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THE ORACLE

May, 1934

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The Oracle

BANGOR, MAINE, MAY, 1934

CONTEST WINNER

La Mort dans la Montagne

By Robert Thompson

Ahead, the depot...
Beyond, a shadowy mass
Crowned by a holy steeple
Lost in an unholy murk.
High above, hidden in seething fury,
Wind-swept mountain crags
Howl and shriek their lonely story,
Lost to the world below.

Drunkenly,
Through the devilish whiteness,
He plunges, shrieking pitifully
To the unheeding winter gale—
Face stinging like hell-fire;
Fingers, stiff as nails.
Legs weary, commencing to tire;
Yet onward, onward he toils.

Colder—colder—colder;
Life going—going—going;
Growing older—older—older:
No relief from the lashing gale.
Swish—swish—swish:
His frozen boots in the drifting snow.
Wish—wish—wish
For a hearth and warming fire.

He sinks to the feathery billow,
Cold upon his beaten face;
But soft like a pillow,
And easing to the weary pace.
Childishly he whimpers there,
Half dead, half alive—
His body crusty—stiff—
A ghastly fate—not survive.

To go on—only to go on—
He howls like an ape;
But his muscles cry "No!"—
He lies there agape.
Oh God! What a test!
Life had been given—
Used to the best;
But unappreciated—a jest!

Paralyzed—dying—living:
He suffers dreadful agony.
Anguished—pained—snivelling,
He awaits the end in horror.
How long would it be?
Oh God, how long would it last?
Would he ever be free?—
Do as he asked?

On his face ice freezes in layers,
Icicles like pillars over his eyes.
His life-blood losing the race,
Clogged by cold and ice.
His legs are slabs of stone
To mark his own grave;
His arms unfeeling—just bone:
Dead before him—unbehaved.

His breath comes in gasps
Of longing, dreadfulness, and misery,
Scraping as the creepy rasps
Of tin on slate.
The snow seals his lips,
His nostrils—
Burying him in strips,
Smothering him where he lies.

His throat constricts and pinches;
His tongue freezes to his teeth;
Demons prick at his brain,
Nagging dead muscles to move.
The effort is tantalizing;
His body grows drunk with the torture:
Soul and heart
A raging inferno within him.

Froth bubbles upon a frozen lip,
Melting the snow about:
He is mad—insane!
Something is beating his brain out—
His eyeballs, inflamed, glaring,
Roll out on the snow—
Frozen...
Staring...sightless...
Dead.

Darned Socks

By Edwin Young

THE dictionary defines the word hole as a difficulty or dilemma. I think this meaning is right, at least in one instance,—that of stockings. I think that holes in stockings are the causes of a great many of the difficulties of this world; take, for instance, the business man who walks to work to save his carfare. Of course his wife, as all good wives should, tries to save, but unfortunately she tries to save by darning his socks, and there all the trouble begins. At 7:30 A. M. her husband starts merrily on his two-mile hike to the office. He happens to be wearing one of his darned socks, and, by the time he reaches the office, he has developed a blister, which for agony would make the "jumping" toothache feel ashamed. Due to the terrible pain, he is behind in his day's work, and in order to finish, keeps his secretary overtime. Now, the real trouble begins. Franklin Delano Roosevelt hears about this violation of the "Code" and the man has to pay a fine of six hundred dollars. All this happens on account of a hole in a sock.

In some way or other, I have learned that the feminine students of Bangor High School find it more enjoyable to discard stockings in warm weather; perhaps somebody told me this; perhaps it was on the bulletin board. Now if the girls think it best to discard stockings, why shouldn't the boys?

And there are other arguments. Julius Caesar

would undoubtedly never have been the first Mussolini of Italy had his feet been subjected to blisters caused by darned socks. Look at Cicero, if he had been suffering from a blister when he was parading up and down the rostra, he would surely have bitten his tongue, and the rascal Cataline would have gotten away innocent in the eyes of the world. These examples prove to a certainty that Rome's greatness was due to the fact that the Romans wore sandals instead of shoes and darned stockings.

Who can imagine Hiawatha flitting down the forest aisles with a blister on his heel? If you can imagine such a thing, it is of no practical use, because Hiawatha did not wear stockings and, therefore, had no blisters.

Therefore, I suggest that everybody buys a new pair of stockings and that all start together to wear them out as soon as possible. When the stockings are full of holes, we will all discard them for sandals that we may have comfortable and well ventilated feet. If you haven't the money to invest in a new pair of socks, try the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for the required sum.

If you follow my directions, I predict that everyone will be happy and contented. The girls will have a chance to show their painted toe-nails, and we will start to raise a new crop of Caesars, Ciceros, and Hiawathas.

Wagon Wheels

By Aphrodite Floros

SHE was a sweet young thing of eighteen summers, and she swaggered in languidly. The clerk in the hat shop seemed to wilt. The girl began in a slow drawl.

"Have you—er the wagon wheel hats?"

"Why no, not exactly. We do carry, of course, a large line of wide brimmed models which aren't very different from the wagon wheel style."

The worn-out clerk tried to be cordial, but the effect seemed to be lost on the girl who was glancing around patronizingly, her eyebrows raised to the skies. Apparently there was nothing to her liking. Her nose wrinkled as she spoke:

"Well, I may look at them, but I do think you should have wagon wheels. They're quite the latest thing you know."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Brent, but I'm expecting some wagon wheels today. The wide brims are right over here."

Interval of thirty seconds and then:

"No, I don't like it. It lacks the chic of the wagon

wheel, and the crown doesn't fit well."

Silence as she turned her head from side to side and surveyed her reflection in the mirror—carefully finger-waved hair, makeup painfully perfect, and hand made eyebrows.

"No—o-o, it hasn't got the right slant, and look at the way the brim falls in the ba-a-ack," and her voice ended on high C.

"It really is quite similar though, Miss Brent."

"No, I can't look at any more. It's really quite useless, I suppose," resignedly as she rose—triumph written over her face.

The head of the department, a portly gray-haired flusterer, waddled over, her hands fluttering about.

"Elaine,—Mrs. Ellery wants to see the wagon wheels. They came this morning. They're around somewhere. Polly unpacked them. Oh, here's one right here. Oh, good afternoon, Miss Brent."

And she took away the aquamarine hat that Miss Brent had been casually twirling around her finger.

Easy Pickings

By Dana Kennedy

COLONEL Mortimer Butterfield pulled the brim of his soft felt hat down to meet the fiercely jutting tufts of white eyebrows, and buttoned his heavy blue coat against the frosty air of late fall—and the gnawing ache of an empty stomach. Leaves, sere and brown, rustled across the park and rattled against the slats of the Colonel's bench, while a chill north wind hinted of snow in the offing.

But the Colonel evidently did not choose to take the hint for he unbuttoned the overcoat again, allowing a length of massive watch chain to flash across his vest in the growing dusk of the park. To be sure he had to suppress a shiver occasionally—but well he knew that a shiver or two now would be as nothing to the shivers attendant on a whole night's sojourn in the park.

Slippy Joe and the Kid, slinking cityward for the night's pickings, caught the lure of the colonel's watch chain and decided to tarry awhile. These old gentlemen from the country were usually pretty well heeled and Slippy knew from experience that they were invariably "ripe" enough for easy picking. His trained eyes had already told him that there was not a cop in sight.

They were just opposite the bench when Slippy, glancing up suddenly, caught the Colonel's mild blue eye fixed upon him.

This bird was going to be even easier to pluck than he had supposed.

"Bless my soul—if it ain't Mister Carson from out Benton Corner way!" Slippy had stopped now and was extending a none too clean hand in genial surprise, while the Kid stood at his elbow with a somewhat vacant grin on his rat-like face.

"Just imagine—meeting you here like this!" Slippy gushed. "You remember Mister Carson, William?" The Kid nodded obediently and extended his own hand.

Doubtfully, as though trying to conjure up a remembrance of their former meeting, the Colonel grasped each hand in turn. "Of course—of course!" he decided, finally. "I remember the face"—Slippy flinched—"But the name—don't tell me! I always prided myself on my memory—I'll get it!"

Slippy had no intention of telling him. "I've got it!" The Colonel's face lighted childishly. "It's Joe Harscombe—and William, of course. Well, well! Imagine!"

Slippy was imagining—a fat billfold tucked away somewhere, probably in the breast pocket of the Colonel's heavy blue dress coat. The work in hand now was to extract it with the least possible effort and confusion.

The Colonel thrust a hand into his pocket and leaned back against the back of the bench, motioning genially with the other for Slippy to sit awhile and talk it over.

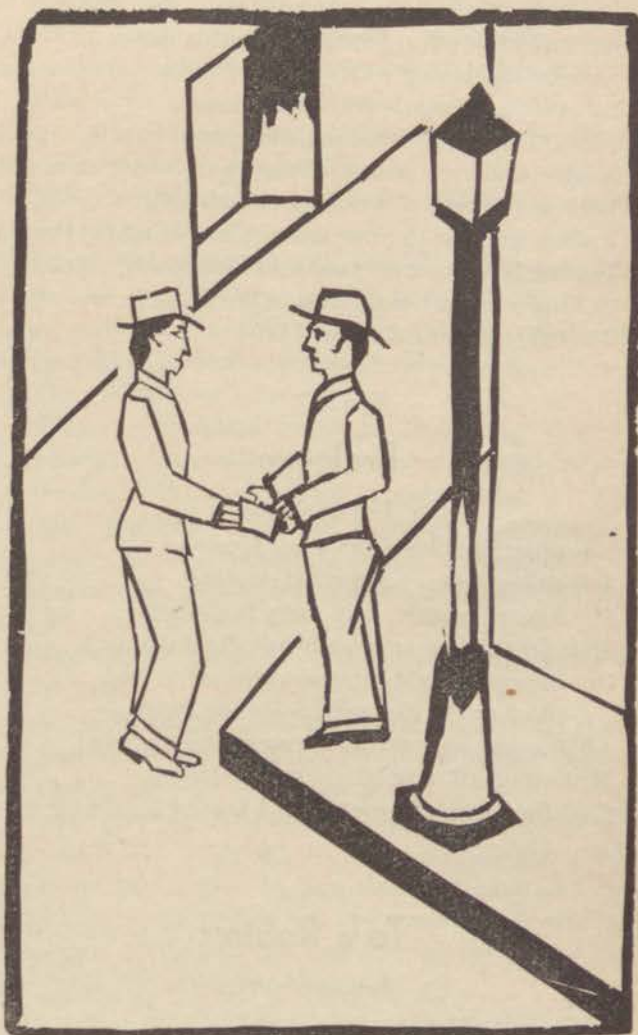
Slippy sat, crowding closely against that inviting bulge over the Colonel's heart, to make room for the Kid.

Ten minutes later Slippy and the Kid had left the park behind them—also the Colonel. Slippy was chuckling, and occasionally he rasped his hands together. "Pretty soft, eh, Kid? And my mitts stiff with the cold, too."

The Kid, apparently, was wrestling with a mental problem, for his narrow forehead was wrinkled into a frown, and he answered only with a doubtful "yeah."

"Wassa matter, Kid—sump'n on yer mind?" Slippy chuckled again. The joke was obvious—to anyone who knew the Kid.

(Continued on page 40)



"Pretty soft, eh, Kid."

BITS OF VERSE

Song of Life

By Alice Simpson

Song of Life, endless and free,
Sung by the heart of eternity,
Swelling with notes of sadness or glee,
Even repeating with changes of key;
Testing our strength with your powerful might,
Wrecking our plans with savage delight,
Tossing us, pushing us up and along,
Flinging us low, then beckoning on,
Surging, urging us on to your dance,
Calling to share in your boundless expanse,
Measuring beats with gladness or strife—
Beautiful, magical Song of Life!

Song of Life, far off, yet near,
Breathing the pain of many a year,
Bearing us down to your depth with a moan,
Lashing and lulling with rythmical drone;
Sad with a beauty beyond human ears,
Filling the heart with unbidden tears,
Mighty and vast, with uplifting swell,
Lone as the tone of a ringing church-bell,
Rolling us on with your cadence and throb,
Tearing the soul with your murmuring sob,
Casting your gift of distress or of rife—
Powerful, masterful Song of Life.

Prologue

By Phyllis Smart

I sit apart, and here await my Muse—
A fruitless task; no inspiration kind
My laggard tongue, long rusty from disuse,
May prompt nor yet awake my sluggish mind,
One happy thought, one dainty word to find.
I would I might like some soft flower rare,—
All dripping dew at dawn, sweet'ning the wind,
While day, all radiance, at eve, so fair—
Cast fragrance all around, spill beauty on the air.

To a Robin

By Marguerite Welch

What harbinger of Spring is this I see—
Nodding and bobbing on the leafless bough
Where little ghosts of leaves are sprouting now?

What merry fellow is it nods at me
And bids good morrow from the apple tree?
And where is Spring herself with sunny brow
To lead the way and teach all creatures how
To drive old Winter from the frozen lea?
Red-breasted herald, sound your merry note,
Waking the echoes of the sleeping field.
The voice of Life sings in your feathered throat
Under the arch of Heaven, azure-ceiled,
Bringing a message that no man can quote
Sounding a summons to which all men yield.

My Playhouse

By Angella Orr

My house tho small was big enough for me
The house in which I oft was wont to play.
Around the walls were pretty pictures gay
Of chirping birds in every leafy tree.
A cupboard with a serving set for three
Of china edged with blue from Frisco bay;
I had a lonely guest most every day.
And always "come again soon" was my plea.
And near the window sat my dollie new
With rosy cheeks and pretty golden hair.
Two curtains just the color of the skies
Adorned the windows of my rendez-vous;
And tho the ceiling, walls and floor were bare
To little me it seemed like Paradise.

April Showers

By Angella Orr

The molten sun shone high in heavens blue
And on the pavements cast its scorching ray
Where maidens walked all dressed in fine array;
As lovely ladies oft are wont to do.
Perhaps the loveliest of all was Sue
Who tripping very gaily on her way
Had bought an Easter bonnet just that day
All green and white, with many feathers new.
Then suddenly the wind began to blow,
The sun put on his head a big black hood
And raindrops tumbled fast till all was wet.
Poor pretty Sue could only utter, "Oh!"
And know that in her breaking heart she would
Forever rue the day she bought her bonnet.

(Continued on page 24)

Lizzie Did It

CONTEST - SECOND PLACE

By Roberta Smith

IT should have been spring—but it wasn't. Elizabeth, called Lib by her family, should have been happy—but she wasn't. She should have been studying—but she wasn't. She sat at her desk, chin in hand, apparently looking and thinking of nothing—but she was.

And while she is in this unfamiliar state of being, to some of us, but not to Lib, suppose I give you the facts leading up to this rather abrupt beginning.

In the first place, she was a small, quiet, mousey sort of person; pretty, but not outstandingly so, except when she smiled; then her whole face seemed to alter, dimples played enchantingly around her mouth, perfect teeth shone, and laughing eyes seemed to invite the world to see the joke too.

Not having the quality many of us could do without, that of pushing herself forward, she consequently remained unnoticed among her classmates.

At the beginning of this story, Lib had come from school, gloomy and down-hearted. The school paper, "The Jacksonfield Scribe" was running its annual story contest, with the usual prizes for the best work. It had become the topic of conversation in the halls, locker rooms, and class rooms. Everyone was wondering if Geneva Crosby would enter. And strange as it may seem this was just what Lib was thinking about.

She seems to get everything, she thought bitterly; and may we add here, as a footnote that this was very unlike Lib, at home. It was only at school that she withdrew into her shell,—being naturally shy.

As if any girl wouldn't be popular who was seen with Ralph Laws in very often! Even thinking of him caused her heart to flutter. He was so tall, so fair and square. Could anyone help admiring him? He was everything in the school and stood for everything that was clean and honest.

It was in the middle of her lovely daydream of Ralph carrying her books home some night, that Jim, her younger brother, called up the stairs.

"Hey Lib, want any supper? If you do, come on down and get it!"

So, Lib piled her books neatly and dragged herself down stairs, an act which as I have said before was unusual for Lib, at home.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" inquired her mother, anxiously as she walked listlessly into the room. "Don't you feel well?"

"Aw, I know what's the matter with her, Ma," chimed in Jim. "She's been mooning about Ralph again, but it won't do ya no good, 'cause you're too un-un-unobtrusive," he brought out with obvious diffi-

culty.

"Do ya think, Queen Lizzie waited for Sir Pompey? No sir, she had him knighted, so as he'd have to stay by her. And that puddle story, gosh what a woman. Why don't you get up some spunk and go after him?"

"Jim!" his mother cried in horror, "what are you raving about? Why I'm sure Lib would never think of such a thing." Which shows how wrong mothers can be sometimes.

Lib flushed at Jim's words, but remained outwardly calm.

"Why, I'm all right Mum, just a bit tired I guess." She sat down at the table. She pecked at her food, not eating much of anything. Later, after Jim had dashed out to play ball, and her father had taken his paper and gone out, she asked her mother a rather blunt question.

"Mother, why don't the boys and girls like me?"

"Why, dear, I'm sure they do," her mother replied consolingly. "What makes you think they don't?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I guess I don't seem to go over. Maybe it's because I haven't got a car or spending money enough or something."

"But, dear there are always girls calling you up for something or other."

"Mum, did you ever realize that if you can translate Latin and do geometry sufficiently well to be copied from, you're a grand friend during study period, but just a passing acquaintance when the gong rings?"

"But, child, I don't understand—"

"Never mind Mums, you know the saying, 'A girl's best friend is her mother—or her father,' I forget which. It doesn't really matter, just forget about it. I'm having a grand time in school." And giving her mother a squeeze, she went up stairs to finish her studies.

About eight o'clock the phone rang, and Jim answered. It was for Lib—

"Hey Lib, telephone." He added in a stage whisper, "It's a man!"

Lib unconsciously glanced in the mirror and fixed her hair before answering. A laughing voice informed her that it wasn't a man—just a boy.

"This is Ralph Laws in, Miss Whitmore. You know that the Scribe is running the story contest this week. I was talking to Miss Dudley this afternoon, and she said that you might help us, you know, check and file the stories before they are turned in to the judges. Do you think you can make it?"

Now, if Lib had been an old hand in dealing with the opposite sex, she would have been sorry, but she was too busy. But on a second thought she might be

able to go over it with him some time. But as it was, she answered:—

"Why of course, I'd love to do anything I can to help."

"Fine," Ralph replied heartily. "See me tomorrow, and I'll give you the lists and stuff. Thanks again and—er—er"

"Oh, that's a'l right. Yes, I'll see you in the morning. Er—er, good night," she finished lamely and hung up.

The next morning Lib woke with a start, and wondered why she wanted today to come; suddenly she remembered. Of course, Ralph Lawsin had called her up and wanted to see her today. She jumped out of bed with a bound and danced across the room in a sudden mad dash of ecstasy. How she got dressed and down stairs, she never knew—she just did.

The first thing her mother said was, "Why dear, that's just what you needed, a good night's rest."

"Uh-uh," Lib muttered, as she gobbled orange juice with one hand, toast with the other, with both eyes on the clock, which registered seven-fifty-eight exactly.

"Hey sis, why all the rush?" Jim asked as he leaped over the back of his chair to the table. "Say," he continued, "who was the guy that called last night?"

As nonchalantly as possible, she answered, "Last night? I don't remem—oh yes, you mean Ralph Lawsin? He just wanted me to help with the contest over at school. That's why I'm in such a rush, I've got to see him this morning. Bye Mum, I'll be home usual time. So long, pest," and she ran out gaily whistling.

"Gosh Mum, I've never seen her so happy and excited; told you so, didn't I?"

"Told me what son?" asked Mrs. Whitmore as she cleared the table of dirty dishes.

"You know, about Queen Lizzie and her Company and the puddle."

Fate was kind to Lib that day, for, as she opened the big front door of the high school, whom should she walk right into but Ralph in person. At first he didn't seem to know her, but her timid, "You wished to see me?" told him in a flash. Why of course, she was that quiet Miss Whitmore, Miss Dudley told him about. He smiled, and with as few words as possible told her what he wanted her to do.

"Can you come down this afternoon about two-thirty? O. K. Press-room 302 at two-thirty—Thanks again." And he was gone.

Lib watched him go, her shoulders lost their brave swing, and she walked wearily into her first class.

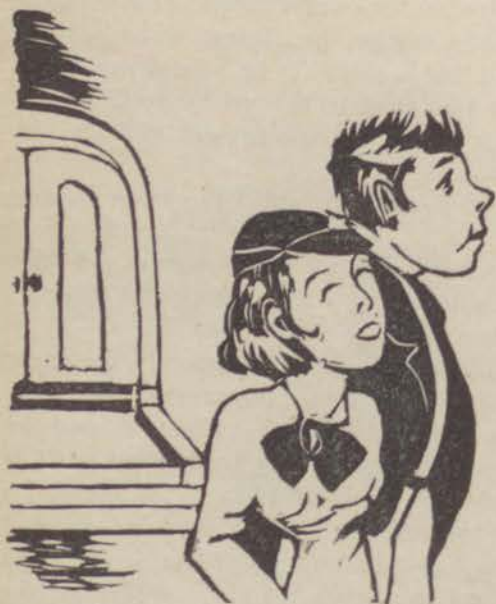
Two-thirty found Lib in 302 waiting for Ralph to show up. The sound of laughing drew her towards the open window, and looking down she saw Ralph just getting out of Geneva's roadster.

"You'll be back again, about three? O. K. Fine," Ralph called back, and glancing at his watch, he dashed up the steps. Two minutes later, Lib heard him whistling as he came down the corridor. When he came in, she was sitting at a desk busily writing.

"Not at work already?" he asked in mock surprise. "Sorry I'm late, but it just couldn't be helped—I see you've found the stuff. Look, I'll show you what I want done." He sat down on the other side of the desk and stacked as he talked.

"First you go right straight through and check—title on the first line, name on the second and room on the third, typed ones on one pile, hand written in another, then check margins, and go through for misspelled words. It'll be some job, but don't give up, this is just the first lot, some more coming in tomorrow and the next day. Friday will be the last chance. Think you can do it alone, or shall I get some one to help you?"

"Oh, no," Lib hastened to answer, "I can manage



"Strike me pink!"

this all right. I think it's going to be fun!"

"Fun," groaned Ralph, "what a woman and what a sense of humor. If you think this is fun; by Friday you ought to be in hysterics. Mind if I don't call you Miss Whitmore; it's such a long name for such a small person?"

Lib flushed with pleasure, "Why, no of course not, most people call me Lib."

"Lib, um—m, nope, I'm not going to call you that; I'll think of something later on."

Soon only the ticking of the clock broke the silence of the room—Lib on her side, checking, rechecking and correcting; Ralph perched on the desk, piling and listing in alphabetical order. Suddenly he jumped up. "I've got it—Chuck, Chuck you are and Chuck you will be forever more," he pronounced in solemn dignity, placing his hand on her head in a christening attitude. Just then, in walked Geneva. She stopped, glanced in surprise at the now blushing Lib, or Chuck, as she had been christened, then turned her full battery of eyes, teeth, and dimples on Ralph.

"Why, Ralph, who is this girl? Does she go to school here?"

Perfect thought Chuck. A shining example of how to get your man in five easy lessons. She knows who I am and my name as well as she knows her own. But Ralph swallowed it hook, line, and sinker, and performed the necessary introductions. With a brief, but eloquent nod and a howdy do, she dismissed her and turned again to Ralph.

"I waited and waited, and, when you didn't come, I decided to come up."

Chuck was suddenly conscious of her smudged nose, dirty hands, and soiled cuffs, as Geneva threw her coat a little farther off her shoulders to show a new dress of dreamy blue.

"Ready to come, Ralph?" she asked, as he turned back to the desk. Oh, by the by, I've written a story—you needn't look so surprised, Ralph; I only decided last night. I'll bring it down in the morning Miss—

"Whitmore." Chuck supplied grimly. "Number two," she scored mentally. "Next time it will be my turn."

"Mind if I leave, Chuck?" Ralph questioned anxiously. "I won't go if you don't think you can do this alone."

At the name Chuck, Geneva's eyebrows went up another half inch, if possible, and her eyes flashed dangerously. "I'm sorry I have to take him away, Miss Whitmore, but I just hurt my hand, and he'll have to drive home." And what boy could resist the chance to drive a new De Soto straight eight?

By four-thirty, Chuck had all the papers checked and filed; she slipped on her coat, shut up the room, and walked out in a much lower state of mind than when she entered.

Anyhow she thought, she won't be down tomorrow,

but here is where Chuck was very much mistaken. And by Friday it had gotten to be a habit—Chuck do this, Chuck do that, sorry I'm late—sorry I've got to go early. Fifty more Chuck—finish the others? And one day—"Say what's this about your writing a story? Let me read it will you?"

"How did you know?"

"Oh, your brother told me. I met him outside, and he was raving something about Lizzie and Pompey. When I asked him if he felt all right, he said; 'Must walk around; go over it.' I asked him what, and he said, 'a puddle.' Any idea what he was talking about?"

"N-n-o, of course not, why should I?" But a gleam came into her eye that promised no good for a certain James Whitmore, that night.

"Can I see it? I've got to go down and see the principal, and I'll take it with me."

"Oh, well, here take it!" and she almost threw it at him. "It's not much, but it's true to life. At least in my point of view."

About fifteen minutes later, Geneva walked in, in search of Ralph. Not seeing him around, she grasped opportunity in both hands and pitched into Chuck.

"Too bad this is the last day isn't it? Ralph told me you thought it was fun. Naturally you'd think so, knowing he'd never notice you outside."

Anything else she could have said wouldn't have mattered, but that—that still was too fresh a wound to ignore. And Geneva wasn't the only one who was surprised when Chuck burst out.

"Is that so, sorry to differ old dear—but he's walking home with me to-night!" She stopped in dismay, for standing directly behind Geneva was Ralph, but he was still gazing at Chuck as if he were seeing her for the first time. And then finally—

"I am walking home with you Chuck, but I didn't think you knew it!"

"But Ralph," cut in Geneva, "you said—"

"Sorry, but I want to talk to Chuck about her story. Oh, by the way, you'll get yours back tomorrow; it had so many misspelled words, we couldn't pass it on. Coming, Chuck?"

And on the way out—

"Did I tell you I was going home with you before I went down?"

"I guess so." And Chuck grinned and said to herself, "where ignorance is bliss," as Ralph slipped her books under his arm.

Out side they met Jim.

"Strike me pink!" he said inelegantly. "Hey Lizzie, there's a corking puddle at the end of the street!"

French and —?

"Consomme, bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricassee poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse, des glaces, and tell dat mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see?"

Alligators Versus Big Feet

By Charlotte Culley

IT had been a perfect day, although it had been too hot to do anything—almost too hot to exist, I thought. However, the day had promised a glorious sunset—and, unless you have been in Florida, you don't know how glorious a sunset can be.

I gathered up a couple pencils and a pad of paper and started out. My destination was Trimble Point—a long peninsula touching three lakes. The land had never been cleared of undergrowth, and a single narrow path led through the scrub oak and palmettos to this delightful haven.

Color was everywhere before me. The sky was a solid mass of gold, green, blue, pink, orange, purple, and tints and shades of every possible hue. These were all reflected in the quiet waters of Lake Angelina.

Slowly, slowly the sun sank until nothing of the wonderful sunset remained. Immediately darkness overtook the world; I came out of my dream with a start. A soft breeze had sprung up from the everglades on the further side of the lake.

I stood up, and, as I did so, I observed that I was not the only spectator of that scene. My companion was curled up a few feet from my rock. A dog?—I should say not! It was a cotton-mouthed moccasin, the most feared snake of the South. Directly in the middle of the path it lay coiled as though ready to strike, and, knowing that nothing living is as quick as a

snake when it leaps to strike, I decided that to get back on to the path was impossible. There was only one retreat—the water. That black inky mass probably contained many more of the moccasins, alligators, and what-not, but to advance meant suicide, so, casting off my shoes, I dived into the water. As I did so, I thought I saw the snake glide away, but I was too frightened to travel in wet clothes over a path infested with all sorts of reptiles, and anyway, the route by water was much shorter than that by land. It was fun to swim lazily in the lukewarm water and now and then rest by floating and gazing at the full yellow moon which was rising from behind the tall black pines.

Finally I reached my destination. I climbed the ladder and flopped down upon the pier. Whew, that was some swim!

After resting a few moments, I started to go up to the house. As I stepped from the pier to the land, I heard a thud behind me.

I turned back—Oh! A scream escaped from my lips, and for the first time in my life, I thanked goodness that I had big feet—they covered more space. Hearing the commotion, the huge animal I had left behind me leaped up. The most conspicuous part of his body was a set of great jaws lined with sharp, sword-like teeth. Again the alligator thumped his tail on the bank. Then, sliding into the water, he swam away.

Chester Kennedy

By Leo Lieberman

THE sea is ominously calm. A small boy, looking out of the pilot house window of the good steamship Mary, gravely decides that he feels seasick. Suddenly, out of the murky distance, comes the sound of cries for help. His seasickness is forgotten, and uppermost in the boy's mind lies the thought that lives must be saved. He notifies his father, Capt. A. J. Kennedy. He dimly remembers a valiant and finally successful battle against the fog to reach and rescue the unfortunate ones. Today, he is the rightfully proud possessor of a watch, which has inscribed on it these names: H. W. Chamberlain, G. E. Andrews, J. R. Sweeney, W. A. W. Wilington—the names of those who were rescued by his promptness and alertness. That boy was Chester Kennedy.

The rescue is just a tiny portion of the thrilling and interesting experiences that life has held for Chester Kennedy. Born at New Harbor, Me., Oct. 2, 1892, he moved to Portland six months later. There he re-

ceived his elementary and high school education. In his second year at high school, he became vastly interested in physical education, which, as we all know, became his life-work. He went to Chicago to receive instruction at the American College of Physical Education. Here, he also entered the famous Hull House Physical and Social Service. He then returned to Portland, Me., to become the Secretary and Physical Director of that city's Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Kennedy is keenly interested in the human body and its care. He believes that each human body has its own particular needs. As for himself, every spring he fasts about fourteen days, living only on water! He does not recommend this amazing procedure to others, but believes that it is most beneficial to himself. He finds authority for this mode of fasting in the Scriptures and in modern physical culture practices. He has been doing it for twenty-one years.

(Continued on page 38)

Every Dog Has His Day

By Ruth Price

DAY was dawning over the edge of the basket as Toby opened one sleepy brown eye to encounter the sun's heartening rays. He rose and stretched athletically, uttering a soft whine of joy. For didn't he lead a warm, well fed, and sheltered life? Why he felt so good he even indulged in the luxury of chasing his tail.

His sense of smell, dulled by the long night's sleep, was rapidly picking up the floating aromas of breakfast. He immediately followed up the scent and came upon a bowl of good bread and milk. He was usually very careful about his manners when eating a meal, but this morning was an exception for there must have been an adventurous streak in the air that left no time or place for leisurely habits.

While he ate, his keen little ears picked up calls of the mayor of dogtown summoning the all-important dogs to a meeting. Toby ached to go too. But he knew only too well that he would not be allowed to go outside the wall. Every time he did go outside, he held down one end of a leash while some firm human grip clamped on the other end. It was always this way unless he was alert and spry enough to whirl through a momentous opening of the gate.

His luck had favored him about five times in the ten months he had been there. When these chances came, they were not to be sneered at, for Toby was no snob and dearly loved to mingle with the mongrels of the street. Just to see them playing and fighting in the roads would make a shiver of anticipation run along his prim little back.

But by now he had finished his breakfast and had been kicked out of the kitchen by the cook who seemed to be in rather bad spirits for such a fine morning. He lay on the porch gazing reproachfully at the door through which he had made the hasty exit.

Then his sharp eye caught the flash of snapping green eyes under a bush by the corner of the porch, and he became so alert that he wiggled his tail just the tiniest bit and growled deep in his chest. With Toby, to think was to act, and his stiff wiry hair stood up a little as he leaped toward the bush. As he pounced on it, cat and all, he felt the searing pain of a thousand thorns being driven into his sensitive little nose, but he knew very well that this wasn't a thorn tree. Therefore the cause must be attributed to the cat which stood with arched back and electrically charged fur awaiting his further advance.

As he sprawled on the ground and frantically pawed his nose in an effort to ease the burning pain, Toby was thinking things about that cat that would have made its ears burn. When the pain had become less search-

ing, his soul began to thirst for vengeance. So he renewed his attack on the cat. This canny animal jumped for his back and clung there with teeth and nails. Toby reversed his action "pronto" and started "kiyiing" around the yard. How he ever got rid of the better half is still a mystery, but he appeared somewhat later, a much more cat-wise dog.

For a while he lay panting in the shade, nursing his wounds and wounded conscience. He saw that the cook was getting ready for her daily bargaining with the fruit vender when he should come along singing out his wares. He might get a chance today to slip through the gate because the cook was in just the mood to bicker with the merchant. She would probably forget all about him and leave the gate open. Soon he heard the sweet refrain echoing along the wall, and cook started for the gate as Toby, tucking his stubby tail between his legs, loped for the refuge of the bushes nearest the wall.

Grimly he watched the gate, then softly, oh, ever so softly made his escape. Once outside and around the nearest corner, he raced for the milling congregation of dogs. Big dogs, little dogs, clean or dirty, small difference it made to Toby as long as he was among them.

Some merely watched his approach while others came to meet him. One of those to welcome him was a big black pup of some uncertain birth right. He set up a continuous barking approval of the new comer. The chorus was carried on by the rest, and gradually grew stronger as slowly but surely the uncertain members joined the rank and file.

Toby and the huge black dog (we shall call him Jack) decided that the hunting would be much better if they worked alone. Thus convinced, they managed to shake



"Toby"

the rest off the trail and went to find excitement.

A few of their most strenuous achievements were the treeing of about six cats. They happened to be in the way of an approaching horse and wagon so they separated one to go on one side of the horse, the other on the other side. Their howls of unholy glee filled the poor horse with uncertain dread, but, when they started to nip at his legs, he was nearly frantic. Although he was already running at a decidedly good pace, he exerted himself to the extreme in order to put as many miles as possible between himself and those howling, biting fiends. The two dogs gazed at each other as much as to say, "Well, would you believe it!" as they saw their prey disappearing in a cloud of dust.

They had also robbed the cradle so to speak when they had forcibly gained possession of two juicy steak bones. With these drooping temptingly from their jaws, they headed for Jack's private cache of such things. Once there, they promptly dug holes and buried the bones and proceeded to dig up some others of a much more uncertain age. They chewed contentedly for some time and then sacredly relaid them in their haven, and pawed the earth over them once more. Shortly each reappeared, much discolored by the dust of their efforts.

They felt now that a cool drink and maybe a bath would be in order. With that intention supposedly foremost in their minds, they played a game of tag as they wound their way toward the old swimming hole. They drank deeply and heaved separate and hearty sighs of contentment.

Boys were splashing noisily in the pool as they squatted on the well worn grass at the edge of the pool. They watched them with lazy uninterested eyes and finally dozed off. They never feared the boys, but today there was a new one among them, a bully. He stealthily approached Toby and quickly seizing him,

heaved him into the pond. He didn't touch Jack, perhaps because he was too big, but more likely because he was afraid of him.

Toby had emitted a series of heart-breaking cries when he felt himself hurtling through space. These he now alternated with chokes and coughs as he struggled fiercely to regain firm ground. Jack was meanwhile running frantically to and fro on the shore, barking sharply, quite undecided whether to go in the water or not. Finally he gave a mighty leap and landed beside Toby. The smaller dog scrambled and clawed mightily until he was perched on top of the broad comforting back. Jack swam for shore, and in spite of the efforts of the boy to keep him in the water, finally drew himself and his burden on to the bank where he sank down exhausted. Toby rolled off and lay in a huddled ball nearly drowned and whimpering pitifully.

Not until Jack had nosed him all over to see if he was injured would he concede to get up. Then they both shook themselves so hard that the water sprayed on the bully. He picked up a rock, and they hurried away.

Jack left Toby soon, and he went on to face the jeers of his fellow animals. They ran barking at him, and, when he paid no attention, strayed off. As he neared his gate, he saw a beautiful black and white dog coming toward him and how he wished he had a hole to crawl into. She stuck her nose in the air and walked haughtily by.

For he was indeed a bedraggled sight as he wearily crawled through the gate. His once glossy coat was caked with mud and sprinkled with burrs. He had exchanged his happy-go-lucky air for one of repentance.

He actually stood on his haunches and begged for a nice warm bath after which he receded to the privacy of his basket.

The Insurance Salesman

By Charles Edward Strom

ACT I

Scene: On a city street.

Characters: Mr. Harry Jones, as the Insurance Salesman. Mr. James Gilbert, as a customer.

Mr. H. Jones: (Mr. Jones is walking down the street and is wishing for a customer. He meets a man just as he goes around a corner.) "Well, well, Mr. Gilbert, I'm glad to see you. I'm selling insurance."

Mr. J. Gilbert: "You're lucky; that's more than a lot of agents are doing."

Mr. H. Jones: "I thought that maybe I could sell you a policy."

Mr. J. Gilbert: "That's perfectly O. K.; every man's got a right to think."

Mr. H. Jones: "Have you any Protection?"

Mr. J. Gilbert: "Yes, I have."

Mr. H. Jones: "How much?"

Mr. J. Gilbert: "Three bulldogs and a revolver."

Jones: "You're a married man, aren't you?"

Gilbert: "I don't know. I haven't read this morning's paper yet."

Jones: "Suppose you should die tomorrow, what would your wife do?"

(Continued on page 34)

THE PARADE OF EVENTS

Assemblies

Several assemblies were taken up with the advertising of the College Club Minstrel Show which the "B" Club put over in a big way. Dr. Wakefield spoke one morning about tuberculosis, telling us about the benefits of good food, fresh air, exercise, water and rest, and how excellent health prevents tuberculosis. Many pupils took the test which was offered.

The basketball letters were awarded to the boys, and a cup was presented by Judge John Quinn, representing the Kiwanis Club, for Bangor High's victory in the big Kiwanis Tournament. Congratulations, boys! Seems as tho' another trophy case will be needed if this sort of thing keeps on being done.

The winners of the Senior Essay contest were announced. The five boys and five girls whose essays were judged as best are listed below:

Boys

Leo Lieberman
Harold Taylor
Joseph Bertels
George Tsoulas
Robert Hussey

Girls

Bernice Braidy
Jean Calhoun
Thelma Spearen
Natalie Nason
Sylvia Cohen

The first two in each list will speak at graduation.

Minstrel Show

Have we got talent—or have we got talent! Not only do we discover a swanky dance orchestra with a swell leader, but crooners, crooners, and crooners. T'other night Eddie Curran and Company (the "B" Club) sprang new jokes on the audience; the orchestra did nobly, Jack Dunning (the nite-owl, you know) Helen Tsoulas (Oh, baby!) and a trio, George Powell (the leader himself) Bill Ballou, (who's afraid of the big bad wolf) and Francis Rice (said to be a gentleman from Kentucky, only they call 'em colonels down there) sang Smoke Gets in Your Eyes—'Twas excruciatin'. O yes, those people mentioned before the trio all sang, (believe it or not) and put some of the current radio performers to shame.

And talk about tap-dancing—Linwood Doane and Raymond Bennett almost turned themselves inside out. Wonder if Muriel Shea is still in George Powell's power, and if Harriet Welch has captivated the Kentucky Colonel yet. Well, it was a great show.

The boys' chorus always chimed in on the songs, and they sounded as though they were having the time of their lives. Everyone that went did—"it was exactly as advertised." There was a dance afterwards, and the evening was a huge success. Let's have more like it!

Band

The music for the State Festival to be held at Belfast, May 19, is coming along very well now. Several of the sections show such a degree of improvement that you would hardly recognize them. The saxophonists are beginning to understand what it's all about, and even the clarinet section can notice a difference in its own work.

The band will, of course, play for the annual inspection of the battalion. Last year the band received high praise for its performance in the field. They are the fellows who seem to get all the luck, since, while the rest of the unit is sweating in the hot sun, the band can take things easy under the shade trees. Maybe they won't be allowed to do that this year; however, we know that they will try it, and, if they are commanded to stay on their feet, we know they will do it like true soldiers.

Probably the band will be asked to entertain the audience for a little while at the Military Ball. Some new marches are being practiced which will be very appropriate for this occasion.

Does anybody desire to hire a good percussion artist to do anything from rocking the baby to carrying ashes? If so, Warren "Tarzan" Stanhope will be ready for the occasion on a minute's notice. Of course you understand that his business is primarily to hit a drum, but he can do other things. We have just heard that Sidney Alpert intends to give a recital at the Auditorium within the next few weeks. He will perform on (maybe it's in) his bass horn. Tickets for this concert will be on sale in front of the locker of the gentleman under discussion from now on. Get yours early in order to insure getting a good seat.

Orchestra

Don't you think the musical part of the Junior Exhibition program was very well executed? That seems to be the general opinion. The orchestra certainly is a great help to any big affair in which the school is engaged. In a very short time the orchestra will be practicing the music for graduation. Then, once again, we shall hear the martial strains of "Aida". This graduation music offers a greater variety than usual, for the various instrumental parts have a better chance to be prominent. Last year a statement was made that the orchestra was the best in many years. Whether we have a better organization this year or not, is a hard thing to determine. At any rate we are all agreed that we have enjoyed the pleasant entertainment provided for our benefit.

Debate Club

Although the Debate season is nearly finished, by no means is it all over. With a trip for varsity debaters just completed, and a party for members and a bang-up edition of the Debate Club News in prospect, no one can think that! Also, a most successful debate was held here between our negative team—Artemus Weatherbee, Corinne Adams, and Bernice Braidy—and Boston Mission School. Of the crowd that was there, everyone admitted that he had spent a very entertaining evening. Of course, you all know the result—3-0 in our favor! However, our debaters certainly deserved it, and they have worked hard to make their team the success it is. Congratulations!

Also, the Debate Club has been considering a different type of award, or letter. This has been submitted to the Student Council for approval.

During the vacation, our varsity team went to Boston, debating along the way and in the city. That certainly was a big vacation for them—trip, city, everything! And now that we have begun interstate debates so successfully, we hope to keep them up.

Next in prospect looms the "finale" of the year—the party. What kind shall it be? What games should we have? What sort of an entertainment shall be held? These questions and many more confront us, but time will tell the answer. Anyway, we are sure that it will be a good one, and the members are looking forward to it. Get your own ideas—they all help!

And last, but not least, comes the big edition of the "Debate Club News." Remember what a good one we put out last year? We are trying to make this year's compete with that one, if it does not excell it. So, everyone, get thinking, and do your best to make this Year-Book a real success!

Latin Club

The Latin Club party at Virginia Orbeton's was a complete success, judging from the crowd, the merriment and the unwillingness of that crowd to depart even after faculty members showed unmistakable signs of becoming sleepy. Virginia and her father and mother—not to forget the dog—proved to be delightful hosts, and the club would extend its sincerest thanks to them for the hospitality of their charming home.

Robert Cumming, an old member and former quaestor of the club, gave a half hour talk on Roman influence in foreign lands, illustrated by stereopticon slides, showing Roman remains in many lands.

The Roman wedding was most attractive. Thelma Spearen made a perfect Roman bride, and Dick Stevens played the bridegroom with some vigor. Any hesitancy on the part of the players was thoughtfully covered up with cries of *Gratulamur—gratulamur* from Fogg and Epstein. Fournier as pontifex gave dignified utterances in rolling Latin sentences, with a de-

lightful French accent. It would seem that Latin a la French might become part of the regular sophomore course. Pierce and Skoufis were Romans to the life, if not of the heroic age, certainly of the prosperous age.

Aphrodite Floros gave a couple of prevues of a most heartrending version of the Aeneas-Dido love-story, which the committee consisting of Irene Lorimer, Rose Costrell, Aphrodite Floros, will present at the May meeting of the club.

Games, stunts, music, and eats completed the evening. Let's have another, say we.

Library

Questions in the ordinary day of a librarian.

1. What is a madrigal?
2. How do you spell maiden in German?
3. Where can I look up Johnson's fame?
4. How many books in the Bible?
5. Where are the pieces for Junior Exhibition?
6. Who wrote "Little Journeys"?
7. When did Byrd go to the South Pole before this expedition?
8. How many meters in a mile?
9. Where can I look up the customs of England in the twelfth century?
10. What is the population of the U. S.?
11. Is Rudyard Kipling dead?
12. Who is the president of the U. S. Senate?
13. Who is Russia's ambassador to the U. S.?
14. Who is the Director of the Budget?
15. Who is the American ambassador to Russia?
16. Who went to Cuba as Ambassador in place of Sumner Wells?
17. When was the Ellsworth fire?
18. When was the Lindbergh baby kidnaped?
19. Who tried to assassinate President Roosevelt in Florida?
20. When was the Bank Holiday proclaimed?
21. Where is Roosevelt Dam?
22. What is the W. C. T. U.?

(Answers on page 34)

Rifle Club

Although the scores have not been as high as those of the previous year, our Rifle Club still has a good record. The activity of this organization is officially over.

We expect that some of those fellows who made the team will be blossoming forth in their Rifle Club sweaters, and the girls will be able to distinguish their heroes from the athletes by the crossed rifles which appear on these new sweaters.

The winners of the intramural matches are as follows:

1st place—Elmer Yates, gold medal.

2nd place—Stanley Getchell, silver medal.

3rd place—Garold Downes, bronze medal.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

MEDAL WINNERS



Jonathan Adams



Corinne Adams

HONORABLE MENTION



Lucille Epstein



Stanley Staples

R. O. T. C.

What an improvement the battalion shows! The fellows are actually learning how to drill. There was not much stress placed upon this feature of the school's military life until the beginning of the last quarter. Most of the time was taken up with useful and instructive lectures by Major Snow. Now, however, the real work has commenced. Of course, those of you who have never been on the parade grounds can't comprehend the discomfort of wearing a hot uniform. There are only a few more drill days though before the annual inspection which great event takes place on May 18. Wouldn't it be great if our unit could be the prize winner again?

There are still a few points on which the battalion in general can improve. One of these is the manual of arms. Some do not do the movements properly yet, and the pivot men also need to get the idea of holding those pivots until the other part of the squad can turn.

We just wonder who will get the excellency pennant this year. You remember what a fine showing Company B made last year, and, as a result, that pennant adorns the standards of Company B. Now it is up to the privates and the noncommissioned officers to pull their companies up to standard quality. See if you can get that pennant away from Company B. Start fixing up your uniforms. Put a shine on the buttons and ornaments. Get a crease in those trousers. Do your part to help your company whether the fellow beside you does or not!

There have been several promotions made lately. They are as follows: 1st. Lieut. Raymond Bennett, Bn. Hq., is promoted to Captain, and assigned to Company "C."

2nd. Lieut. Reginald Dauphinee, Company "E", is promoted to 1st. Lieut., vice Bennett, promoted, and is assigned to Bn. Hq. as Battalion Adjutant. 2nd. Lieut. Oscar Trask, Company "B", is transferred in grade to Company "E". 1st. Sgt. Warren Staples, Company "B", is promoted to 2nd. Lieut., vice Dauphinee, promoted, and is assigned to Company "B". Sergeant Harold Moon, Company "B", is promoted to 1st. Sgt., Company "B", vice Staples, promoted.

Officers' Club

Here is the grand news you have been waiting for! Plans are under way for the Military Ball. We can't say much but we can tell you this much about it. The school dance band has been hired to perform for the glorious occasion. Those of you who have attended the games on Saturday evenings at the Mary Snow School know that these musicians are pretty good. Undoubtedly there will be still more improvement before the Military Ball arrives. But the best news of all is that the price of the tickets has been greatly reduced; in fact, only twenty five cents for everybody.

This affair is an excellent finish to the activities of the school year, and will be held in the school building.

In past years the military exhibitions of drilling and contests have been very impressive indeed. This year, however, you will not be bored by long elimination contests. There will be some expert drilling by the different companies and picked squads which will not exceed more than an hour. So, if you want to give yourself a treat (and perhaps someone else), do not fail to purchase your tickets at the earliest possible date. Come and enjoy the best time in your high school career.

Coming Attractions

Miss Rideout has started work on the Senior play, to be given on May 25. The play, *The Nut Farm*, is about the Barton family, which includes, Willie, a young boy, ambitious to be a film comedy director, and his movie struck sister, Helen, whose husband has thirty thousand dollars. The struggle to put the capital in use is the center of action, and there is plenty of that. Don't miss it.

"B" Club

Continuing its short but active career, the "B" Club has occupied itself recently with helping the Advisory Athletic Committee run its Minstrel. As sidelines, they have been fixing up room 007 to serve as their meeting place. They have also had the school banner cleaned and have had a "B" Club banner made.

Under the direction of Tweedy and Staples, concession booths have been successfully run at the basketball games, and the profit has increased the treasury considerably.

Student Council Stag Dance

The Student Council seems to be taking drastic measures to lift itself out of the depression. A successful Stag Dance, which a great part of the student body attended was held in the assembly hall, April 13. Our now famous College Club Orchestra played, and they "done noble."

The Council also made money on a candy sale which the girls, with Elizabeth Toole in charge, held.

Student Council

In accordance with the feeling at the last Parent-Teachers' Association meeting that the school should run more social affairs, the Student Council decided to sponsor several school dances to be held in the Assembly Hall. The date for the first of these is set for April 13. The proceeds of this dance will be used for any purpose which may be considered worthy of support. It is the general feeling that the students will support

(Continued on page 24)

PRIZES NO SENIOR EXAMINATIONS

Prizes

AFTER high school, what? is the question uppermost in the minds of the seniors at the present time. But why should we waste our time thinking about after-high-school life? Why not do one thing at a time and do that well?

Perhaps you are a student who likes sports, or debating, or journalistic work, or singing. You do find time for some of these things, don't you? And what becomes of the pupil who avails himself of these opportunities? Does he get any reward, or recognition for his superior work? Is there any way whereby one may judge whether he has completed his high school course with distinction?

Outstanding among the honors open to seniors is election to the National Honor Society—the Phi Beta Kappa of secondary schools. From a class of approximately 250, 39 who have shown that they possess the qualities of scholarship, leadership, and dependability were chosen this year.


The Bowdoin Scholarship of \$500 is open to all boys enrolled in the secondary schools of Penobscot and Piscataquis counties.

For girls, an excellent opportunity is offered in the Mary L. Webster Scholarship, presented by the Bangor Branch of the American Association of University Women. Each year a senior girl from Bangor High School receives this award of \$50.00.

And another opportunity for recognition is found in the Business and Professional Women's Club prize of \$10.00 awarded to the girl in the senior class who attains the highest rank in English.

The Harvard Book Prize, given annually to the boy in the junior class who shows the most promise, is one of the signal honors open to juniors.

There are a variety of opportunities for those who wish to enter the field of public speaking. First of all, there is the Lyford Speaking Contest, open to students of secondary schools in New England; anyone who has been in the semifinals of the Junior Exhibition is eligible to try out. The Lyford Speaking Contest prize is \$50.00. Again there is the Spears Speaking Contest. One representative from each school may enter, and the prizes are \$75.00 for first place, and \$50.00 and \$25.00 for second and third places respectively. And still another contest, held at the University of Maine, offers a prize of \$7.50 for the person who takes first place.



EDITORIALS

for MAY, 1934

Perhaps your special interest is music; maybe you can sing. If you can, you are privileged to enter the annual Singing Contest. There are three prizes, all medals, one for the best boy soloist, another for the best girl soloist, and yet another for the best mixed quartette.

Even this does not exhaust the list, for now we come to all the French Medals. A medal is given to the senior who has attained the highest rank throughout the four-year course, and one is also given to the second highest ranking senior.

If you excell in writing, you may win one of the essay medals which are given to the senior girl and senior boy who present the best essays.

Perhaps you are clever in stenography and type-writing. If a competitive examination determines this to be so, you will be given a medal for excellency along this line.

A French medal is also given to a boy and a girl in the Junior Class for excellence in declamation at the Junior Exhibition.

And yet another opportunity presents itself in the Louis and Sophia Kirstein Scholarship with a prize of approximately \$200.00.

Can it be possible that you have not known about these high honors? If that be the case, why not begin now to make your high school career successful and distinctive? When you get out of high school, things aren't just naturally going to come to you. You've got to go after them, and so it is with high school honors.

No Senior Examinations

For a long time the system of giving seniors exams has seemed a useless waste of time both on the part of the teachers and of the pupils. After all, when graduation time rolls around, the seniors have learned as much as they ever will in high school, and no examination is going to increase that knowledge. The week before graduation seems a pretty poor time to start teaching anybody anything.

For this reason Mr. Taylor has decided that seniors will be excused from final examinations in those subjects in which they get a rank of 85 or over during the last quarter. This new ruling applies only to seniors and only to the last quarter. In other words if you are a senior, and if you get 85 in all your subjects during

(Continued on page 34)

PASSING IN REVIEW

AH! Who is so highly esteemed by her classmates as to be made vice-president of the sophs? Most of you know that it's Betsey Conners, but what do you know of her hobbies, her favorite sports, ambitions? Does she use sugar or lemon in her tea? Her hobbies, unique indeed, are the collecting of China dogs (not real dogs, but China ones you know) and the making of Japanese things. Her favorite sports are swimming and horseback riding when the season allows. And she excels not a little at basketball as her numerals show. She likes to eat, not fancy stuff, but good, wholesome, home-cooked food, adores (?) that great love actor Ramon Navarro, wants to be an interior decorator, and . . . oh yes! I nearly forgot. She uses lemon in her tea.

Among the class of nineteen-thirty-five's outstanding members is Corinne Adams. You've all heard of her nice debating, and of her recent success in winning the medal by that brilliant showing in the Junior Exhibition. Corinne admits that her favorite pastime is reading detective stories, and she thinks that George Arliss' impersonations in the cinema are simply grand; in fact, she says, "They thrill me to the depths of my soul with an 'unquenchable' passion." As for actresses, Corinne never thinks much about them—these women are all alike, says she. Her favorite outdoor sport is tennis, and she never tires of it. In view of the fact that Corinne has proved so successful in the line of debating, we are not at all surprised to find that her ambition is to become a lawyer. Well, more power to her!

"Billy" Palmer is a frank sort of boy who admitted willingly his admiration for Ruby Keeler and Joe Penner and then in a reminiscent mood revealed that he is a descendant of Charles A. Boutelle, who was assistant secretary of the navy. Billy would like to travel in Africa. The Mediterranean and the Great Salt Lake are included in his present itinerary. Meanwhile he thrives on apple pie and ice cream and indulges in skating and swimming. Incidentally, perhaps you remember seeing something about his fall on the ice in the paper this previous (?) winter. It seems he was skating down Cedar St. and his skates caught and he fell down and was knocked out. And a few summers ago he was riding a pig and fell off. But unfortunately it occurred in the pig pen. To get back to something pleasant, he is fond of popular music, (Good Morning, Glory a favorite) and Eddie Cantor. Who isn't? For reading matter, Billy prefers the Open Road, American Boy, Doc Savage's and Detective Magazines. However at the present time, Billy seems to concentrate on text books—very studious. But ask

him about the time he put blanks on the car tracks, or the bicycle incident, or the time he threw a baseball through a window and broke five milk bottles and had to work to pay for them. Ask him and see that dreamy look come back in his eyes.

Of course he stands out from the crowd, for he's usually in front of that crowd, orating, debating, and directing their activities. In fact he is one of the leading lights of that well-lighted group, the class of 1936. Recently at a party he was introduced to a stranger, who, noting his courtly bow and his air of complete self-assurance said: "Oh, a senior." When he can't make himself heard any other way he breaks into print, edits a paper for 101, this year, and last year was the director-general of an important freshman publication. It has even been rumored that he is to help edit the next edition of S. P. Q. R.

He's a first class student and knows what Caesar intended to say much better than Caesar himself. This year he helped win the trophy of the interclass debate. Like most gentlemen he prefers blondes—auburn blondes. How did you guess it—none other than Ernest Andrews!

The good looks of Gable, the nimble piano fingers of Gershwin, the oratorical and debating genius of Darrow—that's Leo Leiberman, dignified classical senior. "Bootsie", as he is more commonly known, is one of our most famous characters, and his "lousy" has become a classic in the school. He pounds the ivories for one of Bangor's leading orchestras, and his great desire is to be able to sleep until 12 A. M. every day. He is very intellectual and can be seen every recess, his handsome face twisted into a studious scowl, endeavoring to master French. The Varsity Debating Team has been blessed by his presence for three years, and he won Honorable Mention in the Junior Exhibition. Paul Whiteman is his favorite band, and he just adores the warbling of Shirley Howard. For reading, he swears by Shakespeare, Carlyle, Alger. After leaving Bangor, he plans to wander to either Bowdoin or Maine, where he will, without doubt, bring great glory to his Alma Mater.

He's a light haired gentleman named Warren Wallace who believes in the maxim, "Live, eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die." In his freshman year at this institution he was a star in three sports. Last year he was on the second team in baseball. In this, his junior year, he has been elected to hold the money-box of his class, was on the J. V. basketball team, is a member of Student Council, member of the Banner and Ring committees, and last but not least has helped

hold up the managerial affairs of our football team. "Whitie" thinks that the ideal team of screen stars would be Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. His favorite dance band is led by that celebrated young collegian Mr. Ozzie Nelson, and he spends Monday evenings at home listening to Bing Crosby (when nothing better comes up). "Whitie" spends his summers traveling around the state with his pal, "Al", caddying at the various tournaments, and his ambition is to be a golf "pro". This summer they intend to go to the World's Fair at Chicago. Okay! Whitie, see you in Ripley's Oddities.

Pauline Goodwin called by the varied titles of "Bale of Hay," "Soapie" and "Box Car," still remains to be nicknamed appropriately.

She keeps her weight down to 112 lbs. by eating graham cracker pudding and spaghetti with Parmesan cheese. In case you want the recipes (or for other reasons), her telephone number is 7593. Incidentally she would rather spend her valuable time watching George Arliss or Joan Crawford than sewing. Contrary to ordinary girls she doesn't like fiction. Polly prefers to read travel books. In fact after graduating she would like to satisfy her desire for traveling by entering some field which demands it. In the meantime she connects with the wide open spaces through her radio. Her favorite radio artists are March of Time, Guy Lombardo, H. V. Kaltenboin, David Ross, and Rubinoff. As for music, Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and that glamorous "Sophisticated Lady" move her strangely. In her spare time she likes to go walking. She doesn't know where she's going but just walks—usually with a friend. Nice gal!

Her favorite pastime is eating. Recently, she confessed that she lives to eat, but the important question arises, what does she eat? Everything, from raw onions to chocolate cake and milk, which, incidentally, happens to be her favorite dish. However, she simply detests baked beans, as was discovered to the horror of her hostess at a baked bean supper she was at last year.

She is one of the thousands of ardent admirers of Katherine Hepburn, Lionel Barrymore, and that ever popular comedian, Skeets Gallagher.

Her hobby is listening to the radio; her favorite programs including Joe Penner, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, and that well known radio crooner Bing Crosby.

She can't be beaten when it comes to school work. Not even Latin daunts her. And French! As for Geometry, it certainly is "plane" to her.

She was one of the speakers in the Junior Exhibition, which always is the outstanding event of the Junior year. She received honorable mention.

Besides all these things, she is a prominent member

of the Latin Club, and is quaestor of this organization.

She is full of fun, always laughing, well liked and considered "one swell" sport by her many friends.

You ask who this is? No one else but Lucille Epstein.

Have you seen that sophomore down at dear old B. H. S. who always runs distractedly through the corridors between classes? Well, his name is Bill Stetson, and this is your introduction to him. He plays the trumpet in the band, and in Rubin's Boiler-makers. In fact, he is a very good musician (you should hear him hit "The Three Little Pigs") and his ambition is to be like Rudy Vallee; so he is learning to croon in the Glee Club.

Bill, also, is one of those few people with an interesting hobby. He collects old coins, and, although I haven't seen his collection, I have been told that it is a large and interesting one.

And that is not all. Bill plays a good game of tennis, and can sail a boat like nobody's business. He intends to go out for track in the spring, and this fact shows that he is an optimist, because he still believes there will be a spring. How far he will get in track remains to be seen. All these attainments, interests, and ambitions make up Bill Stetson, a lad of medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, and a rather serious look.

Passing in review presents Miss Virginia Larabee, one of Bangor High School's most popular seniors. Virginia is slim, and five feet four inches tall; she has dark brown hair and big, brown eyes. Although she has no favorite movie star just now, she likes the movies and can be seen there often. However, Virginia does have two favorite radio entertainers: Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo. That combination slays all the girls.

Once upon a time she saved stamps, but, now, Virginia has no hobbies, unless dancing could be called a hobby. Anyway, dancing is her favorite sport, and next in order come swimming, fishing, and skating. She enjoys all of these, except skating, during her summer vacation at Highland Lake.

Virginia likes to sing; so she is a member of the Girls' Glee Club. She is in the Dramatic Club too, and she took part in one of the three one-act plays presented last fall by the Dramatic Club. When the Science Club was started this winter, Virginia joined that, and was elected secretary of the organization. And last, but not at all least, she has been in the Latin Club for the past three years.

**Attempt Made By Students
To Do Away With Storm
Signals.**

ALUMNI

WHEN we begin to look ahead, we find that it will be but a very short time before another class will graduate and its name will be inscribed on the honorable list of Alumni. Yes, the Class of '34 will soon have its banner hanging on the wall alongside those of the former classes of our glorious B. H. S.

Miss Mary Gibbons of the Class of '31, has recently been awarded a high honor at Wellesley College. She was one of the few girls of the junior and senior classes who has been named a Wellesley College Scholar. The title is given only to those who maintain a scholastic standing which is above the average of their class, and it denotes high recognition of achievement in academic work.

Another B. H. S. graduate who received an honor of distinction for his college work is Dexter J. Clough of the Class of '30. He attained third rank on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's dean's list. Mr. Clough was a winner of high honors of his class while at B. H. S. and was one of the most popular boys of the class.

Miss Carolyn Currier, '32, recently took a trip through the Caribbean and along the coast of South America in the company of her parents.

Two Bangor High School graduates were recently married, Miss Phyllis Hedin and Mr. James P. Smith. The bride was graduated from B. H. S. in the Class of 1927. Mr. Smith was a graduate of the Class of 1925. He is also a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Four B. H. S. graduates were elected to Phi Kappa Phi honors at the University of Maine. This society is one which recognizes excellence in any field of knowledge. Those students from Bangor who were chosen are Dorothy Romeo, Alpheus C. Lyon, Jr., Abraham Stern, and Abraham Rosen.

Thomas F. Reed, the editor-in-chief of our 1931-32 Oracle, was one of the few students who attained a 4A rank at the U. of M. for the past semester. Although "Tommie" spends the majority of his time with his studies, he is a member of the football squad and is a promising candidate for the center position on the team.

Norman Cahners is one of the outstanding weight men on Harvard's track team. He has placed in all of Harvard's track meets this year in the thirty-five pound hammer throw. Although he devotes most of his time to study, Norman is a good athlete and takes part in other sports besides track events.

Richard Munce was recently spending a few holidays with his parents. He is a student at the Harvard Medical School. Mr. Munce has carried off many

scholastic honors since he graduated from B. H. S., both at the University of Maine and at Harvard.

It seems good to see "Mack" Flewelling around again. "Mack" has fully recovered from a long illness.

"Abe" Kern of the Class of '32, is doing well at Bowdoin. We shall always remember "Abe" by his friendly smile. Few students are able to surpass "Abe" in scholastic standing.

Miss Louise Rosie is now attending Katherine Gibbs School in Boston. Miss Rosie graduated with the Class of 1931. We may well remember her as one of the popular girls of her class and as a talented member of the 1930-31 Dramatic Club.

Fulton Cahners, an ex-member of our senior class, has been quite prominent in athletics at Phillips Andover Academy. Fulton is planning on entering Harvard next fall and, as classmates, we wish him even greater success there.

Miss Josephine Thompson, who is now a senior at Wellesley, was among the many B. H. S. graduates who were recently home for the Easter holidays. Some other girls who were also home over the holidays were Eleanor Clough of Mt. Holyoke College; Joan Cox of the College of the Sacred Heart; Nancy Connors, Sacred Heart Convent; Katherine Epstein and Frances Clough, Wellesley; Christine Curran, Regis College; and Barbara Cameron of Nasson Institute.

Former Bangor High boys who have been pledged to fraternities since the publication of the last edition of the Oracle are Paul Winsor, Elwood Bryant and Norman Carlisle, Phi Gamma Delta; Arthur Thayer, Donald McCready, Reginald Murphy, Alfred Schriver, and Everett Mack, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Edward Silsby, Kappa Sigma; Edward Redman and Woodford Brown, Phi Eta Kappa; and Frank Fellows, Phi Kappa Sigma.

We are informed that Dr. Eugene L. Bradford, who is at the present time director of admissions at Cornell College, Ithaca, New York, is touring the New England states and making visits to the heads of private and public preparatory schools which send students to the university. We should be interested in Dr. Bradford's welfare because he is a Bangor High School graduate in the Class of 1908. Dr. Bradford was the editor-in-chief of the Oracle. Besides being a graduate of Bangor High, he is also a graduate of Bowdoin.

The names of twenty-two B. H. S. graduates adorn the latest U. of M. Dean's list. The list, which is effective to the end of the Spring semester is as follows: Mildred Haney, '30, Thomas Hersey, '29, Faith Holden, '32, Edith Kennard, '27, Arlene Merrill, '32, Dorothy Romero, '30, Abraham Rosen, '27, Mildred Sawyer, '33, Benjamin Shapiro, '30, Abraham Stern,

MOVIES

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

THE story deals with the financial world of Napoleon's day at which time the House of Rothschild rises to financial dominance in London. George Arliss takes part in two roles, that of Mayer Anselm Rothschild, founder of the international banking concern, and that of Mayer's son Nathan who later presided over the London branch of Rothschild. As Nathan Rothschild, however, and in his brief appearance as Nathan's father, the celebrated English actor regains his former artistry and that fine delicate touch which is characteristic of genius.

The role of the Duke of Wellington is aptly played by C. Aubrey Smith, and, although he makes the Iron Duke a trifle older than he was at Waterloo, he is splendid in the part.

The feminine lead is taken by Miss Helen Westley of the Theatre Guild. She plays the part of Nathan's aged mother, and she portrays it with distinguished skill.

Boris Karloff, known for his sinister characterizations, is the wicked Prussian, who persecuted the Rothschilds. The love interest, what there is of it, is expertly handled by Loretta Young and Robert Young.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great is another historical picture which won the hearts of the American public. Elizabeth Bergner, as Catherine the Great, is truly a superb star and not entirely a new comer.

Catherine arrives in Russia an unsophisticated, young German princess and finds she is not wanted by the heir to the throne of Russia.

Her husband rules recklessly and firmly plans to strip all honour from her and place her in a convent. When she learns of this, she realizes that she must give in to the officers who wish to make her empress by a revolt. Her chief concern is that Peter will not be harmed—a part which historically bothered Catherine not at all.

Elizabeth Bergner, very petite and gentle, in a blond wig is the perfect Catherine; her wrath and majesty are so great that her stature suddenly seems to increase and dominate the men.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Peter, puts cruelty and craft in his performance. He is the type of hero whose part depends a great deal on his clothes—swishing robes, shiny boots—and swords.

'30, Sylvia Alpert, '32, Newell Avery, '33, Edward Redman, '33, and Ralph Wentworth, '33—all students of the College of Arts and Sciences. Those from the College of Technology are Lewis Johnson, '27, Louis Morrison, '31, Thomas Reed, '32, Robert Turner, '31, and Woodford Brown, '33.

EXCHANGES

Old Hughes comes to us from Cincinnati, Ohio, and a grand paper it is too. But where are their exchanges and student activities which seem to be lacking in the February issue? However their literary and illustrations are grand. As for their covers—we've never seen better.

From Berlin High comes the "Meteor" and with it a criticism for the "Oracle." They suggest more school news and also more news of current events. However they appreciate the covers and the literary. We found their magazine very interesting, but would suggest more humor.

The "Cycle," a newcomer, is from Woodsville, N. H.—a very interesting magazine. Their literary, however, could be improved and also the editorial department could be made larger without diminishing any other department. We enjoyed the book reviews tremendously, especially, "One More River."

From Newport, N. H. comes the "Spirit of Towle," a small magazine but crammed full with fine editorials and literary. Your jokes and your exchange department could be improved. Enjoyed the poem, "Will He Get to Heaven," immensely.

The "Sedan" from Hampden comes with a gay cover and a great many other things besides. Fine editorials and jokes; however, your school activities could be improved upon. Your literary department is fine; more stories like, "I Told You So."

"The Breeze" from Milo, Maine, is a fine magazine. Your jokes and literary department are good. Your student activities are grand with the little silhouettes under each activity. Keep up the good work; you're going great.

"Observer," Ansonia, Conn. Your French page is very interesting, especially the poetry. We enjoyed reading, "Writers' Temperament," also the poem, "Ain't He Cute?" Especially enjoyed your favorable comment on the "Oracle." We are glad you enjoyed the Literary Digest issue so much.

The "Loudspeaker" from far off San Francisco, comes to us highly decorated with many cuts made by students of the art department. This issue is specially dedicated to a history of San Francisco, and there are many interesting stories about the first settlers of that city. However, practically the whole magazine is devoted to literary and school activities. There is no humor or exchange column, or any alumni news. I think these would be an improvement.

"Artisan" from Mechanics High School, Boston, Mass. Your literary section is not very large, but is very good. We liked your character sketches and your biographies of teachers very much indeed. Thank you for your very kind compliments about our issue. Your jokes and cartoons are very effective.

JUST THE ECHOES

By "Bob" Canders

TO begin with, we extend our deepest sympathies to the little expecting juniors, who think that life is "just a bowl of cherries" . . . It's a good thing Peg Gildart doesn't take all advice seriously . . . And even if she did, her face couldn't possibly get much redder . . . May we offer our most humble apologies to that certain male redhead. It was all a big mistake. Forgive us . . . When Eddie Ross stays in Bangor, there's usually excitement somewhere—and it's not in Orono . . . Greetings and salutations to Mack Flewelling . . . They can laugh if they want to, Mack, but it'll always be, "two milks, please." Right? And for the benefit of those who thought that "big love scene" was just make-believe, just stroll up the back stair at recess. Don't say we didn't warn you, George . . . Our personal nomination for the best disposition in the class of 1934—Wayne Garland—a friend to everyone and everyone's friend . . .

The juniors will soon be blossoming out with their class rings, and already the seniors have started exchanging pictures . . . That's surely a sign of something or other . . . It's a grand and glorious feeling, all right . . .

Well, Norman, we kind of got squeezed out of our big chance, but we'll be back! How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, *how* do you do! There must be a reason for Kay Daley's singing . . . It might be a lot of things, but then . . . Duck is back . . . Barb McAvey is giving most of her time to a certain graduate . . . The greatest of follies is to fall asleep in a barber's chair . . . If you don't believe it, ask Gay Carson or "Cue-ball" Stewart . . .

Flash—Joe Bertels' latest contribution to art and posterity, a Ford roadster with those bright yellow wheels (or maybe they're all muddy now) . . . Lorna Hawkes still seeing purple . . . And it certainly must have seemed as if Barb Bickford was the most popular girl . . . Imagine having *five* fellows with her to get her pictures. Not that it was her fault, she surely tried hard enough to get rid of four, anyway . . . We hear that the "gossip column" will be discontinued for next year . . . It seems that one must have especially adapted talents for minding other people's business, and there have been *no* volunteers.

Hokus-pokus, Mr. Magician, Johnny Sawyer can do anything but pull rabbits out of a hat . . . Many seniors are planning to enter Maine next year . . . George Powell looking ahead to Rensselaer . . . La Gleason and Blair Stevens like Kents Hill. Joe Bertels is planning for Bowdoin, and we're heading for Hebron . . . We wonder how things will look four years from now . . . Won't Joe look smart in a cap

and gown! . . . (Time out) Here's one more prediction, (that's perseverance for you). We predict that when the class of 1938 graduates from Bowdoin, Andy Cox will have won still more honors, both in scholarship and in athletics . . . Theme song "They just couldn't say goodbye." Guess how. Hi, Owen . . . The Countess is home! . . . *Roses and thorns*:—Roses to those suh-weet letters from places so near and yet so far, and thorns to those temperamental outbursts . . . Ugh . . . Roses to those fighting P. G.'s who "kidded" the seniors right out of the gravy . . . Roses to the B. H. S. band for those pleasing assembly concerts and thorns to those who try to drown out our band, singlehanded . . . And they can talk about the U. of M. "hello", but let's give a bouquet of roses to the Bangor "hi" . . . Roses to Chet Kennedy and Bill Dugan . . . Thorns to the guys that leave their lockers unlocked and then think it's funny that books etc. are missing . . . And finally roses to the red and white of Bangor High. It won't be long now! School's out!

STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from page 18)

such an affair, and many others of similar character may be run if the first is successful.

Continuing along the line, planned some time ago, the Council has taken definite steps against certain of the students who habitually "skip" school. The student body should stand behind the Council in this action. It is not a matter of antagonizing the student body, but rather a matter of expediency that has brought on this action by the Council.

POEMS

(Continued from page 8)

Radio Criticism

By Ida Nisenbaum

If you may chance to own a radio
Then join me in my protest loud and long
For slapstick comedy and crooners song
Are to my ears just so much painful woe
If you agree then, too, your grievance show.
Think up a program new 'twill not be wrong
The orchestras, they still are going strong
To some official soon, I was to go.
On such a list! Please harken, here are some;
Betty Barthel, and Russ Columba too
Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Abner, Lum
A sad sight I admit but quite too true.
I'll tell the world, I think that they are bum.
I need support, and it must come from you.

REVIEWS

WORK OF ART

Sinclair Lewis

According to his brother Ora, Myron Weagle had "no imagination, no passion, no ambition, no consciousness of beauty, no desire to be creative or do anything but keep busy with the trivial daily jobs that seemed to satisfy him." On the other hand Ora was "a poet, a child of the skies." Yet under the surface Myron, too, was a poet. To be sure no stream of meaningless words came from his mouth; his poem was his hotel, the "Perfect Inn."

All Myron's life had been directed towards this goal. For thirty years, since, as a youth, he had first worked in his father's dingy American house, he had toiled incessantly as bell-boy, second cook, waiter, night clerk, assistant manager, and finally manager in various hotels all over the country. No detail had been too unworthy or too insignificant to escape Myron's notice. He had made a fine art of folding napkins and of studying correct plumbing fixtures. His whole life centered about the hotel in which he worked. During the day he worked in the hotel, and at night came home and read books on hotelkeeping. When, after thirty years of hard work and perseverance combined with his genuine talent for hotelkeeping, he had risen to the top of the ladder and had even indulged in a cultural vacation, he discovered upon his return that he had visited not one art gallery, but instead had inspected all the leading European hotels. At last Myron was ready for the publication of his poem the "Perfect Inn." This was to be his masterpiece. He was even more careful of details than ever before. As the author says, "he arranged exactly how long should be the path from refrigerator to work table. Food he studied as Duke Godfrey studied the imaginative maps to the Holy Land, and to 'amusements' he gave scientific research." Yet all this work of more than a generation proved fruitless when on the opening night there was a murder in the hotel, and the subsequent scandal forced the hotel to lose the prestige which Myron had built for it. Bit by bit the standing of the hotel declined until Myron, disappointed and sick at heart, had sold out his interest.

From that time Myron's worldly success diminished, and by some trick of fate his brother Ora became a successful playwright. He who had been General Director of the whole Rye-Chairian chain, owned a lodging-house in Lemuel, Kansas, and yet ironically enough, it was now that he was happier than ever before. And as we leave Myron Weagle, we find him contemplating with the enthusiasm of a boy the idea of buying a large tourist camp.

In many respects, Myron Weagle is typical of many

of Sinclair Lewis's heroes. His doctor in *Arrow-smith* and his business man in *Dodsworth*, were in the end no success in the eyes of the world, yet in their own hearts they felt that they finally had obtained, in their contentment, a real success.

—Bernice Braidy.

GYPSY WAGON

Sheila Kaye Smith

This is a story of the English countryside. A man and his wife are forced by poverty to lead the life of gypsies, of vagabonds. Thus for two years Fred Snider and his wife, Ivy, roved the country, stopping at a place sometimes for a night, sometimes for two or three weeks. And suddenly they discovered that this type of life had ceased to be a humiliation to them and had become a pleasure.

THE FEATHERED SERPENT

Edgar Wallace

What would *you* do, if you received a card bearing a crude drawing of a feathered snake—if you knew that to receive such a card meant death? What was the Feathered Serpent? What did it mean? Why should an actress, a broker, and a bookmaker be threatened with this strange symbol of malice? Why not read this thrilling mystery packed with action and suspense?

THE LUCKY LAWRENCES

Kathleen Norris

Gail Lawrence, the last of the Lucky Lawrences, was left at twenty-three with four young brothers and sisters, a great tradition and a pitiful income from a neglected ranch. Somehow she held the family together. Edith and Phil helped. Sam was too young and too happy to know the difficulties. But the youngest—fiery, beautiful, pitiful Ariel—rebelled against their fate and wanted to take life by the horns.

This story is written about Mrs. Norris's own youth and is a genuine and beautiful romance.

Who's Afraid?

A newly-married couple were entertaining and among the guests was one whose conduct was rather flippant. At supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served him, and in a vein of intended humor remarked, "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork do you refer?" asked a quiet-looking man sitting at the other end of the table.
—Montreal Star.

BUY ORACLE

THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

SPECIAL TRAFFIC COMMITTEE APPOINTED A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION TO BE HELD LEONARD - GILES - WITHAM ARE CHAIRMEN

FLASH - SNOOP AND PEEP GETS THE LOW DOWN

PROMINENT STUDENTS ARE CAUGHT WORKING INDUSTRIOUSLY BY DEMON REPORTER

Braidy - Maxwell - Bissell - Calhoun Glimpsed Among Others

The air was fragrant with Chipso suds, ammonia, etc. etc. and so forth. Out of the mossy ground pop up a few mayflowers. Here and there are tufts of green grass. Housecleaning time was here. Whoopee! The Tatler, always on the alert for the latest, sent its demon reporter old Snoop and Peep to investigate. This is the result printed verbatim.

"Nice day out today. Good dope. Saw Bernice Braidley cleaning ceilings helped by Betty Maxwell. Popped over to the Essex Street section and spied Lucille Epstein cleaning woodwork with ammonia and soap and water. Beautiful girl! Then onward where Arlene McLawlin was scrubbing the door steps. Not bad at it by heck.

More coming, boss. Passed onward, ever onward, plodding and what the heck do I get nothing. Why—(Ed. note—A large part of this narrative was cut necessitated by profane language and such likes). And guess who I saw next. None other than our old pal Eleanor Bissell who was ironing curtains. They looked awfully frilly, and she looked—well you know how a person feels after ironing curtains—and nifty ones at that. Flash—a—Flash—a—Flash! Jean Calhoun seen by neighbors beating rugs and Gerry Clukey washing windows. But boss, listen to this: on the other side of the town was Alice Simpson all made up to her eyebrows—lipstick, rouge, eye shadow, etc. reading True Story. I think I'll become a children's home supervisor and why don't you join the Salvation Army?"

SEVERE RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED ON STUDENT BODY

Great Emergency Necessitates Complete Revision of Rules

The school has been stirred to its roots by the investigation in the traffic department. Traffic officers have wantonly disregarded all rules and regulations. Bud Higgins has been known to stop Kay Whitney, when she wasn't speeding, just to chat! And so these rules have been made to cope with this great emergency in our school—an emergency that might any day result in broken noses, rubbed off paint, upset indignations and many other unmentionable or unimaginable accidents that would cast shadows on the fair name of our school. These rules were drawn up by a committee picked with the greatest care and with special attention to the task at hand. Guy Leonard, Esq. has been chosen as chairman of this committee because of his knowledge of parliamentary law, or perhaps, because of his lack of it.

Frances Giles is the first assistant chairman because of her athletic ability, it being a recognized fact that people connected with traffic should know how to give and take. Bob Witham completes the committee as second assistant chairman. It is a well known fact that the only (?) reason that Bob isn't going to be a judge is that his power of judgment would leave no place for a jury. The rest of the committee consists of Alice "Ever-eating" Floros, that gigolo, Donald Moore, and the Acme of Nonchalance, Blair Stevens. This committee has made the following rules:

Rule 1. Thirty second parking on main corridors, with the exception of the vicinity of the detention room. It would be a crime to force some of the boys away from the room where they have spent so many happy hours during their quest for knowledge.

HAROLD TAYLOR SHOWS SIGNS OF FORMER YOUTH IN TELEPHONE CALL

By Special Correspondent

"Hello, this is the Telephone Company. We're testing the wires. Would you please whistle through the phone?" The voice of the speaker contained all the vigor, vim, and pep or virile manhood with a dash of authority seasoned with experience.

The lady at the other end of the phone puckered her lips. Why, come to think, she hadn't whistled since she was a girl and old Towser was a pup. She tried, "Too—hoo—oo."

The answer was quick and to the point. "Thank you very much madam; your bird seed will arrive tomorrow." This time the voice contained more authority, similar to a doctor pronouncing the verdict after a lengthy diagnosis.

Who was the consummate genius who had dared impersonate an official of the great American Telephone and Telegraph Company? Did he have curly hair? Could he play musical instruments? Was he a human Apollo? Did he speak to ordinary girls?

He did, and he would, and he does. He was our own Harold Taylor. Whoopee!

Rule 2. Landings on the stairs reserved for couples with special permits from the Tatler Staff.

Rule 3. Speeding is prohibited. All speeders (at least those that are caught) must furnish ice cream cones for the traffic committee with two for the officer making the arrest. Due to the leniency of the committee, the offender shall be required to watch the consumption of the same.

More rules when they aren't wanted.

INQUIRY IS HELD BY HAND-WAVERS BOARD NO MORE DROPPING OF MONKEY-WRENCHES, COMPACTS, INKWELLS OR PINS ALLOWED

McKENNEY AND KENNEDY HAVE VERY UNUSUAL SPRING CLASS

Lately Paul McKenney has been taking up that kind of dancing where you go around strewing imaginary flowers, etc., etc. Maybe it's spring dancing for all of him (or me or you). A friend of Paul was walking by his house, and of course, peeked in. There behold—Paul was teaching his beloved friend Dana Kennedy, to spring dance. After an interview, Paul stated that Dana's dancing ability and grace were improving steadily, and that he (Dana) was fast gaining back that weight he lost giving an oral theme. You know, probably (but if you don't you will) that Dana, before his theme weighed 169 9-9, and after his theme he only weighed 168 18-9. (If you excell in Latin, you'll be able to figure out how much Dana lost while on the floor.) Oh no, don't take me literally, Dana wasn't on the floor, only his feet were.

McKenney has been teaching another group also. Only they were girls, and he was teaching them housecleaning. (Here I have been asked to keep names secret.) Paul maintains that moths should be allowed to live because one of the Commandments tell him to love his neighbor. Or did he mean "keep holy the Sabbath?" Here Latin is also helpful.

After that Paul kicked the interviewer out, and as a consequence the story closes.

LATEST!

Two - chested Stevens
Hair - Fisted Enman in
Thrilling Brawl-Referee
Finnigan Hurt.

SPECIAL DISPATCH REVEALS ALL TO TATLER STAFF

No Smirking Permitted Under any Circumstances

The Tatler learned by special dispatch last night that henceforth there will be no flapping of hands in classrooms. Due to the momentous importance and weight of this question it was made public last night by a special edition. However, due to public opinion and the Tatler's sense of honesty and justice for all, one nation, individuals, etc., today we present the real facts compiled by our scouting reporter who at the moment is probably scouting about to get a bit of Algebra. The truth of the matter is that a Central Board of Hand-Wavers Inquiry Union (C. B. H. W. I. U. for short) has been appointed by the president (of the United States, you dope) to consider this matter minutely and report all such practices or practices; thus, last night's dispatch contained the board's report. It seems that they've decided to eliminate all hand-waving in classrooms because it is distracting to the teacher, and the pupil who doesn't know the lesson.

What would be more tantalizing, continues the report, than to see someone's hand waving frantically while you, poor soul, endeavor to open up the book and get a few facts about the matter in hand? The Tatler staff, however, knows something which is (more tantalizing of course) and that is to know the lesson and not be able to raise your hand. For those who always seem to lose that vital energy or whatever it takes before their hand is half raised this ruling is just too, too marvelous.

A sub-heading of the board's report states that under no circumstances whatever shall one pupil look at another with a satisfied smirk after giving a correct answer to a question, and never, never,

PATRICK HENRY BLAKE V. S. JOHN HANCOCK WEST

It was in 110, the fifth period. The whole room was a quiver. John Hancock West and Patrick Henry Blake were in an argument about the relative quantity of nothing. John Hancock West maintained that if you took a glass and turned it upside down it would then contain nothing. Patrick Henry Blake replied in his very brilliant rebuttal which began three seconds before the time for the logical ending of John Hancock's speech that a glass in such a position under such conditions would contain air. West replied that any "wiseman?" would have known this and that his intention was to pump the air out.

As Patrick H. B. was preparing to reply that this would create a vacuum, the bell rang.

But the fight is not over. It will go on with new force, for West has retained the dynamic and forceful A. Weatherbee to present his case, while Blake has engaged the golden tongued Corinne Adams to sweep all arguments from the floor.

Next Friday, 110, fifth period, this Battle of the Century continues.

never should a student turn around to see who's dropped the monkey wrench or where the contents of the compact have scattered.

No matter how morbid your curiosity is, the report continues, such a custom will be discouraged by the teachers. The penalties are as follows:

1. For a weak hand-wave—10 lines of Latin.
2. For a strong hand-wave—50 examples in Algebra.
3. For an extra strong hand-wave—5 pages of Senior English.
4. For an ordinary smirk—Has to say whoopee ten times in front of home room.
5. For an extra special smirk—recitation of all Mother Goose Rhymes.

However, it is moved that finger-waving still goes on.

THE SPORTS PARADE

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Intramurals

DURING this basketball season, the intramural system went into effect for the first time in Bangor High. The object of this system is to reach all boys not competing on the varsity squad. This aim was certainly realized when out of the 550 boys enrolled in the school 344 were on intramural teams. The system also provides a training ground for future varsity material. There were in all 43 teams, which played off for an All Course and All Class team. The senior class team was Room 210; the juniors, 305; the sophomore, 113 and the freshman, 205. These teams played off for an all intramural team. In the semi-finals, the juniors defeated seniors, and the freshmen defeated the sophomores. In the finals the freshmen beat the juniors. Interest remained high throughout the schedule and at the semi-finals and finals about 700 paid admission. This system met with such success that it is going to be carried on in baseball this spring.

With a championship team to uphold, Coach Walter Ulmer called his baseball candidates out about three weeks earlier than usual.

The boys have been practicing the fundamentals of baseball at the Armory, until the field gets dry. On April 6, the team held its first practice game. Coach Ulmer is well pleased with such veterans, as Staples, Green, and Smith.

Coach Eddie Trowell has not been idle. The track men have also been practicing daily at the Armory. While they face a great handicap in having no suitable track, the outlook is bright.

With a tough schedule to face next fall, the football team will start spring practice the latter part of this month. This practice was very valuable last year in moulding the present varsity football teams. There will be no spring game as there was last year.

BANGOR MAKES FINALS

Led by Jimmy Morrison, playing for the first time in Crimson's ranks, the Bangor team started at a fast pace which took the heart right out of Brewer. McNally started the scoring by tossing in a rebound. Morrison then made a basket from the middle of the floor to complete the scoring for the first period. The rivals battled on even terms for the remainder of the half. The half ended with Bangor leading 12-6. With Day and Danforth in the thick of the fight, the Brewer team closed the gap and were trailing one point (16-15) at the beginning of the fourth period. Starting with the fourth period, Rice, Bangor's lanky center, placed

one through the net. Danforth immediately afterwards tossed one in and a minute later tied the score with a foul shot. There were but two minutes to play when Lynch, standing in mid-floor, scored the winning tally.

BANGOR (20)

Lynch, r. f. 2
Morse
McNally, l. f. 2
Rice, c. 4
Leek, r. b. 1
Morrison, l. b. 1

BREWER (18)

l. b. Miles, 2
r. b. Sargent
Littlefield
c. Danforth, 2, (1)
l. f. Mallony, 1
McKenny
r. f. Day, 3, (1)

BANGOR WINS TOURNAMENT

Bangor's rooting section flashed a new brand of cheering as Bangor toppled the Bar Harbor five. They opened up with more speed than they had shown all season. They ran up the score 7-2 in the first period. But Bar Harbor was not to be denied, for, showing a great comeback, they completely outplayed Bangor the third period. The half ended 9-7 in favor of Bar Harbor. Leek leaped high in the air to steal the ball from Mayo, dribbled in and counted the score to be the score as the second half opened. McNally and Morrison added four more points to the score. Raymond, the Bar Harbor Captain, scored a foul for their only tally in the third period. In the fourth period the game grew rough, and Bangor made three charity shots. The game ended with Bar Harbor fighting desperately, but hopelessly overcome by Bangor's 18-12 lead.

The line-up:

BANGOR (18);

McNally, r. f. 1 (1)
Lynch, l. f. 2, (2)
Rice, c. 1
Morrison, r. b. 1, (1)
Leek, l. b. 2

BAR HARBOR (12)

l. b. Davis, 1
Smith 1
r. b. Raymond, (1)
c. Moore, 1, (1)
Kittredge, 1
l. f. Emery, 1
r. f. Mayo

Athletic Director

At a recent meeting of the School Board, the department of physical education, which has been under the able leadership of Chester Kennedy for the past several years, was merged with the department of athletics.

Under this system, the new director will be qualified
(Continued on page 38)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Inter-class Tournament

One of the most exciting girls' inter-class basketball tournaments ever held in Bangor High School came to an end on April 2. The games were exceptionally fast and thrilling and at the end, the juniors came out on top without losing one game. The tournament schedule consisted of twenty games this year, with five different classes competing, each playing the other twice. The captains of the teams were as follows:

Seniors—Jeannette Sanborn.
Juniors—Helen Bond.
Sophomores—Peggy Tyler.
Soph. Commercial—Hazel Thomas.
Freshmen—Ann Tyler.

The Schedule and Results

Mon. Mar. 12—Juniors 28—Seniors 14.
Mon. Mar. 12—Sophomores 23—C. Sophomores 19.
Wed. Mar. 14—Freshmen 2—Juniors 49.
Wed. Mar. 14—Seniors 14—C. Sophomores 16.
Thurs. Mar. 15—Sophomores 8—Juniors 33.
Thurs. Mar. 15—Freshmen 6—Seniors 27.
Mon. Mar. 19—Sophomores 14—Seniors 12.
Mon. Mar. 19—Freshmen 8—C. Sophomores 15.
Wed. Mar. 21—Freshmen 11—Sophomores 44.
Thurs. Mar. 22—Juniors 22—Seniors 12.
Thurs. Mar. 22—Sophomores 14—C. Sophomores 13.
Mon. Mar. 26—Freshmen 2—Juniors 21.
Mon. Mar. 26—Seniors 30—C. Sophomores 9.
Wed. Mar. 28—Sophomores 7—Juniors 17.
Wed. Mar. 28—Freshmen 2—Seniors 28.
Thurs. Mar. 29—Sophomores 9—Seniors 19.
Thurs. Mar. 29—Freshmen 6—C. Sophomores 15.
Mon. April 2—Juniors 20—C. Sophomores 4.
Mon. April 2—Freshmen 5—Sophomores 34.

Members of the Honor Council acted as referees.

The Athletic Banquet

April 18, marked the date of the annual Athletic Banquet held at the Y. W. C. A. building. There were about ninety students and teachers present including class hockey players, varsity basketball, class basketball, soccer, and Council members. Ruth Sanders was very pleasing and most amusing in the role of toast mistress. According to the usual custom, the captains of the various teams spoke. Elizabeth Toole, who was captain of the championship senior hockey team reviewed some of the games and amusing events of the hockey season. Of course one Toole twin couldn't speak without the other doing thus, so Alicia Toole, our basketball captain, told us all about the Varsity basketball season. Helen Bond, who was captain of

the victorious junior class basketball team, told us their theory for having a winning team. Dean Connor then presented the class awards and the cup, after which Miss McGuire made the presentation of varsity awards. Helen Bond, the new president of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council then took her oath of office. Other officers for the following year are:

Kathleen Whitney, vice-president.

Ruth Thurston, secretary.

Barbara Jarvis, treasurer.

Thus ended another successful Athletic banquet.

Recently at a meeting of the committee members on spring sports for girls and members of the Honor Council, it was definitely decided to have baseball as the sport.

At this meeting it was also announced that the senior girls would have indoor tennis practice and archery practice between the basketball and baseball seasons. On Thursday, April 5, about twenty-five turned out for tennis practice and more are expected to come out soon.

The following girls made their numerals in class-basketball:

Seniors—Ruth Price, Dorothy Mooney, Elizabeth Hardison, Jeannette Sanborn, Ruby Turner, and Barbara Brannen.

Juniors—Helen Bond, Betty Homans, Barbara Jarvis, Dorothy Strickland, Kathleen Whitney, Glenice Peavey, Ruth Thurston, Eva McKay, and Anna Buck.

Sophomores—Mildred Striar, Carolyn Reed, Audrey Everett, Margaret Tyler, Betty Ayer, Barbara Welch, Margaret Maxwell, and Dorothy Kamen.

Sophomore Commercial—Jeannette Leavitt, Hazel Thomas, Marguerite Olmstead, Annie Cooperstein, Lorraine Tribou, Rita Van Dyke, and Ruth Harding.

Freshmen—Barbara Freese, Alice England, Phyllis Smith, Ann Tyler, Marjorie Little, and June Webster.

The following made their letters in varsity basketball: Alicia Toole, captain, Elizabeth Toole, manager, Corinne Morrison, Ruth Palmer, Florence Steeves, Geraldine Reynolds, Frances Giles, Dorothy Steeves, Wealthy Stackpole, Isabel Kelley, Lucille Fogg.

The seniors who reported for tennis practice were:

Barbara Kingsbury

Eleanor Dickens

Florence Mitchell

Elizabeth Toole

Alicia Toole

Mary Wright

Dorothy Mooney

Virginia Orbeton

Barbara Brannen

Ruth Robinson

Lillian Coslow

Harriet Brill

Jean Kent

Thelma Bickford

Ruth Sanders

Jean Sanborn

Jeannette Sanborn

Catherine Rowe

Corinne Morrison

HOKUM

By Morris Rubin

HELLO folks! Once more we are assembled and incidentally for the last time. Say, have you noticed that despondent look on "Whitie" Wallace's face these last few months. "Whitie" looks as if he is going to blow his brains out, but I doubt if he can. Seriously "Whitie" is all broken up because Evelyn won't give him a break now. He has asked me if I won't publish an appeal for someone to intercede in his behalf. Why don't you ask "Don" Daley, "Whitie"? I understand from George Powell that "Don" makes quite a business of reestablishing connections between lovers who have broken up.

Say speaking of George, it was all a "false alarm." He didn't "come back" at all.

According to reports from Latin classes, I gather that "Spence" Winsor is the apple of Mrs. Cumming's eye. "Stuff and rubbish" says I.

They tell us in psychology classes that curiosity is a native trait. If anyone of you doubts this, you want to watch any class the day examination papers are returned.

Helen Tsoulas claims that if Jack Dunning were as big as he thinks he is, the world would have to be enlarged. Well, after careful consideration on the matter, Helen, I begin to believe there may be something in what you say.

And now the last of the Higgins brothers has been struck by the fatal arrow of Cupid. Bud is now making a habit of Wilda Murray. Well, here's to the future sisters-in-law—"Jackie," Wilda, and "Mergie." By the way "Bud" with the aid of his intrepid assistants, "Jay" Smith and "Jimmie" Regis, has, after months of hard labor, added another to the list of liquids which will not freeze. "Bud" has established beyond a shadow of doubt that hot water will not freeze.

They say that Betty Moore and Roberta Smith are constantly waging war over which of the McPheters twins is which. As far as I can see it doesn't make much difference.

And now the time has come for Au Revoir. Pleasant Dreams. May Good Luck, Success, Happiness attend yoah schemes. I certainly hope that you have enjoyed this column as much as I have enjoyed writing it. To my successor, I leave only one record which I hope he will keep unmarred; being the last one in with my Oracle work. So long.

Bangor High School
Bangor, Maine
April 30, 1934

Hokum Editor
Bangor High School
Bangor, Maine
Dear Sir:

We were at the same time interested and amused on

reading the following remarks that flowed forth from your pen, in your HOKUM column last March: "... just to show the efficiency of the Oracle Board—those two modern 'Shakespeares,' T——, and S—— wrote a drama of the highest quality. Weeks and weeks passed etc."

The Oracle Board is sympathetic with all those aspirants to literary glory who fall victim to its constant inhumanity, and it is especially sympathetic with those who are so set on seeing the products of their genius in print that they organize into cliques whose rules are that the members shall advance one another's causes, since to champion directly one's self is considered to be immodest. But the Oracle Board cannot be bribed.

Perhaps we ought to cite the following facts. Here they are:

1. The editor-in-chief sees only such manuscripts as are passed on to him by the Literary Editor. (The T—— and S—— drama was not thus passed on.)
2. Complaints having been received about the excessive use of serials last year, the Oracle Board made it a policy this year to use none but short stories and essays. (The drama you so lauded is a serial story for which reason even yours truly did not read it.)

By the way, as you are not one of the few who stagger back to school every afternoon for weeks before publication, you are probably unaware of the nature of these sessions; but they are hectic and continuous, usually, from 1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m. with no intermission. Perhaps you, after reading reams and reams of material, would enjoy looking over a serial which, however interesting or dull, original or hackneyed, could not be printed in the Oracle.

Yours truly,

Literary Editor

Read Tatler

To all invalids and convalescents—read Tatler and cure:

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Flat Feet. | 5. Enlarged head size. |
| 2. Bunions. | 6. Rheumatism. |
| 3. Corns. | 7. Too much studying. |
| 4. Indigestion. | |

Make your—

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Eyes brighter. | 4. Ranks better. |
| 2. Skin smoother. | 5. Hair curly. |
| 3. Disposition sweeter. | 6. Own clothes. |

Read Tatler and grow rich
Read Tatler and go broke
Read Tatler and go looney
So Read Tatler!

FUNNY BONERS

MARVELS OF THE AIR

Dental creams and shaving soaps,
 Freckle cures and facial lotions;
 Shampoo wonders, dandruff dopes,
 Oils galore for locomotion.
 Gadgets for the limousine,
 Flakes that jump to clean the dishes;
 Ballyhoos for gasolines,
 Stocks and bonds for sucker fishes,
 Pills both plain and sugar-coated,
 Balms for sundry kinds of odors;
 Tours to ocean side promoted,
 Piston rings for sickly motors.
 If with such a line of chatter
 You will only string along,
 After all the tedious patter
 Maybe you will get a song.

—Louisville News.

Not Her Kind

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the dusty tramp.

"I don't bite, myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."

Page General Johnson

Spurred by necessity, many different methods of killing time have been devised by the stars. Garbo usually stretches out on a couch and reads, often munching an ice-cream code.—Pittsburgh paper.

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby pointing to the high-chair.

Teacher: "Miss McLawlin, how far were you from the answer to the second question?"

Arline: "About five seats."

George "Whiteman" Powell: "I say, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Oh, surely not sir; maybe it's one of those vitamin bees one hears so much about."

Fortune Teller: "There is a dark woman following your husband—I see it clearly."

Client: "Not for long though. She will soon get tired of that—he's a postman."

Teacher: "How is the earth divided?"

Virginia Moulton: "By earthquakes, sir."

"You're always leaving me without any reason."

"I always leave things just as I find them."

Why Sale Was Cancelled

Shoe Salesman—"Here's a good strong pair, sir; last you a lifetime."

Customer—"Good. That's the kind of thing I've been looking for. I'll take those."

"Thank you, sir. Will one pair be enough?"

—Tit-Bits.

Frank

"Do those Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why do you ask?"

"My daughter is to be married in London to an earl, and he has just cabled me to come across."

—"Our Paper."

A Private Turn-out

First Student—So the President just expelled you, eh? What did you say to him?

Second Student—I congratulated him for turning out such fine young men. —Ala Rammer-Jammer.

I'm going to jump in the river.

What for?

Oh, for no reason at all.

Huh, I bet there's a woman at the bottom of it.

She—Before we were married you used to call me your treasure.

He—Yes, and now I'm sorry I dug you up.

Song!

Matrimony is a serious word, says a domestic science lecturer. He is wrong—matrimony is a sentence.

The Die Was Cast

Slapstick Director—Hey, hold that for a second!

Actor—I'm sorry. The pie is cast!

This Kind Only

"What's your son's average income?"

"From two to two-thirty a. m."

To Go On and On

Creatures that live long—Snakes and dachshunds.
 —Exchange.

Peek-A-Boo!

"Genius will work its way through," said the poet, looking at the hole in the elbow of his coat.

—Answers.

"How did he develop his muscle?"

"Kicking radiators to make the janitor give heat."

Mr. I. M. Broke—"Say, you remind me of a bird."

Collector—"How so?"

Mr. I. M. B.—"Because you're always sticking your bill in my face."

A comedian went to one of the big hospitals to give an hour's entertainment to the patients. When he had finished, he said he must dash away at once to change for his show at the theatre.

"Oh, come," said the senior surgeon, "you've been very kind to us and we'd like you to have at least a whiskey-and-soda before you go."

"I'm afraid I haven't time, thanks."

"Well, a cigar, then?"

"No, thanks, really."

"Oh, hang it, you must have something with us. Have a leg off."

Her Style

She—"I knew this was only an imitation diamond the moment you offered me the ring."

He—"But you told me that your sight was bad."

She—"It is, but I'm not stone blind."

Boo!

"There we stood, the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle, face to face."

"Oh, Major, how perfectly fightful it must have been for both of you!"

Teacher—"When did Horatius hold the bridge?"

Pupil—"Nobody of that name has given any bridge parties in our neighborhood for several years."

When a man is angry he tells you what he thinks of you.

Yes, and when a woman is angry she tells you what she thinks of you and what everybody else thinks of you.

Not so Static

"This is Barcelona!" exclaimed the wireless enthusiast.

"Oh, yes," said his grandmother. "I can hear them cracking nuts." —Exchange.

"Cup o' tea, weak," said a customer at a London coffee stall. When the drink was brought, he eyed it critically.

"Well, what's wrong with it? You said weak, didn't you?" demanded the waitress.

"Weak, yes," was the reply, "but not helpless."

Johnny Gildart was trying hard to sell a lady some fruit the other day up in the store where he works.

"We have some very nice alligator pears," he said.

"How silly," exclaimed the young housewife. "Why, we don't even keep a goldfish."

Father: "Daughter, isn't that young man rather fast?"

Daughter: "Yes, but I don't think he'll get away."

"Is it true that my son has owed you for a suit for four years?"

"Yes, do you want to pay for it?"

"No, I would like you to make me a suit."

An unwelcome guest is one of the best things going

George Spiropolos: "Why is a man who is upstairs beating his wife doing an honorable act?"

Alice Floros: "Because he is above doing a mean act."

Spencer Winsor: "My motto is: Think before you speak."

Jimmie Clement: "You must find it hard to carry on a conversation."

We have a head on us for the same reason a pin has—to keep us from going too far.

Teacher: "James, do you like going to school?"

Jimmie Gillin: "Oh, yes. I like going, and I like coming; but I don't care much about staying there."

We know a Scotsman who uses only one spur. He figures the other side will go anyway.

Mrs. Cumming: "Cox, turn around, and stop talking."

Cox: "I was only thinking."

Mrs. Cumming: "Well, get permission next time."

"What's the noblest kind of dog?"

"I don't know. What is?"

"A hot-dog. It not only doesn't bite the hand that feeds it, but it feeds the hand that bites it."

B. H. S. debate team captures second place in New England tournament.

Braidy, Cox, Adams, Andrews and Weatherbee make trip to Boston with their coaches, Mr. Prescott and Miss Coffin.

Bonat Wave \$5.00

Realistic Croquignoles \$7.00

Control Steam Scalp Treatments \$1.00-\$1.50

Grace White Beauty Parlor

197 Union St. Opposite Y. W. C. A.

W. C. Bryant & Son

Incorporated

Diamond Merchants and Jewelers

FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AT

46 Main Street

Bangor

LARGAY'S

Are Offering

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NO SENIOR EXAMINATIONS

(Continued from page 19)

the last quarter, you won't have to worry about final exams. However, if you don't get 85 in some of your subjects, you will have those subjects to worry about.

This matter was first discussed in the Executive Council, and later in the regular Council meeting. At that time several members of the Council spoke in favor of the proposed change, and gave good reasons to back themselves up. The most obvious benefit resulting from the new system is that the students will do better work in order to get an 85. Then, too, the sunny month of June will be much more sunny for the teachers when they realize that a good part of their work in correcting exams has disappeared. And last, and by all means least, the students themselves, with all sorts of things piling on during the last of the school year, will be very grateful for a few extra hours of leisure.

Answers to the questions in Locals (Library).

1. An amorous poem.
2. Maedchen.
3. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson."
4. 66.
5. In the school and public library.
6. Elbert Hubbard.
7. 1928.
8. 1609.34224.
9. Quennell—Every day life in England.
10. 122,775,000.
11. Yes.
12. John N. Garner, Vice-President.
13. Alexander Troyanovsky.
14. Lewis A. Douglas.
15. William C. Bullitt.
16. Jeffery Caffery.
17. May 8, 1933.
18. March, 1932.
19. Zangara.
20. March 6, 1933.
21. Arizona.
22. A women's organization in the interests of temperance. Hence the name, W. C. T. U.

THE INSURANCE SALESMAN

(Continued from page 14)

Gilbert: "She'd become a widow."

Jones: "Yes, but what would she bury you on?"

Gilbert: "Well, I suppose she'd bury me on the third day."

Jones: "Funerals are expensive."

Gilbert: "So are births, but I didn't have any money when I was born."

Jones: "Well, somebody had to pay for it."

Gilbert: "No, they didn't. We still owe the doctor."

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Jones: "Listen, why don't you take out a small policy?"

Gilbert: "I can't afford it. I haven't any money."

Jones: "Don't be absurd. You have an automobile, haven't you?"

Gilbert: "Sure."

Jones: "Well, how do you run that?"

Gilbert: "With gasoline, of course."

Jones: "Certainly, but where do you get the gasoline?"

Gilbert: "Out of a can."

Jones: "Of course, none of us expect to pass on, but we have to be prepared."

ACT II

Scene: At the home of Mr. James Gilbert.

Gilbert: "Yes, I know I am going to die. I inherit it."

Jones: "You inherit it?"

Gilbert: "Sure, all my ancestors are dead."

Jones: "Say, do you think you are talking to a sap?"

Gilbert: "No, but anybody can be mistaken."

Jones: "What would your wife do in the event of your death?"

Gilbert: "She'd probably be late for the funeral."

Jones: "What makes you think so?"

Gilbert: "Because she has been late at every other event."

Jones: "Has your wife got any money?"

Gilbert: "She ought to have as I gave her a dollar this morning."

Jones: "I mean, in case of necessity, would she have anything to live on?"

Gilbert: "Yes."

Jones: "What?"

Gilbert: "A mother and father."

Jones: "You wouldn't want to force her on her parents, would you?"

Gilbert: "Why not? They forced her on me."

Jones: "Don't you want your wife to be independent?"

Gilbert: "No."

Jones: "Why not?"

Gilbert: "That's what's the matter with her now."

Jones: "Every wise man takes out at least a little insurance for his wife."

Gilbert: "You're crazy."

Jones: "What makes you think so?"

Gilbert: "Because wise men don't have wives."

Jones: "You can't lose any money by taking insurance. You've got to die some day; it's the law of nature."

Gilbert: "I'd rather wait a while."

Jones: "Why?"

Gilbert: "They might repeal the law."

Jones: "Do you think you're going to live forever?"

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Gilbert: "I don't know. I've got a good start anyway."

Jones: "There's no use talking to you. I guess you don't know what insurance is?"

Gilbert: "Certainly I do."

Jones: "What is it then?"

Gilbert: "It's a dead man's alimony."

Jones: "You are a young man today, but where are you going to be fifty years from now?"

Gilbert: "I don't know. I'll have to telephone you."

Jones: "Speaking seriously, if you take a policy now you won't have to pay the premium for a month."

Gilbert: "All right then, I will take one, but suppose I should die in the meantime?"

Jones: "There's no need to worry about that. You can give me the money when we meet in Heaven."

Gilbert: "Don't be so optimistic, Mr. Jones; we may not meet in Heaven."

Jones: "Why not?"

Gilbert: "There's another place, isn't there?"

Jones: "Well, in that case you'll have to send it up to me."

Gilbert: "Well, that'll be all right."

Jones: "I don't care where you are then, but I'll be in Heaven anyway. So come up and see me sometime and pay the Insurance."

CHESTER KENNEDY

(Continued from page 12)

His hobbies are numerous and diverse—the major one, perhaps, being short wave radio communication. He has been active in this work since boyhood, and, in fact, received communications concerning the sinking of the Titanic. His latest hobby is aviation, and he is the founder of the Queen City Flying Club. He is much interested in phrenology and physiology, and his work in this field has been in conjunction with Rev. Friedman Olson. Mr. Kennedy views the future with optimistic eyes and regards his experience in "seeing young people grow from little fellows to unexpected successes in every line of endeavor" a very precious privilege.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 28)

both as a trainer in physical education and as a coach in at least four branches of athletics. The new director will not be obliged to coach any sport but will have a supervising job with authority to select his coaches in football, basketball, baseball, and track. If he so wishes, however, he may engage in active coaching.

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1934

Date	Team	At
April 28	Orono	Bangor
May 2	Belfast	Bangor
May 5	Ellsworth	Ellsworth
May 9	Bucksport	Bangor
May 12	Ellsworth	Bangor
May 17	Waterville	Bangor
May 19	Brewer	Bangor
May 23	Belfast	Belfast
May 26	Bapst	Bangor
May 28	Orono	Orono
May 31	Bucksport	Bucksport
June 2	Brewer	Brewer
June 6	Waterville	Waterville
June 9	Newburyport, Mass.	Bangor
June 13	Winslow	Pending
June 16	Bapst	Bangor

EASY PICKINGS

(Continued from page 7)

"I been thinkin'—we oughta take a glim at that wallet—fore we start to spend the swag!"

Slippy missed a step. Occasionally the Kid would spring something like that. Annoying habit. If they weren't on the street....

Nevertheless he finally exposed the bulky billfold to the rays of a street light. One startled peek was enough. It was bulging with sheets of heavy brown paper. Slippy swore lurid oaths under his breath while the Kid looked on with expressionless eyes. "I knew sump'n was foocy about that bird—or did you know he was from Benton Corner?"

Slippy's hollow cheeks burned. "Well I'll be—he ought to have denied that—an' I forgot that he didn't."

"Le's eat!" The Kid wanted to change the subject.

Slippy extracted a cigarette, reached vest pocket-ward for a match. Suddenly he hurled the cigarette from his mouth while unintelligible sounds gurgled in his throat. The Kid edged away. At a safe distance he ventured to ask, "Wassa matter, now?"

Slippy's thin lips tensed. "The matter is, Kid—we'll have to postpone eating. That bird stole the last fiver we had—the dirty crook!"

Back in the park the Colonel watched the retreating backs of Slippy and the Kid until they were swallowed up in the twilight gloom. Then he arose briskly, stretched his long legs with obvious enjoyment, and again buttoned his heavy coat against the wind. People were hurrying supperward and so, also, would he—now that he had the price. A gentle light shone from his mild blue eyes as his long, sensitive, fingers caressed the dirty bank note resposing against his palm. Hot coffee—the first since morning—fried chicken—the Colonel's mouth twitched, and he lengthened his stride.

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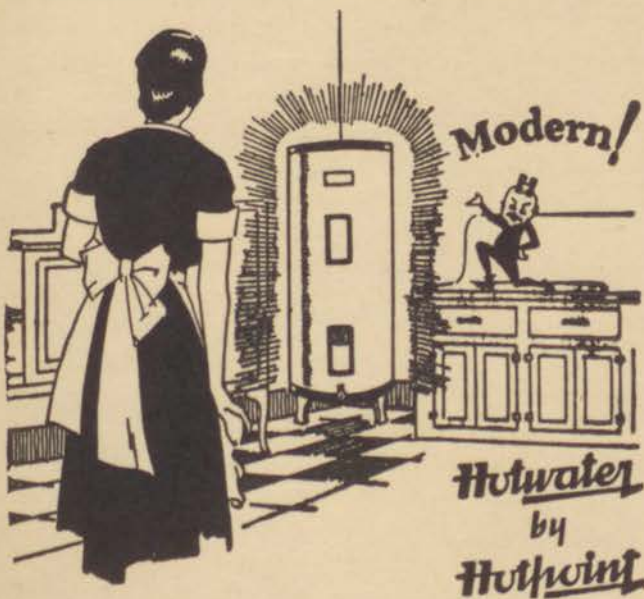


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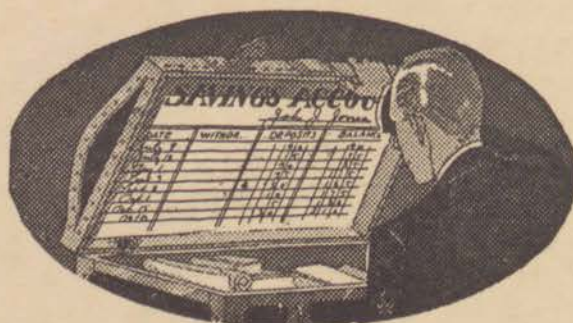
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