

Bangor. High School.

ORACLE



△ OCTOBER △ 1931 △

Compliments of

De Brass Rail

**Student
Sportswear**

*Leather Coats and
Jackets*

Wool Sport Coats

*Suede Cloth
Trousers*

Breeches Sweaters

M. L. French & Son.

67-69 EXCHANGE ST.

**Kineo Mill
End Co.**



29-33 Columbia Street

Bangor, Maine

Pioneer Engraving Company



Engravings

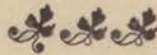
For

Magazines

School Publications

Newspapers

Programs



**Call Us If You Have
Any Cuts to be Made**

Pioneer Engraving Co.

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
193 Exchange St. Bangor

IT'S THE TASTE THAT TELLS

The rich flavors of our delicious Sodas,
Candies and Ice Cream, also our tasty
Luncheons made of the purest ingred-
ients, prepared by experts is the answer
to "It's the Taste That Tells." . . .

—O—O—O—O—
SPECIAL REGULAR DINNERS
SERVED DAILY

—O—O—O—O—
AFTER SCHOOL LUNCHEONS

Remember after the game, or planning for a party
LET

Jonason's

11 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Serve You With The Best In

SODAS

CANDIES

LUNCHEON

The Oracle

Vol. **XLII**

Number 1

Published Monthly by the Students of Bangor High School

Subscription \$1.00 Yearly

Single Copies 25 Cents

Address all business communications to

THE ORACLE

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

BANGOR, MAINE

The "Oracle" is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium
Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879



The Editors reserve the right to change or reject any article submitted for publication.

October, 1931

The Oracle Board, 1931-32

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Thomas F. Reed

BUSINESS MANAGER

Lloyd S. Johnson

LITERARY

Arlene Merrill

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Donald Scanlin

STAFF ARTIST

Virginia Flint

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Leona West

MUSIC

Donald Rollins

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Aimee Barnes

MILITARY

John Bartlett

Geneva Epstein

PERSONALS

Richard Higgins

ALUMNI

Bettina Brown

REVIEWS

Faith Holden

STAFF TYPISTS

Frances Foss

Helen Tremble

Thelma Butterfield

Florence McCann

ASSISTANT EDITOR

(To be appointed)

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Albert Gass

Harold Taylor

William Ballou

Robert Hussey

William West

William Wright

Frederick Newman

Betty Dill

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curriculums leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with two years of practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

For catalog or any further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE BIG GAME

"Beat Portland" is again the slogan of the 1931 football team as fall brings on the usual outpouring of football players, kicking, passing, tackling, blocking and scrimmaging at the outer Broadway athletic field. Each year the highlight of the Bangor High School football season is the game with Portland High.

The first Bangor-Portland football game was played in 1889 way back in the days of real he-man football teams that dad loves to talk about. Since then some grand old football games have been played, victory sometimes going to one team and sometimes to the

other. The record of games won and lost has been fairly even, but Portland now has a slight edge due to victories in late years. This edge, the present team intends to wipe out.

Last year Bangor lost the first game at Portland by the score of 7 to 0, but not all discouraged Bangor came back in the last game to reverse the score and to win 6-0 on a mud soaked field.

This year's team has already run up a fine record. Victory over Portland, however, will bring to B. H. S. that distinction which every team covets for its school.

MISS MELVINA PARKER

The other day an alumna of this school, a young business woman of this city, was heard to remark: "Bangor High School can't be the same without Miss Parker." The answer came emphatically from an undergraduate: "It isn't."

On July 26, Miss Melvina Parker, for the last twelve years a teacher in Bangor High School, passed away under circumstances of heart-rending tragedy. Her home was originally at Belfast where she held her first teaching situation, coming in 1918 to teach French in our school. Later she accepted the position in which we all knew her so well, in which she served until the time of her death, that of teacher of freshman algebra.

To those of us who knew her well, Miss Parker was a woman of striking contrasts. Small of stature, she was big-hearted and generous to a fault. Somewhat frail in health, oftentimes knowing the keenest pain, she had the supreme gift of laughter. She gave us a laugh every period, clearing the way for the straight, concentrated thinking that she ever demanded. We were incredulous when the papers gave her age as fifty-nine, for to us, her pupils, she was perpetually young—never lacking enthusiasm and vigor; always getting a great deal out of life; interested in so many things outside of the classroom.

A student was more to her than a pupil whom she knew and met a short period every day as one of a group. He was an individual with individual problems. A shrewd observer of human nature, she saw through all our follies and shams, helping us to cure them; a keen and efficient teacher, she was held in high regard by all her pupils; a true friend—our interests were her own. Others will take up and carry on her work effectively, but no

one will ever quite take the place in the affectionate regard of her students which will ever belong to "our Miss Parker."

R. C.

MISS MARY L. WEBSTER

The resignation of Miss Mary L. Webster, head of the Latin department, has been a keen loss to Bangor High School. She will always be pleasantly remembered by those who studied under her. She has indeed sacrificed herself for the work of our school. Although being in poor health, she nevertheless, worked on untiringly until January, 1931.

As one of our most popular teachers, she certainly has earned an enviable reputation. Her ideals of character and conduct have always been of the highest. The charm of her manner, her cultivated taste in literature, language, and the fine arts have won the admiration of all her pupils and colleagues.

A graduate of Bangor High School and later of Wellesley College, Miss Webster received a very efficient training. She began her teaching career in Bangor in 1893. Always interested in progressive methods, she twice attended Summer school at Columbia University.

For over thirty-seven years she directed classes in B. H. S.; she has not only taught Latin, but also mathematics, English, Greek and Botany; consequently, she is not only a linguist but also a skilled Botanist.

She has received much experience by traveling. One summer was spent in Greece with a special group of students and teachers. Moreover, she has traveled extensively in the United States, visiting Yellowstone National Park, Florida and numerous other places of interest.

Bangor High School will long remember Miss Webster, for her fairness, patience and lovable disposition have endeared her to all.

R. K.



RETURNED BY NIGHT

Joan Cox

*Holding the umbrella behind
her, she awaited the
on-coming of the stranger*



AMBER blinked. She had been on guard over the gold-fish for about an hour, and it *was* tedious, watching those little flickers dart about, all the while, knowing herself much too plump and well cared for to be able to catch one. Finally, deserting her post, she sauntered down past the pool for a nap near the sun-dial.

All was so quiet and peaceful in the garden that Amber never dreamed of what was going on in "Douglass Towers," the home of her master and mistress. But the situation was entirely opposite that of the garden. Maids and servants were scurrying about with long-drawn faces. Lady Maud was standing helpless, while the tears rolled down her face, and Sir Henry was giving vent to his anger between puffs of a much-used pipe.

All because of an umbrella! It seemed outrageous, but it was so! It had been in the

family for years, with the exception of several trips to the repair shop. Uncle Will had left it to his heirs, saying that it was to be used always, but to be taken great care of. This, Lady Maud had always tried to do. Sir Henry, being absent-minded, often left it at one of the neighbors' but it was always promptly returned, as it was well known.

Every Saturday morning its hound-like head of silver was rubbed and polished, and the black silk folds were carefully brushed. As this was Saturday, Agnes June started to perform this task, but—contrary to all possible ways of thinking—the umbrella—the family inheritance—was gone!

Lady Maud was sure it was "right there in the stand," but it wasn't! Sir Henry thought that maybe some of the guests of the night before had mistaken it for their own, but on questioning, they hadn't! The house was

duly searched, no corner relieved of inspection for the possibility of a careless misplacing on the part of a servant. But all in vain! There wasn't even a suggestion of an umbrella! The servants were questioned again and again, for an inkling of dawning light—but only the same old story resulted, that the umbrella had been in the stand in the hall at six thirty on Friday evening. That was just before the party.

Mehitable, the all-round cook, which may also be taken literally, was plainly bored by the proceedings of the Douglass home. She declared that such a search was all stuff and nonsense, and that there was probably nothing valuable about the umbrella anyway!

As Mehitable did not believe in mumbling, no one experienced difficulty in hearing her. Her opinion was expressed with varying degrees of vehemence down through the entire domestic staff. In spite of this, however, they were obliged to search painstakingly for the missing umbrella. Every nook and cranny of Douglass Towers was investigated—but all in vain!

As the days passed by, Lady Maud grew more and more anxious. She and Sir Henry had always relied upon the umbrella sometime to give up to them its secret. Sir Henry had tinkered with it time and time again, but to no avail. He did not dare to resort to violent measures, for he thought that if the rumors were true, and the umbrella *did* contain something precious, it would be ruined in this way. He thought, however, by frequent and careful use, the secret might be some day, accidentally, discovered.

The hunt continued for many days, but with lessened intensity. As time went by, the Douglasses gave up all hope of ever seeing their umbrella again.

It was a few weeks after this that a most strange event occurred. The day had been gloriously sunny, and the Douglasses were recovering from their feeling of bewilderment after the loss of the umbrella. They had been calling on neighbors, and had not returned home until late. While Sir Henry was lock-

ing up the house, Lady Maud's voice floated down over the stairs to him: "Henry, is Amber there? Be sure she is in her box, before you come up to bed!"

Sir Henry sighed softly and meekly trotted out the door to find the cause of disturbance. His agitated calling did not disturb Amber in the least. Wherever she was, she slept on peacefully and paid not the slightest attention to her master. Sir Henry knew better than to return without her, and he took the path that led down through the garden by the fountain.

But Sir Henry was not the only one in the garden that night. The other was there because of a guilty conscience, and she was taking the easiest method of which she knew to relieve her troubled mind. Fearing that she might be caught, she had taken pains to avoid the main drive-way, and instead had journeyed round to the side entrance and was now approaching the house by way of the garden. The moon was shining brilliantly, and everything in the garden was very clear, so the intruder made her way by means of hiding behind shrubbery. So far she had been successful, and was starting to compliment herself on her clever idea, when, suddenly, she realized the presence of another adventurer. She, herself, was standing out in the open, and the only available place of hiding was behind the fountain to her left! She clutched the coveted umbrella in one hand, and quickly made her way to the edge of the fountain. Hearing some one coming, she crouched down and shrank back unto the darkness. But the person was coming right toward her, and, knowing it impossible to hide, she stood up and began to smooth her ruffled hair (and temper!) Holding the umbrella behind her, she awaited the on-coming of the stranger. Soon, he approached.

"Why, my dear Lady Paulingham! What-ever are you doing *here* at this hour of the night?"

"Good evening, Sir Douglass," she answered. "Er—er—er"—Lady Paulingham floundered for a moment, and then regaining her courage,

(Continued on page 50)

FEATURE STORY

SEPTEMBER seventh had come, and alas! I must leave my summer home on a little island off the coast, and return to school. Pal, my mongrel dog, who had been my inseparable companion during the long summer days, must remain behind for a few weeks with other members of the family. We foresaw difficulties in the parting.

Our motor boat had borne the whole family from the island to the mainland, where our car and trailer awaited us. The motor boat lay tied at the dock, and the trailer was being loaded, while Pal, sitting in the middle of a mud puddle, looked decidedly bored. Soon everything was ready for the departure and Pal was dragged by my father back to the boat and held till the car had sped away.

Dad managed to get the engine started without Pal's escaping. But when he stepped onto the slip to untie the boat, Pal made one leap with that extra ounce of pep with which dogs are endowed. Getting by father, the dog covered the length of the slip in short

time. Then the mad race began—a black streak, which was a flying dog, pursued by a shouting, perspiring man. The village street with its familiar mud puddle was soon reached. The car was gone! Of course Pal instinctively started up the road, but the scent was dull. He looked behind at the frantic man who was giving chase; ahead was a strange road that lead beyond the realm of his doggish brain. Behind was the old familiar boat, the lapping waves, the smell of salt fish and of rotting wharves, and those birds he loved to chase. A seagull uttered his harsh cry—the call of the coast—the call he knew and the one to which he had always responded. He turned and trotted back to the waiting boat. Perhaps he would never see his master again, yet he knew his master loved the sights and sounds and smells of the coast as much as he.

Today, master and dog are reunited. Still in his dreams Pal lives again, those glad, free days on the coast. While his master cheers himself through the long hours of school, with the thought of glad, summer days yet to be.



THE GUARDED SAFE

Edward Redman

WHY Arthur! What are you doing home, now? Are you on a special furlough?" asked Mr. Cyrus Baldwin as he rose from reading the evening paper.

"No, uncle—I am not on furlough," answered a tall blond youth, bearing a pained expression. "Y-You see—It's this way. I—I've been court-martialed."

"Court-martialed!—Expelled! You, my only heir and nephew expelled from West Point! What is the trouble? Quick, tell me."

"Why, uncle Cyrus, I was unjustly charged with cribbing in a mathematics recitation. In some way one of my classmates placed a

paper, bearing the solution to several problems in my pocket, and—"

"Yes, yes, please go on."

"And after Lieutenant Matheson had sent me to the board to explain a certain problem, I had to use my handkerchief. Consequently the slip of paper, bearing the solutions fell to the floor. The instructor, looking in my direction at the time, saw the paper drop, and at the end of the period I was asked to remain. As I had not examined the slip, I did not understand what he wished of me, but I soon found out."

"After Lieutenant Matheson had exhorted

me to confess my guilt, and since I could not, because I was not guilty of any crime that I knew of, I returned to barracks, and made ready for mess."

"At the reading of reports by the adjutant, I was ordered to remain in close arrest, unless otherwise notified. Two weeks later a court-martial was held with very complete evidence against me. That is why I am at home—in disgrace."

"Arthur William Dunn, this news has pained me very greatly. Perhaps I should not allow you to live with me now, but you are all that I have, and I fear that my days are numbered, although I am only sixty-five. But, lad, remember your uncle, who has done so much for you, or at least tried to, and reform, since I am not quite sure of your innocence in the matter. I don't think that Uncle Sam would do an injustice without some reason. I think that nothing would be left undone to prove your innocence. Perhaps we can have your dismissal recalled."

That night Arthur went to a night club, which happened to be raided by the police while he was there. The next morning the news that a dismissed cadet was among others arrested at the raid was carried throughout the nation.

Mr. Baldwin, although I have not mentioned the fact before, was an inventor of no little prowess, a little past middle-age. His inventions had been carried throughout this world as instruments of the highest importance to this civilization of ours. However, there was one flaw in this genius' brain—he was subject to infrequent attacks of temporary insanity, at which time he had complete use of his inventive powers, but no control over his other mental factors. At such a time, he might construct an outfit which would destroy anything, and yet he would not feel any restraint in putting it to use. In fact, he had once constructed a bomb of such a nature that no one could prevent it from doing its damage at a certain unknown time, and as a result his whole shop had been blown up with a loss of a million dollars.

Therefore, it is not surprising that, after his nephew had been court-martialed, sent home in disgrace, and now was in arrest for being at a certain night club, his mental powers should be somewhat shaken. Of course he bailed Arthur out, but that youth's presence only seemed to hasten another attack, which was destined to be his longest.

"Why, uncle Cyrus, are you so absent-minded and sullen? You do not seem like your usual self. Are you angry with me? Do you not believe I am innocent of both these misdeeds?"

"You, innocent? Of course I don't believe you are. You're a rogue. Get out of my sight," said Mr. Baldwin.

"I, a rogue. If that is the way you feel, I shall leave your house immediately, and make for myself. From now on, you, who used to be so thoughtful, shall never see my face again." And wheeling in military style, he strode out of the room.

"Stay, lad, stay," shouted the demented uncle in a half-sob, as he realized faintly what was happening. "I never meant what I said. Come back, and everything will be all right."

But it was too late, the ex-cadet had gone.

Mr. Dunn had left Arthur a goodly inheritance, when he had died fifteen years before, when Arthur was only seven; therefore he found little trouble in getting along alone. He negotiated with Massachusetts Institute of Technology to admit him as a third year engineering student, and continued his studies as a civilian. For two years he studied at M. I. T. without a blemish on his record.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Baldwin continued in a half-insane condition working in his laboratory, making experiments, and always fearing, that his end was near at hand.

Arthur had been gone nearly a year before the inventor began to consider the matter of a will. Of course it was well understood that all his possessions would fall to his nephew; in fact, an old will had been made some five years before, handing everything to Arthur Dunn. However, Mr. Baldwin, decided that a safe ought to be constructed, which would hold

the valuables safely. After much scientific thought, he conceived the plan of arranging the lock so that when the key was inserted, it would cause an electric spark from a number of dry-cells to ignite some dynamite and thus blow the man turning the key either up or down. But he did not think about any heirs, he only thought of bandits. It was the brain of a madman which built the dastardly device.

Another feature of the safe was the fact that the inside section, holding the valuables, was bomb-proof, while the outside walls were built so that the dynamite would burst towards the front, instead of on the sides; this was done so that the operator would receive the brunt of the explosion, in case he turned the key.

This contrivance was built secretly by the inventor in person, and it was finished in about two months time. All cash, silver, securities, stock, bonds, deeds, and patents were lodged within, and the sum total of all was \$35,000,000. Then the dynamite was placed in the proper place, and the same with the dry-cells, wires connected, the door was shut and locked, ready to kill the first person, who attempted to unlock it.

Time passed on; June came; Arthur graduated from M. I. T., ready to enter upon another three year course to win his DOCTOR of ENGINEERING degree.

June also came in New York City, where Mr. Baldwin had his laboratory and home, and with it there came an accident. While experimenting with two conflicting chemicals, he was horribly burned. Carried to the hospital unconscious, the doctors stated that he had but a week at the most in which to live. The papers were filled with the news. Arthur, in his room at Cambridge, Mass., read the tale the next morning, rushed to pack his things, hired an aeroplane, and rushed to the bedside of the man with whom he had quarreled.

"Will he live, doctor?" asked Arthur in an excited manner. "Please tell me that everything will be all right," he pleaded. "Oh, why did I ever leave in the way that I did. I shall never forgive myself."

"There, Mr. Dunn, don't carry on so," said Dr. Malot. "Your uncle has a faint chance. All that can be done is to hope for the best, and to pray. You had better leave, now, since we cannot allow visitors to remain over an hour at this stage."

The next day Arthur returned, but his uncle was still in a delirium. Once in a while one could hear him murmur something about a safe, securities, dynamite, and keys, but nobody paid much attention as to what he said.

On the third day after the accident, Mr. Baldwin emerged from his delirium, but he was unable to recognize the youth who had been away for two long years. Yet the doctors said that there was a bigger chance of his recovery.

Arthur appeared about 10 o'clock the next morning at the hospital, and was told by Doctor Malot, that his uncle was much better, that the wounds were healing fast, and that there was no doubt but what he would recover.

"How do you feel, uncle Cyrus?" asked Arthur, much relieved by the doctor's report.

"Why, I guess I am feeling better, lad, but tell me, where have you been?"

"It's such a long tale, uncle, and since you are very weak, I had better not tell that today."

"Oh!" exclaimed the injured gentleman faintly. "I just remembered that a while ago, though it is pretty hazy to me now, I built a safe, which, when the key is placed in the lock and turned makes an electrical contact which will set off a blast of dynamite, and kill the person opening it. In this safe, I placed all my valuables. The current was supplied by dry-cells. If you intend to open it, the only safe thing to do is to wait until the cells have lost their power."

"Boy, what a good thing you pulled through, uncle!" exclaimed Arthur. "If it hadn't been for that, I should have been blown to perdition."

In a month the inventor was practically all healed; Arthur had been by his bedside most of the time. However, on July 13, which hap-

(Continued on Page 47)

EMBARRASSMENT

UST what is embarrassment? The dictionary tells us it is a situation of pecuniary difficulties or else a confusion of the mind. The first definition need not bother us. Everyone knows—or, at least, can imagine—what this is. The latter, however, is less clear, especially to some most fortunate ones who seldom, if ever, experience it. Not being one of these fortunates, I can readily understand what people mean when they talk about being embarrassed.

It is rather hard to tell just when, how, and why one is afflicted with embarrassment.

Most frequently one suffers most when speaking before a group of people, especially if not wholly sure of what to say. If this is done regularly, however, addressing an audience gradually becomes less terrible to a timid one. Nevertheless, after a short period of inactivity, resuming this work seems as bad as ever. Usually when people who can be easily embarrassed, are laughed at, they suffer greatly. This is especially true if, in the beginning, the person saying the thing did not intend it to be humorous. It is also frequently hard for a timid person to enjoy a joke upon him-

self. Altho he may laugh at the time, just to preserve appearance, he really feels like crawling into some corner to die. In his heart it is sometimes hard to forgive that jovial person who first called attention to the funny incident, and who does not at all imagine that he is causing such acute distress to his victim.

Some people are much better able to conceal their feelings than others. In general, however, an indication of embarrassment is a blush, sometimes suffusing only the cheeks or face, more often extending over the neck and ears also. Embarrassment produces such confusion that one is not able to think clearly, on account of which condition, many times one says things which, in normal circumstances, he would not have said. Recollecting these things is often very troublesome, and one may frequently blush painfully at the remembrance of something said years ago that must have sounded very—peculiar, to say the least.

There is, of course, some psychological answer concerning why one feels embarrassed. Not being well-versed in psychology, I fear I must leave this part of the discussion to those who are.



TURTLES

Mildred Sawyer

MY title may be general, but my subjects are quite particular (in some things); and, though they are plural, they are most singular. Their names are Mickey and Dickey—"Mickey" after the famous motion-picture star, "Mickey Mouse," and "Dickey" because it sounds well with "Mickey."

Mickey, the larger of the two, came from a drug store and is really quite learned concerning the ways of the city; he doesn't pay much attention to that plebeian cousin of his, who

was raised in the wilds of Hermon Pond. The latter was acquired quite by accident. The father of this correspondent, while waiting his turn in a game of horseshoes, felt the urge to throw a rock into the before-mentioned body of water. In the midst of this action, the rock moved, and, upon examination, proved to be a diminutive turtle; as diminutive a one, in fact, as this correspondent ever had the pleasure to view. He was brought home and introduced to Mickey, who would not deign to notice him except when the impudent thing

walked upon him, whereupon, he pulled in his head, and all four feet, as alarmed as if Dickey had been larger instead of smaller than he. Except that once, however, he has not acknowledged poor Dickey's existence. The latter, however, bears up under it quite well, and is just about as proficient in the ignoring game as his larger cousin. Each goes his own way, without regard for the other. So, although life in the blue and white bowl is not exactly overburdened with intimacy, at least, it is peaceful.

Of course they have many peculiarities; especially in the matter of eating. At first, Mickey showed greater intelligence than his cousin in this gentle art. It may have been that Dickey was unaware of the food value of meat, he being "corn-fed," so to speak; but now that he has learned, he is quite as skilled as, or, even more so than Mickey, for he does not essay to swallow his whole portion at once. He daintily takes a bite, and then (not so daintily) pushes quite strenuously with his feet in order to detach his mouthful from the larger piece. He really works very hard for his daily bread. Mickey, however, is in such a hurry, that he takes the whole piece at one

gulp, whereupon he gets into serious difficulty. Unable to swallow it, he lies there in the water, (usually with a bit of meat for which there was simply no room, hanging from his mouth) until some kind human takes it away from him and forces him to eat it more slowly.

As you may or may not know, turtles cannot eat out of water. If Mickey "happens" to encounter a piece of meat while on a promenade, he seizes it in his mouth and starts to hunt for some water. If the piece is large, it is quite bothersome, getting in his way and somewhat impeding his progress, but he hangs on with the tenacity characteristic of his race, and valiantly runs around (stepping all over his dinner) until some kind human again takes pity on his helplessness, and conducts him to his home.

So much for the eating matter. Their favorite pastime is, I think, that of walking. They will walk and walk, climbing over whatever appears in the path, trying to crawl up the side of the wall, falling times without number, and landing on their backs from which position it is not so hard as you might think, to right themselves.

Mickey had quite an experience one day, when he was the sole occupant of the blue and white bowl. He was strolling unconcernedly along a window sill, surveying the surrounding country, when all at once, he saw another turtle before him. Immediately, he reared upon his hind legs and waved his front paws in the air, hoping to scare the intruder. But, lo and behold! the stranger did the very same thing! Nothing daunted, our hero went to it in earnest, valiantly hitting the mirror (for as of course you have guessed, this was the explanation) and doing all in his power to defend himself and his home from this newcomer. Of course, he didn't make much headway, but it was exciting while it lasted. I am rather inclined to think that this encounter, accounts for Mickey's attitude toward Dickey.

Both turtles are extremely intelligent and daily give evidence that they can see, hear,

(Continued on Page 47)

THE MOON

Mildred Sawyer

The moon, the lovely guardian of the
night,
Looks down in stately splendor from the
sky;
And with the eerie beauty of her light,
Casts magic spells o'er all the country-
side.

The night becomes as bright as sunlit
day,
And shadows, tall as giants, roam the
land;
A path of silver bridges the black bay
As Mistress Moon begins her heavenly
ride.

THE USES OF DOOR KNOBS

Betty Brown

LITTLE has been written on the subject of The Uses of Door Knobs, but an industrious delver after knowledge can discover an infinity of uses. First and foremost, is, of course, the traditional use of door knobs for opening doors. There was a time, in the ancient dark ages, before the discovery of knobs, that the old baronial lords used battering rams when they went to call on their vassals or feudal enemies. This, however, was found impractical, for it called for extensive preparations on both sides, so rams went out and knobs came in.

The use of the door knob as a weapon must necessarily come next because it is the second in size. This use must be divided into several classes, for there are foreign and domestic manners of use, wild and cultivated—but the names are not as important as the method. The “party of the second part” method is best illustrated by a tale told to one of my friends by an old sailor who had just returned from an extended cruise among the Cannibal Islands. It seems that he had been speculating in a cargo of door knobs which he hoped to sell to a native king who was planning to erect a temple to himself in order to assure that he would be worshipped after his demise. According to the story, the sailor fell into the hands of a hostile tribe. Being a quick thinker, he was struck by a thought, and he proceeded to machinate, hoping that he would gain his freedom as a reward. He initiated the cannibal wives into the ceremonious forms of using his door knobs to brow-beat their husbands, instead of the traditional rolling pin. The ladies were so overwhelmed with gratitude that they over-rode all objections, and served him in the more fashionable form of plank steaks instead of the stew that the king’s dietician had called for. I have the sailor’s word that this really happened to him.

The door knob should be immortalized in song and story by those unfortunates who are

possessed of that type of younger brother commonly designated by the term “pest.” I was once witness to a scene in which the small brother met his Waterloo, was completely overcome, routed, and would have retreated if he had been able. He had been vociferously proclaiming his intention of accompanying his elder brother to a rendezvous. Expostulations, bribes, and commands had no effect, and the older boy, suddenly waxing crafty, bet the younger boy that he could not get a door knob in his mouth. The little boy, taken off his guard, declared roundly that he could and asked if he would be allowed to go if he succeeded. After a great deal of bargaining, an agreement was reached, and several attempts later the little boy succeeded. The sounds, though unintelligible, nevertheless gave one the impression that he was slightly put out when he saw his brother making a discreet retreat through the back door.

Of course, this method of dissuading the small brother is efficacious but once, for at a second trial the little man will most probably be a little suspicious and inclined to fight shy of the proposition.

You should always take a goodly supply of door knobs with you when you attend a vocal concert, for they are much more effective than over-ripe grapefruit or tomatoes. I believe that even Rudy Vallee would beat a judicious retreat if he saw himself becoming a target for a variegated collection of door knobs.

Door knobs can also be employed profitably against unwelcome burglars. Suppose you hear a creak on the stairs; you have but to follow these simple rules and you will be perfectly safe. Slip silently out of bed, and as silently unscrew the door knob from the door. Then, standing behind the door, concentrate with all your powers on having the thief enter your room. When he finally does come, just use your knob as you would a “billy,” and that will finish the burglar. Then put on the light

and rescrew the knob. If you happen to have a vase that Great Aunt Arabella gave you for a Christmas present, you might place it in his arms as a peace offering before you consign him to outer darkness. Of course, if the burglar resists your telepathic messages, this method will not work, and the safest thing for you to do is to keep utterly quiet and pretend that you aren't in the house.

The door knob has innumerable possibilities for practical jokes. The most practical of these is that of the metal front door knob, but, unfortunately this can be done only in the winter season. Some day when you are entering the house with a friend, stump him to place

his tongue on the door knob for a second. Don't be surprised if he keeps it there longer than the specified time, for it won't be because he wants to. In the best families, a little hot water is kept within easy reach for just such calamities. When your friend is finally thawed out, apologize profusely, and if he forgives you, watch carefully for the next six months or so for any signs of desire for revenge.

New uses are being discovered daily, and I regret that I can not at the present time give a fuller account of them, but I sincerely hope that some time in the near future some one will write a book on this most interesting of subject.



THE MAN IN THE MOON

Helen Tiblett

From earliest childhood I have always entertained the most profound respect for this personage, and I presume I always shall.

Even the mention of his name, unequalled in the annals of time for simplicity, fills me with admiration and awe. He bears no surname, and his family name is unknown, because it was lost by a fatal accident. A comet went whirling around the moon once, and by its extreme velocity ignited the parchments containing the records of this illustrious family.

There is a tradition that he declined even the noted names of the Grecian Gods, and scornfully rejected the honorable ones of Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Mars, Mercury and many others.

He does not depend however, upon such trifling coincidences for reputation. If there are other inhabitants of his native orb, he is sufficiently renowned to be universally known by the unostentatious cognomen of the "man," and even at the distance of 240,000 miles, the simple title of "the man in the moon" is proclaimed with reverence among the nations.

But I can evade the startling fact no longer. Although his features are good, he is either all

head and face, or else he possesses the other attributes of the human frame in a very diminutive form. He has a very open countenance, but lacks expression, and, if I view him only when turned full face, he has anything but an animated countenance.

Some old bachelors say that the reason why the girls look so much at the moon is that there is a *man* in it. The sailors say there is a man in the moon because they have been to sea (see).

I never knew until the other night that "the man" was ever troubled with modesty. I know of a number of young ladies, who, talking about him, were very anxious to catch a glimpse of his face, but he persistently hid himself behind a cloud. This morning, however, he dragged me out of bed long before I had the slightest inclination to leave the pleasant land of Nod, by boldly peeping through the curtains.

The "man" in the moon has always stood very, very high in society; even the greatest kings and queens of Earth have been obliged to look *up* to him. His character is unsurpassable. If this were not the case, he would never have retained his exalted position.

This most august character who occupies so conspicuous a position before the *eyes* of the world, is unquestionably the most ancient personage of which the inhabitants of this mundane sphere have any knowledge.

The record of his age was lost at the same time that his name perished. But that he has arrived to the years of maturity, you will believe, when I inform you, that he was a man, when my great, great-grandfather was a boy. He certainly holds his age remarkably well, for, although he is rather grey, his eye is as bright, and his strength and activity are as great, as when he first took possession of his exalted position.

The "man" is very fond of travelling, and is easy and gracefull in all his movements, as all will affirm, who have ever watched him sailing among the clouds in a pleasant evening. The moon is his inseparable companion; he carries it with him wherever he goes, and takes the best care of it. The earth seems to possess some peculiar attraction for him, and he spends his whole time in travelling round and round our planet, though at a great distance.

We do not know much about his family, but I rather suspect old Mother Goose is one of his near relatives, for she seems to make frequent excursions in that direction, and is the only one who is able to enlighten us much, concerning his habits.

If that old "cow" she tells us about, who once jumped over the moon could only find a tongue, we might receive much valuable information from her, for she certainly had a most favorable opportunity for over-looking his movements.

I imagine that green cheese is the "man's" chief article of diet. He seems to have an unlimited supply of it, and it has the remarkable property of the widow's cruse of oil. It never grows less.


His principal occupation at present seems to consist in taking a general oversight of the earth, and keeping its waters in a continual state of agitation.

Some upstarts have made faint attempts to prove his existence fake, but we will (thanks to our earthly education) continue to cry, "Long live the man in the moon."



I CAN FLY

Ken Doble

 ED Wheeler loved to appear as a hero before his chums so he told Frank Holden, a close friend and an ardent air fan, that he was an aviator.

"Hurrah," cried young Holden enthusiastically. "I have just come in possession of an old airplane and you are just the man to give it a trial flight and bring it safely down again. Sis and I will be at the flying field tomorrow morning and watch you do stunts."

"But I have never driven any kind but a Jenny," stammered Ted giving the name of the only kind of aeroplane he had ever heard mentioned. Ted had never been up in a plane, and he knew nothing about one.

"Boy, what luck," exclaimed Frank Holden. "That's what this is."

Ted could see nothing lucky about it, but to save his pride, he agreed to be at the aviation field the following morning at eight o'clock. As he walked home his mind was occupied with horrible thoughts of the morrow. But for Frank's sister, Faith, he might have confessed to Frank that he was bluffing. Ted could not let her know that he was a liar or idle boaster. He reached home without arriving at any conclusion of the subject.

That night Ted dreamed that the fateful morning had already dawned and that he was boarding an electric car bound for the flying field. When he reached his destination, he met Frank and his sister Faith who led him to a battered, weather-beaten, old aeroplane which occupied the runway, as he climbed into

the cockpit of the infernal machine. Ted made a great effort to appear cheerful, but it must have been a dismal failure.

The mechanic persuaded the engine to turn over the propeller, and Ted took a last look at the earth on which he longed to remain; then he pushed the first movable device visible and waited for developments. He had not long to wait, however, for he had unknowingly opened the throttle of the motor wide and the Jenny, emitting deafening blasts of sound, charged down the runway like some prehistoric monster.

Suddenly, Ted's eyes picked out a familiar piece of equipment, something that looked much like a brake lever on an automobile. He pulled it toward him frantically but alas, it was the joystick. The earth seemed to drop

from under the airplane, and Ted was in the air alone with the contraption. As he shifted his feet, they encountered the rudder bar and pushed it far to one side. The much abused Jenny executed a manoeuvre unknown to acrobatic flying and nosed down.

A rendering crush and Ted seemed to be sinking into a bottomless black pit. From a great distance he could hear a voice. Nearer it came and suddenly he awoke to find himself on the floor of his bedroom and his brother bending over him.

"You had better leave the mince-pie alone nights if you are going to have bad dreams and roll on the floor every time you eat it," his brother was saying, but Ted, who knew the real reason for his vivid dream had already resolved to tell the truth thereafter.



HOW I WOULD IMPROVE MY BROTHER

R. Vera Fenlason

WHAT can be more trying to a very sedate young lady than a younger brother about nine years old? He is always sure to appear on the scene at a moment when it would have been much better for him to have been a minus quantity. Nevertheless, there he is, with a broad grin, reaching from ear to ear, displaying an empty place, where two teeth should be, a mop of straw-colored hair, growing in just any direction, and grimy hands with fingernails half chewed off, probably as an afternoon lunch for a hungry boy. Now you have a pretty good picture of my brother.

I'm afraid it would take a lot of time, and more than a lot of patience to improve his shortcomings. His nature, I couldn't think of changing. He has about the sunniest disposition I have ever known. When his ever-kind and considerate sister asks him, as a special favor, to help her with the dishes so that she will have time to finish that geometry problem, his usual answer is, "Oh heck! These dishes again." But in a few seconds he is

gaily at work and is whistling "Yankee Doodle" or something else about as bright.

On second thought, I guess I would change his disposition. (Remember, it's a woman's right to change her mind.) I'd make him more serious at times. It is very exasperating, when I begin scolding him for some boyish misdemeanor, to have him treat it as a joke, making some foolish pun of his own composition, and then, just because he thinks it's funny, laugh at it. That's about as far as my attempts to make a well mannered gentleman of him go.

Next, I would make him neater and more orderly. No matter how many times a day he is reminded, he never can think to put his cap, sweater, or book where they belong. When he takes it into his head to read the funnies, he invariably spreads all parts of the paper on the floor, for as yet he hasn't learned the gentle art of sitting in a chair and holding the paper up in front of him as he should. Then, all of a sudden, he bethinks himself of some

(Continued on Page 47)

THE WITCHCRAFT SUPERSTITION

Aimee Barnes

Witchcraft is one of the most primitive cults in the world. It is supposed to have existed in different forms among the ancient nations; today it is not extinct in some civilized countries.

The initiation and ceremony of witchcraft was a sort of ridicule on the forms of Christian worship. The witches met at a caven, a term applied to any meeting composed of thirteen people—twelve members and a leader. The creature who presided over the meeting was unknown to the witches. He was, so to speak, the Master of Ceremonies, known only as a devil; and to add to his description he wore a sombre black or brown suit and a mask, usually of a goat's face. Like Janus, whom the witches worshipped, the leader wore a second mask at the back of his head.

There was also worshipped Erietho, a goddess, who was claimed to have wandered about tombs from which she drew their ghosts.

The witches rode to the cavens on broomsticks, hogs, pokers, or dogs. At the meetings the devil would call the roll to which each witch would answer with the name given her such as Thief of Heaven, and he would then read the rules.

Witches' Sabbath; one of the most important of the meetings, was held four times a year, usually on Thursdays. The creature who presided over the Witches Sabbath was called Lucifer, Satan, Bulzebub, or some other equally appropriate name, and was so adored that he was worshipped on bended knee, and often received the witches' children as sacrifices. At the Sabbath the witches paid homage to their master and introduced new converts to receive his mark, as a sign that they had sold their soul to him.

Besides the cavens and Witches' Sabbath there was a Great Sabbath, at which all the cavens of a wide district would gather, and it has been said that Satan him-self was sacrificed at these meetings.

The witches, by means of their magic spells, could work awful charms. They deftly fashioned small figures, representing any body against whom they had a grudge. On the waxen figure they would scratch the name of the person; then by sticking pins in the region of the heart or by melting the image, they could cause the real person to die.

Witchcraft became known as an evil to be greatly feared, and soon was declared a crime punishable by death. If a person were tried on the charge of witchcraft and would not confess, he would be subjected to most horrible tortures, until he was glad to confess to anything. Usually a witch was burned to death, but sometimes the sentence was changed. In one case a young girl was actually boiled to death.

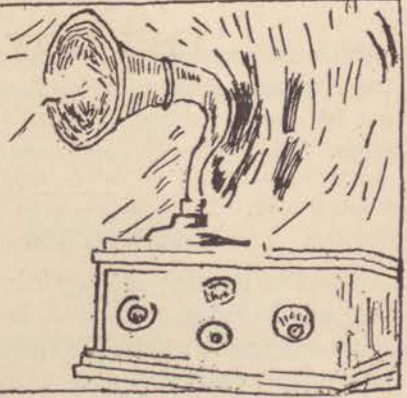
On the continent, witchcraft caused no less disturbance than it had in England. The Spanish Inquisition, with its tortures, many of them too terrible to describe, was established in 1233, for the purpose of discovering all heretics.

Pope Innocent VIII decreed that all heretics be punished in any way befitting their crime; thus, the decree was carried out in such persistency that in Geneva alone, in one month in 1515, nearly five hundred so-called witches were condemned to death. In Germany, in the religious wars following the Reformation, in a small town, twenty per cent of the population was killed in four years.

Other forms of witchcraft were wolves and vampires. It was believed that people were sometimes fated to turn into animals; at first into wolves, but later, when wolves were not so common, they were turned to cats. Vampires were living dead people. After death they could, from sunset to sunrise every night, rise from their graves, wander through the country and sometimes cities, and kill people by biting them on the neck and sucking blood.

(Continued on Page 43)

BHS ORACLE BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Fr 29

ASSEMBLY

As has been the practice for the last few years, the first assembly of the year was turned over to the Oracle Board. This year, contrary to the custom of having several members of the board make speeches, a clever scheme was devised to make this assembly more entertaining than it used to be. The Oracle Board all took part in a scene—a snapshot of the Board itself in action. The skit was written by Minnie Alpert, with Thomas Reed and Howard Kominsky, collaborating. The sketch was very successful and went over in a big way with all four classes, though the Frosh insisted in laughing at the wrong times—or not laughing at all. After the curtain had fallen, Thomas Reed and Abie Kern gave short speeches about the Oracle. At this same assembly Mr. Sherman Shumway from the Rotary Club spoke to us about the visit of the United States Navy Band to our city.

During the third week of school, Mr. Taylor, much to the displeasure of a great many students, informed the pupils that they must not play with their Yo-yos in school. We hope he didn't look at the Senior class. Of course (?) no Senior would play with a Yo-Yo.

CLASS ELECTIONS

Since the beginning of the school year the classes have been busily engaged in electing their officers. In the Senior class, the famous

Donald MacKinnon has been chosen president. He ought to make a good one (if height is any indication of presidential abilities). Thelma Butterfield is entering on her second term as vice-president of the Class of '32, and Helen Tremble is our new secretary. If she can write reports as well as she can type, she'll do. The one and only John Libby is gracing the office of class treasurer.

In the Junior class Norman Carlisle is filling the president's chair, with Louise Hastings as vice-president. Vera Goff is class secretary, and Robert Kurson is treasurer.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday, Oct. 1.

The new members joined with some trepidation in their hearts, fearing that they might have to recite something like "Ho! Strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight!", but to their relief nothing of the kind was done.

An election of officers for the year was held with Miss Rideout doing her best to preserve the quiet dignity of our Alma Mater. The outcome of the election was as follows:

Joseph Mullen, President.

Elizabeth Schiro, Vice-President.

Louise Rice, Secretary.

William Fraser, Treasurer.

Quite an array of Seniors turned out, prominent among whom was Temple Smith, B. H. S. Yo-Yo champion.

Miss Rideout gave a brief explanation of the requirements one has to have in order to get his credit for belonging to the Dramatic Club. The Club will meet every other week.

LATIN CLUB

The first meeting of the Latin Club will be held on Thursday, October 8, in our good old Latin Club room, 102. The officers who were elected last year remain in office with the exception of the quaestor, Norman Taylor. A new quaestor will be elected at the first meeting. The other officers are:

Consuls:

Thomas Reed.

Arlene Merrill.

Praetor:

Faith Holden.

Tribunes:

Robert Cumming.

Frederick Newman.

Aediles:

Alice Crowell

Robert Kurson.

Elizabeth Schiro.

Geneva Epstein.

Mrs. Cumming, who has charge of the Latin Club this year, expects to have some very unusual and interesting programs.

All Sophomores who attain a rank of 85 or above for the first quarter, receive membership in the Latin Club. You'd better study faithfully and well, Sophomores, if you don't want to miss a lot of good times.

DEBATING CLUB

The first meeting of the Debating Club was held on Wednesday, Oct. 14. Work was started on the Bowdoin and Bates questions. Officers were elected, and Committees were chosen for the annual Autumn dance, which is to be held on Friday, Nov. 6. You remember the highly successful dance, with its clever vaudeville acts that was held last year? Well, this year Mr. Prescott and the members of the Debating Club are planning a dance equally

entertaining, with unusual features, conducted on the same high tone and extravagant scale. Clyde Lougee's full orchestra will furnish the music, and the dance will probably be held in the Assembly Hall. Everyone should come and get the full enjoyment of the biggest party of the year.

HOME-ROOMS

Home-room programs are not yet well under way because of the bustle of electing class officers, and settling down to the routine of lessons.

However, the all-important question of traffic cops was quickly settled, much to everyone's disgust. On Wednesday, Sept. 30, Mr. Taylor announced in assembly the names of those lucky (?) students who had been chosen to uphold the traffic regulations. And maybe they didn't start right in upholding them! It is impossible to sneak by on the wrong side of a cop, and everyone is getting anxious and wondering if such vigilance can be kept up all through the year. We certainly hope that nobody gets too impatient, and steps on Albert Crowder.

The members of the morning traffic squad are:

Ruth McDonough, Frances Reynolds, Elizabeth Wiggin, Evelyn Tracy, Margaret Lee, Lilith Sproul, Jacqueline Johnston, Dorothy Rose, Helen Miles, John Bartlett, Frank Foster, Frank Fellows, Max Epstein, Charles Marshall, Edmund Laing, Frank Burke, Harold Strout, Sanger Beaulieu, Albert Crowder, Fred Littlefield.

In the competition of buying *Oracle* tickets, Room 301, containing 52 pupils, was the first to attain 100 per cent. Good work there.

SENIOR ENGLISH

In the second week of school the two Senior English classes were horrified to learn that there was to be a debate that week. It seemed useless to protest, since the topics to choose for debate had already been put on the board by Miss Robinson. In the A class, Frances Duran

and Florence Nason were picked out as the leaders of the two sides. Miss Duran chose Faith Holden and Aimee Barnes as her team, and Miss Nason chose Arlene Merrill and Evelyn Golden. The question finally decided on was—Resolved: that the Five-Day Week Should Be Adopted as the Standard of Labor Employment. Frances Duran and her team upheld the Negative side of the question, and the other team defended the Affirmative. The time-keepers were Elizabeth Schiro and Geneva Epstein, and the presiding officer was Harold Strout. The Affirmative team won with Aimee Barnes as the best speaker, by the decision of Dean Connor who acted as judge. After the debate was over a vote of thanks was given the Dean in accordance with a motion from Helen Wong.

In the other class the question, Capital Punishment Should Be Restored in Maine, was debated with an Affirmative team composed of Temple Smith, Joseph Mullen, and William Mongovan, and a Negative team of Donald Rollins, Roland Gleszer, and Simon Nissenbaum. The Affirmative won this debate, with no one given the distinction of being the best speaker. The time-keepers were Lloyd Johnson and Arthur Thayer, and the chairman was Edna Deane. At the close of the debate Mr. Willis, the judge, was given a vote of thanks on a motion of John Bartlett.

There was, in both classes, a snappy rebuttal, which showed that the pupils were interested in their work, and had prepared it well.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRYOUTS

For the first few days of the second week of school it was almost impossible to get near the bulletin board, on account of the mass of Juniors who were searching with quaking hearts for their names, on the first lists of tryouts. However, the pressure there is about over now, and the library is getting a rush of frantic students looking for pieces suitable to speak. Cheer up, Juniors, it isn't so bad as it seems.

Miss Rideout coaches all the speakers care-

fully, and it is really surprising to find the erstwhile hidden talent which many students develop.

MUSIC

BAND

The championship band, of which we are all so proud, is as usual hard at work under the efficient leadership of Mr. Alton Robinson, our beloved director. The outlook so far is bright for another successful year as there are about fifty of the same boys back with us this fall. The purchase by the band of two new instruments, a bass and a baritone, should insure permanent strength in these sections. The new baritone played by William Valentine, a newcomer, is improving that division.

The first public appearance of the band was on September 26, 1931, when it assembled at the High School in preparation to march to the Bangor-Brewer football game at Brewer. Several members failed to show up on account of the inclement weather. It is hoped that the next appearance will make a more favorable impression on the general public and the critical musicians of this city.

The Band officers for 1931-'32 are:

Student leader: Paul Sawyer.

President: Joseph Mullen.

Vice-president: Norman Carlisle.

Secretary: Abraham Kern.

Treasurer: Frank Foster.

Librarian: Temple Smith.

ORCHESTRA

The senior orchestra, conducted as in the past by Professor Adelbert W. Sprague, has been organized and is working diligently to sustain the admirable reputation of former orchestras. It is hoped that the lack of instrumentation which prevented it from entering the Maine Contest will be supplied and another of Bangor High's unusual organizations will be so represented.

The concert-master this year is "Dot" Jones who is one of the foremost violinists in good old B. H. S.

As in former years the orchestra and band will alternate each week in appearing at assembly. The band will play every second Wednesday whereas the orchestra will play every second Friday.

JUNIOR BAND AND ORCHESTRA

The wonderful achievements of the senior band depend upon the untiring efforts of Mr. Robinson with the Junior Band which organizes and drills each fall. As the members show sufficient training they are transferred to the senior band. After the Christmas holidays this auxiliary group is usually disbanded, those not being promoted practise hard for another try out next year.

In the Junior Orchestra are found many talented young musicians who would do credit to any organization. These young people have to play two years in this orchestra before joining the Senior Orchestra.

GLEE CLUBS

The Glee Club has had no regular meetings since Miss Donovan has been busy trying out candidates for membership. Miss Donovan is carrying on the work of Mrs. Dean, who for several years conducted the musical branch of our school, but who has now gone away.

Miss Donovan, who has become well-known and liked as Mrs. Dean's assistant, will find no trouble in successfully filling her place.

Those who were formerly members of the Glee Club are admitted to membership this year, but all others who want to join have to try out their voices before Miss Donovan.

Can the pupils of Bangor High sing as well as produce instrumental music? I'll say they can! The boys' glee club won first place in the contest last spring while the girls glee club took second prize.

The boys' and girls' clubs have joined together in making the Festival Chorus which is directed by Mr. Sprague.

R. O. T. C.

Our R. O. T. C. started off with a bang this year. Within a week from the time school opened, the uniforms were being issued to the boys of the sophomore and junior classes. Cartridge belts were issued to all of the cadets this year. On account of the unusually large number of seniors taking drill this year (around fifty) there was a shortage of shirts and consequently, some of the cadets either have shirts several sizes too large for them or none at all.

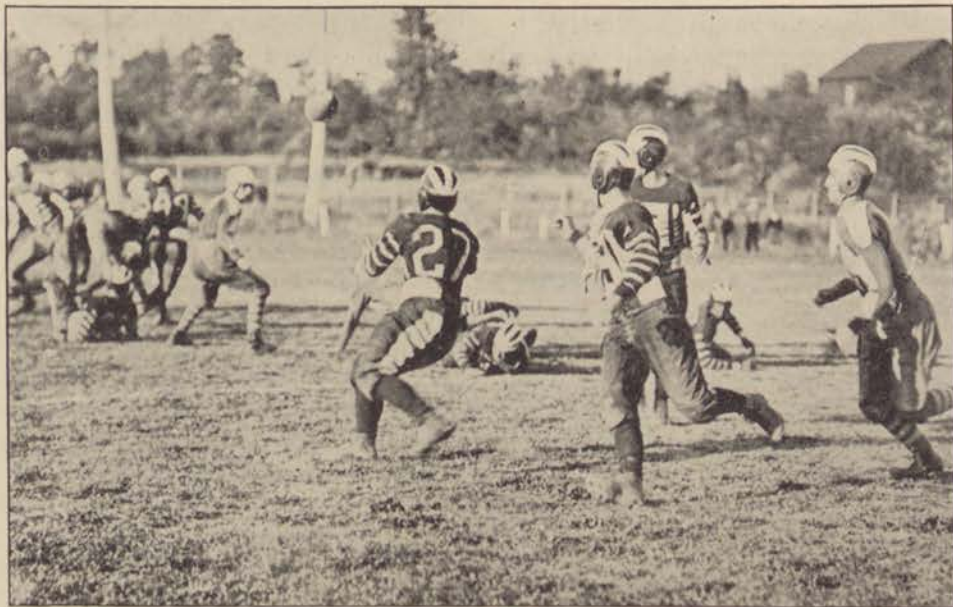
Another unforeseen event has come from the large number of seniors back again. In the cadet battalion, there are about fifteen commissioned officers, and, as the Major has fifty eligible boys to choose from, it is no easy matter to make the final selection. The cadets who made the best showing in the junior class were made non-commissioned officers this year.

Major Baldinger is trying out a new plan this year which places R. O. T. C. more on the basis of scholastic standing. All officers and non-commissioned officers will hold their commissions only as long as their scholastic standing remains above passing. This plan is somewhat similar to that used in West Point and in other military schools throughout the United States. By this plan it may easily be seen that if a cadet fails to make the grade he will be held back in military drill as well.

Under this plan the Major hopes to put Bangor High School on the level with military schools throughout the country.

RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club started taking members the day after school opened, and began shooting Saturday, October 3, with fifteen old members and thirteen new ones. Although the membership is small as yet, the usual increase is expected when the shooting gets underway. Vinal McNeal has been chosen Secretary-Treasurer by Major Baldinger.



CRIMSON'S OUTLOOK GOOD

With the usual five veterans and a number of experienced players from last year's second and third teams, Coach Mulvaney has high hopes of building up a strong Crimson eleven. "Mull" has two capable assistants in Eddie Trowell, who has been with Bangor for quite some time, and Walt Ulmer, who comes to us from Orono where he put out some rugged outfits last year, in the different branches of sport.

This year Bangor has changed her system of attack from the slow, irregular punch to a fast, machine like rhythm that will net good gains in the forthcoming schedule which, incidentally, is practically the same as that of last year with the exception of Waterville in the place of the Red Eddies of Edward Little High School of Auburn and a cancelled game with Old Town due to difficulties in obtaining officials satisfactory to both teams. Belfast is included on this year's list as an added home game.

Bangor's major games this year are with Brewer, who won the sensational game on Armistice Day last year; John Bapst, that little team with the never die spirit; and of course, Portland, the old Crimson rival.

Following is the schedule:

Fri. Eve., Sept. 18, Millinocket at Bangor—Night game.

Sat., Sept. 26, Bangor at Brewer.

Sat., Oct. 3, Bapst at Bangor.

Sat., Oct. 10, Portland at Bangor.

Sat., Oct. 17, Bangor at Old Town.

Sat., Oct. 24, Bangor at Portland.

Sat., Oct. 31, Waterville at Bangor.

Sat., Nov. 7, Belfast at Bangor.

Wed., Nov. 11, Brewer at Bangor—Armistice Day.

BANGOR TAKES MILLINOCKET

On a crisp September evening, Bangor played the opening game with Millinocket on the electrically lighted gridiron of the New Athletic Field.

The Crimson took an easy game but later had to forfeit it due to the ineligibility of Jimmie Morse who played a fine game at center.

Bangor received and ran the ball through a series of rushes for the first touchdown. The point was made through an unexpected pass from Leavitt to Wilson. The rest of the half was uneventful except for occasional starts and penalties.

The third quarter opened up with a touchdown for the Crimson followed by another. One try was successful for the after point.

The most sensational play of the game went to Millinocket. With three minutes left to play Larly threw a 25 yard pass to Donnelly, who received it and ran another 35 yards for their only touchdown.

The boys played good football and the line seemed nicely balanced.

Here is the tally:

BANGOR 20; MILLINOCKET 6

Myers, le.....rt Donnelly
Hartt, Silsby, lt.....rt, Civiello
Cust, lg.....rg, Frost, C. Larly
Morse, Reed c.....c Barker
Harper, Robinson, rg.....lg Caruso
Knaide, Mogridge, rt.....lt Boddy, Michaud
Wilson, Reaville, re.....le Jacobs
Leavitt, qb.....qb, McEwen
Libby, lh.....rh, Freeman, R. Larley
McDonald, Stuart, rh.....lh J. McLain
Manning, fb.....fb, Swenson

Score by periods:

Bangor.....	0 7 7 6—20
Millinocket.....	0 0 0 6—6

Touchdowns: Manning, Libby, Leavitt, Donnelly. Points after touchdown—Wilson, (pass from Leavitt); McDonald, (place-kick).

Referee—Kent, (Maine). Umpire—Brice, (Maine). Head linesman—Hussey (Maine). Time—4, 10 minute periods.

BANGOR DEFEATS BREWER

Bangor journeyed across the river on a wet and sultry Saturday, to take Brewer 19-0;

but later, due to the ineligibility of a Bangor player, they had to forfeit this game as well as the Millinocket game.

Going in there with the punch that they displayed against Stearns, the Crimson rushed their way to the first touchdown.

It wasn't a long time after the second quarter opened, before Bangor secured another touchdown. A pass got the extra point, bringing the score to 13-0.

The Crimson again got going in the third quarter and then the final touchdown came. They lost the point.

The Bangor backs showed some sensational playing throughout the game although the Orange and Black had a strong right side to her line and a nice back in Wood.

The summary:

BANGOR, (19);

BREWER, (0)

Manning, Myers, le.....re, Palmer, Danboise
Hart, Silsby, lt.....rt, Sparks
Cust, Reed, Newman, lg.....rg, Winchell
Morse, c.....c, McLaughlin
Reed, Robinson, rg.....lg, Grant, Ryder
Knaide, Morgridge, rt.....lt, Mills
Wilson, Reavill, re.....le, Pooler
Leavitt, Hussel, qb.....qb, Kiah, Daily
Libby, Stewart, lhb.....rhb, Woods, Ivers
McDonald, rhb.....lhb, Miles
Stuart, fb.....fb, Goutiere, Palmer, White, Danboise

Touchdowns, Libby, Stuart, McDonald. Points after touchdown, pass Libby to Reavill. Referee, Butler (Catholie). Umpire, Quinn (Maine). Head linesman, Manter, (Springfield). Time, 4-10s.

BANGOR BOWS TO BAPST

When two red-hot bull dogs get together, there's likely to be some ripping, tearing, and a great fight. So it was when the Crimson faced the Purple. The thousands who witnessed the game saw some of the best football played around here in a good many years.

The game opened with Bapst kicking. Harper received the ball and was downed on his

own thirty yard line. In the next two or three plays, the game was decided. If Bangor had put in that punch and got the "jump," victory could have been theirs. But, as it was, the time was wasted, and, when Bapst got hold of the ball, Bangor didn't see it again until the Purple had covered over forty yards of ground, gaining three first downs. Bangor finally received the ball on downs. Immediately, the backs swung into action for the best offensive bit of playing of the game on their side of the fence. On the first play, Libby lost a yard, but Reggie MacDonald and Izzie Leavitt made up for it with a first down. On the next four plays, Reggie again came through for a total of around thirty yards. Libby crept through for a first down, and Don Stewart peeled off five yards more. Then with an eleven yard pass and a few line plays, the ball finally rested on the six yard line, never to go farther into Bapst territory.

From then on, the Purple Eaglets had the most to say about the game.

Shortly after the beginning of the second quarter, the diminutive Dunc MacDonald, with the undivided support of his team-mates, came through the Crimson end for a beautiful sixty-five yard run for the first touchdown; and in the final quarter he again came through the line for the final touchdown. He failed the first try for point after, but succeeded in the second.

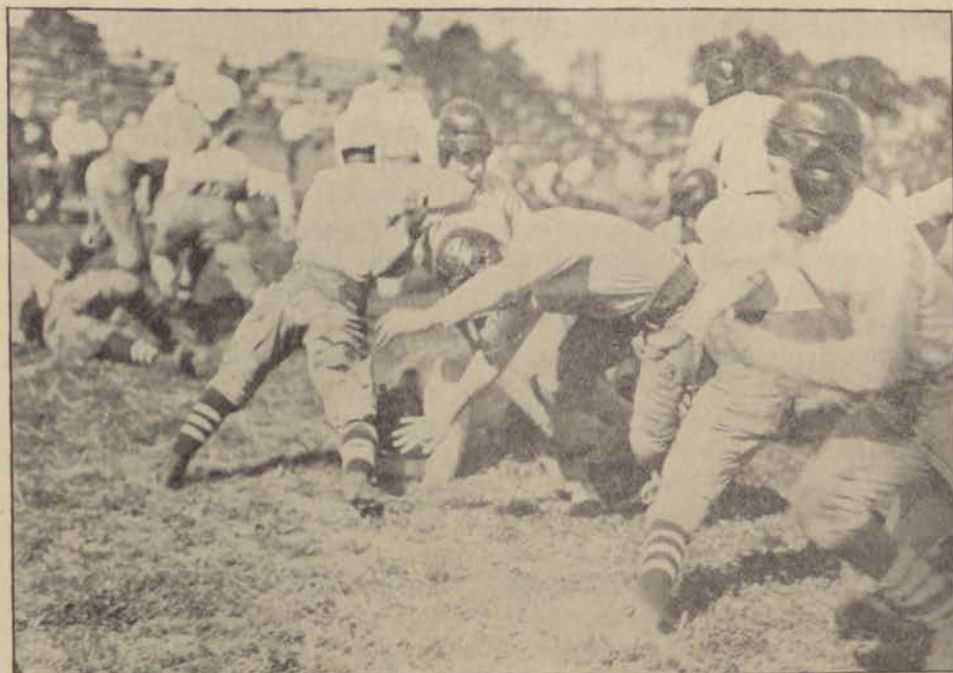
In the meantime, Bangor was not altogether outfought. At times the boys rallied, only to fall back when that determined Purple outfit set down to business.

It was a great game of football and we'll all be waiting for the clash next year.

JOHN BAPST, (13;) BANGOR (0)

Curran, Spellman, le.....re, Wilson, Reavill
Doherty, lt.....rt, Knaide
Casper, lg.....rg, Harper, Robinson
B. Clukey, Crabb, c.....c, Reed
F. Burke, rg.....lg, Cust

(Continued on page 39)





The following alumni of Bangor High School are attending the University of Maine as Freshmen: George Carlyle, Louise Rosie, Ruth Blanning, '30, Gridley Tarbell '30, Beryl Warner, Lawrence Staples, Louis Morrison, Charles Pressey, Phyllis Peavey, Genevieve Robinson, Margaret Avery, Henry Flynn, David Rich, Francis Wilde, Sylvia Alpert.

Arthur Leiberman, Howard Kominsky, and William Newman Jr., are attending Bowdoin.

Natalie Sanders has gone to the Marjory Webster School in Washington to take a secretarial course.

Dorothy Chandler, '31, is taking a course in Public School Music at the Northern Conservatory of Music.

Leo Haggerty is attending Colby College.

Charlotte Thompson '31, has entered Wellesley.

Cynthia Jones, is editor of the Wheaton News at Wheaton College.

Christine Curran, '31, is attending St. Regis School.

Sidney Epstein, represents Bangor High School at Wharton School of Finance, in Pennsylvania.

Carroll Blanning, Betty Russ and Barbara Bailey are attending Gilman's Business College.

Catherine Epstein, Frances Clough, and Mary Gibbons are at Wellesley.

Minnie Alpert is attending Radcliff.

Kenneth Kurson is attending Dartmouth College.

Bangor High is represented at Higgins Classical Institute by Donald MacCready, ex-'32, Don Jenks, ex-'33, Hall Ramirez ex-'32, and Reginald Murphy, '31.

Guy Flagg, Robert Morgan, ex-'32, Gorham Levenseller, and Leonard Ford have gone to Hebron Academy.

Rosalie Fellows is attending Gorham Normal School.

At M. C. I. we are represented by Edward Gibbons.

Frances Hayes is attending Wheaton.

Mildred Bradford attended the summer session of Farmington Normal School, and is this winter teaching at the grammar school in Clinton, Maine.

Barbara Stover is at La Salle Seminary.

Frances Babb '26, has accepted the position of teacher of English at Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine. She graduated from the University of Maine in the class of '30.

Danforth Hayes is teaching at Belmont, Massachusetts.

Mary Herrick, '26, is working for an A. B. at Maine this winter. She is a graduate of Simmons.

Grace Coombs, '21, is in Social Work. She recently accepted the position of Case-Supervision at Erie, Pennsylvania. She graduated from Simmons in '25.

Marriages Among Our Alumni

Eleanor Brown to Morris Toms.

Rose Maynard to C. J. Russell.

Margaret Colpitts, '29, to Lloyd Coffin, '26.

Sylvia Foster, '29, to Raymond Spencer, '29.

Eva Parke, '30, to Milton Goodell.

Polly Fairbanks, '21, is tutoring in Paris. She is a graduate of Smith in the class of '25.

Vernon H. Lindsay received last June the

(Continued on page 49)



On September 7, 1931, there were many smiling faces entering Bangor High School for a long, hard year of study and quarterly exams. There were also many who could hardly wait for hockey season to begin.

Coach Eugenia Oltar is with us again this year and under her direction and the hard work on the part of the team, we are sure the girls will bring honors to B. H. S. during this season. Coach Oltar called for candidates on September 15.

Those who turned out for practice were:

E. Bailey, M. Landon, M. Jenkins, G. Smith, T. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, H. Tremble, T. Silke, M. Wright, A. Peavey, K. Myers, M. Hass, L. West, M. Shapleigh, B. Maxwell, J. Johnston, L. Hastings, D. Chalmers, T. Bickford, F. Lewis, B. Dill, R. Allen, R. Sanders, P. Crane, E. Wiggin, Hardison.

Among the eager candidates were seven of last year's letter men; T. Silke, H. Tremble, E. Wiggin, D. Jones, M. Shapleigh, R. Allen, L. West. Most of the other girls except the sophomores played on the second team.

Our hockey manager, Doris Chalmers, has been working hard to get a suitable schedule.

The following schedule is subject to change:

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S. at Bangor—Oct. 9.

Bangor vs. M. C. I. at Pittsfield—Oct. 16.

Bangor vs. E. M. C. S. at Bucksport—Oct. 24.

Bangor vs. M. C. I. at Bangor—Nov. 6.

As there aren't any high schools near Bangor that play hockey it is necessary to play

either Institutes or Normal Schools. The Maine Freshmen aren't having any outside games this year so that makes us two games short. We decided last year not to play Castine Normal School in hockey as their girls are much older than the average high school girls.

Now that we have given you the schedule and dates why not use them and support the girls? The games are always held at Broadway Park and NO ADMISSION is charged. All the girls ask is a little cheering.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

The Girls' Athletic Honor Council, was started when Mr. William Leach was physical director of this school.

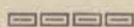
The purpose of the Council is to develop not a snobbish type of girl, but a type that will represent Bangor High School in Athletics. It is the part of the Council girls to choose the girls who they think will be good leaders, not only in athletics but also in school work.

There are five qualifications which a girl must possess in order to become a member and they are; scholarship, athletic ability, respect of fellow students, leadership, and dependability.

Notice that we put scholarship first. Many people think that girls who are good athletes are seldom good students. Membership in the Honor Council, however, means that those who are ranked as 100% students are 100% students. Furthermore no girl is eligible for

(Continued on page 49)

HAVE YOU READ THIS ONE?



SOMETHING NEW

By P. G. Wldhouse, England's Master of
Comedy

In Lord Emsworth's private museum reposed a quaint little object labeled, "A Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty, presented by J. Preston Peters, Esquire."

Peculiar conditions prevented the indignant Mr. Peters from charging the earl with the theft of the treasured relic.

When several persons, with conflicting purposes, try to steal a valuable scarab guarded by a super-efficient secretary, ludicrous and astonishing situations are bound to arise. F. H.

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

Willa Cather

"Shadows on the Rock," by Willa Cather is an unusual book. Although it is a story of early eighteenth life in Quebec, its characters move as quietly as they would today. In other words there is no blood and thunder, as in most novels of early days, to distort the story; Miss Cather does not have to resort to daring deeds and dashing heroes to hold the interest of her readers.

The plot, one might almost say that there isn't any, is simply that Count Frontenac is sent as Governor to Canada by the King of France, and that he takes his apothecary with him. The book describes a year in the life of the apothecary—Euclide Auclair—his small daughter, Cecile, and their friends. There is also an epilogue showing what has become of the characters thirteen years later.

The characters are exquisitely drawn. One becomes so interested in Cecile and Jacques (her unfortunate little playmate) that it is difficult to put down the book. The gradual changing of Auclair, who is a quiet man and not meant for a pioneer, from longing to go home, the opening scene, to a man glad that he is not under the cruel tyranny of a king, the final scene, is beautifully done.

Several of the characters hold religious offices, and throughout the story there is a sense of medieval catholicism. C. H.

HORROR HOUSE

Carolyn Wells

Here's the book for you thrill-lovers! It will make your hair stand on end and your spine tingle as it never has before! "Horror House" by Carolyn Wells, tells how "Some ruthless killer stole up stairs in the dead of night and with inhuman hands, strangled Vivid Duchess."

Helen Gould.

PATIENT IN ROOM 18

Mignon Eberburt

"The directors are a bunch of ignorant fools to invest \$65,000 in radium," asserted Dr. Letherey.

A few hours after he uttered this statement the radium had disappeared from St. Ann's Hospital. Dr. Letherey and his radium patient were found murdered in Room 18. A third murder follows when Higgins, the janitor attempts to tell who committed the murder.

Sara Braveman.

PERSONALS



UPPERCLASSMEN LOOK AT THE FRESHMEN

Since school opened last September 8th, the topic of conversation has been of wide interest—the freshmen. At one o'clock, a herd of curious looking humans—a great debate was held because some thought they were wild animals of some kind—trampled on the ground outside the great institution of learning—Bangor High School. That great big he-man from the West, Paul McKinner, and that little baby, Raymond Goode, came to school in the most bewildered manner—why, where was the line of bicycles? and where can we leave ours? Oh, it was a shame to see the two break down in bitter sobs when they realized that the days were over when they would ride bicycles.

Mothers dressed their little girls in their little organdy dresses and my—! the biggest, most luscious, great big hair-ribbon she had! And for the contest which was held for the prettiest ribbon was won by Barbara Whitledge. "Now, doesn't she look cute? Just think, Mother's little baby going to high school! How time flies! ! ! It seems just yesterday, etc., etc." And the boys, wearing their long pants which they bought for graduation. It was a most beautiful and touching scene.

From what could be seen, the leather goods company can not complain of any depression, for almost each new freshman is carrying a brand new book bag. There's a regular parade of them, being lead by Sally Woodecock and Juliette Spangler.

Poor Genevive Bartley found that her child-

hood roller skates must be put away forever but, just to console the poor child, she was informed that now that she is grown up, she will unquestionably be able to employ them for other purposes! ! !

Dear Freshmen, there are a few standard rules of behavior which you must memorize and must adhere to:

1. Don't spit in the corridors.
2. Don't mark on the walls.
3. Don't look out the window in the study hall.
4. Don't fall asleep in class (somehow or other it seems to peeve the teachers).
5. Above all, Freshmen, don't bring your Yo Yo's to school. School should be all work—when you're not playing or dreaming.

You must always have in mind the word "don't" and when you want to do or say anything just *don't* and you'll be doing the right thing.

Teacher (to D-n M-K-n-n: "Where's your school spirit?"

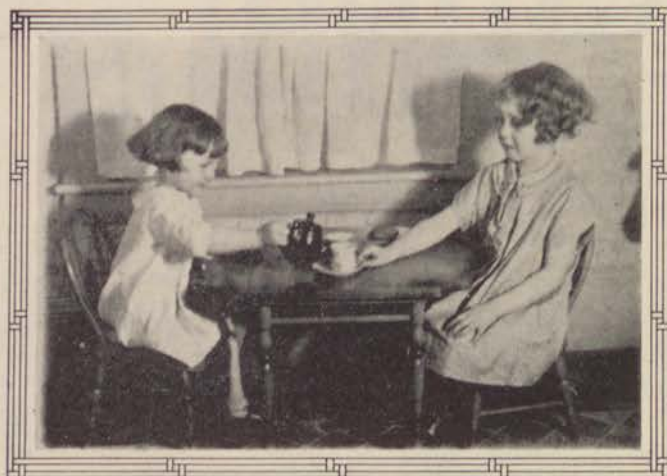
D-n M-K-n-n: "I don't know. I must have lost it while crawling under the fence."

Editor of Oracle—arguing on Daylight Saving.

Everyone agrees that night sleep is better than day sleep, and under daylight saving, a person gets an hour of night sleep in the morning.

Mrs. Cumming (in Latin class): Iungo means to join. Now what would disiungo mean?

A-ie Ke-n: Join apart!



IF YOU like this border print just specify when you have your next developing and printing done, no extra charge and they sure do dress up your snapshots.

Can be had at the following stores

Fowler Drug Store

Warren Drug Store

Fairmount Pharmacy

Brown's Pharmacy

Center St. Pharmacy

Houlihan's Pharmacy

Hinckley's Pharmacy

Seymour Pharmacy, So. Brewer

PHOTO DEPARTMENT

PIONEER ENGRAVING CO.

Kelly and Cohen were having dinner together. Cohen helped himself to the larger fish and Kelly said:

"Fine manners you have, Cohen. If I had reached out first I'd have taken the smaller."

"Vell," Cohen replied, "You got it didn't you."

Mother: "Bud, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"

B-d Cu-r-n: "No, the store was closed."

Mother: "What, closed at this hour of the day?"

B-d: "Sure, there was a sign on the door that said, 'Home Baking.'"

Foreman: "Mark, there will be a vacancy in this shop very soon and I believe I'll ask your twin brother to fill it."

Mark: "My twin brother?"

Foreman: "Yes, the one I saw at the football game yesterday while you were at your aunt's funeral. Bring him with you in the morning or don't come back yourself."

Unnecessary Help

"And, there, son, you have the story of your dad and the Great War."

"Yes, Dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

Toujours La Politesse

"How do you like your new French music teacher, Helen?"

"He's a very polite man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said: 'Pray, Mademoiselle, why do you take such pains to improve on Beethoven?'"

Policeman: "How did you come to get that jar of honey?"

Tramp: "Well, I admit I don't keep no bees, but what's to stop a fellow from squeezing it out of the flowers himself."

A rooster leaned his head disconsolately against the barn door.

"What's the use of it all" he said sadly, "Eggs yesterday; chickens today; feather dusters tomorrow."

Ed Laing: Why are your socks wrong side out.

Al Crowder: My feet were hot, so I turned the hose on them.

Dot: Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?

Bill: Well, you see, they could have no ocean tide if they had no knots.

"Then you deny," said the Magistrate, "that you were rude to the policeman when he asked to see your license."

"Certainly, Sir," replied Sam Fraser. "All I said was that, from what I could see of him, I was sure that his wife would be happier as a widow."

Here is a case that goes to show that our freshmen have the right school spirit:

In the freshman class are three brothers, and each desired to buy the Oracle ticket for the family. They wrangled night and day over the subject and even lost a day of school as a result of their battles. The affair ended with each of them the proud possessor of an Oracle ticket. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you upperclassman?

What would happen if:

Frank was a Turk instead of a Burke
Francis was blue instead of Greene
Elizabeth was a doe instead of a Buck
Louis was Colby instead of Bowden.
Ira was happiness instead of Dole.
Albert was oil instead of Gass.
Mary was waste instead of Economy.
Russell was sparrows instead of Hawkes.

What Happened to Lil Herbert

Oct. 3—	Adv. for girl stenog.	\$.50
Oct. 6—	Violets for new stenog.65
Oct. 8—	Week's salary for new stenog.	15.00
Oct. 11—	Roses for new stenog.	3.00
Oct. 15—	Salary for new stenog.	20.00
Oct. 19—	Lunch with Miss ———	10.65
Oct. 22—	Lillian's salary	22.50
Oct. 25—	Theatre and supper for stenog.	26.50
Oct. 26—	Fur coat for wife	625.00
Oct. 26—	Advt. for male stenog.50

— ASK ONE WHO KNOWS —

W. J. CHERRY'S BARBER SHOP

CENTRAL STREET

QUALITY AND SERVICE

Cleanest Shop in City

CHILDREN A SPECIALTY

JAMES BAILEY CO.

Complete line of

GUARANTEED PARTS

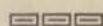
THE HOPKINS STUDIO

Mary E. Hopkins

Photographs, Amateur Finishing, Enlargements

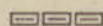
63 SIXTH STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

R. B. DUNNING & CO.



PLUMBING

and Electrical Supplies



54-68 BROAD ST., BANGOR, MAINE

ALBERT J. FARRINGTON

Photographs of Distinction

We make the better grade of Class Photos, not cheap, but good

SITTINGS AT NIGHT BY APPOINTMENT

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

SOUCIE ICE CREAM CO.

*Quality and Service
Guaranteed*

14 HODSDON STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Mutt and Jeff have nothing on Wayne Garland and Robert Mooers.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

We understand that John Libby is undecided just what to do after he graduates next year or year after next. May we suggest that he teach Charles Crawford, Kenneth Anderson, and Alfred Schriver how to cultivate augmentive powers, such as this, for debating.

Teacher: "Mr. Moon, can you tell me what a waffle is?"

H-r-l-d M-on, '35: Yes'm, it's a pancake with a non-skid tread."

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice Without: "It is I."

Peter: "Get out of here. We don't want any more school teachers."

Dentist: I'm sorry but I'm out of gas."

Sweet Patient: "Ye Gods, do dentists pull that old one, too!"



Sergeant Beckett: What is the first thing you do when you clean a rifle?

Wise Junior: Look at the number.

1st. ditto: What's the idea of that.

2nd. ditto: To make sure I don't clean some other fellow's.

Mr. Thurston: What is Science?

Carl M-y-rs: Science is those things that say "Keep off the grass."

"Many worse things have come to pass," sighed the teacher as she gazed at the class of '35."

Author: "Did you read my last story?"

Girl: "No, but if you're sure its the last, I'll read it."

Pe-gy Th-y-r: Na-cy Co-n-rs says her face is her fortune.

Co-st-n-e He-in: Then she need not worry about having to pay an income tax.

"Boss, I want a raise. Just been married."

"Sorry, but we're not responsible for accidents that happen to our men outside the plant."

WHEN BUILDING OR REMODELING,
SPECIFY MATERIALS FROM

MORSE'S

LUMBER

Doors, Sash and Blinds
Mouldings and Trim
High Grade Mill Work
Builders' Hardware
Paints and Varnishes

Roofing

Cement

DIAL 5681

MORSE & CO.

Valley Ave. Bangor, Me.

Iron and Steel Heavy Hardware



N. H. Bragg & Sons
BANGOR, MAINE



Automotive Equipment Radio

**Now You See It
and Now You
Don't**

People like to buy here because stocks move so rapidly. Before we can say "Jack Robinson" the good-looking frocks of today are gone, and others, equally fascinating, are in their place. That is why you must come in often. Our policy of "New things every day and no extra charge for style," keeps our stock constantly on the move.



Caldwell Sweet Co.

*For Fifty-five Years
Bangor's Leading
Drug Store*

Your Guarantee of Satisfaction

26 Main Street - BANGOR, MAINE

"Dick" Clarke..... Just a Gigolo
 "Dot" Collins..... It's the Girl!
 Ruth Hewes..... Egyptian Ella
 Phylis Webb..... Little Girl
 John Libby..... You've Got That Thing
 Frances Jones..... Minnie the Moocher
 Clayton Bradbury, Big Big Man from the South
 "Prudie" Robinson..... Alpine Milkmaid
 "Temp" Smith }
 Joe Mullen } Us and Company
 "Jin" Larabee..... So Sweet.....
 "Nan" Conners..... Little Things in Life.....
 Paul Harper..... I'm Keepin' Company.....
 Bud Farwell..... Little Pal.....
 Linwood Colby.....

When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba
 Whole Company..... It's a Great
 Life if You Don't Weaken.

He: Wanna fly?

She: I'd just love it.

He: Wait a minute and I'll catch one for
 you.

F-lt-n C-hn-rs: Ask me a question. I feel
 real smart today.

L-o L-ib-rm-n: Who was the first man who
 ever lived?

C-hn-rs: George Washington.

L-ib-rm-n: No, sir, It was a guy named
 Adam and he lived in a garden named Eden.

C-hn-rs: Oh, well, I wasn't counting for-
 eigners.

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of Cali-
 fornia as pointed out by a native.

"What a beautiful grape-fruit!" he said, as
 they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"It has been a bad year so the lemons are
 rather small," said the native.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?"
 asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Cali-
 fornian.

Presently they reached the Sacramento
 river.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea
 "Somebody's radiator is leaking!"

The Easy Washer

AT

\$69.50

Maine

Easy Washer Co.

177 Exchange Street

PREBLE'S

State Pharmacy Co.

32 STATE ST.

Dial 5571

Bangor, Me.

MOONEY'S Neighborhood Store

FALL SPECIALS IN

WINDOW GLASS—lowest price
 in 50 years

Storm or Outside Windows
 cheapest price in years

Tar Paper, Coal Hods, Ash Sifters, Etc.
 Hardware, Paints, Oils, and Wall Paper

267 MAIN ST.

DIAL 3493

FAIRMOUNT BEAUTY PARLOR

554 HAMMOND STREET

Dial 8969

BANGOR, MAINE

COMPLIMENTS OF

STROUT'S SERVICE

Day or Night

MAYNARD W. STROUT, Proprietor

BANGOR, MAINE

Compliments of

Bangor Harvester Co.

Farm, Garden and Home
Tools and Supplies

BROAD ST.

BANGOR

Patronize Sanborn's Barber Shop

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Central Office Supply Company

18 Central Street

OFFICE AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

TELEPHONE 9830

FAIRMOUNT BAKERY

GEORGE P. MAGEE, Proprietor

WHOLESALE **BAKERS** RETAIL

552 HAMMOND STREET

Telephone 5023

COMPLIMENTS OF

Stickney & Babcock Coal Co.

Oscar A. Fickett Company

12 BROAD STREET

We have unlimited facilities for handling Penobscot River Salmon in any quantity.

Dealers in Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry,
Fish, Vegetables, Etc.

I. M. HUTCHINGS, Optometrist

Thorough Examination Service.
Discount to Students.Only Standard High Grade Mountings and Lenses.
14 CENTRAL STREET

M-ri-m L-nd-n, '33 (at a dance): "You're from the far north, aren't you?"

B-ll-y Wr-ght, '33: "Why, no. What made you think so?"

M-ri-m: You dance like you had snow-shoes on."

Do you know that:

Frankie Burke wears shoes one size larger than last year.

Pete Furrow has finally left B. H. S. and has taken up wrestling.

Don MacKinnon is with us again.

Richy Higgins, is the only senior (so far as we know) ever to come to B. H. S., who has not shaved.

Hollis Cole is out for football and can actually punt thirty yards with the wind.

Paul Burke's feet are almost as big as his brother's.

Don Jenks, Rip Murphy, and Hall Ramirez are going to Higgins this year.

The freshmen are going to strike because they are forbidden to play with "Yo-yo" tops in school.

Freshman: There are several things I always count on.

Sophomore: What are they?

Freshman: My fingers.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 27)

J. Burke, A. Clukey, rt. lt, Hartt
Corey, re. le, Manning, Myers
D. McDonald, Tolman, qb. qb, Leavitt
McPhee, Chamberlain, lhb. rhb, R. McDonald
Babine, rhb. lhb, Libby
Geaghan, Maroon, rb. rb, Stuart

Score by periods:

John Bapst. 6 0 0 7—13
Bangor. 0 0 0 0—0

Touchdown, D. McDonald, 2. Point after touchdown. D. McDonald, (drop kick).

Referee, John J. Butler, (Catholic U.) Umpire John T. Quinn, (Georgetown). Head linesman, Manter, (Bowdoin. Time four 10-minute periods.

Bangor Furniture Co.

Complete House Furnishings

84-88 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR, ME.

THE OUTLET

91 Main St Bangor, Me.

*Outfitters for the Miss
and Little Miss*

Visit Our New Shoe Department



COMPLIMENTS OF

Webber Motor Co.



Authorized
Ford Sales and Service

LET US HELP YOU WITH YOUR
Christmas Greeting



Attractive Cards Made From Your
Snapshot Films

Priced Right

In Lots 10 to 100



HOWARD-MASTERS PHOTO CO.

Office 193 Exchange Street

BANGOR

MAINE

PORTLAND WINS SATURDAY

The Crimson and the Blue faced each other in the first of their annual tilts on Oct. 10. Both teams were out to win, but, as it goes, the best team won again.

Portland got the toss and chose to receive. Reggie McDonald kicked to the Blue thirty yard stripe. In two plays, Manley and Connors took the ball for a total loss of one yard. Manley kicked to the Crimson 48. On the second play, Reggie MacDonald, came through for one of his sensational runs. It netted 25 yards. Libby and Leavitt took the oval for another first down. The four backs together brought still another. McDonald gained four more yards, and Capt. Libby got the first touch down of the game.

Portland again received and on the first play was penalized five yards for off-side. Two plays and a fumble gained four yards. Portland kicked and Capt. Libby, who was playing safety, fumbled the ball which was recovered by the Blue, then with the ball on the Crimson's 35, Skolfield, the Portland quarter, made a beautiful run for the touchdown. Manley kicked the extra point. The quarter ended shortly after. Score, Bangor, 6; Portland, 7.

The second quarter showed Portland a superior team, with a shift working perfectly, netting first down after first down, but the Crimson allowed no touchdown, and, just as Bangor was getting a break, the whistle blew for the half.

The third quarter opened up with Bangor receiving, and Capt. Libby, took the leather from his own to the Blue 35 yd. stripe.

Then Portland got hold of the ball, and the rest of the third stanza was made up of a series of plunges, punts, and incomplete passes on Bangor's side, and shifts, first downs, and finally a touchdown on Portland's side. Manley kicked the extra point, and the quarter ended Portland, 14; Bangor, 6.

In the final quarter Portland fell back to the safe and sane side by playing a punting game. The Blue were just stalling for time, when Mull sent in his record strong quarter, Bob Hussey. This chap looks like a real foot-

HUDSON 8 GREATER ESSEX 6 SUPER

Used Cars of Standard Makes and Models

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

The Henley-Kimball Co.

Cor. May and Summer Sts.
Just back of Bangor House

TEL. 4511

OPEN EVENINGS

5% ON YOUR SAVINGS

Bangor Loan & Building Assn.

64 EXCHANGE BUILDING

BANGOR, MAINE

Spiro's Shoe Hospital

Best Materials Used

Best Workmanship

EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

DONE WHILE YOU WAIT

Ladies' and Gent's Shoe Shining Parlor
Ladies' and Gent's Hats Cleaned and Blocked

120 MAIN ST.

BANGOR, ME.

Announcing Our New Location

JOHN F. RYDER

MERCHANT TAILOR

FIT

QUALITY

PRICE

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Cleansed,
Pressed and Repaired

Full line of Foreign and Domestic Woolen Goods

Custom Tailoring a Specialty

189 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR, ME.

The Home of Good Food



SUNBEAM BAKERY

42 Central Street, Bangor, Me

TO DRESS WELL AT SMALL COST--VISIT

GRAHAM'S MEN'S STORE - 191 EXCHANGE STREET
(Formerly Benoit's)

You will always find quality merchandise here at the lowest price possible. Our student dept. features just what you should wear.

"WE DRESS YOU WELL AND SAVE YOU MONEY"

Compliments of

Woodman's Garage

146 Center Street,—BANGOR, MAINE

Olympia Soda Spa

Cigars - Cigarettes - Tobacco - Magazines - Periodicals

OPPOSITE BIJOU THEATRE

LEAVITT BROTHERS

FINE CLOTHING AND HABERDASHERY for the High School Student and College man. See us for your needs.

16 HAMMOND ST., BANGOR, MAINE

MISS HELEN H. FOSS

DRESSMAKING - ALTERATIONS - REMODELING

Now is the time to remodel that dress or coat

ROOM 28, COE BLOCK--Cross St. Entrance Phone 6219 BANGOR, ME.

ball man and will no doubt bring credit to his school. Bob opened up with an aerial attack that looked as if Bangor was staging a rally for a final touchdown. Scrubs were pouring in from both sides of the field, but Portland held and the game ended: Portland, 14; Bangor, 6.

It was a great game and the crowd enjoyed it. Bangor suffered much when Paul Harper and Bun Cust had to be taken from the game. Nevertheless, the old Crimson Spirit is rallying. It won't be long now before Bangor travels to the Forest City and then we expect to see a different ending to the battle.

PORTLAND, (14); BANGOR, (6)
 Lapierre, Allen, le.....re., Wilson, Manning
 Kozics, Johnson, lt.....rt., Knaide, Tilley
 Pistaki, lg.....rg., Harper, Robinson
 Coello, c.....c., Reed
 Seay, Heffler, rg.....lg., Cust, Newman
 Brown, Bacher, rt.....lt., Hartt, Leen
 Kelley, re.....lt., Manning, Reavill
 Skolfield, qb.....qb., Leavitt, Hussey
 Bogh, Murphy, lhb...rhb., McDonald, Stewart
 Connors, rhb.....lhb, Libby
 Manley, fb.....fb., Stuart

Score by periods:
 Portland..... 7 0 7 0—14
 Bangor..... 6 0 0 0—6
 Touchdowns: Libby, Connors, Manley.
 Points after touchdown, Manley (place-kick)
 2.

Referee, Butler, (Catholic); Umpire, Matthews, (Boston College); Headlinesman, Manter, (Bowdoin). Time: 4 10-minute periods.

THE WITCHCRAFT SUPERSTITION

(Continued from Page 20)

Henry VIII, in 1541, declared witchcraft a felony, but this statute was repealed by Elizabeth some years later. However, in 1558, Bishop Jewel reminded the queen that witchcraft had had a remarkable growth; so, in 1562, it was ordained that any person who practised the black art would, the first time of offense, be pillared four times, and the second time would receive a death penalty.

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN

Shoe Repairing

SEND YOUR SHOES TO

PALMER'S

SHOE MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING

35 CENTRAL ST. BANGOR, ME.

Faulkingham's Barber Shop

141 State Street, Bangor, Maine

CHALMERS STUDIO

PORTRAITS BY PHOTOGRAPHY

23 HAMMOND STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

RICE & TYLER

Pianos

Radios

Victrolas

CENTRAL STREET

**"Everything for
the Table"**

Little City Grocery and Market

HENRY PRENTISS
GEO. T. CARLISLE, Jr.

PHILIP P. CLEMENT
ROBERT W. AVERILL

Prentiss & Carlisle Company
INC.

TIMBERLAND SERVICE

Merrill Trust Building

12 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

The
Rines Co.

Knitted Sportswear
for

School and Street

MARINETTE

The Aristocrat of Knitted Wear

European Hair Store

W. O. McNaughten, Prop.

PERMANENT WAVE SHOPPE AND
BEAUTY SALON

FINE HAIR GOODS IN STOCK AND MADE
TO ORDER

11 Main Street

Dial 8867

Showing Smart Frocks

AT

The Margaret - Mary Shoppe

56 State Street

Bangor Candy Kitchen

FINE CONFECTIONERY
LIGHT LUNCHES

68 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

THE COLUMBIA COFFEE HOUSE

BANGOR, MAINE

Offers You an Attractive Place for

Luncheon, 11 to 2 Afternoon Tea, 3 to 5

Supper, 5 to 7

33 FRANKLIN STREET

Half a Block From City Hall

Dial 2-2284

FOUNTAIN PENS for SCHOLARS

We Have Very Serviceable Pens For
\$1. and \$1.50 and Carry a full Line of
WATERMAN, PARKER AND
SHEAFER PENS

DESK SETS \$3.00 to \$25.09

ADOLPH PFAFF

25 HAMMOND STREET

LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

Goode & Driscoll's

101-103 EXCHANGE STREET

Open Day and Night

Bangor Maine

Grace Bramhall Howes
Piano and Organ

STUDIO: SYMPHONY HOUSE

Telephone 9632

Organists Furnished

Many people, even those of noble birth, confessed to the crime of witchcraft, and sometimes admitted it though not charged. It is believed that such persons must have suffered from some mania, and imagined things so vividly that they later believed in the visions they themselves had conjured up.

In 1584, Reginald Scott wrote a book exposing the absurdities on which witchcraft was based. This book was so outspoken that the King of Scotland, James, heir-presumptive to the English throne was greatly discomfited by the exposure. Considering the book obnoxious, he ordered all copies of it to be destroyed, but he was too late; the book had already done its good work. About sixty years later, a second edition of Scott's book appeared, and in 1665 a revised third edition was published.

During his reign, James repealed Elizabeth's statute and ordained that anybody who merely believed in witchcraft could be sentenced to death.

During the time that witchcraft was prevalent in the American Colonies, the most horrible slaughter took place in Salem, Massachusetts.

Cotton Mather, an extremely pious clergyman, who believed himself chosen by God for the express purpose of hunting witches, was visiting a family, equally pious, by the name of Goodwin. While he was visiting, the family behaved very strangely, and the children even barked like dogs. Mather immediately accused an old Indian charwoman, who had been heard to speak strongly against the Goodwins for accusing her of theft, with bewitching the unfortunate family.

The excitement of this affair quickly spread and soon other people were accused of being witches. Soon, in Salem, twenty people had been executed, and fifty-five tortured.

Finally, all over the state, indeed all over New England, cases of witchcraft began to spring up, and many were the tortured prisoners.

However, in the Colonies, as in other countries, the mania finally died out, until today

STYLE BULLETIN NUMBER 1
FOR HIGH SCHOOL MEN

ODD SLACKS

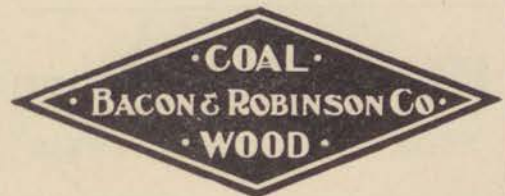
Are the Thing This Fall In

Moleskin—A Light Colored
Tough, Smart Looking Pant
\$5.00

Corduroy—In All the New
Shades, Cream, Gray, Blue
Etc. **\$4.50**

AND THE NEW
SOPHOMORE BLUES
COME IN AND SEE THEM

Miller-Webster Co.



13 State Street

Phone 88

R. J. SMITH

GLASS REPLACED DENTS REMOVED

TRUCK COVERS AWNINGS



DIAL 4679

2 UNION ST. BREWER ME.

DIAL 4665 FOR

Guernsey Milk and Cream

From Our Own Herd

Rich, Clean and has Perfect Flavor

SUNBEAM FARM

IRA M. HART '21 EAST HOLDEN

Farm Telephone Eddington 14-32

HUB Shoe Store

NEWEST STYLES IN FOOTWEAR

AS SOON AS CREATED

Correct Fitting

All Sizes and Widths In Stock

Agency for Arnold's Glove Grip Shoes

HUB SHOE STORE 115 MAIN ST.

White & Hayes

BANGOR FARMERS' UNION

A FEDERATION OF FARMERS FOR FARMERS

SELLING and BUYING AGENCY

Dealers in

Grain Flour Feed
Purina Chows

17 Independent St. Bangor, Me.

Dakin Sporting Goods Co.

BANGOR - WATERVILLE

SWEATERS SKATES

Shotgun Shells 2c. Each

DAKIN'S

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

the thought of such fantastical belief seems absurd to everyone except perhaps a few fanatics, such as are found in every land.

HOW I WOULD IMPROVE MY BROTHER

(Continued from Page 19)

other pastime being neglected and dashes out, not at all concerned for the whereabouts of the paper.

I don't think there was ever anything that equalled the size of his ears, unless it is his tremendous appetite. They have quite rightly been called elephant's ears and by no less a person than his big sister. The only objection to this metaphor is that they never lie flat but persist in standing out straight, like the handles of a sugar bowl. I have thought, and often seriously, of tying them back for a time to see if there was such a thing as making them less conspicuous.

Now that I have made all my would-be improvements, I shall leave him as he is, for it wouldn't be a bit nice to have an angel for a brother, and I just must have some reason for venting my wrath, once in a while.

TURTLES

(Continued from Page 15)

and smile as well as anybody. They have come to hold quite a place in the hearts of the family, and, if anything happens to them, they will be missed all out of proportion to their size. For, as I have neglected to mention before, Mickey is but two inches long and one inch wide with head, tail, and legs stretched out to their fullest extent, and Dickey, incredible as it may seem, is still smaller!

THE GUARDED SAFE

(Continued from Page 13)

pened to fall on Friday, a letter came to the laboratory addressed to Mr. Baldwin. Upon being opened, it was found that a certain patent was needed immediately, lest the wizard be ruined financially. He was being sued for infringing on another patent, by the use of a device on one of his most important inventions, for which another patent was held.

Louis Kirstein & Sons REALTORS

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
INVESTMENT } **SERVICE**

Kirstein Building - - 44 Central Street

BANGOR, MAINE



A PIANO

in the home is the greatest investment in future happiness.

We have the one you want at the
PRICE YOU WANT TO PAY

**Andrew's Music
House Co.**

Music Records Radios
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

The Perry Studio
Portraits By Photography

CLASS PICTURES A SPECIALTY

193 Exchange Street Bangor, Maine

SEE
Donald S. Higgins
ABOUT
INSURANCE

EXCHANGE BUILDING - - - BANGOR

Army & Navy Trading Co.

14 BROAD STREET

SPORTING GOODS

PUTTEES BREECHES TOQUES

Brockway's
Flower Shoppe

15 CENTRAL ST. BANGOR, ME.

W. H. McPherson
Contractor and Builder
Bangor, Maine

Office
 26 Hodgdon Street
 Telephone 5842

Residence
 6 Webster Ave. North
 Telephone 2-1022

FRANK L. BOUTILIER

Jeweler



268 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR, ME.

L. A. PAUL CO., Inc.

DEALER IN

DODGE BROTHERS

MOTOR VEHICLES AND TRUCKS

PLYMOUTH CARS

178 HARLOW ST. BANGOR, ME.

L. H. THOMPSON
PRINTER

BREWER

MAINE

LEEN'S
SUPER SERVICE STATION

Cities Service Gasoline Miller Tires
 Exide Batteries Majestic Radios
 Houdaille Shock Absorbers

236-240 MAIN ST. BANGOR, ME.

His own patent would be ample evidence that he was not the one to be sued.

Arthur, after a few moments of thought, decided to attempt to open the safe. The cells had been within for fourteen months; he thought that they ought to be spent.

Mr. Baldwin, after instructing him about where the key was, and how to unlock it, watched him, as he walked briskly out of the room, chin up, shoulders straight, and carriage erect. Tensely he listened, as he heard the youth march down the stairs, open the door, and advance across the laboratory floor.

One minute, two minutes, and three minutes passed, and still no explosion. Four minutes, five minutes, and on the sixth minute into the room strode Arthur holding aloft the patent.

The product of a madman's scientific-brain had failed.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 28)

degree of Bachelor of Electrical Engineering from the School of Engineering of the Northeastern University in Boston, Massachusetts. During his freshman and sophomore years, Mr. Lindsay was a member of the Maine Club, and in his junior and senior years was a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He is now employed with the B. F. Sturtevant Company at Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 29)

membership until she has met satisfactorily the five qualifications set up by the Council.

The Honor Council supports all girls' athletics and has very little backing from the city. The girls in this Council are allowed to coach interclass teams and also to teach all freshmen gym classes which gives them not only responsibility but also very good experience.

To become a member of this Council is one of the highest honors, recognized by the school.



COMPLIMENTS OF

BANGOR HOUSE



**Builders
Supplies**



Acme Mfg. Co.

Summer and South Sts.

Tel. 2-1623

BANGOR

Compliments of

Bangor Motor Co.

**Goodyear Tires
Gas, Oil and
Storage**

**ONE HUNDRED PER CENT SERVICE
AND GOOD WILL**

WINDSOR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN

BANGOR

MAINE

BANGOR'S NEWEST HOTEL

F. W. DURGIN, Prop.

F. O. YOUNGS, Mgr.

RETURNED BY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 10)

"Here is your umbrella! I must have taken it home by mistake the evening of your party. I only found it this evening, and, as I knew you were anxious about it, I was losing no time in returning it. I did not wish to awaken you and Lady Douglass, so I came by way of the garden. I was going to leave it by the door and tell you in the morning."

Sir Douglass was so astonished at the sight of the umbrella that he was speechless for a moment. The moment seemed endless to Lady Paulingham and, accidentally, she dropped the umbrella! It crashed against the marble base of the fountain, and when Sir Henry bent to pick it up, the silver jaws of the hound had sprung open!

Sir Henry, quickly, put his fingers inside and in a moment, with a triumphant cry, he drew out a small hard object! It was about a half an inch in diameter and when taken to the moonlight showed up to be a ruby, glowing blood-red! He turned to thank Lady Paulingham for her helpfulness, but—she had vanished!

The ruby was worth hundreds of thousands and the honor of "Douglass Tower's" was safe! What another had done for her own benefit had turned out for the good of her neighbors!

All was quiet by the fountain except for the soft purring of the sleepy Amber, and the low dripping and trickling of the spring. A figure stole out from behind a syringa bush and sped rapidly through the garden to her home on an adjoining lot.

The lights of the two houses, side by side, were the last on the road to go out that night. In one there was joy abounding and much thanks-giving! In the other, a woman was standing by the window looking out,—once down—on the grounds below.

Suddenly, the yapping of a tiny Pekingese reached her ears. "Botheration!" sniffed Lady Mona Paulingham, as she pulled on her night-cap and made ready for bed.

*If You Want the
Girl Friend---
To Go For You In a
Big Way---*

WEAR A

**Learbury University
Suit**

AT

\$30. AND \$35.

WITH EXTRA TROUSERS

LARGAY'S

BANGOR'S SMARTEST MEN'S SHOP

THE
**Haynes & Chalmers
Company**

**Hardware and School
Supplies**

Paints and Varnishes

176 EXCHANGE ST. BANGOR

**American Family
LAUNDRY**

Prompt Service and Satisfaction

Telephone Bangor 8276

24 HOUR SERVICE

248 PARKVIEW AVE.

BANGOR

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

❖
Dyer & Rounds

PLUMBING AND HEATING



Telephone 2-0019

27 FRANKLIN ST. BANGOR



“Carpe Diem”

The time is fast coming when you will take your place in the community as a responsible citizen. All your life you will need the services of a bank, which may be an invaluable aid to you.

Start now with an account in our Savings Department. \$1.00 is enough.

M E R R I L L T R U S T C O M P A N Y

BANGOR, MAINE

BELFAST
MILO
MACHIAS
ORONO

BUCKSPORT
EASTPORT
DOVER-FOXCROFT

DEXTER
JONESPORT
OLDTOWN
SEARSPORT

Bank Assets Over \$20,000,000.00