

ORACLE.



April 1931



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Sat.—May 16, Bangor at Belfast

Wed.—May 20, Belfast at Bangor

Fri.—May 22, Ellsworth at Bangor

Wed.—May 27, Bangor at Orono

Fri.—May 29, Bapst at Bangor

Wed.—June 3, Bangor at Brewer



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Brewer

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April, 1931

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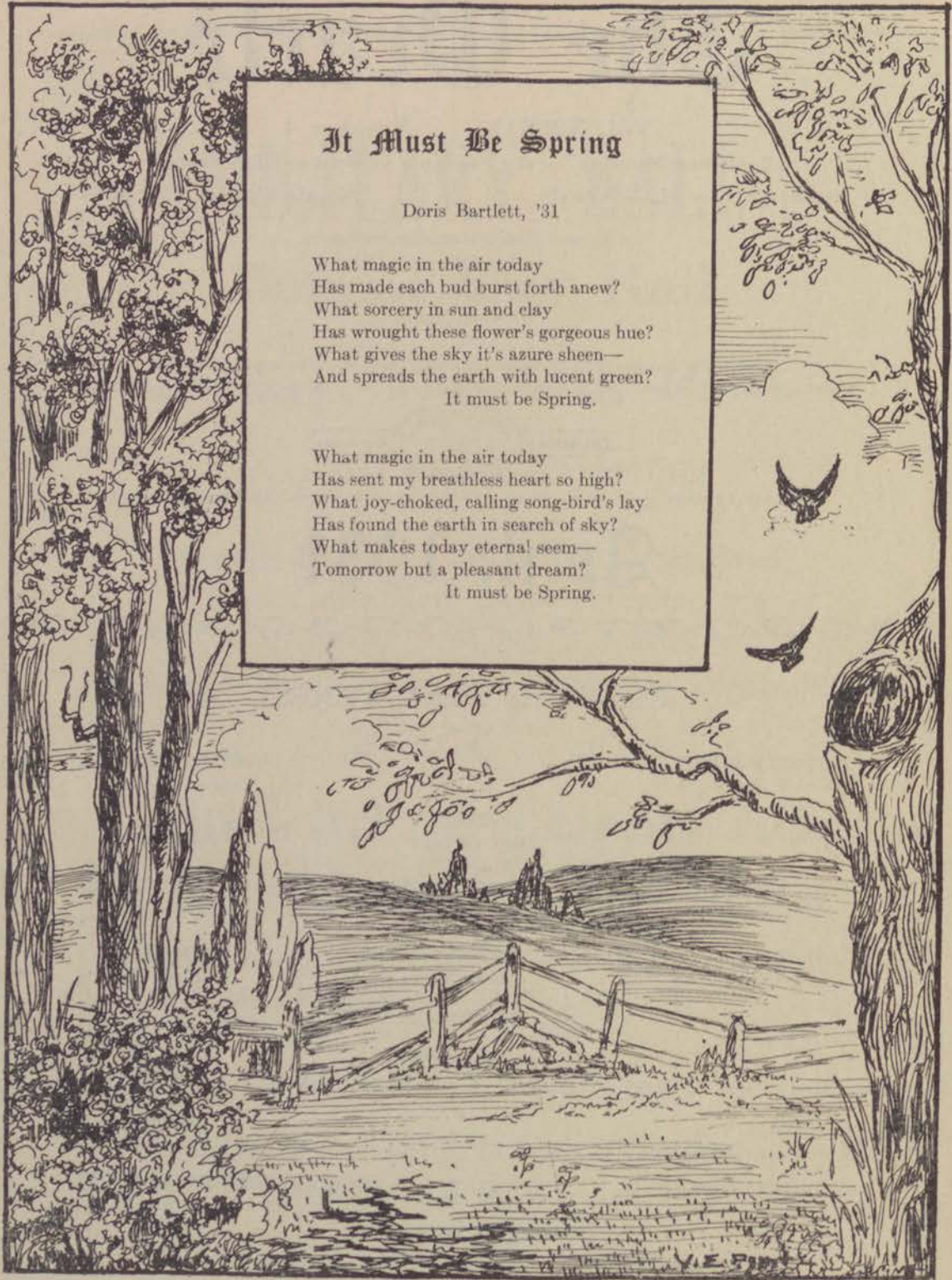
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It Must Be Spring

Doris Bartlett, '31

What magic in the air today
Has made each bud burst forth anew?
What sorcery in sun and clay
Has wrought these flower's gorgeous hue?
What gives the sky its azure sheen—
And spreads the earth with lucent green?
It must be Spring.

What magic in the air today
Has sent my breathless heart so high?
What joy-choked, calling song-bird's lay
Has found the earth in search of sky?
What makes today eterna! seem—
Tomorrow but a pleasant dream?
It must be Spring.



"The great consulting room of a wise man is a library"—Dawson

SCHOOL SPIRIT

The general idea concerning school spirit is that it is manifested only in supporting athletics. This is, however, a very mistaken idea. Of course school spirit is shown very clearly by students going out and cheering the team along, for nothing speaks better for school spirit than a good cheering section. But one peculiar thing noticeable in much of the cheering is that often when the team is winning there is a roar of applause; but, when the team is not doing so well, when it most needs support, all too often the school yell is missing. Why, instead, can the cheering not be the loudest when the team is losing? At such a time a hearty cheer is more really helpful than one given when the team is winning. It will often revive the spirit of the team and will give it inspiration to play all the better. Cheering shows every member of the team that he still has the support of the student body, and it helps him to show the opposing player that he is still very much in the game.

A few years ago girls' athletics played but a small part in the school; but now the girls have basket-ball, hockey, and baseball. They further the idea of athletics for all and deserve to have their games well supported.

A real spirited student body will attend every athletic game, and support the team. Even though the game be out of town, in this day of the automobile, many go along and cheer. Cheering at an out-of-town game is most effective because the team is at a disad-

vantage in a strange town where the support of the majority is naturally for the local school.

It is encouraging to hear your student body cheer when you think everybody and everything is going against you.

But, as mentioned before, true school spirit is not confined merely to the support of the athletics. In fact supporting athletics is only one of its many manifestations. After all there are those who do not care for athletics. They must be offered something in which they too may participate. The debating team, the glee club, the band, the orchestra, the dramatic club, and the rifle club, all offer opportunities to them. Those who have a talent for speaking and for quick reasoning may support the debating club; those with musical talent have a choice of the glee club, the orchestra, and the band; the actors have the dramatic club; while those with proper talent have the rifle club. No truer mirror for reflecting school spirit can be found than our own school publication—the *Oracle*. Here every department of school activity has its section. Pupil participation and cooperation in this magazine is clearly indicated not only to the citizens of Bangor but to exchange readers in far off Panama and California. Surely this is a wide enough field to give each one an opportunity to help uphold the interests of his school. Moreover, all of the latter mentioned activities will be of lasting value. Not only do they afford pleasure, but they offer training in their various fields. They, too, deserve the cooperation

and support of the school. When one of these clubs stages an event for the entertainment of the school, it has the right to expect a good attendance.

But still there is one more important place where all may display school spirit in another manner: that is, in the obtaining of the highest scholastic rank possible. High scholarship upholds the school as an educational institution which, of course, is its primary purpose. Naturally every school has a pride in its scholastic standing, and those who maintain this standing must certainly have the best of school spirit.

There may be students, but fortunately these are very few, who will never support any school activity. They have not caught the idea of true school spirit, perhaps because they have not quite grasped its true meaning.

How can we judge whether or not we have the proper school spirit? What is school spirit? School spirit is anything which helps to maintain the standard of the school. It is anything which tends to better the standard of the school. It is the interest in and active support of all its activities. It is anything which shows one's love for his Alma Mater. It is anything which in its broadest sense, tends toward the goal to which every school aims: the giving of an education.

THE BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL OF TODAY

The Bangor High School girl of today is essentially the same vagrant pretty story as her prototype of twenty years ago. She apparently reads Caesar and makes those terrible triangles congruent with the same serious intent as her predecessor, yet she has certain characteristics that put her in a class by herself. It can not be that her hero worship of Mr. Hubert Prior Vallee distinguishes her from the girl of yesterday for girls have always had their beaux ideals. Probably—although nobody ever said anything about it—a girl had a "crush" on Hercules, and certainly the girl of 1910 made a matinee idol of John Barrymore.

Sophisticated Miss 1931 has substituted the sporty roadster for the bicycle as a speedier means of transportation. Basketball, hockey, baseball, swimming, and golf provide much more vigorous and diversified exercise than the weekly class in ball room dancing. Has she then forsaken the art of dancing altogether? If you would know—just look in on any basketball or other school dance and see Miss 1931 doing the latest step.

The present-day high school girl is really a hybrid. She is a mixture of the hard age which followed the war and the soft clinging vine age that is just beginning to come into fashion openly. This latter type never really disappeared; just hid itself behind short skirts and an exaggerated facial make-up. However the excessive make-up of post war days is gradually being dropped and flowing hair and longer skirts are again coming into their own. For, even as her mother and grandmother adhered strictly to uncomfortable fashions or the sake of appearing *stylish*, so the girl of 1931 will array herself in soft and clinging garments again in order to be "en vogue." And she will find it not at all difficult to revert to a very natural type, the type of yesterday.

"Variabile et mutabile semper femina" wrote Virgil in a fit of cynicism. Could he have had the B. H. S. girl of to-day in mind? Hardly—yet how truly those ancient words describe her—changeable, changeful but not changing. Readers—feminine nature does not change. The same gay, intelligent type of woman whose charming wit dominated Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" is in the making at B. H. S., but with what enlarged opportunities and greater freedom.

You may approve or disapprove of her, but she is no better nor worse than any other girl of any other day or age. M. G. and M. A.

Due to an error in the last issue of the Oracle, the name of the author of "The Mays" was omitted. The author was Persis Barnfield.



"Literature is the garden of wisdom"—Ellis

A Rug and a Hole

Alma Jean Utterback

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Smith
Mr. Smith.
Ruth Smith.
Mrs. Jones.
Mr. Jones (the boss).

Scene I

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Smith
Mr. Smith
Ruth

The family is seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Smith is absorbed in his morning paper.

Mrs. S. (pouring coffee). Charles, dear, we must have a new rug for the living room.

No response.

Mrs. S.—Charles!

Mr. S. (grunting behind paper)—What?

Mrs. S.—Did you hear what I said?

Mr. S.—No, what do you want?

Mrs. S.—Well, why don't you listen to me?

Mr. S. (slamming down paper)—Oh, all right.

Mrs. S.—I said we really must have a new rug for the living room.

Ruth—I think so t—.

Mr. S.—Now both of you know rugs are very expensive. We can't possibly afford one now.

Ruth—That's what you've been saying for the last few years.

Mr. S. (frowning at her)—That will do.

Mrs. S.—I know, dear, but that old one is so worn! The colors have all faded too and there is another hole in it. I'm terribly ashamed of it.

Ruth—So am I. It'l—.

Mr. S.—Can't you patch the hole up?

Mrs. S. (icily)—Certainly not. It's already been mended to death. It's a disgrace to the family.

Ruth—I agree with Mother. I have been asked so many times to have the club meeting here that I can't put it off much longer. But do you think I'll have all the girls come here if we don't even have a decent rug? I guess not!

Mr. S.—Now you ought to realize how much it costs to send your brother to college. And we'll have to save for you to go too.

Ruth—Of course I wan't to go to college, but it seems to me that we could at least have an inexpensive rug.

Mrs. S.—Yes, Charles, I didn't mean a nice Oriental or anything like that, though I'd love to have one. Anything will do for now.

Mr. S. (rising from the table and leaving the room)—I don't want to hear any more about it.

Scene II

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Smith is serving. Mr. Smith, with slippers on his feet, is stretched out in his favorite chair smoking and reading.

Suddenly the peal of the door-bell shatters the silence.

Mrs. S.—Who on earth do you suppose that is? I hope it isn't company. I don't look very well to receive callers.

Mr. S.—(putting down his book and shuffling towards the door).

I'm sure I don't know who it is. I hate to leave off in the middle of this detective story.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Mr. S.—Well, well, how do you do this evening? This is a nice surprise.

And how are you this evening, Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. Jones—I'm fine, thank you. You're Mrs. Smith aren't you? I'm awfully glad to meet you.

Mr. J.—You wern't planning on going out, were you? We thought we'd drop in for awhile.

Mrs. S.—I'm so glad to see you. Come right in.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones take off their wraps and sit down.

Mrs. J.—This is a comfortable little home you have, Mr. Smith.

Mr. S.—Yes, we're pretty comfortable.

Mrs. Jones looks around the room and her eyes rest on the hole in the rug.

Mrs. S.—You have a daughter in college haven't you Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. J.—Oh yes, Mary is a Junior this year. She likes school very much. And how is your son getting on?

Mrs. S.—Nicely, thank you. We are very proud of him. He is on the foot-ball team. (The four of them talk on topics of the day for awhile. After having refreshments, the Jones prepare to leave.)

Mrs. J.—We've had a very nice visit. Do come and see us some day won't you?

Mr. J.—Yes, we'd love to have you. Oh! Isn't that a beautiful vase on that book-case! It's an antique isn't it?

Mrs. S.—Yes, it belonged to my great-great-grandmother. It's one of my choicest treasures.

Mr. J.—(crossing the floor to look at it) I'm very fond of antiques. I have a vase something li——Crack! Bang!

(Mr. Jones, tripping in the hole, falls to the floor with the vase, which is broken into a thousand pieces).

Mrs. Jones—Oh, John, did you hurt yourself?

Mr. S. (helping Jones up)—I'm so sorry this has happened Mr. Jones. I hope you didn't hurt yourself.

Mr. J.—No, there's no harm done to me but I'm afraid there's not much left of your vase, Mrs. Smith. It was an unfortunate accident, I'm sure.

Mrs. S. (rather frustrated)—O—oh that's all right. You're sure you didn't hurt yourself? I've told Charles time and time again that we needed a new rug, but he didn't seem to think so.

Mr. J.—This all brings me around to one of the reasons that I came to call on you. I forgot all about it, strange to say. Smith, you've been working for me for a good many years and you have been very faithful. As you probably know, there is now a vacant position in the firm, caused by the resignation of one of the men. I have been thinking it over, and have decided that if there is anyone worthy of taking the vice-president's place, it is you. How would you like that?

Mr. S. (very red in the face)—W—why I'm s-sure this is quite a surprise. I'd appreciate

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Side-Lights on the Passion Play

By Roberta Ingle, '32



It is interesting to gain some information about the visitors to the Passion Play. All ranks and classes of society are represented here, from the traveling journey-man, up to princes and crowned heads.

There is hardly a country in Europe which has not sent its representative. The greatest number of foreign visitors however, belong to the Anglo-Saxon race.

After the conclusion of the Passion Play, the rarest coins are often found in the money boxes of the parish church, affording thus some clue to the places from which the givers of this money came. Not only all European coins are represented, but there can be found, as well, American dollars, Mexican and Brazilian silver, bolivianos and sols from Peru, and sometimes even a coin from Hong-Kong.

One can rightly say that the Oberammergauers, during five years speak only of the Passion Play which has just passed; and, when the first half of the decade is over, young and old think only of the next one. The question is eagerly discussed as to who will take the parts of the principal characters the next time, whether the "old ones" will still remain, or whether younger ones will take their places. Other subjects have their importance, but the Passion Play remains the chief topic of conversation.

There is only one class which, from the beginning, has nothing to do with the play—the married women. It is a peculiarity of Oberammergau that no married woman may take part in the Passion Play. This circumstance, together with the fact that only people of blameless reputation may take part, makes the election exceedingly difficult; for it goes without saying that the number of efficient persons is not large in the small village, and it grows smaller besides, since all who can sing or play must be taken for the choir and orchestra. For the maintenance of discipline every single performer,—and there are over one

thousand, must sign a printed contract in which he declares himself ready to accept the part allotted to him and to carry it through as well as he possibly can; the contract also includes a passage relating to conduct on and off the stage. Offenders are threatened with punishment, which is carried out with great severity.

The first glimpse of the whole stage gives a grand and at the same time pleasant impression. The broad and lofty hall, the green of the neighboring trees, the outlines of the surrounding mountains, over all the blue sky—all this is magical in its effect.

The curtain is ornamented with the life size figures of Moses with Isaiah and Jeremiah at each side. The front of the stage is supported by four Corinthian columns, and represents, in the center, Christ in the midst of his people. Adjoining this are two gates on each side, affording a glimpse into the streets of Jerusalem.

Everyone who is permitted to glance behind the scenes is astonished at the enormous amount of equipment of all kinds. There is a whole network of ropes, numerous beams, movable scenery, boards, benches, pulleys and weights; there can be seen lances of Roman soldiers, staves of generals, apostles and prophets; crowns and chaplets, goblets, jugs, and in addition the costumes for a thousand people perfectly arranged in numerous wardrobes. But the astonishment increases when the perfect order is observed in which this huge apparatus is kept. All costumes are designed in Oberammergau itself, and are made by native hands.

The members of the choir or "guardian angels", as they are called in the village, are especially worthy of notice. They all appear, both men and women, in long flowing garments, with a golden girdle round the waist, a long mantle falling from the shoulders, and a

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A Swamp

Donald Rollins, '32

CAN a swamp be beautiful? That depends upon the nature of the person who visits the place. Some see only horrid things, such as snapping turtles, water snakes, weeds, and mosquitoes; but those who know the swamps, the little marshy ponds, and lakes, realize their many pleasures. The countless songbirds, the small game birds, the many varieties of flowers, furnish subjects for intensely interesting studies.

The ideal swamp has a winding channel of clear water, bending and curving, twisting and turning this way and that, permitting one to float through the reedy maze and enjoy the slender swaying sedges, the sturdy rushes, and and the rainbow blossoms. The surface of this quiet pond is covered with lily pads having the most delicate blossoms peeping among them. Other flowers, the sweet flag or Japanese iris, blue-eyed grass, forget-me-nots, water arum and others too numerous to mention may be found along the shores.

Minnows flit here and there between the

leaves of the water plants. A glint of color indicates the presence of some fish, swimming by; flashes of silver reveal the passage of a silver bass or sunfish, while darker shadows point to speckled bass. Now and then, the fish break the surface of the water with a splash of rainbow spray, as they capture an insect darting about in venturesome play over the marsh.

Red-winged blackbirds, wrens, and scarlet tanagers give forth their melodies, while ducks and teal add to the little noises of the swamp, and above all the other sounds, the liquid boom of the bullfrog rises in perfect harmony.

Trees grow in the marshy lands of our Southern States; trees that produce valuable wood—such as arbor vitae, tamarack, butternut, and black walnut. Among the shrubs which grow in boggy or damp lands of our states are: elderberry, white dogwood, high brush cranberry, high bush huckleberry, and black alder, all of which provide food for birds. If properly used, marshes are valuable, as well as attractive and alluring.



A Burned Pie

By Woodford Brown, '33

WITH a start I dropped the book which I had been reading and dashed for the kitchen. Already the odor of burning foodstuff permeated the interior of the house. Jerking open the oven door, I saw only a smoking ruin of what had been a marvelous pastry. Having placed it on the cupboard to cool, I will relate the history of my first attempt at delving into the mysteries of the higher phases of the culinary art.

My mother had gone to visit some relatives for a week or two. As I was left in complete charge of the kitchen, I determined to show my

father, who was very skeptical as to my ability as a cook, that I was able to cook as good food as anyone. My pie was the first attempt at providing more than hash, soup, and sundry canned goods.

This pie was of the genus, lemon, and, having carefully followed directions as to measuring, stirring, beating, and mixing, I gazed in awe at this eighth wonder of the culinary world, which had been made by my own hands.

When I had placed this marvel in the oven, I set the alarm clock for the necessary hour

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A Cyclone

Abraham Kern, '32

PERHAPS the most dreadful and yet most fascinating experience that one can pass through is to be in a cyclone. As much has been said and done about the effects of cyclones and as very little has been said about the cyclone itself, I will try to describe one that I witnessed in the West Indies several years ago.

Now as I think back over the episode, I am forced to agree with the person who said that "Forthcoming events forecast their shadow." During the evening preceeding the event, just before moon-rise, the water of the neighboring bay became so brilliantly phosphorescent that every-one's attention was drawn to it. Under the water, each little fish that swam back and forth served as a torch, while the various clumps of coral helped to light up the bottom of the bay. Suddenly, while everybody was watching this phenomenon, it suddenly ceased, and the water of the bay turned into an inky blackness. The scene was such an awful, mysterious sight that it filled all with evil forebodings.

When I arose the next morning, I found the day to be very dark. A solid roof of lead-colored clouds, extending almost to the horizon, covered the sky. Some birds flew wildly around in the calm air as if disturbed by some unknown enemy in the woods. As the day wore on, the darkness increased, and soon a breeze arose, fanning the trees with a hot, moist breath. By this time, I realized that a storm was brewing, but there was something different in its approach from the coming of any other storm that I had ever witnessed.

By this time, the rushing chimney of dust could be seen rapidly approaching. It was then I knew that a royal visitor, the tragic king of storms, was at hand. The whole beautiful country had now taken on the color of lead and ashes; beauty had utterly vanished, and all seemed sadness and distress.

As it was too dangerous to remain out-of-

doors any longer, I rushed into the cellar, and not a second too soon, for, just as I reached the cellar, the storm struck with full fury. Fortunately, the house was so situated that a grove of trees intervened between it and the direct path of the storm. Suddenly, with a loud crash of thunder, the clouds split, and the rain began to fall in hugh torrents; it seemed as if a steady, sheet-like cascade was falling on the house. For about an hour this downpour continued. Then, all at once, the wind dropped, the rain ceased, and a pale spectral light, like the light of dawn, fell over the country. Listening, I heard a great droning noise rapidly coming near.

As I listened, the sound increased, sharpened, and became a shriek that pierced the ear-drums; a sound that shook with hurry and speed, bringing with it the bursting and crashing of trees, and at last breaking overhead in a yell-like sound that stunned the brain. In that period the house was torn away, and I was left clinging to the bottom of the cellar, exposed to the mercy of the storm. How long the horror lasted, I could not say, for I lost all sense of time in that prolonged torture. Then, without any warning, the wind stopped blowing, and there was peace; the center of the storm was passing over.

Looking up, I saw a wonderful sight. The air was filled with birds, butterflies and insects, all hanging in the heart of the storm, and traveling with it for protection. Although the air was as still as the air of a summer day, from every point of the compass came the yell of the cyclone which had gathered on its way birds of every sort and description, all seeming as if they were encased under a great, drifting dome of glass. Then, as suddenly as it had stopped, the last part of the cyclone struck, and the whole bitter business commenced over again.

This last part of the storm lasted until about

(Continued on page 53)

Winter Court's Mystery

By Constance Hedin, '33

WINTER Court was the scene of a very horrible mystery this afternoon. About four o'clock a heart-rending screech was heard, so many of the people living thereabouts rushed out to see who had been murdered. To the disappointment of all, no corpse was to be found. Not to be discouraged, however, some of the people living about called *The News* and a reporter was sent up.

The first person interviewed was Mr. Theodore Dresser who said that he was in his study when a bloodcurdling yell was heard. He rushed to the window but could see no one. Nevertheless, he termed the incident as nothing less than an American Tragedy. To interview the next person was rather a difficulty as he—E. Philips Oppenup—was exceedingly reticent at first. When he was finally started, however, he said that it was undoubtedly a plot of wide international scope. He predicted that at least an industrial revolution would come from it. He also stated that for the last week or two he had seen extremely suspicious looking characters lurking about the neighborhood. Mr. Sinclair Lewis said that no doubt the incident would give average people something to talk about for years to come, and that he didn't have the slightest doubt but what the Rotary would have a speaker on it at their next meeting. He went on to say that of course he hadn't bothered to investigate and then dramatically ended the interview by de-

fying the elements to strike him dead if it wasn't true.

Mr. Al Capaner, the next to be interviewed, is a new resident of Winter Court having but lately come from Chicago. Mr. Capaner stated that at four minutes and thirty seconds past four o'clock he heard a yell similar to the type he had heard when he had taken various people for a ride. Now of course in his home town Mr. Capaner wouldn't have bothered, but not knowing that such things happened in Bangor, he reached the window in time to see an automobile careening wildly down the street. He ended his interview, however, by saying that if he had said anything he had said it in a temporary moment of insanity, and that in reality he hadn't seen a thing. The next house was that of Miss Willa Wather. Miss Wather stated that she arose at seven o'clock as she had done yesterday and would so do again tomorrow. She had an average day except for the fact that a foreboding that something was going to happen had hung over her all day. She could advance no theory as to the significance of the scream.

The last one to be interviewed was Mr. Smith, a business man. He expressed great surprise at being interviewed. He said that, when he let the dog out at four o'clock that afternoon, he had accidentally stepped on the poor thing's tail. He certainly hoped that he hadn't disturbed the neighbors.

Who Stole Mrs. Longworth's Ring?

Geneva Hibbard, '33

PEDROW was up to mischief! He was sidling down the stairs with a decidedly criminal air. He reached the door just as the maid opened it to the imperious

ring of the very rich, elderly spinster, Miss Hinkle, and in making a grand rush for liberty, nearly knocked that dear lady over. Nearly, not quite. She had enough breath left to give

one of her famous sniffs in the approved spinster manner, which should have snubbed the little wretch, but Pedrow, unabashed, went his illegal way. Miss Hinkle, suddenly in a great hurry, sweetly told the maid that she would leave her card, as she did not wish to bother "dear" Mrs. Longworth, who, as the maid, given time, could have told her, was out anyway. She then proceeded to carry the news of her reception at the house of Mrs. Longworth to all her friends, having all in all, a very enjoyable day.

Pedrow, after his encounter with Miss Hinkle, went straight to the garden where he proceeded to dig a hole in one of Mrs. Longworth's favorite flower beds. This finished, he opened his mouth and anyone looking would have seen a flash as something fell into the hole. Carefully covering up the hole, Pedrow returned to the house, where a scandalized maid whisked him away to be washed.

That night Mrs. Longworth was going to a party, so of course in the manner of ladies, she wished to outshine everyone else. Taking

that statement literally, she would have, for her diamonds were famous. Then the riot began, for Mrs. Longworth had discovered her pet ring, carelessly left on the dressing table, gone. All the servants were called in and accused of the theft; everyone but Pedrow, who for a beginner in that doubtful accomplishment—stealing—acted creditably cool, was in a high state of excitement.

Morning dawned, and the ring was still missing. The old gardener, going to his work, discovered several flowers uprooted in one of the beds. Bringing new plants, he proceeded to set them in place of the uprooted ones. Thus, of course, Pedrow's loot was found. As you probably have guessed, Pedrow—the dog—was the thief. The gardener took the ring to Mrs. Longworth, and it remained a mystery to this day as to who stole the ring, and hid it in that insane manner.

Of course the gardener was suspected and even the dignified Miss Hinkle, but the secret lay between Pedrow and me until I was authorized at the time of his death to tell all.



The Art of Doing Up a Box

Betty Brown, '32



If the saying were not so old, I might start—"first get the box." As it is, you are supposed to have the box. The one you have is, say, fifteen and three-eighths inches by eighteen and a quarter by twelve and nine-tenths. You also have a piece of paper large enough to surround it several times.

The box has been set in a nice convenient position on the top of a book case or similar object. Holding your breath, you lift it gently down. But just before it touches the floor, the bottom falls out, or, if the box is cardboard, merely splits. You scramble wildly to collect the contents and to return them to the box, but it is simply impossible to crowd them all in

as they were before. About this time you begin to think disrespectfully of the box. Finally you get the box in the middle of the paper, and discover that you do not need all of it. Of course, the only pair of scissors that you can find are nail scissors, but you set valiantly to work to pare the paper down to a reasonable size. While you are doing this, another fifteen minutes passes.

Next you look over your supply of string, and select a piece of rope large enough to hold a rambunctious calf. You proceed to try to slip it under the paper and box, but, when you reach across the aforementioned article to grasp the opposite end of the string, you lose your balance and flatten none too gently across

the box. The effect is not helpful, and it takes some time to repair the damage. Now is the time to begin composing your speech for later use.

Following this disaster you begin to fold the paper around the box. Now you find that you have too greatly reduced the dimensions of the paper for ease in wrapping, but you must needs continue. One end you fold and push your knee against it to hold it in place while you fix the other. Everything is "jake" until you reach for the string. It has disappeared! In the search for the recreant rope you forget that you are supposed to hold the folded ends, and by the time you have again secured the string, you have all that work to do over again. About this time you begin to discourse fluently and with great freedom on the "whichness of the why" of the wrapping of boxes. If you are talented in this direction, you can deliver your speech while you repair the damage, but

with some people this discourse requires undivided attention. You can, after this speech, resume your work with feelings greatly relieved, but, when you have finally folded the ends again, you will, in all probability, find that the string is too short for complete constriction of the box. Spurred on by your difficulties, you conceive the brilliant idea of sticking the ends while you go in search of a longer string. If it is Christmas time, you will have stickers in plenty, and it won't take more than five or six dozen to make each end fast.

After hunting high and low for some minutes, you return with another and longer string. Now you proceed to tie up the box. You sit back on your heels and admire your job.

Just then in rushes someone, "Oh, have you got it all tied up? I've found something that simply must go in." Perhaps you won't feel the desire to commit mayhem, but if you don't you're not human.



A Dream

Hazel Chapman, '33

ONE day not long ago, I had been working unusually hard and was very tired when supper time came. Mother had the loveliest supper, crab salad, which is my favorite dish. But mother said, "You are too tired; your supper will never digest. Just a piece of toast and a cup of tea; then you will sleep all night and not dream bad dreams." Just you imagine my eating toast and tea when my favorite dish was set on the table. Dreams or no dreams, I ate my crab salad and a liberal portion at that. Then I went to bed to get a good night's sleep which I needed sorely.

All of a sudden I heard my friend Jack down stairs calling me. Up I jumped and ran down to see what he wanted. He wanted me to go to the show with him. I went and we enjoyed the play very much although it was very spooky. He then suggested a Chinese restau-

rant where we went for another meal. I really could not eat,—the very sight of food even made me sick; but rather than be rude, I consented.

I was just about to take a fork full of chicken chop suey when the little roots began to turn into crawling, squirming, worms. Suddenly their green eyes began to grow larger and larger until they were as big as saucers. Then great big arms began to grow all over it. The first thing I knew, the horrible worm was beginning to make the most awful noises,—spitting and hissing sounds. Then 'it began to crawl towards me.

Then with its large arms, it began to pull me towards him. I began to screech for Jack to help me but he was nowhere to be found. The more I yelled, the more the monster squeezed.

(Continued on page 53)

POETRY

DUSK

By Bertha Bailey, '31

Clouds float lazily along,
 The soft shades of the sky are beautifully
 blended,
 A soft quiet breeze
 Gently blows the variously toned leaves
 And mildly sways the low bushes.
 Lights flicker noiselessly;
 New autos quietly climb the hill;
 The hushed voices of the neighbors,
 The mellow notes of a robin,
 Sharp twitterings of small birds,
 A mid-week church bell pealing its peaceful
 message,
 The calm water of a fountain.
 Quiet, meek antics of dogs,
 The sweet, soothing strains of a violin,
 Such are the peaceful happenings at dusk.



MAINE

Eva Parke, '31

From the rugged old coast to the northern-
 most post,
 We've a beautiful land to be seen—
 With its huge God-like peaks and each valley
 that speaks
 To all men with a voice that is keen;
 With its clear crystal lakes and each river that
 makes
 The old heart and the young all afire;
 And the scenes on the coast that few countries
 can boast—
 Those dear scenes that we all do admire.
 So we drink to you, Maine, to each hill and
 each plain!
 We will say once again—and 'tis true—
 There's no other space that will quite take
 your place,
 And we're happy and proud that it's you.

EVENING

By Henrietta Atwood, '31

A soft breeze is stirring among the new leaves,
 And robins are calling goodnight to each
 other,
 Downy birds lying asleep mid the trees
 Are dreaming of a big worm brought by
 their mother.
 Silently the silver moon creeps on high
 Smiling dreamily at the quietness of the
 earth,
 Now a soft purple cloud comes drifting by
 Telling the moon of a butterfly's birth.
 Away in the distance comes the boom of the
 surf
 From the deep ocean, so near yet so far,
 While joyful crickets sing full of mirth
 And frogs tell how happy they are.
 The still earth is startled by loud low hoots
 Which call, "Whoo, whoo, are you?"
 A rabbit, hearing, scuttles under some roots,
 And never shows the hunting owl
 The home wherein he grew.



DREAMS

Helen McKean, '31

In spring I dream of paths I know
 Where violets and cowslips grow,
 Where skies are blue, and hills so high
 They touch the clouds a-sailing by,
 Where woodland walks grow dark and dim
 When birds have sung their evening hymn.
 I know a clear and sparkling pool
 Where birds may bathe to make them cool,
 Where purple irises are found
 And tall green trees grow all around
 Where moss is wet and brooks run free—
 Oh, there's the place I long to be.

Junior Exhibition Winners

MEDAL WINNERS



LOUISE RICE
China Blue Eyes - - Foss



FREDERICK LITTLEFIELD
The Constitution - - - Wenig

HONORABLE MENTION



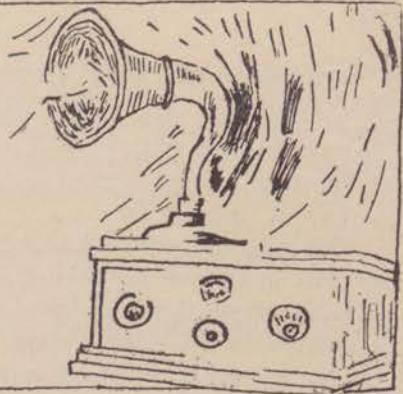
FRANCES REYNOLDS
Katherine and Petruchio - Shakespeare



ISADORE LEAVITT
Why Lindberg is the World's Hero - Anon

BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Fr '29



"Some intentions are at least the seed of good actions"—Temple

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

The Exhibition, long awaited by members of the third year class, is now a thing of the past for the class of 1932. The event was most successful this year, and all the Juniors are to be complimented upon the fine showing that their ten speakers made. The judges had a most difficult task in choosing the four best speakers, but their final decision gave first placed to Louise Rice and Frederick Littlefield, and honorable mention to Frances Reynolds and Isadore Leavitt. The titles of the winning speeches were as follows:

Louise Rice.....China Blue Eyes
Frederick Littlefield.....The Constitution
Frances Reynolds....Katherine and Petruchio
Isadore Leavitt.....
....Why Lindbergh is the World's Hero

DEBATING SOCIETY

The interclass debates are over, with the Seniors chosen as final winners of the interclass cup, for this year. The question used in the debates was "Resolved: that Chain Stores Are Detrimental to the Best Interests of the American Public." The Senior team, composed of Minnie Alpert, Christine Curran, and Persis Barnfield, defeated Elizabeth Schiro, Elizabeth Schoppe, and Albert Landers, of the Junior team, in the first debate. In the Freshman-Sophomore debate, Constance Hedin, Barbara Bertels, and Robert Kurson of the

Sophomore class were defeated by the Freshman team, composed of Hope Betterly, Bernice Braidy, and Fulton Cahners. In the final debate, the Senior team defeated the Freshman. So the class of nineteen-thirty-one is to have its numerals on the cup at last!

From the class debaters, the varsity team was chosen. Practice debates with Rockland High School were held, and in the Bates League, Christine Curran and Elizabeth Schiro, on the negative side of the same question used for the inter-class debates, defeated Waterville High at Waterville, and Bangor's affirmative team, composed of Persis Barnfield and Robert Kurson, with Woodford Brown as alternate, lost to Portland High School by a 2 to 1 decision at Bangor.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Two plays were presented by members of this club, at a regular meeting. The first, called "The Beau of the Bath," was directed by Winifred Brown, and the members of the cast were:

Caroline Bacon
William Hunt
Hollis Cole

"Gretna Green" was under the direction of Nathalie Sanders, and the cast was composed of the following:

Robertta Edgar
Frances Hayes
Jack Thompson

DOINGS OF THE LATIN CLUB

On Saturday, March 14, the Latin Club met at Mrs. Cumming's home for an evening's jollification, which jollification of course had to have a Latin flavor.

This being so, the first games gave our teachers still another chance to test our knowledge of Latin. Some thirty pictures had been placed about the rooms, while a sheet of paper containing a brief sentence, or merely a caption for each picture, was given to each member. In an absurdly short time we were expected to fit each caption to its picture. For example the caption belonging to a picture of a horse and wagon was *Vere Antiquum*. One sturdy senior was almost reduced to tears (after the manner of the *pious Aeneas*) as he went about beseeching everyone to tell him "the Latin for a buggy."

Next the members were presented with a lengthy Latin word at the top of a spacious sheet of paper and were invited to fill the sheet with words obtained from it. Several entirely new Latin words were brought forth during the process. The prizes for these games went to Ida Rosen, Kenneth Kurson and Bill Newman, while Eugenia Savage and Margaret Cole contested hotly for the booby prize. Bill received a charming vanity set, for which he declares he has found use.

A skit on the immortal and beloved Julius followed. Thomas Reed impersonated the great man most convincingly, while Richard Higgins was quite himself in the role of the bored and sleepy school-boy. Critical comments on the play and ribald remarks from the rear room were traced to Wilson, Cumming, and the younger Newman, who had to be forcibly silenced.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to games new and old, which made no attempt to be instructive or uplifting. Judging from the ceaseless gales of laughter, as one member expressed it: "A good time was had by all." Ice-cream and cookies were served—Brown says the cookies were cakes. Forty-one members were present and forty-one members declared the evening a complete success.

The Sophomores were responsible for the

Latin Club meeting of March 26. Hence the program dealt exclusively with the life and works of the great Caius Julius Caesar.

An outline follows:

Gaul—Its Geography and People.....	Norma Finnegan
Caesar's Army.....	Robert Cumming
Caesar's Campaign against the Nervii.....	Robert Kurson
Caesar's Camp.....	Woodford Brown
Caesar the General.....	Frederic Newman
Caesar the Man.....	Constance Hedin
Shakespeare's Caesar.....	

The Geography of Gaul and the Campaign against the Nervii, were illustrated by maps. Twenty-four members of the Club were present.

BAND

The high school band will give its annual concert Saturday, May 2 at the City Hall. Selections required for the State and New England championship contests will be featured.

One of the rules of the New England contest is that any band which has for three years in succession been crowned champion is thereby ineligible to compete for the coveted title the fourth year. This fact makes it impossible for our band to make the trip to Massachusetts this year and compete for the cup. The band will however, providing the necessary money can be acquired, compete in the Maine contest which is to be held at Portland the week after the concert.

The proceeds from the concert will be used to this end, and it is hoped that students as well as the general public will be present at the City Hall on the night of the big concert.

Among the pieces to be played is "The Entry of the Gods into Valhalla" from "das Rheingold" by the celebrated composer Wagner.

This is the selection required for the New England contest and is fairly difficult. It is, however, a most interesting and pleasing piece to hear.

Another very interesting selection is the "Don Quizote" suite. This piece features solos by that very pleasing instrument, the oboe.

It is a Spanish piece and strains of the well known and easily recognized Spanish music are in evidence throughout.

In a month the band will begin putting more time on its marching in preparation for the annual R. O. T. C. inspection. Every year the band plays a very important part in the army manoeuvres.

COLLEGE BOARD CLASSES

Speaking of "Student Activities," where do you find the real students in Bangor High School? Ah! indeed! at the College Board classes! Each Monday afternoon, those who are to take the Latin exam next June visit with Mrs. Cumming for an hour or so. There they discuss really vital questions such as details of Latin constructions; they discover the facts that underlie Virgil's partially fictitious tale.

On Wednesday afternoons, the group studies for an hour with Madame, and they surely learn a lot there. Why, they have to write themes in French, on various topics, and when those papers are passed back, there is very little of the original theme left.

Then the Algebra class on Thursday—they learn of principals and facts in Algebra that were never before mentioned to them in any Algebra class. They take three-hour exams for practice—(only they try to finish those exams in a little over an hour).

The English, too, is quite a task, for, in order to do anything with that, the poor students have to remember all the poetry they ever read or studied; they must recollect what each of Shakespeare's characters said and did in the three plays that they have read; they must remember who had a sense of humor, and who did not; oh, it is nearly endless—the things they need to have right in the front of their minds, ready to put down on paper.

And the Physics class! of all the problems to work out on Wednesday afternoons! They figure to the fraction of a centimeter the distance a ray of light goes under certain conditions; they discover just what weight placed

where will make a certain board balance; they find what shape of lenses a near-sighted person should wear,—they do all sorts of interesting things, but they have, still, to remember some facts that are not so interesting.

All in all, these classical students have no easy task in preparing to enter college!

HOME-ROOM PROGRAMS

ROOM 112

At the beginning of the year, we, of Room 112 selected our chairman, secretary-treasurer, and vice-president for the home-room meetings. Richard Cochrane was chosen the President, by some mis-lead step of fate, by one or two votes. Roger Tinker was selected for our vice-chairman, and Charles Perham for our Secretary-treasurer. After a few meetings, we began to see through the fog of parliamentary procedure, and began to "pull off" some good meetings. We had selected a set of fellows to take care of the duties of programs, welfare, board-cleaning, attendance, and scholarship, but in spite of our industry the first quarter found us in the slums of fifth place from the bottom of the Home Room competition chart. Our ranks were not too bad, but of course there are those of us who can not see French anyway—so, we dropped a few points there.

At the beginning of the second quarter, our secretary-treasurer got tired and resigned. Immediately we summoned Charles Thompson to the rescue, and he is doing remarkably well. At the end of the second quarter, we had jumped ahead three places, and we feel sure we are going to continue our rise. As soon as possible on every other Monday, we start our meeting with the secretary's report. Next comes the program, and we will say that we have some very fine orators in this room. We have accordin players, too, and a couple of clarinet players in our ranks. After the program is over, and the applause dies down, we choose the entertainers for the next meeting. After the discussions are over, the meeting is adjourned. To sum matters up, we have had

many meetings in the past few months, and have found pleasure as well as profit in our home room activities.

Richard P. Cochrane, President.

ROOM 211

Some weeks ago, the suggestion was made by a Latin enthusiast (and there still are such people in this year of grace and enlightenment, 1931) that the Senior Classics devote one home-room period to a debate on the subject: "Resolved, that Aeneas was no gentlemen." With the story of Aeneas and Queen Dido fresh in our minds, the suggestion was received enthusiastically, although there was no crowding in of applicants to take part. The line-up was as follows:—Minnie Alpert and Ida Rosen, Affirmative; Laurence Staples and Arthur Lieberman, Negative.

In flowing periods, reminiscent of the eloquent tirades uttered by the great queen to her delinquent lover, and in words of as fiery eloquence as those with which Cicero denounced the renegade Catiline, Miss Alpert laid bare the foibles of the "great-souled Aeneas." Admitting that he was a good father, a good fighter, and a patriot, she nevertheless showed him to be no lover and no gentleman. The speaker left Aeneas not a leg to stand upon,—let alone by which to make good his escape.

The gentlemen who upheld the right of the hero of the Aeneid to be termed *pious, magnanimous*, in a word, *chivalrous*,—spoke with some fervor, in spite of the fact that their arguments were such as would have wrung tears from the eyes of the debating coach. *Of course* Aeneas was a gentleman; did he not belong to one of the first families? Wasn't his mother the glorious Venus? One would like to reply: "Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis." IV. 412. *Of course* he was a gentleman. We were never permitted to forget that he was *pious Aeneas*. In modern days, he would have been a pillar of the church and president of one of the service club. Therefore he must have been a gentleman !!!

Miss Rosen emphatically denied the validity of the arguments of her opponents.

Aeneas accepted many valuable gifts from the queen. Quoting Dorothy Dix and several lesser authorities, the speaker pointed out that such things are not done in polite society. Nor was her point refuted by the rebuttal from one of her opponents that Aeneas accepted these costly trifles, only to avoid hurting the feelings of the queen.

The decision of the merits of the case was decided by a vote of the audience. Of the thirty-six girls present, thirty-six voted against Aeneas; of the fourteen boys, fourteen voted enthusiastically for the hero! !

The program elicited such a display of sparkling wit, such enthusiasm, such eloquence as we believe to be unrivalled in Home Room activities.

MILITARY

The Cadets are now looking forward to the annual inspection which will take place at Broadway Park in May. Preparation is being made for the Military Ball which will follow the inspection.

As the Officer's Club Fund has been somewhat reduced this year by purchasing the Regimental Colors and sabres, it is hoped that the Military Ball will be a huge financial success.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL, BANGOR, MAINE

FINANCIAL STATEMENT—RIFLE CLUB

R. O. T. C. 1930-1931

April 1, 1931

RECEIPTS

Cash last report Oct. 15, 1930	\$147.30
Oct. 18, 1930—Memberships	2.00
Oct. 30, 1930—Memberships	3.00
Nov. 7, 1930—Medals	5.70
Nov. 18, 1930—Sales	1.50
Dec. 2, 1930—Medals	4.15
Dec. 5, 1930—Memberships	2.00
Jan. 7, 1931—Medals	5.45
Jan. 16, 1931—Medals	4.80
Feb. 13, 1931—Medals	5.35
March 13, 1931, Medals	6.65
March 19, 1931—Medals	3.15

Total.....\$191.05

(Continued on Page 49)

BOYS' ATHLETICS



"Play up, play up, and play the game"—Newbolt

A PLEA FOR BASEBALL

Why shouldn't baseball receive as much support from the student body as the other major sports? It should. Baseball is America's national sport. People all over the United States to turn the sport page of a newspaper first, to read how their favorite team came out in that particular game of the world's series. Thousands pack the bleachers and stands to see Babe Ruth knock a Home Run. Why doesn't a Home Run by Issy Leavitt or Bernie Jenkins thrill a member of the Bangor High School as much if not more than just reading about one of Babe Ruth's? Bangor High School belongs to a League which gives a Silver Cup to the winner of the series of games. Why not come out and help your team win it by your support? Why should the other schools have more of their student body at the games than Bangor High? Surely it is a no credit to you, students of Bangor High, that high schools with less than half the enrollment of your school have larger attendance at their baseball games.

The fact that a person has never seen a baseball game is not a good excuse for not going to a game; neither is the fact that there is no dance after the game a satisfactory reason for not attending a game. Go for the sake of the game and get interested in it.

There is a bigger and better cup this year than last year. This cup will be won by some member of the League. Who will win it?

Orono, John Bapst, Brewer, Belfast or Bangor? Why not help Bangor to victory by attending the games, showing the boys you are interested in the team and anxious for them to win. Football and basketball are now supporting baseball. Come to the baseball games and help to make this sport self-supporting.

Support your baseball team and the players will do their best to win the cup and uphold the name of B. H. S.

PRESQUE ISLE TAKES HOME CUP

Completely outplaying Presque Isle during the first half of the final game, Bangor went to pieces in the final stanza, not even scoring a point.

Bangor had the situation well in hand during the first half, leading 7-2 at the period and 13-6 at half-time. Ralph Sweetser was the boy from Presque Isle who rolled up 5 points in the last half. Burke, Epstein and Kominsky were the big factors in the Crimson machine.

In the first period Sweetser popped a basket after 54 seconds of play. Burke broke the ice for Bangor by dribbling through for the second basket and in the same play was awarded a foul shot. Epstein dropped one from the side and the period closed 7-2 Bangor.

Bangor came back strong in the second period and the play was fast and furious. Bangor made some pretty baskets and the half ended 13-6 Bangor.

With the cup slipping from their hands,

Presque Isle came out to gain some points. The third period was fought stubbornly by both sides, Bangor with the intention of holding its lead and Presque Isle fighting to cut it down. Bangor made no baskets, while Presque Isle came up to 10 making the score 13-10 Bangor.

With the fans roaring the last quarter opened with Sweetser shooting a goal to bring the teams one point apart. Next Sweetser evened the score with a foul shot. With the game within his grasp, Libby bounced two foul shots off the rim and Sweetser again came through to drop the winning basket. Presque Isle shut out the Crimson entirely in the last period.

Summary:

PRESQUE ISLE HIGH (15)

	G	F	TP
Shaw, rf.	2	0	4
Glidden, lf.	0	0	0
Sweetser, c.	3	1	7
Clark, rb.	1	0	2
Burnett, lb.	1	0	2
Totals.	7	1	15

BANGOR HIGH (13)

	G	F	TP
Kominsky, lf.	0	0	0
Libby, rb.	0	0	0
Epstein, c.	2	0	4
Burke, lf.	1	1	3
Bradbury, rf.	3	0	6
Totals.	6	1	13

Referee, Edwards.

Umpire, Kenyon.

Time, four eightss.

BANGOR REACHES FINALS IN TOURNEY

Below is the report of the semi-final game of the U. of M. basketball tourney!—

BANGOR HIGH (28)

HOULTON HIGH (18)

For about three minutes it looked as though

it would be Houlton instead of Bangor, to play Presque Isle on the morrow.

A man size job on the defense by Howard Kominsky, rugged Crimson guard, retained throughout the game a safe margin rolled through the hoop by Bradbury, Epstein and Burke. Kominsky was in on every play and often saved the home team by nipping the plays of the opponents. He was a tower of strength back with his partner John Libby.

Getting a slow start, the Crimson was ahead at the end of the first period 8 to 4; at the half 14 to 10.

Bradbury grabbed Epstein's tip-off at the start of the third, to give Bangor possession of the ball. The Crimson guns "peppered" the netting for three minutes before the scoring was opened by Burke. A 20 to 14 lead was held at the end of the period.

Houlton put up a game attempt at a rally in the final session, but all to no avail, and Bangor crossed the finish line 28 to 18.

The summary:

BANGOR HIGH (28)

	B	F	TP
Bradbury, rf.	3	0	6
Burke, lf.	3	1	7
Epstein, c.	4	1	9
Libby, rb.	0	0	0
Kominsky, lb.	3	0	6
Totals.	13	2	28

HOULTON HIGH (18)

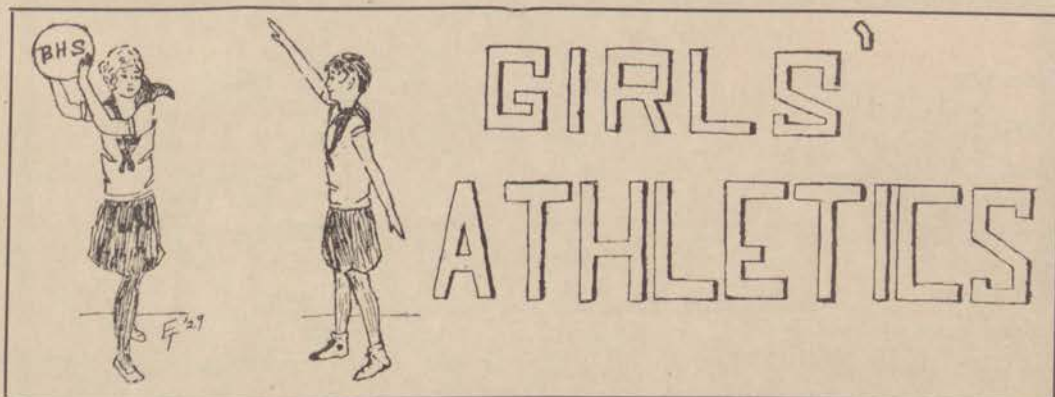
	B	F	TP
Way, lb.	4	0	8
Ayotte, rb.	0	0	0
McCready, c.	0	0	0
Peabody, lf.	2	0	4
Putnam, rf.	3	0	6
Totals.	9	0	18

Referee—Edwards.

Umpire—Brice.

Time—Four eights.

(Continued on Page 43)



"As good luck would have it"—Shakespeare

BANGOR vs. BREWER

A second game with Brewer was played in the High School gym on February 20. Although Brewer managed to keep ahead by a narrow margin during the first three quarters, the last quarter was quite a different story and, thanks to the shooting of Stover, Tremble, and Silke, Bangor came out on the long end of a 24—32 score.

Substitutions: Bangor; Silke for Stover; Silke for Tremble; West for Wiggin.

Brewer; Graves for Sargent; Sherman for Lynk; Sargent for Sherman.

Line-up:

BANGOR	BREWER
Stover rf, 5 (4).....	rf, Campbell 4 (1)
Tremble, lf, 4.....	lf, Davies 7 (1)
Wiggin, sc.....	sc, Sargent
Reynolds, c.....	c, Spencer
Bradford, rg.....	rg, Lynk
Sanders lg.....	lg, Canty

Referee: Miss Rogers, U. of M.

BANGOR vs. BAR HARBOR

On March 6, the girls' basketball team boarded a bus for Bar Harbor to play a return game with the Bar Harbor team, and, although they arrived there in the best of spirits, these spirits were destined to be badly dampened.

Bar Harbor kept the lead throughout the game, and the Bangor girls just couldn't seem to catch up with them.

Of course there were any number of things to blame but the less said, the better for all concerned. The final score was 21—15 Bar Harbor.

Substitutions: Bangor; Silke for Stover, West for Wiggin, Sullivan for Bradford.

Line-up:

BANGOR	BAR HARBOR
Stover, rf 1 (2).....	rf, Smith 6 (3)
Tremble, lf, 5 (1).....	lf, Rowe, (6)
Reynolds, c.....	c, Stewart
Wiggin, sc.....	sc, Carter
Bradford, rg.....	rg, Antonisen
Sanders, lg.....	lg, Haradin

Referee: Rawson, Bar Harbor High.

BANGOR vs. HIGGINS

The last game of the season was played with Higgins Classical Institute at Charleston. Although Bangor was over an hour late (cause: pushing busses out of snow-drifts!) no one seemed to mind much, and a large gathering attended the game. The game itself was rather one-sided, even though the second half of it was played on a two section floor, a method of playing which Bangor had never before used. Bangor easily kept the lead and the final score was 17—4, Bangor.

Substitutions: Bangor; Silke for Stover, Stover for Tremble, Sullivan for West, Rosie for Sullivan.

Higgins; Hineckley for D. Crowley, Scribner for H. Crowley.

Line-up:

BANGOR

Stover, rf, 3 (1) rf, Dunham 1 (2)
 Tremble, lf, (1) lf, D. Crowley
 Reynolds, c, 1 (1) c, L. Rich
 West, sc sc, E. Rich
 Bradford, rg rg, H. Crowley
 Sanders, lg lg, Smart

Referee: Keith of Higgins.

HIGGINS

T. Sullivan
 M. Landon
 T. Hawes
 D. Chalmers
 E. Clough
 P. Chaison
 F. Jones
 T. Grant
 G. Smith

Coach: Leona West

INTERCLASS GAMES

The interclass tournament began Monday March 9. This event was exactly like any other interclass tournament with the exception that the Freshmen won; a thing unheard of since 1924. The girls taking part in the games were:

Seniors: J. Ebbeson
 F. Hayes
 G. Robinson
 W. Brown
 S. Rosie
 D. Trickey
 F. Green
 R. Fellows

Coach: Barbara Stover

Juniors: A. Jack
 B. Dill
 J. Johnston
 D. Jones
 R. Allen
 A. Peavey
 M. Chase
 A. Crowell
 E. Doane
 C. Myers
 D. Economy

Coach: Nathalie Sanders.

Sophomores: S. Hastings
 D. Collins

Freshmen: C. Reynolds
 R. Steeves
 R. Jones
 B. McAvery
 V. Larrabee
 T. Bickford
 A. Morrison
 I. Kelley
 T. Lovejoy
 F. Lewis
 P. Crane

Coach: Miss Oltar

The results of the games are as follows:

Freshmen vs. Sophomores, 26—21.

Juniors vs. Seniors, Forfeited to Juniors.

Freshmen vs. Juniors, 13—11.

Sophomores vs. Seniors, 9—8.

Freshmen vs. Seniors, 33—18.

Juniors vs. Sophomores, 4—5.

Freshmen vs. Sophomores, 12—22.

Juniors vs. Seniors, 12—4.

Freshmen vs. Juniors, 9—17.

Sophomores vs. Seniors, 18—12.

Freshmen vs. Seniors, 29—16.

Juniors vs. Sophomores, 7—2.

This score left the Freshmen, Juniors, and Sophomores tied for championship; so two more games were played, the Freshmen coming out victorious in both.

Freshmen vs. Sophomores, 14—9.

Freshmen vs. Juniors, 9—8.



"As we look at it"

The "*Chatter-Box*," Meyersdale, Pa.

The February number of the *Chatter-Box* was to be published by the assistant editors that they might be initiated into the why and wherefore of getting out a school paper; and incidentally the varsity editors were to get a rest.

The "*M. C. I.*," Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

We congratulate the M. C. I. Board on having enough money to offer even a small prize for the best piece of work submitted for the literary department, which is after all the only weak one in the paper. The school activities seem to be very well covered.

The "*Blue Owl*," Attleboro, Mass.

The cuts add much to the magazine which would be exceptionally good without them. The ads would probably be noticed more if they were scattered around. The jokes are so laughable that we're going to pass some of them along to our "Personals" editors, if we may.

The "*Red and White*," Sanford, Me.

We're most grateful to the Red and White for the flattering compliment they sent us along with a copy of the paper. May we say, that the Red and White is a fine paper, too? How very interesting to tell about the early ambitions of the faculty!

The "*Aegis*," Beverly, Mass.

The literary department is unique in that all the stories are a bit out of the ordinary for a school paper.

The "*Echo*," Amityville High School, Amityville, N. Y. We sure appreciate the fact that half the Exchange column is devoted to praise of the Oracle, although there are only three paragraphs given to Exchanges. And we don't mean perhaps when we say we're going to reprint that comment sometime!

The "*Artisan*," Mechanic Arts High School Boston, Mass.

It's a good paper even if girls didn't have anything to do with it. The two things that caught our eye the most were the clever essay "On Bureau Drawers" and the cut for the Exchanges. That's a cut that is a cut.

The "*Arrow*," Lakewood, Ohio.

A short, short story is a new one in our experience; however from the sample we think we like 'em, but then we liked almost everything in the Arrow. The majority of school papers suffer from lack of originality, but the Arrow seems to have enough for itself with some left for the rest of us, if only that were possible.

(Continued on page 51)



"A friend is worth all hazards we can run"—Young

Clarine M. Coffin, a junior at the University of Maine, received the highest possible scholastic average for the past semester, her grade being 4.00, which signifies A in every course. Miss Coffin is registered in the College of Arts and Sciences, and her major study is English. She holds the unusual record of never having been off the Dean's List since entering college. Besides her scholastic honors, Miss Coffin is very active in other school activities.

Three Bangor boys, Raymond Prince, Eugene Brown, and Chandler Redman, all members of last year's class, have won the Arabaxis Cup which is given each year by the undergraduates of Bowdoin to the school whose graduates in the freshman class have the best scholastic records. Needless to add all three boys were outstanding members of the class of '31.

(Continued on Page 45)

IN MEMORIAM

The death of Doris E. Brewer is mourned by a great number of friends who knew and loved her. She was a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1915, and the Gilman School. She was an honor student throughout her school career and was interested in many outside activities. Her death is deeply felt.

The students of B. H. S. were shocked and deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of Donna L. Croxford, a member of the class of 1930. She will be remembered by her many friends for her personality and scholarship throughout her high school career.

The death of Mrs. A. Langdon Freese occurred recently in California where she was visiting relatives. As Mary E. Drummond, she graduated from B. H. S. She has spent a beautiful and full life in Bangor and her passing will be deeply regretted by a host of friends and relatives.

PERSONALS



"Laugh and be fat, sir"—Johnson

AUNT JENNY'S HEARTS AND FLOWERS COLUMN

Dear Aunt Jenny:

I am a little girl nineteen years old, and as my mother has always been very strict with me, I have never had any boy-friends.

On my birthday last week, however, she decided that it was time for me to have some little friends of my own age, so she took me to a social at our church. I wore my best white cotton dress, with a purple and red sash on it, and I had a beautiful orange and green hair-bow on my hair (only there is hardly enough of it to hold a ribbon on) and my, but I looked sweet. When I walked into the church hanging on to mother's hand, and hiding coyly behind her skirts (thank goodness long skirts are back in style) the other little girls and boys there took one look at me and several were knocked down in the rush to get to my side.

We played bean bags, pig, and many other exciting games. Much fun was had by all and straw hats were stepped on. While playing pig, I noticed a young man who seemed very quick in getting his cards together, but as mother took me home at seven o'clock, I didn't get a chance to introduce myself. Now dear Aunt Jenny, I want you to tell me if it would be all right for me to invite him up to my house to play double solitaire some evening. I don't know his name, but he goes by my house every day, and always looks up on the piazza to see if I am sitting in the hammock, as I usually am, so why couldn't I run down and ask him

then? Please write me an answer soon, as I think my chum Frances Reynolds also wishes him to come to her house to play ping-pong. I shall watch your column every night with fast beating heart, to see your answer.

Your new friend,

Dotty Leavitt.

Gushing Clerk: "That coat fits you like a glove, sir."

Purchaser (dryly): "So I see, the sleeves cover my hands."

He (nervously) "Margaret, there's been something trembling on my lips for weeks."

She: "Yes, so I see: why don't you shave it off?"—Witt.

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young Boston lad, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively.

"The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be twelve, my moral age four, my anatomical age to be twelve and my physiological age six. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is eight. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

"You know, I think George is the most efficient man I know."

"How's that?"

"In order to save on his laundry bill, he hides his socks in the pockets of his pajamas."

SPOON BOWL LIKE LENS

Person Who Looks Into It
Appears Upside Down.

When a person looks into the bowl of a brightly polished spoon he always sees his reflection upside down. This is because the concave part that holds the peas, or whatever the person has in his reflector, is concave. If the spoon were flat, the image would appear inside out and the peas would roll onto the floor. To illustrate, in eating a plate of soup, images are thrown from the plate to the mouth and drop back into the plate with a splash. This is called refraction, and you ought to wear a bib.

That is why letters in alphabet soup must be put in upside down in order to make the words appear right side up in your mouth. Otherwise, you would mince your words at every mouthful and couldn't read what you were eating.

The rays that strike in the exact center of a spoon are reflected straight back, but those that fall on the curved sides are turned outward and crumbed off by Mary, the waitress.

A flat surface such as a knife, does not reflect the light rays from a point, and accordingly you see yourself right side up, if you happen to be eating with it. That is why the reflection is right side up while the stain on your vest is upside down and your table manners are hind-side before. An Englishman will drop his "H's" whether they're placed in his broth right side up or upside down.

He loved a custom officer's daughter—but hated to declare himself. *Ex.*

Bore (intruding): "Pardon me, folks, guess I've interrupted an interesting conversation."

Mrs. Brown: "Not at all. We were talking about you." *Ex.*

Willie: "Can I have a dime for a poor man?"

"Certainly my boy, where is he?"

"Down the street, selling ice cream." *Ex.*

Bill: "I'm not half good enough for you."

Jane: "That's just what the folks said." *Ex.*

ETIQUETTE A LA CARTE

By O. B. Hayve

HOW TO BEHAVE TO A NEIGHBOR'S
HENS

Greet Them Kindly

as soon as you discover them scratching up your early peas, set out a dish of fresh water; they may be quite thirsty after their violent exercise.

Then Address—

a polite note to the neighbor as follows:

My dear Mr. Blank: Your cute little "hennies" had a jolly feast in my garden. I regret extremely the necessity of informing you that I have no more seeds planted for them, but I intend to plant more this evening.

Yours cordially,

D. R. Madde.

P. S. I'll dynamite your dear hens if they even look at my garden again.

By,

D. R. M.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

Invitations:

are obtained through the district attorney, and the grand jury. Upon receiving one, it is wise to retain a professional guide familiar with the laws of court life.

Dress—

The guest will be able to determine from the invitation whether he is expected to appear in a civil suit or a criminal suit.

Acceptance—

If you wish to make the right sort of impression, you should promptly accept an invitation to a protracted house party. Society demands it.

Colors—

Lateral stripes in quiet colors will be provided.

INATTENTIVE

"Have you ever read 'To a Mouse'?"

"Naw! How do ya get 'em to listen?"

The fellow who blows hot and then blows cold doesn't belong in a jazz band.—Ex.

R-l-h W-l-s-n is so dumb he thinks noodle soup is a kind of shampoo.

Customer: "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

Brainless Jane wonders if it is possible to die in a living room.

There are some Scotchmen who have the first dollar they ever earned and some others who have only eighty or ninety cents of it left.

"Please, mister, I ain't had a square meal for three days."

"Here's a dime, go buy some bouillon cubes."

THE PUNCTUAL RADIO

If the girl who always keeps her boy friend waiting was scheduled to broadcast on a national hook-up, the radio announcer would speak about as follows:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, and kiddies. You are about to hear Miss Tillie Flippit who is to appear for the first time tonight on any air, under the auspices of the High Jinks Pancake Turner Company, Incorporated, whose slogan is 'At least one good turn a day.' You have been listening to a four hundred piece orchestra under the direction of Razzah Raz-zah, introducing the program with the theme song of this company, 'Backward, Turn Backward.'"

"There has been a slight delay in Miss Flippit's appearance, due, according to her announcement from her room, to the fact that she is fixing her hair. She begs me to tell you that she will be there in just a second—

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to apologize for this delay, but Miss Flippit sends the information that she is not satisfied with the manner in which she applied her lipstick, and

it has been necessary for her to start all over again. Meanwhile, if you will just be patient a moment. Ha-ha. As I said, this program is coming to you under the auspices of the—Oh, yes. Miss Flippit has decided to change from her rose-colored dinner gown to a dainty little green frock. She will be with us in just a moment. And as I was saying, this broadcast is made possible by—Well, ladies and gentlemen, Miss Flippit is now doing her nails, so her maid informs us. Just a second or two and she will be here. Friends this is a lovely night. I wish you could—Just a moment. I have an important announcement to make. Miss Flippit has discovered a runner in her right stocking, and, as soon as she changes, she will be with us, and I am sure you will enjoy what she will have to say. I had thought that girls dressed more rapidly in this age of speed than when I was a youngster, but evidently they consume just as much time as when more apparel was worn. Well, anyhow, this program is coming to you under the sponsorship of the—Ah, Miss Flippit calls down to say that she will be with us as soon as she adjusts her necklace and powders her nose."

"However, as our time on the air has now expired, it will not be possible for our radio audience to hear Miss Flippit tonight. This broadcast has come to you under the auspices of the High Jinks Pancake Turner Company, Incorporated. And now, while the symphony orchestra plays our theme song, permit me to wish you a very good night and pleasant dreams." Exchange.

Ida R-s-n, '31: I say, Kay, how are you feeling lately?

"Kay" E-st-in, '31: Just like a Fifth Avenue tailor.

Ida: How's that?

"Kay": Oh, sew—sew.

EMBARRASSING?

When two eyes meet in a key-hole.

Hey—wait a while (said the radio announcer to the milling pugilists)—not so fast—I'm trying for a diction prize!

Haughty Lady (entering sea food market):
"My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please."

Fish man: "Yes, ma'am shall I wrap them up?"

Haughty Lady: "I think you better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home."

—Banter.

"He has a monumental memory."

"How do you figure that?"

"So lifeless."

—Sun Dial.

"Hurry up, Junior, or we'll be late. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mama: all except one."

—Log.

"B-be" L-b-m-n: "I hate dumb women."

"K-n" K-r-s-n: "Aha—a woman hater!"

Liza, the negro cook, answered the telephone one morning and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

Liza was in no mood for trifling questions, and said with some asperity, "You ought to know; you called it."

Servant: "Sire, they are hanging two Persians on the north wall."

King: "Fools! And I told them I was saving that wall for Rembrandts."

They laughed at me when I stepped before the footlights, but it didn't bother me. Wasn't I a comedian?

Entrance Examiner: "Are you well acquainted with Virgil?"

Stupid: "No, I just know him by sight."

This might apply to Seniors, one and all.

"Oh, yes," as the Chinaman cabled to the American, "It may be a sunset for you, but it's a sunrise for me."

Proud Mother: "Yes he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."

Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."

—Lafayette Lyre.

I write with apologies to Longfellow:
Doris Bartlett, '31

Tell me not, ye thoughtless idlers,
School is but a place for dreams,
For what's lost in daytime slumbers
Is oftentimes greater than it seems.

School is real! School is earnest!
And to pass is not your aim,
It's to master; valiant effort
Must still bring men great fame.

Not in dreaming, but in working,
Plugging hard from day to day—
Studying that each late evening
Finds you farther on your way.

In the schools broad field of study
Set your goal for future life.
For in later years one's living
Is enriched by early strife.

Our Alumni oft remind us
We can always do our best
And departing leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Notebooks that perhaps another
Struggling over "Math" or "Chem"
Lost in fractions or experiments
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
Tho' we're sometimes led to shirk;
By experience, surely learning
When to play, and how to work.

Willie receives a doodad from Uncle.
Sister receives a thingamajig from Auntie.
Bobbie gets a new fangled whatchamacallit
from Grandpa.

Jack receives a dooflickie from Grandma.
and they all write the following "thank you"
letter:

Dear:—

Thank you very much for the most—and
—gift you sent me for Christmas.

THE LATEST MOVIE TONE VITAPHONE PRODUCTIONS STARS

Stars		Picture
Henry Flynn	in	"Flaming Youth"
Emma Tweedie, Dot	}	"The Wild Party Girls"
Karnes, "Mad" Lobley		
Alice McInnis	in	"The Detective"
Ralph Dyer	in	"Mother's Little Son"
Dot Higgins	in	"Minnie, the Mermaid"
Hollis Cole	in	"The Last of the Little Scorpion's Club"
Nancy Connors	in	"You Darlin'"
Mary Economy	in	"It Takes Brains To Think"
Rosie Axelrod	in	"Reducing"
Pete Furrow	in	"The Old High School"
Hester Patterson	in	"Cut Loose"
Max Epstein	in	"The Dance Master"
Libby Gallagher	in	"Ha Kid!"
Jerry Graham	in	"I Wanta Man"
Ken & Adra Jack	in	"Two Little Immigrants"
Carlton Myers	in	"The Ladies Man"
Sid Epstein	in	"Athletic" or "Our Sid"
Frank Wood	in	"The Chauffeur"
Alexina Michaud	in	"Micky's French Lassie"
Wayne St. Jermaine	in	"That School Girl Complexion"
Harold Baker	in	"One Shot To The Good"
Eddie Gibbons	in	"The Last of The Orange & Black"
Esther Kennedy	in	"The Red-Headed Pal"
Izzy Leavitt	in	"The He-Man"
Dot Dwelley	in	"Nobody Cares If I'm Blue"
Phyllis Lloyd Jones	in	"Hey Eddie"
Clayton Bradbury	in	"Micky Himself, McGuire"
Lena Sherman	in	"The Girl From Woolworth's"
Harold York	in	"Our Blushing Boy"

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF

Leonard were a Buick instead of a Ford
 Pearl were a Doe instead of a Buck
 Persis were a Broad field instead of a Barn-
 field
 Bill were an Oldman instead of a Newman
 Leona were East instead of West
 Eugenia were Mild instead of Savage
 Margaret were Less instead of Moore
 Christine were a Raspberry instead of a
 Curran
 Roberta were Thomas instead of Edgar
 Louise were Red instead of Rosie.

College Men Attention: We have openings
 for young men who want to start at the bottom
 of the ladder and work their way to the top.
 Apply City Fire Department, Podunk, New
 Jersey.

B-l-l N-w-m-n: Say, your glasses are dirty.
 L-on F-rd: Thanks. My eyes are bad and
 I could'nt see it.

Sigma: How were your grades last quarter?
 Alpha: Jules Vernes.
 Epsilon: How's that?
 Nu: Twenty thousand leagues under the
 "C". Ex.

PHONE 1080

R. J. SMITH**Dents Removed - Glass Replaced****CAR HEATERS SOLD AND INSTALLED**

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TELEPHONE

MODERN ART

The best thing about modern furniture is that you can give the children a chest of tools and the furniture doesn't look a bit different.

How did Sandy ever fall out of that plane?
Oh his hat blew off, and he jumped to catch it.

Colby White Mule.

Jewels De Gramet has returned from Altoona, in which city he was among friends.—Johnstown, (Pa.) Tribune.

That's something, these days.

Commander Richard Byrd will be presented with a beautiful stage coach made by the American Art Woods Products Company, Terre Haute Post.

Then there'll be no telling *where* he'll go.

Teacher: Now, tell me which month has twenty-eight days.

I-z-y L-v-t: They all have.

"You'll have to wait," said the guide. "I can't show you round the galleries yet. Smoking isn't allowed."

"But we're not smoking," said the visitors.

"No, but I am," replied the guide.

A little boy was crying in the street.

"What's the matter?" asked a kindly passer-by.

"We've got chicken and pie for dinner," howled the boy.

"Well, that's nothing to cry about."

"I know; but I can't find my way home."

Goof: "Ah my boy, you must indeed have used much patience, much equanimity, to capture such a fine specimen of fish!"

Boy: "No, sir; I used worms."

TRY IT

Voice (over phone)—Is this Mr. Snah?

Mr. Snah: Yes, this is Mr. Snah?

V. P. P. Hold the line a minute, please.

Mr. Snah: All right.

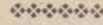
(Lapse of minute)

V. O. P.: Your minute is up. Thank you. (click).

Mr. Snah: Bang!

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Bangor, Maine

ASK ONE WHO KNOWS

W. J. CHERRY'S BARBER SHOP

QUALITY AND SERVICE

CENTRAL STREET
Cleanest Shop in City

CHILDREN A SPECIALTY

Wear our Blue Serge Suits for Graduation. Nationally advertised brands. It will cost you less here.

LEAVITT BROTHERS. UPSTAIRS
16 Broad St.

Our *Advertisers* Make the
Oracle Possible, When You
Buy, See Those Who Ad-
vertise In the Oracle.

Signed THE ADVERTISING BOARD

D-c W-l-de (trying to sing) "Please give me something to remember you by."

"Hen" Fl-n—"Are you going away Doc, old boy?"

You look rather broken up, what is wrong?"

"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."

"Well, what of it?"

"They sent me a study lamp." Siren.

"I know a fellow who fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."

"Oh! Did the tub overflow and ruin the floor?"

"No—he sleeps with his mouth open."

We don't exactly disagree with the vegetarians, but we do think that the taste of an onion is improved greatly by adding a pound of steak to it.

The seniors have all turned playwrights recently. Here is an ideal cast for somebody's play.

The Shiek.....	Pete Furrow
The Flirt.....	Dotty Leavit
The Shiekess to be.....	Caroline Bacon
The Match-maker.....	Maureen Bean
The Vamp.....	Winnie Brown
The Chaperone.....	Phyl Lloyd-Jones

W-l-l-i-m C-le: Who do you think is the sternest man in a boat?

Go-h-m Le-en-e-ler: The coxswain.

Chicago is driving all known crooks out of town. No doubt their chauffeurs will drive them back in again.

Heard in Chemistry: Mr. T. What is an anesthetic?

J-ne Ebb-on: Something you put people to sleep with.

"So you made a motor tour of all those beautiful Cathedral towns of France?"

"Yes, by golly, and never had a puncture!"

Senior: The voice was husky and resinous.

Junior: You mean resonant!

Senior: I mean resinous—it was low-pitched.

THE ORACLE

WANTS A

FRESHMAN

To Sell This Space
For Next Month

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**PALACE OF SWEETS**

Home Made Candies and Ice Cream

We Serve "Luncheonettes"

56 MAIN STREET

-:-

BANGOR, MAINE

"With a single stroke of a brush," said the school teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning face."

"So can my mother," said a small boy near by.

Driver of Collegiate Car: "Do you do repairing here?"

Garage Owner: "Yeah, but we don't do manufacturing."

Usher (to cold, dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

Lady: "No, indeed! I'm the bride's mother."

We understand True Story Magazine is applying for the Dido-Aeneas epic. A boom for True Story.

Wanted: A sponsor for regimental adjutant for Military Ball. Wm. S. Cole.

THE POSTCARD ADDICT TAKES THE STAND

Q—By all means. We want to get at the root of the matter. Please describe the card in question.

A—Well, it was a picture of Buckingham Palace, and on it the fellow wrote: "This is the Buck and Wing Palace where the Kink (it was spelled with a k you know) lives and we are dining there to-night."

Q—Thank you. That was very entertaining. Now please tell the court how you send post cards from Boston.

A—From Boston? Well, I should say that in Boston a fellow would get a view of Bunker Hill and write: "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eggs," or, "I've just bean in Boston."

Q—I don't understand.

A—It's a pun, don't you see? Boston. Been in Boston. Boston baked beans. B-e-a-n in Boston.

Q—Oh, I see now. Oh, that's amusing, too amusing for words.

A—You forgot one important question, Sir, if I might be so bold.

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New Franklin Laundry

Patronize Our Advertisers

L. H. THOMPSON, Printer

BREWER, MAINE

If any student failed to buy an Oracle Ticket, he may do so now by seeing me or calling at the office, The back issues will be supplied by presenting the tickets. Oracle Tickets are \$1.00
Single Copies are 25c

LEONARD H. FORD, Jr., Business Manager

Q—If you wish to mystify the person to whom you are sending a card, what is the technique in that case?

A—You write on the card, "Guess who this is from."

Q—Describe the sending of a souvenir post card from Detroit, Michigan.

A—You send a view of the Ford works. You write on it: "Henry was asking for you."

Q—How do you sign this card?

A—You sign it "Lizzie."

Q—How about London?

A—You mean London?

Q—London, England.

A—I thought you meant that. Well, you send a card of the Nelson Monument or the British Museum, or some dump like that, you know, and you write on it, "Of all things, I sye, old topper, 'ere we are in dear old Lunnon."

Q—That is to say, you attempt a sort of take-off on the cockney dialect.

A—Well I suppose you could call it that, but the main object is to be funny, of course. I think the funniest card that I ever heard of was sent from London—would you like me to tell about it?

Q—Forget a question? What was it please?

A—The one about where the post-card sender always wishes his friends were.

Q—Oh, to be sure. Thank you so much. Well, now, tell us where the post-card sender always wishes his friends were.

A—Here.

Q—Assume that a resident of Rome, New York, is in Rome, Italy, and wishes to send a card to a friend back home. How would he word it?

A—He would write: "This burgh is all-right in its way, but it don't weigh much. Give me little old Rome, New York, U. S. A., every-time."

Q—Admirable, Mr. C-le. Now I think that will be all. And thank you very much for coming here and giving us the benefit of your large experience with souvenir post cards. It has been very instructive and amusing. Next witness, please.

Compliments of

Charles Murray

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BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 24)

SOME TEAM.

Before entering the tourney B. H. S. defeated Old Town and John Bapst, besides the numerous other teams that met defeat at its hands. Here are the final two games of the home season.—

CRIMSON EASY VICTOR OVER OLD TOWN HIGH

The Crimson cohorts shut out Old Town at the tune of 35—16. Charley Bradbury, eagle-eyed right forward of the Crimson quintet who has earned a state-wide "rep," accounted alone for more points than the invaders total score. He registered 21 counter goals and 3 fouls.

Old Town had a slight margin for a few minutes, but they lost it and the first half ended 13—9 Bangor.

Bradbury again scored high in the third period, making the score 26—13. Bangor then made "whoopie" and carried off the high score of 35—16.

Summary:

BANGOR HIGH	OLD TOWN HIGH
Bradbury, rf, 9 (3).....	lg, Murray
Flagg.....	rg, Harris, 1, (1)
Burke, lf, 3.....	c, Haley, 2
Leavitt.....	lf, Sawtelle, (2)
Epstein, c, 3, (2).....	Morin, (1)
Burr.....	Guerin
Libby, rg.....	rf, Querin, 2
Manning.....	Sawtelle
Kominsky, lg.....	

Referee—Edwards, Colby. Time, four 8-minute periods.

BANGOR OVERWHELMS BAPST

The Crimson entirely smothered Bapst in an uneven struggle, ending 37—16.

Bangor got the tip-off but failed to score for the first few minutes. A pretty shot by Brad-

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 MABEL ROGERS — SCHOOL'S STUDENT? —	 BOBBY RUSS — PRESIDENT OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS —	 MUSHY RAICHIN — CAPTAIN — OF FOOTBALL —	 IRENE MURRAY — MISS BASHEFUL? —	 HOWARD DAY — A YOUNG CITY SLICKER —	 "WHIT" WHITCOMB — AND HIS JUVENILE OF BREWER GAME —	 MYLLIS DINNING — GEOMETRY SHARK —
 TOBY VALENTA — THE SCHOOL POET —	 CONNIE CHALMER — THE VAMP —	 BILL WELCH — FRENCH SHARK —	 MOPSY TAYLOR — DRAMATIC SPEAKER —	 ELEANOR PENNEY — B.H.S. GAIL CURCHI —	 FRED GILLEN — FOOTBALL TRIPLE THREAT —	 CERNELIUS SULLIVAN — "BABYFACE" —
 DANFORTH HAYES — BOY ORATOR —	 HENRY SAMWAY — PRESIDENT SENIOR CLASS —	 ALDEN DENACO — JOVIAL SAXOPHONIST —	 AVIS BARTLETT — CHARLESTON DANCER —	 BOBBY GRAHAM — "MR. EAST BANGER" —	 RUTH GORDON — GIRL ATHLETE —	 CLARICE PENNEY — FLAPPER —
 JOHN MCCARTHY — MANAGER OF FOOTBALL —	 TOM PERRY — SILENT SHIEK —	 VERNA JENNINGS — STENOGRAPHER —	 HORACE BRIGGS — MILITARY EXPERT —	 JIM KEEGAN — CHEERLEADER —	 PHIL LINN — CHAMP ICE SKATER —	 IF ANY OF THE ABOVE FEEL THEY ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PICTURED SEE ARTIST.
 JOHN MCCARTHY — MANAGER OF FOOTBALL —	 TOM PERRY — SILENT SHIEK —	 VERNA JENNINGS — STENOGRAPHER —	 HORACE BRIGGS — MILITARY EXPERT —	 JIM KEEGAN — CHEERLEADER —	 PHIL LINN — CHAMP ICE SKATER —	 COMPLIMENT OF BOUCE CUNNING — 1927 —

BRAIN TEST—WILL YOUR FUTURE BE A SUCCESS AS THE ABOVE ALUMNI

bury opened up the scoring, and another by Burke put the Crimson ahead. The period ended 7—2 Bangor.

In the second period baskets by Bradbury, Burke, Epstein, and Kominsky increased the Crimson's lead. The score at the half was 18—8 Bangor.

The third and fourth periods saw the Crimson increase their lead to 21 as the final whistle blew, the score was 37—16 Bangor.

It was a great game to watch and the players on both teams played hard throughout.

Summary:

BANGOR HIGH	JOHN BAPST HIGH
Burke, lf, 4.....	rg, Conway
Bradbury, rf, 9, (2).....	(2) lg, Morse
Epstein, c, 3 (1).....	1, lg, Dougherty
Libby, lg.....	lg, Maroon
Brown, lg.....	c, Spellman
Kominsky, rf, 1.....	2, (1) rf, Tolman
.....	rf, Donovan
.....	3, (1) lf, Doughty

ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 28)

A thesis, "Rubber Power Transmission Belting", presented by W. L. Sturtevant (University of Maine, 1906) for the professional degree of chemical engineer in 1929, was printed in the October, November, and December, 1930, and January issues of India Rubber World. Mr. Sturtevant is chief chemist of the Manhattan Rubber Manufacturing Division of Rabestos-Manhattan, Inc., Passiac, N. J. He is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1900.

Three students from B. H. S., at the U. of M. were recently elected to membership in Sigma Mu Sigma, national honorary psychology fraternity. They are: Philip R. Cohen, '26, Richard T. Munce '28, and Marjorie Deane Stevens, '28.

This organization, which is primarily for majors in psychology, is the highest honor which can be bestowed in that field. Candidates must have honor in the subject and a deep interest in the work.

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Henry P. Gulnae, '30, a freshman at Union College, has been pledged to the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

Blanche Bowden, former Bangor girl, who is now head of the music department of the Brent School in Bagnio, Phillippine Islands, presented a cantata there, "Why the Chimes Rang." Bagnio is a health resort of great beauty situated in the mountains of the Phillippines. The Brent School is a private boarding institution conducted especially for the children of American and English officers.

The following marriages have been announced:

Marion F. Gallagher to Donald Huot.

Mary Goodspeed, '31, to William F. Hackett.

Ursula Sprague, to Maxwell K. Murphy.

Marion A. Schriver, '25, to John L. Parker, Jr.

Elva M. Turner, '30, to Henry C. Willey, '26.

Irene Murray, '27, to Dr. Harry J. Pettapiece.

Margaret Hickson, '22, to Frank F. Coburn.

Marie Wilson '29, a member of Nasson Institute, a vocational school for girls at Springvale, Maine, has been elected business manager of the Class Book, "The Nugget."

Frank Linnell, '25, received notification from the Maine Bar Examiners that he is one of the four applicants who recently passed the examinations given in Bangor. Of the successful candidates for the Maine Bar, Mr. Linnell received the highest rank. He was an honor student in Bangor High and also at Boston University Law School from which he graduated. He is now associated with Seth May, state prohibition director, and John Marcho.

Paul H. Eames '17, president of the Ice Service Company, was recently re-elected a director of the Ohio Association of Ice Industries at the annual convention in Columbus. He is one of the twelve members of the Merchandising Co. recently organized to study the problems and plans of merchandising refrigerators.

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MILITARY

(Continued from Page 22)

EXPENDITURES

Vou. No. 1.	Oct. 20, 1930	\$8.75
Vou. No. 2.	Oct. 20, 1930	5.00
Vou. No. 3.	Nov. 14, 1930	12.10
Vou. No. 4.	Nov. 18, 1930	7.80
Vou. No. 5.	Nov. 24, 1930	2.97
Vou. No. 6.	Dec. 2, 1930	1.80
Vou. No. 7.	Jan. 16, 1931	13.40
Vou. No. 8.	Feb. 13, 1931	5.35
Vou. No. 9.	March 10, 1931	24.00
Vou. No. 10.	March 18, 1931	8.80
Total		\$89.97

TOTALS

Receipts	\$191.05
Expenditures	89.97

Balance..... \$101.08

Cash in Bank this date, \$101.08.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT—OFFICERS CLUB

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April 1, 1931

RECEIPTS

Cash last report, June 16, 1930	\$234.90
July 21, 1930, Contributions	125.00
Sept. 2, 1930, Collections	1.35
Sept. 3, 1930, Collections and Sales	8.32
Sept. 11, 1930, Collections and Sales	15.00
Sept. 17, 1930, Collections and Sales	13.00
Sept. 22, 1930, Collections and Sales	5.00
Sept. 25, 1930, Collections and Sales	5.00
Sept. 29, 1930, Collections and Sales	13.00
Oct. 1, 1930, Collections and Sales	6.00
Oct. 8, 1930, Collections and Sales	9.00
Oct. 17, 1930, Collections and Sales	7.00
Oct. 22, 1930, Collections and Sales	5.00
Nov. 5, 1930, Collections and Sales	5.00
Nov. 12, 1930, Collections and Sales	5.70
Nov. 18, 1930, Collections and Sales	11.00
Dec. 2, 1930, Collections and Sales	6.00
Jan. 8, 1931, Collections and Sales	4.60
Jan. 9, 1931, to date, Sales	1.00
Totals	\$480.87

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Vou. No. 2.	Assoc. Mil. Stores	8.32
Vou. No. 3.	M. L. French	27.49
Vou. No. 4.	Kraft	22.67
Vou. No. 5.	M. L. French	69.00
Vou. No. 6.	Supt. Documents, U. S.	1.75
Vou. No. 7.	Express Colors	1.54
Vou. No. 8.	Colors see Vou. No. 1.	24.31
Vou. No. 9.	M. L. French	13.91
Vou. No. 10.	M. L. French	.45

Total.....\$475.63

TOTALS

Receipts.....	\$480.87
Expenditures.....	475.63

Balance.....\$5.24

Cash in Bank.....	\$4.69
Cash in Hand.....	.55

Balance.....\$5.24

All cash deposited in Eastern Trust & Banking Company. All books open to inspection at any time.

C. M. BALDINGER,

Major, U. S. Army, Ret'd.

P. M. S. & T.

EXCHANGES

(Continued from Page 72)

Sometimes it's a toss-up between the Librarian and the Exchange Editor as to which one shall get school papers addressed to "Bangor High School". If we have any that weren't supposed to come our way, we'll say that we're not a bit sorry, except of course, for the Librarian who doesn't have all the fun we do reading them.

The "Rohistat," from Rockwood, Pa., reports that the glee club is giving lessons in social dancing, with competent teachers who guarantee to make successful dancers of their students for the sum of 5c. per lesson. We hope those teachers are not getting discouraged.

South Portland High sends along the bi-weekly "Echo" which has some baseball write-ups that do the Sports editor credit.

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A BURNED PIE

(Continued from Page 12)

and sat down to read a book. Alas! I had picked an altogether too interesting story, for I read on and on through the alarm clock's futile ringing.

And now, four hours later, I gazed in horror at this smoking mass of what had been my first and only pie. Hearing a stray dog scratching at the garbage pail just outside the door, I seized the pie, and marching with determined stride to the open door, threw it to the dog. Then to my utmost disgust, the mongrel sniffed at the pie and walked off with an insulted air as if to say, "Huh! he expects me to eat that."

A CYCLONE

(Continued from Page 13)

midnight, when it utterly ceased. The next morning, the sun rose from out of a cloudless sky, and shone down upon a desolate scene of wreckage. Up-rooted trees and crushed plants lay over the whole ground, covering boards, household utensils, and the bodies of dead birds.

* * * *

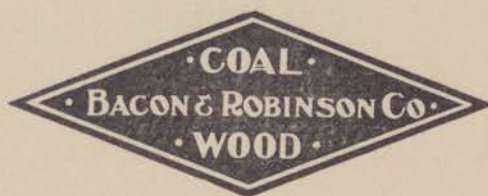
In about a week, I was able to sail back to my own native Maine; a place beautiful in a more refined, and less tempestuous way than the tropical, passionate beauty of the equatorial countries; a place where God gave a little of heaven to man.

A DREAM

(Continued from page 16)

I could hear the most terrible sounds in my head and I could feel my breath gradually leaving me.

Finally as I felt his hot breath scorching my face, I lost myself entirely. My last thought was, "I hope he kills me with the first bite of those terrible teeth." Then something hit me a whack and I woke up to find my mother shaking me and telling me—"If you ever eat

(Continued on Page 54)

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A RUG AND A HOLE

(Continued from Page 10)

having the job very much I'm sure. I'll do my very best.

Mr. J.—Well, I'm glad to hear that you will accept it. We must be going now. Good night Mrs. Smith.

Every body says good-night and the Jones' go out.

Mrs. S.—Oh, Charles, isn't that wonderful?

Mr. S.—Humph. I told you I'd get a raise some day. What is the name of the man that runs the Oriental Rug Shop? I'll tell him to come see you to-morrow.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE PASSION PLAY

(Continued from Page 11)

glittering diadem on the head. The different sexes can sometimes be distinguished only by the long hair of the women. Everyone in the chorus wears a long white tunic and a colored mantle, their tints blending with each other to the right and left of the "prologue," who, as the chief of them all, is particularly grandly dressed and carries a magnificent wand in his hand.

If, as an old Jewish legend maintains, all who enter the Promised Land keep the odor thereof for forty days in their clothes, it can also be said in a certain sense of the visitors at Oberammergau; for those who have witnessed a performance of the Passion Play carry away with them rich moral profit, a faith which sweetens the bitterness of life for years.

A DREAM

(Continued from page 53)

a crab salad again before going to bed when you're tired, you will find a new boarding place." I thought I had better take her advice, so I have never again eaten crab salad on a tired stomach before going to bed.

Richard "Dick" Rice '30, a member of the freshman class at the University of Maine, has been awarded a letter in football.

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