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Ambition

First Prize

By Margaret Maxfield

I saw the sun set in a haze
Of purple, then the evening star
Shone through the wisps of mist that hung
Suspended in the glowing west.

The golden ball that was the sun
Sank wearily beyond the edge
Of my small world; and slowly there,
As paints, when their bright colors fade
And die, the sky became, at dusk,
An endless space of somber gray.

The silver-throated meadow lark
Had stilled his song; his vigil kept
Beside his drowsy mate, and slept
The ruby-chested humming bird.

All quiet stretched around me, lay
The wide-flung earth; and I, like some
Bold conqueror of old who sailed
Uncharted seas, would seek new worlds,
And at the dawn of other days
Would see new promise in the sun.

Armed with my youth, I'd search world o'er
To give the earth some newer thing
Of my creating; so I gazed
Into a future bright with dreams
Unrealized, when set the sun
To try again at each new dawn.

The Hand-Out

DANA KENNEDY

SENIOR

"Don't do it, Sonny! It will follow you the rest of your life."

BLEARY'S soggy mind was grappling with the problem of easing the gnawing pain in the region where his stomach was supposed to be, when he shuffled to a standstill in front of the little village church. It was Sunday night, but that was of no consequence to Bleary. What had temporarily distracted him was the hymn they were singing in there. Always he had had a weakness for hymns, though it had been years since he had attended church. There was no place for such as he in a respectable congregation. Bleary didn't have to be told that.

Still blinking at the mellow colored lights of the windows, Bleary scuffed along a few steps. The music sounded strangely sweet and enticing, as though, already, it were filling the aching void within him. With a ghost of a grin on his scrubby wrinkled face, Bleary tightened his belt and sidled furtively toward the open door. He grinned at the thought of borrowing a bit of scripture from the preacher's sermon for his own needs.

The last reedy notes of the organ faded away as Bleary eased unobtrusively into the vestibule and behind the door. He brushed against the bell-rope in passing and the feel of it surprised a chuckle way down in his throat. Dreams of his boyhood began to float mistily through his mind.....

Bleary applied a faded watery eye to the slit by the door hinge and saw his dreams change to miraculous reality! there was the little organ in the corner, the spinister organist frozen stiffly to the stool; the choir in the rear with the village belle and her beau smirking in the back row; the hungry looking parson reading his text in doom-inflected tones to a straggly, sleepy-eyed gathering of the faithful!

Bleary chuckled again and suddenly sobered. For at that moment the parson closed his Bible.

"The offering will now be taken," he intoned, with an accusing, comprehensive glance pew-ward.

Straightway the organist melted into motion. Straight-backed, the deacons marched to the pulpit, side by side, took each one his plate and soberly gleaned the offering. And with the first *clink* of coin Bleary stiffened, jumped the gulf of years, and became acutely aware of his clamoring inwards again.

Money! Coins! It had been weeks since the merest trifle of silver had caressed his grimy palm. One could buy food with money, and a *bed* to sleep in. It was getting cold nights, now.....

Dazed by the sudden prospect of luxury that his mind associated with the silver in the plates, Bleary began to back away from temptation. Something scraped against his hand—and at that precise moment, something clicked in Bleary's mind. And that something was nothing less than a plan, a plan so simple, so complete in its simplicity that Bleary's heart skipped a beat even as his fingers closed around the bell rope! The first unexpected clang of the bell twisted the members of the congregation around in their seats; at Bleary's terror-inducing yell of "Fire!" they sprang to their feet. Then the stampede started, just as Bleary knew that it would.

Scarcely noticed in the onrush he flattened himself against the door-jamb and eased inside the church just as the first of the flock trotted, bleating, out into the night. Bleary knew the art of making himself inconspicuous; in no time at all he had scuttled under a pew.

From his cover he heard the excited babel grow faint with distance. In a short time they would be back, some of them, angrily seeking the cause of their fright. There was no time to lose. Cautiously he peeked over the back of the pew. There was no one of course.

With unaccustomed haste he sidled up the aisle toward the little table just below the pulpit where the collection plates had been placed. Yes, there they were, and shining in each one was the modest offering of the villagers, still intact—a fortune to Bleary. He trembled, confused and faltering with eagerness.

Suddenly Bleary knuckled his eyes as though to rub away hallucination. Then he stared hard at the pulpit just above the table—A small, gaunt hand had darted around the edge, was hovering, claw-like, above the silver! A small, gaunt face lighted by great hungry eyes had followed the hand into view.

Bleary shook his head and started forward raising eager, protesting hands. "Don't do it, Sonny!" he quavered, "Don't do it! You musn't. It will follow you the rest of your life. Come now! Put it all back,

that's a good fellow. You don't want to be like me, you know. Nobody stopped me—".

Suddenly Bleary began to sob, a strange, unaccustomed snuffle. The wide-eyed youngster melted away from his blurred vision.

After a moment Bleary blinked at the collection plates. The *silver* was still there.

He sat down on the platform beside the pulpit, strangely detached, strangely happy.

The sound of voices, high-pitched and angry, the eager scuffle of feet drawing rapidly nearer, penetrated the quiet of the church. But Bleary didn't care. Nor did the hard, cold, pallet of the jail that night cool the warm happiness of his heart.

Some System

Second Prize

By Bernice Faulkingham

A DARK figure emerged from the shadows at the end of Monson avenue and halted in the eerie patch of light cast by the street lamp. The ruthless wind caught up the folds of the long, dark coat, sending them swirling about a tall, sinister form and made the quivering shadow it threw across the road look like some gigantic bat, fluttering in the light of a candle. A motion of the arm, and a bright object gleamed in the gloved hand. Unseen eyes carefully studied the tiny hands beneath the watch crystal; the arm moved again; the watch disappeared, and suddenly both man and shadow merged again into the darkness.

A tom-cat was sending up a lonesome, forlorn howl as the cloaked figure appeared in front of the huge oak-panelled door of an imposing looking house, which belonged to the richest and most influential man in the city, Mr. Jasper I. Burkely.

The old moon, only a pale golden thread in the black sky, stared tremulously down as a key grated softly in the lock, and the door swung silently open.

For a moment the dark form stood motionless, listening; then in one quick movement the key was removed; the door closed, and a silent shadow flitted through the thickly carpeted rooms.

Feet, unheard and unseen, stealthily climbed the winding staircase and took their owner noiselessly down the dimly lighted hall.

The sound of the wind, moaning down the chimney like some lost soul, was interrupted as the town clock struck four.

The tall figure stopped outside one of the closed doors, a skeptical, crafty look transfigured his face; a gloved hand slowly turned the ornate glass knob—the door opened—closed, and once more the hall was left empty, void of any signs of human life.

All at once Mrs. J. I. Burkely sat up in bed, straining to catch some sound in the darkness. The wind, shrieking around the corner of the house, rattled the

panes of glass in the windows like castanets. Hastily she got out of bed, slipped her feet into feathered satin mules, padded softly over to the door, opened it, and stared cautiously up and down the hall. The night light burned dimly, but the hall-way was deserted. A puzzled frown puckered her forehead; had she really heard footsteps or had she just imagined them?

Softly she glided down the corridor and paused in front of the same room into which that menacing, black shadow had slipped, but a few minutes before. Her hands hesitated on the knob; then she turned it. The door silently opened, and she peeped in.

A smiling satisfaction replaced grim determination in her wifely spirit. "I must have imagined it," she muttered to herself, quietly closing the door. "Not a chance for the good-for-nothing to get out of the house or into it without my hearing him."

A Day in Old Virginia

By Margaret Cromwell

THE SUN smiled benevolently on the rambling Virginian plantation. The droning buzz of the bees filled the air. Now and then was heard the clear, fluting whistle of a Scarlet Tanager, or the flippant, rollicking, derisive tones of a mocking-bird. Humming-Birds darted from flower to flower in the garden. The scent of magnolia blossoms filled the air.

A broad walk, lined on both sides with cotton trees, looked like a blossoming bridal arch; it ran to the front of a long, low plantation house, where two great cedar trees stood on either side of the steps like two huge giants guarding the building.

The shades of the many windows were drawn, however, and their shutters closed and apparently locked. The red blossoms of the ramblers had crept beyond their white ladder, and no hand had trained them back. Weeds were running riot among the brilliant-hued flowers in the garden. Indeed, peaceful, and delightful as the house looked, there was no sign of life anywhere about it.

Thus thought the young man who was gazing wearily at the house. He had obviously travelled many miles. His blue uniform was faded and covered with dust, and on his feet were Indian moccasins, embroidered with beads.

The youth was listed at Washington as Lieutenant Richard Evans. He was fighting for the North, under General McClellan. He had enlisted in the summer of '62, and, because of great courage, cleverness, and versatility, had soon been made a member of the Secret Service. His success in this work was a source of wonder to all who knew him. Richard was twenty-four, but he looked about twenty. He was a typical Yankee, with twinkling eyes, an irresistible smile, and was invariably called "Carrots" by all who met him. General McClellan was no exception. "Carrots" had been

with him for six months, and he had soon become one of his favorites.

Although the name of Richard Evans was fast getting to be very well known, "Carrots" was still the same boy who had kissed his frail mother good-bye with tears in his eyes. He may have become more daring. Perhaps he was taller, his shoulders broader; he had aged undeniably. But it was the same boy who under the faded, old, blue uniform. This boy was fast becoming disappointed and more than a little disgusted with his part in the war. More and more frequently the picture of the old farmhouse in New Hampshire appeared in his mind. The longing for home was getting stronger every day. And the sight of this rambling Virginian home was the first thing that had overcome his homesickness.

He turned in at the path and led his horse up to the steps. There were some chairs and a table on the wide porch. The knobs and knocker of the broad door shone brightly in the sunlight. Lieutenant Evans mounted the steps. These and the floor of the veranda were spotless. On each chair was a gay chintz-covered cushion. The table was spread with a luncheon for two. Mint julep sparkled in two tall glasses, and a china plate held golden shortening-bread. A tall pitcher contained clear, sparkling water. The entire scene presented such an atmosphere of hospitality that "Carrots" was unable to stifle the pangs of homesickness which arose within him.

Mingled with this sentiment was a sensation of curiosity at the sight of this apparently deserted house, which was so very neat, and he finally determined to investigate. He realized that danger was lurking around every corner for any Union soldier. He knew that the hot-blooded Southerners would shoot down any Northerner in sight, but this growing curiosity overcame his cautiousness.

He knocked on the door—not because he expected

an answer, but because a feeling of respect and almost of reverence for the spot had arisen in him. Receiving no answer he turned the knob slowly and pushed on the door. He was astonished and more than a little suspicious when the door opened easily. He noticed also that neither the knob nor the hinges had squeaked.

Silently he stepped inside the door, and found himself in a large hall, bare of any furniture. He looked about him curiously. On his right was an immense room which seemed to be a dining room. A long narrow table stood in the middle of the floor, and on it was a centerpiece of fresh magnolia blossoms. All the silver on a large sideboard shone brightly.

Directly facing the door was a wide winding staircase, covered with a plain brown carpet. "Carrots" observed that the staircase and carpet were both spotless.

As he stood gazing about him, his wonder and curiosity increasing every moment, there suddenly, faintly, came to him the melody of an old ballad played on a harp. He whirled around in amazement. The sound seemed to issue from a room opening off the further end of the hall. Fascinated by the sweet music he silently advanced toward the door. He was thankful that he was wearing the padded moccasins, for somehow he felt that he didn't want to do anything that would make this music stop. Noiselessly he advanced; the music continued, and finally he reached the door to stare in astonishment at what he saw.

Seated at a harp was a slender, young girl of seventeen. She was wearing a simple dress of white dimity. Blond curls fell halfway to her waist. Her slender fingers picked the harp strings with a grace which fascinated "Carrots."

But a second person held his attention. She was a woman of forty-five and plainly the mother of the young girl. Snow white hair was caught in a roll at the nape of her neck. Her face, however, was with-



"This rambling Virginian home was the first thing that had overcome his homesickness."

out a wrinkle. She was wearing a pale blue dress, of a pattern even simpler than the girl's. Her soft mouth was curved in a half smile as she gazed fondly at the girl. However, there was an expression of suffering on her face which seemed merely to have softened the rather severe lines of her mouth. Richard discarded the obvious explanation that she had lost someone in the war. Somehow he felt sure that it went further than that.

Silently he drank in the beauty of the scene—the young girl at the harp, the elderly lady, the wide comfortable chairs, flowers in vases on several small tables—everything, and despite himself he gasped in amazement. At the slight sound the girl and woman both sprang to their feet, fear and astonishment in their eyes.

"Who—who are you?" finally asked the lady.

"I'm a soldier in the Northern army."

"What are you doing here?" Somehow the woman was reassured as she studied Richard. His frank face and steady eyes reminded her of someone who had been very dear to her. Whereas "Carrots", at first very ill-at-ease at his embarrassing position, was beginning to feel more at home in the presence of these two persons. The slender woman, in her pale blue dress, made him think of his own mother. The young girl, staring at him with friendly and curious eyes, reminded him of Mary, his younger sister. Somehow he felt sure that they would understand and sympathize with him.

He explained to them how much he had travelled; how tired he had been; how he had felt at the sight of their home; and how he had been tempted to stop here to rest for the night.

His story filled the older woman's heart with a motherly compassion. She led him into a small room off the dining-room. There was a pitcher of water and a round basin set into a small, square table. She left him here, telling him to come out on the porch when he was ready, and he tidied himself as best he could.

Finally, he again appeared in the doorway. The girl and woman gazed at him in approval. His bearing was so unassuming and yet so open and frank that their liking for him increased by leaps and bounds, even though he was one of the hated Northerners.

The woman graciously invited him to sit down at the table. A third place had been added. Cold meat, jelly, pickles and a ginger-bread had miraculously appeared; and since neither of his hostesses touched any of them, he realized that all this had been prepared for him. To say the least, "Carrots" did justice to everything.

Being a Yankee, and an unusually lonesome Yankee, Lieutenant Evans was soon telling his elder hostess everything he had wanted to tell his mother. In the presence of two very pleasant persons, and eating good, wholesome food, "Carrots" pleasantest disposition asserted itself, and as a result he was soon listening to the very simple, yet heart-breaking, story which his hostess had to tell.

In a low, musical voice she began her story. "I had

a son," she said, "He was about three years younger than you. My husband died when Caroline was two; so, you see, Jack was the only man in the family, and we had great ambitions for him. I wanted him to have the best opportunities that this country offers young men. Somehow I couldn't bear the thought of sending him to Europe, and of not seeing him for four or five years, so I sent him to Harvard. I realize now that everything would have been all right if I had been brave enough to part with him for just a few years. Now, I've lost him forever." Here, her low voice broke, and the girl went to her and put her arms around her neck. They remained thus for several moments, and Richard gazed at the picture they made.

Finally, she continued her story. "In his third year at Harvard, Jack met a young girl from New Hampshire, and I realized from his letters that he was really in love with her. I knew that he wanted to marry her, but that he wouldn't without my consent; and this, I determined not to give. Somehow the thought of a Northern girl doing all the little favors for my boy, as I had been doing all his life, drove me nearly insane; and I determined to break up the affair.

"Oh, I can see now how silly it all was," she exclaimed bitterly, "but then my one thought was to keep Jack for my own. On his Christmas vacation he went to this girl's home. It was the first time in all his life that he hadn't been with us Christmas; and to make it worse he wrote to me and said that he had given her an engagement ring. I was nearly desperate, and finally in my mad resolve to end the engagement, I wrote and told him to come home. When he got here, I begged him never to marry while I was alive. He promised me that he wouldn't, but only because he felt that he owed it to me. I realized that, but I was satisfied; for I thought that I had saved him for us.

"Jack never went to school after that. He soon lost all interest in life; and I realized that it was because of this girl. I did everything I could to amuse him, but he couldn't seem to become interested in anything.

"I was nearly mad with apprehension at what I had done; for I believed that my own boy was dying before my very eyes; and that I was the cause of it. I had almost decided to let him go back to his Northern sweetheart when the war broke out. Jack enlisted immediately, and his division was one of the first to be called out.

"The night before he left, Jack told me that he hoped that he had never done anything to displease me. His haunted eyes seemed to go to my very heart; and I told him that if he wished he might marry his sweetheart. For an instant his eyes lit up, then the light died. He shook his head slowly.

"I shan't live to see her again, Mother."

"That was all he said to me. And that night was the last time I ever saw my son alive. Two weeks later his body was brought back here. He had been killed

(Continued on page 34)

Mr. Peters' Peaceful Evening

By Elizabeth Richardson

MR. PETERS lowered himself cautiously into the easy armchair, groaning luxuriously as he did so. "After standin' on my feet all day, an easy chair, slippers, and pipe is all I'll ask," he said. "Just give me a long peaceful evenin' now, without no company and a good book." He sighed with appreciation. "Ain't it grand though, Molly?" He appealed to his wife who, almost asleep, was seated in the other comfortable chair.

"Huh? Oh yes. It's just perfect. You know, one thing I like about Saturday evenings in partic'lar is the peacefulness. No interruptions—"

The telephone bell rang sharply—a short, quick ring. Both Mr. and Mrs. Peters sat upright. Everything was silent except the ominous ticking of the old kitchen clock.

"Can't be the 'phone, Molly," said Mr. Peters.

"No....." Mrs. Peters' sentence was suspended in mid-air as the telephone rang again, this time insistently, clamorous.

"You stay right there, Jim," said Mrs. Peters, as he started with an injured expression to get up. "I'll answer. I wonder who it can be?"

She hurried to the end of the room and picked up the receiver. "Hello.....Who?.....Who?..... Well, for heaven's sake.....You're coming right down? tonight?.....Well, land save us.....G'bye."

"Jim!" Mrs. Peters' voice was sharp with excitement. "Jim! What do you think's happened! Myra MacDonald's boy run away from home three days ago, 'n they think he's here in Ashville." Scarcely pausing for breath she continued, "and they think he came here to see Janie, you know he was kinda sweet on her anyway, and they're comin' down tonight to get him if he comes here. Talk about excitement!" Mrs. Peters sat down exhausted.

"Well, what'er we 'posed to do with him if he does come?" queried Mr. Peters, mildly sarcastic. "Set on him and hold him down?"

"No," she answered briefly. "We'll have to entertain him somehow. I'll call Janie and Kate up 'n tell them to come home. They wanted something to do this evenin' so they went over to Aunt Madge's. Probably they'll know how to entertain him better 'n us old folks. He's just about sixteen. Young folks can always entertain themselves."

"Well," drawled Mr. Peters, still mildly, "I reckon I wouldn't call the girls home yet. You don't know that the boy's comin' here tonight."

"No, but he's liable to call any minute. You know how sweet he was on Janie." As she spoke, she was hurrying into a clean dress. "There!" This as the telephone rang for the second time that evening. "What'd I tell you. I bet that's him now asking to

come up. No—don't get up. I'll answer it." And she bustled importantly to the end of the room.

"Hello.....Wellington MacDonald? Well, this is a surprise!.....Yes, we'd love to have you come up.....Janie will be so glad to see you..... You'll be here in a half hour?.....Oh, that's fine."

"Now, Jim, what'd I tell you? The girls will have to hurry to get home in time. You go n'call them now n'tell them why. I have to finish getting ready."

"Say, Molly. I won't have to get all dolled up, will I?" began Mr. Peters in a pleading tone.

"No, I don't think so. Just put on your shoes and coat. You can't be in shirt sleeves," she went on firmly, seeing an expression of protest pass over his face. Now you go and call up those girls and tell them to come home in a hurry."

About three-quarters of an hour later four people could be seen sitting stiffly on the edges of four chairs. Mr. Peters looked like a martyr resigned to his fate; Mrs. Peters' eyes twinkled with excitement; Kate, the elder daughter, looked merely bored, and Janie sat preening herself self-consciously, knowing that he was coming to see *her*. And then the doorbell rang. All started up abruptly. Then Mrs. Peters rose slowly, importantly. The opened door revealed before her the face of Wellington MacDonald, a boy short, stocky, and looking very much like a tramp. He was a little worse for wear for his three days of tramping. His hands with their short stubby fingers showed evidences of a bad attempt to clean them. In his eyes was a shifty watching expression as he stood, hat in hand, before Molly Peters.

"Come in," she said cordially. "This is real nice." Leading the way to the sitting room she called out, "Here he is, folks."

As they entered the room, Janie rose to meet the boy. She recalled meeting him the first time. It had been a clear bright Sunday in May. They had been



He was a little the worse for his three days of tramping.



"Just give me a long peaceful evening."

visiting in his home-town, Midvale, which was some fifty-odd miles away. Through friends they had met the MacDonalds, and before many minutes had elapsed, Wellington MacDonald, affectionately called "Sonny" by his mother, had asked her, Janie, to "please call me 'Mac'." Well, she had complied. "Mac" was infinitely better than "Wellington," and of course "Sonny" was absolutely *out*. Now she spoke to him cordially, a little self-consciously.—"Well, how are you, 'Mac'?"

"Fine."

"How're your mother and father?"

"Fine."

"And your grandmother?"

"She's fine."

After a few minutes of this, the conversation died out completely. Frantically Mrs. Peters tried to think of something to say. The silence grew painful. Suddenly, very unexpectedly, Kate spoke up. "Why don't we all go to the pictures? There's a good picture on at the STRAND." Receiving an approving look from her mother, she continued, "That would make an enjoyable evening. Wouldn't you like to go, 'Mac'?"

"Sure; anythin'."

"Now I think that's a real good suggestion," said Mrs. Peters. "Would we be in time?"

"Yes, plenty of time," said Kate eagerly. "Let's go right now so's not to miss any of it."

"All right, let's. C'mon, Jim." Mrs. Peters spoke with a cheerful determination. After all they must keep the boy until his folks got down, even if it did cost money. "The Lord only knows what time they'll be down," thought Mrs. Peters, "what with the roads the way they are now." Then out loud: "C'mon, Jim. We'd better leave right now."

With an even more martyred expression Mr. Peters rose to obey, his hand instinctively going to his pocket. Putting on his coat, he went out to get his car—such as it was.

How he managed to sit on that theater seat so long was always a question in Jim Peters' mind. Finally, however, after three long tiring hours, the picture was over. They filed out, Mrs. Peters leading.

"Now," thought Mr. Peters, "what'll we do with him! If she brings him home, I'll have to sleep with him or not go to bed at all." He glanced back where he saw Wellington MacDonald meekly following Janie.

Evidently "Mac" thought it time to leave when they reached the car. "Guess I'll be goin' now, Mis' Peters," he said uneasily. "Thanks a lot fer the show."

Mrs. Peters thought rapidly. She couldn't let him go yet. "Goodness, Wellington," she said energetically, "we couldn't think of letting you go. You'll stay the night with us, of course. Why, after your mother was so nice to all of us, the least I can do is keep you over night. That 'at least' was true," she thought grimly.

* * * * *

Two o'clock in the morning! A bell pealed through the house. A long pause. Then another ring. Slipping on a robe Mrs. Peters went hurriedly down the stairs and to the door. Before her stood Wellington MacDonald's parents.

"Well, Myra, he's here. Up stairs sleepin' with Jim. He's all worn out. Come in. Can't put you up, we haven't got a couch or spare room, but come in and get somethin' to eat."

"Oh, Molly," said Mrs. MacDonald emotionally, "how is he? My poor baby boy! Is he all right, was he hungry? Take me to him right away."

"Humph," thought Mrs. Peters. Out loud she said dryly, "He's all right, Myra. You ain't gonna wake the child up now, are you? Let him sleep awhile. He needs it. There now, Myra, control yourself." This as Mrs. MacDonald burst out weeping. "And don't mush all over the boy when you see him. He's not a baby anymore."

"No, I must see my boy first, Molly. You have no mother's heart at all!"

"All right," said Mrs. Peters resignedly as she led the way up the stairs. "Here," as she paused before the door. "Will you wake him or shall I?"

"Perhaps you'd better, Molly," said Mrs. MacDonald nervously. "You go and tell him his mummy's here."

Mrs. Peters passed quickly into the room closing the door after her. Going over to the bed she shook the boy gently. There was no evidence of his being awake. She shook him again, this time a little less gently. With a groan he rolled over and opened his eyes.

"Wellington, your folks are here. They've come

to get you. To take you home," she added seeing a look of bewilderment pass over his face.

"Did you know I run away?" he asked with astonishment.

"Yes, your mother told me—called me up. You oughtn't to of run away from home, Wellington. You need to get yourself an education. You go back home and stay. Tell the truth now. You really want to go home, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted. "It ain't much fun roughing it."

"Well, you get up now and get dressed, and then come out and see your folks."

Five minutes later, dressed in his dirty, slightly ragged clothes and looking "wuzzy-eyed," Wellington MacDonald presented himself before his parents.

With a loud cry his mother threw her arms around his neck uttering such phrases as "my poor pet," "was he glad to see him mummy?"

As she did so, the boy stiffened instinctively and reddened. "F'heaven's sake, Mother, don't," he muttered with embarrassment.

"You do want to come home—don't you?" She turned protectively to him. "We'll leave right now, honey. Have you got everythin' of yours here?"

"Everythin' I got with me I got on."

"Then we'll go right now."

"Wait a minute, Myra," interposed Mrs. Peters. "Have a bite to eat before you go. You've got a long trip ahead of you, and the boy'll need somethin' hot in side of him."

"Well, if you'd be so kind, Molly," began Mrs. MacDonald. "Perhaps I'd better have a bite to eat. I'm clean worn out with all this excitement. And Sonny'll need somethin' hot as you said."

"Here comes Jim now," said Mr. MacDonald as Mr. Peters came slowly on the scene, clutching a bathrobe around him and blinking with surprise. "Good-mornin', folks," he said tottering slightly and just missing the chair in front of him. "You beat me up, didn't you!"

* * * * *

At three o'clock in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Peters stood side by side surveying the mess of dirty dishes on the table before them. The MacDonalds had just left, Mrs. MacDonald bestowing tearful thanks upon them as she held Sonny by the hand. Finally, however, the last sound of the MacDonald's car faded away in the distance.

Mrs. Peters sighed deeply. "Well, these dishes'll be a nice mess to do in the mornin' but I cert'nly ain't goin' to do them now."

Mr. Peters heaved an even greater sigh, casting a weary look around the room. "And so this is the end of our peaceful evenin'," he said bitterly. "I mos' cert'nly spoke too soon. Come on to bed, Molly."

A Convention of Ghosts

By Mary Burke

I HAD received a telephone call from my boss, the editor of *The Times*, to report on the convention which was being held in Madison Square Garden. This convention was called to discuss present day living problems. The delegates were to be famous literary characters.

I powdered my nose, adjusted my hat at the proper angle, grabbed my portable typewriter, rushed to the street, and hailed a passing taxi. Another long breath and I was at Madison Square Garden.

All of the delegates had not arrived, so I waited outside a few minutes. A moment later I heard a commotion near the elevator. A government agent was questioning a pallid looking man, with large, searching, dark brown, eyes, and bent figure, concerning a leather sack which he clutched in his hand. The agent accused the old man of being a purveyor of narcotics, but the little man emphatically denied this, and in order to prove his innocence opened his sack. Much to the surprise of every body it was filled with glittering gold. The agent wasn't to be out done. He immediately told the stranger that he was breaking the law, for the President had called in all gold in March, nineteen thirty-four. By this time a large crowd had gathered. Some wit in the crowd yelled, "Go get Brandeis. He'll know what to do with other people's money."

In the midst of the excitement a tall, lordly-looking man came along and said, "This is Silas Marner, my friend. We are both English subjects, and must be on our way."

Inside the hall was a strange scene. It resembled a masquerade ball, but on a scale seldom seen. Here was Fabiola, in the modest garb of the early Christians, learning to her surprise that there were many Christian churches instead of the one which she knew. Over there was King Lear much interested in the modern father's troubles, but having no illusions about the children even in the "good old days."

After a period of wild talking in which it was hard to distinguish any one's voice, my friend, Mr. Micawber, was elected chairman. (At last something had turned up for Mr. Micawber.) With his usual eloquent and ready tongue, Mr. Micawber explained that the convention had been called to see if they, with their experience of life, could not offer some assistance to President Roosevelt. However, they had no intention of taking upon themselves the duties of the brain trust merely to co-operate.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Micawber, "one of the greatest problems confronting the country is the handling of crime. We will call upon one of the most famous racketeers of all time, for his advice. Ladies and gentlemen:—Lord Macbeth."

A kingly looking man arose, and gave one final com-

forting, "Out damned spot," and went to the speakers stand.

"In my day," he said, removing his crown, "we killed for a kingdom or a crown, but this is small stuff," and he looked at his notes in modern debating style. "Quote, 'shot in left arm, five to ten dollars; shot in left leg, ten to twenty dollars; life, twenty-five to fifty dollars.'"

The whole assemblage applauded vigorously, and thought that President Roosevelt would be very much aided by these helpful suggestions.

"Now," said Mr. Micawber, "another question which threatens the very foundation of our fair land is the soldiers' bonus. Who is so well fitted to speak on this subject as a man whom every school boy knows and loves, Julius Caesar."

Caesar rose, drawing his toga about him as if to hide the many wounds inflicted by the senators.

He said, "I used to go up to Gaul and kill off the barbarians, so they wouldn't come down to Rome, and get all of the good jobs. The only job I gave them was to march in my triumphal procession. Now you Americans are different. You give them the best in the country, so what is left for the soldiers?"

"The bonus! the bonus!" came the thunderous cry from the floor, and Caesar sat down amid applause.

By this time it was getting late, and Micawber, after reading a telegram from Juliet which said, "Romeo wouldn't allow me to attend. Feared Don Quixote would be there," declared the meeting adjourned.

Bud

By Phyllis Smith

BUD WAS handsome. At least, that was the general opinion of the neighbors so he must have been. He had large, brown eyes, and beautifully curly hair that caused comment from everyone whom he met. He made friends with everybody, for he was gifted with a marvelous disposition.

Bud had been adopted by the Speare family at the age of eleven months, when his mother died, leaving him an orphan. It happened that Jimmy Speare was just Bud's age, and the two had been brought up together. The intense devotion of the two was common knowledge. It seemed, no matter what one did, that Bud and Jimmy were invariably together.

The two pals were welcomed everywhere to the chorus of the heartiest of greetings, for they put life into any sort of party.

But one day, after a particularly hard exam, the two could be seen on the bank of a large pond rippling only when a casual rock was dislodged by the two who were the only ones in sight at this particular time. This place was their special hide-out, and here they came when they had a heavy problem to fathom out.

Jimmy had received a failure notice from "Old-Man Marsh," and the two were doing some hard thinking

about how to smooth the way before breaking the news to Mrs. Speare.

"Oh gee, Bud, maybe I shouldn't have put that grasshopper in his hat the first of the year, after all; then he might have given me another chance! But, oh gee, Mom'll kill me now. Gosh, Bud I wish I were like you, never having to take home failure slips."

Bud nodded his head sympathetically, and told Jimmy in his own distinctive way that he was sorry. But that didn't seem to help matters any, and the two, after deliberating a long time, finally decided to strike for home.

"Oh gee, Bud," mourned Jimmy, "I do wish that we could think of some better way of telling her." But Bud couldn't seem to and the two turned into their yard.

Glancing out of her kitchen window, Mrs. Speare saw two mournful looking figures, and, knowing Jimmy, prepared herself for the worst. After hearing the distressing news, her heart sank, but after securing a sincere promise from Jimmy referring to sling-shots, grasshoppers, and spit-balls in Mr. Marsh's room, she sent him up to get ready for supper.

Then she set about preparing Bud's meal and soon placed it on the floor in front of the stove. And Jimmy, vigorously scrubbing his hands, decided for the twenty million, five hundredth time that he had a pretty swell mother, and the best dog in the world.

The Honor of the School

By Ruth White

IN THE thriving seacoast town of Rock Harbor, stubby little streets jut out from the main thoroughfare. One such street is almost opposite the point where Mason Light blinks unceasingly through the long winter nights, and from the lighthouse it gets its sophisticated name—Mason Rowe. The extreme end of Mason Rowe is the site of the famed school called Rock Harbor Normal School, but more familiarly known among its student body as R. H. N.

Every fall, it is the custom of the School Board to present to each worthy member of the football squad a sweater of maroon with gray letters—R. H. N. However, since the sweaters are expensive ones, the "Board" decided this year that the boys must go without their sweaters, as it would seem unfair to give sweaters only to a few players. Strangely enough, the boys received this decision with understanding grins and forgot about sweaters. Not so the girls. For some unknown (?) reason, the statement wrecked havoc in the girls' dormitory until one clever co-ed hit upon an idea.

A new knitting shop had recently been opened in the down-town section of Rock Harbor. In order to procure business, this shop offered yarn and needles for a price "so small it was not worth mentioning." Why not knit the sweaters, as a surprise for the boys?

(Continued on page 34)

POETRY

The Ballroom

By Robert Thompson

Majestic Moon

By Harry Libby

Gracious and wonderful you look
 Upon your throne so high.
 You ride a swift and white sailed ship
 Across the clouded sky.

Celestial beams from your sails gleam
 Across on land below
 Like some great god of light
 Your rays show diamonds in the snow.

Goddess, most proud, serenest moon,
 Your white and lovely face
 Looks down upon the wooded earth
 Asleep in night's embrace.

My praise the moon heard, flattered was,
 And laughing in delight
 Filled and overflowed the land
 With soft revealing light.

Clouds

By Louise McCarthy

The sky is a sea, a beautiful sea,
 And the clouds are the ships that ride,
 That come to the port of the moon at night,
 And sail smoothly away on the morning tide.

The sky is a sea, a raging sea,
 And the clouds are the waves so gray;
 And the thunder that rolls is the crash of the surf,
 And the snow is the white, white spray.

Sonnet

By Phil Johnson

The snow came down in drifts so deep and white;
 The blinding, swirling flakes their course did take.
 The fields and trees and everything shone bright;
 After the snow so great a change did make.
 The sun came out and shone on all around
 And sparkled like a string of gems so rare;
 The mantle, which had covered all the ground,
 Transformed the brown to white, all pure and fair.
 The wrongs we do make all so dark and drear,
 And make our thought too full of dread and fear.
 The good we do is like the snow so white,
 Covering the faults and making all look bright.
 The good deeds shine like gems so rich and rare,
 Transform the dark to white all pure and fair.

Seven-thirty. . . .
 The ballroom is silent, gray;
 Stage dusty, floor dirty:
 The end of another day.
 But the night—
 Ah, the night has just begun.
 Soon this dim hall
 Will echo music, laughter, fun!

My broom
 Whips smartly the barren floor.
 My duster
 Glides o'er table, chair, and door.
 Cashier and ticket man
 Slip lightly in;
 Orchestra and leader arrive,
 And the clamorous tuning begins.

On with the lights!
 Crystal brilliance here and there;
 Couples few at first,
 Then, magically,—everywhere!
 Gay are they,
 Submerged in blissful romance.
 They spin and twirl and glide
 To throbbing music—entranced.

Were I but one of them!
 Were I but young once more!
 A living dream in my arms,
 Might I, too, spin and glide across that floor!
 But never so:—
 Aged, decayed, wrinkled old man
 Am I—forgotten, misplaced
 In a generation of youthful command.

Now the dance is over.
 The wand of midnight
 Has turned into an empty floor
 A ballroom gay and bright.
 The breath of carefree youth
 Has turned to the ice of age.
 The ballroom is darkened,
 One dim light upon the stage.

My broom
 Drags heavily across the barren floor.
 My duster
 Droops o'er table, chair, and door.
 Two-thirty. . . .
 The ballroom is silent, gray.
 Homeward I turn my steps:
 The beginning of another day.

Stormy Weather

Third Prize

By Ada Saltzman

IT WAS five below zero. The sun had disappeared, leaving a bleak, cheerless world. Snow flakes danced to the tune of a fierce wind. Drifts of immense height piled up in the roads and walks. Not a soul could be seen—only the fantastic whirl of the snow. But, inside the white-covered habitations, there was life.

* * * * *

The lazy man was grumpy—he would have to shovel snow... The children whooped with joy, because school was closed... The working man worried over his inability to reach his job... The unemployed man was more cheerful than he had been for days. At last he would work... The old maid sighed... The bachelor read... The love-sick girl of sixteen thought of her football hero... The author wrote a description of the storm... The artist cried, "Bravo!"—and painted a picture of the scene... The miser tore his hair, thinking of the money that would be spent in clearing up his walks



"The musician played his instrument."

....The sick man shivered as he glanced at the snow
....The healthy man threw another log on the fire....
The athlete played solitaire....The gambler bet on
how deep the snow would be....The gossip called up
Sadie on the 'phone....The water boiled on the stove.
The capitalist cursed himself for not going to Florida
....The musician played his instrument, since there
was no danger of bricks....The town loafer slept....
The beautiful girl thought of the ski-suit in which she
would "show off"....The cat purred....The mother
pulled warm clothes out of the closets....The minister
read of the latest boxing match....The rabbi
dreamed of Palestine....The Italian fruit vendor
wondered where he could get runners for his push cart
....The big sister darned socks....The younger brothers
began fighting.

* * * * *

Yet, the snow still fell, the wind still blew—and not a soul could be seen.

My Diary (1607)

By Peter Garber

March 7—Made some furniture for our stockade. It was crude, but nevertheless it was furniture.

Sunday, March 10—Went to church and prayed that God protect my wife, my children, myself, and my furniture.

Monday, March 11—Went with the company to get some meat. Were met by Indians who looked at us and said, "White man—nuts." Shot the Indians for such an insult. Got meat.

Saturday, March 16—Went to the creek to take bath. Was too late: the cows had made the creek muddy.

Tuesday, March 19—Indians were seen on the hill. Shutters were put into place. Guns were taken out of racks and loaded. Indians were coming in thousands. Bill Hopkins took a shot at the chief but missed him; instead got the head warrior behind. Indians were driven away after three attacks on stockade. Many of our people were wounded, some dying, and some death had taken under its wing.

Friday, May 12—Some disease broke out in settlement. People dying off like flies. Everything had been done. Two witches were put to death, but that didn't stop the disease; instead it increased.

Wednesday, May 25—My wife got sick. Spread the germ to my children and me.

Sunday, May 30—My wife and children all died, and here I am dying too. At this period three witches were hanged, but no help has come of it.

Monday, June 1—I think this'll be my last statement to you, my diary, for I too will soon die.

Tuesday, June 2—Have died.

Why Not Make it a Success?

By Lucille Epstein

UGH, YUH, she's smart all right, but she's a 'plug', crams all the time. That kind of person gets under my skin!" How often you hear this or some similar, uncomplimentary remark about a fellow student who takes school seriously, and acquires high grades.

Suppose you were a grown person who was fortunate enough to have a position. If you worked hard at your tasks, got all there was to get out of them, and always performed your work well—would you be considered a "plug", or an undesirable sort of person just because you got more out of your position than your fellow workers? No—certainly not. Then why do so many of us shrug our shoulders and sneer at those people whom we call "plugs"?

After all, there is a very slight difference between holding a position and going to school. To an older person, a position is his business; in like manner, to a student, school is his business—why not make it a success?

"Little Man, What Now?"

By Isabel Cumming

There are, to be exact, twenty-five more days of school. When the end of these twenty-five days comes, it will be, "Little man, what now?" Vacation, a chance to sleep all I want to, to loaf, to have a good time all day without a thought of the next day's unprepared lessons, a chance really to live is the obvious answer.

But after a week, this so called "living" becomes monotonous. Then comes the question—What can I do? We can do one of two things. Make a profit out of the summer, or let it be a total loss. It is quite simple to let anything be a loss—profit comes harder.

Instead of sleeping until noon, some of us will get jobs and be compelled to rise early. A job is a job, and, although it is work, it differs from the school grind. A job settles the "What can I do?" question perfectly.

But some of us can't (or won't have a chance to) work. What then? If we have camps to go to, our

time will be automatically and pleasantly filled. But some of us haven't camps, and the problem of what to do becomes more acute. Of course a great deal of the summer will be devoted to having a good time—that's what vacations are for. But we can't dance, and go to movies all the time. What then can we do?

There are always books to read—books which (perhaps in school, aren't recognized for credit) we haven't had time to read before. New books are being published all the time. Summer provides a grand time to catch up in our reading.

Some of us will keep up in our school work, will try to make things easier next year, especially if we are going to college. There always is a big jump between one year and the next—and a little extra knowledge doesn't hinder us any.

Summer is the time for making new friendships and strengthening the old. The fisherman on the dock, the boys in a C.C.C. camp, the man who works in the garden, the woman from the country who brings us butter and eggs, all have an interesting tale to tell, and are worth cultivating. Nay more, let's give the older folks a break. Let's devote an occasional afternoon or evening to the company of Pa and Ma.

Then what about our sports? Even if we haven't a camp in the white mountains, we can still play a few games. If the old back-hand isn't what it might be, take a ball and racket and practice against the side of the house. The skill acquired in avoiding windows, will be all to the good later on. Even if you can't play tennis—learn. There's no time like the present—and the summer. Work up a really good game. You'll never regret the time spent in this manner.

Then what about swimming? Do you swim or splash? A little concentrated effort, and the splash can be changed into good form. The summer is just the time to effect this change.

It is considered, by some, a great hardship to have to remain in the city for the summer. If this were almost any other state besides Maine, it might be. A person would have good reason to kick, if he had to spend a summer in a city in Iowa. But Maine is vastly

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What Others are Reading

From This Hill Look Down

By Elliott Merrick

THIS BOOK does for Vermont what "As The Earth Turns" does for Maine. Perhaps you have read some of Mr. Merrick's short stories. They appear frequently in Scribner's Magazine, and everyone likes them. They are always about Vermont, which is not strange, since Mr. Merrick is a native of the Green Mountain State. Many authors have sought Vermont as a fitting environment for work, but only a few native writers actually paint the local scene. Mr. Merrick is one of these.

In this story as well as in his others, the reader will note a startling intimacy with the toiling, sweating layer of humanity. The fact is, Mr. Merrick is a common enough farmer himself and knows well what he is writing about. This very book was written with the sweat of toil.

"From This Hill Look Down" is a story of people—hard-luck people all wrapped up in themselves because of the depression. It is a study of pitiful humanity from a hilltop—a very searching study—revealing little in words but a kingdom in thoughts. Mr. Merrick has an easy style of writing that flows like a swift brook, without the hindrance of boulders and waterfalls. While you're reading a simple description rather thoughtlessly you suddenly discover, much to your surprise, that all this will-o'-the-wisp flow of words has conveyed a very definite and ponderous thought. Mr. Merrick has an uncanny way of slipping you pills when all the time you thought it was candy. It has been said that simplicity makes a painting. To my mind simplicity also makes a book.

Our Vermont author writes charming descriptions. By way of illustration, the chapter entitled "The Rain": "One morning (as the men were working in the fields) it was sultry and the hot wind smelled of rain. The thunderheads rose high above the lake. They hurried while the rain held off. The sweet smell of new hay turned bitter and acrid. It was the dust and thirst and heat. The breeze fell at last and left them gasping. The lake looked cool. But farmers don't like swimming much. The cattle must be fed this winter, long after swimming's been forgotten. And so the load

gets higher and the forks click and the blue shirts darken." And then the storm arrives: "Over the lake a white wall was advancing, driving foam before it. The mountains sank down in the white, the wind began to sing. It was almost frightening to be in one clear world and see another hidden by a wall and know that they'd be swallowed soon. Just enough so to be pleasant."

Then after the men have reached the shelter of the barn one of them runs up onto a low hilltop: "The rain was like a curtain and the wind all cold and wild and sweet. He drank it in his cupped hands and reached his arms up into the thunder. 'Good God, I am a crop as good as oats or garden truck. The rain is rain, and for me and my lips and body.'"

Synthetic Gentleman

By Channing Pollock

One of those rare finds that really is *different*: Not high class. Not deep. Not a character study. In fact, it's a straight-forward action novel combined in the best manner with the suspense of a mystery thriller and the warmth of a great romance.

You can't help liking it.

The story:

He was a bum, and he was on his way to be a bootlegger. A storm, a house, a surprise reveal that he is a millionaire's son. A Judge's daughter, murder entanglements, and suspense—follow! Two men, two girls, two families await the result of justice's grim balance. Life depends. . . .

Barry Gilbert is the bum, and by the fickle hands of Fate he is thrown into a position where he finds himself in gentleman's clothing. It is fulfillment of a dream that he thought could never come true—A bum in the disguise of a gentleman. What would *you* have done? Barry did one thing: he became a gentleman. And you'll love him for it. You'll weep for him. You'll cheer for him. And in the end, you'll be glad for him. Barry Gilbert is a character you won't forget. He will make you wonder—wonder what you would have done in his place. Would you have saved the lives and happiness of strange people at the cost of your own name and honor? Or would you have taken the safer course—and be a bootlegger?

News of the Month



Assemblies

Student Council. On Wednesday, April 3, Jock Adams spoke by popular vote of the Student council for that same council. Many reports of illegal activities so to speak have been going on around Bangor High. Jock took the difficult task of telling us what these illegal activities were and warning us against continuing them. It was a difficult job, too, getting up on the platform and telling his fellow pupils what to do and what not to do, but it had to be done and Jock did it.

The chief trouble which the school authorities found with the students was that of smoking within high school limits. Surely a student could wait long enough to walk the thirty yards which would take him beyond the school boundaries before lighting up.

Confusion, there had been stealing going on in the girls' locker room. That's certainly most surprising. Girls in Bangor High are expected to act and be ladies.

Divers people have been easing out of classes lately. However that doesn't excuse you and (by you I mean those to whom it applies) it isn't worth the risk, and it's twice as much bother and trouble skipping school as it is sticking it out. So all offenders—"The Student Council will get you if you don't watch out!"

Newspaper. Our new school newspaper is beginning to fulfill the description which Artemus Weatherbee gave us of its future glory. "The week's news on Thursday" is the motto of the whole board.

The Sad Tale of the Dinosaur

The Assembly speaker of April 10 was Professor Lloyd Fisher of Bates College, a geologist who spoke in terms of rocks and rivers, of erosion and survival. In brief Professor Fisher's message was there are today three classes of students in high school. First are those who will as a matter of course go on to college. For them the problem is what comes after college. The second class includes those who are ready and fitted for college, and because of financial or other difficulties cannot achieve college. For these he recommended the borrowing of money to finance a college course, and suggested several means of self-support which our colleges offer today. The last group is composed of those

who do not plan to go further than high school, and for them the problem of making their way is immediate and acute. In contrast to the present state of depression and scarcity of jobs, Professor Fisher pointed out that twenty years ago a student, finishing school or college, could shop around and take his choice of several positions.

The youth of all three groups might well learn a lesson from the dinosaur. A huge and lusty animal in the early days of the world's history, when changing conditions of the climate and earth's surface occurred, he failed to adapt himself, insisted on his original manner of life—and died out. So it's up to the student of today to adapt himself to the conditions in which he finds himself. If he doesn't see a way of getting to college, let him make one. If he can't get a job to his liking, it's up to him to like the one he can get, and make it worth while. This is the moral of the sad tale of the dinosaur.

Latin Club

THE MARCH meeting of the Latin Club saw the versatile seniors again in charge of the program, which program, being in part impromptu had its little hitches; however we attempted to be funny and funny we were! One act in particular called forth much merriment, a reproduction, painfully true to life, of the daily dismal performance of Mrs. Cumming's, 4A division. Alice Floros gave one of her actual translations from the Aeneid, delightfully literal, while Lucille Epstein presided a la Mrs. Cumming.

Another scene showed Juliet Spangler as Dido, mounting her lofty funeral-pyre (a chair) to stab herself to death with Emil Hawes' sword. We feel sure that this particular stunt has not been staged more than fifteen times during our four years at B. H. S. Be it solemnly resolved that henceforth Dido requiescat in pace.

Dana Kennedy and William West played the part of two Roman farmers, discussing a depression in the last century B. C., showing that truly there is nothing new under the sun! The rest of the seniors then gave a most heart-rending version of Catiline's ostracism in the senate.

The period closed with an interesting discussion of

the value of Latin and its place in modern education, several of the seniors testifying emphatically in favor of four years of Latin in high school.

The Juniors, under the direction of Miss Estes, were to sponsor the April meeting and had plans for a fine one. Because of the Dramatic Club play, however, it was necessary to postpone the program until some future meeting.

Latin Banquet. Plans for the Latin Club's annual spring banquet—one of the big events of the school year—are well underway. This year our honored guests will be the three retiring heads of departments, Miss Hutchings, Mme. Beaupre, and Mrs. True. With the banquet, the Latin Club will close another successful season, and a good many seniors will reluctantly sing their "swan song" to their beloved Societas Latina.

Debate Club

Candy Sale. The Debate Club certainly has earned its title of the most active club in Bangor High School. Only a short time ago, a successful candy sale was conducted *downtown* with an immense committee of thirty girls, all active members of the Debate Club. Carlene Merrill supervised this committee and accomplished a very good and worthwhile job. The profits from this enterprise will go toward trips for our varsity debates.

Big Show. Also, the Debate Club is planning some big event for May 29. Of course you all remember the big shows put on before,—the Autumnal Dances, the night of February 21, and the Harmonica Band Concert, just to mention a few of the outstanding ones. To say the least, we are all expecting something really great in the entertainment line. Oh, yes, it may take two or three of those not-too-frequent allowances, but I'd be willing to bet that everyone present will get his money's worth and more too!

Dramatics

The Senior Play "Growing Pains" is well under way—speeding along for a glorious finish. Miss Rideout is the helmsman, and she's steering the good play through all the dangerous shoals of low voices—making natural actions with a firm hand and clear eye which comes from experience in play-coaching and above all a real interest in the work which she is doing.

The play itself is a masterpiece of good comedy without any "foxystuff" mixed in. You'll laugh at George and Terry—growing up. It's got punch—it's got deep insight and understanding of human nature—and woe is me: Girls you'll find your secret (or maybe it isn't so secretive) mode of getting what you want in ladylike although catish ways, exposed to the eye of the public in its true and somewhat humorous light.

Then there'll be the absent-minded professor—father doin' his stuff arguing with the mother because his son buys a rifle when he, the father, is preparing to make a tour throughout the country making speeches for peace.

His wife is a good mother; she does her best and gives her all in bringing her children through this difficult stage of life, teaching them the manners of grownups, which, incidentally come rather hard to Terry since she has always prided herself for being a tomboy.

Appearing on the scene at the critical moment comes the siren "good looker" from the south'n parts unknown. She is years ahead of the other girls in sophistication even though not in years. The girls find their boys being lured away by this new peril. Terry, the heroine beholds this bewitching creature in one of her most luring lures and she decides to try it out on her boy friend, anything to keep him from joining the mob of bewitched under this other cat's spell. What happens? Come and find out. Georgie takes a sock at an officer for insulting his first love—none but the same blond siren. Naturally he's dragged off to jail. This rather upsets the mother's pride, who makes the "prof" promise to speak to the son. The two go out together. The mother begins to regret her action and listens for sound of blows, she almost decides to stop the punishment when lo and behold father and son come out arm in arm—the son has convinced his father that the father should buy him a dog—that was the punishment—the play is full of just such fun—only much better. The words aren't made that can describe the wonderful worth of the play—you'll just have to come and "spectate."

R. O. T. C. Battalion

With the blare of a trumpet and the bark of commands, the parade moves off, the start of Bangor High School's R. O. T. C. Federal Inspection. Today the battalion will run through a trial inspection and polish up on the various movements. Then comes the day some two hundred cadets have been preparing for all year, the day when they strut their stuff so to speak.

Major Carlock will be the inspecting officer. Let us hope that the cadets who may be asked questions do not answer as one boy did on the third quarter Military exam. Major Snow asked on the test—how much the rifle weighed without bayonet, and the boy replied after a moment's thought, "One pound less than with the bayonet." This kind of answer probably would not help us to retain the star for being an honor unit.

It is rumored that at New Bedford and Gloucester, the two other high schools in this Corps Area, the whole town turns out to watch the inspection. We suppose the girls wish this were so here; then they wouldn't have to envy the boys the two days of outdoor drill.

The Inspection finishes drill for the year and offers plenty of competition. The winning company receives a trophy and a banner.

Boys' Athletics

Just as soon as the mud is dried up, and it grows a little warmer, the spring training grind for football will begin again. Coach Walter Ulmer is planning to have this one be one of the most thorough spring trainings that has taken place at Bangor High. Since he has been relieved of his duties as baseball coach, he will be able to give his undivided attention this spring to football. This spring training is really more important than it sounds. It is the time when all candidates should report and when the fundamentals of football should be gone over. So besides saving a lot of time in the fall it gives the coach a chance to look over new prospects and to try out some new ideas and plays.

With these views in mind, Coach Ulmer is planning to get ready for another successful season next year.

This spring you will see Durwood Heal in a dual role of Athletic Director and head baseball coach. For nearly a month now, some hopeful candidates have been trying out for the battery positions. As soon as there is any dry footing at all, the rest of the team will turn out for practice. As Coach Heal says as yet positions are open to any one who shows up well in practice. However, we think that it is safe to say that at least the majority of the veterans will be able to regain their positions. The infield will probably be the strongest one in several years, as among the returning veterans are Perry, Dauphinee, Smith, Treworgy and Morse. It is doubtful as to who will make up the battery, so it is better not to make any guesses. As we have had fairly good success in Athletics this year, let's hope to see the baseball team go through the season without a defeat.

Baseball Schedule 1935

Saturday, Apr. 27	Orono	At Orono
Wednesday, May 1	Belfast	At Belfast
Saturday, May 4	Ellsworth	At Bangor
Wednesday, May 8	Bucksport	At Bangor
Saturday, May 11	Ellsworth	At Ellsworth
Saturday, May 18	Brewer	At Brewer
Wednesday, May 22	Belfast	At Bangor
Saturday, May 25	Hampden	At Hampden
Monday, May 27	Orono	At Bangor
Thursday, May 30	Bucksport	At Bucksport
Saturday, June 1	Brewer	At Bangor
Saturday, June 8	Hampden	At Bangor

Football Schedule 1935

Varsity			
Old Town	At Bangor	Sept. 21	
Thornton Academy	At Thornton	Sept. 28 (pending)	
John Baptist	At Bangor	Oct. 5	
Portland	At Portland	Oct. 12	
Winslow	At Bangor	Oct. 19	

Cony	At Augusta	Oct. 26
Salem	At Bangor	Nov. 2
Brewer	At Bangor	Nov. 11
Waterville	At Waterville	Nov. 16

Good-Bye Till '36

The basketball season has finished with a bang. Altogether, it has been a highly successful season. One of the highlights of the season was the double win over Bapst. Stearns and Winslow were the only teams to win victories in which our boys were without a chance to get back any revenge.

Then with a green second team they upset the dope bucket by overcoming Gilman and Brewer in the Tourney and dropped a close game to Old Town. But the most redeeming feature of the whole season is the wealth of material which will return next year. Bob Clelland will be the only veteran to graduate. So, with Powers, Flynn, Munce, Lynch, and Johnston to build around, it ought not to be a difficult task to build a championship team next year.

Alumni

Easter vacation is over but, oh, what a gay town this was while all the Alumni were home! One couldn't walk along the street without bumping into *you*. The last refers to Betty Maxwell. Did you see her speeding in Jean Sanger's snappy new roadster? When it went slow enough we caught a glimpse of the car, and was it smart—cream colored with orange wheels, streamlined and everything!

Joe Bertels and Owen Lynch were home. They're real Hebronians by this time, (Joe was sporting one of those new (Hewbronian) hair cuts!)

Cox and Curran spent their vacation along with Bob Hussey playing ping-pong on Merrill Eldridge's Ping-Pong table.

Jean and Jeanette Sanborn were up from Northfield for a few days. Virginia Orberton put one over on us and spent her vacation in New York visiting a friend. She announced that she was going to see everything and do everything there was to see and do in the Big City, so we can expect some wild tales when she gets back!

Fred Newman and Paul Winsor were both home but they didn't make many public appearances.

We see "Duke" Ford '33 around town most of the time. "Duke" shows his loyalty by turning up at all the school dances and affairs.

Believe it or not, Paul Higgins, '34 has come out of the woods.

It's the first time we've had a real good look at the boy for a year. He's not sure yet whether he'll go back or not.

Talk about your Newspaper reporters! One popped

right out of our midst the other day. Of course you've seen him around. Every day he takes his stand outside Dean Connor's door, Don Daley—the school reporter. He spends his hours chasing all the news that goes around school. If you read his column you'll know what's going to happen even before the plans are made! His eagle eye doesn't miss one tiny notice on the bulletin board—It's uncanny. However, here's luck to our new reporter!

If you're looking for Winnie Brown '32 just go up to MacLeod's restaurant and look for the waitress with the cheeriest smile. As for tricks—you should see her carry a laden tray on one hand!

You'll find Joy Small '33 working on the Orange counter at Newberry's. He struts around in a white coat all day selling his wares.

Gay Carson '33, has gone into the grocery business too. He's working at the First National Store on Garland Street.

Every day we see Rose Costrell '34 walk by on her way home from the U. of M., her small person loaded down with a heavy pile of books, but we miss our guess if what's in those books isn't very carefully lodged in the head set on those small shoulders. (Remember her scholastic record in high school?)

Norma Finnegan '33 has had an experience which not many girls of her age have had. She was given the honor of christening the new streamlined train, "The Flying Yankee." Her grandfather was, for many years, railroad engineer on the steam-propelled "Flying Yankee." That ought to be something for Norma to remember the rest of her life.

Bob Hussey has been invited to join the Honorary Spanish Club at the U. of M.

"Mimi" Merrill '34, has spent a winter anyone would envy. For two months she was in Miami, Florida. It must be summer time down there—you should see "Mimi's" tan!

Thelma Spearin '34, certainly deserves some praise. She has carried on with her music and now has several pupils for whom she will hold a recital sometime this spring. We consider this an accomplishment for a girl just out of high-school. Good luck Thelma!

These students who made the Dean's list at the University of Maine are Bangor High Alumni: Newell Avery, Evelyn Golden, Faith Holden, Edward Redman, Arlene Merrill, Woodford Brown, Thomas Reed, Anora Peavey, Phyllis Peavey, Sidney Alpert, Harold Grodinsky, James Siegel and George Tsoulas.

Mary Gibbons, who is attending Wellesley College, has won the distinctive honor of being named a Wellesley College Scholar from the senior class. This annual award was based on Miss Gibbon's high scholastic attainments in her academic courses. She has also been outstanding in extra curricular work at Wellesley, having won her "W" in the activities of the riding club.

Betty Williams, '30, has accepted the position of supervisor at the Boston Lying-in Hospital, Boston,

Mass. Miss Williams is a graduate of the Nurses' Training School at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in the class of 1933.

The engagement of Adra Jack to Louis C. Toppam of Newburyport, Mass. was recently announced. Miss Jack was graduated from Bangor High in the class of 1932.

Bob Kurson, '32, spent his Easter vacation in Bermuda.

Miss Frances Arnold is now National Programs Advisor and Field Secretary for the Girls' Friendly Society. She was one of the most brilliant members of the class of 1920, winning a French medal when she graduated. She attended Smith College and shortly afterward became associated with the Bangor chapter of the G. F. S. Within three years she was appointed National Field Secretary and travelled through the western states organizing and speaking to local groups. For the past year Miss Arnold has been affiliated with the New York office of the G. F. S., constructing the programs for universal societies.

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club after nearly completing the year finds that it stands on top in one-third of its matches. Although the Club did not win any trophies in the Randolph Hearst Matches, it placed second in the Corps Area Shoot which is sponsored by the War Department.

The following men won their letters for their second consecutive year:

Betram Ames	Garold Downes
Reginald Bolton	Elmer Yates
Lloyd Cutter	

The other men winning Rifle Club letters for the first time are:

Hilfred Bailey	Allan J. Neal
Roland Buck	Robert Sedgely
Ralph Decrow	Charles Varney
Walter Greene	

Orchestra and Band

The orchestra made its debut in City Hall at the Federal Housing Exhibition in March. The second appearance was at the Junior Exhibition. Besides these appearances, the orchestra has also played at several assemblies where it is always well received.

At present, every Wednesday afternoon is filled with practice for the Maine Music Festival. Last year the orchestra was chosen for the evening concert at the Festival, and it is hoped that it will be able to repeat this year. Preparation for graduation, where the orchestra makes its final appearance for the year, is also well under way.

PASSING IN REVIEW

With his likes definitely confined to black-haired, tall lassies and his dislikes centered on caviar, "Our Hal" could be spotted anywhere in a crowd, especially when he has on his uniform. He's Cadet Major you know and looks forward to Maine and West Point. But in the summers you'll find *Harold Moon* at Moosehead on a surf-board behind a speeding Cris-Craft.

P. S. stands not for post scriptum but for *Phyllis Smart*, that poetry scribbler, and her pet mouse *Percivilla Squee*. Any time you see a blonde-haired streak (call her "redhead,") you'll know it's *Phyllis*, hastening from Science Club to Poetry Club, from Debate Club to Oracle Board Meeting. Her greatest ambition is to hit ten bull-eyes in a row with her 22 rifle.

Did you ever, ladies and gentlemen wonder what was the cause of the whin-gity-bang, and the rat-a-tat in the orchestra? Well, it isn't a what, it's a who, and it's name is *Barbara Welch*. The enormous energy that she uses on the long suffering drums is furnished by her daily bushel of spinach. Her favorite hobby is fishing around in the rain—and the queer part of it is that she really catches 'em—that long.

We present, dear readers, a Junior Exhibition winner, "*Whistling Bud McDonough*." A busy man in winter, he is even busier in summer when he swims and fools around with boats. But when his leisure time isn't occupied with this, he's near the radio listening to Bing Crosby or the Mills Brothers. Thursday nights are special, too, for the Park Theatre Auditions have a regular customer in him. We have an idea that he secretly yearns to appear on one.

Straight from little old New York came *Joe Mullen* three years ago, and he likes it here, especially the fish. Besides being a freshman he has ambitions, that is he wants to join the navy and see the world. Obstacle: Seeing young ladies around and all that. Hobby: Plays drums, maintaining his constantly full schedule. Interesting Fact: The biggest fish he ever saw was the one he didn't catch.



We shudder to relate this about *Miriam Fellows* but it must be told. She loathes the radio and now comes the difficult part—especially Bing Crosby. But don't go away yet. She loves to read, swim and play tennis. And her attitude toward boys is positively negative. Fortunately she indulges in eating. In spite of all this we admit a sneaking admiration for *Miriam*.

Eleanor Winchell is one of the many who indulge in the jolly sport of eating crackers in bed and likes to get up in the middle of the night and have a snack—in other words she likes to eat.

Her chief ambition is to be an aviatrix and to break many a record made by *Amelia Earhart*.

As for her favorite movie stars she picks *Joan Crawford* and *Clark Gable* every-time; and try to tell her that *Lanny Ross* is fickle—why, she'd throw a grand piano or what have you. To top this all off, *Eleanor* received first place at Junior Exhibition, so speak for yourself *Eleanor*.

Walter McMullen is a pensive sophomore, who appreciates this hall of learning so much that he actually haunts the library every afternoon. By his pals, and he has several, *Walter* is called "Doughnuts." He is seen following a certain distinguished senior around the school nearly all the time. Anything that *Edwin* says "goes." *Walter* is very fond of writing and wants to be a reporter.

Dana Kennedy, an orator of excellence, follower of the gentle art of debating, the best essayist in the state, aviation fan, and lover of the wide open spaces including the sea, is also an actor, a chauffeur without a car or boss, and a pensive six-foot classical senior. Late and early hours agree with him equally well, and he finds stenography a cinch. Girls are absolutely out of place—that is, sometimes—and *Bowdoin* is his big heart-throb.

One of B. H. S.'s most promising debaters—of course it's *Dorothy Epstein*. Her sports include horse back riding (and is she good!) basketball, baseball, swimming, and tennis; her one passion is food—any kind and every kind. And together with all her other accomplishments *Dotty* knits — makes all those good-looking sweaters and skirts you see her wearing. She frequents the movies and says her one big moment, at present, is *George Raft*. There's a big heart down underneath that big smile for she wants her future to spell *Wellesley College* and *Social Service Work*.

The few times that the band has appeared in assembly have been highly enjoyable. At present the band is rehearsing on contest and festival music.

The Maine Music Festival is to be held in Bar Harbor this year, and the band will participate. It will play the "Hungarian Comedy" by Keler-Bela.

The New England Band and Orchestra Contest will be held in Newport, Rhode Island again this year. While it is doubtful that Bangor will compete, the band is rehearsing the "Universal Judgment," the required piece for Class-A-Bands this year.

In the past contests the band has created more or less of a sensation over its appearance. This year it has still more of a chance to attract attention on account of the white belts and new coats with blue lapels that were issued this year.

At inspection tomorrow the band will probably be featured in the review.

Girls' Athletics

Mad Hatter's Hop. All of you who attended remember that date—Friday evening, March 8. It certainly was a gallant event—a novelty. This hop was sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. Cleverly made posters, featuring the Mad Hatter were strung through all the corridors of B. H. S. for weeks before. The event was staged in true March madness style with cardboard bunny pictures stretched across the stage. The main attraction of the affair was the Mad Hatter, no other than little Paul McKinney dressed in a long swallow tail, checked shirt and tall hat, acting as master of ceremonies. And whom did he introduce? Why, Betty Moore, the B. H. S. song bird and Kenneth Sprague who did a tap dance for us. The novelty of the evening was the broom dance—with the broom, very cleverly dressed as the Mad Hatter himself. The students welcomed this attraction with much enthusiasm.

This affair was a financial success as well as a social one. The proceeds went to Boys' and Girls' Athletics. The Council is a very wide awake organization of ambitious and peppy girls who put things over and always do their bit to help the school.

Class Games. Every game has been breath-taking and well worth seeing, but the game for the championship, played between the lordly Seniors and the measeley Blue Freshmen took the cake.

"I was thrown into the air by a girl with a very business-like air. A whistle blew—two girls jumped madly and one tapped me and I bounded a few feet into space—then I was grabbed very roughly and hurled swiftly to another girl who swung around and threw me high up into the air and down, down I went through a funny net thing. I was scared. I was brand new, I had heard stories from other basketballs about this sort of treatment and how it was fun., when you got used to it, but I was beginning to believe that I wasn't going to

get used to it. The shouts and yells filled the whole gym, and my eardrum was fairly pounding. I was carried back again to the center of the floor. The whistle blew, and once more, I was thrown brutally into the air, I can't describe my feelings—the floor below seemed so far away that it practically made me dizzy to look down. Why were they doing this to me? I had always been good and had done nothing to deserve such punishment. Time after time I went down through that thing called a basket amid the cheers and yells of the crowd. The whistle blew shrilly—everyone sank to the floor exhausted and left me alone-alone mind you and then someone shouted, 'Score at the end of the half, Freshmen 18, Seniors 7.'

"The whistle blew again—then a strange thing happened. I seemed to be thrown constantly into strange hands, different from those before. Several times I tumbled down through the basket. I never received such rough treatment in my life. Ouch! They were hurting me; they were digging their nails into my sides. Oh! and someone brutally batted me with all her force, and I hit the wall with an awful wham, and oh, how my sides ached. The whistle blew, and I guessed that saved my life—I was exhausted!

"The same girl shouted, 'Score Seniors 21, Freshmen 20.' Then two groups gathered on the floor and yelled—yeah something or other. I couldn't make it out; it was still a puzzle to me."

Just a word in regard to that game. Although our lordly Seniors did come down from their majestic post in the second half, and really fought terrifically hard to overcome the Freshmen lead, the Freshmen themselves deserve a very great deal of praise. They showed spirit, fight, and real ability. They are the first Freshmen Team who have so nearly copped the tournament. More power to them, and may they continue to show the right spirit, sportsmanship, leadership, dependability, and cooperation that they have displayed throughout the tournament. Adelle Sawyer, all round Freshman athlete, starred for her team, while Glenice Peavey, her Senior guard did a very good job of holding her down. Elnora Savage and Juliet Spangler, Senior forwards, did their bit in sending the ball down through, a sufficient number of times to win the tournament. The cup goes once more to that unconquerable class of 1935.

The class games have come to a finish. The following girls won their numerals.

Sophomores	Red Freshmen
Evelyn Knowles, Capt.	Margaret Moulton, Capt.
Emily Rand	Beatrice Gleason
Lily Anderson	Jane Mulvaney
Elsie Juutilainen	Virginia Meader
Ellen Hathorne	Jane Bradshaw
Doris Hamilton	Geraldine Scott
Bernice Faulkingham	Frances Chaison
Mary Burke	Winona Cole
Janice Merrill	

JUNIOR EXHIBITION WINNERS

Medal Winners



Eleanor Winchell



Leonard McDonough

Honorable Mention



Frank Lobley



Rose Bigelson

Seniors

Juliet Spangler, Capt.
Barbara Jarvis
Elnora Savage
Marie Telfer
Ruth Thurston
Sally Woodcock
Glenice Peavey
Betty Homans

Juniors

Mary Conners, Capt.
Betty Barker
Charlotte Cushing
Betty Smart
Hazel Chalmers
Jeanette Leavitt
Lora Abbott
Ellen MacIntosh
Betty Ayer
Margaret Bragg
Caroline Flagg

winning class team of 1935 presented its Captain, Juliet Spangler with a silver cup.

Hazel Chalmers was sworn into office and promised to do all in her power to further the interests of the G. A. H. C. Other officers for the coming year are:

Peggy Tyler.....Vice-President
Lois Smith.....Secretary
Rachel Kent.....Treasurer

A very impressive council ceremony concluded our program. Wealthy Stackpole and Isabel Cumming were the two girls found worthy of this honor by the members of G. A. H. C.

Thus, another banquet has rolled by. May the future banquets be as glorious and successful as those in the past.

Blue Freshmen

Barbara Libbey, Capt.
Madeline Hartford
Barbara Savage
Sylvia Striar
Adelle Sawyer
Charlene Shorey
Marie Tsoulas
Anne Hanson
Betty Barker
Lillian Kopelow

All Bangor Team
(Varsity)

Lucille Fogg, Capt.
Helen Bond, Manager
Dot Steeves
Frances Giles
Wealthy Stackpole
Peggy Tyler
Kathleen Whitney
Dot Kamen
Ann Tyler
Lois Smith
Isabel Cumming

Girls on Varsity Squad who won their numerals:

Hazel Chalmers	Anna Buch
Rachel Kent	Gwendolyn Smith
Barbara Welch	June Webster
Eleanor Burrill	Dot Strietland
Virginia Moulton	

Girls' Athletic Honor Council Banquet. How well

we all looked in our white middies! Any person could tell that this was an Athletic Banquet. Here a very friendly feeling between teachers and pupils existed. The honored guests of the Council were Mme. and Mlle. Beaupre, Miss Mullen, Mrs. True, Miss McLaughlin, Dean Connor and Mrs. Churchill. At six-thirty these teachers were escorted to the basement of the Y. W. C. A. where supper was served. At each place very neat and original programs were found. The table was attractively adorned with a yellow and lavender spring bouquet of jonquils and tulips. A delicious meal, consisting of chicken patties, mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, rolls, olives, celery, topped off by ice cream and cake was served. After this the lights were turned out and tall yellow candles were lighted creating a very effective atmosphere. Ruth Thurston was our toast mistress and introduced Dean Connor who made a few remarks and urged the girls to make use of the tennis courts at Bass Park. Next Lucille Fogg spoke on Varsity Basketball; Juliet Spangler followed and related the class games giving a very accurate account of each.

Awards for class games and Varsity were then given out by Coach McGuire. Lucille Fogg, coach of the

French Play

One of the snappiest Assembly programs ever offered in B. H. S. was staged on April 17, by the members of Mme. Beaupre's French classes; the program was sponsored, coached and directed by Madame herself. Marjorie Taylor created the proper atmosphere by singing La Normandie in a delightful manner, accompanied at the piano by Sally Woodcock.

A one-act play, entitled La Faim est un Grand Inventeur, which is by interpretation—Hunger is a Great Inventor was staged with such consummate success that we predict a brilliant future for the performers. If Dana Kennedy has been a bit uncertain as to what business or profession to choose, we would remind him that Will Rogers is getting old. Sally Woodcock and Julie Spangler made devastating maids, and as for Jock Adams he looked so grand and glorious in his uniform, and scattered such heavenly smiles on all, that any acting on his part was really superfluous. Friend Artie Weatherbee was the French inn-keeper to perfection and then some—smooth, suave, and persuasive. Those two dumb American soldiers didn't half appreciate him. Now if it had been a couple of American girls—well? ! ! ?

The story of the play, as Roberta Smith kindly told us in advance, centers around two hungry American soldiers (Jock and Dana) striving to make their order for breakfast understood in a French inn. Let's have such programs many a time and often.

The Knight in the Silver Armor

Mrs. Carver Blyth.....	Lucille Epstein
Ysobel.....	Julie Spangler
Atkins.....	Stanley Staples
Dream Sir George.....	Jay Finnegan
Real Sir George.....	Dana Kennedy
Mary Ellen.....	Marie Hughes

Even the announcement that school was going to begin on Daylight Saving time could not keep "The

Knight in the Silver Armor" from going over with the biggest of bangs in April 18th's assembly. It's success could have been due to any one of a hundred things, but it was more probably due to all of them.

Dear girls, I know your hearts are still throbbing to Jay Finnegan's passionate "My heart's own!," and didn't you envy Marie Hughes when she lovingly persuaded him not to throw himself in the sea?

On Four Floors

It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but Bangor High has proved itself more puissant than the sun itself for under its mighty roof, there is something new. This novelty is the weekly newspaper, "*On Four Floors*," and a goodly number in B. H. S. are making it a very pleasant habit. Three bright boys, Andrews, Young, and Weatherbee, conceived the idea, and, with the help of a capable and peppy staff, they're improving it each issue. If some backward, unlucky person has not yet had *On Four Floors*, let him bring a nickel next Thursday.

The Bates Trip

The noonday sun on Friday, April 19, found six of us with high hopes speeding away toward Lewiston. Bangor High School had won both of her preliminary debates in the Bates Interscholastic Debating League, and that evening we hoped to win in the semi-final tournament. Those making the trip were Artemus Weatherbee and Myer Alpert, affirmative speakers, Ernest F. Andrews, Jr. and Horace S. Stewart, Jr., negative speakers; Edwin Young, manager and Mr. Herbert L. Prescott, debate coach.

We arrived at the campus at approximately 4 o'clock, and, since supper was at six, we had the next two hours in which to inspect the college. We played pool and ping-pong, and then tried our luck at bowling. The pool tables and all the other equipment were conveniently in the basement of the building in which we were staying. Supper was served in a dining room in another building where one hundred and eighty other boys had their meals regularly.

The debates were at seven o'clock. Thirteen schools including Bangor had made the semi-finals, and over a hundred people were present at the first assembly. The Bangor affirmative team met George Stevens Academy of Bluehill, while the negative team met the Aroostook Central Institute of Mars Hill. Bangor won both of her debates by the vote of three to nothing, thus getting into the finals for the State championship the next morning. We celebrated appropriately at a sandwich shop, and then headed for our rooms for a good night's rest. We had a room in Chase Hall, a building that was both a dormitory and the debating center of the college. Two boys from Hallowell were

also in our room which was a large guest room, and, as Hallowell was also in the finals, we had a good time together. That night, due to excitement and the hardness of the beds, we slept but little.

The next morning we were aroused at the unearthly hour of half past six. Since breakfast was at seven, we had to hustle even then to eat. All that we were allowed for breakfast was orange juice and we were hardly satisfied with that. We went down to the bowling alleys and played until nine o'clock, when the final debates started.

We, the affirmative side, debated against the negative Kingfield team, and the negative debated against Hallowell. The teams in the finals were Bangor, Edward Little High School, Hallowell and Kingfield. The results were not announced at the debates themselves, and we had to go to a large hall, which was crowded, to hear the results, which were:

Edward Little, aff., defeated Phillips, neg., 2-1.

Phillips, aff., defeated Hallowell, neg., 2-1.

Bangor, neg., defeated Hallowell, aff., 2-1.

Bangor, aff., defeated Kingfield, neg., 3-0.

Edward Little, neg., defeated Kingfield, aff., 2-1.

Thus, while Bangor and Edward Little both won both their debates, Bangor's points totalled five out of a possible six, while Edward Little totalled four out of six. We had won; therefore, the debating championship of the entire state of Maine in a contest in which over fifty high schools were entered was ours. More than that, the two best speakership awards of \$100.00 scholarships went to two Bangor boys, Artemus Weatherbee and Ernest Andrews. Our success at Bates was thus greater than we could have anticipated.

As soon as the debates were over, we went to Augusta and had a grand celebration dinner. Horace Stewart had been picked up by his parents and was off on a trip over vacation, and so was not with us. When we were through feasting, we went to Waterville and saw the baseball game between the University of Maine and Colby, Maine winning by the score of 5 to 1.

We arrived home late that afternoon the happiest group in Maine. In addition to the perfect day we had had, and the fun, we brought home two prizes for best speakership awards for the entire state and a cup, symbolic of the debating championship for Maine.

Movies

Neath the Southern Moon

Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy romancing to the tunes of Victor Herbert's operetta "Naughty Marietta"—what could be sweeter? That Jeannette MacDonald is a top notch singer and a beautiful actress is common knowledge, but Nelson Eddy has his laurels yet to win, but any man who can look hand-

some and sing at the same time deserves a whole bouquet of orchids.

The plot? What does it matter? The stars could sing a duet of "Three Blind Mice" and I still don't think a plot would be necessary. But anyway, the story goes that a beautiful princess (Jeanette, of course) changes places with her maid on her wedding day, because the bridegroom, a rich Spanish lord, is fat and old. She is shipped to Louisiana as a Casquette girl to marry an unknown Colonist. On the way pirates seize their ship, and it looks as if the princess were to have a "fate worse than death", when along comes Nelson Eddy and his band of "mercenary soldiers" (Boy Scouts to you), and the day is saved and the fun begins. For when a boasting braggart and a haughty princess meet, fireworks start. They gayly squabble to the end of the picture, but we know that it's just commonplace, that they are falling in love, and we wait for the traditional happy ending which isn't disappointing—not at all.

Musical comedies have a reputation for sparkling comedy, and between the gay badinage of the hero and heroine and the philanderings of the colony's governor, Frank Morgan and his sarcastic wife there are plenty of laughs.

Way Out West

You may have laughed when someone sat down at the piano, but you'll have hysterics and roll in the aisle when you see "Ruggles of Red Gap". The combination of Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles is funny enough, but add to this Charles Laughton and Zasu Pitts as lovers and what do you get? Stitches in your side!

After making plenty of money in Red Gap, Mary Boland decides to go social in a big way, and on a trip to Europe hires Ruggles (Charles Laughton) to "buttle" for her. To say that Ruggles is scandalized at the thought of going to uncivilized America is putting it mildly—he is horror stricken. But out in the Golden West, Laughton discovers that here is a country for free men and proclaims that he will become a Westerner too. Fancy the staid Laughton on a merry-go-round and tip-toeing noisily home after a spree with Charles Ruggles. Fancy him making gentile love to Zasu Pitts, the girl with the knee-action wrists. But Laughton in spite of his antics becomes endeared to the people, and, when he opens up a cafe, the whole town turns out to see him and labels him a "jolly good fellow."

Fashions in Harmony

Where in the world shall I start? Here's the entire list: singing, dancing, gowns, Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott. Perhaps the easiest way to do is to close my eyes and put my finger down at random. Done! Now let's see what I have.

Fred Astaire—fine! Now that I think of it, he's the only logical one to be placed at the head anyhow, seeing that he encompasses every thing in the list but gowns and the other stars. And I'm not so sure that he couldn't do that. He certainly has an ample bag of tricks, up his sleeve or in the bush.

Disregarding the more than slightly mixed metaphor, and sadly turning away from the magic feet of that same Fred Astaire, I pour blessings upon the head of the genius who gave us—the gasping feminine public—such a glorious fashion show. May Irene Dunne, sing on forever; may Ginger Rogers keep on dancing so surprisingly well (meanwhile not singing unless forced to)—and may the guiding star of Randolph Scott lead him always to such parts as he was given in *Roberta*.

Stupendous!

Gigantic! colossal! This original (strictly) and very different beginning must show you how truly inspired I am by Warner Brothers' newest musical, *Gold Diggers of 1935*.

The unbelievable settings for hundreds of dancers may be mostly cardboard, but they are just as breathtaking for all that. Camera tricks abound in this newest popular musical. During the introduction and end of the number, *Lullaby of Broadway*, the receding and advancing face of the girl singer, surrounded by blank blackness, sent a weird thrill through the audience. and more thrills followed when the typical Broadway lady fell from the billionth story of a sky-scraper.

Sweeping space, glittering grandeur, whole armies of swaying, scintillating girls (note, please, the alliteration) cannot, however, detract from the very hearty laughs furnished by Alice Brady, Frank McHugh, Adolph Menjou, and a good many others. It will probably break Warner Brothers' heart to have me say this, but Dick Powell will grow to pall on the adoring public (my small part of it, anyhow) after the 75th time he has played the lead in just such a picture.

Clive of India

A few more pictures like *Clive of India*, and all histories could be gently wafted out the nearest window, and not even be missed. Do I hear a few wise-acres chortle that they wouldn't be missed? Rest assured that if these cynical souls had gone to *Clive of India*, they would have been convinced that the next best thing to the picture would be the actual story of the formation of the great British Empire. As it is, the movie leaves uneradicable impressions of the daring courage, breathless glory, and sweep of power in the life of the English flag, and all that this has stood for in the world.

The motion picture is a magical thing. In a few brief scenes we may see how the horrible Black Hole of Calcutta, the unbelievable victory of Plassey actu-

(Continued on page 32)

Wise and Otherwise

Hokum

Seen Around Town

Jokes

EDITED BY ORACLE BOARD MEMBERS

MAY 16, 1935

Hokum

By Roberta Smith

*"He may be the cadet-major
He may be just a captain
He's probably a buck private in the rear ranks
But there's something about a soldier."*

ORACLES will be ignored this morning for the first fifteen minutes—for with a roll of drums, the blare of trumpets, the R. O. T. C. will be forming in the block between the high school and library. Harold Moon is looking very important bossing everything with just that right touch of nonchalance. Captain Hawes—watch that saber, Emil—giving one last look behind Earl's ears. Captain Weatherbee, a frown clouding his usually serene brow (yeah?)—MacPheters, hunting for Eleanor's face among the feminine crowd lining the windows, Dauphinee furtively shining a button. Every one here? Oh-oh, wait a minute, hold the band, here comes Spencer Winsor, his twelve inch hat in hand, dragging his baton behind, blue cord and all. With the first period bell and Spencer's beat, the boys fall in and march away, eyes heroically front. Who's going to walk back with the cup? . . . Your guess is as good as mine, and mine is. . . . Oh well, you'll know in three hours too. But enough of the army and its heroes!!

Strike up the band, time to toss around some flowers—a big bunch to Elnora Savage and Lucille Fogg for the direction of "The Knight in the Silver Armor." The acting was marvelous, so real and impressive. . . . I musn't forget to call Edwin and tell him Walter is looking for him! . . . Roses to the Sophs—Robert Morris and Shirley Drew, for taking over the class debates.

With spring football practice in the future, we find a number of stars in our midst:

Bob Clelland	This end
Jock Adams	Left fishing tackle
		(Where? We don't know)
Ray Lee	Left mudguard
		(The shiny one)

Regie Dauphinee	Right mudguard
		(The dusty one)
Freddie Merrill	Right fishing tackle
Jimmie Morrison	Right comeback
		(A red one for being tardy)
Whitey Wallace	Left way back
Eustace Powers	Asst. Coach
Suspense Winsor	}	Cheerleaders
Bobby Barker		
Joe Brennan	Waterboy

Now come on fans and show your school spirit—drag out the best girl friend and the racoon coat—games start about July fourth—See you there—It's a date—

Seen Around Town

The Senior girls all looking for dresses; the Juniors a-sighing with relief that their yearly job is over—the Sophs all beginning to be sorry over Latin especially—and the Freshmen—the poor dears—worrying over whether their bikes are going to be swiped while they're parked out front all afternoon.

The Seniors all swapping pictures—getting quite a complete Rogues' Gallery by now—hope too many of the "portraits" don't grace bureau drawers—after all—those frames cost "pulenty." It's good to see Paul McKenney back at school—Here's handshakes and orchids for the grand come-back—Speaking of ego—one of the noble Juniors asked Barbara Savage if she wouldn't like to go to the next school dance with a good looking boy, "Oh," says our Bab, "I have a friend"—and he was squelched—and La Savage, only a Freshman at that—She'll be the "village vamp" yet—more power to her.

A Virginia family was training a new maid in her duties. After hearing her answer the telephone one day, the mistress of the house said:

"Who was calling, Sarah?"

"'Twas nobuddy, Miss Bailey. It was just some lady what said, 'It's a long distance from New York.' An' I say right back to her, 'Yes, Mam, it sho is.'"

(Continued on page 32)

A PAGE OF HOBBIES

A hobby is a pastime which one enjoys in his leisure moments. In this machine age we have much spare time; therefore, you will find many hobbies. And it is true that people who have no hobbies usually do not lead a very interesting life.

There is such a wide range to select from that you should be able to suit yourself perfectly. If mechanically minded, you may enjoy a machine shop in which you can work up all sorts of small inventions. Perhaps you are interested in radio; so, why not build yourself an amateur radio station?

Some people prefer to stay out-of-doors in their spare time, and of course there are many outside hobbies, such as camping, hunting, fishing, trapping, canoeing, bird-study and flower collecting.

There are hundreds of other hobbies to choose from, and remember the principal idea of hobbies is that anything goes.

By Calvin Johnson

My antique collecting began two years ago when I found a pair of old glasses. I took them to a collector who said they were about 150 years old. The part of antique collecting, which I like best, is tracing the history of each object and finding how old it is. I have antiques from 21 different countries, and some of them were made as far back as 1600.

The antique which I value the most highly is an ivory statue of Buddha, the Chinese God. It is hand-carved and was made in 1552. It was given to me by an old seaman who got it in Shanghai. Another of my prized possessions is a gun which my great grandfather used in the Civil War. It was sent home to my great grandmother, who passed it down the family, until it came into my possession. I also have an old hunting knife which looks to be at least 150 years old. I have tried to trace its history, but so far I have met with but little success.

I don't value my possessions in dollars and cents, but in the pleasure I derive from collecting them. I am sure that as a hobby, antique collecting can't be beaten.

By Faith St. Germain

A hobby is a hobby whether it is interesting to one of the uninitiated or not. It may be stamp collecting or coin collecting. But I think I have one as interesting as any. I didn't really choose it, but I realize now it's been my favorite pastime for years; so, it must be a hobby. If you could see the bottom drawer in my desk, you might question the fun you would get from my hobby, but, when you look inside of six or eight black books, you will understand. They are full of pictures. Not common ordinary pictures, but interesting pictures I have taken. Pictures of everything from a beau-

tiful rosebush on my grandmother's lawn to the entrance to the Empire State Building.

There is only one drawback to all this; Dad sometimes complains when he is asked to buy three or four films a week, but nevertheless he enjoys my hobby as much as I do. I have pictures of the Maine Woods, beaches in New Jersey, buildings in New York, and of many people that I know. Certainly I wouldn't ask for a better hobby than mine.

By Ellen Hathorn

My hobby is magic. Magic is divided into many classes. There are among these optical illusion, slight of hand, scientific tricks, and black art magic.

Perhaps one of the best explanations of optical illusion is the old match and safety pin trick. When you press one end of the match and then remove the pressure suddenly the match snaps around, thus creating the illusion of passing through the metal.

Slight of hand is based on the fact that the quickness of the hand sometimes deceives the eye. There are any number of tricks based on slight of hand. I think every one has had some acquaintance with it. Some people make its acquaintance through parlor magic, while others get "fleeced" at some circus or fair by a very suave, slight of hand gentleman.

There are many tricks involving chemistry, and many others that are just tricks. By just tricks I mean that there is no trick to them; they just happen. For instance you may pick out a card and put it back without the dealer's seeing it. Then the dealer will go through a lot of shuffling, dealing, etc. and finally the card turns up. There is absolutely no trick to this. It's just a question of doing it right.

Now we come to black art magic. This kind of magic is perhaps the most spectacular and the simplest—the hall is brilliantly lighted and reflectors throw the light in the faces of the audiences. As the stage is draped in black, the audience cannot see anything that isn't white. The magician is clothed in white, and his face is powdered. His assistants are dressed in black with black veils over their faces. The magician is made to appear merely by jerking a black screen from in front of him. During the whole show things are made to appear and disappear the same way. This magic, as I said, is very spectacular.

By Walter McMullen

My chief hobbies are hunting, trapping, and fishing.

When hunting season is here, I hunt partridge. I know of a certain apple tree, in a certain wood, where they are plentiful. Some times there are as many as ten birds in a tree at once. After you scare them, you have to wait about fifteen minutes, and then they come strutting back to the tree again. I like a sixteen gauge shotgun for them, but some people prefer a twenty.

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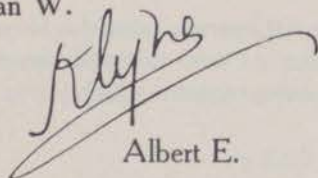
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In November and April I trap for muskrats. My friend and I have a boat and ten or fifteen traps apiece. These trapping trips are worth the trouble, for the extra large rats are worth \$1.50 apiece, and the small ones are worth \$1.25. There is more work to trapping than there is to hunting and fishing, for you have to set your traps, and look at them every day, even on rainy ones.

When trapping season is over, and the weather gets warmer, it's time to start fishing. I like best to fish for salmon in a lake and next to that I like to fish for brook trout.

By John Porter.

Even as You and I

By Blair Stevens

The man stopped before the gate. The attendant looked at him expectantly. With a confident smile he reached into a pocket, and withdrew his hand, empty. His smile, still confident, became little strained, an examination of pocket number two likewise brought no results except a collection of matches, keys, a pearl handled knife, and a small snapshot. This last was replaced hurriedly with a nervous laugh. After pockets three and four had been searched, the smile had become worried. The attendant merely looked superior. The man's face now became red as he frantically patted himself and exposed the linings of more pockets. The attendant started to say something but relapsed into an ominous silence. Not so the line behind the unhappy man, there were mutterings and ostentatiously bored sighs. At last, with beads of perspiration pouring down his forehead, he removed his hat, brought out from the band a little green cardboard square and hurried aboard the bus.

Morning Tide

By Donald C. Blake

Daylight was half-an-hour old. The fog was blowing clear of the bay, and the sunlight had yet to illuminate a lower point than the tops of the proud hemlocks overlooking the boat slip. The boat could not have felt anticipation for the coming day. Its cabin roof was covered with drops of dew which would soon glisten and dry. The tide was nearly full, but the water was calm except for that slow roll which never slackens and which is so often ominous.

The oppressive stillness, interrupted only by the twitter of birds and an occasional gull's scream, is torn away by the creak of blocks. Then, a last cloud of fog careens swiftly sea-ward, and a fishing boat is laid open to our view. There are no spoken orders. The men go about their tasks preparatory to leaving. Not for the Banks, for this is a small time fisherman. Soon the mainsail goes up. The breeze tilts the boat slightly;

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the jib is run up. The boat straightens, glides slowly onward, then pick-up speed, finally, clears the point running directly before the wind.

CLIVE OF INDIA

(Continued from page 26)

ally appeared. *Clive of India* is scrumptuously accurate as to historical detail, but even if it were not, it would still be a great picture. Ronald Colman has certainly made a spectacular come-back to the screen in his role of Robert Clive, and Loretta Young has mature acting ability surprising in one of so few years.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

(Continued from page 15)

different. People from all over the United States and Canada come to Maine for their summer vacations. Wealthy folk spend their thousands in Maine's resorts. The rich girl from Ohio goes to Mount Desert, "just to get one of these gorgeous Maine tans." It is just about as easy to get one in your back yard.

Within sixty miles of this city is a National Park. The beauty of Mount Desert compares favorable with anything in the United States. Painters come from everywhere to paint it. Surely we are lucky in living near it. The Nation's Playground also provides, boating, swimming, fishing, golf, everything pertaining to a good time. And some of us consider it a hardship because we have to live here! Time spent in enjoying the beauty of Maine in outdoor sports, is time invested in health and happiness. The problem of what to do in Maine isn't a problem at all!

JOKES

(Continued from page 27)

The only time it pays a woman to be long-winded is when she's blowing out the candles on her birthday cake.

Hubby—This show we're going to is the best mystery thriller in town.

Wifey—My, I'll bet we'll be on the edge of our seats all night.

Hubby—You bet. We're sitting in the second balcony.

"With a little thinking I managed to win ten dollars at bridge today."

"Beginner's luck."

"Why, I began playing bridge several years ago!"

"I know, but you've just begun thinking."

"When I was a baby I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it?"

"My boy friend often talks behind my back."

"What is he, a gossip?"

"No, a barber."

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THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL

(Continued from page 12)

The plan spread through the dormitory like smoke through a chimney. Before the week ended, enough maroon and gray sweaters were started to supply the entire male student body. Of course, the girls made mistakes, dropped stitches, and broke the yarn continually, but the sweaters slowly grew under the busy fingers. The girls raced to see who would complete a sweater first, but a month had passed before anyone had completed the first piece started—the sweater back. On the front, the letters R. H. N. must be worked. After several girls had wasted yards of yarn, one offered to go to the knitting shop, learn to do this particular bit, and teach the others.

When mid-year's exams came, the plucky girls were still slowly knitting on the sweaters. Naturally, studying for exams delayed the knitting, and it was the middle of March before eighteen beautiful maroon and gray sweaters, with wobbly school letters, were presented to eighteen boys in chapel.

In the speech accompanying the gifts, it was pointed out that the girls were sure the sweaters would be better appreciated because they were the work of their own clever hands. This was, they stated, their little bit toward the honor of the school. Although the workmanship of the sweaters was none too good, it was hoped that the wobbly letters and necklines would be overlooked and the sweaters worn with pleasure.

What became of the eighteen sweaters? They went, as they do every year, to eighteen beautiful girls, the girls who had knit them. Now, at almost any hour of the day, one may see coming out of Mason Rowe and turning toward the soda shop, sweater-clad girls who are chatting gaily about "the honor of the school" and of the eighteen girls who knit sweaters, as their little contribution toward the paying of the school debt.

A DAY IN OLD VIRGINIA

(Continued from page 8)

in battle. When they found him, he had a girl's picture clasped in his hand. They gave it to me. She looked very beautiful and very sweet. Somehow she reminded me of my own Caroline. As I gazed at the picture, it seemed to me that the soft, brown eyes were reproaching me for what I had done. The girl's name was written in one corner of the picture. It was Mary Evans.

"Perhaps you know this girl. Didn't you say you were from New Hampshire? Do you know her?"

For just an instant Richard hesitated. "No, ma'am, I don't." The longer he thought, the more certain he became that he had done right, and the gladder he became that he hadn't told this woman his name. He felt sure it would make his hostess feel her remorse even more keenly, and he was sure that she had suff-

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ered deeply already. The woman's voice broke in on his thoughts.

"After Jack's death, I dismissed all the servants and closed the house, as you see it now. It seemed to me that I couldn't bear the sympathy and curiosity of the servants and neighbors. Since then Caroline and I have lived here alone and we are getting along fine.

"After I recovered from the shock of my son's death, I was stricken with remorse, and I tried to do what I could to make up for what I had done. Come with me and I'll show you."

She led him up the stairs, down a wide hall and into a spacious bedroom. Here, facing the door, were two oval portraits side by side, in life-like colors. One was his sister's picture, the other without doubt Jack's.

"I suppose you think that this is very foolish, but it seemed to me to best atone for what I've done."

Richard didn't answer. They stood together in silence; and suddenly the quiet was broken by the shrill notes of a bugle, and Richard was rudely brought from the past back to the present.

The woman looked at him understandingly. "Of course, you must go." They hurried down the stairs, Out on the veranda Richard gazed at the two silently. Somehow he hated to go, but he realized that he must. He thanked them both for their kindness, ran down the steps, sprang on his horse, raised his hand in farewell, and was gone. Halfway down the walk, he turned in the saddle to get a last glimpse of the old house. Gazing at the pleasant, rambling building and its peaceful surroundings, he marvelled that its white sides could enclose such an astonishing secret. The unreality of it made him wonder at the fantastic patterns by which our lives are fashioned. As he looked at the peaceful scene, he began to doubt that it had all happened. Finally, taking a farewell look at the house, he spurred his horse on, and soon disappeared around a bend in the road.

Meanwhile the two on the veranda watched him in silence as he rode away. The girl was the first to speak.

"Oh, Mother dear, he was very nice, wasn't he?"

The soft voice answered after a few moments.

"Yes, dear, he surely was, and I liked him very much, Caroline. He reminded me so much of Jack. I feel so sorry for his mother, though. Just think how she must worry about him! Well, darling, come along. It's getting cold. We must go inside."

As they were going through the door, she turned to her daughter and said softly,

"Somehow, Caroline dear,—I don't know why—but somehow I feel glad, oh so very, very glad that I told him about Jack." And then the door closed quietly behind them.

"I don't know a thing about cooking. How long should one cook spaghetti?"

"Oh, about ten inches."

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