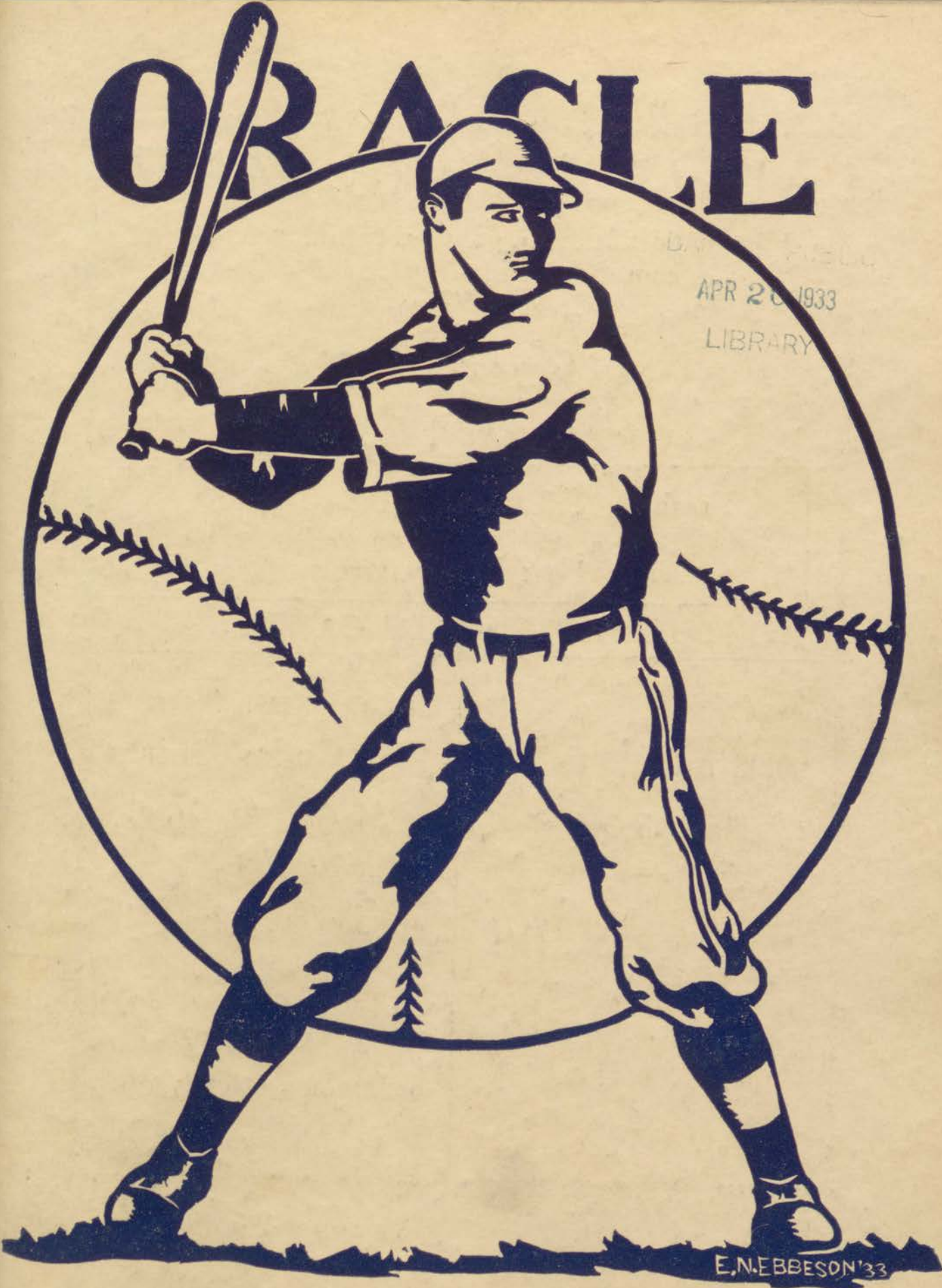


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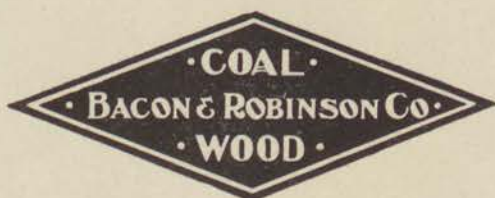
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# FROM A FAR LAND



Bob Cumming will be remembered by his many associates in B. H. S. as a gentleman, as an orator of no mean ability, and as one of our highest ranking scholars. But he will best be remembered as one of the truest friends a fellow can have. Bob's wide grin and his friendly clap on the shoulder are known throughout the class of '33.

This year Bob's father is teaching in the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, and Bob is with him, taking classes in the school, and studying hard, he assures us. An important part of the work of the school takes the form of trips to excavations in Palestine, Egypt, and Syria. He is much too busy to write an article for us, he says, but some of us are fortunate in having an occasional letter from him. From these we quote: (N. A.).

"The East has been suffering from the worst drought in fifty years. Finally, somebody suggested that the Yo-Yo's, which had recently been imported into Damascus, were the cause of the drought; for wasn't it contrary to all the laws of nature that a thing once thrown to the ground should return to the hand? So the government issued an order that all Yo-Yo's should be confiscated and burned. A few days later it rained everywhere but at Damascus! Apparently someone had kept back his Yo-Yo. So a new search was instituted by the police. Today we are having a great rain here in Jerusalem. I trust that the drastic measures taken by the Syrian government in Damascus have

brought them rain too. Jerusalem has passed through the Yo-Yo craze, although one still sees an occasional shepherd boy, dangling a Yo-Yo, as he guides his sheep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Had my first donkey-ride today. One stirrup was nearly two feet longer than the other (Oh, Bob!), so I was hung half-way between the donkey's belly and the ground, canted over like a sailboat in a gale. Dad says that as a horseman I'm a good man with a camera.

"Yesterday we rowed out to the island of Philae, in the Nile, once famous for its beauty and romance, and the seat of a temple of Isis, but now, because of the building of the great dam at Assouan, the island is entirely submerged, and the temple alone stands above the water. So we were *rowed* right into the midst of the sanctuary. On the island of Elephantine we saw an ancient Nilometer, which consists of measuring scales on steps leading down into the water for registering the height of the Nile, and so gauging the quantity of water that will be available, thus determining the amount that the adjacent land-owners may be taxed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We found the Sphinx rather the worse for wear—Turkish soldiers had used him for rifle practice—but withal, there was a majestic dignity and calm about the old gentleman. He has seen a good many generations come



and go and can look with equanimity and indifference over the heads of the noisy tourists who come his way. In climbing the great pyramid each member of the party has a Bedouin who helps him up over the endless steps, each of which is about three and a half feet high. In the interior of the pyramid we visited the King's chamber and the Queen's chamber. The entrance is up on the side of the pyramid, and one travels amazing distances, up a steep incline where once the huge coffins were sluiced down to their resting places. Tunnels lead from the large interior rooms to smaller rooms where treasure had once been stored. From the inside, one gets a strong impression of the tremendous mass of masonry.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We passed through the valley of the Dog River, a few miles north of Beirut. Through this valley, during the centuries have come in turn, the conquering hosts of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, English,

and French (1917 during the World War), and all erected memorial tablets within relatively short distances. The bridge across the river was built by the Arabs. On the rocky hillside above were three inscriptions, one in cuneiform under a figure of the king. Nowhere in the world in such close proximity are there so many historical inscriptions, covering such a period of time—certainly from 1300 B. C. to 1916 A. D.

\* \* \* \* \*

"—We came across a group of desert Bedouins. Nearby was a man engaged in the gentle art of engraving daggers. The whole group followed me when I went over to take his picture. The sheik took the dagger from the man and offered it to me. An interested spectator showed me just how it was used. He drew his finger across his throat, all the while making a noise somewhat like that of a ripping towel. Nice friendly people, these Bedouins."



EGYPT





## FROGS-FROGS EVERYWHERE



APHRODITE FLOROS

**H**ERE was, Pattie reflected grimly, nothing else to do. Mother and Dad and Little Joan had gone to the city. Her two brothers were out hiking. And she was all alone. Only her father had seemed rather skeptical about leaving her alone. "Be good, Kitten," were his parting words.

Everything was ready. The frogs were sealed nicely in two milk bottles full of water. Pattie picked them up casually and went out of doors. Silver Lake was dotted with canoes but the usual crowd had dwindled. "Probably that Gable picture," thought Pattie contemptuously. Mother had even asked her, Pattie, if she wanted to go. Huh, she had other plans!

She walked along the shore easily and at times, swung the milk bottles with a nonchalant air. When she reached the Lever cottage, she stopped and gazed around her appreciatively. No one was in sight, not even a mosquito. Everyone was either on the lake or in town.

She went inside softly. The problem of getting in was very easily solved. Everyone on the lake left his door open. The rest was simple. Pattie began to work, distributing the frogs. Anyone could easily see she was no bungling amateur. She instinctively knew where to place the frogs. She put them in the icebox, in the pantry, on the beds, on chairs, on couches. She tied them to the lights, to the clocks, to the table-legs, to bedposts and to sundry other articles. After a half hour of hard work she stopped and surveyed her handi-

work with approval. "Not bad," commented Pattie, "for a thirteen-year-old. Thought I'd lost the old touch."

With this, she returned home immediately, washed the milk bottles and settled down with Collier's on the porch. She was in the midst of Oppenheim's exciting mystery when half the family arrived.

"Pattie, have you heard?" exclaimed her mother.

"Why, no. What's the matter?"

"It's Mr. Lever. Some dreadful boy filled the house with frogs."

"Made a good job of it, too," added her father dryly.

"Oh, Donald. That poor man. When he came in, he found the place full of them. We learned about it as we stopped at the store. Well, I'll have to get supper ready. Don't bother coming in, Pattie. Stay out here and Dad'll tell you about the show."

Strangely enough it was not of pictures or anything remotely connected with them that they talked. Her father began the conversation:

"Did you do it, Pattie?" he asked, a quizzical smile on his face.

"Of course," replied the girl calmly. "Do you know who he is?"

"Why, a real estate man, of course."

"Oh, is he?" she replied wisely nodding her head. "He is Byron Stynes, *the* Byron Stynes."

"You mean the-er-thingamabob?" replied her father in amazement.

*(Continued on page 40)*



# HOW LITTLE WE KNOW

*Glimpses Into the Lives of Our Fellow Students*



WAS born and brought up on the farm where I spent the happiest part of my life—my childhood. I was the second girl of a large family. Our parents believed in having us know how to work; consequently, as soon as I was old enough to carry a pail around the barn to the hen house, my job was to feed the hens and gather the eggs every night and morning.

Gradually, as I grew older and stronger, more and more chores were added. I had to help my father milk. We always had about a dozen cows to milk. I milked four, besides feeding, watering, and graining four horses, before and after school.

"Sometimes, in the spring and fall, we had a hired man; but in the winter and summer, except perhaps in haying time, we got along without one. Many strangers would say, "I was in the barn, but there was only the boy out there," or, "I saw the boy working around out there." With my overalls, heavy shoes, and boyish bob, I did manage to pass as a boy. Since I started high school, father keeps a hired man all the time."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Born and brought up in the slum district of Bangor, I have always been very happy in my surroundings. Never, when a child, would I have changed places with other girls who lived in big, white houses with wide lawns and flowers. Their homes looked lonely to me with no children shouting, yelling, and scampering here and there.

"My parents are foreigners—my father, Russian, and my mother, German. Upon their arrival in America, being inexperienced in American social life, they dared not settle among the rich Americans. (Europeans think all Americans are rich.) So they found a place populated by foreigners. We have lived there ever since, and would hate to think of moving away. Being reared among people of differ-

ent nationalities, I quickly learned to understand different languages. I have heard so many glowing tales about Europe, that I sometimes believe I have really been there."

\* \* \* \* \*

"My life has been different from the lives of most girls of my age. When I was two years old, my father died; at that time, we were living in Sacramento, California. At the age of six, however, my life really began when I went to New York City to live with my uncle, who was quite wealthy. He owned very popular night clubs where only the best of society came. I used to dance for him for his entertainments. In this way, I met many people and soon lost my bashfulness. I gained ability to meet and entertain people.

"My uncle and I also travelled widely. We visited Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, and most all the southern states.

"At the age of thirteen, I went to Boston to stay with an aunt. When I had been there a year, she was taken sick, and I returned to California with my uncle to continue my dancing. I took lessons again for another year, when I got a medal for a "Professional Dancer" at the age of fifteen."

\* \* \* \* \*

"As far back as I remember, I have spent my summers at some lake. Now, as I look back upon the fishing, hunting, and swimming I used to do, I often wonder if the best part of my life is spent. In the evening, we would light the kerosene lamps, gather around my grandfather, and listen to the stories of Indians, pirates, and witches. Often, I would wake up in the night, after one of his stories, and fancy I could hear stealthy footsteps on the matted pine needles beneath my window.

"Jim Smith was an old man who lived in the next cottage and I have profited by his  
(Continued on page 40)



# SACRIFICE

ROBERT CANDERS

**O**LD J. P. TYLER knew very well that his young junior-partner wished to marry his daughter. Even though she was all that he had in the world, besides his somewhat faltering business, he was glad for her sake.

Jack Osgood was a good man and one that anyone would desire for a son-in-law. But it would be some time before Jack would be able to get enough money to get married. Tyler had hopes that his business would pick up. Hopes!

Then one day a man came to the office of Tyler and Osgood with promises of a big transaction. He left money at the office that was to be invested in a stable stock that would make quick money. As it was the largest transaction that Tyler and Osgood had received for many months, J. P. Tyler was quite careful to put the money in the safe. Only Jack Osgood and Tyler himself knew the combination to that safe; therefore the money was surely secure. So with this business, the firm of Tyler and Osgood closed its doors for the day.

That night, Tyler awoke with a start, fearing for the safety of the money. Fearfully, he dressed himself and made his way to the office.

It wasn't strange for either Tyler or Osgood to come to the office late at night, so the watchman readily admitted him. Tyler was told that Osgood had been at the office earlier in the evening, but he paid little attention to this news.

Entering the office, he went straight to the safe. After he had hurriedly twirled the dial, he opened it. It was empty! To his confused and troubled mind came the words of the watchman. Osgood had been there earlier in the evening. Osgood needed money to marry his daughter. Would he do this? Wearily, J. P. Tyler closed and locked the door of his office. Walking home he passed the river. If he did it, they would think—. They would think that he took the money. And Osgood would be free to marry June Tyler. Then he jumped!

The next morning, Jack Osgood entered the office with a black satchel. He greeted the stenographer as usual and then walked up to the safe.

"Last night, I had a feeling that this money wasn't safe," he told the stenographer; "so I came down and got it. Believe me, it was some relief to have it at home with me."



Then He Jumped



# FIFTH AVENUE

## SYNOPSIS

The Appleby mansion on Fifth Avenue has been the scene of mysterious events. One morning, Mrs. Sheldon Appleby, widow, is found murdered. The next day the murderer strikes again. Miss Langstrom, Mrs. Appleby's sister and Mr. Manning, Mrs. Appleby's suitor, are discovered dead, killed by the same poison.

Detective Anthony Baldwin, working on the case, has been making very little progress, although he has questioned all the people in the house several times, and has gone over the house thoroughly. Late in the afternoon of the second day, however, he comes upon an important discovery in the laboratory. Behind a loose brick in the wall he finds a notebook which he reads. Suddenly he jumps to his feet, rushes down stairs, and finds Shelly in his room—dead.

1st part—JOSEPH BERTELS

2nd part—ANDREW COX

3rd part—LEO LIEBERMAN

## Conclusion



HALF an hour after the startling discovery had been made, Tony and the sergeant, seated in the living-room of the spacious house, were discussing this new development.

"For all the queer cases I've ever bumped into, this one certainly takes the cake," muttered Sergeant Humphreys in disgusted tones.

"Yes, Sergeant, it certainly has its peculiar points," replied Tony, thoughtfully tapping his chin. "Suppose we review the whole case as we know it, and try to get as many facts about it as possible," he continued.

"O. K.," was the sergeant's short rejoinder.

"Well, last Friday morning, Mrs. Appleby was found dead in her bed by her maid Nannette. On the following morning, under similar circumstances, Mr. Manning, Mrs. Appleby's suitor, and Miss Langstrom, Mrs. Appleby's sister, were both found dead. And now, this afternoon, young Sheldon was found lying on the floor—dead."

"Yeah, and the worst part of it is that anyone in the house could have poisoned all of them."

Then silence fell between the two for several minutes. Tony sat gazing at the ceiling, lost in thought. The sergeant endured the op-

pressive stillness as long as he could; then, "Well, say, Tony, haven't you got any clues at all?"

"Oh, I say, sergeant, it's not as bad as all that. You must have some ideas, yourself. Now, tell me, what do you think about Harkins? Could he have committed the murders?"

"The only thing we've got on him is that he was a gambler, and in need of money. He knew that in the will of Mrs. Appleby, he would probably receive a generous amount of money. That would account for his killing her, but why should he kill Manning, Mrs. Langstrom, or Sheldon? No, Harkins wasn't the murderer. Now there's Nannette, what do you think about her, Tony?"

"Well, as far as we know Nannette loved Manning, but he slighted her continually, so out of her hurt pride and jealousy of Mrs. Appleby, she might have killed both of them. But what reason on earth could she have for killing Miss Langstrom or young Sheldon? No, too many flaws in that theory. Nannette didn't do it," concluded Tony definitely.

"How about the cook, Fritz?" asked the sergeant, in somewhat hopeful tones.

"No, I'm afraid not, Sergeant. Fritz hated Manning because he suspected Nannette's infatuation for him but what reason would impel him to commit three other unnecessary murders?"

"Well, of the servants, that leaves Greta. Greta was known to have a petty grudge against Mrs. Appleby, because of the latter's continual fault-finding with Greta's work. But the maid would hardly commit murder on account of this minor grudge, although she was known to have spent six months in a psychopathic hospital, and if she did, would surely never kill three other people of the same household."

"Shall we consider the murdered people, themselves?" asked the sergeant, rather wearily.

"Yes, perhaps it might be well to," returned



# MURDERS

Tony, and then continuing:

"Since Mrs. Appleby was the first to be murdered, that leaves her out. Manning, who was Mrs. Appleby's ardent suitor, could hardly have had a sane reason for wanting to kill her. Miss Langstrom was known to have been jealous of her sister Mrs. Appleby, because of her relations with Manning, and might have killed them both, but why should she murder the dearest thing in her life—her nephew, Sheldon?"

For a few moments Tony tapped his chin in silence. Finally he said, "Yes, Serge, that seems to cover the whole list pretty well. But what do you really think of it?"

"Gosh, Tony, all I make of it is this: not one of them seems to have any motive for killing all four. Each one might perhaps have killed some particular one, but I can't see anybody killing all of them."

"There, Sergeant, you have hit the important point: there is no sufficient motive. Eliminating all possibility of an outsider being involved, the murderer would seem to be a crank or a maniac." He arose, refilled and lit his pipe, and then went to the window. "The solution of it all is so deucedly simple and yet so fiendishly inhuman, Sergeant, that my very blood runs cold to think of it."

"Wha-at? Do you mean you know who killed them?"

Tony turned, and motioning for Sergeant Humphreys to follow him, opened the door and left the room. As they mounted the steps to the laboratory, Tony explained. "The one thing we have missed entirely throughout this case is, as you have said, the motive. Sergeant, there was no motive."

Dumbfounded, Sergeant Humphreys stared  
(Continued on page 36)





# HURLED

By V. ORBETON, J. SANBORN

## SYNOPSIS

During preparations for a big dance at their Frat house, Phil, the hero, enters, trying to hide his pressing financial worries. Soon Robinson, the Frat treasurer enters, voicing his concern for a safe place to hide the Frat money during "open house."

The dance is on! Nobody knows Phil's mind, nor has Robinson confided in anyone. Suddenly Robinson trips over a stone step and lies as if dead!

## CONCLUSION

Five minutes before eleven the orchestra stopped, and the leader shouted through a large megaphone, "Intermission."

Then came a rush for jackets; peals of laughter echoed through the hall; Sheila felt a hand upon her arm.

"Would you like to go to the parlor?" asked Phil.

Sheila looked at Phil, hesitated, then said, "The parlor suits me. What news have you about Robinson?"

Phil uttered, "He's much worse than we thought he was. I'll tell you about it on the way over; come along now if you're ready."

After two hot chocolates Phil and Sheila started back toward the frat house; however, when they were within a stone's throw of the building, Phil said, "Mind if we stop? I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes."

"I guess it won't matter for a few minutes," she decided, "but intermission is over in fifteen minutes, so hurry and tell me all about poor Robinson."

Robinson—Robinson—could she never think of anyone else? Briefly Phil told that the physicians had said Robinson had suffered a very serious concussion of the brain; that they had finally restored him to consciousness, only to find that his memory had been completely lost.

"I guess it's pretty serious Sheila," said Phil gravely, "but I think he will live. If only he would recognize one of us! Now, how about talking about you for a change? You don't mind if I change the subject, do you? Well—you know Sheila—I don't see how you can help knowing that—I love you."

"Why, Phil, I never dreamed of such a thing



—we were always good friends—but—"

"Why, darling, I love you. You're not like other girls. You're different. Do you think you could ever-er-learn-er to-er care for me?"

"Phil, I never thought of such a thing—seriously—I mean—but let me have some time."

Phil changed the subject and said, "My kid brother who goes to high-school sent me a geometry theorem that just applies to me—mind if I show it to you?"

Theorem: If you have a girl, she loves you.

Given: You love a girl.

To prove: That she loves you.

1. All the world loves a lover.
2. Your girl is all the world to you.
3. Your girl loves a lover.
4. You are a lover.
5. Your girl loves you.

### Reasons

1. By Shakespeare
2. Evidence
3. Substitution
4. Given
5. Substitution



# INTO FAME

AND J. SANBORN

Sheila said nothing; Phil looked at her. Should he have told her that? Perhaps it was too much to expect a wonderful girl like Sheila to love a poor, down-at-the-heel sap like him. He broke the silence with, "I'll have to use lots of geometry in my work; an engineer always has to. Think of building an immense sky-scraper reaching to the clouds. At the very top I would design a penthouse just for you, Sheila; do you care for penthouses?"

"Let's go back to the dance, Phil," she rejoined.

The next day was Saturday. Phil decided to go to see Robinson who had lost all memory, and therefore recalled nothing about ever having the money.

A white-capped nurse took Phil to Robinson's room and said, "Mr. Robinson, here is a friend of yours to see you."

Robinson looked up blankly, "Are you a friend of mine? I can't remember anything that happened before today. What is your name? It's funny! Your face doesn't even look familiar."

"I'm Phil, your frat brother—can't you remember me?"



"I can't remember anything," responded Robinson. "It's useless for me even to try."

"Well, then I will be going, I must see the boys—so long."

On his way out Phil met the doctor who was attending Robinson. He asked him if Robinson would ever recover his memory. Dr. Granger looked at him solemnly and replied that usually they did regain their memory, but that it was hard to say how long it would take.

When Phil returned, he saw upon his door a notice which summoned him to the dean's office. Upon arriving there he was greeted by the dean of men, who said, "Well, Phil, I'm glad to see that you were able to pay your tuition. I heard you were in here this morning and that you paid in full."

"Yes, Mr. Grover, I did. Is there something you wanted to see me about?"

"Phil, I have a few questions to ask you. How did you get the money?"

"Why do you want to know that, Mr. Grover? Is there some question about it? I would rather not tell you—for a certain reason."

"Well, Phil, of course you know that the Chi Nu fellows have looked everywhere for the five hundred dollars that Robinson had charge of. They can't find it, and when you, who haven't been able to pay your tuition, suddenly pay it, it certainly makes you seem to come under suspicion. I hate to think anything like this about one who has always been such an upright young man. Now will you tell me where you obtained your money?"

During this speech Phil sat aghast. He—to be suspected of robbery, it was impossible!

"Why, Mr. Grover! I don't know what to say. Of course Robinson may recover his memory and tell us where he has the money. Up to that time I am under suspicion. I can tell no one how I got that money for three

*(Continued on page 34)*



# POETS' CORNER



## IN THE SPRINGTIME

In the springtime, students' fancies  
Turn away from thoughts of school,  
Turn to thoughts of marbles, baseball,  
Tennis, golf, and swimming pool.

In the springtime flowers blossom,  
Birdies chirp and streamlets flow,  
Freckles re-appear on faces,  
Causing maidens secret woe.

In the springtime nights are splendid,  
Balmy springtime breezes blow,  
Evening shadows all around us,  
As the moon its face does show.

—Rose L. Costrell.

## MEMORIES

I love the twilight on a hill,  
That guards the sundown sea.  
I love a garden lone and still,  
That breathes tranquillity.  
I love a valley with a rill,  
That flows so peacefully.  
I love a cottage by a mill  
Where waits an ecstasy.

—Herbert Brill.

## UNDERGROUND

Here, there is silence broken by the breathing  
Of small furred creatures curled in an earthly  
dream;  
Here, there is coolness and the shape of shadows  
And the first source of a down-hill stream.

Where the rain sinks to darkness and in tunnels  
Run the brief lives of woodchuck, mole, and  
fox,  
The old trees clasp the black loam; and the  
hillside  
Holds to its breast the ancient sleep of rocks.

—Merlin Scanlon.

## A SONG

A song is such a useful thing  
To anyone who wants to bring  
A smile upon a gloomy face  
And sunshine to a dreary place.

If you will only learn to sing  
At times when hopelessness seems king,  
Then will you truly show your worth  
To God, to man, to all the earth.

—George Tsoulas.





# The Oracle

FIRST PLACE AT THE JOURNALISTIC  
CONFERENCE OF KAPPA GAMMA PHI



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April, 1933

## TOMMY FLUNKS

TOMMY nonchalantly flunks again. "Well, what of it?" asks Tommy. Well, what of it?

Tommy continues. "Anyway, who is gonna be hurt by my flunking except me? An' I don't care if I flunk."

After all, didn't the ancient Romans get along famously on but comparatively little schooling?

"But the teachers," says Tommy, now aggrieved, "if they only gave a feller a break. Some of them don't even give us a chance to make up our work."

Tommy is wrong.

In the first place, a good many people are "gonna be hurt by my flunking." For every time that Tommy flunks, he is casting two cents of every tax-payer's money to the four winds. This is, in itself, an inconsiderable sum, but when it is looked upon in the light of the addition of fellow flunkers, it amounts to more than five and a half dollars per tax-payer. (The foregoing estimates are very conservative.) No doubt, Tommy is shocked to realize he is so valuable to the community. Fathers and mothers, who pay these taxes that their children may enjoy school advantages which were not to be had at any price twenty and thirty years ago, are hurt, when their children nonchalantly flunk.

The teachers are more than willing to cooperate with pupils. Every teacher comes back to school at least once, and often, she comes two or three times a week, to help pupils. All teachers *want* their pupils to pass. Somehow, mistakenly, pupils regard comeback slips as punishment for bad deeds.

Two hundred ninety pseudo-students did not "care" during the second quarter of the school year, for that number failed to pass in from one to four subjects; there were four hundred thirty-eight failures.

And this condition has come about because pupils are lazy. With the exception of those students who are obliged to work during spare hours, every flunker, by studying and more studying, can pass all his subjects; that is, unless he is a moron, and morons are as scarce as boy prodigies. One gets out of school just what he puts into it; if he is willing to work and work hard, all the so-called unfair teachers in the school cannot flunk him.

## WHAT BECOMES OF ORACLE EDITORS?

WHAT becomes of *Oracle* editors? Thanks to various members of the faculty, we have been able to discover what has become of some twelve editors.

A few years ago, the *Oracle* was badly in

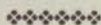


debt. Total destruction was imminent. At this critical time, a young man, fresh from Bowdoin, stepped behind the editor's desk and personally conducted the *Oracle* out of a thousand dollar deficit. That young man's name is Hazen E. Nutter, and during his senior year at Bangor High school, he was editor of the *Oracle*. Now, while spending his winters in Florida and his summers in Maine, he is continuing his interest in higher education

by studying Spanish at a college in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Fred Clifford is a well-known figure in Bangor. His "Funny World, Ain't It?" in the *Commercial* is known throughout Maine. He is editor of the *Anahgram*, a magazine published by the Bangor chapter of the Anah Temple, and when not engrossed in these duties, he conducts his advertising firm on Cen-

*(Continued on page 33)*



## THE DRUGLESS DRUG STORE

CHARLES LIMBERIS



HE man in the overcoat pushed open the door and stepped inside. Glancing around him, he paused a moment, and walked out again. On the outside he carefully stepped across the pavement and glanced up at the bright sign over the doorway. Yes, it was a drug store all right. Again he entered and stepped up to a counter. In front of him was a pile of shining goods piled ceiling-high on top of a stack of books bearing the sign, "Best Literature, ninety-nine cents, two for one dollar." His inspection was interrupted by the appearance of a flashy young lady in a snappy apronlike uniform.

"Can I help you, mister?" she said.

"I want a package of aspirins, please."

"Aspirins? Oh, yes. You'll get them at the front counter. They've got all the cigarettes up there."

"I don't want cigarettes. Aspirins, don't you know what they are?"

"Never heard of them. Wait a second, though; I'll get somebody who has. Hey, Mr. Ginsberg, can you wait on this customer? Just a minute, mister, he'll fix you up."

Rather disgusted, the gentleman leaned over on the counter and awaited Mr. Ginsberg's arrival. All around the store were the most amazing displays. A grocery company offered the complete works of Elinor Glynn

with each half dozen cans of their superior brand. There were sun lamps, carpet sweepers, radios, all sweeping into a grand view of an enormous soda fountain which stretched easily half the length of the store.

A brisk clearing of the throat warned him of Mr. Ginsberg's arrival, and he turned to face a beaming little man with a horrible at-your-service look on his face.

"And what is your difficulty, sir?" Evidently Mr. Ginsberg was a man of hard-to-please customers.

"Who said anything about difficulty? I merely asked for a package of aspirins, and I'd like a little service."

"What kind of goods is it, sir. We will be only too glad to give you service; that's our motto, but it is necessary to know in what department the article is."

"Say, is this, or is it not, a drugstore? Do you mean to tell me you don't know what aspirins are?"

"I didn't say I never heard of them; it has merely slipped my mind. Just give me an idea where I could find them,—groceries, electric goods, toys,—we have all departments. Now, don't tell me—I've got it! It is in the perfume department!"

*(Continued on page 33)*



# JUNIOR EXHIBITION WINNERS

## MEDAL WINNERS



ANDREW COX



MARY JENKINS

## HONORABLE MENTION

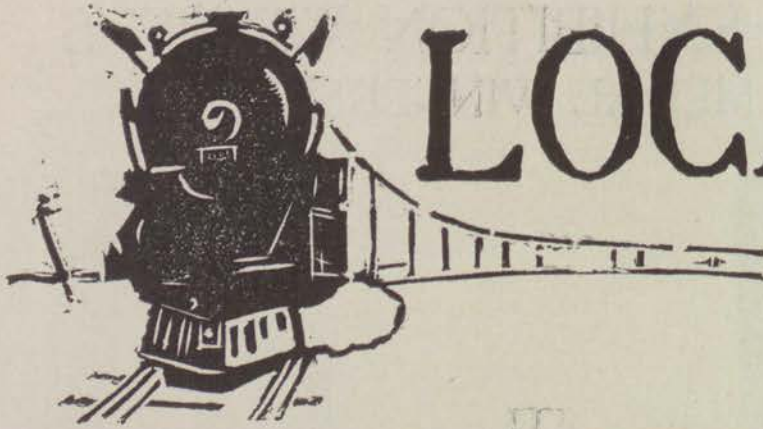


LEO LIEBERMAN



RUTH SANDERS





# LOCALS

## JUNIOR EXHIBITION

On Friday evening, March 24, the Annual Junior Exhibition was held at the City Hall. Andrew Cox won the French Oratorical Medal for boys with the piece, "The Diplomacy of Good Will," by Herbert Johnson, while Leo Lieberman won Honorable Mention with the selection, "Lilliputians," by Ralph Enstrom. The Girl's French Medal was won by Mary Jenkins. Her selection, "Just a Matter of Business," was anonymous. Honorable Mention for girls was granted Ruth Sanders, who presented, "The Heart of a Clown," by Constance Anderson. The other speakers were Robert Hussey, Barbara McAvey, Albert Friedman, Eleanor Bissell, Joyce Cohen, and William Ballou. The High School Orchestra played three selections, a March by John Philip Sousa, "Solid Men to the Front; an Hungarian Overture, 'Rakoczy'; and a Sinfonietta Movement, "From the Western World." The latter two selections were from Keler-Bela and Dvorak respectively. Two selections by the Junior Chorus were the "Gypsy Song" and "The Primrose."

## SENIOR CLASS MEETINGS

The seniors have been having some "hot and heavy" class meetings. The question was brought up concerning the pictures to be in the June issue of the *Oracle* and also the idea of having the addresses and activities of the individual students under the pictures.

Plans are in progress for the Senior Banquet and this year it seems to be awaited with much eagerness because everyone is sure of having a good time. Who could help it with our silver tongued orator Bob Kurson in our midst and our debating sharks "Woody" Brown and "Eddie" Redman sharing the honors?

## THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has been rather quiet this month owing to the illness of Miss Rideout, but it is up and coming again. There has been a lot of excitement about the senior play which will be given the last of May. It will be "The Phantom Tiger", a sequel to the senior play "Tiger House" given by Brewer High School a short while ago. Tryouts for the play have been in progress, and the cast is nearly completed.

## MILITARY NEWS

Since the targets have been replaced, Bangor High School marksmen have been scoring wonderfully. In two interscholastic matches Bangor's two five-man teams defeated Louisville, Kentucky High School, and Netrona County High School, Caspar, Wyoming, and were defeated by New Bedford, Mass. and New York Military Academy teams.

In the contest for the best marksmen in the Rifle Club, Stanley Getchell won the 1st place gold intramural medal with a score of 178 out of a possible 200. The 2nd place silver



intramural medal was won by Ralph Thayer, captain of the Rifle Club, with a score of 170 out of possible 200. Lloyd Johnson took 3rd place with a score of 158 out of 200, thus winning the bronze medal. In the freshman section of the Rifle Club, John Hessert won the gold freshman medal with a score of 84.

Our marksmen are proving their steadiness as sharpshooters. Once again they bring to B. H. S. the honor of the Junior Championship in the 1st Corps Area Inter-collegiate match. The members who received their gold medals in Assembly recently were Stanley Getchell, Ralph Thayer, Jimmie McNulty, Woodford B. Brown, Charles Barrett, Everett Mack, Lloyd Cutter, Lawrence Gleason, Reginald Bolton, and Merrill Bolton. Out of a possible score of 8000, the B. H. S. riflemen turned in the score of 7,550 points. In winning the Junior Championship, the boys have gained the right to compete in the National Match; also, the school has been awarded the title of Champion. The Rifle Team of 1929 was the last to win this honor.

Another match which has been shot out is the Randolph Hearst match. This match is open to all the high schools and colleges in the United States. Two five-man teams are representing Bangor in this contest. Third place was won in this match by Bangor High in 1929, and second place in 1930. Trophies are awarded to the teams placing first, second, and third.

### OFFICERS' CLUB

The Officers' Club has been meeting regularly every two weeks to discuss the plans for the unit. Nearly every officer now has the new R. O. T. C. coat and pants. Major Snow has requested the officers either to wear white shirts and coats in classes, or else the OD shirts without coats. This is intended to prevent the officers from going around in white shirts and sweaters or other slack unmilitary clothing. Plans are well under way for the Annual Military Ball and Exhibition to be given the evening of the final inspection, May 19. As usual the gala ball will open with a resplend-

ent grand march to be led by Major Fairley and his Lady. The Grand March is limited to men in uniform, but there is no restriction to privates, or non-coms participating. The proceeds from this military high-light go to the improvement of the battalion. In years past the beautiful colors have been purchased, new Sam Browne belts, and new sabres. Every man should turn out in the interests of the battalion and the school.

### THE BATTALION

The battalion itself is working hard in anticipation of the spring manoeuvres. Bangor High is slated to an excellent showing up on Broadway Park next May. Major Snow and Sergeant Beckert are to be congratulated in the great improvement made in the appearance, drill, and discipline shown by the cadet corps. And by the way, Sergeant Oscar Beckert, who for the last three years has won his way into the hearts of the cadets has been retired. After the big inspection, the sergeant will be finished with a long, active, military career.

### ASSEMBLIES

On Friday, March 17, the Reverend Wayne L. Robinson, as a representative of the Bangor Kiwanis Club, addressed the Assembly. Mr. Robinson gave a very interesting talk in the interest of the gala basketball tournament, which was held in the Auditorium Building the next evening. He pointed out the very good work of the Kiwanis Blue Barrel campaign in supporting the needy and explained that the teams of Bangor, Old Town, Brewer, and John Bapst High Schools had given their services in the interests of that campaign, by playing at this tournament.

Another most interesting Chapel speaker was Dr. Kenneth Sills, President of Bowdoin College. Dr. Sills presented a highly instructive address relative to the position of the student to his own education, saying that the responsibility of getting a good education was largely the student's, not the community's, nor the parent's, nor the teacher's. After the



Assembly was dismissed, President Sills interviewed several senior and junior boys interested in Bowdoin College.

### DEBATE CLUB

The Debate Club throughout the year has been most successful in all its projects. Under Mr. Prescott's and Miss Coffin's guidance, thus far every Interscholastic Debate has been won. It was Bangor that won the much coveted Bowdoin League Cup. The Novice Teams secured the decision over Foxcroft Novice Teams in a dual debate. Thus far B. H. S. has come out successfully in the Bates Interscholastic League debates. Friday, March 17, the Bangor High Affirmative, Corinne Adams, and Bernice Braidly defeated the Foxcroft Negative with a victory of 3-0. Miss Braidly was voted best speaker. On the same day Leo Leibermann and Andrew Cox, the Bangor Negative team, defeated Maine Central Institute's Affirmative with a victory of 3-0. Andrew Cox was judged best speaker.

The Bates League question this year is Resolved: That at least one-half the state and local revenues should be derived from sources other than tangible property. This question is rather deep for high school work; however it is a most timely subject for careful study. During the month, Bangor High will send its two successful teams to Bates where we hope most sincerely that they will again score triumphantly.

The Class of 1934 again won the Interclass Debate Series. In the very first encounter the senior team fell before the juniors with a decision of 5-4. The senior class won the series three years ago, when they were mere freshmen. In the second battle of argumentation, the powerful frosh were overcome by the sophomores in a 6-3 decision. Best speakers in the latter debate were Isabel Cumming and Lawrence Tinker, the former a freshmen, the latter a sophomore.

The final debate of this series, held Tuesday evening, March 21, in Room 307, was a most interesting one, since both the juniors and the sophomores had sharpened their cases. There

was a real touch of humor, a rare sense of ease in debate in evidence at this contest. Both teams presented excellent cases and in rebuttal there was much banter between the sides; however the judges decided that the juniors were the superior 6-3, and Morris Rubin, as in the Senior-Junior debate was again granted the honor of best speaker.

The Interclass Debate question, Resolved: That most modern advertising is detrimental to the best interests of the public, was a very interesting one. Mr. Prescott, chairman throughout this series, expressed himself as very much delighted at the large attendance at these debates. Over three hundred persons were in attendance at the three contests.

### LATIN CLUB

At the last Latin Club meeting the subject talked about was "Roman Social Life." Sally Woodcock entertained the members by a very interesting talk on Roman Homes. In a sense Latin homes were exactly like the homes of our day—right up to the minute. When a new style in couches or tables appeared the whole house was refurnished in the old days. Now, let a new style appear and the house from top to bottom is "done over," as the expression goes.

Next, Harold Taylor entertained the club, especially the boys with an exciting discourse on the gladiatorial games. These games, he informed them, were originally held in honor of a famous man's death.

Juliet Spangler then talked on that ever delightful subject (again especially for the boys) foods and the Roman banquet. They were told that usually at a banquet three were placed at one couch to eat from one table. I thought that extremely popular expression "Two's company and three's a crowd" was old as the hills, but these strange people appear never to have heard of it.

Next, Eleanor Clough gave a very carefully prepared and skillfully worded paper on the Roman Circus.

As the program was rather long, the discussion pending on the annual Latin Club



banquet was postponed, but the date of this much longed for event has been set for the second week in May. So cheer up "Sophs" it won't be long now!

## MUSIC

The Annual Glee Club Concert has been postponed until the Spring term. The program consisting of the four Glee Clubs accompanied by the orchestras will be much added to by the Contest winners' selections. They will sing their winning pieces, and the medals will be awarded to them there.

The next musical event will be the Annual School Department Concert. In this concert there will be the four Glee Clubs, vocalizing, the band and the four orchestras playing. Sounds like quite a noisy time, but we assure you it will be very musical and very enjoyable.

The Glee Clubs of Bangor High School were heard in a Concert Friday evening—April 7, assisted by the following artists:

Miss Anne Strickland—Soprano.

Miss Darthea Rideout—Reader.

Mr. Maurice King—Harpist.

## THE PROGRAM

Glorious Forever.....*Rachmaninoff*  
Up the Airy Mountain.....*Rathbone*

### Freshman Girls' Glee Club

Reading—Miss Rideout.

Song of the Volga Boatman—Mr. King.

### Her Rose—Coombs

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

.....*Old English*

The World is Waiting for the Sunrise....*Seitz*

Miss Strickland and Mr. King

Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee.....*Bach*

Brown Bird Singing.....*Wood*

Girls' Senior Glee Club

Pase in the Amber West.....*Moore*

Vive L'Amour.....*College Song*

Boy's Senior Glee Club

The school selections were remarkably well done, and Miss Donovan received many compliments on her good work.

A slight correction concerning time of awards for the Annual Prize-singing Contest—these medals are presented at the Annual Music Department Concert held in City Hall. At this concert every musical organization in the school system takes part, as well as the prize-winners from the Contest. The date of the Concert this year is Friday Evening—May 12.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Music Department has been honored this year by the request from the Athene Club to use some of the school talent in their annual Music Concert April 13. The Quartet composed of William Ballou, Frances Rice, Alice Hart, and Helen Tebbets, which won honorable mention at the Prize Singing Contest in February will sing.

E. Clough—One thousand wouldn't buy this picture.

H. Tebbets—Well, I'm one of the thousand.

Visitor—How long has John Hartt worked for you?

Boss—About four hours.

Visitor—But I thought he had been here for a long time.

Boss—Oh, yes. He has been here for nine years.

Asst. Bus. Mgr.—I worked the whole week and received only two orders.

A. Gass—What were those?

A. B. M.—Get out, and stay out.

Teacher—This essay on "Our Dog" is the same as your sister's.

H. Brill—Yes, it's the same dog.

J. Bertels—I heard a new joke the other day. I wonder if I told it to you?

R. Kurson—Is it funny?

Joe—Yes.

Bob—Then you haven't.

Frosh—(watching first baseball game) Isn't he a swell pitcher. He always hits their bats no matter where they hold them.



# THE BOOK NOOK



## "THE FEAST OF LANTERNS"

Louise Jordan Miln

Beauty—the essence which runs through the entire story—bountifully radiates from each passage, each scene.

Louise Miln depicts the courtyard life of the noble Ch'engs, who for centuries had borne no girls into the family. At last a girl child, the last of the Ch'engs was born. At the age of ten, after a thorough education in Chinese classics, she was sent to England, so that she might learn from the English every possible thing that could be used in rebuilding China.

Having finished school, she continued to reside in London for a time. On the eve of her marriage to a very charming Englishman, the call of China, of the Ho-nan courtyard, of everything beautiful—Chinese—beckoned her home.

Margaret Williston.

## "PERMANENT WAVE"

Virginia Sullivan

Mystery on the high seas, floating faces, and plenty of humor are all found in this care-free, thrilling book. Picture yourself as running a beauty parlor on board a steamer headed for Havana and other points; imagine your feelings if some mysterious floating face occasionally peeps over your shoulder, and then you will understand Dennis Carrigan's relief when she left the S. S. Belgaria forever. And then, because there is always need for love interest in a novel of this type, the eternal, triangle, consisting of Dennis, Mac the sailor, and Ramon the Spaniard, is brought into use.

In short, 'Permanent Wave' is just the sort of book any one who enjoys quick action, snappy dialogue, and real laughs would like.

Jane Sullivan.

## "INVITATION TO THE WALTZ"

by Rosamond Lehmann

"Invitation To The Waltz" is a charming story of a young girl's first dance. Miss Lehmann's deep insight into human nature allows her to picture the different characters with deft, characteristic touches. Each person is clearly defined. The book is a thoroughly enjoyable one for young and old alike. The scene where Olivia is sold a collar which she neither wants nor needs can be easily understood.

Aphrodite Floros

## "SPEAKEASILY"

by

Clarence Budington Kelland

This novel concerns the story of a "dyed in the wool," anatomy professor from a college in Westonville, Ohio. He comes to New York to learn more about girls and the ways of the world and is inveigled into financing a production of "Whoopee," by a couple of hard boiled chorus girls "Flo," and "Dixie." His amusing adventures in becoming accustomed to speak-easies and life in general and his adoration for Dixie and the pitfalls of their love form a story which no one can afford to miss, but don't hoard your laughter while reading it.

Carolyn M. Long.



# ALUMNI

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Abraham Kern, '32, and Arthur Lieberman, '31, of Bowdoin were recently given the G. W. Field scholarships.

Margaret Cully, '29, a junior at the Eastern State Normal school, was one of two students to be chosen to represent that institution at the spring meeting of the Eastern States Association.

Mary E. Morgrage, '31, was recently married to Frank L. Ware of Brewer. Mrs. Ware had just completed her first year's study at the Eastern State Normal school in the month of January.

Miss Ruth M. Jordan, '24, became the bride of Allard F. Blanchard on February 25. Mrs. Blanchard attended the University of Maine for one year after which she attended, and was graduated from, the Lesley Kindergarten school in Boston.

E. Janet Young, '29, has completed her four year course at the University of Maine in three and one half years. She majored in sociology and economics and was a constant honor student. She is a member of the Phi Beta Phi social sorority and the Sigma Mu Sigma honorary psychological sorority. She is also a reader of exceptional talent.

Pauline Siegal, '29, and Jeanne Morenault '30, took parts in the French play "On Parle Anglais Ici" which was presented before the students of the French class on April 1.

It was announced at the end of the fall and winter semester that ten students of the University of Maine had received perfect grades in all their courses during that semester. Of the ten, three were graduates of Bangor High school. They were Pauline Cohen, '29; Pauline Siegal, '29; and Arlene Merrill, '32.

Miss Merrill was one of two freshmen to receive the honor.

Vera Fenlason, '32, was severely injured when she lost control of her sled while speeding down a hill near her home in Newberg.

Charles O'Conner, '25, a student at the Yale Divinity school, is chaplain at the New Haven county jail.

George A. Thurston, '25, was recently married to Doris Irish of Bangor. Mr. Thurston, a graduate of the College of Technology at the University of Maine, is now employed at the Maine State Hospital.

Gladys Dearborn, '27, has recently become engaged to Frank Wright, '28. Mr. Wright was a graduate of the University of Maine in '31.

Some members of our alumnae who are pledged to sororities at the University of Maine are: Alpha Omicron Pi—Rena Allen, '32; and Carolyn Currier '32; Delta Delta Delta—Doris Richardson, '25; and Chi Omega—Betty Sullivan.

Elizabeth Shiro was elected president of the Maples dormitory while Geneva Epstein was elected secretary and treasurer.

Thomas Hersey, '30, is one of the organization editors of the Prism, the year book which is published by the junior class at the University of Maine.

Two of our alumni who are freshmen at the University of Maine, debated with two students from their Alma Mater on March 13. They were Roland Gleszer and Richard Lunt. The proposition was: Resolved that one-half of all the local and state revenues shall be derived from sources other than tangible property. This was a non-decision debate.





## A SPORT PREVIEW

By Robert Hussey

Spring is here, and the spring sports, already underway, will soon be in full swing under the supervision of Phil Somerville and the able direction of coaches Ulmer and Trowell. This year the spring program including track, baseball, and spring football will be more intensive than usual.

For the past two months the trackmen have been having occasional workouts in the University of Maine Armory. Many veterans are returning and a strong turnout of new material is expected. The events in which the team should be exceptionally strong are the high jump, hammer throw, javelin, and the sprints. Of course the team is handicapped severely in all the running events, having no suitable place for practice. But in spite of this lack, Coach Trowell is confident of a strong squad to wear the Crimson this spring.

The baseball team will as usual compete in the News League with such teams as Brewer, Orono, Belfast, and Ellsworth. The battery candidates have reported and are fast rounding into shape. The infield and outfield prospects will report to Coach Ulmer as soon as spring football is over. A number of veterans are on hand for every position.

Spring football, although tried out last year, is practically new to the school. Coach Ulmer believes that it is better to lay the foundation for next year's team early, rather than attempt

to crowd all the necessary fundamental work into the first few weeks of school. However, don't get the impression that spring football is just drudgery, for Coach Ulmer plans to end the practice with a big intramural game, either the East side against the West side or a game between the seniors and the undergraduates.

All the positions are wide open, and Coach Ulmer hopes to see many new men turn out. But remember, now is the time for all candidates to come out, not next fall.

## A BASKET BALL PLAYER'S REVERIE

Basketball is my king of sports,  
I worship at its shrine;  
To fight a battle on the courts,  
Goes to my head like wine.

Waiting for the start of the game,  
Wild thoughts run through my mind;  
To play, and win, may bring me fame,  
Dame fortune may be kind.

The game is o'er; the crowd has gone,  
They said the game was fine;  
Again I long for one more chance,  
To play that sport of mine.

Albert Friedman.

## CRIMSON SWAMP RED EDDIES 31-14, BUT GAME IS FORFEITED

Flashing a determined drive in the final two periods, Bangor High's powerful quintet



swamped a big Edward Little team under a deluge of baskets, although the game was later forfeited to Auburn on account of ineligibility. After leading only 2-1 at the end of the first period and 8-6 at the half, Bangor opened up with a sensational spurt in the third period to gain a seven point lead and blew the game wide open in the final period to take the decision 31-14. Leading the Crimson attack in the final period, were big Jack Hartt and Gene Brown. In this game, the Red Imps broke their old jinx, the stage basket. In every game this year, in the City hall Bangor has been very weak in scoring at the stage basket, but in this game, after scoring eight points in the first half, the Crimson came back to add 23 more points to the total.

### CRIMSON TAKES WILD BATTLE FROM OLD TOWN 19-17

Starting off a determined last period drive launched by Old Town High, that twice saw the score tied, Bangor High took a sweet 19-17 victory in the second game of the present season. Bangor jumped into the lead in the first period and led for three periods of the hectic contest, which saw both teams putting up slashing defensive games.

Due to John Hartt, who personally accounted for all six of Bangor's points, Bangor was out front 6-4 at the end of the first period. This lead was increased to 12-6 at half time. Old Town whittled the Crimson lead down to 15-11 at the end of the third period.

Brilliant started the fireworks in the final period when he dropped in a basket and a foul. Crocker evened the count at 16 all with a nice basket. Burke made a foul for Bangor to give the Crimson a one point lead, which was short

lived however when Baillargeon duplicated from the foul line. Then with the score 17 all Burke made a basket to salt the game. To John Hartt, rangy Crimson center goes the lion's share of the credit for the victory but the fine defensive work of "Freckles" Knowles must not be forgotten.

### BANGOR DROPS FINAL GAME OF SEASON TO BAPST 26-19

In the final game of the season, Bangor, weakened by the loss of Hawkes and Brown through ineligibility, dropped a close contest to its old rival, John Bapst. Bapst started off like whirlwinds and had piled up a 12 point lead at the end of the first half. The score was 16-4. Bangor did better in the third period and cut the lead down to 5 points. In the last quarter the Crimson, crippled by the loss of two of its best men, put up a great fight against heavy odds and with two minutes left to play, the score had been cut down to 23-19. But Bapst had enough stamina left to stage a rally and the game ended 26-19. Manning and Spellman put up great games for Bapst while Hurd gave the Crimson the life which made the final rally possible.

This game ended a fair season for the Crimson. Starting the season without a veteran or even one outstanding player to build his team around, Eddie Trowell welded together a team that was headed places until it was suddenly announced that Gene Brown was ineligible. This was a death blow to the Crimson forces. On top of this, Russ Hawkes was found ineligible for the Bapst game. There are only five players on a basketball team and when two or even one is lost, it leaves the team in a pretty crippled condition.



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' basketball season has ended with five games played—two victories and three defeats. The teams which we met were the

following high schools and prep schools: Brewer High, Higgins Classical, and Bucksport Seminary.



On the eve of January 20, the Brewer girls came over to Bangor and defeated us—but found us worthy opponents. From the beginning, Brewer's vigor and clever shooting were perhaps superior to Bangor's. It being Bangor's first game, and with only 2 letterwomen, the result was not discouraging, as Brewer's team was composed of all veterans and it was their fifth game. With Lillian Chaison in the center and Sullivan and Toole as guards, we had some very fine material. Steeves and Toole, forwards, put up a good fight and were not far behind the Brewer forwards.

The summary:

**BANGOR 16;**

E. Toole, 2  
Steeves, 4 (2)  
Hastings, 1  
Chaison  
Morrison  
M. Toole  
Sullivan  
Piper  
Kelley  
Smith  
Sanders

**BREWER 21**

Ried, 2 (2)  
Corey, 2 (1)  
Maddocks  
McDonald  
Chute, 2  
Spencer, 1, (2)  
Beedy, 1  
Hinkley

Referee—Rogers of U. of M.

Time—4-8 minute periods.

On February 3, our girls proved a little too strong for the Bucksport girls.

When the girls first went on the floor, it looked "just too bad" for our girls, because the Bucksport sextet were so very tall and determined-looking. However our girls started right in and made a basket the first few minutes of the game, and, when the half ended, we were several points ahead. During the last half the Bucksport girls seemed to acquire celerity and brought up the score for their side.

Chaison and Kelley, former side-centers, were changed to forwards, and shot some pretty baskets for Bangor.

Our next game proved rather disheartening to us, for on February 8, over in Brewer, we were defeated 17 to 28. The Brewer girls proved their superiority in their clever passing

and shooting. However, all of our girls worked hard and kept their opponents on the jump all of the time.

Our next game proved comparatively easy as Higgins did not score until the third quarter. Our guards were in excellent condition, and with our speedy centers and forwards, we defeated the Higgins sextet by a large score.

Our last game was played at Bucksport on March 10. We were obliged to play on a two division floor, instead of three, contrary to our usual custom, and after a hard fight which proved disastrous, the Bangor girls were downed by their opponents. Jewell, the Bucksport star forward, shot some very pretty baskets for her side. Chaison played well as usual and made most of Bangor's score.

The summary:

**BANGOR, 26**

Morrison  
Chaison 7, (1)  
Kelley 3, (1)  
Sullivan  
M. Toole  
Chalmers  
Steeves, 2  
E. Toole

**BUCKSPORT, 38**

Jewell 7, (2)  
Mercer, 6  
Williams  
McClure  
Braun  
Scribner

Referee—Smith and Dickson of the U. of M.

Time—4-8 minute periods.

Thus our rather unsuccessful season ended; the girls practiced three times a week and some times every night.

The following girls are to receive their letters: Chaison, E. Toole, Kelley, Morrison, Chalmers, M. Toole, Sullivan, Steeves, Hastings.

The letters are to be awarded to these girls at our annual banquet which will be held April 20. All other girls that received their numerals at class basketball are eligible to attend. As yet a place for the banquet has not been decided upon. Speeches are to be given and the new president of the council is to be initiated into office.



# FUNNY BONERS



Barbara Cameron: "Mary's demure manner certainly touches one."

Gene Brown: "It runs in the family. Her brother just touched me for a five."

Girls who sing the songs that Mother used to sing,

Rarely get a chance to do more exciting things.

Paul McKenney: "Why didn't you stop and speak to her?"

Morris Staples: "She's only a passing acquaintance."

"May I help you pick your teeth, sir?" inquired the clerk at the false teeth counter.

Gardner Patterson: "How's business?"

Electric Vibrator Salesman: "Pretty shaky, brother, pretty shaky."

The following little verse was received by "Foots" Burke in his last letter from his girl. He hopes that someone that reads it will make out what she wants to say and tell him.

I shall never forget  
The last time we met  
At night where the roses grow.  
Our parting now  
I remember—and how.  
You were standing on my toe.

A divinity student named Tweedle,  
Once wouldn't accept his degree,  
'Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle,  
Without being Tweedle, D.D.

"What did you operate on that guy for?"

"For \$800."

"I mean what did he have?"

"\$800."

Judge (in traffic court)—"Well, I'll let you off today, but another day I'll send you up."

Bob Kurson: "That's exactly what I predicted, your honor."

Judge: "What do you mean?"

Bob: "Fine today; cooler tomorrow."

Claire Libbey has just heard about the flagpole sitter who died and had to be brought down to half-mast.

George Corey: "Doctor, after my broken finger heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly, certainly."

G. C. "S'funny—I couldn't play it before."

Chivalry isn't dead. The boy who honks for his girl usually leans over to open the door for her.

Kitty: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older too."

Kat: "Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

MacFlewelling: "I hear they brought Art home in an ambulance last night."

Art Stewart: "What happened?"

Mac: "He walked down Main Street singing, 'I've got five dollars.'"

Paul Sawyer: "Ah cherie—je t'adore."

Helen Bond: "Aw shut the door yourself—you opened it."

"When did you first suspect your husband was not all right mentally?"

"When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."

Audrey Everett: "Do fish really go about in schools?"

Billy Stetson: "Certainly."

A. E.: "Well, what happens when the teacher gets caught on a hook?"



Good afternoon, boys and girls. This is the Double Cross Club founded by the makers of Neversharp Pens and Pencils, the best pens and pencils in the world—they never fail to break on you. This afternoon we are going to hear another chapter on the adventures of Don Darem or The Wonder Boy at School. But first I want to tell you that there is only a limited time left in which to join this club. To enroll, just write your name and address on a piece of paper with a Neversharp pen or pencil, put it in an envelope, seal, and send to The Neversharp Pen and Pencil Co., North New Boston, Arizona. Be sure to do this at once as there is only a limited time left to join and get the secret mark.

To go on from where we left off last week. Don Darem and his class are taking an exam in Modern Greek under Professor Flunkem. Don's rival and arch-enemy Enos Cribem is sitting just behind him. Don feels someone touch his shoulder, he turns around to find Enos busily writing. Professor Flunkem, who dislikes Don because he is so smart, catches him and is going to send him to the office when Betty Lovem, who sits beside Enos, says that she saw him tap Don. Flunkem then asked her why she was not looking at her own paper. She does not reply. Flunkem loses his temper and is expelling them both from the class, when Mr. Fairum, chairman of the school committee, comes in.

Prof. Flunkem—These two have been copying from Enos Cribem's paper, and I was sending them from the class.

Don—Mr. Fairum, I felt someone touch my shoulder, so I turned around.

Enos—I did not touch you. You just turned around and started copying from my paper the same as Betty was.

Don—You viper, take that.

Well, children, you have just heard Don Darem knock Enos Cribem down. To get the rest of this exciting adventure tune in on this station next week at this time.

Do not forget you have only a short time left to join the Double Cross Club. Just write your name and address on a piece of paper

with a Neversharp pen or pencil, and send to the Neversharp Pen and Pencil Co., North New Boston, Arizona, to get the secret mark which will identify you as a member of the Double Cross Club. Goodbye, children.

Teacher—Now remember, children, no matter what you start, you must always begin at the bottom.

Frosh—How about a well?

N. Carlisle—That doctor must be crazy.

E. Bryant—Howzatt?

Carlisle—He gave me a box of pills and told me to take one pill three times a day.

Student—How's business?

Tutor—Fine, I never saw things so dull in my life.

Father—Why did you flunk your Latin?

Son—Words fail me, father.

Talk about your absent-minded professor. A student at Bangor High, one James McNulty, by name, came out of the Post Office one day with a letter in his hand and casually remarked—"I wonder where the nearest mail box is?"

Bennie Viner—Gee whizz, I just lost twenty cents.

Friend—How come?

Bennie—I saw a quarter in the street, picked it up and it was only a nickel.

Paul Burke wants to know, "Who is the best and the smartest boy in the world and why am I?"

Now that the end of the school year is approaching, (believe it or not there are less than three months before school closes for the summer vacation) freshmen are looking forward to becoming sophomores, sophomores are perking up in anticipation of becoming juniors; as for the juniors they are absolutely unbearable in view of their becoming seniors, and the seniors are too busy trying to gradu-



# HAW!

ate even to think. In looking ahead let us imagine the scene when school opens next fall.

The new sophs, barely recovered from being froshies, are rubbing their eyes and wondering how in the world they are ever going to get up early enough to get to school on time. The first few weeks are filled with new and strange events. First they have to become accustomed to getting up early so as to get to school on time (some never accomplish this, witness Paul Fairley), then they have to become accustomed to their teachers treating them like students instead of children, and lastly they are initiated into the mysteries of R. O. T. C. drill.

The juniors are all puffed up over their new importance in the school. One of their number is going to design a class banner which may, someday, adorn, in a glass case, the walls of our school. They do not think, at that time, of having to pay for it. Also, are they not going to select a class ring? They do not think of the missed movies this means. Lastly, and most important, they are going to have a Junior Exhibition with all the fixings. Think of it, the City Hall for a whole evening, and they are putting on the program

The new seniors are absolutely untouchable. Are they not the big-bugs of the school? Are they not nearly finished with the school? They forget about the Senior Essays that have to be written. All they can think of is that they are going to graduate (maybe), that they are going to have a banquet, and that they are going to have their pictures in the *Oracle*.

The ex-seniors are either enduring again the trials and tribulations of freshmanhood in some college, or wondering how long they are going to hold their jobs with getting to work an hour late every morning.

---

F. Newman—How long could I live without brains?

Teacher—That remains to be seen.

Dear Teacher—(wrote the mother of an innocent frosh):

Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon. He fell in the mud and soiled his clothes. By doing same, you will oblige his mother.

"That's a nasty crack," remarked the Easterner as he saw the Grand Canyon for the first time.

---

We print with great pleasure the following letter from an intelligent member of the junior class.

Dear Sir—

Having seen how clearly and intelligently you answered a letter from a member of the student body in last month's *ORACLE*, I have written asking you to decide an important question for me. This question is of the utmost importance to my well-being, it is a question that is vital to the well-being of every student within the four walls of our fair institution. This question concerns the very existence of the moving picture industry in our fair city, and of the unbroken rows of A's upon my high school report cards. If I should cease going to the movies, they would be forced to close, and tremendous privations would be forced upon each and every student at B. H. S. On the other hand my rank would drop, and the wrath of my parents and ancestors unto the nth generation would fall upon me. The question is this—Should I stay home and study Friday nights, or should I go to the movies and do my studying Sunday nights. I have therefore left the decision of this all-important question in your hands because you have so ably decided so many other important questions.

I remain your respectful servant and hope for a just and speedy decision.

Sincerely yours,

Edward X. Curran.

I am very glad, Mr. Curran, to answer your important question. On this next page you will find an interview with William Fraser. Read this and I am sure it will answer your question.



## BUY ORACLE

# THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## RADIOS TO BE INSTALLED IN ROOMS!

### WHY OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES?

Why do students attend outside activities? It is very easy to see why we go to the morning activities programs. It is always more pleasant to have a chat with an agreeable comrade than to study with disagreeable books. Anyone that disagrees may have a furlined bath-tub by applying at any suitable place. And especially since it is much too early to start thinking. But why should anyone come back in the afternoon or evening?

Forrest Hurd's chief activity is come-back room. Does he love it? We'll say, for he tries to make it every Wednesday—and usually succeeds. Forrest says, "It's the only room in which I can sit and meditate without silly interruptions from people like Duke Ford. Assembly used to be a nice place to think, in fact used to do all my studying there, but they put that guy Kurson up on the platform so much now, and his voice scatters my thoughts. The old high school ain't what she used to be."

Freddy Newman loves Latin Saturday, and he would come back to one every Friday if he could play Aeneas and be chairman of the Ice Cream committee every time.

Woody Brown loves to go downtown in the evening. He says the stores are all lighted 'n' everything. Especially Freese's toy department with the little electric trains and Mickey Mouses. Just what Woody wants Santa to bring him. By going to Rifle Club he has a swell excuse for getting out after six o'clock.

Juliet Spangler (incidentally, has anyone seen Romeo lately) says she goes back to debates for lots of reasons. In the first place they come about the time for her afternoon nap, and a debate is a delightful place to enjoy a good snooze. For another thing she is trying to convince some teachers that she is intellectual, and silent attendance at debates seems the "nertz" of a way to do it. Also she has discovered that by attending debates she can add little marks to those awful ranks. More power, Juliet; may the debates be longer and louder.

### PROMINENT STUDENT INTERVIEWED ON STUDIES

#### Tells Secret of Success

Special to the *Tattler*

Mr. Fraser was interviewed (at his own request) on the subject "How to Become a Student," in order to give to the underclasses and to the freshmen the benefits of his wide experience in high schools.

Mr. Fraser was asked what he thought of the ancient and honorable art of studying. He replied: "Studying appears to me to be an unparalleled waste of time. Nothing is gained by it for you forget at least three-fourths of everything you ever learned. The only time studying ever does any good is just before exams. For example, my first freshman year I faithfully carried home every book every night and as faithfully studied every lesson. When exams came, I thought I knew my lessons so well that there was no need of studying. Net result, I flunked every exam my freshman year, and was asked to please repeat the year. After my third try, it was decided that no harm could be done by making me a sophomore. By that time I had learned the futility of study. From then on I studied only on the nights before exams. To date I have spent thirteen years in B. H. S. I hope to graduate this year. Now as a grave and dignified senior, I earnestly hope that you children will all heed my few and feeble words of advice so that you all may pass through B. H. S. as I have."

Mr. Fraser is planning to found a society called the Veterans of B. H. S. Association. To be eligible for this society, one must have attended B. H. S. for at least eight years.

### IDEA SPONSORED BY DISABLED SCHOOL OF THE AIR MEETS HEARTY APPROVAL

#### Gardner Patterson In Favor

Special to the *Tattler*

It has been rumored that radios are to be installed in all study and recitation rooms within the next few years. Although this has not been confirmed by anyone in authority, we hope this will be the case. Perhaps this is being done with the hope that such a large sale of radios will cure the depression. Who knows?

We wonder whether each room will have a separate radio, or whether there will be a master radio in the office, or some such place, with a loud-speaker in each room. The class rooms will become so popular that it will be almost impossible for the teachers to persuade their classes to go home. The detention room will be crowded with students eager to listen in on an Army-Navy football game, or to hear the crack as Babe Ruth smacks a homer over the centerfield fence. There will be a few who will object on the grounds that the noise will disturb their studying, or sleeping as the case may be, but they will be silenced by the rest of the student body. Think what wonderful voices the teachers will get from talking in competition with a jazz band or a mixed quartet.

We can see Paul Fairley or some other soft-voiced soul striving to make himself heard above the blare of a brass band.

There is only one bad result that we fear from this entertainment, that the freshmen's minds, if any, will be so upset and disturbed by the music and the talking, that they will never be able to become sophs. We find, however, that there are several children's programs in the afternoon which will probably not strain their little minds.



## LOCAL LAD AMAZES PROMINENT SCIENTISTS

### In Test "Our Alvah" Comes Through

By U. Tellum

Disunited Press Staff Writer

Room 211—Apr. 20—DP— Alvah "Cherub" Ford, alias "Duke," "Speed," "Chubby," etc., etc., in a special interview this morning told a DP reporter how he picked the magazine "Judge" in an unusual blindfold test. It seems that that magazine is conducting examinations of this sort so it is rumored on well-known students all over this broad land of ours. It is an honor (no doubt) that our school was among those picked.

Ford, a former football star, came at exactly 4:12 o'clock to room 001—13 where representatives of "Judge" and hordes of cheering spectators were gathered. A great shout went up as "our Duke" approached. Calmly doffing his chapeau, he sat him down in a convenient chair while the blindfold was put over his eyes. A great hush descended over the crowd. Suddenly a judge seized him by the scruff of the neck; another hit him over the head with a chair, while a third turned him around three times; and lastly he was stood on his head for five minutes. Then, all in a flash, Alphas Zzyz, chief of the judges, shot this question at him, "What is the name of the magazine millions mull, the magazine whose name has 5 (five) letters, begins with j and ends in e, has, among other letters, u, d, and g?"

"Judge!" came back our hero without a tremor.

"Wonderful!" breathed the judges. "Remarkable! How do you do it?"

"Oh, not at all. Easy. Any one can do it. I use Lifebuoy. Two years ago, I was a physical wreck, dandruff and everything. I used Lifebuoy faithfully. Now look at me—still a physical wreck."

# APRIL FOOL

## FRESHMEN WINNERS IN NOVEL CONTEST

The teams were composed of ten students each. The judge was Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Each side gave ten words for the other side to try to spell. Then each side went into a huddle for ten minutes. When they came out, they were given a point for each word correctly spelled. When each side had tried a hundred words, the side having the greatest number of points was awarded the decision.

The first match was between the sophomores and the freshmen. The freshmen, being just out of grammar school, were well up in their spelling; while the sophomores had forgotten most of the spelling they ever knew. The freshmen walked all over the sophs, to the tune of ninety-nine to fifty. The upper class held its own for the first five rounds, but, as the freshmen began to use their big words, the sophomores failed miserably.

The second preliminary match was between the seniors and the juniors. The seniors, who had studied Burke's speech, were well equipped with a vocabulary of eight and six cylinder words. The juniors, who had studied Macaulay and Shakespeare, were equally well armed. Neither could spell the other's words; the seniors having forgotten all about Macaulay and Shakespeare, and the juniors having never studied Burke. The score was one to nothing in favor of the seniors.

The final between the seniors and the freshmen was a sell-out. When the teams came into the room (307), a huge audience of five freshmen, who were busily studying, greeted them. The freshmen gave their ten words first, then the seniors gave theirs. The former spelled their allotment in one minute flat, while the latter used five. The match continued thus for nine rounds with a score-board reading—Seniors 90—Freshmen 90. The last round started. The first nine freshmen words were cinches, but the last one—. The freshmen appeared puzzled also. At the end of the time limit, the words were called for. The score read—Seniors 99—Freshmen 100.

It was midnight. Not a creature was stirring, not even a cockroach. Yet what was that; peculiar sounds come down the stairs. Someone was muttering; now he is shouting. Then, silence. A dull thud, several of them. Silence. A crash. We go up, and then peek in thru the key-hole. One Gay Carson is standing in the center of the room crumbling match boxes in his hands. Suddenly with great disgust he hurls the splinters away. He marches to a desk; he snatches up a weighty volume and looks at it for a full moment. Then he leans against the wall. What, oh what is Gay, who isn't very gay at this time, trying to do? The dull thuds that come forth explains those heard a few moments ago. Then a peculiar gleam comes into his eyes as he methodically beats his head against the wall. When he is groggy, he arises and gives forth Tarzan's call. As Tarcana does not answer, he returns to his weighty volume, and then to another much like it. At brief intervals he emits whoops and on one occasion he stands on his head, eating matches all the while. This goes on with increasing violence, and he consumes more and more matches. Finally fearing that he will come out of his room, and fearing for our safety, we creep away.

The next morning a very slim gentleman with deep, hollow eyes rimmed with black, and with strange lumps on his head appears at school. He is, gentle reader, Gay Carson. But notwithstanding his unhappy appearance, there is a look of triumph in his eyes, a gleam of secret satisfaction is apparent, a smirk plays about his cruelly set mouth. Something is up. We can't tell what it is. It is a creepy feeling. Even the lowliest sophs know that history is being made. With cautious tread we enter the first class. A long lecture was enjoyed by all. Its main theme was that no one had done any studying. Then as usual Gay is called upon to prove the point. But lo, with ease and assurance Mr. Carson arises and discourses for fully fifteen minutes. At first we were absolutely overcome, but as we come to we realize that on the night before Gay had been studying for the first time in history. It is April Fool's day, and the little rascal wanted to fool his teacher.



# GOSSIPPE COLUMN

M. "W. W." F.

What would happen if the following students were not seen in the corridors . . . Bill Frasier and Harriet Woodsum . . . Lil Chai-son and all the boys . . . Wendall Johnson and his Dream Girl . . . do you know that . . . Basketball is over . . . Baseball is now the talk of the school . . . Art Stewart is going to attend a prep school next year . . . Paul Burke, Paul Higgins, Frank Burke, and a lot more are planning to attend Maine next year . . . Rip Murphy is going to leave for a small deserted island around Florida, if Majorie doesn't hurry and come home . . . Feet Kendricks studying to be a foot specialist . . . Got something to work on, Bird . . . Philly Webb adores Mc . . . Clay's . . . Paralyzer Knowles losing those becoming freckles of his . . . "Walpool" Hurd is now devoting his time to studies . . . "Full" Moon makes a lot of trips to Brewer . . . ! ! That's my prerogative! ! States Mr. Sommerville.

Don Stuart was in town last week to get a shave . . . Mait Baker has to let his beard grow because of cold weather in Hampden . . . Millie Rolnick got two days sleep before preparing to have her pictures taken for graduation . . . Myra Bennett is ineligible for dances . . . Kent Hassen doesn't drive over Third Street so much— Why? . . . Bob Kurson wishes that he could have competed with Webster and Haynes on their debate . . . Dick Averill forgot his English book in the A & P . . . Barb Cameron says everything isn't like Brown . . . Nancy Connors still thinks Bowdoin is the home of the college man . . . Peggy Thayer is not going to trade pictures with me . . . Why? . . . Dottie Collins knows a Mann . . . Betty Maxwell shot a raccoon at Fair Isle . . . Virg Larreebee thinks her name sounds like Silsby . . . Virginia Grindle goes big for those Bangor Hydro employees . . . Paul Fairley always at school on time, even if he does have to come

'way from our suburb of Veazie . . . All seniors are posing at the local photographers . . .

I hear that:

Don Parker tried to make a date with a member of the faculty—"Gumpy" Stanhope says, "When I am 30 years old, women will be bringing in the family income, so I think I'll wait and get hitched then." . . . Barrett Newcomb has a girl the rest of us have never seen . . . Carolyn Daley states, "Until raccoons go out of style, I'll not wear one, because I'm different!" . . . Peggy Gildart cast her eye into the H. C. I. camp and caught Cal Knaide . . . Gene Brown is looking forward to those warm drilling days at Broadway . . . Sickie Hawkes and I made the following agreement last Christmas, "No more women for us" . . . Ralph Wilson placed the porridge pan over his head and Mama used the scissors on his hair . . . Well, some one has thrown a baseball through the window and it has hit poor Gin Wentworth on the head; I suppose I will have to pick her up . . . Eddie Sullivan, Flo Mitchell and Bob Kurson play cops and robbers and are now trying to destroy Louis 14th chairs . . . Art Stewart is working on the class of '33 parting address already . . . Paul Fairley says, "Grant and Sherman may have knew their stuff, but how about me?"

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Ralph Wilson—Know anything about a car like mine?

Boy—Yes, a thousand jokes.

Editor—In order to make this story a success it needs a detective in it.

Don Parker—A detective, why?

Editor—To find the plot.

Soph—(rushing into library) I want the life of Caesar.

Librarian—Sorry, Brutus beat you to it.

### Why Lil Chaison spends her Saturday nights reading Fairy Tales

Do I ever have the fun on my Saturday nights! First thing after I've et my beans, I do my studying as it don't take so long. About 8 o'clock I put away my books and take out a book written by a mug named Grimms. Gee, did that guy have technique and rythm. Say, I used to think that I got rythm but he has me beat by a long shot. It's the funniest thing but every time the beautiful, but poor, not dumb, girl falls into the hands of the bad, bad, villian, the handsome prince comes on a horse, and takes her off. O' course I knowed all the time he would, but I is relieved always when he arrives. Talk about your gay moderns, I'd ruther read about a prince in a story any day than go out with any of the dumb bunnies around here. And if a feller ever asks me to go out, that's what I'm agoin' to tell him.

Now when I'm a settin' readin' and everything is 'sort of peaceful like; I just imagine that I'm the girl, and does the villian get a black eye. What do you think? Of course I change the story a bit. The prince comes in a black and silver roadster instead of on a horse. All the horses about here have spring halt. Since they don't haf no princes around here he's just a guy loushy with kale. He'd be tall and dark and wear black and white shoes, and a chamois jacket. In fact he'd resemble a lot a fellar I kinda know. But I don't never let my mind wander from my fairy tales. It don't pay. Leastways they say it don't.

## THE DRUGLESS DRUG STORE

(Continued from page 16)

"Omigaud, perfume! No, you fool, it's a pill, a pill, I suppose you never heard of that, did you? No, and never heard of a prescription either, I suppose."

"Oh! Why didn't you say that in the first place? No, we have not had any drug department for years; but, mister, just a minute."

Bending down beneath the counter, Mr. Ginsberg disappeared from sight.

"Now, mister, here is a swell bargain: three pairs of socks and a pair of garters thrown in for only—. Gee, he's gone! Wonder what was the matter with that man."

## WHAT BECOMES OF ORACLE EDITORS?

(Continued from page 15)

tral street in Bangor. In 1895, he was editor of the *Oracle*, in addition to holding the presidential office.

C. Stewart Mead, '29, Chandler Redman, '30, and Howard Kominsky, '31, all of whom were editors, are doing exceptional work at Bowdoin. Nelson Ordway, editor in '28, is also at college—Yale—and is a brilliant student. In his freshman year at Yale, he received a much sought after award for fine scholastic work.

Harry Helson, '17, a noted *Oracle* editor, has received his M. A. degree in psychology and is a professor of that subject in the University of Texas.

One of the best-liked instructors at the University of Maine is professor Robert R. Drummond, Ph. D. Head of the German department, he was *Oracle* editor in 1901.

Thomas Reed, director of the *Oracle's* fortunes last year, is vice-president of the freshman class at the U. of M., is one of the highest ranking students of his class and was a first string lineman on the frosh football team last fall.

On Mt. Desert island, off the coast of Maine, there is a rather unusual farm—an experimen-



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tal "scientific" farm. Harry Woods, *Oracle* editor in 1906, founded and operates it.

Los Angeles is represented by an *Oracle* editor in the person of Fred Benner, class of 1910. Mr. Benner works in a Los Angeles bank.

David Porter, '02, athlete and scholar when in Bangor high, and a member of the first group of Rhodes Scholars to study at Oxford, is now national Y. M. C. A. secretary for college students.

We hope that the present activities of these editors may give the reader some idea of what does happen to *Oracle* editors.

### HURLED INTO FAME

(Continued from page 13)

weeks! Will you let me remain here for three weeks?"

"Well Phil, I will talk with the President, and see what he thinks. I will let you know tonight."

Phil hastened up to the Chi Nu house. There was a host of boys seeking the missing money. When Phil entered everybody began talking at once:

"Did he question you?" "Did he kick you out?"

The majority of boys crowded around and heard his story. They all knew he was innocent! They all knew that he would rather leave college than steal.

That night the Dean sent him the notice which said that due to Phil's high scholastic, and personal record, the faculty would give Phil three weeks which he asked for. It also said, however, that he was, under no circumstances, to leave the campus.

On the way to the study hall, Phil met Sheila. She expressed her opinion that the professors were all crazy to believe Phil guilty. She also expressed her opinion very clearly as to the fact of her belief in his innocence.

They parted at the hall with the promise of seeing each other later.

(Continued on page 36)



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One day while studying, Phil heard a host of students coming up the stairs, the Bumpus twins in the lead. Without an invitation they burst through the door of Phil's room and announced that Robinson had regained his memory, and that the money was hidden inside the lining of his black derby hat, which reposed on the shelf of his closet.

Of course everyone was overjoyed to have Phil freed from suspicion, and, when the three weeks had lapsed the whole college was stunned to hear of the edition of a book by Philip E. Langley.

The dean with hearty congratulations accepted Phil's story that the publishers had advanced him \$200 for the option on the copyright of his manuscript, binding him to secrecy until such time as they should decide whether they would buy his story outright or allow him a share of royalties. The high opinion of the critics foretold the popularity of Phil's book along with its tremendous financial success, and, within the three weeks, Phil was free to tell of his good fortune. Another sudden surprise was the announcement of his engagement to Miss Sheila A. Burns.

Then the dean, the fraternity, and Shelia were all proud of the signal honor Phil had achieved.

## FIFTH AVENUE MURDERS

*(Continued from page 11)*

at Detective Anthony Baldwin. During his lengthy career in the metropolitan police force, he had never heard such an incredible statement. Schooled in police routine, his first question in this case, rule number one to the policeman, was, "Motive?" and the abrupt shattering of his belief in police teachings stunned him.

Tony, noting his astonishment, smiled. "Hit you between the eyes, old-timer? Sort of struck me that way, too. But you'll see."

As soon as they got to the laboratory, Ser-  
*(Continued on page 38)*



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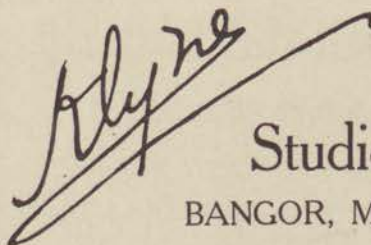
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## FIFTH AVENUE MURDERS

*(Continued from page 36)*

geant Humphreys found words. "If you're right, this is the queerest case I ever heard of. I know a good many cranks kill people for the fun of it, but they all have motives in their twisted minds. 'The Motiveless Crime!' Huh!"

In answer, Tony opened the laboratory door carefully, and stepped in. After glancing around the room, he turned to the sergeant, and said, "You remember when I came up here this afternoon, just after I questioned Harkins? Well, behind this loose brick here in the wall, I found a very interesting notebook, a very interesting notebook," patting his breast pocket. "I want to read you this interesting document, George."

### DIARY

*Sheldon Appleby, Sr.*

March 21

If my experiment but succeeds I can make the world happy! I can annihilate the borderline between Life and Death, and banish all false fears!

April 2

It has succeeded! A little 32 and all my friends would be forever happy. Pain, Fear—all the ills of flesh would be forever dismissed!

April 20

Mind triumphs over matter! I shall try the 32 and shall know from my own experience whether or not the Beyond is as I picture it. If it is, I shall return to gather my household. I shall want all the people whom I love and whom I wish to deliver. I rejoice that I have a son to carry on my plans, and if I do not return soon, I pray that some one will continue my work so that my son and I may be reunited in a fear-free, immaterial world. And to think one tiny tablet from bottle 32 in a glass of water will perform this miracle!

Then, laying aside the notebook, "In short, George, the murderer discovered this notebook, read it, and did as it directed."

"But, still, I don't see who did it," protested the good sergeant, a frown on his face.

"Sergeant, the murderer was a person who could pass unmolested through the house, a person nobody feared, a person verging on insanity, a person who committed suicide after all his fiendish acts were completed. In other words—"

"Shelly," muttered the sergeant.

"Exactly," said Tony.



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Helen F. Tremble,

Secretary of Class of 1932, Captain Girls' Basketball '31-'32, National Honor Society.

Leona J. West, '32,

Captain Girls' Hockey '31-'32, Vice-president Student Council, President Girls' Athletic Honor Council, and National Honor Society.

Charles S. McNaughton, '31

Alena M. Wright, '31.

Phyllis W. Libby, '31.

Betty Ann Russ, '31.

Mary McLaughlin, '30.

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## HOW LITTLE WE KNOW

(Continued from page 8)

advice. One day, as I was luring a chipmunk into a trap, he came down and asked why I wanted the chipmunk. I told him I wanted to tame him. Well, right then I learned a bit of philosophy. He said, "That is no way to tame him. Take some peanuts or cake out every morning and night and pretty soon he will perch on your wrist and eat out of your hand." I tried this, and in two weeks he was always there in the morning and at night for his meals. From this experience, I learned that a lot more can be accomplished by kindness than by cruelty."

## FROGS

(Continued from page 7)

"The crooner. The one we have to listen to every night just because—"

"We won't discuss that. If your mother likes to listen to him, well—. Anyway why in the name of heaven did you do it? I, personally, don't like crooners, but I don't go around putting frogs in their houses."

"It's a long story," said Pattie sadly, "but I'll tell you how it began."

And she mournfully recited a long list of family disputes, of tedious evenings at home, of thwarted hopes all traceable to that everlasting crooner.

"When Ted told me there were lots of frogs near the mill, an idea was born. Add me, the frogs and Mr. Stynes together and,"—finished Pattie spreading her hands apologetically.

"Well, young lady, please inform me when you try something else. I'm getting old and my heart can't stand too much. Besides, I may be able to help you. I've dozens of college stunts that are much better than——."

"Dad, you know nothing can touch me in the way of practical jokes," exclaimed his daughter reproachfully.





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