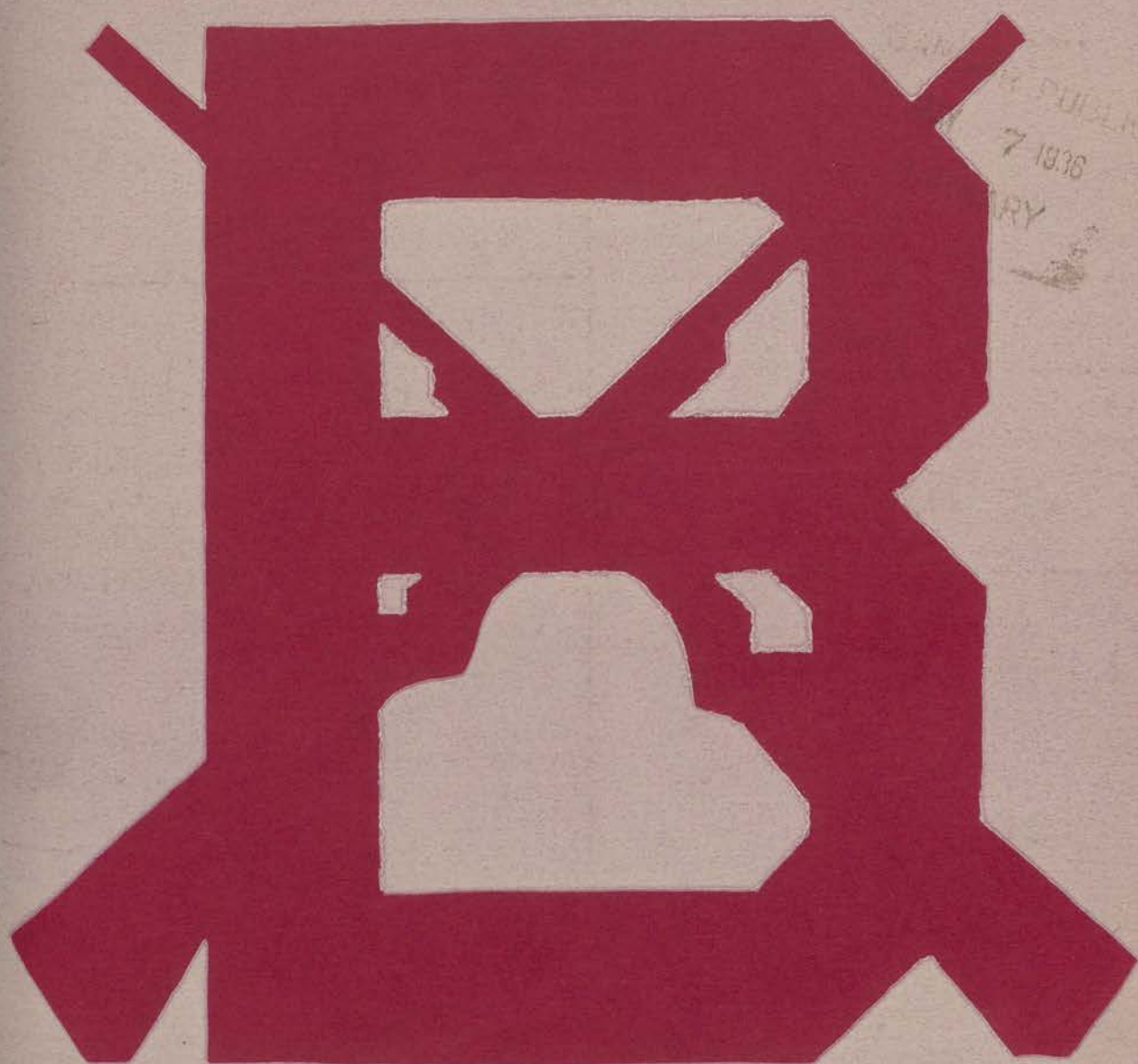


ORACLES



MAY '36

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

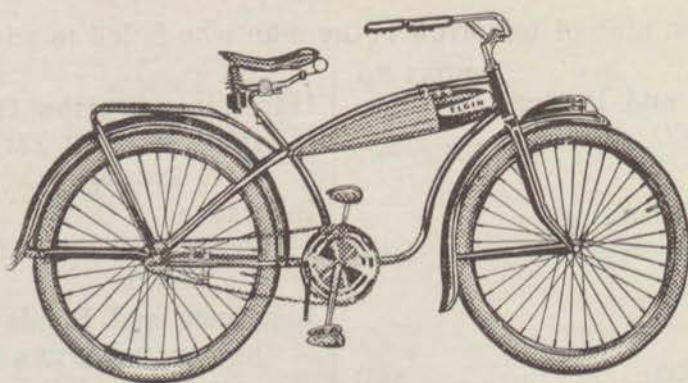
The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

	PHONE NO.		PHONE NO.
Automobile Agencies and Dealers		Hardware—Sporting Goods	
WEBBER MOTOR CO.....	5691	HAYNES & CHALMERS	8204
499 Hammond St.		176 Exchange St.	
Automobile Bodies—Repairing		Insurance	
R. J. SMITH,.....	4679	PEARL & DENNETT CO.	2-0053
2 Union St., Brewer		6 State St.	
Banks		Insurance and Bonds	
MERRILL TRUST CO.....	5651	BLAKE, BARROWS & BROWN.....	8296
2 Hammond St.		51 Hammond St.	
Batteries		Jewelers	
ARVID L. EBBESON	3870	BOUTILIER	
May St.		37 Park St.—268 Hammond St.	
Clothing—Women's		Painters	
THE SYSTEM COMPANY	8201	R. H. KAVANAUGH	9892
98 Main St.		39 Park St.	
Coal—Fuel Oil		Photographic Supplies	
J. F. WOODMAN & CO.....	2-0043	FOWLER DRUG CO.....	2-1269
9 Hammond St.		104 Main St.	
STICKNEY & BABCOCK.....	2-2004	Pianos—Radios—Washing Machines	
5 Hammond St.		RICE & TYLER.....	3351
BACON & ROBINSON CO.....	4576	98 Central St.	
19 State St.		Printers	
Confectionery		CONNERS' PRINTING CO.....	3319
JONASON'S	2-0254	179 Exchange St.	
11 Main St.		JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.....	4343
Druggists		182 Harlow St.	
CALDWELL-SWEET CO.....	4596	H. P. SNOWMAN	3841
110 Broad St.		40 Central St.	
Dry Goods		Produce	
SENER'S.....	8879	C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661
21 Columbia St.		62 Pickering Square	
Engravers		Schools and Colleges	
PIONEER ENGRAVING CO.		MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.....	4043
193 Exchange St.		Columbia St.	
Florists		Shoe Repairing	
BANGOR FLORAL CO.....	7729	PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	5479
State St.		35 Central St.	
Funeral Directors		Sporting Goods	
WHITE & HAYES	2-0294	DAKIN SPORTING GOODS CO.....	6411
46 Center St.		25 Central St.	
Grocers		SEARS & ROEBUCK.....	8271
SPANGLER'S Q not Q FOOD SHOP.....	8268	46 Post Office Sq.	
8 Broad St.		Timberlands and Surveying	
		PRENTISS & CARLISLE CO., Inc.	4993
		12 Hammond St.	
		Welding	
		J. J. BOULTER & SON	7019
		293 Harlow St.	

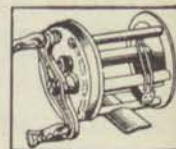
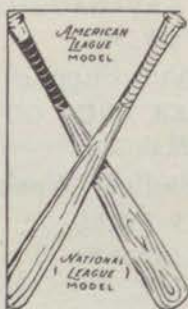
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Bangor, Maine

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The Oracle

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*The assistant editor was in charge of this issue.

To The R. O. T. C.

By Bernice Faulkingham

With rifles gleaming in the sun,
In perfect time, arrayed as one,
While martial music, shrill and sweet,
Mingles with the pound of feet,
Advance the ranks of khaki-clad.

Fresh youth, aroused by unseen hand,
In war to serve, in peace to stand,
They onward march, as long ago
With stalwart hearts they faced the foe,
And won their fame for khaki-clad.

Erect and firm they've ever stood,
Foundation of true brotherhood—
The blaring notes grow louder still,
With throbbing strains the heavens fill,
As forward go the khaki-clad.

Then clearly rings a crisp command,
And upward raised is every hand,
While high above, the colors swirl,
With pride and joy they wide unfurl,
The symbol of the khaki-clad.

So, faces flushed, and eyes aglow,
Ever onward, row on row,
Shoes and buttons both a-gleam,
Heads held high with patriot's dream,
Tramp the loyal khaki-clad.

Frozen Justice

MARGARET CROMWELL*

JUNIOR

His satisfaction disappeared and abject terror and hopelessness seized him.

THE laughter, loud voices, and jests in the saloon had long since been stilled. All the lamps in the small shacks along the single, narrow street of Union City, a tiny village in northern Alaska, had been extinguished. The land was covered with snow which had been falling steadily for three days, and which had stopped only that afternoon. The complete blackness of the north was unrelieved by either stars or moon.

Suddenly a shadow, crouched behind one of the shacks, moved slightly, halted, its head inclined as if listening for any foreign sound in the still night air, crept along cautiously beside the building, stopping several times to detect any sign of danger, until it reached the door of the little cabin. A hand reached out and noiselessly turned the doorknob. The door opened. The figure, that of a tall, well-built man, looked back over his shoulders and then moved soundlessly through the door and stepped into a dark kitchen.

He tiptoed across the floor, avoiding a table and two chairs in the middle of the room, and entered a small bedroom. A man slept unsuspectingly in the bed.

The figure moved noiselessly to the bed and stood looking at the sleeping man. Unrestrained hate burned in his eyes. A hand slowly moved to the pocket in a plaid mackinaw and drew out a revolver. Staring at the man in the bed the intruder, without batting an eye, pulled the trigger.

The shot rang out like a cannon shot in the still night air, but the weary inhabitants of Union City slept on. There was no remorse in the murderer's face as he moved across the floor to a shabby, scarred bureau, searched through the drawers, and finally drew a gold locket from one. The tired people of the city slept on while the marauder hastened noiselessly down a lone, quiet street to a dog sled tied to a tree. Gruff, clipped words gave orders to four huskies, and the sled moved forward.

The mysterious murder of Jack Bames, a popular trapper in Union City, aroused high indignation. The usually indifferent populace was aroused to a frenzy, and a group of volunteers was organized to follow

the tracks left by a strange dog team the night before.

Meanwhile a lone man, filled with a horrible fear, relentlessly plied a whip to his four dogs, already wearied from a steady two-day march. His terror increased when one of his dogs dropped in her tracks. His half-frozen fingers, clumsily fumbling with the harness, eventually succeeded in freeing the dying dog. He kicked the heavy, limp body of the animal to one side, and, in a frenzy of terror, he urged the team on with continual lashings. The soul-chilling howls of a pack of hungry wolves reached his ears. For hours they had been stubbornly following him, knowing well that the dogs would soon reach the end of their strength.

The only time the man's terror-stricken face relaxed was when he gazed at the photograph contained in the stolen locket. At these times he half smiled and forgot to apply the heavy whip. Raven hair, snapping, black eyes, and red lips which smiled merrily up at him softened his tense expression. In a kaleidoscopic review, pictures flashed through his mind—a twenty-two year old youth; a slender, young girl with whom the boy was infatuated; the tall, handsome, older man who had come between them; the night the girl had demanded the locket she had formerly given him; the day he learned to whom she had given it. That had been twenty-four years ago. For twenty-four years a burning, revenge-demanding hate had driven him on, all over Canada and Alaska in pursuit of the man who had stolen his love. A fierce exultation warmed his blood, sluggish from the piercing wind, at the thought of the man he had left dead, back in the shack in Union City.

His satisfaction disappeared and abject terror and hopelessness seized him when a second dog refused to go on. His fate was unavoidable. He knew what was coming, but, mad with fright, half-frozen in the piercing Alaskan wind, he pressed relentlessly forward. The yelping barks of the wolves were coming nearer and nearer. His scanty food supply had long since been consumed. A few hours later, when the last two dogs dropped in their tracks, the man half-starved, nearly frozen, driven by some last reserve of strength, staggered ahead on foot, gibbering insanely. Sometimes

shrill hysterical laughter, sometimes great sobs which shook his entire body seized him. Still, half-crazed by the shrieks and howls of his blood-thirsty pursuers, he pressed on, until at last he stumbled and fell. He rose weakly, swayed dazedly, and again collapsed.

The voluntary hunters of the murderer of Jack Barnes came upon the gruesome remains the next afternoon. A cold sun shone on the snow-covered land. What had happened was only too obvious. The snow was splattered with blood, turned brownish-red. A plaid, woolen mackinaw, heavy boots, and parts of a shirt were torn into shreds and strewn about. The men, hardened as they were, shuddered at this horrible evidence. One of them observed a short distance away, a tiny, gleaming object. It was a gold locket. When he opened it, he saw the face of a young girl with raven hair, snapping black eyes, whose red lips were still smiling merrily at the futility of the striving and conflict of mere man.

Torture

By Elizabeth Adams

IN GIVING us all the forms and advocates of torture in ancient and modern times, the historian has forgotten to mention the most cruel of all tormentors—the cook. Now, I don't mean to refer to the torture which they often submit to their dependents—I mean the agony which they inflict upon fruits and vegetables. I challenge you to suggest one terrible—or even half-terrible form of torture that the cook has not thought of and used! How would you like to have your skin scraped from your body little by little, and then have someone bore you full of holes with a four-pronged fork? I saw one cruel housewife do this to a poor helpless lemon. Since she didn't have a squeezer, she found this way of boring him full of

I know every occupant of the garden must tremble when they hear that the lady of the house means to have soup for dinner. The potato was made with a great number of eyes because, more than any other vegetable, he is put to some torture—he and some of his family—every day. I wonder he is not supplied with a handkerchief to wipe his eyes after so many of his family have been consumed. He hides away in the ground, but someone comes along with a fork and roots him from his comfortable home, sometimes severing his body in two, before he is separated from his skin by a sharp knife, cut into small pieces, and plunged into boiling water where he is soon relieved of his troubles.

The carrot must take his part in the soup also. He is torn from his home, his hair is cut off, and he is taken into the kitchen to have his skin scraped off. His head is divided from his shoulders. He is also cut into small slices and plunged to his fate in boiling water. He is fortunate not to have eyes like the potato which must be dug out with the end of a paring knife.

The cabbage must take his punishment now. He is shed of an outer layer of skin which he can easily spare. He objects to being cut into pieces but his heart has been protected by nature. No one touches his heart but it is either tortured by a slow death or it helps to fill some animals' dark, cavernous stomach.

Of all vegetables, the onion has the best bodyguard. How fearful his cowardly group of tormentors are to attack him! The moment he is attacked he is ready with his tear bombs and his blood has a way of clinging to the fingers of the guilty. Even after he is gone he tortures his murderers with such an odor that they are ashamed to face their fellowmen. The job of extinguishing life from an onion is often passed on to several of the gang—one after the other—and some-



holes, then rolling and squeezing him until not a drop of blood was left in him, and his organs were pretty well crushed and mixed. I have also seen this same lady, although she is considered one of the most kind and sympathetic of her sex by her friends, grab a rosy-faced, happy tomato from his home and mother, put him in a dish and pour boiling water over him, and let him lie in that for about five minutes until she could proceed to tear his skin from his body. But the torture never ended here. The victim was cut into slices and placed in the refrigerator to await the act which would finish the last appearance of life—being eaten

times he is left to live for several more peaceful days.

Of all fruits, I pity the apple most. He is the most often attacked and is consumed in one of the most horrible ways—eaten alive, bite by bite, sometimes by several people, and only his heart is left to die slowly in a waste basket or on a street. Often, too, his heart is torn out and he is put into a pan and cooked gradually in a closed oven with no way of escape. How I pity these two families—fruits and vegetables—and if I am ever president of the United States, I shall immediately pass a law forbidding such barbarous treatment of mother nature.

Temper Versus Beauty

By Doris Hamilton

ALL HER life she had been called "Carrots" and "Foxie" and she gravely resented it. Carol knew a fierce temper lay under the bright braids, but to have anyone remind her of it was another matter. Jimmy Cain was one of these constant reminders; he would call her names through the fence, behind the school, in the class room, in fact anywhere he thought of it. Immediately she would fling back the flaming hair with a haughty toss of her head and her blue eyes sparkled dangerously as a quick flush rushed to her face. No one noticed the rather flaming picture she made at these times, but rather the uncontrollable temper that made her rush after Jimmy so fiercely.

As years passed, and Carol grew through her awkward "teens," and Jimmy's cherished art grew, still the teasing continued, but it was not for the sake of having her chase him now, for he began to see how beautiful she looked, and often wished he dared ask if he could paint her. But he knew she disliked him with a deadly hate.

One day a director of music was passing through the city and heard Carol sing in the Easter choir. Thinking hers to be an excellent voice, he asked her for an audition the next day. He was looking for someone to play the part of Juliet in that famous play. Her voice proved good, but he was afraid there was not enough emotion in her to take such a part.

Jimmy was watching the skeptical look on the director's face and decided he had to do something about it. He cupped his hands around his mouth and in the middle of Carol's song, called in a loud whisper, "Carrots." She stopped a moment, and then became a flaming torch of anger. The director, seeing her new beauty, was greatly pleased and knew he could make a success of her. Later she became a fast friend and a cherished model of Jimmy—and eventually, his wife.

Spring

By June Webster

The stormy month of March has come at last.
The month which marks the advent of the spring.
The birds return to find homes of the past,
And we are enlivened by the songs they sing.

Then showery April comes to wake the flowers.
The freshness of the spring is everywhere,
And joyous songs pour forth from leafy bowers.
Arbutus' fragrance fills the balmy air.

Now May bursts forth in all her verdant glory;
The trees are green, the fields are filled with flowers.
The grass, the woods, and sky all tell the story
That soon the joys of summer will be ours.

Fond Memories

By Madeleine Dennett

WANTED—middle-aged woman for housekeeper. One who is capable, anxious for good home, and good to children. Post office box 597-Ames.

Mrs. Durand looked at the piece of paper, yellowed with age, and ragged on the edges. Along with her mother's wedding ring, this was the most sacred thing she had. She wiped her eyes, read the advertisement again, and sat down to think of all the lovely things of the past.

Just twenty years ago today she had seen this ad, cut it out, and gotten the job. Mr. Lovejoy, the writer of the ad, was a widower with three children, Mary, ten; Elizabeth, six; and Ralph, four.

She had joined the family on Wednesday, and by Sunday was one of them.

She and the children became very much attached to each other, and, before anything was done, Mrs. Durand was always asked for advice on the subject.

She smiled as she thought of the picnics they used to have every Sunday several years ago, that is, up until the time of Mary's marriage to the Merrow boy. Thank the Lord they were happy!

And then there was the time that Ralph got lost at the circus. My! Mrs. Durand always said that she was sure that she had lost at least three pounds that day. Then he had came home, and the peace of the little "Lovejoy and Durand home" was restored.

And then, there was the time at Elizabeth's graduation that they all went together to hear her recite her essay. She was the pride of her father, and his best pal.

She thought of the exciting moment when Ralph



—this was the most sacred thing she had.

came in first in the track meet during his senior year. That year the house was very lonely, for all three children were away at school. But every vacation they all came home, and it seemed like old times.

And then the first thing to sadden Mr. Lovejoy's life happened. Mary got married. He always seemed pleased about it, but he never was so happy after that.

A few years went by in a peaceful manner, until the only boy, Ralph, came home one day with the news of the exciting moment of his life—he was going to Europe free! He was never coming home, but, after six months, he came home. His alibi was that he needed some of Mrs. Durand's biscuits.

Then Elizabeth got married, almost breaking her father's heart. But he liked the lad who was to be his son-in-law, so Elizabeth was married and went away. That left only Ralph.

Ralph went into business with his father, and seemed very contented to live just as he was. But one day he went quietly to the kitchen to see Mrs. Durand. She learned that he too had found his mate, and, to her disappointment, was about to be married. She told him that it would ruin his father, but he was decided upon getting married. He married the Rollins girl, and they moved into their new home.

Each year, on Christmas day, all three, with their husbands and wives, came home. Christmas night Mr. Lovejoy called Mrs. Durand to him, told her what a wonderful mother she had been to the children, and asked her to call them into his room. They came, and, as they stood around the old four poster bed, he told them that the time had come when he was to join their lovely mother. In a short time he was gone. But before he left this world, he made them promise to look after Mrs. Durand until she too joined him and his wife, and to be as good as they had been.

Tonight Mrs. Durand was packing to visit with Mary. It was a sad moment, packing to leave the "Lovejoy and Durand" house.

She rose from her chair, touched the scrap of paper tenderly, and put it into the trunk. Then she went on with her packing.

The Golden Voice

By Audrey Cheney

THE lights suddenly flashed out through the big theater. The dim light cast upon the stage was weird, fantastic, and everything took on a mystic hue. The big moment had come at last. We were to hear the "golden voice of the century," the wonder pupil of Miovani, the voice-master of the world. Tensely I sat forward in my box with bated breath as the first strains of a haunting melody floated from the orchestra pit. Then, coming from whence no one knew, appeared a beautiful lady, swathed in flowing, mysterious black gossamer. The faint ghostly light played upon her fleetingly, then flitted here and there,

leaving her sometimes in utter darkness. The gentle murmuring stopped, as the beautiful golden tones of her voice spilled out into the far reaching darkness of the theater.

The last note hovered upon silent air as the people sat entranced in the spell cast by the beauty of her voice. As silently and as mystically as she appeared, so she vanished. The people awakened suddenly from their muteness, and wave after wave of applause burst through the theater. They acclaimed her the marvel of the century. Steadily they applauded for an encore, but she did not appear again that evening.

A short time later, I visited my friend Miovani as I passed through his town. Although I was Miovani's bosom friend, he had always kept from me one thing, and that was the one thing the world wondered about. Why did we not see his pupil? Who was she? Why was she never seen at social functions? I intended to find out the answer this day. After talking over the boyhood days we had spent together, I then asked him about his pupil and asked if I might see her. Immediately a half-tender, half-sad smile crossed his gentle, kind features, and he left without a word.

Soon he appeared and said, "Come with me." I followed him into a sunshiny garden, where, amongst beautiful birds, flowers, and trees, sat a beautiful golden lady. Her hair formed a halo of gold around her head. Two clear, deep-blue eyes looked calmly upon the world. Her broad brow and sweet smiling mouth, indicated character and patience. "This," said Miovani, "is my sister."

As we came toward her, I noticed that she did not arise, and it was then that I noticed that she was crippled. Her body was misshapen and she could only move the upper part of it. A queer lump arose in my throat—to think that such beauty of voice and face could be linked with such ugliness—and I looked away quickly. However, she had noticed, and a swift look of pain crossed her face, and in a soft voice she said, "My friend, you know now why I am never seen. I give them all the beauty that I possess—my voice—but I cannot mar that beauty by showing them this!"

The North Wind Blows

By Arthur Bigelson

IT CERTAINLY was something to write home about! My first felt hat, with a man's sized brim, sported a feather long enough to provide tempting bait for any trout.

Carefully I placed it at the correct angle on my head and walked jauntily down the street, feeling quite sure



that I was a walking portrait of "what the well dressed man will wear this spring."

I made it a point to pass by the soda fountain where most of my friends were accustomed to sit for hours over a ten cent sundae. I trudged by the plate glass window, turning my head so that all within could get a good view of the chapeau.

The wind started to pick up speed in a biting way, bringing a halt to my promenading, and I soon started for home with hurried steps. Forgetting all my newly acquired earmarks of manliness, I broke into a brisk run.

Whoosh! Off came the brand new gray felt chapeau! With an "all-gone" feeling I helplessly watched it sail neatly over the iron railing of the State Street bridge, landing upright on the snow covered ice.

Digging my hands into my pockets, I leaned far over the railing, wondering how to retrieve my hat. "What's wrong, son?" a short, fat, cheerful looking man asked, trying hard not to laugh outright.

With ill-concealed disgust I offered no verbal answer but merely pointed to the frozen surface of the water. This proved too much for the man's control, for he burst forth into hilarious laughter. When he finally calmed down, he ordered me to remain fixed to the spot until he should return with a key to open the grilled gate leading down to the ice.



Lowering a ladder to the ice, he soon had my property in my waiting hands. I thanked him but the more eloquent I waxed, the more hilariously he laughed, and as a small crowd was gathering, I finally gave up my efforts at trying to show how grateful I was.

Evidently the man must have been a very generous soul, for the next day he had passed the story on in a very efficient manner. There was the offending hat in all its glory, plastered on the front page with the following caption above it. "North Wind Disapproves of Advance Spring Fashions."

He Had to Tell His Mother

By Phillip Goos

THE OLD woman continued her monotonous moaning, "You shouldn't have done it, Mart! You shouldn't have killed him!" until at last her son could endure it no longer.

"That's right, go ahead and preach!" He was bending over the sink, washing his hands with furious energy. As he glared into the running water, he decided women were crazy, unreasonable. There she sat, almost in a collapse, blubbering miserably. Her haggard face, splashed by the yellow glow of the kerosene lamp, was enough to give anybody the shivers. Couldn't she understand he'd had to kill Jack Conroy?

"Mart!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"Tell me," she pleaded huskily, "why you did it."

"I can't."

"You've got to, Mart! I've got a right to know."

"You'll be a lot better off if you don't," answered Mart sharply.

"You used to tell me everything when you were a boy—"

"Well, I'm not a boy now, I'm twenty-seven, and I guess I've got sense enough to know what I'm doing. Leave me alone, can't you?" he finished wildly. Having said this, he strode into the parlor and threw himself face down on the couch.

Then his mother came into the room; she lighted a lamp. Mart rose and sat on the couch, staring at her.

"I guess you're right, Mart," she whispered unsteadily, "you're old enough to know what you're doing."

Suddenly, as she started toward the door, he was choked with an overwhelming sense of guilt, remorse, and shame. In two strides he caught her and turned her around.

"Where do you think I got the money for this farm?" he demanded. "Three years ago Jack Conroy and I held up a couple of stores and a theater. We cleaned up over six thousand dollars."

"Mart!" she gasped in horror.

"Well, you wanted the truth, and you're getting it. Jack was caught, but I escaped with the money. A detective named Madison tried to pin something on me, but he couldn't prove anything. Last week, Jack got out of jail. He found out where I was, and today he came here and demanded his half of the money. I told him it was all in the farm; so he threatened to tell the cops on me. Unless I came across, I realized he could blackmail me for life, and he would, too!" Having hurled this final statement at the old woman, he stumbled out of the room into the cool, fragrant air outside. Suddenly, he stopped; three men stood before him; he recognized one of them as Madison.

Mart stared. "What are you doing here?"

"I'll tell you," offered Madison.

"When Jack Conroy got out of jail, I figured he'd go

to you and collect his share of the loot. I grabbed up these other two policemen, and we came over here. When we looked into the windows and saw no sign of Jack, we thought we were too late. Then we heard you tell your story to her, and, since there are three of us to swear to your confession, I guess that you are under arrest."

"Mart!"

His mother's voice came to him from the doorway. Apparently she had not heard the whisperings outside, for she said shakily:

"I'm glad you told me, Mart. A boy oughtn't to keep secrets from his mother."

A Case of Nerves

By E. Richardson

SO YOU'D like to hear a story?" queried the old man. "Well, you shall have one. It happened when I was a flighty youngster of twenty. I was acquiring a fashionable case of nerves, and in this story I was the victim of a nervous, imaginative mind which made me quite cowardly. I want to tell you that you should never develop a case of nerves or let your imagination run away with you. It's an awfully foolish idea which youngsters sometimes get and is not pleasant for anyone. Why, even the most harmless of things will make you shake with fright if you will let it. Well, to go on with the story.

"I had been traveling on the night coach to Needham where I was going to visit my girl, Rosie May. The fat, greasy, bleary-eyed bar-keeper at Benson (the stagecoach left from Benson for Needham)—well, he'd

assured me that this stage would take me right through and—like a fool—I didn't ask the coachman to confirm the bar-keeper's statement. After a jolty, two-hour ride through the darkness, the horses suddenly stopped and my bag was thrown out into the snow.

"'Hey,' I hollered angrily to the coachman, 'you can't do that; I'm going to Needham.'

"He answered briefly. 'Far's I go.' Giving me a shove, he clucked to his horses and drove off leaving me floundering in the drifts. Furiously I got to my feet shaking the snow off like a wet puppy and, sputtering incoherently, shook my fist at the departing carriage.

"'Here I am in the middle of January stranded with only my bag in goodness-knows where,' said I to myself. 'Besides that, it is nearly midnight.'

"I was beginning to shake with the cold—it was below zero—and I thought resentfully of the inhuman beast of a coach driver who could so unceremoniously dump me off, from at least some semblance of warmth, into an icy world like this. A blast of wind did not make me feel any better. I looked around for shelter. A few yards away I saw an uninviting little shack of a station looming up darkly against the whiteness of the snow. No other shelter was in sight, and I questioned myself as to whether or not I would spend the rest of the night there. 'It is probably infested with rats,' I thought, with childish anger. Another blast of wind decided me, and I struggled towards the little station.

"I pounded on every door and tried every window. As usual, the last one tried finally gave way, and, like a burglar in the night, I stole through the window. After closing it, I started across the floor. It seemed



I had been traveling on the night coach to Needham

as though everything were hushed in a death-like silence—even the wind. The first boards squeaked. Now if there is anything I abhor, it is squeaky boards. I took another careful step. Confound it! Did all these boards squeak? Finally I came to a door across the room. It was heavy and I pulled it open slowly. Its hinges let out a hideous, grating sound that fairly set my teeth on edge.

"I was beginning to get just a little nervous. I threw a hurried glance around me and gripping hard on my bag, I scuttled through the door. It opened into what was evidently the waiting room. It was a small room in the center of which was a stove such as was common in those days. The ticket office, a still smaller room, opened off from this. I drew a chair up near the stove and then proceeded to hunt for the woodbox. I found it all right for I caught my foot on the darn thing and fell over it. Cursing softly, I got to my feet and piled my arms with wood.

"On my knees in front of the stove I tried to start a fire. (I found some matches in a tin can on top of the high, wooden shelf at one end of the room). If any one of you has ever tried to start a fire in the middle of the night with shaking, ice-cold hands and queer shivery feelings running up and down your back, you can appreciate my feelings on that January night in 1863. I held a match to the logs. It went out. Again I tried it. Again no luck. Desperately I put two matches under the wood and with sudden recklessness threw in my newly bought note book. Now a-days you can buy these note books for next to nothing, but we paid what was then considered quite a sum. However, in it went and slowly the fire started. The flames licked around the logs and soon a blazing fire was roaring in the stove. It put me rather at ease—that fire in the stove—and I seated myself in the chair I had drawn up, and rested my feet on the stove's edge.

I don't remember much after that. I must have dozed for a good half hour. When I awoke, I saw the fire was just smoldering and shoved on another log. Then I rested myself again and began to think over the events of the night. I suddenly wished I smoked—I am not a smoking man—and I thought how much companionship it would be now. I sat thus for perhaps a quarter of an hour, musing. Somewhere behind me a window rattled violently. I started up, and then realizing it was the wind, I sank sheepishly back into my chair.

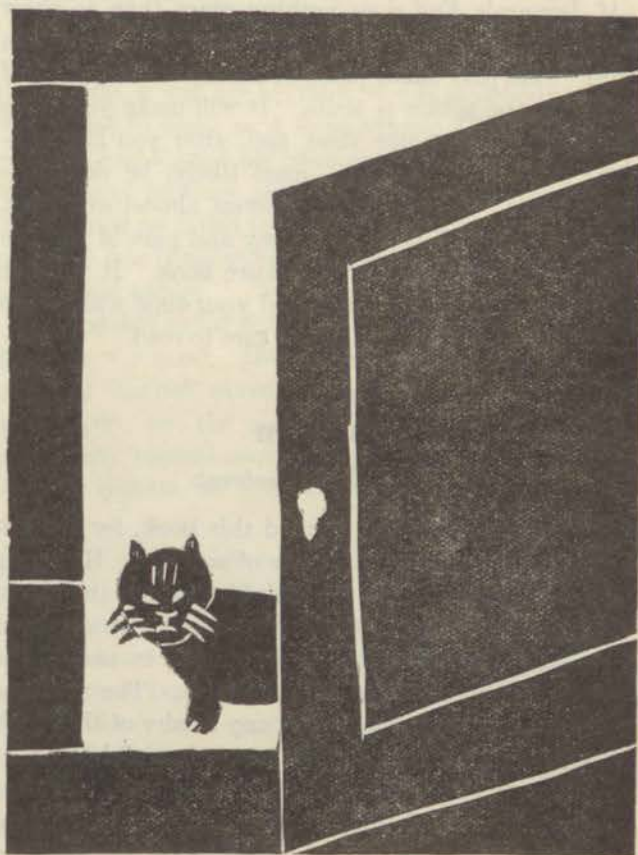
"Suddenly I sat up-right. I distinctly heard a door open. I said to myself, 'It must be a burglar. Perhaps he is going to rob the station. If I can catch him, I'll be a hero and Rosie May will want to marry me.'

"I began to feel good and a glow of self-pride swept through me. Hark! What was that? A step? Yes, and another and another. Bravado gave place to cowardice. Maybe he was not only a burglar but a murderer. I shivered as though with ague. Perhaps he would strangle me. Maybe he was a throat cutter

and would slash my throat. Maybe he would kill me by a blow on the head and then tie me up and burn my body in the very fire in front of me. (Remember I was in quite a nervous condition. It was then rather fashionable to have nerves and I didn't intend to be outdone by any one. Then, too, I was but a youngster and had always been an excitable lad with a great imagination.) I began to wonder if Rosie May would be sorry if I was murdered—if she would wear black at my funeral and weep at my grave.

"By this time I was beginning to enjoy myself. Then again I heard those still, quiet footsteps. They came nearer and nearer—so near, in fact, that I imagined I could feel the burglar-murderer's breathing.

"'My time has come,' I thought dramatically, and I bade a silent farewell to Rosie May. The door of the ticket office opened, and I lost my breath for a moment.



There was a faint cry, and coming towards me I saw a large, lazy, blinking Maltese cat. I shook with nervous relief and began to laugh uproariously. The cat, not knowing what to do, gave a leap into my lap, curled down, and went to sleep. The relief was tremendous. 'How Rosie May will laugh if she ever finds out about this,' I thought. 'Well, she won't,' I determined. She never did, for I've never told anyone until today.

"What happened when the station master found me? Well, he didn't get shoveled through the drifts until noon and after I explained my story, he sent me to his house to get some food, and that afternoon I took a coach to Needham. There I found—but there, that is another story. Come now, it's supper time!"

BOOKS

As this is the last edition of the *Oracle* in which we have book reviews, it might be well to consider some books which are really worth reading—books which every Senior should read before leaving school—a list from which the Juniors may choose their summer reading—a list from which the Sophomores may consider a book or two—a list from which the Freshmen can get an idea of what sort of book is read by the upper classmen.

Journey's End

By R. C. Sherriff

If *Journey's End* does nothing more than to show the real terrors of war, it will not have been written in vain. This play takes place in a very short period of time, but the action is acute. It will make you weep and laugh at the same time, and, after you have finished reading it, you will, most likely, be decidedly against war. This play will interest almost everyone. It is very short, but all the agony and pain of war are decidedly present during the entire book. It will not take long to read this book, and your time will not be wasted at all, even if you do not care to read.

Asylum

By William Seabrook

It is really refreshing to read this book, for the author is combating our prejudice of asylums. He shows very clearly how people get such ideas about the places and describes in detail the happenings which occurred during the time when he was confined in one of the largest asylums in the United States. The patients are treated in such a way that any reader of this book can easily realize that it is no more shameful to be insane than it is to be sick in any other way. *Asylum* accomplishes many things. It is interesting; it helps to broaden the reader's outlook on insanity and life in general; it shows the stupidity of always clinging to ancient ideas in a progressing world.

Judge: Speeding eh? How many times have you been before me?

Speeder: Never, your honor, I've tried to pass you on the road five or six times, but my bus will do only fifty-five.

Mistress: Remember Jane we like to be served at the table with alacrity.

Jane: Yessum, and when will you have it—after the soup?

POETRY

Meditations

By Robert Sedgely

The snows around me deep are falling
Like the leaf from Autumn's tree.
And memory made me sit and wonder
What life has—for us to see!

The wind howls 'round the window casing,
Its sound like a human wail.
It speaks to me in voice a whisper:
With her—her love, you cannot fail.

Now, at noon, the snow's still gliding
Like a kite in windy lanes.
And its descent a striking likeness
To lives, their joys, and strains.

The flakes have ceased their playfulness.
The sky is clear and grey.
If one strives to stay, to work, to wait;
Will not his most cherished dreams come true—
some day?

Night Moods

By James Watson

I walk along thy rocky shores,
The wild wind my face caresses,
And with deep mysterious awe,
The silence my numb'd soul presses.

A sandpiper chirps his eerie note.
The moon shows some faint, weak glimmer.
Grasses hiss their silken rustlings,
And waves 'gainst stolid rocks shimmer.

Four white stones somber outlines raise,
Breaking the far dim horizon.
Memoirs of near forgotten race
Which no more men rest their eyes on.

I listen whilst light-licking waves
Their slow relentless motions keep.
And ask in ever rev'rent tones:
"O my God, knows this world no sleep?"

PAGE

The Hangman's Death

By Bernice Faulkingham

Out upon the casement shines
 The glow of lamps, but all in vain,
 For in a darkened room reclines
 The hangman, writhing now in pain.
 His parched lips move, his brow is drenched
 In sweat of death, he prays for sleep.
 His tortured soul with scenes is wrenched,
 Of swinging rope and sunken cheek.
 He hears the screams of victims rise,
 He feels the hot and 'bated breath,
 Sees gaping mouths and glassy eyes
 Of those he's slowly put to death.
 From every darkened corner came
 A pointing finger, whispered jeer,
 Men smiling grimly, "You're to blame,
 So suffer, hangman, die in fear."
 Half mad with pain, and keen remorse,
 He clasps his withered hands and prays,
 But even death must take its course,
 The reaper's scythe is grimly raised.
 With gasping effort now he cries,
 "Forgive me God, my wrongs are done,
 But tell me 'ere I close my eyes,
 My hands are cleansed of every one."
 Then, shining nowhere in the dark,
 Like stars at night, it glitters there.
 He feels the glow, and sees the spark,
 And knows that God has heard his prayer.

Spring

By Maryanne Small

The cold and winter days at last are gone,
 And as we welcome Spring our hearts are gay;
 For Spring brings flowers bright and birds' sweet song;
 Green trees, blue skies, and then the sun's warm ray
 Makes children leap and dance while they're at play,
 The cooling showers, which come in afternoon,
 Bring youth the flowers in colorful array
 Which from the rich, brown earth come as a boon
 To men, their fragrance wafting toward the sun and
 moon.

The Coach Knew

By Shirley Drew

THE ATHLETIC element at Center High was mildly interested and slightly amused. Jim Dalton, the star athlete of Greenville High, had entered Center this fall. Not only Greenville High expected Jim to become a sensation at Center; Jim expected it himself. This was obvious from the first day of his entrance.

But after a few weeks, Jim knew that everything was not as it should be. For one thing, he was not the only exceptional athlete at Center, as he had been at Greenville. For another thing, he began to realize that he was not popular at Center. He could not understand why. Everyone else knew, though. Jim had one big fault.

He was cheerful; he was good-natured and sociable; he was clever—and he knew all this. If he didn't win all the time, it was not his fault; it was somebody else's. If he failed to make an A in an examination, it was because he had loaned his book to someone; if he didn't reach school on time, something had gone wrong with the clock; if he failed to make a basket at the practice games, it was because his wrist was lame. Jim always had a good excuse.

The coaches could not stand it. They had to admit that Jim was good. He would have been one of Center's star football players, one of the best of basketball players, but the coaches did not urge Jim to try out. They wanted someone on their teams who could take the defeats, as well as the victories, without excuses.

After a few bewildered months, Jim caught on and was a surprised young man. He resolved to make no more excuses, but it was hard. Making excuses was second nature to him by now. However, students and coaches began to notice a change. Instead of "I would have won, only—," it was now "Too bad we didn't win."

It was time for the tryouts for basketball. Jim was resolved to go out. He played and played well, but the coach was afraid.

It was the night before the varsity team was to be picked. Jim groped his way along the dark, slippery streets, through the driving rain. He heard a whistle and glanced around. Next he was on the ground, his foot twisted cruelly.

The next day the coach called Jim to his office. "You played a very poor game last night, Dalton. Have you any excuse?"

Jim glanced at the desk, where he saw a paper, containing, he knew, the names of the varsity team.

He had an excuse, a good excuse. He had only to tell the coach but he was silent.

(Continued on page 34)

RADIO DIALINGS

By Pauline Jellison

At the sound of the gong on Wednesday afternoons at 3:15 over W. L. B. Z. *Afternoon Recess* begins. It's just the time to enjoy a few minutes of recreation from your afternoon studies. The "recreational master," J. Dennis, is a jolly, happy-go-lucky chap who cracks a few jokes and introduces the artists of the program. The Maestro leads the orchestra and the solos are sung by Margaret MacCrea, who, incidentally, has a really fine voice. Those sisters of harmony, Do, Re, and Mi, are also featured on the program and add to the entertainment of *Afternoon Recess*.

The *American School of the Air* is brought to you every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. This program is presented for educational purposes, and, in many schools where there are radios, the pupils listen in. Through these programs one may become more familiar with the geography, history, and music of different countries. Each week a short play is presented intended to take us on a trip through some country. It sets forth in an interesting way the geographical features, climate, history, and music of the country. An easy way to learn is to listen to the *American School of the Air*.

When you hear the strains of the *Happy Hollow* song, you know that you are about to hear another episode in the lives of the citizens of dreamy *Happy Hollow* village. Many of you think that life in a village is uneventful and dreary, but, in *Happy Hollow*, everything is exciting. Why, there are real old-fashioned barn dances and parties which the whole village attends. Also, Uncle Ezra and Grandpa can always be relied upon to have one fight in their rivalry for the affection of Flo's baby girl.

"Variety is the spice of life," so they say, and, since this is true, why not listen to the *Ziegfeld Follies* presented every Saturday night over station W. L. B. Z. at 8:00? The *Ziegfeld Follies* have always been noted for their beautiful girls, their song and dance hits, and Fannie Brice. The Follies have made a great hit in New York for several years, but it is only recently that we have been able to hear them over our radios. That great comedian, Fannie Brice, is, of course, the star, and she carries off the show with her crazy antics and clever impersonations. Besides Fannie there is the chorus, the orchestra, and some very good singers.

You who have the carefree natures will, doubtless, enjoy Phil Baker and his boon companions "Bottle" and "Beetle." Phil has what we might call a very dry sense of humor which unhappily is appreciated by neither "Bottle" nor "Beetle," the former being, like all true Englishmen, very slow to see the points of a joke, and the latter being very sarcastic. "Bottle" is especially endearing, with his "Oh, Mr. Baker, not

that!" and his poems and riddles. Listen next Sunday night at 7:30 over W. L. B. Z. and hear Phil Baker with "Bottle" and "Beetle."

For a program of real pathos and drama listen to the old ranger telling his stories of *Death Valley Days*. The ranger tells of his own adventures in Death Valley when the West was new and wild. We hear stories of fierce love and deep hatred, of friendship and treachery, of murder and heroism, and of the hardships of women and children. We thrill at the realistic account of the prairie fire and laugh at the unfortunate tenderfoot. The stories of the old ranger are so well told that he makes us feel as though we, ourselves, were participants in them.

Dear Columbia is one of the best programs on the air, but, unfortunately, it is on the air Wednesday mornings at 9:00, so that we who really wish to hear it must sacrifice some sleep in our vacation. *Dear Columbia* is, in reality, a request program. The audience sends in letters which are read and which are very interesting and amusing. The requests are played by the orchestra and there are two very good singers on the program.

There has just come to this desk, as a special radio item, a letter containing some interesting information about the program of that favorite comedian, Fred Allen. Fred is the star of that hilarious program, *Town Hall Tonight*, which is presented every week over the N. B. C.-W. E. A. F. network. Fred Allen, himself, writes all the skits which are presented, the *Town Hall News* and happenings, and also the sketch performed by the "Mighty Allen Art Players." Portland Hoffa, Allen's wife, heads the cast which is made up of Jack Smart, a 230 pound heavy-weight, John Brown, a former London actor, Minerva Pious, and Eileen Douglas. If Portland is in Fred's program because she is his wife, and Mary Livingstone trades wise cracks with Jack Benny for the same reason, why, oh why, is Beetle on Phil Baker's program?

Half of *Town Hall Tonight* is devoted to amateurs, and very good amateurs they are, too. In fact, some of them are so good that they have secured contracts in Hollywood: Victor Mizzy and Irving Taylor, New York song writers, landed a contract with Paramount; David Hughes, singer, now has a vaudeville contract; a trio of girls from Oklahoma, the Three Jays, came to New York in an old Ford, had to sell it to pay room rent, then won one of the prizes on Fred's program and landed in Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book*. Are you blushing, Major Bowes?

This is the last of this series of articles concerning our radio programs. The series has been written by Pauline Jellison.

Editorials

Another American Tragedy

Latin at Harvard

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THE ORACLE

MAY 7, 1936

Another American Tragedy

By John Lewis

TRAGEDY again blots the souls of American people in one of its most fearsome ways. The unfortunate people dwelling in the valley districts of Southern New England, up-state New York, and especially in Pennsylvania, are harrassed by uncontrollable waters. Verdant acres of fertile farmlands are ruined by yellowed waters of once serene rivers. Farm-houses and barns with stock still in them are swept swiftly to destruction. Thriving villages and cities are destroyed by turbulent waters. Comfortable homes of striving laborers are whirled away or ruined. Thousands are driven from their homes, forced to leave most of their possessions behind them to be claimed by angry waters. At the latest report, one hundred fifty-five are dead, and hundreds more missing.

Even in Maine, the safest state in the union, there are disasters caused by riotous waters, although it is not nearly so bad as in the districts above mentioned. A few bridges wiped out, a few small towns submerged, and, in some of the larger cities, a few cellars invaded by truant waters.

Perhaps the worst stricken spot is in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Here, it is reported, practically the entire city is completely submerged, many are dead, and millions of dollars' worth of property is destroyed.

Into this arena of mad turmoil steps the guardian of all the needy, the Red Cross. Into the thickest of the battle she strides, feeding the starving, sheltering the homeless, doctoring the sick. As many times before, the Red Cross, aided by true Americans, buys vast quantities of food and clothing and with huge sums of money, brings hope where there is none.

All we can do now is have hope, donate generously to the Red Cross, and pray to Almighty God to have pity on His people.

It is also a fact that an effective means of soil conservation has been designed by the Federal Government and at the present time is in operation in various parts of the country.—Ed.

Latin at Harvard

By Mrs. Lenore Cumming

We are pleased to print this article written by Mrs. Cumming, head of the Latin Department. Mrs. Cumming has been singularly successful in awakening interest in Latin here at Bangor.

Tickets ranged from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents, and three hundred seats were sold three weeks before the date of the first performance. No, we are not describing the rush for the premier of the new Charlie Chaplin film, nor a Rogers-Astaire musicale, but a Latin play, *Mostellaria* by Plautus at the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on April 15, 16, and 17, of this year.

Says the *New York Times* of March 30. "While many other colleges have abandoned Latin requirements in the past few years, interest in the classics has remained strong at Harvard, and *Mostellaria* will be the third ancient play given by the undergraduate Classical Club in six years."

Harvard University is this year celebrating the tercentenary of its founding. As a fitting contribution to this celebration, the Harvard Classical Club presented the *Mostellaria*. Properties and scenery were faithful reproductions of the classical stage. The production at Harvard was unique in that it was the first time in two thousand years that this comedy, the early ancestor of modern comedies featuring the prodigal son and his irate father, was enacted as the ancient Athenians and Romans saw it, with the actors wearing robes and grotesque masks similar to those of the players in the second century B. C.

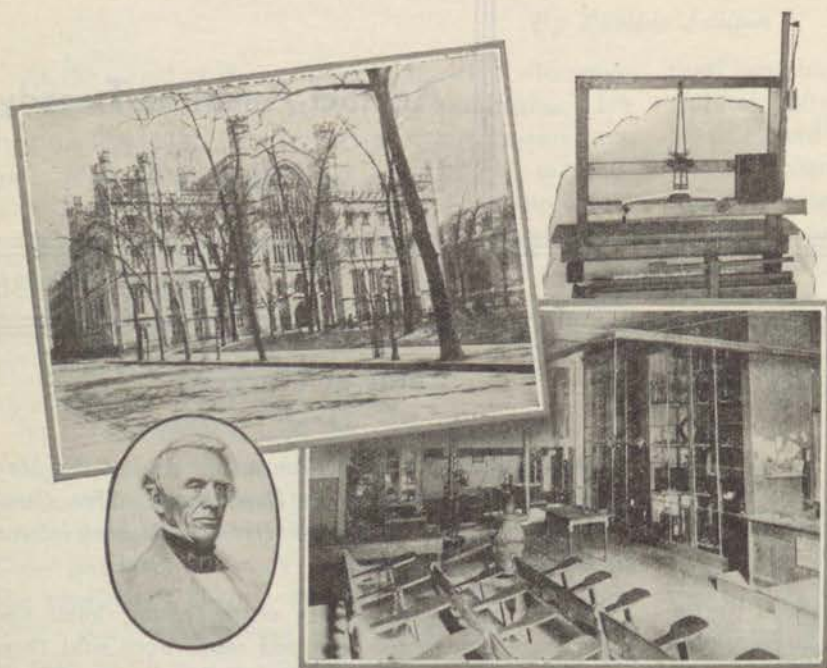
We are interested to know that Latin is still very much alive at Harvard, as it is at Bangor High School.

The foolish and the dead never change their opinions.

Don't worry when you stumble, remember a worm is the only thing that cannot fall down.

Many people who like to be referred to as dreamers are merely sleepers.

MORSE, ANOTHER PASTEUR



Lower left, Samuel I. B. Morse when he invented first practical telegraph sending and receiving instruments, upper right. Also shown are N. Y. U. building and Geological Cabinet room where telegraph was first demonstrated on January 24, 1838.

By Shirley Drew

Listeners of the dramatic *Death Valley Days* radio program heard this month the story of the first transcontinental telegraph line presented in dramatic episodes. Another program, *The Cavalcade of America*, presented in dramatized form the history of communication—the early Pony Express, the first Atlantic cable, the first transcontinental telegraph, the telephone, and radio.

These were just a part of the program marking the centennial of the first practical telegraph instrument, invented just one hundred years ago by Samuel F. B. Morse, a distinguished American painter. In schools, newspapers, and magazines, as well as on the radio, renewed emphasis is being placed this year upon the history of the telegraph.

During his early years, Morse's taste ran more to art than to science, and he went to study under famous masters. It was while he was returning home on the packetship *Sulley* that the inspiration for his invention came to him. He knew that a current of electricity would pass instantly any distance along a wire, and that if it were interrupted, a spark would appear. It occurred to him that the spark might represent a part of speech, either a letter or a number; the absence, or of the spark itself, a third. In this way an alphabet might easily be formed, and words indicated.

Morse had exhausted all his funds while in Europe, and for the next three years he was forced to paint portraits for a living. During this time he was engaged in a painful struggle to perfect his invention and secure for it a proper presentation to the public. With

the small salary Morse received as a professor in the Academy of Design, he was able to afford small, third-story rooms. The house was not completed when Morse moved in, and the stairway was in a precarious condition. Consequently, he was visited by a few portrait sitters or students.

Morse took advantage of this opportunity to continue his experiments. The result was the construction of his first telegraph instrument. This first machine bore little resemblance to the technically perfect machine of today. His sending machine consisted of a portricle, in which tape like the teeth of a saw was set up at intervals. A small plate fastened to one end of a lever rode over the tape, and the other end of the lever, rising and lowering, made or broke the current.

The receiving instrument was an even cruder affair. on an old picture frame an ordinary lead pencil, suspended from a pendulum, rested on a paper tape. The tape was kept in constant motion by the works of an old clock. The pendulum and pencil were attracted to one side by a magnet, set in motion by impulses passing over the wire, and were held there for the duration of the signal. Then a weight would return the pendulum to its original position. This produced short mountains on the tape, which signified numbers. These were translated with the aid of a list of words to which had been assigned numbers.

On September 2, 1832, the instrument was exhibited to a few friends in his room where a circuit of seventeen hundred feet of copper wire had been set up. The first

(Continued on page 34)

News of the Month

A review of Bangor High School's student activities.

The R. O. T. C.

Colonel Snow has been delivering talks on map reading, first aid, and the equipment each man carries during skirmishes.

Not only are the company and platoon commanders having a chance to get experience, but the four companies: A, B, C, & E are getting preparation for the annual inspection at Broadway Park. This event will take place May 21 and 22.

The battalion, as a whole, is taking up close order and company drill. The boys have been out once or twice although it was cold and the ground soft. Col. Snow promises extended order drill out of doors as soon as conditions are favorable. This takes in such pointers as: pitching tents, scouting, patrolling, and movements of the rifle squad.

Some of the boys became so skilled they could take the machine-gun and automatic rifle apart blindfolded. Great improvements are expected all around when the boys have room enough and are kept brisk by fresh air.

Band

The Band has been playing in Assembly every week for the last month. They have been practicing several contest pieces: *The Queen of Hearts*, *Victor Herbert's Serenade*, and *Wedding of the Winds* in anticipation of the trip to Rockland.

Debate Club

With the class debates a brilliant success, with the varsity teams taking second place in the New England National Forensic League tournament, with Myer Alpert declared second best extemporaneous speaker in New England in the same contest, the Debate Club is now preparing to fold up its tents for another season, and proudly steal away into the written records of other happy years which have preceded it!

Debating before an audience which taxed the capacity of room 307, the seniors copped the class debate championship on the evening of Thursday, April 9. Betty Betterley, who, together with Helma Ebbeson, represented the class, also scored in high place as best debater of the evening. Second position went to Shir-

ley Drew and the juniors. Robert Morris was unfortunately ill and could not be at the forum, so Shirley Drew's score was doubled. The freshmen nosed out the sophomores for third place, doing the best work the class has shown for many years. Freshmen were represented by Kathryn Faulkingham and John Howard. The "fireworks" question was used, judges being Mrs. Caroline Collins Lowell, coach at Orono, Mr. Gordon Jones, coach at Brewer, and Mr. Leo Lieberman, University of Maine varsity debater and former Bangor High School star. Coaches this year were Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke, Mrs. Lenore Cumming, Mrs. Margaret Carroll, and Mr. Arlin M. Cook. Mr. Prescott acted as chairman for the forum itself.

Journeying to Portland on Saturday, April 11, Bangor's varsity debaters entered the New England, N. F. L., tournament. The state medicine question was used, the teams composed as previously when they met Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield in the first round of the Bates League. In those debates Bangor lost 2-1 at home, and won 3-0 at Pittsfield.

In the morning at Portland, Myer Alpert strode through the preliminaries and placed second in the finals of the extemporaneous speaking events, being topped by John Madden of the Cambridge high and Latin school, but winning over two Portland High representatives who had also made the final round.

Facing the stiff opposition offered by many of the leading debate schools in New England, Bangor won over Williamsburg (Mass.), Leavitt Institute, and Cambridge (Mass.) High and Latin to enter the finals with Berwick Academy. In this debate, Berwick won an extremely close decision, forcing Bangor into second place for the entire New England debate tournament.

Making this Portland trip were Myer Alpert and Spencer Winsor (aff.), Ernest Andrews and Horace Stewart (neg.), Lewis Vafiades (alt.), and Mr. Prescott.

As the annual edition of the *Debate Club News* will show, this event put the crowning touch on a very successful season—a season in which more students have engaged in more debates than ever before in the school's history, and a season which has also included several brilliant social events. The final party, an annual event, offers a chance to review the activities, make awards, and plan for another season.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Baseball Under Way

After working for two weeks indoors with the infield candidates, Coach Walter Gay, Bangor High School's new baseball coach, sounded the call for all candidates for the team. Since then he has been drilling about twenty-five boys daily and expects to have a fast, slugging combination worked out before the umpire calls, "play ball." We have a fine chance this year of going to the heights in the *News League*. Among last year's veterans who probably will be in the starting line-up are: "Danny" Curran, Fred Johnston, "Dezzy" Clark, "Sonny" Welch and Jim Powers. "Duke" Elliott, Gerald Upton and "Jim" Morrison look good enough in practice to clinch a position. Pitching will be Coach Gay's chief worry this year. Nevertheless, he is hopeful that he will be able to mould Sedgely, Munce, and Welch into form. Here's to Coach Gay and the rest of the team.

Spring Football

Although most of last year's veterans are out for track or baseball, Coach Ulmer is working with an industrious group of underclassmen who intend to be right on hand when the time for the first football game comes around. Mr. Ulmer's primary purpose in this spring training session is to stress the fundamentals of the game and to get some idea of the material that he will have to work on next year. Prospects look quite bright this early in the season. More than a dozen letter-men will be available next fall besides several outstanding performers from the "frosh" and J. V. teams. Although the *Rams* will be playing a very hard schedule next fall, it is believed that, with the continued support of the student body, the Crimson will have a successful season.

Science Club

Did anybody know that chemistry plays an important part in the movies, the circus, and the sun? The members of the Science Club soon learned this was true after hearing some interesting reports on these subjects. Paul Lake read an article on Oxygen and Carbon Stars at the fourth regular meeting of the club in room 322. Paul read that the sun was largely an oxygen star.

Charles Peirce told us about polarized glass at this same meeting of March 9. This glass is used for taking the glare off headlights and is used in the reflectors for filming movies.

Reginald Fournier told us about, and demonstrated for us, the tricks of the circus magician. Reginald changed water to wine and back to water by using a

phenolphthalein solution. He also explained to us a way for making a fire without matches—not by the Boy Scout method!

The committee for the April meeting is Ellen MacIntosh, Doris Bullard, and Charlotte Elkin.

R. O. T. C. Officers' Club

It will be remembered that the mid-winter dance sponsored by the Officers' Club was a social success. In an early February meeting of the Club when financial returns of the dance were reported, it was observed that the affair was also a success from a monetary viewpoint; some twenty dollars being the net income.

No meetings of the Club were held during the last of February or through the month of March, the officers' attention being centered in the drilling of their respective units. However, with April blustering in like March winds, the officers met again to set the date and place for the Annual Military Ball. It was decided to hold the ball in the High School Auditorium on the night of May 29. The orchestra was not decided upon, but a committee was appointed to receive bids from various dance bands, famous or otherwise, throughout New England. It was further determined to put the idea of profit by the board and give everyone who attended the best time they ever had.

Senior Orchestra

Such a fine showing was made by the orchestra at the Junior Exhibition that Bangor High School students should feel proud of such a successful affair.

The orchestra played *Solid Men to the Front*, by Sousa; *Cavatina*, by Bohm; and *Overture to Mireille*, by Gounod. Besides these pieces, it accompanied the Junior Chorus which sang the *Recessional*, by Kipling and DeKoven; and *The Carnival Chorus* from *La Tarentella* by Jakobowski.

The orchestra rehearses every Wednesday at 3:30 in the assembly hall.

Alumni

One of last year's prominent athletes recently played some wonderful games of basketball at the state prep school tournament at the University of Maine. Spencer Leake was this player. He was awarded the honor of being selected for the all-state tournament team. Spencer is attending the Higgins Classical Institute.

The marriage of Miss Darthea Rideout to Fred Hanscom was announced recently. Mrs. Hanscom was graduated from B. H. S. in 1922 and the following year entered the Leland Powers School of Expression. After teaching in other schools for three years, she returned to Bangor High to teach expression, coach the Junior Exhibition, and make grand successes of Dramatic Club presentations.

~ JUNIOR EXHIBITION ~

MEDAL WINNERS:

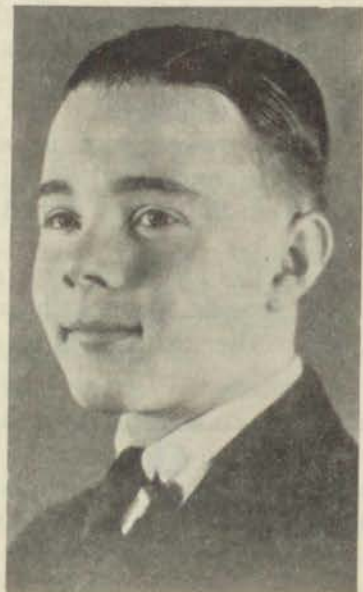


ELLEN HATHORNE



ROBERT SEDGELEY

HONORABLE MENTION:



DUDLEY UTTERBACK



RUTH WHITE

Edward Curran, '20, assumed his duties as Judge of the Washington D. C. Police Court recently, his appointment being for six years. Mr. Curran has been very successfully practising law in Washington, D. C.

Phi Kappa Phi at the University of Maine recently sent invitations to "Tom" Reed, '32 and Marcia Allen, '32. This national honor society recognizes excellence in any field of knowledge. Other student members from Bangor, previously elected, are Arlene Merrill, '32; Mildred Sawyer, '32; and Faith Holden, '32.

On Her Toes was the name of one of two best plays selected and produced by the Sturart School. This play was written and directed for presentation at the Peabody playhouse by Jean Eastman, '32. Jean is attending the Sturart School and Child-Walker School of Fine Arts of Boston.

Many Bangor students were in the recent presentation of the Maine Masque, *Abraham Lincoln*. Lucille Epstein, '35, was judged by critics to have portrayed her part, although small, most efficiently. Norman Carlisle, '33, played the part of General Grant; Geneva Epstein, '32, Mrs. Blow; "Bob" Hussey, '35, Sec. Hay; Louise Hastings, '33; Lucille Epstein, '35; Lucille Fogg, '35; Elizabeth Schiro, '32, and Bob Hussey, '35, were members of the theater audience. Some Bangor students who assisted in the technical side of the presentation were Norman Carlisle, '33 in make-up; Barbara Whitredge, ex-'35, and Catherine Rowe, '34 as stage assistants; Geneva Epstein, '33 as chairman of the costume committee; Lucille Fogg, '35, Louise Hastings, '33, and Peggy Thayer, '33, as assistants on the costume committee. In this play about one hundred Maine students took part in some capacity; this is a larger number than has ever before acted on the Masque stage.

Robert Thompson, who was an outstanding poet of the class of '35, is attending Boston University.

Arlene Merrill, '32, who is a senior at the University of Maine, has been awarded a fellowship at Smith College. Arlene will study German while there, for her masters' degree.

The engagement of Vivian Farnham, '32, to George Dice of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been announced. Vivian was graduated from Louisburg College in Louisburg, N. C. in 1934. She is now employed by the Government in Washington.

"Bob" Cumming, '32, seems to be going places and doing things, as a Harvard sophomore. Besides maintaining his usual high standard of scholarship, "Bob" is a member of the Classical Club, and recently played Philocheus, the prodigal son, in the Latin play *Mostellaria* by Plautus. "Bob" has also entered college politics, this year serving as secretary-treasurer of the Harvard Student Union, a society which was formed from the merger of the Harvard Liberal Club and the Harvard Peace Society. He is majoring in Roman history and literature, with Greek as a minor.

The nuptials of Carl Briggs, '29, and Henrietta Atwood, '31, took place April 4. Mrs. Briggs attended the Perry Kindergarten Normal School and was graduated from there in 1934. She has been very active in Girl Scout work in Bangor. Carl went to Mount Herman School for Boys and was graduated from the University of Maine in 1935. The attendants were Alma Jean Utterback, '31, Esther Hawthorne, '31 and Lydia Briggs, '32.

Haywood Jones, a talented musical composer, has added another success in compositions to his previous efforts. The latest march is called *Libertas* and has a fine swing for street work and a theme which is very attractive and inspiring.

Latin Club

The class of 1936 bade a dignified farewell to the Latin Club in the club's last program, at the March meeting. The general theme was "Our Debt to Rome." Spencer Winsor presided with his usual ease and abundance of diction (note Latin derivatives) and, lest the program be too ponderous, Spencer gave a graphic, if somewhat incomprehensible, representation of the world-famed boat race, as portrayed in the fifth book of the *Aeneid*. At the conclusion of the race, the modest youth presented himself with several truly classical trophies.

Annette Curran spoke of our language debt to Rome, especially in the matter of words which have only recently come into prominence, in English, such as *communism*, *dictator*, *facism*, etc., showing their interesting Latin significance.

Janet Sherburne spoke on our heritage of superstition, showing that many common superstitious beliefs of today had their origin in ancient classical beliefs and customs. Madeline Dennett spoke of the survivals of old astrological beliefs. Charles Pierce, in words of moving eloquence, gave meaning and unity to all who had preceded in a thoughtful peroration on a subject that is dear to his heart, "Why take Latin for four years?" His reasons were numerous and forceful, some of them original and (in spite of some attempt at rebuttal on the part of Ernest Andrews) all of them valid.

For April, the Juniors are preparing a mock trial. In May comes the banquet, the most hilarious event of the school year. After that, it will be *Salvete* and *Valete*.

Rifle Club

With a successful year of shooting drawing to a close, the High School Rifle Club medal winners and lettermen were chosen.

Ralph Decrow took a gold medal for first place in the year's shooting. "Mel" Varney took the silver

squad place medal, while Hilford Bailey got the bronze third place medal.

In the William Randolph Hearst match our first team of five men won second place and will receive medals for its good work. This team consisted of Ralph Decrow, Hilfred Bailey, "Mel" Varney, John Watson, and Duran Bowers.

The Club has been skillfully handled by Colonel Robert T. Snow, and Sergeant Frank D. Donchez.

Other men winning letters for the year are: Roland Buck, Richard Coffin, Robert Dodge, Walter Greene, Clair Millett, Allan Neal, Jr., Robert Sedgely, and Warren Snow.

Imports and Exports

By Ernest Andrews

In the absence of the regular exchange editor, the editor will pinch-hit for a bit of an exchange column.

We have received another copy of *The Advance* which is published monthly in the interest of The State Home for Boys, Jamesburg, N. J. This issue is made up largely of material concerning the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington but also contains interesting accounts of the Scout Movement at the Institution and an article concerning Dr. Cook, famous Arctic explorer who spoke at their semi-annual Sea Scout inspection. We want to compliment the printing class of the school for the very excellent printing job on the magazine.

The *Jester Junior* is published by Ellsworth High School and is one of the best jobs in mimeographing that we have seen in a long time. The illustrations are especially fine throughout. One thing, however, that should be changed is the policy of unwarranted criticism concerning the content of other school magazines, especially those of smaller towns. Probably through this those who read the magazine are given false impressions of your staff. The method of binding the March fourth number at the upper left seems to us a little more convenient than clipping the left side together in this sort of a magazine.

We have received several newspapers since we last went to press. May I repeat that our exchange budget will not allow continual exchanging with newspapers. However, as far as we are able we will send the next issue to newspapers which have requested copies.

The Piedmont High School of Oakland, California should receive especial recognition for *The Piedmont Highlander*. The paper is a seven-column sheet and is printed in the printing department of the high school. The general make-up is as nearly perfect, to put it mildly, as that of any high school newspaper we have seen. The literary quality of the newspaper lives up to its typographical excellence.

The *Milachi* of Milaca High School, Milaca, Mich. is outstanding for its feature stories especially. Another

thing that deserves special comment is the platform upon which the newspaper stands. The three points of it are first, courtesy to all; second, interest in school activities; third, recognition of the relationship of the school to the outside world. There are also four fine editorials, two concerning Easter, one on Graduation, and another which ends, "Don't be two-faced—don't talk about your friends when their backs are turned—don't be guilty of a 'false front.'"

The *X-Ray* of the Sacramento High School, Sacramento, California, uses very fine coated paper in part of its paper. Wouldn't a little cheaper paper do just as well? The paper has good make-up and two rather clever columns on *Corridor Gossip* and *Personals*.

Now for some more magazines. The covers of *The Red and White* of Rochester High School, Rochester, New Hampshire, could well be used as ad space, thereby saving more room for literary and activities articles. Also if the ads in the back of the book were run in columns with reading matter making up part of the page, there would be an additional incentive for readers to consider the ads, a consideration which of course is something not to be overlooked when a magazine is supported by its ads. You have a good exchange column, the only trouble being that *The Oracle* is not mentioned. The column, *Drops of Ink To Make You Think*, contains some clever material. The cuts and pictures in your edition help make it a fine book. Roses to The Courier Publishing Company for helping you with them. Would that we could get our local newspapers to do the same.

Winter Harbor High School, Winter Harbor, Maine, has sent us the graduation issue for comment and exchange. *The Pythia*, for such is the name of the book, does real credit to a high school of its size. The editorial on *Why We Have A School Paper* seems to put forth just about the right points. If you could get a little different type for the story heads, we are of the opinion it would improve the looks of the magazine. The type in use now seems too much like the type of the text. The concise tabulations of *The Season's Activities in Athletics* at the end of the athletics write-ups make a good way to look over the season's record. We see that you hope to have a larger exchange list this year. We will do our part by sending you the graduation number of *The Oracle* as well as this one. It would be a good idea to try to fill out the pages if possible. The use of different type faces would serve to break up some pages where the ads have somewhat of a sameness. Also we believe it would be an improvement to feature the poetry as such rather than running it in with the stories. The advertising board seems to have done a good job in procuring the ads for this magazine. If anything the percentage of advertising in the issue is high but one can hardly be blamed for taking all the ads one can get. If you have any to spare, remember *The Oracle*.

MOVIES

By Peggy Tyler and Isabel Cumming

Petticoat Fever

"If you fight and run away,
You'll live to fight another day."

—Peter Rabbit

Thus reasoned Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery throughout *Petticoat Fever*, but fortunately they changed their minds and brought about the traditionally happy ending. But before "they lived happily ever after" they loved and fought and made what to us was one of the most delightful comedies of the season. The word Loy is synonymous with the word glamour, and Myrna begins where "Connie" Bennett left off. Robert Montgomery arrived back from his vacation in the nick of time, (with Stewart's and Fonda's and Flynn's popping up here and there). 'Tis sheer froth, but you'll love it.

Strike Me Pink

Eddie Cantor swaps his Roman toga and chariot for a business man's suit and a ferris wheel, but retains the Goldwyn girls and the laughs, so who cares? If only he had laid aside Ethel Merman with the toga, then *Strike Me Pink* would have been the laugh hit of the century. As it is now, Ethel stops the laughs, and the fun, wherever she appears, and Eddie has to start all over again. The scenes of Cantor are, however, good enough to counterbalance the scenes with Merman. See it.

These Three

The cinema adaption of the controversial play *The Children's Hour* is an intense and thrilling drama. The tremendously moving theme is the destruction wrought by slanderous gossip. Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea, act with power and realism. Bonita Granville and Marcia Jones will surprise you. The picture superbly directed and beautifully acted, is one that you must see.

Barbary Coast

To me, this was perhaps one of the best movies of the year. It was skillfully and artistically played by Edward Robinson, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins. Although his name was not at the top of the list of characters, Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocitus* was excellent. His scenes were the brightest moments of the picture. This is a story of the gold rush days at San Francisco. Edward Robinson enacts the role of Louis, the ruler of the city. If you want a good two hours of heavy, sophisticated drama, don't miss it.

Follow the Fleet

It is useless to try to describe the dancing by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, not to mention their singing; the songs composed by Irving Berlin; the looks and voice of Harriet Hilliard; and the capable performance of Randy Scott, so why try? Go early, you'll want to see it twice.

Captain Blood

When the Brothers Warner passed up Leslie Howard and Robert Donat from the prize role of the season, and staked a million dollars, two years of preparation, great ships two hundred and fifty feet in length, one thousand players, not to mention Olivia de Havilland, on the ability of a newcomer to carry the lead—such was surely a gamble. But, as far as Errol Flynn was concerned, the dice were loaded. This tall, handsome Irishman plays the part of Peter with charm and vigor. Olivia de Havilland (Hermia of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*) abandons fairyland for a pirate ship, and is equally at home. The filming of battle scenes and ships under full sail is amazing, and the duel between Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone will make you hold your breath. Listen to the music accompanying this picture, it fits in with the action unusually well. Flynn replaces, for keeps, Taylor who replaced Fonda who replaced Cooper in our affections.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

Thanks to Freddie Bartholomew, and the adaption of the book by Hugh Walpole, this picture was much better than we anticipated. Not so saccharine, the sucrose is replaced by dextrose. (For explanation we refer you to Mr. Thurston). In spite of rapidly growing legs, Freddie Bartholomew is a delightful "Ceddie." Dolores Costello, Aubrey Smith, Henry Stephenson, Guy Kibbee, and Mickey Rooney handle their parts very capably. Especially recommended for freshmen.

Colleen

Ruby Keeler, plus Dick Powell, plus chorus, plus dancing spectacles, plus cute songs, plus slight plot, equals Warner Brothers musicale (and a few millions for the brothers). The latest of the greatest musicals since *Forty-Second Street*, runs true to form, but Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie save it from being a complete flop. Paul Draper tries hard, and Hugh Herbert clicks as the millionaire.

(Please turn to page 24)

PASSING IN REVIEW

"RAY" FLYNN

A whirlwind on the football field as well as on the basketball court. This tall, goodlooking senior has certainly made a name for himself in athletics at Bangor High School. "Ray" Flynn was one of our greatest assets in winning the Eastern Maine Championship. Next to sports "Ray" seems to enjoy racing around in a machine that is supposed to pass as a car. Anyway he says it takes him where he wants to go. Bangor will certainly lose one of her best athletes when "Ray" is graduated.

JOHN WEBSTER

The class of 1939 takes great pleasure in presenting John Webster. He has so many ambitions that it is difficult for us to keep up with him. John plans to become a civil engineer. He is going to secure his preparation for this at the University of Maine. (A loyal Maine son) John likes all sports and he is especially fond of debating. He says that movie stars are all alike to him but when asked who he would put at the top of the list, he said, "Shirley Temple."

HILDA ROWE

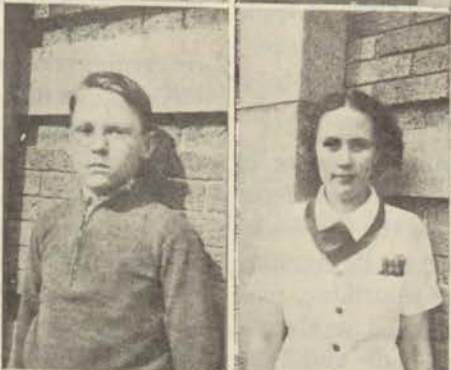
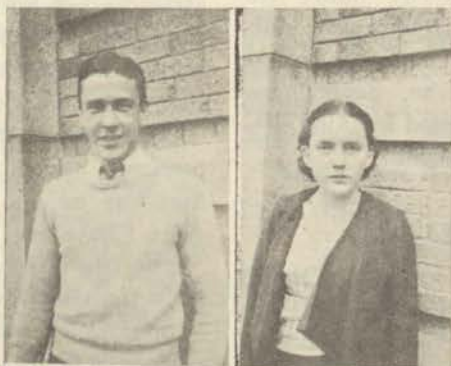
It has been said that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." We do not agree to this in the case of Hilda Rowe. She is that tall, attractive brunette we have been hearing and seeing a lot of lately. Hilda is a "Jolly Junior" and she certainly lives up to the title. Her nimble fingers have knit many an attractive suit, and her good looks have caused many attractive gentlemen to look twice. Need more be said?

"MILLIE" STRIAR

A Senior, an athlete, a smooth dancer, a good-looking girl, and a talented dress designer. All these rolled in one create "Millie" Striar! While most of us are thinking of how we are going to get a job after graduation, she plans to go to the famous Fashion Academy in Rockefeller Center, New York City. But that isn't all! She also plans to go to Paris and study further. (Some ambition). Who knows but that someday we'll see a swanky shop with designs by "Mademoiselle Millie." Best of luck "Millie."

ANNE HANSON

Do you want any expert drawing done? Just ask Anne Hanson. She is one of the best. Although only a sophomore she will go far in this world. Anne's only weakness is eating. Of course she thinks Franchot Tone and Nelson Eddy are just grand. (We agree with you Anne). She is a great little basketball player. As this is being sent to the press we note that Anne's latest achievement is in learning to drive a car. She'll succeed, you can count on that.



SARAH STINCHFIELD

Without this girl, affairs at Bangor High could never go over. She is at the head of nearly every committee and if you want to have some tickets sold, just ask Sarah to do it. She seems to have the gift for salesmanship bestowed upon her efficient shoulders. Back in her Grammar School days Sarah's classmates voted that she should have the American Legion Medal. She is still a favorite among her classmates and if she has a single enemy we'd like to know it.

BARBARA HILL

This charming little Freshman likes all sports. Barbara Hill can swim like a fish and she shows her skill at her camp at Lake Sebago and also at a Scout Camp where most of her summer vacations are spent. Among her other likes are Franchot Tone and that delightful crooner, "Dick" Powell. She hates spinach. (who doesn't)? Barbara is talented in the art of knitting as one can see by the lovely suit she has just finished. She plans to go on with her education at Wheaton college. We're with you, Barbara.

RENFREW YERXA

One of the greatest little actors of all time. He's not very tall but his superb acting makes up for it. He never forgets his lines and he sways the audience with emotion when he speaks. Of course this marvel is none other than Renfrew Yerxa. Although he is only a sophomore, he is headed for big things. One never can tell but that Renfrew will be a great Broadway star some of these days. His only worry is how to keep out of the way of tall and mighty Seniors.

FRED HANSON

Fred Hanson is that dignified Senior who toots the "sax" in the famous Bangor High School Band. If you haven't seen Fred you have all heard him, we reckon. He is also a member of the famous Paramount Orchestra that has played successfully at many affairs. Fred makes use of his legs in the art of running, for he is on the track team. He is a member of the Student Council and is always willing to do any task, no matter how difficult, that he is asked to do.

"KEN" LYNCH

Presenting another star who shines brightly in the sport of basketball. "Ken" Lynch can sink shots faster than any other forward in the state. The coaches of Bangor High School are going around with mournful expressions because "Ken" is a Senior and they know what that means. Between sports and racing around with "Ray" Flynn and George Munce, "Ken" spends his time reading books on "How to Be a More Perfect Basketball Player." It can't be done, Ken. It's impossible.

Desire

This sparkling, sophisticated comedy unites the world's most beautiful woman, with Hollywood's lankiest actor. Cooper's ruggedness is a sharp contrast to Deitrich's glamour. The plot is cliché, nevertheless entertaining. Good support is supplied by Alan Moray, John Halliday and Ernest Cossart.

Sylvia Scarlett

Every one makes mistakes, but we didn't expect such a ghastly one from Katherine Hepburn. If you haven't seen it—don't; if you have—forget it. "Katie" will ascend the throne again as Mary, Queen of Scotland, so save your quarter for that.

Story of Louis Pasteur

Paul Muni turns out the greatest performance of his career, in his brilliant portrayal of the life of the scientist, Louis Pasteur. The story records the single-handed struggle of Pasteur against disease in the nineteenth century. Muni's performance is striking, real, and sincere. Josephine Hutchinson is good, as always, as the wife. Anita Louise, Donald Woods and Fritz Leiber, all are excellent. A great picture and one which should be seen and remembered.

HOLLYWOOD REPORT CARD

95-100

Girls

Bette Davis
Merle Oberon
Margaret Sullivan

Boys

Errol Flynn
Fred Astaire
Charles Laughton

85-95

Greta Garbo
Carole Lombard
Myrna Loy
Lily Pons
Katherine Hepburn

Robert Taylor
Henry Fonda
Nelson Eddy
Leslie Howard
Clark Gable

75-85

Joan Crawford
Shirley Temple
Marlene Deitrich

Franchot Tone
Fred MacMurray
Brian Aherne

Cecile Marie Emilda Dionne
Yvonne Edouilda Marie Dionne
Marie Reine Alma Dionne
Emilie Marie Jeanne Dionne
Annette Lilianne Marie Dionne

Flunks

Jean Harlow
Mae West

Al Jolson
George Raft

Major Bowes' Amateurs

We want to express our sincere appreciation to Mr. Russell for obtaining such a grand show for the people

of Bangor. Major Bowes' amateurs were a huge success in the public's eye. Because of the flood they arrived a few hours late; however the show went on, regardless of conditions. They willingly played before a full house without their costumes, merely attired in their traveling clothes.

Sol Strausses, the seventeen year old Polish tenor, possesses a magnificent voice. His version of *Pagliaci* was as fine and polished as any young person's voice I have ever heard.

The two impersonators were also excellent, particularly the one who enacted the scene from the *House of Rothschild*, starring George Arliss. He was nearly perfection in my opinion.

I wouldn't have room to relate all I would like to, concerning the amateurs; however, I will say, that there was no flaw on the whole program. We sincerely hope that Mr. Russell will be able to hire another of these units sometime in the near future.

The screen entertainment was *Love on a Bet*. Usually with a large stage show, a poor movie is shown. However, *Love on a Bet* was a frolicking light romance. There were many scenes which put you in stitches, especially that one in which the old aunt won the drinking contest. It was really humorous and good clean entertainment. Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie provide the love interest and very well indeed.

GO REGARDLESS

What

Small Town Girl
The Moon's our Home
Charge of the Light Brigade
Romeo and Juliet
The Great Ziegfeld
Anthony Adverse

For

Obvious
Papa loves Mama
Errol Flynn
A good way to become well read
Love is like that
Save time and eyesight

GO IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO

Love Before Breakfast
King Steps Out
Mr. Deed Goes to Town
Heart Divided
Message to Garcia

Not guaranteed
Next best to Pons
Life is like that
If you like him
Pass at your own risk

STAY HOME AND STUDY

Frankie and Johnny
Song and Dance Man
Give Us This Night
Murder by an Aristocrat

Wailing Morgan
There is only one Fred Astaire
We don't want it
What, again!

Wife Versus Secretary

With such names as Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy gleaming from the Bijou's billboard, it seems of small importance to us to say that it's an important picture. Jean plays the role of the secretary fairly well, while our ol' friend Myrna portrays the wife to perfection. However, the plot, the eternal

triangle, is centuries old to us, and we are never in doubt of the ending. All in all it is very satisfactory with but a few dull moments. By the way, it held its New England Premier Showing here in Bangor! I guess Bangor is beginning to appear on the map after all.

It Had to Happen

Silly story! Impossible story! Faulty acting on George Raft's part. O. K. for "Roz" Russell. This is all I can say for this movie. Although it's good entertainment, it is extremely unimportant. If I were you, I'd save my quarter for something worthwhile.

Assemblies

George Bell, speaking for the candy sale of the Student Council, spoke in assembly March 25, his aim being to sell the idea of a candy sale to the students.

Friday, March 27, the Senior Orchestra played for its concert piece *Overture to Mireille*, by Gounod.

Wednesday, April 1, the band played in assembly. We are always glad to welcome in assembly both the band and orchestra.

Friday, April 3, Myer Alpert gave a talk on the class debates, in which he urged the student body to support their classmates.

Student Council

At the last meeting of the Student Council, it was decided that candy sales would furnish the next means of raising money for the boys' sweaters. Beryle Whidden was put in charge of the boys' end of it and Hazel Chalmers of the girls' part; however, because of sickness, Jeanette Leavitt is taking Hazel's place. (Always there, Jeanette.)

The sale is scheduled for April 16 and is bound to be a success as about five hundred are asked to bring candy. It will be sold outside as well as in both sessions of school.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

All the basketball girls are looking forward to the Basketball banquet. At this affair informal speeches are given by the different captains, and the letter awards are made. The banquet is sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. During the occasion several new members are to be taken into the Council.

Committees for the affair consist of Rachel Kent, Barbara Libbey, Barbara Savage, for programs; and "Peggy" Tyler, "Betty" Smart, and Barbara Welch for the seating plan.

New officers for the coming year will be inaugurated. They are: president, Virginia Moulton; vice-president, Ann Tyler; secretary, Phyllis Smith; treasurer, Barbara Freese.

Glee Clubs

The Glee Clubs take pleasure in announcing their program at the annual Music Festival, which is to be held on May 16, at Rockland. Both of the clubs have worked hard on it and have practiced constantly under their director, Miss Evangeline Hart.

The program will be as follows:

Girls' Glee Club

1. Fly Singing Bird Fly..... *Edgar*

This will be accompanied by violin obligatos played by Peggy Tyler and Judith Robinson.

2. Lawn Dance..... *Berevald*

Boys' and Girls' Club

Sympathy *Friml*

Boys' Glee Club

1. King of France..... *I. B. Wilson*

2. Bells of St. Mary's..... *Adams*

This program was also given with much success, for the Parent Teachers' Association on April 16.

Girls' Athletics

Opening the annual interclass girls' basketball tournament in the high school gym Tuesday afternoon, March 24, in one game the seniors defeated the juniors, 19-14; and in the second the sophomores defeated the sophomore commercials, 18-16. Before the games, captains were elected. The captains are as follows: seniors, Mamise Connors; juniors, Evelyn Knowles; sophomores, Margaret Moulton; sophomore commercials, Ferne Merrill; red freshmen, Ruth Glidden; and blue freshmen, Rita Johnston.

The senior-junior game was a fast furious game. The juniors started fast, and the score at the end of the first quarter was 6-4 in their favor. In the second quarter the seniors doubled their score, while the juniors were unable to score a single basket. The third quarter ended with the seniors ahead by a score of 12-8. When the final whistle blew, the seniors were still ahead, and the final score was 19-14 in their favor.

The line-up:

Seniors (19)

Thomas, rf 2 (1)
Elkin, 1
Connors, (Capt.) lf, 5
Infiorati, 1
M. Bragg, jc
Bullard, Curran, sc
Hersey, Smart, rg
Barker, Fraser, lg

Juniors (14)

Kendall, Littlefield, lg
Crawford, Jellison, lg
Graves, rg
Anderson, Smith, White, Rice
Paine, jc
Shean, Betterly, sc
Knowles (Capt.) 5, Lewis, lf
Junttilainen 2, Turner, Bragg, rf

The second game that evening was played between the sophomores and commercial sophomores. This was a close game all the way with the sophomores finally winning the in last quarter. At the end of the first quarter, the score was tied 4-4. In the second

quarter the commercial sophomores took the lead and held it until the final quarter. In the final quarter, the sophomores piled up 10 points to win the game 18-16.

The line-up:

Sophomores (18)	Com. Sophs. (16)
M. Moulton, (Capt.) rf 3	Hartford, lg
Shorey, Kipelow, rf	Scott, Dolan, Wade, rg
Barker, (6); Newman, lf	Chaison, Nelson, Lawrence, rg
Mehann, 1; Mulvaney, lf	Merrill, (Capt.), Dymond, Flint
I. Bragg, Dunivan, jc	Smith, Wise, sc
Tsoulas, B. Jordan, sc	Fielding, 2, Lambert 5, lf
Bradshaw, Peters, rg	Tinker, 1, Sawtelle, rf
Holbrook, Hanson, rg	
Vose, Matchett, Nealey, lg	
Moore, lg	

Two more fast games were played in the gym March 25, between the juniors and sophomores; and between the Red and Blue freshmen. In the opening clash the Juniors defeated the Sophomores by a score of 24-16. The Juniors captured the lead in the opening quarter and held it throughout the game.

The line-up:

Juniors (24)	Sophomores (16)
Junttilainen, rf	Hanson, Matchett, lg
Turner 1, Goodwin 1	Mulvaney
Knowles, (Capt.) 6, Bragg, lf	Bradshaw, Vose, Holbrook, rg
Paine, Rice, Smith, jc	Dunivan, Newman, jc
Betterley, Shean, sc	Tsoulas, sc
Jellison, Kendall, Moulton, (Capt.) 2, Mehann, 2, lf	
Crawford, Littlefield, rg	
Anderson, Graves, Sawyer, lg	Barker, 4, rf

In the second game the Blue freshmen defeated the Red freshmen to the tune of 20-10. It was a hard fought game from beginning to end. The Blue team held the lead although it wasn't much of a lead until the fourth quarter when they made two baskets and held the other team scoreless.

The line-up:

Red (10)	Blue (20)
Rokel, 1, Bell, rf	E. Greene, K. Faulkingham, Clisham, lg
Rolsky, Nickerson 3, lf	Goessline, Toole, rg,
Chenery, lf	Hartt, England, Hill, c
Parker, Leeman, Gordan, c	Johnston, (Capt.), Bullard,
Gonyar, Stevens, Anthony,	Campbell, sc
Cohen, Goodell, sc	Ebbeson, 3, Roberts, 1
Eastman, Morrison, rg	L. Faulkingham, lf
Glidden, (Capt.) Miller, lg	L. Greene 4, Higgins,
	Rice 1, Clark 1, rf

On March 27, two more games were played. In the first game the Seniors defeated the Blue freshmen by a score of 16 to 11. The seniors were ahead at the end of the first quarter by one point, the Freshmen at the end of the half by 1 point, and then the Seniors took the lead again and held it.

Line-up:

Seniors (16)	B. Freshmen (11)
Thomas 1, Infiorati	Goessling, K. Faulkingham,
Sawyer, 3, rf	Clisham, lg
Connors, (Capt.) 4, lf	Greene, Toole, Hill, Hartt,
Bragg, c	England, Bullard, Johnston, rg
Curran, D. Bullard, sc	Rice 1, foul, Higgins,
Barker, Smart, rg	Roberts 1, B. Clark, lf
Hersey, Fraser, lg	L. Greene 4, Ebbeson,
	Faulkingham, rf

In the second game, the Commercial Sophomores blanked the Red Freshmen with the count of 9-0. The two teams seemed pretty evenly matched but the Sophomores showed that they were slightly superior by the final score.

The line-up:

C. Sophs (9)	R. Freshmen (0)
Tinker 1, Lambert, Jordan	Taylor, Eastman, Morrison, lg
Sawtelle, rf	
Fielding, 1 foul, Nason, lf	Glidden, (Capt.) Miller, rg
Merrill, (Capt.) Flint, jc	Leeman, Gordan, Parker,
Smith, Wise, sc	Goodell, Anthony, Stevens,
Chaison, Scott, Coady, rg	Cohen, sc
Hartford, Nelson, Bowker,	Chenery, Rolsky, Bell, lf
Wade, lg	Nickerson, Rokel, rf

On the last day of March, the Seniors bowed to the Sophomores in a slightly one-sided game. The Sophs held the Seniors scoreless in the first quarter while they scored two baskets. The Seniors never did quite catch up to them after that.

Line-up:

Seniors (8)	Sophomores (16)
Connors, (Capt.) Sawyer, rf	Hanson, Nealey, lg
Thomas 1, Infiorati, lf	Bradshaw, Vose, Less, rg
M. Bragg, jc	F. Bragg, Dunivan, Tsoulas,
Curran, Bullard, sc	Jordan, rg
Fraser, Hersey, rg	Moulton, (Capt.)
Smart, Barker, lg	Mulvaney, Mehann, lf
	Barker, Shorey, rf

In the second game, the Juniors beat the Red Freshmen in a very one-sided game. It was a very easy game for the Juniors, but the Freshmen showed a lot of fight. The Juniors held them scoreless in the first quarter while scoring seven baskets themselves. At the end of the half the score was 20-4 in their favor, at the end of the third quarter, 30-4, and at the end of the fourth quarter, 42-6.

Line-up:

Juniors (42)	R Freshmen (6)
Knowles, (Capt.) 5, Rice 2	Taylor, Morrison, Miller, lg
MacIntosh 7, Lewis 3, rf	Glidden, (Capt.)
Junttilainen 2, Turner,	Eastman, Parker,
Goodwin 2, lf	Gordon, Leeman,
Paine, Smith, White jc	Anthony, Gonya,

(Continued on page 30)

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

MAY 7, 1936

HOKUM

By Miriam Golden

YOU just can't win! In the last edition of this column we very kindly offered a prize for all printable news. It really is amazing! Of the thousands of replies expected only this *one* came, "I could say a few things about the writer of this column." Sorry, but that was unprintable news!

Finnegan and Hathorne hold their daily meetings near the corridor of Room 112. By the looks of things Ellen is doing all the presiding. . . . We have just learned that Anne Perry has yearned (rhyme) to travel all her life. Well, here's a nickel, "Annie," you can start right now. . . . Will wonders never cease? After a few spits and spats Janet has finally become in Ernest again (courtesy Roberta P. Smith). . . . Elnora says that Paul Monaghan is the fastest man in the world. Time may fly but Paul beats time. . . . One of the reasons Peggy Tyler drinks coffee every morning is probably to keep her up for the rest of the day. . . . Scene at the B. H. S. Library. Eight girls rush in. "Did you say, Rachel, that "Kennie" Lynch and "Ray" Flynn were here?" "Yep, but why have you kids got glasses on?" "The better to see them my dear." Moral: Don't get a crush. . . . Barbara Savage and "Bobby" Barker have decided to "Alone" it. Miss Savage, when surrounded by reporters would say only these words. "By mutual consent" Mamise disagrees with the Harvard professors, and says that a human being can go six hours without air. She went from Bangor to Boston in a sleeping car, so she ought to know. . . . Brunettes might have sweeter dispositions than blondes but we know one girl who has been both, and, by gosh, we see no difference. One grouch is as good as another. . . . When "Gerry" Watson asked Billy Reynolds to say something soft and sweet, she certainly didn't expect him to mention custard pie. . . . Once before, through the medium of this column, we suggested that some one find a cure for the Boarding House Reach. Well, we've got the cause (One's arm is longer than one's tongue) so now will some one find the cure? Lucille Epstein looks very well in the new crutches that she has purchased, don't you think?

. . . . Hey, did you know that Millie Striar won a beauty contest once? Yep, in Old Orchard, and there were three contestants. She got a good looking silver cup too, which would make a nice goblet. . . . "Dotty" Bell has become "Bermuda conscious," for latest reports say that she bicycles over to see Eustace Powers daily. . . . What is so rare as a bicycle in April? A sled in June, I guess. . . . Julian Leighton's theme song *Lost in a Fog*. . . . It has been sort of misty for all of us lately, though. . . . Nathan Hale said "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country." We say, "We regret that we have but one brain (desperately exaggerated) to give to our school." Speak for yourself, John. . . . Speaking of Rachel Kent reminds us that this winter has been a most calm one. Treat can verify that statement. . . . To Virginia Moulton we present a mud crown for being the most absent minded girl of the month. Ask "Ginnie," she'll tell you all about that night she walked way up to Barbara Welch's. . . . Girls, George Munce can be seen between the hours of five and six carrying a jug of water homeward. Tax five cents. . . . Sorry, but we have a little (awfully little) disappointment for ya. We said last month that in each issue we'd present a star in her own invention. Three causes prevent us from doing this.

1. We lack the star.
2. We lack the invention.
3. Patent not applied for.

However, so you won't feel too badly, we have a little contest for you. We will award a first prize (to be decided by the judges later) to the person writing the best essay on "Why do we hang curtains?" In case of ties duplicate flunks will be awarded. The best letter (if any) will be made public in May, so get to work all you Helma Ebbesons and Isabel Cummings and Ernest F. Andrews. . . . Have you noticed the bangs on Ann Tyler? Just another way of telling us from what city she comes (Bad Pun, we know). . . . An old lady taking her first airplane ride said to the pilot, "Now look here young man, it's much too cold up here for that big electric fan. You just turn it right off. . . . Don't worry Spencer, my boy, Mrs. Cumming says that if she is responsible for the loss

of your report card she will gladly pay the nickel fine Well, all good things must come to an end (said she, modestly) and so we'll be cherrio-ing you. Until then, vale, *au revoir*, or what haven't you?

JOKES

Teacher: Can any boy tell me the earliest reference in history to a theater?

Tommy: Yes, teacher, we read in the Bible that Joseph was taken from the family circle and put into the pit.

A young man, John Hessert by name, who had taken his Ford out on a cold wintry day was covering the engine with a blanket.

Little boy: (looking on). Don't cover it up, mister, I saw what it was.

Miss Junkins: Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate.

"I have, Miss Junkins."

Miss Junkins: What was it?

"Thirty days."

"Gerry" Watson: What a long letter you have there.

Rachel Kent: Yes, sixteen pages from Barbara Guild.

"Gerry" Watson: What does she say?

Rachel Kent: That she will tell me the news when she sees me.

Sayings

Possibly under television the lonely wife can lure the wandering husband home by holding a banana cream pie in front of the transmitter.

Teacher: Miss G——, tell what you know about Oliver Goldsmith.

B. G.—: He landed one day on the continent with a flute, a shirt, and a pig. The pig soon went for a feast, he gave the shirt to a beggar, and played his flute for a living.

Teacher: Why, Miss G——, where did you get the idea that he had a pig with him? I saw no mention of a pig.

B. G.— Well, it said he had a *guinea* and the *guinea* soon went for a feast.

"What is a word that is always pronounced incorrectly?"

"Incorrectly."

"But why did you buy a daschund for the children?"

"So they can all pet him at once."

Old Lady: You can't be so poor, my good man, if you wear spats.

Tramp: Ma'am, these are suede boots with the bottoms worn off.

Salesman: Yes, Mrs. Hay, these are our best shoes. They are our DeLuxe model.

Mrs. Hay: Yes de looks may be all right, but you know I want 'em to wear.

"Pop."

"Yes my son."

"Why didn't they play baseball in Noah's time?"

"Wet grounds, I guess, Harold."

"How much did you get?"

"Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand and you gave me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

Passenger: (in speeding car passing a town).

This is a nice looking town—wasn't it?

"What is the difference between a snake and a piano?"

"Give up."

"None. You write both with a 'b.' "

"What, snake and piano?"

"No, both."

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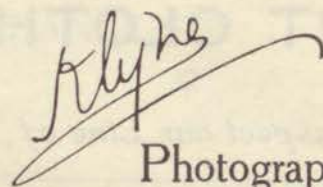
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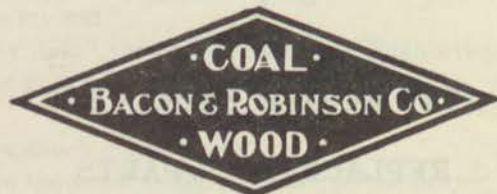
ART IN FLOWERS

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 26)

Shean, Betterley, Bragg, sc	Cohen, Stevens,
Anderson, Graves, Crawford, rg	Goodwill, rg
Jellison, Kendall, lg	Nickerson 3, Rokel, Bell, lf
	Cheney, Rolsky, rf

In another set of games, the Seniors defeated the Commercial Sophomores by a 10-4 score. It was a hard, fast game with both teams giving their all. The score at the end of the first quarter was tied 2-2, also at the end of the half 4-4. From here on, the seniors continued to score, and held the Commercial Sophomores scoreless. The score at the close of the third period was 8-4 in the Seniors' favor. When the final whistle blew, the Seniors had another victory to add to their list.

Line-up:

Seniors (10)

Com. Sophs (4)

Inforati, Conners, (Capt.) rf	Chaison, Scott, Wade, lg
Thomas 3, lf	Nelson, Dolan, rg
Bragg, Sawyer, jc	Merrill, (Capt.) Dymond
Bullard, sc	Flint, Smart, Wise, lg
Fraser, Barker, lg	Nason 1, Tinker, Jordan, rf
Smart, Hersey, rg	Lambert, Fieloine, Sawtelle, lf

The second game was played between the Juniors

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and Blue Freshmen in which the Juniors trounced the Freshmen 20—6. It was quite one-sided but the Freshmen were game. The Juniors were ahead throughout the whole game, scoring most of their baskets in the second and third quarters.

Line-up:

Juniors (20)

B. Freshmen (6)

Goodwin 1, Lewis 3, Toole, Clisham, K. Faulkingham, lg
Knowles, (Capt) 3, rf
MacIntosh, Rice 1 E. Greene, Hartt, England
Turner, Junttilainen 2, lf Johnston, (Capt.) Bullard, rg
Paine, Smith, je M. Rice, 2, L. Faulkingham
Bragg, Shean, Betterley, sc Clark 1, lf
Anderson, Crawford, Jellison, rg Higgins, Ebbeson,
Littlefield, Graves, Kendall, lg Roberts, rf

With but three more games to be played, the Juniors and Blue Freshmen clinched victories. In the first game, the Juniors defeated the Commercial Sophomores by a score of 20—10. It was a hard fought game from start to finish, but the Juniors showed more strength toward the end. They had the lead all the way through and were never really hard pressed.

Line-up:

Juniors (20)

Com. Sophs. (10)

Knowles, (Capt.) 5, Goodwin 1, MacIntosh, rf Dolan, Chaison, Nelson, lg
Junttilainen 2, Lewis, Scott, Flint, rg
Turner, Smith, lf Dymond, Merrill, (Capt.)
Paine, Rice, je Smith, Wise, rg
Bragg, Shean, Betterly, sc Lambert 2, Tinker, Sawtelle 1, lf
Anderson, Littlefield, Nason 1, Fielding 1, rf
Crawford, rg
Jellison, Kendall, Graves, lg

In the second game, the Blue Freshmen staged an upset by walloping the Sophomores 18—4. The Freshmen played a fast game starting to score at the opening whistle. They piled up 8 points while the Sophomores were unable to find the basket. At the end of the half, the Freshmen were still out in front with the score 14—4. The sophomores were unable to score a single basket except in the second quarter when they scored their only two baskets of the game.

Line-up:

Sophomores (4)

Blue Frosh (18)

Mehann, Moulton, (Capt.) rf K. Faulkingham, lg
Shorey, Barker, Mulvaney, lf E. Greene, Toole, Clisham,
Bragg, Dunivan, je Hartt, England,
Jordan, Tsoulas, sc Johnston, (Capt.) Bullard, rg
Peters, Hanson, Vose, rg Higgins, Roberts,
Matchett, Bradshaw, L. Faulkingham, Ebbeson, lf
Nealey, Holbrook, lg L. Greene, Clark 2, rf

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THE COACH KNEW*(Continued from page 13)*

After Jim left, the coach smiled, and added Jim's name to the list of varsity players.

A short time later he saw his nephew. "He didn't tell, Fred," he said. "Maybe it was lucky for him that you whistled when you did last night."

MORSE, ANOTHER PASTEUR*(Continued from page 16)*

public exhibition was held in 1838 in Morse's classroom and the message was sent, "Attention, the Universe. By Kingdoms, Right Wheel!"

Morse applied for a patent in 1837 and asked for an appropriation to defray the expense of subjecting the telegraph to actual experiment over a length that would be sufficient to establish its feasibility and demonstrate its value. Congress adjourned without making the appropriation, and, meanwhile, Morse sailed for Europe to take out patents there.

On February 23, 1838, Congress passed the appropriation bill for thirty thousand dollars, and steps were taken at once to construct a telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington, D. C. On May 24, 1844, it was used for the first time, Mr. Morse himself sending the ever-to-be-remembered message, "What hath God wrought?"

The telegraph was a success! Lines were constructed; improvements made; operators trained. The telegraph has steadily advanced, until today it is recognized as one of, if not the most, important means of communication.

MEET THE AUTHOR**MARGARET CROMWELL**

This story is the result of a request. The request was by Miss Mullen for stories or poems for the Oracle. Margaret sat down to diligent work. It must be admitted that she wrote on the first idea that popped into her head. This is the result.

ELIZABETH ADAMS

Elizabeth is a very sympathetic person. Who but such a person could feel this way about the "poor" vegetables and fruit. We don't feel badly when we skin an apple or pare a turnip (or am I mixed up). Read Torture and see what it really means.

DORIS HAMILTON

Woe is unto us. We couldn't reach Doris by telephone so we can't tell you where she got the inspiration. Anyway, we are perfectly content to advise your reading of this article for its own merit.

JUNE WEBSTER

Spring, spring, beautiful spring. What a subject at this time of year. June declares that she had a touch of



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spring fever and just couldn't help putting her feelings in writing. It's not even a reasonable explanation, but, then, the existence of a poem like this is justification for its being.

MADELEINE DENNETT

The Power of the Press, the success of Want-Ads. Here both show themselves. It seems that Madeleine got the inspiration for this story from reading the Bangor Daily News' column of "Help Wanted—Female."

AUDREY CHENEY

Eureka! At last we have it! Here is a story of Audrey's that is being printed in the Oracle with proper captions and by-line.

ARTHUR BIGELSON

This is, actually, a true story from Arthur's pen. We certainly pity the poor lad who had bought his first man's hat.

PHILIP GOOS

Phil has been working in the business department, but, since budding genius must bud, here is his own literary effusion.

E. RICHARDSON

In case you didn't know it (imagine that!), the E. stands for Elizabeth. Betty must have had a nightmare the night before she wrote this "nervy" story. Or, perchance, a novel by some other famous writer had scared her jittery.

SHIRLEY DREW

"Necessity is the mother of all inspiration", or something. Anyway, that's how this article was written. Somebody said, "We need a story; please write one to-night, Shirley." The story was written and is printed herein. Not bad for so short notice—in fact, not bad for anything.

JAMES WATSON

The Business Manager of the Oracle, actor, student etc., etc., and don't forget—a poet.

BERNICE FAULKINGHAM

"Bunny" says that she has a very "ghastly" mind. We are willing to admit it after reading this poem. Even the merry tittle bears out the admission. In spite of its horror, we all must agree that Bernice has done it again.

ROBERT SEDGLEY

No one could have written this poem without meditation. "Bob" says that it takes at least an hour to get in the mood. We hope he gets out of it all right. Seriously, the poem shows real thought. Thanks, Robert, for the fine contribution.

MARYANNE SMALL

In this poem Spring, Maryanne has found sufficient self-expression to merit our unequalled commendation for this, her first contribution to the Oracle.

