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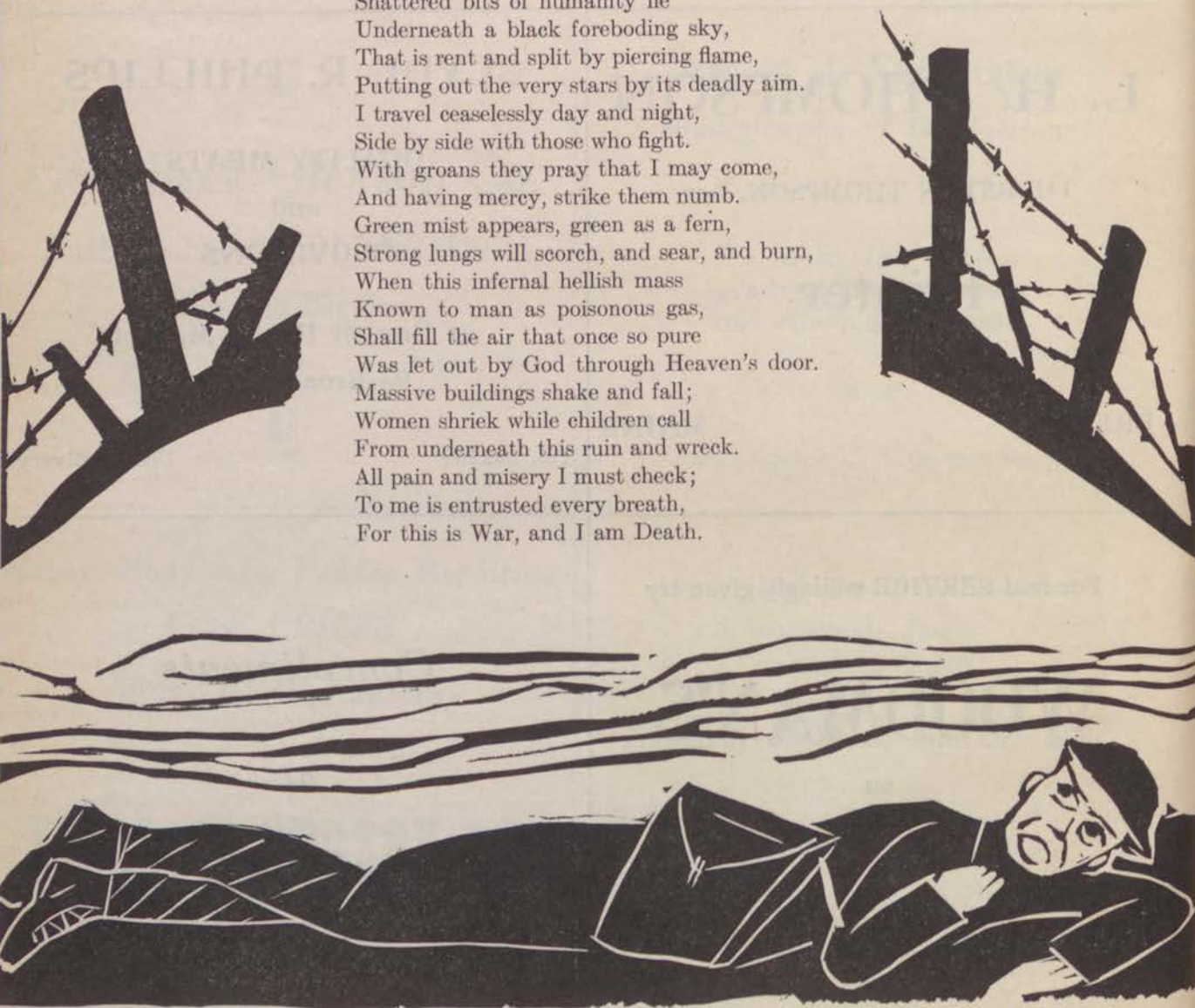
NEW FRANKLIN LAUNDRY



The Eternal Worker

by Iva M. Jones

Shattered bits of humanity lie
Underneath a black foreboding sky,
That is rent and split by piercing flame,
Putting out the very stars by its deadly aim.
I travel ceaselessly day and night,
Side by side with those who fight.
With groans they pray that I may come,
And having mercy, strike them numb.
Green mist appears, green as a fern,
Strong lungs will scorch, and sear, and burn,
When this infernal hellish mass
Known to man as poisonous gas,
Shall fill the air that once so pure
Was let out by God through Heaven's door.
Massive buildings shake and fall;
Women shriek while children call
From underneath this ruin and wreck.
All pain and misery I must check;
To me is entrusted every breath,
For this is War, and I am Death.



Limp, Limp, Limp Along the Highway

PAULY CAMPBELL

JUNIOR

DUCK!"

Everyone ducked.

From out one of the green rows of lockers, a muffled voice answered.

"Someone call me?"

"Yes, Duck, I did. Got some news for you."

Everyone dragged himself up, a little disgusted and disgruntled.

"What's up?" Duck kicked shut the door of his locker, balanced his books on one hand, ankled over to his friend, Bruce, slinging his coat over his neck.

"Listen—aw—Come on out side. This locker's too nosy," he observed as he caught sight of two or three craning necks.

All the rubber necks snapped back into place. As the two boys walked out, everyone was bustling with action, fixing things already fixed.

"Listen," said Bruce, as he pulled Duck out in the corridor.

"You said that once," observed Duck.

"Don't interrupt. Look, what do you think?" Bruce

cleared his throat in preparation. "The captain's daughter is coming to stay with us at our house!"

Bruce stepped backward in order to get full view of the effect this startling announcement should bring to the face of his buddy.

Duck gulped. "No kidding!"

"Nope—and what's more, I'm going to take her to the Military Ball!"

"Aw, now Bruce, listen. You can't do that. You just can't. I'm the one!"

"You!"

"Of course! Why not? I'm a lieutenant, aren't I?—And I can influence her better than you can."

"Influence her, George Washington! Well, George Washington had red hair, too, —but!"

"Er—well,—I mean—er—umph! I could point out to her the merits of our squad better'n you could."

"Uh huh!—'Tramp, tramp, tramp along the highway! What fun!"

"No sir—I got a car!"

"You—a car?"

"Yep. Dad'll let me take his."

"Okay, lieutenant! It's up to you."

"Say, thanks! You're a grand pal, Bruce!"

* * * * *

"Hey, Mother!"

"Oh, Dudsworth, I've the loveliest news!" His mother came forward.

"So've I," he answered, digging in the candy jar and twirling his cap on one finger. "Bruce Crade is letting me take the captain's daughter to the dance tonight!"

"But, Dudsworth, one of the girls is coming here tonight, and I promised her you'd take *her* to the Military Ball."

"Mother, please! She's probably only a minor officer's daughter, since the major's daughter can't come. I've only got a minute. I have to go back to school. Will you please lay out my dress suit? I have to go now. Bye!"



The very last in the line of girls of his dreams.

"But—oh!" his mother sighed in dismay as the front door slammed.

* * * * *

Br-r-r!" rang the Crade's doorbell.

Master Dudsworth Macquire stood nervously alternating the position of his feet upon the porch of the Crade's manorial domicile. The door parted quickly in response to his nervous pokings at the bell.

The door revealed against the back ground of the lighted hall and winding stair case, Bruce Crade, grinning like a new edition of the Cheshire Cat. Behind him, knocked upon the bottom step, was a girl, hair disheveled. Appearances had it that when the door so quickly opened, the girl was in the path of its backward sweep. It all might have been accidental, but—

Bruce turned and apologized profusely to the poor girl.

"Uh—hi, Duck! Uh—This is Miss Stringwinder. Um—I mean—that is—"

"Miss Stringinder," supplemented the somewhat flushed young lady.

The two introduced, they looked each other over.

Miss Stringinder saw a well-built boy. Duck had red hair, sparkling blue eyes that looked at a person with a mischievous twinkle. A shock of hair lapped down over his left eye, which, at this moment, he was brushing back furtively. It was characteristic of him in stressing moments.

"Well, er—shall we shove off?" he ventured at last.

The girl was stockily built and had black frizzly hair, the kind that reminds a person of a Fiji-Islander. Bracelets of a thousand descriptions dangled from her wrists. She had rather a cherubic face, pug nose, fat cheeks, and peering eyes. All in all, it seemed to Duck that she was the very last in the line of girls of his dreams.

"Sure, why don't you go?" urged Bruce. He was grinning frankly at the joke.

"Yes, let's," seconded the girl.

"Yes, pal, and I hope you have one grand time!" Bruce slapped Duck a resounding whack on his back.

"Oh, dear, wait one moment. I forgot my autograph book. I always carry one along, you see." The girl giggled.

Bruce tossed the book to her from where he had picked it up on the hall table.

In attempting to catch it, the girl gave a frivolous bounce, and didn't come up again.

The carpet-edge had been in the way of her hopping toe. Down she went, head first, feet in the air.

Finally, when she had been tugged up into the air (feet and head where they ought to be) by the embarrassed boys, she gathered up her autograph book and proceeded out the door in a huff.

"Well, so long," Duck said over his shoulder to Bruce, weakly.

"So long!"

The couple trudged down the stairs.

The dance was a gala affair. Brightly colored crepe paper decorated the walls and ceiling. Streamers and confetti filled the air, together with the music.

Miss Stringinder and friend (Duck) moved woodenly across the floor. Duck held her about three yards from himself. It seemed that her feet were larger than his, and covered quite an area—including his toes.

In the middle of his misery, Duck glanced over to the door. There, framed with the decorative crepe paper and balloons around the door, was a beautiful, light-haired girl in a silver dress. Her escort was none other than Bruce Crade.

"For Pete—oh! Pardon me." Duck apologized to his partner and left. He marched determinedly over to the newly-entered couple.

"Say, what's the idea? You—"

"Oh, hello, Duck! I want you to meet Miss Lucia Grandel."

"Grandel! Why, then—she came after all, the major's daughter!"

"How do-you-do?" the girl offered.

"Er, how-do?"

"Well, be seeing you, Duck."

The two danced off.

Duck glumly went back to his partner, who, in answer to questions about how she liked the military companies, professed she really was bored terribly with them.

* * * * *

The night bore a prickling chill. Duck dug his hands further down in his coat pockets.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp!—tramp, like heck! It's limp, limp, limp along the—Whew! That car would have to have a flat tire. That wasn't the only one, either. Well, I got her home, anyhow."

This monologue comforted Duck a little as he limped up the street to his home.

He banged open his front door.

"Mom!"

"Oh, there he is. Dudsworth! Come into the parlor a moment. There's someone whom I'd like you to meet."

Duck entered. He stopped short in his tracks.

"You! Why, you're the girl who Mom said was coming!"

There, shining in the light from the chandeliers, stood the beautiful, light-haired girl in the silver dress, the major's daughter!

Duck began to sing.

"Limp, limp, limp along the highway—Well, it sure was worth it! Hello!"

One Night in June

By Lilian J. Libby

NOT many of you fellows ever heard about that night last year—June, it was, the night of the Senior Prom—when Ray Montague made such a fool of himself. You didn't see Ray at the Prom. Well, he was on sentry duty.

Of course you remember Ray, though he isn't here now. Didn't come back in the fall. His folks were asked to remove him from Stephens Hall Military Academy. This is the story.

On Prom night a cold drizzle was falling, 'though on a June night one might have expected star-light. Ray had counted on being at the Prom with Gloria Waldron, the colonel's daughter. What a girl! One of those blue-eyed, baby-faced blondes. We were all crazy about her, but Ray was craziest of all. And for the past few months she had been going with him pretty steadily. He had dated her for this occasion, the biggest and best dance of the school year. I always thought Montague was the best looking and best set-up cadet at Stephens, and he thought so, too. But that is neither here nor there.



When Prom night came, instead of taking Gloria to the Prom, Ray found himself doing guard duty in front of the Gym. Thaxter, his superior officer, said he had misbehaved, and this was a disciplinary measure, but my guess is that Thaxter trumped that up. He was always a skunk, and he took Gloria to the ball himself that night—put your own explanation on it.

Ray Montague was pacing stoically back and forth, from the sentry box at the entrance gates of Stephens Hall, down past the Administration Building, taking a turn behind the East Wing of the Gymnasium Build-

ing, and rounding back to the sentry box from which he had set out.

Knowing him so well, I can picture the glum set of his face as his morbid imagination worked endlessly with every sloshing step, to bring before him the scene inside the ball room in the East Wing where the dance was going on. The ignominy of it all—the broken date with Gloria, forced upon him at the last minute by that despicable Luey, Thaxter!

The gay crowd of visiting debutantes, hooded and cloaked against the downpour, each escorted by her very-special cadet in immaculate uniform, had passed into the East Wing hours before, it seemed to Ray. You can imagine his frame of mind! How would you feel to be slogging around in the rain outside, and realizing that your girl friend, whom you had, of necessity, stood-up at the last moment, was dancing at the Senior Prom with the fellow whom you disliked most heartily of all men in your dormitory? At this end of his ibeat he could hear, above the beating rain, the swing music that floated out of the lighted windows of the ball room far above him. I can assure you that the sounds but made his dreary march more distasteful. No let-up in the rain or in the monotony of his beat—entrance gate, down the drive, past the Administration Building, East Wing of the Gym—be careful of the earthworks thrown up there just where you turn to resume your march. That's where the crew of line-men had been digging new post holes for the new power line, unfinished yet, and a yawning menace to any careless sentry who might make a mis-step.

Just as Ray paced once more around the bend in the direction of the Gym, he thought he caught a glimpse of figures moving in the area-way behind the East Wing, where the cars of the Prom crowd had been parked. Glancing more sharply in that direction, he saw vaguely that two shrouded figures were hurrying covertly across the intervening space toward the large, black sedan, rain-lashed and glittering faintly through the darkness at the head of the line of cars. Probably some boy and girl recklessly leaving the ball room to snatch a few moments alone in one of the parked cars. A daring escapade, for no social event in the state was more rigidly chaperoned than the Senior Prom at Stephens Hall Military Academy. The patronesses would have a fit if they knew!

Hurriedly Ray crept nearer, flashlight in readiness, to see who the daring couple could be. He did not snap on the light, but slipped noiselessly from one clump

(Please turn to page 34)

War?

(A Short, Short Story)

by Natalie Stevens

A HEAD peered cautiously over the edge of a partially concealed hole in the damp earth. Apparently satisfied with what he saw, a man wormed out of the dugout over the short space of ground between it and a clump of shrubbery. The bushes rustled a moment and were still.

"Hey, Dick"—the soft whisper remained unanswered.

"I wonder where he is. Gosh, I can't wait! Well . . . here goes nothing!"

A dark shape hurtled from the bushes, and leaping, ducking, half-hidden by the heavy mist, reached another shelter in a very short time.

The scream of shells filled the air, and guns rumbled not very far away.

Sweat poured down the drab-clothed soldier's face, and cold chills swept over him.

He thought nervously, "Whew, that was close! And I must be catching cold."

His next goal was the barbed wire fence. Shells still whistled alarmingly and burst perilously close to him. Through the muggy atmosphere crept the weary soldier of Company V. Doggedly, he wiggled under the barbed wires.

Before going on, he glanced quickly about him. He maneuvered carefully and then, under heavy fire, he dragged Oscar's weighty body for which he had so evidently risked his life, up onto his shoulders, and staggered on his backward journey.

One thought raced through his mind over and over.

"War is horrible!"

Safely back in the dugout, he sat down by one of the men and calmly inquired, "How'd you make out today?"

"Oh," was the casual reply, "I merely lost about ten pounds. Those dummies are so heavy."

"Yeah, the only reason I don't like drill is because I'm so imaginative. I get to thinking it's real."

Revenge

by Louis Segal

IT WAS a sultry afternoon. Butch moved stealthily along, stalking his victim. His sole thought at the moment was to avenge the injury his enemy had inflicted on him. He did not stop to consider that he had destroyed his victim's home. He thought it a great shame that he had been wounded and driven off, and the sight of his bandaged hand seemed to add to the fury that burned in him.

The spot was heavily wooded, and although it afforded Butch an excellent chance to creep up on his victim,

it was a hindrance against the time when he would rise and strike with his light club. At last his moment came, but as he rose from behind a clump of bushes and raised his club to strike, it brushed faintly against an overhanging bough. The sound was slight, but in his state of apprehension it sounded like a roll of thunder, and he dropped behind the bush.



Meanwhile the unsuspecting corpse-to-be went soberly about his business. He seemed to sense something, for there was an air of nervousness about him, but he didn't turn around. Then Butch's chance came again. This time he struck his victim to the ground, but his haste made him fail to strike a telling blow. The victim roused himself before Butch could strike again. He took the offensive, and charging, he stabbed Butch in the neck with a weapon of peculiar design, which had a needlesharp point. Pain caused tears to well up in Butch's eyes, blinding him, but he continued to strike blindly in all directions.

Then his luck seemed to change. One of his aimless blows crunched down and broke his enemy's back. Unable to control himself, Butch struck again and again at the writhing body. Then six year old Butch ground into the earth with his heel the bee which had stung him when he had attempted to take his honey.

The Song

SHELLS burst overhead—bombs shattered the night—the staccato notes of the machine gun aroused terror in the hearts of the townspeople.

There, in the dark shadow of the wall, stood young Dimitri cuddled against his mother.

Fear reigned in every heart which was huddled near the wall except in one—little Dimitri's heart was full

(Please turn to page 27)

Roger to the Rescue

NOW, what does a cow say, Roger?"

"Quack, quack?"

Luella sighed with dismay.

"Darling, a duck says 'quack'; a cow says 'moo'," she explained patiently to her three-year-old nephew.

"Oh, maybe it do. I wanta go sailin' wif you."

"No, darling, not now. When you're older, you can."

"But pwease!"

"No dear, run along now to Mother, and she'll take you out in the power boat, perhaps."

An hour or so later, Luella stepped from the family's summer cottage at the seashore. She shaded her eyes with her hand.

"Hm-m, looks like a fit of rain," she noticed as she squinted up toward the fast gathering clouds in the sky. "Oh, well, I might as well take old 'Topper' out for a short sail," she decided, brushing her bright gold clipped hair from her eyes. "The sails are up; it won't take but a sec."

She raced down the board walk leading to the float.

"Sam! Sam! Will you please row me out to 'Topper'?"

A fat middle-aged gentleman struggled up from kneeling position and wiped his hands on his greasy overalls.

"Eh? Now, Miss Lu, what was that ye was a-sayin'? Taking out ole 'Topper' in this kind of breeze?" he protested, puffing.

"Oh, come on, Sam, be a good fellow, and help me untie this rope," Lu said as she struggled with the rope of the tender. "I'm old enough; I can take care of myself, now."

"Uh-well—" Sam shook his old white head doubtfully. "Well, Miss, I'll not be respons'ble fer ye."

"Oh, you don't have to," Luella laughed as Sam lumbered into the boat and started rowing.

Luella leaned back and looked around.

"Oh, but this isn't such a bad breeze, Sam. It stops and is calmer every once in a while."

"That's what makes it bad, miss, you—"

"Halloo, there!" A shout rang from the shore, "Hope you drown! Likely as not you will!"

"Who—?" Lu peered towards shore, "Oh, that old Rake again! He makes my blood sizzle! He—oh—I won't even bother with him." Lu was almost speechless from exasperation.

A typical grinning country lad was standing on the wharf. There existed between Lu and him a continual conflict.

Lu forgot him shortly, however, in her eagerness to get under sail.

Soon she was out of the harbor and far out to sea.

Bounding over the waves, "Topper", the old S-boat, sails full until it seemed they would burst, her nose lightly slicing the white-caps as they spouted forth sprays of white foam against the bow, held a startling beauty for Luella. She was sailing! She flung back her hair, put her feet over the rail, set her tiller, tied her sheets and lay back on the stern, looking up at the sky.

"Flying Fish!" A scurry of action followed this ejaculation.

From out of the seemingly light clouds had come a blanket of darkness. Eerie white seagulls flew across the dark sky. From out over the waters, a stiff gale was whipping up looming high white-caps against the black sea. On land the leaves of the trees, turned by the wind, were white against the sky. It was gorgeous; it was awe-inspiring, but ominous.

Luella knew this to be no time for land-scape speculation, however.

"Oh—," she moaned, as a torrent of wet drops beat down upon the little tossing sail-boat. "I can't seem to get these ropes in. Oh!—"

The boat dipped into the water at a furious speed.

"The tiller's loose!"

Struggling to get the tiller in place, Luella realized she would *have* to have someone, anyone, just someone to pull in those heavy sheets of the mainsail and jib or hold the tiller. Pondering this, Luella dryly recalled there was a law of physics that stated that no person could be in two places at once.

"Oh, what should I do?" she cried frantically, vainly trying to manage ropes and tiller together.

"What—?"

"Luella, Lu!" A little voice piped up over the roaring wind and clash of pulleys.

"What?"

The door of the cabin banged open and up waddled a frightened three-year-old tot.

"Roger!"

"Lu, me scared!"

"How did you get here?"

"Me come out befo' in Mummy's pow' boat. She took me out. She was comin' right back for me, 'n' then you comed 'n' me was scared!"

"Whatever?—Well, you darling! Come here."

The little boy crawled over. The rocking prevented all walking.

"Look, Roger," she shouted in his ear amid the slashing of rain and gales of wind. "You just hold this tiller tight as you can while I pull the sails down. How's chances?"

"Me do, I t'ink."

"Good boy!"

(Please turn to page 32)

Escape

by Curtis Jones

THE prisoner coughed harshly, and then arose painfully from the dark stone floor. It must have rained in the night. There was a puddle in one corner of the cell, and the cellar-damp fairly oozed through the crudely-mortared walls. The niter was thick on the rough-hewn stones, and he coughed again as he limped to the window.

Judging by the few rays of light entering the little opening above his head, breakfast would not arrive for another half hour. Breakfast! His lips curled at the thought of it. Food for swine! And he had eaten it twice a day for three months now. But it was too cold to stand and growl at his misfortune. Three months had taught him much—not to rave like a madman at his surroundings, for instance.

He turned and went to a corner of the cell where he sat down. Sitting there he gazed up at the window like a dog eying his master's plate. Through that tiny opening lay his one chance of escape, and escape was the uppermost thought in his mind. He felt sure he could get through it, if only he could reach the ledge and remove the bars which he knew blocked the aperture. Beyond the three-foot sill lay unknown territory, except that he knew the window looked out on a little inner court.

For the thousandth time he took an inventory of the contents of the room; an iron-barred gate which he couldn't open, an outer oaken door with a heavy iron latch which he couldn't reach, were all there was.

He was turning away in despair when, as he shifted his position, a rock in the wall moved slightly. He started and then, leaping forward, tried to wrench the stone from the wall. It was no use. The mortar held it loosely but firmly; but if he could only get it out, it might help immensely. As he thought, he heard the clank of swords coming down the corridor. His meal and a plate. A plate! Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration. That tin plate might prove his salvation. Where he had been so much in the dark before, his thoughts seemed to marshal themselves into sudden order.

As the oaken door creaked open, he crouched on the floor and sullenly watched the gaol-keeper, backed by two attendants, slide his plate under the grate. When the guards had gone, he went at once into action. Hastily he ate the mess set before him, and then tied his shoelaces to a hole which he punctured in the plate by means of the spiked grate. Then, going to the window, he tied the other end of his makeshift cord to a small projection in the mortar beneath the opening.

When the guards returned, they found him standing under the window with the plate in his hand.

"Bring it here!" one ordered.

Instead, the prisoner turned and threw the plate up and out the window.

"Go get it!" he growled.

The guard swore.

"No supper tonight, and tomorrow—the lash!" he snarled, and slammed the door.

The prisoner waited some minutes after they had gone, to find out if they would search for the plate. No one entered the court, however. Pray God they'd forgotten! At last he took hold of the string and carefully drew in the plate. Detaching it, he bent and broke it in half. Then, using this new tool as a screw-driver, he soon drew out the latch from the door.

Here was the implement he wanted. With this he could chip out the mortar around the loose block and around the bars in the window. Inspired by the promise of freedom, he set vigorously to work.

* * * * *

That night all was in readiness. Half an hour after the changing of watches he arose. The latch and stone were in place, in case someone should enter, but he soon forced out the rock and placed it beneath the window. Standing on this he jumped, and gaspingly drew himself up onto the ledge. Worming his way through, he pushed aside the bars which had been loosened earlier, and soon he was in the court, which was overgrown with bushes and weeds.

There remained a corridor, the walls, and an empty moat to be crossed, but the worst was behind. The prison had once been the dungeon of a castle, and he was encompassed by the crumbling battlements, which had never been restored.

Crossing the court, he breathlessly opened a small door and entered the corridor. He could hear the tramp of sentries nearby, but luck was with him, and he went on out into the larger court, safely gaining the inner wall. Quickly he surmounted this and crossed the floor of the moat. Here he met with another wall, but, as he tried to climb it with the aid of a pole he had found, he was arrested by a sudden cry. He turned and found himself facing three sentries, one with a torch, another carrying a blunderbuss.

He was lost! Dazedly he surrendered. The men approached, seized him, and led him back toward the castle. He submitted to this without a struggle. It was too much. Almost certain escape, and then—recapture. He vaguely realized that he was being led to the officer of the prison. Presently he was before him, and he faintly wondered what business should be keeping the warden at work so late.

(Please turn to page 36)



Spring Has Sprung

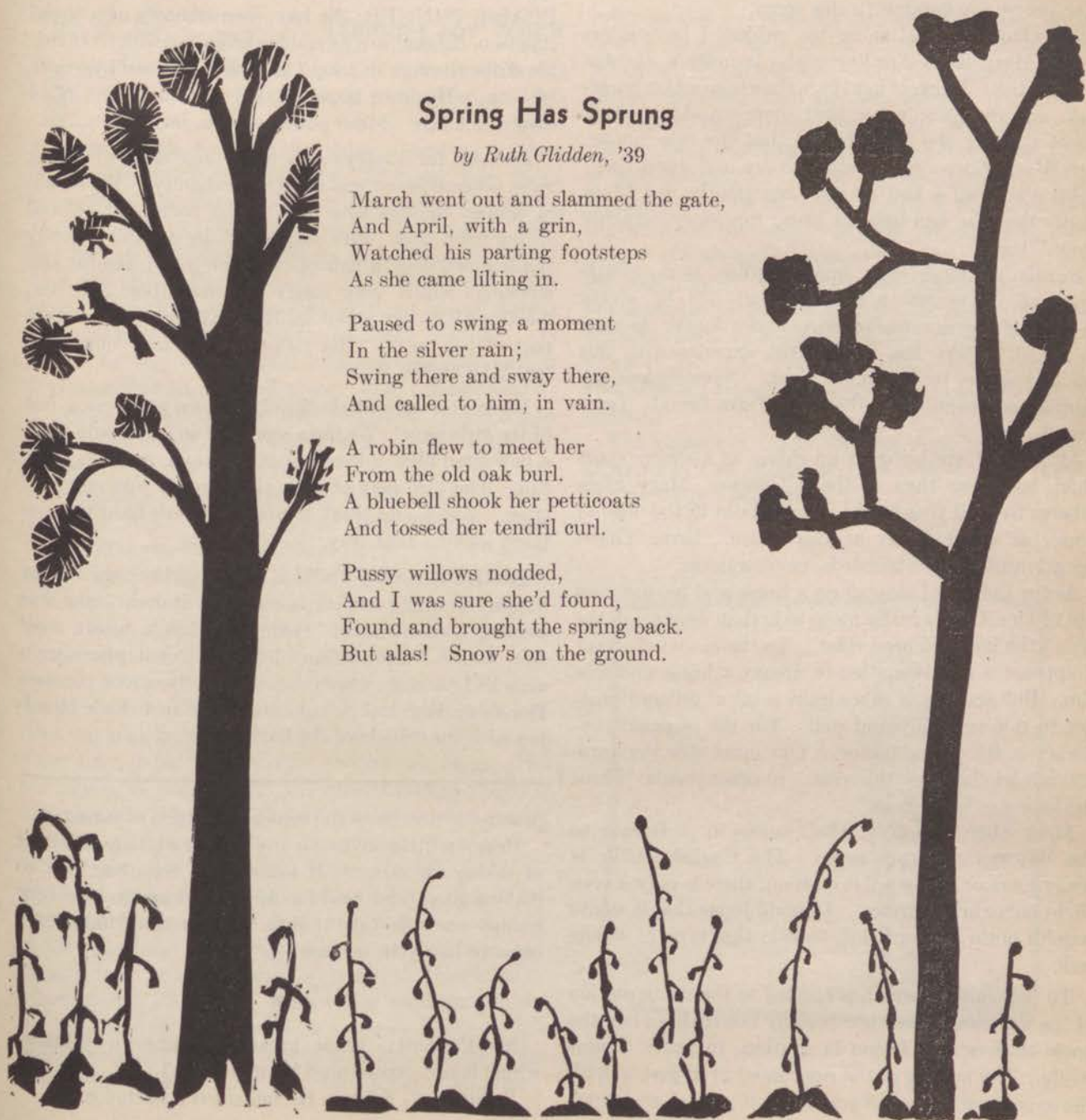
by Ruth Glidden, '39

March went out and slammed the gate,
And April, with a grin,
Watched his parting footsteps
As she came lilting in.

Paused to swing a moment
In the silver rain;
Swing there and sway there,
And called to him, in vain.

A robin flew to meet her
From the old oak burl.
A bluebell shook her petticoats
And tossed her tendril curl.

Pussy willows nodded,
And I was sure she'd found,
Found and brought the spring back.
But alas! Snow's on the ground.



Hobbies

SPRING—spring—beautiful spring—and what do we find for a hobby? Many people are becoming enthusiastic about horse-back riding, and in the spring of the year those who have any liking at all for the equine species just naturally yearn to be astride a horse roaming over the countryside.

A few years ago horse-back riding was a minor sport in this region; very few people felt the urge to do this sort of riding. But within the past year and a half or so there has been a sudden change, and now more and more people are turning to this sport.

In seeking information on the subject I have interviewed Mary Ellen Armitage, who is quite a devotee of this sport. Much of her spare time is spent on horse-back, and she informs me that there's nothing—well, *almost* nothing she likes better than to ride horses. Says Mary Ellen, "It's swell exercise and swell fun."

But it isn't all a bed of roses apparently, for Mary admits that she has had her horse run away with her several times.

Hurdle jumping, even small hurdles, is no gentle experience, it seems to me. In fact, I'd be pretty skeptical if I were astride a horse and a hurdle loomed up ahead. Mary has had a little experience in this line and seems to like it all right. Nevertheless my humble judgment would dictate, "Terra firma! Terra firma!"

Although I am bringing up riding as a spring sport which continues thru to the fall season, Mary Ellen adheres to it all year round, riding about in the dead of winter as nonchalantly as you please. Brrr! Guess the gal must be cold-blooded—or something.

As for the art of staying on a horse and having control of him, there's really more to it than may reach the eye of the inexperienced rider. To the casual observer it appears a simple matter to mount a horse and ride him. But actually it takes quite a bit of diligent practice to ride smoothly and well. For the beginner *confidence* is the prime factor. You must ride the horse and not let the horse ride you. In other words, "Show the hoss you're the boss."

Mary Ellen uses an English saddle in preference to the Western or Army types. The English saddle is really more or less of a flat cushion; there is only a very slight curve in its surface. I should judge that it would require quite a bit of skill to ride this type of saddle well.

To post, a term which is applied to the rising motion of the rider and which is especially noticeable when the horse canters, is a lesson in rhythm, to put it figuratively. The posting of the rider must fit in just so with the movement of the horse to make it perfect, and much

Cracks and Compliments

Well, here we are again, only this time spring is really here: so take my warning, gals, and look your very best when you appear out, for you all must know the old story about the young man's fancy tra-la-la!

Remember, boys, how many cracks the column had in it about you last month? Maybe it's the spring that's the cause, but we rarely see shirts outside the pants now. And the hair no longer wanders carelessly over the brow!! We could mention many more facts if space would permit, however, we have spied one **BOY PRAISE WINNER**: the boy, seen recently at a social function, dressed in a navy-blue serge suit with an invisible stripe through it, a light blue shirt, topped by a dark blue tie. He wore brown shoes, and dark blue plaid wool stockings. More power to you, boys!

An item for Ripley—When the first days of spring were ushered in, so was a clothes calamity. We mean, of course, the girl who had on the very light colored spring print dress, with short puff sleeves and a lovely shade green sash, a pair of two-tone brown pumps and stockings which very nicely matched them, no hat, AND a FUR coat. But wait! I have omitted the best part of her outfit. Her dainty hands were concealed by **MITTENS**.

Have you noticed the lovely angora sweaters a few of the girls have! We have seen four so far, a pale pink, a powdered blue, a lovely shade of aqua, and a luggage tan. The nice part of it is, they are all just spic and span. We should think it would be very hard to keep them looking that way.

GIRL PRAISE WINNER: The girl we saw Easter Sunday morning coming home from church. She was wearing a rust colored "Heigh-Ho" hat, a brown wool suit, with a white chiffon blouse. Over it, she wore a camel's hair coat, which was topped by a rose corsage. Her shoes, bag, and gloves were on the rust shade blending with the "shade of the hat"!!

practice is necessary to perfect this phase of riding.

Here's a little advice to any of you who are thinking of taking up riding: It takes more than one ride to make a good rider, and the first ride is apt to be a very bumpy one. So take it easy the first time, unless you want to lose your courage.

Mr. Prescott: What great joy came to Whittier which is not experienced by most men?

Brilliant (?) Soph: He remained a bachelor.

Editorials

VOL. XLVII NO. 5

THE ORACLE

MAY 18, 1938

The R. O. T. C.—A Training for Youth

EVER since the 1890's, when military drill was instituted at Bangor High, feeling has run high concerning the value of the R. O. T. C. Opponents of drill have argued war, expense, and many other disadvantages or even dangers. In every case, however, the accusations have come from people who dislike military organizations because they suggest war. We believe that these objectors do not realize the real meaning and value of the R. O. T. C. Some might even uphold the complete abandonment of our regular army, although I believe this to be clearly unsound. It should be very evident that national safety as well as a great saving in men and money would be afforded us if our national reserve were capable of bringing to a swift conclusion any war into which we might be forced.

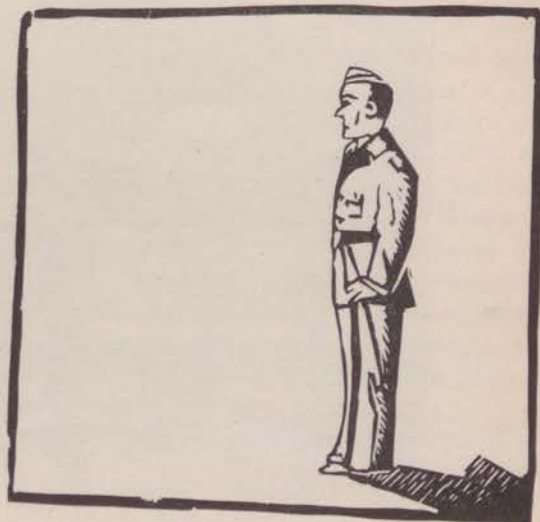
Of course a stronger argument is that the R. O. T. C. instills in young men a thirst for glory in battle. Here again, however, the real value of the R. O. T. C. is lost sight of. It is true that military drill is an influence which instructs Americans in the causes and effects of war, but, as such, it proves to be a blessing in disguise. American policy is to let the majority rule, but to educate that majority in order that it may rule well. This policy applies in the case of drill. It teaches the student the real facts of war. He learns that fighting is more than parades and drums and waving flags. The education of our citizens in understanding the real meaning of warfare is perhaps the most valuable result of military training in our high schools.

There are also three other ways in which the R. O. T. C. has educated the boys of America. First is its disciplinary value. This works two ways, for not only is the rebellious lad taught obedience, but also the officers, from cadet-major to corporal, are instructed in administering discipline. Since these men are among the outstanding students, they are very likely to become the employers of others in later life. In this way their training in drill has benefited them. An officer

must be able to direct his men without losing his head or his temper, just as an employer. Certainly the hundreds of officers who have been graduated from Bangor are better men for their training.

Further, drill fosters health and cleanliness. First aid is among the subjects which are taken up, and safety is also considered. These are subjects met with in Scouting, but the R. O. T. C. reaches boys that Scouting would never touch. A final benefit of this great system of training is the experience that boys get working with others. Too many men go into business without learning to get along with the people they continually meet. The teamwork of a squad or a platoon in an R. O. T. C. unit can remedy such a condition and thus we recognize another advantage of military training.

Well organized drill under competent leadership, such as we have here at Bangor High School, is a valuable part of a boy's education.



WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS

A Few of Our Best-known Instructors

Dana C. Cummings

Mr. Cummings, that good looking instructor of Mechanical drawing, was born in Rockport, Maine. After attending the Rockland Public Schools, he took a course at Western State Normal School and later attended M. I. T. Summer school. Before coming to Bangor High, where he has taught for seven years, Mr. Cummings taught at Topsville, Mass. In his spare time he does woodworking at home. Although baseball is his favorite sport, Mr. Cummings says that he enjoys all sports. His summers are spent fishing, at his cottage on Sebec Lake. Being queried upon his ambition Mr. Cummings stated, "My ambition is to be a florist."

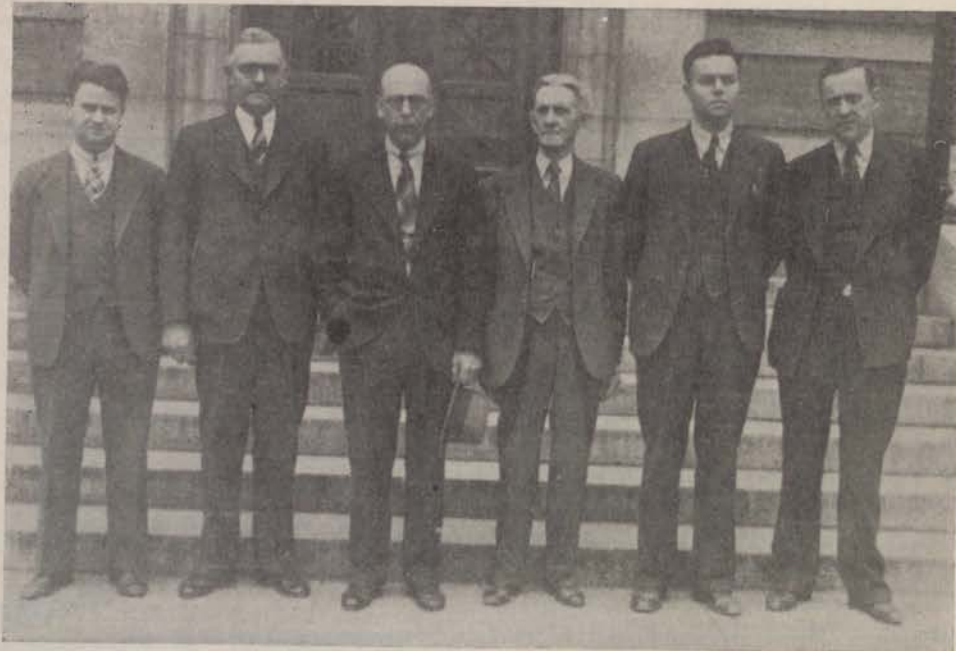
John Downing

Mr. Downing's connection with education has been varied, but throughout his life teaching has been his occupation. He was initiated into school work when he attended Hannibal Hamlin grammar school and Bangor High of this city, which is his birthplace. Following graduation from Bangor High in 1921, he went

to the University of Maine. Leaving Maine, he entered the teaching profession at Cumberland Center. The quality of versatility is suggested by his stay at Greeley Institute, since he there filled the positions of instructor in agriculture, history, physics, chemistry, general science, and civics, as well as principal, coach, and janitor. From Greeley he went to Gorham high school, and later returned to Bangor. At present he teaches chemistry, although his hobby is agriculture and he spends his spare time on a 250 acre farm.

Charles E. Holyoke

After convincing him that I only wanted an interview instead of wanting linoleum blocks cut, Mr. Charles E. Holyoke, instructor in wood-working, divulged the following information. He is an alumnus of Brewer High School. After his graduation, Mr. Holyoke served as an apprentice of pattern making at Union Iron Works. Later he went back to Brewer High to teach, and from Brewer he came to Bangor as a member of the Mechanic Arts Department where he is



Left to right: Dana Cummings, Frederick Thurston, William Starkey, Charles Holyoke, John Downing, Standish Riley.

now located. In addition to his many years of teaching experience, Mr. Holyoke has attended the summer sessions of Harvard University and the University of Maine, and has taken a special course in Job Analysis under State supervision. Flower gardening occupies the most of Mr. Holyoke's spare time. We might add that the rest of his spare time is devoted to the sawing of the linoleum blocks, for which we are very grateful. So, with 19 years of teaching experience, and being a graduate worker, plus being a "real" teacher, we have a very capable instructor in Mr. Charles Holyoke.

Standish Riley

Mr. Riley tells us that he was born in Livermore Falls, Maine, and went to school there. After having graduated from Livermore Falls high school, he betook himself to Gorham Normal school. There he devoted his time to the study of Industrial Arts (and learned it, too, as the Technical boys will tell you). After graduating in 1928, he taught mechanical drawing and wood-working for the next two years in the high schools and junior highs of Oakland, Maine and Norwood, Massachusetts.

He came to Bangor High in 1930, and he teaches mechanical drawing to the afternoon classes.

Mr. Riley states that he is happily married and has one child.

Apparently he believes in combining work with pleasure, for his hobbies are woodworking and carving, and he says that he is especially interested in oakcraft.

Mr. William G. Starkey

Mr. Starkey, who teaches the boys what's what about Industrial Arts, attended the public schools of Ellsworth and upon finishing his schooling in that town learned the Machinist's trade. He has attended the Summer School at the University of Maine and is now in charge of our machine shop. Mr. Starkey's hobby is quite an unusual and interesting one; boys. He likes to work with them and solve their individual problems. It may be this fact that accounts for his having been so successful in his teaching. We've seen some of the material turned out under his supervision, and everything was exceedingly well done. Always the machinist, Mr. Starkey reads all he can find that is written along mechanical lines and has subscribed to a host of magazines which deal with this interesting subject.

For Vanity or Protection?

by Ella K. Stratton

I'VE just finished a short story which says that clothing was probably first originated as an ornament, and not as protection. It also mentioned that the person who wore something "different" was usually admired and envied. These persons dressed for vanity.

What about today? Why do we wear bathing suits with not much more than straps, dresses that are tight and uncomfortable, shoes that are by no means sensible, bows, ribbons, fancy pins, etc., in our hair, rings of many shapes and designs on our fingers, bracelets, beads and whatnots? Also hats that look like shoes upside down, flowerpots, and, as my little brother said about one of my hats, a "stovepipe" with "spiders" (meaning my veil) hanging on it!

If we do not wear these things for appearance and vanity, why *do* we wear them?

And we girls are not the only ones with "queer" styles for clothing! Oh, no! How about the new transparent "fish and soup" suits for men? The pompadour or German haircut (which frankly I hope soon goes out of style)? Wasn't it for vanity that the male sex bought matching handkerchiefs and ties, bright stockings, pastel shirts, and the fur hats and ear muffs that were so popular this past winter?

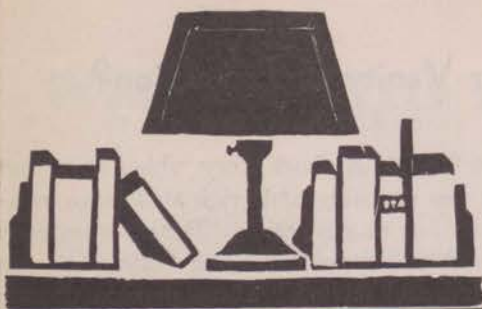
Yes, I quite agree with the person who wrote that "most of our clothing today is designed to make a fashionable appearance rather than simply to afford protection to the body."

Frederick L. Thurston

From the Science Department comes one of Bangor's best-known and best-liked teachers—Frederick Thurston, who came to Bangor in 1930. Born in Freedom, Maine, Mr. Thurston began his educational career at Freedom Academy. After receiving his B. A. at Bates College, and completing post-graduate work at Harvard in 1907, he taught in Cambridge, Worcester, and was appointed to a principalship in Rochester, N. H.

The hobbies and interests of Mr. Thurston are many and varied. Tennis is one of the fields of athletics in which he participated at college. Boating, too, occupies much of his time, for he owns a 21-foot "destroyer."

"My interest goes out to him who tries. If a fellow needs help, and he is willing to learn, let him come to me." This was Mr. Thurston's response when queried concerning his school-work. This has been found to be very true by the hundreds of students in his various classes. This is the attitude shown by Mr. Thurston, explaining his popularity among the students.



Tips from the Bookies Hints from Hollywood

BOOKS

Last Flight

by Amelia Earhart

THIS book was to be called *World Flight*, but the fates willed otherwise. The first chapters were written before the flight. The story of the flight is taken entirely from notes and diaries sent back so that the book is almost completely written by Amelia Earhart. It is an exceedingly interesting book. It is so informal that you can almost imagine yourself right in the cockpit of the plane visiting all the places she visited. Toward the end of the book there seems to be a hint of uneasiness and presentiment as they prepare to make to Howland Island the hop which was destined to be her final one.

So Great a Man

by David Pilgrim

This novel covers ten months in the life of Napoleon, from March, 1808, to January, 1809. It was a period in which he was at the height of his power and was beginning to sow the seeds of his downfall, while greedy, envious hands were reaching out from every side to rob him of his fame.

It is a richly varied novel full of romance, adventure, excitement, and mystery—with characters one can never forget, such as: Josephine, empress; Talleyrand, the wily Fouché, the ambitious Murats, and woven through the whole story the figure of the lovely and devoted Marie Walewska, "the Polish Rose."

MOVIES

Vivacious Lady

Peter Morgan (James Stewart), who is a professor of English in a small college in upstate New York, goes to New York City to bring back his playboy cousin,

Keith. He finds him in a night-club trying to get along with Francie (Ginger Rogers). Francie isn't interested until Peter comes along, and then it's love at first sight. Before the train leaves for his college town, Peter and Francie are married. Fearing his father's outlook on his marriage, he leaves his wife in care of Keith.

Complications follow, but at last after Peter's mother and Francie go off together and leave their husbands, the two lonesome men hunt up their respective wives and find them enjoying New York's night clubs.

Cowboy From Brooklyn

Starring Priscilla Lane and Dick Powell, this picture deals with a young man who has a phobia of all animals, birds, or insects. Unfortunately, when this young fellow, Elly, is going to the west coast with a couple of friends to try and make a living, he and his pals are thrown off the box car in which they are riding, and find themselves in Wyoming.

After having met up with a lot of animals and nearly dying of fright, Elly meets a girl, Jane, who brings "love at first sight" to him.

Incidents follow which include a contract to sing in New York on a big hook-up, but due to misfortunes, things don't work out as they should. Because he is so frightened of animals, and because he is going to be forced to rope a steer in a rodeo to show that he is a cowboy, he has himself hypnotized into a real cowboy.

Doctor Rhythm

Bill Remsen (Bing Crosby) and Policeman O'Roon (Andy Devine) go celebrating one night and end up singing in Central Park at daylight.

Judy (Mary Carlisle) niece of Lorelei Dodge (Beatrice Lillie) insists on eloping with a gambler.

O'Roon is hired to follow her and see that she doesn't elope.

Bill Remsen takes over O'Roon's job and uniform and after the law catches up with the gambler, Bill catches up with Judy.

News of Interest



Latin Club

THE March meeting of the Latin Club took the form of a party, since it came during the spring vacation. For this occasion Franklin Eaton opened his delightfully spacious home on Highland Avenue where some seventy members gathered for one of those events which the Latin Club so successfully sponsors. Consul Wilfred Butterfield opened the meeting, and expressed the club's gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Eaton for their kind hospitality. Next the praetor's and quaestor's reports were read and accepted. The meeting was then given over to the Sophomore girls. They staged a game, the idea of which was to see who could form the most words from the Latin word "Post-meridianus." The prize for an unbelievably long list went to Balfour Golden '40. Next the class of 1940 sponsored a game which was "sine nomine," but which brought out some fearful and wonderful acting ability.

The jolly Juniors were the next to perform. A skit entitled "Catiline" was put on, some of the scenes of which took place in Catiline's "penthouse." Eben Leavitt ably took the part of Catiline; Mary Rice, Catiline's wife; Frederick A. Leonard, Catiline, Jr., and Albert Reynolds, the judge. The other half of their program was a questionnaire based on Latin which everyone should know. It was in charge of Prof. Albert "Quiz" Reynolds. The best answers to this test of sense and non-sense came from Curtis Jones, '39, who received the prize with his usual pleasing dignity.

Then last but not least (we hope) came those serious (?) Seniors with contribution to the entertainment. They staged a debate "Resolved: That Aeneas was no gentleman." Miriam Fellows was captain of the affirmative side and Mary Nelson captain of the negative side. The judges, Langdon Freese and Vernon Segal generously gave 3 to 1 decision to "BANGOR".

Not quite a ton of the most delightfully colored fresh pop corn provided by our friend, Miss Margaret Estes, was passed out during the evening, while the commissariat department, ably managed by Miriam Fellows and Donald Beaton, served copious and varied refreshments. Thus ended another of those gay, good times

for which the Latin Club is famed.

For the April meeting, the Juniors have been very fortunate in securing Professor Marion Bradshaw who will give a lecture and show slides on his Asiatic Pilgrimage.

Debate Club

Well, here we bound into print for the final time this year, so to get caught up on the news of the Club!

Why not give mention of the annual class debates right off at the start? With Ann Bigelson and Curtis Jones representing the juniors, coached by Mrs. Lenore Cumming, first place went right there. Curtis got best speaker, with Ann second, and Robert Dodge of the seniors third. Second place in the final scoring went to freshmen Nicholas Broutas and Marjorie Morris. The sophomores, minus Harlan Small, were represented by Kendall Cole and just missed out on second. David Dodge and brother, Robert, came romping in close behind. The audience was both large and good. Judges were former varsity debaters Shirley Drew and Myer Alpert, with Mrs. Herbert L. Prescott. The sophomore team was supervised by Mrs. Charlotte Meinicke, who, together with Mrs. Cumming, formed the outside-of-debate contingent who showed their splendid co-operation by helping out Mr. O'Connor and Miss Fraser of the regular staff. Mr. Prescott acted as chairman, and was assisted in computing the score (remember LAST year?) by Miss Marion DuBourdieu, acting head of the mathematics department.

Varsity debaters Molly Kagan, John Webster (negative), Dorothy Braidy, and Lewis Vafiades (affirmative) have closed their season on the unicameral-legislature question by placing fourth in the entire state during the Bates league rounds. At Orono, the negative team was defeated 2-1 on March 18 in the preliminaries, while the affirmative won 3-0 over Brewer here. At Bates, on April 15, Bangor dropped only one of its four debates, that to Portland, 2-1. In all four debates Bangor speakers John Webster or Lewis Vafiades scored in first place as best speaker of the sessions in which he appeared, regardless of the opposition.

Bangor missed by one point out of twelve scoring for the finals, which saw Cony (Augusta) crowned state champion, with Lincoln Academy runner-up. Portland was third; Bangor was fourth, with the other seventy schools originally entered trailing behind.

During the week's vacation, Bangor debaters journeyed out-of-state, making Boston headquarters for three debates—two at Mission High of Roxbury, one at Norwood—and left for a debate and dance on the final night at Dover, New Hampshire. They were accompanied by Miss Fraser and Mr. Prescott, as was the team while at Bates two weeks later.

Friday, April 22, John Webster and Lewis Vafiades staged an exhibition debate at the regular assembly, the question being "Resolved: That no extra credits be given for extra-curricular activities at Bangor High School." Webster upheld the affirmative, Vafiades the negative. Mr. Prescott served as chairman and reviewed the season during the interval between main speeches and rebuttal.

The final event of the year came Friday, April 29, when a goodly and enthusiastic crowd dined at the I. O. O. F. hall, witnessed presentations and awards, and journeyed to the Bijou Theatre to see the Little Theatre's production of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." Guests at the banquet included Superintendent and Mrs. Small, Principal and Mrs. Chaplin, Dean Rachel Connor, Mrs. Lenore Cumming, Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. O'Connor, and Miss Jessie Fraser. Yearbooks, under the editorship of John Howard and Lewis Vafiades, were distributed at the banquet, giving write-ups of a very successful year's activities.

T. N. T.'S

The T. N. T.'s sent Nicolas Brontas along with Marjorie Morris of the Snapdragons into the class debates with high hopes. These hopes were well justified, because the two marched off with second place honors.

A debate on the same topic as the class debates in which Nicolas Vafiades, John Norwood, and Donald Fowler will uphold the affirmative is to be followed by a general quizz on debating which will close the working season.

Snapdragons

The Snapdragons certainly held up their end of the freshman prestige when Marjorie Morris, debating very well, with the T. N. T. representative won second place in the class debates. The freshman team was coached by Miss Fraser.

To wind up their work for the season, they will send three debaters, Katherine Clement, Doris Emery, and Gloria Redman, against the T. N. T.'s. These three will uphold the negative end of the question on national advertising which was used in the class debates.

Dramatic Club

A three act comedy, "China Boy," has been chosen for the senior class play to be given June 2. With tryouts now being held, the cast will soon be picked and rehearsals will begin immediately, Miss Haney stated. The story is about a man and wife who are having a terrible time trying to manage their two children, when suddenly a letter arrives from the wife's sister saying she is sending her son from China to live with them so that he may complete his education in America. The "China Boy" turns out to be a "goody-goody" and no matter how he tries to change, every thing he does turns out right instead of wrong. However, "he finally establishes himself as being regular only after every possible laugh is extracted from this richly comic situation."

The April meeting of the Dramatic Club was held in the Assembly hall on April 20th. The secretary's report was read and plans were begun in preparation for the production of "China Boy." A play, "The White Black Sheep," written by Clerice Fielding was then given, as the program. Betty Mallet took the part of the mother; Eudolia Tinker—*Vivian*; Mary Joy Flint—*Zola*; Lois Nason—*Ruth*; Bud Duty—*Don*; Dayson DeCourcy—*Jack*; Donald Beaton—*Father*; Robert Dodge—*Richard*; Stanley Fletcher—*officer*. After this meeting final tryouts were held in 307.

Assemblies

One of the outstanding assembly programs during the past month was a series of talks on different phases of scouting under the direction of Mr. Mann of the faculty. Those taking part in the talks were; Richard Coffin, Dorothy McClure, Curtis Jones, Phyllis Morris, and John Webster.

Mr. Chaplin announced the winners of the Senior Essays as Polly Perry and Eudolia Tinker for the girls, and John Watson and Charles Redman for the boys.

The Home Economics Department did their part in giving us a style show.

Our last important assembly was given over to Mr. Regan, who stressed the need for safety in Bangor, both in driving cars and walking.

The Orchestra and Band have given us music for many of our programs.

ON RADIO ROW

In Memoriam

What is so rare as a jazzless tune,
A singer who sings and doesn't croon?
And what is so rare as a night in June
A song ever sings of with nary a moon?

Let the orchestras squeak and the radio go,
Pandemonium rules along Radio Row!
The crooners all croon and the saxophones blow—
Too few are the places an artist can go!

The old songs—the good ones—the ones that we love
By present day standards no more are above
Trucking, and swinging, and glad *Tiger Rag*,
And others that sound as though out on a jag!

So swing 'em, and wing 'em, and ruin 'em, too
And knock 'em, and sock 'em, till the air is all blue;
And, "Oh say, can you swing till the dawn's early light?"
If you do, are you using our Anthem all right?

O Tempora! O Mores! you all are in vain—
Swing is the custom, good music's a'wane;
Loch Lomond's a swing tune—the bonny *Blue Bells*
Can now but stand by, to hear their death knells.

For what is so rare as a jazzless tune,
Or a singer who sings and doesn't croon?
You show me the singer, and show me the tune
I'll show you a couple who'll be useless soon!

The season which has just ended, as far as this column is concerned, has not been notable for any new type of program. If you will remember, last year sidewalk quizzes and community-sings were the rage. This past season, however, nothing of that sort developed, unless we consider the Big Apple and Swing Sessions, which we'd rather not.

However, there have been a few havens of refuge for those who were suffering from an over-dose of jazz and swing. For examples, *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour* and another not so well known but equally enjoyable, *Essays in Music*. This may be heard Thursdays at 10:00 or 10:30 P. M. Each week some particular type of music is featured. David Ross is the narrator, and Columbia's orchestra provides the music. Need we say more?

Another program featuring David Ross is *Poet's Gold*, broadcast over CBS on Sundays from 1:45 to 2:00. Combining the rich beauty of David Ross' voice with the soft strains of sweet music produces that effect of peace and quiet which is associated with Sunday.

Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Donald Dickson are featured by Bromo-Seltzer over the Yankee Network

(Please turn to page 24)

ALUMNI

Dear Bettie—

When this poor letter lopes up to your door, via *The Oracle*, dog eared and travel worn, all this will be old stuff, but right now it's hot off the grape vine!

I went to the Prep School Basket Ball Tournament at Memorial Gym. Whom did I see streaking around the basketball floor? No others than *Duke Elliot*, *George Munce* and *Eustice* (Useless, to you) *Powers*. It was grand to sit (?) there and cheer for our ex-Bangor boys playing on the M. C. I. team.

Speaking of the goings on at Maine, probably you read in the paper that *Dud Utterback '37* was playing in the Maine Masque production "Johnny Johnson." Remember what a swell Tom Sawyer he was in the play last year?

You don't remember *John Barry '28* do you? He was a little before our time, yet you should, at least, have heard of him. I could write this whole letter on just what he's been doing. Well, *John* graduated from U. of M. with his B. A. He was outstanding in Dramatics and Public Speaking while he was there. Then he announced over W. L. B. Z. for a while. Now he's out in the middle of the California flood. His parents are very worried about him. (I bet he forgot his *water wings*!)

Cupid's certainly been on the job. *Margery Nicker-son '32* just married *Paul N. Divine*. But that's not all—*Ruth Thurston '35* married *Walter J. Graves* of Portland—I think poor cupid's due for a rest—nice work fella! !

The Public Rumor No. 1 is that *Gerry Upton '37* is married.

More Talent—(these actors!) *Bob Witham '35*, played the part of Richard in "East Lynne" a play given by the Bangor-Brewer Little Theater Group. He looked pretty snazzy in his old fashioned cut-away and peg-legged breeches. Not mentioning a derby which sat squarely on the very top of his head.

Guess what! *Eustice Powers '36*, made the honor roll at M. C. I. That proves he can do more than play a *swell* game of basketball.

Just little chorus girls are: *Hilda Rowe '37*, and *Janice Merrill '37*. They were in the chorus of the *Pale Blue Revue* of 1938 at Maine. I told you that *Sid Lieberman '35* wrote the music, didn't I?

Bettie, I ran across the strangest thing—a list of the members of the graduating class of Bangor High School for the year 1855. Miss Mary J. Cassidy's mother gave her this catalogue of the members of the class of 1855; it is more than 80 years old!

(Please turn to page 30)

Band

The band has kept up its record of full attendance at rehearsals and has confined itself mostly to perfecting numbers of a varied program and is always prepared for a last minute call. This group gave a good account of itself at a recent public appearance in City Hall and handled the "job" in a truly professional manner. The assembly program for April 8 was unavoidably omitted, but at its next appearance those present will be fully aware that our school still has a band that can play. Special numbers are being polished up for the Dexter festival and the annual school exhibition at City Hall. These selections are chosen as best fitted to display the versatility of the different members and their sections.

With the past season's experience in marching and playing formations the band will be a substantial and pleasing part of the coming annual inspection at Broadway Park.

The Band will blare forth loud and often during the next few weeks. A trip to the Eastern Maine School of Music Festival, which they will take, is probably surpassed only by the trip to the Bangor-Portland football game.

They will perform again in the best manner at the Public Schools Concert, and, of course, we won't forget the important part they play in the annual military inspection at Broadway Park. For all of these occasions they will be beaming in full uniform, which adds color to any event.

Orchestra

May will be a busy month for the Orchestra. On the 14th, the Junior and Senior orchestras will accompany the Glee Club to Dexter for the Eastern Maine School of Music Festival.

On the 17th the Annual Prize Singing Contest for the juniors and seniors of Bangor High will be held. Soloists and mixed quartets will be featured.

On Friday the 20th of May the Annual Public School Concerts will take place. Besides the Orchestra, several other bodies from the high school will be entered. Having carried a heavy schedule all year, the Orchestra is bringing the season to a fine finish in these three events with the trip to Dexter as the high point of the year for the most of them.

Glee Clubs

The combined Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs will present their May concert in Bangor City Hall, May sixth. Since the group has been working so hard in preparation for this, it promises to be a huge success. On May

16, the group will travel to Dexter to join in a gala festival there. Mrs. Huey, advisor for the club, also said that she planned to put on a performance in chapel in the near future.

Rifle Club

Again The Bangor High Rifle Team scored in the 1st Corps Area competition. Last year the riflemen annexed both the junior and senior division of the shoot, but this year they fell only a few points behind the leading college, thus taking the junior division title. In that match there were fifteen men firing a complete score, the highest ten going on to the Corps Area headquarters at Boston for record.

As yet the results of the National Corps Area match have not been reported. A place in this shoot was won by our marksmen in the previous year, but it is hoped that they land nearer the top this time.

The averages of all the individual scores of the Rifle club members were computed by Lt. Col. Robert T. Snow after the Corps Area Match when postal shoots with the various high schools and colleges come to a close for the year. For the highest average Eben Leavitt Jr. received the first place medal (gold with blue ribbon). Warren B. Snow appeared in second place and received the respective medal (silver with red ribbon). Robert T. Dodge took the third place medal (bronze with yellow ribbon) barely edging out J. Earl Downs.

At the time this account is being written, the rifle club is preparing to shoot a shoulder to shoulder match with the locally famous Penobscot Valley Rifle and Pistol Association. These men managed to down the Bangor boys in the first match of the year by a 6 point margin (incidentally, that match was one of the two that the club has lost during the entire year).

Officers' Club

The Military Ball! As early as this, a month before, talk of the major event of the Officers' Club is going around. Talk of dates, talk of what girls will be elected Honorary Major and Captain, talk of this, and talk of that.

Within the club itself the talk is no less intense. Every person in it is serving on some sort of committee. The general committee consists of Austin Keith, chairman, Dick Coffin, and Lew Vafiades. Several meetings for discussion have been held, and as a lead up, an assembly program will be shown in the very near future.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Paul Welch

Paul Welch is that tall, dark Junior you've been seeing around this here institution of higher learning (ahem!) for the past several years. Paul informs us that his likes are football, "Gangbusters," books on photography, and dancing. His idea of a good time, next to studying, of course, is taking photos and developing them himself. He eats "everything", even spinach. So now, the next time you see this military appearing lad with his neatly pressed uniform, you'll know it's none other than "Sarge" Welch of dear old Company C.

Ida Rolnick

Ida's ambitions wander from the vicinity of the foot-lights to that of the microphone. She keeps the avoirdupois (?) diminished by a watermelon diet and early morning bicycle escapades on our country roads. Rather a loyal soul to Bangor, she sticks around here in the summer. Just for a lark, however, Ida would enjoy digging around some of the historic ruins of old Rome and so forth. She's another of these personality-blessed seniors, and after June we wish her lots of success.

Kenneth Barnes

Introducing for your own special benefit, my "deah" readers, Kenneth W. Barnes. Ken's another of these numerous non-dancing Romeos of the Senior Class. He's a rabid (two-bit word) basketball fan and plays a mean game himself. In pitching horseshoes he's "tops", and when it comes to knocking over the nice shiny pieces of wood at the end of the alley with the little black balls, they say there's none better. Alice Faye and Wayne Morris are his movie favorites, and "Phil" Lord's "Gangbusters" keep him up way past bedtime every Wednesday night.

Betty McKenny

And here's blonde young, lively, McKenny No. 2, likewise favoring red hues, ice cream pie, swimming, hikes, dancing, bicycling, basketball, basketball, basketball. Betty also goes in for the homey sort of things; radio, armchair, nice spooky book and all—should there be any particulars lacking we will gladly supply them on request. And finally, although mere sophomores, (the senior in us is gloating) both girls are aspiring to nursing careers—we trust this won't involve any "seeing double" complications for their patients.

Edith Kagan

Another immigrant from across the border (Massachusetts), pleasant and peppy. Nevertheless, she admits she is gradually appreciating Bangor, and in all her travels she confesses that Bangor's beauty in the summertime is tops. She holds a record for the most teaspoons (or was it tablespoonsful) of sugar in a single cup of tea, and although loving sweets may be a headache for some of the gals, Edith loves regardless. Sort of a flighty person (beprepared for the worst—a pun) a frolic up in the clouds is "the" way to travel.



Herbert Gibbs

"Herbie" Gibbs is that tall'n handsome Senior whom you all saw rushing around at the basketball games this year with the manager's jacket on. "Herb" informs us that basketball rates first place when it comes to sports, and that hockey (or did he say hookey) follows in a close second. Of course, he just adores all his studies and all that, but he finally decided that the one he liked the best of all was study period. The thought of a nice creamy banana pie waiting for him always sends him rushing home after school.

Alfred Perry

That little blond, clarinet-toting Freshman who plays in the band is none other than "Bud" Perry. Bud informs us that his favorite movie stars are Dorothy Lamour and Lloyd Nolan, and that the Philharmonic Symphony program on Sunday afternoon pleases him the most of all the programs he hears over the air. Bud likes to read all kinds of books; as for sports, well, he guesses that tennis is his favorite one, while swimming also pleases him. "Bud" is always right in there when it comes to ranks, and his report card is something.

Alicia Coffin

Alicia Coffin, that "mity mite" of the Junior Classics, informs us that she likes, of all things, spinach (Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!) Tyrone Power makes her little heart beat faster, and she admires Shirley Temple as a true artist. That fugitive from a wood-pile, "Charlie McCarthy," sends her into hysterics, and Al Pierce sends her rolling in the aisles. Skating and tennis are the two sports which delight this little Miss and Geometry and French are her favorite studies. She spends her summers at Ashland. Oh yes by the way—"fellers," she dances.

Ruth McKenny

We present blonde, young McKenny No. 1 who actually has the edge over blonde young McKenny No. 2 (across the page) in years by a margin of one. These sisters are great pals, and should you pin them right down to it, they admit that their tastes are identical even to their favorite color, red. Off-hand we'd say that Ruth's tastes favor energy-demanding pastimes—and she has plenty of pep in reserve. We are presenting snaps of both the girls so that you may find some key to identification, and if you can, you're smart.

Garrett Speirs

Garry Speirs, freshman, is going to sail right into any athletic suit that will fit him. Just "one of the fellahs" of the Howard St. gang, Garry is guilty of a "never-be-idle" policy. Although winter is nice on account of basketball, just see what summer has to offer Garry with personal ratings; baseball (4 stars), golf (ditto) fishing, swimming, football, hiking (all close seconds)—in short, not much of an "in-door" boy is Garry, few movies occasional radio, and minimum of literature—but he has accumulated a variety of valuable stamps.

Boys' Athletics

Glimpses

With tournament-time swiftly approaching, Fred-erick Pinkham, coach of the racquet-swingers, is very optimistic. Freese, Weinstein, and Gross, past masters at this difficult sport, promise that a worthy aggrega-tion will represent Bangor High.

Into Matt Soumi's baseball men are rapidly being groomed into position, preparing for the rigid schedule ahead. Returning lettermen Jameson, Morrill, Saw-yer, Snow, and many others are again adorning their respective places this spring.

Flash! Another major sport is about to be reorgan-ized here! Mr. Charles (record-breaker) O'Connor, will initiate another track team, after a year's interval. Much promising material is at hand, so a gala year in this field is expected. Watch our track team this year!



Signals!

Hi! Let's go—and with a bang-up beginning, the many would-be grid-men of Bangor High have donned their mud-caked togs once more to indicate their de-sire to fill the many vacancies left by the departing Seniors! Already many indoor sessions have been held, in which the *Oracle's* new projector has played an im-portant part. Head Coach Walter Ulmer, enthused over the Freshman candidates, some hundred strong, has been teaching the newcomers the fundamentals of the "All-American game," preparing for the Frosh-Sophomore game, and the planned scrimmage-prac-tices with John Bapst.

The return of "Barney" Morrill, "Reggie" Clark, Paul Hamm, "Ben" Brown, and Phil Higgins; the swel-ling newcomers; and Coach Ulmer at the helm—all point to a successful season for the Rams come next fall, and it won't be long now!



Commercial Club

At one of the meetings of the Commercial Club we had as our guest speaker, Charles Bragg, second, who gave an excellent general business talk. He told of the growth and development of the company of N. H. Bragg & Son.

Elaine Estabrook and Phyllis Colpitts were in charge of a musical forum.

Later the club was entertained with movies shown by Mr. Millard representing the Coco Cola Company.

An accordion solo by Priscilla Jones was enjoyed by the members of the club.

Girls' Athletics

The inter-class basketball tournament ended in a tie this season. Since the Blue Freshmen and the Seniors came out on top, both teams will receive their varsity B's. The Freshmen lost only to the Seniors, and the Seniors were defeated only once by the Juniors.

The lineups:

Seniors	Blue Freshmen
f. Betty Mallet	f. Nancy Savage
Lillian Kopelow	f. Elizabeth Curran
f. Helen Mehann	Janice Ames
Anna Less	jc. Frances Hogan
jc. Barbara Libbey	Janet Reid
Mary Joy Flint	sc. Roberta Curran
sc. Betty Wise	Elaine Enman
Janet Bullard	g. Dorothy Cole
g. Margery Nelson	C. Lougie
Virginia Simpson	g. E. Shorey
g. Anne Hanson	G. Walsh
Grace Bowker	

All teams played clean, fair games, and proved to be good sports in defeat as well as victory. We can easily say the girl's basketball tournament was a suc-cess this year.

Since it is the custom of the Girl's Athletic Honor Council to have a monthly party, the basketball ban-quet is our May event. The banquet is the most for-mal of all our *parties*, and is always enjoyed by all who attend.

The council invites all the members of the class teams, and several members of the faculty. The program con-sists of speakers, the awarding of numerals, and lastly, the impressive candle-light ceremony, in which several girls are made council members. This is always very impressive and solemn—the high light of the evening.

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 21)

on Sundays from 6:45 to 7:00. Donald Dickson is a newcomer on Radio Row, and outside of being a mem-ber of the Metropolitan Opera, he really *can* sing. His recent appearances on Chase and Sanborn's proved that. If he keeps it up, he'll soon be among the head-liners.

So much for that We hear that the radio columnist at Cony took a poll among the students on favorite programs, performers, stations, etc. It was pretty successful, we are told. If you like the idea, tell next year's radio editor. No doubt he'll see what he can do about it.

Meanwhile—how do you like these?

Best all-round program	<i>Chase and Sanborn's Hour</i>
Best serious program	<i>Ford Sunday Evening Hour</i>
Best humorous program	Eddie Cantor's
Best singer—man	Nelson Eddy
Best singer—woman	Hollis Shaw
Best humorist	Charlie McCarthy
Best announcer	David Ross

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Personals

EDITED BY JANE BRADSHAW, MIRIAM FELLOWS, AND CONNIE KING

HOKUM

by Jane Bradshaw

MY FRIENDS—and I hope you are my friends, spring (tra-la-la-la) is here!! And in spring a young man's fancy turns to—baseball, durn it. Excepting *Danny Boy West's*, who, when last heard from was still looking for something. Ready, smile!

C'm on, *Gwennie Matchett*, let's us play Truth and Consequences! Whose idea was it that *Don Stuart* play the lead opposite you in Hammond Street's latest play (?)? Hmmmmmm. You blush verry purtily, ma fran. . . There's a certain male in Mass. who signs his letters "88". Now what does that mean, *Gail*? . . . What do we hear about *Ed Babcock* and *M. Nelson*? Whoops, my deah, and she even drives him home from school. Maybe it's the spring air . . . Hey, *Jere-Bill*—don't you know you shouldn't feed your company in the kitchen?. *Winona* has secured (wow) another of *W. Sawyer's* medals. But watch out, gal, for we hear there's a certain frosh femme who is utsnay, simply maaaaad, about him . . . *Louis Nason's* sister is one grand chaperone, huh, *Evelyn*? . . . What happened to *Marion's Ed*? He had such a car. P. S. Chalk one up for my side . . .

Seen around and about:

Barker and *Keith*, of course.

Donny Dorr and *Mimi Merrill*, no of course about it.

Bud and *Shorty*, despite some interference by a dark woman.

Barb Perry and *Paul Welch*—he's teaching her how to drive! !

Barb Libbey and *Joe Sewell*—guess a broken arm doesn't cramp his style.

Priscilla Herbert and *Carl Foss*—wheweeeee.

Rufie Carlisle and *Billie Fellows*—still! !

Ramsdell and *Murdock*—he took her to church one Sunday.

Margaret O'Connell and *Hal Babcock*—but she's glad when the Cornell frosh get vacations.

Paul Pomroy and *Ardreth Briggs*—when he can hitch-hike as far as Monticello.

"*Sukie*" and "*Brownie*", Inc.

Durant Bowers and *Hastings*, every recess.

"*Dot*" and "*Gus*"—everywhere.

What's so captivating about the view from the Stand-pipe, *Bud* and *Polly* and *Stewart* and *Maurice*? Or isn't it the view? (Slam No. 2) . . . One of the coziest lil' triangles nowadays centers around *Audrey Hogan*, with *Paul* and *David* fighting it out . . . *Morris Rand* murmurs *Kay* in his sleep, he has it that bad . . . *Johnny Gunn* wants to know why *Bobby Wood* (the Band's super baton-wielder) goes to Hampden so often—why, *Johnny*, ain't it obvious??? It's all around that *Betty O'Connell* and *Bill Jenkins* are to be married May 21. Yeah? And what does *Bud* think about all these here doin's? . . . *Forbes*, *Hathorn*, *Vafiades*, *Fraser*, *Spragg*, *Hunt* etc., etc., yehman, find the Ritz-Foley atmosphere positively enchanting. Sounds as though *Barb* is doing alright! . . . *Dick* (Fred Astaire) *McKeen* has been seeing a lot of *Blanche Barker* recently. . . . They say *Buster Simpson* spends each and every weekend at Prospect. Tska-Tska. And *Arthur Curtis* likewise. And so it goes . . . Those old pals, *Vince* and *Alden* (such a *Goode Boy*), scram for Old Town whenever they have the car-fare. And is one Bangor High junior lassie jealous! Ya wanta know? Well, I'm telling ya! ! *Paul Ford* and *Dot Hill* hold conferences every day—mebbe the executive in 'em.

Robby Moulton's roommate—sez *Marie Hilton*—is oh so divinny . . . and they have the grandest hideout at Green Lake. Hyah, *Marie*! . . . *Preston* and *Jean* are that way about each other, but it's the wrong way, and *Jean* is truckin' with *Mr. Webster*. . . *Freddy Leonard* likes church for more reasons than one, huh, *Naomi*? . . . Did *Ike* and *Charlie* have a good time at Abbott? P. S. to *Charlie*—what about the red-head in Mass.?

The latest stockmarket reports tell of rising prices, so I'll hafta close to conserve my ink supply. Ta-Ta.

P. S. Warning to motorists—don't leave your cars out at nights for *Bruz* and *Parkin* have turned Fascist and are completely armed with bombs.

Personals

Why?

by Alicia Coffin

Why does the sun rise just as early on mornings that I want to sleep as it does on other mornings? Why does it rise at all, or does it, or, for that matter, why does it set? Why study Latin and French, or why study English? It changes all the time, and if it didn't, it would become as dead as Latin is. Why did Columbus discover America in 1492? Why didn't he wait until after B. H. S. graduation in 1939? Why can't I play the piano, sax, drums, sing like Deanna Durbin, dance like Eleanor Powell, look like Simone Simon, earn money like a Rockefeller, and spend it like the United States Government? Why or why not? Why does the teacher always ask questions that I can't answer and never ask those that I can answer, or why can't I answer all of them? Why so many hills in the streets of Bangor? Why so much ice on them that I stall my Ford while the wheels keep right on going round and round? Why don't I have a car that won't do that, or why doesn't Henry Ford build one that won't slip on the ice? Why can't my dad be President of the United States? Why? So I could go deep sea fishing! Why? To get a deep sea tan! Why? Because I like the color of tan for my complexion better than black or white. Why? Oh, just because! Why!—I think this makes two-hundred-and-fifty-nine words, oui?

Exhumed Humor

(A few blowoffs from previous Oracles)

Battered Motorist—Bruz West (waking up):

"Where am I? Where am I?"

Nurse: "This is number 116."

Bruz: "Room or cell?"

Mary Nelson: Can you drive with one hand?

Dayson DeCourey: You bet I can.

Mary: Then have an apple.

Eben Leavitt: I'm lucky at cards, but I always lose on horses.

Jean Mack: That's because you can't shuffle horses.

Dad: My boy, when I was your age I was glad to get dry bread to eat.

Robby Hanson: You're much better off, now that you're living with us, aren't you, papa?

On Old Razor Blades

by Eben Leavitt

TO KEEP or to destroy, that is the question, and, if so, why so, or, if not, why not???? This, ladies (?) and gentlemen (ALSO?) is the much mooted question of the whichness of the what of which nothing is any whither. Hundreds of thousands of razor blades are being used daily. Hundreds of thousands of razor blades are going to waste daily. So what? So this. The steel in razor blades is of the highest quality. A couple of hundred thousand razor blades each day would make quite a pile of steel. What do I propose to do Just this. . . . First we must have a steel plant. This, however, will be comparatively easy because all we have to do is buy one. After this is done, we will advertise for old razor blades, and, of course everyone will gladly send their old blades to us being pleased to get rid of them. Next we must think of something that we can use them for. What shall we make from them? What *SSHAALLLL WEEE* do with these choice bits from the steel world. By the way, we hadn't thought of that yet. My goodness this is embarrassing having all those kind people send those razor blades to us, and then again we went to the bother to buy an entire factory. Oh well, after thinking of everything from soup to nuts, we decided to send all the razor blades back to their original owners.

While we're on the subject of nuts, I met a feller the other day who had a hobby of collecting hairpins from the various women celebrities. To date he had worked for seven long years on his hobby and had but two hairpins, one from his mother and one from his sister. . . . But hold on. Is this an idea or is this an idea! Why not make extra fine hairpins out of razor blades. Well, why not? . . . Since there is no negative reply that is just what we'll do. A hurried order is posted for the people who sent us razor blades in the first place asking them to please return those and also any blades which they have used since that time. We consider the trouble that we have caused the people who were asked to resend their blades and, basing our decision on that fact, we resolve to take a vacation in order that our sponsors (for that's what they really are) may have sufficient time to think about how big a bunch of fools we are and, in the end, return the razor blades. . . . Off we go then to someplace. (nowhere in particular) . . . "How about taking a trip to Little America", said one of our crackpot salesmen.

Says another, says he, he says, "Little America is quite a jaunt." Of course none of us agree with him and his efforts are in vain. And, as a result of this
(Please turn to page 28)

THE SONG

(Continued from page 10)

of a strange, haunting, throbbing melody. The machine gun beat the time, the shattering of the bombs was the cymbals. To Dimitri it was a glorious song. He didn't care if a war was raging; he didn't care what happened.

He had done it for his father, he was glad; he was proud; his father was so good, so brave. He had done it for his father.

His mother was whispering in his ear, "My darling, brave Dimitri, your father and I are so proud of you—you are a real son of Russia, a great Russian soldier."

With those words the song in Dimitri's heart swelled to a great crescendo.

In a voice full of emotion he answered, "I am not afraid, Mother; I did as my father would have done."

"Ready"—(Dimitri slid a steadying arm around his mother).

"Aim!" (Dimitri stood up straight, lifted his head high, stood at attention as his father would have—he could face anything with this glorious song pounding in his heart and surging through his veins).

"Fire" bellowed the executioner.

It stopped—the song—it had stopped. The stirring, invigorating strains had ceased. There—nothing! Dimitri felt a strange emptiness. He felt cold; the song wasn't there to fill him with warmth and exaltation. Everything was so quiet and peaceful—yet—Dimitri was afraid—yes, he was afraid—now.

Through the floating, hazy clouds that seem to envelope him, Dimitri heard the harsh voice of the executioner. "Too bad," he heard, "with that courage and loyalty he would have made a good Russian soldier. The General ordered the boy's father to be shot for desertion. The boy thought his father was a hero and not the spineless coward he was. When the general had dared accuse his father of such a thing, the boy grabbed a gun from one of the guards and killed the general. Poor little fellow, his father, the yellow rat, then turned and ran away."

The Little General

by Carleton Orr

AND then I shot the spots off the ace of spades at fifty feet with my pistol." As I crossed the threshold of the room that was to constitute my home during my second year at the high school, this remark, followed by much laughter, supplanted the ring of the noisy corridors which had settled in my ears.

My curiosity prodded me toward the joking group where the story-teller was the center of merriment, but, at that moment, a corridor gong galvanized into action as numerous timepieces throughout the building agreed that it was eight o'clock.

The group disintegrated, and it was then that I first noticed the little fellow. His small stature was surmounted with carrot colored hair, and his face looked as if it had been freckled while he lay beneath a shade

tree between whose leaves the hot rays of sun penetrated in countless places.

At that moment, I did not realize the many times that I would pause to wonder how Mother Nature in a moment of carelessness, could possibly have created such a being. As the year wore on, our class never knew when it would encounter one of the twists in the complex nature of the little chap who seemed to be a combination of Baron Munchausen and Major Hoople.

He had not long been in the military classes before he was well decorated with medals which were always in evidence. All tactics and manuals must be done to perfection with considerable gusto. He was the kind of fellow who would argue for hours, if given the opportunity, such topics as whether the material used to thatch roofs of Gallic houses was called thatch before it was put on, or not until after the roof was finished. His indomitable spirit forced him to compete with Caesar by trying to do efficiently five things at one time. Nevertheless, in spite of his bluff, bluster, and childlike antics, he managed to keep on good terms with everyone.

Finally, I resigned myself to my fate of spending a couple more years with him, but even then I shall not escape him. Never again will I be able to look back on high school days to take up a book on former studies, to meet a person inclined to bluster, or to watch a military parade go by without being haunted by the memory of the little general.

The Dream Road

by Jack Backman

CRASH! . . .

"You say he had a family? . . . He did? . . . Three children . . . yeh, too bad . . . awful . . . His fault? . . . It was? . . . oh, it wasn't . . . yes, I understand, he just seemed to swerve off the road . . . anything wrong with his car . . . no?



. . . with him? . . . you say he was a respectable, dependable man . . . so, it just happened. . yeh, too

(Please turn to page 36)

See
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ON OLD RAZOR BLADES
(Continued from page 26)

debating, we pack for Little America not forgetting our golf clubs and bathing suits, oh ya, some tooth paste too. But while we are packing I have a sneaking feeling that something is going to go wrong with our proposed journey. . . Sure enough just as our day of sailing we are summoned into court for not paying the first installment on the factory. At this I see that our future razor blade—hairpin business will be no more. (Now you can see why razor blades were never of use when used).

This new idea would probably have netted over a million (in razor blades) if the courts hadn't taken a hand in the affair. . . . Why should people have to have courts anyway? It seems to me that they ought to look out for themselves (even if they don't). . . . That's just what we told the judge and we knew that we were right, but I guess he didn't think so because here we are safely stowed away in the hoosgow.

Bye the bye, I hear that they're featuring yellow in all of the new Parisian styles. What do you know about that? (nothing).

La Fin

P. S. Even if this script is crazy, don't think the same of the author.

Editor's Note: Lucky you added that postscript, Eben. . . . we were wondering!

Just Suppose That

Charlie Redman was one.
Vernon Segal saw a duck.
Webster Frost got hot.
Dick Fellows was named Dick Girls.
Charlie Savage was tamed.
Dick McKeen was named Dick McDull.
Dannie West went south.
Art Nichols found a pile of pennies.
Eddie Lovejoy was a kill joy.
Jack Backman was named Jack Frontman.
Donnie Dorr broke a window.
Dick Coffin stopped coughing up speeches.
Janet Reid started to read her school books.
Mrs. Cumming started going.
Barbara Hill lived on a mountain.
Anna Less was named Anna More.
Mary Rice was named Mary Barley.
Elaine Rowe was paddling a canoe.
Betty Day was named Betty Night.
Betty Barker worked for the circus.
Celia Goos owned a duck farm.
Miss. Files ground her tests down easier.

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Business begins picking up again, and Joan is left to solve two murders by herself. Luckily she is able to solve them, and business goes on as before in both the detective work and her love for her young husband.

BE SURE TO READ THE ORACLE ADS.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 21)

Senior class as follows:

Charlotte Baldwin	Elizabeth Hallowell
Mary Benson	Elizabeth Head
Annie Bradbury	Harriet E. Hilliard
Susan Brastow	Mary F. Holmes
Mary E. Brown	Sarah Howard
Mary Carr	Clara Jewett
Fannie Chase	Helen Jones
Sophie Clark	Martha Eustis
Sarah Cobb	Annie Foster
Augusta Davis	Helen Graves
Mary Dode	Ellen Hall
May Dole	(readers:)
Araline Downe	Anyone see their Grandmother's name here?

I saw in the paper that Bill Hilton '35, is to be the business manager of the Maine Campus. Billy West is the advertising manager, Peter Skoufis is the subscription manager and Rachel Kent the society Editor.

It's about time I brought these rambling words to a finish—Write soon, and in the meantime I'll dig up some more dirt about the poor unsuspecting alumni.

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War

Ruth Glidden, 1939

I hope that I shall live to see
The day when war shall cease to be.
If all the world would take one day,
And on its stubborn knees should pray,

The little ones of earth could wear
A smile again, I think, nor fear
At childish play, one might be slain
By leaden drops of air-craft rain.

I think of men with faces pressed
Toward the homeland; in each breast
A knowledge of what war can be.
But only God can make them free.

If all the world would take one day,
And on its stubborn knees would pray,
And prayed in earnest, and God saw,
I think he'd help to end all "War."

There never was a good war, or a bad peace.

—Franklyn

ROGER TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from page 11)

Furiously Lu set to work, and at last, with a great flapping of cloth, the sails spilled down on the decks. At last! The bare mast rocked above with the motion of the boat.

"Safe for the time," breathed Lu, as she took the tiller from Roger. "I never could have made—"

"Hey there! Are you all right?"

Luella wheeled quickly. There through white spray, she discerned Rake and Sam in the old power-boat, trying to reach them.

"Oh, thank goodness, we're safe! Roger, we're saved!"

"Not yet, we ain't, Miss. Now, if ye'll just climb into this boat after ye drop anchors, we'll hit it fo' home, 'cause this wind'll turn into a regular gale!"

"A regular gale! I'd like to know what it has been—a palm breeze?" murmured Lu under her breath.

"So—! Ya sorta got caught in a storm, eh, Luella?" Rake smiled in his most provoking way.

"Hmph! No!—Well, even if you hadn't come along. I could have made it, you understand." (I couldn't without Roger, though), she added to herself.

"Oh, sure. I understand."

* * * * *

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It was a beautiful afternoon. There was not a cloud in the skies. It was perfect weather for the races!

Luella sat with Roger on the screened porch.

"Lu, can I go wif 'oo in a races?"

"Darling, you bet your boots you can—and be first mate!"

ONE NIGHT IN JUNE

(Continued from page 9)

of shrubbery to another till he was almost upon the pair. Then a rolling stone disclosed his approach.

The boy and girl turned quickly, and beat a frightened retreat in the direction of the Gym. The boy ("Louse," thought Ray) did not linger to assist the hurrying girl, as one might have expected a Southern gentleman to do, but made good his own escape, disregarding the sharp cry behind him.

The girl had tripped on the long gown she was wearing, and—but—yes, she had certainly fallen precipitately into the very largest of the open post-holes behind East Wing. Ray came up rapidly, and now he flashed his spot-light full upon the be-draggled figure, mud stained, rain-lashed, weeping, shoulder deep in that slimy pit. It was Gloria Waldron, the colonel's daughter! What a situation!

Ray's first thoughts were contempt and indignation. He told me so himself. But almost like lightning he saw that this must be hushed up at all cost. He knew that the stern old colonel would discipline his daughter even more harshly than the most recalcitrant of cadets; knew, too, that the patronesses would be even less charitable to poor, little Gloria; and the younger crowd—well, they would just crucify her with ridicule. He alone was in a position to save her, but at what a cost!

Yes, fellows, Ray Montague pulled the girl out of the hole, carried her in his arms to the nearest parked car (you see she had sprained her ankle in the fall) and drove her home. (Lucky, wasn't it, that the owner of the sedan had left his key in the dash?).

Ray realized fully what it meant to leave his post of duty that night. He knew that if the colonel detected his absence, he'd stand court-martial, and that the consequences would be grave indeed. But he took her home, and carried her up the long flight of steps to her father's door, and left her in the care of good old Mary, the maid. I heard that Mary phoned the colonel at the Prom, that Gloria had left the dance and come home early with a sick headache. Mary was that way.

It was a nasty night, you know, and usually the colonel favored himself in that kind of weather. But not on that night! He was there, waiting at the sentry box, when Ray returned.

Well, that's the story. Golly, aren't some fellows darned crazy when it comes to women?

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ESCAPE

(Continued from page 12)

The officer looked at him rather strangely and then he handed him a sheet of foolscap.

"The Duke has been restored to favor, and he has pled for you," he said simply. "This is your pardon."

THE DREAM ROAD

(Continued from page 27)

bad, yeh. . . the second this week—wasn't it . . . the seventh this month, you don't say . . . awful. . . . Why don't our congressmen do something about that road? . . . they are? . . . Is that right, a ten million dollar road? . . . You don't say! . . . a ten million buck road . . . Phew. . . so they say it'll be accident proof . . . I hope so. . . Yeh, too bad about his family. . . not insured? . . . yeh, too bad. . ."

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"Jim, isn't it wonderful out tonight—the moon illuminates the whole highway. Yes—isn't it a great road, accident-proof, they say.—Jim how far are we from Harlow? About twenty-five miles?—That's—think of it—in another half hour we will be home—home again—Jim, do you know how long it's been since we have seen our folks—it won't be long now. . . Jim! Look out! Ohhh!

CRASH!

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