, who said she was speaking for a group, said the present social events are insufficient. She would have more dances—class dances which should be semi-formal, held frequently.

Can the students think of some way to express their mind on this matter? Is the social life incomplete? Would they like social life augmented by dances? Would they like these dances to be class affairs or school affairs? Would they like them to be formal, semi-formal, or informal? On the other hand, have the students themselves any other suggestions for increasing social opportunities? The Parent-Teacher Association would like to know the majority mind on this matter, and stands ready to serve you, students, and to work for your happiness.

Student Council

Whenever the Student Council meets up in 307, you may be assured that there are always hot discussions going on. Our representatives in assembly, Hope Betterly and Robert Hussey, told you what the Council thinks of skipping school and forging notes. At the last meeting the Council decided to stand firmly against such petty offenses as skipping school, forging notes, and smoking at recess. The Council considers it the duty of each member of B. H. S. to report any violation of the Honor System on which this school is run. After all, we spend comparatively few years of our life in school. Why not make them as pleasant as we can for ourselves and for our friends?

"B" Club

It was just about a year ago that the club which is now one of the foremost in the high school was formed—the "B" Club. This club consists of the lettermen in the several sports who are chosen because of their qualities of character and sportsmanship. The

purpose of the club is to further all the interests of B. H. S., particularly in athletics and to encourage the friendship and team spirit of the boys, both in the club and in athletics.

The "B" Club holds meetings each activities period, and at the present time is engaged in the work of promoting the Athletic Advisory Committee's minstrel show which we hope the whole student body will get behind and assure the committee of a success.

The R. O. T. C. Battalion

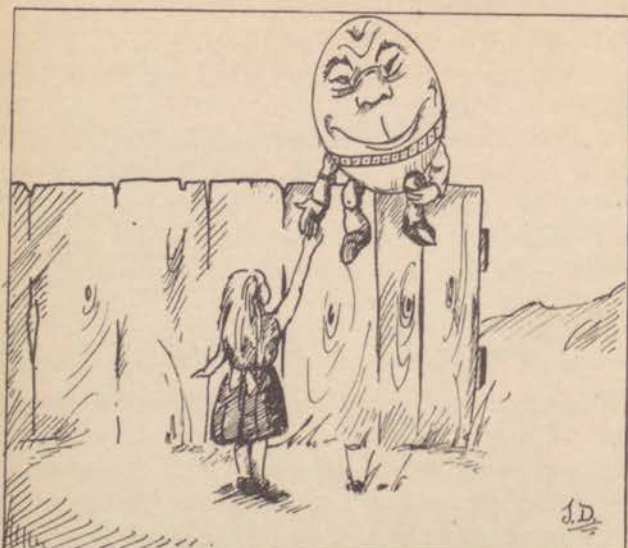
Rejoice, ye sophomores! You ought to be tickled pink when you realize that next year you will have some good serge uniforms to wear. Maj. Snow has received the order to check up on the size of every bit of uniform that we have at the present time. Last year the cadets enjoyed a change in the style of trousers, but, since variety is the spice of life, we always welcome something new.

Whether you deserve the new uniforms, however, is another question. Some of the privates and even a few officers abuse the uniform. You have all heard through different sources that the uniform is loaned, not given, to you by the government of the United States. The cost of the waste that 250 high school boys can make is tremendous. The figure runs into the thousands. You have been warned. You have been threatened. If the practice of mistreating that uniform which ought to be a thing of honor does not stop very soon, you will be deprived of the privilege of wearing it. However, you will have to drill just the same. Now this criticism is not aimed at the fellows in general, but at those who persist in causing trouble. Therefore, let this be a warning which you will heed. And do not forget that when the new uniforms come, you may not receive one if you do not take the proper care of the one you have in your keeping.

Officers' Club

You will agree, those of you who attended the military dance, that the Officers' Club is an energetic organization. The dance was primarily a money-raising proposition, but as far as getting rich is concerned, not much progress was made. However, the dance was a most enjoyable occasion, and the officers wish to express their appreciation to those who supported their event. Later on, after the annual inspection, the Military Ball will take place. We hope that it will be more successful, but we can assure you a good time anyway.

Do you remember the Military Ball of last year? What a grand affair it was! However, with all due respect to the Officers' Club of 1933, the 1934 organization can promise you an even better time than you had last year. No expense will be spared to give you the best evening possible.



AS THE EARTH TURNS

By Gladys Hasty Carroll

Mark Shaw was never wealthy as worldly riches go, but in his industry, his contentment, and his children, this Maine farmer possessed more true wealth than any metropolitan capitalist. From his first wife, Minnie Foote, Mark had six children: George, Ralph, and Lize, the twins, Ed and Jen, and Olly. And then, when Minnie Foote, weary of her never ending tasks, had died, Mark married Cora Webster. Cora brought with her to his home, her two daughters by her first husband. The children were Bun and Lois May, and later John was born. John was Shaw's pride and fondest hope. Of his daughters, probably Mark Shaw took greatest pride in Jen. Jen cooked, cleaned, sewed, cared for the sick, and yet always had a smile and was always ready to help her neighbors.

Perhaps it was partly his affection for his daughter that led this conservative Yankee to look kindly upon Stan Janowski, a Pole, and his daughter's choice for a husband. However, Stan proved his own merit in the eyes of the Shaws, for he showed himself to be as fine a farmer as any of them.

That this is one of the best books written in the past year, no one who reads it can doubt. The author, who is herself a native of Maine and a graduate of Bates College, has written about human beings. Her characters are real flesh and blood people doing real things. Jen Shaw lives. We can see her peeling onions in her sinkroom and feeding the hens in the hen house. Yet she presides over her beans at the church social with all the dignity of a queen. Also we find a trace of the author's college days in her account of Olly's college days and his debating experience.

The rugged environment of Maine dominates the lives of these people. They are what they are because the earth wills it. If the potato crop is good, they are

"THEY MAY WRITE SUCH THINGS IN BOOKS"



happy; if it is not, they are in despair. They are real people with no pettiness about them because they have no time for that sort of thing. They do not long for luxury because they could not understand life with luxuries. Still despite their hardships, there are times when we, who may be well furnished, with worldly goods, envy those who have a lack of them yet lead fully contented and happy lives.

—Bernice Braidy.

DEATH RIDES THE MESA

By Tom Gill

Romance, mystery, danger, the girl, the runaway horses, and the hero make up the usual western novel, but this one has them all, yet is entirely different. A canyon hidden on the border between Mexico and Arizona claims the scene of the novel. The mystery of the "Night Rider" and an unknown man who through an accident finds his way to the canyon, unravels in a dark and crumbling Aztec temple. If you like new thrills in "westerns," by all means don't miss this one.

—Helen Bond.

CHARLES THE FIRST

By Hilaire Belloc

In this book is presented a vivid but pathetic picture of an unfortunate king, Charles the First of England. We all know his story somewhat, but in this book are pictured the little interesting details of the king as a human being. Particularly touching is the description of his leave-taking of his family, his trial, and his execution. We see now how unjustly he was tried, and how corrupt was the system of English government.

The tragic ending of the book arouses our real sympathy for Charles, and our true admiration for a writer who can portray such events so well.

—Sally Woodcock.

ILLUSTRATIONS

SOME FORMER JUNIOR EXHIBITION WINNERS

Illustrations

When you run through a magazine, naturally the first things that meet your eye are the illustrations. Have you ever stopped to notice the different kinds of illustrations, how some seem clearer than others, how some seem just black and white, while others are shaded? Take, for example, the issue of the *Oracle* you have in your hands now. There are three different types of illustrations in this magazine: linoleum cuts, line etchings, and half-tones.

The hardest prints to make happen to be the cheapest; they are the linoleum cuts. These are called "linoleum cuts" because they are actually cut out of linoleum which is mounted on blocks of wood type high. To do this work, you have to be both an artist and a sculptor. The artistic phase consists of making a drawing of the illustration. With a little care this drawing can be traced on the linoleum very clearly. Then the sculptor enters the picture, for the artist must chisel out, with specially designed tools, all the white space to appear in the finished illustration. You see, when ink is rolled on to the cut, all the linoleum that has been cut away receives no ink, and is therefore "white space." This part of the work is much the most difficult, and requires a great deal of practice.

The second kind of illustration is the line etching. This is the first *Oracle* to have any line etchings since the last June issue. You can easily tell which are the line etchings, for they look like actual drawings. Indeed, that is exactly what they are. This is no encyclopedia, so we won't go into the technical explanation of how they are made, but suffice it to say that the cutting is done on a zinc plate by nitric acid. The lines which are to appear black on the print are cut in relief. In both linoleum and line cuts, the blank, or white spaces, are routed out.

The third type, the half-tone, is most often used for photographs, where a great deal of shading is necessary to bring out all the details. Our Junior Exhibition speakers have their pictures reproduced by half-tones. There is one unusual fact about half-tones. The image of the negative of the picture is passed on to the plate, from which the printing is done, through a very fine screen. There are sometimes as many as four hundred lines to an inch of the screen. Turn to the Junior Exhibition page for a minute, and

EDITORIALS

for

March, 1934

look at one of those half-tones. If you look very closely, you will see fine lines running all the way through the picture. This is evidence of the screen.

So you see that the illustrating of a magazine isn't so simple a thing after all. There is a great deal of hard work connected with every type of illustration. However, we at Bangor High are fortunate in having so many capable artists. Although there are many other promising ones, the following are our outstanding artists: Helma Ebbeson, Kenneth Donovan, Donald Bridges, Ralph Decrow, and James Dauphinee. Helma Ebbeson did this month's cover and the cut illustrating the poem in linoleum. She also did the Christmas cover. Kenneth Donovan has the distinction of having done a cover in two colors—the N. R. A. number. Naturally, this feat entails a lot of extra work, for a separate cut must be made for each color. Donald Bridges, among other things, did last month's cover. Ralph Decrow illustrated "Peanut Vender" and "When Phillips Was a Gentleman." James Dauphinee has done both pen and ink drawings for line etchings and linoleum cuts. Jimmy did all the line etchings for this issue, and in addition is our best comic artist.

Some Former Junior Exhibition Winners

Times and conditions have changed in the last two or three decades, but the Junior Exhibition, the annual speaking contest at B. H. S., is still the outstanding event of the junior year. Since this is the Junior Exhibition number of the *Oracle*, we feel that it is appropriate to call to mind some of our past medal winners.

In the first place, there is Cornelius J. O'Leary, who won the boy's medal in 1902. At the present time Mr. O'Leary is an able lawyer and occupies an office at 7 Hammond Street.

Now, we skip a decade and come to Ruth M. Jameson, at the present time employed as a stenographer at 9 Central Street.

The same year, 1912, found Simon O'Leary, Jr., now the vice-president of Louis Kirstein and Sons, the boy medal winner.

The following year, John H. Magee, president-treasurer of the J. F. Singleton Co. was adjudged best speaker for the boys.

(Continued on page 36)



ALUMNI

He Produced From

Under His Arm

A Great Letter



WE have received several letters from various schools and colleges which announce the accomplishments of our many Alumni who have opened the gates of learning in quest of greater honors.

The first Alumni of whom we must make mention are those who have devoted themselves to the service of their country. They represent Bangor High School both in our Uncle Sam's Navy and Army. Ensign Michael J. Lousey, U. S. N., is now stationed on the U. S. S. Portland on the West Coast. "Mike" graduated from B. H. S. in 1929. He was a great football player and a fellow of whom B. H. S. may well be proud.

"Bernie" Waterman also graduated from our Alma Mater in 1929. He is now known as Cadet Bernard S. Waterman of the United States Military Academy. "Bernie" was one of the first ranking students of the class of '29, and well deserves the honor which is now his. Another B. H. S. graduate who is now supporting Uncle Sam's buttons is Harold E. Marr of the class of '32. Harold is a student at West Point.

While speaking of the class of '29, we must mention the name of Nelson Ordway. "Nel," who was one of the brainiest boys of his class, has recently received a scholarship at Yale University where he is now studying. Some of his foremost high school achievements were his winning of the Graduation Essay and his position as Editor-in-Chief of the *Oracle*.

There are still other bright students who are products of B. H. S. "Bob" Cumming is one of this chosen lot. "Bob" is now at Phillip Exeter Academy, taking a year's work in preparation for Harvard. He received first honors in the work for the fall term. When he is not studying, "Bob" devotes his time to editing or debating. He was recently elected to the editorial staff of the *Exeter Review*, a literary magazine published monthly by the school. Besides this, he is on

the Exeter debating team which met and defeated the Harvard Freshman on February 28.

Two of our former basketball heroes, namely Frank Burke and Norman Carlisle, have been burning up the courts for the Maine Fresh this past season. "Frankie" played on the Frosh "A" team while "Normie" was a mainstay of the Frosh "B" team.

Doris M. Chalmers of last year's class is attending Simmons. She was prominent in many of the activities at B. H. S. and is now furthering her education and athletic ability.

Who said "Bill" Tilden graduated from B. H. S.? Well, they were surely mistaken. But "Frankie" Fellows, who could be a close rival to "Big Bill," did. "Frankie" recently won the indoor tennis championship of the University of Maine. Frank is only a freshman; just think what the future holds for him. He might someday be a Bill Tilden or an Ellsworth Vines.

Sylvia Eames, '30, is now announcing over station W L B Z. She was prominent in many school activities during her high school course.

Henry Gulnac, '30, has developed into a popular athlete at Union College. Besides winning his letter in football for three years, he is also a prominent track man. "Moose," as he was known to us, is preparing for a bachelor of arts degree. Besides being an athlete, he has maintained high scholastic standing.

Newell Avery, Woodford Brown, and Edward Redman, all members of last year's *Oracle* board, were the three highest ranking freshmen from Bangor for the first semester at the U. of M.

Arline Merrill, '32, was one of the twelve students attending the U. of M. who attained a 4A rank for the first semester.

Berla Smythe, who graduated from B. H. S. in '28 and from U. of M. in '32, has entered John Hopkins in Baltimore for a three years' training course.

(Continued on page 38)

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

PASSING IN REVIEW

BESIDES being a platinum blonde and an eating enthusiast Betty Homans is one of the millions of admirers of Katherine Hepburn and Gene Raymond. What does she eat? Well, she doesn't know herself, but she claims she devours everything. The only thing in food which she dislikes is garlic. Betty confesses that she doesn't read much in winter, but she does listen to the radio—to Bing Crosby (all the girls have this craze), Wayne King, Cab Calloway, Eddie Cantor, Mills Brothers, and Joe Penner. However, (and we hope none of the literati are reading this) she hates symphony music. Shades of Toscanini and Stokowski! But even these musically inclined gentlemen would probably be won over by her life and her quaint habit of using "crazy" to describe everything and anything. Perhaps they'd be shocked by her fondness for popular music such as the tuneful "Let's Fall in Love." Among other things, Betty is a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council and doin' right proud, we think. There still lingers after her that slow drawl. Somehow it gets you!

He's a star in all sports. In his freshman year he played basketball, baseball, and football. In his sophomore year, he was a varsity football man, was co-captain of J. V. basketball, and played part of the baseball season on the J. V. team and the remainder on the varsity squad. Although he likes the other sports, football is his favorite. He is a charter member of the "B" Club, president of his class, and is a member of the Executive Committee of the Student Council. Because of an operation just before school started, he was unable to participate in sports this year, but he managed to keep in the public eye by becoming a cheerleader. His favorite recreation is dancing, and he goes for it in a big way, even preferring Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers to Mae West or "The" Garto. As for the radio, he is another "You nasty man" addict. Glen Gray and the Casa Loma is his favorite dance band. He claims that he is a woman hater. The Four Marx Brothers are his favorite actors. His idea of a real food is a hamburger. When not dancing, he is a disciple of Morpheus and uses his study period to great advantage for this purpose. His idea of heaven is lying in bed reading a Battle Stories magazine and listening to some dance band play Stardust. He thinks the funniest thing that ever happened to him was in a Bangor-Portland football game when he and a Portland player were wrestling for the ball on the sidelines, while the rest of the team stood watching him and calling him a sucker. His name, if you haven't already guessed it, is John Gildart.

Slam-maker, wise-cracker, and woman-hater! What a combination! Like many another youth he would enjoy reading the loves and life of Mae West but, due to his woman-hating New Year's resolution, he can't. (Poor boy! We sympathize with him.) His name is Robert Carlisle, "Bob" for sport. Although Bob isn't a heavy eater, he claims that he can gorge himself on beef-steak and Aroostook "spuds," and does he eat his spinach!

His hobby is athletics. His chief interests are in basketball and football, but he also likes swimming, baseball, deep-sea fishing, skating, and all winter sports. He is very fond of Isham Jones' Orchestra, Byrd's broadcasts, mystery movies, Mickey Mouse comics and politics, and listens regularly to Father Coughlin.

Just recently Bob revealed to us that his ambition (?) is to be a lawyer and a landowner.

Loafer, or rather, gentleman of leisure—That is the unusual quality we find in that chuckling roly poly senior, Morris Rubin, generally known as "Rubinoff." Morris reads very high class books, you know, like the Sports Story magazine, is a veteran piano player and ping pong enthusiast, indulges many a time in enormous ice-cream feasts, despises that great energy-food, grapenuts, and, since operas are far above him, is expressly interested in that branch of music called jazz. Joe Penner, Ozzie Nelson, and Harriet Hilliard hold a high place among his favorite entertainers, and Katherine Hepburn, playing the exquisite role of Alice, completely captivates him.

He plans to go to the state university next year, and then to Harvard Law, after which, we surmise, he is going to cop the laurels as a lawyer.

Morris is a very happy-go-lucky fellow and enters into nearly everything in school life except the Dramatic Club. Reason? He's dramatic in himself!

Geraldine Watson, better known as "Gerrie", is one of Bangor High's fair equestriennes. Before you reach for the dictionary, this means a lady who sits astride a horse and canters. Gerrie, who has two horses of her own, does this to perfection. Besides this hobby she is a talented musician and plays a cello in the Bangor Symphony Orchestra in addition to playing in the two high school orchestras. Gerrie is fond of dancing and especially likes Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor. Her present pet aversion is Rudy Vallee while apple pie and ice cream, to say nothing of a large slice of nice juicy sirloin steak, hold a high place in her estimation.

THE SPORTS PARADE

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Lines to a Player

Do you think too much of the winning?
 Do you think too much of the game?
 Do you prize too high the laurel wreath,
 That heralds the victor's fame?
 Do you play for the plaudits of fellows,
 For the headlines so big and bold?
 If you do, my lad, you're a failure,
 No matter the record you hold.
 For it's giving the best that you have, lad,
 And smiling if that's not enough;
 Obeying the captain's commands, lad,
 And thanking him for his rebuff.
 It's playing your best for the team, lad,
 As hard and as clean as you can,
 That makes any game worth the playing—
 But more, it makes you a man!

—Harold Wolfe.

Intramural League

The intramural basketball league directed by Faculty Manager, Mal "Red" Willis, is now in the final stretch. Every Saturday morning sees a hundred odd boys from the various home rooms battling it out for their class championship up at the Mary Snow gym.

The senior class crown has already been won by Room 210, scientific division. The undefeated Steelpuddlers are headed by Captain Powerhouse Rubin of football fame. The senior champs will play off with the soph champs while the juniors battle the frosh. Then the final game for the school championship will be played at a later date with an admission charge.

WATERVILLE DEFEATS BANGOR

Although outplaying Waterville completely in the first half and matching them basket for basket until the final minute, the Crimson Imps lost to Waterville 22-20.

Bangor spotted Waterville four points and then proceeded to collect a dozen for themselves while holding the Purple scoreless for the remainder of the half. The Fighting Frenchmen lived up to their name when coming out for the second half. They opened up with a furious, dazzling attack that at first caught Bangor flat-footed. Then the Crimson caught the spirit of the thing, and led by Peanut Lynch, scrappy right-forward, they matched Waterville point for point. The game worked fast and furious with White carrying off the honors. This speedy, smiling boy simply refused

to be licked and popping in one-handed shots from all angles brought his team within striking distance of Bangor. Then with the Crimson concentrating on White, his running mate, Sterling, slipped one in to knot the count with only seconds to go. Once again White escorted the leather down the floor and flipped it in for his ninth basket of the game. Waterville was stalling desperately as the final gun boomed.

When all is said and done, it was Bangor's failure at the foul line which lost the game. Out of nineteen attempts, they converted but two. The all-round play of Lynch was outstanding for the Crimson.

BANGOR BOWS TO CONY

Cony High of Augusta made it two straight wins over Bangor when they defeated a Crimson five, which was far off color, by a score of 27-17. Save for a brief second period spurt, the Imps were unable to pierce an alert Cony defense. Cony blanked the Crimson in the first period 4-0. Staples broke the ice for the Trowell men with a neat shot and Morse, Lynch, and Rice followed in quick succession. The rally was halted a moment after as the half ended, Bangor 8, Cony 13.

Morse and Leek connected for Bangor to open the second half and the Crimson cause brightened but once again dimmed as three Cony tosses found the hoop, and the third quarter ended 11-19. The last period was a thriller with baskets coming thick and fast, but Cony matched the Crimson point for point and the game ended 27-17. Morse and Leek looked good for Bangor, with Leek especially playing a strong defensive game.

The Bangor JV's took the Cony JV's into camp 17-4 in a preliminary game.

RED IMPS WIN THRILLER

In a slam-bang, action-filled game, Bangor's Red Imps, gaining momentum as the battle wore on, defeated Brewer's Witches 27-25.

The two old rivals started off with a rush and from then until the final gun it was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. Lynch broke the ice for the Crimson and tossed in three beauties for Bangor's only scoring in the first period, which ended 6-6. The second period had a decided Orange tinge throughout, and the Witches were leading at half time.

Bangor, running true to the form of all Trowell-coached teams, came out fighting in the second half, and, while bedlam reigned, it overcame Brewer's lead point by point. Leek was playing a great defensive

game as well as tossing in baskets, while his mates, Rice, McNally, Flynn and company, were playing rings around the fast tiring Brewer boys. Twice with the score knotted, Rice was given the chance to put Bangor ahead via the foul route, and twice he came through! Then with the score again tied 23-23, and with seconds, to go, the referee detected Miles hacking Gene McNally. While the crowd roared and stamped, the Crimson forward coolly placed two beauties through the hoop, and Bangor won 27-25.

This win assured Bangor of a tie for the inter-city title.

BANGOR (27)

Lynch, rf, 4
Morse,
McNally, lf, 1, (3)
Zoidis
Morse, 1
Rice, c, 3, (2)
Leek, rb, 2
Flynn, lb
Staples

BREWER (25)

lb, Miles, 5, (1)
rb, Littlefield
Sargent
e, Danforth, 3, (2)
lf, McKenny, 1, (1)
Mallory
rf, Day, 1, (1)

Referee: Ward

TOMAHAWKED AGAIN

Old Town took full advantage of its opportunities at the foul line while handing Bangor its ninth loss of the season. The Injuns sank seven free throws which was just the margin in the score: 25-18.

The Injuns drew first blood when Brilliant, their very aptly named ace, sank a foul shot. The Crimson machine went into high, and the rest of the period was all Bangor as Lynch, always a scoring threat, dropped in two beauties from difficult angles. Staples and Leek also contributed to the cause.

From then on the Injuns dominated the play except for brief individual flashes by Lynch, Staples, and Donovan. Bangor looked good in the final period but were held in check by a desperate Old Town defense. The Crimson had the consolation of holding the Injuns to one point, however, on a free throw by Dionne, crack Old Town center.

MINUTEMEN OUTSHOOT CRIMSON

Running up a commanding lead in the first half, the visiting Minutemen from Stearns High pinned a 26-17 defeat on Bangor. The classy, undefeated Stearns team ran the Crimson ragged in the first half, but in the last two periods the Crimson found their stride, only to be swamped under a last-minute deluge of baskets. McMillan, Minuteman guard, was the visitors' star and also, in this writer's opinion, the classiest hoopman to step on a local court this season. Owen Lynch, diminutive but scrappy forward, took the honors for Bangor.

CONY TAKES CRIMSON

In a tight defensive game, marred by frequent fouls, Cony High of Augusta pinned a 20-14 defeat on Bangor.

Cony started off with a bang and stayed out in front the whole route. They led 6-2 at the end of the first period and 10-4 at the half-way mark. Bangor was unable to penetrate Cony's potent defense, but they made a great battle of it. However, thirteen fouls on the Crimson took their toll as Cony converted eight. In the final period, Eddie Trowell's boys came back strong.

Led by Ken Donovan, big, rangy center, the Crimson Imps made a great bid but found Cony's early margin too much to overcome and finally went down to a 20-14 defeat.

BANGOR LOSES TO BAPST

In one of the most furious battles ever waged on a local floor, Bangor dropped the final scheduled game of the season to John Bapst, 26 to 9. In the first two periods the play was practically even, with most of the points coming on free throws. During the last half, the bitter rivals both opened up and threw everything except the waterbucket. Twenty-three fouls were called during the brawl, with Bapst cashing in on eight attempts and Bangor five. Only two field goals were made by the Crimson, one by Morse and one by Rice.

Leek started the game off by looping in a foul-shot for the Crimson, putting them ahead for the first and only time in the course of the game. Staples tallied another foul as the period ended 2-3. Rice garnered Bangor's lone counter in the second period while the Crusaders forged ahead to lead the Red Imps 9-3.

Bapst continued to pile up points, and they were leading 23-9 at the end of the third period. Bangor registered its final points in this quarter on free tosses by Staples and Lynch and the two field goals previously mentioned. Final score 26-9.

Spencer Leek, rugged Crimson guard, deserves special mention for his great defensive game. He was a thorn in the Crusaders' side all evening. Frances Rice, rangy pivot man, also played an aggressive hard brand of ball for the losers and deserves a world of credit.

ORACLE'S ALL OPPONENT TEAM

f White.....	Waterville
f Mudge.....	Cony
c Brilliant.....	Old Town
b Miles.....	Brewer
b McMillan.....	Stearns

Crimson Socks Bar Harbor and Brewer To Win Kiwanis Tournament

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

TWO WINS AND TWO LOSSES RESULT OF BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

AS A result of the varsity basketball season, the Bangor girls came out with two wins and two defeats, two victories over the Alumnae and two defeats from Brewer.

BANGOR vs. ALUMNAE

On January 16, a practice game was played between the Alumnae and the Varsity, which resulted in a victory for the Varsity by a score of 24-19. From the very beginning this game proved to be thrilling and exciting, with the Alumnae right on the Varsity's heels most of the time. Isabel Kelly and Elizabeth Toole didn't disappoint the followers of the Bangor team, as they carried out some pretty passes and secured most of the points. Helen Tremble and Barbara Stover did most of the scoring for the graduates. All in all it was a fast and exciting game, with many tumbles and many baskets. But then that's all part of basketball.

BANGOR LINE-UP

E. Toole, l. f.
D. Steeves
Kelly, r. f.
F. Steeves
Morrison, c.
Palmer
Stackpole
Giles, s. c.
Reed
A. Toole, l. g.
Fogg, r. g.
Kamen

ALUMNAE LINE-UP

l. f. Stover
Smith
r. f. Tremble
c. Russell
s. c. West
l. g. Sanders
r. g. Chaison

Miss Mildred McGuire, B. H. S. '27, was recently appointed to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Mrs. Eugenia Churchill. Miss McGuire's opinion is that the present system of high school girl's athletics shows a great improvement over the athletics of former years, due to the fact that the modern trend of physical education as a whole is to instruct the masses rather than a few individuals.

BREWER HAS CLOSE CALL

Continuing along their victory path, the Brewer girls handed the Bangor girls a 20-15 defeat in a hard fought game on January 27. With Brewer leading at the end of the half 11-2, it looked as if Bangor were in for a real trimming, but they broke loose in the third quarter and had Brewer rather worried for awhile. Dorothy Steeves played an excellent game, and at the end she had accounted for all but two of the points

scored for Bangor. It was one of Brewer's hardest games.

BANGOR LINE-UP

Fogg, l. g.
Stackpole,
A. Toole, r. g.
Kamen
Morrison, c.
Palmer
Giles, c.
D. Steeves, l. f. 6, (1)
F. Steeves, r. f. 1
Kelley
E. Toole

BREWER LINE-UP

r. f. 5, (1) Beatty
l. f. 1, (1) Hinckley
l. Spencer
Piper
c. Maddocks
s. c. B. Chute
r. g. MacDonald
Price
l. g. L. Chute

BREWER TOO FAST FOR BANGOR

In their last game, the Bangor girls went down before Brewer in a 25-9 defeat. Playing a hard game through to the finish, the Bangor girls couldn't break away from the Brewer guards, who proved too fast and strong for them. Alicia Toole, Frances Giles, and the Steeves girls starred for Bangor, while Margaret Hinckley went well for Brewer.

Thus the Varsity Basketball season ends for another year. The seniors who were on this year's squad were

E. Toole	C. Morrison
A. Toole	G. Reynolds
I. Kelley	F. Steeves
R. Palmer	M. White

BANGOR HANDS ALUMNAE ANOTHER DEFEAT

In a second game with the alumnae, the Bangor girls won 40-15. The game was fast and exciting, though it was rather one-sided. This time the alumnae were acquainted with the methods of each other, and also showed that they had not forgotten all their old tactics. The alumnae were laboring at a disadvantage, as they were only able to secure six players in all for this game. However they put up a good fight.

BANGOR LINE-UP

D. Steeves, r. f.
Kelley
E. Steeves, l. f.
Reynolds
Morrison, c.
Stackpole
Giles, s. c.
Reed
Palmer
Fogg, l. g.
Rapaport
Stackpole
A. Toole, r. g., Kamen

ALUMNAE LINE-UP

r. f. Tremble
l. f. Smith
c. Russell
s. c. West
r. g. Chaison
l. g. Bean

"WE'RE ALL MAD
HERE; I'M MAD --
YOU'RE MAD"



Financial Report

Carson-McLawlin: Very unsteady. When spring comes, and one Libby's car unfreezes, it might go bust; furthermore there is a Moon on the horizon.

Hussey-Fogg: This looks good, and it may go places; but it is still a little unsteady.

Calhoun-Reed: Still the steadiest on the market. Look's good for a long time yet.

Maxwell-Sanger: Sell all stock before May first.

Samways-Curran: Rather unsteady, but this company has but little opposition.

Clukey-Lieberman: The report shows that this stock is weak and unsteady, but it has held up well since the last Financial Report.

Sawyer-Ewer: "These college boys are too fickle," says Roberta.

Higgins-Bullard: This stock has weakened considerably during the quiet business months of January and February, but may resume its former activity with the coming of spring.

Sanborn-Hurd: This has shown some activity, and should be an excellent buy just now.

Hughes-Lynch: After some serious setbacks, this stock has shown renewed activity, but is still somewhat unsteady.

Everett-Leake: This stock acts as does a woman who can't make up her mind. Definitely not a good buy.

Finnigan-Spangler: Rather new, but on the rise. Should be a good money-maker.

Lawton-Crane: Very dependable. Buy a lot.

Sawyer-Watson: This may go up high, but some Wall Street Wolf might discover a gold mine here.

Larrabee-Silsby: Steady, but look out for those co-eds.

Nickerson-Flagg: None of these young corporations are steady enough to permit a safe prediction; however, it might strengthen.

The biology professor was speaking. "I have here some very fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you." Unwrapping the parcel, some sandwiches, fruit, and hard-boiled eggs came into view. "But, surely—I ate my lunch!" exclaimed the professor.

Lady: "I'm sorry for yer, 'avin' a 'usband that's everlasting singing. My old man sings about once a year."

Her Neighbor: "In his bath I suppose."

Uncle: "You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "No. And I bet you didn't either."

Mimi Merrill: "How long have you had your boy friend?"

Queen Bartley: "Oh—about three pay-days."

"You look hollow chested and thin," said the air pump to the inner tube. What seems to be the matter?"

"Income tacks," wearily replied the inner tube.

Mr. Thurston: (After a certain girl's rather questionable recitation. "Well, class, what do you think of Miss———?")

George Tsoulas: "Gee, I think she's swell."

"Darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"But I refused you yesterday."

"Oh, was that you?"

The boys and girls of a certain local organization were putting on a "meller-drammer," and thought it

(Continued on page 33)

BUY ORACLE

VOLUME II

THE B. H. S. S E C

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

AMAZING DISCLOSURE MADE TO STUDENTS IN ACID TEST O'HEAR AND CO. COME THROUGH OWEN LYNCH PROVES EXCELLENT SUBJECT

LATEST - WEATHERBEE CONQUERS TOUT STAPLES

IN THE SEMI-FINALS POWELL AND
BALLOU ARE DEFEATED AFTER
GREAT STRUGGLE

Match Attracts Widespread Attention
Throughout School

The scene was one of those side rooms of the gym where they hold the rassling matches. It was the first bout of the semi-finals. Powell was putting up a great fight against the superior weight of Tout Staples, and on the other side Weatherbee and Ballou were throwing wristlocks and scissors and the bull in general. This match ended when Ballou fell over Staples—that man is always under foot—and Weatherbee got his famed reverse scissors-hold off and slam hold. It was all over then but the shouting. That reverse scissors-hold off and slam hold certainly is a pretty thing to watch.

As to the other match, well Tout finally got his weight heaved up off the floor and spread around on Powell as much as possible—in fact, enough to get him pinned down. The hold was just a general fall down and hold there.

Then came the finals. After ten minutes of chasing around during which the contestants were roundly booed, Weatherbee managed to trip Tout. Well, Tout just rolled over on his tummy—after he had once landed, you know—and stayed there for another ten minutes. Art couldn't budge Tout, and Tout couldn't get Art anywhere within his reach. Finally Tout had to get up—thus giving Art an opportunity to use that reverse scissors-hold off and slam hold again.

It was all over in 21:34. A statement from Weatherbee's manager reveals that this grappler is being groomed for the championship of the world; so expect to hear from this boy again.

SURPASSES MONKEYS IN A GREAT MANY WAYS

It is with a great deal of trepidation that we announce the results of an extra-special investigation or rather experiment conducted recently on a member of the Student Body—a senior to be exact, precise, mathematical and just right—so to speak. Instead of using guinea pigs, apes or giraffes as the ordinary run of scientists, James Finnigan, P. B., S. S., W. A. K., B. F. and Hugh O'Hear, P. I. T. N., S. P., etc. (Translation upon application to the janitor) decided to use Owen Lynch! Another triumph of science, another success emblazoned in the sky of knowledge, another name added to the List of Forgotten Men to remain forever, eternally bright within the glowing memory of mankind. Always there will cohere to the heart of the people the splendid, noble men who, opposed to public opinion, still nevertheless, against great odds attempted this divine trial. Mr. Lynch proved to be an excellent subject—much better, to tell the truth—than apes or guinea pigs or even marvelous to say giraffes. First the two experimenters, Mr. Finnigan and Mr. O'Hear, attired and arrayed in spotless white uniforms (use our special laundry service—clothes guaranteed whiter and softer—adv't.) led the brave but shaking Mr. Lynch into the Medical Room better known as 208 (where punishment and agony is dispensed without the aid of even the medical profession.) Silently and slowly the door was closed against the clamoring mob outside. Many times during the trying days that followed, assistants hurried on round trips to the store and back. Piusieurs fois an Old Nick was seen sticking out of a bag—probably a pick-me-up for the Finnigan and O'Hear contingent who scorn anything stronger such as coffee or tea or even Cocomalt, s'help us! It's the truth. Well, finally the result was announced over X Y Z. Jay and Hughie gave a lot of technical stuff about enzymes and things, but they

MARY JENKINS KEEN RIVAL OF MAE

Special Dispatch from Hollywood

Miss Mary Jenkins, a student at Bangor High School, it was revealed to-day, is paid a weekly salary by Mae West to stay out of the movies. The last time we were up to see the great Mae, she inadvertently let it be known that she was paying Miss Jenkins a large weekly salary (amount undetermined as yet, but we'll find out the next time we go up to see her), for the aforementioned reason.

It has been generally thought that this great genius was unknown in the outer world; but the Mae gets around. Of course, she has been long known for her Mae Westisms around and about B. H. S.

When questioned about these findings, Miss Jenkins admitted that the Mae was paying her a weekly salary, and that the amount was somewhere in the vicinity of \$250—per what I don't know. I wonder if this Jenkins can have a grape peeled with as much lure as the Mae. Anyway she is either fixed for life, or she is in for a great career when the Mae's glamour wears off.

May we be permitted to say that when Miss Jenkins appears on the B. H. S. stage (amateur productions are permitted), they certainly will come up to see her. It is likely that she will appear in some of the Dramatic Club productions in the spring, and maybe in a Mae West role.

couldn't fool us. We knew it all the time! It seems that a combination of Ovaltine and Pep had finally aroused Owen to the point where he could say "Mammy" with fervor, such is modern science.

TATLER

TION

MARCH 23, 1934

NUMBER 4

ANOTHER CHAMPEEN DISCOVERED AT B. H. S.; BEST LITTLE TOE WIGGLER IN THE SCHOOL IS GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL BOUDOIR CHAIR AS PRIZE

SWEET SCENE IN LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

The little boy walked sedately down the street with his petit teddy bear in his arms. A cherubic smile wreathed his countenance. Now and then he shook his "itsy bitsy" teddy bear, but mostly he just walked. And what cunning little clothes he had on! There was a pink lawn dress with shirring around the neck and a white Peter Pan collar with pink edging. Then, of course, tiny shoes topped by pink anklets. His brown hair was fixed with curls making a perfect combination with the white bonnet and a wide ribbon that tied under the chin. What wide-eyed innocence! What simple naivete! What charming graciousness of manner! All these things and more were embodied in this mere enfant off on his first day of school. Ah! Little did he know then what the future held for him! Little did his childish mind comprehend that some day his name would be in the B. H. S. Tatler! It was best that way perhaps. But let us return to that idyllic scene of a little child (ah! such were we once) pursuing his course to school. What a beautiful day it was! The sun was sending out healthful rays per schedule, the trees were green with leaves, the flowers were blooming, a soft breeze played gently with the little boy's curls. Impatiently he brushed them away from his face. Soon the little red schoolhouse was seen. The little boy is approaching—his dimpled knees still clean. (Use Bon Ami—it hasn't scratched yet.) Before he reaches the portals, let us reveal his identity. Who is this adorable bundle of rotundity, this sweet, unspoiled babykins?

Our own precious Stanley "Babykins" Staples!

JUDGES VOTE UNANIMOUSLY IN FAVOR OF BANGOR YOUTH SAYS DISPATCH

It was spring. There was romance in the air and every one's heart turned lightly to thoughts of love or to the new champeen of B. H. S.—a stalwart fellow to be sure and none other than Jay Smith. Champeen of what? Well, this is sort of a kind of champeenship that is different. Jay or "Palsy Walsy" as we love to call him is champeen of the toe wigglers. We mean that at a contest amateur toe wigglers from all the state, Palsy Walsy's wiggling was longest and the one possessing the most charm and freedom of restraint. Dear old "Poison Ivy" or rather Palsy Walsy let himself go and with emotions rising to the fore (like Joan Crawford) he put every gram of strength into his work. Straining and heaving, as even pig-callers do, only worse, he daintily lifted his pinky white toes (washed exclusively with Ivory to preserve their original color and freshness) and softly wiggled them to the tune of "Love's Old Sweet Song" played by Wayne King's orchestra especially imported for the occasion from the wilds of Chicago where men are men. Anyhow the judges happened to be around at the time, which is a very strange thing indeed as judges usually never see a contest they're judging but are off guzzling Moxie with some pretty girls and saw his exposed foot and were overcome by its dexterity and what nots and immediately handed over the prize to him. The prize was a moth eaten overstuffed boudoir chair with little cherubs all over it in pink stitching. The back-ground was purple and orange brocade with little roses around the edge. The effect was just too cute for words. Jay was almost speechless, but, when he saw that a girl friend of his was sitting on the chair, he quickly recovered and hastily putting on his shoes and stockings took her over to the Park in time to see one of their super-ultra Westerns. Of course the Bangor

GUESS WHO? OR WHAT?

"Deliciously different."
"Don't know why."
"I yam what I yam and that's all I yam."
"Oh—Dagwood!"
"What is so rare as a day in June."
"I'll be back with a flash in a flash."
"Get a Straight-Eight for your money."
"The breakfast food of millions."
"Time marches on!"
"And the night shall be filled with music. And the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away."
"The height of good taste."
"A product of local farms."
"Y'know, my girl Susabella, Ozzie."
"The National Drink."
"Whoopie! Sunny Jim—and Windy!"
"Well, Graham, my uncle is working."
"Always refreshing."
"Covers the world."
"The Champagne of Ginger Ales."
"Shake before using."
"The pause that refreshes."
"We do our part."
"They're milder."
"Together we cannot fail."
"When better automobiles are built,—will build them."
"Time to re-tire."
"In God we trust."

Daily Smash carried Jay's picture and a special flash of his million dollar toes. Well, this story would never have been written if it wasn't for the fact that the other day in school, old Palsy-Walsy was called upon to recite. But the old fever came back, the inner urge was too strong, he was overcome. Slowly, slowly with infinite patience and precision, delicacy of movement and motivated by something beyond his control—like radio static—he lifted his foot and wiggled his toes at the teacher.

JUST THE ECHOES

By Bob Canders

THIS time the columnist has the assistance of two secretaries, even though they are of the male variety... It looks like a very good friend of ours has settled down at last... Maybe Polly would not have any names mentioned so you'll have to guess... Easy... "Poogie" Stewart is the proud owner of a bright red Chevrolet coupe... Maybe it did used to be a fish cart, but then what would Henry say... tsk... tsk... The definition of love by a great lover... Jimmy Regis says: "Love is the act of grossly overestimating the difference between one girl and another... Not so bad. What do you think?... "Jolly Joe" Bertels gave such a realistic characterization of the freshman with the bookbag in the *Oracle* assembly that some frosh actually thought Joe was one of them. There ain't no justice... Things are sure in a fine pickle when a fine, upright young man works four years for the honor(?) of being a senior, and then... There's sumpin' about a soldier. Captain Bill's brass buttons and stripes seem to have captured Gerrie Clukey... or is it vice versa... It's just about time for the senior pictures... They say the camera never lies, but we have it on good authority that it does... So don't be discouraged, pals... It seems that Gay Carson has traded his Essex for something a bit larger... More miles to the gallon... Is that tall dark man whom we see with Virginia Wentworth her father or just a passing acquaintance... We wonder... Now that spring is here we suppose all the boys will be getting their sport shoes out of "hock"... Maybe... Kay Daley's love has taken to the tall timbers, but he'll be back again next year... We wonder who owns the coupe that Porky Flynn drives on the second shift... We never see those nasty scandal sheets anymore. They didn't last, somehow or other. No circulation... Compare the number that saw them with 2000 or so that read the *Oracle*... Owen Lynch was seen out the other night with a strange girl... Who were the "boogies" that were scrubbing the mall last week... Page Gen. Johnson and the N. R. A... It is a little known fact that Lorna Hawkes tried very hard to make a certain red-headed he-man in Madame Hall's class... His resistance is superb... Norm-Norm Wallace is all set to step into Bobby Jones' steps next summer... We hear that Buck Lawton is very fond of sleeping on the Y. M. C. A... Here are a few fashion notes: red bandanna handkerchiefs for contented noses... red, blue, and yellow Scotch plaid neckties... and of course there are bow ties for the daring...

For the benefit of those who doubt, Audrey Everett is reserving every week-end for the boy from Higgins, and, in the humble opinion of a simple columnist, she's doing the right thing... Ain't it guhrrandd!... Sir Malcolm, the top rider in the original Last Roundup—

... Frankie Lobley has a passion for green hats... Ed Curran's well wrought plans to wear his bright orange tie to school on St. Patrick's day received a sudden jolt when it was found that St. Patrick's day came on Friday... Similies... as one sided as a postage stamp, as tired as a postman's feet on Christmas Eve, or a mounted policeman's horse... For your information Jimmy Dauphinee can tell all concerning the trials and tribulations of an artist... The "one-man track team," Ken Donovan, is being told about the California sunshine by Kay Whitney. And does he like it! Hum-m-m... What happened to Eddie Ross and his "dream" girl?... We wonder... And who's the tall dark P. G. that is trying to kindle an old flame? Is she a nurse?... Contrary to all reports, Hal Grodinsky is still in attendance at good old Bangor High and not at City College... Believe it or not... Blair Stevens is the latest example of the ability of a good coach to uncover debating talent... Many (including Blair, himself) have known for years of his talent...

Those lovely Ewers may be seen these nights looking for the big dipper... (or pail, Gay?)... A rose to Lorna Hawkes for her landing ability... Are you seeing purple, Lorna?... A bouquet of roses to the Crimson five who gave us our first Bapst victory... A rose to Bill Weston's sprinting ability up Park Street hill when he's three minutes late... A rose to "Rena of the Palace" for her treatment of high school students, and a thorn to George, who doesn't like Carson... Is Arline McLawlin getting *Moon-ey*? A rose to Barb Ewer for her great big brown eyes and a thorn for her asthma drawll... C'n you-u-u play tha pian-n-oo—... *Cruising the Corridors*: Polly Oxley with the sleepy look... R. F. D. No. 4... Peg Gildart telling about how she lost that three pounds... Always in warm water... Billy Ayer always fixed just so, with the tie and every hair combed just right... No chance for anyone with these slickers around... "Classy Claire" Libbey should have a booking agent to keep track of her dates... This boy from Houlton takes our Claire quite seriously... And Mimi Merrill giving no one a tumble... Experience teaches... The "little maestro," "Bootsie" Lieberman with the very studious look... The queer part of it is that he really is studious... Ed McLaughlin with Joan Fellows... But that's no news... Marjorie Goode holding the torch for Richy... and there's a song about "I just couldn't take it"—but it looks like Don Daley can take it and then come back for more... Good for Carlene... Spring is here and all the pigeons are home to rest... stools and all... And finally... roses to those who enjoy this page and say so... it is certainly appreciated.....

TICKLERS

(Continued from page 29)

would be only fair to give their ancient night-watchman a part in the show.

He was told to enter at one point and announce that it wasn't a fit night out for man nor beast. But the night of the performance, stage fright got him and his memory went blank.

He stammered: "It ain't a fit night out for a man." Then realizing that this wasn't quite accurate he amended it:

"Nor for a woman, nor a dog either."

Gracie Allen: "Oh look, George. There's Jimmy Durante swimming around down there!"

George Burns: "Shh, Gracie. Keep quiet. That's not Jimmy Durante. That's a *swordfish*."

Harold Moon: "I'm the flower of my family."

Betty Homans: "Yes, a blooming *idiot*."

Teacher: "Compare the adjective sick."

Barbara Freese: "Sick, sicker, dead."

Bill Wright: "What instrument does a burglar play?"

Claire Libbey: "A lute."

Dana Kennedy: "Can you tell me what can go down a chimney down, but not up a chimney up?"

Art Weatherbee: "An umbrella."

Paul Higgins: "You've saved my life; so I'll give you five dollars, but unfortunately I have only a ten dollar bill."

Paul Giles: "Never mind—just jump in again."

Willie: "A little boy fell down today, and some of the kids laughed."

Mother: "Well, I hope you weren't one of the unkind children who laughed."

Willie: "No, m'am. I was the little boy who fell down."

A local senior took his girl to the last basketball game. The girl was a movie fan, and, not being very interested in basketball, was soon bored by the game. As the teams came out for the second half, she nudged her companion's arm.

"Come on let's go out now," she said. "This is where we came in."

There was a young fellow named Tate,

Who dined with a girl at 8:8;

But I cannot relate

What that fellow named Tate.

At his tete-a-tete ate at 8:8.

(Continued on page 36)

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HOKUM

By Morris Rubin

WELL, your scribe is here again. Reggie Dauphinee certainly has shown himself to be a good Samaritan. On the evening of the card party, he felt so kindly toward everybody that he secretly removed three quarts of ice cream. But don't misunderstand—he wouldn't take them for himself. Oh, no! He was just going to give them to the janitor.

We nominate for the most intelligent question of the month the following:

Bill Ballou: "I'm going to take the J. V's to Dover-Foxcroft to play tonight."

Florence Mitchell: "Who're they going to play?" And just to show the efficiency of the *Oracle* board—those two modern "Shakespeares", Tsoulas and Saltzman, wrote a drama of highest quality to be printed. Weeks and weeks passed and the anxious authors received no word of their masterpiece. Finally the Hokum editor has unearthed the fact that the story hasn't even been read by our editor-in-chief.

Famous bakers say that a loaf of bread can be made a work of art, and, from what I hear, some of Carlene Merrill's biscuits rightfully deserve a place in the statuary hall.

And have you heard how "Farmer Cece" Burleigh playfully tapped Jack Dunning and broke two ribs?

As a result of their recent skiing party, Room 210 has decided to send Pete Zoidis to Lake Placid for the winter sports meet. Say, speaking of disappearing acts, Houdini isn't in the same class with Pete.

Stanhope, just another case of the survival of the unfittest.

And did you hear of the conversation that took place between Captain Hussey and "Blondie" Ruhlin:

Hussey: "Number 1, what is your number?"

Ruhlin: "Number 1, sir."

Hussey: "Very well, you will be number 1."

And now Bangor High's own little theater:

"The Man Who Came Back" "Georgie" Powell

"Min and Bill" "Jackie" and "Paul"

"Play Boy of Paris" "Bill" Wright

"The Unholy Three" Bertels, Sawyer, and Giles

"Check and Double Check" "Bud" Higgins and

"Frit" Greene

And did you hear how James Siegel tried to make a fuss with the Madame because he hadn't got good ranks on a test when he had written six pages on the first question. "But," said the Madame, "we don't weigh the papers."

And now, the evolution of a high school student. When a freshman, he says: "I don't know." A sophomore says, "I am not prepared." The junior states, "I can't quite remember," while the senior says, "I don't believe I can add any constructive ideas to what has already been said on the subject."

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TICKLERS

(Continued from page 33)

Optician: "Weak eyes, eh? Well, how many lines can you read on that chart?"

Betty Maxwell: "What chart?"

"My girl got her nose broken in three places."

"She should have kept out of those places."

Jimmie Watson: "Did you hear what they do with boats when they are late?"

Tom Sawyer: "No, what?"

Jimmie: "Dock 'em."

"Just think children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now what should we save money for?"

"To go to Africa," cried a chorus of cheery voices.

"Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Smith to his neighbor, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mrs. Brown. "I told him not to act like a fool."

SOME FORMER JUNIOR EXHIBITION WINNERS

(Continued from page 23)

After an interval of four years, we find that the girl winner was Lola M. Yelland, the present Mrs. Ray W. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman is a clerk at the Probate Office in the Court House, and, incidently is the mother of one of the speakers, Artemus Edwin Weatherbee.

In 1920, Ruth T. Clough and Edward M. Curran were the winners. Mr. Curran is a lawyer and is now in Washington, D. C.

The next year Robert W. Coyne was one of the best speakers.

In 1926, the girl winner was Rosamond Taylor, the present Mrs. George Martens. It seems that she followed up her speaking ability, for before her marriage she was a teacher of expression and a radio announcer at station W L B Z.

Charles F. Bragg, 2nd, associated with N. H. Bragg and Sons, was the boy winner that year.

Eleanor Cross and Arthur D. Stern, were the successful contestants in 1927.

Janet E. Young and Robert C. Russ, a student at the U. of M., were the two winners for the year 1928.

In 1929 Abraham Stern, another U. of M. student and a brother of Arthur D. Stern, Junior Exhibition Medalist, was declared best speaker. Priscilla F. Brown, now employed at Boston, Mass., was the girl's medal winner.

The winners for 1930 were Norman Cahners and Elizabeth Riley; for 1931, Fred Littlefield and Louise Rice; for 1932, Robert Kurson and Ruth Hughes; for 1933, Andrew Cox and Mary Jenkins; for 1934, you guess who.

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ALUMNI

(Continued from page 24)

Helen Orbeton, a graduate of the class of '30 is a prominent senior at Nasson Institute. Miss Orbeton was a member of the basketball team and is also interested in other school activities.

Many of the popular girls of classes of '32 and '33, were recently pledged to sororities at the University of Maine. Those who went Alpha Omicron Pi are Barbara Bertels, '33; Louise Hastings, '33; Margaret Thayer, '33; Beatrice Jones, '32; Elizabeth Shiro, '32; Geneva Epstein, '32. Those who went Chi Omega are Jane Sullivan, '33; Betty Dill, '32; and Frances Jones, '33. Two others went Phi Mu. They are Ruth Currie, '33, and Anora Peavey, '32.

Hugh Connor, a graduate of the class of '28, and a former athlete at B. H. S., has passed the Central Board football examinations for the season of 1934 and is now a certified Central Board football official.

Miss Christine Curran, '31, is now a junior at Regis College. Besides being a high ranking student, she is also a member of the Spanish Club, Dramatic Club, Glee Club, and is a captain of the college fire squad.

M. Chandler Redman, a senior at Bowdoin and a former editor of the *Oracle*, was recently elected to Phi Beta Kappa honors. He is very prominent in all school activities and was one of those selected to take part in an extensive debating tour.

JINGLES

(Continued from page 13)

she left the room satisfied. Then came a flutter of talk.

"Oh, look! The new boy is lame."

"Yes, look at his leg."

"Isn't he small!"

A few days later, it being play hour, the orphans were busily engaged in playing in the yard. A moment the bell rang for dinner, a straight line was formed, and the boys were checked up on. Immediately there arose a cry. Where was Jingles? The nurses, even Mrs. Mulhern, were frantic. A careful search of the grounds was made—but in vain. Jingles was nowhere to be found. Jingles had disappeared, no one knew how.

The telephone buzzed on Mrs. Mulhern's desk, and she picked up the receiver.

"This is Dr. Lowe from the Memorial. Jingles has been run over by an automobile and is still unconscious. Funny how he escaped. Will call later," and there was a sharp click on the other side.

When Jingles first opened his eyes, he found himself in a small private room, with Dr. Lowe and a pleasant looking nurse standing beside him.

"Jingles, Jingles, what happened?"

"Oh—I managed to get away—I got run over—that was the only way I could come back—by getting sick."

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PETER'S PINK CAT

(Continued from page 8)

ment had come, it ceased. Peter finally grasped the rosy apparition by its scanty tail, and fled far, far away from the angry voice and baleful eye of his mother.

When the new owner of the pink cat had at last found refuge in the loft of an old barn next door, he sat down to think the matter over.

"Anyhow," said Peter to the now purring kitten in his arms, "If Ma's mad tonight, we kin run away, 'n' I'll put you in the side show in the circus, 'n' I'll learn to be one o' them tight rope walkers."

LADY FOR AN HOUR

(Continued from page 6)

ley was just another contribution to his bread and butter. He took his assignments stoically and inwardly wished for interviews with he-men like Cagney and Tracy. Thus he was able to say with perfect sincerity to La Stanley, "Call me Joe."

"I'd be glad to—Joe," she replied. However the general effect was somewhat spoiled as she was sipping her well-chilled tomato juice with vim and gusto and evident enjoyment in entire forgetfulness of her role.

Halfway through the chop the questions began. The reason they didn't begin sooner was that Joe was eating dinner, and even a lady didn't keep Joe away from his three squares.

"Now, tell me, Miss Stanley, what is your greatest ambition?"

"Well—Joe, I want to be a great actress like—er—Eleanora Duse, or," opening her handbag, "Florence Nightingale."

"That's fine. And what type of literature do you prefer?"

She waved her hand vaguely in the general direction of heaven and replied languidly, "Oh I do like Shakespeare and James Russell Emerson and Lewis Sinclair and Schopenhaven."

Joe glanced up suspiciously, and his eyes held a faint beam, but he sternly suppressed an impulse to smile and wrote earnestly in his little notebook.

"Well, Miss Stanley, I've truly enjoyed meeting such a literary enthusiast," he remarked as he rose to go. "Tell me, have you ever read 'Van Rip Winkle' by George Irving Washington?"

She puckered her brow anxiously, "No-o-o, but I'll certainly have my secretary look it up."

Bill Ballou: "It says here that there are more marriages of blondes than brunettes. Why is that?"

Bob Canders: "Naturally the light-headed ones go first."

The instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute jumping, concluded: "And if it doesn't open—well, that is what is called jumping to a conclusion."

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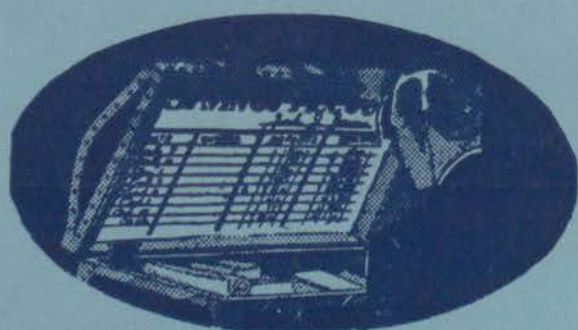
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