

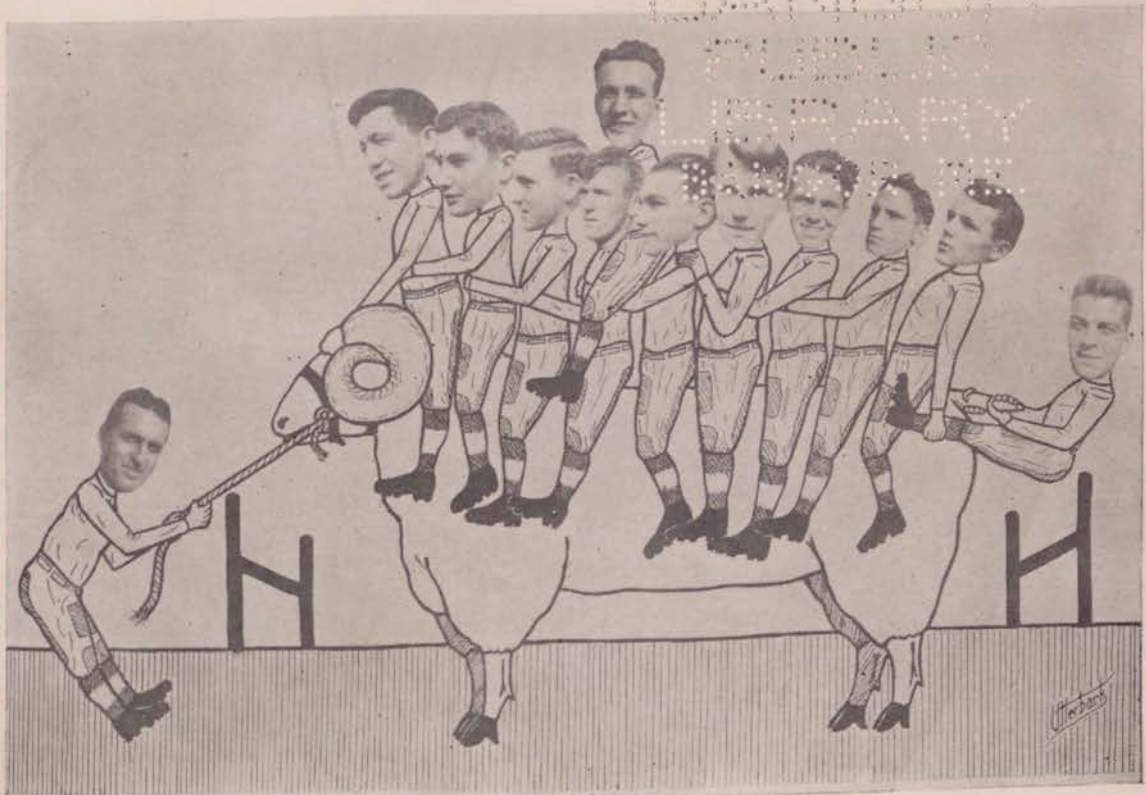
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Vol. XLVI

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(See page twenty-two)

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By Miriam Fellows

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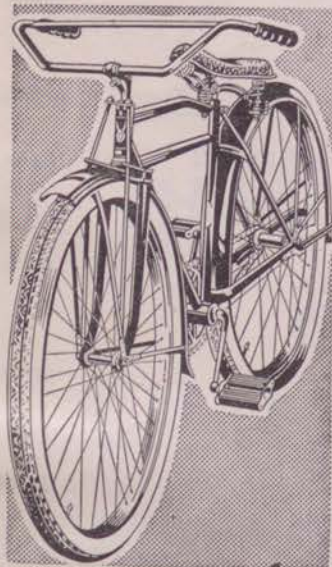
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98 MAIN STREET

The Good Sport

MIRIAM FELLOWS

JUNIOR

Suddenly Ellie missed the monotonous, familiar clanging of the bell buoy.

After vainly casting about for a plot for three whole weeks, Miriam went on a picnic, saw a lighthouse, and presto—a story!

BEFORE Ellie Grey had been in the white lighthouse at Wood's point (in which her relatives, the Stones, lived for the summer) a day, she had climbed the steep spiral stairs to the light, had sailed in her cousin Ted's pride and joy, the *Sea Gull*, and knew about the sailboat race to be held next Wednesday. Judy, Ted's younger sister, was sure Ted would win, but Ted himself doubted it, thinking that Sam Marston would win this year, as he had last.

Ellie learned also that the lighthouse had been abandoned when the steamer service from Chase Harbor had been discontinued, and that the Stones had liked and bought it three years ago.

Everything pointed toward a pleasant visit, but in the following days Ellie found that the Stones seemed to regard her as something breakable. They were not rude or unkind, merely mistaken. Ellie was very lonely and disappointed, but felt that it would not be courteous to say anything.

She supposed that this treatment was due to the fact that the Stones were so used to Judy, who was sixteen, and to Ted, seventeen, taller and browner than his sister. She felt that to them, she, who had fair and untanned skin, must seem pale and rather sickly.

So while Ted and Judy were very busy preparing the *Sea Gull* for the race, Ellie read a great deal and spent much time up in the light-room, which was very clean, since Aunt Mary was continually having visitors who wanted to go up to see the old kerosene lamp and the gorgeous view.

But at last Wednesday, the day of the race, came, fair and with a steady wind, not too stiff.

Ted and Judy left at nine-thirty, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Ellie, standing on the balcony, watched the race start at ten o'clock. The wind was with them, and they came swiftly ahead, all together. As they passed the lighthouse, the eager watchers saw that the *Sea Gull* was in the front line. Swiftly they passed, and at ten-thirty, were out of sight. They wouldn't be back until about four in the afternoon.

Mr. Stone had to go into town on business, and Aunt Mary and Ellie were left alone. Soon, however, Mrs. Bell, a great friend of Aunt Mary's, came out, and Ellie climbed up to the light, where she amused herself by watching the racers with field glasses until they were out of sight. After they were gone, she turned the glasses toward the shore, which was still unfamiliar. When she saw Mrs. Bell rowing away from the lighthouse, she knew that it was time for lunch, and so went down.

After lunch, Uncle Jim came out bringing with him Mr. and Mrs. Masterson and their daughter Helen. Mr. Masterson was a business associate of Uncle Jim's and a sailing enthusiast.

Helen Masterson was Ellie's age. She was a stout, unattractive, dull, lazy girl who cared for little besides sleep and food; she had no initiative and wasn't a very desirable companion, but, at least, she was someone to talk to.

Ellie offered to take her up to the light to watch the racers come in, but, after looking up the stairway, Helen declined the invitation, so they went and sat on the balcony. The older people were there, talking.

Suddenly Ellie noticed huge, black clouds rolling up from all sides. They were coming faster and faster and getting blacker and blacker.

"Look!" she cried. "Do you think there'll be a storm?"

"Why, where *did* those clouds come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Masterson. "They were not here fifteen minutes ago!"

"No, and the wind has died down—'way down! Oh, do you think there'll be a storm?" cried Aunt Mary.

"Looks like it—but the race'll be over by that time," Uncle Jim reassured her, but he looked anxious.

"My," said Helen, leaning over the rail, "see how calm the water is. More like a lake than an ocean. I can see way down. It's pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes, but no help to the race," said her father.

"Oh, they'll be in anytime now. We'll see them come

around the bend in no time," replied Mr. Stone.

But the sky grew cloudier and cloudier, and the clouds grew very black. The sun was blotted out at times and there was absolutely no wind. The sea lay still. The air got hotter and hotter. Aunt Mary served cold root beer, and that helped a little. Soon the sun was gone for good. The sky was very black. The clouds seemed to hang heavily and low. Suddenly a breeze scurried across the water, rippling the glassy surface, cooling the people on the balcony.

"Oh! Doesn't that feel good? Now, perhaps, there'll be a steady breeze," exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

But even as she spoke the breeze died away.

"Oh, dear I shouldn't have spoken," she sighed.

Suddenly a great flash of lightening split the heavens. It was quickly followed by a huge crash of thunder.

"Oh, Heavens! A thunderstorm! We must move inside!" So saying, Mrs. Stone jumped up, and began folding the chairs and putting them inside.

"It's too hot inside, Mary. Let's stay here as long as we can—if that's all right with you all," protested Uncle Jim.

"Oh, let's stay here," agreed the Mastersons.

Aunt Mary, aided by Ellie, and, indifferently, by Helen, put away all the porch furniture, except their own chairs, before sitting down again.

It thundered and lightened several times, and then it began to pour. The rain came down in sheets. Hastily, they all moved in.

"Oh, those poor children! They'll be drowned in this downpour!" cried Aunt Mary.

"Nonsense! It's letting up already," replied Mr. Stone. And so it was. In ten minutes it had stopped

raining entirely. There was a fresh, gentle, fitful wind blowing. Everything was dripping and cooler.

It was now five o'clock and the racers were not yet in sight. Aunt Mary was very worried, so Ellie climbed to the light to see if she could see the boats. There were none in sight.

When she came down, the wind was all gone. It was thundering again, and sprinkling.

Uncle Jim and Mr. Masterson were bailing out the boats and covering them with canvas, while Aunt Mary got supper.

At seven o'clock, there was no wind, no rain. The racers had not returned.

The Bells rowed out to say that they had driven up to the narrows, and that there had been hardly any wind there since two o'clock. The racers wouldn't be home 'til late.

When they had barely reached shore, the storm really broke. There was very little rain, but a terrible wind and huge waves. There was no hope of the Mastersons' getting home, now. They must stay here all night.

At ten-thirty it was pitch dark. There was a strong, fierce wind, and the waves were gigantic. Helen was obviously yawning, Ellie trying not to. Aunt Mary, Uncle Jim and the Mastersons were very worried.

"You girls had better go to bed. We'll call you when they come. It's pretty late, and you were up very early," said Mrs. Stone.

Helen was very ready to go, but Ellie went reluctantly.

They lay in bed, listening to the rushing, cracking

(Continued on page 34)



"As they passed the lighthouse, the 'Sea Gull' was in the front line."

A Lady Lies

By Donald Stuart

"Don" tells us he spends most of his spare time (we'd give a lot to know where he finds it) writing gruesome tales. Well, you mystery story fans—read 'em and shudder.

AND SO the bold, bad villain was killed, while the hero and heroine lived happily ever after," sighed Jim Craig, laying down the mystery story he had been reading. "Well, murder will out!"

"How interesting!" snapped Raul Entry, turning from the French windows through which he had been watching the storm outside. "I should think that you might have a little more respect for the—I mean—"

"Just what do you mean?" interrupted Timothy roughly, from behind his glass. "If you ask me—"

"Nobody's asking you!" Jim quietly addressed his brother. "I'm sure what our guest means is that the night and the atmosphere have affected his nerves. It is a nasty night out."

As if in agreement, the wind blew a torrent of rain across the windows, causing every pane to rattle and shake.

"This place is driving me crazy!" Raul exclaimed, startled.

"Don't let it get you, old boy," Jim comforted. "It won't bother you at all, after you get used to it. Why, we don't even notice it, do we, Tim?"

"Oh-h, n-o-o!" stammered the wide-eyed Timothy.

"Though I will admit," continued Jim, "that it seems as though the very dead were weeping and wailing a—"

"For Heaven's sake, shut up!" blazed Raul. Then, quickly, "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm acting like a fool; too many drinks, I guess. Forget it, will you?" He sank heavily into a chair.

"It's forgotten," Jim returned easily. "Say, did you ever hear of the old belief that if a murderer enters the place where the corpse is, the corpse will start to bleed afresh?"

"No, I never did," answered Raul between clenched teeth, steeling himself against another outbreak. "Quaint, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jim replied. "There's quite a lot of truth in some of those old superstitions." He paused. "By Jove, I've got an idea! If we got everyone together that was here when—it happened—and took them into the tomb—"

"Are you crazy?" asked Raul in amazement, sitting bolt-upright.

"No, the night's affected me, too, that's all!" Jim answered, smiling oddly. "Well, what do you say?"

"But Elsa wasn't murdered!" objected Tim tremulously. "It was suicide. The police proved that!"

"Proved it, nothing!" Jim cried angrily, forgetting

himself for a moment. "They just couldn't prove it was anything else!"

"So you think she was murdered?" questioned Raul, softly. "Then whom—"

"Oh, I don't know," Jim broke in. "I can't prove she didn't die as the police say, but surely, if the old belief is true, it will work tonight—now. The rain pouring down, the wind howling, the thunder and lightning—on a night like this, anything can happen!"

"You talk like a cheap mystery novel!" sneered Raul. "Why, the whole plan is ridiculous!"

"Whassa matter, 'fraid?" Tim inquired, snuggling up on the divan, an empty glass lying across his chest.

"Afraid? Of course not! Only—"

"Only what?" asked Tim belligerently.

"Well, there's a law against it. Grave diggers—"

"Who's gonna know? The tomb's on our own estate, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's so—so preposterous!" Raul exploded. "Tomorrow everything will seem different."

"Forget tomorrow!" said Jim, rising from his chair.

"I'm going to prove my innocence, anyhow."

"What about the others?" Raul asked quickly.

"Better go ourselves, first," Jim answered. "We have to be sure she's there. Maybe the ghost walks tonight. Coming?"

"I think you fellows are definitely more affected by the storm than I am," stated Raul, remaining seated. "We'll sit right here tonight, and then in the morning if you want the police to come again—"

"But you're going away in the morning!" Tim exclaimed, rising unsteadily.

"You can't sus—"

"We certainly don't suspect ourselves!" retorted Tim. "If—"

"Tim!" Jim reprimanded sharply. "He doesn't know what he's talking about, Raul," he apologized.

"Oh, I don't?" whimpered Tim. "Well, Elsa was the best sister I ever had, and if someone murdered her like you say—"

"I didn't say anyone murdered her," Jim explained patiently. "I just happened to think of that old superstition, and I thought if we all went into the tomb and nothing happened, then we wouldn't sit around and secretly suspect each other!"

"Oh, come now," said Raul, smiling. "That's a bit stiff, isn't it? I surely—"

"Can the chatter and come along, then," Tim interrupted, teetering back and forth precariously. "This

idea's getting on my nerves! I'm for doing it and getting back."

"Well, I'm staying right here!" said Raul. "Nobody's going to drag me out on a night like this. Especially to inspect a dead body!"

"See?" cried Tim, exultantly, his voice rising to a high pitch. "He's afraid! Afraid that Elsa will start bleeding—"

"Why you—" Raul snarled, rising to his feet and advancing toward the now cowering Timothy. "You can't call me a murderer and get away with it!"

"Gentlemen!" interposed Jim, stepping quickly between them. "I'm sorry now that I mentioned it. I didn't imagine it would bring things to a point like this. I'm sure," he said, turning to Raul, "that Tim doesn't really suspect you—when he's sober."

"I do, too!" insisted Tim, his voice wavering. "And so do you! You said yourself that—"

"Tim!" commanded Jim tersely. "Forgive him, Raul," he said. "Let's go to the tomb."

Tim threw open the door. A gust of wind blew rain across the threshold, wetting him.

Not a word was spoken as the three men filed across the shadowy drive, their footsteps echoing hollowly on the pavement. Through a nearby hedge they went and across the big lawn toward a mound that marked the tomb.

They were oblivious to the beating rain, to the thunder and lightning. As they walked through the weird night to where Elsa's body lay, there was a tenseness among them as though they truly were to prove their innocence—or guilt.

The rain, with the cold wind, had sobered Tim somewhat, though he was still a little "under the weather" and plainly very much frightened. Constantly, he was peering around him into the darkness, and each time the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, he jumped anew. Suddenly a particularly vivid flash of lightning illuminated everything, and as suddenly, Tim turned straight ahead. His shrill cry pierced the night.

"Look!" he cried, "Look! The door of the tomb! It's open!"

"Don't be a fool, Tim!" exclaimed Jim, running to his brother's side. "It can't be!"

"But it is," retorted Raul. "I saw it, too!"

"Oh, my Lord!" Tim moaned. "The ghost walks—oh—"

"You're just imagining things!" interrupted Jim. "I'm soaked! Let's get going."

In spite of Jim's optimism, however, the tiny group approached the tomb more slowly than before, and as they drew nearer, they barely moved, for they could see that Tim had spoken the truth. The door of the tomb was open.

Jim pulled a flashlight from his pocket and focused the beam on the front of the aperture. Slowly, he brought the light to the doorway and let it cut the some-

how sinister blackness. Dimly the sombre interior was revealed.

"Who's going in first?" asked Tim, nervously.

"I will," Jim answered. "I'll go in and take the top off the coffin."

"No!" Tim begged, unexpectedly. "If I've got to go in, let me go first and get it over with!"

He took the torch from his brother and, with an affected air of pathetic bravery, went into the tomb.

Down the inside steps he stumbled and flashed the light over the dark walls till it came to rest on Elsa's coffin. He walked toward it and laid his hand on the cover. Somehow, he got it off. For a minute he thought his heart would stop beating. His head was ringing, and his stomach had an empty feeling. He leaned against the cold stone for support.

"Are you all right?" came an anxious call from Jim, outside.

"Y-yes, just a minute," Tim answered. At last he turned around and peered into the coffin. There lay his sister, with the same smile upon her face that had always been so much a part of her.

Tim knelt by her side.

"Elsa! Elsa!" he sobbed, his voice husky with emotion as his eyes filled with tears. "Tell us who is guilty! Please, please, Elsa! Oh, only a week ago—"

He could stand it no longer. He rose to his feet, dimly realizing that her garment was still pure white. In a daze, he retraced his steps to the entrance and leaned against the doorway.

"Is she—?" asked Raul, hoarsely.

"In there," Tim gestured wearily. "I give you my word, there's no stain on her—"

"I'll go in next," volunteered Jim suddenly. "You two wait here."

He took the light from Tim's hand as he passed and went down the steps.

"This drunken brother of yours wouldn't know whether the corpse were there or not!" Raul spoke loudly to Jim. "Is it?"

Evidently the thought of walking ghosts had taken root in fertile soil.

"Of course it is!" Jim answered, silently cursing Raul for his undignified reference to Elsa.

"Then who—"

"Corpse," repeated Tim, still a bit dazed. "Corpse—"

His befuddled brain registered again for an instant.

"The cops!"

Tim left Raul and the tomb like a shot and dashed to the house as fast as he could go over the slippery grass.

Why he should call the cops he didn't know, but that was the only thing occupying his mind at the time, and he felt that he must get them. Running in the front doorway and through the hall to the library, he sped to the telephone and grasped the receiver.

"Operator! Operator! Get me the police! Hurry! Hurry!"

Back at the tomb, Jim had come out and was standing by the door.

"Why—where's Tim?"

"I don't know!" replied Raul. "When you and I were talking, all of a sudden he started to run towards the house. Got scared, probably."

"Probably," agreed Jim. "Poor kid! More than he could stand, I guess." Then, "I give you my word, there's no blood on her. It's your turn now."

"Yes," breathed Raul. "Give me the torch."

Jim handed it to him.

Raul walked down into the tomb and stood there, shivering. He sent the light slowly coursing the walls until finally, near the floor, it came to rest on Elsa's coffin. For a long while he stood like a figure transfixed, trying to gain complete control of himself. With a final backward movement of his shoulders, he flashed the light on her face—pale and ghastly in the dim light. Growing bolder, he threw the beam on the rest of her body. At first he thought she was as he had last seen her, but suddenly the light caught something glistening on her breast. And slowly drawing nearer, his terror-stricken eyes disclosed fresh, deep-red blood, forming tiny rivulets down her side!

The light crashed from his trembling hand to the floor, unnoticed.

"Get me out of here!" he screamed. "I did it! I did it!" His voice reverberated emptily against the black walls. "Only don't make me stay in here with her!" Nothing but silence answered him.

"Come and get me!" he cried. "I'll confess! I'll confess!"

"The door is up here," Jim's icy voice broke the spell.

Slowly, Raul felt along the wall to the steps and groped his way to where Jim was standing.

"Come along!" Jim ordered, taking him roughly by the arm. "So you did it, eh?"

"Her body—" whimpered Raul, suffering from the terrible shock—"all blood—that superstition, is it really true?" he asked abruptly.

"It would seem that way, wouldn't it?" Jim retorted. "I told you it would work tonight, if it ever did."

"What are you going to do with me?" Raul questioned fearfully. His nerve was all gone. He had been so sure of himself until this night, the last night before he intended to leave. He hadn't been very much afraid even when Jim proposed going to the tomb—his plans had been so certain—so sure. It had been worse than he had imagined—in the tomb—alone, with her. But even so, that the body would bleed was a completely unlooked for event, and he had been unable to cope with it, so quickly had it seemed to happen. Though, of course, he knew he was guilty, it had completely surprised him. He had placed no faith in the superstition. When he saw the shining pool, the seemingly impossible proof of his guilt, after all his deep-laid scheming—

before he had known what he was doing, he had confessed.

Now he was a different man. He had been proven guilty. There was no object in trying to carry on, to bluff it out. He was completely at a loss—helpless.

"Do with you?" Jim echoed. "As soon as I can get the police, you're going back with them—to your just deserts," he finished grimly.

"You—you mean the ch—" Raul choked on the word. This, after escape had seemed straight ahead!

In the house, Tim was having a hard time with the arms of the law he had begged the chief of police to send him. Though it had taken the officers but a short time to arrive, they had found a completely sober Timothy, who, for the life of him, couldn't remember why he had called them.

As he was knee-deep in a very implausible explanation, the front door swung open to admit Jim and Raul.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Jim. "This is a pleasant surprise!"

"I'll say it is!" Tim agreed heartily.

"But how did you know we wanted you?" Jim inquired, puzzled.

"He called up," answered one of the officers, gesturing at Tim. "And now he says he can't remember why he called us! What's up?"

"Thanks for getting them here," Jim said to Tim, wondering how Tim had known enough to act at the time.

Tim opened his mouth as if to speak, but Jim flashed him a warning glance.

"Sergeant," he said, stepping up to the leader of the men, "I want you to arrest this man," he held Raul firmly in his grasp, "for the murder of my sister!"

Color ebbed from Tim's face, as he looked at Raul. Like a flash, all the frightful events of the night came back to his memory. So this was the man who had killed his beloved sister! Tim exercised a mighty effort to keep from crossing the room and strangling him.



"The three men filed across the shadowy drive"

"Well!" said the officer, "that's different! Why didn't you say so?" he addressed Tim.

"Better take him right along, Sergeant," Jim said brusquely, thrusting the quivering Raul in the officer's arms.

"So you're the bird we're after, eh?" the Sergeant now spoke to Raul. "Pretty clever—but you got caught, didn't you?"

"Caught—" repeated Raul, cringing in the man's strong grip.

"Then it wasn't suicide, eh?" the Sergeant mused. "How did you get him to confess?" he asked, turning to Jim.

"Well," Jim started to explain.

"You'll never get me to confess!" shrieked Raul suddenly. "You nor anyone else! I'm going back to Elsa!"

With a cat-like movement, he squirmed from the grasp of the Sergeant and fled into the hall, his insane laughter echoing through the house.

Straight for the door he headed, but a guarding officer stood forbodingly in front of it. In an instant, Raul pivoted, ran back past the library doors and up the long, carpeted stairs—chuckling to himself—unaware of where he was going.

So far he had eluded his pursuers, maniacal strength spurring him on. But as he reached the top of the stairs, Tim stepped from the library into the hall, a small black automatic clenched tightly in his hand. Just once the gun spoke. Raul threw up his arms, reeled drunkenly, and pitched headlong down the stairs. The single bullet had found its mark.

For a while, no one moved. Tim stood, the gun still in his hand, looking with bitter hatred at the crumpled form. Finally the sergeant broke the deep quiet.

"Well, young man, I guess it's all right. If he was a murderer like Jim says, you only did your duty in shooting him, since he was trying to escape. He was half crazy anyway, judging by his actions."

"Thank you, sergeant," Jim said warmly.

"Forget it," the officer answered. "We're glad you boys got him; we didn't. To tell the truth, we never even suspected him."

"Say," he spoke to some of his inferiors, "take him out, will you?" He indicated Raul.

"O. K., boss," replied one.

Tim watched them till they disappeared from sight. Then he retreated into the library, sobbing brokenly, suffering from the effect of his recent nervous strain.

"A few formalities," the sergeant was saying to Jim. "You know how it is. We've got the body and we've got your word he's the right man, but we'd like a little proof."

"Of course," replied Jim. "Come with me and I'll tell you all about it. We'd better walk back to the tomb—it's still open."

"The tomb?" gasped the sergeant. "Say, what is this?"

"I'll tell you, sergeant," Jim answered, "but you

don't need to write it all down in your little book, do you?"

"I don't know yet," returned the sergeant, pencil and notebook ready for use, as they walked along together.

"Well," began Jim, "it was like this: when the coroner gave a verdict of suicide for Elsa, I knew it was a lie!"

"You did? Well, why didn't you say so?" the amazed sergeant asked, pencil poised in mid-air.

"Let me tell it my way," said Jim slowly. "I didn't say so because—Raul and Elsa were in love."

"Don't be foolish, man!" exclaimed the sergeant. "You've just accused him of murdering her!"

"He did!" replied Jim. "It happened this way. Raul was the executor of my late father's will, and he had to be around here for a while in order to get things straightened out. Naturally, we didn't mind that at all. Why should we?"

"But one night I found Elsa and him together in a rendezvous."

"I didn't say anything then, because I didn't want to hurt Elsa—she was so sensitive, just like Tim. That's why they liked each other so, I guess. I never saw a deeper love between brother and sister."

"And of course, I never told Tim. He thought Elsa was perfect."

"However, I did tell Raul, later, that if I ever found him and her together again I'd kill him—and I meant it."

"One night, a while after, I was out walking on the grounds. By chance, I followed the path that goes on the edge of the cliff by the ocean. It was a lovely night, I remember, though the moon would go behind a cloud every now and then. The surf was pounding up and casting a great white spray on the side of the cliff."

"Once I thought I heard a scream and quickened my pace, 'til I decided it must have been a noise from the sea."

"About then, the moon went behind a cloud. I kept walking, being near the end of my path and familiar with my surroundings, and to my astonishment, I met Raul coming down the path."

"We barely greeted each other and went on. I recollect noticing how pale he looked, even in the dark."

"Suddenly, I thought of asking him if he heard a scream. I turned back, then thought better of it. I continued to follow the path 'til I came to the very edge of the cliff. I wanted to think things over—to be alone. It's an ideal spot for that."

"Then the moon came out and illumined the whole cliff. I happened to glance down and—"

"Anyway, I found her, as you heard me state at the inquest. I realized immediately that she and Raul had been there together, and I presume he saw me coming—the path winds upwards. He must have remembered my threat, and, knowing I meant it, I suppose it was a comparatively simple thing for him to push her off—"

"Then that *was* her scream," put in the sergeant.

(Continued on page 28)

Golf-Bred

By Barbara Savage

*Barbara admits she's always been "nuts about golf,"
so she just naturally writes about it. More power to you,
Barbara!*

AL HALL banged the door of his sport coupe behind him and bounded up the steps of his home two at a time.

"Hey, Dad," he called, as he closed the screen door.

"Yes, son," answered a soft, deep voice from the dining room, "come out here if you have something to say."

"There was no gas in the tank," said Al, pulling his chair to the table, "so I filled 'er up at Green's, O. K.?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Hall, "only you should have come home sooner. Mother and I have been waiting to hear how you came out in the qualifying round at the tournament today."

"Oh, I qualified," said Al, sobering.

He shifted his eyes from his father's face to his mother's, then down toward his plate, but not before he observed a happy gleam as their glance met. The glance seemed to tell how proud they felt, and Al resented this. This Club Championship Tournament he was playing in was a cut-and-dried proposition to him, and, when it was through, he would have done what his father had wanted.

Al could remember the time, when he was about seven, that his father had placed him in the hands of the club "pro." He had a small set of clubs, and, although he did not understand the game, he knew his father loved it. The small boy felt, as most small boys do, that anything his Dad did was the right thing. So, trailing around the course after the "pro," he became a little model, learning the fundamentals of the game in the "pro's" pattern.

At twelve, he began to have feelings of his own. He learned to like other sports, and he resented the fact that he should be thrust into this game when others suited him better.

One Sunday morning, after Al and his father had played at the club as usual, Al entered the caddy-house after his round. At his father's request, he passed the scorecard to a friend who burst out, "Well, well, Allan, my boy, a fifty. What do you think of that, fellows, for nine holes? This lad will be the champion here before long, eh, Hall?" he queried of Al's father.

"That's just what his mother and I have set our hearts on," returned Mr. Hall.

That one sentence was enough to make Al think. So that was why he was playing golf—for his father, whose chief joy was to see the Pleasant Dale Golf Club, which he had helped to organize twenty years ago, in fine condition; whose amusement was a Sunday morning match with his foursome; who subscribed to all the

current golf magazines, and purchased the newest equipment, but, in spite of this, whose game never was nor would be better than that of a duffer.

So Al practised on dutifully, usually on week-ends and even four or five times a week during summer vacations, all the while acquiring an admirable game. His parents' encouragement and great joy at his success urged him on, but, as his ability progressed, a bitter reaction towards the game developed.

"The Club Championship Trophy will be awarded to the winner of the Pleasant Dale Golf Club Tournament at its annual banquet Thursday, August the twenty-fourth. Make reservations early."

Al's eyes skimmed over this placard tacked on the bulletin board in the caddy-house before studying the names of those who had signed up for the tournament. He placed his name on the list and awaited the drawings for the qualifying round.

It was an easy matter for Al to qualify. He entered the tournament with the same calm feeling he had always had. A round to him meant little more than whistling a tune or tying a shoe, so he met his next opponent and the next with the same passive attitude. He was cool, and it was with no surprise to himself that he reached the semi-finals.

There was no trace of uneasiness in Al Hall as he faced the ball on the first hole of the semi-finals' round. There was a hush at the tee as the club was drawn away from the ball and came back through with a sure stroke that sent it straight down the fairway. It dropped at the two-hundred yard marker and rolled fifty yards further.

"A beaut!" "Nice ball!" "Perfect shot!" "That boy is a wonder. Did you notice his easy swing? So natural. If he makes out today, whoever is up against him tomorrow had better watch out." With these comments the gallery dispersed to await the climax of the match.

On the last nine the tide changed. A thought popped into Al's mind as he approached the ball before the fifteenth green, a thought that had been brooding in him a long time. Here he was on the very brink of his father's goal, and what had he for it? A game he hated. He knew the daily paper had christened him "Wonder Boy," but what of that? The credit was due his father. He jerked the number six iron from his bag for a chip shot onto the green. Then something happened that had never occurred before to Al Hall. He dubbed a shot. The clubhead met the ball on the top, and, instead of scooping it up in a clean sweep onto the green,

the ball bounced unsteadily a few yards and stopped. This snapped him out of his reverie. The next shot reached the green, but he had not been sure that it would. The following hole was the same. Between shots Al could not shut reflections of his golfing past out of his thoughts. He had been a toy of his father's, and it was weak of him!

Trying for his shots, no longer sure, he struggled to win, nipping the match on the sixteenth, three down and two to go. Now that the semi's were over he faced the finals.

This problem bothered him even as he accepted congratulations on the way to the caddy-house. Congratulations meant nothing to him. They only signified the game that had caused him so much discontentment.

He glanced at the bulletin board on the way to the locker room. Tomorrow, the last day, he would be up against his father's best friend and college roommate, "Doc" Jones, who had always been "Uncle Doc" to Al.



"The club came back through with a sure stroke."

As he was lacing up his shoes on the bench before the lockers, he heard the familiar voice of "Uncle Doc," who had been something of a confidant to Al since his boyhood, and who, whenever he knew that something was wrong, made it his business to find out what it was. Al swung around to reply just as the older man stretched one leg across the bench and straddled it, facing Al.

"I watched you play the last few holes, Al, but you were not like yourself. Did dubbing that approach shot blow you up, son? I hardly think that. You wouldn't tell an old friend what pulled the corners of your mouth down and put the wrinkles on your forehead, would you? I can tell that something is wrong." Doc placed his hands on each of Al's shoulders, and their eyes met.

"I can't hold anything back from you, Uncle Doc," returned Al earnestly. "The whole thing of it is, I'm

not a golfer and I never want to be. Even for Dad I can't play tomorrow, and, if you saw the way I played, you'd know. I've never been off my game, as they call it, until now." He paused, and Doc's thoughts passed back a few years. The boy's game had always been good, he remembered.

"It's only because I got thinking about the shots that I missed today. It sounds rather empty in meaning, that is, to talk about at least, but whenever I play, I don't think of the shots as I play them. I just hit them, and they go; it's part of what I know I have to do for Dad. But this worrying whether I would hit well or not made each shot worse. Dad doesn't know how I've felt, and I'll go out tomorrow and probably play the worst game in my life when he's counting on the best."

Doc began to understand. This rebellion was not intentional. The boy had been foolishly fed the game, and, in order not to disappoint his father, had plugged on instead of making a "clean slate" of the situation. It seemed pretty reasonable to Doc for Al's spirit to rise up, and also tough to him that a boy with his ability could not pull himself away from hating the game. It was up to him to send this boy into the match to win tomorrow even if it meant sacrificing his own ambition.

"Think of this Al, how you play golf is no longer indebted to your father. He gave you the opportunity for a perfect game, and you received half of it; the other half is hidden in you. What he gave you was your ability on the surface, that which is yours is your FIGHT."

Before Al had teed off the first hole next day, he had a number of new sensations. Never before could he recall the feeling of a sinking quiver as he addressed the ball, fearful that it might be a poor shot. Never had a gallery bothered him, and never had he worried that he might be beaten by his opponent. When he had been lucky enough to land an approach shot a foot from the hole, a flow of pride swelled up in him. Losing the first hole to Doc summoned a surge of regret. He was having feelings he had never had before.

"—And the other half is hidden in you." That was the answer; that was why this game was meaning more than any other. He had awakened the responsibility that was his own, and tackled the game in a new light.

Watching the other man, Al could see that he had set his heart on winning, so now Al set his heart. The match rallied between the two golfers, and each was exhibiting a fine game. Towards the last of it, one could observe the older man tiring; it had been a long tournament, and youth had the advantage.

The championship of the club, that year, was won by one Al Hall, and afterwards, when he had climbed much higher in the world of golf, it was remarked by him that he owed his place to the fact that it takes two halves to make a whole.

THE POETRY PAGE

The Hunter

Bernice Faulkingham

The hunter—has he ever felt
The cringing fear, the mad alarm,
And heard, with 'bated breath, the step
Of someone there to do him harm?

Has he, in darkness, tried to sleep,
But sensed the danger lurking still
Of one, who, creeping through the night,
Is watching for a chance to kill?

Has he in shadowed corners seen
Dark eyes and figures madly dart,
Or into covered havens crept,
With throbbing pulse and pounding heart?

And has he wakened from his dreams
In chilly sweat, to start and strain
At each faint sound, and prayed that God
Might some day make him free again?

The hunter stalks his frightened doe,
And spreads grim fear the forest through,
I wonder if that man who hunts
Might sometime have been hunted too?

The "Autumn-mobile"

Danny Kelly

No doubt you've heard of all the cars,
Know every fad and style,
But you've never heard of one like this,
So listen for awhile.

The car itself is mere fancy.
What we love to see and feel
Are the things that are found within,
The things that are so real.

It's plumb filled and over-flowin'
With apples, corn, and pumpkin,
And there're lots of school kids singin'
As it jogs along a-bumpin'.

There're books and rules, and pen and ink,
School ma'ams, and birch rods, too,
And there's football and there's huntin'.
Oh, that's fun for me and you.

There're dreary days and cheery days,
And frost and nippy air
That makes all leaves turn color
To hues and tints so rare.

There're leaves to rake, and leaves to burn,
And lots of wood to get,
And lots of other chores that're hard
But fun, too, you can bet.

There're struttin' turkeys, popcorn too,
And crispy mince-meat pies,
There're puddin's and there're cookies,
An' apples of great size.

Of course, there're holidays galore
And games to play with zeal—
All these and other things are found
In the "Autumn-mobile."

The Crimson Scores

Katherine Faulkingham

The bleachers packed with shrieking fans,
Their pulses quick with faith renewed
In crimson clad.

The stamping, cheering, bawling of
A thousand odd, a multitude,
Now going mad.

The icy wind that under robes
And winter coats so slyly seeps,
And cruelly stings.

The smell of sizzling, mustard-covered "dogs,"
That to the chilled spectator sweeps,
While clamor rings.

The heros pounding down the field,
Desiring only to defeat
The enemy.

The screaming crowd, so wild to cheer
The fighting team that must complete
The victory.

And then, a man, who, tearing through,
A crimson flash that scores, though plays
Are tried in vain,
Makes gasping fans surge to their feet,
Triumphant, proud, with hearts ablaze—
On top again.

We would like to take this opportunity
to thank:—

ALICE ENGLAND
GERALDINE DREW
LAWRENCE DAVIES

who, along with the regular typists, helped
to get this issue out on time.

Smokey Jones, Hero

By Walter McMullen

When Walter is coaching the Fifteenth Street football team, he's thinking of plots for stories. We suggest that he and "Bob" Ripley get together sometime.

SMOKEY JONES was the best engine-man in the city fire department. His record read: "Height 5 feet, 2½ inches; weight 125 pounds." That was the only drawback Smokey had. He was the smallest man ever to make the grade even though he was just an engine-man. He had in his own special charge engine 38, the crack pumper and the best aerial squirt gun that the city had ever bought. Smokey's engine got nothing but the best of care. Its brass was always immaculate; its motor was always in perfect running order, and, above all, its pump, under Smokey's guidance, had built a name in the annals of the fire department as the kind of a pump the salesmen tell about. No matter where the fire was, engine 38 was always the first to build up pressure and to stretch in a hose line.

In spite of it all, Smokey Jones' name was never mentioned in the write-ups the rest of his crew got, whenever they did something out of the usual line of duty. Why, the time Joe Phillips climbed four floors of a burning hotel to rescue a cat, the *Star* had given him three columns. Smokey was jealous—jealous of his fellow firemen who got all the publicity. Like all other small men, Smokey was a bit Napoleonic and desired to do big things.

It was in the big Labor Day fire that Smokey indirectly got his chance to be a hero. The first alarm came at 10:20 followed immediately by the second and third alarms. Engine 38 was the first on the scene to find a great warehouse, owned by a fireworks company, in flames.

Smokey had water pouring on the fire almost before the other trucks had coupled on to the fire hydrants. Relaxing for a moment, he noticed an authoritative little man bustling through the crowd surrounding the firelines. The man rushed up to a deputy chief and shouted something excitedly in his ear. The chief beckoned to Joe Phillips and told him that no one had seen the night watchman, and that he was supposed to ring in his time clock at 10:30 on the top floor.

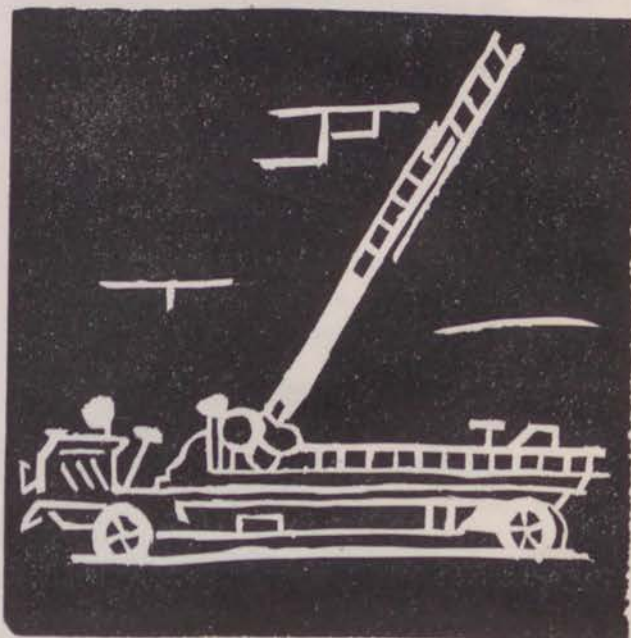
Smokey watched Joe take a scaling ladder from the truck and run nimbly to the top of a ladder left by some hose-crew already in the building. Then Joe raised the scaling ladder above his head, drove the goose-neck hook through a window, and mounted it swiftly. Joe sat on the window sill and again raised the ladder above his head and drove the hook through the glass in the next window. Smokey, watching Joe's every movement, saw a sudden gust of flames burst from that window and knew that Joe could not get

past it. Quickly Smokey turned to his controls and raised the pressure to its highest point. He then left his controls and climbed the ladder to the nozzle, which was spurting water at the building, and turned it up as high as it would go. Then he directed its powerful stream at the window above Joe's head and drove back the flames while Joe passed it. Smokey raised the nozzle and kept it trained just above Joe, protecting him from the flames. Finally Joe reached the top floor and entered a window. Soon he reappeared dragging a limp figure after him and started the long climb back to earth with the unconscious body of the night watchman slung over his shoulder. Slowly and cautiously he neared the ladder and the waiting figures of two of his buddies. Slowly he lowered the inert figure into their hands and started down the ladder, an easy journey compared with his previous climb. Suddenly Joe collapsed and started to fall. Quick as a flash, Smokey turned the full force of the pressure pump on Joe and pinned him to the ladder while two men climbed up and carried him to earth and a waiting ambulance.

That night we find Smokey sitting in his favorite easy chair reading the paper. Looking over his shoulder we see:

"QUICK THINKING FIREMAN SAVES BUDDY FROM TERRIBLE DEATH."

So we leave Smokey, surrounded by his friends—all congratulating him. Smokey Jones had at last come into his own.



"The best aerial squirt gun in the city."

The Tuberculin Test

WE WOULD like to call your attention to the fact that everywhere in the United States, doctors and health officers are working very hard to stop the spread of tuberculosis. In our own city Miss Hopkins, Dr. Gumprecht, and Dr. Fellows, the heads of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association in Bangor, are doing their utmost to prevent tuberculosis. However, because of the lack of cooperation on the part of school children, these people can not make much progress.

Everyone can help very much by taking the tuberculin test. In a few weeks the freshmen will be asked to take it, so let's cooperate by having 100% of the freshman class taking this harmless test.

The tuberculin test is given in order to find out if any person has the tuberculosis germs in his body. To quote from a leaflet printed by the Maine Public Health Association: "The test is made by placing a drop of liquid called tuberculin within the upper surface layer of the skin either by a tiny scratch or by injection. This is harmless." Certainly no one should be afraid of, nor refuse to take this test which is given free of charge.

It is not a serum but simply a test to see whether a person has the tuberculosis germ. It is most important that every member of the freshman class take the test this year when it is given in the high school. If you have the germs in your body, precautions can be taken so that no serious trouble will result. Moreover, if the germs are found in your body, steps may be taken to prevent their spread from your body to that of some one else. To quote from the *School Newspaper*, a publication sponsored by the local Red Cross Organization:

"If the tubercula bacillus could be stopped from migrating from one body to another, it would probably be extinct in one generation."

Therefore, Freshmen, take this perfectly harmless test this fall, and do a great service, not only to yourself, but to the nation as a whole.

Financial Report

Statement of Financial Condition

THE ORACLE—September 30, 1936

Cash on hand.....	\$561.83
Subscriptions.....	443.35
Advertising.....	827.57
Junior Cuts.....	17.00
Cuts, Senior and Club.....	387.99
Cash Sales.....	26.85
Refunds.....	2.32

Total Receipts.....\$2266.91

Printing, six issues.....	\$1312.25
Engraving, six issues.....	226.32
Miscellaneous Expense:	

(Mailing, cuts, stationery, bill heads, films, casting, linoleum, type metal, developing) .	30.33
Prizes.....	10.70
Membership in N. S. P. A.....	3.50

Disbursements.....	\$1583.10
Balance.....	\$683.81

Respectfully submitted,
James Watson, *Bus. Mgr.*
D. E. Barker, *Faculty Adv.*

The Junior Red Cross

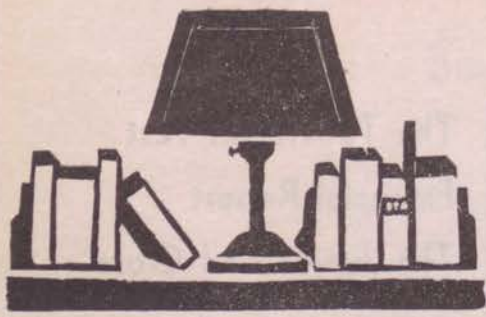
What is the Junior Red Cross?

The Junior Red Cross, which, by now, has spread throughout the world, is an organization for school children—a branch of the National Red Cross Association. In the United States alone there are eight million three hundred and fifty thousand members. No membership fee is required of any child, but a fund known as the Junior Red Cross Service Fund is usually established. Different schools, even individual school rooms, have formed groups of the Junior Red Cross.

What does the Junior Red Cross do?

A nationally known educator has said, to quote from a Red Cross pamphlet: "The Junior Red Cross builds

(Continued on page 28)



Cover to Cover

My Garden of Memory

Can you remember your first spanking? Kate Douglas Wiggin can, and she tells about it in her autobiography, *My Garden of Memory*. This is one of the most interesting books I have ever read, for in it Mrs. Wiggin tells of her meetings with many famous people, among them Charles Dickens, Annie Louise Cary, Bronson Alcott, Everson, and Ellen Terry. Her years spent in teaching in the kindergarten which was just beginning gave her an insight into the minds of children, and it is for the children that she writes. Mrs. Wiggin tells how the idea for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, her most famous book, came to her. For those who like humorous stories, I would recommend this book.

Nancy Sails

Can you imagine Nancy's feelings as she stands on the deck of a huge ocean liner as it is preparing to sail for England? With her are her mother, step-father, brother, and sister, to say nothing of Nora, the maid-of-all-work. In England Nancy meets a real lord, and later two princesses from India. Although there is not much excitement, this is a very good travel book. It is also a humorous story, for Junior is not a model brother. *Nancy Sails* by Mildred Wasson, is a book for older girls, and is worth reading.

Lis Sails the Atlantic

This story, written by Lis Andersen herself, tells of her adventures aboard the good ship *Monsoon*—her Atlantic Ocean home.

Lis' father, a real Danish sailor, sells the family furniture and buys an old rickety ketch surnamed the *Monsoon*. Sailing from Copenhagen with her mother and father, her two small brothers, Jan and Ture, and two or three helpers, Lis visits every port and island in the Atlantic.

The fact that they set out without a penny seems to be the least of their worries, and they were more than fortunate. The crew was willing to work without wages,

and the natives of the different islands proved to be more than generous with their gifts of food, souvenirs, etc. Once in awhile Lis' father was able to arrange a lecture in some large city to earn a little money, but lecturers were not much in demand; so money was very scarce during the trip.

Miss Anderson, although a very young writer, makes her story seem interesting to those of us who have never been to sea, and thrilling to those who have never been whale-hunting or out on the ocean in a storm.

Until I Find

By Edgcomb Pinchon

Hugh Vallancourt, a young English boy living during the last of the Victorian era, was brought up apart from the rest of the world. His father, Wilson Vallancourt, was a very strict and religious man, and he ridiculed his son because he preferred to roam the woods rather than plug away at his studies. Although his father had always taught him, he was persuaded to allow his son to have a tutor. Hugh found a real friend in John D. Twickenham, whom everyone affectionately called "Tweekie."

Hugh was, from the very first, attracted to a tribe of gypsies that inhabited the forest near his home, and he made friends with them easily. These gypsies had traveled all over Europe, but they originally came from Spain. He learned that his mother was part gypsy, and heard about the love affair between his grandmother, a girl of noble birth, and Black Jack, a gypsy wanderer.

The Vallancourts moved to the Isle of Wight, off the southern coast of England. Queen Victoria was supposed to visit this island often, and Alfred Tennyson also had an estate there. On this island Hugh attended Courtney House which had once been a very fine school, but which was losing its good name. Upon arriving on the island, Hugh immediately got into serious difficulties, and from then on had one trouble after another. He met his old gypsy friends several times on the island and came again under their influence, which was much too strong for him to resist. He was born to be one of them.

It Has Happened Here

The Commercial Club

THE newest club of Bangor High, the Commercial Club, has started the season with a bang! Already big plans have been made for the coming year: field trips, well-known speakers, musical programs, plays, and perhaps an assembly program or two are in store for us.

But business comes before pleasure, they say, so the first meeting was devoted to the election of officers and discussion of plans for the year. The club elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	Lawrence Davies
<i>Vice-President</i>	Alice England
<i>Secretary</i>	Evelyn Morrill
<i>Treasurer</i>	Bernard Rice

After election the new president took charge of the meeting and appointed the following chairmen of committees:

Program Committee.....	Shirley Drew
Social Committee.....	Beverly Darling
Publicity Committee.....	Beryl Crosby

Miss Janice Moore, head of the Commercial Department, is club sponsor, and all members of the faculty teaching Commercial subjects in the morning are honorary members.

All Commercial students who want to know what is going on in the world today, who want to know of new ideas and ideals in business, of the chance in industry for you, and still have a good time, know where to go—the Commercial Club!

Boys' Debate Club

For the past four years the freshman boys' debating club has been organized under Miss Coffin, faculty adviser. The title TNT, which dynamic triad stands for Think'n Talk, the motto of every real debator, who knows that in order to talk effectively there must first be some thinking. The order is important—Think'n Talk.

The purpose of this freshman club is to train in the fundamentals of debating. A modern text on debate is studied, and model debates are conducted between

club members. Personal attention is given to the debating possibilities of each member, and two are chosen to represent the freshman class in inter-class debates. It can doubtless be asserted that more attention is paid to actual debating in the freshman club than in the upper-class club, where other interests come in, and where the members are supposed to have already acquired a knowledge of debating technique. Join the freshman TNT and secure your foundation.

Girls' Athletics

Crack! and the hockey practices are on for the upper classmen in the fall of 1936.

Miss Maguire, our coach and physical director, is with us once more with plans for bigger an' better hockey! Girls' names poured in from the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes, with the girls at practices in full equipment, Tuesday, Sept. twenty-second, Wednesday, Sept. twenty-third, and Thursday, Sept. twenty-fourth respectively.

The hockey manager, Mary Burke, and her assistant, Adelle Sawyer, attend all the practices, while various members of the G. A. H. C. are chosen as hockey coaches for the individual teams, and—all in all—there certainly seems to be some mighty good hockey material this fall!

Because of a lack of time, the freshmen will be unable to "play" at soccer, but we extend a welcome to them, and ask the whole student body to prove its school spirit and attend the tournament games at Linden Street field and cheer their teams to victory.

The schedule is as follows:

Seniors vs Juniors.....	Monday Oct. 19 at 3.30
Juniors vs Sophomores.....	Tuesday Oct. 20 at 3.30
Seniors vs Sophomores.....	Thursday Oct. 22 at 3.30
Seniors vs Juniors.....	Saturday Oct. 24 at 3.30
Juniors vs Sophomores.....	Monday Oct. 26 at 3.30
Seniors vs Sophomores.....	Tuesday Oct. 27 at 3.30

This schedule is subject to change.

Last year, after stiff, grueling games, the Juniors and Seniors tied for championship. But those snappy "Sophs" certainly gave them a run for their money (or exercise), and we predict an exciting and thrilling struggle between this year's Juniors and Seniors. So come one, come all—to the Linden Street field, and let

your team know you're right there, rooting for it.

The following seniors have signed up and passed the physical examination:

Emily Rand, June Webster, Nellie Drew, Pauline Jordan, Alice England, Beryl Crosby, Evelynne Knowles, Eva Crawford, Edith Graves, Ernestine Turner, Louise Betterley, Evelyn Morrill, Geraldine Drew, Alice Goodwin, Ellen Birmingham, Bernice Faulkingham, Mary Burke, Ann Tyler, Louise Giles, Doris Hamilton, Ruth MacIntosh, Ellen Hathorn, Jean Pierce, Faith St. Germain and Phyllis Smith.

Juniors:

Louise Newman, Zilpha Nealey, Helen Mehan, Marie Tsoulas, Frances Bragg, Lillian Kopelow, Eleanor Sweeney, Phyllis Colpitts, Beatrice Gleason, Ruth Curran, Bettina Blaisdell, Marjorie Nelson, Elizabeth Wise, Sylvia Striar, Barbara Savage, Barbara Libbey, Adelle Sawyer, Mary Carlisle, Margaret Moulton, Frances Chaison, Fern Merrill, Dorothy McClure, Virginia Hastings, Geraldine Scott, Mary Jordan, Bernice Ellis, Dorothy Cardin, Beverly Nason, Anne Hanson and Winona Cole.

Sophomores:

Dorothy Lynch, Phyllis Bowden, Frances Gemper, Olivia Meader, Blanche Barker, Louise MacDonald, Louise Faulkingham, Arlene Miller, Jere-Bill Goessling, Elenna Toole, Rita Johnston, Barbara Hill, Doris Littlefield, Joyce Higgins, Mary Powell, Katherine Faulkingham, Charlotte Roberts, Arlene Estabrook and Charlotte Pierce.

Rifle Club

The rifle club began its season this year with a meeting on October first. At this meeting the officers were elected and challenges were issued. Colonel Snow hopes to have a good turn-out, and we expect to see many of the boys sporting those "B" sweaters with the crossed rifles, and those long medals down their coat-fronts next spring. Here's wishing the rifle club the best of luck for the season of 1936-37.

Assemblies

September twenty-first was a Red Letter Day for all "Oracle Boarders," for here was the first chance to prove their worth. The play, written by "BUNNY" FAULKINGHAM, was called *Crime in the Script*. Can't you just see DONALD STUART playing the part of a sloppy detective, aided and abetted by DUDLEY UTTERBACK? As for the way that BERNICE FAULKINGHAM carried off her part in telling Donald about little Goldilocks—it was simply perfect. Need ROBERT SEDGELY, as a football hero, or JOE DINSMORE, as an intellectual man, be described? Too bad, DONALD DEVOE, that you didn't tell us sooner how well you recited poetry, but maybe you're

not too old to change, and make poetry reading a career. RUTH WHITE—for shame in eating so much right after breakfast—you'll never be able to keep your figure that way! Do you always look so fresh and neat, BARBARA FARNHAM, because you use Dux? My! what a conscience ANN TYLER has! But, of course, the stealing of anything as priceless as the *Oracle* is a serious matter, and maybe the tears were just a part of her line, anyhow.

Snapdragons

When this article was written, Miss Lorimer had plans for a meeting of the Snapdragons early in October.

Miss Lorimer is back this year to take over the instruction of the "Snaps" after a leave of absence of one year.

Mrs. Meinecke, who guided us so efficiently last year, will continue to assist us as well as the rest of the school from her new position in the library.

Alumni

Many of those who left us last year are now well established in different colleges and institutions of learning all over the country. We hope that by this time some of the "greenness" has worn off, and that they are showing what we know as the true Bangor High spirit. We are well represented at the University of Maine this year. Those studying in the various colleges of the university are as follows:

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Myer Alpert	Pauline W. Jellison
Rose Bigleson	Frederick J. Johnston
James D. Clement, Jr.	Margaret Maxwell
Helma K. Ebbeson	Charles A. Pierce, Jr.
Marjorie Goode	Elnora Savage, '35
Miriam Golden	James Watson
	William West, Jr., '35

COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

M. Peter Emery	Leonard L. McPheters, '35
Emil F. Hawes, '35	Linwood S. McPheters, '35

COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

James Finnigan, '35
George Bell

FORESTRY

Roger Trask

HOME ECONOMICS

Dorrice Dow	Ada Saltzman
Rachel W. Kent	H. Althea Warner, '35
Lucile B. Paulin	

The U. of M. is not, by any means, the only college that can boast of having among its freshman ranks former Bangor High School students.

ON RADIO ROW

It all started this summer, and, although summer has long since ended, we find the nation still held captive in the clasp of a mysterious, irresistible force called "SWING." During the vacation period, few programs were complete without a bit of "swing," and its popularity seems still to be in the ascendancy. Just what "swing" is remains an unsolvable mystery which refuses to yield to all efforts to explain it. Nevertheless, whatever it may be, it has proven its worth, and many of us are saying sincerely, "Hurrah for 'swing,' and long may it live!"

No radio column would be complete without some mention of that hilarious, senseless absurdity called "Knock, Knock," which took the nation by storm this summer. Vincent Lopez and his drummer, the composers of this nonsensical little ditty, have proven that the American people still have a sense of humor, for it certainly requires a very lenient sense of humor to make an inanity such as "Knock, Knock" so popular.

Fall is the season for the introduction of new programs along "Radio Lane," and several new artists have been introduced to radio fans this season. One of the most popular of these new-comers, whose appearance was hailed with great anticipation by millions of listeners, was none other than Fred Astaire. Up to this time, Fred has persistently refused all offers for radio broadcasts, but this year Packard Motor Cars succeeded in persuading him to broadcast, and he is proving himself as great a sensation on the air as he has been on the screen, and, before that, on the stage. On his first program Fred presented several numbers from his current screen success, *Swing Time*, including his impersonation of Bill Robinson, an elaborate spectacle entitled *Bojangles of Harlem*. The rhythmic, syncopated toes of Astaire and his versatility established beyond a doubt his popularity as a radio star. However, you can't help regretting that television is not yet perfected, for much of the entertainment is lost by not being able to watch Fred dance. Nevertheless, the program rates four stars, and I would advise all of you to reserve Tuesday night from 9:30 to 10:30 to listen to Fred's program.

"Kate and the Babe," a new radio team, made its debut not so long ago, and it, too, has proven successful. "Kate" is none other than our beloved Kate Smith, the Songbird of the South, and "the Babe" proves to be Babe Ruth, one of the greatest baseball players of all times and an idol of the nation for twenty years. Their program, opening with a bang to the tune of *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, was entitled *The A & P Bandwagon*. Babe Ruth appeared before the radio audience in a role he had never before attempted, that of a comedian. Kate and Babe were the stars of a domestic sketch, Kate

playing the part of Minerva, the wife, and Babe, that of Herman, the husband. They quite candidly aired their amusing troubles, one of the greatest being Junior, their precocious, young off-spring, who was badly in need of being squelched with physical violence.

Over the same network one hour later, Major Edward Bowes recently inaugurated a new series of amateur hour broadcasts, this time under the sponsorship of Chrysler Motors Corporation. Despite publicly expressed fears that he would probably mix cars with coffee, the Major has not yet slipped, and his programs retain the same high standard of excellence as before.

Although *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour* remains popular, during the past few months radio has taken a definite trend from amateur hours to community sings. All the major networks boast at least one of these programs, and they are constantly gaining in popularity. One of the best of these is heard every Wednesday evening at 9:30 over WLBZ. Sponsored by Palm-



"Fred Astaire in linoleum"

olive Soap, with Homer Rhodoheaver leading the singing, and Larry Harding, an entertaining, though at times facetious, announcer, this program provides a great deal of real enjoyment and rates at least three stars.

Immediately following the community sing, and sponsored by the same firm, comes a very interesting and different kind of program known as *Gang Busters*. This program, dealing with the lives of criminals and the events leading up to their arrests, crowds more thrills and excitement into half an hour than almost any other program on the air.

This season also celebrated the return to the ether waves of one of its most popular comedians, none other than Eddie Cantor. Eddie's program, heard every

(Continued on page 28)

Isabel Cumming is attending Wellesley.

Mamie Conners has entered Wheaton.

Anne Perry is at Smith.

Margaret Tyler has gone to the University of Rochester.

Ernest Andrews entered Bowdoin this fall.

Spencer Winsor is attending Colby.

Jeannette Leavitt has gone to Farmington Normal School.

Phyllis Infiorati is at Gorham Normal School.

Charlotte Clement, Bette Ayer, and Virginia Moulton, ex-'37, are attending Colby Jr. College.

Geraldine Watson will continue her studies this year at LaSalle Jr. College.

Madeline Dennett is at Trinity College.

Lois A. Smith, ex-'36, won a \$500 scholarship at Wellesley. This scholarship was awarded on the basis of entrance examinations given to the members of the freshman class.

Thomas Rice, ex-'37, is going to Hebron.

There are some former Bangor High Graduates attending the Maine School of Commerce now. Some of them are:

Annette Curran.

Aphrodite Floros, '34.

Dana Kennedy, '35.

Helen Wong, '32.

Eleanor Bissell, '34.

Arline Merrill, '32, and a graduate of the University of Maine this last June, was awarded a Fellowship at Smith College where she will study for her master's degree in German.

Mildred Sawyer, '32 and also an alumna of the University of Maine last June received a \$500 scholarship at the College of Library Science at University of Michigan this year.

Frederick Romero, '30 and Maine '34, is now studying at the Chicago Medical College.

Tom Reed, '32 and Maine '36, has gone to Boston University where he is working for his doctor's degree in engineering.

Hall Rameriz, '32 and Maine '36, is attending Tufts Medical College.

William Newman is studying for his master's degree at the University of Maine.

In spite of the depression many of our alumni have obtained work.

Faith Holden, '32, is teaching English, Latin, and history at Merrill High School.

Albertina Bartlett, '34, is working for the Bangor-Hydro-Electric Company.

Mary Jenkins, '34, is employed in one of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company's offices.

Ira Dole, '32, is working in Augusta.

Eleanor Stuart, '35, has a position in an insurance office at Northeast Harbor.

Rena Allen, '32, is teaching home economics at North Anson Academy, North Anson, Maine.

Norman L. Cahners, who was graduated from Harvard last June, spoke recently at the Tercentenary, taking for his subject *The Changing Attitude Toward Athletics at Harvard*.

Several class reunions were held during this last summer.

The classmates of 1909 chose the Condukeag Canoe and Country Club as their meeting place. Twenty-six members were present.

The class of 1910 held its reunion at the Penobscot Valley Country Club. Fifty members of the class and seven of the faculty members of that year were present. The following officers were re-elected. Dr. Carl Maxfield, president; Miss Florence Weymouth, vice-president; Miss Madeline Shea, secretary; James Sullivan, treasurer.

The Bangor House was the meeting place for the class members of 1925. Miss Helen McDonough was re-elected president. The other officers re-elected at this time were Edward Flynn, vice president; John Townsend, treasurer; and Jack Atwood, secretary.

Wedding bells rang out for many Bangor Alumni. Our congratulations and best wishes go to them all.

Carlene Merrill to James Casey.

Ruth Drummond to Roland Dolley.

Miriam Bunker to Delbert Moody.

Esther Gensberg to Paul Goldberg.

Jane Murphy to Cornelius J. Sullivan.

Velma Brown to Harold E. Parsons, Jr.

Rose Arsenault to John King.

Maxine Bicknell to Donald Webb.

Band

Although the band had its first rehearsal on Friday, September twenty-fifth, the regular meeting night hereafter will be Thursday. In preparation for the football games, Mr. Devoe devoted the first few rehearsals to marches, but as soon as possible he intends to start working on a program. The officers for this year are:

<i>President</i>	Donald Devoe
<i>Vice-President</i>	Calvin Johnson
<i>Secretary</i>	Winthrop Duty
<i>Treasurer</i>	Donald Graffam

Since many of the members have been taking lessons during the summer, we expect to see an excellent band at the football games and in the assemblies.

Latin Club

A boy home from his first day at high school was pounced upon by eager parents wanting to know of his first day's impressions—you know how parents are that way.

"Well," he said, "one of my teachers must be awfully smart."

PASSING IN REVIEW

Sumner Bickford: Pst-don't look now, but the photograph on the right is none other than that of Sumner Bickford, track star de luxe of Bangor High School. We've uncovered a number of deep, dark secrets about Sumner, and, of course, the only place for deep, dark secrets is out in the bright daylight, so, presto-chango, and here they are:

1. He can dance; no ballet or toe dancing, but, nevertheless the fact remains, he's eligible.

2. He has a good healthy appetite, i. e. he's normal.

3. He reads weighty literature, therefore he's brilliant (no maybes).

Ruth Cariisle: Whooping it up at Camp Pesquasawasis is "Ruthie" Carlisle's favorite summer occupation, and believe it or not, when "Ruthie" whoops it up, she whoops it up. One look at that twinkle in her eyes, and we know the trials and tribulations of being a freshman will never get her down. In fact, it doesn't even look as though Ruth is going to be grey-haired for her sophomore year. Uh-uh—just imagine a sophomore without white hair and wrinkles. There's plenty of energy in this gal, though, and she's an ex-member of the Mary Snow basketball and baseball teams.

Paul Ford: "Intro-snoosing" Paul Ford, the former "little Caesar" of Abraham Lincoln Grammar School, the self-starter without brakes. We hear that he hides out at Holbrook Pond all summer to get in trim for the next school year. It's also rumored around that he says his grammar school graduation speech every night before going to bed, so he won't forget it before he grows old. When asked what he does with his spare time, Paul sadly admitted that he hadn't had any spare time since he entered the imposing doors of B. H. S. (Ah well, Paul, you're just a freshman).

Mary Nelson: Lookie, lookie, lookie, here comes—Mary Nelson, the girl who put the "j" in "jolly". Yes—Mary is a tall blue-eyed junior who is determined to become a Latin teacher and put Mrs. Cumming out of commission. She knits with her eyes shut, plays the radio 'till early morn, and goes into hysterics over the *Elta Kett* comic strip. As a dancer she's floating power personified, and she thinks that Dick Powell knocks 'em all for a loop.

Leslie Smith: You've got to be a football hero—this may have whiskers on it, but at least it's still working with Bangor High's stellar half-back. We hear that "Red's" telephone rings so much that the neighbors get shell-shocked, and his theme song is *Why Am I Tormented?* Ain't nature grand? All that he is today, Leslie says, he owes to Popeye, thus we take it his motto is *I eats my spinach*. He spends his summers haunting North East Harbor, reads sport "lite-rat-ure" between halves, plays hop-scotch when he isn't making touchdowns, or rolling the old ball around the hoop.



Ruth White: If you happen to bump into someone running thru the corridors with a pencil in one hand, a notebook in the other, and a preoccupied look on her physiognomy, you'll know it's Ruth White, doin' things. She's the social light of the Latin Club, and with her speaking ability we know she's "goin' places" in the Dramatic Club. Although she goes out for basketball in a big way, she's an all-round sports girl, and she'd rather swim than play dolls any day, (which is saying quite a lot for a senior.) Ruth says that she likes to sit on tables, stand on one foot, and eat spaghetti, to say nothing of doing fifty lines of *Vergil* every day.

Fremont Prescott: The curtain goes up on Fremont Prescott, one of those industrious industrial juniors of Bangor High. He starts cleaning out his rifle in June for the hunting season, and then spends his winters digging angle-worms for next summer's fishing trips. Fremont's highest ambition at the present time is to be a mechanical engineer, and he's thinking pretty seriously of inventing a robot to do his studying for him (that'll be the happy week-end!) He doesn't dance, so don't ask him, though if it came to a toss-up over dancing or studying, he tells us, he might *try* the gentle art of "trucking".

Charlotte Roberts: Seeing is believing—so take a good look at Charlotte Roberts, a sophomore after our "auld" hearts. Pep, vim, and vigor help Charlotte swing the hockey stick, pile up the baskets, and keep warm at football games. At last I've found a comrade in misery, 'cause Charlotte admits that she hasn't knit one suit for herself, in fact, her one excuse for a sweater was unravelled to help hook a rug with. However, the time not spent on knitting, she uses in pounding the ivories, and can this girl make 'em jingle!

Vincent Elliott: Knock, knock; who's there? and if it isn't Merry Christmas, it's Vincent Elliott, the non-dancing Romeo of the sophomore class. Vincent considers all books, 'cept school books, the "nutz", and when he isn't busy going everywhere in general and no place in particular, he's exploring the deep depths of some mystery story. All and any sports "fit" with Vincent; however he sadly confesses that he *doesn't* knit. Nevertheless, we found out that he's a Grade A cook, and is always trying to exterminate his brothers with enjoy-kill-able concoctions.

Alden Goode: Lad-'us and gentlebelmen, in this corner we present Alden Goode, dancer, athlete, and what have you, rolled in one. Just to be a good sport, Alden says that he hasn't any favorites in his studies. (Tsk, tsk, Alden, I *knew* they would take it the wrong way.) He spends his summers wintering with the family at Cold Stream, and he admits that he's so adept at swimming that he has to go under water to breath, instead of coming out. He *shyly* informs us that his "soul-enwrapping" ambition is to hang a shingle outside of a law office someday, if good old Bangor High School will let him go.

"How can you tell so soon?" inquired his mother.

"Because she can talk twice as fast as you, and anyone who can do that and last more than five minutes must know an awful lot."

Which all goes to prove how smart Mrs. Cumming is, for look at the way she zipped through the September Latin Club meeting. Almost before they knew it, "Judy" Robinson and Florence Hathaway were Consuls. Jane Robinson looked rather dismayed when made Quaestor, and before she recovered, her boon companion, Miriam Fellows, had also been brought into the field of heavy duty, as Praetor. Jane Bradshaw and Ann Tyler went cheering around the room begging people to elect them Aediles. When Louise Newman and Donald Devoe add the fruit of their brains to that of the former combinations, it would look as though the Latin Club meetings of this year would be leaps and bounds ahead of any previous ones. Hilda Rowe and Elaine Tippitt were elected Tribunes, and "Polly" Perry, Curator in less time than it takes to tell. Mrs. Cumming then brought up the all important question of what kind of meeting to have. Everyone pitched in, noisily acclaiming his favorite type of program, but above it all was heard Jane Bradshaw shouting in clear and lusty tones, "Let's have more parties with plenty of refreshments."

Since then the lordly seniors have mapped out their first program which looks even "better than good." Their subject is "Music in the Ancient World." Maybe that accounts for their musicians, "Judy" and Margaret, and the singers, Hilda and Ruth, toting the massive ancient volumes about and changing the subject to music and antiques every time you try to gossip about "Suzy" Jones' new dress. Also the choristers of this noble class will trill some of the classic music. This is how the program will look:

"The Place of Music in the Ancient World"—

Phyllis Smith

"Musical Instruments of Antiquity"—

Barbara Farnham

"Greek and Roman Music" (Illustrated)—

Margaret Cromwell

"Vergil in Music" (Illustrated)—Ruth White.

"Ancient Jewish Music" (Illustrated)—Bella Rolnick

"Latin Music in the Church of the Middle Ages"—

Judith Robinson

Turning the Pages

DO YOU KNOW:

How guide dogs for the blind are trained?

How the police make war on gangsters?

How the modern Japanese girl lives?

How the Apache Indians live today?

HAVE YOU READ:

The Quicksands of the Movies in the Atlantic for September?

Wreck and Rescue in the September issue of the *Reader's Digest*?

Detour to Calcutta in the October issue of *Good Housekeeping*?

So, the Poor Druggist in the September issue of *Forum*?

The Little Blue Dog in the October issue of *Harper's*?

DO YOU LIKE:

Pirate stories? Books of adventure? Period novels? Modern poetry? Aeroplanes? Tales of the West? Animal stories? Plays? Books about science?

Come into the library.

Debate Club

The cars advertising quick pick-up have nothing on the Debate Club of Bangor High School. That wide-awake organization received its members exactly seventy-eight and one-half hours after the formal opening of school.

The meeting was held, as usual, in room 307 with Mr. Prescott as presiding officer, ably assisted by Miss Coffin. After a short explanation concerning the requirements of each office, given by Mr. Prescott, nominations were received, and voting ensued.

As a result of many ballots the following officers were announced:

President.....Lewis Vafiades

Vice President.....Bernice Faulkingham

Secretary.....Constance Banks

Corresponding Secretary.....Ralph Gilkey

From its past records, we are sure that the Debate Club will be efficiently guided.

October sixteenth was the first outstanding date for this group. On that night *Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh* was staged. All who witnessed Miss Coffin's grand success in *Pollyanna* two years ago were intensely interested. As before, Miss Coffin was supported by members of the Bangor and Brewer faculties, to whom was added the welcome assistance of the *Little Theater Movement*. Under the competent and experienced coaching of Miss Rebecca Chester, this production was worthy of the Debate Club and all of its past successes.

Orchestra

The orchestra had its first meeting and rehearsal on Wednesday, September twenty-third. Mr. Sprague explained that this year there will not be much time spent in perfecting any one piece, but that the orchestra will have to prepare a repertoire.

Beginning with the Penobscot Teachers' Convention there will be many events calling for a program from the orchestra, assuring it of a busy, and, we expect, a successful season. Although there was a small attendance at the first rehearsal, more members were added at the later rehearsals. Now it is an organization that the school can well be proud of.

Story of the Cover

By now, I imagine, everyone has noticed the cover design for this issue of the *Oracle*.

The plate of the ram with the football team on its back was made by the Pioneer Engraving Company from a drawing by Dudley Utterback.

You are probably well aware of the fact that this sketch was no easy job. Dudley first drew the ram, with the bodies of the players on its back, on a piece of paper with no special attention to size. He then had to draw this all over again, and it had to be three times the size of the sketch on the cover. Finally he succeeded in getting this onto a large piece of white cardboard.

Next, pictures of the football players were taken, not once, but two or three times in order to get the right proportion. These boys, to say the least, posed very well and patiently.

The pictures being taken, Dudley was again called on to stick them on his sketch in their proper places.

The artist's work, however, didn't stop with the completion of this plate. A design was needed for the space left. Some designs had been turned in by other artists, but again Dudley came into the picture and turned in this design. It is one thing to sketch a design and another thing to cut it out on linoleum. A piece of linoleum, pasted on a block of wood, was cut by Mr. Holyoke to the size needed. Charles Dorr then took his tools and—well, ask Charley to tell you about it. It's some job!

Inside you have undoubtedly noticed the cuts. These were drawn by Danny Kelly, a newcomer from Cony, and Margaret Vincent, one of the *Oracle's* artists last year. Again Charles Dorr did the cutting.

The posters of the *Oracle* in vantage points about the building were drawn by Margaret Vincent, Danny Kelly, and Dudley Utterback. —Editor

Football

There is an old saying that goes, "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love," etc. Well, that may be true of spring, but on the morning of September first, the date set by Coach Ulmer for the first practice, the only thing in the minds of some forty candidates was football.

The first few days were devoted to limbering-up work and fundamentals. The real hard work, though, started on the Tuesday after Labor Day. Besides ten lettermen who are returning this fall, fifty-five uniforms have been issued to other aspirants for the team, making a total of over sixty boys. Mr. Ulmer plans to cut this number to three teams, and as for picking a starting line-up—that remains to be seen. We can confidently say, though, that whoever they are, they'll be in there fighting with all they've got for the honor of B.H.S.

Durward Heal, athletics director, took the line until the opening of school; assistant coach, Walter Gay, the backs; and Coach Ulmer, numerous headaches, trying to be with the backs and line at the same time to keep the program running smoothly.

By the way, it seems the "Coach" has taken a real fatherly interest in the boys this season. The first day out he told the squad that if there were any who had troubles or questions in Football, Studies, or Love, to come straight to him, and he would be delighted to have a heart to heart talk with them. Some fun, eh?

Seriously though, Mr. Umler has been doing a great job this fall, ably assisted by Messrs. Gay, Heal, and Downing.

The boys are also working hard and with spirit during the week, sweating through grass drills, blocking practice, teamwork, and specialties, all of which are essentially important in the building of a good team.

Bangor 6—Brewer 0

Starting line-up:

White le	re Mullins
Soloby lt	rt Harding
R. Dauphinee lg	rg Titus
Brown c	c Eldridge
McDonald rg	lg Quinn
Upton rt	lt Reed
Morrill re	le Dalton
Rice qb	qb Holyoke
Smith lhb	rhb Winslow
Munce rhb	lhb Morrison
Elliott fb	fb Blanchard

Captain "Gerry" Upton won the toss and elected to receive, defending the north goal. Having the advantage of a strong wind, Bangor decided to use it by kicking. Rice dropped back and punted a low, wobbly ball to Brewer's forty. However, Brewer fumbled on third down, and Bangor recovered. The rest of the quarter saw the Rams show a strong offense, but penalties inflicted for illegal use of hands kept them from a scoring position. Coach Dogherty, as always, sent eleven scrappy players into action, but, although they played well on defense and at times broke through the Crimson line for plenty of yardage, never, at any time, did they threaten. The quarter ended with the ball in Bangor's possession on Brewer's twenty-four yard line.

Laterals figured prominently and undoubtedly "set the stage" for the lone touchdown of the afternoon.

On the next play, "Duke" Elliott was stopped with a two yard gain. Munce pulled up his stockings and took a lateral for twelve, putting the oval on the four yard marker. Elliott took another crack at the line and this time went over for the only score of the game. The try for the point failed.

The two teams kicked back and forth until the whistle, Brewer having a slight edge owing to the wind.

In the third period the second stringers "took over"

and played a great game until relieved by the first team.

Several Brewer kicks were blocked by fast charging linemen, and despite the fact that Bangor was penalized sixty yards during the last half, they penetrated deep into Brewer's territory twice, only to have the Witches' defense stiffen and stop the threat on downs.

Bangor vs. Waterville

Taking the field on the short end of the betting but with a "Do or Die" spirit, the team made it two in a row by defeating a tough Waterville club, 7-6.

Trailing from the first of the second period, the Ram's big break came in the fourth in the form of an intercepted pass by "Duke" Elliott, who galloped seventy-two yards for a touchdown and then cracked the purple line for the extra point.

Bangor opened by kicking to Waterville who completed a pass on the first play for nine yards. After several attempts at our line, the Panthers kicked. Munce brought the ball back to his thirty-four where Rice picked up two yards. "Smitty" then took a lateral eighteen yards before being stopped, but the drive was short-lived. Neither side threatened until early in the second period when the purple, led by Hachey, that brilliant star for Waterville, pushed in a score. The try for point failed. The half ended with the ball in Bangor's possession.

In the third period came a serious threat by the Crimson when Elliott smacked his way through the Waterville defence and started in a clear field for the goal. The fates had ruled it otherwise, however, and the winded "Duke" was hauled down after traveling fifty yards. The rest of the quarter was played in midfield.

In the last chapter the boys from Waterville slowly but surely worked themselves into position again, and another score seemed inevitable. At about this stage Elliott nabbed the pass, and, with five team-mates blocking out would-be tacklers in faultless fashion, pounded nearly the length of the field to tie the score and finally won by taking the ball on the try for a point.

In the waning moments the air was thick with passes thrown by purple backs in a last frantic attempt to score, but all to no avail.

LINE-UP

Morrill	le	Carey
Coffin	lt	Shro
McDonald	lg	McKenna
Brown	c	Clukey
Dauphinee	re	Vigue
Upton	rt	Grant
Sedgeley	re	Lobbee
F. Rice	qb	Gaul
Munce	lhb	LeGendre
Smith	rhb	Cosgrove
Elliott	fb	Ivers

Bangor at Rumford

On a slow field (boasting in some places four inches of sand) eleven determined footballers, representing Bangor High School, for the second consecutive time came from behind in the fourth quarter to squeeze out a slim but sweet 7-6 victory.

Rumford, fighting all the way, scored in the third period when the hard running quarter-back for Stephens High, took a Bangor punt on the Crimson's forty-five yard line and raced across the goal. Puira dropped back to kick the extra point. The ball went over one of the goal posts and a stiff argument quickly arose when the point was ruled good.

"Captain" Upton immediately took the floor and after his hot debate with the officials, the score-board read 6-0.

The backs could not find footing in the sand and were slowed up a great deal. Nevertheless, with laterals clicking and with the fine booting of Fred Rice, the "Crimson" flowed over the goal for a touchdown in the middle of the fourth quarter. Curran, trying for a point, fumbled, but Munce recovered and sprinted around right end for the winning point.

Both teams looked good defensively. Elliott and Upton did fine work in backing up their six-man line. The squad left Bangor by bus at seven-thirty Saturday morning and arrived in Rumford at about eleven. They were greeted by a large group of cheer-leaders representing Rumford High, who soon made the fellows feel right at home, that is, all except "Barney" Morrill and Fred Rice, who always make themselves at home anyway, whenever cheer-leaders are involved.

A light lunch was served around noon after which the boys rested until game time. The team stayed in Lewiston Saturday night, returning to Bangor Sunday noon. "Bart" Coffin, that big up-and-coming right tackle, was forced to go to bed hungry because of the hotel's inability to serve him a fourth steak with trimmings.

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club opened its season on Thursday, October 8, with the election of officers. The following were elected to office:

<i>President</i>	Donald Stuart
<i>Vice-President</i>	Ruth White
<i>Secretary</i>	Ann Tyler
<i>Treasurer</i>	Harold Hamm

Mrs. Hanseom presided at the first meeting, and plans for the winter plays were discussed. It was decided that three one-act plays would be presented in preference to one three-act play. A committee was appointed to read plays, and the most suitable will be chosen.

At the next meeting Ruth White and Donald Stuart will give a demonstration in the art of make-up.

MOVIE REVIEWS

The General Died at Dawn

Thrills and excitement plus! That romantic hero, Gary Cooper, and the gorgeous English beauty, Madeleine Carroll, in a hair-raising drama about a certain O'Hara (played by our hero) who sympathizes with the poor, over-ridden taxpayer in China. These poor chinees were the victims of a certain General Yang (portrayed by Akim Tameroff to ideal perfection, even to the huge sabre cut on his left, bushy eye-brow). General Yang uses Judy (enacted by exotic Madeleine) as a means to capture O'Hara and the taxpayers' money, which O'Hara has in his safe keeping. Of course, O'Hara falls in love with Judy, but, when he finds out who she is, they became separated. Then come many exciting scenes. O'Hara shoots Judy's father unintentionally; O'Hara is caught, but escapes from Yang's murderous clutches; Yang gets stabbed; his soldiers shoot themselves down like ninepins. Finally, all our friends are out of trouble and to be sure—love finds a way.

Satan Met A Lady

In spite of a very good cast, this is not a very good picture. Bette Davis gives a magnetic, clever portrayal of a murderess and Warren William, who—for some strange reason—seems to have much more to do than Miss Davis, enacts his part with gusto and enthusiasm. But neither they nor the rest of the fine cast prove successful in saving the picture from becoming dull and uninteresting. Alison Skipworth, Arthur Treacher, Wini Shaw, and Porter Hall all turn in good performances, but their efforts are wasted. Even Miss Marie Wilson, who does succeed in being very amusing and who has a bigger and better part than usual, cannot make up for the certain something that is lacking in the whole production. It seems too bad that an actress of Miss Davis' ability and the rest of the excellent cast were not used to better effect. Which proves conclusively that an actress, or an actor, is still no better than her or his story.

The Road to Glory

This stirring war drama is almost as great as *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The eternal triangle is June Lang, Fredric March, and Warner Baxter. This is June's first big role, and, although she has a chance for improvement, her acting is very sincere. Fredric March and Warner Baxter, as the two French officers in love with the same girl, both show what great ability they have on the screen. Lionel Barrymore, who portrays Baxter's father, does not have a role that shows how really capable he is of outstanding acting. In the supporting cast, Gregory Ratoff outshines all his competitors. *The Road to Glory* is remarkably cast, finely

directed, and has some amazing war scenes. This picture is well worth seeing.

China Clipper

This is an entirely fictional picture which does not record the actual circumstances surrounding the building of the plane *China Clipper* at all. Instead, there is a completely different plot, with the plane itself bearing the only resemblance to true happenings. Pat O'Brien does well as the slave-driver behind the scenes, and Beverly Roberts brings a refreshing personality to the screen. Humphrey Bogart and Ross Alexander perform capably as fellow aviators working for O'Brien. Marie Wilson, in a very small role, provides excellent comedy relief. There are some fine shots of, and from, the plane.

The Last of the Mohicans

Another famous novel comes to life. This story by James Fenimore Cooper is better than the movie. Randolph Scott is Hawkeye, the trapper hero in the pioneer days. Henry Wilcoxon is poorly cast, but he does a fine job with his role. Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel are the pioneer women, while Philip Reed is the fascinating, romantic Mohican "injun" who falls for Heather, who in her turn, eventually falls—over a cliff. Although this flicker was exciting and interesting to watch and hear, the book surpasses it.

To Mary—With Love

This is an intensely realistic picture, as unusual as its title. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter give a splendid story everything they have, and the result is truly "a portrait of marriage." The dialogue is superb, and the settings and photography command attention. Claire Trevor is very attractive in a supporting role, and Ian Hunter does well. Seldom do we get a picture as effective as this one.

Swing Time

Goody! Goody! Another Rogers-Astaire picture! The dances were scrumptious! The songs were divine! The plot wasn't so good. Astaire and Rogers danced more in this picture than in any other that they have co-starred in. Helen Broderick and Victor Moore deserve recognition for their hilarious comedy roles, but Fred and Ginger top everybody and everything—even *Top Hat*—in their dances in *Swing Time*.

His Brother's Wife

Here is purely an exploitation of Robert Taylor's and Barbara Stanwyck's "real-life" romance. Consequently, they are given scene after scene together, while the plot is rather old and decrepit. But let it be said

that there are many twists which partially serve to keep up the interest. Mr. Taylor is good in a very emotional manner, but it is Miss Stanwyck who is utterly natural and appealing in her role. Jean Hersholt is also excellent, as usual. A good picture.

Sing, Baby, Sing

Elaine Barrie's flight across the continent after John Barrymore is the basis of this story, however much the studio may deny it. The plot is simple but amusing, and the cast is well chosen. Alice Faye sings divinely (that surprisingly lovely, husky voice) and gives a good performance in a role that does not call for much. Adolphe Menjou is more than competent and Gregory Ratoff takes another character part amazingly well. Ted Healy is grand, and Patsy Kelly shines in a small part. This picture also serves to introduce the Ritz Brothers, a singing and dancing team, who bid fair to rival other comedy teams, with a parody on Jekyll and Hyde that will have you in stitches.

LOOK FORWARD TO

Camille with Garbo and Bob Taylor.

Portrait of a Rebel starring Hepburn and Herbert Marshall.

The Garden of Allah co-starring Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

Charge of the Light Brigade starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

Romeo and Juliet with Norma Shearer and Leslie, and John Barrymore.

The Good Earth co-starring Paul Muni and Louise Rainer.

My Man Godfrey starring William Powell and Carole Lombard.

Cain and Mabel—Clark Gable and Marion Davies.

Valiant is the Word for Carrie—Gladys George, Isabel Jewel, Arlene Judge and John Howard.

Lost Horizon—Ronald Colman, Jane Watt, Isabel Jewel, Margo, Edward Everett Horton and John Howard.

Born to Dance—Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Frances Langford and Una Merkel.

A Maid of Salem—Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Edith Fellows.

Mother Carey's Chickens—Ginger Rogers.

The White Hunter—Warner Baxter.

LATEST !!!

Completely overwhelming a scrappy John Bapst High team, the Bangor "Rams," playing "heads-up" ball, won the game of Saturday, October 10, 51-0. Because the *Oracle* was almost ready to go to press when this game was played, a complete write-up of the game was unable to be published in this issue. For further details, see the December issue of the *Oracle*.

Judge Warren

By Shirley Drew and Ruth White

This year the "Oracle" is inaugurating a new feature. In each issue we will print an interview with some prominent citizen of Bangor. This month we have selected Judge William M. Warren, who has been judge of the Penobscot County Probate Court for nearly a quarter of a century.

IF ALL people who are interviewed were as genial, obliging, and friendly as Judge William M. Warren, the reporter's job would be ideal. It was Ruth's and my first experience at interviewing, and we were a little anxious. Judge Warren put us at our ease immediately by his friendly manner. "What can I tell you?" he asked, smiling broadly. I ducked behind my notebook and left the job to Ruth.

"Will you tell us, Judge Warren, how you would advise a person to gain an education in law?" she asked.

"My advice to a young woman or a young man would be," replied the Judge, "so far as it is possible to do so, to take the College Course in high school and prepare to go to college for the full four years."

"Would you advise a person to get his law education in a lawyer's office or at school?"

"I would advise by all means to get a college education before going into the study of law."

Judge Warren also said that he could not see that the study of law would be much of a benefit to persons not intending to make it their profession. He regards Latin and Greek as important studies, and says that history also is "a splendid brain broadener."

You future business men and merchants take warning! Judge Warren told us that in mercantile lines it is necessary to give merchandise as good as you advertise in order to succeed. "Personality is necessary, too," he said.

When Ruth asked if he thought a course in Journalism should be introduced into the high school, and if all pupils should take it, Judge Warren replied, "Not unless the pupil is gifted in writing or desires to go into that business. If so, he could get the training in college."

Judge Warren is greatly in favor of the developing of a hobby—"growing flowers, a garden, raising a particular kind of animal—something to make you forget your business."

"Have you a hobby?" inquired Ruth.

"I have a very large garden," he replied with a twinkle in his eye. And we might add from personal observation that it is an excellent one.

THIS WAS NOT JUDGE WARREN

Judge: "You are accused of stealing a chicken. Have you anything to say?"

Accused: "I took it for a lark."

Judge: "No resemblance whatsoever. Ten days."

HOKUM

By Ellen Hathorn

WELL, well, back again—school has been going smoothly (?) for about two weeks—and boy—oh-boy do we keep our long, short, humped, and pug noses to the grind stone! Yet we've all decided it really seems grand! (For the benefit of the teachers, my lambs!) Since "Swing Time" has been here, a few of those meek sophomores have been dancing their way to school. Oh well, give them time, and they'll realize "them freshman days are over."

Attention! Flash, flash!—My friends (pause) there is among us (pause) a celebrity (two pauses) Miss Ann Pee Wee M. M. Tyler who piloted *Frolic* (yep, its a sailboat) across a wire, or something like that, this summer. That makes the rest of you sailors feel foolish I'll wager.

Sailing! Sailing! one of our juniors seems to be learning the art — she thinks the boat is just "adora-Belle"—eat some spaghetti for me will you, Jane?

Adelle and Mary just shot by in the Sawyer's runabout—hold that hat, Mary. By the by, Adelle, you certainly must have faith in some drivers (?) I know. Oh well—

Poor "Haddie" Hamm, made up his mind the first day of school to drop chemistry—imagine it—but if you could have seen the flabbergasted expression on the poor boy's face when he found himself the lone wolf in that whole class of she-wolves, *you* would have shed a tear—but, brave boy—he has stuck it out now that he's rounded up a few more to hold the fort with him.

"Jimmie" Gillin is quite disgusted these days with the parking system in this here town—he can't understand why he was presented a red invitation by the P. D. when he left his car in a thirty minute parking place and spent the afternoon in the movies. Oh, the injustice of it all!

If you see Roland Haney around, you might ask him where he cooked that ham this summer—and *who* helped him eat it.

Well, "Barb" Libbey is still "in Joying" life these

days, and can that lass drive?—she thought when she saw a moving van coming, she was supposed to hit it—but some blessed person disillusioned her.

It looks as if the Dramatic Club won't have to look far for participants—that *Oracle* play was a pip. The real thing a la Faulkingham! (I only hope "Charlie" Redman doesn't keep his part too long—he might stay that way.)

Are you interested in Brewer these days?—(the inhabitants I mean—don't be stupid) well just look up Janice Merrill for first-class information. (By the by, if she walks up to you and smiles, you had better run 'cause she's looking for votes.)

Don't tell me you missed that sign on the front door of our beloved school the other day! The irony of it! Beware, Dudley, or we'll fix you!

Margaret Moulton was listening to Shep Fields orchestra last week and she still thinks it must be sort of damp in the studio. Buck up, "Marg," live and learn!

I received a note this morning requesting that I print this: quote "For the safety of all I am willing to give Charles Dorr a free driving lesson. Signed xyz." Unquote. Your appointment is for Saturday, Charlie. Made? Good "xyz" will be there. (Breathe easily now, my friends.)

Well, seniors, guess you'll really feel bad when (?) you graduate—look at all the last year's seniors that have come tripping back. (Pardon me, "P. G.s")

Well, Frosh, a certain blond football player was heard to utter the other day that you make a good looking class, so—ready! Smile!

Have you noticed the widow's peak on a certain dark haired senior? Well—absence makes the heart grow fonder, Louise!

If Doris Hamilton says every now and then that she is sorry school has begun—you'll know it's because she had to leave Canada. Cheer up, Doris, there are lots of summers to look forward to. Wonder what the attraction is!

Listen, palsy-walsy, if you know any news, dire, or spicy bits, you had better let me know or it will be *Ho Hum* hereafter. The finger is on you, and you, and you. Auf Wiedersehen!

JOKES

There was a young man from Japan,
Who wrote poetry no one could scan.
When told it was so,
He said, "Yes, I know,
But I try to put as many words in the last line as I
possibly can."

A gentleman went shopping to buy a present for his wife. After the clerk had suggested several things, she said, "How about a book?"

"Oh," said the man, "she's got one of those."

King Arthur: "How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot: "Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first class mail."

Mr. Varney: I wish you wouldn't whistle while you're working.

Roy Blethen: I wasn't working, sir.

Ellery Tuck: Yes, the bullet struck my head and went careening into space, and—

Jeanne St. Germain: How terrible! Did they get it out?

Kenneth Morse had attended a talk by a missionary. "What did he tell you about the Heathen?" asked his mother.

"Oh! He said that they were often very hungry, and, when they beat on their tum-tums, it could be heard for miles."

John Tapley: What is the date, please?

Miss DuBourdieu: Never mind the date. The examination is more important.

John Tapley: Well, I wanted something right on my paper.

Joe Brennan (coming in last): Did you take my Time?

Mr. Hart: I didn't have to. You took it yourself.

Ralph Gilkey: "I'm tired of going to school, Pop." "Why?" asked his father. "What is your objection to going to school?"

Ralph: "Why, it breaks up my day so."

Mr. Thurston: What is HNO₃?

Preston Robinson: Oh, er-er-it's right on the tip of my tongue—I—

Mr. Thurston: Well spit it out. It's nitric acid.

"So you want to teach school next year. Have you any qualifications?"

"I'm absent-minded."

ON RADIO ROW

(Continued from page 19)

Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, is one of the finest on the air. Once again, Cantor is very ably assisted by his two former pals, "Bobby" Breen and "Parkyakakas." These three talented comedians have been absent for several months, all for different reasons. Eddie was taking a much needed rest, "Bobby" was passing his time in Hollywood where he made *Let's Sing Again*, a very successful picture, and "Parkyakakas" was on tour. Eddie is in better form than ever, and those of you who like real comedy will make this program one of your Sunday habits.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

(Continued from page 15)

character by teaching the youth of our nation the fundamental precepts of service to others. It builds for a deeper friendship among nations tomorrow, through a better understanding between the youth of nations today." This organization is lead by the school children. The projects are chosen by them. A few examples of what the members of the Junior Red Cross have done:

One group raised money to buy glasses for children who needed them; another built a Red Cross trailer to carry first aid equipment in; still another took up the study of first aid and life saving. In Europe and everywhere in the world these Junior Red Cross groups are helping out their fellow-man in every possible way.

The credo of the Junior Red Cross is: "We believe in service to others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in worldwide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make it successful in our school and community and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands."

That's the whole thing in a nut-shell. Let's get busy in Bangor High School—take the matter up at our Student Council meeting. Talk about it with your friends. Let's make the school "Junior Red Cross" conscious.

A LADY LIES

(Continued from page 10)

"Yes," Jim replied. "But the worst thing about it was that though I was sure of what he had done, I couldn't prove it. It would have been just my word against his and I couldn't have proven anything. And, of course, an accusation, with or without proof, would have exposed Elsa—and I didn't want Tim to know, ever—

"Foolishly, I told Tim whom I suspected. Though that's all I said, it was too much. I had to use physical force to keep him from trying to kill Raul right then.

"Raul had to stay at the house for a while, as I told you, to attend to the legal end of Dad's will, and then for the questioning you fellows effected. I thought I'd

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choke him when he told a deliberate lie about where he was the night it happened. But what could I do? I think he knew I was suspicious, but he knew, too, that I didn't dare accuse him for two good reasons: I hadn't actually seen him do it, and secondly, Tim.

"I was without an answer to my problem, till I stumbled upon a book about nerves, how they react to atmosphere and so forth. Then I got an idea. I thought maybe I could scare Raul into confessing! It was practically the only way, as far as I could see.

"After he had confessed, I thought perhaps—when we had his confession and before he told *all* about it—I'd shoot him.

"I was afraid Tim would get out of control and do it, if something didn't happen.

"Though I knew that whichever one of us shot him, it would be murder, if I did it my way, I'd have the confession to clear Elsa's name—for Tim.

"Besides, it was kind of all my fault, since I had threatened Raul with his life if I found him and Elsa together."

"But he signed his own, unincriminating confession when he tried to get away, eh?" concluded the sergeant.

"Yes," Jim answered. "Tonight was a perfect setting for my plan—dark and stormy—"

"This place is enough to give anyone the creeps, anyway!" volunteered the sergeant, hastily glancing around.

Jim smiled. "I guess it is. At any rate, I told Tim to act drunk and bully Raul if he needed it, but the poor kid—I guess the place got on his nerves; he really did drink too much. In fact, he almost spilled the beans once or twice.

"The idea was that I told Raul about the belief that if a murderer enters the place where the corpse is, it will start to bleed afresh. Then I suggested that we all come down here and prove our innocence by going into the tomb—alone—and finding if the corpse bled. Raul, of course, said it was silly and that he wouldn't come. He put up a good argument. In fact, he had me in a tight place once, but Tim practically accused him of being guilty, and he was in a spot where he almost had to come. Anyway, he didn't believe in the superstition."

By this time, the two men, had reached the tomb.

"It certainly is a ghostly place!" the sergeant observed. "Enough to scare anybody," he added, shuddering.

"Aren't you coming in?" asked Jim, entering himself.

"Well, all right," said the sergeant, with no great show of enjoyment.

The tomb was in a sort of semi-darkness.

"You see," explained Jim, "when Raul came in here and saw the blood, it frightened him into confessing.

"I think he started to crack then. I left him in here, after he saw it, for a few minutes, and when he came out, I think he was almost gone."

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"I can understand that!" the sergeant said emphatically, peering into the dark. His eyes came to rest on Elsa's coffin. He could barely distinguish the glittering red on her breast. "So that old superstition's really true, eh?" The sergeant whistled.

"See for yourself," proposed Jim.

"That's enough for me," the sergeant said. Then, as he turned to go, his foot struck something that scraped along the floor. Bending down, he picked up the flashlight that Raul had dropped when he made his discovery. He turned back and flashed the light on Elsa's body. "M-m-m," he murmured, slowly moving forward. True to his profession, he stuck his finger into the drying red pool and smelled of it. Twice he sniffed, and then, running out his tongue, touched the red-smeared finger to it.

"Blood, eh? You know, it tastes sort of like wine to me—like old Claret—m-m-m—"

"Does it, sergeant?" asked Jim, quickly, "Let's be going!"

"Yes, let's," the sergeant replied. He followed Jim up the stairs, the light bobbing in front of him. On the top step, the ray caught something that glittered under the beam.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the sergeant. "What's this? Looks like remnants of a wine glass—yes, here's the stem, still unbroken—m—m—"

"All right, sergeant," Jim said suddenly. "You win! That's my glass and that's wine on Elsa's body. You see, I came down here this afternoon, or rather, yesterday, to see what I could do towards heightening the illusion with which I hoped to scare Raul. I pruned the cover off the coffin and so forth—gruesome business, I can tell you. I accidentally left the door open when I got through. It scared Tim half to death, I guess. Anyhow, I decided wine would be the best thing to use for the feigning of blood. That was my idea right along, you understand—and I had a bottle hidden in the library ready to bring when we came here. But last night, Tim poured us a drink just before we left—without my idea in mind, I'm afraid. So I used the glassful of wine he poured for me instead.

"I was in the rear of the procession when we came and they never noticed I still had my glass in my hand.

"Tim went in first—it was quite an ordeal for him, but he had to do it—and then I.

"While I was in there, Tim must have run back to the house to telephone you; what prompted him, I don't know, but it was a good idea.

"As I was saying, it was a simple matter for me to pour the wine on her. I came out and told Raul she wasn't bleeding, which was true.

"Then he went in, and I'm afraid that I dropped the glass here when I heard his confession. I would have told you before, only I thought maybe it wouldn't stand up so well—you know—"

"Sure," said the sergeant. "I know. It's all right, anyway—clever idea.

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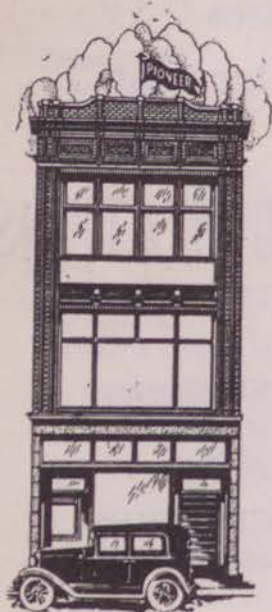
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"Well, would you look at that!" he exclaimed. "I've been so interested in what you were saying that I haven't written a thing!"

"Thanks!" said Jim. Impulsively he put out his hand to be met half way by the sergeant's.

"Guess we'd better be getting back to the house," Jim said. He paused. "You know, I don't think I'll use this tomb any more."

"I understand," the sergeant answered, rather softly.

And as the first streak of dawn pierced the sky, Jim closed the gates of the old tomb, forever.

THE GOOD SPORT

(Continued from page 6)

ebbing, flowing of the wind and water. Suddenly Ellie missed the monotonous, familiar clanging of the bell-buoy. She sat up. She *must* be wrong—the bell-buoy *always* rang. She got up and leaned out the window. She could see absolutely nothing, but the bell was *not* ringing.

Ellie sat down on her bed. She realized that the racers must be nearing the lighthouse now, and that they could not see anything until too late. Moreover, it was low tide, and the terrible rocks were exposed. If the racers could not hear the bell there would be wrecks.

She felt that she must do something, but what? It was impossible to go out to the buoy. They might put lanterns on the balcony—no, they wouldn't do any good. In the light-room? No, that wouldn't do, either. If only the light would burn! Perhaps it would! Could she fix it so that it would? She had read several books on lighthouse lamps, and prided herself that she knew more about it than the Stones did. Perhaps—perhaps she could make it burn! It would take kerosene—a lot, but Uncle Jim had brought home a large can of it only yesterday. She would try; there was no harm in that. She flew into some clothes and found Ted's big lantern, flashlight, a tool box and kerosene can. She started slowly up and finally reached the light room. The Mastersons and Stones were on the balcony, and so did not see her start up.

Once up there she put the flashlight on the sill and inspected the light. She remembered enough from the complicated diagrams to tighten a bolt here, loosen one there, and where to pour the kerosene. She worked feverishly for about fifteen minutes, getting very hot and worried for fear she'd be too late, or that the light wouldn't go at all. When she was ready to light up, she discovered that she had forgotten to bring matches, and had to go slowly down and slowly up again. And then the lantern wouldn't go! Desperately, she pushed the wick down further, tightened a bolt or two, and tried again. With a roar, a flame spurted up and then quieted down. The lantern was going! She arranged the reflectors as best she remembered from the book and leaned back. The light beamed brightly. It should have revolved—flashed on and off, but it didn't

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—what of it, as long as it burned? And it *was* burning. It was blinding. She hadn't the reflectors quite right.

Down on the balcony, the people, all of a sudden, noticed the strange light piercing the awful darkness.

"W-What's that?" stammered Mrs. Stone.

"I don't know. It looks—it *looks* as if it came from the light—but how?" replied the bewildered Mr. Stone.

"How can it be? That light hasn't gone for years, and no one knows how to work it."

"Yes, but—"

"By golly, Jim, that light *is* from the lamp! Come on!" cried Mr. Masterson, starting for the stairway.

"I think so too, Hal. Wait 'til I get my flash; those stairs are treacherous."

As Mr. Masterson and Mr. Stone climbed up, Mr. Masterson said, "Say, Jim, I didn't want to say anything to scare Betty and Mary but I just noticed that the bell buoy isn't ringing. There's no way for the racers to see those rocks—wasn't, that is. Someone else knew that, too, and did something about it!"

"D'you mean it? But that buoy *always* rings. The weather makes no difference."

"It isn't ringing now."

As they neared the top, Ellie started down. She started when she saw the men, but not half as much as they did when they saw her—lamplight streaming around her.

"Ellie! Ellie, what are you doing here? The light! What did you do? For Heaven's sake, what do you know about a lamp like that?" Uncle Jim was amazed, incredulous.

"Well, you see, I've been reading some books downstairs and learned enough to fix it. The reflectors aren't right, and, of course, it may not burn long—but it's going, and I thought I saw a sail, but I'm not sure—the light is so bright," Ellie talked very fast. She was tired and excited.

"Well, of all things! Come, let's go down and hear all about it," suggested Mr. Masterson.

So they went down, and found Mrs. Masterson and Aunt Mary excitedly watching three boats beating toward the goal, but also very curious about the mysterious light. They were amazed when Ellie told them about it. She looked rather white, and had circles under her eyes. She was exhausted, but it was worth it, for her aunt and uncle, at least, knew that she *was* a real girl, not a wax doll that would break if you touched it.

Shortly after this, Ted and Judy, drenched to the skin, tired and hungry, arrived and announced jubilantly that the *Sea Gull* had won the race!

They were agog with curiosity about the light, and, when they were told the story, they were too surprised to speak for several moments.

Then Judy said, huskily, sincerely, "Gee, Ellie, you're a sport!" and Ted said, just as sincerely, "I'll say!"

Ellie's cup was brimming over, and she knew that she wouldn't be lonely again that summer.

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