

ORACLE

Shelve in stacks

Bangor Public Library

RECEIVED MAY 18 1937

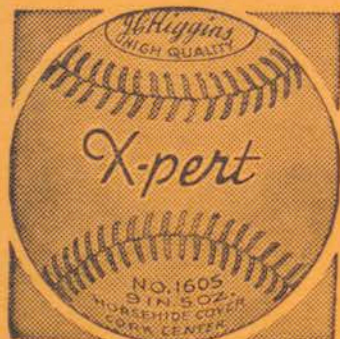


May, 1937

No Sail!

By Donald Stuart

BASEBALL



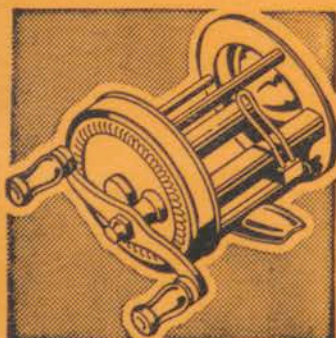
For those long home runs. These balls are made the same way as those used in the big leagues. Live cork and rubber center, 100% pure wool wound. High grade horsehide cover.

J. C. Higgins bats, the kind those sluggers use.

Gloves for kids and college boys.

OFFICIAL SOFT BALLS AND BATS

FISHING



See Sears' complete line of fishing equipment.

Reels made by the best manufacturers at surprisingly low prices.

Rods of steel or bamboo at prices to fit any pocket-book.

SNEAKERS



Everything in sneakers.

Sneakers with Sears' double vulcanized rubber.

Sneakers with sanitary cork insoles.

Sneakers with porous heavy duck uppers.

SNEAKERS IN A VARIETY OF COLORS,
QUALITY AND STYLE

SHOP AT SEARS AND SAVE

**SEARS, ROEBUCK
AND CO.**

BANGOR

MAINE

Compliments of

Jordan - Frost

Printing Company

182 Harlow Street

The System Co.'s

Graduation Dresses

TAKE FIRST HONORS

Howland, Maine
April 20, 1937

The System Co.
Bangor, Maine

Dear Sirs:

I thought you would be interested to know I won first prize in our speaking contest held here Friday night.

I do believe you have magic in your dresses. Everyone is crazy over my dress, and, I have, since then, sent a girl in your store for a dress.

I was also chosen for the University of Maine Contest, and to speak in the Triangular Contest held between Lincoln, Lee, and Howland every year.

Yours truly,

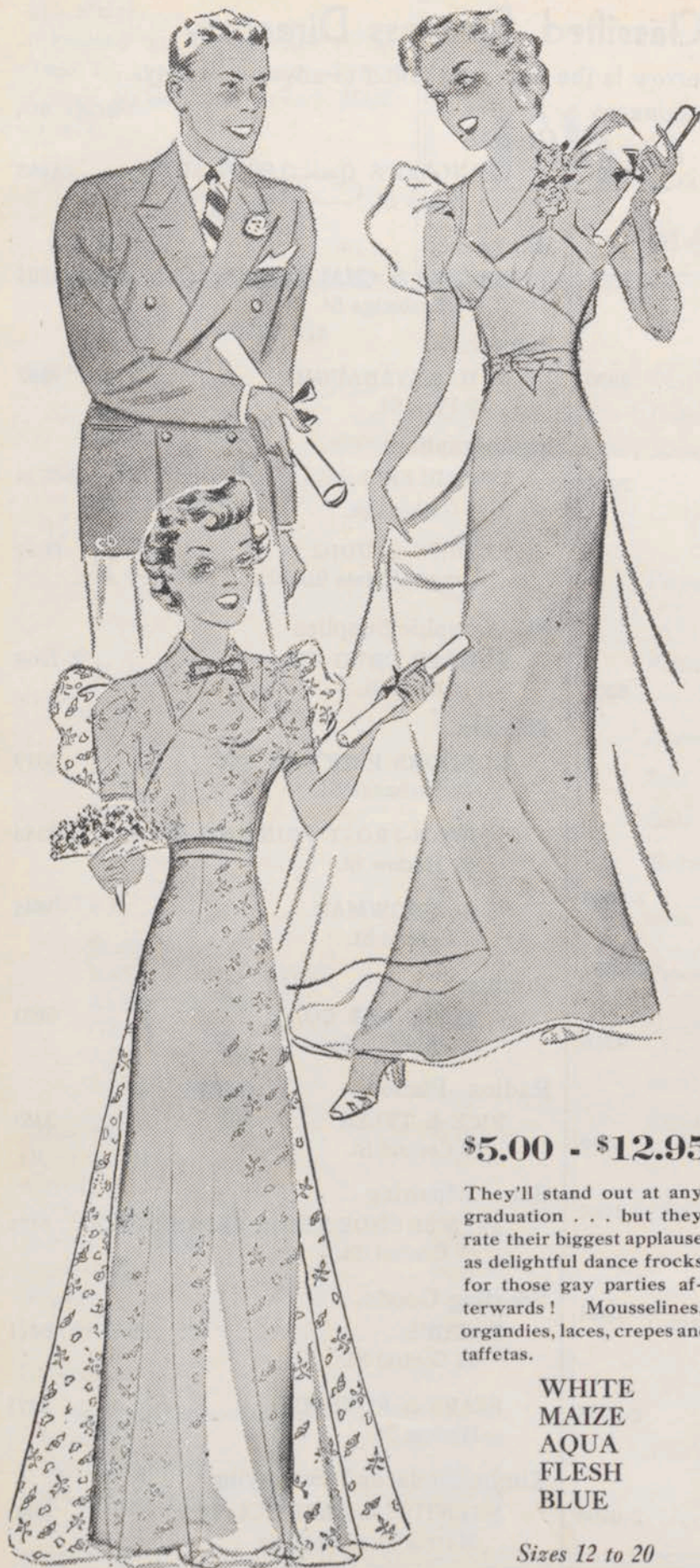
Miss.....

\$5.00 - \$12.95

They'll stand out at any graduation . . . but they rate their biggest applause as delightful dance frocks for those gay parties afterwards! Mousselines, organdies, laces, crepes and taffetas.

WHITE
MAIZE
AQUA
FLESH
BLUE

Sizes 12 to 20



The above is an actual copy of an unsolicited letter we recently received.

Also, a young lady, wearing one of our dresses, won first prize at Bar Harbor.

For obvious reasons, we are not printing the names of these young ladies, but we have them on file at our office.

THE SYSTEM CO.
KNOWN AS THE HOME SYSTEM STORE

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

| | PHONE NO. | | PHONE NO. |
|-------------------------------|-----------|--|-----------|
| Bakers | | Grocers | |
| JOHN J. NISSEN..... | 5151 | SPANGLER'S Q not Q FOOD SHOP..... | 8268 |
| 45 Columbia St. | | 8 Broad St. | |
| Banks | | Hardware | |
| MERRILL TRUST CO..... | 5651 | HAYNES & CHALMERS..... | 8204 |
| 2 Hammond St. | | 176 Exchange St. | |
| Batteries | | Painters | |
| ARVID L. EBBESON..... | 3870 | R. H. KAVANAUGH..... | 9892 |
| May St. | | 39 Park St. | |
| Business Schools | | Photographers | |
| BEAL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE..... | 7905 | CHANDLER'S..... | 2-0514 |
| 9 Central St. | | 70 Garland St. | |
| Class Rings | | KLYNE'S STUDIO..... | 6019 |
| BOUTILIER'S..... | | Corner of State Street and Parkview Ave. | |
| 37 Park St.—268 Hammond St. | | Photographic Supplies | |
| Clothing—Ladies' | | FOWLER DRUG CO..... | 2-1269 |
| THE SYSTEM CO..... | 8201 | 104 Main St. | |
| 98 Main St. | | Printers | |
| Clothing—Men's | | CONNORS PRINTING CO..... | 3319 |
| CURRAN & GRIFFIN..... | | 179 Exchange St. | |
| 38 Main St. | | JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO..... | 4343 |
| Coal—Fuel Oil | | 182 Harlow St. | |
| J. F. WOODMAN & CO..... | 2-0043 | H. P. SNOWMAN..... | 3841 |
| 9 Hammond St. | | 40 Central St. | |
| STICKNEY & BABCOCK..... | 2-2004 | Produce | |
| 5 Hammond St. | | C. H. SAVAGE CO..... | 5661 |
| BACON & ROBINSON..... | 4576 | 62 Pickering Sq. | |
| 19 State St. | | Radios—Pianos | |
| Druggists | | RICE & TYLER..... | 3351 |
| CALDWELL-SWEET CO..... | 4596 | 98 Central St. | |
| 110 Broad St. | | Shoe Repairing | |
| JOHNSON'S PHARMACY..... | 2-1080 | PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO. | 5479 |
| 561 Hammond St. | | 35 Central St. | |
| Electrical Equipment | | Sporting Goods | |
| Bangor Hydro-Electric Co..... | 5621 | DAKIN'S..... | 6411 |
| 45 State St. | | 25 Central St. | |
| Engraving | | SEARS & ROEBUCK..... | 8271 |
| PIONEER ENGRAVING CO..... | 2-1538 | Harlow St. | |
| Exchange St. | | Timberlands and Surveying | |
| Funeral Directors | | PRENTISS & CARLISLE, INC..... | 4993 |
| WHITE & HAYES..... | 2-0294 | Merrill Trust Building | |
| 46 Center St. | | | |

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

Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XLVI

NO. 5

The Oracle

MAY 12, 1937

Contents

LITERARY

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| No Sail..... | page 5 |
| By Donald Stuart | |
| Chee-Chee's Little White Lies..... | page 7 |
| By Ann Bigelson | |
| Four Long Years..... | page 9 |
| By Donald Stuart | |
| Being A Manikin..... | page 9 |
| Anonymous | |
| Taps..... | page 10 |
| By Franklin Eaton | |
| Next Dance..... | page 10 |
| By Ida Rolnick | |
| Calamity at Nightfall..... | page 10 |
| By Florence Perry | |
| All's Well That —..... | page 11 |
| By Lewis Vafiades | |

POETRY.....pages 12, 13

Poetry from Cony
Kelly's Kolumn of Verse
At Evening Time
Guilty, or Not Guilty
Julie
A Call to Maine

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Editorials..... | page 15 |
| Cover to Cover..... | page 16 |
| Activities..... | page 17 |
| On Radio Row..... | page 19 |
| Passing in Review..... | page 21 |
| Cinemanalysis..... | page 25 |
| Hokum..... | page 27 |
| Imports and Exports..... | page 24 |

HUMOR

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| A Page of Nonsense..... | page 14 |
| Cartoons..... | pages 23, 26 |
| Movies and Stuff..... | page 24 |
| Songs and Stuff..... | page 24 |
| Jokes..... | page 28 |

Staff

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| <i>Editor-in-Chief</i> | Horace Stewart, Jr. |
| <i>Business Manager</i> | Phillip Goos |
| <i>Assistant Editor</i> | Charles Redman |
| <i>Literary Editors</i> | { Shirley Drew Ruth White |
| <i>Personals</i> | { Hilda Rowe Joseph Dinmore |
| <i>Activities</i> | { Barbara Farnham Betty Reid Donald Devoe |
| <i>Alumni</i> | Ruth Sawyer |
| <i>Girls' Athletics</i> | Phyllis Smith |
| <i>Boys' Athletics</i> | Robert Sedgely |
| <i>Hokum</i> | Ellen Hathorn |
| <i>Book Reviews</i> | { Madeline LeBlanc Rose Eola Tuck |
| <i>Passing in Review</i> | Bernice Faulkingham |
| <i>Movies</i> | { Ann Tyler Donald Stuart |
| <i>Radio</i> | Margaret Cromwell |
| <i>Exchanges</i> | June Webster |
| <i>Advertising</i> | { Danforth West John Webster Balfour Golden Robert Hanson |
| <i>Typists</i> | { Beverly Darling Beulah Duty Beryl Crosby |
| <i>Artists</i> | { Margaret Vincent Charles Dorr Danny Kelly Dudley Utterback Beatrice Gleason |

BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Inc.

9 CENTRAL STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Established 1891

This school specializes in training young men and young women for IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT in business. Open all the year. New students may enter AT ANY TIME. Intensive individual and class instruction. Special courses for college graduates. No athletics. A limited reasonable number of social affairs. Free textbooks. Free Placement Bureau. Our graduates are in demand. The sooner you begin the sooner you will finish and be ready for a position. Write, call or telephone (Bangor 7905) for a free catalog.

PORTABLE AND STANDARD TYPEWRITERS

Let us show you the NEW ROYAL PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS with Touch Control. Price \$49.50 or, on the rental Purchase Plan, \$4.50 cash and \$4.00 per month.

For those going to college we have a special keyboard to fit any College Course selected. Electrical, Chemical, Navigation, French, Spanish, and Foreign Language Keyboards.

We also handle Corona, Remington, and Underwood portables new and rebuilt. Second hand and rebuilt Royals, Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remington, and Woodstock Typewriters from \$15.00 to \$65.00.

SPECIAL STUDENT RENTAL RATES

THE LESLIE E. JONES CO.

196 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Dial 9062 - 4809

DIAL 5167

QUEEN CITY DYE HOUSE

18 CLINTON STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

CLEANING — PRESSING

REPAIRING — DYEING

E. EARLE BROWN

Compliments of

RICHARDSON'S CONFECTIONERY STORE

34 WASHINGTON STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

HUGH JAMESON'S SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC

You can learn to play popular music for personal, social accomplishment, or professional orchestra work.

Evenings by Appointment

MISS BEVERLY HOLBROOK

Assistant Teacher

Studio 16 Broad St.

Dial 3862

No Sail!

DONALD STUART

SENIOR

HOW WOULD you like to go on a little sailing trip, my fine-feathered friend?"

Thus the cheery voice of pal George Bell greeted me over the telephone, one afternoon last summer.

"I'm not a very good sailor, Georgie," I replied, "but I should love to go. When, where, in what, etc.?"

It developed that Georgie had been very busy all summer building a fourteen-foot sloop, affectionately called *Gail*. (Since he knew no one by that name, he had concluded that such a christening could produce no ill-feeling).

He and I were to have the great honor and privilege of accompanying *Gail* on her maiden voyage down the Penobscot, for a two-day trip. A tempting week-end indeed, so it would seem.

Hence it was with considerable exuberance of enthusiasm that I presented myself at Georgie's house early the following morning, toting my share of the supplies and stuff, not to mention candy in all available pockets.

It was a fine day, and we set out in high spirits, making all sorts of purely imaginary record-breaking trips. At the Bangor-Brewer Yacht Club we found *Gail*—half full of water. Her seams had not yet tightened. Undismayed, we—I—bailed her out, and we cast off.

It seemed to me, at first, that dear *Gail* would tip over any minute. However, she didn't, so I finally mastered my fears in that direction. Then I discovered that *Gail's* rail was rather close to the Penobscot, but upon being assured and reassured that she would not sink, I tried to concentrate on more pleasant things.

And indeed it was rather pleasant, drifting idly down the river, the sun shining, breezes blowing, and we with plenty of time.

Therefore, I bade Mr. Bell relax while I took over the tiller and sail. Having watched Georgie's skillful handling of the craft for a full twenty minutes, I was certain I knew all the tricks of the trade.

To my surprise, however, it was not quite as easy as it looked. But finally I got "the hang of it," and we went merrily on our way.

Came dinner time, with the crew ready, willing, and able. We had brought along our lunch all prepared, so that we wouldn't have to waste time going ashore—Mr. Bell's idea. A piece of the slatting pulled from the bottom of the boat—we sat opposite each other and held it on our knees—made an ideal luncheon table, and leaving a trail of orange and banana peels mixed with wax-paper behind us, we agreed that our first meal was a distinct success.

It even appeared, as we sailed smoothly onward, that the whole affair was to be untainted with anything other than success. But that was before the simultaneous ceasing of the breeze and the too rapid filling of the boat with water, seeping in from hidden leaks, proved otherwise.

Sighting Winterport in the distance, Georgie grasped the oars—having received the startling information that I couldn't row—while I bailed hard and fast.

We both were rather fatigued, to put it mildly, when at length we drew up to a pier beside the Winterport Steamboat Wharf. "Oceanhurst," a dance pavilion on the wharf, had burned a day or two before and was then but a few charred remains, still smoking.

We clambered onto the pier and pulled *Gail* after us. On turning her upside down, to let the water run out, we discovered the two large leaks that had caused so much trouble. So Georgie went in search of someone to do the necessary repair work, while I went after some drinking water.

When I came back, I found that George had been exceedingly lucky. He had found a man who had been repairing his own boats and who had everything on hand that was needed in order to fix our craft. Let it be said that he did a very good job, and, after reloading, we continued on our way.

Success was again ours for a while, as we easily crossed Marshe's Point, one of the most dangerous places on the river for small boats. Bucksport, our destination for the evening, could now be seen in the offing.

And then the tide turned. Literally, I mean, the tide turned. And again the breeze failed us.

The evening grew darker as we—George—labored mightily at the oars, working futilely against the

almighty tide. For two hours he struggled in vain. It was quite obvious that we were getting nowhere fast, so it was finally decided to strike blindly in towards shore, hoping to get stuck on no mud flats or run into no hidden rocks.

In this we were lucky, for through the darkness and the flies there suddenly loomed land. *Gail* softly nosed her way to an almost perfect landing at the bottom of a bank that rose straight up from the river's edge.

As he was mooring *Gail*, Monsieur Bell had the ill-fortune to fall into the rather chilly water, along with our only source of light—a ship's lantern—which cheered him not a little. But at least we were on land—and the lamp, wonder of wonders, still worked.

Georgie had promised to telephone home when we reached our unknown destination, so again we struck out blindly. This time, too, fortune smiled, for in a short time we found a lighted farmhouse with some friendly people and a telephone in it. Thus Georgie telephoned home that all was well.

We managed to stumble our way back to our camp site, and the next act was to tote everything we needed from the boat to the top of the bank, a lengthy, weary process.

However, a cheery campfire and plenty to eat lifted our spirits high once more, and we rolled up in our blankets, ready for bed, feeling that the first day had been fun.

Shortly after "turning in," I heard a low whine and a thud nearby. Then another. It worried me more than slightly, because it sounded too much like bullets and too close for comfort. But since it did not disturb Georgie—already fast asleep—I finally slept also.

Next morning we arose and dressed just before it began to rain. But what was rain? Nothing, because a man from a nearby farmhouse that we had not seen

the previous night came down to tell us that the whines and thuds which I had heard the night before *had* been bullets—meant for us!

If we had seen his farmhouse and gone to it the night before, instead of the one farther away, he would have been waiting in the yard, waiting to "let us have it." For he had thought that we were chicken thieves, and he had signed a pact with surrounding farmers—since chicken thieves had been too numerous in their neighborhood, of late—that he would shoot any and all midnight marauders, then which he had thought we were nothing else but! (Ed's note: Figure it out for yourself).

We left immediately.

The tide, worse luck, had changed and changed again, so that we still had to battle against it in order to reach Bucksport.

Trying to tack after we first left the shore, we found that we were barely holding our own in the middle of the river, still reaching nowhere with great speed. To make matters much worse, a huge Swedish freighter from upriver was bearing rapidly down upon us! Our only means of getting out of its way, since there was hardly any breeze, was the oars with which I had been playfully tinkering. Nearer and nearer the huge hulk came, the *Queen Mary* seeming, at the moment, a mere sloop by comparison. But luckily—very, very luckily—we caught a stray breeze in our sail as I labored at the oars, while George manned the tiller—and it blew us out of the freighter's path none too soon.

After that thrill the breeze gave out, and we made the discovery that rowing, and only rowing, would carry us to Bucksport, until the tide changed. So, I learned to row. At last, in the downpouring rain, we reached Bucksport.

(Please turn to page 34)



"It was rather pleasant, drifting idly down the river."

Chee-Chee's Little White Lies

By Ann Bigelson

CHEE-CHEE GORDINI, twelve-year-old offspring of the famed opera singer, Madeleine Gordini, shoved his hands deeper into his trousers pockets. He strolled aimlessly on down the dirty, dingy street. It was no use. Mummy emphatically refused to have a dog around the apartment. And just what fun could a fellow who was nuts about football, 'n' baseball, 'n' marble shootin', 'n' all that stuff have if he weren't allowed to go down to Atkins Park to play with real kids? Mummy suggested he make friends with that nice Marvin Copeland, who was such a little gentleman and played the violin in a most bewitching manner. Phooey—who wanted to pal around with reg'lar sissies! Chee-Chee viciously kicked a discarded tomato can into the gutter, his face brightening at sight of a fat youngster waddling out of an alley.

"Say, Chee-Chee, wait up!" the boy hailed lustily.

"Tony! How've you been?"

"Oh, so-so. Gee, kid, you ain't been down our way for ages. What's up?"

"Been away," Chee-Chee lied gallantly. "Bentwood. Visiting my uncle."

"Pretty soft. Where'd ya get the oughday?"

"F-found it."

It had seemed quite necessary to hand down the following sketch of an imaginary life to his east-side friends—they so detested "Mother's little darlin's"—"Mom and Pop treat me O. K., but we never had much money. Pop's got a job that'll keep us in clothes 'n' feed us."

Chee-Chee had just walked out of a movie house at the time he had related this to his eager listeners. He always pretended he was the hero of the picture, since it brought on such satisfaction. In order to put the afore-mentioned sketch over successfully it was compulsory to tell some mighty tall stories. Chee-Chee had got so that now he could do this freely and with a convincing air. Tony had once asked about the "swell football 'n' pippin outfit," and he had been forced to answer casually, "Oh—I got a peachy uncle—ain't so rich, but he kinda took to me." Surprisingly enough, no further questioning had been forwarded. Tony looked up at Chee-Chee's bent head as they strode on in even, rhythmic stride.

"Found it—you sure get all the luck! We ain't practicin' no more. Gang's busted up. Say Chee, by the way, how much'd ja find?"

"Huh?" Chee-Chee came back to his conscious mind. "Oh—fif-fifteen."

"H'mph, enough to buy a mug of beer 'n' a ham sandwich. That's rich."

"Fifteen dollars, Tony." Funny how these untruths slipped out with such ease.

"You're kiddin'—golly, what ja do wid it all?"

"I got some new duds 'n' bought Mom a birthday present. Got eighty cents left. Round the fellers down to Bennie's, 'n' I'll fix you all for a soda."

"Yeah man! Look Chee, gotta take these bottles



"Chee-Chee was on the tiger rug before the fire."

back to Thomas—you better scam home. See ya tomorra—at Bennie's. So long, kid."

Tony walked briskly off, leaving Chee-Chee leaning on a lighted lamp-post, staring moodily at the stretch of white pavement. After passing a number of houses designed in the identical, plain pattern, Tony entered the corner grocery. A group of idle loafers lounged around the tobacco counter.

"K'n I read the old funnies, Mr. Thomas?" he addressed the beaming proprietor.

"Sure, son. They're on the box over there." He indicated it with his short pudgy forefinger and turned back to the men who sat conversing in tones distinctly audible. The gray-haired, slightly stooped man seemed to be the cynosure of all eyes. Tony looked up—it was Jeff Simpson. Toil had embittered and aged him. He spoke now in a low sobbing voice.

"Them was me only earnin's for the whole month. The Big Boss at de mill laid me off yesterday noon, too. I didn't think it'd be so bad 'cause I had me fifteen dollers. But when I goes to me drawer last night—the money was gone." Two large tears squeezed down his wizened cheek. "Got a cold, me eye's kinda watery," he muttered, brushing a soiled sleeve across his face. "I kinda hate to tell the missus—she'll think I drank it up, even though I ain't touched the blamed stuff for twenty years."

Tony tore out of the store, not waiting to hear more. He slowed down at the crossing. Golly! Chee-Chee—any other kid in the gang—but somehow Chee-Chee just didn't fit into the role of a thief—he always played square. But gee, it was mere logic—not a piece missing from the puzzle. Tony stumbled wearily on until he reached a dilapidated tenement house. With his head madly whirling he trudged up six flights of stairs and entered the flat as one in a dream. He ignored the delicious whiff of his favorite dish, spaghetti and meat balls, that dilated his nostrils. He started toward the room he shared with his smaller brother, slamming the door shut with a vibrating bang. If he kept mum, nothing would ever come of this. But was it right? This explained Chee-Chee's quiet manner this afternoon. To know yer best frien' had done wrong—it stunned ya, it sent queer aching quivers to yer head. Still he had to tell someone. Mebbe it'd be O. K. to confide in Droopy. He was second best, next to Chee-Chee.

After being fully informed of the details, Droopy Carson whistled softly and rolled his eyes simultaneously.

"Geeny Whillerkers! Who'd 'a' thunk it? Tsk-tsk."

"Quit clownin', Droopy. No one's wise to this, 'n' no one's gonna be—unless it's over my dead body."

In solemn promise not to tell, Droopy walked off



"The judge rapped sharply for order."

with a burning desire to tell all to the chief of police, a desire which he soon fulfilled.

* * * * *

Charlemagne Gordini smiled somewhat sheepishly as he listened to the click of his mother's mules clapping down the hall.

"Come in," he said in answer to the light tap at the door. He lay full length on the tiger rug thrown near the crackling fire. Glancing up expectantly from his detective book, he noted the puzzled frown on Mrs. Gordini's usually smooth brow, and the white paper clutched tightly in her hand.

"Charlemagne, there ees, oh, such a beeg mistake!"

"What is, Mummy?" Chee-Chee drawled lazily from his comfortable perch.

"Charlemagne, look at thees!"

Chee-Chee took the slip of paper from her trembling hand. A deep pallor rushed to blot out the customary faint color in his cheeks.

"Say eet ees all a meestake, babee mine," she begged impulsively.

"There must be—sure there is, please believe me—really, mummy, I know no more about this than you do."

The contents of the paper amounted to the fact that Chee-Chee must be present at the State Juvenile Court at eight-fifteen Wednesday morning, accompanied by his mother, in answer to the charge of a fifteen dollar theft.

Recorder Lawrence Sterns rapped sharply for order and summoned the next case. Without the slightest misgiving in his heart, Chee-Chee walked self-confidently down the aisle toward the stand. After the act of being sworn in was over, Recorder Sterns sized him up through his ever shrewd eye and shot question after question at him. At length, he dismissed Chee-Chee and adjourned into an ante-room with his assistant. The buzzings of the few occupants were silenced as his stately frame reappeared.

"We find the defendant not guilty. Case dismissed. Next."

As Chee-Chee went out with his mother he touched her elbow.

"Mummy—I feel so sorry for Jeff."

"Yes, dear," she said, looking after Simpson's stooped head and shoulders as he made his way carefully down the stairs. "Wait—I weel be weeth you shortly."

She approached the shabbily-clad man uncertainly.

"Meester Seempson?"

"Yes—what can I do for you, Ma'am?" he asked coolly.

"Just thees; I am ver-ry much in need of a chauffeur, and I have heard you are a most capable driver. I think you weel feet in beauteefullee. Would you report to work at nine?"

"If Madam is sure I can fit in with all the re—requirements."

"Perfectly sure. Tomorrow then. Good-day."

* * * * *

Jeff Simpson glanced contentedly about his new abode, then back at the cracked mirror. He whisked off the white thread on his smart black uniform and gravely saluted the reflection that met with his approval.

"Not doin' so bad for yourself, Jeff, old boy. Not bad at all."

An amused smile twitched at the corners of his wife's lips as she stood at the door.

"Go on with you, Jeff, or you'll be late to take the young master down to Atkin's Park." She helped him shrug into his overcoat, then added with a knowing wink, "Where, like he says, he can play with real kids."

Four Long Years

By Donald Stuart

FOUR years were to reach their climax on this day of days for Phil.

Four long years, in which so much had happened to change him from a—Phil hesitated. What was the change? Had those four years been in vain? But of course not, he reflected. The things he had done during those years flashed through his mind. He had worked—hard; he had denied himself all the pleasures and associations that might have been his. What was to be the outcome?

These thoughts pounded each other in his brain, made an unearthly din, till he felt immune to all else.

A group of fellows was standing nearby—talking excitedly, yet about nothing—till finally they were called to form at a side door of the big stone building.

Phil followed them and took his place in line.

As he walked slowly along with the others, he felt hot, then cold—then all power of feeling seemed to leave him. The rest will always be rather vague in his memory.

It seemed almost as though there were only the two of them, Phil and the man before him who was talking—then, into Phil's hand, the man pressed a white something . . . then Phil started to go out the way he had come—only this time he walked straight through the front entrance.

Outside he paused, stood motionless, hardly daring to think.

He glanced down at the white thing that the man had pressed into his hand. It was his parole slip.



"He walked slowly along with the others."

• • •

Being a Manikin

By an Anonymous Boy

FORTUNATELY, I have no friend so close to me that I feel obliged to act as a model for him. But—friend or no friend I must perform this duty for my sister. Of course I always resist and offer what seems to my masculine mind very logical arguments, but in the end I yield, and perforce I must.

I can always tell beforehand when an attack of dress-making is coming on. My sister comes home with large bundles of materials; my mother comes home with a varied assortment of needles, thread, and trimmings; and my father oils the sewing machine. As for me, I do not come home at all when it is possible to stay away. Still, one must eat sometimes, and it is then that I am pressed into service.

As a model, I am what every other model is not, for I simply cannot stand in one position for more than five minutes. Furthermore, I have much trouble in getting into and out of the garments. I can say that my form, whatever it is, was not made to fit into a dress. However, trouble or no trouble, my sister seems to know of no other way in which to make a hem straight, except by bullying her younger brother into trying her dress on. And so I stand, sweating in agony, lest I be stabbed with one of the infinite number of pins, or lest someone come in and find me in my undignified position. Were such a thing to happen, I fear that I might not survive the humiliation.

(Please turn to page 34)

Taps

By Franklin Eaton

A GLORIOUS sunset, symbolic of the day now gone, is painted on the western sky in brilliant hues of crimson and gold and is reflected in the still, clear water of beautiful Lake Winnepauq, whose smooth surface is disturbed only when some small fish, playing near the surface, makes ripples which, as they grow to cover a greater and greater area, stretch the images of the fir trees on the opposite shore into strange shapes, mixing them with patches of the rosy sky, until those small undulations are lost in the broad expanse of water.

Bordering on this lake is a small sandy beach, secluded from the rest of the world by a low, wooded hill which rises behind it, and seated on this beach around the glowing embers of their campfire are some forty or fifty boys ranging in age from six to twenty, all valued campers at the boy's camp. They have just sung the Good-Night Song, and now with heads reverently bowed they await the bugler's playing of taps.

The camp musician, a young man who has risen from the ranks of campers until he is now a counsellor, and from whose muscular form and medium build one can guess that he is a champion runner on his school track team, sprints with agility worthy of his reputation to a small clearing on the hill behind the camp-fire, and then assumes an air of grave dignity and importance. This is the night he has been waiting for, since there is no breeze. He lifts the instrument to his mouth, and, pointing it toward a barren hill across the stream which experience has taught him gives back a lovely echo, and plays taps as he seldom plays it. From his observations during five years as camp bugler, he knows at just what points to pause and let the echo come back and it is with genuine appreciation of his remarkable ability that the little group around the fire listens to the notes played a few seconds ago come back and blend in perfect harmony with the notes now being played.

Finally, when the last golden note has been played, he lowers the instrument, and, waiting reverently until that last echo is lost in the distance, he releases a sigh of gratitude, while the campers shout in admiration. You see, not only is this the first time in the season he has been able to practice echo effects, but it is also the first time in ages that he has been able to hit the high note successfully.

Next Dance

By Ida Rolnick

GEE, I wonder if my nose is shining. There's Pat. Where's Tony? He usually comes with Pat—oh! There he is. Who's that stunning looking girl with him? (cut in) He's dancing with her. They look great together. Where did she pick up that dress? Some bargain basement

probably. Have to admit it though, she looks grand in it. Yellow dress, yellow hair, h'm, I'll bet he's calling her "Golden Girl." Not that I care.

(Cut in) Gosh, I'm having a swell time. Or am I? Well, anyone else would call it a swell time. Tony's waving. He's coming over. He's going to ask me to—oh! He went right by me. He's asking that Withey girl to dance. And I turned on the best smile I've got. Fool!

I'd like to be in that Withey girl's shoes, even though they would be a mile too big. They look terrible together. I've never noticed it before, but he slouches like anything when he dances with someone short. He ought always to dance with me. We're perfect together. The big cauliflower-eared boob! I hate him. No—I've got to be honest—I don't. I lo—well, I like him a lot. (cut in) I'm getting kind of sick of this. I think I'll go home after the next.

Oh! He's coming this way. What'll I do-o-o? I'll just smile a little weensy bit. There. He's cutting in. He's going to—we're dancing together.

Gosh, I'm having a swell time.

Calamity at Nightfall

By Florence Perry

IT WAS a stormy August evening. The lightning flashed, the thunder rumbled, and in the palace of Drindan something unusual, something very exciting, was going on. Down the long corridors lined with sumptuous tapestries echoed the footfalls of many pairs of hurrying feet. Ladies-in-waiting and pages scurried about, ordered by terse commands from the Lord Chamberlain. The queen looked on with anxious interest. Clearly she was worried.

However, the tension slowly relaxed as one servant after another, curtsying, announced his task done.

"Yes, Sir, his clothes are all ready—Yes, Sir, I've told James, Sir—Yes, Madam, they are quite prepared," and finally, very respectfully, to the queen, "All is in readiness, Your Majesty."

The queen drew a little sigh and smiled slightly as she glided down the corridor, followed by most of her court. Down one long passageway after another she went, through door after door, down curious, unexpected little flights of steps, past dimly lighted windows.

At last she approached the end of the final corridor. From behind the closed door came strange sounds, shrieks, moans, bangs, and crashes. The queen turned. She put a finger to her lips. The gesture was repeated down the long line. All drew near on tip-toe. The queen signalled, and the Lord Chamberlain threw open the door. Her Majesty stopped at the threshold with all her train crowding behind, as the little Prince Rudolf Sylvester Emery Albert glanced up from his electric train.

"Aw, gee, Mom," he sighed. "Do I have to go to bed now?"

All's Well That—

By Lewis Vafiades

THROUGH the dismal, blinding snowstorm plunged Joe Kelly. How he wished he had heeded his first thoughts and returned home with the rest of the boys! That play which he had just witnessed kept returning to his mind. The ghosts, the leery skeletons, and the deformed professors in the mystery-farce now seemed very vivid and real, instead of hysterically comical as they had seemed while he was surrounded by people in the vast audience. What was that? A spooky, wavering "whoo-oo-oo" suddenly quavered through the valley. Joe's knees and teeth clicked in unison. Never before in all his life had he been so terrified, for now he was mentally and physically paralyzed. That noise, of all noises, was the identical sound which had forewarned the many dire mishaps in the play! Could it be his imagination? In answer to that, the shrieking hoot sounded again, and this time it was much nearer. He started to run, his scattered wits returning sufficiently to cause his sub-conscious mind to tell him to flee. Suddenly something flitted across his face, and only then did he realize that a small owl had caused his terror. Somewhat reassured, he started again running for home.

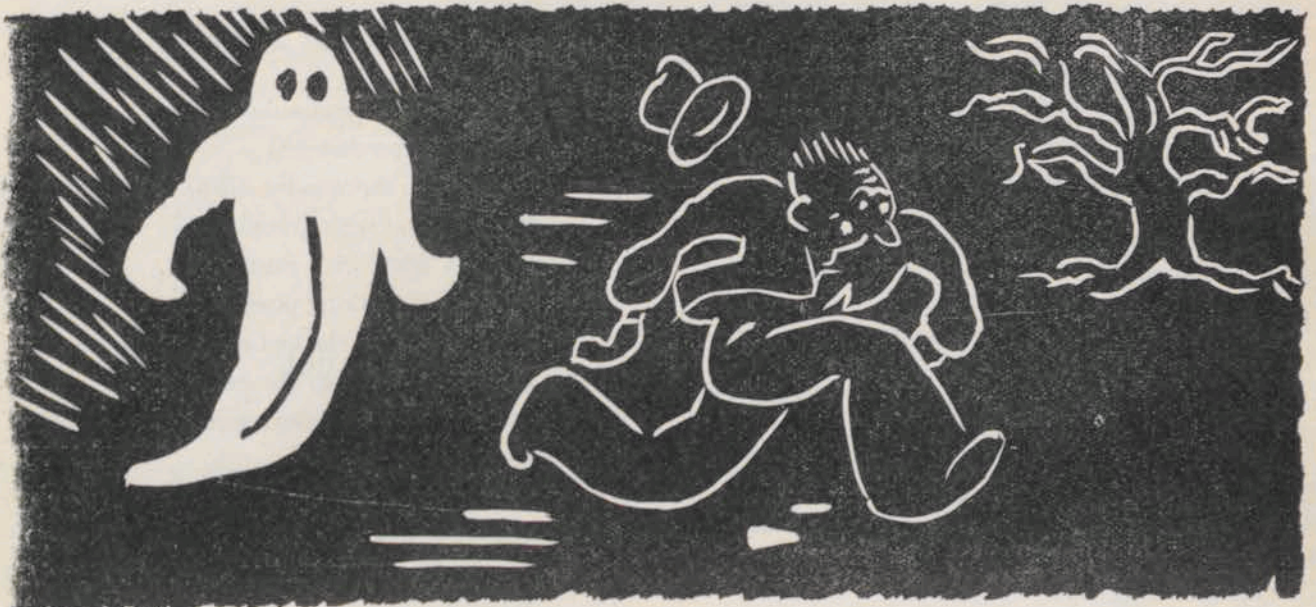
Face down, and with his hands deep in his pockets, he hastened homeward. As he was nearing home, he

spied something which sent chills racing through his spine. For there in the field was a GHOST! An actual, pure-white ghost, with leering eyes, and it was waving fiery, moving fingers at him! Jesse Owens never, in all his eventful career, ran a faster mile than did Joe for the remainder of the distance. With his hair streaming upward, his feet pumping like pistons, he ran, his mind going as fast as his feet. His stimulated imagination pictured himself the recipient of many unspeakable tortures if he were caught! At last he arrived home, and thankfully climbed into bed, to pass a night predominated by fiendish nightmares.

With the coming of dawn, Joe's spirits and bravado returned. He was inventing some heroic tale to tell the boys, when he got to school, of his encounter with the unknown. Finally he was ready, and off he started, anxious to see the spot where the ghost had been. Lo and behold, there, gazing at him was a cleverly-built snow-man, with marbles for eyes, and hat and arms covered with gayly-colored waving ribbons. With everything thus explained, Joe burst into peals of laughter.

By the way, the "gang" at school did not hear of Joe's nocturnal escape from the snowman!

• • •



"For there in the field was a ghost."

POETRY FROM CONY

By Ben Hubley

We are pleased to publish at this time the poems of Ben Hubley of the *Cony Cue*. In exchange we have sent some poems of Danny Kelly to Cony for publication; if you like this idea of exchanging, let us know.

Clouds

Castles in the air—

A magnificent Spanish palace
All domes, spires, minarets.
A stolid gray English estate
On a gray river
A gray forest beyond.
Greecian architecture, pure white marble
Silver pillars mounting high—
To daintily sculptured flowers, wreaths.
An Acropolis, unscarred by time.
—Zeus' mountain castle, light and airy
Gravity-defying towers, wings, porticos,
Indicating its immortality.
And in the West, red welcome banners
Flung out to greet the sun-god in his chariot of fire.

But, even lovelier to me
A cottage on a lake of robins-egg blue
A flowered meadow stretching to a pine woods—
And light fog-smoke floating from the chimney.
A path bordered by whitewashed seashells leading
To a veranda door standing invitingly open—
Intended for, and welcoming, two people
In my dreams they're you and I.

Snowfall

Snow falling
Creating peace
Security, contentment
Descending softly, silently
Pure, unbroken, peaceful white—
Stirring up
Indefinable emotion.
Tranquillity.

Winter Sunset

God's three glory colors, red, blue, and gold
Slashed across the West by the Great Artist's hand
Blended in shades too glorious to be held,
Bounding to the clouds, the earth,
Reflected from the field, the lake, the forest—
Even callous Time stops for an instant in appreciation,
Then breaks the spell and moves onward.

KELLY'S COLUMN OF VERSE

By Danny Kelly

All that Glitters is not Gold

Watch out for the greed that glitters
And waves with a beckoning hand,
Binding you to slavery,
Making a mock of the land.
When you join the greedy army,
The army of Hollow Pretense,
You sign away your freedom;
Your bondage will then commence.
For you try to keep up with your neighbors,
Oh yes, and a little more,
For as fast as you get what they have,
New heights you pine to soar.
So you strain each nerve and muscle,
To be just as good as the rest;
And you spend beyond your income,
Although you know it's not best.
And then comes the day of reckoning,
And you say to yourself with a sigh,
"With all the wealth in the universe,
Still—after all—what have I?"

Outdoor Song

Walking with the outdoor rain
Beating on my face,
Drinking in the woodsy smell;
Birches bend with grace.
Hollows filled with misty light,
Songs of murm'ring pines—
In the distance, cloaked with haze
A purple mountain shines.
Swinging on with singing hearts
Down the road I go,
Thankful that I too have learned
Nature's joys to know.
Oh, why be sad and lonely?
Why be feeling blue,
When all of Nature's great outdoors
Sings her song to you?

THE POETRY PAGE

At Evening Time

By Franklin Keeler

I sat by my window dreaming of the sunsets I had seen,
And the West was hidden from me, and I sighed for its
radiant mien;
But a friendly eastern cloudlet caught tints of gold and
rose,
Flooding my garden with beauty, just at the daylight's
close;
And I breathed a prayer in the twilight that always it
might be so:
Should I miss life's fuller glory, God grant me an after-
glow.

"Guilty, or Not Guilty?"

By Katherine Faulkingham

What do the men of the jury see
In the pleading, frightened eyes
Of those accused of the wrongs of man?
Do they see that dull surprise?
Do they sense the pain of the stinging charge,
The victim's 'bated breath?
Do they murmur, "Poor devil," and say the word
That means that "poor devil's" death?
"Guilty, or not guilty?"
Can the numb despair in his tortured face
Pierce a mind *already* turned?
Can they see, portrayed in that living frame,
A body, limp and burned?
Do *their* souls die, too, in the dead y hush,
As the fateful word delays?
Are they guiltless themselves, who hold the fate
Of life within the phrase—
"Guilty, or not guilty?"

Julie

By Donald Stuart

You knew too much, Julie. . .
Men passed by, seeing you and paying homage,
But you remained here, faithful, by my side,
Apart from men as I am—understanding—
You looked into my soul, and so you died.
Or so I like to think.
You were such a good dog—.

A Call to Maine

By Richard Morgrage

The walls of my office melt away;
The typists' rattle is still—
I seem to feel a boat's wild sway
As it swings by an old, old mill.

I long to hear the honk o'geese,
Instead of a 'lectric horn.
Where the Kingfisher is a brook's police,
In Maine where I was born.

Oh! to hear the whistle o' broody snipe—
Instead of a Scolly cop,
To feel the water beneath a keel
As it glides the lake a'top—

To hear the swish of falling rain—
As it slants through virgin air,
To feel again the pleasure and pain
Of nights that are cold and fair.

I long to live in the open wild,
No longer exist in a cage—
For a cosmic urge for weather mild
Makes my pent-up spirit rage!

For the brooks are a-dance in the sunshine,
Their breasts afleck with foam,
And I long for a fragrant smell of pine,
While my heart has an ache for home!

The roof of my mouth is sunburned
From gaping at buildings tall—
A lot from city folk I've learned,
A lot—but far from all!

I've learned that the city is lonely,
That neighbors are few and unreal,
That crowds are crowds of the lonely—
And crowding has lost its appeal!

Some day when I cease my endeavors,
When my book is completed and signed,
Then I'll roam to the land of the heather,
To a town that is dear to my mind!

Then perchance I may doze in sunshine,
Or perchance fool around with a pen—
But never awake to the nightmare
Of life in a city again.

A PAGE OF NONSENSE

N.B. Being as how the days are getting warmer and such, we thought that we would try to do something to keep you in good spirits for the rest of the school year. So, with this (and other things) in mind, we have put in more humor, (that's what we call it) than usual. We hope you get a kick (and the point) out of our jokes "and stuff."

Miscellaneous

It's Like Reaching for the Moon—Trying to wangle
an A in English

Oh, Say! Can You Swing—Baseball Team
Never Should Have Told You—Eleanor Rice

We're Back in Circulation Again—Tuck and St. Ger-
maine

We Can Huddle at Home—Spring Football

Too Marvelous for Words—Horace's Ford

A Fine Romance—Redman and Merrill

Big Boy Blue—Donald Devoe

Easy to Love—Double chocolate ice cream soda

Gee, But You're Swell—June 18

I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm—Billy Erb

Mr. Ghost Goes to Town—John Burke

There's Something in the Air—Nitrogen

Boo Hoo—We'll bite, who?

Trust in Me—"Lend-me-a-nickel" Zoidis

I'm in a Dancing Mood—Goos

Sing a Song of Nonsense—Senior Chorus

May I Have the Next Romance With You—Danny
West

Four Little Letters—Our report cards

My Last Affair—B. Savage

Bright (?) Sayings of Children (!)

Phillip Goos contributed the following pun and,
if you wish, you may laugh. Mr. Goos' follows:
The Voice of Experiments.....Mr. Thurston

In algebra lately, the seniors have been studying
work and time problems. You know the kind: if A
takes 10 days and B takes 3 days, how long does it
take A and B.

Well, t'other day Don Devoe, thinking along these
same lines, said if one ship crosses the ocean in 8 days,
then two can cross it in 4 days, four can cross it in 2
days, six will take $1\frac{1}{2}$ days and eight can cross it in one
day, and so on. Clever these seniors, eh?

If I ever found a blank page in my copy of *Life*, I
would call it the *Lull in My Life*.

—Anonymous

VIVACIOUS VERSE

By Donald Stuart

You and I

You think you're being clever
When you do the things you do,
And I know you think without
your help
I never could pull through.

You think you're being helpful
When you say the things you say,
But I think I'd better tell you,
Darling—you're just in the
way!

Lesson One

Sometimes you say the nicest things.
That's when you're in the mood.
But other times you're not so nice;
In fact you're even rude.

Hence, when you're talking love to me,
Does what you think abet it?
I cannot take that chance, you see,
So, baby—I don't get it!

Exit

She's gone: her laughter no more echoes through these
empty halls.
Her voice is heard no more to speak within these
barren walls.
The door has shut behind her, and I turn the lights down
low,
As I think how long she stayed here; boy, I thought
she'd never go!

Blank Verse

You may think this verse lacks rhythm,
Point and purpose, pique and pace,
But it's really quite essential—
It takes up an empty space!

New York World's Fair 1939

ANATIONAL poster contest, open to the 30,000,000 boys and girls who comprise the school population of the United States with a free trip to the New York World's Fair as the Grand Prize, was announced recently by Grover A. Whalen, President of the New York World's Fair 1939.

The contest will be open to all students, except children of employees of the World's Fair Corporation, from the first grade through college, in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. This includes children in schools under private direction and parochial schools, as well as those in the public schools.

The contest will be conducted in four age-groups, or levels, of competition: Level I—children from the first grade to the seventh; Level II—children in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, the junior high school group; Level III—children in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades, senior high school students; Level IV—students in art schools, colleges, and universities.

In each state, in the District of Columbia, and in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, Mr. Whalen announced the New York World's Fair 1939 will award: a gold medal for the best poster submitted in each level of competition; a silver medal for the second best poster in each level; bronze medals for the next five in each level; and a large number of certificates of honorable mention, to be awarded at the discretion of the state board of judges and the school authorities.

From among the posters winning the four gold medals in each state, a state board of judges, to be appointed by the State Superintendent or Commissioner of Education, will select the best poster in the state, taking into account the difference in the ages of the four gold medal winners. The student who designs this poster will be given a silver trophy and a chance to compete for the Grand Prize.

The fifty-three posters winning silver trophies—one from each state and from the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands—will then be brought to New York, and from among

them a jury of nationally known poster artists, to be appointed by the World's Fair Corporation, will select the Grand Prize winner.

In addition to the free trip to the Fair, the Grand Prize winner will be awarded a gold cup, which will be presented to him by Mr. Whalen when he visits the Fair.

Teachers, too, are to receive recognition in this contest. The teacher in whose class the poster winning the Grand Prize is designed will also be given a free trip to the Fair in 1939, and to each teacher under whose direction a poster winning any trophy or medal is prepared will be given an engraved certificate of recognition, to be attached to the poster whenever and wherever it is publicly displayed.

All local judging must be finished and the posters competing for state prizes must be in the hands of the state board of judges by April 30, 1938, and all state winners are to be picked by October 31, 1938. The winner of the Grand Prize will be selected by February 15, 1939.

Any person or persons interested, and who desire further information concerning the contest may inquire of the *Oracle*.

Use Your Time

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of—" well, at least not to thoughts of studies. The days from now until the end of the school year will probably be warm, and the outdoors will be wearing a "come-hither" look. During this time we must try to give enough time to our studies. Probably teachers have said something along this same line, but it seems that too much cannot be said upon the subject.

We have heard something about the budgeting of one's time, and we think there are a few suggestions which you might have heard but which should be brought to your attention again. We think that it is a good idea to "knock off" studying for a while when you lose your power of concentration, and you'll be surprised how much you can get done when you come back from your sojourn.

(Please turn to page 34)



Cover to Cover

Rory and Bran

By Lord Dunsany

HERE'S just the book for all you dreamers and lovers of fantasy! A typical Dunsany tale of Ireland, the book will fascinate especially those of you who still get a thrill out of fairy stories and the like (as much as you hate to admit it!).

The book itself is not a fairy story, however; it is the story of Rory, a young Irish boy, who lived in a beautiful world all his own—his idea of a world gotten from reading ancient legends and fairy stories. A person of this sort would hardly seem to be the type to be intrusted with the driving of a herd of cattle to a fair sixty miles away; but Rory, after much hesitation on the part of his parents, was sent on this journey. How Rory reacts to the realities of the world about him, and his struggle to reconcile his fanciful nature with these realities, is the main interest of the book.

The question naturally arises as to who Bran was. Well, Bran was somewhat of a silent companion, sent along to take care of Rory. And it was some job! For more information about Bran and Rory, I would advise you to read this book—well, read it anyway.

A Genius in the Family

Hiram Percy Maxim

A seedy-looking tramp, one Sunday morning, walked up to Hiram Stevens Maxim's house and asked him if he had given his soul to God on that bright and glorious morning. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, was a practical joker so he decided to kid the tramp along. He turned to his son, the author of this book, and asked him if he and his mother had given their souls to God. The son, not knowing what it was all about, shook his head. Hiram Stevens Maxim solemnly assured the tramp that they hadn't. He asked the hobo if he believed in prayer, and when he said that he did, Hiram Maxim asked him to try to stop the music-box by prayers. The tramp solemnly knelt, started praying and rolling his eyes, but nothing happened. When the tramp finished, Mr. Maxim was weak from laughing, while Mrs. Maxim and Hiram Jr. didn't know what to do. Hiram Maxim sent the tramp away with a quarter. Was the act worth it?

A Genius in the Family is an intimate biography of the home life of Sir Hiram Maxim, the Yankee engineer who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his invention of the Maxim gun.

Give Me One Summer

Emilie Loring

Melissa Barclay, now that her aunt was dead, decided to leave the large estate where she had spent the last three years. But, alas for her plans! That very same night a yacht dropped anchor in the harbor, and the excitement began. On board were Alexander Carson, the heir to the estate, and three of his friends. Carson asked Melissa to give him one summer and to help him manage the heavily mortgaged property. She consented, and before she realized it, she had fallen in love with him. With a threatened strike of the farm hands because of a wage cut, to say nothing of keeping the tenants of the three cottages satisfied, Melissa had her hands full. Alexander Carson told Melissa that he was after counterfeiters, and soon after she dug up—well, read the book and find out. The leader of the gang is arrested right after he comes off a merry-go-round! After this, life runs as smoothly for Alexander and Melissa as married life usually runs when the principals are very much in love.

Good books worth reading this summer:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Theatre..... | Somerset Maugham |
| Gone With the Wind..... | Margaret Mitchell |
| Inside Europe..... | John Gunther |
| We Are Not Alone..... | James Hilton |
| How to Win Friends and Influence People..... | Dale Carnegie |
| Lost Horizon..... | James Hilton |
| 1001 Outdoor Questions..... | Iroquois |
| Marconi..... | O. E. Dunlap, Jr. |
| How to Make Worth While Models..... | |
| Drums Along the Mohawk..... | Walter D. Edmonds |
| Functional Football..... | John de Grosa |
| My own Story..... | Marie Dressler |
| Laugh with Leacock..... | Stephen Leacock |
| Life with Father..... | Clarence Day |
| Clansmen..... | Ethel Boileau |
| Waterloo..... | Manuel Komroff |
| Long Live the King..... | Honore Morrow |

News of Interest

Public Affairs Club

THIS year a club for senior history students, the Public Affairs Club, was formed by Miss Irene Cousins. The purpose of this club was to bring before the students any current topic of general interest, and to promote interest in current events. At the first meeting, which was held in room 103 on February 18, twenty-five seniors enrolled.

Officers were chosen as follows:

President.....Lawrence Davies
Secretary.....Betty C. Mack

Shortly after the club was organized, Robert Morris spoke in assembly on "President Roosevelt's Proposed Plan for Reorganizing the Supreme Court." He gave a very interesting speech which was enjoyed by all. Hilda Rowe also spoke in assembly on "The Proposed Child Labor Amendment," outlining it, and giving the pros and cons.

At the meetings, held every other Thursday, a member prepares a talk on some current subject, after which an informal discussion is usually held. The speakers thus far have been: Joseph Brannen, speaking on "The Coming War," Betty C. Mack on "Neutrality," and Walter McMullin on "Maine Legislature." At one of the future meetings, Miss Phyllis Lorimer is to speak on the Spanish War. Under the Faculty advisorship of Miss Cousins, we are sure that the interest in the club will grow.

Debate Club

The fourteenth of April will always stand out as one of the most important dates of the year 1937. On that night the annual class debates were held. The question was one of timely interest, being on Supervised Study. The winners were those two stellar debaters, representing the Sophomore class, John Howard and Carleton Orr. The Freshmen made a remarkable showing by placing themselves in second position, about nine points behind the winners. One of the Freshman debaters, Dorothy Braidy, was named best speaker. All of the debaters, however, proved their worth and honorably upheld the name of their class. Judges for the occasion were Leo Leiberan, Myer Alpert, and Dana Kennedy—need more be said?

On the thirtieth of April, the debate club closed its season with a banquet and party. The chief speaker of the evening was Mr. Charles O'Connor, who is to take Mr. Barker's place and act also as an assistant debate coach. After his interesting talk, the awards were made by Mr. Taylor and gifts were presented to Miss Lorimer and Mr. Prescott. The climax of the evening came when, to show the club's appreciation, Mr. Prescott, in behalf of the club, presented an electric clock to Mr. Taylor.

The winner of the Professor Quiz question-and-answer game was Richard Coffin. Skits were presented with the Sophomore class taking first place. After these, a scavenger hunt and dancing were enjoyed.

Certainly this was a fitting climax to a season of success, both in debating and entertainment.

Dramatic Club

The big season of the year is just coming up for the members of the Dramatic Club. This is the time when a senior play is presented. The vehicle has already been selected, and is to be that grand comedy of human relations, *Skidding*, by Aurania Rouverol. Try-outs were held April 16 and 17. It was a very difficult task to select the cast from the number of skilled actors and actresses who came. After a great deal of pondering, Mrs. Hanscom announced the following all-star cast:

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Mrs. Hardy..... | Ruth White |
| Judge Hardy..... | Bob Sedgely |
| Aunt Milly..... | Barbara Farnham |
| Andy..... | Dudley Utterback |
| Grandpa Hardy..... | Donald Stuart |
| Estelle Hardy Campbell..... | Beryl Crosby |
| Marion Hardy..... | Ellen Hathorn |
| Wayne Trenton III..... | Austin Keith |
| Myra Hardy Wilcox..... | Ann Tyler |
| Mr. Stubbins..... | Lawrence Davies |

This play should make a very successful close to a most enjoyable year.

The senior play will be presented May 21, and everybody who wants an evening of mirthful entertainment will be there.

Alumni

The members of the Mu Sigma Chi fraternity of the Maine School of Commerce recently staged the melodrama, *Curse You, Jack Dalton*. Alvah Ford, '34, was the director. The members of the cast included Gordon Cook, '36, Dana Kennedy, '35, and Guy Leonard, '36. It was reported that the audience literally rolled in the aisles with mirth!

In scouting around we have found several former Bangor High graduates on the staff of the Commerce Chatter. This is a monthly newspaper printed by the students of M. S. C. Dana Kennedy, '35, is the associate editor; Charlotte Culley, '35, "Who's Who"; Vincent Wood, '33, artist, and Ross Gilpatrick, '35, business manager.

The sororities at the University of Maine recently elected their officers, and the Bangor girls seem to be very popular. Jean Kent, '34, was elected president of Delta Delta Delta, Catherine Rowe, '34, president of Alpha Omicron Pi, and Janet St. Pierre, '35, president of Pi Beta Phi. Mildred Dauphinee, '33, was elected treasurer of Pi Beta Phi.

Frederick S. Newman, '33, has been chosen president of the Junior Class of Bowdoin College and Andrew Cox, '34, is vice-president. Frederick has also been elected president of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and Ernest Andrews, Jr., '36, was elected librarian, the only office open to freshmen.

Geraldine Watson, '36, a student at Laselle Junior College, played a cello solo at the "pop" concert recently given by the orchestra and glee club of the college.

Berla Smythe, '28, a junior exhibition speaker and a graduate from Maine in 1933, completed her course at the Johns Hopkins School for Nurses in Baltimore, Maryland, this last March. She has accepted a position in the obstetrical department of the Johns Hopkins hospital.

Robert Hussey, '34, played a leading part in *Arms and the Man*, a three-act comedy recently presented by the Maine Masque. Artemus Weatherbee, '35, was in charge of the properties.

More scholastic honors have gone to Bangor High graduates. Ralph E. Wentworth, '33, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and Woodford Brown, '33, was elected to Phi Kappa Phi. Both of these boys are seniors at the University of Maine.

Barbara Welch, '36, has been elected vice-president of the freshman class at Farmington Normal School.

Donald Bridges, '35, a sophomore at Bates, was reelected as treasurer of his class and also elected to the position of secretary-treasurer of the student council.

The class of 1934 held its first reunion and banquet a few weeks ago at the Bangor House. Robert Hussey, class president, presided over the banquet. Among the speakers on the program were Mary Jenkins, vice-president; and Geraldine Reynolds, secretary. Princi-

pal Charles E. Taylor and Miss Rachel Connor were guests.

Mildred Haney, '30, was recently married to Thompson Berdur, '26. Thompson has just accepted a position with the postal inspection service in Washington, D. C.

New officers of *The Campus*, weekly news publication at the University of Maine, were recently elected. Merrill Eldridge, '34, was chosen business manager; Catherine Rowe, '34, society editor; William Hilton, '35, advertising manager, and William West, '35, subscription manager. Jean Kent, '34, and William Saltzman, '34, were unanimously reelected to the editorial board. Jean is the associate editor, and William the sports editor.

Band

Lately the Band has been working on its program for the annual music festival which is to be held at Fairfield on May 15. The boys have been putting most of their time and energy into ironing out the difficult parts of *Echoes from the Metropolitan Opera House*, which contains passages of many famous operas. Some time, too, had been spent in preparing some new marches, about ten of which have been added to the march books.

In preparing for the annual inspection of the R. O. T. C. battalion, the Band has had several special drills in order to be able to go through the regular routine in a snappy, military manner.

Commercial Club

Debating contests, singing contests, and popularity contests are pretty common things by now, so when the Commercial Club decided to stage a typewriting contest, it was something different. There hasn't been a typing contest—a real one, with another school—at Bangor High for a long time. It was arranged that three contestants from Brewer High and three from Bangor High would compete for high honors at the St. Patrick's Day program of the Commercial Club.

Everyone was asked to come wearing something green. Room 307 was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and huge green bows were ready for the typing rivals. You might think it an easy thing to type fifty or sixty words a minute for ten minutes, with only five or six errors. But try it sometime when there are dozens of pairs of eyes gazing at you. Anyway, Bangor came out ahead. First prize was won by Beulah Duty, and Beryl Crosby walked off with both second and third honors. Judges for the contest were Clifford Jackson, Austin Miller, and "Red" Green, students at the Maine School of Commerce.

The forum at this meeting, "Character and Personality (over, please)"

ON RADIO ROW

DURING the past two years few successful catch lines have been introduced on the air, but this season has produced several new stars who are now identified by their own particular catch lines. Two years ago the comedian who didn't possess this identification card could not expect to be a success. At that time, Joe Penner's "You nasty man" had the entire nation in hysterics. Mr. and Mrs. America were often horrified when little Junior, informed that he must eat his spinach, rolled his eyes, pursed his lips, and drawled, "You-u-u-u nasty maaaaaan!", and Joe Penner was declared Public Household Enemy number one. At this same time, Jack Pearl, as the Baron Munchausen, panicked the nation with his "Vass you dare, Sharlie?", and the all-American life-of-the-party was the one who could successfully employ this catch phrase. Ben Bernie's "Yowsah" has become a national idiom; Kate Smith's "Hello, everybody," and Major Bowes' "All right, all right" have become house-hold bywords, each having its own particular significance. Recently, newer and better catch lines have gained recognition of several new stars. Martha Raye is now synonymous with "Oh, boy!" Who doesn't recognize the hesitant, uncertain, "I hope, I hope, I hope" of the Al Pearce program? When Oswald, of Ken Murray's show, first drawled out his now-famous "Ooooh, Yeeeeeaaaah," he couldn't foresee that he was adding an American classic to our book of *bons mots*. Thousands of women have mimicked and parodied Gracie Allen's "I'm pretty, too." Few husbands have not, at some time, copied George Burns' "Quiet, Gracie!" Sunday evenings the air waves are filled with the verbal give-and-take between Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, and their various stooges. When Ben Bernie recently sprained his ankle, Walter Winchell broadcasted this historic remark, "I don't know of a nicer guy it could happen to!" It is now a recognized fact that every successful comedian must have in addition to the gags provided by the various gag-writers, a well-stocked bag of tricks up his own sleeve, and the surest gag is a successful catch line. They always meet a laugh, and radio fans are welcoming their rising popularity.

Lovely, vivacious Lily Pons, popular operatic star, who recently inaugurated a new series of Wednesday evening programs, is, strangely enough, a hearty sponsor of popular music. The question of the value of popular music is an old one, and this delightful soprano says that it is difficult for the untrained radio fan to grasp and appreciate the classical music as easily as music in the lighter vein. She believes good popular music will go a long way towards paving a road for better appreciation of the heavier classics. During her present series, she will balance her repertoire with

the popular and operatic, with a shading in favor of popular music. Andre Kostilanez, whose orchestra provides musical background for Miss Pons' lovely voice, also heartily approves of popular music, though he confesses that swing music leaves him just a little breathless.

Incidentally, in the old days, before the concert art became familiar via radio and the moving-pictures, operatic singers did the things they knew best, singing only the music for which they had been trained. But times have changed, and in Miss Pons' latest film, *That Girl from Paris*, she sang a swing arrangement of *The Blue Danube* which greatly pleased swing addicts, but which provoked groans of anguish from others. Recently, Grete Steuckgold went to town with a torrid rendition of *Pennies from Heaven*, guest starring on Joe Cook's Saturday show. As for Grace Moore, her offering of *Minnie the Moocher* in her latest film left the critics gasping with horror and the swingsters cheering her to the skies.

Jack Oakie, that jovial man-about-the-college-campus, heads the new Camel hour as the president of Oakie College, a modernistic, stream-lined academic organization which glorifies college life, presenting it as it never will be. Oakie, who has already established his reputation as one of the leading comedians of the screen, presents bigger and better jokes on his new program. Starring honors are shared with the new child-star Judy Garland, a bubbling, vivacious singer of swing songs, whose voice easily equals that of any adult songstress. An exquisitely blended group of collegiate voices supplies vocal background for her songs, and Georgie Stoll's orchestra provides melodies sweet and slow. Swing marches on with the sizzling music of Benny Goodman and his swing band, whose torrid arrangements of swing songs create near-riots every night. A new comedy team, whose motto seems to be "My voice is your voice, and your voice is my voice," presents something different in the way of comedy entertainment, and for those who really enjoy a good variety program, I heartily suggest this scintillating, effervescent, collegiate show, broadcast from the Hollywood studios of CBS every Tuesday at 9:30.

If you are interested in the technique and mechanics of acting, or if you cherish secret dreams of being a second Garbo or Taylor, you will certainly want to hear NBC's novel program, *Do You Want to be an Actor?* Under the direction of general, kindly Haven McQuoddy, this program is educational as well as entertaining. Campbell Soup is sponsoring a new program with Ken Murray and Oswald as the funsters. Lovely, golden-voiced Shirley Ross, of *Big Broadcast* fame, also joins

(Please turn to page 32)

ality" was conducted by Beryl Crosby, and open discussion on the subject followed.

A highlight of the program was the singing of several old and new favorites by the whole group, and special selections were sung by Horace Dinsmore. Further entertainment was furnished by Agnes Ross and Vera Rosmeier with their Hawaiian guitars, and Evelyn Morrill at the piano.

In an unusually interesting and instructive talk, Evelyn Morrill told of the life and work of the patron Saint of Ireland, St. Patrick.

Plans are well under way for the Commercial Club banquet, to be held early in May, and work has already started on the "Commercial Club Annual" to be published this year for the first time.

Boys' Glee Club

Since the Belle of Bagdad, the Boys' Glee Club has been doing real work. They are preparing for the Music Festival which is to be held in Fairfield the fifteenth of May. They have been rehearsing the two pieces *Shortnin' Bread* and *The Hunters' Horn*. The Club intends to have letters in the shape of lyres with a medium size B, and a small G and C above and below. Several of the boys plan to sing in the annual singing contest. This Club will appear in City Hall, May seventh, for the Musical Concert given by the musical organization of all the public schools of Bangor.

Homec Clubs

The Home Economics Club sponsored an entertainment of folk-songs and dances Thursday afternoon, March eighteenth, in the Assembly hall. Two performances were given; one for adults and high-school students, and one for grade-school pupils.

The various boy-and-girl couples in native dress from different countries made effective pictures in both tableaux and dances. The on-stage musicians, Priscilla Jones, accordion, and Margaret Vincent, violin, were in native costume also. Margaret Cromwell played the piano accompaniments for the songs.

The program opened with a presentation of successive folk scenes in tableau form; the countries represented were as follows: Denmark, Charlene Shorey and Louise Stewart; Finland, Lily Anderson and Elsie Juutilainen; Russia, JoAnn Harbach and Dorothy Dauphinee; Holland, Christina Littlefield and Virginia Scripture; Norway, Doris Titcomb and Frances Haskell; France, Norma Munster and Mary Eddy; and Ireland, Beverly Nason and Lida Chenery. Each tableau was introduced with a descriptive reading by Cynthia Tripp. Folk dances and songs of each country followed the tableaux. The program ended with Cynthia Tripp in the Statue of Liberty tableau and *America* sung by the entire cast.

The dances were coached by Miss Eileen Cassidy and the songs by Mrs. G. F. Eaton. The entire entertainment was under the direction of Miss Ruth Crosby and Miss Margaret Lutz, club advisors.

The list of committees follows:

Costumes, Louise Stewart, chairman; Elizabeth Simmons, Harriet Fogg, Margaret Orr, Charleen Shorey, Ethelle Lufkin, Christina Littlefield, Lily Anderson, Beverly Nason, JoAnn Harbach, Doris Titcomb, Lola Dunivan, Elsie Juutilainen, Ethel Hamm, Marguerite Twitchell, and Muriel Braley.

Publicity: Frances Haskell, chairman; Virginia Scripture, tickets; Estelle Dorr, posters.

Candy Sale: Ethel Hamm, chairman; Elizabeth Simmons, Dorothy Lewis.

Ushers: Lola Dunivan, chairman; Ethel Gilbert, Ethelle Lufkin, Estelle Dorr, Martha Crowell, Grace Glaster.

Stage: Frances Bragg and Genevra Brean.

Exhibit: Frances Bragg and Lola Dunivan.

Before and after the exhibitions, candy and cookies, made by the cooking classes, were sold by other club members. On display were pajamas, aprons and dresses made by the sewing classes.

During the two assemblies on Wednesday, March seventeenth, the Dutch tableau and dance were given by Christina Littlefield and Virginia Scripture, and the Russian tableau and dance were given by JoAnn Harbach and Dorothy Dauphinee. They were announced by Dorothy Lewis and Cynthia Tripp.

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club has been busy making a name for itself this season. The returns for the First Corps Area, consisting of all high schools, showed our rifle team to be first. The scores follow:

| | |
|------------------------------|------|
| Bangor High School..... | 3737 |
| New Bedford High School..... | 3613 |
| Gloucester High School..... | 3423 |
| Rogers High School..... | 2695 |

Also we have the returns of the Hearst Trophy match.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Gloucester High School..... | 918 |
| New Bedford High School..... | 907 |
| Team 1 Bangor High School..... | 902 |
| New Bedford High School..... | 878 |
| Team 2 Bangor High School..... | 871 |
| Team 3 Bangor High School..... | 827 |
| New Bedford High School..... | 814 |
| Rogers High School..... | 789 |

PASSING IN REVIEW

LEWIS DROLET

Lewis's still got his hat held out for "Pennies from Heaven"—guess he figures it's easy dough. Manager of the football team, private pet of the Commercial Club, and the guy who decorates the post in front of the bulletin board, he drowns his troubles playing slot machines. Storing away chop-suey sandwiches and chewing gum preserve that youthful profile, swimming keeps his face clean, and Popeye cartoons endow him with a good sense of humor. And hokie wow! when it comes to Tizzy Lish, mountain climbing, Benny Goodman, and playing Tarzan, Lew's right in there with his sleeves rolled up.

JANET WINCHELL

When Janet got tired, she sat down—where the chair was before Byron moved it. Ain't that life! Sinking a fork in one of Eleanor's graham cracker pies, knocking a tennis ball over a net, roughing it at Green Lake, and tripping the light fantastic are the things that keep the sun shining for Jan. There's always a silver lining, says Janet, 'specially if you've got Tyrone Powers to look at, and your father's pocketbook behind you. Majoring in English is her goal and with this gal's personality—well.

CHARLES ROBERTS

Eureka! I've found out what makes Charlie so fast on the basketball floor! Every time he sinks a basket he imagines he's dunking doughnuts in a cup of coffee. Tripping over Sedgeley, keeping his hair curly, and beating red lights in the green Chev keep him rough and ready, while he thinks grub, ushering, Bing Crosby, Kenduskeag, and sleeping the jinx away just about fill the bill. However he will sign autograph books merely as a side attraction. One of the best clarinet tooters in the Bangor Band, he "burns it up" at Morgan's Beach every summer. (Side-glance: is that place going to be crowded next summer!)

BETTY VOSE

"Lovely to look at, delightful to know" is Betty Vose, that little Junior with the big smile and the "swell" business ability. She couldn't be "got along without" in the Debate Club, and she wears away idle time, week ends, and what-not, up at Machias, trying to see how many hooks she can bait with one angle-worm. Basketball, tennis, and swimming, all sports, in fact, are right up Betty's alley, and she's looking forward to a few more years of studying in Machias, in '39, training to be a teacher. Onions are her weakness, and she's almost as at home on the dance floor as she is riding horseback.

JAMES HATHORNE

Jimmie Hathorne, that sophomore who loves dumb animals, is still trying to figure out Einstein's theory. He wants to evaporate into the fourth dimension without his school books. That explains the strained look when he stumbles into Room 102 mornings. In the past year, Jimmy's gone in for dancing in a big way, and (another tip) can that boy roller skate! Cracking peanuts at cowboy pictures, and "keeping store" for "papa" are his pet pastimes, while Sonja Henie takes his breath away. Of course, when it comes to eating, Jimmy's right in there, with hamburgers tickling his palate, and lemon-pie keeping his hair curly.

JUNE WEBSTER

The swimming teacher told June not to breathe, and she's been putting one over on her ever since. (Get it, heh, heh?) Member of the G. A. H. C., a grand little hockey player, and one of the star guards on the basketball team, the rest of her time is spent between the *Oracle* Board and bringing up kid-brother Johnnie. There's nothing like summer for unguentine, freckles, and mosquitos, thinks June. However, as long as there's a lot of nice, cool H₂O and weenie roast, she isn't kicking. Ken Murray and Oswald get into her hair, but it takes only Jeannette MacDonald and algebra problems to make her life rosy again.

JOSEPH DINSMORE

"Well, pop me for a shiftless skunk, effen it hain't Joe Dinsmore, one of them city critters." Besides keeping up with latest reading matter (or should I say *Snuffy Smith* and *Baby Dumpling*?), and trying to decide how to spend his old age pension, Joe whiles away his spare time kicking around school, and getting all his society demands. Being a member of the Latin Club (and the notorious Archias) is one of them, and decorating the *Oracle* Staff, another. A trombone tooter in the B. H. S. Band, Joe would rather see a certain blonde senior than a moving picture any old day.

BETTY RICHARDSON

Betty thinks that the C. I. O. is cheating; the way she learned it, the feller's always out on the third strike. Ya just can't believe anythin' now-a-days. Vice president of the Senior class, she simply goes to town with swing music. The Beauty Box Theater keeps Betty near the radio, and although she wants to be a writer some day, her very biggest ambish is to travel around the world in a trailer. She spends her spare time thinking of all the lessons she could be doing, eating chocolate nut sundaes, and answering the telephone. Here's to ya, Betty.

RUSSELL BRADBURY

"Russ" Bradbury is the fellow that prefers hitch-hiking to safety-razors, and lemon pie to pea soup, any day. The creator of our weekly motto posters, Russ certainly has that wonderful knack of drawing, and hopes to be a great artist some day. His weakness is music—jazz, operas, hymns, contra-dances, or what have you, and he, for one, doesn't mind studying in the least, as long as the radio's turned to Al Pearce or Major Bowes. As for the latter, Russ hopes to appear on one of his renowned programs some day after he skins through art school. More power to you, Russ.

MARIE HILTON

"You can't win," says Marie. At least that is one thing the Freshmen learn early in life. A member of that super frosh basketball team, the biggest bump on her horizon is the smallness of Bangor High School lockers. It's awfully hard to stuff all your playthings in such a small place, thinks she. (Ah, me.) Lessons are just recreation for Marie, and when it's nice and dark outside there's nothing like a good creepy mystery book for atmosphere. Movies spell her middle name, and in a few years maybe Marie will be able to spell her last name! She spends her vacations at Sandy Point and her winters skating out at the flour mill.



Basketball

The sixth of April marked the beginning of this year's snappy, exciting, inter-class basketball tournament. The following seniors received the customary red suits:

E. Rice
E. Juutilainen
L. Anderson
E. Crawford
E. Graves

E. Turner
V. Crosby
L. Betterley
C. Littlefield
A. Goodwin

L. Vincent
J. Roberts
L. Hardison
C. Reed
B. Perry
B. McKenney
V. Thorpe

V. Towle
M. Drew
D. Bubar
J. Hemore
E. Crowder
S. Smith
A. Hogan

Juniors

D. McClure
P. Colpitts
L. Kopelow
E. Sweeney
L. Nason
G. Bowker
M. Armitage
M. Nelson
Z. Nealey
B. Jordan
E. Merrill

L. Newman
R. Curran
J. Mulvaney
B. Vose
M. Flint
B. Mallett
D. Bell
M. Wade
F. Perry
C. Fielding
A. Less

E. Walls

Sophomores

R. Glidden
M. Powell
M. Rice
D. Hartford
R. Johnston
C. Goos

E. Cohen
D. Clisham
C. Roberts
C. Pierce
P. Morris
P. Ross

F. Bullard
B. Wallace
P. Ramsdell
K. Faulkingham
R. Morrison

P. Campbell
B. Munster
M. Lawrence
J. Higgins
N. Stevens

G. Allen

Commercial Sophomores

P. Fitzgerald
H. Grant
M. Rokel
B. Rolsky
H. Hanson
J. Saulnier
H. Hartt
D. Gordan
G. Eastman

V. Smith
R. Stetson
A. Bell
N. Graves
M. Reed
E. England
R. Goodell
B. Clark
A. Bigelson

T. Arsenault

Red Freshmen

V. Staples
S. Hogan
R. Carlisle

Blue Freshmen

D. Gardiner
M. Hilton
R. Drew

Red Freshmen

C. Momault
S. Epstein

Blue Freshmen

C. Higgins
E. Greene
L. Hanson
E. White
B. Day
H. Banks
B. Lounsbury
M. Zoidis
V. Paine
C. Farnald
A. Korbut
V. Lake

Blue Freshmen

N. Costrell
R. McKenney

Red Freshmen

B. Shorey
B. Connell
E. Rice
S. Pond
P. Brean
B. Clement
D. Braidy
D. Gass
V. Power
E. Russell
L. Zoidis
S. Miles

The *Oracle* will have gone to press before the completion of this series, and the annual Basketball Banquet will have been an event of the past. But whoever has won the tournament, will have won it with a stiff fight, for, from the Seniors down to the two Freshmen teams, the winning spirit dies hard. So, as always, let the best team win!

Orchestra

The Orchestra has given only one public performance during the last few months, that at the Junior Exhibition, where the following program was presented. March—"Independencia"..... *Hall*
Hungarian Dances Nos. 5 and 6..... *Brahms*
Three Morris Dances..... *Old English*

It also accompanied the Junior Chorus in "Venetian Summer Night" and "Happy Days."

However, the Orchestra has been practicing regularly on Wednesday afternoons, getting ready for the festival at Fairfield on May 15.

R. O. T. C.

The members of the R. O. T. C. have been having a busy time. Of course, there has been an inspection every Monday morning, which means pressing pants, polishing shoes, shining buttons, etc., if the boys wish to get a good mark. Then, the boys have been practicing the manual of arms to get the proper "snap" to

it. Physical culture exercises in which different members are given a chance to lead, and lectures on such subjects as "Health" and "First Aid" have also been very profitable.

As soon as it was warm enough, the different platoons were taken outdoors to train for the big event of the year—the annual inspection.

Latin Club

Since the regular day for the meeting of the Latin Club came during the Easter vacation, the March meeting of that organization was held March twenty-second, the sophomores providing the entertainment. Molly Kagan was in charge of the program which consisted of scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Frederick Leonard took the role of the great Julius. Even the most difficult scene presented was done very realistically by all taking part, especially the chief characters: Caesar, Brutus, and Mark Antony.

The April meeting of the Latin Club was held on the last Monday of that month, April twenty-sixth. A most interesting diversion was planned by the seniors. Professor Charles G. Cumming of the Seminary faculty showed some very interesting slides depicting scenes that he had seen on his trip through Italy and the Mediterranean countries. These were not the oft-seen views of the Roman ruins but unusual aspects of the different countries which he visited. Mr. Cumming was fortunate in getting his pictures of the little known but intriguing parts of the countries which reveal so much history. The Latin Club is indeed grateful to Mr. Cumming for providing such an unusually good program. We who have never been able to travel to distant lands are very fortunate to see such lifelike reproductions of foreign locales.

The final meeting of the Latin Club is the banquet to be held May twenty-fifth at the school. To the sophomores, it means the first glimpse of a banquet in Roman style. To the juniors, it means a royal good time. To the seniors, it means goodbye to many friends and to three years of fun. To all, it means a fitting climax to a year which had been very enjoyable and at the same time worth while.

Football

Walter Ulmer called on his charges to put in an appearance this week to limber up and get ready for the sixth consecutive spring practice under his supervision. Mr. Ulmer said there were some new faces he hadn't seen before. About forty eager candidates turned out at the first session at Mary Snow field.

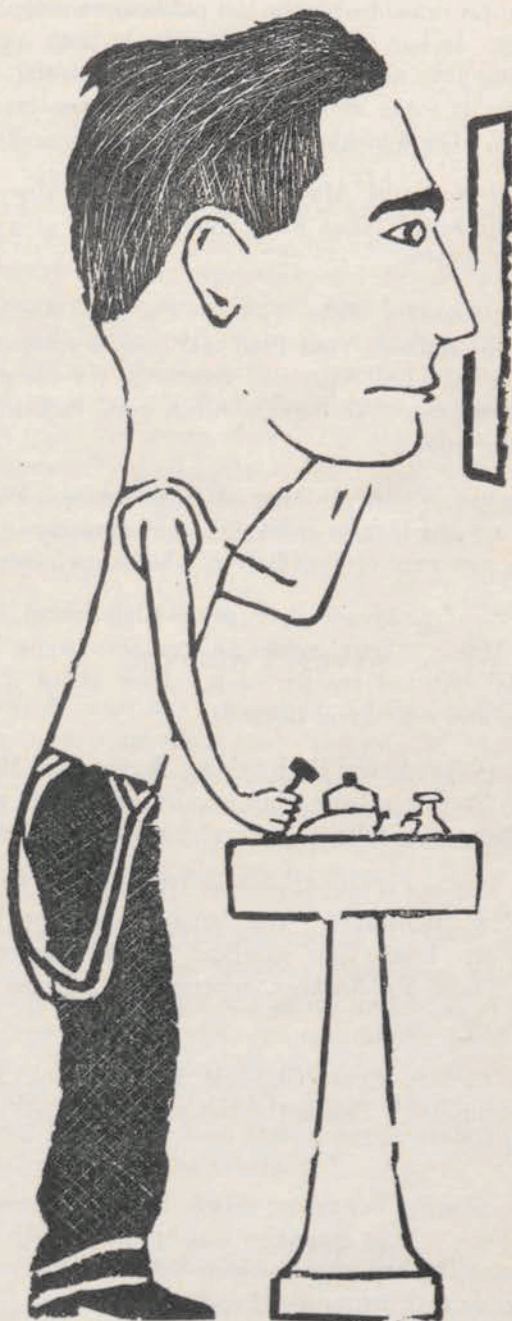
Ulmer expects to put his boys through their paces for about five weeks and then top it all off with a regulation game between either the Alumni or two intersquad teams. So come on, youse guys who play check-

ers afternoons, report to "Coach" Ulmer and play something that will make your girl-friend sit up and take notice and your dad increase the weekly allowance! !

Baseball

There is somewhat of a lull on the competitive end of our sports programme these days, but things are going to pick up in the near future. Oh, my, yes!

Coach Walter Gay called out his baseballers the
(Please turn to page 32)



A LITTLE SHAVER

Dudley drew this to be a caricature of someone, but, as he thought that it was not a close enough resemblance, he gave it this title.

Imports and Exports

The Advance, Salem Classical and High School, Salem, Massachusetts. You have a literary department to be proud of. Judging from your excellent cover, we know that you have artists in your midst. How about illustrating some of your stories with linoleum cuts?

The March *Milachi* from Milaca, Minnesota, merits much commendation.

Margray, Woodrow Wilson High School, Middletown, Connecticut. Your March issue shows a decided improvement over the last publication exchanged with us. It has grown considerably in both quality and quantity, and judging from the editorial, *The Margray*, it looks as if it were going to continue its progress. Good luck!

The Screech Owl, Maynard High School, Maynard, Massachusetts. What more could one ask of a high school magazine?

The Mountain Echo, George Stevens Academy, Blue Hill, Maine. Your 1936 year book is complete in every detail. *Odd Shots* add greatly to the success of your magazine. We hope as much good luck will be yours for 1937.

Blue and White, Methuen, Massachusetts. We enjoyed reading every word of your magazine. The sample you gave of your literary ability spells *more*.

The Stephens Broadcast, Stephens High School, Rumford, Maine. Your magazine contains some good material but not enough of it. How about a joke column and some good stories?

The Meteor, Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire. Your last issue is an improvement over recent ones, but a joke column and exchanges are still lacking.

The Red and White, Rochester High School, Rochester, New Hampshire. You have a magazine to be proud of. From your excellent literary section the story, *These, My Brethren*, impressed us because of its originality.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Massachusetts. This is the last word in a high school magazine.

The Oracle, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, New York. Your magazine features originality. Exceptionally good are the linoleum cuts of members from each class with write-ups of each.

The Tip-Top, Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine. You've done an excellent job of mimeographing, and your department headings show talent.

Movies and Stuff

By Donald Stuart

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| After the Thin Man..... | Mary Armitage |
| Call of the Prairie..... | Horace Dinsmore |
| Career Woman..... | Barbara Farnham |
| Champagne Charlie..... | Charles Dorr |
| Early to Bed..... | Harold Hamm |
| The Great Impersonation..... | Austin Keith |
| Half Angel..... | Ellen Hathorn |
| It's Love Again..... | Janet Winchell |
| King of Burlesque..... | Robert Sedgely |
| Lady Be Careful..... | Louise McCarthy |
| Last of the Pagans..... | Stanley Miner |
| The Magnificent Brute..... | "Duke" Elliott |
| Man of the People..... | Robert Morris |
| Men Are Not Gods..... | Beryl Crosby |
| More Than A Secretary..... | Shirley Drew |
| The Plot Thickens..... | Betty Richardson |
| Professional Soldier..... | Walter Greene |
| Star for a Night..... | Dudley Utterback |
| Stolen Holiday..... | Calvin Johnson |
| Tough Guy..... | William Libby |
| Make Way for a Lady..... | Ann Tyler |
| When's Your Birthday?..... | Ruth White |
| Fifty Roads to Town..... | Adelle Sawyer |

Songs and Things

By Donald Stuart

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Boulevard of Broken Dreams.. | Detention room corridor |
| Me and the Moon..... | Night before exams |
| Easy to Remember..... | Any holiday |
| Let Yourself Go..... | Dramatic Club |
| You'll Have to Swing It | |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| The main entrance to our fair school | |
| With My Eyes Wide Open.... | Annual eye sight test |
| Stay as Sweet as You Are..... | Candy sales |
| Shooting High..... | Rifle Club |
| I Hear You Calling Me..... | Mr. Drisko |
| My Time is Your Time..... | Home work |
| Take a Number from One to Ten..... | Algebra class |
| College Rhythm..... | Will I Ever Know |
| If I Should Lose You..... | Latin pony |
| The Way You Look Tonight | |

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Dress rehearsal for "Tom Sawyer" | |
| Never Gonna Dance..... | Those bashful freshmen |
| She Shall Have Music..... | Mrs. Huey |
| Tormented..... | Mrs. Meinecke |
| Midnight Blue..... | Mr. Dugan after a school dance |
| Goody-Goody..... | Quarter of one |

CINEMANALYSIS

Maytime

GLORIOUS music, breathtaking photography, a tender love story, plus some fine acting by Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and the rest of the cast—that's *Maytime*!

John Barrymore does a marvelous acting job as Nicolae, Jeannette's jealous husband. When Mr. Barrymore deems it wise to act, it must be granted him that he can, and he does in "Maytime."

MacDonald and Eddy, in the scene where they go to the fair, portray young love to a degree of happiness and reality seldom seen on the screen.

In fact, their acting all the way though is highly commendable. Mr. Eddy seems to be improving rapidly and Miss MacDonald is excellent, as usual, especially in the prologue and epilogue. Her acting there, as an old lady, is a minor masterpiece.

Maytime—a fine picture that leaves you with a clean taste in your mouth and wishing you could sing like that!

Fifty Roads to Town

We found this a delightful, light comedy with the "mistaken identity" plot; Ann Sothorn mistakes Don Ameche for a gangster, and Don mistakes Ann for a process server. They get caught in a cabin, and when the real gangster turns up, the fun begins. Slim Summerville is the ancient trapper. We didn't think Stepin Fetchit was screamingly funny, but maybe you did—it's just a matter of personal taste.

Swing High, Swing Low

We didn't like it.

The music was good—the trumpet playing, especially, was swell—the acting was okay, and the plot, well, it was a plot, but—

When *Time* said it was vastly overballyhooed, *Time* said something. *Swing High, Swing Low* is, perhaps, a good enough picture, but that's all. And we were disappointed.

Lombard was good, of course. Jean Dixon, Cecil Cunningham, and Charles Butterworth were good, too. But MacMurray—Maybe it was good acting, but what a part to hand him.

The scene in Lombard's twilighted New York apartment as she tried to sing "Then It Isn't Love" is about the one thing we find worth remembering. It was a good scene.

Swing higher next time, Paramount!

Waikiki Wedding

Bing Crosby, Shirley Ross, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, and "Walford" are in blue Hawaii, midst rhythm and romance, and romance and rhythm. This could have been a swell picture if someone had thought of a good plot, but it is very evident that no one did. We were disgusted to see Lief Erikson made up as a bespectacled hick. There are some swingy song hits, but that's about all.

Sea Devils

If deservedness means anything, we see a new star in the heavens. Ida Lupino!

She handles comedy scenes and dramatic scenes with equal ease. She comes from an acting family, she's had plenty of acting experience, and she's very smooth in more ways than one. So, we want Ida!

In "Sea Devils" she has a fine chance to show her versatility, and she comes through in fine style.

But let it be said that Miss Lupino, though swell, is not quite the whole show. For the whole picture is exceptionally good. Victor MacLaglen and Preston Foster come through with two very fine performances, and the whole picture is way above the average.

But we only have eyes for Ida!

Seventh Heaven

James Stewart was colossal as "Chico," and Simone Simon was stupendous as "Diane"; in fact this talkie version of *Seventh Heaven* puts the silent flicker in the cellar; maybe it's because we like Simone Simon and dislike goody-goody, wishy-washy, Janet Gaynor, and because James Stewart is so much better than Charles Farrell—

The theme deals with a firm atheist and sewer cleaner called "Chico" (James Stewart) whose great ambition is to be a street cleaner, and in the meantime he'd like a fine and beautiful wife. Simone Simon is the waif "Diane," who is beaten by her sister (Gale Sondergard) and saved by "Chico." From then on the plot thickens, but finally love finds a happy ending, and "Chico" is no longer an atheist.

Murder Goes to College

Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns are supposed to be featured in this picture. But again we find one member of the cast outshining the others. His name—Lynne Overman.

(Please turn to page 32)

ODE TO THE DICTATORS

By Danny Kelly

Hitler

He holds elections now and then
To hear the people's voice you see,
But he holds the only vote
And so he says, "I vote for me!"



Mussolini

"I want this and I want that!"
He yells in wild command—
"Caesar was good," he confesses,
"But me! I'm simply grand!"

Stalin

"My smallest wish becomes a rule,"
Says he condescendingly,
"I really ought to put a tax
On all of those who gaze at me!"



Chorus

Oh, they are jolly good fellows;
For them, life's one sweet song,
So they raise "Old Nick" while they're here;
Someday they'll get the gong!

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

MAY 12, 1937

HOKUM

By Ellen Hathorn

HELLO, folks! Here we are again—and well—you just can't win, can ya? Heard any new spring poems?

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon—
Spring!

I know—I know, you've heard it—but gosh—

Bruzzie and Goessling are by mutual consent keeping to the long and narrow path—Oh, these haunted houses, pussy-willows, and souvenirs! ! ! . . . Higgins is progressing steadily; when she sets her cap for anything it usually turns out to be Joyce's. . . . Don't tell me the big town of Brewer is going in for Bells again—you'd think they'd stick to horns, wouldn't you? . . . They clamor for Tyler's face now—and speaking of Ann—we call her "Lucky Tyler" now! . . . Savage and the blue Ford—and to think that it's only the car that matters. . . . These bow-ties—something about 'em brings out the animal in me. . . . Goos admits he swings a mean racket—so watch it, and him. . . . Poor Jean without her Ellery—now they are holding hands twice as long to make up for lost time. . . . *Georgie* Munce is still carrying the water-jug homeward around supper-time. (That's how he gets his spending money). . . . The pace that Betty Mack keeps up in school—a fire, is it? Speaking of Betty—this is on the quiet—keep your eye on the round dozen of escorts each afternoon. . . . Any person desiring a set of coffee spoons with *Bangor House* on them is referred to Betty Taylor—it's just a hobby. . . . Well, spring brings *many* surprises. . . . We see by the dust that Barb is joy-riding again—in fact I fear all the -*oys* are getting her again. . . . The ice is out, kids. . . . Did you hear about Mary Burke's sending herself a salmon for a May basket? Yep, and she caught it herself. . . . Betty Richardson is still wondering how she skipped her napkin in the course of the meal. . . . These First National clerks—you would think they'd at least sell their friends *good* fruit. . . . Another complaint! It is requested by residents that

a certain Hamm stay out a bit later—it seems it's hard when one gets in earlier than the rest. I move we build a waiting room—where they can meet and journey homeward together. . . . Have you seen *the photo* Janet Winchell is carrying around? Oh! Boy! . . . The girls are beginning to stand on corners and curbs in herds now just to watch the Fords go by—especially nice bluish-green ones. These people that get in each other's hair. . . . I wish Perry would make up his mind. . . . Adelle has her speedster out again. . . . Service—that's what I call it—Dwinal Fraser brings Connie to school every morning. It's O. K., Janice, Mrs. Cumming just doesn't want to collect any more rubbish. . . . Can't you see Charlie Dorr in his tuxedo?—ask *him* about it, but it's said when he left, Augusta was all out of breath. . . . Oh, these professional whistlers! . . . Anybody seen Duke Elliot handling a car?—well, if you do, *run!* ! ! Tra la la—Spring is here now! ! Just hit-'em back, Dode! . . . Has Blake gone Savage too—why so many cannibals? . . . Carolyn Hart is really starring now; more power to you. . . . Cheer up, Ada—ya just can't win. . . . Well, so long pals—I'll be suing you! !

Examination Errors

J'ai plus d'habits que mon frere:
I have more inhabitants than my brother.

Chemin de fer:
A fur shirt.

La Belle Dame sans Merci:
The beautiful lady who never said "Thank you."

Princeps gregis magnus aries erat:
The leader of the flock was a large battering-ram.

Arma virumque cano:
A gun, a man, and a dog.

Omnia est Gallia, etc., means how ominous it is that the Romans had so much gall.

JOKES

When asked to define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any, a certain girl wrote the following: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The startled professor marked that one with an extra large "A".

Mr. Thurston: What is the formula for water?

Ralph Decrow: H I J K L M N O.

Mr. Thurston: What do you mean?

Ralph Decrow: Why, you said it was H to O.

Mrs. Cumming: The horn on your car must be broken.

Miss Mullen: No, it's just indifferent.

Mrs. Cumming: Indifferent. What do you mean?

Miss Mullen: It just doesn't give a hoot.

John Howard—"What caused the collision today?"

John Webster—"Two motorists after the same pedestrian."

Witness—The men were swapping stories.

"When I was logging up in Oregon," said one, "I saw a wildcat come right up to the skidder one day. It was a fierce beast, but with great presence of mind, I threw a bucket of water on its face, and it slunk away."

"Boys," said the man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this wildcat and, as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet!"

Dudley Utterback: What is this 'ice jam' they talk about?

"Bob" Sedgeley: Oh, that's what the Eskimos eat on their bread.

Judge: Well, what have you to say for yourself?

Fremont Prescott: I wish I were where there were no traffic cops.

Judge: Granted. Thirty days. Next case.

Arthur Curtis: Did you ever hear the 'kettle song'?

Carl Gray: No, what is it?

Arthur Curtis: "Home, Home on the Range."

Miss Dunning—The most annoying questions of the day are those that Melvin Brown asks.

(over, please)

Chandler

Home Portrait Studios

Phone 2-0514

70 Garland Street

BOUTILIER'S

Jewelry Shops

Specializing in
REPAIRING

2 Shops

37 Park Street

268 Hammond Street

The Klyne Studio

Portraits

New Location:

*Corner State Street
and Parkview Avenue*

Bangor, Me.

DAKIN'S

WHOLESALE - RETAIL

BASEBALL UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENT

Athletic Equipment For Every Sport

GUNS - AMMUNITION

Fishing Tackle

GOLF - TENNIS - BADMINTON

EXPERT RACQUET RESTRINGING

BIKES and ACCESSORIES

DAKIN'S SPORTING GOODS CO.

BANGOR - WATERTVILLE - PORTLAND

H. A. MOORES & SONS

GROCERIES and MEATS

Candy, Ice Cream

Corner Spring and Harlow Streets

Tel. 2-0943

Protect your Car

**with guaranteed service
You can depend on our Men
They're Experts**

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

50 YORK STREET—120 FRENCH STREET

Bangor, Maine

THE PERRY STUDIO

193 Exchange Street

Bangor

Portraits by Photography

**Class Pictures
a Specialty**

The Watch Shop

Has the latest styles in
Hamilton, Waltham, Elgin, Gruen
and Bulova watches

Boyd & Noyes, Inc.

5 Hammond Street

Miriam Wardwell Distinctive Apparel Shop

Dresses for all occasions
for the High School girl
Smart new Tom Boy Cottons

12 Central Street

Dial 7883

HARDWARE

Building Materials
Paints and Oils
Carpenters' Tools
Cutlery
Doors and Windows

Dunham-Hanson Company

Bangor, Maine

"Now I want John to have a thoroughly modern up-to-date education," said Mrs. Tapley, "including Latin."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Drisko, "though Latin is a dead language."

"Well, that's all right. John's going to be an undertaker."

Miss DuBourdieu: How many examples did you do correctly?

"Don" Stuart: If I get this one right and three more, it will make four.

One more strike and the automobile industry is out.

It was on a Wednesday night, and the second team was scrimmaging against the first. Reggie Clark had dribbled up the floor, and then stopped suddenly, saying: "Oh, Oh, Gang Busters tonight!"

Mr. Colpitts: At last I've found a way to make that young son of mine stop winking his eyes.

Mrs.: Really?

Mr. Colpitts: Yes. I'll show him the article in this scientific magazine where it says that every time we wink the eye we give the eye a bath.

Miss Mullen: Mr. Hart, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and give me a sentence illustrating your definition?

Robert Hart: A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as "The horse is hitched to the fence by a halter." Halter is a conjunction because it connects the horse and the fence.

There was a young man from Peru,
Who dreamt he was eating his shoe,
He woke up one night in a terrible plight,
And found it was perfectly true!

Hotel Page—"Telegram from Mr. Neidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci—"What initial please?"

A customer entered the shop of a cockney bookseller and requested a copy of *Omar Khayyam*.

"Sorry, sir," replied the shopkeeper. "We've 'is Hilliad and 'is Hodysey, but we 'aven't 'is Khayyam."

David Striar: We'll be friends to the end.

Arthur Bigelson: Lend me ten dollars.

David Striar: That's the end.

John Fiske: How much did you pay for your four dollar shoes?

Raymond Marden: Two dollars a foot.

\$1.00 PERSONAL \$1.00 Stationery

200 sheets Bond paper, 6" x 7", printed with your name and address, and 100 envelopes to match, printed on back flap.

Print copy plainly and enclose **\$1.00**. Paper will be sent by mail.

Phone—6353

BANGOR BOX COMPANY

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

STEEL HEAVY HARDWARE
SHEETS AND METALS

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

Bangor, Maine

AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT
REPLACEMENT PARTS

Albert J. Farrington

Photographs of Distinction



We make the better
grade of class photos,
not cheap but good.



3 State Street

Brewer, Maine

GO TO WEST YOUNG MAN

for

Insurance — Appraisals — Real Estate

Pearl & Dennett Co.

WILLIAM F. WEST, President—B. H. S. '13

Eastern Trust Building

Bangor, Me.

For real SERVICE willingly given try

WOODMAN'S

on

Center Street

RANGE OIL

FUEL OIL

L. H. THOMPSON

THURSTON THOMPSON, Rep.

Printer

BREWER

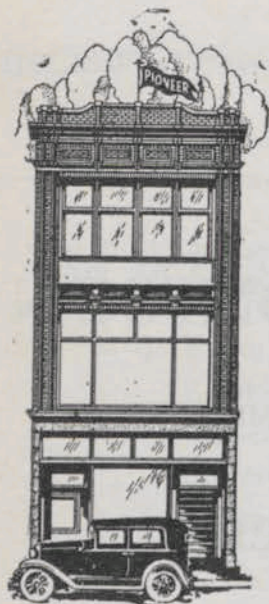
MAINE

Compliments
of

John J. Nissen Baking Co.

Bangor, Maine

Pioneer Engraving Co.
193 EXCHANGE ST. BANGOR



Designers
Illustrators
Photo
Engravers

LET US QUOTE YOU PRICES
ON
SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

SPORTS

(Continued from page 23)

week following Easter vacation, and they have been practicing faithfully every day in preparation for the opening tiff with Belfast. Several veterans are returning this spring to boost Coach Gay's hopes for a successful season. Among these are: Little Reginald Hagerman; Smith, twirlers; "Duke" Elliott, catcher; Munce, Roberts and Downes, infielders, and Curran, outfielder.

Others out to win their spurs are: Elliot, Sawyer, Rice, Blaisdell, Morrill, Watson, Bickford, and Buck, battery. Havey, Brannen, J. Snow, McKeen, and Jameson, infielders, and McDonald, Blake, and Smythe, outfielders.

The team, which is yet to be picked, will play its first game with less than a week's practice out of doors, but Gay feels that with the right spirit this year's club should make a fine showing.

Here's LUCK, fellers!

CINEMANALYSIS

(Continued from page 25)

His performance from start to finish is swell. The role is distinctly comedy, although comedy is definitely not all he can do, and he makes the most of it.

Every scene he's in is Overman's. His voice and his gestures are simply fascinating. The voice attracts because it's so different, and the gestures—they must be seen to be fully appreciated. Welcome back Lynne, and more power to you.

P. S. The picture was good, too.

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 19)

in with the capers of Murray and Oswald, and gains greater laurels by her excellent rendition of popular songs. The musical burden is capably born by Lud Gluskin and his orchestra, one of the most popular musical aggregations in the West. Although few people could devour educational benefit from the cut-ups of Ken Murray and Oswald, their antics will please the most critical radio fans. Be sure to listen to Ken Murray and Oswald, and the new Campbell Soup program, heard every Wednesday evening at 8:30 over a nation-wide CBS hook-up.

Let's Chat

Tony Martin, handsome radio vocalist, will play the lead in RKO's coming flicker, *Everybody Sing*. . . Don Ameche, who has been on the air for seven years, leaves radio to give his sole attention to the movies. . . Frank Parker recently celebrated his tenth year on the radio. . . Ozzie Nelson's New York contract ends May 1, and an RKO picture deal may lure him to settle per-

COLE'S EXPRESS

SINCE 1917

**CARS - - - TRUCKS****WEBBER MOTOR CO.**

499 Hammond St., Bangor, Maine

*We will appreciate having you come to our NEW location***OTTO NELSON COMPANY**

153 CENTER STREET BANGOR, MAINE

for

Roofing Materials
 Miller's Falls Tools
 Builders' Hardware
 Glass - Nails - Padlocks
 Doors - Windows - Frames
 Berrycraft Paints - Varnishes
 Westinghouse Bulbs and Appliances

**GILMAN
 COMMERCIAL SCHOOL**

Day and Evening Sessions

Open All Year

Expert Stenographers and Accountants

4 Broad Street

Dial 5078

Bangor, Maine

CLYDE R. PHILLIPS

QUALITY MEATS

and

PROVISIONS

At Bangor Public Market

93 Broad Street

Tel. 2-2269

Free Delivery

All Branches Beauty Culture

Fairmount Beauty Parlor

EVERETT E. TIBBETTS

567 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

Specializing in

Permanent Waving, Scalp Treatments and Facial

Telephone 8969

Eastern Academy of Beauty Culture

Only Honor Emblem School in N. E.

THOROUGH INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION
SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES
CO-EDUCATIONAL

Request Literature

Pearl Building

Bangor, Maine

Kenduskeag Valley Creamery

Cream — Ice Cream — Butter

562 Union Street

BANGOR, MAINE

Tel. 5612

*Compliments
of*
**DAY'S
Jewelry Store**

• • •

Diamond Merchants

Jewelers

Opticians

• • •

58 Main Street

Bangor

manently in Hollywood with his lovely wife, Harriet Hillard. . . Fred Waring and his gang will make *Varsity Show* for First National Studios. . . Kate Smith's *Band Wagon* was the winner of the *Radio Star's* medal. . . In her next picture *150 Men and a Girl*, Deanna Durbin will have three handsome leading men clamoring for her fourteen-year-old hand. . . Al Jolson will direct Ruby Keeler in her next starring opus, and Al confesses that he would feel more at ease directing Garbo or Dietrich. . . Columbia Records will soon offer recordings of Clarence Muse and the philosophical humor of Irvin S. Cobb, both stars of the *Paduca Plantation*.

USE YOUR TIME

(Continued from page 15)

Your leisure time, if any, should also be spent in a useful way. This way, of course, does not have to be something hard or something that is disliked by you. It should, however, be used to advantage either to you or some one else. No matter what we do, let's not waste time.

BEING A MANIKIN

(Continued from page 9)

Even the most disagreeable experiences must come to an end, however, and in due time the dress hangs to the satisfaction of its future wearer. But before I gain my freedom, I must get out of it. To see me struggle out of the dress would interest an Indian. If you have never enjoyed such a struggle, let me inform you that there is a decided trick to the process.

Since my sister has taken up dressmaking, I can fully appreciate the suffering endured by poor mortals during the Middle Ages. But what are the rack and screws in comparison to the torture of getting into a half-made dress? And what is being roasted alive in comparison to the agony of getting out of a finished one?

NO SAIL!

(Continued from page 6)

We were both soaking wet as we moored *Gail* and went to eat. However, warm food did wonders for us, and we returned to the boat ready to be off again.

It was raining harder than ever as we untied the mooring and sailed down the river. Under the towering Waldo-Hancock Bridge we went, the waves slapping the bow and sending white spray every which way. Higher and higher the waves grew, and our small craft seemed so very frail!

In desperation I begged Georgie to return to Bucksport and the movies. Though he was enjoying himself immensely I could see, waves or no waves, rain or no rain, cold or no cold, he reluctantly agreed to return, though Searsport—which would have meant the open coast in that weather—had been his goal.

Drenched to the skin, we sailed back under the

Compliments of

R. B. DUNNING & CO.

Distributors of Electrical Merchandise,
Plumbing and Heating Material. All
Kinds of Building Material.

54 to 68 Broad St.

Bangor

CHALMERS' STUDIO

23 HAMMOND STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons

Realtors

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE SERVICE

44 Central Street

Kirstein Bldg.

ESTABLISHED 1894

ELLIS PROUT'S DOG HOUSE

TOASTED

HAMBURGERS

and

HOT DOGS

Two Miles from Bangor

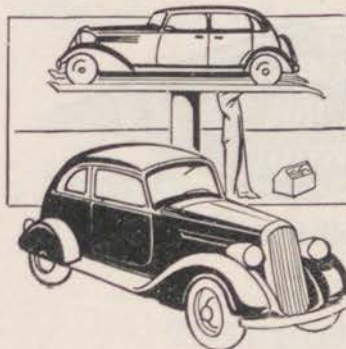
EAST HAMPDEN

The Sclair Clothing Co., Inc.

181 EXCHANGE STREET

offers a special discount to
students only on:

Graduation Outfits-- White Flannel Trousers,
Navy Blue Sport Coats, Oxford Gray Suits
and White Sport Shoes



We Fix Cars Right

You take no chances when you have your car repaired here. The most up-to-date equipment and highly skilled auto mechanics enable us to guarantee the quality of our workmanship. Whether your car needs a simple adjustment or a complete overhauling, you'll find our service thoroughly reliable.

Murray Motor Mart

112 Franklin St.

Going Fishing?



*We carry all kinds of
fishing equipment*



HAYNES & CHALMERS

176 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR

RANGE

OIL



Established 1854

FUEL

OIL

bridge and up to Fort Knox. We moored *Gail* at an old ferry landing and took all our belongings up to the old fort. Then we went in search of the caretaker.

He turned out to be a very nice fellow, who offered us his own house to sleep in, but everything we had was in such a state that we declined the kind invitation. At any rate, it seemed we were welcome to make the fort our temporary abode, if we wished.

So we spread our wettest things around the fort to dry and changed into comparatively dry clothing. After cooking supper, *Gail* was employed once more to transport us over to Bucksport and a double feature at the sole theatre of the town.

Returning to the fort at about eleven that night, we found it rather a "spooky" place in which to spend the evening, but we were so tired that even the atmosphere didn't keep Morpheus away for long.

In the morning, we were informed by the caretaker that we were the first people to sleep in the fort since the soldiers had been garrisoned there.

The tide was in that morning, so after breakfast we had a lot of fun diving from an old wharf and swimming around. Soon, however, we started for home.

This time, Fortune laughed—shortly—for the tide was with us. Another giggle from Fortune as a breeze carried us far up the river. Finally the breeze gave out, but with such a good start, we didn't want to drift backward, so we had to row.

We reached Winterport—rowing—just as the tide turned against us. We stopped long enough to find that it was seven o'clock in the evening, then we resumed our rowing.

It grew dark. We were still rowing. Once a motorboat, filled with a crowd of laughing boys and girls, almost ran over us.

The wind started to blow, and we heard thunder. Still rowing. Complete darkness. We had ceased talking long ago.

Once we stopped to eat. We had lost track of the time, and we were so tired it was no longer fun.

More rowing, rowing, rowing. To stop for a minute meant only to have the tide carry us back. . .

It was three o'clock in the morning when finally we reached our mooring place at Bangor. As we stepped wearily out of *Gail* onto the wharf, Monsieur Bell was moved to remark that I was enough to try the patience of a saint at times, to which my reply was obvious.

We moored *Gail* and limped painfully to Georgie's house where we slumped down onto the bed, "as was," and as soon as our heads hit the pillows, we were asleep.

Now, I have no doubt that this venture did me worlds of good mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually. But, just the same, I can readily understand, now, why the captain hates the sea.

And if ever again I hear a merry voice asking me to go sailing in a sloop—especially in a sloop without an auxiliary motor—I'm very much afraid the answer will be, "No sail!" Or am I?

**In choosing a Drug Store,
I ponder these questions:**

Is it reputably established?

Will I receive courteous treatment?

Are the services promptly efficient and
reasonable?

A favorable answer in the superlative degree
is always found at

SWEET'S DRUG STORE

26 Main St.

J. F. WOODMAN CO.

Handling a complete line of

Anthracite **COAL** Bituminous

Authorized Dealer for

NEW ENGLAND COKE

We appreciate your patronage

Dial 2-0043 or 2-1554

Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

HEAT HEADQUARTERS

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO.**

Always at Your Service

Hard and Soft Coal

New England Coke

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

Telephone 5664 — 5665 — 2-0623

5 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

**Electricity cuts the
cost of better living**

2c electricity available to
all customers using over
65 KWH of electricity
monthly.

**Bangor
Hydro-Electric Co.**

Young men and women will
always find this banking in-
stitution interested and help-
ful in their business progress.

A checking account with a
bank not only reflects respon-
sibility, but is an important
factor in establishing your
credit and standing.

Deposits insured by The
Federal Deposit Insur-
ance Corporation with
\$5,000 Maximum Insur-
ance for each Deposit.

THE MERRILL TRUST COMPANY BANGOR - - MAINE

Member Federal Reserve System
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation