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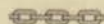
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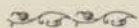
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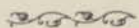


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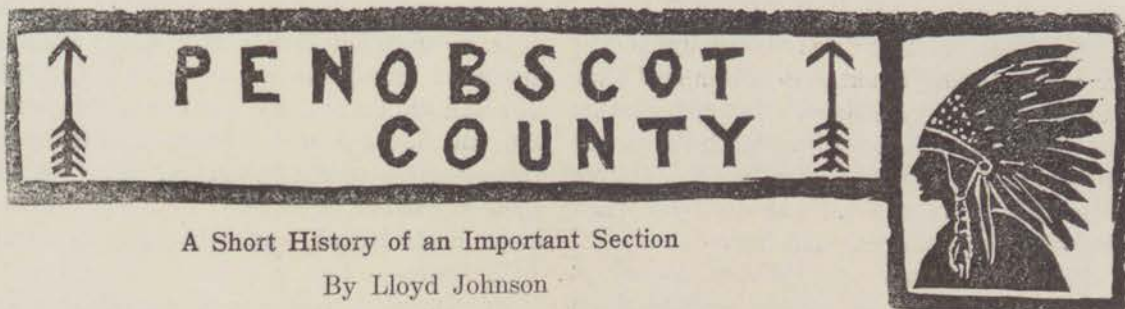
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The ORACLE



A Short History of an Important Section

By Lloyd Johnson

THE county of Penobscot, once the seat of the greatest lumbering operations in the world, is altogether an inland sub-division. It occupies, however, almost the whole of the valley of the Penobscot; nearly the whole of the main stream of that river, the entire East branch, except the farthest head waters, and many miles of the West branch, lie within its boundaries. It has a total area of one million, seven-hundred and sixty-six thousand and four hundred acres. Its extreme length is one hundred seventeen and one half miles, and its width varies from eighteen to fifty miles. The population of the county, according to the census of 1930, was ninety-two thousand, one hundred fifty-seven.

The Indians of Maine have received comparatively little attention from writers. It may be that the uncommonly peaceful and friendly dispositions of the savages who lived in Maine made them less the subjects of history than their brothers of Massachusetts or New York. It is generally supposed, however, that the Penobscot Indians came from the same stock as the Mohicans. The tribes that dwelt along the banks and head waters of the St. John and Penobscot Rivers were called by the general name of Etchemins. The Etchemins were divided into three tribes, the Marechites or Armonchequois of the St. John,

the Openangos or Quoddys of the Passamaquoddy, and the Tarratines of the Penobscot. Samoset, the friendly savage who suddenly came upon the Plymouth colony one warm morning in February, 1621, is believed to have been a Tarratine; at least, he was certainly a Maine Indian.

In 1669, the dreaded Mohawks, who had doubtless waged frequent wars with them through the ages with their parties coming down the Penobscot from the Canadian woods and waters, completely overcame the Tarratines, plundered, burnt, and devastated their villages. The tribe was not, however, exterminated, nor was it carried into captivity by its conquerors. The Tarratines remained on or near the Penobscot in sufficient force to form an important element in the history of early colonization of Penobscot County.

The councilors, or wise men, of the tribes, were the sachems; the chief of these, or the chief magistrates, were the Sagamores, and the chief of the Sagamores, or ruler over all the tribes, was the Bashaba. The Bashaba's capital, or place of residence is scarcely fixed; some claim it to be opposite the mouth of the Kenduskeag Stream, while others claim the shores of Penobscot Bay, and still others the coast of Maine between Pemaquid and the bay. After the Bashaba, whoever, or what-

ever he may have been, we have but few accounts of the Sagamores, until the time of Joseph Orono, who was for a long time, the chief of the Tarratines. After Orono came John Atteon and John Neptune. Soon after, the Indians were taken under control by the state, and put on the reservation at Old Town island.

The coast of Maine was visited by several explorers, among whom were Sebastian Cabot and Sir Humphrey Gilbert. In 1604, Samuel de Champlain sailed up the Penobscot to the present site of Bangor and returned. George Weymouth, Samuel Argall and also John Smith explored Penobscot bay and river.

Penobscot county was the first county to be cut out of Hancock county, and the ninth and last to be formed in the district of Maine before the separation from Massachusetts. It was incorporated by act of Massachusetts legislature, February 15, 1816, the law taking effect on the next April first. The county contained all the northern part of Hancock county, from the northern boundary of Bucksport to the Canadian border, and Bangor was declared shire town. In 1838 and 1839, when Piscataquis and Aroostook counties were formed, Penobscot lost a large part of its original territory.

The earliest regular settlement in the county commenced in Bangor, 1769; then followed settlements in Brewer and Orrington in 1770, and so, on the tide of settlers moved, up through the northern part of the county, until they settled at Kingman in 1864.

Almost from the beginning of the white settlement on the Penobscot, the shipping and lumbering industries, until recent times, have been the principal occupations; in fact at one time Bangor led the world in the exporting of lumber. In those days it was a common sight to see the Penobscot filled with freighters and six-masters, whose bristling spars obscured the sky. Those famous old days are well depicted by the Peirce Memorial, "River Drivers," which stands near the public library in Bangor.

During the Revolutionary War, Penobscot

county had no record of military action, except that twenty whites and ten Tarratines offered their services to the governor of Massachusetts.

In the War of 1812, however, it was different; as Penobscot county has a good access to the sea coast, the inhabitants felt the hazards and dangers of the war. The only incident of note, however, in Penobscot county, was the Battle of Hampden, on September 4, 1814, in which the British regulars defeated the militia, and forced them to flee to Bangor, and thence across to the Kennebec. The British then proceeded to Bangor, destroyed all the ships in the harbor, and went down the river to Castine.

In 1839, Penobscot county was the scene of a disorder known as the Aroostook War, in which the United States and Great Britain prepared to assert by arms their claims to that part of the state known as Aroostook county. By the efforts of General Scott, real military conflict was averted, and the matter was peacefully settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

Two companies were organized in Penobscot county to serve during the Mexican War, but there is no record of the personnel of the companies, or their activities.

During the Civil War, Bangor was the center of operations for northern and eastern Maine, because the State arsenal was located here, and it had an easy access to the sea coast. Like the rest of the country, Penobscot County gave its best blood to the cause, and many of its soldiers rose to high command.

You can readily see that Penobscot county has been the scene of many stirring and exciting events: Indian wars, massacres, battles with the English, with the French and all those other thrilling experiences that accompany the settling and developing of any new region. If you were to ask the older inhabitants about the history of Penobscot county, my guess is that many of them could sit and tell you tales by the hour of the old logging days when Bangor was the "boom" town in the grand old county of Penobscot.

THE DAGGER

Philip Jarvis

"Joe Larkin," murmured the captain, "and he has only three fingers "

JOHN LEADBETTER was a known personage. In his dirty tramp steamer he had traveled to every known port in the world. To merchants in Tahiti, Nome, Calcutta,—everywhere he was a common figure. Indeed, he could count his friends and allies by the hundreds; not statesmen and diplomats whose friendship is ever uncertain, but staunch sailor-folk who would follow their traveling friend to the ends of the earth, if need be.

He did not look like a man who had followed the sea for forty years. Another man would have been weather-beaten and wrinkled, but John Leadbetter was as rosy and pink-cheeked as he had been at twenty when he had plowed his father's fields on a little farm in Sheffield county, England.

Always a good eater, John had begun to get plump in early life, and now in his sixtieth year he looked not unlike a barrel with two tenpins turned upside down for legs, and a pumpkin for a head. But all in all John Leadbetter was a very prosperous man with his trafficking and his friends.

John's early ambitions were not concerned with following the sea but something had happened that changed the whole outlook of his life. In his twentieth year his father was murdered while working in his fields. Beside him, on a smooth faced stone were found the words "sailor" and "three fingers" scrawled in blood. John, himself, found a dagger with the initials "J. L." sketched in gold. With these meager clues John had become a sailor to hunt the criminal down and bring him to justice.

During the years that followed, he became more prosperous and made many friends, but he was never able to find the man with three fingers and gradually he lost hope and shut the dagger up in his safe.

In the last few years he had looked at it only once or twice. But on the morning of his sixtieth birthday he took it out of the safe, and again examined it. He was toying with it when his breakfast was brought in, not as usual by the cabin boy, but by the cook, Pedro, who stood in the doorway and said "Cap'n we're all here to congratulate you on your sixtieth birthday," and he walked to the captain with outstretched hand, followed one by one by the rest of the crew. Each man shook hands with the captain who stood with right hand outstretched and left hand holding the dagger.

The last in the line was a new member of the crew who had just signed on the day before, and, as he came forward, John Leadbetter's eyes rested on his hand. He started; the man had only three fingers. Quickly, instead of grasping the man's hand, he pushed the dagger into it. Puzzled, the man looked down. The next moment he drew back with a deep gasp and let the dagger fall to the deck. "Where'd

(Continued on page 42)



John Looked Not Unlike a Barrel

HURLED INTO FAME

By Virginia Orbeton, Jean and Jeanette Sanborn

A boy, a girl, 500 missing dollars combined to
make a corking story

"Double Stag Lines
For College Dance
No Dates
Sport Clothes
and

A Bread Line for Refreshments"

SUCH signs were posted on every part of Wellton Campus. They were advertising the dance which was to take place that night at the co-educational college tucked away in the Connecticut hills. On the massive elms which lined the walks and behind the glass of the bulletin-boards in the various dormitories, the posters for the Chi Nu fraternity dance beckoned invitingly to the students. Over the door of the Chi Nu frat house, a gay black and orange poster read, "Come to our dance, the Forty-Niner marked down from Fifty."

It was late afternoon on the day of the dance; inside the Chi Nu house everybody was hurrying to and fro. Booths for punch and candy were being set up, and white oil-cloth was being tacked on these to insure cleanliness.

The Bumpus twins, freshmen and initiates, were polishing and waxing the large floor. It seemed to be a difficult job, for they were panting and puffing while a group of older boys stood around them and advised them how to do it. "See that spot over there?" asked Jim Carver. "Yes sir," responded the Bumpi.

"Well hurry and polish it up."

"Yes sir," again responded the twins.

"Come on," said Jim who was incidentally the chairman of the dance, "Hurry up, I have another job for you. Hang these barrels on the ceiling and then take care of the sifters. We're going to arrange it so that autumn leaves sift down on the dancers during one of the dances."

"Yes sir," murmured the Bumpus twins; then Dickey whispered to Mickey, "You might know we were initiates. Well, there is only one good thing about this—we're only initiates once."

Meanwhile Jim was talking to a group of seniors stationed in the hall. "Has anyone seen Phil? He was due here at 3:30 and hasn't arrived yet."

"I saw him in the dean's office about half an hour ago," said a tall youth with dark-rimmed glasses. "He was discussing whether he could wait another week to pay his tuition."

"I think Phil is the best kid in this college," said Jim, "and what's more he's having a pretty hard time to get through. If he wasn't smart and hadn't won that scholarship last year, I don't see how he could ever have got so far."

Another senior piped up with, "Gee, what would we ever do without Phil! He's always on the job; he's the life of any party."

The tall senior continued. "Phil spoke as if he was pretty discouraged. We may have to get along without him, if he can't pay his tuition. He's too proud to accept charity. He's tried his hand at everything. He has tutored Professor Gray's boys, and he has waited on table; he's taken care of the furnace in the boys' dormitory, and he even delivered laundry to the coeds. I truly can't see how he could try any harder to earn money."

At this time a noise was heard. A group of boys came in the door, and Phil was in the lead. Following him came four boys carrying armfuls of cornstalks, and baskets of autumn leaves of beautiful hues.

"Hi gang, it looks swell! Whoever had the job of polishing the floor did a fine job," said Phil. "This hall is going to look as if a depression had hit it all right when we get these cornstalks hung up."



The Bumpus Twins Were Polishing the Large Floor

The new-comers set to work with a will, hanging the cornstalks upon the walls; and after completing this task they began to set up the sifters in the barrels which were fixed on the ceiling. Finally the barrels were arranged so that with one pull of a rope floods of autumn leaves would come floating down.

When everything was declared in readiness for the ball, the boys, one by one, departed, until only Jim and Phil remained.

"Phil," said Jim, "are you worrying about your tuition?"

"I guess I can't help it," said Phil, "I don't want to bother the guys about it, but I just can't help worrying about it."

A stocky, blond youth entered the room and this conversation was at an end.

"Hi Robinson," said Phil, "How is the world treating you?"

Robinson, the treasurer of the frat, answered, "Not so hot, I feel uneasy about this money from the treasury. The combination of our safe is broken, and we can't find anyone to fix it for three days. The banks are all closed, and I'm left with five hundred dollars on my hands. I'll have to think of a safe hiding place before tonight."

"Well," said Phil, rising from one of the wooden boxes which served as seats, "let's call it done."

"Yes, let's be going! We're due at the gym at 6:00 and it's quarter of, now," said Dick.

"If you ask me, this dance is going over big," said Mick.

"So long boys," said Phil, "I must go down to the store, but I'll see you later."

When Phil was returning from the store, he met Sheila Burns, a yellow-haired, brown-eyed girl who was very pretty and a fine sport. "How is the dance coming along?" she asked. "Is the hall decorated?" After promising him the fourth dance, she parted at the door of her dormitory. "Good bye, see you tonight," said Phil.

After supper Phil donned his much-pressed blue suit, and brushed his hair carefully.

As the orchestra struck up "Auf Wiedersehen," the first couple drifted onto the floor. Before five minutes had elapsed, nearly everybody there was dancing and the floor was crowded. The dance was an immense success.

About ten o'clock Phil was dancing with Sheila; he was wondering how he could manage so that Sheila could be with him at intermission. All at once a large crowd gathered at one corner of the hall, Sheila grasped his arm and together they hurried to that corner.

Phil inquired, "What's the matter?"

One of his classmates answered, "Robinson has tripped over a stone step and has fallen: he fell right on his head and was knocked out like a light."

(Continued on page 42)

FOR SCIENCE



Lightning flashes while scientists search for
ghosts

By Natalie Nason

THE thunder rolled on in the overcast heavens. The frequent streaks of gleaming lightning that every now and then flashed across the sultry sky served but to increase the intense darkness. At irregular intervals, raindrops, thick and warm, wet the solitary passers-by.

On such a wild, tempestuous night, a night of darkness and mystery, the small-town village of Coleville lay like some blessed haven. From its protective shelter three darkly-clad figures were sturdily and resolutely making their way toward a large white house, with gaping windows and a deserted air. The house sat on a high hill, overlooking the village.

"No wonder the village gossips choose such a night for ghosts to walk," muttered one of the three to his companions. "The atmosphere, alone, would convince any person, however logical, of haunts. However, we shall find out for ourselves, if on nights when there is a heavy thunderstorm, Old Wilkes' body can be seen hanging from a rafter in the barn; and if so, what causes the apparition. We are scientists, and regardless of stories of fatal peril, if one does not leave quickly on seeing the old millionaire, we will hold our post, and in the interests of science find the cause of the phenomenon."

This speech, though rather long and boastful, encouraged the others, and the three scientists, all hoping to see an apparition, proceeded up the hill in the midst of the crashing thunder, flaming lightning, and pelting rain.

On reaching the old white buildings, they carefully opened the barn door, went inside, then closed it. A peal of thunder that in its awful force must have moved the foundations of the earth, shook the old barn; and, scarcely before its crash had died away, a gleam of all-revealing lightning lighted up the whole sky. The scientists looked! Their blood froze in mortal terror! The white flash of the lightning showed the form of a man, old, crippled, with long, stringy, white hair, and a face leering at them like that of some long-buried Egyptian mummy, hanging by his neck from the highest beam!

The flash of lightning passed. The scientists partially regained their senses. Then all unanimously turned and ran from the barn, down the hill toward Coleville—all in the interests of science.

As they disappeared a lad of perhaps twelve years, emerged from a dark corner.

"Come on, fellows, let's go home," he said. "That thing looks ghastly enough when you know what it's made of."

"And the School Went Mad"

Rebecca Dooley

THE corridors were perfect babels of sound. Excited students stood in groups wildly gesticulating. Voices were pitched higher and higher as they

strove to make their views on the subject known to people who were talking louder than they were. Frantic pupils stood in groups avidly discussing the "pros and

cons" of the situation. Some were protesting; some were laughing; some were gloomy, and a few lucky souls were fairly dancing for joy.

The faculty went about with relieved expressions on their harassed faces, but they were the only ones who went about the least bit calm. No one else looked quiet. Expressions registered from happiness and bliss to all the shades of darkest blue.

What is the cause of this, you ask me? Why

all this noise and excitement, as if everyone had gone insane at once? Why all the heated discussing and arguing? Why do some look joyful and surprised, while others look woe-begone and sad? What makes the faculty so relieved, as if they were free from care for the time being, while some of the students look as if they were suddenly burdened with the troubles the teachers had slipped off?

Like the immortal, "Raven," my reply is but one cryptic word. Ranks!

In Which We Tell of Newfoundland

Bad Storms Are Part of Ordinary Life of Newfoundlander
Says Edwin Young

DO you know that there is a student in school who doesn't like the life of the big city of Bangor, and greatly prefers to live in the country? That student is Edwin Young; and his preference for the country, strange perhaps to you metropolitans, started during his eight-year stay in Bonnie Bay, Newfoundland, where they have ten feet of snow in the winter, where there are no cars, because the roads are not good enough, where the winter mail comes by dog-team, and where dolphins, sharks, and whales are an everyday sight.

I can hear some of you saying, "Ye gods, what a dreary place to live!" But you're wrong. According to Edwin, you have more exciting times and a lot more fun there than here.

In the winter, there are all the winter sports: skiing, skating, ice boating and tobogganning, besides hunting and snow-shoeing. In the summer there is all the swimming you could want, in addition to the sports and games which we have in Maine. During the spring-time, however, there is one unusual pastime that we in Maine rarely enjoy: that of ice floating. When the ice begins to break up, large cakes of ice are carried down the river and there is a lot of fun and some danger in riding on them, and jumping from one to another.

Yet there is one respect in which Edwin be-

lieves Maine is superior to Newfoundland, and that is in its schools. In Bonnie Bay the schools go as far as the sixth grade—that sixth grade being equal to the sophomore year in high school; this particular school was small, having only fifty members. Each pupil had to pay so much a quarter to go to school and instead of paper they used slates to write on. There is a further difference between their school system and ours: instead of being promoted as a class, each pupil advanced as fast as he could, perhaps staying in any one class only a short time.

Possibly the life in Newfoundland seems to you just an ordinary, hum-drum, uneventful life. But there you are wrong. Because of the rough climate, and also because of the hardy life they lead as fishermen, the natives are often exposed to grave dangers. I asked Edwin if he had ever been ship-wrecked, or if something equally exciting had not happened to him. "No," he replied, "I have been in a few storms, nothing to speak of, but that's all."

"Tell us about them anyway."

"Well, the worst one I was in came on as I was crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence with my mother and my father, who is a sea captain. When we were about halfway across, a storm blew up suddenly. The sea was terribly rough, but I didn't get sea-sick. Still the

(Continued on page 42)

FIFTH AVENUE

SYNOPSIS

Mrs. Sheldon Appleby, a widow, comes home one night, late from a Broadway show; and the next morning is found by her maid Nannette, murdered. The detective on the case finds that she was poisoned.

He collects the various servants of the house and questions them closely concerning the murder, but finds nothing.

Also on the morning of the same day, he questions the guests and other members of the household, but learns little. Finally he departs to check on the various stories told by the suspects.

Early the next morning, he comes back in a great hurry. He asks the butler to waken the guests of the house, Mr. Manning, and Mrs. Appleby's sister, Miss Langstrom. Harkins finds them both dead.



HE two startled detectives rushed up the stairs, Tony going to Manning's room, Sergeant Humphryes to Miss Langstrom's, and Harkins hovering fearfully in the hall. A brief examination revealed that Manning had been dead for some time; so Tony called to Harkins to telephone police headquarters for the medical examiner and the fingerprint expert. After Harkins had departed on this errand, Tony thoughtfully surveyed the room. Beside the bed there was a small table, on which were standing a carafe and a glass. Tony wondered instantly if the water were poisoned, as Mrs. Appleby probably had been.

"Anyhow," Tony muttered to himself, "Doc will have to examine that water."

His brief survey completed, Tony left Manning's room and went down along the hall into Miss Langstrom's room to get Humphryes' report.

At this point the doorbell rang, and Harkins let in the medical examiner, the fingerprint expert, and a photographer. While leading the way upstairs, Tony told the men what had happened, and asked that the doctor examine the water pitchers and glasses.

"What do you think we should do now, George?" asked Tony.

"Let's get all the servants out here and question them." After they were shown the rooms and had started their tasks, Tony decided to question the servants, and asked Harkins to

Startling complications occur as Shelly is murdered.

send them in one by one to the library. He had chosen this room as it was the most cheerful place in a rather gloomy house, and also because it was so arranged that he could sit with his back to the light, thus having his features shadowed while those of the persons he questioned would be well revealed.

The first to appear was Fritz, the cook, a small rotund German with a normally cheerful countenance, now rather downcast. He revealed in the course of Tony's inquiries that he had come from Germany after the war and had been employed at the Applebys' for more than ten years. He had always been very well satisfied with his position and seemed particularly devoted to Mrs. Appleby. He was rather reluctant to make any comments about Miss Langstrom, but, when Manning's name was mentioned, his mild blue eyes snapped with anger. Instantly he sought to regain control of his expression but that brief moment had betrayed him.

When asked how he had spent his evening, he replied that he had gone for a short walk alone in the evening. He had returned about nine and had spent the remainder of the evening in the servants' sitting room.

"Did you leave the servants' quarters at all last night?" asked Tony.

A crafty look appeared on the face of Fritz, but it was gone almost at once.

"No," he replied blandly.

"Did you see any one go up after you came in?"

"No."

"Did anyone see you?"

"That I cannot say. I saw no one as I was interested in my cross-word puzzle. I find it is a good way to improve my English."

With a few words of admonition not to discuss the case with anyone, Tony dismissed him. As he left the room, Nannette entered,

MURDERS

and Tony noticed the sudden flush that colored her cheeks as she passed Fritz.

In answer to Tony's question, she answered that she had entered Mrs. Appleby's employ seven years before, that she could find no fault with her job, and that she had no idea who had murdered Mrs. Appleby, Miss Langstrom, or Mr. Manning. During the previous evening, she continued, she had gone to her room after dinner and had stayed there until Miss Langstrom was ready for bed.

"When was that?"

"She and Mr. Manning came upstairs at about 8:30. She complained of being very tired and went to bed."

"What were you doing in your room all that time?"

Nannette hesitated. "I was reading a movie book."

Tony tapped his chin thoughtfully for a moment, started to speak, then changed his mind. He was wondering what that flush had meant that had sprung to Nannette's cheeks at the sight of Fritz. Mentally cataloguing the idea for future reference, he dismissed Nannette. While sitting in his chair, waiting for the next servant to be sent in, Tony quickly ran over in his mind the list of suspects. Barring the bare possibility of an outsider having done the murders, the list was very short. "That should make it easy," ruminated Tony, "but what seems to be missing entirely is motive. So far, I can't see a motive for anyone, except possibly—"

But here Greta, the nurse-girl, entered, interrupting Tony's thoughts. He motioned for her to be seated, then proceeded with his questions. Greta, seemingly very uneasy, told him that she had just been employed by the Applebys three months before, that she was rather dissatisfied with her position, and that she suspected Harkins of having murdered the three victims. "Ask him," she cried; "ask him about his quarrel with Mrs. Appleby the day before she was killed!"



Tony Flung Himself Downstairs

Tony leaned forward, expectantly. "Yes," he prompted.

But Greta had withdrawn into her shell of stolid indifference. After her one outburst she was again controlled; then she exclaimed, "I hate this house: murders, murders, and people snooping around. Ay tank ay go home."

Although he asked several leading questions, Tony was unable to shake her control again; so he contented himself with determining her whereabouts on the previous evening. She had taken Shelly up to bed after dinner.

(Continued on page 38)

The Oracle

FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC
CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI



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Students of
Bangor High School

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Number IV

March, 1933

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Public speaking, as a part of the curriculum of Bangor High School, probably began before 1892. Henry K. White was principal of the school. For a few years Miss Hutchings, now head of the English department, instructed the expression classes in addition to teaching English.

Briefly, the expression teachers in the order of their office have been Miss Hutchings, Miss Waterman, and Mrs. Mary Hexter of Bangor, Miss Florence Jaynes, graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory, Miss Stasia Scribner (now Mrs. Frederick Woodman) also a graduate from Emerson. Then Miss Hope Buxton (Leland Powers school) of Abbott Village taught the expression classes, followed after two years by Miss Dorothy Butterfield, whose unfinished year was completed by Mr. Powers, a son of Mr. Powers of the Leland Powers School of Oratory. In 1923, Miss Marjorie Greene of Brookline, Massachusetts, came here from Leland Powers; the last two teachers have been Miss Doris Plaisted (now Mrs. Edward Bridgham) and Miss Darthea Rideout. It is interesting to note that before 1920, all expression instructors combined their work with that of instructing in English. After that date the expression teachers devoted their whole time to the instruction of public speaking. Almost from the first, instructors, especi-

ally trained in expression, were employed to direct their protege's talent.

In 1898, as now, the speakers declaimed in City Hall, but previous to that time, we do not know the exact location of the Junior Exhibition. However, we do know that there have always been ten speakers for Junior Exhibition. Sources of information concerning Junior Exhibition are somewhat scanty, but we know that in 1892 Mrs. Mead, of the English department at Bangor High School, recited at "Junior Declamation," Bryant's "The Bobolink," and that in 1898, Mr. Everett Glass, now professor of dramatics at Leland Stanford University recited "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

FINANCES OF ATHLETICS

The financial condition of athletics in Bangor High School is serious. Faced with a deficit of \$600 dollars at the end of the football season, the athletic department counted on the basketball season to make up for the loss. At present, the athletic department is farther behind than at the end of the football season. In an effort to counteract part of this loss, a dance is being planned in the Chateau by the athletic department for this spring.

We have this statement from Mr. Somerville of the Athletic Department:

(Continued on page 38)

The
JUNIOR
EXHIBITION



CLASS OF
Nineteen Thirty-four

PROGRAM

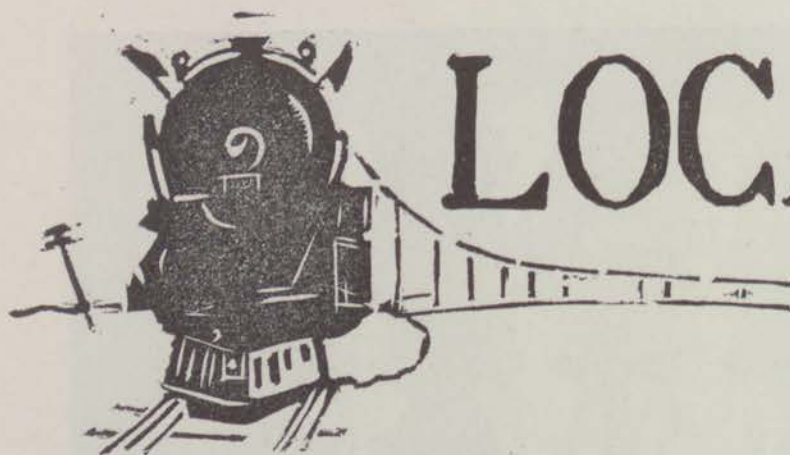
March, "Solid Men to the Front".....	<i>Sousa</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
"What Price War".....	<i>Farron E. Turner</i>
ROBERT HUSSEY	
"Where There's A Will".....	<i>Leota Black</i>
BARBARA McAVEY	
"The Diplomacy of Good Will".....	<i>Herbert Johnson</i>
ANDREW COX	
"Gipsy Song".....	<i>Romanian Folk-song</i>
JUNIOR CHORUS	
"The Heart of a Clown".....	<i>Constance Anderson</i>
RUTH SANDERS	
"The Unseen Witness".....	<i>Kathryn Wayne</i>
ALBERT FRIEDMAN	
Hungarian Overture, "Rakoczy".....	<i>Keler-Bela</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
"The Little Dub".....	<i>Kathryn Kimball</i>
JOYCE COHEN	
"Lilliputians".....	<i>Ralph Enstorm</i>
LEO LIEBERMAN	
"The Laughter of Leen".....	<i>Conrad Richter</i>
ELEANOR BISSELL	
"The Primrose".....	<i>Pinsuti</i>
JUNIOR CHORUS	
"Salvage".....	<i>Paul H. Sheats</i>
WILLIAM BALLOU	
"Just A Matter of Business".....	<i>Anonymous</i>
MARY JENKINS	
Sinfonietta Movement, "From the Western World.".....	<i>Dvorak</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	



Second row--left to right: William Ballou, Leo Lieberman, Andrew Cox, Robert Hussey, Albert Friedman.

First row--left to right: Joyce Cohen, Barbara McAvey, Eleanor Bissell, Ruth Sanders, Mary Jenkins.

This evening's Junior Exhibition is truly the culmination of the efforts of one who has labored unceasingly and who has, in past years, made declamation a success in this school. We therefore sincerely dedicate this junior issue of the *Oracle* to Miss Darthea Rideout, expression teacher of Bangor High School.



LOCALS

Junior Exhibition

On the evening of the issue of this Oracle, March 24, ten juniors, five boys and five girls, will compete in a contest of oratory. The high school orchestra will render several selections during the program, and one hundred and twenty-five juniors, picked from the Festival Chorus, and the Glee Clubs, will sing two choral numbers, *Pretty Primrose* and *Gypsy Lullaby*. The speakers are the finalists in a competition in which all juniors are required to participate. These ten picked speakers are:

	Andrew Cox
Diplomacy of Good-Will.....	Herbert Johnson
	Robert Hussey
What Price War?.....	Farron E. Turner
	Albert Friedman
Unseen Witness.....	Katherine Wayne
	William Ballou
Salvage.....	Paul Sheats
	Leo Lieberman
Lilliputians.....	Ralph Enstorm
	Eleanor Bissell
Laughter of Leen.....	Conrad Richter
	Joyce Cohen
Little Dub.....	Katherine Kimball
	Mary Jenkins
Just a Matter of Business.....	Anonymous
	Ruth Sanders
Heart of a Clown.....	Anonymous

Barbara McAvey

Where There's a Will *Leota Black*

The award for the best boy speaker and the best girl speaker is presented during the graduation exercises in June.

Prize Singing Contest

On January 27, all the sweet singing vocalists took part in the annual Prize Singing Contest, open to all members of the junior and senior classes. Medals for the best boy soloist, the best girl soloist and the best mixed quartette are given by Mrs. Anne Stodder, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drummond, and the members of the Schumann Club. Samuel Spinney, the golden voiced tenor, won the Stodder medal; Madeline Dorr, with a captivating Celtic selection, won the Schumann Club medal; and Mr. Allan Haycock's mixed quartette, which he picked by competition last fall, Elwood Bryant, Samuel Spinney, Mildred Kincaid, and Barbara Alton, won the Drummond prize. The judges were Mrs. Clifford Patch, Mr. W. Danforth Hayes, and Mrs. Irvine Devoe. These awards are to be presented at the annual Music Concert next May, at which time the winners will render a selection.

Junior Schumann Club

Members of B. H. S. musical clubs have been asked to join a Junior Schumann Club,

a sub-division of the local musical organization, which is a member of the National Federation of Music Clubs. The first meeting was held February 15 in the Assembly Hall. The officers elected were: President, Alfred B. Schriver; Vice-President, Barbara Jarvis; Recording Secretary, Geraldine E. Watson; Corresponding Secretary, Amy Wood; Treasurer, Paul Monaghan; and Sgt. at Arms, Benjie Viner. A membership committee consisting of Catherine Rogan, Herbert Brill, and Shirley McIntosh was appointed to encourage new members to join.

Band and Orchestra

The band, an organization that works hard for its publicity, is rehearsing regularly in anticipation for the spring contests. No definite announcements have been made as to whether the band will go to Rumford or not; however the boys are lipping away on Oberon, by Weber, as a possible contest number. The band has played at all the basketball games, every other week in Assembly, and will play at the annual military inspection.

The orchestra has been working very hard on the Junior Exhibition music. This year's orchestra has many exceptional musicians, who will make an excellent showing, if they play at the state music contest.

Senior English

The English students in Miss Mullen's classes held their semi-annual debates recently. The subject for debate in the second period division was Resolved: that capital punishment be adopted by the state of Maine. The best speaker was Stanley Carson. The affirmative team was given the decision. In the fifth period class, the subject for debate was,

Resolved: That the class of 1933 should take a trip to Washington instead of having the usual exercises. Miss Nancy Connors was selected as best speaker.

Military News

The following commissions and warrants for 1932-33 have been announced, as follows:

February 1st, 1933.

Special Orders

No. 1

1. The following permanent appointments are announced, with rank and assignment:

Headquarters and Staff

Fairley, Paul J.—Major, Commanding Battalion.

Fraser, William S.—Captain, Executive Officer.

Thayer, Ralph—1st Lieutenant, Adjutant.

Fowler, Thomas A.—1st Lieutenant, Quartermaster.

Field, Clarence F.—Sergeant Major.

Corey, George—Quartermaster Sergeant.

Color Sergeants

Bennett, Raymond—Dauphinee, Reginald

Color Guards, Corporals

Jellison, Milton—Hillier, Norris

Company A

Glidden, Richard E.—Captain.

Cochran, Richard P.—1st Lieut.

Brown, Woodford B.—2nd Lieut.

Staples, Morris C.—1st Sergt.

Graves, Garry—Plat. Sergt.

Winsor, Milton—Plat. Sergt.

Trask, Oscar—Sergeant.

Littlefield, Newell—Sergeant.

McLaughlin, Edward—Sergeant.

Company B

Newman, Frederic S.—Captain.

Baker, Elmer—1st Lieut.

Dostie, Joseph—2nd Lieut.

Taylor, Harold—1st Sergt.

Small, Maurice—Plat. Sergt.

Lancaster, Roland—Plat. Sergt.

Bertels, Joseph—Sergeant.

Fernald, Lawrence—Sergeant.

McLeod, John—Sergeant.

Dwellely, Clarence—Sergeant.

Company C

Thompson, Charles—Captain.
Mann, Charles—1st Lieut.
Barrett, Roland—2nd Lieut.
Peters, Andrew—1st Sergt.
Getchel, Norman—Plat. Sergt.
Ballou, William—Plat. Sergt.
Bradbury, Gilbert—Sergeant.
Tweedy, Walter—Sergeant.
Hussey, Robert—Sergeant.
Scanlin, Merlin—Sergeant.

Company D

Burleigh, Cecil—Captain.
McNulty, James—1st. Lieut.
Wiley, Wilmot—2nd Lieut.
Weston, Waldo—1st Sergt.
Welch, Bernard—Plat. Sergt.
Bell, John—Plat. Sergt.
Rice, Francis—Sergeant.
Soloby, Roman—Sergeant.
Whight, Paul—Sergeant.
Lane, Chester—Sergeant.

2. The above named cadet officers and non-commissioned officers will be obeyed and respected according to their grade.

3. All prior temporary appointments are void.

By order of:

ROBERT T. SNOW,

Major, Infantry, (DOL.),
P. M. S. & T.

Sirs, you officers get all the breaks. Just wait until the women see C-ce B-rl-i-h, in his new uniform. The non-coms., and non-military boys will have a job keeping their girls then. Well, C-ce, along with the other officers, is to have a new style coat, OD, with blue lapels on the collar and pockets. These uniforms are similar to those worn by the U. of M. cadets.

The boys have just finished their course in physical drill. Their next course is to be a new one for the cadets—rifle marksmanship. This gives training in the nomenclature of the Springfield 30-30 rifle used in the U. S. Army. They will learn the correct manner of holding

the rifle, how to sight properly, the use of the gun sling in the three firing positions. Those who wish to apply the knowledge gained in this course may do so by joining the Rifle Club. After completion of this course comes a very beneficial instruction in military hygiene. These courses are pursued as prescribed in the R. O. T. C. manual, Basic Military Science and Training, accompanied by interesting lectures by Major Snow, and Staff Sgt. Beckert.

All work in the R. O. T. C. is being done with an eye to excellence at the annual inspection at Broadway Park, May 18-19. Last year the boys made the finest showing for some time, Colonel Rich, inspecting officer for the First Corps Area, being very well satisfied. And—ah! Some great news for the cadets, who will have to drill at that inspection. Every man is to have either a drab or white cotton shirt issued him for the warm spring drill days.

The Rifle Club, having been indefinitely suspended during the month of January, is shooting again. It seems that the new targets purchased last fall were unsafe, since they caused the bullets to ricochet back of the firing line. The manufacturers have agreed to replace them with safer ones.

Debate Club

After Bangor's victory in the Bowdoin League debates, the novice varsity teams with Corinne Adams, George Tsoulas, and Lucille Epstein, and Betty Moore, Eddie Redman, and Lucille Fogg met and vanquished Foxcroft.

And now with two wins to our credit, B. H. S. swings into line for the Bates League. The Bates Interscholastic League teams are as follows: Affirmative, Bernice Braidy, Corinne Adams, with Lucille Epstein, alternate; Negative, Leo Lieberman, Andrew Cox, with George Tsoulas, alternate. The question is of considerable interest at this time, Resolved: That at least one-half of all state and local revenues should be derived from sources other than tangible property. These teams have

had experience; the members have all proved their worth before, but they have no insignificant opponents. The Affirmative met Foxcroft at Bangor, March 17, while the Negative tilted with Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield on the same date.

The Interclass Debates were held Tuesday, March 7. The senior team, coached by Miss Cousins, was made up of Edward H. Redman, Geneva Hibbard, and Woodford B. Brown. The juniors, under Mrs. Cumming's guidance, were Helen Orbeton, Aphrodite Floros, and David Morris Rubin. Miss Clarine Coffin coached the sophomore team, Eliazbeth Moore, Mr. Tinker, and Artemus Weatherbee, while the little frosh, coached by Mrs. McGinley were Isabel Cumming, Rose Bigelow, Ernest Andrews, and Charles Peirce. It seems that it takes four freshmen to equal three sophomores. The question for debate was of very great interest:—Resolved: That most modern advertising is detrimental to the best interests of the public. The trick of the question is to prove the "most." The frosh and junior teams were affirmative; sophomore and senior teams, negative.

The Debate Club is deeply appreciative of the valuable assistance of Miss Cousins and Mrs. Cumming in coaching the senior and junior teams. Their cooperation is an example of the faculty's interest in the work of the debating society.

The Student Council

The Council has decided to have pins as a badge of their merits, so everyone will know they belong to that wise and worthy body, the Student Council, (as if one couldn't be spotted a mile off). Edward Ross, Doris Chalmers, and Thelma Sullivan were on the committee.

Lest our venerable councilors might be forgetful, it has been announced that a notice will be posted on the bulletin board before each meeting stating the time and place.

Spring is in the air! Just the time of year when a young man's (or woman's) fancy turns to thoughts of fun and good times, so the Coun-

cil has elected a social committee composed of Elwood Bryant, Louise Hastings, Helen Gould, and James Lousey. Watch out now,—better save your pennies for a good time. Better times are coming!

School Song

At the first rally an attempt was made to revive the old school song, but, after Mr. Taylor had pointed out its short-comings and faults, students and teachers alike felt that B. H. S. should have a new school song. It was decided that the new song should be primarily entirely original, that it should be spirited, and that it should have that musical quality which would inspire loyalty and school spirit in even the most refractory individual. Such were the qualifications set for the school song.

On February 13, the song was accepted by the Student Council as the official school song. The words to it follow:

We'll ne'er forget the days
We spent at Bangor High
We love her name,
We love her fame,
We'll praise her till we die,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nor while we're here,
With song and cheer
We'll laud her name,
For Bangor High School's glory
Will ever be our aim.

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club is still hanging on to the one hundred dollars which they so proudly gleaned from the plays they gave in December. We guess they are saving it until that rather vague person "Prosperity" comes around the corner. That wise chap who thought up the idea ought to tell them that "Prosperity" will never come around the corner because we are on a merry-go-round,—but to get back to the subject,—there never has been or never

will be such talent as there is this year in the Dramatic Club. At the first meeting in February, a short play was given. Our one and only Jane Sullivan directed it. This play was a comedy with the very enticing and breathless title "Fur and Warmer."

The characters were:

Gretchen Faraday	Nancy Conners
Mrs. Faraday	Alyce Tuck
Winnifred Conniston	Margaret Thayer
Daisy	Thelma Robbins
Dent Holby	Don Parker
Richard Brooks	Elwood Bryant
Peter Sanders	Alvah Ford
William O'Gara	Gardiner Patterson

The story involved a fur coat which our trusty Don tried to force into playing three parts. Two parts were carried out to perfection, but in the third role the fur coat was a failure, and the three respective owners were obliged to make an inglorious and hasty exit.

The seniors have taken up the latest movie fad,—mystery and thriller stories. They are diligently seeking for a mystery story for the senior play to be given in May. We wonder who among our ambitious seniors has aspirations for becoming a second Frankenstein.

Music

The annual Glee Club concert has been postponed until the spring term. The program consisting of the four Glee Clubs accompanied by the orchestra will be much added to by the Contest winners' selections. They will sing their winning pieces and the medals will be awarded to them there.

The next musical event will be the annual School Department concert. In this concert there will be the four Glee Clubs, vocalizing, the band and the four orchestras playing. Sounds like quite a noisy time but we assure you it will be very musical and very enjoyable.

Latin Club

The first February meeting of the Latin Club was a very enjoyable one. It was especially enjoyed by the pupils as Eleanor Clough gave a very interesting (as well as educational)

talk on that very hum-drum subject—teachers. Next Ralph Wentworth entertained the members by telling them about the Roman foods and a Roman holiday.

At the close of our meeting, nominations for the new officers were posted. As the meeting was ended the election of the officers was held a few days later with the following results:

Consuls	Constance Hedin
	Andrew Cox
Quaestor	Juliet Spangler
Praetor	Eleanor Clough
Aediles	Harold Taylor
	Dorothy Daley
	Sally Woodcock
	Marjorie Taylor
Tribunes	Corinne Adams
	Edward Curran

The next Latin Club meeting held February 20, was under the supervision of Sylvia Alpert. The new officers were installed and then the program was carried out. Eleanor Clough had a very interesting paper about the education of Roman children. And let it be known that the teachers then did *not* "spare the rod and spoil the child." They spoiled the rod and didn't spare the child. Then to change the subject, Angie Henderson told about the Roman marriage and a Roman woman's position in the home. Then Ruth Cheney spoke on that ever-changing and alluring subject, especially for the women, the styles and dress of the Roman woman. How nice it would be these cold winter mornings if we had to hop out of bed, wind a few yards of cloth around us, place a few pins and be ready for the day! Not so bad!

REMEMBER!

**No money accepted for
senior class pictures
after April first**

THE BOOK NOOK

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

S. S. Van Dine

In this story of the murder of two brothers, Philo Vance returns triumphantly. The "g" dropping detective dabbles in Chinese ceramics and pedigrees of Scottish terriers and finally reveals the murderer in a spectacular denouement. The book is a thoroughly enjoyable one and worth being classed with the rest of Mr. Van Dine's masterpieces.

Aphrodite Floros.

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

Earl Derr Biggers

Sir Frederic Bruce, former head of Scotland Yard, follows a clue to San Francisco, a clue which he hopes will solve the disappearance of Eve Durand from Peshawar, India, fifteen years before. Barry Kirk, Sir Frederic's host, gives a party for his guest in the pent-house apartment of his twenty-story Kirk building. Sir Frederic is mysteriously killed. Among the guests at the party was Sergeant Charlie Chan of the Honolulu police.

Although Captain Flannery of the San Francisco police resents his presence, Charlie Chan delays his return to Hawaii until the case is solved. The assistant district attorney proves to be a young lady with whom Barry Kirk immediately falls in love.

Humorous complications set in when Kirk discovers that Paradise, his butler, and a paragon of all virtues, was once charged with putting hydrocyanic acid in his wife's tea.

Thelma Robbins.

THE RADIANT YEARS

Elizabeth Craefare

"What an odd title for a book, 'The Radiant Years,'" one might say and immediately reach for it, eager to see what the story can possibly be about. This story is gripping, thrilling, and above all amusing. Old Jonathan Abbot was like his old mansion—square solid and grey. He ruled his house and his daughter with a rod of iron. Finally Angela runs away and then in later years, the daughter, April, comes to live in the old house under very different circumstances. April's adventures and exciting escapades are unusual and thrilling. The struggles for love and money in this world present a touch of pathos, but some of the situations she finds herself in are very humorous. This story certainly lives up to its title of being radiant, as the years roll by,—radiant in years and tears,—tears of gladness and tears of sadness.

Helen A. Tebbets.

Have You Read Them?

Hugh Walpole, the novelist, once said that there were only six books in the world worthy of being called literature:

War and Peace, by Tolstoy.

The Iliad, by Homer.

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen.

The first volume of Keats's poetry.

Arabia Deserta, by Doughty.

Canterbury Tales, by Chaucer.

"As widely divergent as can be," was Mr. Walpole's comment on his selection.

(Continued on page 37)

ALUMNI

Persis Barnfield, '31, a second year student at Farmington State Normal school, is conducting a debating club in the eighth grade of the training school. The club was started at the time when Miss Barnfield was doing her practice teaching, and twenty pupils were enrolled as charter members of the club. Because of the great interest in the club, the principal requested that she continue the weekly meetings of the club during the remainder of the year.

Alice Lee, '30, recently became engaged to Ernest Richardson, '30.

Harold Shiro has received the honor of being appointed to an internship in medicine at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital. Mr. Shiro will be graduated from the Johns Hopkins university this June. He received his pre-medical instruction at Bowdoin College. Immediately after his graduation, he will take up his internship.

An appointment to the Peter Bent Brigham hospital is one of the most coveted honors which can be conferred upon a student of medicine and is sought by hundreds of ambitious students throughout the East every year.

James Cox, '32, and Frank Fellows, '32, are attending Hebron Academy this year. Frank Fellows won the tennis championship of the school last fall.

William S. Cole Jr., '31, a Sophomore at the Colorado School of Mines, has been listed high in every list, one of which, containing the names of the first ten men holding the highest rank, is published at the end of each semester. He is also the president of the sophomore class, a member of the varsity rifle team, and the

secretary of his chapter of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He has recently been elected to represent the sophomore class unofficially in the "Blue Key," an honorary society which is composed of members of the junior and senior classes.

Mary Morgrage, '31, has completed her first year's work at Eastern State Normal School and has returned home.

Viola Purinton, '28, was married to Ensign Alvin H. Griffin on St. Valentine's day. Mrs. Griffin was a graduate of the University of Maine in 1932, and Ensign Griffin was graduated from Springfield Technical School and the University of Maine in 1931. He is the chief engineer on the destroyer "Davis" of the United States Coast Guard.

Grace A. Stevens, '30, was recently married to Frank R. Blaisdell, '29. Mr. Blaisdell is a member of the junior class of the University of Maine and is a member of the Beta Kappa fraternity.

Elizabeth Dean Wigger, '32, and George H. Tolman, a graduate of John Bapst high school in 1932, were recently married.

Henry P. Gulnac, '30, of Bangor, Maine, is among the one hundred ninety-nine Union College students, or twenty-five per cent of the total enrollment, on the Dean's List of those who attained an average of 80 or more for their studies during the first semester, Dean Charles F. F. Garis announced. Gulnac is a member of the junior board of the Student Council, vice president of the college Y. M. C. A., and was awarded his "aUa" for his work at tackle on the varsity football team last season.

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT

Bill

I dare say that most of the boys know what is meant when somebody connects the name "Bill" with Bangor High. Bill, they all know, is that obliging, good-natured, sympathetic janitor, Mr. Dugan.

I believe that few of the boys really know the value of, or really appreciate, Mr. Dugan. But still they always know where to find him if they want to borrow a knife, broom, or hammer.

It's always Mr. Dugan who puts up with noise in the basement, and never says a word if we clutter up a spot that has to be cleaned up by him.

It's always Mr. Dugan who keeps our class rooms so clean.

If you chance to go to a basketball game, it's always Mr. Dugan who sits alone on the back stairs all through the game to keep rascals from going in the back way.

At a foot-ball game it's always "Bill" who stands at the gate and gives comforting words if the team is losing, and words of praise if they are winning.

I believe that it would take a long, hard, hunt to find a man who could fill "Bill's" shoes at Bangor High School.

Morris Staples.

Junior Dramatic Club

My wish, that of a very humble sophomore, is that there be a dramatic club for those in classes lower than our revered seniors. Lots of us would like to attempt dramatics, even

though there might not be much talent. I think, that, perhaps, we could put on some fairly good plays. A good many have taken parts in plays, and done well in them, outside of school. It's good training, and, if you have had expression, you have had experience in speaking. With experience before we enter the senior Dramatic Club, the plays ought to be even better than they are now. Here's hoping we have a junior Dramatic Club.

Janet St. Pierre.

Intramural

The intramural idea has recently been introduced into the high school and has met with success. Previously there were girls' hockey games and the class games (basketball) at the beginning of the basketball season, but little else. Now we have a successful basketball "loop" running. The teams are not entirely confined to classes, but other groups have formed teams. The games are played regularly on Friday afternoons, and do not require much expert supervision. However, the members of these teams are much in debt to Mr. Willis and Mr. Ulmer, who have done most of the work in bringing about this league. The success of this plan should encourage much competition in other sports and activities. One does not have to be a "star" to enjoy these things, because all varsity men are excluded. We hope that this activity may be kept up during the baseball season also.

Donald Blake.



BANGOR HIGH DROPS SECOND GAME IN A ROW

Fighting Crimson Bow to Edward Little Crew
29-22

Edward Little opened up strong and had piled up nine points before the Bangor team began playing basketball. The Crimson came up strong in the second period and were trailing the Red Eddies by only one point at half time. The score was 15-14. During the third quarter play was nip and tuck with the Eddies having a slight edge and the period ended with Bangor trailing two points. In the final quarter the Crimson showed the signs of the strenuous game with Portland on the previous night, and weakened under the terrific spurt Edward Little put on. Frankie Apsaga and Duane Nichols went well for the locals, while Bud Hawkes, after a disastrous first period, and Forrest Hurd starred for Bangor. Hurd especially went well and it was his sensational shooting which kept Bangor in the game.

BANGOR HIGH SWAMPS OLD TOWN

After trailing for two periods, Bangor High cut loose in the last half to swamp the big Green of Old Town under a deluge of baskets in the latter's hall. With every member of the start-

ing lineup breaking into the scoring, the Crimson piled up a two to one score on the Old Town team. As usual, the Crimson opened slow and were trailing 13-12 at the half. In the third period, "Slabfeet" Brown got off the dime and scored a few points for our side. In the last half with big John Hartt getting the tap at will, Bangor worked the plays which Coach Trowell has been drilling into the team since the first of the season. With Gene Brown on the scoring end of most of the plays, the Crimson rolled up 38 points to Old Town's 19. The whole team went well for Bangor while Crocket went well for Old Town.

BAPST BASKETEERS DEFEAT CRIMSON FOR FIRST TIME; 26-21

After being denied the laurel for four long years, John Bapst finally registered a win over Bangor in the first of two games played between the teams this year. After leading until late in the third quarter, the Crimson was overtaken in this period by a belated rally and Bangor was never again in the lead. The Crimson men more than held their own for two periods and a half, but with Hartt and Brown out via the foul route, the wind was taken from the sails of the Crimson machine. The game opened fast with Bapst leading 5-4 at the end

of the first period and ahead 14-11 at half time. Weakened by the loss of Hartt and Brown, Bangor was unable to hold the lead and fell to defeat. The final score was 26-21. Orris and Spellman were the stars for Bapst while Burke and "Toddy" Caulfield Hurd went well for the Crimson.

BANGOR DROPS PORTLAND 32-26

Two last minute baskets by Knowles and Burke staved off a brilliant second-half drive by the Portland quintet after the visitors had come within 2 points of tying the Crimson, and enabled Bangor High to defeat its ancient rival from the Forest City by a score of 32-26. With every member of the team clicking, Bangor ran up a total of 22 points to 3 free points, all free trys, for Portland. Portland came back strong in the second half and brought the score up to 28-26 with less than a minute to play. It was then that Bangor rallied its forces and trigged the ambitious visitors. The Murphy brothers did most of the damage for Portland. Glovsky was next to get the range and scored 3 baskets in quick succession to put Portland into the game again. For the Crimson the entire team went well with Freckles Knowles and Caulfield Hurd being outstanding.

BANGOR HIGH DROPS TWO GAMES TO SOUTH PORTLAND

Flashing a smooth-working attack that resulted in a veritable parade of baskets, Ollie Berg's South Portland basketeters swamped the visiting Bangor High team in the first of the two annual clashes between the two teams. The Crimson offered a real scrap but it was outclassed by the local Red Raiders. The entire Caper varsity gave a good account of itself with Leavitt and Hayes sharing in most of the scoring. Burke and Carlisle starred for the Crimson.

In the second game between these two teams, the Red Riot again walked off with the verdict. This game was a lot closer than the first one as the score indicates. The final tally was 22-11. The lack of scoring shows the

great defensive work of both teams. Bangor more than held their own while big John Hartt was in the game, but, when John was sent to the showers on fouls, the Crimson dropped behind. For individual play, the honors go to Leavitt, the lanky Caper center, and Handsome Hawkes, Bangor's own. Leavitt accounted for most of his team's points while the good-looking Hawkes displayed some of the greatest defensive work ever seen on a local court in holding Hayes, the Caper captain, to 3 points.

BANGOR DROPS TWO GAMES TO CONY HIGH OF AUGUSTA

Cony High of Augusta defeated the Red of Bangor High in both games of the current season. Norm Merrill, all-state half-back for the past season, showed he still has the same speed and eagle eye of last year when he led his team in both encounters to hard earned victories. The first game, played at the capitol city, was a big victory for Augusta. The final score was 30-17. But the second game was a thriller from start to finish with the stubborn Crimson fighting every inch of the way against great odds. Cony started off strong with Merrill scoring 8 points the first period before Bangor broke into the scoring. In the second quarter the Crimson came back strong and at half time were behind by only one point. The Red Imps held their own during the third period but in the final period, Bangor, weakened by the loss of Brown, slipped behind and the game ended 29-25.

Bangor's Raging Red

**Subdues Auburn 30-14 and
Old Town 19-17**

More about the above in the next issue

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Coach Churchill and her assistant student coaches certainly had a hard time to pick teams from all the girls who came out for basketball. However, as soon as the girls were picked to represent their respective teams, the class teams began.

In the first group of games—A teams participating—the seniors won every game—thus winning the cup!

The coaches for the different class teams were:

Seniors—Smith, Hastings.

Juniors—Wright, Sanders.

Sophomores—Landon, Reynolds.

Freshmen—Chalmers, Toole.

The seniors and sophomores started the tournament on Jan. 9. The seniors were lucky to have some members on their team who were also on the varsity squad.

The sophomores put up a good fight, but the seniors were a little too much for them.

The final score was 34-4.

The next game was between the juniors and the freshmen. The frosh showed enthusiasm, a lot of pep, and were very much excited during the whole game. As soon as the ball, thrown by one of the freshmen forwards, hit the basket, the room was in an uproar—the freshmen stamping their feet and clapping their hands. Each time Barbara Welch gave a withering look to her opponent. However, the Juniors won, 32-11.

The seniors and juniors played next. With

the help of Miriam Landon, the seniors beat the juniors 14 to 4.

The fourth game was between the sophomores and juniors—the latter winning, 21-4.

The seniors next game was with the freshmen, whom they easily defeated by a score of 34-2.

Each team played each of the other teams twice. The following was the outcome of the second set of games.

Frosh—14; Juniors—20.

Sophomores—4; Seniors—40.

Juniors—6; Seniors—18.

Frosh—11; Sophomores—14.

Frosh—3; Seniors—20.

In the next two games, the juniors defeated the sophomores, by a 34 to 2 score, and the freshmen, showing much improvement over their former games, defeated the sophomores by a 16 to 14 score.

The next teams to play, were the girls on the B teams. The first game that was scheduled to be played, the sophomores had to forfeit to the juniors—as there were not enough sophomore girls to make a team that night.

The scores are as follows:

Sophomores—12; Frosh—11.

Juniors—10; Frosh—18.

This record completed the class tournament. Although the seniors proved to be stronger throughout the games, they had close rivals.

The varsity has already played three games, but these will be explained in the next *Oracle*.



LATEST!

Crimson Loses to Purple 26-19
and is Out of U. of M. Tourney

finis

SCIENCE

"Scientia Est Lux"

THIRTY SENIORS VISIT PAPER MILL

The first trip taken by the science students, accompanied by the instructors, Mr. Thurston and Mr. Varney, was made to the Eastern Manufacturing Company's paper mill at South Brewer, where we were met by several chemists, who guided us and explained interestingly the details of the marvelous processes.

First of all, we visited the chemical plant, where chlorine gas was being prepared by the electrolysis of salt brine solution; we saw the huge dynamos, which supplied the current, and the chlorine being dissolved in milk of lime to form the bleach used later in the process of making paper.

Next, we saw the spruce logs being carried into the cutting room by an endless chain, and heard the whirling knives cut them into fine chips. We were shown the huge retorts, in which these chips are cooked from ten to twelve hours with calcium acid sulphite; the tanks, in which the pulp is washed thoroughly, then bleached; and the dryers on which the pulp is dried. In the beaters, this pulp was again cut into bits, dissolved, dyed, and run onto the calendar machines as a liquid 95 per cent water. We saw the finished paper being rolled at the end of the calendar machines.

In the finishing rooms were presses and rollers, which give various finishes to the paper; machines to cut the paper into squares; girl counters, far more efficient than machines; and delicate lining machines, which line ledger

paper. In the sample rooms, we were each given some samples of Eastco bonds—and we left the mill deeply grateful to the Eastern Manufacturing Company, and its employees for such a fine opportunity to see paper in the making.

E. H. REDMAN.

CHEMISTRY

Chemistry, according to the dictionary, is a science which treats of matter considered as composed of atoms, and of their relations and affinities. To be sure, one glance at this definition is enough to scare away any student desiring to take up this subject in his or her senior year.

However, chemistry affords an opportunity for any and all persons to indulge in experimental work which is intended to reveal what is contained in some substance or other. There is nothing more satisfying than to carry out all the directions given and find that your experiment has been successful. Then again, there is an added joy in experimenting with different substances and finding that you have made some compound or mixture, or solution, as the case may be, by yourself, through your skill alone. It gives one a feeling of superiority to think that he can, by mixing certain materials, applying heat, and so on, change the form of the original substance into something entirely different.

(Continued on page 34)

BUY ORACLE

THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

LATIN WINS OVER SIMPLIFIED SPELLING AS AFFIRMATIVE SIDE DOWNS NEGATIVE IN UNUSUAL DEBATE HELD IN ROOM 102

SOCIETY NOTES

By
X. X. X.

GEORGE POWELL came to school on time the other morning. We understand the teachers were rather surprised.

JOE BERTELS did not have to borrow a pen or pencil all last week. Joe ought to frame this and hang it up in his room.

PAUL McKENNEY goes to the movies every night. We would go, too, if we could get in for half price.

PAUL SAWYER is taking a P. G. course because he made such good friends of the teachers last year that it was breaking his heart to leave.

ELWOOD BRYANT was seen carrying some school-books home the other day. Oh, yes, report cards came out a little while ago.

RALPH WILSON is growing a mustache. Fran Jones remarked how nice the U. of M. boys looked during that hair-raising contest.

MACK FLEWELLING was caught presenting one of his teachers with an apple the other recess. Mack must be going into his second childhood.

NORMAN CARLISLE was seen carrying a bookbag in school the other day. It is a question whether to make him a freshman or send him back to kindergarten.

BENNY VINER got a perfect paper in Trig recently. He still thinks it was a mistake.

PAUL MONAGHAN brought a baseball to school a short time ago. He claimed he thought it was spring. We just remembered; Paul is a freshman.

EDWIN BROWN was pinched for speeding out Broadway one afternoon last week. We think the cop was trying to kid him.

CHUBBY FORD was found playing in the band at the game last week. Lawsy me, will wonders never cease?

BURKE - BURLEIGH FIGHT NO-GO; REF. CAST OUT BY CONTESTANTS

Sophs Unable to Return Verdict After Mack Flewelling Goes To The Showers

The grudge fight between Cece "Drag-em-out" Burleigh and P. "Knock-em-Down" Burke was ended the other morning by the recess bell. No decision was rendered as the referee, Mack Flewelling, was thrown out of the ring in the middle of the first round by the fighters. The judges, P. Winsor and W. Wiley, profited by the referee's example and found important business (studying) elsewhere. The audience, being sophomores, was unable to return a verdict. The fight follows by rounds.

ROUND ONE

This round was not fought as there is an international tax of fifty thousand cents on the first round, five thousand on the second, one thousand on the third, while the fourth and succeeding rounds may be fought free of charge.

ROUND FOUR

The referee called the contestants to the middle of the ring and gave them their instructions. When they came out at the bell, they jumped on the referee and threw him out of the ring (friends will please omit flowers). The round was ended, as usual, by the bell.

ROUND FIVE

Both fighters (?) were by now out on their feet, but they managed to go through the motions. The crowd booed, and the contestants left the ring to slap a few wrists in order to insure good behavior.

ROUND SIX

The two had just met in the middle of the ring when the recess bell rang. Both dove for their books, and the battle of a century was over.

DEBATE HOTLY ARGUED TO FINISH; NEGATIVE LED BY NEWMAN, WAVERS NEAR END, HOWEVER

Yesterday morning in Room 102 a big debate was held on the ancient question of Modern versus Classical. The question read as follows—Resolved: That simplified spelling should take the place of Latin in Bangor High School. The negative was represented by Fred Newman and Thelma Robbins, while Ralph Wentworth and Robert Kurson upheld the affirmative. Mrs. Cumming was the chairman and judge.

Mr. Kurson arose and spoke gloriously for ten long minutes on the deficiencies of the Latin language, that they had no word for automobile, radio, airplane, etc., that the biggest crime of all was that they had no moving pictures at all, let alone a name for them. Then Mr. Newman arose, and, quoting freely in the original from Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, and others, laid before the eyes of the audience a glowing picture of the glory of ancient Rome. The last affirmative speaker was Mr. Wentworth, who challenged Mr. Newman to translate his quotations. He went on to point out that the study of Latin was a tremendous tax on the brain, and in these dark, sad, dreary days of the so-terrible depression, taxes were being greatly reduced, so that he felt if simplified spelling were substituted for Latin, this enormous brain tax would be entirely eliminated. Miss Robbins showed that this so-called tax merely stimulated the brain, and enabled it to function better in the other subjects.

In the rebuttal Mr. Newman of the negative gave a translation of his quotations.

Upon rendering the decision, Mrs. Cumming said that she was awarding an unanimous decision to the affirmative.

MARCH 24, 1933

NUMBER 3

TECHNOCRACY IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Technocracy is sweeping the country, so it must be introduced into our school. As the learned Ralph Wilson says, it is the exchange of watts and ergs of power instead of money. Splendid. What good did money ever do anyone in a high school? Absolutely no good. But the joys of exchanging energy! Imagine Andy Cox coming out of Latin, positively out on his feet, and his next class is geometry. Along comes Barbara Kingsbury fresh from study period. She gives Andy a slip of unused ergs which revive Andrew and he gets an A on his quiz. The next morning he can give Barbara her ergs all revived again and going strong, ready for that day's work. Because energy can never be lost, ergs can be handed back and forth. We could carry the idea even further and exchange anything. To do this, all lockers should be open. Babs Mc-Avey goes by Mimi Merrill's locker, wherein resposes Mimi's unsuspecting brown hat, and Mimi's blue coat. Babs has on the opposite combination. All she has to do is swap hats, and she has a new ensemble. Mimi will also benefit as she discovers when she returns to her locker. With a little planning a good many things could happen if we introduced technocracy into the high school.

DOANE AND LONG VICTORS IN J. V. JUNIOR EXHIBITION

STRANGE BIRD GETS LOWDOWN ON R. KURSON AND SCHRIVER

We have obtained a newly discovered bird Alphonzo, the whopperenjay, which can be taught to be a reporter. What a bird! We sent him out during the last snowstorm.

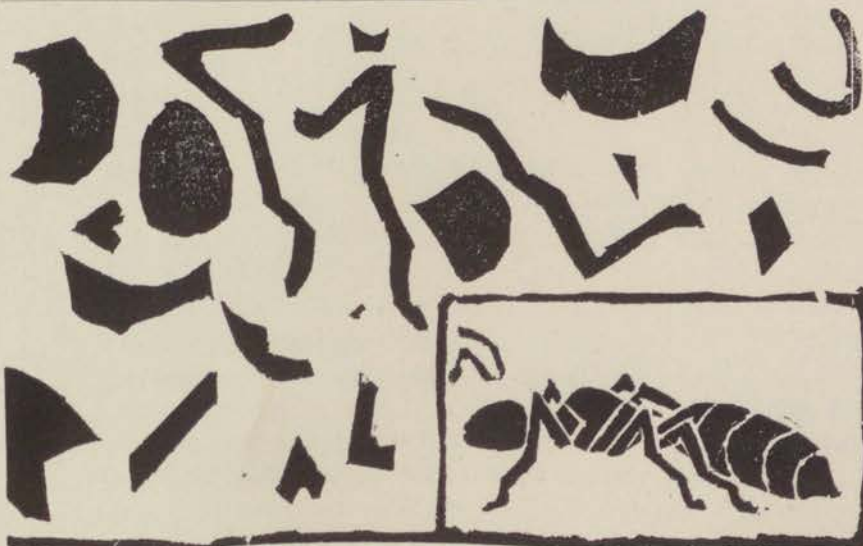
While flying up drifted Center Street, Al noticed some one shoveling a path for an automobile. He lit on the radiator cap and demanded the wherefore. The industrious one proved to be Bob Kurson, who replied that his car could not go through the drifts, and, as he did not want to walk to school, he was shoveling a path for his car.

In Chapin Park, Alphonzo saw a policeman driving away a boy with a sled. Al lit on the boy's shoulder and asked what was the trouble. The boy, Alfred Schriver, tearfully replied that the policeman wouldn't let him slide in the park on his new sled.

Bangor High created a sensation last night, March 23, by following in the footsteps of its athletic teams that have three and four second squads, and holding a J. V. Junior Exhibition. And what an exhibition. It had been planned to hold it in the Bangor Auditorium, but owing to the size of the audience, the meeting was adjourned to the high school lunchroom. Two brave Home Eck girls, Genia Savage and Ruth Hughes, gave bottles of milk to the suffering listeners after each speech.

Not only was the delivery of each contestant excellent, but the subjects were also most edifying. Virginia Wentworth, the first speaker, gave a soul-stirring talk on, "Can My Boy Friend Play the Piano!" However he may play, let us rest assured that Virginia was hitting the keys on high last night. Merrill Eldridge then told us, "Why I can Do My Geometry in Study Period." He wasn't always clear, but his two main points were that Mickey Doane sits in front of him, and Bob Hussey behind him. Joe Bertels described, with enthusiasm that was so catching that half the audience woke up, the emotional life of the Tibetan Yak. Beatrice Cameron gave, "Why I Study During My Spare Moments." The sad part was that she has not yet had a spare moment due to her outside occupational pursuits such as riding, dancing, and beauty parlor. Notwithstanding the general excellency of all, winners had to be chosen. Mickey Doane and Caroline Long were the winners. The title of Mickey's speech was "Silence is Golden." Mickey stood on the lunch-counter for ten minutes, and he proved his point by saying nothing. There were cries of "Fake, Fake," when the decision was announced, because friends of Mickey pressed chicken sandwiches, chocolate bars, etc. upon the judges during Mickey's ten (10) minute talk. Caroline Long gave "Why I Do My Skating in the Good Old Summer-time." The judges were three worthy seniors, Buddy Boudreau, Ruth Currie, and Russ "Handsome" Hawkes.

All in all the Jayvee Exhibition was one worth having. May there be many of them.



The Oracle's cut-up. Putting-together time: 40 min. (one study period)

One: "They tell me your music teacher is in the hospital."

Two: "Yeah, it was a terrible accident."

Three: "Howzat?"

Sold: "Oh, she just struck a new Cord."

Both Forgetful

John Hartt wrote the following letter to a prominent business firm, ordering a razor:

Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed fifty cents for one of your razors as advertised, and oblige.

John Hartt.

P. S. I forgot to enclose the fifty cents, but no doubt a firm of your high standing will send the razor anyway.

The firm addressed, received the letter and replied as follows:

Dear Sir:

Your most valued order received the other day and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as per request and hope that it will prove satisfactory.

P. S. We forgot to enclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need for it.

Drowning man—Help! Throw me a life-saver.

R. Stetson (on wharf)—Now ain't it lucky I didn't eat that whole package of mints. But I don't see what good they can do him.

A little boy's essay on geese:

"A geese is a heavy set boid what is mostly meet and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. A geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the moistness. He ain't got no foot between his toes and he's got a balloon on his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gets big has curls on their tals and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just loaf and eat and go swimmin. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

Bill Ballou: "What's this stuff, Bob?"

Bob Hussey: "Man, that's poison ivy."

Bill: "Well, don't worry. I just picked some; I haven't eaten any."

FUNNY

"What time is it, my dear Reginald?"

"My sweet Elaine, it is but a quarter of twelve."

"Liar! The clock strikes three!"

"But, Light of My Life, is not three a quarter of twelve?"

Alvie "Killer" Ford Escapes From Penitentiary

Accompanied by "Weasel-face" Schriver, alias "Fish-eye Al," "Killer" Ford today made his escape by overpowering the guard, Andy "Moose" Cox, and climbing on the cow-catcher of a passing street car. Ford, who is a lifer, was sentenced on come-back slips; Weasel is in for the same reason and is also a lifer.

Detective Rubin and his able henchman, Boots Lieberman, are now on the trail of the escaped vandals and are confident of catching them soon.

Quite matchless are her dark brown iiiii

She talks with perfect eeeee;

But when I tell her she is yyyyy,

She says I am a ttttt.

Did you know that:

Elwood Bryant thinks the Violet Ray is a chorus girl?

Albie Friedman thinks that Rex Beach is a good swimming hole?

Star Burke: "I usted to snore so, I'd pretty near wake m'self up, but I've cured me now, seems if."

Cece Burleigh: "How?"

Star: "I sleep in t'other room now, by cracky."

"You're a fine one, coming all the way to New York and then failing in your druggists' exam."

"Well, how was I expected to remember the minced chicken went in the second or fourth deck."

BONERS

Mack Flewelling: "What do you know about baseball?"

Art Stewart: "Well, a good big inning is half the battle."

Gay Carson: (watching Glee club): "What's she hitting those girls with that stick for?"

Lefty Carlisle: "She's not hitting them."

Gay: "Then what are they yelling about?"

What would happen if:

Bob were fightin' and Kurson?

Dot were a pink instead of a Rose?

Cece were weak instead of Burleigh?

Marion were a farmer instead of a Woodman?

Harold were a butcher instead of a Taylor?

Louise were a potato instead of a Rice?

Duke were a Packard instead of a Ford?

Al Schriver: "Oh, oh, m-mmm, oh, m-m, oh, mmm—"

Eddie Redman: "Al, what in the world are you doing?"

Al: "Nothin', I'm jus' croonin'."

Leo Lieberman: "We find that the worst civilized races take pleasure in dancing—I myself at times gladly take a little turn!"

In the stone age: "She's a wonder. The fastest stenog I ever had. Writes four to five words a day."

Teacher: "Mr. Canders, this is the third time I've spoken to you."

Robby: "Yes'm, keep it up. I love the sound of your voice."

Boss: "I thought both of your grandmothers died last year."

Joe Bertels: "Yes, sir; but you see, grandfather got married again."

"I'd like to get that son of mine to spade up the yard."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I don't know if I have a right to, without consulting his scout commissioner."

"Why don't you try jollying your wife a little? It's easy to tell her she's young-looking, and getting more beautiful every day."

"I tried that once, and she nailed me for money to have her picture taken!"

Little brother: "I think I like you better than any of the fellows who come to see my sister."

Handsome Hawkes: "I'm pleased to hear it, Robert. Why do you like me best?"

Robert: "Because Sis always lets me stay around and hear what you say."

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"

"He did go, madam; but, as he rang three times and got no answer, he concluded there was nobody home."

Youngster (to doctor about to assist elderly in fainting fit): "Stand aside, please, and don't be afraid. I'll attend to this—I'm a Boy Scout."

Gene Brown: "Lend me a dollar, old chap! If I live till Saturday, I'll pay you."

F. Caulfield Hurd: "Couldn't do it! You couldn't live until Saturday on a dollar."

"Paw, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my boy, is a woman who thinks that everything is for the best, and that she is the best."

Juliet Spangler: "Well there's one thing the depression hasn't affected."

Sally Woodcock: "Whazzat?"

Juliet: "The crematory's urning power."

Louise Rice: "Did you give that cab driver a tip?"

Alvah Ford: "Yeah, I told him to do his Christmas shopping early."

Earl Craig: "Can you take it?"

Helen Gould: "Sure, 90 words a minute."

This Month's Short Story

Two hearts.

One diamond.

Seven no trump.

One club.

Two spades and a pine box.

HAW!

Famous Romances and Some That Might Have Been

Mac Flewelling and Mimi Merrill, that is, when Alabama is in session.

Fran Jones and Ralph Wilson, sometimes.

Eleanor Clough and Alvah Ford, if they didn't live next door.

Genie Hibbard and Porky Flynn.

Gene Brown and Barbara Cameron. Hotcha.

Sam Fraser and Hattie Woodsum's car.

Genia Savage and Bob Stetson, if they hadn't known each other when.

Claire Libbey and Bob Kurson.

Louise Hastings and Freddy Newman, if Maine weren't where it is.

Paul Fairley and Bernie Russell.

Toothpick Bertels and Roberta Ewer. How little boys do grow up.

Louise Rice and Paul Sawyer, P. G.-ing it together.

Peggy Thayer and Gardner Patterson, if Peggy hadn't got a "Rod" deal.

Loved, But Not Lost—Yet

We print the following letter from our football hero, Art Stewart.

Bangor High School,
Bangor, Me.,
Mar. 24, 1933.

My dear Madam:

Hearing that you often are kind enough to give advice to a lover in trouble, I have written, wondering if you could solve my problem for me. I have just bought a new second-hand car, and it keeps me flat broke running it.

When I was taking my girl home from the game last Saturday night, she remarked that she would like an ice cream soda. I replied that I was broke. She became high-hat, and has not spoken to me since. What can I do?

Hoping,

Arthur (Flatfoot) Stewart.

If I were in your shoes, Arthur my boy, I should be lost. The only thing you can do is to sell your car, take your girl to the next dance, treat her, and take her home in a taxi. If she does not respond to this treatment, the river has not entirely frozen over yet.

Madam Y.

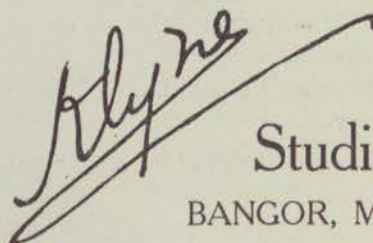
CHEMISTRY

(Continued from page 29)

Therefore, the next time you are wondering whether you want to study chemistry next year, ask yourself this question:

"Would I like to be able to make any compound, or discover the properties of some gas; in other words, would I like experimental work?" If you think that you would, by all means take chemistry, for that study is the one which gives you the chance to experiment with materials.

Jane Sullivan.


Studio
BANGOR, MAINE

Very Special Prices
To Seniors of B. H. S.
1933

HOKUM

READ THIS—IT'S ABSOLUTELY FUNNY
(believe it or not)

THE SUBSTITUTES' SONG

Starring some Scandalizing; Staggering,
Squawking, Sporting, Side-Splitting,
Spunky, Snubbed, Shocking Softies—
Carson, Carlisle, Leavitt

We're a bunch of substitutes,
The scum of the squad;
While heroes are made like Burke and
Hurd.
The fans give us the razz and *bird*.

As Rome burned,
Nero *fiddled*;
As Bangor plays,
Our thumbs we *twiddle*.

Hoping soon to get a *chance*—
They must be saving us for the *dance*.
A bunch of stars who never *shone*—
On the bench, the dance, then *home*!

How'd you like it? Huh?

That was printed without the permission of the copyright owner—More big news: The DEPRESSION IS ALL OVER! YES, UNEMPLOYMENT AND DEPRESSION ARE ALL OVER—ALL OVER THE WORLD. Prosperity is just around the corner—geez that's great! But who can tell—we may be walking down the street of one of New York's largest blocks—the corners are MILES and MILES apart!—Guess we'd better lay off the depression!—O. K., B. H. S.—Have you seen the new Venus de Milo (armless statue) picture—the name of it's, "Farewell to Arms!"

While on the subject of pictures, M-m-M-rr-ll wants to know when they're going to show the picture "*Finis*"—it's advertised after

every picture, she says. But that isn't bad—no; they're telling *Handsome Heartbreaking* "Bud" Hawkes (don't get swell-headed—we don't mean it) that if he had one more brain it'd be lonesome! There's a rumor, on account of epidemics, about closing up all the amusements, basketball games, etc., where all the CROWDS go. Mr. P. S-m-ev-lle wants to know if they're kidding about the crowds! G-rry Cl-k-y has thought up a new theme song for the depression. It is none other than "No More Money in the Bank," while Normy C-rl-sle has suggested a new way for saving paper at school. Don't give out so many comeback slips! Elw-d Bryant always seems to be wrestling with his conscience—but they tell him not to worry since it's only a featherweight! The farmers have thought up a new theme song: "How'm ah Doing! *Hay, Hay!*" Know-it-all C-x, after being told that goldfish frequently have eczema, immediately replied that it was only on a small *scale*!

Gene Br-wn hasn't slept for days, he says. When asked what the trouble was, he merely answered, "Why should I; I sleep nights!" (We wonder.)

LATEST! LATEST!! LATEST!!!

Minute Snapshots of Famous Personalities

Gwennie Bartley: She gives them all the run-around but lately Bapst's been catching up!

Gene Brown: The 3 o'clock boy whose 3 o'clock baby is B. C. (my, how many, many meanings these initials have!)

Mimi Merrill: "*Mimi* the Moocher"—the gal who loves 'em and leaves 'em.

Duke Ford: Duke's philosophy is "Nobody else loves me, so I guess I might as well love myself!" He certainly follows out this philosophy!

That's all this time, but wait until next issue—four new personalities (wonder if they're worth it) will be reviewed!

LAKE PLACID

William Ballou

"All clear!"

Steel runners cracked loose from the ice.

Starters barked the time into telephones at the crest of the Mt. Van Hoevenberg Olympic run at Lake Placid. A two-man team bobsled was off to try for a record!

The huge five hundred pound sled gathered speed rapidly on the steep, icy course. Eight hundred feet to drop in a mile and a half! Flying particles of ice and snow cut like shot, and rattled on the goggles and football helmets of the racing team. One curve—another and another—twenty-five to make in all. Like a screaming projectile the heavy bob plunged in to Zigzag, one of the most thrilling curves of the course. With his speed too great for safety, the captain dug his brakes into the ice. The caulks bit in a little too quickly, and two hearts skipped a beat as the bob started to skid. Brakes off, they shot into Zigzag too low, coming out on the upper edge of the bank. The outer runners skimmed on air and Providence for an instant, but they made it and shot on down the mountain side to win!

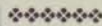
When snow falls on the northern states, crowds will flock to the winter resorts. Natural facilities, developed by the expenditure of

much time and money, have made this village famous for its winter fun. Lake Placid is surrounded by high mountain peaks. The motor approach winds through mountain passes which are noted for their rugged beauty. Miles and miles of pine and fir forests, blanketed with snow, make a winter trip to the region a delight in itself.

Sleighting parties are organized. Graceful sleighs and big four-horse "bobs" strike out for the various log cabins keeping open house. Sleigh bells jingle everywhere. Long rooms, with great fire-places full of flaming logs, are cleared for dancing. Flap-jacks and steaming hot coffee are served in true timber-land style for refreshments.

Several smart night clubs keep open the year round. The uninitiated, driving up to one of these buildings of log construction, hardly expect to find more than rustic entertainment.

But the rustic atmosphere does not preclude comfort or the best of dance music. There are excellent orchestras, and a colorful crowd. The only hustle and hurry in this village is the bustle of fun-seekers.



HIGH SCHOOL

Sally Woodcock



IN order to begin this essay properly the term "high school" should be defined. The National Education Board defines high schools as "the secondary schools of the United States—whose main duty is to prepare for the duties of life a small proportion of children in the country who show themselves able to profit by an education prolonged to the eighteenth year." I do not quite agree with this definition. In the first place, what about those ever-present students who flunk day after day and who presumably seem

to stay in high school until their hair turns from brown to iron gray, and finally snow-white? My definition of high school is a place where one dreams away the day and idly tinkers with "impossible" assignments.

When I was a freshman (Ah, those days were delightfully far back), high school was regarded as rather vaguely similar to grade school. Upperclassmen seemed very sophisticated (have I spelled that correctly?) and the girls with dainty (?) rouged lips and spike-

heeled shoes were thought to be mature and dignified beyond their years.

As for studies, we regarded them as very easy little jingles to be sweetly sung over, so that we might repeat them to "dear teacher" in school. Now, my opinion has changed very radically. At present, studies appeal to me as being impossible, worthless, *tres difficile*, bungled affairs which we are supposed to be tucking into our little brains to live there forever. (The latter theory is much more nearly correct, I am positive.) Even to talk about this painful topic is very disconcerting to me and makes me feel in the dullest of spirits.

There really is one very useful thing which comes from being a student of the high school. Some stores allow a discount of 20% on articles bought there by the students (most of whom have very slim allowances anyway, not to mention the depression.) If there were no other reason for attending high school, this would be sufficient.

And to close my highly beneficial essay (don't take that literally), I will say that those who don't like it can just throw it in the wastepaper basket. That's probably where it ought to be, anyway.

BOOK NOOK

(Continued from page 23)

THE CAPITAL CITY MYSTERY

J. H. Wallis

If you enjoy Detective Stories, you will find this one 'pow'rfl' exciting and interesting.

It is an extremely well handled story telling of two present-day politicians, one of whom went for a stroll on his estate. A muffled shriek—and he 'was not;' the other simply vanished into the night.

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FINANCES OF ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 14)

"We have spent about \$100.00 on basketball which includes cleaning suits, the purchase of woolen feet and a few other miscellaneous articles—also the purchase of eight new basketballs.

"There is outstanding now approximately an \$800.00 deficit—\$600.00 of which was incurred by the past football season, and includes equipment bills, over \$200.00 in bills for medical services, X-rays and hospital bills.

"In this outstanding deficit there is included \$125.00 for football sweaters which have been charged to us by the Dakin Sporting Goods Company, but which have not been delivered to us. At the time the order was placed, the understanding was that we were not obliged to take them if basketball receipts did not justify this expenditure. We are at present trying to arrange some method of raising this money from other sources."

FIFTH AVENUE MURDERS

(Continued from page 14)

He had played in his room until about quarter to nine, when she put him to bed. "I didn't want those murderers to get either of us, so I locked the doors and then went to bed myself."

"I see. Well, that'll be all for now, thank you."

As Greta left the room, Tony turned to Sergeant Humphries, and said, "George, go get Harkins, will you?"

The good sergeant got up, yawning. "O. K., Tony. I hope we get a little something out of him; the rest of these guys haven't told us much."

Tony reflected, as George hastened on his errand, that these last words were only too true. So far, the only clue they had was Greta's story of a quarrel between Harkins and Mrs. Appleby. "Those servants are a tight-lipped bunch," sighed Tony to himself. "That Swede was just about started, and then she shut up

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like a clam. The German, too, struck me as knowing more than he told."

Just then the door opened, and Harkins came in, followed by Sergeant Humphryes. "Well, here he is, Tony, but," triumphantly, "I've caught the murderers. Yes, with a smug gleam of satisfaction in his eye, "while I was looking for Harkins, I caught Fritz and Nannette just as they were going out the back-door. Just in time too, because they had their bags and were ready to skip. I phoned for Maria, and Jerry's going to take them down to the station. Anything we got to finish here?"

"I'd like to ask Harkins a few questions if you don't mind." Then catching the exasperated look in the other's eye, "We want to check upon everybody, you know." Turning to Harkins, "What were you doing last evening?"

"Last night was my night off, sir; so right after dinner I went down to the movies to see 'Hot Pepper,' I—I—," a bit embarrassed, "I find these light pictures very entertaining. After I got home, that was about half-past nine, I locked up and went to bed."

Tony frowned, and tapped his chin. "Did you see anyone after you came home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I guess that will do for now." Tony sat wrapped in thought for several minutes after Harkins had left. Harkins had told him nothing, but Humphryes' news had upset his plans entirely.

The sergeant broke the silence. "Want to come down to headquarters and look those birds over?"

"I don't think so, sergeant. There are a few odds and ends I want to finish up here; I want to take another peek at that laboratory. Oh, by the way, what did the medical examiner say?"

"The doc says it's the same poison that killed Mrs. Appleby—cyanide of mercury; the finger print feller says the only prints on the door are the butler's, but that inside the room there are prints of about everybody in the house."

"Thanks a lot, George. I'll see you later."

So saying, Tony left the room and slowly

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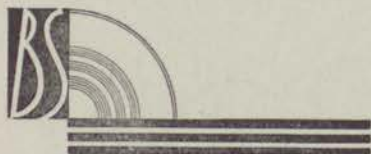


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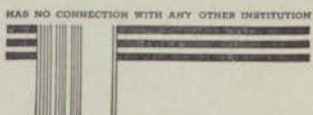
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mounted the stairs to the laboratory, his mind a jumbled mixture of ideas, clues, theories. On the one hand was the sergeant's discovery, and on the other his own wild guess; Tony sighed deeply, then entered the laboratory.

The first thing that caught his eye was a shelf on which many bottles were standing. Closer inspection revealed that they were numbered from thirty-two to forty-two, and all were marked poison. "H-m," muttered Tony, "perhaps there's something in this room after all." Five minutes elapsed while Tony made a thorough examination of the room. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. There, protruding from the wall, was a brick. Strange, he had not noticed it before, he ruminated, as he attempted to pull it from the wall.

To his further surprise the brick came out easily in his hand; evidently it had been removed before. Then he reached into the hole where the brick had been and withdrew an old, battered note-book. With a grim smile he sat down and read what it contained. Soon he jumped to his feet; he had not realized danger was so close.

Tony flung himself down the stairs and rushed to Sheldon's room. There he threw open the door and with horror saw Sheldon—lying dead at his feet.

(To be concluded)

NEWFOUNDLAND

(Continued from page 11)

storm was bad enough to hold us right there, in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for two long days."

Think of being out there in a little boat, in a big storm, for two days! "But that's just the ordinary life for a Newfoundlander," said Edwin. "Perhaps that's why I like it so much."

A. C.

HURLED INTO FAME

(Continued from page 9)

"Why isn't that too bad," said Sheila, "yet I don't suppose he is seriously injured."

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"I don't know yet," said Phil, "but he might be, falling as he did on his head."

At this moment Sheila's partner for the next dance appeared but, before Phil left her, he had her promise to meet him at intermission.

Rejoicing at his good fortune, Phil hurriedly joined the group gathered around the still prostrate figure of Robinson."

To be continued

THE DAGGER

(Continued from page 7)

you git that?" he gasped. John Leadbetter did not answer. Instead he turned to the old cook. "What's this man's name?" he snapped. Pedro hesitated: "I—uh—I don't remember him telling it." Several of the crew nodded and looked at the new hand expectantly but he remained silent. Then one of the crew spoke up and said: "I saw this man in Singapore where he was known as Joe Larkin." At this, John looked at the initials on the dagger which he had picked up. "Joe Larkin," he murmured, "and he has only three fingers. Can it be possible after all these years?"

By this time the crew were becoming curious, and then the captain told them about his father. Many dark glances were cast at the man named Joe Larkin. The crew was becoming threatening. But then Captain John called two of the men and directed them to take Larkin and put him in irons until he had investigated as to who he was. Next the ship was turned back to London from where they had steamed the day before. Arriving in London John called the authorities who greeted the prisoner with pleasure, for he was well known to the police as a dangerous criminal.

After much questioning Larkin finally broke down and recited a series of horrible crimes which he had committed, beginning with that of John's father. Joe Larkin was convicted and the next day John Leadbetter's old steamer passed down the Thames to the sea.



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